

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 6

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 6-‘Say no more, master. Your wish is my command.’

I pressed my lips together and nodded. “Okay, thank you. I promise I won’t get in your way. You will not even know I’m here.”

“Well, I would know, I have thin ears.” he pointed out with a devilish smile dancing at the corner of his mouth.

“Got it. Do you need my help with anything?” I cocked my brow, despite knowing that someone who could afford this place would not need the help of someone like me, but I wanted to ask anyway.

“What can you do for me?” he asked and his words left me in a dilemma because they sounded lustful towards the end.

Still, I didn’t want to read meanings into his words. “Anything you want, just name it.”

He licked his full rosy bottom lips and took a step forward. Again, my heart skipped a beat, but I kept my focus on him and didn’t move away. Another step would cover up the space between us and, from the look in his eyes, he knew that too. He took the next step, covering the space between us so that the rich manly smell of him filled my nostril. He towered over me, with desire brewing in his alluring eyes, and a smirk crawled its way to his face.

His hand came up and stroked my cheeks and the fine line of my jaw. I shivered into his hands and my nipples hardened and the evidence showed proudly on the shirt I had on. I moaned a little and bit my lips to stay still.

“You can’t give me what I want,” he growled.

Well, if I know what it is, I would be able to tell my chances.

“I can try,” I said, not wanting to give up or have him cut my legs from under me like he was doing.

His thumb slides up my bottom lips, running slow but sensual lines over them and sparking up responses and urges in me.

“Zera,” he moaned my name out loud, before letting his hand drop from my lips. “I shouldn’t.” He stepped back, and I felt my heart clench painfully in my chest.

He turned to leave, and I spoke. “I want you. And I’m certain you want me too. Then what’s so wrong about letting our wants for each other burn?”

“Because I don’t want you thinking this is payment for my generosity. You’re a good girl, and I might be wrong, but I think this is your way of paying the debt you think you owe me,” he said and exited the room.

I stood in my room, lost and horny. The little thing he did with his hands had awakened so many urges and desires and leaving without satisfying those desires wasn’t such a good thing. He was right. I wanted to repay him for his kindness, but I also wanted him and that had nothing to do with his generosity. I wanted him since I first laid eyes on him at the club, but he doesn’t know that.

One thing is certain, he wants me too, and he thinks I’m hot.

I guess I just have to make him understand I want him for him and not because of his big heart. His big heart just makes me want him more.

I raced out of the room in search of him. The last place I saw him was in the kitchen and when I got there, I looked around but didn’t see him there. He wasn’t in the living room either. I figured he was in his room despite not knowing where his room was. I returned upstairs and just before I reach the door to the room I stayed in; I noticed a door cracked.

This had to be his and the closer I got, the surer I became because the room smelt like him.

I pushed open the door and entered before shutting it and pressing my back against it. I heard the shower running and the voices in my head told me to take off my clothes and join him in the shower. That would be hot, but I shook the thoughts off. I would wait for him to come out. I told myself and I mentally did the countdown.

After almost seven minutes of waiting, the bathroom door opened and Aaron walked in with nothing but a long white towel covering his waist. His black hair was damp and stuck to his face and beads of water rolled down his toned chest, over his abs, and disappeared into the towel.

His eyes met mine, and they twitched in confusion, but he stayed silent and just watched me.

I came here because I wanted to ask my chances of being with him if I wasn't doing it to repay him. It was going to be a brief discussion with no room for

or fumbling, but now having him half-naked, wet and yummy made it harder than it should.

In a situation like this, speaking would not be easy.

"I'm guessing you came here to say something?" he spoke after I gawked at him for nearly two minutes and said nothing.

I shook my head, then nodded like an idiot. "Umm, yeah. I just... I just didn't think you'd be naked."

His eyes narrowed. "I think everyone needs to get naked to take a shower."

Yes, he was right. I was the idiot here.

"I meant I didn't know you would take a shower now," I stressed out. "I came to ask you a question."

"Okay," he folded his arms across his chest and his biceps flexed beautifully. My body longed to have a touch.

"If you didn't think I was trying to pay you with sex, would you want to fuck me?"

"Yes." he did not hesitate in his response.

"Because you want me?"

"Yes, and because I think you're pretty, smart and crazy, I like that," he admitted.

My cheeks burn, and I dropped my eyes from his. This was so much more than I had prepared for.

"I just won't fuck you because I don't want to live with thinking the only reason you did was because you owed me."

“Where are you from?!” I blurted out before I could stop myself. “Many men would jump at the chance to fvck a lady as long as she’s interested in them, too.”

Yes, I was with a few others before I met Owen and they always jumped at the chance to ease themselves whenever the opportunity presented itself, but here I was, having to beg a man to fvck me.

“I am not many men.” his tone didn’t show if he took offence, “And the men you’ve been around are a.ssh0les who care about themselves more than they do you.”

He’s right, they did.

Wait! He cares about me? He didn’t even know me, and yet he cared. That felt very weird.

I turn to exit his room, then pause and turned around. He was this close to yanking off his towel when I turned, and now he had to hold on to it until I took my leave. “One more question.”

He sighed, “What is it?”

“Are you gay?” I ask because all cards had to be checked.

“No, I am not gay. I love women and soon you’ll see that, too.”

Soon, that meant he had me in mind and the realisation of that made my day so much better.

I hoped the soon wouldn’t take forever to come.

I had to hit the shower as well. Seeing Aaron in his n.aked, w.et glory was such a turn-on. I needed release.

The shower turned warm, and I stepped in, reminiscing about the picture of him stepping out, looking clean and delicious. I wanted to run my tongue over him. I wanted to k!ss his l!ps while his soft hands played with my n!pples. I flattened my left hand against the wall and my other hand wander between my legs to rub against my e.rected cl!t, seeking to give myself a quick release.

I stepped out of my room, back in the polo and blue jeans. I styled my hair into a ponytail, which gave my face a fresh look, and I made my way out of the room.

I met Aaron in the living room in black jeans trousers and a blue t-shirt. He was reading a book which I couldn't make out the name and he seemed pretty invested in it. I doubted he'd feel my presence, but when he spoke up, he made me realize he noticed.

"You showered."

I stood corrected.

I nodded, then realized he couldn't see me. "Yeah, how did you know? I smell clean?"

I felt him smile. "Yes, you smell clean." he agreed.

"I figured I needed one after I left your room."

He chuckled and dropped the book in his hand, and his eyes lifted to stare at me. "Your hair is in a ponytail," he stated the obvious.

I nodded. "Yes, it's a minor change."

"I like it."

"Enough to fvck me now?" I blurted out, only realising what I had said after the words left my mouth. I gasped and my hands covered up my mouth.

He chuckled and rose to his feet. "Perhaps it is." he made his way over to me. "But it's lunchtime, I need to make lunch," he headed towards the kitchen, only to stop and turn to me with an arched brow. "wanna help?"

I wordlessly nodded and fell in line with him, stopping only when we got into the kitchen. "What are we making?" I asked.

The handsome devil smiled before answering. "Babies."