

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 25

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 25-I drove over to the school as fast as I could and it surprised me I didn't get pulled over by the cops for over-speeding all the way here. I guess the odds were in my favour. The one thing on my mind was Zion, my son, who had displayed violent traits, something he had never done since he was a child. I tried to think of any reason that would have led him to be so violent he'd take another kid to the school clinic. I didn't mean to cast blame, but all my mental fingers pointed at me. Perhaps I missed clues and hints on how to deal with him and this side of him. I missed the clues.

I didn't raise him in a toxic environment and I raised him to always be good. Always be kind in his affairs with others. I taught him what right and wrong were and ensured to the best of my knowledge that he followed the right path.

Maybe he was responding to the change which had taken place in the last few weeks. Not only did I almost stop picking him up from school, but I also started dating Daniel. Maybe, in my quest to find happiness in this new relationship, I had neglected my number one priority and failed woefully. This was my fault, and I had to do better.

I needed to speak to him and his class teacher as well as the boy he had hurt. I feared how badly the boy's state was and how this might scar him for life. His parents would be mad at Zion for harming their son that way. Any parent would be.

I raced into the school and made my way into the nursery department, and entered Mrs Edwin's classroom.

She saw me and her eyes showed concern, already seeing the stress and guilt on my face. I didn't hide how I felt about the whole situation. I couldn't.

"Mrs Adams, I am sorry we had to pull you out of work." She began saying, walking towards me.

I shook my head. She didn't have to be sorry. It was my responsibility as a parent to be there for my son. She had already done her job as a teacher and I appreciated it.

"It's fine. How's the other boy?"

“Gabriel is fine. The nurses said he suffered a mild concussion, but he will be fine,” she assured me.

A concussion wasn't something I'd call mild no matter what, and I dreaded the answer to my next question. “What happened? I'd never known Zion to be the violent type since he was a boy. So far, everything has come as a shock to me.”

“Zion is a sweet boy, but even the sweetest can become vicious if pushed to it,” she said. She then moved to narrate what had happened to me.

“During playtime, we assigned every child sets of toys to play with according to what they like. Gabriel took Zion's toys despite having his and then when Zion got another, he came back to take it and Zion would not give it to him. I came and told Gabriel to leave Zion alone, but when I turned to attend to the other kids, he had gone after Zion again and smacked him in the face twice. Zion pushed him off him to protect himself and he tripped and hit his head on the wall. I should have stepped up in time, but I had my hands filled with Shamsi and Yolanda, who were learning how to share. Before I could intervene with the boys' conflict, the deed was done.”

She barely finished speaking when a man and woman in their late thirties stormed into the classroom looking angry and worried.

“Where is our son?!” the woman with the long curly brunette demanded in a high-pitched voice, making the kids in the classroom turn to her.

“Calm down, Mrs Jones,” Loretta stepped towards her.

She cast a glare at Loretta, angry that she had interrupted her. “Calm down? My son is in a terrible state because some little demon shoved him violently,” she spoke down on Loretta.

My ears rang at her accusations and name-calling of my son in front of the class where pupils who were friends with Zion sat, and I couldn't take it.

I spoke up. “You need to calm down and not make conclusions when you don't know the entire story.”

She turned her attention to me, the belittling look she had on her face when she spoke to the class teacher lingering. “And who the hell are you?”

"I am Zera Adams. I am Zion's mother, the student who had a fallout with your son."

Her face reddened, and if looks could kill, I'd be dead. "So you're the mother of the little monster that attacked my son?"

I dragged a deep breath. "My son is not a monster. He's a sweet boy and perhaps if you had raised your son to be contented with what he had and not go after other people's stuff and turn violent when he doesn't get it, then maybe my son wouldn't have pushed him off." I was never one to condone violence for any reason, but judging from this woman's attitude, it was so hard to deal with all her craziness, especially when she was using all these horrible names on Zion. That, added to the story Loretta had told me, I cannot help but unleash on her.

She gasped and surged towards me, but I didn't back away, I would not let Mrs-my-son-is-better-than-everyone-else-and-deserves-to-be-an-asshole get her way with oppressing me.

Loretta stepped in between us and held both arms out before the brawl could take place. "You two need to stop." She yelled and the angry mother of Gabriel shoved Loretta's hands away and stepped back, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Where is my son?" she demanded.

"He's in the school clinic," Loretta answered and without waiting to be shown direction, Mrs Jones stormed out and her husband, who had been silent all the while, followed behind her.

Loretta turned to me, her eyes flickering with empathy. "I'm sorry she said that about Zion. You're right. He is a sweet boy. I will show you to Mrs Paula Wilson's office." She offered, but I shook my head, knowing something else was important. The angry parent who just left with her husband needed her help more.

"No, I can find my way. Please see to Mr and Mrs Jones and make sure they don't miss their way to the clinic. I don't want them losing their temper on the poor nurse."

Her smile came warm. "It's so considerate of you."

She spoke to the assistant teacher before leaving the room, and I also departed for Mrs Wilson's office. On getting there, I knocked on the door and received a beckon from the feminine voice on the inside to enter.

I opened and stepped into the office and I saw Zion seated on the chair facing Mrs Wilson, who was writing something in the book which was before her on the desk. He had his back turned to me, his head lowered and his arms folded across his chest. Her head lifted as soon as she saw me. She seemed to know who I was.

"Good day, Mrs Wilson," I greeted, stepping into the office.

Zion's head whipped around as soon as he heard my voice and, unlike the usual cheerful look he used to have on his face, he had a somewhat terrified one. I had raised him to know that I will not applaud him when he does what was wrong and I could tell he knew I would not agree with what he did. I understand why he did what he did, but I would not make him feel it was acceptable to hurt anyone, no matter what.

"Ms Adams, it's so nice for you to join us. Please come seat," Paula smiled and beckoned to me. I walked to the chair next to the one Zion sat on and took a seat as well. I know how difficult it must have been, having to leave your work and come over here.

I offered her a small smile, but shook my head. "I met with Mrs Edwin and she told me everything. I just hope the other boy is safe."

"He will be. I just got off the phone with the nurse and he's much better. Zion, however, has been quiet since he came into my office. This is my first time having him here and I know he's just as confused as I am because he's not an aggressive or trouble-making boy."

I expressed my surprise to Mrs Wilson as well. Although she reasons with him, she speculated that his quiet spirit could be because of the recent changes in his environment. Then she asked if things had changed over and I said yes. The change started a few weeks ago, and I thought he had adjusted to it very well. I was wrong.

I apologised for the failure on my part and I apologised to Zion and promised I would do better. I asked if I could take Zion home for the rest of the day and the headmistress gave her consent.

I got his bag and lunch box from his classroom and together we made our way out of the school.

Good thing I had no homework to grade. I can dedicate my time to putting Zion through his homework. Then we would go over our moral code and dos and don'ts once again. These were essential. I had to make sure what happened today would never happen again. Then I get him ready for bed and take the opportunity to sleep early.

All that plan flew out of my head when I approached the parking lot where my car was and before it stood Aaron Hart.