

Taming the Alpha Female

Chapter 14: Chapter Fourteen – Taking care of his mama

{Damon}

I straightened my back on the bright-red-couch at Delilah's place as soon as I entered. I have been here back and forth in last couple of years. Tonight though, it is special for me. I never felt this kind of attraction towards any girl before I met her. After my divorce with Charlotte, I was devastated.

I was heartbroken. On top of that I was financially ripped off by my ex-wife, as she claimed the divorce alimony. My life was a mess and I swore to myself that I will never fall in love again. But, when I saw this girl that night, enjoying the music, I felt that everything around me just blurred out.

My whole focus was on her. The girl with long hair. Her personality was attractive, I could not help myself but ask my friend Adele to introduce me to her. The moment I lay my eyes on her, her gaze felt like pricks on my soul.

It felt like she has her walls high and strong enough so that no one can come in. She always keeps people at bay. And there was me, being me. Always up for a challenge. I took a deep breath, and walked towards her with Adele.

I was snapped back to reality when I heard her humming some song. She turned up the volume when I asked and gave me the coffee. I know her as my business partner for a while now. But knowing her as my girlfriend was so exciting, that I forgot to take any clothes with me to shower.

I was inside her bathroom now. As expected, it was smelling all lavender and tea tree. I quickly turn on the shower, took some shampoo and bodywash, and cleaned myself thoroughly. My shower was quick like every day.

I did not have any clothes handy, so, I wrapped myself in a large towel and went outside the shower wiping my hair with a small one. The moment she saw me half-naked, her breathing hitched. I kissed her thoroughly, to my heart's content.

I clicked the first-picture-of-us and made it my screen saver when she went to take a shower. I won't lose her, at any cost. I will fight for us, she will too. I went to the couch, and saw a curious Lucas staring at me.

He may be thinking 'Why he is close to my mom? And why she is so cool about it?' I never had a pet in my entire thirty-years of life. If I wanted her in my life, I have to make her people my own. Samantha was cool with me now. The next person was Lucas.

I went towards him, sat on the couch and was choosing a movie. He hopped on the couch, placed his head on my lap, and rubbed his snout on my knees. Maybe he wants me to pet him. So, I did that.

We were watching Forest Gump, when the shower turned off and Delilah came out. She was also very amused by the sight. She came closer to me, kissed me on my cheeks and purred, "you seem to take care of my son well, I hope you take care of his mama too" and she winked. I was enjoying this flirtatious side of her very much.

"I will." I replied and she kissed me. Passionately and deep. As if she was craving for this for a long time now. I went ahead with it. Let her kiss me. Whether she does it gentle or rough, I was a happy man.

I have the girl who loves me, by my side. She kissed me for another couple of minutes, and then pulled back. Grabbing our mugs in hand she walked towards the kitchen. I followed her. She was wearing a grey short with a larger hoodie, her hair was tied in a high bun, and she was smelling oh so good.

I can lick her all night. 'No, you idiot,' my inner conscious kicked in, 'you don't want to ruin everything before it even started.' I nodded silently in agreement; I do not want to lose her. Ever. I will wait. For her.

I walked up to her and wrapped my arms around her waist. Kissing her on the nape I placed my chin on her shoulder. She was so tiny in front of me.

"What's for dinner babe?"

She gave me a quizzical look and said lowly, "some white sauce pasta, do you want something else?"

I turned her around and said truthfully, "even if you feed me a burnt toast, with ketchup. I am a happy man." I kissed the corner of her lips and squeezed her waist. Opening the refrigerator, I asked,

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"what vegetables do I need to chop?"

She didn't say anything, so I took the ones which were close. She was working on the sauce, while I put the pasta to boil. Chopping the vegetables one thought came to my mind, if my mother was alive right now, she would have been so proud of me. I turned out exactly how she wanted me to be.

We both were working like a married couple now. Comfortable with each other, at home. Like it's an everyday thing for us. She will be a great wife. Food was done quickly thanks to both of us. I washed her dog's bowl, and give him his food. I think he likes me too, because he never barked at me.

Taking care of a life who can't speak was heart-warming. I poured water in one bowl and dog food in the other one, and petted Lucas. He wagged his tail and started eating. I took our food on the table, and poured us glasses of wine.

She was massaging her shoulders. When I saw that I offered my help. "Let me." I started massaging her shoulders and she relaxed under my touch. The friction was so soothing between her smooth skin and my callused palms. It just felt right.