

## Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 6

Madeline's POV

I am not going,

I said as I started walking away from my father.

I had no reason to stay there anymore. My mom's body was gone. I wasn't going with my father and I didn't want to talk to him anymore. There was no reason for me to stay at the burial site any longer. I was going to go home, lay in my mom's bed, and cry my eyes out.

I definitely wasn't going with my father anywhere. There was no freaking way that I was leaving my pack. There was no freaking way that I was going anywhere with that man.

Madeline!

he called after me.

I didn't respond. I didn't even turn around.

The man left me. He left my mom. I didn't need him or his pity money.

Madeline!

he called me again, but this time I heard him following after me.

I started walking faster.

I ignored him.

My heart was beating a mile a minute. I wasn't leaving. I wasn't leaving my pack. I wasn't leaving my house. My mom's stuff was there. I wasn't going to leave the place that reminded me of my mom. Her scent was still there. I couldn't leave. I didn't want to leave.

I felt tears fall down my cheeks.

Someone grabbed my arm and stopped me.

I felt anger rising.

Maddie, please,  
my father said.

I tried to pull my arm from his hold, but he only tightened his grip on it.

I know I screwed up, Maddie,  
he sighed as he turned me around.

Please let me make it right.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

I don't need you to make it right,

I said.

I don't need your help. My mom and I were fine on our own. I am going to be fine on my own.

You do need his help, Maddie,

Alpha Jackson sighed.

You don't have money. You are going to lose your house. You need your father's help.

A sharp pain spread through my chest. I felt tears in the corners of my eyes, but they weren't sad tears, they were angry tears. I always cried when I was angry and I hated it.

I can work more,

I said, my voice raspy.

I can take more shifts. You can give me a job at the packhouse. I can...

Maddie,

Alpha Jackson interrupted me.

He sighed and moved my father's hand away. He pulled me into a hug and the tears finally fell down my cheeks.

You need to go with your father, Maddie,

Alpha Jackson said softly.

Why?

I asked, trying to stop my voice from breaking.

I don't need him. I don't want to go with him. I can stay here. I can stay at the packhouse. I can work as much as you need me to.

Alpha Jackson sighed as he let me go. He placed his hands on my shoulders and bent down.

You know the pack rules, Maddie,

he said.

You can't live in the packhouse until you get your wolf.

I tightened my jaw.

Can't you make an exception?

I asked.

I am 17. I will be 18 in nine months.

Alpha Jackson took a deep breath and released it slowly.

I can't do that, Maddie,

he said, breaking my heart all over again.

You are not the first wolf to lose a parent. Usually, the wolves who are underage go live with their relatives. Your father is the only living relative you have.

I tried to gulp down the lump in my throat.

So you are exiling me?

I asked quietly.

Goddess, Maddie, no!

Alpha Jackson exclaimed.

The minute you turn 18 and get your wolf you can come back and live in the packhouse.

I looked down and took a deep breath.

I am so sorry, Maddie,

Alpha Jackson sighed.

Your mom wanted you to go live with your dad.

I looked up at my father and his new mate.

My mom forgave him for what he did,

I said.

I never will.

My father closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

You don't need to forgive me, Madeline,

he said as he opened his eyes and looked at me.

You just need to let me take care of you.

I wanted to run away. I wanted to disappear. I wanted to find another pack and start over.

But I knew what would happen the minute I left my pack. I still didn't have my wolf and I was defenseless. The rogues would eat me alive, and if they didn't and I somehow made it to another pack, they would send out a message that there was a 17-year-old she-wolf on the run. I would end up back here or with my father.

I couldn't run away and start my life in another pack until I turned 18.

You won't be taking care of me,

I said coldly.

I will find a job at your pack. I will feed myself. I will take care of myself. I will only go with you because I know what would happen to me if I didn't. The moment I turn 18, I will be out of your pack and out of your life.

My father's eyes widened.

We are fine with that,

his chosen mate said.

I didn't even realize that she was standing next to my father.

Of course they were fine with it. My father never wanted me. If my mom hadn't called him, he wouldn't even know that she was sick and dying.

Madeline...

my father spoke, but I interrupted him.

I said everything I wanted to say,

I said, clenching my fists.

When are we leaving?

My father glanced at Alpha Jackson.

Tomorrow morning,

Alpha Jackson said.

Your father and his mate will stay at the packhouse.

I nodded and turned around. I rushed toward my house.

I couldn't believe that I had to leave my home. I couldn't believe that I wouldn't be able to stay here. I didn't want to go. I really didn't want to go.

But I had to.

It would be for nine months only. Nine months and I would be free. Nine months and I would never have to see my father again.