

## Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 13

Madeline's POV

I walked into Mike's house and took a deep breath. I was tired. There were many more customers at Seth's diner than there were back in the diner I was working at. I worked my a\*s off today.

"Where the f\*\*k were you?" I heard Janet's voice.

I looked at her furrowing my eyebrows. Why the hell did she sound so angry?

"Answer the question, Madeline," she said, gritting her teeth.

Anger was written all over her face. Her eyebrows were furrowed and I could see her jaw twitching. Her mouth was in a tight line. The muscles on her face were tense and rigid, and her eyes were narrowed. She was glaring at me with so much hate that I almost turned and left the house.

I saw a variety of emotions on her face. Annoyance, irritation, and rage were just some of them. Her posture was rigid and her fists were clenched tightly.

What the hell did I do?

"I was at work," I mumbled quietly.

I wasn't sure what to do. Why was she so angry at me?

"Work?" she scoffed. "Did you really manage to get a job?"

I furrowed my eyebrows a little. Why did she speak to me like that?

Of course I managed to get a job. I worked two jobs back in my pack.

"I did," I answered as politely as I could. "I got a job at the diner."

Janet approached me slowly. I had the urge to step back, but I didn't. I raised my head a little and fixed my posture. I wasn't going to let her intimidate me.

"I know that you think that you can fool your father, but I am not falling for this act of yours," Janet mumbled, narrowing her eyes even more.

What act? What the hell was she talking about?

I kept my face neutral. I didn't want her to see that her words had any impact on me. I wasn't a weak girl and I wasn't going to let her think that she could hurt me.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Janet," I said calmly. "What act?"

Janet scoffed and took another step closer to me. She was now standing so close to me that I had to lift my head and look up at her. She was a bit taller than me.

"This weak, pathetic little girl that you are pretending to be," Janet said.

The anger started growing inside me. I wasn't weak and I wasn't pathetic.

"Oh, I lost my mom. Oh, I don't want your money. Oh, I will earn my own money," Janet continued mockingly. "I see right through it, Madeline, and I won't let you use your father or my son."

Was she insane?

She had to be. There was no other explanation for this behavior. She was insane.

I clenched my fists and gritted my teeth. I was losing that little will to be polite.

"I am not going to use my father for anything," I said, trying to remain calm. "I didn't even want to come here in the first place."

Janet laughed, throwing her head back.

I furrowed my eyebrows again. I didn't understand why she was doing this. She didn't even know me. I came here yesterday. I couldn't understand what I did to make her think that I was going to use my father.

"I'm not buying that crap, Madeline," she said coldly. "You saw an opportunity to come here to a Lycan pack and take whatever you could take from us."

My eyes widened. Was she serious?!

She was, wasn't she? She was serious and she was insane.

I shook my head and tried to walk around her. I didn't have to stand here and listen to this.

She grabbed my upper arm and dug her nails into my skin.

"Don't walk away while I am talking to you," she mumbled through her teeth.

I tried to keep a calm composure.

"I don't have to stand here and listen to your false accusations," I said, making her tighten her hand around my upper arm.

"Yes, you do, Madeline," she said coldly. "Don't forget that you are living under my roof."

I studied her face for a second. I was trying to find something, but I wasn't even sure what. All I saw was anger and hatred.

What did I ever do to this woman?

"I won't be here for long, Janet," I said, making her smirk.

"Oh, I am counting on that," she said. "If you don't leave the day you turn 18, I will throw you out myself."

I tightened my jaw and narrowed my eyes a little.

"You won't have to do that," I mumbled quietly. "I can't wait to leave."

Janet chuckled darkly.

"You won't just leave the house, Madeline," she said. "You will leave the pack as well. I don't want you around my husband and my son."

I didn't want to be around her family anyway.

Her son seemed like an okay guy, but I didn't want to be around her or my father. I didn't need them. I didn't need anyone.

She let my hand go and I felt blood rush to my lower arm, making a thousand tiny needles prick at my skin. I didn't even realize how tightly she was holding my arm.

“I am warning you, Madeline,” Janet said, pointing a finger at me. “Stay away from my husband and my son.”

I gulped down the lump in my throat.

“Don’t worry, Janet,” I said coldly. “Being close to you and your family is the last thing I want.”

All I really wanted was to get the hell out of this pack.

Maybe I could leave the house sooner. Maybe I could find another place to stay. No one said that I had to live under the same roof as my father.

I didn’t wait for Janet’s response. I turned around and rushed upstairs.

It was still hard for me to understand Janet’s reaction. She seemed a bit cold and distant when I first met her, but I never expected something like that from her.

I was glad she showed her true face early on. At least I knew what to expect.

I entered my bedroom and closed the door behind me. I placed my bag on the floor and headed straight to the bathroom. I needed a hot shower.

I closed the bathroom door and took a deep breath.

I needed to find another place to live. I couldn’t stay here for another nine months. I’d only been here for a day, and Janet already lost it.

I turned the shower on and started undressing.

I couldn’t wait to step inside the shower and let the warm water relax my muscles.