

Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 1

Delilah

The club was playing my favourite song – Tonight I'm Lovin' You. For parties, I always go for Enrique Iglesias. But tonight, I wasn't enjoying my red wine and certainly not the song. The crowd was insane tonight. But it didn't matter where I was. That thing... was still there. That scared little girl, bullied and taken for granted.

Over the time I have turned myself into this arrogant and bossy person. Even my face says buzz off faster than my mouth can. I have my reasons though. Being vulnerable, is the last thing I want for myself. And this drink, has always helped me to gulp my insecurities down. Being the eldest child, had its own perks. I was always asked to be strong even when I did not want to.

Fake it till you make it... right?

It was probably my third glass, when I felt a hand crawling on my back. I turned around impulsively and hit my molester. Well, surprisingly it was my poor bestie pouting at me and rubbing her nose like a child. I wanted to laugh at her but I couldn't. She survived my punch... she can survive anything.

"I am sorry. I didn't saw you coming." I gasped.

"It's fine. Getting your attention was hurtful though. You are spacing out a lot these days." she said. Samantha is my bestie, also my part-time-mom stated.

"It's just work you know. Let's go. I will drop you home. You have appointments tomorrow?" I asked.

She nodded but didn't say anything. I knew she was bothered about me. But there are things which I can't share. Not even with her. After all, her brother is my fiancé. Well, soon to be ex-fiancé. Standing up from my seat, I passed my card to the bartender.

"Good night girlie, see you soon?"

He will see me sooner than he thinks. He is a nice company to keep, gives a regular rub to my ego.

"Good night Chang. And yes, you will see me soon. You know that. Thanks man." After giving him a half hug over the table, we exited the floor. We got company at gates, the club bouncers.

"Hey girls, drive safe."

"You know I will. I will keep her safe." I said dramatically throwing my hands up in the air. Then I waved them bye and walked towards the loves of my life. This place was so peaceful. I can spend my entire life here. All I can see were sexy big ass cars. Most of the supercars in Seattle are probably here.

I wasn't amazed when the owner of this place told me, this building even has a helipad. Although I have never seen anyone using it.

"Imagine killing zombies and jumping on a helicopter someday. Like Resident evil." I asked the tall blonde walking with me.

"Seriously Dede? You have to stop watching those zombie shits. Isn't going to happen in real life." She exhaled while patting my back. Sometimes, she behaves like my mother, always telling me to come down to earth from my fiction and fantasy world.

"You never know. Dinosaurs died out of meteor shower. We might end with a zombie apocalypse."

I read a lot. Being the smartest person in the room was always my moto in life. Being the boss, I had to have an idea about general things.

Still, I am never enough.

After getting into the car, I started driving towards Samantha's apartment. The atmosphere felt heavenly to me. Darkness and peace. When my mind is in chaos, I have a tendency to turn towards isolation. That was the reason why my friend was upset. I drove in silence until I reached a takeaway place.

Both of us are exhausted from our work. Besides, I have the least amount of energy to go home and cook anything right now.

"What do you fancy babe?" I asked.

"Anything you want... I want the same." She breathed and went back to her phone, continuing her conversation with someone who was more important than me. After ordering, I light my cigarette and took a long drag. The sky was dark and gorgeous. Anxiety took over me, I took out phone and checked if I had missed anything important or not. Luckily, things at work were just fine. Hectic but fine.

I took the boxes and went to my car. Samantha was allergic to tobacco smell. I roll down the windows and let the night breeze calm me. I was concentrating on the road while she was busy on her phone.

"Who is the guy?" I blurted out unable to hold my thoughts any longer. She didn't even look at me for next five minutes. And I was certain, it was not a patient and certainly not

a colleague. Replying in text or an email is not something she is fond of. Her responses are mostly Yes or No.

After taking a deep breath, she responded. "No guy, it's one of my patients with migraine issue. They are asking me to come and check her. I am drunk. I just referred them to one of my colleagues."

I nodded understanding her situation. Being a doctor was a very tough job. She barely has time for herself. Samantha and I were the best friend you read in books about. I can do anything for her, as will she. When she decided to move out with me to a whole new state, I knew I found a gem of a person. She was workaholic too, like me. I parked my Jeep in her driveway and handed her the dinner.

"You will go home and sleep. No more work, and no messing with Lucas. I know you will not sleep if he is awake." She ordered me and I just chuckled.

"Okay... mom." I laughed because only I know what is waiting for me at home.

Her apartment was just two blocks away from mine. So I should reach my place in few minutes but I decided to enjoy the feeling a little more. I was drunk too, but not like her. Since I was driving, I had to be more careful. But now that my friend is safe and sound, I can take a moment to enjoy my tipsy state a bit. Shouldn't I ?

I stopped the car in an empty road and turned on the radio.

"I know what you have been thinking. Was it all worth it? All the pain, anger and now this, emptiness. Was it necessary?" the voice of the radio-jockey was taunting me. I just turned it off abruptly and drove towards my place. My knuckles were becoming white as I tightened my grip around the steering wheel. I don't want any unnecessary thoughts occupying my mind. I wish I was able to bury them... for good.

Parking my car in the basement, I took my belongings from the back seat and stepped out. My bags, phone and couple of files for work and laptop. My car was a beast in front of my five feet two inches height. This car was indeed the best purchase I have ever made. Well, after buying my house.

Jeep wrangler. The beast was grey in colour and had a customized name plate. L4T3R SUCK3RS. I... am in love with this car.

After giving it a last glance, I started walking towards the elevator. I pressed the floor button and hoped in when it arrived. The elevator stopped in between my ride and I was not expecting anyone to reach home this early. I cursed under my breath as I saw someone stepping in.

I was in no mood of talking with anyone. The best way to avoid any conversation is to divert my attention somewhere and pretend that I did not notice anything at all. I looked

down on my neatly done nails and my oh-so-killer heels. The person next to me decide to disturb my adoration towards my shoes.

“Hey, working late night on Friday?” My neighbour, Edward asked.

“Yup.” I responded to him with a curt nod.

I guess he wasn't expecting me to be so straight to the point right now. I am unapproachable most of the time, and that's the truth. Except when I am at work.

From the corner of my eye, I saw him shifting his weight from one foot to another. The environment inside the elevator was annoyingly silent. After few moments, he uttered the most obvious thing a nosy single-male-neighbour asks.

“Are you free tomorrow?” Rubbing the back of his neck, he smiled shyly. Excitement and nervousness were so clear in his voice, my inner Satan was giving me a high five at this moment.

“Are you asking me on a date Edward?” It's so tough to maintain a poker face when all I want is to smirk.

“What?” he asked me with the eyes as big as the size of saucers. As if he did not hear me at the first place. I thought giving the poor guy a little bit of peace of mind.

“Oh no Edward. I actually have work tomorrow and I have to take Lucas to doctor. He is not keeping well these days.” I lied through my teeth. Internally, I was feeling bad for being a bitch towards this poor guy. He has been approaching me for a date since I moved in here. But I should not let my guard down. At any cost.

“Yeah, you are right.” Edward sighed and slouched his shoulders. He was looking like a boy who did not get his favourite candy. Aww.

“Yeah.” Tugging one of the hair strands around the ear, I focused back on my heels.

“No problem. Good night.” He hopped out of the elevator.

“Good night.” I waved at him.

After couple of more seconds, I finally reached my apartment. I was trying to find the keys from my big bag. “Like a boss” was written in the key ring, a gift from my friend. According to her,

“This one suits you.”

“Don't you think it's too loud?”

“Hell no. You worked your ass out for this. Flaunt it girl.”

I was indeed the boss in my company and in my own life. The later one, at least I try to be.

Hell yeah. Bawslady!!!

My apartment has two bedrooms with walk-in closet in each, a modern kitchen, a small living room. I designed this whole place from scratch. Brown wood with a huge design of golden sun rays was spreading from the door knob. It was inspired by one of the ideas my sister learnt in high school.

“You need more sunshine in your life.” she whined when I showed her the picture of my house. It was the apartment I bought with my own money. My parents have their own place in Montana. I grew up there with my siblings. I moved out after the life-changing event, but my parents still live there with my younger siblings.

I have sister, Isabelle King and a brother, Alexander King. Both are studying now. I called them Isa and Alex.

While I was called Dede by them and my bff Samantha. I earned this name when I was in school. I was a fat kid and food... was important as was breathing. I studied hard and made no real-friends. The-Queen-Bee-and-her-hive just spoke to me when there was a test.

I met Samantha when her family moved into our neighbourhood. I was shy and laid-back where she was the shield which protected me from bullies. Time has changed so much. Now we both are dead-silent people. She started calling me Dede, and since then these three people have owned it.