

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 17

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 17-I gathered the assignment into my hands, grabbed my bag, and locked the car before heading toward my office.

"You're almost late," I heard the famous voice of Daniel say from behind and I groaned, not wanting to start a long talk with him this morning about how or why I was almost late.

"Good morning, Daniel" I tried a calm tone and luckily it worked.

"Let me help you with that," he offered, but unlike other times, I shook my head. It wasn't his job to lessen my burden, and I didn't want him to get used to it.

"I'm almost at my office," I pointed out the reason I didn't want his help.

"Come on. I know you've got this under control and can do it all on your own, but I want to help."

Knowing there was no winning for Daniel, I paused and turned to him, clenching hard on the books in my hand.

"You will not let this rest if I don't give in, will you?" I demanded, a frown coming into my face.

He grinned. "You already know me so well."

I handed him the pile of books in my hand and began heading toward the door of my office.

"So, how was your night? I hope it wasn't as rough as I'm picturing."

"It was, and I'm still exhausted from it." I answered with a sigh, "Yours?"

"It was okay, mama came to visit. She's still confused about why I haven't found my soul mate yet. I've got a good job and a nice place and I'm not that bad looking."

I laughed. "Tell mama she would come around when the time is right."

“I wish, but she doesn’t understand that line, so I will just say because I’m not as charming as she thinks.”

I chuckled and rolled my eyes, dug my hand into my pocket and pulled out my key as I came to the door. I tried to slip the key into the keyhole, but the door opened of its own accord. That was weird. I remember locking it last night before leaving. This didn’t feel right and, glancing at Daniel, I saw he had the same puzzled look on his face.

I pushed the door wide, and I stepped into my office, a little sceptical and not wanting to get spooked. It was obvious someone had tampered with my office and who knew what they had done while I was away? This has never happened before and I wondered why now.

I thought about who could have broken in. In my two years of working at this university, I have tried to maintain a healthy relationship with members of staff from the lowest to the highest. That didn’t mean everyone liked me. Only a fool would think that way, but I also did not know who would break in.

‘Perhaps nobody did. You failed to lock up well yesterday while leaving.’ the voice in my head argued.

I took a bold step into my office but stopped in my tracks when I saw none other than Aaron Hart standing in the office. He was waiting with his hands in the pocket of his black trousers and now that I stepped in, his eyes were on me, staring at me. My heart skipped a beat as once again my worst fear stood before me.

I woke up in my room and in bed, and sweat broke over my face. My heart was hammering against my chest at a pace it never had. I was tossed into a state of shock and confusion. More than ever, I felt Aaron’s presence, and I knew it was only a matter of time before he found his way back into my life.

I turned my attention to the alarm clock on the bed and realised I had overslept and was now an hour behind my waking up time.

“Shit!”

I have never woken up late since I started taking Zion to daycare. Today, however, I had broken that record for myself and it wasn’t a good one.

The grading of the assignment and projects took longer than I expected, and I fell asleep a little past midnight. I had only five hours to sleep, and I knew that wasn't enough. My alarm went off ten minutes past five and I thought I snoozed it, but I had turned it off instead. Then I went on to have the nightmare involving Aaron Hart and woke up now. It was already six-thirty.

Zion, who wasn't a heavy sleeper, thank goodness, woke up after a few taps on his shoulder.

I bathed then and got him ready for school. I placed the beep wound on his neck and served him flakes and strawberry and while he ate; I raced into the room to prepare myself.

I battle against the clock to get myself ready in my black trousers and suit. I made my hair into a ponytail. Then I applied a powder brush faintly over my face and wore my perfume. I picked out three-inch black heels and put them on. Next, I grabbed my red bag, slipped my phone into it and grabbed the project and assignment I had graded last night before going to sleep. I gave myself one last glance in the mirror and, feeling satisfied with the face that stared back at me, I exited my room.

"Mommy, pretty!" Zion gushed as soon as he saw me, his eyes lifting.

"Thank you, honey. Are you done?" I asked, strolling over to him on the table.

He nodded, lifting his plate and showing it to me. It was empty, and that made me happy. "Who's my big boy!" I praised and his eyes flickered in excitement and he raised both hands.

"I am, I am!"

I unlock the beep from around his neck, wiped his mouth of the few stains on it and helped him onto the floor.

I hung his school bag to his back and grabbed his lunch box, which I already had his food and snacks packed in, and handed it to him.

He smiled at me because I had handed him his lunch box instead of carrying it myself. He always loved carrying his bag. At first, I thought it was too heavy, but Zion didn't complain the first time he demanded I handed his lunch box to him and he still hasn't now. Sometimes his physical strength surprises me.

"Shall we go?"

“Yes, we shall.”

I waved him off after dropping him at the school and my stomach growled loudly. I didn't have breakfast before I left home because I was already late. That's the price I had to pay.

My schedule for the morning was an 8 to 10 a.m. Lecture and I had a break for an hour before my next class. I wondered if I'd be able to teach effectively without having a proper breakfast. I had never slacked in my lectures, but there is a first time for everything.

I glanced at my wristwatch after I packed the car and I had five minutes before my class begins.

I hurried through the hallway and towards my office and, unlike in my dream, I didn't see Daniel on the way. I also didn't see Aaron when I opened my office door and stepped in.

I finished my first class and since today already started terribly; I wasn't surprised that my first class when horrible. I couldn't connect with the topic to deliver even though I had gone through it during the weekend, a few days ago. I couldn't connect with the students as well and they could tell there was something off with me, but they didn't dare ask.

I finished the class and walked out towards the university canteen to get food to eat before my next lecture time begins. I saw Daniel standing not so far away, and I knew he was waiting for me. I frowned inwardly, and I wanted to turn around, but I couldn't. I was hungry and needed to eat.

I didn't want to talk to him; the reason being that Daniel would ask a lot of questions once he notices I'd had an unsteady day. He was that inquisitive about matters that didn't concern him. I didn't want to answer his questions and it would not be cool to lose my temper with him. I didn't have the energy for fallout or even a snap. My head hurts.

“Zera,” he began.

I held my hand up. “Please don't come close with your caring and thousand questions. I don't have the strength for it.”

He gave me a sad look. Daniel was the noblest of them all. If I wasn't so bent over my misfortune in life, especially with men, perhaps I would have given

him a chance. He was a good friend whenever I needed a laugh. He gave advice when I need it and he was a brilliant listener. Call me a fool, but I had been burnt twice, and I didn't want to get into anything too good to be true.

"I've never had a thousand questions before," he said, and I glared at him. "I am just concerned."

"And I just said I don't need it, Aaron!" I snapped before I could control myself.

His brows furrowed at my words. "Who's Aaron?"

This was what I wanted to avoid.