

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 51

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 51-Aaron had ordered grilled beef while I was still asleep, so even when he made us pancake and creamed milk breakfast, he had himself sorted out. He served breakfast, and we sat at the table to eat. His pancake tasted delicious, and it was perfect with the milk. Yet, I wanted the grilled beef which he ate and when he noticed my longing stare at the piece in his hand; he offered it to me. Of course, I couldn't take it. Zion sat at the table and I had always taught him this thing called contentment and wanted to lead by example. So, I shook my head and thanked him.

Aaron informed me he had also ordered clothes he could change into since he knew I had none in the house or I would have given them to him.

I had no issue with that, and I thanked him for breakfast before standing up. Today was a long day, and I had a few things to do. I had to start by cleaning up and bathing myself and Zion.

I did not know if I said it out loud, but Aaron beat me to it, picking up the plates and heading back to the kitchen and when I opened my mouth to speak he yelled back, "Take care of Zion, I've got this."

A smile seized my face, and I carried Zion away to the bathroom. After bathing him, I dressed him up and brought him into the living room for Aaron to look after him. I dashed into my bathroom to take a bath while he played on his iPod. I bathed and changed into my yellow sundress before returning to the living room.

Aaron's eyes lit up on seeing me and it made butterflies run around in my stomach.

"You look amazing, Zera."

Nothing was amazing about the sundress I had on or the bun I had my hair in. There was not even a trace of make-up on my face, and yet he spoke as if I had it all. However, I couldn't respond arrogantly. There was no need for that. "Thank you," I said, and I brushed off the nervous feeling therein.

"Going somewhere?"

"Yeah, I need to get my phone and line back," I told him.

“I’ll take you,” he offered and then I noticed he was already dressed in a polo and blue jeans trousers.

My eyes narrowed on him and I wanted to ask how he did that so fast, but I saved myself from the stress.

“Okay, I’ll take him then,” I said, walking over to Zion and taking his hand.

He drove us to the phone store to get a new phone. The phones were brought out and after making my selection; I tried to pay with my MasterCard but the payment declined twice and I did not know why. Aaron, who stood beside me, offered to pay. I accepted but told him I would return his money as soon as my account came back on. Though he told me it wasn’t any trouble to him; I didn’t want to be in his debt and so I insisted.

Having Aaron with me was a plus, especially with Zion. He held him in his arms all the while we were at the store and didn’t complain for a second. Zion was no longer a baby and though I carried him around once in a while, I always made sure not to carry him for too long. Aaron didn’t care about any of that as he carried him for almost thirty minutes while we waited for the sorting of my phone.

The attendant at the shop activated my phone and old line, then package it for me and next, we stepped out of the store, heading home.

“Can you drive?” Aaron asked, already digging his hands into his pocket and handing me the keys without waiting for my response. I slowly took it from his hands. “He’s sleeping and I don’t want to wake him up.” he later added.

We got into the car with him in the passenger seat and me in the driver’s seat and we drove off. I knew the road home as I’ve travelled a few times on it. I drove home and stopped the car at the parking spot before my house.

I barely paid attention to anything when I came home yesterday, but now that I was, I realise the neighbourhood looked the same way it had always been, and it didn’t even look like I left. It would have been a lot different if Aaron hadn’t taken care of Henry and every other mess made days ago at my house.

The incident happened in my house, yet I couldn’t see traces of it. I knew the neighbours had an even slimmer chance of noticing the change. I wondered if Aaron had done such things before, making people disappear and not leaving

a trace. I glanced at him and found his intent gaze on me. My heart skipped a beat, and I turned away from him.

Perhaps he heard me, but if he did, he said nothing.

I noticed a red Toyota parked opposite the road and a figure that looked like Daniel leaning against it.

I opened the car door and stepped out. Daniel looked up, saw me and approached at a pace so fast I feared he'd trip and fall.

He got over to me, the blinding smile on his face, made my heart flutter. "I was so worried. I kept calling your line, and it wasn't going through." he reached out and stroked my face before leaning in and kissing my lips.

"I will go lay him in bed," Aaron said, making us pull away. Daniel's eyes travelled to him and they turned cold the next minute.

"You were with him these past few days?"

I turned to Aaron and saw him already walking away with Zion, who was still sleeping on his shoulders. I wanted to ask if he was with the key, but I figured since he had worked on the house in my absence, he had more access to the house than I did now.

"Daniel..."

His eyes strayed from Aaron over to me. "Are you two back together now? After what he did to you?"

"Daniel! No!"

"Cause while I was here worried sick of your safety, you were with him doing God knows what."

"I can explain."

He folded his arms across his chest, "Fine, explain."

"Henry, the delivery man, attacked us in the house and Aaron saved us," I said and his eyes travelled to the house and then back to me.

He gritted his teeth, "I am not some fool you can just lie to, Zera."

"I am not lying. He was going to kill us, and Aaron saved and took us to keep us safe. I will never lie to you."

"That's what you're doing, that's what you're fucking doing! If you were attacked, where's the police report? Where's the witness account? Where's the proof? You've got none because you're lying."

"I am not lying. I have proof." I turned my scarred wrist to him to have a look at it. "Henry dug his claw into my wrist while I was trying to escape. Look at the scar!"

He glanced down at my wrist, but his face only grew redder. "There is nothing there."

My face paled up, and I glanced down. "Can't you see? Right here!"

"Stop doing this to me, Zera. Yes, I love you... A lot, but don't treat me like a fool." he growled lowly.

I turned to the door where Aaron had just gone through, wondering what the hell was happening to me.

"I am not. I am telling you the truth. Believe me." The neighbourhood was a quiet one and scenes like these would quickly attract attention from neighbours. I wanted him to come inside so we could talk, but Aaron had taken Zion there and I doubt Daniel wanted to be under the same roof with him from the look of things.

"Did something happen between you two?"

I shook my head. I made sure nothing happened in the last few days with him. I almost spoke then realised that wasn't the truth. "Not while I was with him," I answered truthfully.

"But it happened."

"Daniel..."

"Damn it, Zera, tell me the truth."

I bit my lips, and my head dropped. "Yes, at Diya's wedding. I was going to tell you before the attack."

“Stop lying to me!” he snapped at me and I jumped on my stand.

“He k!ssed me.” I blurted out, shaken by his voice.

“Son of a b!tch,” he cursed and stormed towards the house, but I stopped him because I didn’t want a fight and because my son was sleeping in the house. If Daniel proceeded with his suicidal plan of fighting Aaron, Aaron would fight back and the last thing I wanted was Zion waking up because the two men couldn’t control themselves.

“Please stop, Daniel, control yourself,” I yelled, shoving him back when he struggled to set himself free.

He turned to stare at me, the fury in his eyes now directed at me. “Did you k!ss him back?”

My eyes grew glassy, I knew where this was headed and it would only leave me in tears. “Please...”

“Did you fvcking k!ss him back?!” he shouted at me and I flinched back.

“Yes, it was a moment of weakness,” I admitted, and it wasn’t something I was proud of.

His face paled up, and I saw the hurt and pain in his eyes. He took a step back from me and shook his head. “I can’t do this.”

“Daniel...” I called out, my heart breaking in my c.hest. A tear rolled down my face, and I wiped it off. Why was everything turning against me?

I reached out, stepping towards him, but he backed away again.

“I can’t do this,” he repeated before turning away and I watched him go.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 52**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 52-I didn’t know if I had the strength to go in, but I had to. I couldn’t stay out all day and wallow and so I dragged myself in. Shutting the door, I pressed my head against it with my eyes closed, reminiscing about all that had happened so far.

A few good things happened, but this one seems to have ruined it all. I still wanted to believe there was a way around this. There had to be. I didn't diminish my role in all of this, nor did I think I was sinless, but I didn't prepare for the nightmare or the pain I caused Daniel.

I heard a crack of the door from not so far away, but I didn't even open my eyes to see who it was. I knew who it was and a part of me didn't want to see him.

"He's already laid in bed," Aaron announced after the door closed from behind him, and I just hummed. My head stayed pressed to the door and my eyes shut.

"Are you okay?" he asked, sounding a little worried.

I doubted his try at worrying; I doubted he didn't hear everything that happened outside between me and Daniel. And I doubted he didn't have joy over it.

"Do I look okay?" I demanded, my eyes opening to glare at him. "This was what you wanted, make your way into my life and turn things upside down. Make me into a bad person."

"That's not true." he denied, taking a step forward.

"Then why did you k!ss me at Diya's wedding, knowing I had a boyfriend? What were you hoping to prove?"

"Zera..."

"Don't call my name! Do not call my name!" I snapped at him. "I broke Daniel's heart when all he has done in the last few years was love and be there for me. I'm no different from all the liars and cheaters out there. I am no better than Owens! This is what you wanted to see, right? You wanted to see me miserable."

"That's not true."

"Then what is this? 'Cause I don't get it. What did I do to not deserve happiness?"

"You deserve happiness and I am sorry you're going through this."

“Yeah, you should be.”

“I will speak to Daniel, and let him know the blame falls on me. You’re not to blame for anything that happened at the wedding. I cause it and if he’s mad at anyone, it should be at me.”

“He didn’t leave because you k!ssed me. He left because I told him I k!ssed back.” I promised myself I would not cry anymore, and he didn’t deserve to see my tears, but this was bringing them back in a streaming force.

I could be mad at him all day, but the truth is I gave in to it. I k!ssed him and a part of me liked that he k!ssed me, liked that he held me against himself, pressed there. A part of me felt right in his arms and that caused me weakness and now here I was with the consequences.

“Then I would tell him you’ve been with me these past few days and not once did anything happen. I’ll tell him it’s because you were with him and wanted to be faithful. I did what I did at Diya’s wedding because I wanted you to myself, but now I realise it was selfish to want that. So, I’m sorry for causing you any form of pain.”

I didn’t believe he was sorry, but I had to accept his apology. I had little an option.

“He didn’t see them,” I said, changing the topic from this sad one.

“What?” he asked, taken aback by my words.

“The mark on my wrist. He didn’t see them even when I showed them to him. He told me there was nothing there.” I extended my wrist to him. “He thought I was lying. Or even making it up.”

“I had Ivan cast a vanishing spell on the wrist. That way only you can see it. I did it to keep you away from the eyes of predators who might see your mark and wonder how or why you survived. I told you before, they are everywhere.” he said.

“Can you see the mark?”

He shook his head and took another step forward. “Only you can,” he answered.

This made me curious. “And no one has ever survived the venom of the mark?”

He shrugged his shoulder, clueless. “If anyone has, they kept it a secret. Werewolves are referred to as supernatural for a reason to humans. They can be deadly.”

And I’ve lived amongst them these past few days. “So what? That makes me special?” I frowned because I didn’t feel special. I felt like sh!t.

“It makes you a different special,” he answered, and that answer sounded better. “it also means you tread between the two worlds. The realm of natural and supernatural.”

My brow furrowed. “I’m not human?”

I did not like the idea of not being human.

He took my wrist bearing the now invincible mark and ran his hand over it as if he could see it. His tender touch sent chills through me. “You’re a fighter, a survivor,” he answered before staring back up at me.

The tense nature that the room had earlier has changed into a much lighter one and I was happy about that. For a moment, I could escape from the sadness and the pain, and I was willing to take it. Aaron was good with words. I’d give him that. He knew just what to say, what I needed to hear. He showed himself caring. That’s the side of him I’ve witnessed and though he had been furious with me, it didn’t deter his care for me.

‘He is not human, Zera,’ my mind warned me.

True, but he’s shown more care and concern towards me than many humans have. I had a lot of reasons to fear him and a lot of reasons not to.

As our gazes locked, I saw the vulnerability in his eyes and I knew this man would never leave. It comforted me and also scared the hell out of me.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 53**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 53-The month that followed flew by fast. I divided my times between work, Zion and Lionel.



Four weeks ago, I reported to the University because though it was the exam period when I disappeared, they still needed my presence there. Mr Cook, the vice Chancellor, however, told me Aaron had stepped in and informed him why I wasn't present. I didn't know what Aaron told him, but it sounded genuine enough because Mr Cook believed it and granted me pardon for the days I missed. I didn't know what exactly he told them and I didn't ask.

Daniel also came back two weeks ago and apologised, claiming he had overreacted. When I asked him what changed his mind, he admitted Aaron had come to his house to speak to him. In his words, Aaron had admitted to kissing me and that I only kissed back because he made me. He also told him that in the week I spent with him, I had welcomed no form of entanglement because I had him in mind. Somehow, Daniel believed him and returned.

I was happy about his return. I was also grateful that Aaron had gone out of his way to help put things right, even when he could have chosen not to.

When Daniel asked if I was willing to try again, I said I wasn't. I told him the break helped me realise my priorities, and I'd only drag him along if I let him back in. Besides, my life was more complicated than it was months ago when we started dating. There were things I'd never tell him and that would leave a hedge in the relationship. He felt sad about it, but it was for the best. I wouldn't feel happy with myself knowing I didn't give my all to the one I was with. To give my all to Daniel would reveal too much, which would only put him in harm's way.

I received a call from the hospital where Lionel had been admitted the last month, informing me of his discharge being today. The nurse asked if I could come and pick him and I said yes.

His release would have happened sooner, but two weeks ago he experienced a sudden concussion, which made the doctor readmit him to run a few more tests on him. There was a slight change in his brain tissue, and they had to treat it before discharging him.

I drove over as fast as I could. The doctor gave me a few papers to sign and after signing them; I handed them over and we were free to leave.

"I hope I'm not being such a bother," Lionel said as I helped him into the wheelchair and pushed him towards the door.

“Nonsense,” I answered, pushing him into the hallway. “You’re my brother. I would do this in a heartbeat.”

“I don’t know. Sometimes I feel I’m dragging everyone back. First, I lost my money on drugs and had to live with mom. Then I tried to find my feet back, only to overdose. Now I’m in the hospital and once again single.” he said, his voice wounded and pained.

Ouch, Shamsi left.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know your girlfriend broke up with you.” they looked so good together this past month and I wouldn’t have guessed it. My heart went out to him.

He shrugged, “It’s fine. She needs a man that can take care of her and the past month it had been the opposite. I don’t blame her. My life is sh!t. Good thing she ran.”

“Your life isn’t sh!t Lionel Jay Adams! These are called trials of life. Sadly, your girlfriend left you, but you will find someone else. I will never abandon you. The good part of your story is you’re still here, fighting”

He glanced up at me with a bright smile on his face. “You’re an amazing soul, Zera. I’m lucky to have you as my sister.”

“And I, you,” I answered.

I pushed him down the wheelchair slide that led to the parking lot of the hospital and we approached my car.

“Who’s that?” he asked and my head lifted to look toward my car, which he was pointing to and I saw Sesi standing there and leaning against my car. I wondered why she was here.

“She is Zion’s aunt,” I answered.

“That isn’t Tatiana, Zera. But she looks familiar.”

“I mean from his father’s side.”

“Oh, now I understand why she looks familiar!”

“Sesi? What are you doing here?” I wasn’t surprised she knew the hospital. She had followed us over last month and probably raced here.

“Hey, sorry to barge into your activities like this. I needed to get away. Everyone’s face seems to annoy me today.”

“Do our faces annoy you?” Lionel asked with an already intimidated voice.

“Hers doesn’t,” she replied, turning her attention to Lionel and staring at him hard.

He swallowed, “Oh.”

The awkwardness lingered in the air as the two who had never met before stared at each other in silence. “I’m sorry I didn’t introduce you two. Lionel, this is Sesi Hart, Aaron’s sister. Sesi, this is Lionel Adams, my brother.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Sesi” Lionel stretched his hand out and when she took it, he shook her hand firmly.

Sesi turned to me, “So can I?”

“Can you what?”

“Stay with you.”

“Yes, if that would help you feel better, then sure, by all means, stay. I have no other thing to do today.” Aside from moving this grown man, I call a brother from place to place.

“Can I say what a beautiful lady you are?” Lionel blurted out, moving our attention over to him.

“Please don’t.”

“I already did.” he grinned mischievously.

Sesi stared at me and I knew she was asking if he would be around me for the rest of the day. I pressed my lips together and nodded.

“We are a sealed package, Ms Hart,” Lionel said.

Sesi groaned and ran her palm over her face. "I guess I have no choice. I don't think he can be more annoying than Ivan."

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"I take it back. Your brother is much more annoying than mine. He's even worse. I'm leaving." Sesi sprung to her feet.

I was barely listening to their conversation because I was on the phone with Diya, who had now wrapped up her honeymoon with Greg. The two had been on a one-month honeymoon so far and plan to return to family, friends and work in a few days. I missed her, and I wanted to hear from her.

She asked after Lionel and Zion and I told her they were doing great and looked forward to her return. There was so much she would get to learn when she returns. I didn't want to tell her on the phone.

I found Lionel's eyes widen as I set the phone down and turned to the two. "I made you laugh a few times. I can't be that bad," he argued, as if that was a reasonable point.

"That doesn't change the fact that you're a douchebag in human form." Sesi snarled at him.

Yes, Daniel knew Sesi was a werewolf, and it was still shocking how he knew and how he was so cool about it all.

When we came in, he asked if she was an alpha or a beta and somehow found out she was a beta, but the deadliest in the pack.

I asked him how he knew about werewolves, and he said he had always known. He had seen a girl transform from a werewolf into a human being when he was much younger. He didn't tell anyone for fear of being told he was crazy and after a few years; he told himself he had imagined what he saw that night. But when he was sixteen, he saw an attack. He saw the attack on his way from class and it was over five werewolves teaming up against one.

He didn't know if the one survived because he had run away from the horrific attack. I believe that was what got him onto drugs, but he denied it and said it wasn't.

He was much more advanced in the study of werewolves' lores than I was and knew more than I did. Finding out about Sesi, he admitted, gave him a new perspective because he believed they were all angry bl00dthirsty creatures.

With Sesi, he concluded they were just angry.

With Lionel's knowledge, I didn't have to start from the beginning or give so much explanation. He knew that if Sesi was a werewolf, then Aaron was too, and if he was, Zion would grow up to become one. That kept him silent, and I knew he contemplated that reality, though he had no control over it.

He was, however, curious with questions that needed answers and when I left then to go call Diya, they were on question and answer.

"Agreed. Will you stay now?"

"No!"

"Are werewolves this stubborn and hard to convince, or is it just you?"

"Fvck you."

He raised a brow. "Would you like to? I mean, I can't do much, so you'll one hundred per cent be in charge."

Sesi's cheeks heat and the anger she had to seem subdued a little. "How did you ever survive with him?" she turned to look at me.

I raised my hands in surrender, not wanting to get in the middle of their quarrel. "I don't know, I just did."

"Just answer the questions and we will move on to a better question," Lionel whined and from the angry look on Sesi's face, I knew she wanted to strangle him.

"If werewolves are cold-bl00ded k!llers? Well, it depends. We seem to snap the neck of those that get on our nerves."

He swallowed and blinked a few times before turning to me. "She's joking, right?"

I shrugged. "She's standing before you. I'd rather you ask her." I answer, "but I doubt they are cold-blooded killers. They are being just like us. They live together in understanding and unity. Just like humans, they are bad ones amongst them. I don't think that makes them all bad."

"Your sister has more brain cells than you do," Sesi said, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Agreed. Does that mean you will stay now?" his brow rose.

She rolled her eyes, "For her sake." she uttered.

If I didn't know any better, I'd say she had a soft spot for Lionel, despite her rage and anger. She just doesn't know how to deal with it.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 54**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 54-Three weeks later,

I dropped Zion off at Laruba's place before heading out for my classes. I started my PhD course in psychology three weeks ago and since things had fallen into a good pace in the past month; I felt it was the right time to take it up. Zion had a healthy and stable relationship with his family of uncles and aunt, loved ones and friends. My boy had more love than I could have asked for and I wasn't complaining.

His big day was also around the corner, and I wanted something special for him. I also wanted my family and friends to be present. He would be five after all, and it wouldn't get any better.

After I finish with my class for the day, I drove to Aaron's estate. I haven't been back here since two months ago when I left and I didn't think I'd willingly bring myself back here, but here I was. I didn't call him before leaving the office; I didn't remember to and when I got to the gate at the estate, security stopped me.

"I am sorry. I didn't call Aaron." I told them, "I will call him now, though." I picked up my phone from my purse to dial Aaron's number when I heard someone say. "Let her through. That's the alpha's guest."

The same second, the gates opened and, thanking them, I drove into the large land space. During my stay here the last time, I noticed the houses at

the estate looked the same except for Aaron's, and that was what I used to find my way this time. As I passed the houses that looked the same, I knew they weren't Aaron's. Soon, I spotted one a few kilometres away, and I knew it was his. I drove towards the house and turned off the car when I came to a stop.

I picked my bag up and stepped out. I race up the few steps that led to the door. I pushed, and it opened to me. The inside was as quiet as ever and I realised it would have been best to call and inform him of my coming.

Well, better late than never. I brought out my phone and dialled Aaron's number, but there was no answer. I tried again and when I got no response for the second time; I slipped the phone into my purse.

"Hello, is anybody home?" I asked, and my voice echoed in the room as if there was no one living there. Perhaps I should have asked the security men at the gate if their alpha was home. That way, I would be sure of myself.

I don't think they would have let you into the estate if he wasn't home.

Or he could be sleeping.

Different thoughts ran through my head, and I had the answer to none. I picked my phone out of the bag to once again dial his number when I heard a low growl from behind me.

My heart skipped a beat, and I paused, not moving at first. I wanted to know if I had indeed heard a sound. The growl came again, louder than before, and I knew I wasn't hallucinating.

I turned around, and I saw a big black wolf standing before me with blazing red eyes.

I had seen their full moon transformation in video clips and had seen Damor in his full wolf form months ago, and just like them, I was alone with this one and the scary memory rushed back. I was scared. My heart was hammering in my chest and there was no way to control it.

Yet I shouldn't be afraid. I was at the liberty pack estate, specifically at Aaron's residence, and that meant the only ones who would be here would be Aaron and his siblings.

The wolf moved around me and thank God I had emptied my bladder before coming here. Though I believed I wouldn't get hurt, this was intimidating enough to make me want to pee my pant.

I stared at his red eyes and their shade had the faint touch as if it was a rose. Damor had scarlet red when his eyes glowed. Ivan had silver and Sesi golden yellow and so I knew the one standing before me was Aaron.

"Aaron, I know that is you." I said with certainty as he returned to stand before me, "I came to talk." I told him and again he circled me, but this time he didn't move to the front.

After a long while of silence, he spoke. "Talk about what?"

I turned around to face him, only to find him n.aked from the head down. I gasped and turned around immediately, and I heard him chuckle.

"Fvck!" I cursed under my breath. He had set the trap out perfectly and I had fallen into it.

"Where are your clothes?" I demanded.

"Upstairs where I shifted," he answered, humour still lingering in his voice. "You didn't expect them to be on me after I shifted back to human form, did you?"

Silly me! I thought that was how it worked. I inwardly facepalmed myself.

"You didn't call," he told me, and he was correct. I should have. "I'm sorry I forgot. Can you put something on?" I asked because though I wasn't looking at him, the thought of him n.aked behind me, while we were alone, didn't help for one second. The image I just saw would torment me for a while, that was for sure.

"There's nothing here to put on," he answered, and I knew he was enjoying this very much.

I dipped my hand into my purse and pulled out the scarf inside. "Here," and handed it to him.

"What do I do with it?"

"Wrap it around yourself," I said.



“It won’t go round. I am big. You know that.”

I knew the big he spoke of and at this moment; I wish I did not know that. “It would go round if you hold your breath.” the scarf was not wide, but it was big enough to wrap around his waist. “We only need to talk for a few minutes.”

He mumbled something under his breath, but I didn’t hear it. “Done. You can turn around now,” he spoke, and I did just that, turning around to face the still naked man but for the scarf around him.

I couldn’t speak because the skin of the man that stood before differed from the one I remembered over five years ago and I would know I ran my hands over him a few times.

His skin looked paler than it was then, but he remained the same in size. The side of his rib had a scar there, and I immediately figured that was the injury he sustained from his fight with Henry months ago. I curiously stared at his body, fascinated by what I was seeing. I knew my body had experienced the same level of change and the body I once had wasn’t the same as the one I have now.

“I haven’t had a woman give me this much attention in a while, Zera, I might read into it,” he warned and I snapped out of my mind. I realised I’d done more than invade his privacy. I was scrutinising it, and that affected him more than anything.

I tore my eyes away from him and cleared my throat. “I’m sorry,” I said and glanced down at my suddenly interesting fingers.

It was his fault. His skin had changed a lot since the last time I saw it, and it looked interesting and puzzling. It was only natural that I’d want to satisfy my curiosity.

‘Wow, Zera. Look at you pushing the blame and not taking responsibility for your actions.’

“Why did you come?” he changed the subject, and that lessened the tense state of the room.

“Zion will turn five in two weeks. That’s on the 25th. I thought maybe we can throw a party for him.” I suggested.

His eyes flickered in delight, “Sure then, whatever you choose to do, I’d be there to support you.” he promised with a smile on his face.

I pressed my lips together. “I was thinking I’d give you this year’s honour.”

“Why? Because I might not see next year’s birthday?” he asked, his tone switching to an accusing one in a second.

Now that he said it like that, I felt bad, but I didn’t consider his demise when I came up with the idea.

I shook my head, “No, that’s not it. I just thought since this was your first birthday celebration with him, you might just want to plan it and I’d be here if you need me.”

“Oh, that’s thoughtful, then. I have, however, never planned a five-year-old birthday before and I might not know how to go about it.”

“That’s why I will be close by. We have two weeks to get it right.” I encouraged.

He grinned, and his hazel eyes twitched interestingly. “Two weeks together planning. You’re sure your boyfriend would be happy with that?”

My eyes dropped from his and I bit my lips. “We are not together,” I answered, and he scoffed in disbelief before glancing up.

“What?! What did he do this time?”

“Aaron.”

“Do I need to go talk to him again?”

“No! We never got back together. I didn’t accept his offer for another try when he came back many weeks ago.” I said and realised Aaron had been in the dark about it for weeks. He probably thought we got back together all this while.

His eyes dropped. “Oh, I’m sorry. That must have been painful.”

“Why? I turned him down.” I stressed out because I felt he wasn’t hearing me.

“Doesn’t make it hurt any less,” he answered, and he was right.

With everything going on in my life, I couldn't fit him into the mix. I knew I wouldn't give him the love, commitment, and attention he needed, and I found no point in stringing him along. The decision hurt. I wanted him in my life because he was the good thing that had happened to me in a while and I hated to see it go, but it was the right decision.

We spoke when we met at the university three weeks ago. Though the tense atmosphere lingered, there was no grudge held. He kissed my forehead and bid me good luck with whatever path I chose. There was no guarantee we would go back to being friends, but I could hope.

"You're right. Thank you."

"You're welcome. Give me a second and I will dress up."

He was gone from before me in that same second, and a minute later, he came back. He had on a pair of black trousers, a shirt, and white sneakers. And in his right hand was my scarf.

He's telling me he could have done this five minutes ago after he transformed, but chose not to and made me give him my scarf instead.

"Here," he stretched his hand toward me, handing me my scarf.

My cheeks heated, and I glared at him, storming off without uttering a word to him.

"Don't you want it anymore?" he yelled from behind.

Not after you've tied it to your a.ss, I don't. "Keep it, a.ssh0le."

"Well, thank you," he yelled back, falling in line with me.

This birthday preparation will be a disaster...

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 55**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 55-A week later.

We stepped out of the children's clothing shop where we had gotten a few new clothes and birthday outfits for Zion. Aaron wanted to get more, but I had to inform him we were dealing with Zion, who was still a few weeks from

turning five. Yes, his father was a millionaire with money to toss around as he pleased, but I didn't want Zion getting used to having too much glam of life at a such tender age. Besides, my salary, although good enough, could only go so far when compared to Aaron's.

Today was a less busy day for me. Zion was with Diya, and my lectures ended during the early hours of the day. Just like we did last week, Aaron and I made plans for the upcoming birthday. Aaron's dedication to me warmed my heart, and he stayed consistent in asking for my impute on everything, even though I gave him the green light to plan the birthday. He had appreciated my impute most days, but today it was a different case.

While Aaron set the shopping bags into the boot of the car, I opened the door and entered.

One of the few things I noticed about Aaron, though having all the money in the world, was still the one to drive himself around. It would have been a different case if he was as strong as the books and sites say an alpha werewolf would be. He wasn't as strong, according to Sesi. He was almost human, yet didn't look to protect himself from the danger that might arise by getting a bodyguard or security.

It can be seen as both recklessness and b.ravery. Either way, he didn't mind.

"The lady was friendly. We could have bought the black pair of trousers," he said as he entered the car and slammed the door.

I knew he would not let it rest. That's not the way he did things. "The lady was friendly because she hoped you'd buy more. That's what people who run businesses do. Friendliness is a game they play in the hope they get more from you." I answered.

He started the car, and we drove off, heading back to my house. "But you never play such a game with me," he accuses and I stare at him with my mouth a jar.

"I am friendly."

"You snapped at me three times at the store!" he reminded me and I didn't know someone was keeping scores on the number of times I said, 'no don't get those, Zion doesn't need them.'

There was a vast difference between being friendly and being enabling and Aaron couldn't tell them apart.

"Because you were going to throw money away and get Zion what he didn't need."

He shrugged. "Still, I would love it if you were nicer."

"I am nice," I answered again. I didn't know why I felt like I had to prove that I was, but being told I wasn't nice wasn't what I expected when I came along with him.

He scoffed, "Says you."

"How about don't call me to come along with you next time you plan to get the whole clothing line?!" I snapped at him, already fed up.

"See what I mean? You're not nice."

I glared at him. "So nice to you mean going alone with your decision, even though it's being extravagant and careless with money."

"Would that be too difficult?"

"Yes! Did you forget I am also his parent and I earn salaries? Getting him expensive things he doesn't need would only make him believe he can get any and everything he wants." Zion was still too young to be exposed to that mentality, it wouldn't help him in the long run.

He shrugged, his eyes fixed on the road, "Then I get him everything he wants. What's the problem with that?"

"Because while you're doing all that and becoming the cool parents who get things he doesn't want, I become the parents that say 'no you don't need this'."

"Then the problem is me?" he asked, glancing at me with furrowed brows.

I didn't hesitate with my response. "Yes, it is. You're the one wanting to get him a rainbow-coloured giraffe that cost four thousand!"

"Boys love them." Came his only counterpoint in the argument.

“Boys love them, but Zion doesn’t need it. You won’t be here providing what he loves forever.” I didn’t mean to go there, but that was what I did and I didn’t feel proud about it.

There was silence in the car as we drove toward the house. I couldn’t take the silence. Yes, Aaron was more annoying today than on other days, but I would take his annoying words over his silence.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said it that way.” I started. I didn’t want to be the proud one who wouldn’t apologize when they were wrong.

“What way?” he asked, his eyes holding little to no emotion on his face. He was good at hiding his genuine emotions, especially when hurt, and he was doing that now.

My eyes dropped. “Do not be like that. I do not want him getting used to a temporary provision.”

“You know I wouldn’t leave for the life beyond with what I have. They would be for my brothers, sister and him, right? Unless, of course, you plan on disconnecting from them after I’m gone...”

“I don’t,” I mumbled.

“Then I don’t see the problem.” I stayed silent, and he continued, “Next time I shop for Zion, I’ll go alone.”

I do not know why this man has to be as stubborn as a mule. I glared at him again, but he didn’t look my way.

I guess going to the shop alone was his way of trying to avoid a fight, but this just made me angrier.

‘This isn’t about you, Zera, this is about what’s best for Zion. It’s his birthday after all and you gave the go-ahead to Aaron to plan it.’

That was right. This could very well be Aaron’s last birthday with Zion, and fighting wasn’t what we needed now.

The car came to a stop before my house, but neither of us opened the door or stepped out.

“Fine, next time you go shopping, it would be best to go alone,” I answered, and it stung my heart to say it.

He cocked a brow at me as if trying to read into my reactions. “And you won’t be mad?”

“If it means we would not have to fight over what to get, then it’s fine.”

“Oh, I didn’t think we would have this talk calmly, though.” He admitted.

“Sometimes fighting costs more.”

I said and stepped out of the car to cross the road. It must have been the talk I had with him or the long rest I knew waited for me inside. But something made me forget to pay attention to the road before crossing. I realised my error only after stepping onto the road and seeing a car approaching at a full speed.

I froze on the spot, unable to move, and my heart stopped beating. My breath hung in my throat and my lashes shut tightly, knowing the car was nowhere near stopping. I knew I’d either be dead or in a critical condition in the next few seconds.

I heard the car speed past, but I was still standing, breathing and alive, wondering what had happened. My eyes cracked open, and I saw myself on the other side of the road and the car speeding far away, not bothered to stop. I gasped and then I noticed an arm around me, holding me tightly and a body pressed against mine as if we were one.

When my heartbeat returned, I pulled away to see Aaron standing before me.

I didn’t know how, but he had saved me from the speeding car that could have harmed me. Silly me had been furious at him for not seeing my view on things. I recklessly placed my life in danger.

“You saved me,” I said in a low voice, my heart still hammering away in my chest.

“Won’t be fair for Zion to lose both parents within a short period.” He answered, a faint smile coming into his face.

I leaned in before I could help myself and kissed him on his lips, taking him by surprise. He kissed back and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer to him.

The kiss was meant to be short and light, but the touch of our lips pulled me in. The softness of his lips and the tenderness of his kiss made my heart flutter in its cage, and I couldn't stop.

We pulled away after what seemed like forever, and I placed my head on his chest. "Thank you," I said, panting.

"You're welcome, love."

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 56**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 56—Unlike the disaster I expected and prepared for, the party turned out more successful and Aaron held his own. He was more organized and informed than I would admit out loud. For someone with little baby knowledge, he was vast in the field. Just like I promised, I took a step back and allowed him lead and he did it better than I could have ever imagined.

I had planned Zion's last four birthdays, but this put all those past year's parties to shame.

He didn't come home with any extravagant gift, but three days ago he got him a Megatron toy which Zion didn't need. He must have seen the look on my face because he said he'd return it if Zion didn't like it. As if Zion would ever use that line.

We bonded very well, and it made me happy. Despite equipping myself in case of a fallout, none of that happened. He was just a reasonable father who wanted the best for his son. He reminded me so much of my father and as much as it warmed my heart; it made me sad that he might not be around to witness his son add another year.

I informed Zion we were planning his birthday party, but I didn't go into much detail about it. That was the surprise. Aaron picked out his penthouse at the grand central as the venue, hinting there would be less attention as compared to the pack estate.



He also wanted privacy for the pack member at the estate as some invitees would be humans. I liked his suggestion and didn't want anyone having their privacy invaded because of Zion's birthday.

He made sure the security maintained tightness to make sure nothing happens. I was grateful to him for the extra step he had taken to ensure there would be safety and, unlike the other times; I said it out loud.

"Is Zion five or fifteen? This seems cooler than my last birthday?" Diya squealed as she walked up to me with a glass of wine in her hand.

"That must be the whiskey in your system talking."

I informed Diya that the drinks which would be served at the party would be non-alcoholic, and she suggested bringing hers. She asked if there was something wrong with that and I told her no and so she did. She and Greg were the only ones with alcohol content in their fruited juice.

"Bullsh!t. But this is nice and Aaron seems nicer than I expected him to be."

I didn't tell her about the k!ss Aaron and I shared the week that passed. It was a moment of grat!tude for being alive, and I had done what I would call an act of weakness. I k!ssed Aaron Hart, and I liked it. The k!ss made me feel more alive than I have ever been. His arms felt like home and provided more comfort than I wanted to admit out loud.

Neither of us had spoken about the k!ss we shared last week. We've gone around it as if it didn't happen. A part of me wanted it that way, wanted to deny a reality where I gave in to my desire for Aaron.

Every time I thought back to the k!ss, my whole body came to life. I felt as if he was the only one made for me and my body and mind welcomed the thought of him.

"I'll go meet up with Greg. He's probably wondering where I took myself to this time," she said and made her way from beside me.

I stood at the corner watching the few kids who turned up and their families. A few in attendance were Diya, Greg, Lionel, Sesi, Ivan and the parents of the ten other kids celebrating with Zion. Six I recognize from his school but the other four were Aaron's doing. They were in his place and, according to him, had bonded will with Zion in the last few months. I couldn't complain, a healthy

social circle was important for the growth of an individual and Zion had all he needed.

Music and noise filled up the living area where the party held. I haven't seen Aaron since he stepped out to speak to Ivan and Sesi earlier.

"Damor could not make it, but he sent his regards and got this for Zion," Ivan spoke up, handing me a wrapped-up box.

I collected it and thanked him, then moved to keep it with the rest of the birthday gifts the friend of Zion had brought for him.

"You don't seem interested in joining the party." I heard Aaron's voice from behind me and goosebumps scattered all over my body.

"It's for kids," I said with my eyes still fixed on the children who seemed to be having the time of their life.

"True, but there are a few adults around." he pointed out.

"Greg and Diya seem occupied, and I haven't seen Sesi and Ivan anywhere. I'm not very familiar with the other parents here. So it's best to stand in the corner and watch instead," I answered.

"Fair enough."

For the next seconds that passed, we stood, watching the party go on in silence, and once in a while I'd feel Aaron's gaze on me before it would move away. I wanted to turn to the side and meet his gaze, but I knew I'd give in to him at this point with the way I felt about him.

"I can't stop thinking about it," he said with a soft voice, but loud enough for me to hear even with the music. I knew what he spoke about, but I wanted to pretend as if I didn't and I stayed silent. He stared at me for a moment before turning away. "About the k!ss. It keeps me up late at night, thinking about so many things. I know they might never be anything between us because you're you and I'm me and the only thing joining us together is Zion. But I will still think about it every day for as long as I can."

I turned my head to meet his gaze, and I knew that was a mistake on my part because now my gaze was locked in his weakening ones. I couldn't speak,

even though I had something to say and I couldn't look away despite my senses drowning.

I dragged a deep breath, "You don't have to tell me what I want to hear and you don't have to lie."

I have thought about the kiss too. That wasn't a lie, and I have thought about what it would be like to have him once again. However, I had to consider the reality before me. Five years ago I was with him, not knowing who he was, but getting together with him now meant I knew and accepted who he was. He was a werewolf and I was human.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 57**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 57-'He's still the same man. Judging him just for being a werewolf would mean judging Zion as well.'

Zion would always be Zion in my eyes, my beloved son.

Aaron had a different story.

"You're not alone." I spoke, my eyes flickering from his lips up his gaze, "I have thought about the kiss more than I should have, Aaron."

He took a step closer, and I felt the heat coming off his body and the hairs on my body rose on alert.

His hand lifted to my face, and my breath hung in my throat, but I didn't pull away or push him off. To an extent, I wanted this. I wanted him.

He leaned in and took my lips into his wet, soft ones for a brief kiss that ignited all the emotions I've experienced in the past week from lust to need and desperation.

The kiss deepened and his tongue pushed into my mouth and I allowed him in to taste and dominate. My nipples grew hard and pressed against my breast pad. We were kissing out here in the open and despite being at the corner of the hall, anyone whose attention drifted from the party would see us. Yet, I didn't care for any of that at this point. I just cared for him. My hand came up to stroke his face before moving up to wrap around his hair.

He backed me further into the corner of the room where we wouldn't be seen easily and his hands came up to squeeze on my full breasts, earning a thick moan from my lips. He seized my lips in a harder kiss and applied more pressure on my nipples, hidden in the fabric I had on.

My legs trembled, unable to hold myself up while much assault was being done. As if he could read my thoughts, he wrapped his arms around my body and pulled me harder against his body to feel him growing and throbbing with need.

I moaned out and I felt wetness coat between my legs, telling me how excited I was for this man.

"You smell so good," he said, breaking the kiss and staring at me while rubbing himself against me.

I bit my lips, trying to suppress the moans that came out of my throat at his act.

He had turned me on by just rubbing his hardness against me and playing with my nipples and it was so strange that my body reacted to him the same way it did then.

We both moaned out as he continued his assault. His hand reached up and pushed the small hand of the blouse I had on and it fell to my waist, leaving me on only my black lace bra.

I knew someone could walk into our corner any minute and see us in this awkward position, but I couldn't bring myself to care about it. My only focus was on this man staring at me as if he'd seen nothing better.

I saw the lustful flare in his eyes as they settled on the heavy swell of my breasts. They weren't the same size as they were years ago. They had increased after birth and never went back to the way they used to be. They were also very sensitive and every time I pleased myself, touching them brought out the wildest sides of me.

He didn't take off my bra as I expected, but his hand took hold of my jeans trouser and unbuttoned it before slipping his right hand into it to palm my soaking wet fold. My breath cut in my throat and my head pressed against the wall when he flicked his finger over my clit. I moaned and pressed my lips together.

He caught my lips between his and the same moment, he slipped two fingers into my needy pussy. His fingers felt better than mine and it felt as if they belong there and nowhere else.

I moaned into the kiss and as we pulled back he cursed, "Fvck! You're so fvcking tight! Have you been with another man since me?" he asked, staring me dead in the eyes while finger-fvcking me.

I wanted to hide.

I wanted to lie and tell him I had been with another man, but I couldn't. I couldn't lie and I hated that he had the power over me to make me say the truth. "No, I haven't."

He moaned and added another finger to stretch me up, "We will need to find the time. Not here, but we need to find time so I can make up for that, love. You need to be treated and taken care of. As much as I want to take care of you, we can't do that here."

If I understood clearly, he was proposing another time for us to be together.

I agreed with him. I needed him to make up for the years I had missed out on. "I need you to first take care of me here." I found my voice to say while moving my hips with his thrust to take in more.

"Yes, ma'am." I picked up the pace of his thrust while his other hand lifted my chin before kissing my lips.

Being kissed passionately while having my clit rubbed and massaged and thrust into with his fingers brought me a quick release. I clung to him as I collapsed from the heights, only pulling away when my senses returned. Aaron helped me adjust my trouser and blouse while kissing me softly on the lips.

"Thank you." I moaned, my eyes fluttering back up. I owed him the bliss and contentment I now felt. I couldn't remember when I last felt this good, this amazing, not in years.

He smiled and his eyes flickered while holding onto mine. He leaned in and kissed my nose and a weakening thrill ran through me.

I could lie and tell myself this wasn't making me long for more, but I knew the truth. I couldn't have more, though. He wouldn't be around for much longer and that meant I'd only give myself to a man that would break my heart when he leaves.

The rest of the night went by faster after we returned to the party. Aaron stayed around and though the thought of what we had done in the hallway lingered, I stilled myself to function through the hours left.

The guest was first to take their leave and while we waited, Zion fell asleep. I couldn't blame him. It had been a long and intense day for him.

Aaron offered to take us home, but I told him he needn't worry, as Greg and Diya already offered. "Do not think I didn't see you trapped in the corner, getting attention from Mr Hart during the party." Diya slurred and my heart slowed down its beat, wondering who else must have seen us.

That still didn't stop me from longing for him. For the next moment, we would be together. My need for him seem to have skyrocketed with what had happened at the party and I wanted him now more than I wanted to admit.

Have a pleasant night, love.

A. H

I smiled myself to sleep.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 58**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 58-My eyes pried open as the door to my room cracked and I saw Zion dragging himself through and towards my bed. I had just closed my eyes not so long ago trying to sleep and the strain lingered in them now that I stared at my son.

"Zion, baby, what's wrong?" I asked.

"I couldn't sleep," he grumbled, already climbing onto the bed and crawling over to my side.

I pouted, "Oh honey, I'm sorry. Do you want to sleep with mommy?"

He bobbed his head, and I opened my arms to him, tightening them when he got into it. I kissed his hair and rested my head on the pillow.

Not long after he came into my arms, he fell asleep, but I couldn't sleep. I kinda saw these sleepless nights and unending thoughts coming, but I let my heart think for me.

The memories of what happened between me and Aaron at Zion's party kept me up. I didn't need a psychic to know my want for him had gotten out of control for a while now. My inability to control my desire for that man had led to what happened, and that wasn't the problem. The problem was the fact that I couldn't stop thinking about it, obsessing about it. The memories plagued my mind, making me want more, making me want him.

I was slowly falling into the pattern and my old ways. The feelings didn't leave like I thought they would. They remained, more than I expected.

It felt like a drug. He was my drug. One touch and I was back, needing more. He wasn't giving me more, however; he had given me nothing.

It's been two weeks since our encounter and his thoughtful message and since then I have gotten nothing. It didn't faze me at first. We were both people with lives and the fact that he wasn't hung up on what happened was a bonus to me. But the first day went by and the second day did the same and the third and the first week.

It felt as if nothing happened between us and I wasn't sure I like the idea of that, not when I thought about him and what happened every day. I didn't want to believe he moved on. Aaron wasn't that kind of man. He wasn't the man that would lead someone on, was he?

I wanted to call or something, but I didn't want to appear as the desperate one. I wasn't desperate, was I?

Fvck! I was desperate. I was desperate for him, for his touch, for his attention, for his kisses. It felt like a drug and staying two weeks without it didn't help.

I had seen him a few times since the birthday and a few times I've gone over to his place to pick Zion up. We have smiled at each other and then acted as if nothing happened between us. I didn't like it, but there was nothing I could do.

Or was there?

Today, Zion would be at his father's till the evening and in the last three weeks, Aaron had enrolled him in swimming classes. It wasn't something I agreed to at first. Swimming was an important knowledge everyone should have. I didn't, but that wasn't the point. The point was he was teaching him all the fun things like riding a bicycle, art and swimming, and I was stuck with teaching him the piano and how to be a decent human being.

I didn't want my insecurity speaking for me and so I let Zion have all the fun on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. I pick him up from his father's and bring him home. Usually, I go into the evening, pick him up and say hello to Aaron, who always had a warm smile on his face. It didn't help that whenever I saw him; I remembered his long fingers buried in me. Or his red full lips locked on mine, kissing, sucking and tasting. I had a filthy mind that did evil things to me and most times; I had to snap myself out of it like a fool.

He didn't seem bothered, and I wondered how he could be so calm after what we did. Did he not want me anymore? Was he playing hard to get? Urgh! All these questions and no answers.

I stared at myself in the mirror, knowing I needed to take decisions into my hands.

I couldn't wait for Aaron to decide. We didn't have that much time and I didn't have that much patience.

I picked out my slim hand red crop top and my black high-waisted jeans and put them on. My hair, I made into a ponytail and applied light make-up and red lipstick to match my top.

It was getting to evening, and I wanted to pick Zion up from Aaron's place, but I also wanted to pick something else up from where I left off.

I gave myself one last glance at the mirror before reaching for my keys and black jacket and hurried out of the room. I had over an hour before Zion finished with his swimming classes. Perhaps I would get to talk to Aaron and ask him what happened to him and why he had acted as if nothing had happened.

'Your choice of outfit says you want more than to talk.'

Shut up!



I got down and made my way into the house, my stomach tightening in agitation because I was about to confront the man that affected me like no other. The man I couldn't hide from.

I pushed the door open and stepped into the wide living area which appeared void of anyone and I made my way through it, minding my step and taking it slow.

I didn't want to run into anyone that wasn't Aaron. This outfit wasn't meant for them.

After a while of wandering around and not finding anyone, I realised my error. I should have called before coming. I dipped my hand into my pocket and pulled out my phone to dial Aaron's number when I heard footsteps from behind. I stilled and the hair on my hair rose with each step taken until they were fully erect.

"You're an hour early." Aaron's voice came from behind, and I could feel his heated gaze on me.

I swallowed, knowing that as well. "I know," I admitted, feeling a little cold despite the jacket I had on. "I came to see you." I summoned the courage to say it out loud.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 59**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 59-"Oh," he seemed rather puzzled, and I heard his footstep coming even much closer, making my heart pick up its pace. "That's the first."

"How is it the first? We were intimate, and then you act as if nothing like that ever happened."

"I hope I'm safe." he breathed, and it sounded more flirty than scared.

"We will find out together," I answered, and then turned to him. I dragged a deep breath at the sight of the man who now stood before me in a white round-necked polo and black jeans trousers. He seemed to have also been playing with water because his hair, although not dripping, looked wet. A few strands fell into his face, shielding his alluring eyes and puffy, red lips. He looked as gorgeous as ever. It took much control to not reach for him.

I dragged in a deep breath and returned to reality to meet Aaron's eyes on me, staring at me from head to toe and if I wasn't mistaken, there was a desire in his eyes as he beheld me.

First goal reached.

"You look beautiful. It's as if you got ready for someone." I didn't miss the trace of humour in his voice.

"I did," I answered, not willing to bite around the bush anymore. I've done that for two weeks straight.

"Lucky him."

"What happened?"

"How do you mean?"

"At the party, we were all over each other and after that, everything changed and it felt as if we never even crossed a line." I didn't know where my courage came from, but I was not complaining.

He didn't act as if he didn't understand what I spoke about. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want an apology. I want an explanation." I folded my arms across my chest.

He took a deep breath. "I never stopped thinking about what happened, Zera. It was the thought I woke up with and slept with every day in the past three weeks."

Okay, this is progress.

I pressed my lips together and nodded. "Then why didn't you say anything?"

"Because I was scared and unsure. I have never stopped wanting you even after all these years and while I know what I want, I have to consider what's best for you."

"What's best for me?" I echoed, not knowing where he was headed with his explanation.

"Someone who will not be gone soon."

I raised a brow. "Oh, yeah, that. Shouldn't that be all the more reason to not spend time acting like we feel nothing when we actually do?"

"I can't give you assurance, Zera, and you're still so young and deserve someone who would be there for you and Zion always."

I scoffed in disbelief and took a step back. "I can't believe this."

"Believe what?"

"Your audacity in deciding for me!" I slammed, my tone rising a little. "you made me want you, long for you only to pull away at the last minute. I had spent the past weeks wanting you and wondering what I had done wrong to make you act so cold towards me. Now you're saying you gave me the cold shoulder because you're dying."

"That's a legit reason, Zera."

"It's a bullshit reason. You do not get to decide for me. I am a grown woman and I can do that for myself well!"

He opened his mouth to speak but snapped it shut and just stare at me.

"You do not know what I've been through these past weeks."

His apology came immediately. "I am sorry I put you through that, but I believe you might not be looking at this from every angle or in the long run. I am not a human like you, I am a werewolf and that alone is enough to keep me away and with my reality, I do not think it's fair." he reached out and his hand stroked my face tenderly and I leaned into his touch before I could snap out of it. "I never stopped wanting you and I never will."

"I know your fate and I am quite aware of what that means for me if I choose this, but you feel more real than anything else. I also cannot let the fear of the future dictate the present." Perhaps this was me being se.x-starved and wanting to be fvcked properly by a man. It didn't matter at this point.

He chuckled, and I raised a brow at him. "You're so fvcking stubborn." He cupped my face in his palm and pulled me closer to mumble, "I can't get enough of that."

He took my lips between his for a soft kiss that made my toes curl. My body eased into his, trying to find completeness and comfort. He pulled back, and I saw the red flare in his eyes overshadowing its natural hazel colour.

I didn't fear the sight. It had to mean something good.

He kissed me again, sliding his tongue into my mouth, and I accepted and deepened the kiss. His finger trailed the side of my face, sending tingles through me and making goosebumps break out on my skin. He pulled away and let his hand wander to my neck, dropping further over my chest and over the cut of the red blouse that led between my two breasts. My nipples hardened at the impact of his touch and the bud pushed against the blouse, revealing itself and need.

He dragged a deep breath, "Not here." he spoke as if scolding himself and with that he scooped me into his arms and raced us into the bedroom in seconds before setting me on my feet.

He didn't give me time to get accustomed to the bedroom, which I hadn't been in before, because he kissed me desperately while his hand pushed off the jacket I had on. Then he cupped the swell of my breast, fondling them tenderly. He kneads the nipples between his thumb, earning a moan from my lips.

His lips strayed from my lips onto my neck, kissing and sucking on the skin there. My legs grew weak, and I clung to him desperately. He got to the slim hand of my blouse and he paused, pulling away to stare at me.

A smile remained on his face, "You wore this for me." it wasn't a question, it was a statement.

I bit my lips and nodded, "I like it." he answered.

"I'm glad."

"But I want to take it off and see what's underneath now. Can I take it off?"

I bobbed my head.

With ease, he pulled the blouse off my skin and my breast came free to his eyes.

My cheeks heated, and I felt even more nervous. I pulled my blouse down to cover up my upper n.akedness.

“Change of mind?” he asked, his brow curiously furrowed.

I took a step back towards the door. “Would it be a problem if I am having one?”

His smile came out a little. “No, it won’t. But I know you want this just as much as I do. I will not force you or manipulate you into it. It has to be your decision.”

I turned to the door and reached for the knob, but paused. This was me acting in fear of not being able to live for once. Fear that after this, we would go back to acting like nothing happened for weeks again. Fear of the many sleepless nights ahead if this went sour.

“Fvck it.” I let go of the knob and hurried over to Aaron, k!ssing him hard on the soft, full l!ps. He didn’t hesitate to k!ss back. He pulled me closer to his body and mine pressed against his as if made as one.

His hand raced to the back of my blouse and he slowly sank his hands into the flesh of skin exposed to his touch. I gasped when he applied pressure and he sn.aked his tongue into my mouth again. I k!ssed him and pushed at his shirt and he reached for it, breaking the k!ss to yank it off his body.

He stood n.aked from the waist up, his inked skin exposed to my gaze, and I dragged my eyes to every corner. This body, although the same as the one I had many years back, had a few new inks on them now. All of which drew me in to find out more.

I bit my l!ps and placed my hand on his rip side, trailing over the line. His breath hitched when I moved my fingers up to his arms and then shoulders.

There was a beautiful work of art on a beautiful man whom I was about to have. The very thought set loose nerves of reactions within me.

“It’s just se.x,” I said, more to myself than him. I needed to take this with much confidence.

It’s the only way.

“It can be whatever you want it to be, love.”

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 60

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 60-I nodded and pulled off the blouse I had on; letting it fall to the ground. Being an easy-to-take-off top, my breasts came to his view quickly.

Aaron dragged a deep breath and pulled me to himself so that my breast pressed against him. He took my lips between his, kissing me hungrily. His lips tortured mine in the quest for dominance and while he ravished me with kisses, his hand palm my breast. He softly caressed it while still passionately kissing me. My body responded, showing off how sensitive it was to his touch and hands. A moan escaped my mouth when he rubbed his thumb over my nipples. He repeated the treatment to my other nipple, and I cried out with the intensity of pleasure. His touch made me tingle as if it was the first time.

He kissed me harder and I could barely breathe just the way I liked it. And when he pulled away, he released my breast and slipped his hand into my panties.

My muscles tense slightly as he ran his fingers across my smooth, bald pussy and he felt it, too. Slowly Aaron rubbed my clitoris and the soft covering flesh, growing warmer and harder by the moment. His lips also strayed from mine down to my neck and then my sensitive breast. My knees wobbled and I might have fallen, except for Aaron's undeniable grip around my waist.

“Mmmmmmm,” I moaned and pulled away. I pushed my pants down and moved over to the bed. I climbed on top of it and settled thereon. Aaron didn't rush to join me. He stood at the foot of the bed, watching me spread my knees apart, to give him a full view.

His desire must have risen to a peak he couldn't control as my legs spread wider because he hurried into bed. He now laid on his stomach, settling his face between my legs, and he could not hide his desires. His tongue licked my clitoris, slowly, forcefully, with the skill of an expert. He held me by my hips as he lapped at me with gentle repetition.

“I want to eat you for breakfast every day.” he moaned, then covered me up with his mouth once again and sucked with dedication.

“Oh Aaron,” I moaned. “Aaron, fvck it’s so good, it’s so good... make me c.um...” I stopped talking and made sensual noises. I dug my hands into Aaron’s hair. He sensed my orgasm *approaching and picked up on his act. He flicked his tongue over my cl!t a few times before pushing it against my sensitive hardness and I exploded that same second. I dropped my head back on the bed and made cute little mewling sounds as my body went through a gentle orgasm* while he l!cked and s.uucked at my tender flesh there.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head at the impact of the org\*asm and I writhed in sensitivity as Aaron gathered my flowing juice with his tongue and swallowed it.

I didn’t know where the strength came from, but I fl!pped us around and got on top of Aaron, straddling him with both legs. I leaned down and k!ssed his l!ps longingly. My breathing was still heavy and my heart still beating wildly, but I wanted this man. I wanted to be good to him. I wanted to pleasure him and make him growl out in pure pleasure.

I k!ssed his l!ps desperately. My hand moved behind to grab his semi-hard c0ck and stroked it. He moaned into the k!ss and he thrust into my hand, already loving the feel.

My teeth took hold of his bottom l!ps, nipping at him lightly, and a smile came to my face at how affected he was by me.

I k!ssed his l!ps once again and then his jaw down to his neck and I felt him shiver, but I didn’t stop. His response fueled my confidence and made me carry on. I k!ssed his shoulder down to his c.hest and then over his n!pples. I ran my tongue over the hardened tip and a thick moan tore through his throat and his lashes fluttered.

“Fvck, it feels good.” His c0ck throbbed in my hand, stretching to its full length while I s.uucked and played with his n!pples. Having had my fill, I moved down his stomach, adjusting myself on him to aid easier movement.

I took a firm grip on his c0ck when I got close and took the head into my mouth. It felt and tasted the same way it did all those years. I couldn’t get enough and I wanted to pleasure him until I no longer could.

I took in as much as I could and after a while; I felt him pulse in my mouth, his release approaching.

He pushed me off him and pulled me on top of him to straddle for a while before flipping us around, so he came back up.

He kissed my lips savagely, and I felt him at my entrance, rubbing against me. My breath hitched when he pushed his head into me and I pulled away from the kiss and buried my face in his shoulders, dragging a sharp breath.

It took a while to get adjusted and Aaron waited. After the slight pain disappeared, I arched my hips to receive more of his length. With a steady pace, he pushed in and out of me.

I felt my body flush with heat and tremors began rushing through me. Something was building rapidly, and it was all I could do to hold still as my hips automatically rolled and rock against Aaron's body, my clit grinding against him.

I clung tighter and rubbed my tits against his chest as my pelvis ground against his. Aaron was getting close, and I knew this because of how his breathing got whenever my walls clenched down on him. His entire cock felt too good! My gyrations must have added to his pleasure because he took my mouth in a fierce kiss.

His hips began to rock as well and soon he had a shallow thrust happening with a bump against my clit with every down stroke.

"Uhhh! Oh! Aaaaa... rrrron! Fvck! Oh! Yes!" I blurted sounds with every impact, and my trembling grew stronger. Aaron's hips sped up as his release reached the apex and the sound of wet skin slapping together filled the room.

"There! I'm there! Oh! Aaron!!!"

I squealed as my body spasmed and shook through an almost violent orgasm.

Aaron slammed his hips home one last time, and he fired his cum deep inside me, surge after surge. My eyes parted slightly, and I saw him suck in his bottom lips as he trembled with his orgasm and his eyes glowed red in the same second.

My breath hitched as once again I reminded myself he wasn't human like me. I wasn't afraid of him, but I knew I should.



He leaned in and kissed my lips, which shattered all the walls I had up and communicated our desire. He pulled away and our gazes locked, his still glowing.

I reached out and stroked his face, sighing in contentment. This was better than I expected and I wouldn't change it for anything else.