

# SHAMELESS WITH MY FATHER'S MAFIA BEST FRIEND

## CHAPTER THREE

### HER INSECURITIES...

The school bell rang for the last time, signalling the end of the day. Learners crowded the once empty hallways as they all rushed to the exit. Leaving their lockers, Lilliana and her friend Tessa also made their way toward the exit. Walking out of the building, they cruised down the pavement to the parking lot stopping next to Tessa's car.

Opening the driver's door, Tessa sat behind the wheel and asked "Aren't you coming??" when Lilliana didn't get in the car with her. The girl shook her head looking down at her wrist watch, there was still some time left before her father came home from work and she didn't want to spend that time alone in their house doing nothing.

"I'm gonna go practice for some time and then catch a cab home later" she said, dropping her hand and looking up at her friend.

"Do you need me to come with you??" Her friend asked, looking at the Ice rink just across the school. Lilliana refused, shaking her head.

"No, I'll be fine" Lilliana refused, shaking her head. Tessa nodded, giving in and closed her door.

"I'll see you later" she said before driving out of the parking lot. Holding on tight to the straps of her backpack, Lilliana made her way across the street toward the studio. Walking in, she approached the front desk for her locker key. A joyous smile crept up her face when she saw a familiar wrinkled face hidden behind a newspaper.

"Hello Oscar" she greeted and the paper lowered a little revealing an old dark-skinned man.

"Hello dear" he returned the greeting with a smile, folding his newspaper close.

"Where is Cameron??" Oscar asked, looking behind the girl. Cameron was the girl's figure skating partner.

"It's Friday Oscar" Lilliana reminded, though she didn't mind it ...Mrs Bassett, hers and Cameron's coach never let them practise on Fridays or during the weekends as a way to give them a chance to reconnect with teens their age. Do something different with their lives, which for her partner always seemed to be going out to get drunk whereas she wasn't that much interested in that kind of life. If she wasn't reading one of her many novels in her bedroom, she came to the rink to practise alone, she found peace in the ice.

Nodding his head in understanding, Oscar disappeared beneath the desk and reappeared a second later with a key in his hand. "don't strain yourself" he warned, putting the key in the girl's open palm.

"I won't" she mumbled, closing her fingers around the key and approaching the door into the ice rink toward the locker rooms to change. She met Oscar when she was just five years old, when she first tried figure skating. He was like a grandfather she never had, her mother used to treat him like her own father until the day she died.

Putting her hair up in a high ponytail, she put her backpack and clothes in the locker before locking it. She grabbed her skates and wearing just her fuzzy socks, she made her way out of the lockers to the rink. She sat down on one of the chairs and slipped on her skates. She took out her earpods and stuck each in her ears before logging in to her Spotify account. She pressed play on one of the playlists and shoved the phone in her pocket before carefully skating into the rink. Her legs moved smoothly around the slippery surface as she warmed up before slowly moving to more complex moves, doing lunges and spirals.

Time passed quicker when she was dancing and soon the music playing on her phone stopped, disturbed by the alarm she set earlier. Easing into a stop, she pulled out her phone and looked at the screen ...it was time for her to go back home. She walked back into the locker rooms to change out of her practice clothes and got in the shower to get rid of the smell of sweat hovering over her body like a second skin. She walked out a couple of minutes later feeling fresher in her uniform again and left the building after saying her goodbyes to the old man. She got in her already waiting cab and told the driver her home address before slumping back in the seat.

She took out her phone and proceeded to tiredly scroll down her Twitter account. A deep disapproving scowl quickly took over her face when her eyes came across an article about Damon, a picture of him with a blonde haired woman on the front page. He had his arm wrapped around the blonde, slim, tall, tan skinned woman's waist and she had her perfectly red manicured hand flat on his chest. Her eyes analysed each of her insecurities from the woman, the two looked perfect together ...even she could see that and "match made in hell" was the caption. Damon was a business tycoon and the woman with him was a fashion designer with her own renowned label ...Caitlin Bathory.

How was she supposed to compare to that when she was just a high school kid with a rich father??

She became even more insecure with every second she spent staring at their pictures, each with a different caption. She wasn't as slim or tall as her, she hated high heeled shoes or dressing up elegantly but loved cutout fashion. Her hair was not blonde nor did she like the colour and no matter what she did, her pale skin refused to get tanned. She wasn't her type's type, she couldn't even become one even if she tried and that hurt her ...angered her. She angrily turned her phone off tossing it inside her backpack and turned her head to the window. She stared outside at the trees and buildings racing past her cab for the rest of the ride.

An hour later, the car finally came to a halt outside the two black metal gates of her home.

"Thank you" she said, grabbing her backpack from the seat next to her and opening the door. She stepped out of the car and pushed the gate open. She made her way up the driveway toward the front porch of the mansion. She unlocked the front door and walked inside the empty house.

Too much time had passed and her father was going to be home soon. So, dropping her back on the one seater sofa in the living room, she headed into the kitchen and looked inside the fridge for ingredients to cook for dinner. Deciding on pasta and meatballs, she took out a packet of minced meat from the freezer and put it on the counter before walking to their grocery cabinet to get the spaghetti and immediately got to work. Sge added the spaghetti into the boiling water on the stove to cook and used her hand to knead the minced meat together with all the spices before moulding it into round balls and placing them in a pan to fry.

She grabbed an apple from the fruit basket to chew on while she waited. A few minutes passed and the sound of her ringtone echoed in the house from the living room, forcing her to leave her pots unattended to get it. She looked at the screen and a smile crept up her face at the caller ID. She swiped left on the green button to accept the call before putting the phone over her ear and said "Hey daddy"

"Hey princess, I won't be able to make it home for dinner tonight" Lilliana frowned, this had never happened. Her father always came home for dinner. It had even become some kind of a family rule to eat dinner together since his work gave him little to no time to spend with his daughter.

"I can wait for you," the girl suggested, looking down at her wrist watch. There was still plenty of time left, an hour and a half to be precise before her father got off work but the man politely refused

"no princess, I have too much work ...I don't think I'll be able to make it home at all"

"Oh okay" the call ended, and the girl shrugged, not thinking too much into the matter. She walked back into the kitchen to check on her pots, turning the stove off when the food was ready before grabbing her backpack and blazer from the living room. She jogged up the stairs to her bedroom and dropped them on her bed before walking into her bathroom to freshen up.

After yet another shower, she went back to the kitchen and filled a plate with the freshly cooked meal before going back to her bedroom. She sat in front of her study desk in her pyjamas and had her dinner before doing her homework, that took longer than expected. By the time she was done, it was already too late and past her usual sleeping time. Yawning, she walked to her bed and snaked under the covers. Her body succumbing to sleep as soon as her head hit the cotton pillow.