

The Runaway Mommy's Alpha Mate by Fanny Brook Chapter 12

Chapter 12 Be My Bedmate Heather was in pain from Daniel's grip and wanted to break free. Yet, she was welcomed with a neven tighter grip. "I'm talking to you," Daniel squinted his eyes and emphasized. Heather coldly chuckled. "I can hear you perfectly fine even if you don't grab me."

Daniel disliked women with such a cold attitude. He could still recall when Heather was still obedient to his needs and thought that she should keep it that way.

Meanwhile, Jeremi immediately pounced onto Daniel and bit the latter's hand holding onto Heather's.

Lo and behold, after Daniel had been bitten by his son on the leg, he was now bitten by him on the wrist once more.

Strangely enough, despite the pain Daniel felt on his wrist, he still felt his heartstrings being pulled because of the little boy's touch.

'He's my son... Both hers and mine. 'Such a strange connection...'

Heather was worried that Daniel might start a rampage and harm Jeremi as a result, so she hurriedly pulled her son away. Jeremi was still baring his fangs with a ferocious expression.

Daniel looked at the bite mark on his hand and softly chuckled. Heather could not understand what Daniel was thinking about at that moment, nor did she understand what was so funny about the situation. Instead, all she could think of was to flee as quickly as possible. This was the only way the two of them could remain safe. However, Daniel called out to her once again. "Let's talk." Heather's back froze. "There's nothing for us to talk about." "Is that so?" Daniel once again stopped in front of Heather and softly said, "I do believe we should have a good talk."

Daniel decided to engage in a Mind Link with Heather and said, "Let's talk about Jeremi's true identity."

Heather instantly found it hard to breathe, and she subconsciously held Jeremi's hand tightly.

The little wolf winced in pain. "Mommy?"

Heather finally regained her senses and hurriedly let go of his hand. She then got down on her knees to see if Jeremi was hurt.

After confirming that he was all right, Heather smiled and said, "Why don't you run to your

Grandma, my dear boy. There's something I need to talk to..." Heather did not know how she should address Daniel for a moment, so she bit her lip and continued, "Him." Jeremi pouted his lips and refused to leave, but after he saw Heather's earnest gaze, he gave in. Before leaving, he even waved his fist at Daniel and warned, "You're dead if you dare bully my mommy!"

Daniel squinted his eyes at the little boy, who was no taller than his legs. He then let out a mocking chuckle.

After Jeremi left, Daniel immediately pulled Heather into the dressing room and locked it behind them.

Heather was now on high alert when she saw the door being locked. "Why are you locking the door?" Daniel curled his lips into a smile. "I'm worried that someone might interrupt us. What did you think I was going to do? You?" Heather's face flushed red, but not out of embarrassment. Instead, it was anger. "You're sick!" she scolded. Daniel did not feel angered by her retaliation. Instead, he raised her chin and looked through her. Softly, he asked, "You still haven't answered my question. Who are you wearing this wedding dress for?" Heather turned her head to the side, breaking free of the man's fingers. She could not be bothered to explain to him, so she coldly said, "That's none of your business." "Not bad. You're a rather courageous one!" Daniel exclaimed and grabbed Heather's arm before pushing her against the wall.

"I'm going to ask you again. Who are you wearing this wedding dress for?"

Heather coldly sneered. "Why are you so concerned about who I'm wearing this wedding dress for, Alpha? We've already broken up and are no longer a couple! You're the one who chose to abandon me and had me stay away from you in the first place." Heather then looked straight into Daniel's eyes and leaned a little closer to him. "Perhaps you haven't forgotten about me? You don't wish to see me marry someone else?"

Daniel immediately released Heather, as if he was a cat that had just had its tail stepped on. He took a step back and turned around, looking like he was trying to conceal the nervousness on his face.

"You think too much!" Daniel scorned.

"That had better be true!" Heather twisted her wrist and said, "In that case, who I'm wearing this wedding dress for is none of your concern. Shouldn't you be showing your fiancée more concern with this spare time you have?" At this point, Daniel suddenly smiled and turned to look at Heather once more. "You sound like you're jealous."

Heather twitched her lips. "There's something I'd like to return to you."

"What is it?"

"You think too much!"

Daniel could no longer maintain the smile on his face. He took a few steps forward to force Heather against the wall. With a cold voice, he said, "That's a rather sharp tongue you've got there."

He then rubbed Heather's lips hard. "Why have I never realized that you're rather good at talking aside from it being used for kissing?" Daniel's eyes gradually turned dark, and Heather could smell the scent of sandalwood that was unique only to Daniel. Her shoulders trembled slightly, and her body uncontrollably turned soft, which was her natural reaction.

She was unable to resist her mate at such close proximity. Since this was a natural reaction, she could do nothing except submit to it. Daniel loved seeing Heather being pinned into a corner and frightened, which greatly quelled his anger.

Only God knew just how furious he was the moment he saw Heather appear in front of him with a smile on her face and wearing that wedding dress. 'How dare she put on a wedding dress for another man? Does she have a death wish?' Right on time, Alexander mockingly said, "Didn't you say you don't love her? You're rather controlling of her despite how you actually feel." Daniel did not wish to argue with his wolf. "Even if I don't love her, I won't allow another man to take her aside from me.'

Meanwhile, Heather's limbs kept on turning softer and softer, the jasmine scent coming from her becoming more and more intense at the same time.

Thanks to her scent, Daniel could feel his body growing hotter. As if under a magic spell, he lowered his head and was about to kiss Heather on the lips.

"Get off of me!" Heather immediately pushed the man away from her and raised her hand at him.

However, Daniel grabbed her by the wrist and looked at her furiously. His voice was slightly deep and hoarse. "Are you mad?"

"You're the one who's mad!" Heather retorted, hiding away all of the fear she felt.

"You're a man with a fiancée, yet you're pressing yourself against another woman over here. Who do you think is the mad one?"

Daniel clenched his fists. He hated himself for having fallen for the woman's charms so easily. In fact, he was even about to take her for himself at that moment.

However, what he hated the most was how Heather had pushed him away.

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Daniel stared at Heather and punched the dressing room's mirror in anger. The mirror instantly shattered to dust, with the back of Daniel's hand bleeding from being cut by the glass. Of course, the staff members outside heard the commotion, but none of them dared to knock on the door to find out what had just happened. Daniel straightened himself and regained his senses, thanks to the pain. When he turned to look at Heather once again, he had returned to his calm self. "You're right, I shouldn't have any ties with you indeed." Daniel's expression was cold, causing the pressure around him to decrease. Without even looking at his bloody knuckles, he stared right into Heather's eyes and said, "But you don't seem to wish to cut off ties with me." Heather frowned and scowled, "You're wrong. I can't wish for anything more than to never see you again!" "That can't be right..." Daniel coldly sneered. "Why would you give birth to Jeremi if you don't wish to see me any more?" "He's not your..."

Heather was about to retaliate instinctively, but Daniel cut her off and said, "You can stop treating me like a fool, Heather. Do you think I won't be able to recognize him on my own?" For an instant, the blood seemed to have drained from Heather's face completely. Thanks to her panic, she had betrayed all of her thoughts.

Meanwhile, Daniel seemed to be "overjoyed" after confirming that Jeremi was his son. However, he did not let this emotion show in his expression. He just looked at the woman and revealed a playful smile. "What's the matter? I thought you had a sharp tongue?"

In the end, Heather's head stooped low. Initially, part of the reason she gave birth to Jeremi was because she still loved Daniel. But most importantly, she could not bear to discard the little life inside of her.

However, she knew that Daniel did not care about any explanation at all. All he wanted was to see her submit to him.

Thus, as a result, Daniel got what he wanted.

Standing in front of him, Heather looked at Daniel's shoe and wanted to try to find something to distract herself in order to maintain her consciousness.

"What do you want?" Heather's tone softened.

"He's my son, the Alpha's bloodline. So what do you think I want?" Heather raised her head, her eyes now bloodshot. "Are you going to take him away?" Daniel remained silent as he looked at her. Heather was now panicking. For an instant, all reason and logic that remained inside of her

were dispelled

'So what if he's the Alpha? Anyone who tries to take Jeremi away from me will have to do so over my dead body!' "I'm warning you, if you try to take him away from me, I'll fight you even if it means the death of me."

Daniel mockingly chuckled. "You? Where is all this bravery coming from?" Under her rage, Heather seemed to have changed completely. Her voice turned hoarse as she yelled, "Go ahead and try me then."

"Such anger..." Daniel sounded a little teasing. He tidied up his sleeves as he continued, "But that anger isn't going to change my decision. As you know, I'm the Alpha, so you can't stop me from doing anything I've set out to do."

Heather was on the brink of a breakdown as she yelled, "What do you want then?"

"Rather than asking me what I want, you should be asking yourself how you should behave in front of me right now." Daniel grabbed the back of Heather's head and pulled her towards him, the both of them close to zero proximity at this point. His hot breath landed and traveled into Heather's nose, his voice deep and eerily cold. "Beg me for him. If I'm happy with what I hear, I might just change my mind." "In your dreams!"

"Is that so?" Daniel's smile turned thin and dangerous. "Why don't you guess if Jeremi will still be in this bridal store in 10 minutes?" Heather felt a chill running down her spine, while Daniel could see all of the fear she felt. Gleefully, Daniel smiled. "Now, that's the look you should have in front of me."

Heather clenched her teeth, hating the man before her even more at that moment.

'Why must I be the one who gets hurt? 'Why must my pride and joy be taken away from me? 'Why must he push me into an abyss?'

The wound on Daniel's hand had already closed up, but his blood had not dried yet.

He used that bloody hand to caress Heather's pale face, smiling exactly like the Devil himself.

"I can allow you to have Jeremi remain by your side, but I have a condition."

Heather could smell the pungent blood coming from Daniel's hand. She clenched her fists and asked, "What is it?"

"Be my bedmate." Daniel was now panting by her ear. "I've got to admit, even though it's been five years now, your scent still attracts me very much."