

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 61

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 61-I stayed with my eyes partly opened, trying to catch my breath. This happened, Aaron finally took me after what felt like forever and it was mind-blowing. He had never disappointed me when it came down to the affairs of se.x before and he didn't this time. I, however, noticed there was much more desperation today than the last time. It made it hotter. I didn't think we had enough time, but after already going twice in the last thirty minutes; I had no strength to go again.

My hand was on his c.hest, tracing a fine line over the ink on his skin, mesmerised by every line and pattern of it. I hope I someday get the chance to analyse every corner of his body and worship it.

He leaned closer and k!ssed my l!ps, and I m0aned into the k!ss before deepening it. He pulled back and placed his head against mine. "Thank you," he breathed against my face.

"For what?"

"For taking the step. If you hadn't taken the step, I don't think I would have, and who knows how long it would have taken?" His arms around my shoulders tightened and then he rubbed me gently there.

I smiled, "I'm glad I did then."

His l!ps grazed over mine tenderly before deepening and as I k!ssed back, he slid his th!gh between mine and the evidence of what we had done pooled between them. His finger drew over my skin, cupping my b.reast and fondling it gently, earning a soft m0an from my l!ps.

"Zera," he muttered, k!ssing my nose and then up my forehead.

"Yes," I answered, nuzzling my nose into the crook of his neck and breathing him in. His scent has always been my weakness. Clean, manly, intoxicating. I placed my l!ps against his neck and he shuddered into the touch and I knew I affected him.

"I was wondering." he continued, his voice thick and filled with desires.

"About what?" I peeked up at him and found him staring at me as well.

He opened his mouth to speak, but my phone began ringing with the tone I knew so well. Zion's swim lessons teacher.

I reached for it and answered, placing it to my ear. "Hello, Ms Adams."

"I'm on my way." I quickly spoke up, not letting him finish what he wanted to say. He only calls when I'm late and turns out I am late today.

"Shit." I ran off the bed and reached for my clothes on the floor.

I noticed Aaron's gaze on me as I raced around the room to locate the clothes that were mine, even though he remained silent. I had stayed so long in bed with Aaron I had lost track of time.

Aaron helped himself onto his elbow. "What's wrong?"

"I am late in picking Zion up," I answered.

"You know Zion takes his swim lesson in this house, right?"

I knew that, but that didn't change the fact that I was late. I was always on time. I pride myself on being on time.

I didn't tell him all of that, instead; I slipped my panties back on and then the rest of my clothes. I reached for my phone on the lampstand and slipped it into my pocket before racing towards the door.

"Zera!" he called out, and I knew he probably wanted me to stay a while longer.

"Don't even say it!" I snapped and raced out of the room.

I came into the living room and then made my way to the pool area where I had picked Zion up since he started this class. He was already dried and waiting with his bag pack to his back and I knew he had waited for quite a while. It made my heart hurt that I kept him waiting.

He must have noticed me approaching because his head twirled around to find me, but instead of the cheerful look he usually had, he had a narrowed one on his face.

I slowed in my tracks, wondering if he was mad at me for coming in late when he spoke, "What happened to your hair, mommy?" his eyes moved on my hair and stayed there.

My heart skipped a beat, wondering if he knew what he meant. What could be wrong with my hair? I dipped my hand into my back pocket and pulled out my phone, using its dark screen to inspect my hair.

The horror I saw.

My hair was in a mess and if there was another name worse than a mess, that would have fitted perfectly. My lipstick also looked smeared against my mouth, and my lips were puffy. It made sense why Zion had a narrowed look.

I had made it into a ponytail before I left the house, but Aaron had rearranged it during our heated session and now it was a hot mess. That hot devil saw me dress up to leave the room and said nothing!

He tried to. You told him to not speak.

My lips pressed together, and I wiped at my mouth with my hand, taking off as much lipstick as I could. I slipped my phone back into my pocket and pulled at the band holding the hair together. In five seconds, I had my hair back in a ponytail. Not perfect, but better than the one Zion saw.

"I had a very rough day, baby."

Yes, made rough by Aaron Hart, your father. How hard it was.

"But I'm here now. How was your swimming class today?" I asked, reaching for his backpack and taking his hand.

Just then, Steffan, his swim teacher, stepped out of the closet with his phone in his hand. He had a curious eye as he stared at me, but if he noticed something on my face, he said nothing. "Ms Adams, you're already here," Steffan said, staying with his usual energetic tone of voice.

"Yes, I am. I am sorry I kept you here longer than necessary."

He smiled, nodding in understanding. "I know how hard being a parent and having a life is." He emphasized on the life, and I knew he knew.

My smile came wearily, but I nodded happily that he didn't further his words. "Thank you. See you next time. Say thank you to Mr Milo." I told Zion, who thanked his teacher and together we exited the locker room.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 62**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 62-We came into the living room and there stood Aaron, already dressed in his grey jeans trousers and white polo that hugged his body well and gave room to the imagination. My heart skipped at the sight of him and shivers ran down south when he smiled flirtily at me before looking away.

I couldn't believe I was trapped in sheets with this man a while ago. The reaction my body gave didn't seem like one that had received an orgasm twice in the last hour from him. It still needed much attention and from the look Aaron gave me, he knew as well.

I swallowed.

"Daddy!" Zion called out, yanking his hand from mine and racing over to his father. Aaron dropped to his knee and lifted his son into his arms before rising. A bright smile stayed on his face as he played and stared at his son, who giggled at having his stomach played with.

This was a perfect picture and I wish I could just freeze the moment and stay here forever. A happy father and son and a mother whose heart was slowly beating for both of them.

"I will take my leave now, Mr Hart," Steffan said, bringing my notice to his presence.

Aaron's attention shifted, but the smile remained. "Alright, thank you, Mr Milo."

Steffan nodded at me before departing and we were left alone. Aaron rubbed Zion's back while his eyes inspected my face and hair in silence. I knew where he would go next.

"Your hair looks better, your face too." he commended, his eyes staying longer on my lips than hair.

My cheeks heated, and I rolled my eyes. "No, thanks to you."

“I tried. You didn’t give me a chance.”

“I need to get home.” I headed for the exit door, expecting him to bring Zion along.

He did, and soon I was standing beside my car. I opened the door of the car, and he set Zion inside and then turned to me. “Got something urgent back home?”

“Maybe?” I tried walking away to the driver’s seat, but he caught me by the arm and pulled me back to him and my body lit up at the contact.

His face came incredibly closer to mine and the warm breath leaving his nostril fanned over my face.

“Do you?” he asked again.

“And if I do?”

“It’s not nice when you answer a question with another question.” he scolded, his voice showing his disapproval.

My chin lifted to stare into his eyes, flaring with a hint of red. Mine challenging. “Or else what?”

He leaned in and whispered into my ears, “I’d bend you over the hood of your car and spank the sh!t out of you.”

My legs grew weak at the impact of his words, causing me to lean against him harder. The image his words created made me reconsider toning down my response. I wanted to be at his mercy, being punished. A long moan tore through my throat and I pressed myself against him.

“What’s stopping you?”

“Our son is in the car and that would make us horrible parents,” he replied in a reasonable tone.

Just then, my mind came back to the innocent little one waiting in the car.

What’s it with me and forgetting I am a mother whenever I was with this man?

He might not want to be a terrible parent, but I was headed in that direction because of him.

“Fvck!” I cursed and tried pulling away, but he didn’t let go.

“Let go!” I snapped at him, struggling to set myself free from his hold and not understanding why he would not.

“Why?”

“My son is in the car.”

“Our son,” he corrected, “and stop rubbing yourself against me. You’re only making it hard to let go.” he gr0aned out with a voice filled with pleasure and desire.

I stilled and dragged a deep breath. He released a hand and moved it to stroke the side of my face. “You look so hot when you’re worked out.”

I didn’t want his words to have any effect on me, but I couldn’t stop it. He was my weakness, and he knew it, too.

“Thank you for taking the bold step today. I mean it. But I want to see you again,” he said.

I stared at him, not knowing where he was headed with his words, and so I remain quiet.

“I would like for us to meet up.” I saw his struggle to form the words he needed to say, and it made my heart flutter in my c.hest.

I stayed quiet.

“Say something?” he pleaded, his desperation paramount.

When I came here over an hour ago, I had one thing in mind: se.x. A date wasn’t part of that, but things had changed and now, he was asking me out formally. “You want to ask me out on a formal date?” I asked with a raised brow.

His cheeks warmed up, and he pressed his l!ps together. Embarrassed Aaron wasn’t the Aaron I was used to seeing often and now I couldn’t get enough of this side of him.

“You don’t seem to have your words thought through. Seems you have asked no one out on a date before, Mr Hart.” I spoke as if I wasn’t at his throat a moment ago.

His brow arched. “Would it be bad if I said I haven’t?”

This knowledge gave me a sense of pride, and I couldn’t help the smile that charged through my face. “So, I’m your first.”

He rolled his eyes and pressed his lips together. “Yes, you’re my first, so will you?”

It wasn’t hard to believe; he was a god amongst men and didn’t need a date to get the woman he wanted in bed. His position and wealth made it all the easier, but he broke that to take me out.

I grinned, “Sure”

His smile came forth, blinding. “Great, then.” He leaned in and pecked my lips one last time before finally letting go. “I will send you the details of the location and time.”

“I will be waiting.” I sang as I got into the car and drove off.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 63**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 63-I didn’t even stress about trying to find a nanny to watch Zion while I was away. Aaron, just as he did in ensuring safety in my neighbourhood by acquiring security for me and Zion, made provision of that. He already thought ahead and Ivan came over to stay with my son. He was the cool uncle, after all. I didn’t want to put too much into my appearance, but a part of me wanted to look good for this man. It was his first date, lest we forget, and it deserved to be special.

My phone buzzed before the dressing mirror where I stood, and I saw the caller ID being Diya. I smiled and picked up the call and placed the phone to my ear.

“Zera! How are you doing?” her cheerful tone came charging through.

“I’m fine Diya, seems you’re out.”

“Greg took me out to the newest club opening at the east street.”

“Oh wow, you’re living the life with your husband and I am happy for you.” I heard a honk of the car and I knew Aaron was already at the door waiting.

“Who’s that?” her tone came off suspicious along with her question.

“Aaron?” I bit my lower lip gingerly.

“Why is he there? I thought you had Zion on Fridays.”

I pressed my lips together; she was way behind in the happenings in my life. In my defence, she was still newly wedded and deserved to enjoy her time with her husband, and so I bothered her less with the things taking place in my life, including the little escapade I have had with Aarons so far.

‘You call that a little?’

“Zera, what haven’t you told me?”

The honk came again, louder than the last, and I jumped on my stand. “Umm, I’ve got to go, Diya, take care.”

“Don’t you dare end t-!” I ended the call before she got to finish her words and slipped the phone into the red purse I had in my hand. I picked up my long black jacket and I raced out of the room and into the house. I knew Diya would demand the full story once she gets the chance to again, but I didn’t have to answer it today.

I opened the door of the house and in front of me stood the gorgeous-looking Aaron Hart in black long sleeves and trousers. He looked the same as earlier except for his hair, now neatly arranged in a bun, bringing out his bold facial features.

He beheld me, and a wide smile spread across his handsome face, revealing his dimples. His smile lit me up from the inside out, and I smiled as well.

“Wow, you were dressed to kill tonight,” he spoke and his eyes trailed over me, taking each part of my body in at a time from my head to my toe and then back.

I wore a short red gown that stopped mid-thigh and barely left anything to the imagination. It had a deep V cut and highlighted my cleavage greatly. My neck



and shoulders were exposed and the diamond necklace made it stand out. I took the time to do my make-up and hair and now though it fell on my shoulder; I had made it into a curly wave.

“You like it?”

“Keeping my hands off you tonight would be an almost impossible task.” He groaned, taking a step closer toward me. His cologne mixed with his manly smell made his nearness intoxicating and forbidden thoughts flew through my head.

My cheeks warm up. “You look amazing yourself.”

He rolled his eyes at my compliment. “Just trying to make me feel better,” he offered me his hand.

“I am not. You have always looked amazing to me?” I took a hold of it and he pulled me closer to wrap his arms around me.

“Always?” I felt his brow rise. “Even those times when we weren’t on the same terms?” he asked.

I bobbed my head, thankful for the night because my cheeks looked as red as tomatoes because of our little harmless exchanges. “Even then, I thought you looked amazing, and it made me angrier.”

With Aaron, it was easy to admit my most hidden secret, and those I wanted to keep to myself. I felt free with him, free enough to confess without fear of judgement.

“You’ve always been beautiful to me, from the first day I laid my eyes on you, even this moment.” he opened the door for me and I entered. He closed the door and got in as well before driving us away.

We arrived at the Grande restaurant and made our way in. Aaron already made reservations and the attendant when he saw us, greeted and led us to our seats. For the next thirty minutes, we spent staring at the menu. However, I’d lower the menu once in a while, and peep up to stare at Aaron, whose concentration didn’t sway from the menu. I then asked myself how one man could embody so much beauty. Whenever his eyes lifted, mine returned to the menu, which I held onto.

“Have you made your choice of food or will you have me instead?” Aaron asked, not looking up from his menu but somehow sensing my eyes on him.

“Umm,” I swallowed because I hadn’t made my pick and I also didn’t think having him would be such a bad idea. “I haven’t,” I muttered.

“Then take your time.” He said and I think he enjoyed the attention he got from me and didn’t want it to end.

My gaze narrowed on him. “Can I have you instead?”

“Yes, you can, any time and any place. We just have to get through tonight and reach an agreement,” he answered, his voice still calm.

I didn’t want him calm. I wanted him as affected as I was. That was the whole point of wearing this killer outfit, which, by the way, was snuffing the life out of me. I wanted him to crave me as I craved him. I wanted his eyes on me. Those wide, mesmerising hazel eyes staring into mine like he could see my very soul while he fvcked me slowly.

“Fvck!” I cursed under my breath and my legs clamped together at the impact of the thoughts.

“I can smell you, Zera. Unless you want me to take you on this table while everyone watches, you wouldn’t have such nasty thoughts in your head which are wetting your sweet pvssy up,” he said, his eyes staying on mine. His bold assessment caused turmoil within me and I wanted that mouth of his on me.

My nipples hardened and pushed against the fabric of my clothes. I bit down on my lips, calming my wild thoughts, but a few lingered.

Would it be so bad if he took me here and now while everyone watched?

Oh wow, Zera, you’ve become a woman so se.x desperate wouldn’t care about anything, even privacy.

My eyes focused on the menu in my hand and I picked out the Chinese fried rice and chicken and set the menu down, waiting for the attendant.

“I’m done picking.”

“Good.”

The attendant came took the menu, and in no time returned with our meals on served plates. We thanked and ate the food. I enjoyed my Chinese fried rice and from the look on his face; he seemed to enjoy the macaroni and steak he had.

We ate in silence and I placed my cutleries on the tray after I finished eating. Aaron did as well, wiping his mouth and picking up the glass of water on the table.

“You wanted us to talk over the date,” I spoke, reminding him why we came over.

He set the glass down and nodded. “Yes, I wanted that, and it was because I wanted more than just having se.x with the mother of my son.”

There’s nothing se.xy about what we’ve done if he puts it that way. I certainly won’t put it that way.

“Then what do you want?”

“You know who I am. And why I am not like the other men? You also know how short my time is. Still, you chose me.”

Okay, I did not like the path this discussion was leading. Every time someone started their conversation that way, it always led down the road the other didn’t want. I feared what I was about to hear. “Okay...”

He placed his entwined hands on the table. “You’re an intelligent woman, smart and well articulated, and your b.ravery pushed me to do this. I am an alpha and according to creations, a mate is as important as an alpha to his pack. When an alpha comes of age, he finds his mate, the only one meant for his soul whom he would unite with and become as one.”

Okay, this wasn’t as horrible as the options of things I thought he would say, which flew around in my head. “And you think I am your mate?”

“A part of me felt you were my mate over five years ago, but you were human and alphas do not mate with humans. They could have them for a period, but the bond would never come in. However, we united that weekend and every fibre of my being told me you were the one. It made me reconsider the stand I had had all the years I’d been younger. Humans could be mates to our kind if the moon goddess wishes it so. I understand this might be too much for you

and if you don't feel the same way..." he trailed off, losing the words to say, but I stayed silent, wanting him to go on and finish what he wanted to say. I couldn't interrupt because I didn't know what to say either. "I will completely understand."

Yes, I had gone into some research after I returned home. It was to help me further understand the man I had grown weak to and the man my son will become someday. The more I read, the more complicated it became. I wanted this man more than anything, but I stopped researching him and waited for him to tell me about himself. Now that he had spoken, and I knew I needed to do more research. I did not digest as much as I thought I would, and his explanation didn't help.

"Do I get to take the time and think?" I asked after a while of silence.

He nodded. "Yes, you can have all the time you need."

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 64**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 64-The University was now back in session and at the end of the first week. The heads of the institution hosted a welcome back party in which the professors and staffs of the University were in attendance at the Sheraton Hotel and towers event hall. It was a meet and greet. This way, the old staff would get to meet with the new staff and lecturers and the new ones would get acquainted before the semester resumed fully.

A few familiar faces I got to see were Jerome, Xena and Daniel. I had stalked Daniel's social media page to keep up with his life and affairs, but it was harmless. I wanted to know he was safe and from what I saw; he seemed to manage his life well so far, which was a good thing. I wished sometimes that things could have gone a different way. Sometimes I wished we just remained friends and never attempted relationships, but we did, and I had to live with that reality forever.

Our gazes met, and we stared at each other for a while. His eyes, however, looked void of any and every emotion and I looked away before guilt would make me do something terrible.

I did not know why I would feel guilty. We ended things amicably.

'After you cheated physically and mentally on him.'

I moved to the bar corner in the hall and demanded a glass of sparkling water. I needed to count down the hours left in this suffocating event.

“Long time no see.” I heard Daniel say from behind and I spun around to meet him, almost splashing the content in my glass on myself.

“Daniel... Yeah, umm. Longest time no see.” I stumbled upon my words but still reached balance.

“Yeah, well, I had to disconnect and reconnect. I didn’t know a vacation could do wonders, but it did.” he shrugged and then he eyed me with curious eyes. “How have you been?”

I nodded and took the glass to my lips to have a sip. “It has been good so far. I can’t complain.” I mumbled the rest to myself.

“How’s Zion?”

“He’s doing great. I left him with Diya before coming over.”

“Cool, somehow I missed him. I missed you as my friend and trusted accomplice in trouble.” he smiled and I chuckled.

“I missed you too,” I said, hugging him before I could stop myself.

He tightened his grip around me before pulling away and scratching his head. “I hope Aaron Hart is treating you like you deserve.”

His name took me back to the discussion we had three weeks ago. I told him I was going to think about his proposal, but I have not given a response since then. I was scared.

I knew all about who a mate was now and what the responsibilities of one were. I also knew who an alpha was and what his responsibilities were, and I didn’t think I was caught up for it. I wasn’t proud of saying this out loud, but I feared giving too much and not being able to cope when he would finally leave. As if I hadn’t given up too much of my heart already.

Yes, I thought I was ready for it, but I wasn’t. I am a coward who chickened out. I wanted to be the brave girl Aaron always said I was, but that was not happening, and I didn’t know how long it would take to summon the courage.

I knew the longer time I stayed sceptical, the lesser time he has, but I didn't know if I was ready to deal with reality. Besides, things had gotten awkward again. He must have sensed my withdrawal because he gave me space as well. Though he never neglected his duties as a father, he didn't come over to pick Zion up as he used to. Instead, he would send his driver or Ivan. He was giving me all the time and space I needed and I still couldn't make up my mind.

I guess the new spelling of coward was ZERA.

"We aren't dating..." I trailed off and my eyes caught sight of Aaron walking in through the hall entrance with grace and confidence.

He had his elbow out and the pretty brunette who had a cheerful smile on her face had her hands around it. Once fully inside where people were, he took her hand around his elbow and slowly patted it. The lady smiled at him and she looked beautiful with that adorable smile on her face.

I didn't have the right to be mad. It's been three weeks since he had waited for my response and I had failed to give him one because I wrapped myself up in fear. But it didn't make it hurt less.

'He must have found someone who wasn't such a grown child and could decide.' my mind judged me.

A part of my heart clenched at his affections towards her. It didn't feel right that they both looked good and I turned away only to face Daniel, who still stood beside me, not willing to go anywhere. I knew he also saw Aaron and could see the tension that came upon me.

"Don't worry, I will ask nothing."

I wouldn't answer even if he was about to ask, though.

After another hour and I stayed glue to the bar, Daniel took his leave, saying something about meeting up with the new professor Wole that would head the physics department.

I stayed at the bar, wishing the hour would run faster so I could leave this nightmare called a party. I had stared at Aaron and his new girl earlier and they had gone to meet with the vice-chancellor, and they seemed to have the time of their life with how happy they were while talking to him. The image

took another shot to my heart, and I vowed never to look at him again. My heart was too fragile for this pain.

If they served alcohol, it would have been better, but sadly, they didn't. I had to deal with this night in the way I knew best by doing nothing.

"A glass of sparkling water for me and the lady, bartender," Aaron said, and I knew he had made his way over to me. He must have seen me and figured I would stay here the whole night if given the chance, and he took the bold step.

Not that it made me feel any better.

"I want no more sparkling water," I grumbled under my breath, but he heard and I knew what his next question would be.

"Then why are you still here?"

Isn't it obvious? Because I don't want to face you. Or deal with the image of you and Ms perfect at the back.

"Cause I want to," I answered, and we wandered into silence.

The bartender served the two glasses of sparkling water and while he reached for his and took a drink; I didn't touch mine.

He dropped the glass and ran his hand over it. "I waited," he said, breaking the silence that had lingered between us. "You never gave your answer."

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 65**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 65-I glanced at him before returning my focus to the rack behind the counter. "Is that why you came in here with arms locked in hers? To get me jealous?"

"Well, are you?"

"What?"

"Jealous?"

My cheeks heated, but I stayed silent. Of course, I was jealous. Why wouldn't I be? The two looked good together, but I remained silent.

"It's fine. I got jealous when I saw you with him talking earlier even though I knew all that exists is friendship. Same with Ms Kira, the new biology professor." His hand lifted to stroke my face and despite wanting to pull away, I couldn't help but lean in.

"Tell me, are you jealous?"

My eyes fluttered, and I fought the moan that almost left my throat when he sang his fingertips over my temple and down my cheek.

"Yes."

"Why?" He asked with his tone laced with interest.

"Because I love you." My eyes fluttered at my admission and they locked in his. "I love you Aaron, and I am scared." My admission left me in a vulnerable state, but I didn't care. I didn't want to have these walls up anymore. I always had them up, and I didn't like that.

I wanted him to see me. I was not brave but just a scared human so worried about life, cannot live it sometimes.

"You don't have to be scared."

"I think I do. Your world is so much different from mine and the more I think about it, the scarier it becomes." I said, and his eyes locked on mine.

"Then don't think about it. Think about here now, how you feel and how you want to feel. That's most important."

He was right. Worrying about tomorrow or the future helps no one. It only breeds fear. I could think of him now and the things he did to me. How much he affected me. How much I wanted him and how much I needed him.

"And Kira?" a part of me was still stuck up on the perfect image of him and Kira that I saw earlier.

"She's an acquaintance. We met while coming in and got talking. You know there can never be someone else but you." he replied with an honest tone.



I believed him. I didn't know why, but my being knew he spoke the truth.

Once again, the cards were on the table and the clarity of that and the attention his eyes gave me heated my body.

"Aaron," I called out, my needs for him skyrocketing between my legs that demanded attention.

He must have known too, because he emptied the glass of water into his mouth and rose to his feet.

"Come with me." he didn't wait for me to give him my hand. He reached out and took it like I was a little child being taken by his mother.

I followed behind and he took the left turn that led through the hallway that I figured led to another part of the hall. I wasn't certain what exactly it was he wanted to do, but I felt giddy and wanted to find out as well. So I followed behind quietly with my heartbeat increasing with its pace.

I followed behind and he took the left turn that led through the hallway that I figured led to another part of the hall. I wasn't certain what exactly it was he wanted to do, but I felt giddy and wanted to find out as well. So I followed behind quietly with my heartbeat increasing with its pace.

He turned to the first door of the hall and twisted the doorknob to open it up. It was the other exit of the building.

"We are leaving. I need to take you home with me," he said, then paused and turned to me. "That's okay with you, right? You look so gorgeous in that killer dress and I might not be thinking straight, but I hope taking you home with me is okay." his eyes sought my consent and it was the most beautiful encounter.

I wore a neon blue dress that reached my knee and it was formal for the night. I didn't look as good as I did three weeks ago at the date, at least not in my mind. He, however, stared at me with the same affections and desire he did then.

That was more than okay with me.

I smiled up at him and nodded.

A small smile crossed his face. "Good then, love."

Although this exit differed from the entrance, I expected us to get into the car and drive home. But Aaron had other plans. He pulled me closer and locked me in his arms tightly.

“Close your eyes and think of me,” he kissed my forehead, and I did as I was told, shutting my eyes and thinking of the man whose arms were around me, whose arms felt like home.

I didn't need to keep my eyes open. I knew I could trust him and not regret it.

I was barely done speaking when he spoke. “Open your eyes.”

I did, and we were no longer standing outside the Sheraton hotel and towers building, but outside his penthouse.

I dragged a deep breath, a little scared. How did we go from there to here in only but a few minutes?

I had read up on werewolves' abilities, and speed was one of them, but I didn't think about how fast the speed was. And now, having witnessed it, I am blown away.

I leaned in and kissed his lips, lacking the words to say. I just wanted to belong to him and be one with him. The feelings going on through me were more than ones I could control, more than ones I wanted to control.

He kissed back and hoisted me up so my legs wrap around his waist and he led us inside. He pushed me against the wall of his bedroom and savagely kissed my lips. I had been here before for Zion's birthday party and the smell brought back all the memories, but tonight, I was making new ones.

Aaron inserted his knee between my legs while I stood pressed against the wall of his bedroom and it grazed over my clit slowly. My breath cut in my throat while I stared at him to do what he wanted to do with me.

“You smell so good. What do you think about that leaves you so wet and beckoning?” He mumbled into the crook of my neck.

“Thoughts of you.” my eyes fluttered.

“What are they about?”

I pressed my head against the wall and my eyes opened up. "About you taking me slowly, and touching me, kissing me, sucking me and giving me heads."

Red flashed in his eyes and the corner of his mouth lifted in a smirk, "That's indeed hot." his tongue came out to lap at my bottom lips and then pushed into my mouth while running his hands over my body.

I moaned into the kiss when he cupped my breasts through the clothes, shielding them and gently fondling them.

"Fucking gorgeous," he moaned and his hand around my waist moved down to grab me by the butt. He pulled me even closer to himself while he grind his throbbing cock against me.

He hissed as he broke the kiss, his eyes flaring with so much lust and desire, "Gorgeous. You drive me insane."

He kept his gaze locked on mine and his hand released my butt and moved into the split of my dress, sliding his finger on my thigh and up between my legs. His hand met with my shaved pussy, covered with my lacy panties. With his eyes still locked on mine, he adjusted my panties to give him access to me and then slid his two fingers in.

I moaned and my head fell back against the wall and his gaze remained on me, watching my every reaction as he finger fucked me.

I bit my bottom lip when he moved the third finger into my cunt and kept the fast pace until I came apart in his hands.

My legs gave up on me, but he kept me standing, granting me balance as my hazy mind cleared up.

He seized my lips between his for a long kiss and I kissed back, giving him all I had. My body picked up the heat once again, and he was turning me on for him in a good way, but I wanted to live in the moment and accept the man I was with for who he was.

"I want to see you," I said as he kissed my neck down my shoulders. He stilled at my request, knowing exactly what I asked for, and pulled away to stare at me in the eyes as if he wasn't sure I knew what I asked for.

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 66

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 66-Deep down, I knew what I asked for. I wanted to see him. That might have been difficult, but I wanted to see him with no barriers. I wanted to see him shift into his wolf form.

He took a step back and his withdrawal made my heart clench in my chest. "Aaron."

He shook his head, unwilling to grant my only request. "Zera, I have little control over my wolf's form unless with practice. I do not want to scare you."

I smiled and cupped his face, and my small hands barely did justice in covering up his face. His long lash fluttered at the touch of my hands and he sighed.

"You can't scare me. You never have. Not really." I smiled at him.

His eyes fluttered, and they met mine and I beheld the genuine vulnerability there. I knew my request was not one he felt the most comfortable granting.

He nodded and squeezed down on my hands, which held his face. "Okay."

He didn't break our gaze as he took a step back from me. I had made the request, but my heart was hammering against my chest in fear and I knew he heard it too. I couldn't stop, though. I didn't want to.

"I love you," I muttered before I could stop myself and, as if that gave him the courage he needed, his shift began. His fingers contorted into claws and grew long and terrifying at the same time. His hands and face grew hairier than usual and his eyes switched from their hazel colour to faded red.

I had seen him in his wolf form before, but I had never seen him transform, and this was as intimate as sex itself.

He dropped to his knees and his face contorted into that of a werewolf with red blazing eyes, while the other part of his body snapped and cracked until he stood before me in his wolf form, big and proud.

I stood frozen and unable to decide my next course of action for the first few moments that passed, and then he took a step toward me. I dropped to my knee before him and he took another step closer. This was as open as I

wanted and knowing he trusted me to do what I asked was more than enough for me.

He drew closer and now stood only a few inches away from me. His head came so close to mine. I leaned in and placed my head against his and my hand moved to stroke the fur on his back and I heard him purr out.

I did not know how, but I heard his heartbeat, and it had the faintest and most irregular beating I'd ever heard. It skipped and delayed with every second that passed.

"I can't stay this way for long. I do not have the strength to hold this form," he said, breaking me out of my observation stage.

How did he speak?

How did I hear him?

I should be afraid, but I was more curious than afraid. There was more to this man than in those books, and I wanted to learn.

I saw his eyes on me and knew he waited for my reply. I nodded, and he shifted back to his human form on his knees before me. I leaned in and kissed his lips. He took me into his arms and took me to bed, then climbed in to join me.

I saw his eyes on me and knew he waited for my reply. I nodded, and he shifted back to his human form on his knees before me. I leaned in and kissed his lips. He took me into his arms and took me to bed, then climbed in to join me.

"Take me," I said, wanting him to claim me and make me his. I needed his attention on all corners to soothe the craving. He obliged and touched me in all the parts that screamed for his attention.

I pressed my lips together to stop myself from moaning too loud, but Aaron didn't like that.

"I want to hear you moan. I want to hear you scream. Don't hide it." he instructed while pushing off the rest of my clothes.

He found my breast and squeezed on it and I moaned out, thrusting my head further into the pillow and letting out a thick moan. He growled in desire, probably loving my response, and he paid more attention to me.

He touched me, kissed me and sucked on every part of me, from my lips down between my legs.

My breath hitched when his tongue lapped at my wet and shimmering cunt, feasting on the sweetness thereof and moaning in pure delight. His tongue gathered me up, picking and tasting all the intimate parts and hitting every nerve. With each touch of his tongue, my body eased up and my back ached with desperation. I knew how much pleasure this man gave and I knew how committed he was to this. He did not relent until he drove me over to the point of ecstasy.

I felt much more contentment than I had ever felt and I knew I wasn't ready to lose him any time soon.

I woke up with my head on his chest while his arms stayed securely around me. Last night was as fulfilling as I wanted, and I had Aaron Hart to thank for it.

I placed my hand on his slightly hairy chest and rubbed him slowly. My mind wandered away to the thought of him being here with me like this. I knew I promised to enjoy the moment and not think too far, but I didn't want these moments to end.

I just got him, and so did Zion. Everything was alright, and losing him was not something I wanted to experience. Aaron seemed pleased with his fate and had put up not much fight against it, but I wasn't pleased with this fate. There had to be a way out.

"You're thinking," Aaron said, and I snapped out of my thought to find him awake and staring at me. I wonder how long he had been awake and how long he'd watched me in my state of thought.

I smiled and nodded. "A little, sorry."

His hand came up to stroke my face, sending tingles through me. "Don't be sorry," he mumbled, "what are you thinking about though?"

“You,” I answered, and I saw the flicker of interest in his eyes as he beheld me.

“Oh, well, what about me have you so lost in thoughts?”

“Your inevitable fate,” I answered, and silence descended on the room the next second. Aaron broke his gaze and stared at the ceiling instead, and I knew it was his way of keeping his emotions in check. I wanted to know what his thoughts were at this moment, but I didn’t possess that ability.

“You’ve gone quiet.”

“Because I don’t know what to say, love.”

I lifted myself onto my elbow to have a proper look at him. “I do. I think you’ve given up on life and I don’t think that’s good.”

“I have put up my fight. I did for over six years, but it yielded nothing.”

I frowned at him. “And that’s enough reason to give up?”

“We are all going to die one day, some before others,” he said, and that had to be the most selfish line I’ve ever heard him use.

His words hurt me. His nonchalant response to living wasn’t what I expected, and it stirred a feeling I didn’t like within me.

I sat up in bed. “You have a five-year-old son who would have but fragments of your memories. Do you really think telling him ‘we are all going to die one day’ would be the best response to his queries?” I didn’t even want to add myself to the equation or think about how miserable I’d be without him. There was more at stake than how I’d felt. I got down from the bed and reached for the clothes that were closest to me on the floor.

I knew about his fate and he also told me about it, but this hurt. Falling back in love with someone who would be gone in no time hurt and now my heart was breaking.

“I would have done everything to change my fate if it were up to me. I’d want to live,” he spoke while I put on my panties and hooked my bra.

I rose, “Then show it. You have the money to disperse research into finding out what you missed all those years. I’m very sure you aren’t the first alpha

with this curse, whatever it is. Documented clues passed down for the generations ahead have to exist.” I walked to his side of the bed and picked up my gown.

“The alphas that came down with this curse never found the way out and most lived and did their best to preserve their bloodline by siring offspring before their fated date came. There has never been a way out of it. There was only prevention.”

I paused, taken aback by the last line of his words, and turned to him. “What prevention?”

“My fate isn’t actually a curse. It’s the deterioration of a werewolf or luna because he or she has had a massive amount of power flow through them for longer than necessary without finding balance. I searched for balance six years ago and I didn’t find it and so my fate became sealed.”

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 67**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 67-“I don’t understand,” I said, because the more he explained, the harder it became for me to understand.

“Six years ago, I was in search of a mate. Every alpha needs a mate. But unlike every alpha that just needs a mate, I needed a true mate, one meant for my soul. They would be the only one who can balance the power that surged through me.”

He took a deep breath, and his eyes fluttered to reveal his difficulty in saying this. “Six years ago, I was on a mission to find her, and I found you. You weren’t a wolf, as I expected. You were human, and I didn’t prepare for that. At first, I thought it was a mere physical attraction, but the closer I was with you, the more out of control I was, and I had to succumb. All alphas of my bloodline dating back to the great alpha King Xavier Ainsworth, all had wolf mates, so it made me question everything. It also made me question why I had the feeling I’d have if I met a mate. The moon goddess’s ways aren’t ours, and so I was going to hold on to you because it pleased my soul to do so. I also knew what that meant. We were two different people, and I wasn’t sure you would ever understand or accept me if I was completely open to you.”

“Asking you to stay was the first step, and when you said you’d think about it, I waited, but never got your response. After a few months of waiting, I knew the time I had was short and doubt set in. Perhaps you didn’t feel what I felt, and



that was why you didn't reach out as I wanted. If the feeling wasn't the same, then you weren't my mate, and that made me move on to find my true mate. Not long after I met Nicole Kent, the daughter of the alpha of the new age pack and future luna, and we clicked off."

He paused, and I knew he didn't want to speak anymore, but he had to. I had to know.

"My feelings grew for her, and I believed she was the one, despite the small empty side of me feeling incomplete. She told me she felt the same way I did and received visions that we were meant to be, and I believed her. We moved to the ceremony of mates and we were joined. After mating, rather than the balance of the powers, I felt a block. The deterioration speeded up instead of stopping."

"My feelings grew for her, and I believed she was the one, despite the small empty side of me feeling incomplete. She told me she felt the same way I did and received visions that we were meant to be, and I believed her. We moved to the ceremony of mates and we were joined. After mating, rather than the balance of the powers, I felt a block. The deterioration speeded up instead of stopping."

"I knew I had marked the wrong one, and that was my punishment for not following my instinct. She lied to me and sped up my demise. I broke the union and sent her away, never to return a thousand miles from me and my pack. I thought she came with the best of intentions, but I soon realised she didn't. She came hoping to damage my bloodline. The Harts had the strongest bloodline, and that made me the strongest alpha to exist. Many alphas, including her father, wanted that title for themselves, and this was the way to get it. I only found out when it was too late. The damage had been done and I live with it while every day I prepare my pack for my demise. With Zion as my son, the legacy of the pack and our bloodline will be preserved because the same power that flows in me flows in him as well."

In all he said, all I took was if I had reached out to him, perhaps his days wouldn't be as numbered as they were now. If I had confronted him that weekend when I heard him on the phone and have him explain himself, we would have reached an understanding then instead of now. This was my fault, and the guilt crushed me.

"How do you know I am not a mistake on your part? How do you know that I'm your true mate?"

“Because only a true mate would be strong enough to bear the alpha and offspring.”

“Oh,” was all I said, and I slowly sat down in bed, pondering on everything he had said. He knew I was his true mate the first time he met me at the bar, but finding me with Zion when he came back further confirmed it, yet he stayed off.

I read a lot about werewolves’ bond with their mate and how hard it is to control their emotions and feeling around them and yet he somehow controlled himself around me most times we were together.

He had been better than most men and I gave him no credit for it and now all I wanted to do was to be here and right for him.

“I know this is a lot to take in, but I have to be honest with you. I did not just give up. I did all I could for six years, and yet I couldn’t change my fate. I have nothing left but to just accept my fate. Live happily for the little time I have left and make the woman I love happy.”

“Thank you for being honest with me. I know it must have taken a lot to say this.” I reached out and took his icy hand between mine, giving it a light squeeze.

“You’re right,” he said, and I looked up at him with eyes of curiosity.

“About what?”

“About not giving up. I don’t want to die. I have so much to live for. I have you, Zion, my siblings, and my pack, depending on me. I have to find the courage to keep fighting for you all. Others might have accepted their fate, but I don’t have to. I will be the first to fight.”

A smile came onto my face and I pulled closer to him, placing my lips against his for a kiss.

I placed my forehead against his and stroked his face. “And I will be beside you every step of the way, doing everything that I have to.”

“Thank you.”

“I did nothing.”

“You just gave me the courage to keep fighting and not give up. That is everything.” he leaned in and kissed my lips again.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 68**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 68-The semester which began not so long ago was almost in the middle now. The days were flying, and I was barely keeping up. This time last year, I was the sole guardian of my son Zion, with a little help from Diya’s parents, and yet I had my life under control. Now I had Aaron and his siblings, Lionel, Diya and her family helping with him, and yet I barely had anything under control.

Well, last year you didn’t have the man you call Aaron on your mind and body now and then, and you also weren’t aiming at a PhD.

True to that, but I wish I could get everything in check. Now I felt like a clumsy mother whose only care in the world was giving her boyfriend an orgasm anywhere and everywhere.

The sex was great and despite having told Aaron it was the last time the millionth time; it wasn’t. He wanted me and I wanted him, and saying no to him wasn’t an option.

In the last month, I noticed how his desire and cravings were when the full moon approached and, most times, I could barely keep up with them.

I was human and my stamina couldn’t match any werewolf, much less an alpha, yet he couldn’t get enough of me. I wore a scarf around my neck most days because it was marked with love bites and marks, and the sight brought back memories.

The search for a way out of Aaron’s fate had begun for a month now and we remain optimistic every day about something positive. I also dedicated myself to my research in the werewolf lore and myth books available at the library. There were about four and the three I had bought had no mention of the curse of power in them. I still didn’t give up. I had one more to go, and if I still had nothing, I’d keep searching.

I feel it in my guts that we are closer than ever to the aversion of this cruel fate and I had to keep the fate.

I got down from my car and headed for my office when my phone buzzed loudly. I reached for it in my bag and saw the caller ID as Tatiana.

“Hello.”

“Hello, Zera. How are you?” her small voice came through.

“I’m good, and you?”

“Very good, Zera,” she responded, and took a pause. “Are you still up for the picnic later today?” she asked with hope in her voice.

It was an arrangement for the Adams sibling to meet up and catch up. At the outing, we would get to tell each other about our past week’s experience. We had done it once since this month started and the first was a great experience which prompted us to organize the second. It was a family only and so I told Aaron when he asked if he could come two weeks ago that he couldn’t.

Tatiana and I were now working on our relationship. It wasn’t the best yet. I still had unresolved feelings toward her, but she was my sister and I know it’s what our father would have wanted. She was just a naive girl who thought she knew better. Lionel also supported our attempt at repairing burnt bridges and had joined us in ensuring that.

If Betty knew her children were getting over the past and working on a better relationship with each other, she said nothing to it. I didn’t put many minds on her, though. I forgave Tatiana for her past errors, but I wasn’t sure I could do the same for Betty. While my sister’s only fault was thinking her life would be better with Owen, Betty did much worse. From putting me down to sabotage and putting all the blames in the world on me, especially after my father’s death. Her words left scars that were still healing and I know she doesn’t care or see the pain she caused and so I believe it was best to keep her far from me.

Tia told me Betty didn’t support her decision to leave Owens even after proof that he had cheated on her multiple times came up. In Betty’s words, no marriage was perfect, and she could work on making it better. Tia told me she felt hurt and abandoned and when she thought our mother would stand up for her, she didn’t. Mother had always had her eyes on the luxury Owens and his family could provide hers, and she ignored everything else. Tia now lived with Lionel, as she had nothing to fall back on after leaving Owens. We believe soon she would find her feet again.

“Yes, I remember, and I will be there.” I pushed open the door of my office and there stood Aaron beside my chair, close to the window in a pair of blue suit and trousers, already waiting for me.

“Yes, I remember, and I will be there.” I pushed open the door of my office and there stood Aaron beside my chair, close to the window in a pair of blue suit and trousers, already waiting for me.

He looked all dressed and ready for his day at the office. Ever since the Hart company officials moved over to the States last month, Aaron had not been involved in running it. He’d been more dedicated to his research and to finding a way out of his fate and the little time he had left he spent on me. Seeing him all dressed up was an alluring sight to see.

“Good, then.” She sounded excited. “See you there then, and have a nice day.”

“You too.”

I slipped my phone into my bag and approached my seat, where Aaron stood beside me. “What are you doing here?” I asked, my brow narrowed.

“I thought to see you after dropping Zion at school, but you don’t look too happy to see me,” he said in a dramatically sad tone.

I was happy to see him, but he’d done things in the past that made me not want to see him before my first class begins. Things that had my legs up in the air and me moaning with my back on the desk.

I set it on the table and crossed my arms over my chest. “I am happy to see you. I’m not excited about it. I know what you want, and I’m not ready to give it.”

A coy smile came onto his face. “What, then, do you think I want?”

“Me,” I answered blankly. I didn’t want to sound smug, but I knew what he wanted whenever he showed up unannounced like this, and he knew what I wanted whenever I did, too.

He grinned, and those damn dimples came into display.

“If you weren’t on my mind all night, perhaps I wouldn’t be awake wanting you and needing to come down here to see you. In conclusion, this is your fault.” he accused.

I couldn’t believe my ears, but this was Aaron, and I shouldn’t feel surprised.

“I have a class by eight and I can’t do what you want, sorry.”

He glanced at his wristwatch before turning to me with a hopeful look on his face. “We have twenty minutes,” he informed me.

“No sh!t we do. I have to revise and have all my facts straight before leaving for class. Last week you had me so disoriented I couldn’t give the proper function of a heart!” I lashed out, remembering how awkwardly the student stared at me when I kept mumbling instead of giving answers.

“It was a good org\*asm though,” he said, a smirk dancing at the corner of his lips.

My eyes fluttered, thinking back to the feel of his tongue on me and how shaky my legs were after I came crashing from the height. It took me a while to think straight and even walk. It was one of the best org\*asms I’d gotten from him, and knowing he had given me that with just his mouth gave me a gratifying feeling.

“Wasn’t it?” he asked, and I snapped out of my thoughts to find him standing before me, his gaze locked on my lips.

I bit my lower lip and nodded. “It was,” I answered.

He leaned in and took my lips into his for a soft and mind-numbing kiss. I kissed back, and he deepened the kiss, snaking his tongue into my mouth.

I moaned.

His hands moved down and cupped my butt, pulling me against himself and I felt him throb against me, showing me how wanted I was.

I swallowed and let my hand slide down his fitted body and onto his belt. I fumbled with the buckle, and I soon had it undone. Then, I pushed down the trouser leaving on his boxer brief and I let my hand familiarise itself with the surrounding of his throbbing cock over the boxer.

He moaned and pushed himself against me, his need growing. He wanted me, and I wanted him, too. I wanted to make him feel good and desired. I slipped my hand into the boxer brief he had on and the already hard and needy member of my lover greeted me.

He drew a sharp breath and broke the kiss to stare into my eyes. His hazel eyes overshadowed the lustful flicker of red, his lips wet, rosy and parted to take in much air. The sight was not only glorious; it was enchanting. He didn't hide how I made him feel, and that fueled my confidence.

"Sit down," I commanded, and he dropped into my seat for the very second. I settled between his legs soon after, my hand wrapping around his hard member and stroking it lazily. I glanced at him, not wanting to miss the reaction his face gave.

"This is what you want, big guy?"

He ran a shaky hand through his neatly arranged hair and nodded. "Yes, love, touch it so well."

I couldn't help my smile. I always loved it when he let go in my hands. He took control and care of me most time and so the little times I got to be in charge of his pleasure; I made the most of it. I tightened my grip around him and he hissed out, his eyes fluttering.

I leaned in and angled the head of his cock so I could take it into my mouth, and I moaned when I took him in.

"Fvck!" he cursed out and his hand came to grab me by my hair and then moved to settle at the back of my neck.

I relaxed my throat to take more of him into my mouth while still stroking him.

I felt his pulse in my mouth, and I knew he was getting closer with every bob of my head.

"I want to cum inside you, love." he panted, pulling his shiny cock out and it made the pop sound.

He reached out and pulled me on top of him, so I straddled his waist. His right hand lifted my orange gown to give me much freedom and moved beneath us and moved my panties aside so he could feel and touch me the way he

wanted. His fingers met with the wetness between my legs, and they aided the easy entrance of his fingers into me.

He pulled out and angled my waist up to move his hard length into me. We sighed, and he moved inside. I saw his eyes as he tried to hold off his release for a little longer while I rode him slowly.

“How much longer do we have?” I asked, panting out as I rose and fell to his length.

He glanced at his wristwatch, then turned to me with an unreadable look on his face.

I was certain we had spent over twenty minutes here, and I didn’t know how to feel about it. “Shit!” I cursed and began getting up.

“Don’t get up!” he exclaimed, his eyes wide and desperate.

“How much longer?” I demanded.

“Five more minutes,” he said, tightening his arms around my waist, and he began thrusting into me. My eyes rolled to the back when he hit my spot and he does it a few more times before I fell from the height of ecstasy.

We stayed still for more than a minute, trying to recover a little of our spent strength.

He still buried his length in me when he said, “Thank you.”

I lifted my head off his shoulder to stare up at him. I kissed his parted lips before climbing off him. I adjusted my panties and pulled my gown down.

I beheld my face in the small mirror I picked out of my bag and once it was okay; I slipped it back into my bag.

“Have a nice day at work,” he said still not bothered to move from the position where he had his release.

I smiled, “Thank you and you too.”

He winked at me. “I already am.”



## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 69

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 69-I told myself the last time I came into my office and found Aaron there would be the last time we'd do anything in my office, but I couldn't keep to my words, especially when Aaron was involved. Sex before work had now become a frequent thing. I enjoyed it and won't be a liar, but the effect was getting worse and I couldn't stop myself from wanting him whenever I saw him. We barely had time to ourselves because of our work and other responsibilities, so this worked best.

Aaron adjusted his brown trousers and rose to his feet. He looked dreamy in his white long-sleeved shirt tucked into his trousers, and it was the sight that made me lose control this morning.

I rubbed my hand over my face after adjusting my suit and pencil-mouthed skirt. "We can't keep doing this at work."

"I know." he took a step toward me. "I know, but sometimes I just want you so much it drives me crazy." He kissed my cheeks, down my neck.

I wanted him to, and it was hard to control, but this was also my job, and I couldn't keep doing this to my students. They needed the best, and I had to give it to them.

"Anywhere but here. I want you too, but wanting you would mean neglecting my responsibility as a lecturer to my students. I think they deserve more than that and do not tell me to quit my job." I said because the last time I spoke about this in his place, his suggestion was for me to quit my job and I remembered how angry I got at him.

"I will not say that." He raised both hands in surrender. "I understand, and that's why I'm going to propose that you move in with me."

I gave him a look of disbelief, but the hand he held out had a key in it. "You're not serious, are you?"

"Well, I've got the house key in my hand. I have to be serious at this point." He said. "If you move in, we can do things together. Take care of Zion together, and then we will have more time to ourselves."

I stayed silent, thinking over what he had just proposed, but not taking the key in his hand yet. "Would Zion be able to adjust to the changes?"

“I think so. He’s seen us together in the last few months and can figure out something is up between mommy and daddy.”

His last line made me chuckle and roll my eyes because indeed, Zion had asked a few questions in the last few months about us. “You’re just saying things to make me accept your offer of moving in.”

He grinned. “I get to kill two birds with one stone, so it’s a happy deal.”

Despite having taken the key before he left, I told him I would think about his offer. My class was long but engaging, and I had worked to get more control over things. At the end of the class, Myra, a second-year student of mine, hinted I had a sexual glow, which I didn’t think was a thing. I had to look it up and discovered that it was.

Oh, how red my cheeks became.

After the class ended, I spent the rest of the hours at work researching on the internet for clues about the curse of power. I finished reading the fourth book of the werewolf myths and lore two weeks ago and after finishing the 300 paged book; I didn’t find the information I needed or anything related to the curse of power, which was what I wanted to find. It frustrated me, but I had to keep going.

At five p.m., the reminder I had set for the third Adams’ picnic we had planned out for the day went off and I shut down my laptop. Though I got up and got ready for the outing, my mind remained on my failed attempt at finding a way out for Aaron.

His people were also out finding a way out, but I wanted to do my part.

I promised Aaron I would give him an answer soon about moving in, but that wasn’t as easy as saying the words. He would get my answer, but I had to think things through properly.

“Your mind is far away,” Tatiana said, and I glanced up to find hers and Lionel’s gaze on me.

I shook my head and picked up and spring roll Tatiana brought along when she was coming over. “Just work and other related thoughts.” I shrugged it off.

“Do you want to share?” Lionel asked, sounding concerned.

I wanted to share because a problem shared has always been a problem solved, but Aaron had spoken about how important it was to not disclose information to the wrong person.

I trusted Lionel and Tatiana was slowly earning my trust but I didn't know what other ears were listening to me talk and so I said, "Aaron asked me to move in with him." This wasn't what I was thinking about, but it was helping shift their attention from the truth lying underneath to something else.

Tia's eyes sparkled in delight as I said those words, "You don't look so thrilled about it."

"I don't know if I'm ready for such a big move," I revealed, and that was really a genuine fear of mine. "I wasn't sure I was open to that yet."

"You two have been together for a long, right?" she asked, not seeing the reason for my fear.

It's been a few months.

I nodded, but my fear was not because of how short we've been together but something else.

Aaron lived at the pack estate and the pack estate, according to what I knew, belonged to members of his packs who were also werewolves. Moving in with him would make Zion and me the only humans to live there. Unlike Zion, I had human blood flowing through my veins, and that meant I would be the weird one there. Of course, I couldn't tell them all of that without making them raise a brow, and so I remained quiet.

For the rest of the picnic, I buried my thoughts and focus on the moment I was having with my family. Tatiana disclosed she got an interview with a cosmetic store and she was told to expect a call in soon. I couldn't help feeling happy for her. She was finding her feet, and it made me proud. The smile on her face was impeccable, and I could only hope for the best from here on.

Lionel spoke about Sesi and his failure to stop thinking about her. He told me he knew she would never consider someone like him as anything more, but he wanted her to. I told him to not give up and that if he believed what he felt was genuine, he should fight for it.

They looked great together the few times I'd seen them together. Lionel was getting his life back and after his recovery from the accident, he returned to art, which was what he loved. Things could fall into place in a better way for the Adams for the first time and I was ready for it.

This distraction was what I needed.

## **Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 70**

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 70-I stopped by the bookstore to get Zion a few new books since we were all done with the bedtime stories we had at home. Last week, he asked if I was about to read him the ninja turtle where the short, bad guy got caught in the end.

I didn't need another clue to know he was tired of the always-repeated story already.

I made plans to branch out at the bookstore today before going home. I would get four new storybooks for now and once they get exhausted, I would go for another.

"Good evening, ma'am," the older lady behind the counter spoke at my entrance into the bookstore, her eyes staying on me.

I flashed a bright smile. "Good evening." I moved over to the counter where she stood behind and placed my hands on it.

"What can I get you?" the polite lady asked.

"I need at least four intriguing story books for a five-year-old boy."

Her brow rose in interest. "Ah, the ever-curious five-year-old boys, eh?"

I chuckled. "Yeah, he is."

"Does he have a preference for the stories he listens to?"

I shrugged, knowing Zion was a lover of adventure but would settle for any other genre as long as they were interesting. "Not if they are engaging. He's open to it," I answered.

“Just a minute,” she said and went through the door that leads to the inner room of the store, and I waited patiently.

She returned with three books in her hand instead of four and placed them on the counter.

I glanced at the first that caught my curiosity titled The Curse of the Lone Wolf. I picked it up and stared at it closely, only moving my attention when the old woman continued to speak.

“It’s different from what he’s used to, but he will love it.” She assured me, her smile not reducing.

I wanted to ask why she brought out three books when I specifically told her I wanted four, but I calmed my questions after realising the books she had brought were bulkier than an average children’s book and so would take a while before we finish reading.

I nodded and brought out my credit card to pay it up.

“I’ll call the cashier to come and attend to this,” she said, and once again disappeared into the inner room. Not long after, a young girl with dirty blonde hair and a less friendly expression compared to the old woman walked in. She saw me and her eyes flickered in surprise, as if she wasn’t expecting to see anyone here.

Her brow stayed raised. “How did you get in?” her voice demanded, as if I had done something wrong as she beheld me.

My gaze narrowed at her line of questioning and the tone of her voice. She sounded as if I wasn’t supposed to be here or I had done something wrong by being here. “The door said ‘open’. When it’s opened, people tend to come in.”

“We closed twenty minutes ago,” she said, with a still annoyed tone, and something about this girl was pissing me off.

I dragged a sharp breath, “If the sign had said ‘close’, I wouldn’t be standing here now, would I? Besides, her older lady called you here so I can pay.”

“What, older lady?” she demanded.

My eyes fluttered, my annoyance surging to a degree I didn't want it to go. "Can I just pay and go?" I wanted to leave and kill this infuriating conversation before it got way out of hand.

Her gaze narrowed. "Pay for what?"

I crossed my arms over my chest. "I am pretty sure there are books on the counter before you."

"These aren't from this store." She pointed as if I had brought them into the store when I came in.

"The old lady went into the inner room and brought them out," I explained what happened the best and calmest way I could.

"Ma'am, I do not want to sound like I was being a bitch, but there was no old woman at the store. I locked the front door because it was closing hours and I needed to do the calculations for the day's sales. And last, these aren't from this store because we haven't had them in the last three years. Parents didn't like that it was too gory and mature for kids."

She continued rambling, but my mind stayed stuck on how she had kept this job despite her shitty attitude. That was my greatest shock.

Perhaps this was all a huge misunderstanding.

I wasn't crazy. The door was open, and there was an old friendly lady that welcomes me in. These books were from the store, but this rude lady here was twisting them around.

"I do not know if you came to return them and seek a refund, but we can't do that because we don't sell these books. I am about to leave now, so you have to leave first."

"Can I at least get one book?" Zion was already waiting on me to bring a new book home and read it to him before he falls asleep. Leaving without a book wouldn't seem fair.

"I am sorry, the store has closed. I can't give you any because then I'd have to redo today's sales, and it is already closing time for me!" she snapped at me, her tone not in any way polite.

My teeth gritted, and I turned to leave when she spoke again. "You haven't taken your books." She told me and I stopped and turned to her.

The books weren't mine, and I wasn't ready to take them, but Miss rude here believed they were and I had to take them, besides I wasn't going home empty-handed anymore. "Yes, can I get a bag for them at least?"

To that, she didn't object. She reached under the counter and pulled out the white shopping bag. She gathers the three books into the bag before giving them to me.

I forced myself to smile. "Thank you," I said and exited the bookstore, vowing to never return.

Diya already had tucked Zion into bed before I came home because I had stayed longer than I expected. I thanked her for her help for the day and though she told me to not thank her, I couldn't help it. She asked about my day, but I didn't want to think about how it went, especially towards the end.

I showered, changed and got my bag and then I picked the book titled Under the Red moon.

I knocked on Zion's door and entered, despite not hearing any response from his room. He was probably almost asleep at this point. I pulled to the bed and found him asleep. I had promised to read him to bed tonight, and I failed in keeping to that promise. He probably waited for me, but couldn't wait for long.

I sat down on the chair beside his bed and reached my hand out to stroke his face slowly.

I opened the book and on the first page had 'continued' written in italics and my eyes narrowed wondering what the continued meant. I flipped the second page open and began reading.

"After finding his mate and claiming her as his, the alpha moved to make it known under the crimson moon." Though I had a foggy mind while reading the first sentence, my mind put the words together to make sense.

This was a werewolf lore book just like the ones I've devoted myself to reading in the last week, but unlike those, this was a children's book.

I snapped it shut, got up, and hurried away from Zion's room. I entered mine and went through the three books I had gotten from the store and set them down on the bed.

I folded my arms and read their names. The Claiming Rites, Finding The One, and Under the Red Moon. There was no order in which anyone should read these books, so I sat and picked up The Claiming Rites. After half an hour, I finished reading. The book made zero sense and then I picked up Finding The One and spent another half hour reading through it. While the first book was incomplete; the second made a little more sense. I picked up the third, which I had gone to Zion's room with. I took my time reading and another thirty minutes went by.

On finishing the third book, I realised I hadn't read them in the right order. It seemed Finding The One was the first book followed by The Claiming Rites and then Under the Red Moon. This was a trilogy series and needed to be read in the right order. I stared closely at the book and found the numbers on them written on each book from one to three, just like I arranged them. These numbers were written on the drawn-out full moon on the bottle right of the book's front page and, being set beside each other in the formal order, the full moon glowed.

What were the odds I'd find such books at a children's store?

The rude young lady at the store was right about one thing. These weren't children's storybooks; they appeared best suited for adults from the first chapter. The only thing that made it seem like a child's book was the sizes and drawings on them.

Then it hit me. Everything wasn't as it seemed. The older woman had gotten me these books from the inner room only for the salesgirl to deny the books and the existence of the old woman at the store.

What if the salesgirl wasn't being rude and everything she said was true? What if the old woman wasn't there, even though I spoke to her? What if I had seen a ghost or something else?

I shivered.

The young lady didn't see any other person at the store but me.



I stared at the books with confused eyes and I picked the first book and despite already reading it before; I read it again. Following it sequentially made more sense and as I read the last line of the third book, I saw that these are the way of breaking the curse of power.

I reached for my phone on the nightstand and dialled Aaron's number, but he didn't answer, and I tried a few more times before giving up and setting my phone down.

These books held the answers we'd been looking for in the last few months, and despite them being in a blur, I knew in my heart that this was it.

The thoughts running through my head were wild, but somehow exhaustion took over me and my eyes slowly shut for the next minutes that followed.