

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 31

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 31-I led him into my bedroom and I began undoing the buttons holding my dress together. Once they all came off; the fabric fell to the floor, leaving me in my black lacy panties and bra. He undid his trousers as well and took off the grey shirt he had on, and my eyes followed his every movement with keen focus.

He came into the bed, and we kissed hard while our hands roamed over each other. I moaned when I felt him press against my lower stomach and my legs grew damp with need. He pulled at the black lacy panties I had on and, just as he was about to slip his finger inside, my home line rang.

We paused and a few seconds later Daniel kissed my lips, "Don't answer it." he mumbled, trailing it down my neck.

I moaned and my eyes shut, letting it ring until the call ended. A second later, it rang again, and I knew whoever was calling wouldn't stop until the call went through.

Groaning, I picked the line on my lamp stand and held it to my ear.

"Where did you keep your phone?" came the annoyed voice of Aaron and I immediately sat up.

"Aaron?"

"Yes, it's me. Who's Lionel?" he asked. He had skipped so many formal greetings before the question, but I ignored it.

"That's my brother, Zion's uncle." I rubbed my temple, feeling a slight ache there, and I didn't know if it was from being sexually unsatisfied or from Aaron's voice.

"He wants to speak to him," he informed me as if Lionel lived with me.

I exhaled. Aaron's tone was setting me in a very irritated state and it wasn't even funny at this point. "Lionel doesn't live with me, Aaron."

"Yes, I know that's why I am in front of your house," he said, and a hunk went off the same second.

“You brought Zion back?!” I exclaimed. I couldn’t believe he did.

“He wouldn’t give it a rest.” he defended his decision as if it was the right one.  
“What was I supposed to do?”

How about telling him you would do that tomorrow? That’s what a parent does. Who in their right mind drives a kid over to their mother’s house at past ten p.m. to talk with their uncle?

Someone crazy, that’s for sure.

Someone called Aaron.

“Hey, come open up.” his voice called out over the phone and before I could reply, he ended the call. I gr0aned, throwing my head back onto the bed and my hands balled into a tight fist.

I felt frustrated with the day; I felt frustrated with Aaron and also with not getting my due org\*asm.

My son was important, however, and I had to put him first, always.

‘This was what you wanted. You didn’t want Zion spending the entire day with him and you wanted him back. Don’t act like you aren’t happy.’

Yes, I was happy. Throughout the day, I missed Zion and wanted him with me, but having him tossed to me suddenly didn’t help.

I was this close to exploding. I got up from the bed and picked my dress up from the floor where I’d tossed it earlier and put it on quickly.

I ran my hand through my hair to reduce its messiness before turning around to Daniel, who was now seated on the bed. For a moment, I forgot he was even here. Why did everything have to be complicated for us?

My eyes dropped, “Daniel... I.”

“I understand,” he answered, flashing me a small smile.

I made my way over to him, placing my hands on his bare legs. “You don’t have to understand.”

He stroked my face, and I leaned into him. “But I understand. You’re worth waiting for.”

I leaned in and kissed his lips, deepening the kiss by snaking my tongue into his mouth and again and the car horn went off.

I pulled away, hissing in irritation. “Please put on your clothes,” I told him before getting up and walking out of the room.

I came to the door and open it. The eyes of Aaron who stood beside the car sparkled in delight as he saw me step out, but that was not about to sway the words I had to say.

“What in the name of all the beautiful things created did you think you’re doing by horning like that?!” I thundered, and he backed away from me, “it’s past ten p.m. an—”

He didn’t let me finish. “All the more reason to let us in.”

My eyes flashed red, and I was so close to cussing at him when Zion called to me, “Mommy!”

The fury that had built up within me died off at his tender voice, and I became weak with happiness. “Baby!!” I turned to see him opening the car door and stepping out.

I raced to him and took him into my arms. “My boy. My sweet boy.” I cooed and nuzzled his back. Taking him into my arms, I brought him inside.

Aaron followed behind and despite not wanting him in my house, I didn’t object to him. He was Zion’s father, after all. We had to do things like adults for his sake.

“Mommy, I missed you.”

I kissed his head. “I missed you too.”

“I miss Uncle Lionel. I want to talk to him. Can I talk to him?” he asked with eager eyes, and I couldn’t say no.

Since Lionel left rehab, Zion hasn’t called or visited him. They both shared a tight bond until he overdosed months ago and it was only natural a boy missed his uncle.

“You can, but I can’t guarantee you he’s still awake.”

I moved to the armchair I had dropped my bag when I got in earlier with Daniel and picked out my phone. I saw three missed calls from Aaron’s number and I knew he had called my phone before trying to home line.

I heard footsteps from the door and I turned to see Daniel already back in his clothes. I noticed the look on Zion’s and Aaron’s faces. While Zion looked a little confused, Aaron had mixed emotions on his face as he beheld Daniel.

I dialled Lionel’s number and after three rings he picked up, “Hello, Zera?” he called out, his voice low and confused.

“Lionel, hey. I hope I didn’t wake you up.”

“You did, but it’s fine. What’s up?” he said, and I felt him sit up.

“Nothing serious, Zion wanted to speak to you,” I answered.

“Oh, okay, give him the phone, then.”

I handed the phone over to Zion, who took it and ran towards his room. With him gone, I stood alone with the two men in the room.

There was tension in the room, and I didn’t like it. Aaron kept a keen gaze on Daniel as if there was something about him he needed to figure out. Daniel didn’t seem to care about that and instead paid more attention to me.

“I guess this is what I interrupted.” Aaron finally broke the silence. “I see why you didn’t want to pick up or let me in, despite knowing I was with our son,” he spoke, and his tone came off harshly.

I bit my lips but didn’t reply. “I don’t think we’ve been formally introduced. I’m Aaron Hart, Zion’s father,” he said, stepping toward Daniel with his intimidating build and stretching his hand out.

Something flickered in Daniel’s eyes at his words, and he turned his attention to him. “Oh, we have met and just like now, you were an asshole then,” Daniel replied, and took his hand in for a shake.

Aaron smirked and his grip tightened around Daniel’s hand and I saw Daniel wince at the grip. “You will do well to stay far from me, then.” He said, still squeezing Daniel’s hand, and pain showed in his eyes.

That was when I realized what he was doing. “Stop it!” I snapped at him, shoving him back, and he broke the handshake.

“Get out. Zion will stay with me tonight. You can leave now.”

His teeth clenched, and he glared at Daniel, who now stood behind me, as if everything was his fault. Then he turned to me and without another uttered word, he turned around and took his leave.

Pettiness wasn't something I thought Aaron would possess, but the truth was I didn't know the man I had a child for and every day he showed traits that make me wonder who he really was.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 32**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 32-“If you feel it's too much, you can always tell me to stop,” Diya spoke up.

She was currently telling me how she wanted her wedding to go down. It was three days away and the bridal shower was tomorrow. I was her maid of honour and the most duties rested on my shoulder. Though we have planned for it, she was sceptical of my role worrying about my ability to deliver, considering everything going on in my life with Aaron, Zion and Daniel and work. Especially since the semester was ending.

As much as she wanted everything working out as planned, she didn't plan to overwork anyone. Contrary to her fear, I found no stress in this and I was eager to be the maid of honour. It was an honour for me and I felt excited to play my part. I had already made plans for Zion.

Once school closes tomorrow, I would take him over to Aaron's residence, where he would be for the next two days. I had already given Aaron Lionel's number so he could reach him since both Godiya and her parents would be much involved in the wedding. I promised to call Zion from time to time and check up on him.

He nodded and asked if he could come to the wedding. I wanted him to come as well, but that wasn't an agreement I made with Aaron and I didn't see him agreeing to it. Our lawyers were on standby, waiting for the slightest change to move into action. We hadn't given them a reason to act yet and for Diya's sake; I didn't want to give them any this weekend. The last thing I also wanted was to give Aaron a reason to evoke my right to see Zion. So I told him that

was left to his father to decide and I couldn't bring myself into it. I saw he was sad. He had been an important part of Diya and Greg's life and it seemed unfair that he wouldn't get to witness their happiest day, but I couldn't help it. I didn't want to lose him by doing too much. Aaron would happily take him away from me the slightest chance he gets. It was just two days.

"Godiya Carter, soon to be Godiya Wight, this is your wedding and if this is meant to be, you will only get to do it once, don't worry about me, I will support you all the way through because you deserve only the best."

The bridal shower kicked off as planned, and we flew to the neighbouring state to celebrate it. With the six bridal maids for Diya who came along with us, it became a full party. The theme of the shower was one hundred per cent fun and for the first time in a very long time. I threw caution to the wind and got drunk while partying with the girls in the pool. The girls had a few guys on them as their way of having fun and enjoying the night while Diya chose not to, and drank and danced instead. The last time I got entangled with someone, it led to an endless story and I'm still dealing with it today. I didn't plan on repeating the mistake.

Daniel informed me, yesterday he would be journeying home for the weekend as a family emergency had risen and he had to be there. He promised to call and keep in touch as often as he could and kissed my lips. I told him I'll miss him and wished him a safe trip back home. He had called to inform me he arrived safely earlier and I was happy to hear that. Now I just missed him and wanted to talk to him.

I pulled my phone out and dialled Daniel's number, a bottle of whiskey in my hand. The phone rang but there was no answer and so it went straight to voice mail. I decided to leave my message, anyway.

"Hey, se.xy," I slurred, trying to conjure up my most seductive voice. "I hope you're all settled at home. Wish you were here with me. The things I want to do to you... with my mouth." I hiccup, "I would make you my little naug-hty boy. I would be the naug-hty girl that makes you hard and then... makes you spank and toy with her. Keep that... face clean for me. I'll be back to sit on it." I did not know the things I was saying now, so I tapped on the send icon on the phone.

Diya yelled to me from across the pool, and I turned to see her waving at me. I took a step to go to her when my phone slipped and fell into the pool.

“Shit! My pho...ooo..ne, my pho...ooo...ne,” I whined, and I stared with widened eyes as the phone sank to the bottom of the pool.

“We will get you a new one,” Diya yelled, and I raised my bottle, cheering happily. I had now forgotten the importance of my phone.

My eyes snapped open with a loud bang in my head and I gr0aned out. I stretched and turned around in bed, only to fall off and land on my face. I gr0aned in pain and numbness and I pulled myself up.

“Whose idea was it we drink so much last night?” Diya asked, walking into the room with a cup in her hand. She raised one of her brows as she slowly stared at us from one person to another.

She seemed less hungover by the look of it. I turned around and found the girls already up and seated across the hotel room. Two on the couches, two on the bed and two on the floor.

I couldn’t remember everything that happened last night, but I remember she had insisted we celebrate by getting drunk and taking pictures to remember the night.

“It was yours,” I answered, rubbing my banging temple.

Diya grinned devilishly, “Yes, cause it’s my freaking wedding day.” She roared, holding the cup up and she now seemed to be the most energetic one amongst all of us in the room.

“Here you go.” she handed me the cup in her hand and it was the green herbal tea Aaron had made for me the weekend I spent with him. I had shared the recipe with Diya and she had come prepared. “Drink. We have a plane to catch,” she announced, and she still looks like the most energetic person in the entire room.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 33**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 33-Yes, we arrived at the church three minutes later than the time expected of the bride. Greg was already waiting at the altar for his to-be bride and at the sight of her, relief washed over his face. In the end, the wedding was a success. With the hungover headache gone, I could carry out my duties as a maid of honour and deliver.

We moved to the reception, the massive, well-decorated Charis Hall and Diya and Greg got to dance and play the silly couples games, which made the whole hall cheer and applaud them. They were the definition of a couple's goal and their happiness brought so much joy to me. I had watched them meet and fall in love over six years ago and seeing how much their story had come was perfect. I could only wish them the best from here.

My mind raced back to Zion, wondering if he was okay or thinking about mommy too. I should have called, but I couldn't remember where I dropped my phone. I didn't have Aaron's number off heart and so I couldn't call. I missed him and would get to him as soon as this ends.

I took a step back to the corner of the hall where the refreshments were after the cook for the occasion beckoned my attention. When I finished speaking to him, I made my way back to the celebrating couples through the hallway.

"Mommy!" I heard Zion's voice call, and I spun around immediately to see where the voice of my son had just come from.

I found him standing before me in a black baby suit and a red tie around his neck. His curly hair was parted at the side and neatly combed to give him an adorable look. He had a pair of well-polished black shoes on his feet. My boy looked glorious and the smile on my face multiplied when I saw him.

I raced over to him and got on my knees. I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him as if I was going to lose him if I didn't.

"Zion, How are you?"

"I'm fine, mommy," he answered heartily, and a giggle followed right away.

My eyes fluttered, and I realised he shouldn't be here at Diya's reception. As soon as the thought crossed my mind, I spotted Aaron walking towards us in white long-sleeved and black trousers, his hairstyle matching his son, except his son had an innocent look while he had a sinful look.

I still knelt before my son and my arms stayed around him and when Aaron got to us, he smiled a little at me.

I cleared my throat, very much surprised to see them here, especially since that wasn't our plan. "Mr Hart, what are you doing here?"



“Zion wanted to come and your son doesn’t understand the word no,” he answered, not bothered to be here.

I felt grateful. I had searched for my phone after we got on the plane, but I couldn’t find it. I had saved Aaron’s number on the phone and I had no way of reaching Zion and hearing from him. Since I had promised my full attention to Diya’s wedding, I had to keep it, hoping Zion wouldn’t miss me too much. I had to believe he was having a great time with his father. I wanted to have him here with me, but it was something I couldn’t ask for. Having him here with me now made my joy for the day complete and Aaron would never know what he had done.

He looked around for a while before looking back at me. “It’s a lovely occasion, I see.”

“Yes, it is.” I nodded and took Zion into my arms before rising to my feet to face him properly.

We get interrupted by Lionel, who just arrived at the reception in a white shirt and khaki trousers, looking as well organised as ever. After a warm exchange of pleasantries, he took Zion from me, saying something about needing a cool buddy before leaving.

Silence dominated the space we shared before Aaron broke it.

“By the way, you look beautiful,” he said, his eyes gawking at the silver, armless dress I had on. His gaze swept down and then up again, stopping over the exposed upper part of the dress, which displayed the swell of my t!ts.

Shivers ran through me at his stare.

I glanced down at myself and then back at him. “Thank you. You don’t look bad yourself.” I said.

I could do better with my compliments. He looks better dressed and more good-looking than most men here, but I didn’t want to play all my cards and leave myself without defence.

“Well, thank you. It’s not every day a beautiful woman gets to compliment me.”

I ignored his words despite the effect they had on me. “Thank you for bringing him and I’m sorry I didn’t reach out to you this morning. I can’t find my phone.

I must have left it in the hotel we were in last night.” I said, changing the subject.

“You must have had fun then?” he asked with a tone of interest.

“Yes,” I admitted, “I did.”

“It’s obvious, you’re less uptight than you usually are.” he answered and I rolled my eyes at his words. “where is he? Your boyfriend?” his eyes moved around as if trying to find Daniel amongst the crowd.

“He’s not here. He travelled home to see his family.”

“His loss,” he said boldly.

I opened my mouth to speak, but he continued, “Are you happy with him?”

My eyes narrowed. “What sort of question is that?”

He shrugged and dipped his hand into his pocket before pulling out his phone and showing it to me like it was supposed to mean something.

“What’s that?” I raised a brow.

He didn’t answer, instead; he tapped on the screen and the next second a voice came through and if I didn’t know any better, I would say it was mine.

“Hey, se.xy, I hope you’re all settled at home. Wish you were here with me. The things I want to do to you... with my mouth.” I hiccup, “I would make you my little naug-hty boy. I would be the naug-hty girl that makes you hard and then... makes you spank and toy with her. Keep that... face clean for me. I’ll be back to sit on it.”

The voice recording ended, and he turned off his phone and slipped it back into his pocket.

I remembered leaving the message, but I remember intending the message for Daniel and not for him. “I didn’t send that to you,” I spoke, despite knowing there was no other way he’d have a recording of me if I didn’t send it to him.

“That was meant for Daniel,” I answered in honesty, but just like I expected, he didn’t believe me. I mean, why would he? I was telling him I missed him

and wanted to do dirty and sinful things to him. No man would believe it wasn't meant for them.

"You sure?" he took a step forward, and I backed away and the act was for self-preservation. "I have never been one to bite around the bush. Remember what I once told you? Once you're mine, there's no going back."

How could I forget? Everything that had happened that weekend still felt like yesterday in my mind, but that didn't mean I had to agree with what he was saying.

"This isn't five years ago, Aaron. A lot has changed." I spoke, taking a step back after he stepped closer, but this time, my back came into contact with the wall of the hallway.

"You sure about that?" he raised a brow at me.

I swallowed but didn't respond. My heart was hammering away in my chest and there was no control over it. His nearness was doing things to me I could not explain, things I didn't want him to notice. The truth was, he still had the effect he had on me then, and I hated it.

He smirked and red flickered in his blue eyes, "That's what I thought" he grabbed me by the silver waist belt around my maid of honour gown and pulled me against his body. Before I could think of what exactly he was doing, his lips closed on mine and, like a spell, his kiss weakened me from the inside out.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 34**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 34-The roughness and the need present there felt like one I knew too well. It felt like one I longed for, even though I knew I shouldn't and one I wanted to feel, even if it was just for once.

In the moment of weakness, I kissed back, and he seized the opportunity and took advantage of my submission. He deepened the kiss and snaked his tongue into my mouth, tasting and making me moan out in pleasure. His hands moved down to grab hold of my butt, giving them a firm squeeze and pushing himself against me so I felt him throbbing in his pants.

I gasped and shoved him off, still panting and unable to control the many emotions set loose within me.

It was one thing for him to want to be a part of his son's life. I couldn't stop that, but there was no way I was going to let him back into my life.

"I told you there's no going back, and it's obvious you still want me after so long." he pulled me closer, and his body pressed against mine, making me feel his need which throbbed underneath his trousers. "You're mine," he growled, his eyes flickering with the darker shades of red that left immediately it came.

I saw this colour in his eyes the weekend we were together. I have also noticed the same flicker a few times already, but have always brushed it off. But now it scared me to know what it meant.

"Get off me. You're crazy!" I shoved him off and stumbled back, "What the fvck is wrong with you and why do your eyes glow?!"

He didn't come closer, nor did he answer my question before I made my way as far from him as I could.

I returned to the reception hall where Lionel and Zion were and, at my sight, Zion clapped his hands happily. I smiled at him and walked over.

"He's not being too much for you, is he?" I asked Lionel, who seemed happy with his role as the uncle of the year.

"Are you kidding me? I have gotten over three phone numbers from the pretty girls present already."

My brows narrowed. "What happened to Alice?"

"We broke up. I told you two weeks ago," he said.

"No, you didn't." the two looked so good I could have sworn they were meant to be.

"We broke up three weeks ago, Zera, and two weeks ago, she told me to move on," he said with a shrug.

Alice was his longtime girlfriend of three years, and their relationship was the longest he'd ever been in as well. She stayed beside him throughout his recovery phase to help and assist and never left his side. I honestly thought

they would stay until the end, especially after everything they had been through the entire year. It was sad that it had ended.

My eyes dropped, and I placed my hand on his shoulder. "How are you dealing with that?"

He shrugged. "Usually I'll get drunk or get high to escape the pain, but not this time. I will heal and these beautiful ladies," he said, holding the small papers with numbers in them. "Will help me through."

I rolled my eyes, but hugged him, wanting to comfort him somehow for what he was going through.

"What's that smell?" he blurted out with his voice suspicious.

I pulled away to flash him a narrowed look. "What smell?"

"That," he said and leaned in to sniff me as if he was a dog. "Who were you with?"

"No one." I lied, and he gave me a look that said try again.

"His smell is all over you." he moved closer to sniff me again and I was getting annoyed at this act. "Clean masculine and rich. Who is he?"

"Daddy!" Zion squealed in Lionel's arms, and I turned to find Aaron behind me.

My heart skipped at the sight and nearness of him, and my mind reminisced about what happened in the hallway a while ago. I thought he had left, but just like when I kissed back earlier; I didn't think that through either.

"Ooh. No wonder you wanted me to take Zion with me earlier. I see now, I see." Lionel cooed, and I elbowed him to keep silent. He groaned out in pain but barely made a sound.

"Something just came up, Zera. Will it be okay if Zion stays with you for the rest of the day?" he asked, sounding formal for the man who was just drunk in the hallway a few minutes ago. He also didn't look at me and did his best to avoid eye contact.

He didn't even have to ask. Having Zion with me all day every day was what I wanted and will jump at the chance to have him always. "Yes, it's okay."

“Thank you,” his gaze lifted and locked on mine for a second before darting to his son. He reached out and stroked his face for a moment. “Stay with Mommy and be good, okay?”

The little boy nodded, and he smiled at him. “Thank you,” he said to Lionel before taking his leave and we all watch him exit the reception hall.

“He gets hotter every day, I see why you got his smell all over you,” Lionel spoke after he disappeared.

“Shut up, Lionel, I have a boyfriend!” I snapped at him, taking my anger out on the wrong person.

“Oh, yeah Daniel.”

Yes, Daniel and I feel horrible for doing what I did to him. He has been good to me since I’d known him and has also been present and loyal since we began dating over a month ago. He didn’t deserve this, and I felt horrible for kissing the devil called Aaron. I did not differ from any other two-faced cheater on the face of the planet. I had to come clean. I won’t rest until I do.

The newlywed departed for their honeymoon destination, which was in Spain, and I had successfully carried out my job as maid of honour for the day. I took Zion from Lionel and prepared to leave and he apologised for making a joke about Aaron and me. I shrugged it off, and he kissed my head tenderly, mumbling his goodbye.

I said my goodbyes as well, begging him to go easy on the girls to which he had taken their numbers, and that made him laugh and roll his eyes.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 35**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 35-I arrived home and Zion raced inside his room to go play games on his iPod just like he sang all the way home. I kicked my heels off and dragged myself into the bedroom. My bag I dropped onto the bed and stripped out of my maid-of-honour dress into something easier to move around in. Since I no longer had a phone, for now, I could only use the house line and one was in the bedroom.

Daniel’s line was unreachable and kept going to voicemail and after two tries, I gave it a rest. I would try again later because I needed to speak to him about

what happened between me and Aaron at the reception. I returned to the living room and I try to think up what would be best for dinner.

There was a cooking timetable on the wall, but it was harder for me to decide because I was not the only one having dinner tonight, I had Zion. I didn't want to ask for his impute because that would be the end of leaving the decision to the adults.

I needed to think up what would be okay for dinner for both of us. After ten minutes of thorough thinking, I chose mashed potato sauce. I picked out the potatoes and placed the pot of water on fire. Daniel crossed my mind once again and I walked to the home line in the kitchen and picked it up.

I was about to dial his number when the doorbell went off. I dropped the phone and hurried over to the door, wondering who it might be. As I opened it, I found Henry the delivery man who had brought us packages in the last three years.

"Henry!" I gasped at the sight of him because despite not knowing who it could have been, I wasn't expecting him. I didn't get any notice about any package delivery beforehand and this was his first time showing up without me getting one.

"What are you doing here?" I raised my brow, a little tensed. "I didn't get any notice about any delivery," I stated, still confused.

"There was a delay," he mumbled, and it somehow calmed my scepticism.

"Can I get the package then?" I asked, glancing at his hand and not finding a package as usual.

He bobbed his head, "It's in the car, you can come to take it."

I didn't know much about delivery, but that wasn't how it worked. Packages were always handed in or left at the door, not in the truck.

I glanced behind him and I found his truck on the side of the road and I returned my gaze to him. "Umm, I'm currently cooking in the kitchen. I think you should grab and bring it to me. I'll wait." I slammed the door only to hear the home line going off in the kitchen.

I returned to the kitchen but before I could pick it up, the line already ended. I dialled Daniel's number but it still went straight to voicemail.

'Or maybe he knows what you did with Aaron, maybe he had his spies watching you and when they saw what you did, they fed him details. He already knows and he's not so pleased about it.' the voice in my head said. But I shook it off. Daniel wasn't that petty. Watching me was something Aaron would do, not Daniel.

I moved to the counter and filled the now boiling water with potatoes and covered it up. Fish would be the next thing to work on which I knew Zion would like very much.

I didn't feel very happy, with Daniel not picking up my calls. It was so unlike him and the guilt-placing voices in my head weren't helping me one bit. I had a terrible conscience that took delight in torturing me and reminding me of how wrong what I did with Aaron was.

I dialled his number for the seventh time and this time when it went to voicemail, I decided to leave him one.

"I called earlier because I needed to talk to you. But it keeps going to voice mail, I don't have another choice but to leave you one" I paused and dragged a deep breath before continuing. "I did something terrible, I k!ssed Aaron." I paused and placed my hands on the island in the centre of the kitchen. "He k!ssed me first, and I k!ssed back. I don't know why, but I did, and I only realised what I had done moments after I pushed him off. I have felt horrible about it ever since then and that was why I..." I rambled on but stopped when I heard footsteps from behind.

I turned around but froze in my step as I saw Henry with glowing yellow eyes and fangs longer than what I knew him to have. His face looked hairy like an animal and so were his exposed arms. My stomach dropped, and I realised this wasn't a dream or a hallucination, but reality.

"Henry?" I called, swallowing slowly, but he didn't answer me. Instead, his eyes glowed. Whatever this thing was, it wasn't Henry, not the Henry I'd known for over a year now.

He took a step forward, and I tried to back away, but I failed because my back was now pressed against the counter. He took another step my and heart raced in my chest and my legs trembled while they struggled to hold me up.



Henry had related to Zion and me a few times, smiling and cracking jokes whenever he came over and I knew would never hurt me. This time, however, he might and I wrapped my hand around the handle of the pot on the fire and as he launched at me, I threw the now hot water and potatoes in the pot at him. The water poured on his face and next I threw the pot and it smacked against his head.

He growled out in pain and covered up his face. I took the opportunity and raced out of the kitchen, but I wasn't fast enough, because he caught my hand. I yanked it out of his grip and lost my balance, falling to the floor and blacking out.

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My eyes opened, and I saw two people, more like creatures, bawling in the living room, which now looked like a mess.

My vision cleared, and I rose to my feet. I identified Henry from the clothes he had on earlier when I allowed him into the house, but the other person I couldn't tell.

Henry launched at him, but he caught him by the neck and threw him away. He turned to me, his eyes glowing red, his fangs just as long as Henry and his arms and face equally hairy. The red in his eyes decreased, and I saw the hazel eyes telling me who he was. Come to the show.

"Aaron."

"Get Zion and get out!" he growled at me and I didn't even waste a second arguing about how he was in my room or why he was fighting Henry. I raced upstairs with my heart hammering away in my chest and I hoped my son would still be in his room.

I found him laying in bed with his headphones on playing a game on his iPod.

"Baby, get up. We gotta go." I yanked the bedsheets covering him off his body and he immediately sat up on alert and dragged down the headphones.

"We need to leave, my love," I said, and the ground shook underneath me and I feared to even think of what could be happening downstairs.

"Is it an earthquake?"

I bit my lips and shook my head, not knowing how to respond to him. Henry, the man who was our delivery man and Aaron, his father, was downstairs tearing at each other and they looked like monsters.

“We need to go. I will answer your questions later. I promise, okay?”

He nodded, and I took him into my arms, not thinking about picking anything else. I glanced at him. “Close your eyes.” I said, and he obeyed, shutting his eyes, “Do not open unless I tell you to, okay?” he nodded.

I raced out of the room into the living room and I met the two men still going at each other. Aaron was on top of Henry and he thrust his hand into Henry’s chest to yank out his heart. I screamed, making him stop.

Henry took advantage and swung his claw over Aaron’s shoulder and ripping his flesh open and then he threw Aaron off his body. Then he stormed towards me, a malicious growl leaving his mouth. I turned around to shield Zion from whatever it was Henry had planned. There was nothing else I could do but protect my son until my last breath.

I heard a sharp intake of air and the next second, a body dropped to the floor in a loud thud. I felt terrified to even turn around for fear of what I would see, but the fear subsided when I heard.

“Zera!” my heart raced, but I turned around and I found Aaron standing before me, his clothes torn and his flesh ripped open. His eyes glowed a light shade of red before they vanished and their hazel colour returned. My eyes dropped to his hand, and I found it covered with blood and holding the heart of Henry in his hand. I gasped at the horrific sight before me and my arms tightened around Zion. This had to be a nightmare, one I desperately needed to wake up from. But alas, it wasn’t this was reality, Aaron had ripped Henry’s heart out of his chest as if it was nothing. He dropped the heart on Henry’s lifeless body and stumbled back from him, my hand holding Zion, trembling in fear of my reality.

“Zera,” he called again, seeing my reaction to his nearness.

I shook my head. “Please don’t come any closer,” I begged, my lips trembling.

He yanked the torn shirt off his body and wiped at his blood-covered hand. “Listen to me,” he started, but I cut him off.

“Look what you did to my home. You turned my house into a graveyard.”

“We need to leave, Zera.”

“We are not going anywhere with you!”

“Then you both will die here, and over my dead body, will I let that happen?”

He closed the space between us in a blink and grabbed hold of my hand. I struggled to set myself free from his hold, but I failed miserably. “I’m sorry,” he said, and my mind went hazy the next second and my vision blurred up.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 36**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 36-Returning to consciousness took a slow pace and bringing my body to respond to my brain was harder. My lashes fluttered, and I was on the bed in a room looking like the replica of the one I had woken up in during the weekend over five years ago. White curtains and walls, massive bed and expensive interiors. There was a cherry wood shelf close to the window on my right and a mahogany wardrobe to the left and beside it was a door I guess had to lead to the bathroom.

My eyes could barely keep up and my eyes and head began to ache, making me shut them briefly. I wonder what could have caused me such pain. I had no meaningful last memory that would explain the pain or my location. The last thing I remember was leaving Diya’s wedding and taking Zion home.

Zion!

My heart skipped a little, and I feared something bad had happened to him.

Where is Zion?

Was I involved in an accident?

I pulled myself up to sit down, not ignoring the ache in my head and as the bedsheets fell off, they reveal the loose, long-sleeved gown I had changed into after I got home from the wedding.

Seeing my gown on told me I got home safely and wasn’t involved in an accident. So my first horrible thought didn’t happen.

'If you were involved in an accident, you wouldn't have just a headache, you would have much more pain than that.' the voices added.

Still, it didn't explain why my eyes and head were aching when I didn't drink.

My hand dropped from my head and I caught sight of the purple-coloured bruise I sustained on it. It looked like someone had gripped it hard, but my skin had been pierced through as if what gripped me had claws.

A flash of the memory swept through my brain and I remember Henry at my door acting strange. Then I remembered him in my kitchen as a terrifying furry creature with glowing yellow eyes later on. I remember how he surged towards me to harm me and I remember fleeing from the kitchen, which was where he grabbed my hand, leaving this mark. I remember tripping and getting up, only to find Aaron in the room fighting him off.

Aaron.

Aaron was just like Henry, only while Henry's eyes glowed yellow, Aaron's glowed red.

I remember him ripping Henry's heart out and dropping it on his lifeless body. I remember not wanting to go along with Aaron, and I don't know how he got me here, but it was against my wish.

What did he do to me?

Where am I?

Where's Zion?

I ran out of bed, ignoring the ache in my head, and as my feet touched the cold tiled floor, the door opened. In walked a young man about my age with piercing blue eyes and black hair that fell on his face to give him a boyish look. He had a pair of neatly ironed trousers on, and a black long-sleeve which was also neat and ironed. He had his short black hair parted at the side and styled to the back. He looked handsome, but he seems to not place much mind on his looks.

He had a small white cup in his hand and a friendly smile on his face, but I knew better than to trust anything in this place, despite just waking up a few moments ago.

“What do you want?” I demanded, he stood at the door while I stood at the bed side giving us about ten feet gap. But something told me this gap wouldn’t prevent a thing if the worse happened.

“I came to give you tea. It’s herbal and helps with your headache.”

My eyes narrowed at the cup in his hand. There was no way in hell I was taking that.

As if reading my mind, he rolled his eyes and took a sip of the cup. “It won’t do anything to me because I’m not the one with the massive headache needing relief. You are.”

“Who are you?” I asked, my voice laced with suspicion of the young man in the room with me looking as harmless as possible.

“My name is Ivan Hart,” he answered, and the name echoed in her head, but before I could place it, the door opened again. This time, Aaron stepped in wearing a blue long sleeve and black trousers. His focus stayed on me and it didn’t sway even as he walked closer.

My heart doubled up in its beat at his sight, remembering how terrifying he looked in my living room.

With the both of them in the room, I realised they were brothers and though their features were dissimilar; they had the same chiselled jaw, thick brows and forehead. Aaron was older and looked to have a fair amount of years ahead of his brother, Ivan.

“Leave us,” he ordered, with his hard gaze resting on me.

“But she hasn’t taken her tea.” Ivan tried to explain.

“I said leave us,” he commanded and like an obedient little puppy, Ivan nodded and stepped out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

I didn’t want to be left alone with him. All my being rebelled against that, especially after what I saw back at the house. I wanted to run away or disappear or something, anything that wouldn’t leave me in the same room as this man.

He stuffed his hands into the pocket of his black trousers and stepped forward. My heart picked up its pace despite standing a few feet away.

“Your heart is racing like your life is in danger,” he pointed out and I didn’t know how he could have heard my heartbeat when he stood so far away then I realised he wasn’t human, to begin with. Having a super hearing ability wouldn’t be impossible for a creature like him.

“There is no telling that it isn’t.”

He scoffed and took a step forward, and my hand shot up defensively to stop him in his tracks. “What did you do to me? Where am I? And where the fvck is Zion?!”

“He’s with me. He’s safe.”

“Safe?” I repeated, not believing he just used that word. “Zion is anything but safe with you.”

“And how would you know that?”

“You k!lled Henry in cold bl00d!” I yelled at him and my head ached increased.

“If I didn’t, he would have k!lled you and Zion.” he countered, “You endangered the life of my son by letting that man into your house and you do not get to talk to me about safety. I am protecting my son.”

His accusations were cruel and unfair. “I didn’t let him into my house. Just like you, he did what pleased him. I have protected my son for the last five years, and you don’t get to point fingers at me as if I was a terrible parent when it was you who k!lled someone in his presence.”

“You might want to treat me like the enemy, but I was the one who stepped in and saved your life! That man would have k!lled you and my son and over my dead body before that happens. If I had the chance to go back, I would do the same thing again,” he said without an ounce of remorse.

I couldn’t believe Henry was waiting for the right time to attack and who knows what he would have done to me and Zion. This is someone I’ve known for over a year, someone who had been a friend, and we’ve shared a few laughs while he was on duty. It made no sense, Henry didn’t appear like a violent

person. He always spoke kindly to Zion and even mentioned his wife and kids. Knowing his lifeless body lay in my house made me a little sad.

“It still gives you no right to play God.”

“With the life of my son at stake, that gives me every right!” his eyes glowed red as he said those words and once again the terrifying memory of him rushed back into my head and I trembled from the inside out.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 37**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 37-“Who are you?” my voice trembled as I stared at the man called Aaron who stood before me and I realised I never knew him. Nothing about him in this moment felt human, and he was right when he said he wasn’t like other men.

“I am Aaron Hart.” he stepped toward me. The glow in his eyes didn’t decrease as he said those words.

I stepped back, and my legs hit the wall. “What the hell are you?”

“I am a werewolf, the alpha of the Dominio pack,” he answered.

No, I shook my head, not willing to believe or accept what he was telling me.

“There are no such things as werewolves. Those only exist in movies and books and tales of the ancient. Not in our world.”

“And you’re so desperate to believe a lie just so you can feel comfortable. This isn’t some fantasy world, Zera, this is real. Werewolves are just as real as the air you breathe. I think a part of you already knows that. A part of you has known that I am not like other men for a while now, but you chose to ignore it. I am a werewolf, the same as your now dead friend, and when Zion comes to age, he’s going to be just like me.”

My eyes paled up at his words, but the look on his face told me he was not joking. A sob left my mouth and my hands raced up to cover it. I shook my head, not ready to believe what was coming from his mouth. I couldn’t believe it.

“No, no, no. My son will never become like you!” I vowed, tears streaming down my face.

He stormed forward as if the words I'd spoken had triggered him, but I couldn't run. I was trapped between the wall and him. "Why? Because then he'd become unworthy of your love? Guess your motherly love has its limit, after all."

"No, because you're a cold-hearted monster who kills without remorse. You ripped Henry's heart out as if it was nothing. How many people have you killed? How many hearts have you ripped out?"

He remained silent, "So many, uh? This is why my son will never be like you." I spat out at him. My head pounded harder than it had since I woke up, maybe because I was yelling at the top of my voice or maybe because I needed rest. I didn't care, though. I didn't want to stop.

"You have no control over what Zion would be. I think you already know that. He may be young, but I bet you can already see the difference in him as compared to other kids his age."

He was right. Zion had always differed from kids his age. I noticed it the first time he socialised. He had fewer social skills and stayed on high alert, taking notice of things that most would ignore. He also had a keen sense of smell and I thought he took that from his uncle Lionel, who had that since he was a child. I shrugged it off as social anxiety, but as he grew older, I noticed less of that. If I'd observed harder, perhaps I would have noticed he wasn't like others.

"You can claim to not want it, but the reality is way more than your little naïve mine thinks it is." his growling voice snapped me out of my thought.

"Fvck you!" I cursed out, glaring at him.

He reached out, grabbed me by the waist, and pulled me against his body. "Gladly."

I struggled to set myself free from his hold, terrified out of my mind, but he only tightened his grip the more and my body pressed against his.

"Behave Aaron!" a feminine voice spoke, walking into the room and Aaron released his hold on me and stepped away. He ran a shaky hand through his hair and I saw the flare of red in his eyes reduce before he turned away from me to the intruder.



My head moved in the voice's direction and I saw a woman looking to be about my age with long black hair and hazel eyes, just like Aaron, and I didn't need to be told to know she was his younger sister. She has on a brown dress that complimented her hazel eyes and made her even more gorgeous. She had to be like him then. I also noticed that despite being so much younger, he obeyed her words.

"How's your head feeling?" she asked with a tender tone and the terror cursing through my veins subsided. My hand travelled to my temple to rub slightly on it.

It was fine, but she didn't have to know that.

"We are here trying to help you, Zera," she spoke, still sounding calm and friendly.

I scoffed. "I doubt that very much."

"I told you she is just as stubborn as they come." Aaron hissed out and turned his back to me, facing his sister and speaking as if I wasn't in the room, or hearing them.

"How is she dealing with the truth, though?"

"Not very good, Sesi," Aaron answered, and walked over to the door where she stood.

Sesi, the name, sounded familiar. He had called her name when I asked about his family many years ago. She was the only sister he had and if he spoke the truth, then he had two other younger brothers. Ivan and Damor.

"And neither are you helping by pressing yourself against her, Aaron." she scolded him and then turned to me with an apologetic eye as if she was the one who hurt me. "I'm sorry he got handy with you, Zera."

"How do you know my name?" I asked before realising Aaron probably told her.

"How do you know my name?" I asked before realising Aaron probably told her.

She smiled, and her deep dimple just like Aaron's came into display. "You're Zera Adams, the mother of my nephew. Aaron told me all about you and I am happy to meet you. I, however, wish we met under better circumstances."

I glanced at Aaron and found his gaze intently fixed on me, and I looked away immediately.

"Don't worry, he won't hurt you," she assured me in a kind tone. "You have my word. He isn't always like this, and I know you know it too." she was right. Aaron was the most in-control man I have ever known, but it still didn't change what he did to Henry.

"I don't know anything anymore." I shook my head and ran my palm over my face. What had happened so far told me if there was anything I knew, it was that I knew nothing about anyone. Not one bit.

"You do."

"He's a werewolf!"

"So am I. And werewolf doesn't automatically mean an out-of-control monster, Zera. You have a lot to learn, and I'll be willing to teach you a few things."

She was nice and her offer was tempting, but more than that, I needed to find my son and get out of here as fast as I could. "Where is Zion? I need to see him."

At my request, Aaron stepped out of the room and I was left with Sesi.

She raised her hands. "Yes, I know you need to see him and you will, just not now."

My brows narrowed suspiciously at her. "Where is he, and why can't I see him now?"

"He's in the kid's room, and you can't see him because after what he has been through, it's for the best that he rests. You're also not stable enough yet, and I do not want him getting triggered."

"I am his mother. You can't keep me away from him!" I yelled my protest at her and it fell on deaf ears because Sesi stepped out of the room and shut the door.

I gr0aned and ran towards the door, banging on it and yelling to be let out, but it fell on deaf ears. I pulled at the knob a few times but failed terribly at my attempt.

My headache returned in a massive fold and, gr0aning, I let go and stumbled back toward the bed. I sat on the floor and buried my head between my legs.

I was locked in a prison and kept away from my son. I never thought this day would come, but here it was, right in front of me. There was no greater heartache or misery than being denied your own, and I won't survive this.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 38**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 38-Aaron's POV

I hated the look she gave me. It made my bl00d boil in my veins to see it. She gave me the same look when I saved her and my son from being harmed by the man called Henry. She looked at me as if I was some sort of monster that needed to be kept as far away from her as possible. I didn't know why, but it hurt to see the look on her face because it made me feel like a monster. As if I didn't k!!l Henry to protect her.

I had kept an extra eye on her after I found out I had a son with her. She might not know this, but almost all the other alphas naturally hated the Harts. We had the strongest bl00dline, and we have had natural successions of alphas for over ten generations. We've been believed to have the bl00d of the great king Xavier Ainsworth flowing through our veins.

With this great power came great responsibility. Since our powers were more than the one an average wolf or alpha should possess, we needed someone who could match it. My quest to find one in the last seven years had been futile and without a balance for my powers, these powers would collapse within me and weaken me from the inside out.

It would only get worse unless, of course, I find a mate, one that is true. When I met Zera I felt that bond, but she was human and I knew it had to be a mistake, yet every moment I spent with her felt right and made me feel as though I had found the one for my soul. I waited for her to reach out and, looking back now, I could see how that was a mistake on my path. I should have searched for her, I shouldn't have left the decision-making to her and her alone. A month became two months and two months became four and I realised she had moved on with her life. Perhaps she didn't feel the

connection the way I did. She wasn't my mate. If she was, she would have reached out. I told myself to move on, vowing to never give the next person I'd feel the bond for the chance to walk away ever again.

Finding out a child had come forth from the weekend I spent with her years ago came as a blessing, not just to me but to the rest of the family, and I still remember the smile on all their faces. The baby was a sign of hope, a sign that we as a family would still get to keep the power in our bloodline, even if finding my true mate no longer mattered.

That was why I wanted Zion all to myself to protect him. I knew that just like his existence was a sign of hope to the Hart's family; it was a sign of power and dominance to the other alphas around the world, which would compel their loyalty. I knew they didn't like that and would want to eliminate Zion as fast as they could. I didn't know who was behind the attack, but I planned on finding out and before then, I had to make sure to keep Zion and the stubborn little lady called Zera safe.

I didn't see the attack coming, but that was my error and it came so close that I would have lost the two people I cherished the most in the world. Despite my impending weakness, it wasn't so easy to take me out and almost every pack knew that. They knew the best way to get to me would be to strike at the weak link; Zion and Zera.

I hated fighting with her, but I doubt she'll ever look at me and not see a cold-hearted monster. That wasn't who I wanted to be to her, that's not who I wanted to be from the very first time we met, but fate had made me the villain of my story for a very long time. Perhaps it was time to stop running from it.

"Are you with me, Aaron?" Sesi asked, snapping me out of my thought.

"No, but I am now," I answered, turning my focus to her.

"I thought the plan was to get her on our side and not the other way around." she trailed off, her eyes weary as she beheld me.

I wasn't proud of my actions. I had displayed a few actions since I found her months ago that I wasn't proud of. It was difficult to control emotions when the one meant for you can't stand your sight and tell you how much happier they would be if you weren't in their life.

“That’s still the plan, but she has a habit of getting under my skin and making me do things I don’t want to do,” I admitted, and we stepped into the study room together.

“We need to ready ourselves for the very worst this full moon. We cannot guarantee where our attack will come from. If they attacked Zion and Zera, they might plan to attack us next. I need to know you’re down with whatever happens.”

I didn’t see the attack coming. I had closed eyes on the ones I knew could do such a despicable thing, which was the rebellion pack, but so far, my man on the inside told me nothing. That left me to believe they might have been unaware of the attack as well.

I needed to protect my own. There was no other way around it. I felt grateful that I came in the time that I did and I didn’t want to think of what could have happened if I hadn’t stepped in when I did.

I didn’t want her terrified out of her mind, but I had to understand that she had been tossed into the realm of the supernatural and the truth she didn’t know existed. I had to believe she just needed time and only said and did some things she did out of fear. She couldn’t hate me... Not that she couldn’t. I just didn’t want a reality where she’d hate me.

Ivan already sat waiting for us at the corner of the study with his arms folded across his chest and his eyes closed.

“How long do we need to keep her here?” he asked.

“As long as we need to. It’s for her protection.” I reply and he opened his eyes.

He stared at me for a moment before turning away. “She doesn’t see it that way, though.

“Because she doesn’t understand,” I began, then paused and turned to him. “Can you see her?” I asked, stepping towards the armchair he sat on in the left corner of the room where he sat.

It wasn’t even a question. Ivan was the wise one in the pack and family. Most of the strongest packs had wise ones. It meant that despite having the werewolf blood; he was more human than the rest of the Harts. It also meant that he could see things beyond the physical and travel between worlds and

realms of the supernatural. This was his gift, and this made him different. He could wander off in his mind while sitting in the same position. He could interact with people and make them believe he was real and with them when really he was in his room.

When his ability first appeared, he had pulled a few pranks on all of us and we fell for it, but as the years went by, we got used to his tricks and figured out when he was the real Ivan and when it wasn't. He called it dream-walking and after years of practising; he learnt how to carry people with him into this world. Although stronger than the average human, Ivan had never experienced his werewolf shift. We believed the magic flowing through his veins silenced his werewolf form.

"Yes. I see her," he answered calmly. "She's scared and wants to go home."

His last sentence made my heart ache. I didn't want her scared; I wanted her safe and at peace, and she needed to see that. "Can I see her?"

He took my hand without speaking or opening his eyes, and I found myself in the room we left Zera in. She sat on the floor close to the bed with her head buried between her legs. I heard small whimpers coming from her and I knew she was crying and in pain. This wasn't what I wanted to see, but there was no turning back.

"Zera," I called out and her head slowly lifted and her eyes were red, making my heart hurt in my chest. "I am sorry."

She shook her head, sniffing a little. "I need to go home. The corpses you left in my room probably have the cops crowding my house now, and I need to return and clear my name."

"I already have that taken care of, but trust me, here is the safest place you can be," I assured her.

She looked even more confused, despite my assurance. "If you've taken care of things, why can't I go home?"

"Because your home isn't a safe place anymore. We believe those who attacked you are not yet done."

"Because your home isn't a safe place anymore. We believe those who attacked you are not yet done."

She dragged a shaky breath, "Why would anyone plan to harm me and Zion? We have not done anything wrong to anyone."

"They aren't coming for you because you harmed anyone, they are coming for you because of me."

Her eyes narrowed as she glanced up at me. She wanted to ask why, but the words didn't come out. I knew the question she wanted to ask.

"Zion has the Hart's blood and many don't like that. They don't like my family being the strongest bloodline to exist. They know with Zion alive, our legacy would continue, so they want him dead."

She pulled herself up from the floor. "You mean to tell me by bringing yourself into our lives you placed the life of my son in danger?"

When she puts it like that, it made me feel like a bad person.

"Zera," she stormed towards the door.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Anywhere away from you and the danger you bring. I'm taking my son and we are leaving this minute."

"You think you have more safety out there than in here?"

"I'll take my chances." She pulled at the doorknob, but it was locked. She kept yanking at it despite her power not matching it.

"Not with my son, you won't," I answered.

She turned to glare at me. "He's my son as well."

"He's more mine than yours!"

"Fvck you."

Her words struck a cord in me, and images of us entangled in blissful union flashed in my head, "Do not say what you don't mean."

"How about this? I wish I never met you!" She spat at me angrily, and I pulled my hand away from Ivan's, returning to reality.

There was no way I was going to get to her. She was not going to let me do that. She was as stubborn as they came. I couldn't reach her and make her see reasons, not when she already had her stubborn mind made up...

"We need to focus on the full moon. It's tomorrow, Aaron, and you're not in the place to shift with the rest of us," Sesi spoke, making her presence known in the room and we turn to her.

"I have always shifted," I told her, not knowing why she was suddenly taking me off my role.

"And it has weakened you every month. You're barely healing from your intervention and we can't risk Ron taking over."

The fight I had with Henry had left me in a terrible shape and my healing came slow, which was why Sesi feared Ron might take over tomorrow. Ron was the name I gave my wolf form and if I shifted, showing any sign of weakness, he would seize the opportunity and take over. He was ruthless, bloodthirsty and stubborn whenever he took control, which was unlike me. He hunted every and anything in his path and it got worse a few years ago. The human and wolf's form usually worked together for every werewolf and mine did once, but not anymore. So, as much as I could, I kept him in the background, never to come to the surface, not even when I shifted. He didn't like that, but nobody liked him, and this was the best.

I could handle Ron tomorrow and still lead the pack. I did not have to be cut off, and I didn't like the thought of it. "This is my pack."

"And you shall lead in human form. Damor will be in charge tomorrow and this is for the pack and you. Heal, alpha."

I hated to admit it, but Sesi was right. I was getting weaker than I used to be. It wasn't new to me at this point. This was why Henry, a beta, almost outmatched me while I tried to save Zera and Zion. The wounds he inflicted were still healing and no one except the ones in this room knew that.

Zera would never understand that I killed Henry because I didn't have enough strength in me to subdue him. I was weak, and I grew weaker with every passing day.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 39**



## A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 39-Zera's POV

I don't know how long I stayed there on the floor with my face buried between my legs, but I knew a few hours had passed by. I also got a little sleep with a very weird dream attached to it.

My head still ached, but not as much as it did when I confronted Aaron and it could be because I had had no one to aggravate me yet. If I had taken the herbal tea Aaron's brother, Ivan, brought over earlier, perhaps the headache would have gone faster, but Aaron stepped in and stopped me from having it.

'You could have taken it when he first offered it to you, but you were dramatic.' the voice in my head reminded me.

I haven't moved an inch in the last few hours; I stayed with my head buried between my legs and eyes shut. I have thought about a lot of things. From my life to my family and loved ones, and then to my job and my home. I wonder if I could return to it and live life as I did before.

The answer is no, I'd never be able to live the innocent, naïve life I once lived. I knew a lot of things I didn't know then. Supernatural beings existed and walked amongst us and Aaron, the man I had a child with, was one of them. Henry was too.

If I hadn't seen it myself, I would never have believed Henry wasn't human. I had known him as the sweetest and kindest of people, but from what Aaron said, he did that to get close to me. It made no sense. He had so many chances to hurt and harm Zion and me. Why did he wait for over a year to do it? Many questions ran through my head, but I knew I would never find the answers to them. Henry was dead and he would never answer the questions I had for him.

I wondered what else I didn't know. Who else was around me living a lie? I had kept my circle small, yet predators stayed among them.

The door made an unlocking sound and soon cracked open, and my head snapped up to see who it was.

Since the bed was king-size, it was bigger and made it harder for me to see who was at the door while sitting down. I stretched my neck and a slight pain shoot through me. I adjusted my head and waited for whoever it was to come closer.

Footstep approached me where I sat beside the bed and not long after, someone stood before me.

I lifted my head and found Ivan in a navy blue long sleeve shirt and vest, standing with his hands tucked into the pocket of his grey trousers. A young male with dull brown eyes stood behind him wearing black trousers and a shirt and holding a medium-sized ceramic tray in his hand. The tray had a glass of water and a plate in it, but I couldn't make out what the plate contained.

I sprang to my feet and stepped toward him. I trusted little about what was happening, but Ivan was nice to me earlier, even though he didn't get to give me the herbal tea. He could be of help to me. Perhaps he could help me get to Zion, my son.

"Ivan," I called out.

His green eyes narrowed at me and I could swear the eyes I had seen earlier were hazel, not green. Aaron had a flicker in his eyes once in a while, so that had to run into his family as well. His hair then was also black, not blond. I guess my eyes had been deceiving me.

Or the ache in my head was affecting my other senses.

"I am not Ivan, I am Damor. Ivan is my twin brother and I've been told he looks like me." his voice came out almost as deep as that of Aaron, but lacking the hoarseness. He didn't seem pleased that I had taken him for Ivan, even though they looked very much alike. I guess looking like his twin brother wasn't a compliment.

"You're his twin brother," I repeated, everything finally making sense. Ivan had a much friendlier expression than this one and I knew Damor would be just like Aaron, or maybe worse.

"Yes, I brought you food," he announced, stepping back and the younger male moved to keep the tray of food on the table at the corner of the room close to the window.

"You brought me food," I repeated what he just said and his eyes narrowed on me as if I was crazy.

“Yes, I just said that,” he answered, dismissing the young male that brought in the food, and he bowed and took his leave. “I still don’t know why I have to accompany the cook. I’m not a servant,” he ranted in displeasure.

“Then why did you?”

He dragged a long breath. “Aaron has a distrust for everyone but his siblings. He believes in keeping you and Zion safe. This is one way to do that.”

At the mention of my son’s name, my eyes lit up. “How’s Zion?”

He almost gave me a pitiful look. “He’s fine.”

I scoffed inwardly.

He must have seen the disbelief in my eyes because he stretched his left hand forward so I could see the silver bracelet he had on his wrist, “It’s a gift from my mom and I swear by her grave that your son is fine.” he answered.

I nodded, believing his words. “Is he awake?” I asked because the last time I raised the question, I was told he was resting.

“Yes, he is.”

“Can I see him?”

He shook his head. “You can’t. That’s left for Aaron to decide. All I can do is give you your food and make you eat it. Now, come and eat. I have other important things to do.”

“Why can’t I see my son? “

“Because Aaron doesn’t trust you around him.” he blurted out and the look on his face showed he shouldn’t have said that.

“I am his mother!” I exclaimed in disbelief and threw my hands up. My anger returned in massive folds.

“I am his mother!” I exclaimed in disbelief and threw my hands up. My anger returned in massive folds.

“Aaron was right. You’re a stubborn one. I was instructed to bring you food, and I have done that.” he moved toward the table where the food tray sat.

“Now please come and eat. Aaron wouldn’t be happy if you starved yourself in his house.” he beckoned.

Making Aaron happy was the last thing I wanted to do. He was making me miserable by keeping me locked up here like an animal and denying me my right to see my son. So why should I give him anything lesser than misery?

I got up and walked toward the table where the tray of garnished pasta vegetables sat and I threw it off so it fell and scattered on the floor. The tray, plate and glass of water broke into pieces and the food poured out on the floor.

Anger mixed with panic flashed in Damor’s eyes for the first time since he had been in this room.

“Fvck!” he cursed, and his eyes darted to me as if I had just done a sacrilegious thing and they glowed red like his brother’s. “Aaron made that himself and will not be happy you wasted his effort.”

I picked up the broken glass from the floor and the broken pieces dug into the flesh of my palm. My blood rushed out the next second, pouring onto the floor. “You tell him I am not some slave that can be locked up until I become obedient to him. I have a life, friends and family. I have a job, and a son, and he cannot keep me away from him. I’d rather die than give him up.”

“Mommy?” Zion called out, and I froze in my stand, realising that my son was in the same room with me.

My head wh!pped around and found him at the door with Aaron, who held onto his hand. His innocent hazel eyes stayed on me and he had a terrified look as he stared at me as if he beheld an alien, and it broke my heart.

He had walked in and found me losing my temper and throwing things around like a madwoman, and now he thought something was wrong with me.

I dropped the broken glass in my hand and I stepped towards him. “Zion, son.”

He stepped back and hid behind Aaron’s legs, making my heart hurt even more. Now I was the villain of my story and Aaron the hero.

My eyes blurred up and tears ran down my face. “Zion.” I sobbed and my lips trembled.

“I wouldn’t advise you to come any closer,” Aaron spoke, and I looked up and found his disapproving gaze on me. His hard gaze travelled to Damor, who hasn’t said a thing since my crazy rant went off.

He turned from me and lifted Zion into his arms. “Ivan would come to have a look at your hand,” he said before walking out of the room.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 40**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 40-I didn’t struggle with Ivan as he took my hand to have a look at it. I sat currently in bed exhausted, with no more strength left in me and a pounding head. I had spent half an hour after Aaron left with Zion, crying my eyes out in pain. I didn’t even know when Damor left the room and I didn’t care. My heart had been broken into a million pieces and was bleeding beyond repair. I wanted to wallow and being left alone help me do that.

Aaron was taking away my son. He was doing it before my very eyes. He had denied me my son only to bring him back at the time I had had enough of his games and snapped. Now Zion believes something was wrong with me. He probably believes I was crazy and was even going to hurt him.

You were crazy and you might not have had intentions of harming him, but you were harming yourself, and he saw that, too. Aaron might have laid out the cards, but you played right into it as he wanted.

Ivan dipped the towel in his hand into the bowl of warm water on the bed and he pried my hand open to rub over the cut. I stayed quiet as he did his thing, my eyes unable to even look at him.

He finished and moved the bowl from the bed to the floor and he picked up a box of wool and a liquid in the bottle. My eyes caught the methylated spirit, and I drew a sharp breath.

His hazel eyes darted to me, and he gave me a careful look. “Stay still, I know it will burn, but believe me, we need to disinfect the area of the cut and make sure it’s safe before putting on the bandage,” he explained.

I understood what he meant, and knew it was necessary, but that still didn’t stop my agitation because I knew how the burn of the menthol felt like.

'Next time, perhaps you will think of the consequences before you do something this reckless.' my mind nagged me.

"Zera, trust me," he said, and I nodded and shut my eyes tightly. He placed the wool on my palm and I hissed out in pain and began trembling uncontrollably.

"Zera?" he called, his voice low. I tried to open my eyes and look at him, but I couldn't and my eyes remained tightly shut.

His hand touched my forehead, and it felt extremely cold. "Shit." he cursed and withdrew it. "You're burning up. This isn't good." I heard him say before my senses faded away into oblivion.

My lashes fluttered for a bit and I found myself on the bed in a room with darker paintings and curtains. This room differed from the one I first woke up in and it was also warmer compared to that one.

Question clouded my mind. I remember being with Ivan and getting my injury treated and then being unable to open my eyes or even speak before my senses faded. Something had happened, and it was something bad. I needed to know what it was.

My eyes darted around and I found Aaron standing before the window and staring through the blinds at my left side.

My heart picked up its beat, and I tried to get up and get away from him. It was fear; it was anger, and it was the anger birthed from guilt, sadness, and resentment.

He turned around as if he heard my thought and his hazel eyes rested on me and for a moment I thought I saw warmth in them. It took me by surprise but I still didn't trust it and I sat up, yanking the bed sheet on my upper body away only to see the bandage in my hand and also around my wrist.

I remember everything that happened before my eyes closed, but I did not recall harming my wrist, so why was there a bandage on my wrist?

My hand moved to touch it, but stopped when Aaron spoke. "Don't do that. It needs time to heal."

I glanced up at him and wanted to tell him there was no wound there, but I decided against it. I didn't want to talk to him, anyway. I didn't want to fight him, either. I didn't have that energy in me.

I pulled the bed sheet off the rest of my body and pulled my legs closer to my chest. "You didn't tell anyone about the mark on your wrist," he pointed out, stepping toward the bedside.

"That's because there was no mark on my wrist," I answered, finally speaking to him.

"There is. I'm guessing Henry had grabbed you and his claw dug into your skin," he said, and he was right. I remember what had happened when I tried running from the kitchen to get away from Henry. I must have forgotten about it with all that happened after.

"I forgot," I mumbled.

"The mark is a deadly poison, especially for someone like you. It causes an acute fever that would kill a human in a matter of hours and I am surprised you are still with us."

"I'm not that easy to kill, Mr Hart."

"Good, because we still need you," he replied in a genuine tone of voice. I wondered what had happened. Why was he being all calm and communicating? Did it have something to do with the death scare I gave them?

Or was it because of something else?

"Henry had his claws on your body as well, but here you are with no scratch." I reminded him.

He smiled and damn those dimples, "That's because I'm not human, Zera. Werewolves have a fast healing ability as compared to humans and alphas have even faster-healing abilities. But that's not the case for every alpha, though."

I wanted to understand what he meant by that last line, but I knew he wouldn't want to tell it to me, so I moved on from it. I placed my legs on the cold tiled

floor and winced at the coldness thereof. "You should go easy on yourself. You have been through a lot already," he said in a calm voice.

I glanced up at him and saw the genuine look on his face. I have seen a lot of things on his face since he brought himself into my life, from anger to fury and even lust, and none of those looks had an ounce of concern in them. That made me believe the man I once knew was a mere charade, but here now, sitting while he stared at me, I got a glimpse of the man I fell for years ago.

I dropped my gaze from him, remembering he had also broken my heart when he told me he wanted more with me, only to turn around and demand the exact opposite.

"Yeah, you're right," I said, withdrawing my legs from the cold, tiled floor.

We stayed silent and I could feel the tension building, but neither of us seemed willing to move on it. I know I didn't. I wanted to change the topic to anything that would ease the awkwardness.

"Why did Henry attack me if you're the one he wanted?" I asked, changing the topic and easing the tension around.

He stuffed his hands into his pocket and despite wanting to look up at him; I knew I couldn't. I had strong feelings for him even after so long. Extreme hatred could manifest in the forms of anger, sadness, resentment, and spite. I also had an extreme likeness. These could manifest as a smile, a kind comment, a longing stare, an eye roll, and those other annoying, weakening feelings. He didn't have to do anything that I would like. My likeness for him would kick in as soon as I no longer felt any form of resentment for him.

I didn't even want to like him, but these feelings were beyond my control.

"Because whoever attacked you knows that you and Zion are the weakest link to me." He answered.

That didn't sound like a good thing, but all my attention stayed on was, "They?" my brow furrowed.

"The rebellion pack." when my eyes narrowed in confusion to what he said, he added, "most werewolves belong to packs and alpha or a Luna rules those packs. In other words, the strongest wolf rules the pack."



“You’re the alpha,” I pointed out.

“Of liberation pack. The strongest pack in existence,” he said, and I could hear the pride in his voice as he made this announcement.

“But you’re not that strong,” I said because I could still remember his fight with Daniel and it was an equal show of strength from what I saw. He had also hinted at his lack of strength when he spoke a few minutes ago.

If he took offence at my words, his reply didn’t show it. “I’m not,” he agreed.

My stomach growled aloud, and I wrapped my arms around it, knowing he had heard it.

“You should eat. You have had no decent food in your stomach for the past few days now.” He said and made his way toward the door.

I couldn’t blame anyone for that. Damor had brought me food then, and I threw it away because I was angry. “Yes, I haven’t.”

“The chefs are almost done.”

“You’re no longer cooking?” I asked before I could help it because I remember Damor saying he had made the food I threw away. If the chef was making my food now, it could be because I pissed him off to the point he abandoned cooking altogether.

He turned around from the door and shook his head, “I do someday.”

“Damor said you didn’t trust them making food for us.”

His eyes dimmed a little. “No, I believe he said I didn’t trust them serving you food alone.” He corrected, “They get to cook for us and the family and I get to make them eat the food first before we do.”

“Smart way of doing things, then. You believe no one can be trusted.”

“I know no one can be trusted,” he affirmed.

I frowned at his generalisation, “Then what about me? You do not know me that well.”

He looked at me, and our gazes locked. I shuddered on the inside. "I know you well enough to know you do not want me dead."

I raised my brow at his audacity to think that, which made him chuckle. "Perhaps you want me dead, but wishing differs from acting on it and that makes you different. Also, you're Zion's mother and I doubt you would want to harm him. That gives you a level of trust."

"How's Zion?" I asked, changing the subject. I still remember the last time I saw him and the terrified look he had on his face as he stared at me. It was one I never hope to see again.

"He's good. He asked after you."

My eyes lit up at his last line. "He did?"

"Yes."

I glanced down at my bandaged hand and wrist before asking in a low voice, "Can I see him?"

"Yes, I have no reason to keep you from him. But like I said, you need to regain your strength, so eating is needed. I have a few businesses to attend to and I will not be back early today." He took a step back before adding, "Dinner will be on me."

My eyes grew wide. "Okay, so you still cook?" I asked, unable to help my excitement.

What has suddenly come over me?

His face broke into a wide smile, and goodness gracious. "I still do. But I was with Zion before coming here. So I didn't have the time to enter the kitchen."

I smiled, "Dinner a promise, then?"

"Sure, let's call it that," he said and winked at me before leaving the room.

I could get used to that.