CHAPTER TEN

TENSION'S RUNNING HIGH

After rehearsal, Cameron dropped Lilliana home. The girl tiredly changed out of her uniform and into her lounge wear before making her way downstairs. She went into the kitchen to fix herself some snacks while dancing to the loud music playing in her bluetooth speaker... an attempt to distract her mind away from the bittersweet memories attached to the place before heading to their TV lounge. She sat her snacks and a cup of her favourite chocolate milk on the coffee table to turn on the TV and sank onto a one seater couch with a loud sigh. Other than the egg-swing chair in her room, the sofa was her second favourite.

It always seemed to swallow her small body when she was sitting on it. Lilliana leaned forward to get her snacks from the table, took a sip of her drink and spent the rest of the day watching her favourite tv series on binge. She only got up when it was almost time for her father to come back home from work and got started with making dinner. Their front door opened just when she was busy setting the dinning table for her and her father.

"Dinner will be ready in five minutes" she said, just as her father walked in the dining room. The man smiled, walking up to her and wrapped a hand around her shoulders in a side hug.

"Thank you princess" he mumbled, in to the girl's hair before planting a soft kiss on the top of her head and left the room. He went upstairs into his room to freshen up and came back down minutes later. The two sat around the table and had just started eating when their front door opened. The girl frowned, looking up at her father before turning to their welcoming hall where the sound of approaching footsteps could be

heard. She didn't know if they had a guest tonight.

"Oh I forgot to tell you, I invited Damon for dinner ...him and I need to discuss some important business matters, '' Jackson said, just as his handsome best friend walked in the dining room. Lilliana gulped, taking her time to take him in from his toes all the way up to his face. Even when mad at him, she just couldn't help herself... it was a bad habit, one she was unwilling to let go of.

The man was now clad in a navy three piece Armani suit, with the jacket hanging on his arm and the sleeves of his white shirt rolled up to his elbows. His long hair was tied up in a low ponytail with a few strands hanging loosely on his forehead. His sharp eyebrows were knitted together as he focused on the screen of his phone bathing his face in blue light. Perfection was all Lilliana could think, drooling over the man.

Putting his phone away in his pocket, Damon looked up and raised a questioning eyebrow at her when their eyes met. Lilliana quickly looked away and focused back on her food to hide her embarrassment, just as the man walked around the table to hug his best friend in greeting. Did she have to be so entranced to the point of getting caught undressing the man?? She reproached herself.

"Hey Lilly" Damon greeted, sitting down in a chair across the girl like they didn't see each other hours ago. Had he already forgotten about what happened between them?? she sighed, longingly pushing her food around her plate with a fork. Her stomach was suddenly full.

"Princess bring a plate for Damon??" Jackson said, seeing as she wasn't moving. Lilliana silently got up and went into the kitchen to do as she was told. Here she was, still not ready to see him after what happened last night and he acted like nothing happened between them. Was he that

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shallow?? Or was he just too drunk last night to remember?? Shaking her head, she grabbed the said plate from the cabinet and walked back to rejoin the two friends happily chatting with each other. She gave it to Damon before sitting back down.

"Are you okay princess??" Her father asked, after a few minutes. Having noticed the change in his daughter's mood ever since Damon walked in. She was out of character and there was a sense of awkwardness looming over the two, tension so thick he could cut it with a knife.

Lilliana looked up at Damon, their eyes meeting for just a second before he looked away and let out another sigh. Nodding her head, she mumbled "I'm just full" pushing the plate of food away from her and grabbed her glass of chocolate milk bringing it up to her lips for a sip. She knew she needed to stop hoping for the man to one day see her more as those women he fucked and less of his daughter but how was she going to do that when she could still feel his touch lingering on her skin even after having being touched by him hours ago?? 1

She spent the rest of the dinner watching Damon eat and tell stories about his business trip to her father. She watched as his Adam's apple bobbed up and down everytime he swallowed his food as if in a trance and that smirk grazing his plum full lips every time he caught her staring at him, had the girl sucking on her lower lip longingly. He grabbed his glass of whisky and slowly brought it up to his lips while talking and took a sip. Lilliana unconsciously gulped, when a drop slid down the corner of his lips making her want nothing more than to reach out her hand and wipe it clean with her thumb or lick it off with her tongue.

Having seen and heard enough, the girl cleared her throat getting up from her chair and started clearing the table. She took all their dirty dishes to the kitchen and started washing them. "Do you need help??"

Damon suddenly asked, startling her. The glass she was busy washing slipped from the girl's hands and fell back in the sink splashing her with the soapy water.

Lilliana closed her eyes, feeling herself get hot with arousal from just the sound of his baritone voice. She took slow deep breaths in to calm her frantic heart listening to the heavy footsteps slowly walking toward her. Damon stopped behind her and put his glass in the sink. His chest touched her back in the process, engulfing her in the sweet chocolate fragrance of his cologne.

"Are you okay??" Physically?? Lilliana could pretend like she wasn't affected by him, but emotionally?? She couldn't even lie to herself and say Yes... at least not with him that close. She could feel his warm breath fanning the side of her neck as he asked bathing her skin in goosebumps. Lilliana opened her eyes but said nothing and looked outside the window at the starry night sky.

Getting no response from the girl, Damon grabbed her hands and span her around to check if she was hurt. Although innocent and unintentional ... the position the two were in could easily be misinterpreted if a third person were to walk in, in their case... the girl's father. They looked like two lovers deep in a sultry conversation, with Lilliana pushed against the sink and Damon hovering over her. Their faces mere inches away from each other and Damon's hands on either side of the girl's body, caging her in one place.

"You're wet... go change" Damon said