

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 71

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 71-My lashes fluttered slowly, and I found Zion on top of my bed beside me, staring down at me. It was morning, and he had woken up before me, which rarely happened, but last night I had spent hours reading until it was way past my bedtime. This was one of the side effects of sleeping late, turning your alarm off, thinking you'd wake yourself, but not being able to.

"Mommy, wake up," he said, placing his hands on my shoulder and shaking me.

"I'm up, I'm up." I pulled myself up and sat down, my head aching a little, and I rubbed my temple to ease the pain and discomfort.

"Let's get ready, mommy." He said and got out of bed, running out of the room.

And that's how my day began.

After dropping him off at school a little later than usual, I had one thing in mind: going to see Aaron. I wanted to tell him about the mysterious children's book I got at the bookstore, which spoke of his curse of power. It was weird that Aaron didn't call all morning even though he had seen the missed calls on his phone. It was unlike him, and I didn't want to jump to conclusions.

I called in a favour with Lionel to help me pick Zion up when school closes in case I would be unable to do that. He said he had a less busy day as the art gallery had promised to review his submission and get back to him, and he was now at home doing nothing.

Despite the traffic on the road that led to Aaron's place, I reach it an hour later. I had little luck because Ivan told me he had left the house early to the office for an important business meeting, which would start at eight.

He asked what I wanted to meet him for and if it was something he could deliver, but I smiled at him and shook my head. As noble as his offer was, he wouldn't understand what it was about. I needed to find Aaron myself and deliver my message.

I had never been to the Hart's company since they officially opened in the States. I didn't know the way there, but after inputting the address into my location finder, I followed the directions.

I drove over to the Hart company and parked my car in the parking lot. I raced into the building, my legs taking me as fast as they could, while my hands clutched down on the books in my hand.

According to Ivan's direction, Aaron's office was on the fifth floor of the building and so I got into the elevator and pressed the fifth floor.

I realised how underdressed I was as soon as I stepped into the company. I was in a pair of black jeans trousers and a white round-necked polo. My hair was in a neat ponytail and I had no touch of make-up on my face. I didn't dress poorly, but this wasn't the place to be dressed in simple clothes. It was an office environment, and everyone wore corporate clothes.

I didn't dress up for a formal meeting and in my defence; I didn't think I would have to come to the company in search of Aaron. I had hoped to meet him at home, but luck was not on my side. Things happen, and they are beyond our control sometimes. This was one of those things, and it couldn't wait. I wished I could become invincible, which would seem better. Or for the ground to open up its mouth and swallow me.

I walked over to the secretary's front desk and the woman with red hair glanced up at me with an expression so formal I felt out of place.

"Good morning. I need to see Aaron Hart."

"Good morning, ma'am. Mr Hart is in a meeting. Do you have an appointment with him?" the woman with the name tag Ruth Sandler asked.

I shook my head, glancing around when I noticed a few eyes on me. "I am his girlfriend, and I need to speak to him. It's kinda important."

If she believed the things I just said, it didn't reflect in her expression, as she still stared at me like someone unknown. "He's in a meeting and unless you call him, I can't guarantee you will see him, ma'am. I cannot interrupt, either. That could get me fired." She simply replied, "if it's really important, perhaps you could call him and tell him."

I've tried, but either he's not with his phone or trying to ignore me. I doubt the latter was the case, though.

"Can I just wait then?"

"Sure!" she answered.

I moved to the waiting seat at the reception and sat. An hour passed and yet the meeting didn't end and the second hour and still the same thing.

My stomach growled, telling me I didn't have breakfast before leaving home. Well, I didn't think I'd spend two hours waiting just to speak to Aaron.

This opened my eyes to the man he was. A businessman that barely had time, but he always had time for me.

I didn't cherish that as much as I should have. Now I will.

My stomach growled for the second time, and I rose to my feet and approached the red hair seated across the table.

"I need to see Aaron now," I said, having a zero level of patience left.

"Ma'am, I can't do that. I'd get in real trouble if I did," she answered, her tone remaining calm and professional.

"Now imagine the trouble you'd be in when your boss finds out you kept his girlfriend out here and hungry, refusing to let her see him. You will be out of a job, regardless. Tell me where he is. You don't have to come along. I'll take the blame for the interruption."

She sighed, not convinced by the decision I wanted her to make, but not having much choice.

"The second door on your left through the right hall," she answered, "do not get me involved in this, okay?" and I nodded and walked away.

I knew the meeting was probably important, but so was this. If you ask me, this was more important because this has to do with his life.

Just like she directed, I opened the second door to my left, and I saw the large meeting hall with a large table in the middle and about a dozen people seated on chairs around it, amongst whom were Damor and Sesi.

There was a man in a grey suit giving an illustration on the projected screen and it seem to be a business meeting about output and revenue generation.

No wonder it was taking forever.

The eyes of the men and women seated across the table turned to me, including that of Aaron and Sesi, and I felt a chill run through me. I had disrupted the meeting and I doubt the men seated were happy about that.

Aaron rose from his seat and approached me. He didn't look so happy to see me, nor did he look angry. I understood I wouldn't feel happy if Aaron had interrupted my meeting, either, but this was important.

He came to me and took hold of my hand before turning to the men around.

"Please excuse us," he said, and walked out with me. He led me towards his office and I found the eyes of a few staff on me, but I didn't mind. I told myself this was important.

He brought us into his office and shut the door. He dragged a deep breath and turned to me, his expression mixed with both confusion and scepticism.

My stomach tightened not knowing if I had done wrong by showing up unannounced. I was the one insisting on space yesterday, only to turn around and do the same thing I condemned all the while.

"Hey..." I began as he stepped towards me, but his lips meeting mine silenced the words from my mouth.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 72

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 72-I smiled and kissed back, wrapping my arms around him. We hadn't seen or spoken to each other since yesterday, and it was nice to know I wasn't the only one missing him. His thumb softly grazed my cheeks, making me melt into him the more.

"Your phone has been unreachable since yesterday. I left a few missed calls." I pointed it out, and he nodded in agreement.

"I know. I haven't picked it out of my car since yesterday. I've been occupied with the arrangements for this meeting. I'm sorry you couldn't reach me. I hope you're not mad at me?" he said, glancing up at me with curious eyes.

“I’m not. I’m here for something else.” I tightened my grip on the books in my hand. “But it might take a long time and you’re needed at the meeting.”

He clicked on his wristwatch and turned away from me. “Continued without me, I won’t be coming back.” he said before turning his attention to me. “Now we have all the time in the world.”

I immediately felt nervous, and I nodded. “Okay, very good.” my stomach growled louder than it had done all morning.

Aaron’s eyes narrowed on me, but I didn’t let him speak. “I didn’t eat before leaving the house to see you. I’ve been to your place. Ivan told me you were at the company having a business meeting and he told me where to go. I’ve been waiting for over two hours,” I finished, touching all the important questions I knew he had in mind.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know you waited that long.” his eyes dropped a little.

I shook my head. “I was, but it’s fine. I’m just hungry.”

“What do you care for? I can get it for you. It’s your first time at my company and you deserve to be treated like a queen.” he moved to the table and made picked up the desk phone.

“A simply breakfast would do.”

He dialled a number and requested breakfast. After a little while, breakfast arrived, and I took my time to eat the toasted bread and tea with creamed milk. I didn’t fail to notice the unwavering eyes of Aaron, who sat on his desk with his arms folded across his chest. He stared at me with fascinated eyes, but I was too hungry to care. Once done with breakfast, I thanked him, but he shrugged it off as nothing.

He leaned his weight against his mahogany desk and folded his arms across his chest. “So what was so important you forgot about breakfast?”

“You are,” I answered, and though he looked taken aback, he remained silent.

Usually, he’d take the opportunity to flirt and try to say impressive words, but right now, he just watched me. Then I told him everything that had happened last night at the bookstore and how I ended up with the books in my hand.

“So you saw a ghost?” he asked with narrowed brows.

I shrugged. “I don’t know what I saw, but the woman that gave me these from the store didn’t exist according to the salesgirls, and these books which the woman brought from their store didn’t belong to them.”

“That’s weird, and I say this as a supernatural creature,” he said.

“What’s even weirder are the things in these books.” I placed them together on his desk. “I think they hold the key to your curse of power.”

I saw the look on his face and he was trying to not look down on my findings or laugh, and that didn’t sit down well with me.

“I am serious, Aaron.” I insisted.

“Okay, you think the key to my curse is in a children’s book?”

I groaned. “This isn’t just a children’s book. According to the girl at the store, it was taken down a few years ago after parents filed a complaint that it was too mature for kids. They are right cos a child would not understand the context. They also glow in the dark, just like your eyes. If that doesn’t answer our question, then I don’t know what does.” I searched out his eyes, and they looked anything but convinced.

He ran his hand over his face. “Okay, let me understand this. A ghost saw you at the bookstore, gave you these books and you read them and believe they hold the answers we need because they glow in the dark.”

My heart clenched in my chest, and I stepped back from him. “You do not believe me.”

“I do believe you believe this.”

“Don’t do that. Don’t patronise me or treat me like a child.” I snapped at him, getting irritated at his approach.

“That’s not what I’m doing, and I am trying to understand you at this point.”

“Then sit down and read them.” I stepped toward the table and pushed the books towards him.

He said nothing else before picking up the first book and taking his seat, and I did the same. He read through it and then the second and then the third and when he finished; he dropped the book and glanced at me.

“It’s a nicely crafted storybook.” He answered, and I wanted to pull at my hair.

“What?” I rose to my feet. I didn’t know if he was making fun of me at this point or being serious.

“A young wolf boy finds love. It’s a great story,” he answered, and if I didn’t know him, I would have said he was doing this to get under my skin. “That’s what the story I just read is about.”

“It’s so much more than that. Either you didn’t read it or you’re just messing with me.” I yanked the last book from his hand and gathered the rest up.

“You’re pissed.”

“Of course, I’m fvcking pissed. Do you think I’d bring myself here, wait for you for two hours without having breakfast if this was a joke?”

He pressed his lips together, “I think you’re so invested in finding a way out of this curse that it might mess with your reasoning of things”

“Fvck you!” I cursed. I hated everyone treated me as if I was running out of my mind. First, it was the sale girl at the children’s bookstore and now it was Aaron. Of all people, I thought he would believe me. It hurts that I was appearing crazy and angry, and those were two things I wasn’t.

“Zera Adams,” he called, and I cast him a glare for calling my full name. He raised his hands in surrender.

“I am sorry for interrupting your meeting. You can go back and meet with them and I’ll carry my crazy self home now.” I turned to leave, but he grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me back so my body collided with his and the books fell to the floor.

“You’re not crazy, Zera. You’re just being concerned.”

I struggled to set myself free from his hold, but he didn’t let go of me and only tightened his grip more until I stopped struggling.

My eyes grew glassy. “Don’t say things to make me feel better.”

“That’s not what I’m doing. I promise.” he released me but did it slowly. “I think you believed what you read and I want to believe you, too. I really do, but I think we are not seeing the same thing.”

I sniffed and blinked the tears back, “I am sorry I cussed at you, I’m just frustrated. I guess you’re right. I’ve been so involved in this entire process, it’s clouding my perception.” I admitted, feeling light-headed.

He stooped down and picked up the books now on the floor before rising. “Read it to me.” he proposed and gave me one book.

I stared at him with sceptical eyes, and he nodded. I collected the book from him. “What do you mean?”

“What you read. I want to know what it was.”

I bit my lips and blinked a few times before asking, “You’re not saying this because you believe it’s what I want to hear, right?”

“I swear on my mother’s grave that I am genuinely curious about what you found out about these books.”

I dragged a deep breath and nodded, collecting the rest two in his hands. “Okay, the first book in the sequence is ‘Finding the One’.” I flipped the pages open and Aaron once again leaned against his desk, his attention fixed on me.

“Young boy Ralph had wanted one thing for the longest time. His mother always told him finding the one was a beautiful thing. It was important to find the one on time, she would always say.”

“I didn’t read that,” Aaron said, interrupting me.

I lowered the book in my hand. “I am not making it up.” I groaned.

“I didn’t say you were. I just never came across that line.” He insisted, approaching me. “I must have missed it.” he reached for the book and read it out and what he read was an incomplete sentence. He had skipped many words that would have given more meaning to the story.

I drew closer to him, staring at the page he read and noticing he wasn’t omitting the words on purpose because he read with so much ease.

He paused when he got to where I read before he took the book and turned to me. "We are seeing differently," he said, and after what I just saw, I had to believe him. He handed me the book. "I think you should read the book and I will listen."

We spent almost two hours on the three books. Once the third finished; I closed it up and glanced at him with my brow raised. "Do you believe me when I say this is what we've been searching for?"

He sighed. There was much conviction in his countenance, but he wasn't fully convinced.

"We can't put all our trust in this. For all we know, the writer had a very vivid imagination."

"Yes, sure. He or she also can choose who their readers will be." I pointed out in a sarcastic tone.

"You're right, and we will have to examine the book and speak to the wise one." he rose from the desk he'd been leaning on since I began reading the first book.

"The wise one?" I repeated.

He understood my question, "They are those who are much advanced in knowledge. They understand and interpret better than others would. Every pack has at least one of those, and Ivan is the wise one in our pack."

"So he would have a better understanding."

He looked unsure. "I hope he does."

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 73

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 73-He reached for his suit and swung it over my head before striding over to me. He offered me his hand, and I took his hand and together we walked out of the office. I still noticed the eyes of the workers around on me, but Aaron didn't care about any of that, and I knew I shouldn't.

I asked what would happen to my car, and he handed the keys to the valet outside. Then he assured me my car would be waiting for me when I got home. It was what I needed to hear.

We got into his car as we came out of the building and once inside; he took out his phone from the locker. He dialled Ivan's number and after a few rings; he picked up. Aaron then told him he was on his way home and wanted him there when he came. He ended the call after saying that.

Ivan was already waiting at the study when we arrived, just as expected. Aaron fed him information about the books which I had read to him and how we saw different takes in them. He pointed out how it spoke about his curse, especially when I read it out loud and I passed the books over to Ivan at his request. He placed his hands on the books to take them, and I felt a spark charge through the book to the rest of my body. I think he felt it too, because he glanced at me with intent eyes.

"There are magical elements present in this book," he said, and turned to Aaron. "The magic is now wired to her, hence why she sees more than you do."

"The woman that gave them to me might be a ghost," I told him, going back to where all this started.

Ivan shook his head, debunking my theory. "No, I think she might be a messenger of the moon goddess."

"That's impossible," Aaron said, uncrossing his arms from his chest.

"Why? You doubt the length the moon goddess would go?" he narrowed his eyes at his brother's lack of faith.

"Why would she care?" his brow rose.

"Because you're still her son, whether or not you believe it." he answered and then turned to me. "This was why you wanted to see him in the morning?"

I nodded. "Yes, I thought it was worth sharing."

"It is. You might have as well saved the life of the alpha from the strongest bloodline," he spoke, and there was no trace of humour in his voice or eyes. I had to believe.

Ivan asked me to reread while he got his pens and paper to jot down so I can decipher what each word in the book meant.

After another two hours, I finished reading and shut the third book. Then I glanced up at Ivan, who had a keen focus on the pages before him.

“Is there something in there?” Aaron asked Ivan, who stayed silent on the study seat and only stared at the pages before him.

“Yes, the book calls it For the Fallen. According to these books, there are three stages to completing The Ritual of The Fallen. The full moon mating, The Luna Eclipse Marking, and The Crimson Moon Blood ritual.”

“I can’t do that.” Aaron objected, turning away.

“Why would you say that?” I demanded, not knowing why he wanted to back out now, when this was the way out he had always wanted.

“If I mark you and if this ritual doesn’t work out, I will have your soul tied to mine, only to abandon you in the land of the living. You will live a miserable life, longing for your mate and never moving on for the rest of your life. It is the worse fate for a wolf and a cruel one for a human.”

I understood his fear of the worse, but the best outcome was probable. “And if it works, you would live a fulfilled life with your son and me. Isn’t that worth trying? These books are not like other werewolf lore; they are magically wired and I think the last thing they would do is to lead you wrong.”

His eyes grew weak as they stared at me. He reached out and stroked my face. “I would want you to find happiness when I leave. I don’t want your soul tied to mine for any reason and marking you will do that. You will never be happy if that happens, and I can’t stand the thought of that.”

“Then let me make that decision for myself.” I leaned in and kissed his lips slowly.

He sighed and kissed back, pulling me closer and pressing our bodies together as if they were one.

He pulled away and pressed his head against mine before nodding. “Fine. What is the first ritual?” he turned to Ivan.

“We have The full moon mating as the first, The Luna Eclipse Marking as the second, and The Crimson Moon Blood ritual as the third. The ritual should follow their orders and timing.”

“The full moon is a week away, but we haven’t had a lunar eclipse in five years.” Aaron, the pessimistic one, spoke.

“If this is the moon goddess’s plan for you, she will perfect it,” Ivan assured.

Doubt still lingered in Aaron’s expression as Ivan exited the room.

“You’re still unsure,” I said as soon as the door shut.

He didn’t deny it because he nodded. “I am. I know this is what we’ve been waiting and hoping for, but I fear it might not be as easy as we make it out to be.”

I nodded, understanding his point and agreeing with them. “When we get to that bridge, we will cross it.”

After a week of scepticism, I gave my answer to Aaron about moving in with him. It was a yes and that faithful Tuesday Aaron sent help to aid smooth moving for me and Zion.

Moving in with him was much more complicated than staying outside since he lived in the pack estate. My friends and family would not find it easier to visit as they used to, at least not at first. This, however, was a decision I knew I would regret. I wanted us to be as one family, and this would also help Zion.

My old place still had a few months of lease on it and so I offered it to her. She could not control her joy and gratitude over the phone and told me she appreciated my affection towards her. It was the very least I could do, she was my little sister after all.

Aaron was up on the balcony of his house waiting for us, and I couldn’t help the smile on my face when I saw him. He beamed at me and raced down to stand before me a second later.

“Daddy!” Zion called out with his hand already stretched out for his father to carry him up.

Aaron didn't hesitate before taking him into his arms. "Someone excited." He sang.

We both laughed. "He is happy, that's for sure."

"I am happy, too. Are you happy? Moving in with me?" he asked, and stared at me.

"I am," I answered with a nod.

He nodded, leaned in, and kissed my lips tenderly. I kissed back, and a moan left his mouth.

Zion giggled, and we pulled away. My cheeks grew rosy. "Come and I will show you the bedroom."

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 74

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 74-The full moon, which we had highly expected in the last few days, was up in the sky and we were out in the cottage Aaron had built up in the past week in the field. It was created to appear as if we were out in the open yet provide the safety and comfort of any regular room. They made the roof of the cottage with see-through glass and that way we could see the moon setting in the night sky while inside. It was noble of him to think about my well-being through all of this.

Usually, Aaron led his pack on the full moon, to explore territory and hunt like an alpha does for his pack, but this day, he allowed Damor to take the lead. He didn't tell Damor why he was taking a step back, but his brother concluded it could be because he was counting his days. He did not make our discovery known to anyone else. The three of us were enough, and so he left Damor and Sesi in the dark. It was the best way to keep the wrong ears from hearing it, at least until we were certain of our direction.

"This will be over before you know it," Aaron told me, taking my hand into his and giving it a soft squeeze. He tilted my chin up to look at him and he asked, "Are you scared?"

Ivan had broken down the process of each ritual and what we should expect. Tonight was The full moon mating ritual. Aaron barely had any control during the full moon, so mating with him tonight appeared to be impossible and if it was impossible, then it would be of high risk.

I bit my lips and nodded a little. "I can't help it. I'm sorry."

"No need to apologize, I understand. It is the full moon. This is when I lack control the most, but I promise I will try my best to not hurt you."

The ritual was all about control, the ability of the fallen to prove themselves worthy of control even on the full moon when craving and desires were at the apex.

The first ritual was to show the moon goddess that he could stay in control. If he failed he'd have to try again until he showed control, but since Aaron had limited time, he couldn't afford too many retries.

According to Ivan, he had less than three months and had to get the first ritual right at his first attempt. The first ritual, if done correctly, will trigger the force of nature and turn the course of time in his favour to complete the others. With every ritual executed, the length of his day would see an extension to a few more years and if he completed the three rituals, the curse of the fallen will be lifted.

"It's time," he informed me.

I nodded, giving him my consent.

He leaned in and kissed my neck, making me tingle and lean against him. This wasn't our first time together, but there was much vulnerability attached to this. I was trusting him to stay in control while taking me.

His hand took hold of the zip of my sundress and he undid it, letting the fabric fall to the floor, and I stepped out of it. The cold of the night gripped my skin, making me shiver. I wasn't used to being out at this time, much less close to naked. I forgot about all that when Aaron pulled me against himself and kiss my lips. He pulled back and stepped away and my skin tightened and goosebumps erupted on my skin at the flare of desire in Aaron's eyes as he beheld me.

He cupped my face in his large hands. "I promise I will not hurt you."

I bit my lips and nodded, putting faith in what he said.

He leaned in again and kissed my lips, snaking his tongue into my mouth, and I kissed back, placing my hands on his shoulders and caressing him there.

He kissed my neck, causing a few tingles through my body, and I groaned. He kissed me gently, coaxing my body to trust him for the night. It worked because the next minute; I was on my back staring at the setting moon while he sucked and licked at the weak spot between my neck and shoulder. I was out in here, naked and about to be taken, but I didn't place mind to it.

His hands moved from my waist down to my knees and he spread them apart to give him balance while he settled between them. He pulled his lips away, and I stared at him with a slightly parted mouth.

He ran a shaky hand through his hair, an attempt at control. "Your smell drives me crazy, my love." he stared at me with lustful glowing eyes, "I can't lose control."

I helped myself up to sit, and I wrapped my hand around his neck and pulled him closer. "You won't. I trust you." I licked at his sweet, swollen bottom lips before pulling away.

Aaron freed himself of every cloth he had on and knelt between my legs as if at the altar ready to worship, and I watched him.

He kissed my pussy first, then licks up around the side of it. He goes all the way around until he was back at the bottom.

My breathing became more rapid. He lightly licked the extruded bud. Then sucked it in. Let go. Sucked it in. Let go. He parted me with his tongue. It was hot, slick, and perfect. I turned my head to the side and suck in a lip. He moved his head up and down my sensitive pleasure parts with lick after lick. Then he licked the bottom of my entrance. It was a shot of pleasure that made me shudder slightly.

My entire body was tense with need. I cupped my breasts and pinched my nipples, sending a wave of pleasure coursing through my body.

His hands came under my legs to hold on to my hips. He continued to lick the clit, and the shudders were more regular. He began to suck the clit like a starved animal needing his fill. Hot, wet sucking. Release. Lick. Suck. Release. Lick. He continued the motion while his fingers rubbed the spot inside. I reached for my tits and squeezes them tightly. Crushing my nipples between my fingers, letting pleasure wash over my breasts. Then he slid two fingers inside me. I could feel them against my wall, stretching and filling.

My shudder became regular as heat and electric pleasure built. The world drifted away from me until there was nothing but pleasure centred on my pussy, and filling my a.ss and limbs with hot joy. I rode this pleasure as it crashed in hard waves.

My muscles clenched and released, while my hips rocked like I was on a horse. Slowly, I became aware he was still there. I sighed and pushed his fingers away as the pleasure waves recede. As he stretched, I grabbed his cock and pulled it towards me.

He came back between my legs in obedience, and the next second, I felt the head of his cock pressed against my entrance. He pushed in with little grasp of control. I scream in my head but pressed my lips together.

He pushed in again, this time deeper, his thrusts firmly, and I was suddenly full of cock. He stayed up on his hands and thrusts hard and regular sending spikes of pleasure as he banged into my clit. He growled when my walls clenched on his cock, milking him, and he leaned in and took my lips between his.

He lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist while he pistol in and out of me with an intensity I couldn't keep up with. His hands grabbed my breast and squeezed down on it, causing both pain and pleasure through me. I cried out, and I felt the tension building again. I grabbed his a.ss and pulled, digging my fingers into the flesh thereon.

He thrust hard and left his cock inside. He ground his pubis against mine, making a hard circle on my clit. His cock moved in and out and circled around. My clitoris had grown hard and primed at this point.

"Fvck!" I panted at my failed attempt to keep up with him.

Our gazes locked and I could barely recognise him from how lust-drunk he was. The lust in his eyes told me it would have been so much worse if he wasn't forcing his wild self into submission.

He was a beast, holding onto the last shred of control he had.

My pleasure builds as wet heat while he grounds and thrust. I built and built until I let out a moan and jerked against him, holding the pressure on my clit and squeezing his cock with my wall.

The pleasure washes over me, and then I came falling from the height with nothing to stop me. My hands fell from around his neck to the floor, but my legs stayed around his hips. I just sighed in contentment. He smiled and slid me closer to the edge. I realised he hadn't released yet and was waiting for my orgasm to clear out.

I couldn't help admiring this man before me, responsible for my pleasure. He had wielded himself into control, and I didn't know if I could love him more than I already did.

I beheld his face, giving him my undivided attention while he thrust into me for the last time. His eyes glowed a bloody shade of red, and the next minute, his orgasm took over. His breath became laboured, and I watched him writhe and growl as his body trembled, not missing a second of this glorious scene before me.

He began regaining himself a minute later, and I saw a mark appear on the upper side of his left chest as the symbol of a moon. I quickly pulled myself onto my elbow, the movement making his now soft member slip out of me.

His brows pulled together, and a frown settled on his face.

"What?" he asked, probably seeing the interest in my eyes and feeling a little lost with it.

"The mating ritual had been accepted and the sign shows on your skin," I answered and trailed my finger over the side of his chest bearing the mark and at my touch he shivered.

I giggled, feeling fulfilled that we had successfully carried out the first ritual and knowing that it worked.

He wrapped his trembling arms around my shoulders and pulled me against his chest, while still dragging a deep breath.

He kissed my forehead and exhaled deeply. "Thank you for being stubborn. You didn't stop believing even when I thought you were crazy. I owe you so much."

I angled my head to steal a glance at him. "You're welcome, and you don't owe me anything. I want you alive because I believe you deserve to live."

He leaned in again and kissed my forehead. He gathered me into his arms and took us into the house. When he got to the bedroom, he laid me on the bed and kissed my lips before lying behind me and cradling me.

I felt at peace knowing I would not have to say goodbye to him soon.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 75

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 75-“There is no need to fret. You’ve been married for just three months Diya, it’s too early to declare yourself barren,” I said over the phone while arranging Zion’s lunchbox. The nanny offered to do it, but I told her I had it under control. I didn’t want to give up backing up after my son just yet. Though I knew Aaron had hired her to do the job, it was my joy to do this. We reached an agreement. I would get his lunch box ready on Mondays and Thursdays, and she could have the rest. Aaron didn’t seem too happy about that deal, but there was little to nothing he could do to change my mind.

It sounded like a good deal to her because she didn’t object. She just nodded and had a big smile on her face.

“We’ve been together for over six years and we were sexually active through these years, but not once did I miss my period. Of course, I would have room for concern,” she answered, and I could tell by her voice she had thought about this all night.

“Have you told Greg about it?”

“Yes.”

“What did he say?”

“That a baby will come in its time.”

“And he’s right.”

“You’re not helping, Zera.”

“You’re worrying about nothing.”

“Wanting to be a mother while I’m still young isn’t worrying about nothing.” She snapped at me, her voice becoming an attacking one. “Greg doesn’t understand that I need a baby.”

I maintained calmness. “You’re worrying too much and that stress might contribute to you not finding what you’re looking for?”

She sighed, and I could tell she was rubbing her hand over her forehead. “Do you have any pregnancy tips for me?” she asked, and I almost dropped the bottle in my hand.

“Umm, you know Zion’s pregnancy wasn’t something I planned for, right?” I demanded, my brows furrowing.

“Yes, but at least you’ve had the experience.”

“I think you’re high for this early morning, Diya. I will drop by after work today,” I said and ended the call.

“What’s got you so worked up, my love?” the sleepy voice of Aaron came from the doorway of the kitchen and I turned around to find him n.aked from the waist up. His hair looked messy in a se.xy way and his lips looked tempting and red, calling to me. My eyes lingered at the waistband of his grey joggers and forbidden thoughts raced through my head.

Why didn’t I ride this man when I got home last night?

‘You were too tired.’

I’ve noticed that since the mark appeared on his chest weeks ago, he’s been rather shirtless or worn clothes that hinted and flaunted his body there. This was me thinking too much, and it wasn’t a good thing. I liked what I saw and I wish I didn’t have work waiting for me.

“It’s Diya,” I answered and dragged my eyes up to meet the smirk on his gorgeous face

“What about Diya?” he sounded so curious I spoke.

“She wants to have her own child as quickly as possible.”

“Ms carter is still young, she has no reason to worry. She’ll have hers when the time is right.” Somehow this was what I said to her, but Diya had been one

to listen to only the things she wants to hear, and that line wasn't what she wanted to hear.

I couldn't fault her. This was what she wanted, and she has always been passionate about what she wanted.

"She asked how I did it with Zion." I blurted while putting the small bottle of water and a cup into his lunchbox.

"What did you tell her?" His eyes lingered on my lips and, as if on instinct, I lapped my tongue over it to get it wet.

"That I didn't plan for Zion; it just happened." I shrugged, zipping up Zion's lunch box before pushing it forward.

"Did you plan to have kids early?" he asked, stepping toward me.

"If by early you mean twenty-one, then no, I didn't plan to have kids that early, but I always thought I'd have my family early, with my husband and child and home before I turned forty."

"Zion ruined your plan then..."

I laughed, and my head dropped, causing my hair to fall over my face. "Yes, at first, I thought that, but then he became the best thing that ever happened to me."

"You two are the best things that ever happen to me," he said, and I believe him. He moved the hair strand that fell on my face away, tucking it behind my ear. Then he leaned in and kissed my lips. His lips felt soft, and so was the kiss. My hand lifted to stroke the side of his face while deepening the kiss by pushing my tongue into his mouth. He took the cue for my want and straddled his hand down my lap and then lifted my gown to bring his hot hands over my skin.

I gasped into the kiss when I felt his finger push my panties to the side and sank two long fingers into me.

"I'm go...going to lat...ee." I stuttered, too affected to utter composed sentences.

He kissed the side of my mouth. "Not if I don't waste time," he mumbled and seized my lips between his for a devouring kiss while thrusting and rubbing my swollen clit. He reaped the response as my arousal covered his hands, telling him how much I wanted this, wanted him.

"Mommy, I am almost done with my food," Zion called out, and I pulled away from the kiss, terrified that Zion could walk in any moment from now and find me in an awkward position with his father. I wouldn't be able to explain.

I tried to pull away, but Aaron didn't release his hold on me, nor did he stop doing his work with his fingers. I glanced up at him with a questioning look on my face.

"You're almost there," he said, pushing his fingers deeper, and a moan slipped out of my mouth.

"He's going to walk in any minute from now," I panted, my hand on his shoulder tightening to give me balance as my legs were already giving up on me.

"Tell him you will be out in a minute." He leaned in and kissed my neck, adding to the reactions my body was giving and building up the release I knew wasn't so far away.

"I'll be out in a minute," I yelled and turned to Aaron, who had a commending look on his face.

He kissed my lips hard and thrust his fingers into me at a fast pace, twisting and coiling his digit to drive them in at different angles.

My eyes rolled to the back, and I slung to him while kissing his lips like I was running out of time. I was close, and he knew because he pulled away and stared into my eyes.

I couldn't fault her. This was what she wanted, and she has always been passionate about what she wanted.

"Cum for me," he commanded and like his obedient little girl, I came, wanting to scream, but knowing that, unlike the bedroom, the kitchen wasn't soundproof.

He pulled out and took his fingers into his mouth, sucking them clean before swallowing.

He pecked my swollen and slightly parted lips. "Have a nice day at work."

Work went by fast for me and it was because I planned my day out, adding Diya to it. Once I closed and picked Zion up from school, I drove us down to Diya's place instead of going home like we usually did.

She was thrilled to see Zion and immediately took him to the kitchen and offered him ice cream. The cheerful boy took it and came to show it to me. His way of asking if he could take it. Of course, he could take it. Diya would kill me if I said he couldn't.

Diya asked what I wanted, though I replied with nothing. She rolled her eyes and went into the kitchen to make me a quick snack.

"Greg and I will visit the doctor later this week to run a few tests." She started towards the long stand before the red marble counter at the centre of her kitchen.

"You're putting yourself and Greg under a lot of pressure," I told her after following her into the kitchen.

"I have accomplished so much in my life, Zera, a PhD and a job that pays over six figures annually, which is what I've always wanted, but I also wanted to be a mother, and I feel like I have failed." I saw how much this affected her and I didn't want to be that friend that would argue just to get that point across. I could never know how she was feeling and the most I could do was be a supportive friend like she's been to me for years.

I walked over to her and wrapped my arms around her, giving her a tight hug. "A time will come when you will look back at this moment and laugh because you've gotten all you need in life," I told her, and she nodded weakly.

I pulled away and found Greg at the door, staring at both of us with an emotional face.

"Hey, Greg." I greeted him and stepped back to let Diya do her thing with the pot on the cooker.

He smiled at me, his brown eyes warm. "Hey, Zera, you came to visit."

“I had to. It’s long overdue,” I answered, and even if Diya wasn’t feeling down, I still would have visited.

Diya and Greg moved into this house over three months ago, a month after getting married, and so far I had visited only once. I’d kicked myself many times for not being such a good friend when it came down to visits, but Diya always understood. Maybe even more than I wanted her to.

He walked over to his wife and wrapped his arms around her to give her a comforting hug. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead and rubbed her shoulders tenderly. “I applied for the break. It should be granted tomorrow,” he told her, and she glanced up at him.

This had to be because she wanted them to see the doctor, and they couldn’t do that if they both had work.

“Thank you,” she mumbled, placing her head on his chest, and he nodded, stroking her face.

“Anything for you, my love

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 76

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 76-“Thank you so much for visiting,” Diya said as she escorted us to my car.

“No need to thank me. I should do more.”

“This is enough. You have a life.” She told me with an understanding tone.

We got to the car and while Zion opened the door and got in; I turned to her. “I pray all goes well for you, I want you happy and with your baby.” I pulled her in for a quick hug.

She waved us off, and I looked forward to visiting again.

Driving home took forty-five minutes. I did the mental calculation of my time. Including traffic jams would make it an hour and thirty minutes before reaching the house.

“Mommy, sleep!” Zion yelled, and I glance back to see his weary eyes.

I strapped him into the back seat and made sure it was comfortable. That way he could easily do that without stressing himself if he wanted to sleep.

“Okay, Zion.” I beamed at him, and I knew he’d be asleep in no time. After thirty minutes of driving, the empty fuel tank icon popped up on the front screen and I took the turn to the next fuel station I came across. I got down and fuelled my truck before moving into the station to pay for it. Doing that took three minutes, but since Zion was already asleep, I did not worry. I thank the attendant at the station store before returning to my car.

I slowed down on my steps as I saw a figure lurking around my car. I calmed my raging mind and its many questions and approached my car. The closer I got, the more defined the figure became, and I realised it was a woman. With her face turned away, I couldn’t make out anything but her curly brunette hair. I couldn’t let my guards down because my son was sleeping in the car which this strange woman was lurking around.

I hurried over to my car and spoke when I got to it. “Can I help you?”

She turned around and her eyes met mine. Green eyes, flawless skin, high cheekbone, and defined jawline.

She looked familiar, but I couldn’t place her looks not until she spoke.

“I don’t think so. I am Nicole Kent, Luna of the new age pack.”

With her introduction, I realised who she was. She was once Aaron’s mate, the one he told me had lied to him just to ruin his life and haste the demise which came along with his inevitable fate.

My guards suddenly shut up to a very high degree. If this woman was everything Aaron said she was, she could cause chaos just for the sake of causing it. She would want to hurt Aaron, and what better way of doing that than harming Zion and me?

Why was she back here? According to Aaron, he ended things with her and banished her from his pack, never to return. They were over and had nothing in common anymore, but it seemed she was back now.

She stretched her hand out for a shake, but I didn’t take it. I just stared at her. She withdrew her hand and flashed a smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “I

guess you've heard about me," she spoke, her voice coming out sweet and harmless. If only that were true.

"What do you want?" I demanded, not wanting to bite around the bush.

"I don't know what Aaron told you, but I am not the villain here."

"I never said you were. I just don't appreciate you lurking around my car when you know damn well you're a stranger." I spoke with cation despite being angry.

"Yes, I am a stranger, but I am also the closest friend you need right now. Aaron Hart isn't who you think he is," she answered.

"And I am supposed to believe a word you say? For all I know, you're the bad one."

"If I was this monster he has made me out to be, I would have moved to snuff the life out of your son," she turned to look at Zion who was still fast asleep and my heart doubled a beat at her words, knowing danger was closer than ever.

She then turned back to me, "but because that's not who I am, I did no such thing."

"Stay away from me and my son."

I walked away from her to the driver's seat, and I pulled the door open. "Say hello to Aaron for me, then. Tell him his Luna is back and sends her regards." She said, and I closed the door.

I drove off at a faster speed than I had ever driven my car and when I got home; I unstrapped Zion and carried him into my arms and took us inside. I laid him in bed and he was still sleeping and so I let him be.

"You stayed out longer than you used to. What happened?" Aaron asked from across the door of Zion's room. My heart doubled in its beat and I turned to him.

He must have seen something in my eyes because his eyes grew concerned and he stepped over to me.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his gaze not wavering as he beheld me.

I bit my lips and tried to look away, but he didn't let me, not until I spoke.
"Nicole."

The single words that left my mouth turned his expression from that of concern to fury. His eyes brewed with a dark shade of red and I hadn't seen this much anger in him before and it terrified me.

"What did she do to you?" he asked with his hoarse voice sending chills through me.

I shook my head. "Nothing. She said to Say hello to you for her then and tell you your Luna is back and sends her regards." I answered.

This wasn't the only thing she told me, but I felt this was the most important. For all I know, she lied about the others.

"Did she see Zion?" he let go of my face, his attention moving to our sleeping son for a second before returning to me.

I nodded. "Yes, she did. She said she didn't come for him and also said she wasn't the villain; she only came for you."

"I don't know which she does better, lying or manipulation. She was aiming to send a message, to tell us she was back. I know her return also means the return of the new age pack. The ritual we embarked on weeks ago must have signalled all the wise ones in every pack. They have drawn their theories, some better than others."

"I don't understand."

"Ivan told me if the rituals were true, we wouldn't be the only ones to know. The wise ones in other packs will study the change in seasons and times and know something massive is about to take place. If the wise ones can interpret the signs correctly, they will feed it back to their alpha and Luna and in no time there will be an uprising. I didn't know they would deduce it this fast. Breaking the curse of power would not only save my life, but it would also seal my position as the strongest alpha werewolf in all of creation, and not everyone wants that."

"What does that mean?" my voice quivered as I spoke.

He didn't cover it up. He spoke with an honest tone when he said. "It means a war is coming and you're now trapped in the middle of it."

"And I am supposed to believe a word you say? For all I know, you're the bad one."

I tried to sleep that night, but I couldn't. I wanted to close my eyes, but every time I did, the event of the day plagued my mind. When I embarked on finding a way out of Aaron's curse, I didn't know a lot would come at stake, and now I couldn't stop thinking about what I had unleashed. Breaking the curse was a good thing, but I wondered what the consequences would be. Today I realized how vulnerable I and Zion were in all of this. I was still human, the most feeble one. I knew I'd be the first to get hurt in this war Aaron has spoken about.

There was a lot to think about: Lionel, Diya, Greg, her family, and Tatiana. These people were now caught at the crossline because of my involvement with Aaron Hart.

Guilt ate me up from the inside out and in choosing Aaron, I had left them vulnerable. I had to ask myself if this was worth it. I wouldn't say Nicole had gotten to me, but she had told me Aaron wasn't who I thought he was, and that had also contributed to my unending thoughts.

I wanted to live a normal and quiet life, but normal wasn't for me anymore.

The bedroom door slowly cracked open, and I saw Aaron standing beside it. He had stepped out earlier saying something about the study, but I was too lost in thought to hear what he said then. "You're not yet asleep."

I sighed and shook my head. "I am not. I can't sleep."

He shut the door and strode towards the bed. He took his seat when he was beside me and took my hands into his for a squeeze. "I'm sorry."

I shook my head, but I couldn't say this wasn't his fault because it was all entwined with me being with him.

"I was so scared for Zion. She could have harmed him if she so wanted to." I told him, the memories of her lurking around my car replaying in my head.

"She can't harm Zion," he spoke with a confident tone that made me raise a brow.

“And why is that?”

“Because Zion hails from the strongest bloodline, my bloodline. He is also innocent and laying her hands on him would bring the wrath of the moon goddess on her, and no wolf wants that.”

It was a relief to know that Zion was safe, but there were others at stake.

“She said you aren’t who you say you are. What does that mean?” I said with a small voice and I folded my arms across my chest.

“Nicole said that?”

I nodded. “She did today, and I don’t know what she meant. Is there something I need to know?”

He looked almost as clueless as I was, and he either told the truth or was a good liar. “If there was something, I would have told you. If there is something I know about Nicole, she lies and causes confusion wherever she goes. She had done that to me and my brothers in the past. Thank the goddess I knew my brothers better.”

Aaron had never lied to me, and I wanted to place my trust in him than the vicious Luna called Nicole.

I leaned in and kissed his lips. “I believe you,” I mumbled into the kiss while deepening it. I took hold of his hands, placing them on my chest and applied pressure on them, telling him what to do. He took the cue and applied pressure, making me moan. If I could get myself to stop thinking about everything that happened today, then maybe I could find sleep easier.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 77

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 77-Aaron’s POV.

I knew the snake called Nicole had planted the seed of distrust for me within Zera. She had always been a master at manipulation. I couldn’t believe I once thought she was the one for me. She never was, and like everything else, she manipulated her way into my mind and made me believe that lie.

I still remember the night I marked and mated with her. Instead of a restoration of my ever-reducing power, I witnessed a massive loss of the little

power I had, and I realised she wasn't the one. She had lied about the spark and bond she said she felt between us. When I confronted her about her lies; she told me I needed her as an ally. She told me she knew too much and would be bad if she took what she knew to the wrong pack...

I knew even if I kept her, she would betray me and I ended the union and banished her from the pack, never to set foot there again. I learnt she later joined forces with the rebellion pack, our sworn enemy.

Nicole had always been about herself and her father's selfish interest and even after his death, she didn't change.

Telling Zera that was her way of planting discord, and I couldn't let her win. Not when I had found myself my true mate, and we were on the way to ending the curse of power and having a blissful union afterwards.

Zera leaned in and kissed my lips, pulling me out of my mind. She took hold of my hands and placed them on her heavy breast and applied pressure on them just like she wanted me to.

I felt a stir in my pants and I knew I wanted that, too. I kissed back and pressed down on her breast, trying to find the bud of her nipples through the fabric of her clothes.

I moaned when she cupped me through the trousers I had on. Her hunger was unusual tonight, but I wasn't one to complain. I loved when she took things into her hands, thick throbbing things.

I pushed at the small hand of her nightgown and it fell freely, revealing her breast perky and her nipples hardened. I lowered my hand and took her left nipple into my mouth, sucking, kissing, and licking, all the while rubbing my cock against her through my trouser and feeling it grow.

She moaned and her warm fingers travelled into my hair, yanking at it the way I liked and I moaned around her right nipple, which I was currently savouring. Her other hand travelled into my trousers and met with my half-erect member. She wrapped her hands around me and slowly stroke me until I was fully stretched out. I pushed her onto her back and got on top of her. We took it slow. I figured that was what she wanted tonight, and I couldn't help giving it to her. I sealed her lips with mine as we both came, and I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her closer.

I kissed her temple, and she sighed, mumbling a “thank you” before shutting her eyes.

I sent out the notice to Sesi, Ivan, and Damor. I didn’t want to inform them about the full moon mating ritual. It had been done with restricted knowledge to most people in the pack, including Sesi and Damor. However, with the appearance of Nicole, I had no choice but to get them all informed and ready for the worse. They were the first I’d disclose the truth to, and the pack would come next.

I had sent the signal out three days ago and the last to arrive for the meeting was Damor and his excuse was a late booking from Ireland. I knew his excuses were lame, but I didn’t dwell on it. There were bigger things to worry about.

“Nicole is back, and that means Theo also is,” I said, and I received silence from the three of them in the study.

“When did she come?” Damor asked, finally breaking the silence.

“A day before I sent the signal.”

“Why is she back?” Sesi asked with a suspicious tone from where she stood beside the study window, her arms folded over her chest.

I hesitated, knowing neither Damor nor Sesi would like my answer. “Because we found a way to break the curse.”

It took another moment of silence, and I knew from the look on both their faces that they would smack my head if they could. “You found a way to break the curse, and you didn’t tell us?!” Damor roared, rising to his feet and running a hand through his hair.

“I didn’t find the way out, Zera did,” I answer and knew that wouldn’t reduce their anger toward me.

“It doesn’t change the fucking point!” Damor snapped at me, and he had never been one to control his words when he was furious. “You cut all of us out of the most important news for the Harts.”

“I didn’t cut all of you out,” I said, and their eyes followed mine and landed on Ivan, who has been silent since the meeting started.

“You knew?” Sesi asked in a tone of disbelief.

“Of course, he fvcking knew. Aaron has always had a favourite, and it’s him.” Damor answered instead and now that your nemesis is back, you want your siblings whom you shove the middle fingers at to come to the rescue. How amazing!”

“He didn’t keep you in the dark because he wanted to,” Ivan began, but Damor wouldn’t let him complete his words.

“You don’t get to talk! You don’t get to fvcking speak,” Damor snapped at Ivan, his eyes blazing red.

Having enough of being bullied around by his brother, Ivan sprang to his feet, his eyes glowing silver instead of their natural blue. “You will shut up and listen! The only reason I know about the way out isn’t because I’m his favourite, a.sshat, it’s because I’m the wise one in this pack. But your brain has never had control over your words, so I’m not surprised. There was no guarantee what we found was the way out and until four weeks ago, Aaron had massive scepticism. He only found out after the ritual was completed.”

“Why didn’t he tell us afterwards? It’s been four fvcking weeks.”

“Because I was tired of giving you all hope, only to have it dashed to the ground. I saw the look on your faces when I was in search of a mate many years ago. I saw how devastating it was for us all. After the way out proved true, I was going to do it and only reveal when it was done.”

Damor stepped up toward me. “You’re just saying what you think we want to hear. You know what I have to say? Fvck you!” he spat in my face.

My hand shot out and grabbed him by his neck. I slammed his back into the study wall in a blink, making the room shake. Sesi and Ivan stood at alert but none tried to step in.

“The problem with you is you never take the time for proper comprehension. You talk more than you listen and that would be your downfall, Damor Hart!” I growled.

He tried to pry my hand from his neck, but I tightened it the more. “I might still get weaker by the day, but believe me, there’s enough strength to leave you

numb and defenceless. I get you are furious, but that doesn't give you the right to turn into a grown b.rat."

I unwrapped my hand from his throat and it left a mark that faded within seconds.

Damor glared at me. "I've been in Ireland in the last three weeks, digging through the records of the ancient to find answers when all the while you had the answer."

"I am sorry for leaving you two in the dark, but if I could go back, I'd still choose to do things the way I did them before. And you might use that as a reason to turn your back on us now, but if you do that and they destroy this family, know you will never be safe! So you can help a brother you despise or you can spend the rest of your existence on the run. We all know how the rebellion pack and the new age pack can be."

"You're asking us to pick the lesser evil?"

"Yes. We both know the only thing that kept them down for years was the truth that I remained the strongest alpha in existence and they stayed silent these past six years waiting for my demise. They now know I have a son and would not leave to the life beyond as they expected, so they would do whatever they can to stop me from breaking this curse."

"You're no better than them and it gives me no pleasure to say this," he said.

"And I am sorry for making you feel this way. I'm asking you to pick your own."

"I want to know if there's anything else you're hiding from us," Sesi demanded, and my attention moved to her.

"There's nothing. I say this before the moon goddess and all beautiful things created."

"Then you have my support through this," she said, stretching her hand out for a friendly shake, and I took it.

"You always have my support." Ivan nodded a little.

With the two support gotten, we all waited for Damor, "I still think you're a piece of sh!t, but you have my support!"

I could work with that. I nodded at him, showing my appreciation. "I'd like to clarify that I have no favourite amongst you all, never have and never will."

Sesi rolled her eyes. "Everyone here knows you love me more."

I laughed. She had a place in my heart as the youngest of the two, but I'd pick no one over the other when it came to love and care.

With the truth out of the way, I moved to tell them about the ritual that is already done and the ones to come.

"And after the ritual was complete, I got this mark," I said and pulled my shirt to the corner to reveal the full moon engraved on my chest.

"So the next full moon would be a lunar eclipse?" Sesi asked with her brow raised.

I nodded, and I knew what her next question was.

"Does she know you'd be in your wolf's form for the ritual?"

She's read it a few times, but I didn't think she understood the full concept of it. Trusting me was one thing; trusting me when I was in my wolf's form was another. She had seen me a few times in my wolf form, but it wasn't a form she was used to.

I didn't know if Zera was ready, but I had to make her understand what it was all about. "I haven't disclosed that information yet."

"You will have to and let her come into the realisation and acceptance of that," Ivan said.

I sighed and rubbed my hand over my face. I knew all that, and I knew what it meant.

We concluded by choosing to wait and watch what the move of Theo and Nicole would be. We were uncertain they were working alone. For all we knew, they had rallied other packs behind them, and we had to choose our battles wisely.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 78

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 78-Ivan's interpretation of the first ritual had brought about the success of it, but the second one, which he had interpreted, felt impossible. According to his interpretation, the marking would take place when the lunar eclipse was at its apex. For the lunar eclipse to be at its apex, I had to be in my wolf form.

The lunar eclipse had a different effect on werewolves as compared to the other full moon shifts. On the lunar eclipse, our wolves would have complete control over their form with minds of their own to do what they liked. I would be in my wolf's form, where I would have little to no control. Unless Ron, my wolf, would give me control (which never happens when he takes over), I could do nothing.

Ron had always had a mind of his own. Three years ago, when he last took over control, was a disaster. He attacked and terrified the entire pack and he didn't stop until Ivan forced him out of the lights. I haven't given him control since then.

Knowing that Ron would be in control had stayed on my mind since we did the first ritual two months ago. With the wolf in control, I would not guarantee what he would do once he takes over. He could turn aggressive and vicious or calm, but knowing I had kept him shut up these past years, I didn't know if he would be so calm.

Sesi insisted I explain the reality to Zera, which I did, and when she asked what the probability of her getting hurt was, I told her it was high.

Zera coming around for the second ritual wasn't as easy as it seemed. She was terrified, and I was scared as well. My wolf, Ron, was a ruthless side of me. He was bloodthirsty and would attack every and anyone in his way. I never let him come onto the surface, and even when in my wolf form, I have always retained control.

I remembered how terrified Zera was four weeks ago when I told her about the fate of the lunar eclipse. I needed Ron calm for Zera's sake, so he could mark the way he should. Doing it right was important.

There were many risks attached to being marked wrongly, some included bleeding, falling gravely ill or, worse, death. I hid none of the risks when I told Zera the truth and it terrified her, as it should. I was also terrified. I didn't want to lose Zera, but this was what we had to do.

She was to trust Ron, whom I didn't trust tonight and though she told me she had come to an acceptance of the fact, I could see how terrified she was. She wanted to do this for me and it was taking almost everything from her to do it. Ron had to create a bond with her so he wouldn't become aggressive towards her at the lunar eclipse. I had to have faith that he would not hurt Zera in the process of marking her.

Zera hasn't spoken about it since I told her many weeks ago and I knew she had thought about it over and over as well.

"It's time," Zera said from the window where she stood staring at the night cloud.

I didn't need to look to know. I could feel my wolf raging inside me, wanting to come to the surface and dominate as usual. "I know," I said and strode towards her.

She turned when I was near enough and I beheld her face one last time. I reached out to stroke her cheek and her lashes fluttered.

"We don't have to do this. You know the risk, and one of them is death. I do not want you dead, I need you and Zion needs his mother. He'll be better off having one parent than none."

She smiled and her lashes fluttered, "I know that, but I want him to have both and yes, I am scared, but I choose to be optimistic." she leaned in and kissed my lips softly before pulling away.

Her courage gave me strength and faith that we would see this through to the end.

I took her hand and laced our fingers together before departing from the bedroom. Since Damor had been in charge of the pack, I had no worries about who would lead them in times like this. I only had to focus on the ritual ahead.

We chose an isolated territory and, unlike the full moon mating ritual, Ivan had no reason to be with us. I asked him if he was certain about his absence from the territory and he said his presence would only trigger Ron, who still hated Ivan for putting a spell of withdrawal on him three years ago. Just as I have been in control of my wolf form in the past, Ron has taken control of my

human form and made me do aggressive things once or twice in the past, and it was never cool.

I had to trust Ron would take care of Zera like I would, and the last thing I wanted to do was trust Ron.

“Let me out already!” he growled at me and I released Zera’s hand and mumbled an ‘I love you’ before losing control and being shoved to the back seat. Zera stood still, watching as Ron emerged and landed on his paws, tall and arrogant as always. A low growl left his mouth, and he took a step forward.

Her hands shot forward in defence and stepped back even as she tried to maintain a steady balance on the ground.

“Calm down, Ron. I’m not here to cause any harm. If you and Aaron are truly one, then you’d know by now I want nothing but the best for the both of you, and that’s why we are here.”

Her words weren’t getting to Ron because he growl and surge forward and she took to her heels, running as fast as her legs could take her while Ron chased after her.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 79

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 79-I wanted to do something, help and tell Ron Zera wasn’t an enemy, but he had shoved me so far behind the only thing I could do was watch and listen. I wanted her to stop running and face him, but I knew she wouldn’t do that even if she heard me. She was terrified of him as she should be, but the more terrified she was, the more he would take advantage of that.

Zera stumbled and fell to the floor, gr0aning loudly and as she turned around, she gasped at seeing Ron. She hurried up to her feet to run again, but Ron surged towards her, pushing her onto the ground and keeping her there. He dug his claws into her shoulder and she cried out in pain. She was human, and she didn’t have the strength or the healing ability to take the pain and heal through it. Ron knew that, but he did not care. He wanted to afflict her; he wanted to hurt me for what I did to him and by hurting her, he did just that.

“Please, let me go,” she pleaded, tears streaming down her face, but it fell on deaf ears because Ron only afflicted her the more.

“Stop!” she screamed, her pain slowly turning into anger. “stop!” she snapped at him.

Ron withdrew his claw from her shoulder at her command.

“Get off me!” she shouted, her voice coming off firmer and he stumbled off, taking to her words. She help herself sit down and wrapped her hand around her shoulder. I could smell her blood and knew his claw dug dip had caused her much pain.

I could feel Ron tensed and angry, but not having the proper channel for his anger. He couldn't unleash it on her. She wasn't scared of him anymore and that took the power from him.

Zera pulled herself up to her feet and stood to speak. Her confidence soared. “It's the lunar eclipse, Ron, and I am here trying to save both you and the one I love. I am not the enemy and I will not be afraid of you. If you harm me, you will also harm yourself, because your survival depends on me.” she growled at him, her pain mixed with anger and he shivered in response.

Ron rarely ever showed fear or submission to anyone and his stubbornness had made everyone keep off, but Zera held him on his toe, in fear.

“You're going to mark me under the full moon and you will not harm me. We will work through this and you will be a good wolf, won't you?”

Ron growled in rebellion, and Zera's gaze darkened as she stared at him.

“Won't you?”

Ron whimpered and nodded.

“Yes!” I could not hold my excitement and watching Zera subject Ron to obedience instead of running away from him made it complete.

She dropped to her knee and reached out to stroke his head. “I am your mate, Ron. And you do not get to attack those meant to be the one! Do you understand?”

When he nodded, she continued, “There is a ritual and if you're a part of Aaron like I know you are, you already know what you need to do. I am going to trust you and hope that isn't a mistake.” She said with her eyes fixed on us

and her hand lifted to rub over Ron's back. He purred, liking her touch and leaning in to get more.

How she had tamed Ron and made him into her obedient little puppy still came as a shock to me. Either way, I felt proud and once this was over, I'd be on my knees giving her the worship of a lifetime.

"You are going to mark me under the lunar eclipse, and you're going to be gentle," she spoke with a soft voice, placing her head against his and he purred.

"Yes," he replied, but she didn't hear.

She pulled away and lowered herself onto the grass-covered ground and laid flat on her back with her eyes fixed on the moon in the sky as she waited for him to get on top of her and mark her. She stayed still, but her heart hammered away in her chest. The marking could go wrong and she knew that, but she was trusting him still.

The moonlight flickered on her face, making it glow radiantly, and I felt a stir within. I immediately knew Ron wanted more than to mark her. He wanted to take her as well. He had seen what I always saw and could no longer hold back. He had lurked around many times when I had claimed Zera and I knew he'd grown fond of her and now his desires were ruling him.

Zera couldn't read his reaction and know what he wanted and even if she did, there was no guarantee she would want what he wanted.

He stood unmoved as he watched her and after a few seconds Zera helped herself onto her elbow to stare at him, her perky breast settling in the blue dress she had on and it wasn't helping Ron or me focus.

He stepped towards her and licked her face with his tongue a few times before moving his face down her neck.

Zera shivered at his touch and I couldn't tell if she was afraid or affected by Ron's closeness. He rubbed his nose against her neck a few times and she moaned out, tilting her neck to give him much access to her. Her act was fueling his need, but he knew he couldn't take her, not like this. He needed to focus, and she wasn't helping. She raised her head and her eyes locked in his and I saw her desire, but I couldn't tell whether it was for him or me.

Ron withdrew, and I emerged on the surface, which had never happened in the history of the lunar shift. The werewolf form had always maintained dominance throughout the shift for all werewolves, but now Ron had changed the game. I could still mark Zera in my human form and the ritual would still stand. Ron knew that too, and chose to let me. He had never been selfless. He was the most selfish of all wolves. He had always taken every opportunity he saw to seize control, but he just gave it up because of how much Zera affected him.

“I don’t understand.” Zera stuttered, shaking her head as I transformed back to my human form before her eyes.

She didn’t, but I did. “To mark you, he’d have to take you and as much as he wanted you, he knew you wanted me.”

He must have also figured out how impossible it would be to mark her without hurting her. Ron might be my wolf, but I knew her body better, and he knew that, too. He didn’t want her to hurt more than she already was.

My hand trailed over the side of her shoulder where Ron had dug his claw earlier. She whimpered and her eyes fluttered briefly in pain. “I’m sorry.” I apologised, feeling terrible for her pain.

She smiled at me and shook her head. “I’ll live.” Her lashes fluttered. “What happens to the ritual now?” she asked.

“As long as you get marked under the Luna eclipse, by either of us, it’s still valid.”

“Then take me.” She pulled her clothes off, and I felt Ron growl from within. He wanted her and it was an insane level of want.

I pulled her closer and kissed her lips hungrily. With little clothing between us, claiming her happened within seconds and we both moaned out. I had her on top of me, and she worked her hips furious against mine like an animal deprived of its due release. She was fierce in her need and wasn’t afraid to pursue it. I released my left hand around her and moved the hair from around her left shoulder to give me a better view while fiercely thrusting into her.

I caught her lips for a hard kiss before pulling away and I saw the flare of lust and need brew in her eyes and I knew this was the peak of her desire. This was the perfect moment to mark her.

“Mark me, alpha.” She moaned.

Without hesitation, I dug my fang into her skin, marking her while claiming her as mine with the act of lovemaking. She whimpered out in pain, but I had marked her in the right spot and so though the pain existed, it was only temporary.

I withdrew my fang from between her shoulder and neck and then turned to meet her eyes and behold; they glowed a bloody red just like mine before they faded away. We were one never to be torn apart until the end of time. She wasn't just Zera anymore. She was my mate and my Luna, the bearer of my mark. My skin glowed and the second marking appeared on my chest below the moon and I knew the ritual had been accepted. I felt happy, knowing we had one more ritual to break the curse of power. I'd no longer have to leave my mate, the woman I will be with for a very long time.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 80

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 80-Third POV

“I love you, Aaron,” she mumbled.

He knew that and believed it. “I love you too.”

They stayed in each other's arms, unmoved and unwilling to let go. The night was chilly, but Zera didn't seem to mind. Aaron held her close to his warm body, and the heat kept her contented.

She kissed his chest while running her hand over the mark of the tattoo, making him shiver at her touch.

“We should go inside,” he spoke, seeing as the morning approached. They had laid for over an hour in silence, and as much as he wanted to continue, he knew they shouldn't.

She nodded, and he helped her to her feet, gathering her clothes and helping her put some on. He found his trousers and shirt not so far away and quickly retrieved them. He wore them, hoping to go in and clean up properly.

“You're okay, right?” he asked, but she didn't answer. Instead, she picked up her boots. He took hold of her hand, bringing her attention to him, and their gazes locked. “You're okay, right?” I asked again.

She smiled before answering. "I am okay, Aaron, don't worry."

He smiled. "You were really brave, braver than I ever was with Ron, and I think he's your hardest lover yet."

That made her smile harder, but her smile faded and her gaze remained on something behind him. His eyes narrowed, and he turned around to find a tall brown-haired man with height and build matching his, having a smirk on the corner of his lips. He walked towards them along with four men equally built like him and Aaron knew they were members of his pack.

Aaron recognized him. His name was Theo, the alpha of the rebellion pack, and it made his blood boil. He had always heard about Alpha Theo, the ruthless and blood-thirsty alpha who ruled every territory he went to. Aaron had always heard about him and knew a day would come when they would meet. He didn't look forward to it but knew he couldn't escape it. The alpha was the bully of the other packs and kept his enemies on their toes. Theo was also Nicole's ally. After he banished her from the Dominio pack, she left and joined an alliance with him.

This was their first confrontation and Aaron hated that he was under-prepared for it.

It was considered an act of war for a pack to cross into the territory of another during a full moon shift without formal notice or invitation. Theo knew all that and still defied the rules. The consequences of crossing territory included war on the offending pack or the death of the invaders. This was the rule and order that had governed the werewolf realm for thousands of years. However, Aaron couldn't uphold those rules because here now, he was outnumbered and outmatched and needed to consider the proper course of action.

The rebellion pack had no respect for anyone, and Maxwell, Theo's father, just like Dane, Nicole's father, had always wanted power. His rebellion brought about the death of Dwayne and Scarlet Hart, Aaron's parents, and he did it to become the strongest alpha alive. Though the attack was meant to wipe out the entire Hart family, the four heirs of the Harts survived and went into hiding, only surfacing when they had built themselves up. With the bloodline of the Harts still alive, power did not shift to Maxwell Vane or another living alpha.

Just like the Vanes did with my parents, the Kents, using Nicole, tried to eliminate me and failed as well. Together, the Kents and Vanes were vicious

and had no loyalty to anyone but themselves. Rumours were Theo killed his father to take over as the alpha, and also helped Nicole do the same. The rumours surprised no one.

Aaron wanted to know how they got in. He wanted to know who they harmed to get in and what their plans were. Zera was still with him and he had to protect her at all costs.

“What do you think you’re doing crossing into territories that aren’t yours, Theo?” he asked, stepping up towards him, his eyes glowing.

Theo took a bold step forward. “I came to give you something,” he said and nodded his head to the one standing behind him on the right side. A man stepped forward with a black bag in his hand. Theo took the bag, stepped up towards Aaron, and reached into it. He pulled out a decapitated head and tossed it towards Aaron and Zera.

The head rolled over and stopped at his feet and, glancing down, Aaron realized it was Blake, the werewolf he had sired and charged with the responsibility of infiltrating and gathering information about the rebellion pack and sending them across.

Zera gasped out in fear from behind before covering her mouth and he knew she must have seen the horror too. He didn’t want her caught up in any of this, but he knew the rebellion pack didn’t hide their lack of respect for boundaries and he didn’t think they ever will until put in their place.

“Recognise him?” Theo asked.

Aaron looked up at him with a face red with fury. “I’d advise you to choose your next words carefully,” he snarled and his hands balled into tight fists. The air coming through his nostril grew hot and his fangs grew into long and sharp ones.

“Why? You’re about to break your curse and think you can take us?” Theo challenged, and the men behind him stepped forward, growling.

“No, but I am strong enough to blast you into oblivion if you don’t leave now,” Ivan spoke up from behind.

Aaron turned and found him in a long white robe. He had three white stripes on his face, one on his forehead and two under his eyes. His hands were

stretched out, ready to blast his magic, and with every step he took, he did with much confidence.

Theo growled loudly, not loving that he didn't have the upper hand in this confrontation as he thought he would.

He turned his back and the six other men he came with followed.

Aaron turned around and wrapped his arms protectively around Zera, who trembled beside him in fear. He wanted to assure her everything was okay, but even he wasn't so sure.

These men had entered the pack estate with much ease. He wondered how they got in and what other access they had.

Without protection, they were as vulnerable as ever, open to attack, and that was the last thing they could afford.