

Taming the Alpha Female Chapter

Chapter 10: Chapter Ten – Morning Like This

{Damon}

I looked at her, rather smugly and shook my head. She blushed the deepest shade of pink and said, “no, we did not.”

“Whatever.” Sam grabbed a stool next to Delilah and sat. “Give me my food.”

I heard her words but could not move. Delilah captured me off guard. She buttoned her shirt up and teased me with the view of her porcelain skin underneath. We both just stared at each other intently. Samantha then snapped her finger and both of us came to reality.

We had food on our plates now, which apparently Sam served, despite the fact she was yelling at both of us to do the job. Sam headed to her apartment after breakfast. She asked me join her and I got the hidden message underneath. I know, she wasn't confident enough to leave her friend alone with me.

We walked around the street and she interrogated me. Asking me about my work and obviously Delilah. Her likes, dislikes, hobby. Though I know most of it. I observe more than they know. I was following the formality. Impress the best friend first.

I went home and cleaned up. After doing some project work, I called my father. We talk, sometimes. I called a pizza shop nearby, to order a medium size pizza and a coke with garlic bread. Typical. when she slept.

My parents are in New Zealand. I was about to take over the reign in business, when I realised it wasn't my thing. I wanted to make things on my own. I was labelled as 'the-orphan-who-got-lucky'. I hate it. It wasn't my choice if my parents were rich. Hell, it wasn't my choice to be an orphan at the first place.

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My parents love me, they always do. So, I ignored those labels when I was young. When my mom died, it was then the reality hit. I am nothing without her. It just didn't feel to right to stay there anymore. I moved out and made a mistake. It cost me everything. I took my pieces up, slowly and gradually build myself.

Delilah was there when I had nothing but a thought. I was a total stranger to her, but she took the risk anyway. I don't know if she will ever forgive me for not telling her that I am the heir to Marshall group of companies. I guess time will tell. For now, I will romance her until she becomes my wife.

I woke up early on Monday and went for my run. It felt like running away from my problems. But I knew, I have to face them sooner than later. I came back drenched in sweat. After shower, I texted my soon-to-be-girlfriend.

Me- Morning princess. Can't wait to see you beautiful.

Delilah- Good morning to you too.

Me- Do you want me to pick you up?

Delilah- In next one and a half hour. Should I bring something on the way? She loves to eat and always brings food for me. I loved eating whatever she cooked.

Me- Surprise me! I will eat anything and everything you cook, except don't make it spicy.

Our chat ended sooner than I thought. I guess she wasn't used to of getting Morning texts. I was happy to her a little more now. I took out my favourite dark-blue-business-suit. I handled my business partially at New Zealand too. I was just avoiding the CEO position as long as I can.

If I go there once, there is no coming back. My father was on verge of retirement. I was supposed to take that position, I was being trained since I started remembering numbers. But the fact of being adopted just didn't feel right. That place not is not mine.

I got dressed and walked out of my house. I drove towards our office and thought about 'how to make her fall in love with me?' I thought of going old-school, for once. I parked my car near a shop to buy her something nice.

{Delilah}

Monday morning was meant for cursing. But this Monday, was different. First, my parents are coming over and second, she knew Damon loved me. I was blushing like a sixteen-year-old now. I got up and started my day. I went to the kitchen to cook my meals for today. Almost three meals for two people. Me and Damon.

I put four chicken breasts on a baking tray, with a lot of vegetables, seasoning them with pepper, salt and some herbs. I drizzled some olive oil and put them inside the oven. I grabbed two eggs and hard boiled them.

I am no culinary-expert, but staying alone made me a survival cook. After setting everything in kitchen, I went to get cleaned up. Brushing my teeth and washing my face. I combed my mane and tied it in a bun. I grabbed my regular work out leggings and a tight sports bra.

I sipped my espresso and took a moment to enjoy mother nature. It was around 5.45 am, when I turned off the oven and took my food out, to cool down. I will prepare my meal, after my work out. I grabbed my gym gears and went upstairs.

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Gym was quiet and empty at this time, like every day. I turned on the music system, and went with Imagine dragons, for the much-needed Monday motivation. Almost two hours of crushing and grinding myself at the gym, I sat back and relaxed.

I took a bath as soon as I reached my apartment. Washing my hair was a task. I wrapped my hair in a towel and wrapped one around my body. I grabbed my regular boxer shorts and a demicup bra, in same colour, beige.

In the morning, half of the time I stay in my lingerie. Perks of staying alone. Going back to the kitchen I had my eggs. I sipped my Latte this time. I went through today's to-do list and checked the task I have done already.

My phone blinked with an incoming text. It was Damon reminding me of my unattended love life. He sent me texts with puppy eye emojis, and I smiled at his silliness. The smile I lost after the ugly breakup with Victor.

After the conversation with my prospect boyfriend, I did my household chores. Laundry, packing lunch for me and Damon. Pouring my coffee in a thermo-flask. Some fresh fruits and nuts for munching. I have the heaviest bag for food. Which was impressive according to Sam, since I don't eat junk.

Kitchen, my room, and hall was all clean. I went inside my room to get ready. I am in a good mood today, and thought of making an effort to look good for Damon. I wore a dark blue ankle-length pants, paired with a white georgette shirt with studded collar. Something out of my usual style.

I rolled up the sleeves, and tucked the shirt at the front. I made high ponytail and hoops on my ear. Today's special was my lipstick. I dared to go with a dark shade instead of my everyday-nude-shade. Diva from mac. Slipping into my nude pumps, I sling laptop bag. I took the papers for the project and my lunch.

I had my hands full like this, every morning. At Nine, I made it to my office.