

## Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 5

{Delilah}

Damon is the ideal match for me. It was my subconscious, which was stopping me to give it my all. I never expected to hear those words from someone else other than my family or Victor himself. But it never happened.

I saw everything in Damon's eye. Love, concern, possessiveness, respect and what not. I never thought of falling for a guy who was already divorced. But destiny seemed to have some other plans for me. I don't know why someone will leave a guy like him.

I wanted to move on with him, but a part of my brain always told me not to. Whenever I slept, I always have an on-going fight inside me. With my brain and my heart. Whether to choose Damon or Victor, my fiancé.

Damon was a kind man. Wonderful in business, and above all he loved me, more than I know. His love alone was sufficient for both of us.

While on the other hand Victor, was in love with me since middle school. He had everything a girl desires in a perfect husband. He was nice to me, at least on the early stages of our relationship. He loved me too.

But his possessiveness was different, at first, I liked it. Later on, it started choking me. There was this one thing, he never accepted— my freedom. Me dreaming of becoming a businesswoman someday, was an insult to him.

He never believed in me. He was one of those bastards who always took woman as burden. Which he has to carry throughout his life. He used to get intimidated by strong woman. Whenever he saw one, he used to say they have an attitude problem.

He never accepted the fact that he had an inferiority complex. Which I realised when I was the victim of it. The day I told Victor and my parents that I want to go out and start things on my own, he laughed on my face and said "I have enough money for your entire family to feed and take care, for upcoming five decades. You don't have to work and earn money for yourself."

Yes! That was the last switch Victor had to press to get me pissed off. "Victor! You have no fucking right to talk with me like that. Not now, not ever. I am not one of those girls who wants to be with you for your money or status. I have my own identity, and I will fight for it. Whether you like it or not. I am moving out. I am just letting you know; I am not asking for your permission."

I was so angry that I said that in one breath. It felt like the air in the room started thinning. After facing my wrath, my family went shut, except for Victor. Though he was

not a family to me anymore. After a couple of minutes my mom Naomi, took me to my room.

“Baby, we know what your freedom and independence mean to you. We respect that. If you really want to move out, you can. But please don’t push us away. Remember we always got your back.” My mom gave me an assuring smile which made me believe they will always catch me if I fall. Whether I like it or not.

I grabbed her hands and kissed it. “I love you mom.”

“So, when are you going to start looking for your apartment?” she asked and I looked down on my hands.

“I have got one mom, it’s just close to my workplace.” I informed standing up. I could not bear the look of betrayal in her eyes.

“Oh, that’s nice. So, when are you moving out?” She asked following me towards my closet.

“Day after tomorrow.” I whispered. I know mom will be hurt to know that.

“That’s quite early, let me pack your stuff then.” Mom stepped inside my closet only to find it empty.

“I am almost done packing mommy, just got to pack couple of things, that’s it.”

“Oh. Seems like you already started your new life without letting us know.” Disappointment was clear in her voice. “Whatever it is. I don’t want to burden you. Delilah, my sweetheart, you must know and believe in yourself, as we all do. Isa and Alex took you for their inspiration. All the best honey for your new life.” she cupped my face and kissed my forehead.

“I adore you mom. And I’m going to miss you.” A tear rolled down my cheeks.

“I will miss you more.” She wiped my tear with her thumb...like mothers’ do.

I miss her more now, and can’t wait to meet my family. It’s been months. I took a warm shower after Damon left. I cooked later on, since Sam and I will get drunk tonight. I am comfortable staying unattended after getting tipsy. It was Samantha who always stopped me from drunk dialling Victor to curse him.

He never got offended though. He says that he deserved it, for hurting his fiancée with his choice of words. Since I moved out of my hometown in Montana, Victor had been trying to reach me. Apologizing for behaving like an ass and being mean.

Since that day he has been working with Samantha, to help him with his attitude and behaviour so that he can win back my trust and faith in him. He loves me with all his heart. He knows I loved him too, for which I showed him my weakness, vulnerability.

He felt that he betrayed me in a way that no one can. He has been trying everything to get my forgiveness. He wants the old Delilah back. Who always hugged him, kissed him in front of thousands of people saying she was proud of him, and she will never stop kissing him, ever?

The girl who was happy and smiling and spreading positivity wherever she goes. He felt like he ruined our relationship with his insecurities. He never showed up in any family meetings in last couple of years. He was ashamed of his acts and was guilty for whatever happened between us.

Lastly, he was not ready to accept that I have moved on. He gets regular updates about me from Samantha, since she is my best friend. Sam once told me that Victor calls her daily to check up on me. My wellbeing, business and everything else. Whichever things he thinks he should be bothered about.

“That asshole of a man, does not have balls to call me directly and ask. Tell him everything Sam, that I have moved on, and happy without his fucking nose and ego in my life.”

It was about time I start getting ready. For tonight, I took out a super fit little black dress. It had a sweetheart neckline with thin strap. it was a very basic black dress until I turned back. It was backless. Just couple of inches above my hips. All sequenced in pitch black, but glittery when the disco ball's light hits it.

I accessorize it with a slick silver chain and pearl studs. I put on my ear cuff in its regular place. Hair was a big mess, like every day. I have tremendously long hairs, and I am confused what to do. Leave it open or to tie it up? I was about to grab my brush when the doorbell rang.

That must be Sam. I jumped from my stool and walked towards the gate. I opened the gate and the view, took my breath away. It was Sammy in an ox blood red dress. I wolf-whistled towards her. “Woah! someone is going to set the floor on fire tonight.”

“You look bomb. Come on, let's do your hair.” She pushed me back and entered the apartment. Since Sam had a top knot bun, with some loose curls to frame her face. She decided it will be great if I leave My mid-thigh-length-hair open.

It was looking damn wild. Which is quiet opposite of my personality. She finished my hair in less than ten minutes. I only had to apply lipstick now. I took my all-time favourite, Ruby woo, and put it on. I have fuller and pouty lips, it looked ravishing on me.

“Let's go. We have to pick up Damon on the way.” I informed, fixing my dress.

“Yes. Yes, we will. But before that let’s take a picture of us. Need to send it to my brother.” Sam took out her phone and posed for the picture. I just rolled my eyes and exhales at her antics.

“Whatever. I don’t know what’s worse. Having my ex-fiancé’s baby sister as my best friend or having my best friend’s brother as my ex.”