

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 18

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 18-I didn't answer his question because I couldn't and so I walked on, not bothered to say a word.

He didn't know my story with Aaron. The only one I told it to was Diya, and she was a keeper of secrets. Daniel didn't deserve to know who Aaron was because we didn't have the level of trust in our friendship. I trusted him to an extent, but I'd rather keep things from him, especially my secrets.

"The least you can do is not ignore me, Zera," he spoke, and I snapped out to see him following me.

I paused and turned to him. "You need to stop following me, okay?"

"Who's Aaron? Why did you call me Aaron?"

"Aaron is someone I want to leave in the past and you are driving me nuts just like he had." this was the highest level of truth I could reveal to him. This would also shut him up and keep him from asking any more questions. Keeping him in the dark was best for both of us.

"He's the one responsible for your lack of trust in men?"

That would be Owen. Aaron only made it harder, but that's a story for another day.

I made my order and took the tray to eat. Unlike what I expected, Daniel didn't leave. He stuck around me and when I took the food to the lunch table to eat; he followed me.

"Can I help you with something, Mr Spears?"

He stretched both hands out. "I just want to sit with you. Is that bad?"

I eyed him suspiciously but took my seat to eat, and he sat as well.

I dug the fork into the fried chips and coated it with a little ketchup before taking it into my mouth. This was what I needed and I would never skip my breakfast again. The easiest way to do that would be to wake up on time.

I felt Daniel's lingering gaze after a while of eating, and it made me feel uncomfortable. "What?"

"Nothing. I'm just glad you'll be at the fundraiser. At least I'd have someone to keep me company. I was miserable during the last one."

I stopped eating or reasoning after he said 'fundraiser'. "What fundraiser?" I asked.

His gaze narrowed on me. "The one holding this Friday?"

"What is it about?"

"Raising funds?" He said, making me feel stupid.

I rolled my eyes. "You know what I mean."

"The university would have its fundraising event this Friday. It's aimed at increasing the support it gives to the students on scholarship, both indigenous and international students." He paused from the long speech he was giving to ask, "Did you not get the message? It came in two weeks ago and a reminder came last night to the lecturers' group." He pulled out his phone and scrolled through it before turning it around to show me.

Indeed, there was an announcement about it and I'm only finding out now. Fvck!

"I haven't gone through my phone since I got home yesterday. It's the perks of being a single mother." I rose from the table, already okay with the food, and made my way out.

I fetched the key out of my bag and when I tried inserting it into the keyhole; the door opened on its own accord just like it had in my dream. It meant someone could be in my office. It could be Aaron. My heart doubled in its beat and my palms grew sweaty. I dragged a deep breath and gave myself a little courage, but when I stepped in, I saw no one in my office.

I glanced around suspiciously, only stopping when I saw Daniel giving me a weird look from the corner of my eyes.

I cleared my throat. "I will go through the announcement and get all the details. Thank you for informing me," I told him.

“Are you okay, though? You seem edgier than normal,” he asked, his eyes showing concern.

I picked up the lecture textbook needed for my next class, tried on my best smile, and nodded. “Perfectly fine. So I will go through the message passed, but that’s after my first class, which would start now.”

After the class ended, I returned to my office and settled down to go through the announcement posted. I scrolled through the information shared, as well as the reply of a few lecturers at the institution. Just as Daniel said, the information about this fundraiser had been going on for two weeks and I didn’t take notice.

How would I?

I barely had enough time to myself with how busy I was. Weekends were barely mine. I wake up cleaning the house and doing the laundry and then making breakfast and bathing Zion. Then I’d move to take him to his music classes and visit the Bigg on weekends. By the time we get home, I am already exhausted, but I still make dinner and get ready for sleep.

It was no one’s fault. I didn’t manage my time well and I will try to do better.

The fundraiser was a once in four-year event and this was my first time experiencing it. It was scheduled to be on Friday and that is in two days, giving me only today and tomorrow to prepare. This fundraiser had been known to the rest who had worked here for over four years and I knew a majority of them had already begun their preparation. Unfortunately for me, I hadn’t.

From the information posted, there were a few notable people who would be in attendance. These people would also raise donations and funds for the event which would facilitate and help the University achieve its goal. The professors, lecturers, and staff of the University were mandated to be in attendance, as that would help encourage equal participation from those donating.

My mind flew to many things. One of those was what I’d do with Zion on Friday while I’m at the fundraiser. That was a hard question, but it needed an answer. I’d have to call on favours with Diya and her parents because Daniel was yet to leave rehab. The only other option was to take him along, and that wasn’t an option stated in the information passed.

I needed to figure out what to wear. From the hints I got from the previous fundraiser, it was a glamour event and everyone would dress to kill and so I had to consider not dressing poorly.

As I finish up for the day, I called Diya, asking if she would be free on Friday nights.

“Hold on.” She told me and I knew she was checking her calendar. “yes I’m free. Why did you ask?”

I placed the frying pan on the cooker and turned it on. “The uni is hosting a scholarship fundraiser and I need someone who would look after Zion while I’m away.” I grabbed the bottle of oil and poured it into the pan.

“I don’t mind.” She answered, adding, “Greg and I would be home watching Netflix.”

“You sure he wouldn’t be a problem?”

“Nope, Greg and Zion are buddies and I’m the awkward one, so don’t worry. We should be worried about you. What clothes will you wear? What shoes. What style will you wear your hair? These things are important?” I would never get over Diya’s concerns for me. Most times she worries about me more than she does her fiancé.

“I already made the selection. Let me forward them to you.” I said and sent the picture over to her and it was marked received that very second.

“No! No! No, are you kidding me? Babe! Your institution is one of the best out there and they are throwing a fundraiser. That means they are inviting notable people in the city, country and beyond to the event. You cannot go in there looking like a mother of four who’s pretty fed up with life.”

I rolled my eyes at how dramatic she was being. The dress I picked out is beautiful and says nothing about a mother of four.

The oil was hot enough, and I added the already peeled and diced sweet potatoes into it before stepping away from the cooker to concentrate on the call. “Diya, those are my choice. Unless you have something better, I won’t change my mind.”

My phone clicked, showing received pictures, and it felt as if she was waiting for me to say those words. I clicked and scanned through to see the five-inch silver heels, a red body con dress that would hug the life out of me, and the hairstyle was a curly bun. She added a silver necklace to the items she sent, and I rolled my eyes.

“I’m going to the fundraiser to show support for my university, not to slay.”

“You can slay while showing support for your university,” she said in a sing-a-song voice.

I sighed. “All eyes would be on me.”

“As they should. You’re gorgeous and smart. It’s about time men started noticing you again, don’t you think?”

“The only male I’m interested in right now is Zion. He’s my priority.”

“Yes, we all know that, but a time will come. He will become independent and will want to move. Times fly babe and you can’t build your whole life around him and deny yourself a chance at happiness.”

“Fine, I will try, but I still think this outfit is too much,” I argued, and she laughed.

“It’s not. You’re just too modest.”

I didn’t argue any further. Diya would always win, and there was no point arguing with that. “Fine,” I surrendered.

“Good, and so it’s settled. I will have Zion and you will have the time of your life.”