

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 2

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 2-I sat across the bar, taking my second glass of martini. This used to be my least favourite drink while I dated Owens, but today it seemed to be just what I needed. I hadn't gone home since I left the event hall hours ago. My phone had been blowing up for hours and I finally put it on, do not disturb.

It was almost eleven p.m, and I was at the paradise club. I wasn't interested in joining the dance floor, so I sat at the bar drinking. I was never a good dancer; it would not start today. I was still in my maid of honour's dress, makeup and heels. The dress was once a long silk gown which flowed to the ground and that was how it was when I left Tatiana's wedding reception. However, I tore the dress hours ago so that now it stopped on my knees. I let my dirty blonde hair, which was in a neat bun, loose so it fell over my shoulders.

This was me getting out of my comfort zone. If Diya could see me now; she would flip and then cheer me on. I was the cautious one amongst the two of us, but for today, I would throw caution to the wind and live like no one is watching.

"Is this seat taken?" I heard a deep voice ask. My head whipped around to find an average-height man with golden-blond hair, looking to be in his mid-twenties in a blue, round-necked polo. He had the looks and body build of someone on the university football team and from the look of it; he knew it too and took it as an advantage.

I shook my head, "No, it's not." I answered, and he descended on the stool next to me that very second.

I returned my focus to the glass in my hand and I emptied the second round into my mouth and waved at the bartender, whom I was yet to get his name to bring me another round. He smiled and returned to fill up my glass and I flashed him a grin, mumbling a 'thank you' loud enough for him to hear.

The one seated next to me cleared his throat, and I inwardly groaned, knowing what was coming next.

"So, are you here with someone?"

I wanted to say no. That was the truth. I came here alone, but I have had a few encounters before and they had never ended well. Most times, the males

end up assuming that you're single and hence shouldn't say no to them. I didn't want to go down that road today and so I nodded.

"Yes, I am," I replied, and sipped my glass of martini. I had hoped to end the question at just that, but who was I kidding? I knew a simple 'yes' wouldn't chase a man away. It never had. Most men would want to know more, see if the competition was one they can take on, all the while ignoring your need to be left alone.

"Where is he? Cause it's a shame that a pretty young thing like you is drinking all alone without him. By the way, I'm Kevin." He tried to sound tougher than he was, and it irked my skin.

I turned around, wanting to find a man at the lounge across from me that would look intimidating enough to send Mr Tough guy here running.

My eyes scanned over the men seated at the lounge on my left side and all the men seemed occupied with a woman or two. There was no way he would believe I was with them. Just when I was about to open my mouth and tell Kevin my man must have stepped out and have him call me a liar, I spotted a man standing in a white long-sleeved and blue trousers at the corner of the lounge. He had his back turned to me so I couldn't make out his face and he seemed to be on a call, but he was the only one without a woman attached to his hips and I just found myself, my man.

"There!" I pointed to the man who had his free hand stuffed into his pocket and stood proud and intimidating enough, "the one in white long sleeve across the lounge. He's been busy on the phone since we came and so I've kept myself occupied here." I finished and turned to see the look of insecurity in his eyes, just like I wanted.

I returned my focus to the vodka before me. I was on my third shot now, and I aim to stop at my sixth.

"You sure about that? Because he just stepped out without even glancing this way." Came the voice of Kevin, w

hom I thought had taken his leave after seeing who 'my man' was and realising he was no match for him.

I choked on the martini in my mouth as his words dawned on me. My head whipped to the corner of the lounge and the man was no longer there.

Oh well, here we go. My brain was already too slow with the events of the day and the martini I was taking to think about what excuse I could give now.

When nothing came up after a few seconds of waiting, I spoke, "I didn't say we were on the best of terms. That's why he's over there and I'm over here." and the lies continue.

"How about he doesn't even know you and you've been lying ever since just to make yourself feel good?"

'No, I was just trying to get rid of you and nothing has worked yet.' I thought to myself.

Since my lies couldn't get rid of him, perhaps the truth would.

"Maybe you're right, maybe I lied and I don't know him, but guess what?" I hiccup, paused, and continued. "I didn't ask you to talk to me, so I'd advise you to stop now."

He scoffed, "Yes, sure, I'd stop. I don't want to be anywhere near a loser like you, anyway."

I wanted to grab the bottle of vodka the bartender had left on the other side of the counter and smash it against the head of the annoying asshole called Kevin, but I couldn't. Drunk or not, I wasn't a violent person, but he deserved to feel pain for calling me a loser.

I was still lost deep in thought when I heard, "Excuse me, hun, is this guy bothering you?" a deep, hoarse English-accented voice asked from behind. My head whirled around so fast that I feared it would fall off.

My eyes met the deep-set eyes of the man on the white long sleeve and blue trousers which I had spotted at the corner of the lounge and referred to as my man earlier.

He now stood before me, looking dreamy, with his black hair that had a few over his face, piercing eyes whose shades flickered with each change in the room's lighting. His lips were full and his short trimmed beards covered his chiselled jaw. I could be wrong, but he looked to be around six foot three inches tall and his body, although hidden in the long sleeve and trousers, screamed perfection at me.

After a while of me staring at him and not saying anything, he smiled and his deep dimple appeared, causing weakening shivers to run through me. My legs clamped together, shocked at the effect this man had on me. It was surreal, yet it was.

This gorgeous man was here, talking to me, asking if I was being bothered and I had to answer.

Stop acting like an idiot.

I nodded, pouting, and I saw the annoying Kevin who had bothered me for the last ten minutes tremble with fear from the corner of my eyes. "He is! He wouldn't leave me alone and he called me a loser."

The man's adorable eyes flickered, and a furious storm brewed over them in the next second. His eyes darted to the now trembling Kevin beside me. "You called her a lose," he demanded, towering over the man like a hulk.

"It w-was a... a mis-mistake." he stuttered.

I tried to hold in my laughter and I was certain he would end up peeing his pant if care wasn't taken. As much as I wanted him to pay for calling me a loser, that was the last thing I wanted.

The man in the long sleeve looked to be ready to inflict pain from what I saw, and I didn't want that.

I stumbled off my seat and moved towards the hot man, who still had his intimidating gaze on the shivering Kevin. I placed my hand on his chest and felt the muscles underneath and it send chills through me. For a moment, I was lost for the words to say and I couldn't take my hand away from his chest either.

He glanced down at me and the fury in his eyes reduced, and as if reading my thought, he turned to the shivering Kevin and spoke, "Apologise!" his terrifying voice commanded.

Kevin bowed his head a little, "I'm sorry, miss." he quickly said, so much respect in his voice.

"Now leave!" he thundered.

In the same second, the shivering Kevin scrambled away, not daring to look back at us.