

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 3

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 3-I found enough strength and withdrew my hand from his chest, wrapping my other cold hand around it and smiling awkwardly at him, "Thank you, f-for stepp...ing in and spe-speaking up for me. I k..k... know you didn't... t have to." I spoke, the hiccups coming in and ruining the flow of my appreciation line.

Damn it.

He smiled, not fazed by the mess of an appreciation I was giving.

"You're welcome. May I seat?" he raised a brow.

He didn't have to ask. The answer would be an automatic yes. Having him stand so close makes me feel giddy, and I knew that would also happen when he sat as well.

I bit my lips and nodded. "Sure, you can."

He settled on the chair before me, and the smell of him engulfed my mind. It made me think of sinful things, like having his hands on parts of my body that shouldn't be evaded by just anyone.

I needed something strong to take away the nasty thought clouding my head. The martini was nice, but not for moments like these. I waved at the bartender and ordered a shot of pure whiskey.

I wasn't a heavy drinker, but I wanted to get waste and then call Diya, who was on speed dial, to come and take me home after. From here to the university campus was thirty minutes. Not that long.

"So, you live around here?" the voice of the gorgeous man in the long sleeve asked after a long while of silence went by.

"Not really. I stay at the university campus. It's thirty minutes away." I answered, taking my second shot of whiskey. I could feel the alcohol kicking in my system and I knew a few more shots and I'll be where I want to be.

I felt his brow rise. "How will you get home, then?"

“My best friend. I’ll call her to come and pick me up when I’m done,” I replied, surprising myself with how well I spoke this long line of sentences.

“Okay, that’s better. What’s your name if you don’t mind me asking?”

Ah, finally he asked.

“My name is Zera Adams,” I answered, keeping my eyes fixed on the glass in my hands because I knew if I as much as stared at him, I would feel tempted to give him a blow job here and now, or have him fvck my brains out. It would be a story to tell Diya. I bet she would high-five me. “What’s your name?”

“Aaron Hart,” he answered.

A hot name for a hot man.

Moaning out his name while he rides me would be so hot.

Zera!

Well, this whiskey isn’t helping me numb my wild thought.

I ordered the third shot. The bartender serves it and while I drank; I noticed Aaron didn’t. Instead, he watched me.

That felt odd.

Okay, stay with me. I wasn’t the ugliest girl I know, but I wasn’t the prettiest either. He, however, was the most gorgeous guy I had ever met, and I knew he could have any girl he wanted. I also knew he had met hotter, prettier and much more graceful girls. Girls who didn’t hiccup their way through words and knew how to comport themselves in every situation. Yet, here he was, staring at me like he had never seen someone better before.

“Can I ask a question?” he asked after my fourth shot, and I was already losing my sense of reasoning. Drink this last shot and call it a night.

“Sure.” I giggled, and he continued.

“Why did you come here alone?”

“Because I had no one to take me.” my reply came faster than it would under normal circumstances.

“No boyfriend waiting for you at home?” his voice was laced with disbelief as he spoke.

I bit my lips and shook my head. “The boyfriend I used to have married my sister this morning.”

I felt more light-hearted speaking about it than I thought I would be. Perhaps this is the whiskey doing its work in my system.

“His loss.”

Well, it could be your gain, but there’s a voice yelling at me in my head to tread carefully. I was also no longer seeing as bright as I was thirty minutes ago. It was time to hit the road and call Diya to the rescue.

I kept my purse on the bar counter and pulled out my phone to dial Godiya’s number, but it slipped out of my grasp and fell to the floor. I hissed under my breath and dropped from my stool, only to hear a loud bang.

My eyes opened, and I was in a large, cream-coloured room having white curtains at the doors and windows.

I quickly sat up, only to have my head bang hard against my skull. I pressed my hand against my temple and my eyes fluttered in pain, a long hiss rolling out of my mouth.

Where am I? How did I end up here? Who brought me? These questions plagued my mind, but I couldn’t find answers to them.

When my eyes fluttered back, I noticed I was still in the peach maid of honour gown I had on yesterday and that consoled me to know that nothing happened, yet the question remained.

How did I end up here?

The last thing I remember was sitting at the bar counter drinking my martini, but the bang in my head told me I might have had something much stronger than a martini before leavin

g the club last night.

I tried to retrace my steps mentally, even though it was harder done than said.

I thought to the bartender; I thought to those dancing, but I remember not having the interest in joining. I remembered staying at the counter with my martini, only to be interrupted by someone. A guy, an annoying guy named Kevin and I remember feeling very uncomfortable in his presence.

Did he bring me home?

My skin crawled at the thought, but I shrugged it off. He couldn't have brought me home. I don't mean to judge, but he didn't look like one who could afford something this magnificent. Someone else then? But who?

My thought got interrupted as the door to the room opened and in walked a tall, gorgeous man with black hair and hazel eyes. At the sight of him, the memories of last night rushed back into my head and I remembered everything.

He was the gorgeous man I called 'my man' just to get the annoying Kevin off me at the club. I remember him coming to my defence and intimidating douchebag Kevin out of his pants. I remember having a brief talk with him after he sent the other guy away. Now, I remember switching my drink from martini to whiskey in the hope of getting the nasty thought about riding him out of my head. He also told me his name, and I did likewise. I remembered reaching my limit and wanting to call Diya to come and take me home. That was the last thing I remembered.

He had changed from the white long sleeve and black trousers he had on last night and now wore a grey sweater and joggers hiding his toned body.

I wondered what could have happened that led me to this point and in this room. Sure, my clothes were still on, but a lot could still have happened. He could have worn them back after he was done taking what he wanted. Goosebumps scattered over my skin, and I felt negative chills on the inside. He didn't seem like that type of man, but no man has 'rapist' written on his forehead.

I could be jumping to a conclusion, and that won't be fair, especially if he had helped from the goodness of his heart.

I snapped out of my thought when I heard him clear his throat and I saw him standing before me with his left hand holding a small white mug stretched out.

My eyes narrowed with confusion, having the 'I do not know what you're doing' written in them, "Uh?" I blurted out like an idiot.

"Drink, for the headache!" he spoke and just like when we were at the bar, his deep, hoarse voice sent shivers down my spine. He brought me something for the headache, but how did he know I was having massive pain in my head?

'He watched you drink yourself away at the bar. A hangover is an aftermath of drinking too much. Anyone with a cell in their brain knows that.' trust the voice in my head to make me feel dumber than I already am.

This man couldn't have r.aped me last night. He's too caring.

I bit my lips and collected the cup to stare at it. It looked like green tea except it had leaves I didn't know in them.

"It's herbal tea for hangovers. It has been passed down through my family for generations," he explained, seeing the suspicious way I eyed the cup in my hand. "It lessens the headache after a few minutes of intake."

I smiled nervously. "And I'm supposed to trust that you didn't put any intoxicating substance in it, right?"

"Why? You're already intoxicated by the sight of me from the look of it," he replied casually, but with much confidence.

Wow, Mr Hart, I didn't think you were as naughty as you were hot.

My cheeks warmed up. "That's because you're hot."

"So are you, but who's keeping scores?" he winked at me.

Okay, do you care to turn on the AC now? Because this is getting hotter with every second.

Stop it, Zera, you still don't know if he had his way with you last night.

I took the tea to my mouth and took a few sips before lowering the cup.

I saw his beautiful intent eyes, and they didn't look impressed. "Take all for faster effect." He instructed, coming off more commanding than I expected.

Oof, what's next, daddy? Feed me till I'm full and then fvck me till I can't walk?

Zera!

Sorry, no more, no more.

I drank the tea so that the only thing left in the small mug was the green leaves.

“Good girl.” he cooed, and I felt giddy on the inside as if being called a good girl was such an accomplishment.

What’s happening to me?

He turned to leave the room, and I spoke, wanting to clarify the events of last night. As much as I was attracted to him and wanted to do nasty things to him in my head, I still had to know what happened.

“Can I ask a question?”

He paused and turned to me before nodding his head. “Sure, ask.”

“What happened last night? The last thing I remember was trying to call my best friend and the next thing I’m here in this bed with no memory of how I got here.”