

Taming The Alpha Female Chapter 9

{Delilah}

My eyes shot open when I felt a wet tongue on my face. I turned around and saw my dog waking me up.

“Good morning baby.” I don’t know who got him last night. May be Samantha. Why she is in my bed though? My guest room is empty. But then I remember Damon’s voice last night. Lucas licked me once again breaking my chain of thoughts.

“You missed mommy last night?” I petted him and he climbed on my bed. He snuggled in my arm, and I planted at least twenty kisses on his head, face, ears. He licked me back and snuggled. It was around nine, when I finally made it out of bed.

An equally sleepy Sam snoring on my pillow. I wrapped my friend in the warm blanket. My heart. Tying my hair, I went to the washroom, morning business. After doing the morning skincare, I had a big glass of water. I kissed Sam on her forehead and went to the kitchen.

I stopped abruptly at the gate, when I noticed someone familiar, from last night. It was Damon, shirtless. What a sight for sore eyes. I always get a sneak peek of how muscular he actually is. But right now, it was in front of me, served in a silver platter.

His back was huge, almost like a shield from Viking age. His lats and shoulder muscles were moving so effortlessly, as he was shuffling between different things on the stove. His shoulder was broader, and it was complementing the tiny waist he had.

He moved and blessed me with the view of his smooth chest. His eyes landed on my thighs and he licked his lips. He looked up and when his eyes landed on mine, he smiled. I looked down at his god-gifted abs. This man.

My thoughts were interrupted when Damon moved closer grabbed my hand. Placing it on his broad shoulder he smirked.

“Like what you see?”

“Love what I am feeling though.”

He grabbed my waist and brushed his lips on mine. I was shocked for a moment seeing him forgetting his limits, especially when Sam is here. I brushed off the worry, when he stepped back.

“What are you cooking?”

“Some pancakes, bacon and eggs.” He replied pouring a full ladle of pancake batter and spreading it evenly.

“Great.” Both of us felt silent, not knowing what to do. My lips still tingled with his mere touch. I decided to ask him a favour.

“I need your help. Will you meet my parents this Saturday as my—”

“Business partners.” He whispered while he flipped the last pancake perfectly. Blessed by the gods.

“Yeah?” I shrugged not knowing how to say it. I looked down at my feet as a sign of nervousness. I wanted to say so much more but couldn’t. He turned off the gas, and moved toward the island where I was standing. He grabbed me again by my waist and placed me on the top. My breathing became heavy.

Holding me around my waist, he moved closer and was just couple of inches away from kissing me.

“Please continue. I know you wanted to say more than business partners.”

I was a nervous-wreck. “Umm I was thinking, if you... can be my boyfriend for a couple of days. Just fake it.”

Damon was taken aback at my words. He placed one finger under my chin and made me look into his eyes.

“Babe, I don’t have to fake it. You know I love you. May be deep down, you love me as well. You are not sure about it just yet.”

Placing my head on his shoulders I sighed. He rocked my back and spoke. “I will be there for you, always. I will help you to find out what your heart wants. But promise me, the day you find out whom you love, me, Victor or even Sam...” he chuckled “...you will let me know then and there. Not a second later.”

I just breathed in relief.

“Don’t worry, it does not mean I won’t try to get you as my girlfriend.” That devilish smirk was back on his face.

“I am sure you will.” I smiled looking straight into his eyes. I placed my palm on his bare chest, so that I can feel his heartbeats. His heart beating was faster than regular. He looked down, I looked up. When our gaze met, our body acted against our brains.

We came closer, and kissed each other softly. It felt like a jolt of electricity passed through my body as we leaned closer. His hold around my waist tightens, as he kissed

me slow and sensual and sweet. I never liked it rough. With Victor it was rough and sloppy.

Maybe it was because, lack of confidence in me, young age. Where you just want things to be done as quickly as possible. But with Damon, it was so soothing that I just wanted the kiss to be long lasting, and soft. To enjoy every bit of his mouth.

I tightened my grip around his neck, as I realised how much he meant to me. When we came up for air, the shine in his eyes were breath-taking. His one hand cupped my face, and his thumb was caressing my cheek. I leaned in to his touch.

I moved my hand in his thick curly hair and kissed him back. I never wanted to stop the rhythm. The strange part was, we were cherishing each other now. The kiss... was prolonged by both of us. None of us wanted to stop the sensation.

I pulled back and he smiled at me with flushed cheeks. He is a muscular man, but blushing like a little boy, who just got the best Christmas present.

“That was phenomenal.” He kissed me again, this time it was just a peck, then he hugged me, tight. He started kissing my neck. Pushing my shirt down, he kissed my collar bone. I moaned. It was the sweetest pleasure I have felt... in a long time.

Damon was sweet couple of minutes ago, but now, he started sucking my skin. I don't care if he leaves a mark afterwards. He earned it. I fisted my hands in his chest hoping to grab something, but failed miserably. He was smooth and hot.

When he finished what he started, he looked me in the eyes with smugness. He rested his forehead on mine and closed his eyes. I felt at peace, even for a brief moment. It felt like we were having a secret conversation. I smiled genuinely and kissed him on the cheeks.

Damon seemed very excited as if he got a green signal. The air around him became more powerful and happy and positive. I was dangling my feet while he plated my food. Sam came to the kitchen, rubbing her eyes.

“Is that the food I smell? Were you guys just making out in the kitchen?”