

# SHAMELESS WITH MY FATHER'S MAFIA BEST FRIEND

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### ARE YOU VIRGIN LILLY??...

"Don't worry, I don't fuck virgins" Damon suddenly said, making her stop in her steps and turn to him with a scowl. Was that even necessary??

"Who said I'm a virgin" she bit back without thinking and quickly covered her mouth with her hand, realising her mistake. She cursed herself in her head for saying the words out loud but it was a little too late.

The man's hand stopped mid air as he was about to take a sip of his drink. He looked in her direction and asked "what??" a deep scowl on his handsome face. In his mind, the question was supposed to lead to a playful bickering not a revelation. The girl was supposed to shy away and not challenge him.

"What??" She repeated, nervously. Damon placed the glass down on the counter in front of him before getting up and stalked toward her.

"What did you just say??" Lilliana shook her head, taking a step back from him and mumbled a small "nothing" when he stopped in front of her. His giant figure intimidatingly hovering over her small frame.

"...I ...I'll go put something on" she stuttered, taking another step back toward the door but he caught her hand before she made it out of the kitchen and roughly yanked her back to him causing her to let go of her breasts. She gasped when her back was slammed against the cold tiled wall.

"Lilly what did you say??" He asked again, trying hard not to stare at her exposed breasts now pressed against his chest.

"I'll go put something on??"

"Lilly" Damon growled warningly, the sound of her name from his lips sending pleasurable shivers down the girl's spine. It always made her wonder how it would sound when moaned by him. She nervously chewed on her lower lip, her heart pounding loudly in her ears at his closeness when the man leaned even closer to her. The strong smell of alcohol coming from him making it clear to her as to why he made that statement... of course he was drunk.

Nonetheless, she couldn't ignore the tingly sensation she got everytime the material of his jacket brushed against her erected nipples with every rise and fall of his chest even if she wanted to. He tilted her head up with his index finger to meet his eyes and freed her lip from between her teeth with his thumb before asking "Are you a virgin Lilly??" his voice barely a whisper. A confused frown appeared on the girl's face as she stared deep into his eyes. Why was he repeatedly asking her this question?? Why was it so important for him to know?? One by one inside her head, question after question arose. It wasn't clear if Damon was mad because he saw her as his daughter or if he was curious as a man. Scared that he might tell her father if she admitted the truth, Lilliana lied and slowly nodded her head.

But it was a little too late, Damon had already gotten his answer from just looking at her diamond-like face. He clicked his tongue in exasperation and let go of her chin. He moved his hand down the girl's neck to her heaving chest and drew slow circles around her nipple with his thumb before continuing down to her flat toned stomach and gripping her hip. Lilliana's thighs instinctively clenched together and her lip fell back in her mouth something he obviously noticed.

Damon chuckled softly and said "Don't lie to me" moving his hand further down to her ass, kneading the meaty flesh in his big palm before moving to the back of her thigh and forcing it open just enough to fit his leg between her thighs. He looked up at her face as his fingers slowly, teasingly drew a line up her inner thigh and asked again "are you a virgin Lilly??" Lilliana just stared at him not knowing what to say or do... tell him the truth and risk her father finding out that she broke the promise she made to him?? Or not tell him and make him mad enough to continue whatever he was doing to her body?? After all she, wasn't against it. Though the man was drunk, she liked the attention she was getting from him at that moment.

She didn't have much time to ponder over the matter though when his hand cupped her clothed core. She lowered her gaze, her face turning redder with mixed feelings... shy and embarrassed at the realisation of just how wet she had gotten as Damon slowly rubbed his fingers around her nub and closed her eyes. Her lace thong clung to her lower lips, Damon groaned feeling the wetness coating the thin material of her thong and asked "Want me to help you find out??"

The girl shook her head but didn't stop his hand when it moved her drenched thong to the side. Instead, an encouraging moan escaped her lips at the feeling of his rough thick fingers moving up and down her slick folds. Undecided... she gripped his hand wanting him to stop but at the same time needing to feel his fingers inside her if not his manhood.

"Dam... " he thrust his fingers inside her, cutting whatever she was about to say short and moving them around as if searching for something... her sensitive spot. Tight but not virgin... he took note before grinding on the spot.

"Oh fuck" Lilliana moaned, her nails digging into the skin on his hand as he moved his fingers faster.

"Please..." she cried out for him to not stop, feeling her orgasm already building up in the pit of her stomach. Damon groaned, pressing his thumb on her nub and started abusing it too. Lilliana's walls clenched hard around his fingers as she got even closer to her finish and grinded her core faster on his hand in sync with them. Her toes curled and her body arched off the wall he was pinning her on more into his at the rush of her upcoming orgasm when all of a sudden Damon stopped. He moved away from her as if snapped out of a trance and shook his head, looking down at his hand... at his fingers covered in her wetness.

"Damon.." Lilliana tried to say, taking a step closer to him but abruptly stopped when his head snapped in her direction. Her heart sank to the lowest pits of her stomach at the disapproving scowl on his face and knew he regretted everything.

"Put some clothes on Lilliana" he growled before rushing out of the kitchen. Lilliana?? he used her name. Baffled and saddened by the sudden change in his mood, the girl staggered back into the wall and slid down the smooth surface and sat on the cold tiled floor. Tears rolling down her cheeks, why was he like that with her?? Would he have reacted that way if she had blonde hair and was a little older or

slimmer?? She hadn't shown up half naked in front of him intentionally it just happened but he made it look like she seduced him into touching her.

## CHAPTER NINE

REGRET??.....

"Fuck" Damon growled, walking in the guest room across Lilliana's bedroom. At least he was able to get back control of his drunk mind before things got worse. That was his only solace. He punched the wall next to the door, leaving a dent in the once smooth surface and rushed to the bathroom to wash his hand in the sink... needing to get rid of her scent. It was no secret he liked touching her, the tent in his pants was proof enough but he knew better. He had watched that girl grow up... bathed that same body so how could he touch her like that.

before going to sleep.