

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 91

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 91-“I might be a villain, but at least I wear my true self on my sleeve. Not like you do, hiding and pretending to be a fvcking hero. You’re not meant to be the strongest alpha.” Theo growled at Aaron, his eyes blazing red. “So let that little human of yours go and end the ritual before it’s too late.”

“If you plan to harm Zera, you will have to go through me.”

“She needs more protection from you than anyone else. You have taken everything she loves away from her and you’re not done yet.” he snarled, his teeth gritted and his fist clenched.

“All you ever do is lie,” Aaron yelled back, his own fists balling. This may not have been a physical confrontation, but they could still do damage to each other.

“Oh, but you know I tell the truth. If Zera knew the truth about who you are and what you’ve done, she’d be running away from you as fast as she can.”

Aaron’s eyes snapped open as the memory that felt like yesterday replayed in his head. Theo had said those words to him four weeks ago when Ivan had dream-walked with him into the rebellion territory to ask them to back down from their attack on his pack.

Theo told him he would rather die than give in and instead asked him to end the ritual and let Zera go. Theo’s accusations of his character made no sense to him, not until Tatiana’s death.

He had never drowned in his own thought before, but he was literally choking underneath the cold water as it poured out on his skin. All the voices that had always judged, criticised and mocked him were back and in full force. He hadn’t given into his thoughts since the accident and in a moment of vulnerability under the shower, he had, and now regretted that decision.

There was no way of getting answers as the truck driver who had left Zera in this horrible state had taken his own life immediately after the accident before Ivan could get to him. The rebellion pack once again had played a dangerous game and came up victorious, rendering him powerless and desperate. They knew how weak he’d be without Zera and they went for her. Without the completion of the ritual, he had only a few years left.

All this would have been avoided had he told Zera the truth weeks ago when he found out.

Aaron stepped out of the bathroom and changed into the pair of clothes Ivan got. A black Jean and a grey shirt. He hated the way they held onto him, but these clothes were better than the previous bloody clothes he had on earlier.

He made his way out of the bathroom and back into the waiting room where he saw Damor and Zion, along with Aiden Smith and Ivana Ameh, two betas of the dominion pack. And Elena, Zion's nanny.

"Daddy!" Zion called out on seeing him, breaking out of Damor's hold and running towards him.

Aaron stooped low and picked his son into his arms, delighted to see something positive in the last few hours. He smiled.

"Thank you for bringing him," he said to Damor, who stood unmoved at the corner of the room.

"It's the very least I can do, brother," Damor replied, adding a nod.

"How are you, daddy?" Zion asked, his eyes trying to find out the truth hidden in his eyes.

"I'm doing okay."

"Why are we at the hospital? And where is mommy? Uncle Damor wouldn't tell me." he stated, his eyes sad. "He said she's away."

Pain flickered in Aaron's eyes as he glanced at Damor before looking back at Zion. He tried to keep his emotions as tucked away as possible.

He couldn't tell Zion the unfortunate fate that had befallen his mother. He couldn't look into his eyes and tell him his mother had been involved in a horrible accident which had left her in a terrible state in the ICU. Telling Zion he was at the hospital because of Zera would only bring up more questions from the little boy.

He had to be strong for his son in this trying time, no matter what. so he looked for an excuse to give. "Your uncle Damor is right, mommy had to go away for a while."

“Will she come back?”

He didn't know the answer to the question, but he had to give him one. “Yes.”

Zion's eyes narrowed at his words, as if not believing the words coming from his mouth, “She didn't say goodbye.” he revealed and his eyes dropped remorsefully.

“She said to tell you she would be back in no time, so there was no need for goodbyes.” He said.

Aaron's eyes lifted, and he saw Elena standing not so far away from Damor in the waiting room. “Uncle Damor and Elena will keep you safe until Ivan and I return, okay?”

He nodded in understanding and Aaron leaned in and placed a tender kiss on his temple before dropping him to his feet.

Elena walked over to them and took hold of Zion's hand and led him away. The two betas followed behind for protection. The little boy turned around one last time and waved at Aaron before disappearing through the door.

Damor set to take his leave, but Aaron placed his hand on his shoulder, stopping him.

“I know this is a heavy burden placed on you. Running the pack, taking care of the estate and then looking after Zion—” he started but didn't get to finish.

“I will do all that for you in a heartbeat and without regret,” he answered, his voice filled with conviction.

“Thank you.”

“Ivan told me everything. I am sorry.” Damor said and Aaron shook his head, “will she make it through?”

He sighed, “I don't know, Damor, all I have is hope.”

This time Damor placed his hand on Aaron's shoulder for reassurance, “Then hold on to it.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 92

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 92-The day had barely begun when Aaron heard Lionel's torn voice charging through from far away and he stopped counting. He was at the hospital, and this was earlier than expected. Aaron thought he might begin his journey this morning and arrive here later in the day.

When Ivan had called yesterday to inform Sesi about the incident, she told him Lionel was going with Betty back to the state to have Tatiana's body laid to rest. Ivan shared the sad news with Sesi, who couldn't guarantee Lionel would take the news well. Losing Tia was hard enough, adding Zera to it would completely crush him. Still, he had to know, and she promised she would tell him as soon as Tatiana's body was laid to rest.

From Lionel's arrival at the hospital now, it was obvious he set out to come over as soon as he received the news.

"What floor are they on?" Aaron heard him ask.

"It's four a.m., Lionel. You've barely had any sleep and you've been driving all night. Can you take a rest?"

"That's not the answer to the question I asked, Sesi," he fumed.

She sighed, "She's on the sixth floor and I can get you there faster if you hold on to me."

"No, I want to feel every step. I want to feel every moment and every pain. I don't want you to make it better." he answered with a shaky voice.

Aaron heard no other word for the next three minutes and when the ding sound of the elevator went off, he heard footsteps approaching at a closer pace.

Ivan, who had been asleep a while ago, had now woken up. He must have sensed the familiar presence. Aaron didn't sleep, he couldn't. Instead, he paced around and did a mental counting up. He knew only nightmare and torture waited for him in the dream world and so, as hard as being awake was, he did it with ease. He was in six hundred and thirty-seven thousand paces when he heard Lionel's voice.

"Sesi and Lionel are here," he told the now-awake Ivan, and the next second the two walked in.

Aaron stopped pacing and his eyes lifted to acknowledge them, both looking torn.

They both appeared tired and miserable, especially Lionel and Aaron couldn't fault him. He had buried his younger sister yesterday evening and was now about to lose another. No one could take such a cruel deal at the hands of fate.

Ivan got up, walked over to Sesi, and threw his arms around her for a strengthening hug.

Lionel finally broke the silence after a minute of entering the room. "What happened?"

Aaron pressed his lips together, a wounded look appearing on his face. He would not sugarcoat it. She was in this state because of him, and there was no other reason. "I failed to protect her," was all he could say.

"Well, Sesi said she was in a terrible state and I think I'm going to need a better explanation than 'I failed to protect her', Aaron," Lionel growled, stepping towards him.

"I am sorry. Zera found out the truth about Levi Adam, your father, and fled before I could stop her." Lionel knew the truth. He had told him after discovering it two weeks ago. He couldn't keep it to himself and act like a Saint to the family he hurt. Lionel had advised he holds onto the truth until Tia's burial. That's what he did, and that plan backfired.

"I was going to tell her as planned, but Nicole beat me to it. She did what she did with the intent to get to Zera, and it worked." His eyes turned red as he tried to control the sad emotions on his face, and his hands grew hairier and his claws grew longer. "I should have stopped her, but I didn't want her to hate me more than she already did and so I let her go. I failed her, I failed you and I failed Zion."

"Aaron, you're bleeding," Sesi said and at her words, the eyes of the other two men in the room dropped to Aaron's fist to find blood dripping from it and onto the floor.

He unclenched his fist and dragged a deep breath. "It's nothing."

Sesi turned to Ivan, her brows narrowing. "He isn't back to self-harming, is he?"

"He's here, listening," Aaron answered with his voice not too pleased that they had taken their focus from the important matter, Zera, unto him.

"Letting your rage get to the point of harming yourself will not change the course of things you know," Ivan told him.

He knew that, but rage was the best channel for his emotion over sadness. He needed the balance.

"We are already miserable about what happened to Zera. We cannot be worried for you as well," Sesi scolded him.

While they had yet spoken, the doctor who had gone into the ICU with Zera when she came in many hours ago walked in. The four people in the waiting room approached the doctor, who had just come in.

"How is she?" Lionel asked.

"Is she out of the woods yet?" Sesi asked.

"Can we see her?" Aaron asked.

"Do you have good news?" Ivan asked.

They all had eyes of expectancy as they stared at the doctor, waiting for the answer to their various questions. The middle-aged doctor gave them all weary eyes and shook his head to answer all their questions. "We have done all we can, but we cannot guarantee she would live past the evening. Her heart is failing at a rate we've never seen before and it's hard to sustain." He answered.

Aaron's heart broke in his chest, and he stepped back. Everything the doctor said after his first sentence, he didn't listen to. The last piece of hope he had was gone and Zera would not make it past the evening.

He needed to see her.

He stormed out of the waiting room, heading toward the ICU where Zera had been kept. He heard the panic call of the nurses, but he didn't turn to look at them. They weren't important, only Zera was.

He pushed open the door of the ICU and there laid the unconscious body of Zera on the bed in the hospital Johnny gown. Her head now had a large bandage on it, covering most of her face up. The exposed side of her face, which he saw, looked pale. Although the nurse had cleaned the blood on her face while prepping her for surgery, she still had cuts on her forehead, cheeks and lower lips, and blood coated a little below her chin.

The tears he had done so well to control these past hours ran down his face and he cried out bitterly in pain and his hands balled into a fist.

“We can’t lose her.” He heard Lionel say from behind and he turned to see him with his eyes red and swollen. He didn’t know how long he had been here, but he didn’t ask. “I lost Tia, and I couldn’t do anything about it. It hasn’t even been a day since we laid her to rest. I can’t lose Zera too.”

Aaron bit his lips and glanced heavenward. Lionel was hurting, and it wasn’t fair. “There is nothing I can do, Lionel.”

“There is! You’re an alpha, the strongest of your kind. There is a lot you can do.” He replied.

He understood what Lionel asked for and that was something he couldn’t do.

“I can’t turn her, Lionel. It’s so much more complicated than you think.”

Pio was the wise one of the Dominio pack. He had helped shape him into the man he was before dying and passing on the ability to Ivan. He taught him about the limit and boundaries that existed in the realm of the supernatural. There were limitations to turning a human into a wolf. This was one of those limitations.

“And she will die if you don’t. Is that what you want for me, yourself, and your son?”

“Do you really think I haven’t considered all the options? Don’t you think that was the first thing that crossed my mind after seeing her in that car bruised and unconscious?”

He wanted Zera back more than anything, but biting her in this condition might do more harm than good to her. If she woke up and found herself in a horrible state, she would hate him and he could take anything the world threw at him, but he couldn’t bear to live in a world where Zera hated him.

“Do you think I would have handed her over to the doctors if Ivan or I could do anything good to remedy her current state? There are boundaries we don’t push, there are limits we don’t cross because we do not know what we could unleash in doing so. No one had ever been bitten while unconscious before. If they were, they had been no record of them, but these were some of the things I was warned about as a young alpha wolf.”

“You’re right, we will never know, but if Zera could speak now, she wouldn’t want to leave her son all alone in this cruel world. I know she would want better for him,” he said and walked away from the room.

He agreed with Lionel. Zera was selfless that way and he loved that about her.

He had stood beside Zera’s bedside in the last two hours, staring at her unconscious body while Lionel’s words replayed in his head. The decision wasn’t an easy one, but one that had to be made, regardless. This could kill her or save her, but if he did nothing, she would surely die. He chose to defile the promise he made to Pio to never push the boundaries.

“Are you going to do it?” Ivan asked with his eyes fixed on Aaron.

Aaron tore his eyes from Zera over to the door where Ivan stood. “I don’t know. I know Pio would tell me not to, but I want to take my chances. I’d rather live in a world where she survives and I face the consequences than in a world where she doesn’t exist.”

“You’re right. We will not know until we take the step. She might come out as the girl you’ve always known, only a werewolf, or she might come out completely different. It’s a risk you would have to take.”

Aaron drew a sharp breath and ran a hand through his hair. He knew the probabilities were vast and some out of control, but he had his mind made up.

“Then I will leave you to it,” Ivan said, and stepped out of the ward.

Once again, Aaron and Zera were left alone and this time, he stepped towards her.

His legs now felt weak with the heaviness of the decision before him, and he needed to sit. He walked to the seat beside her bed and slumped onto it.

He took her icy hand into his and gave it a firm squeeze. "I may never get the chance to say this again, but I need you to know that I am sorry."

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A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 93-"I may never get the chance to say this again, but I need you to know that I am sorry. Zera, I am sorry for everything. I wish you could believe me and know that I speak the truth. I never meant to hurt you, nor did I desire to see your heart and trust broken. I will always live in regret for what I did to you, for what I did to Levi."

Silence dwelt for a while, so the only sound he heard was the heart monitor beeping, "I have taken everything from you and I am indeed selfish. I hope you know I did everything humanly possible to keep you alive, but all effort has proved useless and I have no other choice. We cannot say goodbye to you just yet. I know I cannot."

As he said those words, his hand holding onto hers transformed from that of a human to that of a furry werewolf. His fingers grew out into white, sharp claws and he dug them into the skin of her hand. He brought her wrist up to his mouth as his fangs grew out and he dug them into her wrist, feeling the blood that gushed out on his lips.

His tears dropped.

He dropped her hand back to her side and withdrew his as it transformed back into its human form.

"I hope you someday forgive me." he rose from his seat and leaned in, placing a kiss on her forehead before leaving the room...

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Zera's lashes pulled apart as her consciousness returned to the loud beeping of the heart monitor standing beside her on the left side

Her eyes did a quick scan of her environment, trying to decipher what could have led her to this moment, but finding no such memory. Where was she and how did she get here?

These questions demanded answers, but the room was void of anyone that could give her the answer.

She heard the speeding car down the street as if she wasn't in the ward, and the machine beside her wasn't helping either and its noise grew with every passing moment. She heard laughter coming from the side of the door, and her eyes darted there.

Her head ached with the noise happening around and it felt as if it would explode the very next second. She pressed her hands to her ears and shut her eyes. This had to be a nightmare, one she would wake up from in no time, but as her eyes opened back up, she was still here trapped in the room where all the noises were coming from. Her heart raced faster than it had ever gone and sweat broke out on her face. Becoming fed up, she slammed her hand against the noisy heart monitor and the machine flew and smash against the wall, reducing the noise.

She sighed.

The door opened the next second and in walked a young nurse, looking to be in her early thirties in blue scrubs and a notepad in her hand.

She realized she was at the hospital. She didn't remember how she got here, but she feared it had to have been something serious.

The nurse slowed down on her step at the sight of her, surprised to see her awake, and Zera wondered why she was surprised. The nurse, whose name tag read Abigail, didn't move any closer and as her eyes saw the machine laying in the room's corner, she panicked and her heartbeat sped up.

Zera didn't know why this nurse's heartbeat was racing or why she could hear it so loud, but she needed it to stop because the headache slowly made its way back with the noise.

"Your heart is beating too hard. It's giving me a headache." She told the nurse, who now trembled in her stand. "why are you trembling?" she asked, but all she got in response was silence and a more racing heartbeat.

"Go. Go call the doctor," she told her, and the nurse scrambled out of the ward at the same second.

She thought that was the weirdest thing she ever encountered.

The noises had reduced, which was better than before, but her aching head persisted. Hopefully, the doctor finds a solution to that. She thought.

A few minutes later, the doctor walked in and, just like the nurse; he was much surprised to see her awake.

Did something bad happen? She wondered.

“Ms Adams, you’re awake.”

“Were you hoping I wouldn’t?” she raised a brow at him.

He laughed, and it came off nervous in her ears, “Of course not. We always hope for the best with our patients, but your case was quite different. You see, you were involved in a fatal accident and were brought in here. You weren’t going to make it through the evening and nurse Abigail here came in to take your final recordings before we pull the plugs and found you awake.”

She had stopped following him after he said a fatal accident. She had a scattered memory of the accident but she had thought it was a dream, but it wasn’t a dream.

She had been in a terrible accident, and the doctor already concluded that she would not make it. Here she sat now with no scratch or pain except for the noise-induced headache that she currently experienced.

“I will check your vital signs and then inform your family of your recovery. They will all be delighted.”

She wondered who the family he spoke of was, but she didn’t think too much about it. She tried to avoid anything that would cause a strain on her brain and cause more headaches. The doctor moved closer and his eyes caught the heart monitor on the floor in a broken shape, and then he turned to look at her with weary eyes.

“Did you do that?”

She pressed her lips together and nodded. “Yes, I did. It was noisy.” She explained, and though his eyes narrowed on her, he asked no further questions.

He ran a few physical tests on her to check all her vital organs and realised she was fine. Then he moved to unwrap her head of the bandage thereon, hoping to check the injury she sustained. When they came off, he examined closely before mumbling, “There is no trace of the wound” to himself.

He stepped back and stared at her as if she was an alien. “That’s medically impossible,” he stated, and just like the nurse earlier, his heartbeat rose at an unsteady rate.

“Am I okay, doctor?” she asked, and he nodded.

“Yes, it would appear so, but there is no way this could have just happened. It seems like a miracle.” he took a step back before saying. “I am glad to still have you here with us. I will inform your family you’re awake. We will conduct further tests in the morning.”

He said and stepped out of the ward, more like ran.

Zera paid little mind to them and all she wanted now was food and quietness.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 94

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 94-The doctor walked out of the ward and over to the waiting room where Lionel, and Sesi stayed. Lionel paced around in circles and Sesi sat with her head bowed and arms crossed over her chest.

Aaron had gone for a walk after he came out from Zera’s ward an hour ago. He was barely himself and though they worried about him, they couldn’t stop him. Ivan decided to follow and keep an eye on him and charged Sesi with the responsibility of keeping an eye out of Zera’s ward to make sure only the doctors went in.

Lionel was first to notice the doctor and nurse’s presence and he stopped pacing around in a circle and walked towards the door where they stood. “How is she?” he asked, his eager eyes dancing all over the doctor.

Sesi rose to her feet and stepped towards the doctor, all prepares to get either good news or bad.

“Mr Adams, Ms Hart,” the doctor’s voice calls out, “I don’t know what sort of miracle happened in the last hour, but the patient is awake.”

Lionel exhaled in relief, and his eyes fluttered briefly. “Can we see her then?” he asked.

“Is Zera awake?” they heard Aaron’s voice ask from behind the doctor and they all turned to him.

He bobbed his head. "The injuries she sustained in the accident are mysteriously gone, so I can say she is. But there are a few abnormalities with her. She threw the heart monitor into the wall, destroying the whole thing. Such strength is surreal for someone unconscious an hour ago." he finished before adding, "please be careful."

They wasted no more time before running towards the hall that led to Zera's ward. Lionel who took the lead, push open the ward and walked inside, but there was no trace of Zera in the room.

She had yanked at the needle plugged into her arm out and tossed it onto the floor before taking off.

"She's gone!" Lionel said with a quick gasp. His eyes moved to the damaged heart monitor on the floor at the corner of the room, just like the doctor said before turning to the Harts behind him.

"Fvck!" Aaron cursed out in frustration, throwing a fist at the wall and making the ward shake.

Sesi looked up at him and her eyes told him to stay still.

"I have to go after her," he said.

"You can't!" Ivan spoke up, stepping further into the room.

"Is that a threat?!" Aaron demanded with his voice rising.

Ivan maintained his calmness even as he spoke. "It's an advice. She's a sage and you're better off staying away from her."

"What's a sage?" Lionel asked, turning to Sesi, who stood closest to him. He was the only one hearing the name for the first time, and curiosity appeared in his voice.

"It means not a werewolf nor a human, but with the abilities of a werewolf, only deadlier. They have all the strength of a werewolf and have no weaknesses." Ivan explained, turning to him, "Her kind are rare and powerful with strength, as never seen before."

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?" Lionel demanded.

“It can be a good thing if that power is put to good use and terrible things if it’s not. She’s capable of unleashing chaos and shaking the realms of the supernatural. Legends have it that the last sage dates back over a hundred years ago and he massacred over a dozen alphas in one night. He, however, helped keep the peace between humans and defended them against werewolves who only wanted to prey on their vulnerability and destroy them.”

“It’s how sages are created,” Aaron mumbled to himself and the eyes of the others moved to him. He noticed their lingering gaze. “that’s why turning a human in a desperate attempt to save their lives was forbidden and always frowned upon. I never understood it, but now I do.”

“I don’t understand.” Lionel pointed, getting lost with every word.

“Being turned while trapped between the realm of the dead and the living comes with a risk, many of which we don’t fully know. Sages were regarded almost as myth even amongst supernaturals. Turning her had triggered the birth of a sage for the first time in a hundred years.” Ivan explained further.

“All that would be useless if she doesn’t learn how to control it. She would endanger many people. I have to do something. I created her, this is on me.” Aaron said, walking to the door, but it shut before he could step through and he knew Ivan had done that.

“Ivan, stand down,” he warned, his voice furious.

Sesi placed her hand before Lionel silently telling him to stay back because she felt a heat coming up.

“I can’t.” Ivan said, his hand held out on alert, “You put yourself before her and you will die in seconds.”

“Then so be it.” he seethe and turned to him, his hand balled into a fist.

Ivan stepped forward. “That’s foolishness speaking, brother. There’s a better way around this and no one has to die, but if you go now, we will never get to it.”

“He’s right!” Sesi spoke up, “You need to think about Zion and what your decision might mean to him. He still needs his father and you may not have forever, but you still have time with him and you should live it out by his side more than anywhere else.”

“I agree if Zera is really a sage and dangerous, you might be at a disadvantage with her than anyone else,” Lionel said, finally catching on with everything being said.

Aaron heaved a deep sigh and ran a hand through his hair. “She’s out there, confused and alone, with no one to help or lead her.”

“She’s not alone,” Ivan told him, and he turned to see his brother already dream walking.

“Where is she?” he asked.

“Everywhere,” he answered.

Zera’s stomach rumbled even though she was currently eating pasta and egg sauce. It had been a long night, and she had spent it on the run. Her memories were still scattered all over the place, and the only memory that was consistent was her need to escape.

She had heard the voice of Aaron while she was still at the ward, and panicked for a bit. She knew she had to get away. The last thing she wanted was to face him. She had a bad feeling just thinking about it and flight was the next best thing.

As the morning came, so did her hunger. Luckily, she met with the chef on his way out of the restaurant and she told him she needed food. The kind young man had compassion on her despite knowing she had run away from the hospital after noticing her Johnny gown.

He brought her the food at the restaurant’s backyard and she thanked him for his help before sitting out to eat the food. However, the more she ate, the hungrier she became, and that didn’t help her one bit.

She had almost finished eating when she heard footsteps from behind. She spun around and saw a man with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a pale blue polo and jeans, approaching. He seemed to be in his late thirties and walked as if he owned the ground beneath his feet. There was a corny smile on the side of his face as he came and stood before her.

“It is not every day the mentally deranged find their way to the city side,” he said in his hoarse voice, making her ear tingle, and not in a good way.

“Who gave you food?” He demanded, but she remained silent, gulping down the rest content in her mouth.

Her stomach still rumbled as if she ate nothing.

“When I ask a question, you answer. I own this property last time I check!” he snapped, and she j.erked, not from fear but from the noise his loud voice made.

She placed her hands to her ears, and her eyes tightly shut.

“Oh, you’re indirectly calling me a noise maker, you weirdo.” he sneered and stepped towards her, grabbing her by the gown she had on.

She snapped and her hand shut up, grabbing the man by the throat and slamming him against the wall. The man struggle to set himself free, but she only tightened her grip around his neck even more.

“You talk too much,” she growled at him, her eyes turning silver.

His heartbeat hammered away in his c.hest as his breathing reduced because of her grip. She wanted to reach in and rip it out, all the nerves in her body told her to. Her stomach growled as if he was the food she needed to eat and her mouth watered. Her hands rose and her fingers transformed into long sharp claws, and she almost dug them into his c.hest when she heard.

“No, don’t!”

She released the man, and he crashed into the tarred ground, coughing and struggling to breathe.

She took to her heels and ran away from there. She didn’t know who spoke, but she needed to get away from him. She didn’t trust him and he felt like trouble.

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She stole a few clothes from the ropes dried outside and changed into them so that no one who saw her would think she ran away from the hospital. With that done, she ran as fast as she could from everything.

“Zera!” the voice called after another many hours of running through the woods.

She slowed down and fell on her face, then turned around but found no one.

“Who’s there? Who are you?” she asked, terrified as to what was happening. The voice sounded Familiar but she couldn’t wrap her head around it.

“Zera, I am a friend!”

“Where are you?”

“Far away, but I know you need me.”

She rose to her feet and turned around. “You’re in my head,” she said.

“Yes, but I want to help you.”

“Then come out. Make yourself known,” she demanded.

“I can’t, not yet.”

“If you can’t show yourself, then I can’t trust you.”

“Zera!”

“Stay out of my head.”

“Listen!”

“Stay out of my head!” she thundered, and immediately the voice disconnected.

After a whole day of wandering, she found a memory that stuck. Someone that was once in her life, someone she could trust.

Daniel.

The thought of him didn’t trigger any trouble within her, and she knew he had to be safe. If she wanted answers, she had to go to him. She came to the suburban side of the city where he lived with a heavily beating heart.

She watched him fill up his tank with fuel and, after paying, got in and drove off. She followed him and after thirty minutes of driving; he pulled up at his house. He walked to the boot and opened it up, then pulled out a black bag and a white box. With his hands full, he approached the door of the house.

“Can I help you with at least one?” she asked from behind and she must have scared him because he gasped and dropped both the bag and the box in his hands.

Her fast reflex kicked in and she grabbed the bag and box before they could hit the floor.

“Zera!” he called out in a voice overshadowed with panic.

“Daniel!” she smiled a little.

“What are you doing here?”

“I came to look for you.” She answered, “I am so sorry I scared you. I just wanted to help.”

“Why are you here?”

“Because I don’t know where to go and because I trust you. My mind is foggy and a lot of things aren’t making much sense, but I just knew I could trust you. I have a brief memory of things, but I have a few of yours and with everything I remember, I can trust you.”

He stayed silent, staring at her as if she had developed three horns. “Are you okay?”

She shook her head, “No, I’m not. Can we go in now? These aren’t very heavy, but I’d like to sit down.”

He eyes the bag and box now in her hand before returning his focus to her.

“Yes, sure we can.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 95

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 95-Zera’s stomach rumbled, and her nose caught the smell of blood as she set down the box and bag on the table. Her mouth watered, wanting a taste of the flesh which she just smelt, but she calmed herself and wrapped her arms around her stomach. She stared up and found Daniel’s curious eyes on her as he locked the door behind him and her cheeks heated with embarrassment.

“You’re hungry.” he pointed out, not fussed about it.

“Yeah,” she nodded, her eyes weary as she stared at him.

“What do you want to eat?” he asked, picking the bag on top of the box on the table and heading towards the kitchen.

The further he went with the bag, the less blood she smelt. “Meat,” she replied, and he halted and turned to her, his eyes narrowing in suspicion.

“Just meat?”

“For now.” She answered. “Do you have that?”

“Yeah I do, I got beef on my way home. It’s right here.” He nodded and raised the bag in his hand. “I never knew you had a thing for meat. Let me get it ready for you. In the meantime, make yourself feel at home.”

After thirty minutes of being in the kitchen, he walked out with a plate having about four slices of steamed and spiced beef and he set it down on the dining table. The rumbling of her stomach continued at the sight as she got up from the couch where she had sat and approached him. She sat on the dining chair when she got there and she picked one up with her hand and took it to her mouth to eat.

“Careful, it’s still hot!” he raised the alarm.

She dropped the meat in her mouth at his words, but she didn’t feel the pain of being burnt as she should. The hunger must have made her forget how hot it was.

She also realised she had been doing a few things that were out of the ordinary as well, such as hearing sounds far away as if they were near. She noticed her abnormal strength when she flipped the heart monitor at the hospital and the owner of the restaurant who confronted her earlier today. She had lifted him off the ground as if he was nothing and had enough strength to choke the air out of his lungs, and now she had picked up a very hot piece, not feeling the sensation.

She wasn’t always like this. Something had happened to her and it scared her to think about what it could be.

He grabbed her hand and stared at it to check the scar the hotness had left on her hand, but he found nothing and he stared at her with suspicious eyes.

“You don’t have any burnt marks on your skin. How’s that possible?”

“It wasn’t that hot.” She laughed to cover up the suddenly quiet room.

“Oh, okay.” He let her go, and she quickly ate through the rest meat on the plate as if it was nothing.

“And you can’t remember much?” Daniel asked, handing her a glass of water when she finished eating.

She took it and gulped it quickly before handing it back to him. “A few things, but my brain is all over the place, trying to recover what it can.”

“Oh okay, I’m all ears.”

She took an hour telling him everything she could remember since waking up at the hospital. The only details she left out were her conflict with the man at the restaurant and her unexplainable strength and sense of hearing.

“A few come back every hour.”

He nodded in agreement, “In no time, they will come back.” he assured her and picked the plate to the kitchen

She rose, and this time, she followed him. “Did I leave you for Aaron?”

She had many memories of Daniel and some of them were of them as a couple, which meant they had once dated. But judging by the way Daniel reacted and treated her, she knew they were barely friends now and she wanted to know the cause of it.

She had heard Aaron’s voice at the hospital after waking up and putting everything together so far. It only meant he was back in her life somehow, and if that was true, it meant he must have served as the reason for their breakup.

He chuckled, a way to make the pain feel less. He quickly rinse the plate, set it on the plate rack and returned to the living room. “You left for yourself and Zion.”

She followed him, "Zion?" she repeated, staring at him, clueless about who or what he spoke about.

He gave her a pitiful look, and she wondered why.

In none of her narration of the scattered memory she had, did she mention Zion? Zion was something important, something she wasn't supposed to forget that quick, but as she scanned her head, nothing came up and she stared at him with eyes pleading for clarification.

"Zion is your son with Aaron," Daniel answered and still it didn't ring a bell.

Why didn't she have any memory of him? How could she have lost a memory as important as having a son?

Again she tried to scramble through her brain and find out all those memories, but they came out short.

"I had a son," she said quietly and sat on the couch.

"Yes, you do, but you don't remember."

She shook her head, her voice coming up low, "No, I don't remember."

He sighed, "Okay. I will tell you everything I know, and I promise I will be honest."

She nodded and sat quietly, waiting to listen. And he took the seat next to her and narrated everything he could remember since he had known her for the last few years.

"We broke up almost a year ago and though I couldn't bear the thought of you not being a part of my life, I had to move on."

Zera felt horrible for who she was, "I am sorry for hurting you the way I did."

He stepped away from her and walked over to the box she had kept on the table earlier, opened it, and then pulled out an automatic rifle. "Don't be. At least you stuck around and tried to be a good friend, even though I wasn't having it. I was already moving on with someone else, Nicole, and when you told me and tried to warn me about her, I told you to stay off. I should have listened. I was nothing but a means to her. And by the time I realized it, she

had already killed my mother and left me for dead.” he answered with a pained voice.

She gasped, and a tear ran down her face. There was so much happening and so much she was learning, and she wanted to pause and breathe.

“Daniel, you didn’t deserve what you went through, what we put you through.”

He picked a small black box from inside the box on the table and set it on the table. He flipped it open and in it were two dozen of silver bullets. He adjusted the rifle in his hand and slid the bullets into it after opening the box.

“If I didn’t go through what I went through, I would never have realised there were supernatural beings amongst us who derive pleasure from our pain. If I didn’t go through the pain, I wouldn’t have had what it takes. I wouldn’t have been able to harness the pain, grief, and hatred into something powerful. I am not Daniel Spear, the naïve, weak lecturer anymore.”

She rose to her feet, dreading the question she wanted to ask. “What are you now?”

He cocked the rifle and turned to look at me.

“I am a hunter, hunting supernatural beings and sending them off to their creator.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 96

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 96-“You kill them?” she asked, her voice coming off as surprised and afraid. The memories she had of him did not portray him as a cold-hearted killer. The Daniel she could remember was sweet and kind and the nicest guy she ever came across. Was losing his mother justification enough to change him?

“Yes, because no one of them is good,” he answered and set the rifle on the table after loading it. “After Nicole attacked me and left me for dead four weeks ago, a hunter found me and took me in. He treated me and taught me all I needed to know. He told me the things I saw Nicole do to my mom weren’t a dream or my memory, but reality. Then he told me werewolves and supernatural beings existed in our world and their mission was nothing but destruction. The reason I survived her attack and I didn’t become like her was because I had a different blood. He told me I remained human because I had the blood of a hunter and it flowed through my veins. I already had the gift. I

just had to harness it through pain. He promised to train me after I healed, and that's what he did. Now, I am just like him."

Does it also mean he would kill her if she was a supernatural being without thinking twice?

She wasn't saying she was, but some things she had done yesterday were not very natural.

She gulped. "That's your job as a hunter."

He nodded. "Yes, and there is no greater service to the human cause than protecting them and making sure what happened to me never happens to anyone else," he said and she heard the pain as well as the rage in his voice.

....

Zera's lashes fluttered, and she heard grunting sounds coming from outside the bedroom. Daniel had offered her the bedroom for her comfort last night. He told her he will stay in the living room and when she insisted; he told her the couch was comfortable, and that he had laid in there most days.

She gave in and accepted his offer of the bedroom. And after bathing and changing into the clothes he brought, she went to bed.

Sleep didn't come, her mind had no rest. She wanted to remember everything, but the more she tried, the harder it became. Daniel told her everything he knew about her. Her job, her son, her relationship with Aaron and her family, and they created a sort of image in her mind but not an actual memory of them. She felt as if those memories were locked in a room and she needed a key to open it. It wasn't far away; she knew it, but needed a key, perhaps a click in her mind that would send them all coming back. Also, judging from what Daniel told her about herself, she was very much human. At least, until the last time he saw her.

She thought about the accident, what could have caused it and, most importantly, why she had energy as if she wasn't involved in one yesterday. The doctor had spoken about the mysterious disappearance of her wounds and also the presence of her strength. She knew the only ones with the answers were the ones she ran from at the hospital and she couldn't trust them.

The grunting noise coming from outside wasn't loud, but she had somehow heard it from her subconscious and woken up to the sound. She made her way out of the bedroom into the living room but found no trace of Daniel there. Then she opened the front door and stepped out and there Daniel was, far away, n.aked from the waist up and sword training in the cold.

Her heart went out to him and she feared what being exposed to this weather could do to him, but she stayed silent. He trained as if he had done this over a thousand times and she told herself she did not need to worry about him.

She sat outside before the door and watched him train with all his might, moving swiftly with the blade in his hand. It was impressive to watch and never in a million years would she have seen this side of Daniel coming, but here he was, a man of fast speed, endurance, and stamina. A part of her wanted to learn how to fight and how to be in control. She felt like she needed it, but another part knew that would be the death of her. She didn't possess the strength Daniel did, nor the zeal. She would die if she pushed herself this far. She would stick to running because whatever happened in the last few years of her life, which she couldn't remember, had given strength to her legs to run for miles and at a quick pace without getting tired.

What had happened to Daniel had pushed him into this level of endearing training and perfection, but such hadn't happened to her yet.

Maybe it had, and she couldn't remember.

Daniel returned the blade to its scabbard and made his way toward the house. Zera rose to her feet as she watched him draw closer.

"Daniel... G good mornin... ggg" she stuttered, her eyes staying focused on his face and not the other parts of his n.aked upper body.

He must have seen her dilemma as he got close because he raised a brow. "Zera, good morning. Why are you up so early?"

"You woke me up," she mumbled, maintaining eye contact with him so she wouldn't sway her gaze.

"I'm sorry about that." he gave her an apologetic look.

"Why are you out here in the cold practising? Isn't it harmful or something?"

“It is if you’re not used to it. After three weeks of doing something constantly, it becomes a part of you. So it’s perfectly fine.”

Zera didn’t believe him, but he seemed to believe what he said and she had to let it go, “Okay, as long as you’re safe.”

He smiled, and his warm brown eyes softened on hers. “I am.” he patted her shoulder before walking in. “what do you want for breakfast? “

She opened her mouth to say meat, but she snapped it shut. She couldn’t request meat again, even though that’s what she really wanted. That would make him suspicious of her and that was the last thing she wanted. He was the only one she could trust, the only one whose memory lingered in her brain even after everything, and she couldn’t afford to have him think something was wrong with her.

“I’ll have whatever you are having,” she answered, and they stepped into the house together.

It was an hour later, and they were both bathed and in the kitchen while Daniel made egg sauce and potato. Zera sat at the counter, watching. He had put on his shirt, which was a good thing because she noticed one thing she lacked now was control, and it took little things for her to snap and lose focus.

“Was he a good person?” She asked out of the blue, and Daniel stared at her with a narrowed brow.

“Who?” he asked, pouring the egg into the pan.

“Aaron,” she said, clarifying her statement. She knew it was an odd question to ask since he was her ex and Aaron was her current boyfriend, but Daniel was the closest she had to a mirror with honesty. “I know this is difficult to answer, but I really need to know.”

He pressed his lips and thought about it for a minute. “Yes, to the best of my knowledge.” he answered, stirring the pan for a bit before covering it up and turning to face her.

“I mean, I hated him, probably more than life, and still consider him a bastard. He got to have you and you were the girl of my dreams, so I hated him for that. But I still cannot deny how much he loves you. I saw you two together a

few times, and he had nothing but adoration for you. He's also a good father to Zion."

"How do you know that?"

He shrugged, "You wouldn't be with a man that didn't love Zion as he deserves."

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 97

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 97-Yeah, Zion, her son.

He had a point. Aaron wasn't a bad person, and he indeed sounded like a sweet person.

"I can't trust him," she revealed, placing her jaw in her palms, supported up by her elbows on the counter. "His very thoughts scream not trustworthy in my brain, despite my empty memory."

"Maybe you two had issues before the accident and somewhere deep inside you know you're yet to resolve it? But you were happy with him. I know he would lay his life on the line for you without thinking twice about it."

"Thank you for your honesty, Daniel." to an extent, she wished she could be this honest with him about everything, but she feared what that would mean. "I wish I would just remember."

He turned the cooker off and stepped towards the centre counter where she sat. "It's alright, you will remember. Everything is possible if you put your mind to it," he told her.

She wanted to remember things, and she had put her mind to it before falling asleep last night, but the saying had not worked for her yet. She still had a huge blank in her brain, and how she had memories of Daniel was still a mystery to her.

"I want to believe that's true." She told him, sighing heavily.

He said little after that before serving breakfast. They ate in silence and when she finished; she spoke. "Thank you for breakfast and kind words. What are your plans for today?"

“Following the trail, I have had since the past week.” He answered and rose to his feet, picking up their plates and taking them into the kitchen.

“What trail? “

Pain flashed in his eyes. “Of the one responsible for the death of my mother. I think it’s about time I settled that score.”

The one responsible for the death of his mother was a werewolf, and she had also attacked and left him for dead. “Killing her will not bring my mother back, but I would be happy to know a threat to the world has been taken care of. That’s my job.”

“If she’s as deadly as you say, do you think you can take her alone?” Zera asked.

“I have to keep the fate that I can.”

“So where did the trail say she would be?”

“At the south park by three p.m., this is the only opening I’ve had in days and I have to take and use it.”

He reach for the towel beside the sink and wiped his hands with it after finishing. “And when she’s dead, what next?”

He halt, he probably had no thought that far and now that he was, he didn’t have the answer to the question. “I guess I will return to my job of lecturing at Stanford University by day and hunting at night.”

Daniel helped set the TV up since Zera would stay here while he was away and when he was about to leave, he informed her food was in the fridge and told her to make herself at home.

At eleven a.m., Daniel left the house and Zera, seeing the opportunity, searched the freezer in search of meat. It was what her body wanted, but she found none there. Daniel must have cooked all he had yesterday.

She still needed meat, and the craving grew to the peak that she couldn’t control anymore and she had to leave the house. She picked Daniel’s jacket from the hangar and shrugged it on before leaving the house.

She wandered into the woods, not knowing where her legs took her, but not being able to stop it either way. She came to a stop and looked around, seeing nothing but grass and trees in the woods and wondering why she was there.

Just then, she heard the sound from not so far away. She hurried in that direction. She stooped and found a white rabbit beside a tree on her right side, and the urge to feast on it took over her. In a second, she darted to it and caught it in her grasp. She tore at it, eating as if she was a food-starved beast.

The hunger disappeared after she got her fill, and her senses returned. She stared at her hands covered in blood and she shook in fear and disgust. She threw up before she could stop herself, tears running down her face at what was happening to her.

Why did she find delight in harming and killing this poor creature?

Why did she find satisfaction?

What sort of monster was she becoming?

She wiped her hands on the grass before her and rose to her feet, running from the spot and toward the house. She arrived in no time and made her way into the house and the bathroom. Daniel was still off fighting Nicole, and she was glad because he wouldn't get to see her like this.

She washed off the rest, bloodstains on her hands, and in the bathroom basin, and stared at herself in the mirror. She saw her mouth covered with blood like a monster in a horror story.

Tears ran down her face and she sobbed for a while, then washed her mouth over and over to get the stain and the stench off her. She stared back at herself in the mirror. She looked neater than a few seconds ago, but she didn't feel any better.

She could still smell the blood and she tore at the T-shirt she had on and tossed it onto the floor, leaving her naked from the waist up. She took off her trouser and walked into the shower.

The water descended on her skin after she turns it on. She took the bar soap, rubbing it all over her body before washing it off. The dirt lingering on her skin

came off, and the smell reduced. Then she returned to stare at herself in the mirror before the basin.

She looked better and neater, and the stench had also reduced. This was good news. Just then, her eyes caught sight of the marking on the space between her neck and shoulder and her eyes narrowed. Her hand lifted to trail the mark that looked like the shape of fangs slowly, wondering how they got there. She hadn't noticed the mark since waking up and now that she had, she couldn't unsee it.

She had noticed the healed fang mark on her right hand immediately after she woke and though she wondered what it was; she hadn't found an answer yet. This, however, was something else. It looked as if she had been bitten with the intention of leaving a mark, but why?

What was the aim?

What could have left such a mark? Whatever did, this wasn't human.

Her breath hitched in her throat at the many thoughts running through her head and as she stared at herself, she saw her eyes transform from their blue orbs into a silver colour that she had never seen before. She stumbled back, hitting the wall, and just then she felt the snap. What she had seen was the key to unlocking her memories, and they came rushing back like a flood.

She remembered everything and everyone's, every heartbreak and sad memory. The good times and times she had regrets for.

She remembered the funeral and Nicole being there. She remembered Nicole telling her the truth and Aaron confirming it.

She remembered the road and the crash. She remembered hearing Aaron's voice before blacking into nothingness.

It was a terrible crash, and she shouldn't have survived it. But she had, which meant something far from natural had happened.

She had experienced the strength and speed of a supernatural being since waking and her increased sense of smell and craving. She had read all these while doing research in the past, and these traits only meant one thing.

She was a werewolf.

Her head banged at the truth and she held onto it as the pain increased and she wanted it to stop more than anything. Her hands grew bigger and veiny and her claws grew out. She gr0aned in pain and dropped to her knees and as the pain grew beyond her control; she screamed out.

“Zera!” she heard Daniel’s panicked voice call from not far away. He heard her scream and already knew something was wrong.

She panicked, knowing he would find her in this form if he came into the room and would k!!! her immediately. She wanted him to stay out or at least change back to her normal form, but that was impossible, not with her memories and the truth coming into play.

The door flung open and in came Daniel, “Zera, are you alright?”

He raced over to the floor where she was and tilted her face, only to see it glow, making him gasp aloud.

He fell back and rose to his feet, his eyes filled with surprise. “You’re one of them.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 98

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 98-He gasped, “You’re one of them.”

Her hands fell from her face and a fearful look registered in her eyes as she expected nothing but the worse now.

“Daniel!” she called out in a hollow voice as he scrambled to his feet. He dashed out of the room the same second with lightning speed, and she knew she had to follow him. Her head hurt and it grew with every second that passed, but she couldn’t stay still and let it subside. She had to follow and make him understand things weren’t what he thought.

She ran into the living room and found Daniel already reaching for his rifle. He takes it and pointed it at her.

“Do not move.”

She held her hands up, despite wanting to put them on her aching head, “Daniel, listen to me.”

“How long have you been like this?” he demanded, and she couldn’t answer. Her silence gave him the answer. “You were one of them all along, the kind that killed my mother.”

He cocked the rifle. “Tell me why I shouldn’t end your life right now!”

“Because you know me.”

“Do I, uh?” he demanded. “You’ve been hiding your true form ever since you got here with the hope of fooling and attacking me when I least expect it.”

“That’s not true!” she protested and took a step forward.

“Silence and stay back!” his finger grabbed hold of the trigger and she feared he would pull it and end her life here and now.

“I think I will have that, thank you.” Aaron’s voice came out of nowhere and the next second he took the rifle from Daniel’s hand before stepping away from him.

Zera’s gaze moved to Aaron, and her heart skipped a beat. She didn’t know if Daniel would have spared her life and Aaron stepped in right in time to save her.

Daniel spun around, his reflexes kicking in, and he reached for the dagger on the table, picked it and swung at Aaron.

His speed took Aaron off guard and the dagger cut him through at the side of his rib. His skin burnt at the contact of the silver blade and his eyes glowed red as he glared at Daniel murderously.

“Keep doing that and I might end up killing you!” he growled at him, his hand moving to his side.

Unlike the shake Daniel experienced when he saw Zara’s eyes glow, seeing Aaron’s eye didn’t take him into shock mode.

“You’re also a werewolf. I should have known. You turned Zera into a monster like yourself. Your kind shouldn’t be allowed to live!” he yelled.

He didn’t take the warning and immediately launch into attack mode.

He swung and slashed with a great speed almost as fast as Aaron's reflexes. Daniel aimed his dagger at Aaron's shoulder, but he pushed him off and hit the object out of his hand.

"Enough!" Aaron thundered, tired of fighting him. The longer they fought, the more the need to kill made itself known in his eyes.

Daniel's hands balled into a fist, "This is my house. I make the rules and only I say when it's enough!" He threw his fist and Aaron caught it without sweat, but he threw the other in a flash and it took Aaron off guard.

The impact took Aaron back a few steps, and blood trickled down his nose. "Now I'm going to kill you!" he roared and launched forward, and his hands balled into a fist. His fist collided with Daniel's shoulder, sending him down immediately.

"Stay down!" he warned, but Daniel, proving to be stubborn, got back to his feet. He ran over to the other side of the room and unhang the bottle on the wall. He opened it in a second and swing the liquid towards Aaron.

The smell registered in Aaron's head and he stepped back, but not fast enough because some of the content poured on his skin and it burnt him.

Wolfsbane.

Aaron barely recovered when Daniel pulled out a pocketknife and Aaron knew it was silver. His entire house was built and designed with weapons against werewolves and supernatural creatures.

Aaron dashed over to him, hit the penknife out of his hands, and grabbed him by his shirt.

He had had a few contacts with Daniel in the past, but he could swear there was something so much different in him now. "Who are you?"

"He's a hunter," Ivan answered, and they both turned to him. "He hunts and kills our kind and even those that aren't." He elaborates, turning his gaze to Zera who hadn't made a move since this fight started a minute ago. She had been too worn to make a move.

Aaron shoved him off and stepped back to stand in front of Zera. "You're not killing anyone today."

“And who’s going to stop me?!” Daniel shouted, taking a step forward.

Ivan’s hand lifted and his eyes became completely white. “I am!” he said and held him in his position.

Daniel struggled to move but failed to. “What did you do to me?” he yelled out in frustration after moments of fruitless struggles.

“I placed a spell on you. It should keep you still until we are done here! As you can tell, we didn’t come for you.” Ivan answered before turning to Aaron, whose attention now rested on Zera.

He didn’t take a step towards her, he just watched her.

“How did you find me?” she asked, but Aaron didn’t answer. “Aren’t you going to say anything?”

“You had shut your mind and Ivan couldn’t reach you. So he had to search the minds of others, hoping to find you, and he did when he followed Daniel.” Aaron said and took a step forward.

“You turned me into a werewolf,” she said in a voice mixed with confusion and sadness.

“I had no other choice. We were all going to lose you, and I had to do what I thought was necessary. I know you don’t trust me, but if you come with us, I promise I will tell you nothing but the truth,” he vowed and stretched his hand out to her.

She didn’t take his hand, instead; she stepped towards Daniel, who still stood restrained on his stand. He might be angry and filled with the intent to kill, but she had lived with him for a day and she knew his story. She knew underneath that rage was the pain of loss and she understood it because she felt it when she lost Tia. Daniel wasn’t the villain in this story, he was a victim just like them all and they should not fight each other. They had a common enemy.

“Let him go.” she told Ivan, but he gave her a look that said that wasn’t wise. “let him go,” she told him regardless.

Ivan stretched his hand forward, and the invincible barrier around Daniel broke. He stepped forward, but unlike before, he didn’t move to attack.

“You deserve to know this. I lost control in the room because I regained my memory. I remember everything, just the way you told them to me. I wished things had happened differently and I wish we can carry on the friendship we once had but I don’t think that would happen. You need to know that I am sorry for everything that happened to you. I am not your enemy and I’m always going to be here if you need anything.”

She finished and turned to Aaron.

She might have had a lot of reasons to rebel and not trust him after everything, but she knew the only place to get the answer was where it all began. There was no more running from reality. She was going to face it head-on and hopefully win this time.

She stretched her hand to him and he took it and tightened his hand around hers, taking in a deep breath.

They got to the door, and she paused when he spoke. “Is Zion also supernatural?” he asked.

She paused and turned to Daniel, “Yes he is and he is nothing like the one who killed your mother. We aren’t like them.” she said the last part in conviction.

Daniel didn’t believe what she said, his eyes told her, but he stayed silent.

“And Nicole, did you find her like you hoped?”

“No, I wasn’t successful. I’ll keep trying,” he answered.

“Do take care of yourself and stay safe, dear friend. This will not be the last time we’ll meet.”

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 99

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 99-“The answer is thirty,” Zion answered the home tutor who currently taught him maths.

“Very good,” she beamed at him.

His gaze drifted to the door, and they met Zera’s. His eyes grew wide in disbelief and he ran off his feet and towards her, abandoning the lesson.

“Mommy!” he called out in excitement and joy, his hands spread out for a hug.

Zera dropped to her knee and scooped him into her arms. Holding him in her arms was a thing of joy and the warmth was unlike none other. “Baby.”

“I missed you, mommy,” he said, patting her shoulders with his little hands.

It had taken over three hours to get back home and all the way home; the drive was done in silence. None of the three in the car wanted to break the silence. Zera would have preferred to get down and run all the way home, but after the event of the day, she just wanted this peace.

She didn't place her mind on any of that, but on the very thought of seeing Zion. It warmed her heart and made it beat steadily. She had wanted his arms around her and now that she had it, her joy was complete.

“I missed you too, my boy.” she kissed his hair and pulled back to cup his face in her hand. “hope you've been good?”

He bobbed his head, “Yes. Daddy said he would bring you home, and he did.” he beamed at her.

She hugged him again, grateful that she got the chance to do this.

She stepped out of the room to let Zion finish his lesson and made her way into the bedroom. It didn't surprise her to find Aaron there. It was his room, after all. They had said little to each other since they left Daniel's place, and she had stayed silent because she didn't know what to say.

She didn't know what to say to the man who took the life of her father and kept her in the dark about it.

He was also the man that saved her life countless times.

Daniel was right. He'd lay his life on the line for her without even thinking about it. That was how selfless he was with her.

She stepped up towards him and threw her hands around Aaron, setting aside her anger for a second and clinging to the man who still had her heart. For a moment during the accident, she didn't think she would ever see him again, and it broke her heart, but he was here.

He tightened his hold around her, dragging a deep breath and burying his face in the crook of her neck. From her calculations, it had been a few days since they last saw each other, but it felt as if it was a decade and the longing was real.

They stayed there for a while, neither of them wanting to let the other go, but Zera found strength and pulled away from the loving hug.

She cleared her throat and lowered herself to the bed. "Thank you for coming for me. I'd like to be optimistic, but there's no certainty what would have happened if you two didn't show up when you did."

He shook his head. "It's the very least we could do. I am responsible for everything that has happened so far, so I owe it to you."

She glanced up at him. "I need answers. I need the truth."

He did not argue. "Yes, and that's what you will get."

"I know I asked this before, but I need to ask again, did you kill my father?"

"Yes, I did." he took a step towards her and her heart picked up a beat, "and I would rather show what happened to you. That's if you want me to." He stepped towards her.

"How do I know you won't utter it to appear the way you want it to be?"

"Because it's my memory. I have no power to change it," he replied and placed his hands on her temple. The next second, she stood on a dark, lonely road, but Aaron wasn't beside her.

The cold night breeze blew over her skin, making goosebumps break out all over. The trees around swayed and the dry leaves rustled around. Its soft, muffled crackling sound echoed because of how quiet the road was.

The road looked familiar, and she knew she had been on it before. She heard an argument taking place behind her and turned around. There she found four boys who looked to be in their early twenties standing around the road and they looked to be waiting for someone. Two, including the one that looks like the younger version of Aaron, had black hair. The third had short red hair, and the fourth had blonde hair. They all stood tall and ooze youthful strength and foolishness.

“What are you going to do if you see him?” the boy with red hair and a mischievous smile on his face asked, and he held a bottle to his mouth.

“We are going to talk.” the younger Aaron answered.

“Talk?” he scoffed. “Werewolves aren’t feared and revered because of their ability to talk. They are feared because of the terror they inflict with their glowing eyes, sharp claws, and terrifying fangs.” He answered and the two others with him bobbed their heads in agreement with what he said.

“This man killed three of our own. One of those he killed was my brother and we should make him pay,” he growled and the menace in his voice could be heard. He was probably fed up with the silence Aaron gave him as a response.

Aaron held his hand on, “Listen, I know you’re grieved by the loss, but there is no guarantee he killed the three pack members, Tosin.” Aaron answered. “that would mean he flew from the States to the UK just to kill our kind. Humans aren’t that powerful and hunters aren’t that reckless.”

“My intuition never failed before.” The blonde one spoke in defence.

“Even so, you’re not a wise one, Seth, and so I cannot believe everything you say, so we will talk,” Aaron said to the other black-haired fellow and his voice told them there was no more negotiating. “I am your alpha and you will do what I tell you and I say stand down and let me handle it!”

“He’s coming.” the one with black hair announced and they stopped quarrelling and took their position on the side road while Aaron stood in the centre.

A red Toyota Corolla, which Zera knew belonged to her father, drove closer towards them. Despite the speed of the incoming car, Aaron didn’t move. He stood and waited. The car drove closer, and it didn’t look ready to stop.

Aaron’s hand shut forward, a way of telling him to stop. At his gesture, he slowed down the car. A smile almost crossed Aaron’s face, but it disappeared when he heard Tosin’s voice from behind.

“Fvck this, fvck talking!” he cursed and charged towards the oncoming car, which was now a few feet away.

“No, Tosin, stop!” he tried stepping in to stop Tosin who had acted against his command to stand down, but Seth and the blonde-haired boys urged forward to hold him down while Tosin rammed into the car with a force that send it tumbling off the road.

Aaron watched with wide eyes as horror played before his eyes. “What did you just do?”

“I did what was necessary! As of this minute, you’re no longer our alpha.” Tosin said, and they released their hold on Aaron.

Aaron withdrew his hand from her temple and she drew a sharp breath and stared at him in disbelief. Her eyes grew glassy and she couldn’t stop the tears.

“You said you killed him.”

He nodded, “I did. What Tosin and the rest did was on me. I was the alpha. I led them there.”

“Aaron,” she started, rising to her feet, but he wasn’t done speaking.

“I couldn’t place my attention on the members of my pack who betrayed me. Instead, I ran off the road to the victim, whose car Tosin had thrown off.” His eyes grew remorseful. He pressed his lips together and turned away from her. “I could do nothing. He died on impact.”

She made her way around to stand before him. “What I saw were three men that disobeyed their alpha’s command and took the laws into their hands. That has nothing on you.”

“I’ve lived with the guilt and the troubles since then. I lost Tosin, Seth and Derek and never saw them again, not until a few months ago when I received information that they had gone to become a part of the rebellion pack.”

“Was my father a hunter or was he a victim in the wrong place at the wrong time?”

“Your father was a hunter, but he wasn’t responsible for the death of the three-member of my pack. Tosin had killed the members of my pack, intending to put the blame on Levi, so I would take his life as payment. When they saw I had a different plan, they took matters into their own hands. I later

learnt Levi was a hunter and hunted around the States and was a thorn in the flesh of the rebellion pack, and they needed it removed. Tosin's act granted him, Seth and Derek free passage into the rebellion pack where they are till this day."

Her father never told her he was a hunter, and she believed he never told Betty either, but having lived with Daniel and seen his life, she understood why he would have hidden what he did from his family. He wanted to keep them safe even though they had had little safety since then. There was so much she didn't know. So much she had to learn. "You should have told me the truth."

"I never knew the man that died because of my negligence was your father, Zera. All these truths I discovered after Tia's death and waited for the right time to tell you. But it never came. I should never have left you in the dark about my past. Nicole knew the truth about that night because Tosin told her and she twisted the story to pain me as the villain. She succeeded."

"I am sorry." a tear ran down her face. "I jumped to conclusions about everything and I should have trusted you more. I'm sorry."

"You had every right to judge me."

"I don't." She took a step towards him. "I will do better." Her heart picked up a beat for him. "I need you to promise me that when the time comes, you will point out Tosin and let me handle the rest."

"I will do that." He gave her a firm nod.

"Good, I missed you."

He pressed his lips together, his emotions coming into display. "I've missed you too."

"How much?"

He groaned, and his lashes fluttered. "Very much. I thought I wouldn't get the chance to talk to you or even hear your voice again." he took a step forward, closing up the space between them and his arms wrapped around her waist. "I thought I'd never get to hold you like this anymore. Or kiss you." he leaned in and his lips brushed over hers.

She sighed in contentment. "When I lost control of the car, I thought I'd never get to see your face again."

"You would always have me. I swear to you Zera."

"You swear?"

"I swear." he took her lips between his.

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 100

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 100-Twelve hours ago,

"I found her," Ivan said, pushing open the bedroom door, and he found him sitting on the bed and holding onto Zion, who currently sat on his lap reading a storybook.

Aaron's eyes lit up at his words and he set his son down on his feet. Zion wasted no time before darting out of the room and it seemed he had wanted to do that for so long. As soon as the door room shut, Aaron turned his attention fully to Ivan.

Ivan gave him a pitiful look, but Aaron shrugged it off, telling him he was fine. He looked horrible, and it had been hell these past few days. He barely found sleep and when he did, it had been nightmares of Zera's accidents that woke him up. He felt helpless and he couldn't control it and every hour he prayed for positive news from Ivan while trying to be the best father for Zion.

"Where is she?"

"Grandville centre at the south of the state," he answered, and it took Aaron back a little.

"That's almost out of the state. What do you think she would be looking for there?"

"She's with Daniel," he replied, and Aaron's face paled up at his words.

"Daniel?" he echoed in confusion.

"I think she remembers him somehow and I think that's where she has been since she left the hospital."

Aaron wondered why Daniel, of all people, was the only one she remembered, but he was happy she was with him. Happy because if she had been with him since she left the hospital, then she hadn't had the time to mingle with others or had a reason to kill anyone. It meant her powers hadn't overridden her, and she was still in control.

He also wondered if he had discovered what she was or if he was still in the dark about it. He wondered what his reaction would be when he did. He was human the last time he checked and might have little knowledge of who or what Zera now was. Daniel wasn't a bad guy from what he knew about him, he just didn't like him because Zera had a soft spot for him.

"Why Daniel?" he mumbled, more to himself than to Ivan.

His brother who heard answered, "I don't know, but I can't get into her head anymore and so I can't see anything."

"We need to find her now." He reached into the wardrobe and picked up his long black coat from the hanger. He shrugged it on and turned to Ivan.

"Yes, we do. But we also need to inform the others."

...

Lionel and Sesi were both passionately kissing while standing on the balcony of the house. "From what I heard, Ivan is closing in on finding Zera," she told him and heard his heart pick up in its beat.

She had seen him miserable since Zera ran away from the hospital and the only way to take his mind from overthinking was by seducing him. She had to make herself the centre of his attention, and that distraction had worked so far.

This news had also helped lighten his mood and knowing it wasn't false hope made her happy.

"You mean it?" he breathes against her mouth.

She nodded, smiling, and she leaned in to take his lips between hers. "Soon we will have her back."

Her hand glided down into his trouser to play with him slowly when their lips met, earning a thick moan from his mouth.

“You do know the bedroom was created for this sole purpose. Right?” Damor asked, making his presence known from not so far away.

Without turning to her brother, who just interrupted, “Or you can ignore it and walk away.” She said.

Damor didn't seem to care that he had invaded their privacy because he spoke. “Why should I be the one to ignore when you're the one overstepping boundaries?” he argued.

Sesi sighed and pulled her hand out of Lionel's trousers before turning to Damor with her arms folded over her chest. “What do you want?”

“From you, nothing. Aaron wants to have a word with us, which is the only reason I'm here.” he said and walked away mumbling, “and I'm the annoying one.”

Sesi turned with an apology to Lionel, and he nodded in understanding. “It's okay, go. I will wait.” he leaned in and kissed her lips and she kissed back, before pulling away.

“Next time, it will be in the bedroom and with the doors shut,” she promised.

“Okay...”

Sesi was the last to step into the study, and Aaron didn't look too pleased about that. “Where were you?”

She stayed quiet.

“Why don't you answer, Sesi?” Damor asked, and she cast him a hard glare before turning to face Aaron.

“I was with Lionel.” the displeasure in his eyes reduced and an understanding look sets in.

“How is he?”

“Getting better. Thank you. Damor called for me. He said you wanted to talk.”

Aaron bobbed his head. "Yes, we finally located Zera. Ivan informed me earlier, and I wanted to pass the news on to you two. We will set out to bring her home. Damor will be in charge of the pack, he will lead and tend to them until our return, and you will be in charge of Zion and the household. Is that understood?"

"Yes, but don't you think Lionel should be here in this meeting as well? She's his little sister, after all."

He shook his head. "You can deliver the message to him. There's no reason to involve him."

Ivan and Aaron departed, taking the Ford car at Ivan's instruction. Aaron didn't see the need for them to take a car. They could race there faster, but Ivan told him this was the way, and he had to give in. He had no other choice. The most important thing for him right now was to find Zera. Two days without her felt like twenty years, and he couldn't wait to see her again.

In her absence, he had kept his mind occupied by reading up all he knew about Sages. This was his way of not being left wanting when he finally met her.

They were supernatural being just like them, but with abilities and strength than any supernatural being has ever known. They were human and could blend and live amongst humans without being detected, because the full moon did not affect them. There were rarely ever Sages and there had been no record of one in the last hundred years.

It took four hours to get to the south and Aaron surprised himself with the level of patience he possessed throughout the drive. He would get to see Zera in the end, so it was worth it to him.

"Is this the place?" he asked as Ivan packed the car by the side of the road, which had no house or station close by.

"No, it's not, but I think it's best we use our legs from here on." he opened the door and stepped out and without asking a question Aaron did the same.

Ivan took a left turn after about ten minutes of walking. And not long after, there stood a cottage before them.

Aaron's heartbeat flares as he picked the scent that belong to none other than Zera. His whole being came to life, knowing he would get to see her...

Now...

The bedroom door opened and Aaron and Zera pulled away from the k!ss and turned around to find the emotional Lionel in the bedroom. Zera rose to her feet and stepped forward, and there was a look of guilt on her face as she approached her brother.

Aaron understood why he was emotional. He had lost Tia and not long after, almost lost her too. Even in his misery these past few days, he felt pity for Lionel.

He smiled cheerfully, "Hey, sis."

Tears ran down her face. "Lionel," she called out and threw her arms around him.

He tightened his arms around her, and they stayed that way for another minute before pulling away.

"I am sorry I ran away from the hospital." She hiccups, "I never meant to make things difficult. I couldn't remember anything. I'm sorry if I scared you."

He smiled at her. "It's fine, I understand. You were afraid and confused. It happens to the best of us. I am glad you're here now."

He pulled her into a comforting h.ug. Everything was falling into place and Aaron loved the feeling it brought.

...

"Make love to me." was the last word Zera offered after stepping back into the room and closing the door behind her. Her eyes glowed and the lust she felt for him flared in her eyes. He had no choice but to obey.

He watched her sleep. It was a sight he couldn't pass off. This was not a dream. This was the reality. She was alive and with him, the woman he loved. There was still so much more to discover, but he knew it would only get better.

In the past hour, he had shown her just how much he missed her and reminded her just who she belonged to. Each kiss, each touch, every caress. Perfection. He would never tire of her, not now, not ever.

She twirled in bed and a few seconds later she sat down abruptly, and his arm around her dropped. He sighed in discontentment and he sat up as well, not liking the sudden change.

“Already changed your mind?” he asked, and the uncertainty in his voice came forth.

“I’m never leaving again, Aaron. Unless you ask me to.”

“Never.” he leaned in and kissed her shoulder.

She shivered at his kiss but didn’t pull away. He kissed further up her shoulders to her neck when his mark was.

She must have sensed the thought that almost crossed his mind because she asked. “I am no longer human, am I?”

He nodded, “You’re not. We were out of time and we weren’t ready to let you go yet. I wasn’t ready to let you go.”

“Will the ritual work now that I am a werewolf?”

He stayed quiet, and she turned to stare at him with a narrowed gaze. “You’re not a werewolf, Zera.”

Her eyes narrowed on his trying to find the humour, but she saw none. “What am I?”

“You’re a sage.”

“A sage. What is a sage?”

“A sage is a supernatural being with an outrageous amount of power and control. Though created by werewolves, they are stronger than most. While some call them a mistake, I do not believe the moon goddess makes mistakes.”

“How are you a werewolf and me a sage when you turned me?” She asked, her eyes curious as she stared at him.

Aaron took the time to explain everything to her to the best of his knowledge.

“Werewolves were forbidden from turning anyone, and I never knew why until I turned you. There’s no other explanation, but you’re not a werewolf neither are you human.”

“I’m the odd one then...”

“Some things happen and are beyond our control,” he answered.

The Hart siblings were birthed by two werewolves, but while three of the children were werewolves, Ivan turned out to be a witch. He had magic as his supernatural ability, hence he was the wise one in the pack. He was born into a family of werewolves and so he should have been one by natural order. It was said that Damor, his twin brother, had taken everything that would have made him a werewolf and left him with nothing but magic in the womb. When many of his mates experienced their first shift, Ivan didn’t. He became the odd one and hated it. However, he was now one of the strongest beings in the pack with abilities to pierce through supernatural veils and see into dimensions.

“Does that mean I’m some sort of monster?”

He shook his head. She was far from a monster. “No, but just like wolfsbane is dangerous to werewolves, so are you?”

“That means I’m a danger even to you.”

“Yes, but I trust you and so I’m not afraid.”

“And the ritual?”

He had no answer for that, he hadn’t thought about that since she woke up and now that she asked, he couldn’t answer.