

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 14

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 14-Five years later.

“I heard you might get lecturer of the year with the pace you’re heading.” Daniel Spear spoke, falling in line with me as I made my way from the lecture hall and towards my office, which was the left way down the staff room.

I rolled my eyes, but my cheeks heated at his bold proclamation. “I’m just doing my job, Mr Spears,” I answered.

“You’re doing more than your job. The students love your class, and you have held a record-breaking attendance at the university ever since you came. Let’s not forget you broke a record for being the youngest professor this institution ever had. These are more than mere proclamations.” he gushed out in awe.

My cheeks were burning at this point. Okay, he was right. I’ve been at Harvard University lecturing courses in medicine for the past two years and I’ve secured three awards so far. The first was the youngest professor the University ever had, the second was the most engaging lecturer, and the third was the most outstanding. I’ve heard that I might take home two awards during the lecturers’ and professor award night, which was three months away. The reason was that my course this semester, medicine 101, had a ninety-nine per cent attendance as compared to the other courses, despite it not being so when the old professor took the course.

“You know I’m right,” Daniel said as we both stepped into my office. I set down my bag on the mahogany desk, which had assignments and group projects piled up on it.

“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

His brown eyes rolled. “Say thank you, say I hope so. Anything but the noble ‘I’m just doing my job’ speech, Zera.”

I sighed and pulled off my glasses, “Fine, thank you. Are you happy now?”

He grinned and bobbed his head, “Yes I am, a little. So what are your plans for this weekend?” he asked, his brow of interest rising.

“I will be spending time with Zion this weekend.” I sat in my chair.

He heaved a dramatic sigh, his eyes dropping. "Ah! My forever competition for your heart and attention."

I glared at him. I couldn't believe he just thought Zion was a competition. "My heart isn't something you have to compete for. You either have it or you don't."

"Well, do I have it?"

"You don't," I replied with a frank tone.

His eyes dropped. "Oh well, that s.ucks."

"I am sorry, Daniel, I wish it was a simple thing to do, but—"

"I know, it already belongs to him, but I think we can work out something that would be beneficial to everyone. That way you will be happy, he will be happy and I will be happy."

"I will never put you first, Daniel, not as long as he is in my life," I admitted, not wanting to build his hopes.

"But we can be friends at least."

"Daniel..."

"Right?"

I rolled my eyes again. "We are friends. That's why you're in my office sitting on that chair and we are having this awkward conversation."

My phone alarm went off, and I knew it was time to leave. I jumped to my feet and reached for my bag on the desk, as well as the project and assignment that the students had submitted.

"Let me help you with those," Daniel spoke up, taking the books and papers from my hand.

He's such a gentleman.

He helped me bring them to my car and once he kept them in; he shut the door and turned to face me.

“Take care of yourself for me, okay?” I bobbed my head. “I may not have a chance with you, but I still care about you. So Tell Zion I said hi.”

I nodded, and he kissed my forehead before taking a step back.

I stepped back from him as well and opened the door to my car, got in, and drove off. I navigated through the busy road with only one person in my mind: Zion, my son.

Yes, Zion was what came out of the weekend I spent with Aaron Hart over five years ago.

I found out I was pregnant with a child a few months after the weekend I spent with Aaron Hart. I didn't need to be told twice to know he was the father. He was the only man I had been with within that period and I hadn't been with another man after.

I considered what my options were if I kept the baby. I no longer had a family to rely on, not after the stunt I pulled at Tatiana's wedding and even if I did, I knew getting pregnant out of wedlock would only turn me into their bag of mockery. That was the last thing I wanted. So I stayed off and the only one I told about my baby was Lionel and I made him swear not to tell a single soul about it. With no support coming from my family, I knew it would be a lot harder on me. I was also in my final year at the university and I had to take into consideration the change that would come along with having a child during such a time. I knew the pressure, stress and finances involved in my decision would be acute, but I wanted to keep the pregnancy. Every part of me wanted to keep the baby and I stuck with my decision.

The next hard thing to do after I kept the baby was to contact Aaron Hart and tell him how the weekend we spent together had become a little more than we expected. Yes, I didn't want to see him again because I had made a promise to never contact him, but the child growing in me was more than any promise I had made. I had to put myself and my feelings aside and consider only what was best for my baby and so I reached out. I found the card Aaron had given me on the last day we saw each other and I dialled his number, but when the call was picked up, I heard a feminine voice at the end of the line. I remember her asking me to hold on before yelling 'baby, someone is on the phone asking for you.'

Once again, my heart broke in my chest and I just couldn't go on. I know it was very selfish of me, but I did what I thought was right. He must have found

the one he couldn't live without, his soul mate. I didn't know if tossing a child into the midst of that was very wise.

What if he found out about the baby and didn't want it? What if he did and wanted to raise him with his new woman, cutting me out of the picture? These thoughts flew through my head and I ended the call before I could hear his voice. I remember coiling into a ball in bed and crying myself to sleep that night.

My baby deserved to have a father, but I couldn't give him that. So I try to make up for him every day by being with him when he needed me and providing as much as I could. Diya stuck with me through the pregnancy and the stress, and her family became the family I didn't have. They supported me with my decision and also made provisions which they believed I needed. Luckily for me, Zion came as a happy child, healthy too, and I'm grateful to call him mine every day.

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Godiya's family had been involved from the very first day he was born and they still were. While I graduated and went on to attain my master's degree, they stuck by me. There were some days Godiya's father, Mr Wawi Carter, would pick Zion up after school and on others, Mrs Laruba Carter would pick him up and other days Godiya would. All these they did to ease the stress that came along with being a single mother trying to further and better her life. I would always be grateful for all they did for me and my son.

Zion's hair was blonde just like mine, but he had hazel eyes and a cute dimple just like Aaron. He also had his smile and the little magical flicker that Aaron always had when he was fascinated or excited.

He was a happy child and so far had brought nothing but joy into my life. He was more than I could ever ask for and the comforter I needed most days. If I had the chance to go back, I'd choose him all over again.

I stopped at the daycare car park, turned off the car and got down. I hurried into the classroom, where he was seated and waiting for me on the left side of the room with his bag and lunch box packed.

Mrs Loretta Bigg, his class teacher, saw and offered a smile, which I returned immediately. I scooted to hug him and he wrapped his arms around my neck like he usually did every time I came to pick him up.

“Hey, my love, mommy is here.” I pulled away to stare at him. “Hope today was fun, as always.”

“It was mommy,” he said, his eyes flickering with much delight as he rose to his feet.

“Good afternoon, Ms Adams,” Loretta spoke making her way over to where we were.

“Good afternoon, Loretta.” I turned to her with a smile.

“How was today?”

“Very well, thank you. And how was work?”

“Good too. How’s he coping though in class?” I asked, a little curious.

“He’s better now.”

My heart warmed up to hear it. Three weeks ago was Father’s day celebration in the class and the kids celebrated for the day from what I heard, a majority of the fathers turned up and Zion was the one whose father didn’t and neither did he have any male figure to represent him.

Lionel, despite being his uncle, played the role of his father last year during Father’s day, but he overdosed six months ago after staying clean for three years. We thought we lost him, but good things we didn’t. He had been in rehab ever since with the hope of once again getting clean. His absence was hard on everyone, especially Zion...