

Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 3

“Dad.” I smiled on the phone. I and my father share a strange bond. We have the same ego and stubbornness. But again, I was his-son-in-a-daughter’s-body. He protected me when I needed. Called up on my shit when I needed that.

“Sweetheart, how are you? Your mom asked me to call you. You remember we are coming at your place the next Saturday, don’t you?” my dad asked and I can feel he also can’t wait to see me.

“Isa asked you to make some beetroot muffins.” My father then went on with the banter he sees every day. My mom vs my siblings. I was driving happily and soon I reached my destination.

“Okay dad. You are lucky, I reached the mart. Is it only four of you?” I felt my father pause for a second and then he spoke up.

“It’s just the regular, me, your mom, Isa, Alex and...”

“And? Why is he planning to come? After all he did?”

“Seems like he got back to his senses. Baby, please give him a chance. He will make it this week.” I felt my dad sighing in disappointment.

“He claimed the same thing last time.” I was pouring venom through my words.

“Sweetheart...”

“No dad. It’s okay. I don’t expect anything from him... either. If he comes, fine. Otherwise, I am happy without him.” I almost yelled.

“I know you are still stuck on that. But, you guys are still engaged. I hope you are aware of that.”

“I know. Leave that asshole.” My gripped tightened on the gear as I felt my anger rising.

“Language Delilah. I know you are mad. I am mad at him too. But deal with it like adults. If you think it’s not going to work out between you too. Call off the engagement and move on.” He warned me as well as gave me a way out.

“Sorry dad. It is just that I can’t control myself whenever I hear his name.” I said it in a low tone.

“I know. The only thing which you got from me.” My dad was done with this conversation now and he made it clear by the tone in his voice.

“Whatever dad. I will see you on Saturday then. Talk to you later. Love you.” I ended the call when I heard my dad chuckle lightly. My dad was always worried about my future, specifically about my marriage.

I finally stepped out of my vehicle and headed towards the mart. Grabbing a shopping cart, I went inside and started filling it. I took out my phone and went through the grocery list. After an amazing hour, I got everything I need.

I was waiting at the checkout counter, when I noticed a familiar set of eyes. Those dark green eyes. Like an enchanting forest, calling me in. He took my breath away the moment I first saw him.

“Hey.”

“Hi Damon.” I whispered. Damon— was my business partner. I met him couple of years back, and since then I have a hot-n-cold relationship with him. It’s like my body-heart-mind craved him. But there is also one subconscious part which is scared as hell to fall for him.

We met through a common friend. Adele. She was an ex-colleague to both of us. I still recall the first day when I met him. My jaws were on the ground.

Flashback

“Hey” I heard a very known high-pitched voice calling me in the middle of the concert.

“What on earth are you doing here? On your own?” Adele yelled. I can’t blame her cause it was a rock concert and I can’t hear my own voice.

“I had to come, it’s my favourite band.” I said loudly in her ear. Concerts are fun until you are squeezed in the crowd. I was standing a little far though. So that, I can enjoy the music as well as some chilled beer.

“Meet my friend. Damon Marshall. He is my ex-colleague.” She showed me a man, who was just my dream come true. I know ‘don’t judge a book by its cover’. But girl, dirty blonde hair with green eyes— are my weakness. I was snapped out of my fantasy when I heard Adele’s voice.

“Damon this is my friend...Delilah.” I thanked god for giving her a high-pitched voice. Or else I would have been drooling about this guy in front of him.

“Hi” He uttered the most sensual and deep voice I have ever heard. He offered me a handshake and for the first time in life I shook it with sweaty palm.

C’mon. Get a grip woman. He is just a guy. Where is that boss-bitch? My sub-conscious kicked in. I squared up my shoulders and gave him a warm smile.

“Hey. Nice to meet you”

“Aww, aren’t you two look adorable” Adele mumbled. In other circumstances, I would have glared at her. But right now, I agree with her.

“I will get ourselves drinks. You need another beer or something stronger?” She smiled mischievously. She is like my work-bestie, and was well aware how I act in front of guys. This was her first time as well seeing me like this.

“They don’t have anything except Corona. Squeeze a lemon in mine.” I sighed. It was so difficult for me to maintain a poker face and look at the stage. From the corner of my eye, I was totally checking out Damon. Effortlessly handsome!

“I want same.” Damon semi-yelled, and copied my position. At least, the attraction I felt wasn’t one-sided.

“Okay, I will be back. Make the most of it. Both of you.” She winked at him with a flirtatious grin and left me dumbfounded.

“Is that supposed to mean anything?”

“Are you psychic or something?” He dodged the question... entirely. Nice move.

“What? No.” I looked him straight into his eyes. It was so difficult not to stare.

“Seems like you were reading my mind. I was about to ask you, if you like to have the same beer in this weather? And then voila, you said it yourself.” He explained with a small curve on his lips. Those lips.

“That’s one thing I would like to have anytime.” I gave the answer to both his questions. I was avoiding eye contact with him now, not because I didn’t like what I saw. But, I was having a hard time keeping my head from spinning around his hot body.

That creamy complexion, and when the lights hit his face, it was glowing. Angel-like-glow. That chiselled jaw was perfectly angled with his cheek bones. That barely-there stubble. I can clearly see his Adam’s apple moving up and down as he was talking to me. But I registered shit.

My eyes went down to his broad shoulders and his hard-ass-chest. How it will be like to tear his shirt and run my fingers on his chest. The hair on my nape stood up. A sign I was clearly aroused. But I wasn’t done yet.

I looked further at his biceps. It is bigger than my face. But the cherry on the top was his smile which reached those dark green eyes. Surely, Adele knew my weakness otherwise it makes no sense leaving this sexy piece of meat near me...just to gawk.

"I heard you are an Interior Designer; the best one she has worked with. Is that a coincidence as well?" Those were the only words I registered after my imaginary-make-out session was over with him. You can't blame me. I had zero sexual interaction after I moved out. Jumping on a stranger's bed was never my forte.

"Excuse me?" I was confused as hell. I was still in daze.

"I mean I am an interior designer as well. What is the project you are working on?" He asked putting his hands in his pockets. The veins on his forearm popped up. He knew how to use his weapons.

"It's a restaurant chain, or better to say a take-away-slash-dine-in." I said rolling my eyes as if it was not a big deal. But for a person who was having a full-time-job and was planning to start her own firm, it was a big deal.

"That's cool." He said raising an eyebrow. I think he was amused, but didn't want to show.

"What are you working on??" Now it was my time to ask him.

"I am just planning to open my own store may be a firm, in downtown. All paperwork is done. It is just a bit... of financial issues I am facing." He said rubbing the back of his neck.

I thought for a minute, then the idea clicked in. "How much do you need?"

"You are not planning to offer me a loan, are you?" Sarcasm much.

"Nope. What are your thoughts on partnership? I am also looking forward to start my own business." He took few minutes to think. Partnership was tough, specially when two parties don't agree. But if they do, things will sail smooth.

"Sounds good to me. I will get started right after the New Year's Eve." He said extending his hand for lock-the-deal handshake. Excitement was clear in both of our eyes. Hot guy and a business. Check and mate.

I was planning on starting up my own firm. And a smart and handsome business partner was just cherry on top.

"Here, have this." Adele handed us our drinks and looked back at the bar counter. "I just got myself a date. The guy at the bar counter he asked me out tonight?" She was excited as hell.

"The guy with a tan blazer with strong base." I pointed out sipping my beer.

“Girl. You can literally strip off anyone with your eyes without actually taking their clothes off.” She punched me lightly on arms and chuckled.

“It’s inbuilt. Can’t help.” Sass was back in my voice this time. Thanks to the alcohol in my system.

“Whatever.” She said rolling her eyes at me. “I am going out with him tonight.” She threw her hands in the air and started dancing in excitement.

“Be safe.” I and Damon yelled at the same time.

“I can smell some chemistry already.” She smirked and whispered “Whatever. Have fun both of you.”

She hugged both of us and went to the man waiting for her. I and Damon went to the sofa nearby and sat.

“So, when are we getting started?” He asked me with a genuine smile on his face.

“Let’s wait till the first week of January, send me some paperwork, your project, and the cost and everything. We will discuss.” I ended my statement with a sip of my beer and not to mention my bossy tone. I can’t help the bossiness though. It comes out every now and then.

“Give me your card. I will send you everything over email.”

“Wait Damon. I am not that big yet. But yes. I can send you everything over a text. What’s your number?” I took out my phone and started typing the details. He gave me his number. We had fun that evening. Not the fun everyone thinks. I realised this guy has a lot of knowledge and mad skills in management.

At the end of the concert, we both were laughing our hearts out. It’s been so long I have been so carefree. He made a small crack in the wall I made, so easily. It was then I realised, what was the void in my life. Love.

Damon was a nice guy to chill with, he has so much to offer. Nothing is sexier than a man, who knows what he is talking. It was past midnight when I reached my apartment. I was tired from the day and I did not bother to eat anything as well. I just slept.