

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 13

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 13-I woke in bed to see the day had broken. It was finally Monday and a part of me had wished this day wouldn't come because I knew what it meant. Mondays meant returning to our normal lives. This life, although brief, felt more real than anything I've ever experienced in all my twenty-one years of existence. It made sense why I didn't want to let it go.

Even the best of things has an end, I've been told, and this would not be any different. I had to ready myself to get back to my real life, the one that waited for me outside this beautiful penthouse. Would it be so wrong to stay longer? He affected me the same way I affected him, so I wouldn't be overstepping in wanting to stay, but this was my heart talking and not my head. I knew better than to overstay my welcome.

The part of my senses which took notice of my surrounding finally kicked in and I realized Aaron wasn't in bed with me. It was weird considering he was nowhere in the room, either. That didn't deter my plans. Today was my last day, and I needed to get ready to leave anyway.

My heart hurt at that line.

I made my way into the bathroom and after showering up; I got dressed in the dress he had bought for me on his way home from his business meeting on Saturday. The yellow sundress complimented my hair, which was now in a bun, and gave my face a bold look.

I stared at myself in the mirror and, finally feeling satisfied with the person staring back at me, I exited the room. I climbed down the stairs, and I could smell the aroma of the toasted bread. This must be why he didn't stay in bed with me. He was thinking about what I would eat on my last day with him.

A man after my heart, sad today would be my last day here.

It didn't have to be.

If he wanted me to stay, he would say it. Aaron was a lot of things and shyness wasn't one of those things.

Just then, the memories of the discussion we had during the night surged into my head and I remembered everything. It felt like a dream, but it wasn't.

He asked me to stay longer; he asked for more. He wanted this just as much as I did and he made the move last night and asked me to stay.

I inwardly face-palm. I had told him I would think about it only to wake up without the memory of the discussion. Way to go Zera.

I had nothing to think about anymore. I wanted to stay with him for as long as possible. He also told me I could be whatever I wanted. I wanted a t!tle. I've never done well without one. So a girlfriend sounded perfect. My heart beats only for him anyway, so it's about right.

I didn't think I would find myself feeling this way about someone within such a short period, especially after Owens, but fate has once again played its card.

Maybe I was making hasty decisions, but a wise man once said, you only live once and I'd like to make the most of it.

I made my way into the kitchen, but just like in the bedroom earlier, I saw no trace of Aaron there. I set my purse on the counter and I stepped out of the kitchen trying to find out where he had taken himself to, but I heard nothing, no sound of him.

He couldn't have gone far, though. I would wait and give him my answer as soon as he returns. I could already see the smile that would come on his face. He would be happy and that would also make me happy.

I waited for over five minutes in the kitchen and when he didn't return; I made my way to the living room. My ear soon picked up a faint voice I placed as Aaron's as I stepped in and I guided my legs to the glass window of the living area and saw Aaron on the balcony. He held his phone to his ear and seemed to be on a call.

So that's where he is, I thought and turned to make my way back to the kitchen, where I'd wait for him when I heard.

"They need to find her, Damor. I don't think I'd find a genuine sense of belonging until she's found and brought to me."

My mind raced, thinking about the meaning of what he just said. He was looking for someone too important to him. I tried to think up the answer, but I knew I didn't hold that. The one who did was Aaron. I knew I shouldn't listen in on his calls, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to know who it was.

These last few days, I'd been with him. He had expressed composure and self-control and now, speaking about this person had robbed him of his calmness and self-control. It was a side of him I didn't know existed, a side that came off desperate and out of control.

He waited, listening to what the one on the other line had to say, before speaking, "We belong together and I don't think I can hold on any longer without her. She's what I need to be complete."

My heart squeezed in my chest at his words. There was someone out there, someone he cared so much about, someone who probably left him. He told me there was no one when I asked, but there was someone all along.

It made no sense. If there was someone out there he cared so much about, why did he ask me to stay last night? Why did he act as if there was no one? What did he hope to gain?

Simple. It's easier to keep you around that way.

It didn't sound like what Aaron would do, but that's what he had done.

He was the same as Owens; they were both good-for-nothing liars.

I felt betrayed, and it hurt even more because I had trusted my heart to his care, thinking he would be better.

I guess I was foolish. I never learn because if I did, I would have done better.

I wiped at my teary eyes and blinked the rest back before turning away. He didn't deserve my tears, and I didn't want to shed any for him.

I made my way from there because I didn't want to hear anymore. My heart won't be able to take it. It was best for my sanity that I distance myself, and so I did.

I returned to the kitchen and acted as if nothing had happened and after a few more minutes, Aaron returned.

His eyes took notice of me, dressed and ready.

About twenty minutes ago, I wanted more for us. I thought we had something special, but after what I heard, I didn't think that was true anymore.

He smiled on seeing me, and I forced myself to smile back.

Last Friday was Tatiana's wedding, and I faked a smile for seven hours before losing it. I could hold up the same act for thirty minutes with this man.

"You're ready."

I nodded, with a quick smile, "As I promised that I'll be." at least one of us wasn't a liar.

His eyes flickered with so much adoration. I didn't know what to make of it. His emotions felt real, yet what I'd heard him say over the phone was a complete contradiction. It made no sense at all.

"You look beautiful."

I glanced down at myself. "Oh, you're so kind with words."

I glanced down at myself. "Oh, you're so kind with words."

He looked great as well in his sky blue long sleeve and black trousers. He looked formal but hot as always, but I didn't say that to him.

He nodded. "I made breakfast," he pointed out and walked to the cooker before bringing the fried egg and noodles out of the steamy pot. He made two, one for me and the other for himself.

"I don't know if you'd like it, but I hope you do."

"You haven't disappointed me yet so I have no reason to doubt you." and I meant that for his cooking only.

We sat to eat and once done; I rose to my feet and clutched my purse.

"You're leaving..." his eyes lingered on me as he said those words.

I pressed my lips together and nodded. "Yes, I thought about your offer, and I don't think I can accept it."

Hurt flashed in his eyes for a second before vanishing, "Okay, it's all good. I'll take you to your place," he suggested, rising to his feet along with me.

“No, you do not have to worry about that, Mr Hart. You have been most generous. I will find my way.”

His brow arched. “You’re sure about that? I don’t mind.”

I held a bright smile on my face, “Yes I am. Thank you for the amazing weekend.”

“You’re welcome, but it won’t be complete if I don’t at least take you to your home.”

“I will go straight to class, not my hostel.”

“Then let the driver take you.” he glanced at his Rolex before looking back at me. “He will be here in two minutes.”

I sighed in defeat, knowing there was no way I’d win this. I didn’t want to have anything to do with him anymore, but he kept insisting. I didn’t blame him; he didn’t know I know what I know.

“Fine.”

He smiled and drew closer and my stupid heart picked up its beat at his nearness. He leaned in and took my lips between his for a soft kiss that brought back all the memories we had made this weekend. If only I hadn’t heard him on the phone, they would have been perfect. We heard the car horn and knew that was the driver he spoke about, but he didn’t stop kissing me. I kissed back, my right hand coming up to stroke his bearded face before breaking away from the kiss. “I have a class to meet and if you keep this up, I will miss it.”

I said, as if that was the reason I broke off the kiss.

He licked his lips and nodded. He dipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out a card. “I will return to the UK tomorrow, but this is my number. You can reach out to me whenever you want and you can come and visit.” He told me, his eyes hopeful.

This man was the most confusing man I ever met, and I didn’t know what to make of him anymore.

“I will think about it, but no promises,” I told him, collecting the card from his hand and slipping it into my purse.

He nodded with a smile and kissed my lips one last time before backing away.

I waved at him, knowing that I would never see him again. The reality of never seeing this man again hurt, but it was better than the fantasy of believing we were something when we weren't. He lied to me; he gave me false hope and played with my heart.

I'd slap myself in the face before I'd give him a chance again.

Memories of this weekend would be just that, memories.