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AAHH!!

She's woken up a few minutes later by the sound of someone's screams. Jumping out of her bed, she ran toward her door and flew it open to check what could be the problem. The scream sounded again, this time a little different. It sounded more like a moan of pleasure than a cry for help.

"Please" came another from the room across from hers. Her grip around the doorknob tightened in realisation as she glared daggers at the closed door and her eyes got moist. Damon was having sex with Caitlin.

Closing the door, she turned back to her bed. Her vision grew blurry with every step she took closer to it. But why did it bother her?? She wondered crawling back under the covers. Caitlin was Damon's girlfriend or so people thought and he had every right to be with her in every way whatsoever.

Resting her head on the cotton pillow, Lilliana closed her eyes and tried to go back to sleep but the knowledge of the man she loved being intimate with another wouldn't allow her such pleasure. Her body tossed and turned on the soft mattress, trying to find a more comfortable position to sleep in as the moaning continued. Giving up on going back to sleep, she sat up straight and grabbed her headphones from her nightstand drawer and connected them to her phone.

"Low battery" the English lady informed, just when she was about to press play on a song to drown the noise. Her lips trembled as she tried not to cry once again, this time in self pity and let out an angry growl instead. Taking them off, she threw them across the room with all her might and buried her head under her pillow as the woman moaned again

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and again, louder each time. Her every moan, scream and plea for more a taunt to the girl's ears. She'd never feel what she was feeling. She'd never get to be underneath the man or even see him naked... only in her dreams.

Her body reacted to her every angry thought, sending shivers down her spine. Her nub ached for a release as her anxiety took over all of her senses. Laying flat on her back, she snaked a hand inside her pyjama shorts and found her already swollen nub as tears streamed down the sides of her face. She envied the woman in the other room, what did she do to deserve Damon's attention that she couldn't?? She closed her eyes and moved her hand faster underneath her covers. Her fingers pressed firmly on her nub as she tried to get rid of the jealousy surging through her system and dive deeper into her fantasies in which Damon could never say no to her. His hand quickly replaced hers as he joined her on her bed and laid next to her.

"Don't stop, " she moaned, biting her lower lip when his fingers slid inside her core.

"I'll never stop" the man promised, the words coming out in a low lustful groan and moved his fingers faster in and out of her. Curling them upward, he touched the ceiling of her vagina with the pads of his fingers and let out a low grunt.

"You're so tight" he whispered into Lilliana's ear, when her vaginal walls clenched around his two digits in an attempt to keep them inside. The words only pushed the girl closer to her finish. Her back arched off of the bed as he repeatedly grinded on her sensitive spot with his every thrust, her toes curling backward in pleasure.

"I'm so close" She informed him, snaking her small hand beneath his to rub on her nub. Eliciting an approving groan from the man, he moved his

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hand faster all the while not looking away from her hand. Her hips moved back and forth, her insides twitched around his fingers in desperate need.

"Fuck!!" She moaned, finally reaching her release. Her body shook with the power of her orgasm. She opened her eyes, breathing heavily and turned to her side. She smiled sadly when she found the man gone ...as always. She slowed her fingers to ride down her orgasm before pulling them out of her core and let out a shaky breath, looking up at the ceiling.

The house was now silent, she could hear her heart beating in her ribcage as she tried to catch her breath and even then she still couldn't sleep. Her mind wouldn't let her, she now wondered if the two were done or just resting before another round and if she really wanted to be present for the said round??

Deciding not, she reached out her hand and searched the space next to her for her phone. Smiling when she found it and quickly dialed her bestfriend's number. After three rings, the call finally went through and Tessa's raspy voice sounded from the other side of the phone "Shouldn't you be sleeping??"

Rolling her eyes, Lilliana asked instead of answering her friend's question "Can I come over??"

"Wait, right now??" Tessa asked surprised, the time was way past visiting hours.

"yeah now, I need to talk to you"

"I um... " she hesitated but agreed in the end "...yeah sure, are you okay??
"

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"Yeah, I'll see you in five minutes" Lilliana said before ending the call. The girl crawled out of her bed and pulled her feet into her joint bathroom. Stopping in front of the bathroom counter, she placed her phone down next to the basin and opened one of the faucets. She used her hands to splash cold water onto her face and wash off any remaining evidence of the crying she did earlier before grabbing a towel to dry her face, gently dabbing on the skin to her satisfaction and hung the towel back on the rack. She walked into her walk-in closet and changed into her lounge-wear, a pair of black cotton leggings and a matching baggy shirt. She ran her fingers through her messy curls to tame it and put it all up in a bun before walking to her bedroom door. She wrapped her fingers around the round golden doorknob and gently twisted her hand to the side, a click sounded and the door opened.

Damon's bedroom door opened too, just as she walked out of her room and a dishevelled Caitlin walked out fully clothed with her phone and high heels in one hand while the other tried to tame her messy waves.

"Lilliana??" she gasped, taken aback by the quiet girl in the dimly lit hallway. She wasn't expecting to see her, at least not at that time.

Quickly composing herself, she asked "did we wake you??" sheepishly tugging locks of her golden hair behind her ear. Lilliana opened her mouth to reply to her question but stopped when a tall silhouette that could only belong to Damon approached the door from inside the man's room, stopping behind Caitlin and shook her head instead. Caitlin let out a breath of relief and turned to Damon. Getting on her tiptoes, she leaned forward to peck his lips but the man turned his head to the side just when their lips were about to touch and her lips met with his cheek instead.

"Goodnight Damon" she mumbled trying not to show her sadness from

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his blunt rejection and left.

Lilliana watched her walk away, feeling her pain. After all, she also knew first hand what it felt like to be touched by the man and then rejected when he was done with you. She shook her head, closing her bedroom door and was about to follow behind Caitlin when Damon stopped her "where are you going?" The girl turned around and gulped, only then noticing he was shirtless. Her eyes, with a mind of their own moved down his toned upper body covered in black art. His skin glistened with sweat from his recent sexual activities and stopped on his exposed V-line. The snake tattoo on it disappears into his grey sweats.

"Lilly?" the man called, snapping her out of her admiration haze.

She looked up and cleared her throat to get back her voice before saying "I'm going to sleep over at Tessa's"

Damon scowled looking down at his watch that was surprisingly, still wrapped around his wrist before looking back up at the girl and asked "At this time? Why?" It was already past midnight, shouldn't she be sleeping? He wondered.

The question only caused the girl to feel even more agitated "Because the house is not sound proofed Damon and I don't want to hear anymore of your fuckery" she snapped, regretting it a second later... Now she sounded jealous. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath in to calm down before opening them again and said " ...I'm sorry" apologising for her sudden outburst and rushed out before the man snapped out of his stupor and asked her anything. Slamming the door shut behind her, she jogged down the driveway onto the dark empty road and toward her friend's house that was only a couple of houses away from hers.