

Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 7

{Damon}

I and Chang; the guy handling bar, were chatting at occasionally sharing a glance at Delilah. She was enjoying the party very much. The other guy and me caught each other staring at her, and smiled. As if on a nonverbal agreement. My grin grew more at the thought of having her smile like that again, for me. So carefree, so attractive. Like a baby. No worries at all.

“How long have you known her?” I asked Chang sipping my whiskey.

“Long enough to know she never laughed like that before.”

I nodded and looked back into the crowd. I searched the crowd, but a certain girl, with long brown hair and a backless dress was not found. She might have gone to the restroom. A wrinkle formed in my forehead when no one emerged from that side of the club. I found Samantha dancing with some other guy. Where did she go?

From the corner of my eyes, I saw a man dragging someone outside. Jumping from my seat, I walked quickly towards the exit. I was scared, what if something happens to her. Damn, the crowd. The moment I came out, I saw him holding her hands above her head, and her knees were block.

He was forcing himself on her. I leaped towards him, and pushed him aside. When the guy tried to push me back, I punched him on the face. A knee was coming towards the his balls. Delilah kneed him hard. When he crouched down, she started punching his face back-to-back. The guy fell on the ground. He passed out.

We went back to the club, which was still playing the same song when both of them left. Rather than going to the dance floor, both of us went to the bar.

“I am sorry, for whatever happened.” I rubbed my thumb on her knuckles. Trying to ease them.

“Don’t be. There are always some assholes like that, who always see woman like that. Get tempted by seeing a bit of skin here and there. Thank you for helping me though.”

“You punched him more than I did.” I smiled at her and tucked her wild wave of hair behind her ear.

“Fuck it. I want to get tipsy tonight.” She looked back at the bar, “Chang! Serve me your best cocktails, and make sure I don’t throw up.”

“Ha-ha. I will.” Saying that Chang prepared 12 shots of vodka and set it on fire.

“Whoa, that’s cool. Am I supposed to take them all?”

“You want to get tipsy right. Without throwing up. There you go.” Chang half smiled and winked. He went to attend the other customers after blowing off the fire.

She looked at me, and I was already staring at her with eyes wide open. This woman is crazy.

“Hold my beer boy.” She smirked and started taking the shots.

First... second... third, a pause, fourth... fifth... sixth, another pause. Six down. Six more to go. She thumped on the table grabbing everyone’s attention nearby. Seventh... eighth... ninth... tenth.

“Shots-shots-shots...” Everyone was cheering for her, but I held the same expression.

She took her eleventh shot and smirked. “To my fucked-up life.” She raised her hand and took the last shot. The whole bar clapped. It was the bars new record. Twelve shots at once. She felt dizzy after few minutes though. I noticed that she was slipping from her stool. I grabbed her by the waist and made her sit on my leg.

“Do you want something honey?” Chang came laughing at a tipsy person now.

“Nope, I am as fine as ice. But I think I am melting.” She giggled and climbed down from my leg. Walking back into the dance floor, I followed suit. A sober Delilah was attracting people in her backless dress. I can’t imagine the consequences for a tipsy one.

It was now a very nice song playing, the only words I registered were, work, work, work. As soon as she heard the words, she started moving her ass, sensually. Was she taunting me? Thank god, I was close enough to see that, otherwise it would have been any Tom-Dick-Harry, she would be doing it to.

She turned around, and held me close to her. Wrapping her arms around my neck, she started singing. I did not understand anything, thanks to the loud music and to the girl who was drunk as hell. But I understood one line clearly, something that I never had.

I looked at her, and she smiled. Her half-closed eyes, were drowning me in. I looked back and realised, the amount of burden she has on her chest. I wanted her to let me in. But she was too scared. I have been patient with her. I know woman like her, are tough to deal with.

She was stubborn but loyal to her core. She didn’t like me because of the money I have. Hell, she doesn’t even know who I am actually. I want her more. I want to share her sorrow and pain. Laughter and happiness. Everything. I need her.

This moment when she was carefree, she opens her heart for me. I cherish moments like this, but I want my forever with her. Not these drunk moments. I kept those thoughts to myself and focused on the angel in my arms.

Those lips, those cheeks, those eyes. She smiled and rested her head on my chest. I chuckled and realized that, Delilah has sexy muscles with apple cheeks. I was drunk too, and her being so close wasn't helping me keeping my hands to myself.

I slightly pushed his hands below her hips, her ass was round and lifted. It has enough of jiggle to make any man go crazy for her. She was smelling so luxurious in that Victoria's secret perfume too. Her breasts were firm and perked up. I was trying so hard not to get hard in this situation.

She is drunk and probably not aware what is going on. I exhaled and placed my head on top of her. I was savouring the moment, her warmth caged between my arms and body. I felt someone staring at me, when I looked up, it was Samantha. Holy fuck.

Her face held no emotions, no tipsiness so far. I saw blood in her eyes. I froze in fear. Sam came closer, took my hand from her friend's ass, and pointed me the way to exit. She didn't stand there a second longer, but stomped towards the bar.

{Samantha}

I was enraged. I know my brother fucked up, and Delilah has every right to be happy. But sometimes, the sister side takes over my brain. I stomped towards the bar and paid the bills. Taking both are bags I rushed toward the gate. I need fresh air.

The car was parked just around the corner, I took a deep breath and tried to the irrational thoughts in my brain. I called my brother while I walked around and he answered rather quickly than expected.

"Hi." Victor's voice chimed in.

"Fuck your hi big brother. You better see her this time, otherwise you are never going to see her as 'Mrs. Delilah Victor Thompson' anymore."

"What happened? Is she okay?"

"Vic, I can't stop them falling in love, they love each other already. More than you ever loved her..." I took a deep breath and continued, "you know what the worst part is? he is indeed better than you. I really hope you do some miracle and get her back. I can't see my friend hurt and crying and missing out on happiness like Damon."

From the other side, I heard Victor sighing. "I will. Don't worry. I will win her over again. She is mine, and I will do whatever it takes to get her back. I will be reaching Seattle on Friday, before her parents come. We will work this out."

"The chances are less. But I am selfish for my brother. Please get her back, and don't be the asshole she hates." We both were silent for a long minute, then I spoke up. "I got to go. She is badly drunk. I have to drop her home. Take care." I could not hate him, even if I want to. He is my brother after all.

After my walk around the club, I finally reached the car. Damon was waiting outside the car, while Delilah was Sprawled on the back seat.

"Do you want me drive?"

"I will be forever grateful." I passed him the car keys and stepped in the backseat.

"Nothing to thank for. You girls are my responsibility. Especially when you are this drunk."

"Chivalrous bastard."

"That's a nice way to put it."

He started the car and the drive was awkward as hell. I took her head on my lap and started scratching it lightly. I felt a little dizzy too, but could not close my eyes. A lot was going through my mind.

"Samantha, why she broke up with him?" Damon's question was too direct for my drunk state. I and him never had an actual conversation before. I know someone has to tell him the history. It was my time.

I exhaled and started talking, "it's complicated. She wasn't like this you know. When I met her, she was the perfect girl, very happy. She had always been the life of the party. Then I introduced her to Victor, my brother." I was choosing my words very carefully. Honestly, it is never my place to tell him the story, she never said.

"My brother is charming, had his special ways with woman. I was his sister and wanted the best for him. They fell in love quickly. She was so young when he proposed her. They got engaged after couple of months when she turned Eighteen." I stopped for him, for his acknowledgement.

"Go on! I am all ears. I want to know what happened? What I am dealing with?"

"Okay! Although, I was his sister, there was something about Victor, which I never knew existed. That thing about him came out, in a very ugly way. She decided to leave everything behind and move on. Since I was also looking for a place to open my practice. I decided to move out with her. And, here we are, with our fucked-up life."