

Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 8

{Damon}

After Samantha telling me what happened with Delilah, I gave her nod and focused on the road. She walked me through it on the surface level. I know there is more to the story which Delilah will tell me, when she is okay with it. Even if she doesn't, I don't care. Nothing will change my love for.

The drive felt comfortable silent. I and Samantha, were on the same page now. Both of us wanted to help. At one point Sam asked me, whether I loved her friend or not. This is one thing I am not confused about.

"I love her with everything I have." From the rear-view-mirror, I saw Samantha smiling encouragingly at me. We reached Delilah's apartment and parked the car. I helped Samantha with Delilah, since she was quite heavy for Samantha alone.

Both of us grabbed her arm on each side and started walking towards the elevator. Delilah's body was in a weird position now. First, she was wearing a six-inch-stiletto. Second, Samantha had her left arm, was shorter today because of the shoes she had.

Delilah's body was bent on the left side. On her right it was me, bloody six-feet-five-inches, and broader than both of them, and any of her male friends. I am technically a giant in front of Samantha, but complemented Delilah's figure. The right side was lifted more than it should be.

I would have carried her, but that would be too much, for now. What it would be like, having this wonderful; confident lady as my girlfriend or may be my fiancé or... may be, just may be as my wife. I could not help the smile that formed on my lips.

If she was really my girl, I would have carried her in bridal style, with her heels on my fingers. I would have cuddled whole night, kissing her everywhere possible. My trail of thoughts were interrupted, when the elevator stopped at her floor. Thank god.

Stepping inside her apartment, I settled her on her bed.

"Bitch weighs like a giant."

He handed Samantha a glass of water and took one for myself. Delilah started mumbling. "Sam baby, you are so precious to me."

"I love you too." Samantha chuckled and went inside the kitchen.

"But I hate your brother, that dickhead never should have said that." Her eyes were closed and the rest of her sentence was unsaid. I thought may be a tipsy one will let something out of her chest. But damn.

"I... umm... must go!" I started walking towards the gate when Samantha yelled.

"Are you crazy? Stay." Now I know why these two are best friends. They switch roles between them about being 'who is the boss now?'

"We will have dinner. You can use the other room. I and Delilah will sleep in her room."

I agreed to stay back. I opened my shoes and made myself at home. Sam waked her up and dragged her towards the bathroom. Without saying anything I went to the kitchen to heat up the food and chop of some salad.

Samantha came back and was surprised seeing me in her friend's kitchen, working smoothly.

"Are you planning to come on Saturday, to meet her parents?"

"I think that will be really inappropriate..." I was interrupted by none other than Samantha.

"What? No. See, I know damn well that you love her. Now, if you want to win her over my brother, who is apparently coming on this Friday. You better pull up your socks, and start working."

"They are engaged! I stand no chance." I was confused at her words. Was she really helping him? She is Victor's sister. She was not supposed to be helping me after all.

"Well, if I say you do. Will you meet her parents?" Sam crossed her hands around her chest, trying to look intimidating.

"I will certainly come on Saturday."

"She will be delighted to see you on Saturday. I will ask her to invite you personally."

We both were laughing and my gaze landed on Delilah, who was now giving us death glares. She was struggling to keep her head from falling back on the pillow. We stopped laughing and Sam took three bowls and pour the stew. I grabbed another bowl for salad and moved after her.

We sat on the bed, and started enjoying the warm food. She was feeding her. Every now and then, I heard Sam saying, "baby aaah..." and Delilah opened her mouth for food. They indeed share a strong bond.

Samantha Smiled at me, looking at my now empty bowl.

"Do you mind if I feed her, while you eat. Yours is getting cold."

“That will be great.” For the first time ever, Samantha smiled genuinely at me and I did not believe it actually happened. I started feeding Delilah. Her eyes were still close but she kept eating until, the spoon hit the bottom of the bowl. Wiping her mouth clean I said, “you have finished the food. Now drink this and sleep.”

I and Sam later on did the dishes and went to our rooms separately. When I went to the guest room, I was impressed. I have never stepped into her bedroom, ever. The room smelled fresh but unused. I went inside and opened the window to let the cool night breeze come in. Settling on the bed, I dreamed of cuddling with my girl, and kissing her senseless.

I know she is burdened with the past. It’s a crazy phase she is going through. I have been through this before. I know what it feels. Being played, by the one person who is supposed to love you. Charlotte, my ex-wife was cunning. Everyone saw it except me. I was too blinded by love.

Delilah, still does not know anything about me. I am willing to tell her everything she asks. But first, I need to wait for her to trust me enough. To open her heart once again for love.