

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law 531-540

"It matters," he said sharply.

I opened my mouth to say something, but no words came out.

What the hell does he mean by "It matters"?

"Where's Matt?" I asked, changing the subject. "It's Friday, we have tutoring today."

Taylor sighed and then nodded as he put the car in drive.

"Gavin said that you can start tutoring at the Villa again," he told me, much to my surprise. "In fact, he's even wanting to talk to you."

My heart started to beat rapidly in my chest at his words.

Gavin wanted to speak with me? About what?

Gavin's POV

I hadn't been able to face Judy in the last few days, though I've been wanting to speak with her for some time now. I wanted to ask her about the other night.

I was so sure I was with her; I could literally taste her on my tongue and though Rache's scent was strong in the room, I could still smell the lingering scent of Judy.

Though it wasn't Judy, I woke up next to that morning, it was Rachel.

Since that night, Rachel had been extra clingy. The only solitude I had was when I was at work, and even then, she still tried to interrupt me. I told my receptionist to tell her I'm busy on countless occasions, but she puts up a fight every time and causes a scene, which I can't have in my business.

My head was pounding when there was a knock on my office door, my home office. I didn't need to ask who it was because I could smell Taylor's scent approaching.

"Come in," I murmured, rubbing my temple with my fingers, trying to soothe away the dull ache.

Taylor entered, his face looking a bit downcast as he shut the door behind him. "Judy is with Matt in the parlor," he announced.

I nodded, pleased that she was back at the Villa. I've been wanting her back at the villa for quite some time. Both my wolf and I felt better with her nearby, so we can keep an eye on

her, but with me trying to figure out my placement with Rachel, it was better if Judy kept her distance this past month.

Despite Rachel's betrayal and lies years ago, I couldn't dismiss the fact that she was still a friend to me and did help me out a lot when it came to my sister. Even if her actions weren't always genuine. She was back now, wanting to make amends for what she had done and I felt I owed it to her to give her that chance.

I looked at Taylor, who remained at the doorway, his eyes downcast.

I stared at him, my eyes narrowed.

"What is it?" I asked him after a moment of long silence.

Taylor finally looked up at me, and I could see the uncertainty in his eyes, like he didn't want to tell me. I let a low warning growl escape my lips as my wolf fought to surge forward and rip the information out of his throat.

"I saw her and Lukas Merriweather hugging earlier," he murmured. "It looked... intimate."

I didn't realize how hard I was clutching the pen in my hand until it shattered and ink spilled everywhere on my desk.

I cursed as I grabbed a paper towel to clean the mess, but the damage was done. The paperwork had been ruined, and now there was ink on my clothes and hands.

Taylor rushed to help me clean the mess, his face had gone pale because he knew what I was like when I got like this.

"I want him gone," I said through my teeth. "I want Lukas off my territory."

"The school is public domain," Taylor told him. "He's staying in the dorms, which means you have no say."

"Then reach out to Mica and order him to send Lukas home," I said, my eyes filled with a fiery vengeance. "I want him gone. I don't want him anywhere near her... understood?"

There was a moment of hesitation, and it pissed me off even more.

"What?" I asked, my temper rising as my wolf grew more restless and pissed off.

"It's just that..... Judy seems to like him," Taylor murmured. "If you send him away, I don't think she'll ever forgive you."

My heart pinged at the thought. I knew he was right; Judy would never forgive me. Plus, what right did I

have to tell her she couldn't hang out with this guy when all I had been doing this past month was spending my time with Rachel? Trying to sort through my own goddam feelings.

I stood to my feet.

"I need to speak with her," I said as I walked around my desk.

I didn't wait for Taylor to say anything else before I left my office. I could hear Judy and Matt giggling in the back parlor, and my heart started to beat faster the closer I got.

Just as I reached the archway into the parlor, I felt a hand wrap around my bicep.

"Oh, Gavin baby, there you are,"

Rachel said, her body pressed close to mine, drawing Judy's attention to us, her eyes widening at the sight, and I saw hurt flash in her gaze. "I've been looking all over for you."

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Judy's POV

I sat motionless as I stared at Gavin and Rachel in the archway of the parlor. Matt also tensed from beside me, though his eyes were fixed on his books in front of him, and not on the pair of them. My eyes never left Gavin's, and his eyes seemed to be glued to mine as well, though I couldn't decipher the emotion lingering in them.

Without taking his eyes off me, Gavin asked, "Why were you looking for me?"

Rachel held herself closer to him, clinging to his arm like it was her lifeline.

"I wanted to ask your opinion on a few outfit choices for the charity banquet on Sunday," practically purred. "I want to dress to impress after all. It's not often you get asked to be the date of Gavin Landry to an important event like that."

My heart clenched in my chest as I stared at him. His face was indifferent, and his body was tense as he listened to what she said.

As if just noticing me in the room, Rachel's eyes flickered to mine, and she smiled.

"Oh, hi Judy. I didn't see you there," she said. "You seem hard at work. Don't let us disturb you."

Rachel tugged on Gavin's arm; he stood firm for a moment, his eyes still on me, and I wasn't sure why he was staring at me like that. But then, almost reluctantly, Gavin turned and left with her.

I stared at the open archway that Gavin once stood in, my heart feeling almost empty and my hands trembling uncontrollably.

"Is my dad going to marry Miss Rachel?" Matt suddenly asked, finally lifting his gaze from the book to meet mine.

I felt my face pale at his question, and I met his eyes.

"Why do you ask?" I asked him, my voice coming out strained.

"Because Rachel told me she was going to be my new mom," Matt said, a grimace on his face. "But I don't want her to be my mom... I don't really like her. She's different..."

"Different how?" I asked, raising my brows.

"I can't explain it," he murmured. "I just have a weird feeling about her. I really don't want her to be my mom."

My chest tightened from his admittance, and I found myself pulling him into my arms.

"Your dad will do what's best for you and Irene," I told him softly. "He won't make her into your mother without speaking to you about it first. He's a fair man."

As I spoke those words, I knew they were the truth. Gavin was a fair man and would always include his children in his decision-making, especially when it affected them to this extreme.

"Speaking of Irene, how is she?" Matt asked. "I haven't seen her for almost a month."

Matt's wolf had finally calmed down at the mention of Irene, but Gavin still thought it would be best if they stayed separate for right now.

During our training sessions, I had also been training with Matt's wolf. Matt mentioned that Gavin had also been training with him, so things were definitely better for him, considering he's the youngest person in history to shift.

"She's doing good," I tell him. "She misses you."

"Do you think she'll ever be allowed home again?" He asked. "The more I think about it, the more I don't think she's a bad person. What she did was pretty bad... but I think in her head it was justified. I don't think she really meant to hurt me." Content

"That's really big of you, Matthew. I'm so proud of you for coming up with that conclusion on your own," told him, giving him a gentle

squeeze. "I think a little bit more). n'e

space will do you both some good for right now. Plus, your father is actively trying to find a couple to adopt Emalyn, and until then, Irene has a responsibility. It's better if she stays there for right now."

He nodded like he understood, though he still looked a bit conflicted.

"I wish you could just marry my dad," he finally said, his voice almost vulnerable. "You'd be a much better mom..."

I pressed my lips together, trying hard not to cry. I wanted to tell him, "Me too," but

the words died on my lips. Instead, I gave him another squeeze and then a pat on the back.

"Let's get back to work," I tell him.

He reluctantly agreed.

We spent the next few hours

ver

studying and then going over combat and defense techniques. hadn't seen or heard from Gavin the rest of the time, but just as I approached Beta Taylor's waiting car, a hand stopped the car door from opening. I quickly turned to see Gavin standing only inches from me, his gaze penetrating through me.

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"We need to talk."

I hadn't realized I stopped breathing until his hand was wrapping around my wrist and he was pulling me away from the car. My legs felt like complete Jello as I followed after him, my heart racing at lightning speed in my chest.

I wasn't sure where he was taking me, but it wasn't inside. We wandered around the villa exterior and then suddenly he stopped, turning to look at me, his eyes dark and soul searching, leaving me paralyzed as I looked back at him.

"Tell me what happened the other night," he said, his eyes narrowed as he studied me.

My face paled.

"What?" I asked him.

He stepped closer to me, his body only inches from mine, and made my heart beat even faster.

"Don't play stupid with me, Judy. The Grand Casino Hotel... tell me what happened there."

I studied him for a moment; he was so out of it that night that there was no way he would remember anything happening. Even so, it wasn't me he wanted there with him... it was Rachel. It was Rachel he thought he was kissing.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I told him, my voice coming out almost hollow.

He scowled at me, walked towards me and I took a step back, trying to gain some distance between us, until my back was pressed against the building and there was literally nowhere for me to go. He put his hands on either side of me, resting them on them on the building.

"Then why the fuck did I taste you on my lips?" He asked me. "Why do I remember the way you moaned my name? Why do I remember your warm breath on my skin?" His tone deepened with each question he asked, his lips growing nearer to my skin, making me tremble from his scrutiny.

My breathing was harsh as I tried hard not to look at him, but he made it impossible by how close he was.

"I don't know..." I whisper. "Maybe you were dreaming..."

"Bullshit," he said through his teeth.

"You don't think I know when I've had a taste of you," he whispered, his tone almost vulnerable, pulling me towards him.

I finally met his eyes, my heart breaking as I did.

Would he choose me if I told him that I was there that night?

Or would he reject me and go back to her?

I couldn't bear the thought of him rejecting me and going back to her... I couldn't look him in the eyes while he told me he didn't want me. bit my lower lip, trying hard not to shed any tears.

"It was Rachel,I told him. "The bartender called me, so I was there that night helped you to your room, but Rachel intercepted and brought you the rest of the way. We said our goodbyes, and then I went home. That's all there was to it."

I hated lying to him, but I couldn't face the disappointment that would be evident in his eyes if I told him it was me and not Rachel. I knew where his heart was, and it wasn't with me.

He stared at me for a long time, trying to gauge my expression to find out if I was telling the truth. He stepped away from me, finally gaining some distance. I finally felt like I could breathe again.

I watched him as he ran his fingers through his hair, the confusion and conflict clear on his face as he processed this new information.

After a moment of heated silence, he turned away and walked around the corner, leaving me alone with my thoughts and rapid beating heart.

It took a while for me to move from my spot. Instead of going home, I had Taylor drop me off at the mansion. It's been a while since I saw Irene and the baby, and I could use a distraction.

Irene was in the living room, feeding the baby, when I arrived. She looked pleased to see me.

"Oh, good. I was going to call you today," she told me as I sat down on one of the couches.

"Why?" I asked in return.

"Because there's a charity event

happening on Sunday and I'm

expected to go," she told me. "Since 1

don't have a plus one... and I really

don't want to go alone... I was kind of hoping that maybe you'd come with me??"

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Judy's PV

My eyes grew wide as I stared at Irene. I remembered Rachel asking Gavin what she should wear to the charity event on Sunday, the same event that Irene was talking about. I had been to a fair share of these events, and both my parents would probably be there, seeming they were Deltas of the Redmoon pack; the Cash family was most likely going to be there as well.

It wasn't something I was planning on intending, especially since Gavin and I had

a falling out now that Rachel, his one and only love, returned. But as I stare at Irene, I can see the worry and seriousness hidden in her blue gaze as she nibbles on her lower lip, waiting for my answer.

"The charity event?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

She nodded as she shifted Emalyn's position on her lap.

"Yes," she replied. "Nan and Chester agreed to babysit Emalyn while I'm at the event. I really don't want to go to this thing alone... especially if Ethan's family is going to be there. What if I break and bring up Emalyn?"

I raised my brows at her; I hadn't even thought about that. Despite Irene's nature and what she did to her brother, Irene wasn't great at keeping secrets.

"And you expect me to help you keep this secret?" I asked her, eyeing her carefully.

She shrugged.

"I just need a friend there," she said softly. "I need some support."

"You know, I bet if you asked Chuck, he'd drop whatever he's doing to come help you," I suggest, trying to get out of this because I could already feel myself caving.

She sighed and ran her fingers through her blonde, disheveled hair. The mom look on Irene was something I was starting to get used to. For a long time, I knew her as the girl with perfect clothing and perfect hair 24/7... but now she looked as if she hadn't showered in days and was wearing the same clothes, with the same stain, then the last time I saw her a few days ago.

"He lives on the other side of the country," she reminded me. "I don't want to make him come to me for something like this."

"Are you still in contact with him?" I asked.

I watched as her cheeks turned a shade of pink and she nibbled her lip nervously again before nodding.

"It's weird... I can't explain what's happening between us. But do you believe in second chance mates?"

I blinked at her question.

Pet

Second chancer mates were extremely rare and given to someone personally by the Moon Goddess herself if she found them worth of such a chance. But it was strange she was asking because Irene never even had a first mate.

"Of course I do," I told her. "I've heard stories of it happening, but never seen it with my own eyes. But Krene, you kind of need a first mate in order to have a second chance, mate."

"Well, duh. I know that," she told me, rolling her eyes, but there was no malice on

her face, only a slight smirk as she met my gaze again. "I think Chuck might be my first mate."

I blinked again, dumbstruck by her admittance.

"What?" I asked, shocked.

Her face turned a bright shade of red as she placed a sleeping Emalyn down in her carrier that sat on the floor in front of the couch.

"You have to promise that you won't tell anyone about this," she told me, her face serious.

I nodded without hesitation.

"Yes, of course. I promise I won't say anything," I tell her with honesty.

She relaxed slightly and nodded. She stole herself, trying to figure out the best

way to explain it to me. I could see the inner turmoil in her eyes and the worry that creased her forehead.

"Okay, so..." she began. "My wolf recognized him as our mate the second we spotted him."

My eyes grew wide as I listened to her. That explains why she was so drawn to him; I should have known it was something like that.

"But it's clear that he doesn't recognize us," she whispered.

I wasn't sure why she was whispering; we were the only two in the living room.

Then again, this mansion was filled with staff. "Whispering Walls," Nan had always called it.

"Why wouldn't he recognize you?" I asked.

She sighed and leaned back on the couch.

"He had a mate once," she whispered. "But she died during a rogue attack."

Realization dawned on me; if you are granted a second chance, mate, you don't know it until you mark them officially. It's the Moon Goddess's one condition. She wants us to be able to fall in love naturally and truly move on from our past; she doesn't want us to be influenced by the mate bond. She will bring us together by allowing us to feel that connection towards one another, but we are expected to make the relationship blossom and work on our own. Once we are marked and officially mated, our wolves will recognize each other as second chance mates, and that'll only bring us closer together and make our love that much stronger.

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But because Irene had never had a mate before, she knew right away that Chuck was hers. However, Chuck, though he feels a connection towards Irene, doesn't know that she's his second chance.

My heart broke for Irene because that must be so difficult.

"I'm so sorry," I tell her.

She just shrugged and gave me a sad smile.

"It's okay," she told me, even though I knew it wasn't. "But anyway, it would mean everything to me if you could come to the charity banquet with me. Please, Judy, I don't have anyone I can ask. You're kind of my only friend."

"Are you sure you even want to go to this event in the first place?" I asked her. "Especially with Ethan's family being there."

She groaned.

"Don't remind me," she muttered. "But I have to be here. It's expected as the Landry Heir."

I raised my brows.

"Will Matt be there too, then?"

She shook her head.

"He's too young," she explained. "He'll stay home with Alex."

I nodded, still pondering this. I really didn't want to let her down, but I wasn't sure I could face Gavin and Rachel again. My stomach was still in a knot from my last interaction with them.

As if she could read my mind, Irene leaned forward with a sly smile on her face.

"I'll have my designer make a gorgeous dress for you," she assured me. "Something that'll knock the socks off my father. He'll regret trading you in for little Miss Perfect."

I hadn't really gotten the chance to talk to Irene about Rachel. I knew Rachel had come by the mansion once or twice with Gavin/ She had known Irene when she was only a little girl so I assumed it'd be a happy reunion. I didn't want to hear it from Irene that Rachel was perfect for her father, and she was happy that she returned, so I kept my distance from Irene these last few weeks.

But seeing Irene's face as she mentioned Rachel, it made my brows raise so high they disappeared through my hairline.

"Not a fan of her?" I asked her, my curiosity getting the best of me.

"I don't trust her," Rachel muttered. "I'm my

does estly surprised me

does, She gives me a nasty

in the pit of my stomach."

"Weird," I murmured. "Matt kind of said the same thing."

Her ears perked up at the mention of her brother.

"He did?" She asked. "So, we are in agreement. Neither of us wants our father to be with that woman."

I nodded.

"Apparently," I muttered in return.

After a beat of silence, Irene's face sobered.

"How is Matt doing?"

I met her eyes and decided to be honest with her.

"He misses you," I admitted. "But it's better if you both keep your space from each other. His wolf calmed down a lot, and between Gavin and me giving him shifting and control lessons, he's more in control of his wolf than he initially was. No more accidental shifting or letting his rage get the best of him. He's very strong through; when he ages, he'll be a powerful wolf for sure. Just like Gavin."

"Guess it runs in the family," Irene said softly. "Do you think he'll ever forgive me?"

I thought about it for a moment and then nodded.

"I think he already has," I told her.

give it some time. Once thin

start slowing down, you'll be able to see him again."

She let out a breath and then nodded. We fell into a comfortable silence for a long while before she cleared her throat and looked at me.

"So, should I call my stylist and have her design you the perfect dress for the event?" she asked, a smile lighting up her face.

After another beat of silence, I finally nodded.

"Okay, yeah," I told her. "I'll go."

She squealed happily as she grabbed her phone to text her stylist.

"You won't regret this," she told me happily. "We are going to make my father regret ever giving you up."

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Judy's POV

I wasn't really sure what to expect, but the dress Irene had created for me was the most gorgeous thing I had ever worn. After Irene finished doing my hair and makeup, I stared at myself in the mirror, and I barely recognized myself. I took my own breath away. Irene stood behind me, a smile lighting up her face as she took me in.

"You look gorgeous," she breathed, folding her arms across her chest. She had a smug smile on her lips, and I knew from that look she was planning something. "My father isn't going to know what hit him when he sees you."

I turned to look at her, a frown marring my lips.

"I'm not going to this thing for Gavin. I'm going for you," I reminded her. "So, please don't try to set up or anything."

She looked almost hurt for a moment.

"What? Me? I'd never," she teased, and then she winked. I just gave her a stern look, making her sigh, and then her face grew serious. "Okay, won't do anything. You have my word."

I nodded.

"Thank you," I told her.

"Besides, I won't have to tell him anything. The second he sees you, he's going to go insane."

I roll my eyes at her.

"You have high hopes," I tell her.

She grins and then shrugs.

"Yes, I do," she told me. "Because he already likes you. He just needs a reminder of that."

My stomach knots at her words; I didn't want to get my hopes up that Gavin would notice me during this event. But I couldn't help but wonder if he would or not. I had to admit, I did look gorgeous.

"Holy fuck," Nan said as she walked into the room, her eyes wide with wonder. Judy? Is that you? I barely recognize you."

I roll my eyes at her.

"You are being dramatic. I still look like me," I teased.

"No, you don't," Nan chuckled. "You look hot as fuck."

"Gee, thanks," I said, ignoring her teasing laughter.

"But seriously girl; Gavin is going to lose his mother effing mind."

"I told you," Irene said, beaming. "My stylist knew what she was doing when she created this dress for you."

I sighed and turned back towards

the mirror. Suddenly, a knot formed in the pit of my belly, and I was nervous about this event. I had to

remind myself that I wasn't there for

Gavin, I was there for Irene. My

family was also going to be there, so

that made things a bit easier.

"I need ot get dressed too," Irene said as she gave my shoulder a squeeze. "Don't mess up your hair or makeup."

"I won't," I assured her. She left a moment later, leaving Nan and me alone. I turned to Nan, a worried expression clear on my face. "I'm terrified, Nan."

Her expression softened as she approached me.

"You are going to be fine. It'll be over before you know it, and then we can spend the entire week taking finals at school like none of this happened. Remember what's important. Your future... if Gavin isn't a part of that future, then that's his loss.

I wrapped my arms around my body like I was desperate to hold myself together.

"Do you think he'll even notice me tonight?" I asked her; a hint of vulnerability in my tone.

She grinned and gave me a once-over.

"He'd be stupid not to notice you," she told me. "And if he doesn't, someone else will. It'd probably make him jealous to see you being hit on by other men. Maybe you'll find one you'll like."

I let out a laugh; this was typical Nan.

I wish you could come," I told her, feeling better already.

"I promised Irene I would babysit tonight," she told me.

I nodded, and then I frowned as I looked around.

"Where is Emalyn anyway?" I asked.

"Napping," she told me. "Chester is keeping an ear on her while he works in the kitchen."

I nodded, relieved that Nan and

Chester were the ones taking care of this baby while we were gone. I couldn't have asked for a better team. Despite their many problems, they've been learning to

communicate and get blems,

with

one another. I'd actually argue to say they were falling in love with each

other, and it was nice to see.

"Thanks for doing this for her," I say.

Nan just shrugged.

"I'm actually excited to take care of a baby. I love babies," Nan admitted. "Plus, it'll

be interesting how Chester handles fatherhood."

I chuckled, knowing she was right. Truth be told, I couldn't imagine Chester as a

dad, so this would definitely be interesting.

I glanced at the clock and sighed; the event would be starting soon. The closer

the time got to the event, the more my stomach would knot up with anticipation. I had no idea what to expect.

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I went with Nan out of the room and towards the front parlor, where Irene was just finishing getting ready. When she turned around to face me, my jaw was on the ground. She was stunning in her off white gown that brought out the colors in her natural features and highlighted her blonde hair. The dress fit her body like a glove and made all her curves noticeable.

Chuck would be on the ground if he saw her.

"Irene, you look beautiful," I told her.

She beamed at the compliment before looking at the clock.

"Erik will be here soon to pick us up," she told me. "Are you ready for this?"

I thought about it for a moment, my fingers nervously fiddling together as I nibbled on my lower lip.

"Maybe," I told her, not wanting to admit how nervous I truly was, though it seemed she could see right through me because she gave me a soft and compassionate smile.

"It's going to be okay," she assured me. "We are going to a charity event, one we've both been to on countless occasions, and we are going to have a good time. No pressure... no boys... It's a girls' night."

I relaxed at her words and nodded in agreement.

"A girl's night," I repeated, letting my body relax.

There was a knock on the door, and my entire body tensed again. Irene chuckled and put a hand on my shoulder.

"It's just Erik," she assured me. "He's taking us to the charity event."

She grabbed her purse off the chair, and I shouldered mine, my entire body trembling as we walked towards the front door. Irene opened the door to see Erik's smiling face back at us.

"Hey ladies," he said, his eyes scanning each of us. He lingered on me a bit longer, his eyes dilated. "Wow, Judy. You look gorgeous."

Erik always spoke to me informally because we had become friends over the years we've known each other. I blushed at the compliment and gave a small bow in response.

"Thanks," I say to him, making him laugh.

"Shall we go?" He asked, offering us each an arm. We both took one of his arms, looping it with ours. I turned to look at Nan, who watched from the doorway with a bright smile. I waved at her and she waved back.

Erik unhooked our arms once we reached his car and opened the back door for us, helping us into the car without ruining our hair, makeup, or dresses.

"Thanks," Irene said to him just before he shut the door and ran around to the other side to sit in the driver's seat.

As we sat in the backseat, watching as the mansion grew smaller in the distance,

Irene hooked her arm with mine and gave me a gentle squeeze.

"Tonight is going to go fine," she assured me. "Stop worrying so much."

I bit my lip and nodded, wanting to believe her.

Just then, her phone chimed; she frowned as she reached into her purse to grab

her phone. She glanced at the screen, her frown deepening even more.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"It's a link to a live feed," she told me

as she clicked on the link and

brought up the live feed. She smiled when she saw what it was. "It's a charity event. Someone I'm

following is there and is live feeding the entrances."

I looked over her shoulder as important high-ranking individuals walked through the crowd of onlookers to get to the charity event. Everyone looked gorgeous and very important.

I pointed when I saw my parents making their way through the crowd, ignoring the paparazzi as they often did at these types of events.

Then something else caught my eye, and my heart stopped in my chest.

"Hey, it's my dad and Rachel," Irene pointed out what I had already noticed.

It seemed the paparazzi were already eating up his date, trying to figure out who she was and her importance to Gavin Landry.

"Gavin, is this your new girlfriend?"

"What happened with you and Miss Judy?"

"Who is your date this evening?"

Gavin didn't bother responding to any of them, but he didn't have to. His body language was enough.

draped a protective arm around t

Rache's waist and pulled her close to him, making the crowd gush in their favor. He held onto her tightly as he guided her through the crowd.

Just before trene shut off the live feed, I heard someone in the background saying, "That must be his girlfriend... she's way more suitable and stunning in his arms than Judy ever was."

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Gavin's POV

As the car pulled up to the charity event, I knew I had to put my game face on. I hadn't been able to sleep in the last couple of days since my interaction with Judy. I could still fucking taste her on my lips from that night a week ago and she had the audacity to tell me it wasn't her... that I didn't have her in my arms. I knew she was lying to me; she was easy to read, but I couldn't figure out why she was lying.

The morning after that night kept flooding my brain, how I woke up naked in bed with Rachel lying beside me. Though my body had her scent on me as well, and the markings covering both our necks were from one another, I knew the delicate taste of Judy that remained on my tongue.

Her scent lingered in the room, despite how many times Rachel sprayed her perfume around the place.

"You seem lost in thought," Rachel said, sitting beside me in the car. "You've been distant these last few days. Is everything okay?"

I looked at her, the woman I used to be so desperately in love with, but all I feel right now is resentment. Resentment over the fact that she returned in the first place. Resentment

because it was her, I woke up next to that morning, and not the one I truly wanted it to be. My wolf stirred in agreement, a strange reaction for him to have. No one I had ever dated or slept with had ever appeased my wolf other than my late wife, Melissa. But that was because she was my true mate. Judy was the first woman he actually seemed fond of and protective of.

It was no shock that he still couldn't stand Rachel, even more so now.

"I need this event to go well. Some important shareholders will be there," I tell her, trying to distract myself from the pending doom I felt in my chest.

"Have I let you down when it comes to business meetings?" He asked, remembering how she kicked ass during the business dinner last week at the Grand Casino Hotel. "We've got this in the bag. Just trust me, Gavin."

She draped her arm through mine and gave me a smile. It was a familiar smile, filled with a tender warmth that used to make my heart skip a beat, but I didn't feel the same warmth and love and love I once did for her.

eline

She was someone I was planning on marrying; I bought the ring and planned out the perfect proposal. Then the tragedy struck, and I mourned her like I mourned my late wife was devastated at the time of her death, and I thought I would never find anyone to love again. I swore off love because it seemed

that whenever I fell in love, bad things happened to them. It seemed as if I cursed.

I should be thrilled that it isn't the case; that Rachel was alive and that my love for her wasn't the cause of her unfortunate death. But I didn't feel any of that stuff. My mind kept drifting back to the doe-eyed beauty I left pressed and breathless against the side of my home.

Rachel took my silence as an agreement, and a smile lit her face.

"I won't let you down," she assured me. "You have my word. I have a lot to make up for. I mean it when I say I'm in it for the long haul. I'm here to stay."

My wolf growled deep in my chest, but I suppressed it, not wanting her to see how much my wolf truly despised her. Instead, I turned my attention to my window, watching as the crowds grew thicker and the car began to slow.

We were arriving at the event, and I could already see the paparazzi swarming the place. Crowds of

people who weren't invited to the event

or who couldn't afford to purchase tickets, were also outside, trying to get a glimpse of the important wolves. Their phones clutched in their hands as they eagerly waited to snap pictures and take videos. I had members of my Elite Force on watch, keeping the crowds at safe distances.

Taylor stopped the car and walked around to the back seat to open the doors for

us. I was the first to get out of the car, and then I held my hand out for Rachel to take, helping her out of the car too. I fully intended on releasing her hand, but she clutched me like a vise, refusing to let go.

Sighing, I went with her through the crowds and towards the front door. I could hear the questions of the

paparazzi and the flashing of their

cameras. They were all inquiring who Rachel was and if she was my new girlfriend. I didn't justify them with an answer; they would twist it no matter what I said.

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Rule number one of this lifestyle: never speak to the paparazzi during unplanned interviews.

One of the people in the crowd reached out to touch Rachel, getting a little too excited in her presence. I pulled Rachel closer to me, putting a hand on her waist, and guided her the rest of the way to the crowd. Rachel didn't seem to mind the closeness; she beamed and gave me a bright smile, which I ignored.

My only focus was to get us inside safely.

Once we were inside, I released my hold on her as if she had bruised me.

She frowned when she noticed the distance between us.

"May I take your coat?" Someone asked Rachel, pointing at the shawl around her shoulders, covering her dress.

Rachel nodded, her eyes never leaving mine as she handed him the shawl. He went to put it with the other coats in the closet.

As always, the charity event was held in the most elegant fashion. Wait staff went around with champagne flute offerings to guests; hors d'oeuvres were being brought around on

platters. It was a black-tie event, so everyone was dressed in the most elegant fashion. There was also music being played in the background; classical retakes of popular songs to appease the younger generation.

The hostess of the event, Elana Michalson, stood at the center of attention; her short curls bouncing around her features and her green dress hugging her figure, making most of the men drool at her feet. She had been the hostess of these charity events for years, and they've always been a success. Her husband is one of the top Alphas, and they both come from rich families. Elana also descends from strong Alpha blood, making her an Alpha female, though she takes on the role as a Luna to support her husband, Alacar Michalson of the Blue River pack. "Should we get a drink?" Rachel asked as she too took in the scenery around her. "We need to say hello to Elana first," I informed her. "She's the hostess after all."

I went towards Elana, who was entertaining a few other guests with tales of her recent travel, making them laugh at her witty commentary and colorful storytelling. Rachel stood behind me, a bit hesitant in her movements, but she followed me, nevertheless.

Elana noticed me approaching, and her face lit up as she excused herself from her current conversation.

"Alpha Landry," she greeted as she approached me. She kissed both sides of my cheeks as she often did in greeting. "I'm so glad you could make it."

"I've never missed any of your events, Elana," I remind her. "And I've told you before, call me Gavin."

She was one of the few I allowed to call me by my given name instead of my title or formal last name. Given our history and how she had there for me and my family countless times, I owed her @great debt. I'm not sure I would have been able to find Matthew when he was 1 year old if it weren't for Elana's help during the search.

"It's really good to see you," she said, pulling back to look up at me. "You look well, how are things at home? Are the kids good?"

I nodded.

"They aren't much kids anymore," I told her. Trene turns 21 soon, and Matt is turning 8, but he's acting like he's in his 20s. He's wise beyond his years and just completed his first shift."

Elana's eyes widened.

"How is that possible?" She asked. "It's never been known for anyone ot shift that early in life."

"I know; I'm still not sure myself, but we are handling the best we can," I told her.

Her eyes found Rachel, who was standing behind me.

"And who is this?" Elana asked, raising her brows.

"This is Rachel," I introduced. "An old friend."

Rachel frowned at my introduction, but then she plastered on a fake smile and shook Elana's hand.

"It's nice to meet you," Rachel said.

"Likewise," Elana replied, eyeing

Rachel suspiciously. She opened her mouth to say something, but the murmuring in the distance caught her attention, and her eyes narrowed before widening. I was about to turn to see who caught Elana's attention, but then I smelled her.

Her scent wafted through the room, rooting me to the ground. My wolf was immediately alert as his senses grew stronger.

It was Rachel's words that confirmed my suspicions.

"What is she doing here??"

Seducing My Ex's Father In Law

Gavin's POV

It was as if time had completely stopped. I turned, willing my body to cooperate and move. The second I did, I almost wished I could turn back around, but I couldn't. My eyes were glued to her.

Judy.

She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my entire life. Her long hair was curled perfectly and draped around her shoulders and down her back in delicate waves that made me want to run my fingers through it. The dress she wore looked like it was made for her, hugging her every curve perfectly. It was elegant, leaving no mystery of what lay underneath the fabric. I felt a surge of jealousy and panic for a moment, knowing that other men would also be looking at her body in the same way that I was looking at her body.

Her long legs seemed even longer with the heels she was wearing, and I had to fight the urge to go to her and run my fingers up her smooth skin. She wore makeup, which I never liked when she did because it hid her true beauty, but the makeup she wore this time almost highlighted her natural beauty. I knew from the handiwork that Irene took part in doing her makeup. My daughter had always been good at matching colors and giving makeovers.

Not that Judy needed a makeover, but still, she was stunning.

Irene stood next to her, a proud smirk on her lips as she scanned the room, noting how the men and even most women were drawn to Judy's beauty. I felt my stomach twist at the thought of them looking at her like that, and I had to fight the urge to pull her away and hide her from their sight.

My wolf didn't hate that idea; in fact, he was almost encouraging it.

"Gavin?" I heard Rachel saying from beside me, drawing me back to the present moment.

"Hmm," I said without taking my eyes off Judy.

"I asked what she is doing here," Rachel repeated, folding her arms across her chest.

I didn't like the way she was asking, like I had something to do with Judy's presence. It was accusatory, though she was trying hard to hide it. I could hear a hint of insecurity in her voice that irked me.

"She must have come with Irene," I told her, my voice kept in a low murmur.

Rachel swallowed; her eyes narrowed as she stared at Judy.

"Well, in that case, we should go and say hello," she suggests, draping a protective arm through mine.

I glanced at her fingers wrapped around my bicep before my gaze lifted to meet hers. I didn't like her touch, and my wolf wanted to rip her head off at the thought of her thinking touching me like this was okay. But I couldn't make a scene at an event like this, and plus, I truly was trying to regain my friendship with Rachel. Even if I didn't find her romantically appealing anymore, that didn't mean I hadn't missed her as a friend. She was a good friend to me before we became serious.

At least, I thought she was a friend.

Turns out she was only using me to get information for her boss, Levi Churchill.

But I made a promise to her and to myself that I wouldn't hold that over her head. She was a new person now; she had faced the consequences of her actions, and she was filled

with remorse. I wasn't going to punish her for something that happened so long ago and was irrelevant now.

Realizing she's still waiting for my response, I gave her a short nod before my eyes landed back on Judy. I wasn't sure if she saw me or not, but she was in the middle of speaking to an older gentleman who had taken notice of her. Irene was also talking to him, but his sole attention was on Judy. She looked a bit uncomfortable, and the way her cheeks flushed pink at whatever he was saying made her look younger and more adorable.

I swallowed down the emotions that bubbled in my chest.

We walked towards her, Rachel trailing behind me, her energy all over the place. My eye remained glued to Judy as I approached. She didn't notice me until I was nearly in her face, her breath catching in her throat, and her body tense.

I saw her delicate throat tense as she swallowed, trying to keep her own emotions in check. Goddess, she was even more beautiful up close. Her scent was wrapped around me like a silk blanket, pulling me in.

I loved the way her body reacted to me; the way her breathing quickened along with her heartrate; the way she nervously fiddled with her fingers, not knowing what to do with them. The way she nibbled on the corner of her lip, drew my attention to plump and very kissable mouth. The way her eyes darkened and dilated as she stared at me, her doe-like features growing larger by each passing second.