

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 41

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 41-It didn't take long for the food to arrive after he stepped out and unlike the other times. I didn't argue when the food came this time. I ate like a starved animal. Well, I was starved, and I was also a higher animal and I could see the look Damor who brought the food gave me from the corner of my eyes. I paid no mind to him. Amongst the both of us, one hadn't eaten in over twenty-four hours and that person's name wasn't Damor.

I reached for the glass of milk on the tray and I gulp it down, sighing in relief. The rice and fish tasted heavenly, but I couldn't compare them to the one Aaron made for me years ago. It was so delicious and I hadn't forgotten after so long. Perhaps it tasted better because I liked him.

I burped and picked up the glass of water and gulped it down my throat.

When I finished, Damor beckoned to a maid I didn't know was on standby. And she took the empty tray away. With the strength I got from the food I ate, I informed the man still in the room with me that I wanted to have my bath and he led me out of the healing room and led me back to the one I first woke up in.

I showered and changed into the clothes, waiting for me as I stepped out of the bathroom. They were my size, and I felt good in them. As soon as I was done putting them on; the door opened and in came Sesi, holding Zion up in her arms.

"Mommy!" he called out happily, his arms spread out in delight. It thrilled my heart to know he had gotten over the picture of me that scared him off the last time. I would never do that to him again. I promise.

My heart felt whole and nothing in the world could compare to the joy I felt at this moment.

Sesi set him down on the floor, and my baby ran toward me. I got on my knees with my arms opened wide and he ran into it, his small arms wrapping around what they could while mine engulfed him. I didn't mean to get emotional, but that's what I ended up doing. Tears ran down my face and I was unwilling to let go for the next few minutes that passed. Luckily enough, Zion didn't complain. He missed me too, and it made me happy.

After what seemed like a lifetime, we pulled away and I lifted him into my arms. Turning to Sesi, I muttered a thank you to her. She smiled and shook her head as if it was nothing. It was everything. Holding my son for a few minutes after spending so long without him and almost dying in the process was the greatest privilege ever.

“Daddy said you’re okay now,” he said and his curious hazel lingered on mine.

I nodded and kissed his forehead. “Much better, darling. Hope you’ve been great.”

He nodded, his hazel eyes flickering with happiness. “Good, aunt Sesi, has been teaching me puzzles. Ivan sings a lot and Damor doesn’t talk much and daddy reads to me.”

I beamed at him. Another child might experience difficulty adjusting to a new environment filled with faces they barely know, but Zion was unique in his way and his change and contentment were fascinating. They were his blood, and it thrilled me to know he was getting along with them. “I’m glad you’re happy, my dear boy.” I kissed his head and brought him to bed.

Zion stayed with me for their minutes before suggesting we take a walk around the compound. I didn’t have a reason to say no and so I agreed. Sesi was with us and although her gaze moved to us at Zion’s suggestion, she said nothing.

I wore the slip-on and took his hand into mine and together we made our way out. I asked him if he had gone out to take a walk before and he nodded and admitted he had done that a few times with Aaron.

Stepping outside, I realised the house I’d been in the last few days was an estate with fortifications like none I’d ever seen before. If I hadn’t stepped out to have a look, I would not have guessed it. I saw other houses around the estate, but Aaron’s was the grandest. There was also an iron bar fence acting as a demarcation between his house and the others and so, despite being outside, I couldn’t step out without permission or escort.

This was a prison. It might not look like it, and might also look cooler than one, but in the end, it was and my son and I were trapped inside.

Zion didn’t think this was bad and his experience seem to differ from mine. He looked happy and excited, and perhaps more than he was with me.

“Do you like it here?” I asked as we walked past the part outside the house where a large pool was.

He nodded, looking all intrigued. “Yes, it’s cool. Daddy is the best.” He replied, staring up at me with delighted eyes.

It made me happy to know he was bonding with his father, but I wondered if this wasn’t taking him from me. I did not forget how Aaron’s first move after finding out about Zion was to take him away from me. And this might be his way of getting what he wanted, taking my son from me. Bonding with him to the point where Zion would not feel my absence when he’d finally take him. He had enough money to buy Zion’s affection and sway his love with material things and some of these things I would never be able to give him.

“I want you to know that I will always love you and want you to be happy.”

He glanced up at me, “I know that, mommy.”

I smiled at him. “Good, never forget.”

After spending over five hours outside, we returned inside and the nanny, Uwa, was already waiting to take Zion and bathe him. I wanted to tell her I could do it, besides; I had done it for five years, but she told me it was her job. I didn’t stop her. I figured she had been the one in charge of him since he arrived here.

As evening approached, I moved to the window and stared through. I thought about my old life, Daniel, and my job. I really had a lot going on for me back at the university of Stanford. It was my dream and being able to actualize it made me feel proud. My world had turned in a way that made me doubt if I’d ever make the impact I once told myself I would in this world.

My mind wandered to Daniel, he being unable to reach me and coming home and not finding me and Zion would drive him nuts. I couldn’t imagine what he must have gone through. I wish there was a way to tell him I was okay, but there wasn’t. I thought to Diya and Greg. They were probably still on their honeymoon and won’t have to bother about my disappearance for the next few weeks. Her parents, however, came to visit every week, and I didn’t know what they would think when they didn’t find Zion and me. The same thing went for Lionel. He would probably worry himself sick with a thought about where we could have taken ourselves to. I needed to go home, or at least reach out to everyone and let them know I was safe.

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 42

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 42-I couldn't sleep. I was awake until midnight, restless and thinking. Dinner came just as Aaron promised and it was delicious. I ate in my room and a few hours later; I retired to bed, but didn't sleep. Countless and never leaving thoughts clouded my mind, and it was none other than leaving and finding safety and sanity away from all of this. I felt stuck and needed an escape from everything.

I wanted protection more than anything, but at what cost? Losing it all to Aaron? First, I'd lose Zion and then my senses. Was it worth it?

I sat up in bed and ran my hand over my face, wanting to step out but knowing the door may be locked. After sitting and staring at it, I took my chances. I moved to the door and turned its knob. It opened, to my surprise, and wasting no time, I stepped out.

The hallway had no light, and I did not know where my legs were taking me, but I didn't stop walking. I couldn't remember the path Zion and I went through yesterday when we took a walk, but I wanted to get out, get air or something.

I paused on my step when I saw a figure standing before me not so far away, and my heart skipped a beat. I hated not being able to tell who exactly it was because the Harts brothers had almost the same body built and the only way to differentiate were their voices and faces. However, this one before me hasn't spoken and so I couldn't tell.

I was still deep in my thought when I saw his eyes glow a shade of red in the dark and my heart clenched in my chest, but I told myself it had to be Aaron. So far, he's been the only one whose eyes glowed red. The figure approached and his movement didn't look like that of Aaron. I would know. I had kept my eyes of hate on him since I came here, and I'd watched him move a few times. Whoever it was, his movement felt less dominating. Yet it terrified me to not know who it was. Despite this, I didn't move back or try to run away. I stood with my feet glued to the floor, though my heart skipped in fear.

He transformed into a big black wolf with scary eyes, terrifying in his stand. This had to be a dream, I told myself. There was no way a human would become a wolf, but that was what just happened before me, and I wasn't hallucinating. This was what being a werewolf was, and I was still in denial because I'd never seen it live.

He growled and climbed onto the wall to the left and my stomach dropped when he ran swiftly over the walls as if it was nothing, his claws digging into the walls and creating a crack in them. He landed in front of me and the terrifying growl leaving his mouth caused goosebumps to erupt over my skin. Thank God for an empty bladder or I would have peed myself from shock.

I took to my heels, running as fast as my legs could take me out of the house. The cold night gripped my skin and the blue blouse and trousers I had on did little justice to prevent it. The wolf still chased after me. I felt it, but didn't dare to look back. I ran out into the night, still running fast before tripping and falling face down. I coughed and groaned in pain and I almost stayed there, then remembered someone-thing had chased me out.

I flipped on the ground and found him approaching, a low growl leaving his mouth even as his blood-red eyes stayed on me. I swallowed and remained still. Perhaps this was it, this was my end and nothing I would do would save me from it. I should have stayed inside. It was much safer there.

I swallowed and waited for the worse.

"Enough, Damor!" Aaron ordered from behind, and I turned to find another figure behind me with glowing red eyes.

Damor shifted back to his human form, naked, and Aaron tossed the clothes in his hands to him.

"You know what? You are no fun, brother." Damor replied and the next moment his glowing red eyes disappeared, "She's human. She needs to know what we are about. You can't hide her away from it forever." he wore the trousers and pulled the shirt over his head while I tried to not look at him.

"She's under my protection, and that means you do not get to scare her or lay a hand on her."

He grunted under his breath, clearly not liking the terms Aaron had just set before him. "Again, no fun. With the pace you're going, I see why you won't live as long as our ancestors did." he pointed out before turning to face me and he must have smiled because I saw his perfect teeth on full display.

"I am sorry to have scared you, Zera." he offered me his hand, but I didn't take it, instead I pulled myself up on my own and dusted off my dirty trouser.

I stared at him in silence and I felt his gaze move to Aaron, who still stood behind me. "Is she suddenly dumb or something?"

"She's not dumb but after the scare you just gave her, I wouldn't want to talk to you either," Aaron spoke in my defence and Damor scoffed.

"The energy you carry is flat. I'll go find me, Sesi. We have a pack to lead tonight," he said and walked past me, whistling melodiously.

"I am sorry about that," Aaron spoke up once Damor departed.

I didn't want his nice self coming into play. They would numb my sense and make me think of things I shouldn't. I didn't want any form of kind gestures from him, that wouldn't help.

"I doubt you're sorry." I turned around and walked back the way I came from. My heart still hammered heavily in my chest despite no threat or danger before me. Damor had set this fear in me and I don't know if it would go away any time soon.

I entered my room and didn't bother shutting the door, since the only way to lock the stupid door was from outside.

The door cracked open not long after, and Aaron stepped into the room. I spun around, my heart still skipping in my chest from the scare Damor did earlier.

He had a worried eye as he beheld me, but I didn't want to see it. "You must think I'm not, but I am sorry. This world isn't the one you and Zion are used to."

The scare Damor just gave me told me I wasn't safe here. "Then why not just let us leave?"

He shook his head. "I can't do that and you know why."

I would not act like I do. "What I know is there are as many bad people here as they are on the outside. Your brother is one of them."

This was my fear speaking.

He took a step forward. “Damor plays dangerous games, but he means no harm. We might look bad to you, but one thing we will never do is harm you. The bad ones outside, just like Henry, would seek to harm you.”

“You do not know that.”

“I think we both know that.”

“I’ve lived in the outside world for twenty-six years of my life. It’s been five years since I met you and over four years since I had Zion. I have lived in peace and had never had my life threatened before. Not until you brought yourself back in, so, in my book, you guys are the bad guys. For all I know, Henry was the only one out to hurt me.”

“Henry was a pawn.”

“Says you.”

His eyes fluttered, and he dragged a deep breath. I could tell he was having a really hard time with this argument, but I would not let him have it easy. “I know you resent me, but you’re smarter than the argument you’re making.”

“Maybe I am and maybe I’m not. I just want to get back to my old life, to the way things once were, when I was innocent and naïve.”

“There is no going back, Zera, not after what you’ve known, not after what you’ve discovered and there is no safety, not when those who wanted you dead as still waiting for the next chance they will get.”

“Why don’t you let me be the judge of my own life? It is my life the last time I checked.”

“And you’re the mother of my son. That automatically places you under my protection,” he said in a flat tone, as if expecting no further argument, and that made me boil.

“I don’t need your protection!” I snapped at him, charging toward him.

He took a step forward to meet me halfway. “Strange you would say that. I didn’t see you put up any fight when Henry had you in his grasp. You were defenceless and you would have died if I didn’t step in when I did. So instead

of this continuous rebellion, how about some fvcking grat!tude?" he snarled at me.

"Fvck you!" I cursed.

Red flashed in his eyes and he gritted his teeth. My heart skipped when he took another step closer and I realized how close to his reach I was. "You will remain here until I say otherwise," he said and stormed out of the room, slamming the door hard on his exit.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 43**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 43-I ran over to the door and banged in it as loud as I could for a while and then pulled it open. I found Aaron still at the door facing me as if he had stood waiting for me. My breath hitched as once again our faces had come extremely close.

"You're a nightmare, Zera. In case no one has told you that before, I want to be the first." he said, stepping forward and this made me back away. "One minute you look happy and the next you're a walking chaos."

I didn't want to be a nightmare or chaos but he wasn't giving me much of a choice.

My brow furrowed, "So are you just here to tell me that?"

"Yes," he answered, his voice sounding anything but reasonable. "You have the natural talent of driving me crazy, not a lot can do that."

That was not a compliment but my heart already decided to take it as such.

"I just want my freedom, is that too much to ask?" I raised a brow but spoke in a softer tone of voice.

"It is when your freedom comes at the price of your life. You might hate me, I don't mind, but I am trying to keep you safe," he said and I could see the exhaustion in his face. He was tired, and I wondered what could have gotten him to this point.

Maybe I took him there.



“I am tired of you acting like a spoilt b.rat and treating me like an enemy. I just want you safe. Things aren’t as black and white as you make them out to be. I saved your life. I brought you here to protect you despite knowing how much rebellion you embody. Still, I have kept you here to keep you safe because those who attacked you could come back to finish the job. We treated you of the poison in your veins and you would have died if you were left alone out there. All I have done has been for you. That’s not what a bad guy does, that is what someone who cares does. And you might call this place a prison, but it’s a haven. It’s the only place your attackers can’t come because they know we’ll be ready. The least you can do is show a little appreciation.”

“I didn’t ask you to fight for me. Taking my choices away from me isn’t what a good guy does.”

“Well, then, I’d be the bad guy.” he turned to leave, and I knew he might not return if he did, not after everything I’d said to him.

“You have to let me out. At least let me talk to Daniel. He probably is worried sick about me and confused as to where I am.”

He didn’t turn back to me as he spoke. “Once Ivan returns, he feeds us his discovery and tells us the next line of action. I will know what to do.”

“And when will he return?”

He hesitates before saying, “He just did. Get rest, we have a long day ahead.”

I wanted to wait for Aaron’s return to know what their conclusion was, but my eyes were too heavy to keep awake and so I shut them.

My lashes fluttered, and I glanced at the time at the lampstand close to my head to see ten a.m., I had slept for over eight hours. I sat up and slowly rubbed my head to ease the slight ache thereon. Thoughts ran through my head and I wonder why no one woke me up. If Ivan had returned as Aaron said, he had brought the news that would determine my stay here. It’s been a few days here, but I needed to leave and get back to reality. The longer I stayed here the longer I lose sight of what was real and wanted what I shouldn’t.

It had been eight hours since Ivan’s return, and yet I had heard nothing.

‘Maybe he came, saw you sleeping and went back?’

That sounded like something Aaron would do. He might have seen me sleeping and figured I needed the sleep. He cared a lot, and it showed, despite my arrogance and rebellion.

I needed to know my stand. I wanted to go home. I knew he believed he is protecting me, but what I needed was to be far away from him. I already felt horrible for the kiss I shared with him days ago at Diya's wedding.

Being around him all the time wasn't helping. The only way to keep a sound head was to stay angry, and that wouldn't work forever. He had done his best to remain calmer. It was good, and it reminded me of the Aaron I was with the weekend that changed my life. It didn't help me; it kept me thinking about him even though I shouldn't. I had Daniel and it wouldn't be fair if I ended up cheating on him again.

'Your mind is already doing the cheating.'

I stood at the window an hour later, staring through at the night sky and wondering how long it'll take for Aaron to walk through that door and tell me how Ivan's discovery went. My patience ran thin, and it didn't surprise me. I never had the gift of patience growing up. I couldn't stay here while some people decided on matters that had to do with my safety.

I walked to the door and pulled at it. It opened, and it was no longer a surprise. I stepped out and made my way through the hallway. I remember what happened yesterday in the hallway. Damor had scared the life out of me, but I told myself this would be different.

I heard a voice coming from far away on the left side of the hallway and I dragged my legs there, careful not to make a sound. The Harts were downstairs and the discussion they were having had gone out of control from the look of it. The door of the study was open, and I stood hidden by the entrance door where no light was. It wasn't dark, but I stood hidden from the angle of the passage.

Aaron was seated on the armchair, still, in the grey long sleeve, he wore last night. He looked less affected by everything that was going on. His mind seemed to have wandered off.

"That is bullsh!t!" Damor snapped, pacing around. He seemed pissed off at whatever was suggested by Ivan. "I say we attack. Draw the first blood. Show them why the Harts are not to be messed with."

“Who do we attack then? Because we do not know who was behind the attack and for all, we know it was an act by one who was out of control.” Ivan, who also stood, spoke with much reasoning.

“If we treat this mild, they will take us as weak,” he growled.

“I agree with you, Damor, but we do not even know who we are up against. As Ivan said, we can’t afford to start a war we can’t finish.” Sesi spoke up in a calm tone. She sat opposite Aaron in the chair.

“Then we take them all,” Damor answered with much confidence.

“That’s foolish,” Sesi argued.

He turned to her with his eyes flaring red. “Do not use that word on me. I am still older than you.”

“Then show it in your words and action.” She shot at him.

Damor wanted to speak but stopped himself and his head whipped around to Aaron who had sat without saying a thing and asked. “Are you going to stay silent all day?” at Damor’s question, everyone’s attention turned to Aaron.

He sighed, “I agree with Ivan that an attack without an aim is pointless.”

Damor scoffed, not so happy with Aaron’s response. “So do nothing?”

“Sometimes doing nothing is the best strategy. If there was more to the attack, then doing nothing would make the instigator of the attack return, and then we will be ready.” He answered and took a moment to pause before saying.

“You shouldn’t be up or here. You should be in your room, resting.” Aaron spoke up, moving his gaze over to me and the eyes of the three others in the room turned to me at the door.

“Resting isn’t helping me, is it? Besides, this is about me as it is about the rest of you, my son and I were the ones who got attacked. I’m the one who almost got killed by the poison the attacker injected into my veins, do not forget that.” I said, stepping further into the study.

Aaron nodded and rose to his feet. “Yes, how can we forget that? But right now it’s a matter of war and bloodshed, and I don’t think you should be part of it.”

“Like I said, my life was on the line twice, so pardon me for choosing to be stubborn.” I moved closer toward them. “What are your plans?”

“We believe the attacker acted alone,” Ivan answered and my attention turned to him.

“That’s bullsh!t and only a fool would believe that.” Damor interrupted with a still furious tone and Ivan didn’t like that very much.

“Nothing is a coincidence.” Ivan supported, “but we can’t stage a blind attack. That would only leave us vulnerable to a war we can’t win. “

“We have the numbers. We can take them on. Make sure no one ever thinks about rebellion against the Harts again.”

“And our alpha is weak, and he grows weaker with every day that passes. He didn’t shift yesterday because that would have left him at the most vulnerable state. Did you not see what that lowest-ranked wolf did to him? This attack would leave him in a vulnerable position! Is that what you want?” Sesi demanded with a voice half angry and half disappointed as she spoke to Damor.

My eyes travelled over to Aaron, and I found him looking anywhere but at me. The look on his face said she told the truth and my heart went to him. I cannot believe I have been so rebellious and hateful towards him when all he had tried to do was keep me safe and out of harm’s way. He had risked his safety and life to save mine and Zion and all I gave in return was stubbornness.

“Everyone leave!” Aaron said, and, they all turned to stare at him, “I said leave!” he growled furiously, his eyes blazing and I jump on my stand.

With no form of objection, they departed from the study, leaving it empty but for the both of us. I would have also taken my leave, but I couldn’t bring myself to. I felt frozen on the sp0t by the truth of Aaron’s condition and his outburst, and I stood still.

“You should leave,” he spoke in a softer tone of voice and turned away from me.

I wish I could. I felt sad and angry and guilty. Sad because I didn’t want to see him this way and guilty because if what Sesi said was the truth, then Aaron had little time and that means Zion would be fatherless in no time...

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 44

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 44-A week or two weeks ago, the very thought of Aaron disappearing from our lives would have given me so much joy I would have thrown a party, but now knowing what I know, I felt like a horrible person for everything. I was a horrible person.

I cheated him; I cheated him of the years he could have gotten to know his son. I knew he would have given anything to be a part of Zion's life.

"I can't," I said with a small voice. It was the truth, I couldn't bring myself to leave. My legs felt stuck.

He sighed and said nothing else.

I wanted to ask many questions, but I couldn't ask why he didn't tell me of his condition because we weren't even friends, to begin with. Last I checked, I hated him. The only thing that joined us was our son, and that wasn't enough reason to open himself up to me. Besides, there was nothing I would or could have done to help.

"I want to be alone." he said, "please leave."

"I can't," I said again, and I wanted to move at this point, but I didn't find the strength to do that.

He turned to me and I saw the wounded look in his eyes and it broke my heart to see it. "Aaron."

He shook his head, "Don't." he said before storming out.

My heart shrunk in my chest and my eyes grew glassy. This hurts much more than I thought, much more than I expected. I knew it wasn't my place and it would just get me into more trouble with him, but I wanted to be there for him. It felt right within me and leaving him alone, like he requested, didn't feel like something I could do.

I followed him outside. The day was less bright as compared to yesterday and the sky looked cloudy as if it would rain soon. I found him seated on the balcony with his face towards the open field to the left. The chilly breeze blew through his long hair and swayed it around on his face. The same breeze

gripped my skin, causing goosebumps to erupt all over, and I wrapped my hands around my exposed arms.

He had sensed my presence because he spoke. "You shouldn't be out here, Zera, it's not healthy for you."

"I know," I answered, my lips trembling a little.

"And yet here you are."

It was the way it was. My heart was heavy, and I knew I wouldn't rest today or in the days to come if I didn't step up and did what needed to be done, said what needed to be said. "I am sorry."

He turned his head to the side but didn't turn fully to look at me. "Why? Are you saying that because you mean it or because you don't want to be the villain who wronged a dying man?"

"Both. But I am sorry because I didn't get it before. I do now and I have had a moment of self-reflection and I know what a horrible person I have been to you. I have also been a selfish mother to Zion and considered my feeling and insecurities above what was best for him. I denied him the years he could have had with a father who would have wanted him, years he would have been loved and cherished. Now he may not get the love he deserves because of me and I am sorry. I was mad when you wanted to take him away, but now I understand why. You're the better parent and I wronged you so badly and I need to say I'm sorry." a tear ran down my face.

He turned around and finally looked at me. "That must have been a hard thing to say out loud."

I nodded, "It had to be said and I need you to know that I understand now. I understand why you do the things you do."

I turned to make my way back to the room, but his words halted my step.

"You never reached out all those five years. Why?" he asked.

I didn't want to talk about that, but that was the origin of the lone path I took later in life and was the reason behind every decision I made.

“Because I had my heart broken by your conversation which I overheard. You were on the phone talking about the need to find the woman made for you. The one your soul longed for and I realised that wasn’t me.”

I laughed and shook my head at my grand stupidity, “You see I had somehow fallen for you in the short weekend we spent together and I was going to say yes to the offer you made about us being more. That conversation, however, broke my heart. It made me question everything and once again I was the fool in love with the guy who was nothing but a liar.”

“You fell in love with me?” he asked as if he couldn’t believe what he just heard.

We were placing all the cards on the table and there was no need to lie or pretend. I turned to him and found him already standing with his intent gaze on me. I pressed my lips together and nodded. “I loved you. And to an extent, I felt you were the one. I felt the connection I had never felt for anyone else. Not even Owens. That was why I was going to say yes to your offer. It was a risk I wanted to take before the conversation ruined it.”

I drew a deep breath, “When I found out I was pregnant months later, I reached out to call you. I wanted to tell you our weekend together had brought forth a child, but some woman picked up the call and called you babe over the phone. I let my insecurities and heartache take over. I feared you would take him and cut me out of your lives and I did the cowardly act of hiding him from you. That’s the truth in its entirety. I hope a day would come when you will forgive me for my shortcoming, Aaron Hart.” he stayed silent, and I took my leave and went inside.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 45**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 45-I didn’t see or hear from Aaron the rest of the day, and I didn’t expect to see him. He must have figured out I was the crazy one and chose to distance himself from me.

I deserved it. I was the villain, all the while I thought I was the victim, but sitting still and thinking everything through made me realise I pointed the fingers at the wrong person all those years.

I saw clearer now and coming out with the truth didn’t make me less of a bad guy.

Sleep didn't come easy, a lot stayed on my mind. I had come out with the truth, which had weighed on me for the past five years, but I still didn't feel good.

I laid in bed with my mind fixed on the way forward and not long after that; I fell asleep.

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This wasn't how I thought it would happen, but it was here and there was no going back. I dragged myself to the table where my bag was, gr0aning in pain with every step I took. My water had just broken, and it meant the baby was coming and I was all alone in the house with none to help me out.

I pulled out my phone from my bag and dialled Diya's number and after a few rings, she picked up, "Hey, babe." her energetic voice came through.

"Diya?" I dragged out faintly, dragging my feet over into my room and picking up the already packed baby delivery bag seated in the drawer. I hung it over my shoulder and then I picked out a coat.

"What's wrong?" her tone switched to concern in a second.

I dragged a sharp breath. "My water just broke," I told her and I felt quietness from her side. I was not ready for delivery yet. According to the doctor's words, the baby was due for another week and so I did not gear my preparations for today. Unfortunately for me, a baby was on its way now and there was no going back.

"Where are you?"

"I'm still at home."

"Can you walk?"

I nodded and then realised she couldn't see me. "For now." I picked up my bag, which had my car keys and purse and hospital card. I had my red maternity gown on and I didn't think about changing it.

"I am on my way."



Diya lived forty minutes away from my house, and there was no way she was going to make it on time. I knew waiting for her would not be the best decision. Especially now that I could feel the baby's need to be born.

"I don't think I can hold on that long, Diya," I honestly told her, biting into my lips to channel the discomfort that coursed through my stomach down south. I dragged myself towards the door and sweat broke over my face.

"What will you do?"

"I'm going to drive to the hospital. The neighbours have all gone to work or school and I'm the only one at home. The longer I wait, the longer our life would fall in danger. I need to go." I explained to her, surprised at my strength in all of this.

I exited the house and locked the door before walking to the car. The discomfort had multiplied in the last few minutes and I worried if I'd be able to drive to the hospital this way. But I had to try, for both our sake.

"Meet me at the hospital, Diya. I think that's the best option for you."

"Okay, please be careful and if you see anyone, ask them to help you."

"I will." I tossed the phone onto the seat and turned on the car before driving off.

The traffic on the road was lesser than usual and I navigate through the cars, but I was running at high speed and I knew it was only a matter of time before the police took notice and chased after me. I didn't care. My brain was now becoming hazy, and I needed to get to where I needed to be.

If I didn't get there, I might end up dead.

I heard the police siren go off behind my car. "This is the police. Slow down your car." I heard but knowing the hospital was just five minutes away and I might not even make it there at this speed, I didn't do as I was told, so I sped up the more.

The siren followed behind, baring off, "This is the police, slow down your car." the warning came again but I didn't do as I was told, I couldn't.

I took the turn that led to the hospital and drove my way to the parking lot, not even bothering to park my car where it was necessary. I turned off the car and my hands dropped from the starry wheel to my side, exhausted and unable to think straight.

“This is the police. Step out of the car.” The announcement came through the microphone, but I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t even move. All I could do was sit and wait and in my waiting, I felt my life fading away and my breathing growing faint. My eyes blurred up as they slowly shut. The voices faded away, and I heard nothing else.

When I woke up again, I was spread out on the delivery table with lights fixed on me and the doctors standing around and above me.

“Welcome, Ms Adams. We are so glad to have you join us.” the old male doctor with grey hair said with a warming smile.

My dear lingered, and even his warm smile couldn’t divert it. “My baby,” I started, but didn’t finish my words.

He nodded, his warm smile lingering and bringing out the wrinkles around his eyes, “Your baby is safe as he should be and you are too, but we will have to perform a caesarean section on you to save both yours and your baby’s life.”

I nodded, but fear remain, and he saw it in my eyes. He picked up the cutter, about to proceed with the operation, when I felt a tug in my stomach and a painful but uncontrollable shift on the inside. My hands clench onto the sides of the delivery table, afraid of what was happening. And the doctor saw it too.

Sweat broke over my face as my body began contracting and my body grew rigid. “What’s happening?!” I asked in a scared tone.

“Your body is moving to deliver all on its own.” the doctor replied and immediately, he dropped the cutter and moved to settle between my legs...

My eyes fluttered in bed to realise it was all a dream, more of a memory of the day my son Zion came into this world. He was my miracle and saving grace.

I didn’t know where the strength came from that day, but it came and in less than ten minutes, I went into delivery. I delivered a healthy living boy.

They then ran a test on both of us to check out our health and body, and they found we were perfectly sound. The doctors had no words to explain what had happened and said it could be only a miracle. They concluded the baby had healed me and strengthened my muscles somehow before he was delivered and though it made not much sense; I accepted it as the truth.

He was my angel and I know he would watch over me always.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 46**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 46-Either I saw Aaron in my room, sitting on the other corner of my bed, or I must have been dreaming. But when my eyes cleared up, I saw that indeed he was on my bed, sitting with his back facing me. I pulled myself up to sit down and slowly rubbed over my sleepy and swollen eyes before calling his name.

“Aaron?” did he miss his road or something? Because last I checked, this was the room I’ve been in all this while, right? Or did I miss it?

“I waited for you, after that weekend,” he spoke as if he knew I was already awake and able to comprehend what he was saying. “At first I thought you needed the time to think and find out what exactly it was you wanted and I was willing to wait, but days turned into weeks and weeks into months and I realised perhaps you have forgotten about the weekend, forgotten about us, forgotten me. Perhaps you weren’t the one, and I had to move on as well. It was what I needed to do. My existence depended on it.” he explained and I had little clarity on what he spoke about. Still, I didn’t interrupt him.

He rose to his feet, sliding his hand into the pocket of his black trousers before turning around to face me.

“You are right, I spoke about my soul mate on the phone, but I think things happened quite different from what you remember,” he told me and I realise he spoke about the conversation he made over the phone years ago which I had overheard.

“Before coming to your town, I was in search of a true mate. Every werewolf needs one, and it’s an important part of an alpha’s life. Some alphas more than others, but after I met you, I was certain you were the one. I believed that with the whole of my heart and being. You completed me. Everything made sense with you. You became the one thing I needed to gain clarity and when I was on the phone with Ivan, I spoke to him about it as well.”

He paused as if expecting an interruption, but I didn't interrupt. I wanted him to speak, I wanted to listen. "He was to support me in finding a mate and when I believed it was you; I had to let him know. I can show you the conversation that really took place that morning if you want to have the whole truth."

I didn't know if I was ready for that, but I wanted to know. A part of me felt it needed to. His discussion with his brother was the reason I had my heart broken that morning. It was the origin of the path I ended up taking much later and I wanted to know the truth for myself.

I dragged a shaky breath. "Then I want to see it," I answered, and he took a step towards the bed. My heart picked up its beat, and I tried to control it somehow. His smell was intoxicating and alluring, and the closer he got, the weaker I became.

He sat facing me in bed and his eyes stayed on mine while mine did their best to not give off too much vulnerability. He placed his hand on my head and my stomach fluttered at the softness of his hands and how his tender touch caused weakness all over me. I tried to fight off the urge to lean into him because that would not be good.

He slid his thumb from my forehead to my temple and in the next minute, I was back in the penthouse, where I spent the weekend with him. He was on the balcony wearing the same white round-necked polo and blue jeans that morning and I was there with him as well.

"I asked her to stay."

"What did she say?" Ivan's voice came sharply over the phone.

It felt strange that I could hear Ivan's voice clearly, but then I figured it was made possible because I was in Aaron's mind, reminiscing this.

"She said she'd think about it, but told me she liked the idea. I think that's a positive mark," he said and I could feel the little excitement in his voice.

"Well, at least this would make up for you disappearing in the middle of a consultation," Ivan sounded a little pissed at Aaron.

He ran a hand over his hair. "I needed to find her, Ivan. You, of all people, should understand. I don't think I'd find a genuine sense of belonging or even

survive without her in my life. We belong together.” He said, but his words didn’t match his voice.

Ivan picked it up over the phone as well. “Then why do I still feel the linger of scepticism in your voice?”

He sighed, “She’s human.” the words made my heart tighten.

The line went dead, and I knew Ivan was thinking of what Aaron had just told him. After much silence, he spoke. “If she’s the one, then it wouldn’t matter.”

Aaron pulled his hands away from my temple and I snapped back to reality, gasping for air. I didn’t think what just happened was possible, but a lot of things that had happened in the past few days were impossible, yet happened.

I knew what I saw and heard, but I couldn’t trust it. I glanced up and found Aaron’s gaze still on me.

“Why should I believe you? For all I know, this is your way of showing me what you want me to see.”

“I have no reason to do that. What you just saw is my memory, and it hasn’t been tampered with. You might not believe it, but I know deep down you know it’s the truth.”

If this was the truth, then what I thought I heard wasn’t the truth. I also had my heart broken for nothing. I should have confronted him then, oh how much pain and tears I would have saved myself.

“I thought you had someone,” I admitted. “I thought you were cheating on her with me, as Owens did to me using Tatiana. I felt angry and hurt and used, and I believed you did not differ from him. That was why I never called back. I should have asked for an explanation, but I didn’t think it was in my place to do so. We were just two people that met during the weekend to have fun and nothing more. I wasn’t your girlfriend and so I kept my anger to myself and moved on instead.”

“I never lied to you, Zera, and I never will.”

I nodded. I know that now and I wish I had known that before, things would have been so much different. "I know that now," I told him and when his hand moved down to stroke my face, I leaned into him to get more.

I felt a calm I had not felt in a long while and I wanted to get used to it. It was the peace the truth brought, and it felt better than I thought it would.

This felt real. Staying this way, being with him this way, felt more real than everything I've experienced in the last few years.

My heart was back beating for him like it had five years ago and there was no stopping it.

His thumb rubbed small circles on my cheeks and my shivers ran through me, awakening reactions and responses to him. I leaned in to kiss his lips but pulled back when I realised I had Daniel.

I couldn't do this to him again. It didn't matter what the truth revealed. I was with someone else now. Someone who was still out there, probably searching for me and he didn't deserve to be cheated on. Besides, I didn't know what Aaron's life had been like in the last five years, and I could not assume he had waited since then.

I bit my lips and pulled back, shaking my head. "Thank you for telling me the truth, Aaron, and I wish things had happened differently."

"Yeah, me too." he agreed before pulling his hands away and I immediately missed the touch. "With Ivan's discovery, I see no reason to keep you here, so I will let you go home today."

Just when I was starting to not hate this guy, and things get better, he kicks me out.

"Oh," was all I could say. A tiny part of me wanted to stay a little longer, but I have fought for my freedom since I found myself here and it's only right I take it with joy.

I nodded. "Will I get to leave with Zion?" I asked, my heart beating in an unsteady beat. I wanted to be with Zion, but I couldn't tell if I would have my wishes granted. Last I checked, he belonged to the two of us.

“There is no reason you shouldn’t,” he answered, a smile coming to his face and his dimple appearing.

“Why are you being so nice to me? I’m not the best person and honestly, I would hate myself too if I were you.”

“I could never hate you even if I tried, Zera Adams.”

“And why is that?”

“Some day I will tell you why just not today.” He rose from beside me and I wanted to hold on to him and tell him to stay a little longer. “I think you should bathe and get ready. I will tell Uwa to get Ivan ready as well.”

The door shut behind him and I groaned in pain at what I could have had. He’d always be the one that got away.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 47**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 47-Three hours later.

I was in a red polka-dot sundress that reached my knee and a pair of black slip-on I found in the wardrobe, which was the perfect match. I figured Aaron had gotten them for me because they fit so well. My curly hair I make into a ponytail and once done, I stared at myself in the dressing mirror one last time to make sure I looked okay. I did and now the next was waiting for Aaron to call for me.

Leaving gave me a bittersweet feeling. Bitter because it meant I wouldn’t have the Harts around me anymore, especially Aaron, and sweet because this was what I always wanted.

Not long after I finished dressing up, the male servant, Blake, came to usher me out of the room. I came downstairs for the second time in the days I’ve been here and I found the three younger Harts standing close, waiting. It warmed my heart to know that despite the chaos I caused while here; they were still here to say farewell.

“Promise you I’ll visit?” I asked with expecting eyes as I stared at Sesi, who smiled widely. Our circumstances these past days didn’t give us the time we needed. However, there was a lot I wanted to learn from her and I wanted to keep her close and build our relationship.

She nodded, "I will. I can't go anywhere, not when Zion already has my heart." She answered, smiling and fondling Zion's cheeks.

"And you?" I asked, staring between Damor and Ivan.

"Sure. You've got some balls, and I'd like to learn from you. Zion is Furthermore the cutest Hart so far. So yes, I will visit." Ivan answered with a broadened smile that made his blue eyes sparkle.

"I never thought I'd say this, however, it needs to be said, so thank you. Thank you for everything. You're the best aunt and uncles Zion could have ever asked for."

This made them smile. "Ready?" Aaron asked, returning to the living room.

I turn to him and nodded, "we are."

Sesi handed Zion over to Aaron and he balanced his son on his left arm. Zion waved at the three Harts and I saw his eyes grow glassy and it broke my heart. He probably believes he will never see them again, and I did not know how to begin by telling him that wasn't the case here. I wished I could take them with me just for today.

"Can we come along?" Ivan asked, as if reading my thought.

Aaron hesitated, but when he looked at me, I nodded, and he nodded as well. "Sure, come along, but no trouble."

Ivan was the happiest and he stepped forward, taking Zion from Aaron's hands and heading out while the little boy giggled happily.

"You sure about this?" Aaron asked with a little sceptical voice.

"It's what Zion wants and, from the look of it, he is ecstatic." I tapped his shoulder and followed Ivan and Zion out as well. The red Benza jeep was already waiting for us outside the house and we all got in.

"Can I use your phone and make a call?" I asked Aaron, who now had the key in the car's ignition. I wanted to reach out to Lionel and tell him I was coming home. I had misplaced my phone during Diya's Bachelorette party and I haven't spoken or reached out to anyone since then. I knew they would be happy to hear from me and learn I was okay today.



Without arguing, Aaron handed me his phone, and I dialled Lionel's number. He didn't pick up, and I tried again. He didn't pick up, and I felt uneasy with thoughts in my head. I called Diya even though I knew I was interrupting her honeymoon, but I had no other choice and I hoped she would pick up and not be mad.

After the first ring, she picked up, "Hello who's this?"

"Diya, it's me," I said, and I felt her exhale sharply.

"Zera, my goodness!! Where have you been? Lionel has blown up my phone in the past few days being worried sick because he couldn't find you and Zion. At first, I thought he was joking around, then I realised he wasn't. I almost cancelled my plans for the honeymoon."

"I'm glad you didn't, Diya, I am fine. I lost my phone. How's Greg?"

"He's fine. Still passed out on the bed. I blew his mind out last night."

I heard chuckling from the back seat and I knew everyone in the car had heard what she said, even though the call wasn't on speaker. I knew their hearing ability had made them listen to what Diya was saying.

I turned to Aaron and found him chuckling. "Is someone there with you? I'm hearing noises in the background." Diya's suspicious tone came up.

I shook my head, then realised she wouldn't see me. "No one. Why did you ask?"

"Nothing."

"Has Lionel reached out to you since yesterday? I've tried his number twice, and it's unreachable."

"He called a day ago to ask if you've reached out, but I have heard nothing from him yesterday and today."

"Okay, thank you. I'll keep calling him then."

"Do that. I'm glad you're okay. Please take care of yourself and Zion and stay safe. Send my love to him, okay?"

“I will,” I answered, and the call ended. Then I turned to the people seated in the car with me. “You do not listen to people’s calls. It’s not right.” I scolded them with a stern voice.

It was wrong and I would know. I did that five years ago and look where we are. They all mumbled inaudibly, “sorry,” and Aaron wouldn’t stop chuckling. And that was getting to me. “is something funny, Mr?” my brow shot up.

He shook his head, “No ma’am.” he replied just as expected.

I returned my focus to my phone and once again dialled Lionel’s number and after a few rings; it went through.

“Hello? Lionel?” I called out, immediately relieved to have gotten an answer, “Oh, thank goodness you’r-“

“This is Shamsi.” came the unknown feminine and fragile voice of the stranger now in possession of Lionel’s phone.

“Shamsi?” I repeated because the name didn’t ring a bell in my memory.

“Lionel’s girlfriend,” she added, to clear my curiosity.

Oh, he’s gotten a girlfriend within a few days. My brother is fast! I’d give him that. He said it and he did it. Good for him.

“Who are you?” she demanded, snapping me out of my silly mind.

“I’m Zera Adams, his sister. Where is he?” and do not tell me you also blew his brains out.

“Oh,” her voice dropped in its tempo, “Lionel is in the hospital. He was involved in a crash on his way over to my place last night.”

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 48**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 48-My heart sank like the Titanic after she said he was involved in a crash and my whole mood change.

“He was taken to the hospital and has been there since.” she finished, bringing me out of my thoughts to focus on her.

“Where is he now?!” I asked, barely holding my trembling voice together.

I saw Aaron stare at me from the corner of my eyes with worried eyes and I knew he had heeded my warning and wasn't listening to this call. However, judging from the quietness I got from behind, I wasn't sure the same could be said for those seated in the back seat.

“Saint Louis General hospital,” she replied and my brain did a mental location of the hospital and realise it addressed was at Beverly Hills.

I nodded. “I'm on my way.” I ended the call and turned to look at Aaron.

“Where?” he asked, not waiting for the rest of the story. He must have placed his conclusion based on the change my expression took and realized I needed to be somewhere.

He just saved me a lot of stress with words.

“Saint Louis General Hospital, Beverly Hills,” I answered and without another word, he turned the car around and drove in the hospital's direction.

We got there after six hours' drive, and I got down and raced inside. I didn't look back at Zion because I knew he was in safe hands. I ran into the hospital reception with a heavily beating heart and approached the nurse behind the counter having the name tag Rose. She was writing something down in the book before her, but as soon as she saw me; she dropped the pen and gave me her undivided attention.

“Good day,” I greeted, despite my desperation.

“Good day, ma'am. What can I do for you?” she asked.

“I'm looking for my brother. His name is Lionel Adams. He was involved in a car crash and was brought in here last night.”

“Okay, hold on a bit,” she said politely and while I waited, Aaron came to stand beside me. “He's in ward C, down the ICU hall to the left.”

“Thank you,” I told her and hurried my legs in the direction she just told me.

I came to ward C and pushed it open. The room was a medium-sized room painted white with a heart monitor on the left side of the bed close to the window and a drip hanging on an iron stand close to the right side of the bed.

Lionel was on the bed with a bandage around his head and a cast covering up his arm. His face appeared pale and swollen and his lips busted open, and I was certain it was from the impact of the crash. A woman I didn't know stood beside him in bed, and I was certain she must have been the one who picked up the call hours ago.

My heart clenched in my chest at the sight of him and for a moment there, I forgot to breathe.

His attention was on Shamsi, but his head soon turned to me, and hers followed right after.

His eyes grew warm on seeing me, and mine remained glassy. "Zera," he called out to me with a faint voice and I race to stand beside him.

"Lionel," I said, and a tear rolled down my face. I reached for it and wiped it off, sniffing the rest inside.

"Zera, I've been worried sick about you," he spoke up, affirming Diya's words over the phone earlier. I pressed my lips together and nodded. He had every right to be. A week without being able to reach their loved ones would give anyone a scare.

"I'm sorry, I lost my phone at Diya's Bachelorette party." I didn't get to recover before the attack and rescue happened and here we are, many days later.

"What happened to you? What sort of crash was it?"

His lips paused as if he was in deep thought, "It came out of nowhere, sis. I was on the right because the light was green for me and so I was going and this car just came out of nowhere, slamming into mine and sending both of us somersaulting off the road." he said and I felt the fear in his voice.

"The police said there was no one in the other car. No blood stain, no forced exit from the car and no trail." Shamsi added, but did not sound convinced about it as well.

"That can't be true. I saw someone, a guy in a black shirt and red hair. I was not in any drug, neither am I making it up," he said, his eyes staring into mine, hoping I believe him.

My hand tightened around his. "I believe you. We will get to the bottom of this, I promise."

"The police thought Lionel could have been under the influence, but the test they ran showed that he wasn't. He's in sound mind, but they can't prove his theory without evidence. That's what I came in to tell him before you came in." She explained and then turned to pat Lionel's head tenderly.

"I thought I was going to die... Perhaps my time is near." he trailed off and I took his hand into mine.

"Listen to me, Lionel, you will not die, not now, not soon. We need you here with us. Zion needs you, I need you and you still have a long way to go with us." he nodded slowly, and I kissed the back of his hand.

"Zion is okay, isn't he?"

"He is. He's outside," I answered, not including those who he was with. I would reveal everything to him in its time. "I will get a phone before going home and I will send you the number, so you will have it," I said and then lifted my head so my attention fixed on Shamsi, who had gone quiet. "Thank you."

She shrugged. "It's what I would have done for anyone. Luckily, he isn't anyone, which makes it even better." She said and smiled down at him.

I stepped out of the ward and I tried to wrap my head around everything that Lionel told me. I believe him, but the police report and his words did not tally. I knew one of them had to be lying and I knew Lionel would not lie about this. With Lionel's history of substance abuse, it would take the police a longer time to get to the truth, despite him being clean now. It wasn't fair to him, but that was what we had to deal with.

Ivan's discovery concluded that Henry acted alone in his attack, even though snapping the way he did without a cause made no sense. It made no sense that a car without a driver crash into Lionel's and left him in a terrible state, but here we were.

I didn't want to make wrongful conclusions, but I was beginning to think the same people behind my attack were behind this. Of course, I couldn't tell him that, that would only make him worry more and, besides, I could be wrong.

Whatever the reason was behind these attacks, I knew they wanted to eliminate the Adams and I wanted to know why.

“Get out of my way!” I heard the voice I knew and hated yell not so far from me. Turning around, I found Betty standing there with a look of disdain on her face. I wasn’t surprised. The last time we met, she wasn’t welcoming, and I didn’t expect something different. If it were up to me, I would live my life and cut off things that would make us meet, but it wasn’t up to me, Lionel was the link between us and we seem to care about him.

Behind her stood Tatiana, with a less confident look on her face compared to the last time I saw her over a year ago. It was not in my place to care, so I paid her little mind.

Betty crossed her arms over her chest, making the tight pink blouse she had on tighter. Her pale blue eyes stared at me from head to toe with a look of contempt. “You! What the hell do you want here? Haven’t you done enough?” she yelled at me.

I scoffed at her words and audacity. “Enough? Lionel is my brother. I am here because I care about him.”

“Care about him? This is all your fault!”

I scoffed and shook my head. “How’s it my fault?”

“You kept moving him around and travelling six hours just to see that little bastard you call a child! Look where that got him!” she snapped at me, her face turning red.

For Lionel’s sake, I didn’t want to lose my temper, yet this witch and her evil mouth were pushing it. I would gladly take her insult and name calling because of Lionel, but I will not take insult and name calling of my son. I will apologize later. “I will not stand here and have you talk about my son that way, Betty.”

“Or else what? You’ve always been a good-for-nothing child. Everything you touch turns to ruin and I will not let you bring your rotten hand anywhere near my son!” she threw her crude words at me.

“I wouldn’t speak to her that way if I were you,” Aaron growled, and this made me turn to find him standing behind me with a murderous look on his face.

Her eyes flew to Aaron and whatever she saw terrified her before she turned her attention to me. "Who the hell is this?" her voice lost the strength it had when she spoke down on me earlier.

"Daddy!" Zion called out, running towards us with a packet of biscuits in his hand.

Aaron smiled, bent down and took him into his hands before rising. "Look what Sesi got for me," he said, shaking the biscuit in his hand.

Aaron's eyes widened dramatically, as if he wasn't boiling with rage a moment ago. "Well, did you tell her thank you?"

Zion bobbed his head, "Yes, Ivan would get me ice cream next."

Aaron raised a brow. "Did he say that?"

Zion nodded and giggled. "He wants to be my favourite uncle."

"Do not let him eat too much of that," I told Aaron.

He nodded, "Yes ma'am." and took Zion away from us.

I walked my attention to the mother and daughter who still stood before me and I took a step toward them. "I should have said this the last time we met, but better late than never. The only thing that joins us together is Lionel and I will always be here for him because, unlike you, he understands what it means to have a family. But this would be the last time you used a disrespectful tone or words on me and my child. If you see me and you have nothing good to say, say nothing at all.

Act like we do not exist and I will do the same. I wouldn't tell you what I'd do to you the next time you think about disrespecting me."

With that said, I brushed past her and made my way out of the hospital.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 49**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 49-I came out of the building and towards the parking lot where Aaron had parked the car earlier and I saw him there holding onto Zion while talking to his siblings. It was nice to know that some

people understood what family was and valued it, unlike mine. At least I still had Lionel for support and comfort, no matter how bad it gets.

They notice me approaching, and they turned to look at me.

Aaron was the first to speak. "Hey, you okay?" the concern in his tone made my heart flutter, and I nodded. "I am. Thank you for earlier." I flashed him a smile.

"I did nothing." he brushed it off casually.

'It was enough to scare the life out of Betty and that was enough for me.' I said to myself.

I nodded, then turned to Sesi. "Thank you for the snacks. I didn't plan for the detour we took, it just happened and I was so concerned about my brother, I forgot about my son."

"It's fine. We've got you, always." She assured me with a confident voice and that was enough for me.

Their eyes wandered off, and I wondered who had taken their attention for a second. I turned around and found Tatiana standing there looking as if she wanted to talk. I paid her little mind earlier because my focus stayed on her mother, but now I could. She had on a polka-dot dress which stopped mid-thigh and enhanced her curves. Her straight hair was in a messy bun and I figured a lot had changed with her because the Tia I knew always had a thing for looking perfect. That Tia seemed different from this one.

Unlike the last time, she wasn't with Owens and that was not a surprise to me. It was only a matter of time before their 'perfect union made in backstabbing heaven' came crashing down.

Yes, I said it.

Was she here to finish what her mother started? Because heaven helps me, I would give her a dose of the venom still left in me. However, she didn't look like she wanted to say any mean words. She looked scared.

Any sane person would be. Behind me stood three tall men and an equally terrifying woman. Only a fool would mess with me.



“What do you want, Tia?” I crossed my arms over my chest and stared at her squarely.

She hesitated, scared and uncertain. “I just wanted to say sorry for what happened earlier and also for the many years of torment you went through. I never got to say it, or acknowledge the role I played, but I know I was wrong on so many counts.”

I doubt she was sorry. Owens has probably left her, and she now realised I wasn't the villain I was made into being all those years.

This is the case of a cheating partner who apologises not because they believe what they did was wrong, but because they were caught in the act.

“Why?” I demanded. “Owens finally left you for someone better? Someone young? And suddenly you realise Zera wasn't the monster who couldn't keep her man happy?”

She pressed her lips together and her eyes grew glassy. I had hit the nail on the head. She looked miserable now, and I almost felt pity for her.

“I am sorry for everything I did to you back then. I hope you can forgive me.” She said, and a tear slid down her face.

“I never held it against you. Like I said over five years ago, I lost nothing, so I let it go. I believe I deserve better than what I got with Owens and I hope you come to that realization someday.”

She nodded, wiping at her teary eyes, “Thank you so much, Zera. You are a better woman than I am, than I'll ever be.” she said, sniffing pathetically.

“You're welcome.”

“Can I hug you?” she asked, with hopeful eyes.

I nodded, not even thinking her request through. “Sure you can.”

She threw her arms around me and hugged me tightly and the act made my heart hurt a little. I couldn't remember the last time she hugged me. After my father's death, Betty must have told her something to steal her heart away. I became the bad guy, and she barely spoke or interacted with me. Yes, she clung to me when she needed something, but when she got it, she was gone.

This right here, however, wasn't forced or manipulated. It was genuine, and it made me realise what I had missed for so long. She pulled away and took her leave while I stood watching her go.

I turned around and found the Harts staring at me and I frowned.

"We didn't listen in on your conversation." Ivan quickly spoke up, as if trying to bail them out of any trouble that might arise.

"We didn't have to," Damor added.

"Are you okay?" Aaron asked.

"Yes, I am." I lied. "I need to go home. I am so tired and I know Zion is too."

"I will take you," Aaron offered, and I didn't say no.

The day had turned the way we didn't anticipate and so the younger Hart siblings chose to go home. They were six hours from the park estate and since Aaron would not be returning; they needed to be back there and keep things moving.

I understood and thanked them for their help throughout the day. Aaron, Zion and I departed and drove the rest four hours that led to my home. It was done in silence and that silence must have gotten to Zion because he fell asleep in the back seat where I had him strapped in.

"Your brother," Aaron started after an hour of driving quietly.

I broke gaze with the side of the road which I had my eyes fixed on since the trip started and moved it to him.

He didn't look at me, but I saw he wanted to.

"How's he now? I never got to ask because of your mother."

I sighed. "He will survive. He's a fighter."

"Just like you," he mumbled under his breath, but I heard him.

My heart fluttered.

“His attack came out of nowhere, just like mine.” I told him, “The police said there was no one in the other car, but he could swear there was. He saw him, but his history with substance abuse would drag the investigation on.”

“You think this was an attack?” he asked in a small tone, as if deep in thought.

“I know it is. His attack makes me believe Henry didn’t act alone. This is all connected somehow and the Adams are the target. I might be wrong, but my gut says otherwise.”

He became silent, and that was the last thing I needed, but as I opened my mouth to speak, he did. “I think you’re right. I also think this has something to do with me. But I cannot tell who’s behind it.”

His words triggered my next question. “Don’t you have any enemies?” I raised a brow.

“I have many enemies.” he corrected. “And that is why I fight to keep you and Zion safe for as long as I can.”

A part of me wanted to go back to the estate where I’d been these past few days. There was guaranteed safety there compared to the outside world, but my loved ones were in the outside world and they were vulnerable. “Will we ever be safe?”

He reached out and took my hand on my lap into his. The touch sent a spark through me, and I didn’t want him to let go.

He squeezed down on it before glancing at me. “I swear to you that you will, even if it’s the last thing I’ll do.”

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 50**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 50-We arrived home and Aaron carried the still sleeping Zion into his arms and rested his small head on his shoulder and we both approached the house. The little boy must have felt the change because he woke up and his dull eyes lingered on me.

“Mommy.”

“Yes, my love.”

“Are we home yet?”

I bobbed my head, “We are, we are going in now.”

Aaron opened the door, and I followed him inside. “I’m hungry,” he whined.

“I know and I will get you something to eat in no time.” I reached out and ruffled his hair. I felt exhausted from the stress of today, but I had to put him first and put his needs above mine, like always.

“Okay, mommy.”

My eyes strayed from him and moved around the room. I haven’t even taken the time to notice the massive change that had taken place in the room and now that I had; I realised nothing changed. Everything was the way it used to be, and it felt as if there was never an attack to begin with. Aaron had spoken about taking care of what happened, but I never thought far about what that would be like.

The centre table, the couch and the television and even the walls had been fixed and made to appear the way they always did.

Aaron’s memory of how things were around the living room surprised me.

Still, it didn’t take the image of what happened away, and every corner of the room made me recollect the horror. I remembered being attacked from the kitchen and trying to run out into the parlour. I remember my hand getting caught by Henry, and I remember losing my balance and falling to the ground. Then after Aaron came in and I got Zion out of his room, I remember turning away to face the door as the attacker approached and I prepared for the worse.

My body grew stiff and my breathing became unsteady. I was shivering at the memories the house had. It was a terrible one. I wrapped my hand around my arms and gently massaged them.

“You could stay in a hotel if you’re not comfortable here,” he spoke up, pulling me out of my thought and my eyes turned to look at him. He must have seen the much effect the house had on me and wanted to help.

“How long will I keep running?” I raised a brow.

“For as long as you have to,” he answered.

His offer was generous, but I couldn't afford it. “This is my home, and I got it from working hard and being exceptional. I will let no one drive me out of it.” I answered, and he nodded, understanding my point and he didn't argue.

‘Ah yes, but they can drive you insane in it.’

I guided my legs to the kitchen, and I stared through at the pots and plates, also intact, as if nothing happened.

I jumped when I heard a crash in the living room and I raced out to see Aaron standing there with apologetic eyes. He had dropped the empty vase close to the television stand, breaking it into tiny pieces.

“It slipped,” he mumbled, and I sighed and turned from him.

I wasn't ready to be here, and I didn't want to take his offer and stay in the hotel either. It wouldn't solve any of my problems. No matter how much I hide, I'd still need to return and face reality at some point.

“I can't stay here,” I said, kicking off my shoes. “The memories of what happened feel like yesterday, and it's only a matter of time before it drives me completely insane.” I didn't care how revealing the truth made me look, but I didn't want to pretend anymore. “I just don't think running away will help.”

“I could stay the night,” he offered.

“Where would you sleep?” my brow arched. “Don't your kind sleep?”

He chuckled, “I am touched that you care,” he said before turning to look around. “The couch is empty.”

I didn't reject his offer to stay over because I couldn't stand the idea of being alone in this house with Zion. I wasn't expecting any form of attack, but it would feel comforting to know that we weren't the only ones in the house.

“Do you want that?” he asked, and I realised I hadn't given him an answer to his suggestion.

“Yes,” I nodded, “but no more breaking of stuff.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

I returned to my room and after showering; I changed into my pyjamas. It was just a few minutes past six p.m., but I knew I would go nowhere else before I sleep and I wanted to wear something comfortable.

I regretted that action after stepping out and meeting Aaron in the living room. I had forgotten I gave consent to him staying over and I was dressed in my nightwear already.

My cheeks warmed up as his eyes widened when he saw me and I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me.

“You look good.”

“Shut up!” I glared at him and walked into the kitchen.

Zion had gone back to sleep, and Aaron tucked him into bed in his room. I had to make sure dinner was ready before he woke. The fastest and easiest thing to make now was pasta. We still had those last I checked.

“Do you need my help?” Aaron asked from the door and I froze for a moment, then realise he was harmless.

I shook my head. “I’ve got it.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, you could just stand at the door like that. It would help assure me that no one is coming for my head.” I laughed and poured the water into the cooker after turning it up.

“Sure I can do that. But whoever wants your head would have to take mine first.”

That was the reassurance I didn’t think I needed, but did.

“Thank you,” I said, genuinely meaning it.

“You’re welcome.”

I poured the pasta into the pot and I turned to stare at him and found him leaning against the doorway with his arms crossed. With his arms crossed, his muscles bulged, making the blue long sleeve hug him tightly. His hair looks a

little messed up and his face redefined due to his now trimmed beards. All these features I had failed to notice this morning while leaving the estate.

He was just as good-looking as always and knowing he wasn't human (which, by the way, he hinted at from the very first weekend we spent together) explained a lot about him.

I snapped out of my thought and found his gaze on me, analysing my features hidden in the pyjamas. It sent shivers down my spine, and I looked away.

"How long do you have?" I blurted out, snapping his attention from my body back to my face.

He stayed silent, although understanding my question. "I don't know." he mumbled under his breath and I barely heard it.

"Do you have more than a year or two?" I raised a brow.

He chuckled, and his voice held so much life. "I'd be lucky if I get a year, Zera."

My heart went out to him. "I'm sorry."

He shook his head and stepped toward me. "It's not your fault, and I hope you believe that."

I wanted to ask more questions but the cooker timer went off and I jumped and turned around to face what I was cooking. I felt his gaze on my every move while I cooked and, though affected by it, I remained silent.

Zion woke up before I finished cooking, and when he came downstairs, Aaron attended to him. I finish and served three plates instead of two because we had an extra mouth to feed tonight.

I placed the three plates, forks and glasses of water into the big tray and carried it out. I served on the dining table and they came after I beckoned to them. We sat around the table to eat and I noticed how Aaron stared at the meal before him.

"This isn't the type of food you eat, is it?"

He pressed his lips together and shook his head. He saw me make it earlier. Why didn't he say anything?

Well, he was probably being noble, since this wasn't his house.

"Try it, mommy cooks delicious," Zion said, already grabbing his fork and plate.

"I don't doubt that." he turns to Zion, his eyes flickering with adoration as he stared at his son.

"Then what is it? You made pasta for me five years ago." I reminded him.

He nodded. "Yes, and that was five years ago. A lot has changed since then."

"What do you eat then?" I asked, and I was curious to know and see if it was something I could make.

'Wow, Zera, your soft side for this man is showing.'

Well, he's been around all day for me and Zion, even though he had other things to do. This is the least I can do.

"More meat, especially during these times."

"These times? What do you mean?"

"I am not as strong as I should be and the less meat I consume, the weaker I become." He explained, and I understood his point now.

"I do not have meat," I said. I didn't want it to get to me, but not having what he wanted didn't feel right.

"I know."

The look on my face must have affected him because he picked up the fork and ate through, despite knowing this wasn't what he needed.

I was the first to feel sleepy and Aaron told me he'd put Zion to bed when he gets sleepy and I had nothing to worry about. That was comforting, and I retired to bed without wasting time.

I woke up to the sound of soft singing and I wonder who had gotten up so early and had to wake others up as well. I rubbed my eyes before turning to the clock on the lampstand to see it was almost eight a.m. My eyes opened



wide, and I realised the day had already begun. Zion was probably up and hungry, since he always had an enormous appetite.

I didn't even care to know how I looked before dashing through the door and toward Zion's room. I opened the door but saw no one in bed. He had already woken up and left his room.

I hurried into the living room, yet I saw no one there. The music, however, was louder here than it was in the room. The living room also had the aroma of eggs and butter, and whatever was happening in the kitchen had to be delicious because my mouth was already watering. The singing continued and this time I could hear the wordings.

I could watch you for a lifetime.

You're my favourite movie

A thousand endings

You mean everything to me

I walked into the kitchen and there they stood, facing the cooker. Zion was in his blue pyjamas sitting on the counter and bobbing his head to the song his father was singing while having his focus on the pan before him. Aaron had only his white singlet and black trousers on, singing and stirring the pot before him. He was still in his blue long sleeve from yesterday because I didn't have any male clothes to give him and it looked a little ruffled up now.

Forever fascinating

I hope you don't stop running

I stood at the door, not ready to disturb or interrupt the picture before me. It was perfect. Father and son bonding moment and I just wanted to watch.

You are my cinema

Action, thriller

I could watch you for a lifetime.

I had never heard the song he sang before, but it was now my favourite and this man sang it wonderfully.

Was there anything this man wasn't good at? Singing, cooking, making money, se.x. Damn.

'He was also good at k!lling.'

And just like always, my mind ruins a perfect moment.

"Mommy!" Zion called out, and Aaron turned around to look at me. I smiled and made my way over to him. "Good morning, mommy."

I got to where he was and took him into my arms. "Good morning, Zion." then I turned to Aaron. "Good morning to you."

"Good morning, love. I hope I didn't wake you up with my singing."

"You didn't, but you kept me up with it."

"I'm hungry, daddy didn't want to wake you so he is making breakfast," he announced.

"I see that." I eyed the pan and saw the sauced egg and vegetables and it looked like an absolute delight. "Smells delicious."

"Thank you." he smiled at me and that weakening dimple appeared. "And I'm sorry if I had overstepped by cooking without first asking for your permission," he said.

Trust this man to add nobility to his many virtues.

"You didn't and never apologise for doing what's right for Zion. I'd always understand."