

Read Novel A Weekend With The Alpha Chapter 19

A Weekend with the Alpha Chapter 19-The next few days flew faster than I expected, and soon it was Friday. I had one class with my students and after I closed up for the day, the next step was to pick up Zion from school.

Just like every day as I stepped out of the block, Daniel was already waiting for me to see me off to my car. "Are you ready for the night ahead?" he asked, sounding too eager and making me raise a brow at him.

"I can't say no, can I?" I raised a brow.

"You can't, Ms Adams. This is an only yes answer." he chuckled.

"Then yes I am," I answered.

"And Zion?" his concern always seem to warm my heart. It could be because he's expecting to get a chance with me someday, but it was always nice and comforting whenever he'd ask after Zion. He did more than some family members did.

"He would be with Diya. I already made plans."

He nodded impressed, "That's good."

For a moment, I wondered what it would be like to give us a chance. He was a great guy with a big heart. I've known him for two years and his care for me has never fluttered despite knowing he might never have a chance. "Thanks for your concern, though." Perhaps this was something to think about and not push away.

After picking Zion up from school, we came home and made dinner while he did the weekend homework. After dinner, I gave him a warm shower and changed him into nice sleeping wear and packed a few others of his clothes into his handout bag. I added a few snacks to his bag and his iPod to play with in case he got bored before sleeping time. Once all was in place, I raced into my room to get ready.

The fundraiser would kick off at nine p.m. but members of staff at the University were to be present with eight-thirty p.m. being the latest for us. It was currently seven, and I had an hour and thirty minutes to get ready.

After showering, I brought out the outfit Diya had ordered a few days ago, which came in yesterday, and I changed into it. It was a perfect bodycon that highlighted the curves I had. Its colour flattered my skin, and I knew that despite her choice being prompt, she had thought it through.

The dress flowed down my legs but had a se.xy cutting up to the mid-th!gh. The silver heels made my legs appear longer than they usually looked and brought me from my five feet three inches to five feet eight inches. I dug my hand into the shopping bag and pulled out the small crystal clutch, which was an additional touch to the already amazing outfit. Diya wouldn't tell me how much she spent to get this, but I knew it had cost her a lot.

I sat before the dressing mirror and applied light makeup to my face. A little blush, mascara, and eyeliner did the trick. Then I made my curly blonde hair into a bun, letting a few strands fall over my face. I brought out my silver necklace and placed it around my neck.

I rose to my feet and glanced at my wristwatch and I saw I had thirty minutes before eight-thirty.

I was now on the clock. As much as looking good was important, going early was also important.

The doorbell went off, and I knew that was Diya. Good thing I was already set for the night.

I dragged a few deep breaths and reached for my long black coat before walking out of my room. I came to the living room and opened the door. Diya and Greg stood before me and I watch their eyes lit up at the sight of me and I felt giddy.

"Wow!" gushed Diya, and I rolled my eyes. "I mean, I thought you would slay the night, but I think you're just going to steal it away at this point!" she said as they stepped into the house.

"Is it too much?" I asked, my voice getting low with worry.

"No!" Diya exclaimed.

"No!" Greg said at the same time.

“It’s perfect. Don’t even think of having a second thought.” she scold then her eyes grew soft, and she placed her hand on my shoulder, “You’re just gorgeous.”

“Thank you and thank you for picking it out for me.”

She beamed, “You’re welcome.”

“Zion is inside, I’ll get him and his bag out,” I told them, hurrying away to the room.

I returned with Zion, whom I had already informed ahead of time that he would stay at Diya’s place for the night. He had no issues with that. Thank goodness.

“His iPod is in there and his meds, his snacks, and clothes.” I handed Diya the bag, but Greg collected it instead.

“Don’t worry, he’ll be fine,” she assured me.

I nodded. This was the first time Zion would sleep over at anyone’s place and I wanted him comfortable.

I stooped down to stare at the rather quiet boy. “K!sses for mommy?”

He nodded and leaned in, placing a k!ss on my cheek. I k!ssed his forehead before we all walked out of the room.

“Take lots of pictures,” Diya yelled as they drove off and I waved back, making the promise under my breath.

I entered my car and drove off towards the Sheraton hotels and towers where the fundraiser was being held.

I made my way inside and got onto the elevator, going up to the sixth floor, the event floor. I glanced at my wristwatch to see I had ten more minutes before eight-thirty. I came early after all. That was a good thing. The elevator door opened, and I stepped out to see the floor already filled with many familiar faces, especially from the university.

I caught sight of Daniel with a few professors and when his eyes caught mine, a smile came onto his face. He didn’t take his eyes away from me even as he spoke to the men, and this made them turn to see who he gawked at and they

found me. Their eyes also lit up, and I wondered if I was too dressed up for the night. Diya had told me I wasn't, but the look on their faces seem to say otherwise. There was no dress code given, but I knew we had to be decent, which my outfit was. There was no limitation placed on the level of elegance and that's on t hem.

Daniel soon left the men he spoke to and approached me with long strides, and this is the fastest I've seen him move. He stood before me in a matter of seconds with an awestruck look on his face as he beheld me.

"It's..." he began, but I didn't let him finish.

"Too much?" my scepticism kicked in.

His eyes widened, and he shook his head. "It's perfect. You look so beautiful, and I hope I'm the first guy saying that tonight."

"You are," I told him.

His eyes warmed up, and a smile came onto his face. He paused his l!ps and took me in from head to toe. "Wow, I mean just wow. You're going to be the talk of the night and the weeks to follow."

Since he already told me the outfit was perfect, I took his words as a compliment instead and didn't worry about being too much.

"Thank you, Daniel."

"You're welcome."

The event kicked off at exactly nine p.m. despite all the guests not being present yet. I knew that because the hall had round tables with names tagged on each table and those tables were empty.

"Here, you will take the welcoming speech," Martha said, handing me a piece of paper.

"I can't do it."

She didn't look pleased with my response. "Can't is a hard word, Ms Adams. Would you rather take the book auctioning?" she raised the two books in her hand. Professor Lawrence, a professor in literature at the University had published them. These were the two works he had worked on in the last three

years and I know this because Daniel told me. I, however, didn't know how bidding worked.

I frowned. "I'm a professor in medicine. I am not an auctioneer, Mrs Martha Yila." I knew Martha shared little likeness for me, but doing this told me she might just hate me more than I thought.

"Then the welcoming speech it is," she said flatly, as if not expecting any more interruption from me.

"Can't someone else do it?" I asked, and I was so close to losing it.

She flashed a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "The honour of giving the welcome speech usually goes to the staff dressed the best each year."

So that was why heads turned when I worked in not because they thought I looked great, but because they knew I'd be the scapegoat.

"I can't do this. I need to speak to management."

"Young lady, you need to stop using can't less and can more. And I am the management." She shoved the paper at me before walking away.

I turned and caught Daniel's eyes on me, and I glared at him. He was in on it and left me in the dark, open and vulnerable. He got up from his seat and approached me in the hallway, where I stood chewing on my bottom lip angrily.

"You're pissed," he stated the obvious.

"As I should be." I bit out.

"I'm sorry. I should have said something. What are you going to do now?" his brow rose at me.

I groaned, "I don't know, I have to do it, I guess. It's just a speech. I just think there should be a way to inform everyone about something rather than slamming it on them at the last minute."

To say I was pissed was the very least way to put it.

The more we moved into the events of the night. The more the guest kept coming. The professors at the university all sat at the front roll table while the guest took the other seats around the table having their names on them.

One hour after the event kicked off, the hall was almost filled and different programs had already taken place, from the opening remarks taken by Mrs Martha Yila to the history of Stanford University taken by professor Yates. Daniel Spears took the scholarship foundation history would take the opening announcement, which was the next thing before the welcome speech according to the program schedule.

Unlike what I initially thought, every member of staff had a role to play tonight, some more than others, but it didn't diminish the role we all had to play. I still wished I had gotten the first speech, which was the briefing. When that speech was given, there were fewer people in the hall. Now, the guest appeared full and all the guests had arrived. Sadly, this was what I got and all eyes will be on me.

How amazing!

Daniel nodded at the host of the night Mr Carville before handing the mic over to him.

The crowd applauded, and he claimed down the stage to take his seat next to me.

"You're next," he informed me, as if I didn't already know that.

"I don't want to be!" I groaned and my eyes fluttered.

"The next person I'd like to invite to the state is a young lady. Do not underestimate her because she's also record-breaking, smart, and beautiful. In her two years of being at the university. She had shaped and touched the lives of so many. She's broken two records, and she's still aiming for more. Without no further ado, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Ms Zera Adams as she takes the welcoming speech."

My heart doubled a beat at the sound of my name, and Daniel briefly squeezed my hand before letting go. I rose to my feet, making heads turn to me in the large halls. Goosebumps scattered all over my body, but I wield myself to keep moving. I clutch down on the piece of paper in my hand and

wore a wide smile. I climbed up to the stage and shook hands with the host before turning to the crowd.

My gaze travelled over the many faces and raced to the front when it caught the face of someone seated in the hall that seemed familiar. I paused and my eyes travelled back to the direction it just ran past and there he was, seated in a black suit and red tie.

Aaron Hart.