CHAPTER TWELVE

CAITLIN BATHORY...

It had been two days since Lilliana last saw Damon, two days since he touched the girl and then rejected her. Yet she still couldn't forget his harsh words, he regretted what happened between them... said it was a mistake he'd never repeat and he was right. Or at least the girl had been trying to convince herself that he was, for the past two days locked up in her room alone. That this was what the two of them needed to cope with their situation. At least Damon had the decency to keep the matter to himself or else the girl would've surely been grounded for life or worse... disowned by her father.

She sat alone in her room, by the window with the curtains open and the big round moon shining down on her through the glass. Giving her skin a glittering lustre, its bright light serving as the only light in the dark silent room as she read her new favourite novel. She had her legs hiked up to her chest on the window seat and a velvet silver grey cushion nestled over her lap holding her book. Her reading glasses were carelessly resting atop the fine bridge of her nose with a couple of loose strands of hair falling down on either side of her face. Her eyes ran over the creme pages, silently reading the words written in black ink.

Suddenly, a loud banging sound of what could only be described as a door being slammed shut came from downstairs, forcing the girl to look up from the white pages of her book and turn her head toward her window. Staring into the darkness, she managed to make out her father's car parked in their driveway. She let out a breath she didn't know she was holding, slowly lowering her strained legs from the seat and moving the cushion from her lap. She placed it on the empty space next to her along

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with the book novel and with both of her hands pushed her long copper red hair back. She tied it into a messy bun before taking off her reading glasses and carefully placed them back in their case.

Suppressing a yawn, she rubbed her thumb and index finger over her eyelids to ease the ache from reading too long. She walked toward her bedroom door, finally having decided it was time she added something in her empty stomach. Her stomach grumbled embarrassingly in agreement just as she stepped onto the empty dimly lit hallway. Looking down at her feet hidden in her white fuzzy socks, she bent over to pull them over her ankles before looking at herself in the mirror on the wall behind her. She shrugged, continuing down the hallway to the kitchen but stopped half way down the staircase when instead of her father as expected, she saw Damon walking out of their kitchen with a bottle of beer in his left hand while the other struggled to take off his jacket.

She took one step back then the other, praying he doesn't turn around and notice her. Almost at the top, she took a sharp turn and was about to run toward her room when her leg bumped into a corner of a table just around the corner. Knocking over the decorating vase on it in the process "shit" she cursed, catching it in the nick of time before it shattered into pieces on the floor and let out a sigh putting it back on the table. But the noise was enough to announce her presence to Damon.

"Lilly!!" The man called, making the girl let out a groan at her bad luck before walking out to meet him.

" ...what are you doing??" He tiredly asked, standing at the bottom of the stairs and looked up at her with a frown on his face.

"It's nothing, just bumped into the table" Lilliana explained with a small shrug of her shoulders and turned around, ready to leave but Damon

stopped her.

"Where are you going??"

Slowly turning back around to face him, the girl said "Back to my room??" with her thumb pointing in the direction.

"Why?? Weren't you coming down just now??" Damon said, making it known that he had noticed her earlier.

Trying not to roll her eyes, Lilliana said "it's chilly, I was going to get my hoodie" lying through her teeth... it wasn't. The temperature outside could boil fishes out of the sea and the house was slightly warm despite the air conditioners. Her words only turned Damon's focus on her body.

The room suddenly shrank as he took her in, his eyes turning a darker shade of their original colour at what she was wearing... her favourite summer pyjama set that he bought for her last summer. Her body had changed a lot since then ...it outgrew the once loose material. It was now smaller... tighter around her feminine curves than before. Her breasts were now bigger and fuller pulling the tanktop up a little in the front. Her ass cheeks were rounder and thighs thicker forcing the little shorts high up, so much that they looked more like bikini bottoms than shorts.

The man bit the insides of his cheeks to stop a groan as his eyes on their own accord wandered up her legs to her exposed thighs, then to her belly button decorated with a butterfly piercing covered in rhinestones. When did she get her belly pierced?? he wondered for a short second and then smirked at yet another small revelation about the girl before finally stopping on her exposed cleavage. He could feel his entire body heating up in appreciation from just staring at her. She looked good... sexy even.

Following his heated gaze, Lilliana looked down at her clothes and

cursed under her breath. Why was it that everytime she was alone with the man, she seemed to suffer a wardrobe malfunction?? She nervously fumbled with her shorts and tank top, trying to pull them down and cover the exposed skin but instead made everything worse. The tanktop only exposed more of her breasts, making the man let out a throaty grunt that he quickly covered up with a cough.

"What are you doing here Damon??" The girl asked, feigning ignorance and crossed her arms over her chest forcing her round mounds up in the process. She might like the man more than it was appropriate and her body might be burning up from the attention but she didn't want to look desperate in front of him. She had embarrassed herself enough as it is.

Looking up from her breasts, Damon cleared his throat and said "Your father asked me to come spend the night"

"What?? why??" The girl almost yelled, dropping her hands. The small innocent move caused her breasts to jiggle, entrapping the man once again but her mind was full of questions to notice. Why would her father decide on something like that without asking her first?? she was no longer a child for God's sake, when was he going to accept that??

" ...why didn't he tell me??" She asked almost whining, The man opened his mouth about to answer but stopped when the front door opened interrupting him. Lilliana looked up expectantly at the door behind him, hoping it was her father but instead a woman walked in with a phone in her hand. The loud clucking sound of her very high heels on the tiled floor resonated through the quiet house as she made her way toward them... toward Damon.

"So, I'm done for the night and ready to be all yours' ' she said, seductively trailing her hand along the man's broad shoulders to his

chest and stopped in front of him wrapping her arms around his neck but the man's attention was elsewhere. She scowled and whipped her head around to see the cause of his distraction, her hair whipping the man's face in the process. She forced a smile when she noticed Lilliana standing at the top of the staircase.

"Oh hello, you must be Damon's GODDAUGHTER Lilliana" she said, the words "Damon's goddaughter" meant as a reminder for Damon, making the girl grit her teeth in displeasure. Though the woman was unaware of the girl's feelings, her words were like rubbing salt into the girl's open wounds. " ...I'm Caitlin Bathory" she added, with her shoulders back and head held high... very proud of her name but Lilliana could care less.

She nodded her head and said in a low voice "Nice to meet you" a smile plastered on her face to hide her discomfort as she glared at the hand resting on Damon's chest like it belonged there, maybe it did. The girl knew who the woman was before she even introduced herself. How could she not when she was the reason behind most of her insecurities.

Caitlin Bathory was that one woman who unlike other female conquests in Damon's life seemed to never wanna leave. She was always seen everywhere the man was, be it at a work related event or five star Michelin restaurants. Lilliana couldn't help disliking her even more now that she was standing face to face with her. She could see why Damon kept her around and she hated how perfect she looked compared to her. No matter how hard she tried to pull herself together and hide her jealousy, she couldn't.

"I'm going to bed" she mumbled and hurried back to her room before they got a chance to stop her.

Slamming her bedroom door shut, she leaned her back against it and

tried to swallow the bitter pill stuck in her throat but the pill stubbornly remained in one place. She couldn't accept the bitter truth that she was always going to be Damon's goddaughter and nothing more. She bit her lower lip as tears welled up in her eyes, trying not to cry but a traitorous tear rolled down her cheek. Angrily wiping it off with the back of her hand, she pushed her body off the door and walked to her bed. She crawled to the middle of the mattress and snaked under the covers immediately dozing off to sleep when her head touched the pillow.

AAHH!!

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