

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 4

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 4-“Well, you don’t have any memory after that because you hit your head against the bar counter. You dropped your phone while trying to dial it and when you tried to reach for it, you smacked your head and passed out.”

“Why did you bring me here, then? Why didn’t you just call my friend and have her come pick me up?” I crossed my arms over my chest.

“I did. Three times, but she didn’t answer the phone and I couldn’t leave you at the club, passed out drunk. That would be reckless and dangerous. So I brought you home with me.”

A man that cared about my safety surely wouldn’t take advantage of me.

There was only one way to know.

I pressed my lips together, knowing the next question I wanted to ask and feeling hesitant about it. “So, did anything happen between us?”

“No, nothing did. You were unconscious, only a monster would want to take advantage of that. You slept through the night and I slept in my room.”

Relief washed over me at his reply. I felt grateful he had not taken offence at my interrogation when all he did was try to help. He was a blessing in disguise and call me shallow, but I didn’t think someone as gorgeous as him would have such a noble character. The few good-looking men I knew were good for nothing, arrogant bastards and so he seemed to be a breath of fresh air.

“Thank you.”

He smiled and his deep dimple appeared, and it took all my willpower not to race over to him and poke it.

“You’re welcome. You could freshen up. There’s a new toothbrush and paste in the bathroom on the wash-hand basin. There are a few clean clothes in the wardrobe to change into and your bag is on the chair.” he pointed to the armchair close to the window, “I’ll be downstairs in the kitchen making breakfast. When you’re done, you can join me.” he said.

Ah! A man who can cook is a man after my heart. Such a pity he's out of my league.

'Wait! He called you hot, which means he also might want you as much as you want him.'

"Thank you, Mr Hart."

Again he smiled, and this man was going to be the death of me because of those dimples.

"Call me Aaron."

Yes, sir. I most definitely will.

I showered and changed into the baggy sky-blue trousers in the wardrobe and white polo almost twice my size but I wasn't complaining because I felt comfortable in them. My hair I made into a bun so that my now make-up-free face now had a defined look.

As instructed, I made my way out of my room and down the stairs to where the wonderful aroma was coming from and I soon found myself in the large and well-organized kitchen, but the man standing before the cooker with an apron around his neck and back turned to me stole my attention from everything else. He had taken off his grey sweater and had on his black tank top.

"You smell clean," he spoke up despite not turning around to look at me.

What does that even mean? Did I smell dirty before?

"Thank you?" I said, a little confused.

He chuckled and I shivered at the lovely sound coming from him.

"Well, everyone smells different after they've had a bath," he added, still focused on whatever he was making.

"I've never placed focus on the smell of anyone before," I mumbled to myself, but he heard.

"Well, that's what makes us different." he reached for the ceramics plate beside the cooker and continued his business.

I didn't know what the 'us' meant, but I didn't want to find out. My stomach was rumbling, and I wanted to have something before I leave.

"I guess you've also had your bath and you probably smell clean."

"I did that when I woke up today. Bathing and staying hydrated are key to staying strong mentally."

I have bathed every day of my life and have stayed hydrated as well. I've never been strong mentally so there have to be more keys involved in the process than he's letting on. I guess in his words, that's what makes us different.

"How does the ache in your head feel now?" he asked, taking us back to the first battle I en

countered after waking up.

I noticed the ease while I was having my bath and it worked just as he said it would. "Better, thank you. Your herbal tea worked. Perhaps before I leave you could give me the recipe? I have a feeling I would need it because last night won't be my last visit to the bar."

I felt him smile, "Sure, before you go. I'll write it out for you."

I heard a crack, and I knew he was making omelettes. My stomach growled in hunger and excitement, knowing I'd have my favourite as breakfast, even though he didn't know that.

After this breakfast, I'm going to ask him what I can do for him and I pray his answer is the one in my mind. It wouldn't be a payment, just me killing two birds with one stone.

He turned off the cooker, took off his apron and carried the plates over to me, dropping them on the table when he got to where I sat. I stared at the plate of fried chips and omelette and my mouth watered instantly.

He moved to the fridge and brought out a can of orange juice and two glass cups. He returned and set one on the counter next to my plate and the other next to his.

I smiled, wanting him to seat before I eat despite being starved. "Thank you," I said, picking up my fork and digging into the food.

I moaned helplessly at how good it tasted in my mouth and my lashes fluttered. When I opened my eyes again, I saw a shade of red flicker in Aaron's eyes before it faded away, but I couldn't put faith in what my eyes saw. I could tell he looked fascinated as he watched me.

"You like it?"

Yes, just as much as I like the cook. There's no way I'm not fucking this man after we finish eating.

I nodded like an idiot. "It's delicious." Speaking with a mouthful was a bad habit, but I couldn't help it. "You should have your own restaurant in the city. I'd pay to come and eat there." and also to see your gorgeous face. I said in my mind.

He chuckled, his cheeks forming a shade of red. I've finally gotten to him. This calls for celebration.

"I can't. I have a pack waiting on me to lead, can't be bothered opening one."

There was nothing wrong with having a restaurant and a park but I didn't push further, "I understand, but this," I pointed to my plate, "is good."

"Thank you, Zera."

He called my name for the first time since I'd woken up and I forgot to breathe. My eyes stayed on him, watching his hazel eyes flicker adorably and his jaw flex as he chewed on the chips.

I wanted to straddle him here and now and knowing I couldn't felt crushing.

I lowered my head to my plate and wielded my mind into submission of its naughty thoughts.

This man was being a noble human being and here I was thinking only about sex and my pleasure.

Do better, Zera! I scolded myself.

I finished my breakfast, and he took the plates to have them washed.

“Do you need my help?”

He shook his head, “No, just sit and look pretty,” he winked at me.

My cheeks were on fire.

This wasn't me thinking. This man wanted me too. He called me hot, pretty and he just winked at me. Does he have to spell it before I launch at him?

I've never felt this much attraction for a person, not even Owens in all his effort had this much effect on me. This man affected me with every move he made, every word he said, and the longer I stayed, the harder it would be to resist him.

He finished and arranged the plates into the rack where they belonged before turning to me.

“I think it's time to call your friend. Don't you think?” he cocked his brow at me.

Okay, why did I have the feeling he was chasing me off?

'Because this isn't your house and you're not his girlfriend. You're the girl he helped last night because he was a better human than most people. That doesn't mean he wants you to overstay your welcome. You may have turned him into your trophy husband in your head, but he did not do the same.'

My eyes dropped, but I tried to keep my voice sharp. “Oh, yeah, it is. I will go do that now.”