

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 26

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 26-He stood in a blue shirt and trousers with his back to the car and his arms crossed over his chest, and I knew he was waiting for me.

This was the wrongest time to meet up and the worst place to meet because things would be beyond my control.

My heart squeezed in my chest at the sight of him, and our eyes locked. He had the same formal and blank look he'd had on his face when we interacted with each other at the University a few days ago.

After almost a minute of a locked gaze, his eyes wandered from mine, travelling down to Zion, whose small hand I held onto. I could see the flicker of emotions in Aaron's eyes at the sight of him. These emotions ranged from surprise to confusion to a bit of pain and then anger. His teeth clenched and his breathing grew laboured.

I knew he knew at this moment Zion, my son, was his.

It wasn't hard to guess. Zion was his father's son and had all his features, from his eyes to his smile and his face. My son barely looked like me and I knew Aaron realising he was his would come as easy as breathing.

He looked back up at me for the second time and he had a stormy look on his face, one that took my very being into a state of chaos. He wasn't happy. I didn't need the genius to tell me what that look meant.

He knew the truth. He knew five years ago wasn't a fleeting moment like I had claimed to him many weeks ago. Something more than that happened, something I had kept away from him since then. The look on his face terrified me, and I swallowed shakily.

In all the times I had known Aaron, I had never seen him as angry as he looked now and my brain stayed frozen, not knowing what to do or which way to go.

Although a raging storm went off on the inside, I did my best to hold on to his gaze with the last will left in me. My worst nightmare just turned real and there was no escaping or taking me out of it. I didn't know how to respond; I didn't know how to act and so I stood muted, like a dumb being.

He furrowed his brows at me. "I think this meeting was long overdue, don't you think?" his voice stayed low, but it held so much anger and restraint in them as he spoke.

I bit down on my lower lips and dragged in a deep breath. I couldn't afford to have him go off on me here and now. Not while Zion was here and the look on his face showed he could not care less.

He seemed pissed at me and I understood why, but this wasn't Zion's fault and there was no reason to drag him into the midst of the war about to unfold. He deserved none of that and should stay out of it.

'I doubt it, though. The war about to unfold was about him, and it would affect him one way or another. And I won't be able to protect him.' My mind told me, and I groaned inwardly.

I had played out all the scenarios in my head. I could jump to the defence and ask him what he was looking for or what he thought by following me down here. I could even ask why he was stalking me, but the cards were no longer in my hand. They were in his and he held the most important card; taking my son from me.

"We can't do this here." These were the only words I could come up with.

"Why?" he challenged, stepping up towards me, and I knew he was past the point of reasoning.

No one would win if we decide to fight this fire with fire. One of us had to be calm and understanding and since I didn't have the luxury of being dramatic, I chose to be the calm one. "Because he doesn't deserve to see that," I said, the 'he' being Zion, our son.

His hardened gaze softened for a moment before he spoke. "What he doesn't deserve is you"

My heart broke into a million pieces at his accusation. A part of me agreed with him and another part was just tired. "Your issues are with me, Aaron, so let's sort it out without involving him."

He growled under his breath, "Then meet me at the Vanity restaurant at nine p.m. today." And gave no room for objection.

I was supposed to take tonight and get a little rest. I didn't get that last night, but with the turn of today's events; it looked as if I wouldn't be getting the adequate amount of rest I need today either. The look on his face told me there was no room for debate.

I bit my lips, knowing my back was against the wall, and I nodded.

"I will be there," I said, and he stepped away from before me, walking away and not bothering to look back. I opened the car and strapped Zion into the seat before going around and entering.

I drove off and wished I could drive off to a faraway place where I would never have to see or confront Aaron ever again, but alas, I didn't have that luxury. There was no place on earth I could run to that he wouldn't find me. I knew that. I wanted to turn back the hand of the clock. I wished I could do that. Then I'd go back to a few hours ago and change the course of my actions. I'd make sure I'd do everything to keep this truth from being known. And now, I feared doing anything that would put me at risk of losing my son.

I didn't know what waited ahead for me, but I knew it wasn't something good. I could feel it. My entire world was about to change, and there was nothing I could do about it. The more I thought about it, the more fear I have and this fear wasn't going away soon.

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A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 27-Eight-thirty p.m.

I stared at myself in the mirror, taking in my reflection and wondering if how I looked was okay enough for my meet-up with Aaron Hart. I was in a black silk dress with a hollow chest that showed just about a hint of my cleavages. It has slim hands and left my shoulders bare. The outfits hugged every curve I had from up to down. It doubled in size after I had Zion and though I thought it would leave in its time; it hadn't. I wasn't complaining.

My dirty blonde hair I held up in a loose bun, letting a few curls fall onto my shoulders. I applied a little make-up and touch my lips with red lipstick and my lashes with black mascara. I needed to look my best and though I felt as if this was too much; I reminded myself the man I was going to meet was Aaron Hart. He might have seemed like a normal man five years ago, but he was a businessman, a multimillionaire, and I didn't want to appear wretched before him.

Tonight, however, wasn't about me, it was about Zion, our son and what the stakes were now that he was back in my life, into his life. A lot was going to change, and I wanted to know firsthand what those changes would be like.

With the change in my schedule, I had to hire a nanny to watch over Zion while I was away. I already schedule the meeting to not be over two hours at most and I pray to god that Aaron would be considerate in using the time for the meeting. I was a mother to a four-year-old son, after all.

Daniel asked if we could make plans for the night, but I told him I couldn't. I wanted to tell him how the events of today had turned bad, but I wanted to have the full story before revealing it to him. I also hadn't told Diya yet for the same reason.

I packed my car in the parking lot, which was easier said than done because of the many cars already parked outside.

The vanity restaurant was one of the largest in the city and it had great ratings from what I've heard, but this was my first time coming here. I didn't know it had this much pull on people, but the environment was as warm and welcoming as the critics said.

Aaron chose here, he must have liked it too.

I stepped inside and I glanced at the massive restaurant hall which had much people seated around. My eyes trying to find Aaron from where I stood, but I didn't after a long while of a visual scan. A young male attendant approached me with a bright smile on his face and my attention settled on him.

"Good evening and welcome to the vanity restaurant. Would you like a table or have you already made an order for one?"

"I'm here to meet someone, Mr Aaron Hart," I answered, and he nodded, knowing who I spoke about and beckoned that I followed him.

I silently did, and he led me up the stairs to the executive floor, which had only but a few people present. It also appeared well organised and provided maximum privacy compared to the outer hall.

I caught the sight of Aaron on the right side of the room, holding the menu in his hand and reading through it. His attention was keen as always and his brows furrowed. He was now in a blue suit that would have complimented his

eyes if it were daytime. His hair was in a neat ponytail, which brought out his broad, handsome face. It didn't feel right that I wasn't on the same page with him.

I spoke up to the attendant, "I have seen him; I can make my way from here, thank you."

He smiled and nodded before taking his leave.

I clutched hard on my purse and guided my legs towards him. I reached the table where he sat and I drew myself into the other empty chair to take my seat.

"You're late." He said with a displeased tone as my b.utt touched the seat, forcing me to glance at my wristwatch to see that indeed it was five minutes later than the time he gave.

"I am here," I grumbled under my breath, but he heard because his head lifted from the menu he read and his hard gaze rested on me.

I felt chills at his haughty stare and I adjusted in my seat as if I just had a bucket of ice water emptied on my head.

This wasn't the side of Aaron I knew all those years. I knew the kind side, the gentle side, and so this side of him felt alien to me.

'Well, you kept the existence of his son away from him for four years. If you're honest with yourself, you would admit you don't deserve to see that side either.'

And I will keep paying for the choice I made for the rest of my life. What a horrible life.

I realised my response wasn't the best either. He was right. I was late and once again; I was in the wrong. "I'm sorry," I said, and I knew this won't be the last time I would use that line tonight.

My apology was loud enough, but he behaved as if I said nothing. His gaze returned to the menu in his hand and after a while of me sitting at the table awkwardly, I spoke.

"I'm here, just like you requested."

He placed the menu in his hand down on the table and he folded his arms across his chest. "I want to know why." He said, his eyes levelling down on me.

I knew what he wanted to know; he wanted to know why I cut him out of the first five years of his son's life. He wanted to know why I chose not to contact him after I found out I was pregnant with his baby.

I opened my mouth to reply with all the words I had rehearsed on the way down here, but none of those reasons came out of my mouth. After a few seconds, my mouth snapped shut and my eyes dropped to the table.

I fidgeted with my fingers, contemplating the words to say. "I thought it was the best decision. There was no reason to involve you in my business."

The last line must have triggered him because his eyes flickered. "Except he isn't just your business. He's my son as much as he is yours, if not more."

I stayed silent despite every fibre of my bones wanting me to rebel and tell him his last line was a lie, but I bit down on my tongue. I didn't want to upset this man; he seemed ready to bite off my head if the chance presented itself tonight.

"You denied me five years of being a part of his life. Now tell me why I shouldn't take him away from you?"

There was no reason he shouldn't, but I could not imagine a world without my son. It would be a dark and miserable one and I will not survive or want to live in it.

"It was a weekend together. I thought nothing would come of it, but it did. Understand there were a lot of things to consider. I barely knew you, and I had to make the decision all by myself."

His teeth clenched at my words, and he shook his head. "You could have told me when we met at the fundraiser. You could have come out with the truth."

"How did you want me to do that? Hello Aaron, I saw you came in today, but we have a son and he came out from the weekend we spent together over four years ago. Was that what you wanted me to say?" I demanded.

“Yes, exactly like that.” his response showed he saw nothing wrong with it. “You had the last three weeks to come out with the truth, and you chose to keep it from me. There’s no excuse. That is on you.”

I dragged a deep breath and rubbed my hand over my forehead. “Then I’m sorry about everything. For not telling you about your son, and if there’s a way to get on the same page about it, I want to hear it.”

He placed his hands down on the table and my eyes caught the file sitting on the table before him beside the menu. My gaze immediately narrowed, wondering what it was.

“I want my son. I want to be a part of his life. I want him to get to know me, his father. I do not want to get the lawyers involved and take him away from you and so I had this drafted.” he pushed the file towards me and I picked it up and read through it.

It was a very detailed consenting agreement in which I would sign my right over to him. He didn’t want fifty per cent; he wanted eighty per cent.

I scoffed after reading through the terms stated in the document. He was pushing all the limits and my back was already against the wall. “This is ridiculous.” I slammed the file on the table and shoved it away from me. I felt anger turn within my being and I couldn’t control it.

“How?” he asked, as if he wasn’t there when this got drafted.

“You literally just want to take him from me.” I slammed, exhausted with trying to find reasons with him. It was obvious that would never work. He wanted to make me pay for my shortcoming and he was doing that. These terms didn’t appear one made by someone who was being considerate, it appeared one who was being an asshole!

He raised a challenging brow at me. “Isn’t that what you have done for four years?”

“It’s not!” I insisted, “I didn’t know if you would accept him as yours or if you were just going to reject him!” he had his life planned out. He seems to have found completeness with the woman he was searching for then, and a baby would have disrupted that.

“You took that choice from me and it was never your place to do that!” he snapped at me for the very first time.

I pressed my lips together, “And now you’re gonna pay me back in kind.”

“That’s not what this is,” he argued.

My eyes grew glassy, but I blink them back. My heart was breaking, and I couldn’t fathom the very thought of losing my son to this man. “Then what is it? You’re making demand for more times than I will have with my son. This is cruel.”

“I do not deny you access to your son. He is still yours and you can still see him.”

“Yes, but I’d have to get permission from you before doing everything. My son would no longer be mine but yours!”

“Because he is mine.”

I didn’t want to accept this offer; it was too cruel. A painful tear slid down my face and it burnt my skin. I quickly reached for it and wiped it off.

“You want to punish me, that’s all you want to do. You want to take him from me, but you don’t even know him or what he’s like.”

“And whose fault is that?”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 28

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 28-“He said what?!” Diya exclaimed with a tone of disbelief.

“He offered to take over eighty per cent, Diya. That was his most generous offer to me for hiding his son from him for over four years.” I answered, watching her pace around my room as if it was her world that had just caught fire.

As soon as I left the restaurant, I called Diya because I felt trapped and couldn’t go home. It was past ten at the night, but she answered the call and when I told her where I was, she came to get me.

I couldn't even call and tell Daniel a thing because I didn't know where I'd begin. Daniel usually had his handful of troubles to deal with troubles and I couldn't have it. I knew I'd have to soon, but for now, I needed Diya more.

She brought me home and tried to console me while I sobbed my eyes out. She kept consoling me despite not knowing what had happened and after I calmed down; she called Greg and told him she wouldn't come back home because she needed to be with me. Greg must have given in because she ended the call and didn't leave. She stayed with me, telling me it was going to be fine and I remember that was the last thing I heard before falling asleep.

I woke up with a still heavy heart and I busted out crying when the memories of last night rushed back into my head and I realized it wasn't a dream. That woke Diya up from the couch where she lay and she raced over to me.

She hugged me, and I clung to her with the last of my strength. When I calmed down, she pulled away and asked for an explanation. Then I told her Aaron had found out about Zion yesterday and already made plans to take him away from me. I explained the terms he had stated in the agreement that he wanted me to sign.

"But this isn't fair. Zion has been your responsibility and you've taken much care of him and loved him all these years. You have dedicated your time to him and he's just going to sweep in and take him from you?"

"He told me his terms were a generous proposal compared to what he would demand at court, but I was so furious I told him I was ready to see him in court, but I fear for the worse Diya. What if we end up in court and he wins custody?" I panicked, tears streaming down my face.

The odds are already against me as it was. The odds were against me the moment I decided I was going to keep the baby and not inform him about it.

Diya came and dropped to her knees before me. "Always expect the best outcome in all situations."

I wish it was that easy. Aaron had the power, resources and ability to get himself the best lawyers for the case and they will win in the court of law without a sweat. I was doing well for myself in life, but it wasn't enough to go against Aaron Hart.

I read up about the man, and his public image was impenetrable. He had the best of everything and he had never lost ever since he emerged into the public eyes over a decade ago.

Staying optimistic now with all odds stacked against me wasn't a luxury I could afford. Perhaps I should have accepted his deal and become less involved in Zion's life. It would be nearly impossible to cope with, but at least I will still get to be with my son once in a while.

"Greg knows a few good lawyers. He could get in contact with them and explain your situation to them. They will know the best way to go about fighting the legal custody." She said.

I opened my mouth to speak, but snapped it shut when I heard a loud horn coming from outside the house. It was still in the early hours of the morning, so whoever was out there was crazy or wanted to wake everyone up. This neighbourhood was a calm one and so unnecessary noise wasn't something I heard often.

The very moment my phone on the nightstand rang, and I turned my gaze to it, the caller ID was unknown and I ignored it. The call ended, and I turned to Diya, but my phone rang again and this time I picked it up.

"I'm at your door, Zera. Come and open it." Aaron's husky voice ordered over the phone, jumping over every formality that would have led to this point.

My heart doubled in its beat and my weary eyes moved to Diya, who seemed to know what was up. How was I going to face him? How was I going to deal with this? Many questions ran through my head and I had no answer to them.

I stayed silent, not saying anything. "I know you're there and I know you're home. I'm not leaving here until I see and speak to my son." with that said, he ended the call.

So he was the one honking the car and trying to wake the entire neighbourhood up.

I slid the phone down my face slowly, and my confused eyes stayed on Diya. "He's outside, and he wants to see Zion." I bit my lips to stop them from trembling.

“You cannot meet him like this. You’re all shaky and torn. Go to the bathroom and take a bath. Take as long as you like. If he is so ready to see his son, he’ll have to wait.”

I nodded and got off my bed. “I’ll pick your clothes out. The last thing we will give him is the satisfaction that he’s got you beat,” she spoke with much optimism.

I tried a smile, which didn’t work out. “Thank you.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 29

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 29-Almost an hour later, I stepped out of my bedroom with Diya behind me and I made my way to the front door. I opened and my eyes glanced around to see where he was, and when I didn’t, I wondered whether he had gotten tired and given up the fight, but Aaron wasn’t one to give up that easily. Not the Aaron I’d gotten to know these past few weeks.

My eyes travelled down the street and I saw a Black Mercedes parked there and as soon as I caught sight of it, the car turned on and it moved toward my front door. It packed and out came the dashing Aaron in simple khaki trousers and a White polo. He had glasses over his face and his hair was in the same bun it was when we met yesterday. He closed the car and locked it before approaching the front door, where I stood with Diya. With every step he took, my heartbeat increased. I was certain I could not face him. I was still a mess on the inside and he looked prepared for chaos.

“Zera, good morning.”

“It’s hardly a good morning since you ruined it as fast as it started.” Diya didn’t let me speak because she did, snarling at him.

His attention moved past me and settled on Diya, who stood behind me. “You must be Diya, Zera’s best friend,” he spoke with a still calm and friendly tone despite the venom Diya’s voice had earlier.

“I am and I hope you know that means I don’t like you.” she bit out at him, not treading lightly with him.

He smiled, and his deep dimple showed, and despite the tension, I felt myself melt on the inside.

“I don’t expect you to, but I hope that one day that would change. I hope you understand I am doing what every reasonable father would do if they were in my shoes. I want to be a part of my son’s life and that’s all.”

“There is a fine line between wanting to be a part of your son’s life and wanting to cut him off from his mother, the woman who had taken sole responsibility in raising, caring and providing for him against all odds in the last four years. That is cruel.”

Diya wouldn’t even let me speak. Why would she? We had been friends for over a decade and the state I was in last night was the worst state she had ever seen me in. I was a mess, and I was past the point of no return. No one had ever done that to me before.

Aaron’s new proposal equally affected Diya. She was Zion’s godmother, and she had been involved in his life since the first day he came into this world. Aaron would cut her out of his life with the plans he had set out, and that was enough to make her mad.

“I am sorry,” he spoke, sounding more reasonable than he did last night at the restaurant or this morning on the phone. Perhaps Diya possessed the strength to make him yield, one I didn’t have over him. “I was denied the choice of being in my son’s life for five years. I missed out on those essential years and I will never get them back. What I offered her last night was me trying to be considerate despite everything.”

“You do not even know your son and you’re already putting those he has known and grown to love so far away from him,” I spoke up finally. My tone could not conceal the sadness and pain I felt any further and his gaze drifted to me and the emotions in his eyes were unreadable.

“Zion,” he calls and his eyes travel past me. His eyes lowered, and they grew weak with mixed emotions. Mine followed, and they caught sight of my son in his blue pyjamas.

“Mommy? What’s wrong?” he called out, his voice low and confused.

My heart clenched, not liking that Zion had woken up and walked into this commotion. I raced over to him, for a moment forgetting about Aaron and wanting to protect my son from the unfortunate fate of him being taken from me by his father.

“Mommy, why are you sad?” Zion asked, his eyes looking suspicious as he stared at my wounded face.

I should have done a better job at concealing the emotions on my face because now he had seen them and looked scared.

I couldn't answer, so I pressed my lips together, and I took him into my arms, hugging him as if it was the last time I'll get to do this.

“You.” I heard the accusation in Zion's voice as the words came out.

“I saw you yesterday at school.” I turned around to face Aaron and held Zion in one hand so he can still see Aaron, whom he currently spoke. “what do you want with my mommy? What did you do to her? She's sad.”

Aaron opened his mouth to speak, but I beat him to it because I couldn't trust him to say anything good. Not at the point that we were.

“Um, Zion,” I started, bending and dropping him on his feet, but staying there so we had our gazes locked.

“You know mommy always loves you, don't you?”

He smiled and nodded. What a lovely son I have.

“Remember when I said you belonged to mommy and no one else?”

He nodded again, and I pressed my lips together. This was getting harder than I expected. Looking him in the eye was the hardest part.

“Well mommy didn't tell you the whole story, you see for you to have a mommy, you need to have a daddy.” if I was making a mockery of myself, neither Diya nor Aaron at the door said a thing about it as they remained silent and watched me.

“He hasn't been around all these years, but you do have one and he's here now.” My eyes travelled back to Aaron, whose keen eyes stayed on his son, beholding, observing.

It took a while for Zion to process everything I just told him, and I didn't rush him. My eyes stayed on him reading the waves of emotions from confusion to scepticism and unsureness and after a minute of silence, his eyes narrowed on me.

“He’s my daddy?” he asked as if that was the worse thing that had ever happened to him. Well, considering he’s planning to take Zion away from me, he might just be the worse thing that happened to the both of us.

“Yes, Zion. He’s your daddy.” I said the last three words almost as bitter as vinegar.

Zion blinked a few times before turning around to face Aaron, who stood with his arms over his chest at the door.

“I don’t like him, mommy.” he blurted out before running upstairs, leaving the three adults in the room.

I wanted to run after him, but Diya stopped me. “I’ll go after him.” She left the living room at the same minute, leaving us alone.

I didn’t want to be alone with Aaron. Not after last night. Not after he’d brought me to my knees and made me shed painful tears. I’d accept anything but being alone with him.

I folded my arms across my chest and chewed on my bottom lip, a trait I always exhibited whenever I’m anxious, tensed or worried and right now, I was freaking out.

If Aaron had left it to me, I would have introduced him to Zion as a friend and gradually work the way up to him being his father, but things were not up to me anymore. I doubt he came here today, wanting to be introduced as anything but his father.

“He’s beautiful,” Aaron spoke up from beside me where he stood and I glanced at him, confused at first. “He’s beautiful,” he repeated, seeing my confusion.

‘Well, his father, despite being an asshole, is a beautiful man as well.’ I replied in my mind.

“He is,” I agreed, the tension I felt around me lessening. “He is sweet, smart, brave, and kind. He’s also strong. I know he didn’t take that from me because I’m not that strong.”

He let himself into the house and closed the door. "Do not sell yourself short. You're one of the strongest people I know, and I know a lot of them," he said, and there was no form of mockery attached to his words.

I flashed him a genuine smile. "Thank you."

He just paid me a compliment. This was the Aaron I knew five years ago. The one that made me smile throughout the weekend.

'And broke your heart before you left. Do not forget that part.'

Of course, I didn't tell him the entire story of everything that led me to cut him off completely after that weekend at last night's date. There was no need for him to know.

He smiled as well, and his dimple appeared. "You're welcome." he then stuffed his hands into the pocket of his khaki trousers, exhaling. "So he doesn't like me."

I pressed my lips together and flashed him an apologetic look, "He doesn't but for what it's worth, he doesn't like many people." 'which is why your attempt to take him away from me would hurt Zion more than anything else!' I completed the rest in my head.

"Does he like your boyfriend?" he asked out of the blue and for a moment I wondered who it was he spoke about, then it clicked.

"He's known Daniel for the last two years and still doesn't like him very much." I chuckled.

A sad emotion flickered in his eyes, and I wondered why Zion's not liking Daniel made him sad. Then I realized it was probably because Daniel had gotten two years of getting to know Zion while he only found out yesterday.

"I am sorry," I said, hoping he believed me and know that I spoke the truth.

He turned away from me, "Zion needs me and he needs to be with me and that's why you have to consent to my proposal." His voice switched from the calm and friendly tone it had a while ago into a rigid one.

Just when I thought we were finally getting on the same page.

“Zion doesn’t need you. We have been fine on our own without you. He’s been surrounded with love, affection and attention, just like every kid deserves.”

“He isn’t like other kids, Zera.”

“Do not talk to me about my son like you know him better than I do!” I slammed and here we go. Back to the fighting. “You haven’t even spent a day with him and you think you have everything figured out.”

“He’s my bl00d. I don’t need to spend a day with him to know what he’s capable of and believe me when I say he’s not like other kids.”

“Then what is he like?”

“He’s like me, and I’m not like other men,” he answered, and that had to be the most absurd thing I have ever heard.

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah right.”

Why did I think I could reach a sensible agreement with him? He did not differ from other men who were always trying to insert their dominance and take things by force from the weaker ones.

“I’m not giving you Zion without a fight, Aaron,” I told him.

“You cannot fight me and win,” he said with utmost certainty in his voice.

“For Zion, I will die trying!!” I growled at him.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 30

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 30-“Zera,” Diya called from behind, and I spun around to see her holding onto Zion’s hand while they both stared at us.

She released his hand, and he walked over to me with slow steps. I stooped and stroked his hair down his face tenderly before standing up and stepping out of the way so he can meet his father.

He took his step carefully, and I watched Aaron’s agitated look as he waited for Zion to meet up with him. He stooped down when Zion reached him and they came to almost the same height.

“You have the same eyes as me,” Zion said, his tone coming off shy.

Aaron laughed and my stomach fluttered at how amazing it still sounded after many years. “Yes, I do. And you have the same dimple I have.” he pointed out.

Zion bit his lips and nodded, “Yes I do.” then he asked, “My favourite colour is blue, what is yours?”

“Also blue.”

I turned away from them to Diya, my heart aching in my chest and my eyes glassy. Aaron looked so good with Zion and they clicked so well, as if they had met before. I knew he would be an exceptional father to him. Aaron already seemed to have everything figured out.

If I didn’t keep Zion away from his father all those years, my position in my son’s life would not feel threatened now. As good as this looked, it scared me. I didn’t want to lose Zion, and I didn’t want to fight with Aaron, but he wasn’t giving me much of a choice, either. He wanted more than I could give, and that was unacceptable.

She gave me an understanding look. I couldn’t lose everything. I had lost enough.

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“Your mind is somewhere else,” Daniel said and my senses returned from the thought in my head to the man sitting across the table, staring at me with the most fascinating look ever, despite the point he was making.

“I am sorry.” I apologized, my eyes dropping a little.

He smiled, and his hand came across the table and took mine for a quick squeeze. “It’s fine. A lot of things are changing in your life. It’s okay to have a disoriented mind because of that. I would if I were in your shoes.”

Daniel was the sweetest and most understanding man I’ve ever met, and I wonder why it took me so long to give him a chance.

“Zion is with Aaron.” I said, “he took him this morning for swimming classes. They called a few hours before we left the house. Zion is having so much fun with Aaron.”

“As he should. But you don’t seem to be happy about that.”

I was happy, but I was scared. I feared the more time Aaron got with Zion, the more my son would get used to him and the options he provided. He had the luxury and lifestyle I couldn’t provide, and that would take Zion’s heart away from me.

“I’m scared. I’ve had him to myself for over four years and now I have to share him. I don’t want to share him.” I whined like a spoilt b.rat, pouting sadly.

I wouldn’t even consider what Aaron wants as sharing. He wanted Zion all to himself and I feared someday he would achieve his goal.

Neither of us had spoken about his proposal after that night. It was the elephant in the room whenever we met in the last week, yet we acted like it didn’t exist. Zion spends most nights with me and spends most of the days with Aaron and so it has been in the last week. Though the silence existed, I didn’t take it as a good sign. I moved to get my legal team ready and prepare for the worse. That’s what I’ve done so far.

I was ruining this perfect dinner with the worries of my son and I didn’t think that was fair to Daniel.

It had been a hard day at work and throughout the week we barely had time out to ourselves and so knowing Zion would be with Aaron today; I picked the day out. Here I was ruining the date I had longed for since the week began.

“I’m sorry, Daniel, I’m ruining this date.” My voice dropped in its tempo.

He shook his head and flashed me a small smile. “You’re not. You’re with me now and your problems are also my problems and we will figure it all out together.”

How did I get so lucky with him?

“Let’s eat, and once we are done, you can tell me about your journey so far in attaining a PhD degree in psychology.”

This made him laugh, but he nodded. "Sure, we can do that."

The date went well after I stopped worrying about Zion's well-being and concentrated on the man before me. Daniel had fascinating tales to tell that made the night worthwhile and, as he brought me home, I wanted him to spend the night.

Zion wasn't home, and that meant he could spend the night without me feeling guilty for disrupting the peace or putting myself first.

He walked me to the front door and tucked his hands into his pocket. "I guess this is where I say good night?"

"You don't have to." I pulled closer to him and kissed his lips. He drew a sharp breath and kissed back, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me closer to himself.

I opened the door and pushed into the room, not breaking the kiss. I needed him and wanted us to cross this point in our relationship. It's been over a month and I believe it was long overdue. Perhaps this would also help take my focus from Aaron back to him. In the last few days, I've had dreams, and they weren't the purest.

He broke the kiss to stare me in the eyes. "You sure about this?"

I nodded, "Yes." I had waited for five years, and it was long overdue now. "Come with me."