

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 12

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 12-“And that was how I crashed my little sister’s wedding,” I concluded the long story I had been saying with a giggle.

I had told him part of the story the night we met at the club and never got to tell him the full story. We dived into little talks and soft touches after waking up, cradled against each other. One thing led to another, and we ended up going back to what took me to the club alone the night we first met. My family’s betrayal.

His eyes twitched in fascination as he beheld me. “That was brave of you.”

I nodded and added a mild shrug. “It was long overdue, but because of that rebellion, I no longer have a sister and a mother.”

“You never had them in the first place,” he said.

I sat up and folded my legs in a yoga style, holding the bedsheet under my armpit to cover my upper body. “Enough about me. Tell me about you. Any brother? Sister? Lover?”

He hesitated, and my eyes weakened. “Please don’t have a lover.”

His eyes narrowed at me, but I continued to speak, “It’s not because I want to be your lover, or look forward to a relationship with you, but I don’t want to be that girl someone cheats on their partner with.”

He smiled, and his dimple came into play, sending shivers through me. He reached out and pulled me against himself and our naked bodies touched. “Don’t worry, I don’t have a lover,” he replied, and the tightness in my chest reduced. “Well, you already know my name. I have two younger brothers and a sister, Ivan, Damor and Sesi Hart. We lost our parents when we were much younger.”

Being the oldest in the family, he probably had to take care of every one of his brothers and sisters. This made sense of how he knew how to cook and also show so much care. “Must have been hard on you, then?”

“What makes you say that?”

“Because you’re the eldest and most of the time, the oldest becomes responsible for the rest of their siblings, sometimes putting their wants and needs aside and sheltering those of their younger ones.”

He shrugged and pulled me closer, so my body pressed against his. “It was worth it in the end and today I get to live my life without having to worry about their safety since they are all old enough to take care of themselves now.”

When I met this man at the bar two days ago, I didn’t see myself getting this close to him. Here I was now getting to know him, despite knowing that tomorrow I would be back to my old life, moving on like he didn’t exist. The idea of a life which this gorgeous man wasn’t a part of didn’t seem right to me and I might never get used to it.

“You’re thinking,” he said, kissing my shoulder and yanking me back into reality.

“Just thinking about the weekend. It’s gone the way I couldn’t have guessed in a thousand years.”

“Does that make it good or bad?” he reached out to stroke the side of my face.

“Definitely good.”

His smile deepened, and he pulled me so I was now on top of him, moving me so that my pussy rubbed against his semi-hard cock. I felt him throb underneath while he kept our gazes locked. He was just as affected by me as I was by him, and even after many sessions of intimacy, I couldn’t get past the reality that I affected this man. I didn’t know what I did or how I did it, but this Aaron wanted me and was attracted to me.

My fingertip trailed over his firm and slightly hairy chest, down his toned stomach. With my eyes still locked on his, I moved my hand behind to stroke his throbbing cock.

He moved along with my strokes, thrusting into my hand at a steady pace. I saw how much pleasure he got from this simple act, and it fuelled my confidence. I had topped no one in bed before, but I felt motivated enough to try.

I hoisted myself up and sank into his length, taking each inch at a slow pace. My hands flattened on his chest while I did my thing and the look he had on

his face showed he had placed a lot of restraint on himself to let me do what I wanted to do with him. A mixture of both pain and pleasure appeared on his face as my walls clenched around him. Feeling a little reckless, I let my hand slip past the hard ridges of his stomach along his pelvis and then back up to wrap around his neck while I rose to slam back down on him.

He hissed, breaking contact as his eyes fluttered shut and a long husky moan fell off his parted lips. "So tight! Oh, you're fucking killing me."

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His firm hands grabbed my hips in a tight grip, holding me in place, and he thrust in and out of me, making me moan and cry out. He slammed me down so every inch of him was in me and he held me down while he ground his hips harder. I cried out his name and my eyes shut as my orgasm swept through me and he followed right after. Through my foggy mind I thought I saw his eyes, and they glowed a dark shade of red before I fell asleep.

A hand softly took hold of my shoulder, pulling me slightly from the state of unconsciousness yet not into full awakening.

He placed his lips on my temple, his beard's sending tickling sensation down my face as he mumbled. "Zera."

I held onto his hand, squeezing it lightly. "Aaron." I moaned.

"Would you consider staying if I asked you to?"

"Stay?" I asked and my lashes fluttered to find his blurry image before me.

"Yeah, with me."

"Well, for how long?"

"For as long as you want?"

"As what?"

“As whatever you like.”

I loved the sound of that. Yes, I had grown attached to this man, and it seemed he had grown attached to me, too. I’ve known him just for a short period, yet it felt realer than what I had with Owens for three years. He felt true and my soul reckoned with him. It was a perfect match. It wouldn’t hurt anyone if we gave it a try for much longer.

I reached out to stroke his face, the sleepiness state slowly disappearing from me. “I’d like that very much. I would need to think about it when I’m awake, though.”

He grinned and rested his lips against mine. “Sure, take as much time as you need.”

“Come to bed, yeah?” I beckoned, already pulling away the bedsheets to give him room. He slid in behind me, cuddling my body against his, and I can’t remember much of what happened before I fell back to sleep.