

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 9

Madeline's POV

The bedroom was cozy and comfortable. The space was decorated in a simple yet elegant style, with a soothing color palette of light beige and soft blue. The walls were painted in a light shade of beige, creating a calming backdrop for the room. The colors reminded me of summer. I felt like I was on a beach.

The bed was the centerpiece of the room, with a plush duvet and a multitude of pillows inviting you to sink in and relax. The headboard was a sleek and modern design, upholstered in a textured blue fabric that added a touch of sophistication to the room.

Across from the bed, there was a large window that flooded the room with natural light during the day. The window was framed with light-colored curtains and there was a small desk in front of it.

The bedroom was flooded with natural light, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere. The sun's rays streamed in through the large window, illuminating every corner of the space. The light was soft and gentle, casting a warm glow on the walls and floor. The sunlight brought out the natural colors and textures of the room. The natural light made the space feel more spacious and airy.

On the opposite wall, there was a sleek white dresser and a matching nightstand, both with simple yet elegant lines. A lamp on the nightstand provided soft lighting.

I liked the room. It was small and cozy and it was the only thing I really liked in this pack. I already knew that this room would be my safe haven for the next nine months.

I sighed and approached my small suitcase. I opened it and the first thing I saw was my mom's necklace.

It was a small golden heart-shaped medallion. Inside there was a picture of the two of us when I was a little girl.

I picked it up and pressed it against my chest. I couldn't stop the tears from falling down my face.

I placed the medallion around my neck and kneeled next to my suitcase to start unpacking.

I pulled out each item of clothing, feeling overwhelmed by the weight of sadness and pain I felt. I wondered if the pain would ever lessen. I wondered if I would ever be able to numb the sadness I felt. I folded each piece of clothing with shaky hands while my mind was racing with worries and fears.

Would I find a job? Would I earn enough to leave after nine months? Would I be able to survive living under the same roof as my father and his mate?

As I walked over to the closet, my tears fell faster and more heavily. I tried to hang up my clothes, but my hands were trembling too much to manage the hangers.

Suddenly a large, warm hand covered mine and stopped me.

Let me help, Madeline, a quiet voice said.

I didn't need to turn around to know who it was. His voice soothed me. The warmth of his body made me relax. I wanted to lean back into him. I wanted him to wrap his arms around me.

I furrowed my eyebrows.

What the hell was wrong with me? He was a Lycan Alpha and my step-brother. I was going insane.

I turned around and saw Alpha Dimitri looking at me. His eyes were filled with sadness and pain. Why was that? He just met me. Why would he care? Why did he even come here?

It's okay, Alpha, I mumbled. I can manage.

He sighed, wrapped his large hand around my upper arm, and pulled me away from the closet. As soon as he moved his hand from my arm, I felt so cold and empty.

What the hell was wrong with me?

It was probably because I felt so sad and he was the only person who was kind to me in this pack.

Please don't call me Alpha, Madeline, he said as he started to put my clothes into the closet. I am Dimitri to you.

I furrowed my eyebrows.

Why? I asked quietly. You just met me.

Alpha Dimitri looked at me and smiled. I would like us to be friends, Madeline.

I sighed and looked down at my feet. I won't be making friends in this pack. I will be out of here as soon as I possibly could.

I will be out of your pack soon, Alpha, I mumbled quietly. I just need a job, that's all.

I could swear that I heard him growl.

I looked up at him just as he placed his large hands on my shoulders. He bent down to be eye-to-eye with me.

This is your pack, Madeline, he said softly. You don't have to leave. You don't have to work. Let me and your dad take care of you.

I studied his beautiful face for a second.

The defining characteristic of his face was his sharp, chiseled jawline, which seemed to cut like a knife through the air. His jawline was perfectly defined, with every angle and contour expertly crafted to create a look of rugged, masculine strength.

Adding to the rugged appeal of his face was a short, neatly trimmed beard. The beard was expertly groomed, with just enough length to add texture and depth to his face without overwhelming his features. The beard perfectly complemented his chiseled jawline, adding a touch of roughness to his otherwise refined and polished appearance.

He was gorgeous and I almost drooled.

I had to stop myself from staring at him.

My father left me when I was just a baby, I said, trying to hide the pain in my voice. He never took care of me and I don't need him to start now.

Alpha Dimitri tightened his perfect, chiseled jaw.

I will take care of you, Madeline, he said as he squeezed my shoulders a little.

I didn't need him to take care of me. I could do it myself.

I felt another tear fall down my cheek.

Alpha Dimitri gulped and wiped it away.

I am so sorry for your loss, he said quietly. I wish I could take away the pain you feel.

Why would he do that? He didn't know me. Why did he care?

I took a deep breath and took a step back from him. I needed distance. His presence was clouding my judgment.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

Do you need my help to finish unpacking? he asked me softly.

I shook my head.

Okay, he mumbled. I am here if you need me.

I nodded and he gave me a small smile.

I watched as he left the room.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I lowered my head and sobbed quietly.

I missed my mom so much.