

The Runaway Mommy's Alpha Mate by Fanny Brook Chapter 4

Heather once again rejects Deanna's request. "Mom, Jeremi's only five. It's still too early for him to go on long-distance trips."

She is in a rush getting some pasta in the hot pan, but her cooking shovel is nowhere to be found.

"Jeremi's a smart boy. He said he can take care of himself."

Heather is overwhelmed right now because her pasta is about to burn! So she didn't really pay any attention to Deanna, who carried on to say, "Can't you try to understand how hard we want to see our grandson?"

No replies from her daughter. Just the sound of closet doors smashing open and close.

"Heather? Heather? Are you listening to me? Heather..."

Heather is a complete mess. She has no idea where the shovel is, and that burning smell is coming towards her from the stove. Just when she is about to run out of patience, a half-meter long wolf pup dashes out and bites on her pants.

Heather cries out. "Jeremi! When did you shift?"

The wolf pup keeps dragging her by the pants till she is forced to come with it.

When they're in the yard standing at the bottom of the tree, Heather gets totally stunned.

There is her cooking shovel, sticking out between branches right next to a bird nest!

Heather picks Jeremi up. She can't help but wonder, "how did you get up there?"

A proud grin forms Jeremi's lips. "I climbed up there."

Heather looks up the tree, which is above the ground by at least 32 meters, and now she doesn't know whether to be astonished or proud. "I have to give you this: you are a warrior with no doubt."

The wolf pup slowly raises its fluffy paw. "Mom, smelling something funny?"

Heather is still looking at the bird nest, wondering about her son and the cooking shovel. Why did he decorate the bird nest with a shovel? Is it because the nest looks like a pot?

Jeremi reminds her again. "Mom! The smell!"

"...What smell?"

"Your pasta!"

Heather's drifted mind suddenly comes back to reality. She shoves the pup aside and rushes back to the kitchen, where she finds a pan of burnt pasta. She sighs in frustration.

She begins to clean up the mess, while finally finding the space and time to talk to her mom.

"Sorry. I didn't catch up with you."

"Oh God!" Deanna rubs her forehead and sighs, "If only Jeremi could share half of his wit with his mom."

Heather laughs. "And you know, not all werewolves are able to shift at 5 and climb a 32-meters tree."

"What?" Deanna exclaims in disbelief.

She knew her grandson is good but didn't expect him to be this extraordinary.

Heather laughed and was just about to answer when a sweet voice suddenly pops in their conversation.

"Hey, Grandma!"

Jeremi directly joins the Mind Link before he proudly announces to Deanna, "Mommy doesn't need to be smarter. I'll protect her!"

Heather lets out a heavy sigh as she looks at her son in disapproval. "Jeremi, didn't we talk about this? Interfering other's Mind Link with your power is not a polite thing to do."

Jeremi has inherited Heather's strong Mental Energy since birth. And his potentials are so much more than that, considering the fact he shares Daniel's bloodline.

As of now, Jeremi can already enter other's mental space freely and listen to their inner voices. He is capable of doing serious damage on people's mind with his mental power.

As powerful as it may appear, Heather does not think this is a good thing. She is worried that her son may become the target of others, which can put both of them in danger.

That's why Heather keeps on reminding Jeremi about the consequences of abusing his power.

Jeremi raised his head and pouted his lips unhappily. "But it's Grandma... I'm sure it's all right."

Jeremi pouts at her. "This is granny. Why does it matter?"

Before Heather can say anything else, Jeremi's tummy begins to grunt in protest.

Heather's lip curls in a wry smile. "Alright. Let's eat outside then."

Jeremi jumps up to his feet in excitement.

Meanwhile, Deanna yells from the other end, "Hello, is anyone going to give me an answer?"

Heather falls silent for a moment. She waits for Jeremi to hop into his room before answering Deanna, "Jeremi looks just like his father. I'm afraid Daniel might recognize him."

Deanna has clearly thought of this too. Her tune turns slightly somber as she says, "But you can't go on living and hiding forever."

Heather pauses. Thinking that she has not returned home for five years makes her heart twitch in sadness.

"Let me think about this."

Heather cuts off the Mind Link. Jeremi is already dressed up, waiting for her at the entrance, ready to depart at any moment.

Heather strokes Jeremi's hair and hides her worries. "Let's go."

Jeremi jumps up in joy when he finally gets what he hoped for: to escape from his mother's lousy cooking.

They visit a fried chicken shop, which is Jeremi's favorite.

Seeing how her son wolfs down his food, Heather can't help but rubs her forehead in frustration, "So, my cooking is really that bad huh?"

With ketchup still on the corner of his lips, Jeremi says in a muffled voice, "It doesn't taste bad."

Heather smiles smugly. "I knew it!"

"It's completely inedible!" Jeremi finishes his sentence.

Once more, Heather's lips arch into a depressed angle.

Jeremi asks her. "Did dad try your cooking before he passed away?"

Heather instantly freezes up, memories from five years ago rushing back towards her.

She did try cooking for Daniel once, but her carefully prepared food has never touched the man's lip before it got thrown away. Now that she thinks about it, maybe it's for the best that Daniel never tasted it before, or he probably would have broken up with her even sooner.

Having waited long enough, Jeremi waves his greasy little hand. "If you won't answer me, I'm going to sneak right into your head again!"

Heather suddenly wakes up and grabs Jeremi's chubby wrist as she warns him. "How many times did I have to tell you? Don't use your power at any time."

Jeremi draws his arm back and continues working on his chicken thigh as he replies seriously, "From the moment I began to remember things, 1,803 times now."

Heather rests her hand against her forehead in depressed: that's not the point!

Peace finally returns after Jeremi filled his belly. On their way home, Heather holds his hand in hers while she seems to be lost in thought.

Jeremi lowers his head and ponders for a moment, then suddenly stops walking.

Heather looked down at him. "What's the matter?"

"Mom..." Jeremi raises his head. "Let's go back home. Grandma and Grandpa really miss us, don't they?"

Heather is stunned, and her nose suddenly becomes sore.

Jeremi pats his chest and said in all seriousness, "I'll be sure to protect myself from my deceased father!"

Heather almost trips herself as her eyes suddenly widens in annoyance. "You used your mind-reading abilities on me again, Jeremi!"

Jeremi blinks, seeming completely innocent. "You were thinking it out really loud. I couldn't help it if I wanted to!"

Heather heaved a sigh as she gives her son a supportive thumb up. "Well done!"

"I don't think you meant that, Mom."

"No I..."

"It's not good to lie, Mom."

"Fine, I'm sorry."

"Okay, I forgive you."

After Jeremi falls asleep that night, Heather contacts Carolyn about her thoughts on leaving.

"Have you made up your mind?" Carolyn asks.

"I... I'm actually not sure of it..." Heather stops folding and sighs, "I can't guarantee that Daniel won't find us."

"Do you know what Mark told me yesterday? He said that Alpha Daniel is a fierce and relentless leader..."

Mark was Carolyn's mate. As the Beta of Blue Mountains Pack, he usually receives information faster than most of the people.

"Over the past five years, Daniel has worked with Kasey-I mean the Galaxy Pack-to take over multiple minor packs. He never showed any mercy on his captives."

Five years has passed, yet Heather still can't bare the agony whenever she heard about the glorious achievements Daniel and Kasey had made together.

It's like they were the protagonists in a book, while she is only a pathetic sidekick hiding in the corner, admiring their glory from behind the scenes.

It keeps reminding her that Daniel has never once loved her. She was nothing but his slampiece.

Sensing Heather's sorrow, Carolyn says very carefully, "I'm really sorry to bring this up."

Heather shakes her head as she processes everything. "It's all right, Aunt Carolyn. I-I... I don't mind it anymore."

Obviously, she's just fooling herself.

Carolyn is not going to expose her so she carries on to say, "What I meant to say is that Daniel is a really dangerous person, and that Kasey is not a piece of cake. If...and I mean if..."

Carolyn seems reluctant, weighing her words carefully. "If Kasey were to find out about Jeremi's existence, I'm sure she will find a way to..."

Carolyn can't utter the exact word, but Heather knew exactly what she meant.

Kasey will never allow the existence of a bastard son. She will be the first to put down Jeremi as soon as she finds out.

Once again, Heather feels the urge to cry. She was the one to meet Daniel first, and he was her true mate. Yet Jeremi can only be known as his bastard son.

How ironic.

Heather once again hesitates at the thought of risking Jeremi's safety. She throws their half-packed luggage to the corner and rubs her face in frustration.

After their conversation, Heather tiptoes into Jeremi's room. She leans by the door and looks at her baby boy, who was sound asleep and snoring gently. The sound of that soothes Heather like a tranquilizer.

She calms down, glad to have Jeremi in her life.

"Mommy..."

Jeremi is sleep talking, calling her in his dream.

Heather wants to walk over and stroke his head, but she is afraid of waking him up.

"Mommy..." Jeremy continues to mumble.

Heather's heart melts at her son's voice. She walks over to the bedside and bends over, leaning in to kiss on his forehead gently.

"Good night, my baby boy. Sweet dreams."

Heather's lip curl into a slight smile. Yet the smile suddenly froze at the sound of her son's whisper.

"Mommy... Papa..."

Jeremi's voice was soft and muffled but Heather still catches his words clearly.

Heather can't hold it back anymore as tears run down her cheeks.

As it turns out, Jeremi has always wanted to have a father in his life, but he's never once voiced it out in concern for her.

Her tears drop on Jeremi's cheeks and suddenly wakes him. His eyes snap open. The boy is a such a light-sleeper that he is born to be a warrior.

Wolf's howl roars out his throat the moment he wakes up.

Seeing his mother, Jeremi retracts his wolf fang.

Don't know if his father is an Alpha or his mother is a werewolf with special power, Jeremi has already shifted at 5, a surprisingly young age.

Jeremi named his wolf Hero.

"Mom..." Jeremi reaches out to wipe away Heather's tears. He frowns and asks in his baby voice, "Why are you crying, Mommy?"

Not wanting him to get worried, Heather takes his hand and comes up with a random excuse. "I... I was just thinking about your Grandma and Grandpa.

Jeremi once again pats his chest and promises, "Let's head back then, Mommy. I'll protect both of us."

Heather does not reply, because this is a question worth of careful consideration.

With a lot on her mind, Heather left Jeremi's room, without noticing a sly glimmer in the little boy's eyes.

Of course, he is not going to head back just to see his Grandma and Grandpa. Instead, he is really curious about his "dead" Papa!

In the end, Heather still decides to return to the Silvermoon Pack, because her father told her that Deanna was sick. As their daughter, she has to come back.

Compared to the two of them being found by Daniel, Deanna's well-being is much more important. And now Heather can only pray that they will be lucky enough not to be found.