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REGRET, IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED...

"You're wet... go change" Lilliana scowled at his words and stared at him. Was it that obvious to him that he aroused her even with the simplest actions and yet he was still unaffected??

"I mean your top little flower" he explained with a soft chuckle. The girl looked down and saw her tank top clinging to her bare breasts. Her erect nipples cut through the wet material like sharp knives.

"Oh" was all she said, pushing him away from her to create some distance between them and grabbed a paper towel to dry her hands before side stepping him. A little disappointed that even her breasts didn't affect him.

"Lilly..." Damon stopped her just when she was about to walk out of the kitchen "...about what happened between us"

"What about it??" The girl asked, still looking away from him. She already knew in her head what the man was about to say but hoped to hear something different.

Damon took a deep breath in before continuing, he himself knew what he was about to say was going to hurt her more than he intended it to. But the girl needed to hear it and he needed to say it out loud for his own good too.

"...I don't want you, getting the wrong idea or any misunderstandings about what might happen between us. I don't know what came over me last night, I was drunk but that's no excuse" he let out another sigh and

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continued " ...the fact remains that it shouldn't have happened and it'll never repeat itself" his words were harsh and left Lilliana not knowing what to say. She nodded her head, swallowed the sudden lump forming in her throat and continued out of the kitchen. After all, it was never a good feeling to hear the guy you're crushing on or constantly fantasising about swear to never touch you in any sexual way whatsoever.

She walked in her room and headed straight into her shower. She stood under the cold water to at least freeze her body back to normal and make her cold to his touch, his voice... to the man himself. She moved her hand down to the area between her thighs and touched her swollen nub, ready to deal with her emotions the best way she knew how... pleasure herself. She always felt the need to have sex whenever she got anxious or experienced any kind of fear. It was a feeling she never really understood and yet never took seriously enough to seek help.

Letting out a sigh, she drew slow circles around her nub and closed her eyes imagining Damon's hands on her. She leaned her back against the shower wall at the pleasure, already building up and moved her fingers faster. She brought her free hand up to play with her breast, pinching and twisting her nipple between her index finger and thumb.

Moving her hand lower, she moaned thrusting two fingers inside her core and finger fucked her hole. It felt good but compared to Damon's, her fingers were too short and slender to make her feel like she did in the man's hands. Her toes curled backward in pleasure and her legs got jelly at the feeling of that familiar pressure building up in the pit of her stomach ready to burst out of her tiny body. She harshly twisted her nipple between her fingers, the painful pleasure pushing her off the cliff into a whirlpool of bliss sending warmth through her entire body. She slowed down her hand, prolonging her orgasm for a few more seconds before slowly pulling her fingers out and slid down the wall. She sat on

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the cold wet tiled floor to calm down with her eyes still shut, all her anger simmered down completely. 1

A few minutes passed before she decided it was time to step out of the shower and get rid of the now drenched clothes clinging to her body like a second skin. Digging her toes in the fuzzy bathroom carpet, she put on her bathrobe and dried both her face and hair with a towel. Opening the door, she was about to walk out when she noticed movement near her bookshelf and froze

"Dad??" She called out, nervous. How long had he been inside her bedroom?? had he heard what she was busy doing inside the bathroom minutes ago?? Was the shower loud enough to muffle her moans?? Especially the part when she cried out Damon's name?? She wondered, her mind was going to explode with the number of questions forming in her head all at once as she was panicking. Swallowing hard, she tightened the knot on the front of her bathrobe... an attempt to get rid of the scary feeling that ran through her entire body, freezing her in one place at the thought of her father finding out about her crush.

Jackson turned around at the sound of his daughter's voice and smiled. He put the book in his hand back on the shelf and said "Sorry for not knocking, your door was open..." making his way to the girl's bed and sat down before asking "Are you okay??"

The girl nodded, letting out a breath she had been holding in and walked into her closet. Stopping in front of a chest drawer, she pulled one open in search of the shirt her father gave her to sleep in and put it on before walking back out.

"Why do you ask??" She asked, stopping next to her bed and opened the covers before getting on the soft mattress. She crawled to the middle and

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pulled them over her legs before looking up at her father.

Shaking his head, her father said "Damon said you soaked yourself in the kitchen so i got worried and came to check on you..." he stood up and walked to Lilliana's study desk. When he turned around, he had a tray in his hand. The girl frowned, only then noticing he brought medication with him.

"I'm not sick dead" she stated as the man walked around the bed to get to her.

"I know, this will stop you from getting sick" Jackson said, gently putting the tray on the bed next to Lilliana. He took the two tablets in his hand and handed them over to the girl before giving her a glass of water. This was what his late wife used to do whenever any of them got drenched by water, especially Lilliana since she easily got sick. Sighing in defeat, Lilliana opened her mouth and placed the tablets under her tongue before drinking the water and swallowed everything. She gave the glass back to her father and mumbled a small thank you before snaking under the covers.

"Goodnight Princess" her father said, planting a kiss on her forehead before leaving the room with the tray in his hand and closed the door behind him. Lilliana grabbed her phone from her bedside table and checked to see if she had any messages from her friend before switching on her laptop. She put on a TV series by the name Gabriel's Inferno and watched it until her eyelids were too heavy for her to keep open and fell asleep.