

## Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 2-

Madeline's POV

"Mom, please, you have to take the pills," I sighed, trying to get her to open her mouth.

We've been at this for almost an hour now. I was trying to convince her that she needed her pills, and she was pushing them away and screaming at me that she didn't want them.

She slapped my hand away, and a handful of pills scattered all over the floor. I sighed and got down on my knees to pick them up.

"Don't bother, Madeline," my mom said. "I'm not taking them."

I looked up at her. I wanted to scream. She didn't have to be in pain!

She was lying in her bed, clutching her stomach, and sobbing quietly. She was covered in sweat. Her white nightgown was wet, and it was sticking to her body. She was pale and so f\*\*\*\*\*g thin.

I could barely get her to eat anything.

She lost all of her hair months ago. It was really hard for me to see her without her hair, her eyebrows, and her eyelashes. It was the first time I realized that my mom was really sick.

I knew that she had cancer. I knew that she was really sick. But it wasn't until she lost all of her hair that I actually realized that my mom was sick. Her cancer was invisible to me before. It was invisible to the n\*\*\*d eye. Her bald head wasn't.

When our pack doctor told us that she had cancer, I couldn't believe it. She was a wolf! She was stronger than a mere human. She couldn't have gotten cancer. As it turned out, I was wrong. It was rare for a werewolf to get cancer, but my mom somehow got it. It progressed fast, and it was killing her. It's been only six months since she found out her diagnosis, and she was already lying in bed, waiting for death.

I knew that my mom was going to die. But, just as I didn't realize she was sick until she lost all of her hair, I wouldn't realize she was gone until I woke up one day in an empty house.

I picked up every pill on the floor. I didn't want her to slip on one of them in case she managed to stand up somehow.

I stood back up and threw the pills in the trash can next to my mom's bed.

"Mom, please," I said as I sat down on the bed next to her. "I have to go to work. I won't be able to focus if I know that you are in pain."

My mom looked up at me.

Due to the constant vomiting, the veins in her eyes ruptured. I couldn't even see the whites of her eyes anymore. Everything was red.

"Don't worry about me, Madeline," my mom said, taking my hand in hers. "Go to work."

She tried to squeeze my hand, but it was useless. She didn't have the strength to do it.

"Of course I'm going to worry, mom," I sighed as I reached into the bowl on her nightstand.

I picked up the towel, squeezed out the excess water, and gently wiped her forehead with it.

"I love you so much, Maddie," my mom said as tears fell down the side of her face. "I'm sorry for screaming at you."

I stopped wiping her forehead and looked into her bloody eyes. I had to gulp down the lump in my throat. I always tried so hard not to cry in front of my mom. I needed to be strong for her. I couldn't let her see my pain. It would be harder for her to go peacefully.

"It's okay, mom," I said softly. "I understand. You don't have to apologize." My mom sobbed.

"Yes, I do," she said as she tried to lift her head. "You don't deserve it."

She was too weak to lift her hand on her own, so I took it and placed it against my face. She rubbed my cheek with her thumb.

“I love you, Maddie,” she said quietly.

I placed my hand over hers and gave her a small smile. It was hard for me to speak. The lump in my throat was huge.

“I love you too, mom,” I managed to say.

She gave me a small smile and removed her hand from my cheek. Holding her hand up was tiring for her.

“Will you please take your pills now, mom?” I asked, taking the pill bottle from her nightstand.

She frowned at me. “I don’t want them!”

I took a deep breath and placed the bottle on my lap. “Why, mom?” I asked. “You won’t be in so much pain.”

She turned her head away and sobbed. My heart broke for her. I placed my hand on her head and caressed it gently.

“They numb me, Maddie,” she mumbled. “I can’t feel anything. I don’t know where I am. I can’t feel my wolf. I don’t know where you are. I don’t want them, Maddie.”

A tear fell on my cheek, and I wiped it away quickly.

“Okay, mom,” I said as I bent down and kissed her temple. “You don’t have to take them.”

I didn’t want her to be in pain. I really didn’t. But I wasn’t going to force her to take something that would make her feel so helpless.

My mom looked back at me and gave me a small smile.

“Thank you, my Flower,” she said, making my heart clench.

She hadn’t called me Flower in months.

I smiled and caressed her cheek.

“I have to go now, mom,” I said. “I will see you later, okay?”

“Okay, Maddie,” she said, turning to her side.

“Call me if you need anything,” I said as I covered her up.

I wished that we could mind-link. It would be so much easier for her to reach me. But I still didn't have my wolf, so we had to rely on phones.

She gave me a small nod.

I stood up, walked toward the door, and opened it. I glanced at her one more time before I closed her bedroom door behind me and quietly walked away.

I walked to the kitchen, hoping to find something to eat before my shift at the diner.

Ever since my mom got sick, I have had to work multiple jobs just so we could afford to pay for her medicine. Our pack doctor helped us as much as he could, but the treatment was expensive and he couldn't do much. Nevertheless, I was thankful for any help we could get.

I opened the fridge and sighed. The only food I had left I had to save for my mother. She definitely needed it more than I did. I grabbed a bottle of water, closed the fridge, and walked to our living room.

I glanced toward my mom's bedroom one more time. I wanted to go check on her just one more time before I left, but I didn't have time.

I sighed, put my jacket on, and left the house.