

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 22

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 22-The organisers held a meeting the week that followed and headed by the vice-chancellor, Tobi Akindele, used it to thank everyone at the University who dedicated their time and effort to see the success of the fundraiser. According to their report, this year's fundraiser was twice the revenue of the last, making it the most successful they have had since they started. It was an excellent step in the right direction for the university.

Being part of the movement gave me a sense of pride and knowing I help made education easier for someone made me happy.

My joy, however, decreased when I learnt the largest donator for the night was Mr Aaron Hart, with over two hundred thousand spent in the night. This also differed from his other pledges during the many events that took place.

I saw everyone cheer and though I felt happy because this was something good for the university; it wasn't good for me. I knew who Aaron was, and I knew what his presence meant, so even while others cheered and clapped; I didn't.

I noticed Daniel's keen gaze on me from the back where he sat, watching what took place with those seated in the meeting hall. He had walked in on my moment with Aaron and knew my lack of response to the good news must have had something to do with it. He was drawing his conclusion, and it was only a matter of time before he reached it.

The meeting was soon adjourned, and I exited the hall to start my day at work. Since we already spent the first thirty minutes of work on this meeting, I now had an hour and thirty minutes left for my first lecture. I had so much to cover, and the end of the semester drew closer with every passing day.

It wasn't a surprise that Daniel followed behind me as I made my way through the hallway that led to my office. My colleague was wired with an acute need to check up on me, and it was both a blessing and a curse.

"Daniel, good morning," I said with a bright smile as he caught up with me.

"Good morning, Zera. How are you doing?"

I slowed down. "Very well, thank you."

“And your health?”

“Much better, thank you. And thank you for taking me home that night, even when you didn’t have to. You are a lifesaver.” I smiled at him.

“You’re welcome.” he gave me a noble smile that I found charming. “I’m sorry I couldn’t call or visit over the weekend. I had a lot of family meetups.”

I shook my head, “You don’t owe me any explanation, Daniel, you already did a lot by taking me home...” I stopped talking when my eyes caught sight of Aaron Hart walking toward us.

Everything around me stopped for the moments that passed as though a god was gracing us with his presence. With each step he took, he did with grace, and he moved around like he owned the place. He made my heart skip and didn’t have to do a thing.

I should have expected his presence. Being the highest donor of the night would give him some special privileges. One of those would be his involvement in the affairs of the university towards the spending of the fund. In other words, I had to get used to seeing his face for the next few weeks to come. That’s how I was told things would go. Yet, I didn’t prepare for it and that was on me.

I told Diya about my encounter at the fundraiser and though my first plan was to run with my son; she told me that wasn’t the best option. I realised she was right. Running would mean starting all over with my son in a new place. Also, I hadn’t saved up enough money to help me do that in the last two years.

His three-piece navy blue suit did justice to his already perfect features. His hair tied into a ponytail and his beard groomed and neat made him look enduring.

Thinking about it now, I should have gone with my first thought, because facing problems hasn’t been my strongest point. Not when he affected me in ways I could not control. Not when he knew the effect he had on me.

His eyes met mine and, just like days ago at the fundraiser, my heart skipped a beat. He must have heard because I could swear I saw a smirk cross the corner of his lips. I shouldn’t be this affected by him, especially since, unlike the other night, we weren’t alone, but Aaron’s effect didn’t care if I was alone or in the crowd. It hit hard every time.

The hallway grew silent as he got to where we were and we stood like three dumb people. Aaron's eyes lingered on me and though I tried to break it off and speak, I failed the first few tries as if I was under some form of compulsion to remain silent.

"Leave us," he commanded like he spoke to his servant. I knew he spoke to Daniel, even though his eyes didn't sway from mine.

Daniel didn't move. Instead, he turned to me and I saw the worried look on his face from the corner of my eyes.

Daniel might not be as tall or built as Aaron, but I have seen him fight and he fights dirty.

When I first got my job, he offered to take me out to celebrate at the bar in the heart of the city. There, we ran into some assholes. Long story short, Daniel launched at the men who used profane words on me. And though he took quite a beating, he came out victorious.

Still, I didn't want him to have a fallout with Aaron. It wasn't a sight I wanted to see. He was important to the university and that meant he was important to us and falling out with him might get us both in trouble. Aaron Hart seemed like one that would easily unleash hell on earth and have no remorse about it.

With Aaron's presence, Daniel's suspicion would sky rock and he would probably figure there was a history between us. He was smart that way.

"It's fine," I said to Daniel, who looked anything but convinced. This made me turn to him, adding, "I promise, Daniel. It's fine."

He nodded, yet his reluctance lingered even as he stepped away to give us privacy. As soon as Daniel was far away, my eyes returned to fix on Aaron, blank of any reaction.

I tightened my grip around the handbag in my hand. "Mr Aaron Hart, good morning." I had gotten much control over the stupid reaction of my body and I felt much better.

"You sound so formal," he pointed out. The last time we spoke, I specifically told him we were not friends because we weren't. The only relationship that should exist between us should be formal because that's what the University needed.

“As I should be. Your contributions to the fundraiser would go a long way in aiding the university.” I wanted to think he had donated from the goodness of his heart, but I had high doubts about it. This was his way of keeping himself in my life and ruining everything I’ve worked hard to build.

‘Or this was him just trying to be a nice person and help make education easier for those who need it. Not everything has to be about you, Zera.’

“I did not remember falling out with you in the time we spent together, so I don’t understand why you’re cold towards me.”

Of course, he wouldn’t. Wrong doers barely remember those they wrong, but it’s not the case for those wronged.

“I’m not cold, Mr Hart, just being formal as I should be.”