

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 17

Janet's POV

"Come in," I said quietly.

The door opened and Savannah walked inside.

"We have to do something, Savannah," I told her as soon as she closed the door behind herself.

She furrowed her eyebrows and approached me. She sat on the chair next to my bed and crossed her arms over her chest.

"What the hell are you talking about, Janet?" she asked, making me sigh.

"Dimitri," I explained. "You need to make him take you as his mate."

Her eyes widened a little. She studied my face with a confused look on her own.

"I tried," she said. "He is stubborn, and he wants to wait for his fated mate."

I rolled my eyes and stood up. I started pacing around my room, clenching my fists repeatedly.

"She will be some spoiled little brat, I am sure of it," I said, gritting my teeth. "But that's not an issue right now."

I looked at Savannah who looked even more confused than she was before.

"Then what is?" she asked.

I tightened my jaw and tried to control my anger.

I f*****g hated Madeline. She was a spoiled little brat who looked too much like her dead mother. I hated her attitude and her broken little girl act.

I wanted her gone and I couldn't wait until she turned 18. I would kick her out of the pack immediately.

But what bugged me the most was the fact that Dimitri liked her. I could tell by the way he was looking at her. Would he fall in love with her? Would he take her as his chosen mate?

No. I couldn't let that happen. I had to do something about it and stop it before it could happen.

"Mike's daughter," I mumbled, making Savannah's eyes widen.

"Why?" she asked with a hint of jealousy in her voice.

Great. That was all I wanted.

I knew how much Savannah wanted my son. I knew that she wanted to become Luna. She wanted the money and power that came with being married to the King. I was okay with that. It would make my plan go smoothly and I knew that I would get along with Savannah much better than with Madeline or any other pathetic girl like her.

"Dimitri is too affectionate toward her," I said, making Savannah's eyes narrow. "I am afraid that he could ask her to be his chosen mate once she turns 18."

Savannah clenched her fists and a growl escaped her.

"Over my dead body," she said quietly. "Can't we get rid of her?"

I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair.

"No," I said as I stopped pacing around my room. "If it gets out that we did something to that girl, Mike would freak out. I don't want to deal with that."

Savannah furrowed her eyebrows and bit her lower lip. It looked like she was thinking about something.

A few moments later she looked up at me worriedly.

"What if she is his fated mate?" she mumbled, making me gasp.

"Goddess forbid!" I exclaimed. "That's not even possible. She is a regular werewolf, not a Lycan."

Savannah breathed out in relief. "Oh, thank Goddess."

That would be my worst nightmare. I was so f*****g happy that Madeline wasn't a Lycan and it wasn't possible for her to be my son's fated mate.

He could take her as his chosen one, though, just like I took Mike.

I couldn't let that happen.

"You need to make him take you as his mate, Savannah," I told her. "We have to stop that little brat from even thinking that she has a chance with my son."

I saw the fury in Savannah's eyes. "That little b***h will never get him."

I smirked and nodded. I knew that Savannah was the right choice for this plan.

"How old is she?" Savannah asked.

"17," I answered. "She will be 18 in nine months."

"That's perfect," Savannah said as a huge smile spread across her face.

"Dimitri can't do anything until she is of age."

I nodded and continued pacing around my room.

"That's why we need to work fast," I said. "I want you to be marked by the time that little brat turns 18."

"Do you have a plan?" Savannah asked. "Dimitri has been kind of cold with me lately."

I looked at her and smirked.

"You could fake a pregnancy," I said, making Savannah raise her eyebrows at me.

"Are you serious?" she sighed. "Lycan wolves notice a change in the female's scent when she is pregnant. He would see through my lie immediately."

I sighed and rolled my eyes. She was wrong.

"No," I said, trying not to sound annoyed. "Lycan males immediately notice the change in the scent of their mate. They notice the change in other females' scent only after about two to three weeks. How long has it been since the two of you had s*x?"

“About three weeks,” Savannah said, making me furrow my eyebrows.

That could work. We only needed him to believe her for a second. I knew my son. He would take responsibility and he would take Savannah as his chosen mate.

“That could work,” I said, smirking. “You need to tell him that you are pregnant. He will take you as his mate immediately.”

Savannah furrowed her eyebrows.

“He will know that I am not,” she said. “There won’t be any change in my scent.”

I sighed and tried to contain my anger. She would need so much guidance.

“He only needs to believe it for a second, Savannah,” I said. “He will mark you and you two will have s*x again. Females get pregnant more easily when they are marked. You will get pregnant after he marks you and he won’t know anything.”

“And if I don’t?” she asked.

“It won’t matter,” I said, gritting my teeth. “You will be marked and that little brat will definitely be out of the picture.”

Savannah nodded and smirked. “I will do it. Dimitri is mine.”

I smiled back at her and gave her a small nod.

“You need to do it fast,” I said. “I know that we have nine months, but I want her as far away from my son as possible.”

I would be happiest if she left even before she turned 18. I would be happiest if she ran away and we never saw her again.

She looked too much like her mother.

“I will talk to him today,” Savannah said. “That little b***h will never have him.”

“Good,” I said and smirked. “We need to save my son.”

Madeline wouldn't have him. She would never be able to come close to him. I would make sure that she knew her place in this world. I would make sure that she knew she wasn't wanted or needed in our pack.