

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 11

Madeline's POV

Getting in and out of Mike's house won't be a problem at all. There was a giant oak tree just outside my window. The branches were huge and thick and one of them was close enough for me to grab. It was perfect. I wouldn't have to tell Mike where I was going if he didn't even know that I left.

I didn't pay much attention to my surroundings as I was walking toward the diner I saw on my way to Mike's house. I didn't care about this pack. I didn't care about anything other than finding a job and getting the hell out of there.

I had to get a job so I could think about something else other than losing my mom. I needed a distraction and a job would be the best distraction possible.

I approached the diner, keeping my eyes on the door. I fixed my posture and opened the door.

I didn't care about the design. I could tell that the diner was very modern, but I focused on the guy at the counter and nothing else.

He was around my age, maybe a year or two older. He was wiping the counter and humming quietly.

The guy was tall, with a well-proportioned body and good posture. His hair was a light, golden blonde. I could tell that he had symmetrical facial features, a straight nose, and a strong jawline.

He was very handsome and he looked very kind

"We are closed," he said, not looking up.

"I'm looking for a job," I said, making him look up at me. "Can you help me, please?"

He had vivid green eyes that seemed to look inside my soul. I was suddenly very nervous.

"Who are you?" he asked as he looked me up and down.

“My name is Madeline,” I said, trying not to show him how nervous I suddenly was. “I just moved here.”

He furrowed his eyebrows a little.

“Are you Mike’s daughter?” he asked.

I nodded, making him sigh.

“Mike told me not to give you a job if you asked,” he said, making my eyes widen.

He looked back down and continued wiping the counter.

Was he serious?

“What?” I asked, my voice laced with anger.

The guy looked back up at me and raised an eyebrow.

“You heard me,” he said. “Mike told us not to give you a job if you asked.”

I gritted my teeth. Mike really had some nerve.

“Why?” I asked, clenching my fists.

“Shouldn’t you know the answer to that question better than me?” the guy asked as he grabbed a glass and started wiping it with a dishtowel.

I did know the answer to that question. Mike wanted to take care of me. Well, it was too freaking late for that.

I don’t care what Mike said,” I said, taking a deep breath. “I need a job.”

The guy eyed me up and down. “Why?”

I furrowed my eyebrows.

“Why do you need a job?” he asked. “Your dad doesn’t want you to work. Our Alpha is your step-brother. You will be well taken care of here. You don’t have to work.”

My anger grew. This guy didn't know anything about me. He just assumed that I wanted my father to take care of me. He just assumed that I wanted his money.

Also, hearing him call Alpha Dimitri my step-brother was so freaking weird. I didn't like it. He wasn't my step-brother. He was an Alpha who took me in and that was all.

"I don't want my father to take care of me," I said. "I want to take care of myself."

The guy raised his eyebrows at me.

"Can you hire me or not?" I asked, trying to hide how annoyed I was.

"Shouldn't you ask if I own the diner first?" he asked, chuckling.

My eyes widened a little. Shit. He was right. He was probably just an employee. I felt heat rush to my cheeks.

"You are lucky that my parents own this place," he said, smirking at me. "Which means that I can hire you."

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

"Will you hire me?" I asked, making him sigh.

He leaned against the counter and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Why would I do that?" he asked.

I took a deep breath and released it slowly.

"I have experience working in a diner," I said. "I can cook and I make great coffee."

The guy bit his lower lip and narrowed his eyes a little.

"Why don't you want Mike to take care of you?" he asked, making the anger inside me grow.

Goddess, he was really annoying. What did he care so much?

“I want to earn my own money so I can leave once I turn 18,” I said, forcing myself not to roll my eyes at him.

His eyes widened. “You want to leave once you turn 18? Why?”

I sighed quietly and clenched my fists.

“That’s not your concern,” I said. “Will you hire me or not?”

The guy looked me up and down again. He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

“Fine,” he mumbled. “You are on a trial run, Madeline.”

I let out a relieved breath. I would do great on a trial run. I had to do great.

“Thank you,” I said, smiling brightly at him.

“Don’t thank me yet,” he mumbled as he turned around and grabbed something from the counter behind him.

He turned around and handed me an apron.

“I would love to try some of that amazing coffee of yours,” he said as I approached him.

“Deal,” I said as I took the apron and tied it around my waist.

“My name is Seth, by the way,” he said, giving me his hand to shake.

“It is very nice to meet you, Seth,” I said as I took his hand in mine.

“You say that only because I gave you a job,” he chuckled.

I definitely did.

“Look at that, we just met and you know me so well,” I said, grinning at him.

He snorted and pointed at the coffee machine.

“Your amazing coffee won’t make itself,” he said, smirking at me.

I allowed myself to roll my eyes at him now.

“For the record, I didn’t say it was amazing, I said it was great,” I mumbled, making him raise an eyebrow at me.

I approached the coffee machine and started making him a cup.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes for a second.

Nine months.

Only nine months, and I would be out of here.