

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 3

Madeline's POV

F**k, I mumbled as I bent down to pick up a broken piece of plate from the floor.

That was the second thing I broke today. Mrs. Rose will kill me.

What's wrong with you, Mads? my best friend Alison asked me. You are so clumsy today.

I ignored her question and walked to the storage closet to grab a broom and a dustpan.

Madeline? Alison called my name.

I glanced up at her as I started sweeping.

My mom isn't feeling well today, I mumbled as I looked back at the mess I had made.

She is still refusing to take her pills? Alison asked worriedly.

I nodded, crouching down and swiping the broken pieces into a dustpan.

Did she tell you why? Alison asked.

I stood back up and walked to the trash can. I emptied the dustpan and looked at Alison.

She said that the pills made her numb, I said.

I picked the broom back up and put it back into the storage closet along with the dustpan.

Isn't being numb better than being in pain? I heard Alison ask as I walked back.

Apparently not, I sighed, leaning on the counter. She said that she doesn't know where she is after she takes the pills. She said that she couldn't feel her wolf.

Alison bit her lower lip and furrowed her eyebrows. She looked me up and down and took a deep breath.

You need a night out, she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

I shook my head immediately.

That's the last thing I need, Ali, I said. I can't leave my mom. It's bad enough that I have to leave her to go to work. I can't leave her to go to a party.

I worked at the diner and the library. I took as many shifts as I could. I needed money. We were in debt, and I had to find a way to pay it or we would lose our house.

It's not a party, Mads, Alison said. It's just you and me hanging out. You need to relax a little.

I sighed and picked up a dishtowel. I started wiping the glasses.

Besides, we need to hang out as much as we can before we turn 18, Alison added. I'm sure that I won't get to see you after you find your mate.

I snorted and looked up at her.

I don't have time for a mate, I said.

Alison gasped dramatically. You don't want a mate?!

I looked up at her and frowned. Could she have been louder? Luckily, we were alone in the diner. It was almost closing time.

Be quiet, I whispered. I want a mate, but I'm not sure that I want to find him right after I turn 18. I have to take care of my mom. I have bills to pay. What if my mate didn't understand that?

A mate loves you unconditionally, Mads, Alison said softly. He would understand.

My father didn't love my mom unconditionally. He left her. He left me.

I can't be sure of that, Ali, I mumbled as I started wiping the counters. It's better if I don't find him immediately.

I kept my eyes down, but I could feel Alison's burning gaze on me.

Have you ever even liked someone? she asked me. I've known you my entire life, and I've never seen you interested in a boy.

I felt heat rush to my cheeks.

The only boy I've ever liked was my savior.

Being a fatherless pup wasn't a good thing. I was bullied at school a lot. Kids would laugh at me, call me a bastard, pull my hair, and sometimes even punch me.

One day, I was leaving school when one of my classmates tripped me. He pulled my hair and started to call me names. The other kids were laughing and pointing at me. I was embarrassed because I started crying. I've always tried so hard not to cry. I didn't want to give them the pleasure of seeing me cry. But something about that day was just so overwhelming that I couldn't control my tears. Alison was nowhere in sight, but someone else came to save me.

He pushed the bullies away, kneeled next to me, and wiped my cheeks. He told me that I was safe and that they wouldn't hurt me anymore.

He said some other things as well, but I didn't hear him. I couldn't look away from his beautiful blue eyes. I got lost in them. He had slightly curly black hair, and he was so tall.

He left after he saved me, and I never saw him again. I didn't even know his name.

But every time someone mentioned having a crush, he came to mind.

Maybe when I was a kid, I shrugged.

Who? Alison gasped.

I stopped wiping the counters and looked up at her.

I don't remember, I said. He was just a boy.

Well, that wasn't really the truth. He wasn't just a boy. He was my savior.

I can't believe that you never told me about him, Alison said.

It wasn't that serious, Ali, I sighed, putting the dishtowel down. I was 12.

I don't care, Alison said. I'm your best friend. I should have known about it.

I wanted to repeat that it was just a silly crush on a boy, but my phone started ringing. I pulled it out of my pocket and looked at the caller ID. It was my mom.

Is everything okay, mom? I asked her as soon as I answered the call.

Flower? she called me by my nickname.

Her voice was quiet and raspy. She sounded like she was out of breath. Did she try to get up on her own again?

Yes, mom? I said as I gripped the edge of the counter.

I love you, my baby, she said quietly. Always remember that.

My heart stopped beating. Why was she telling me that?

I love you too, mom, I said, looking at Alison. What's wrong, mom?

I'm leaving, Flower, my mom said quietly. I love you.

I froze. I was completely frozen. I couldn't move. I wanted to run home, but I couldn't move. I didn't feel my legs. I didn't feel my body.

No.

Please, Goddess, no.

Don't take my mom away from me! Not yet!