

## Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 7

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 7-I shivered as images of me spread out on the counter, taking him from different angles plastered in my mind.

I shook the thoughts off and giggle weakly, despite wanting him to do what he just said. “Aha, funny, but seriously, what are we making?”

“I thought a quick chicken hummus bowl would be nice, but I want nothing spicy on my tongue...” he informed me, and my legs clamped together to keep them steady. I knew the rest of the sentence. I had a dirty mind and knew he wouldn’t have anything spicy on his tongue because he planned on taking it somewhere else later.

This man had turned the game around and was doing the mind fvcking this time. I couldn’t complain, I wanted this.

“Sounds like a treat, then.”

He smirked. “My treat would be you screaming and asking for more.”

I swallowed on nothing and blinked a few times. There had been a change in him. The man I had met and even confronted in the room earlier wasn’t this man. This seemed to have been caged all the while and now had been let loose. I loved it and I couldn’t wait for him to lay his hands on me. The wait was klling me.

We dived into cooking, with little talks and fl!rty remarks here and there, but I soon changed the topic. I wanted to know this man whom I couldn’t wait to have my way with, and I got us involved in a little talk. There were no ways I’d spend a week with this guy and not at least know the first thing about him.

“So you live around here or you came visiting?” I asked.

“Neither. I am here on business.”

“What business?”

His eyes narrowed at me, and I realised I might have overstepped with my question.

I cleared my throat awkwardly. "I'm sorry; my curiosity gets the better of me sometimes."

He closed the pot on the cooker up and leaned his back against the counter. "Don't be sorry, you're curious. It is a good thing. Curious people never stop learning."

I feel like if I stay around this man long enough, I might turn into a walking bag of wisdom.

"Does that mean you're going to tell me what business you're doing in this town?" scepticism lingered in my voice as I stared at him.

He smiled, "My family mine gold, and we came to meet a few wholesalers in the city." He finished, and this explained how he afforded such a luxurious place. I wanted to ask since I woke up, but now I no longer have to.

"What are the three first things you noticed when you first saw me?"

I paused and glanced at him, trying to remember the first few things I noticed about him last night. The first thing I noticed when I saw him last night was his looks. He was gorgeous without a doubt and then when he came closer and spoke; I figured he was also very rich, with maybe a couple of businesses to his name. Waking up in this massive house affirmed that suspicion. Third, he was older, and I knew that although a very gorgeous man, he was at least ten years older than me. That didn't stop my lust for him, though.

"Rich, gorgeous and old."

"Old?" he repeated, his brow furrowing as if that was the only thing I said.

I shrugged. "I call people five years older than me old."

"I am old." He affirmed with a chuckle, "I didn't think you noticed while eye-fvcking me last night."

"I did, and it made you even hotter," I winked at him.

After fifteen minutes, lunch was ready. I grabbed two plates and handed them to him. He accepted and flashed me a flirty smile.

Once served, we dived in to eat and I noticed his lingering gaze on me every once in a while. The ache between my legs returned with a speed of lightning, as if I didn't relieve myself in the bathroom earlier.

In my defence, I was in the presence of the hottest man I have ever seen, so this was normal.

I was halfway into my food when I noticed that this time, unlike the other times, his gaze had locked and stayed fixed on me.

“What?”

He shrugged, his eyes not wavering, “Nothing.”

“You're not eating.” I pointed out.

“That's because I'm hungry for something else.”

I didn't dare ask what I think. I knew what it was at this point. “Oh,” I set down my cutlery and placed my hands on the kitchen island. “What are you going to do about it, then?”

“I want to take and claim,” he answered, his voice showing much restraint.

“What's stopping you?”

“You can't give me what I want and I do not want to hurt you.” His eyes became tender as he admitted the truth.

This had to be the longest and most honest conversation I ever had with someone interested in having sex with me. I have been hurt before a few times during sex, but like he said, those were sorry excuses for men. They never took my well-being and comfort into consideration and only cared about themselves and their needs.

This man knew who he was in bed and was looking out for me. “That should be my decision, and I've been with men before.” I tried to back up my point.

“None of them were like me, sweetheart.”

My lips paused, taken by surprise by his pet name as well as his arguing point, “That should also be left for me to conclude upon.”

He got up from his stool and moved towards me, my heart picking up its pace with every step he took. His hand stroked the side of my face, causing a tingle to rush through me and I shivered into his touch just like earlier.

He leaned in and his breath fanned over my face, hot, weakening and mind-numbing.

“You should be running, Zera,” he said with a voice so raw it made me shudder against him. “The most sensible thing to do is run from someone like me.”

“I don’t want to run.” I stubbornly stated, worn out by his long game. It wasn’t helping anyone. He wanted me, I could see that, and I wanted him too.

He moved his forehead against mine so that our noses touched. “Oh darling, but you should. I won’t be like those little boys you’ve been with. I won’t stop when you want me to. I won’t stop until I’m completely buried in your mind and soul. You will belong to me.”

Perhaps I should have listened to the warning and taken to my heels because the things he said were words that should scare me on another day, yet I didn’t scare. I wanted to belong to him, at least for the weekend. I wanted him to fvck me already, and I feared we might never reach that point with how we were going. “I will belong to you,” I repeated.

I didn’t know what I was saying, and he knew that too and was deciding upon his next action, wondering if it was the right thing to do, if I could handle what I was bargaining for.

I saw the line of his bulge in his towel earlier. I knew he was well endowed as a man, much bigger than the men I’d been with in the past, but it was nothing I couldn’t handle.

‘Don’t bite more than you can chew, Zera!’ my mind warned me.

‘Sometimes it’s okay to live dangerously,’ the voice in my head pointed out. I went with it instead of the safe voice and, closing the space between us, I k!ssed Aaron’s l!ps.