

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 1

“Have you thought about taking a chosen mate, Dimitri?” my mother asked, making me roll my eyes. “You are 22 years old. It’s time for you to choose a strong she-wolf to become your Luna.”

I continued cutting my meat without even looking up at my mother.

Skol growled. He hated the thought of having a chosen mate. We would wait for our fated mate.

“Leave him alone, Janet,” Mike, my mother’s new mate, said. “He already told you that he wants to wait for his fated mate.”

I glanced up at Mike and gave him a small nod.

I didn’t really like him. I had nothing against the guy, but something about him never sat right with me.

My mother married him two years ago. He wasn’t a Lycan like my mother and me. I never understood why my mother wanted to marry him, but that definitely wasn’t my business, so I never got involved. I tolerated Mike because I had to.

Some of our pack members frowned at the fact that Mike was just a werewolf and not a Lycan like my mother and me. Technically, that was true. What my pack members didn’t know was that Mike really had Lycan genes, but his Lycan never woke up.

It didn’t matter to me anyway. He wouldn’t be able to become the Alpha of my pack even if he were a Lycan.

Something was wrong with Mike today. He seemed absent and a little worried.

“Mike, honey, stop worrying,” my mother mumbled as she took his hand in hers. “Everything is going to be okay.”

Mike looked up at her and frowned.

“How can you say that?” he said with a hint of anger in his voice.

What the f**k happened?

“What the hell is going on?” I asked before my mother could say anything else.

My mother and Mike glanced at each other. Mike sighed, ran his fingers through his hair, and looked down at his plate.

My mother looked at me, and I raised an eyebrow at her.

“Mike’s fated mate is dying,” my mother said, making my eyes widen.

I looked at Mike. I was so f*****g confused.

“I thought that you didn’t find your fated mate,” I said, holding back a growl.

I f*****g hated wolves who betrayed their fated mates. A mate was a gift from the Goddess. A mate was supposed to be loved and cherished. What the f**k was he doing here with my mother if his fated mate was out there somewhere?!

Mike looked up at me and took a deep breath.

“I did find her,” Mike mumbled. “I just never marked her.”

My confusion turned into a surprise.

How the f**k did he manage to hold back from marking his mate? I was so f*****g sure that I would sink my canines into her neck as soon as I met her.

“I was young and stupid,” Mike sighed, looking back down at the table. “I thought that my Lycan would surface. I waited for it to happen. I was the only one with

Lycan genes in my pack, and I thought that once I got my Lycan, I would be able to do so much more than just be a Beta of my pack.”

Mike stopped talking and sighed.

“I met my mate,” Mike continued. “I promised her that I would mark her as soon as my Lycan appeared. Except it never happened. I got more and more frustrated. I

got so f*****g angry. I spent my days drunk on whiskey mixed with wolfsbane. I was constantly pissed off. She kept asking me to mark her, but I never did.”

Mike stopped talking and looked at my mother.

“So you don’t have a mate bond with her?” I asked.

“No,” Mike said as he looked at me. “I wouldn’t be able to mark your mother if I did.”

Chosen mates and second mates could also mark each other. The mark wasn’t as powerful as it was when it was given by a fated mate, but it still had power.

“But you are bound to her, aren’t you, Mike?” my mother said with a hint of resentment in her voice.

I furrowed my eyebrows. What the hell was she talking about? How could he be bound to a woman he never marked?

“I am,” Mike mumbled.

“How?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at him.

“I have a child with her,” Mike said, looking at me.

My eyes widened.

He had a child?

“I got her pregnant when I still thought that I would mark her,” Mike said. “I left her when my child was 2 years old.”

My eyes widened even more. The little respect I had for Mike plummeted to the ground.

“I feel so f*****g guilty,” Mike said as he ran his fingers through his hair. “I haven’t seen my daughter in 15 years, and now...”

He stopped talking and took a deep breath.

“You have a daughter?” I asked, trying to mask my growing rage.

“Yes,” Mike nodded. “She is 17 years old. Her name is Madeline.”

“And her mother is dying?” I asked, clenching my fists.

“Yes,” Mike said. “She has cancer. She called me a few days ago, begging me to take Madeline in when she dies.”

“You are going to do it,” I said.

It wasn’t a question. It was a f*****g order. He would do it. He wouldn’t just let a 17-year-old girl alone. He had done enough damage already.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea, Dimitri,” my mother said, making me growl.

“Why the f**k not?” I asked, glaring at my mother.

“Mike and I aren’t that young anymore,” my mother sighed. “I’m not sure that we could handle a 17-year-old girl.”

I growled and looked at Mike.

“You are not leaving your child alone again,” I said. “What pack is she in?”

“My old pack, Red Moon,” Mike said.

I knew about that pack. I visited it five years ago with my father. It was just a few months before he died, and that trip was one of my favorite memories with him.

“Don’t make the same mistake again, Mike,” I said as I stood up. “You already left your child once. Don’t do it again.”

I walked away from the table.

I needed to get away from them.

I was so f*****g pissed off at Mike.

How could he do that to his fated mate and his child?!

I would love my fated mate more than anything else in the world. She would be so f*****g loved and protected.

I would never do what Mike did.

Never.

