

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 187

Lillian's pov

I wait for Christopher to drive off before stepping out of the house.

It was late.

And probably way passed that old man's bedtime. But I had a mission to accomplish.

And the mission was to get Aiden to marry me.

I got into my car and drove off.

Christopher didn't need to know what I had planned, neither did dad.

I'll tell them if everything goes as planned.

When I got to Sergio's place, I pulled up beside the house. The guards stationed at the entrance let me in after a lot of begging on my part.

Apparently Sergio told them to let me in.

I sighed, pushing my hair behind my ears. I opened the compartment and took the small silver object.

Pressing my lips together, I push the

knife in my bag and got out of the car.

I knocked on the door and this time Sergio was the one who opened up for me and not his maid.

"Mr. Harrington."

"What are you doing here so late Lillian? Does your brother know you're here?" Sergio's brows pinched as he let me in.

I shook my head and gave him a polite smile. "No. I came to speak to you Mr. Harrington. My brother and I acted a bit out of order earlier. We were angry. I came here to apologize. I wouldn't be able to sleep tonight if I didn't. "

He nods stiffly. This was the first time I saw the old geezer without a suit and tie. He was dressed in his pajamas.

"Do you care for some coffee?" He asked as he gestured me to the kitchen.

I smiled and nod. "Yes please."

We strut to the kitchen, me glaring at his back.

It was unlikely that he would change his mind. My dad once said this man was stubborn as a bull. But at least I had to try.

Dad and Christopher's way might cause Aiden harm. I didn't want one little hair touched on my future husband's head.

"No maids around?" I asked as I looked around the empty place.

"I don't let anyone stay the night here. I rather be alone." He responded while making a beeline for the coffee machine.

"Lillian, I didn't turn you away because I have known you since when you were little. If you were anyone else, I wouldn't make you enter my premises at this time of the night."

I sighed and placed my bag on the countertop. "I'm sorry Mr. Harrington. I really didn't mean to come here to disturb your sleep-

He snorted. "Sleep? I haven't been getting much of those. "

He turned around, his eyes on me intently. "Why are you here Lillian? If this is about Aiden. It's still a no. I won't change my mind."

My hands fists.

"Mr. Harrington-

"Lillian," He cuts me off and takes a step forward.

He's face to face with me now, only the kitchen island separating us.

He reaches out for my hand and squeezes it. "This path. This sick path. This sick obsession you have with Aiden. It will only make you do things you'll regret. You need to let him go, Lillian. This isn't healthy."

I pulled my hand out under his as if he had burnt me. It fucking felt like

"Aiden, and I are meant to be. Sophie's just a stupid pillar in the way. You'll see, he'll toss her aside soon. He'll marry me, not her."

Sergio shook his head, his head dipping. "I should've seen how far this obsession you have with my grandson is. I fed you more hope. And I'm sorry for that Lillian. But you must know. Aiden...."

He looked directly into my eyes. The pity stare made my skin crawl and fueled my fury. "He will never love you. He loves her. Don't try to fight your way between them Lillian. You'll be the one to get hurt. A love like theirs doesn't easily break."

I gritted my teeth scowling at the old fart as I reach for my bag. "What do you know about love, you old geezer? You've never been in love! You don't know anything! Aiden doesn't love her!" I snarled as I saw red.

My head pounded, a voice in my head pushing me to that edge. That dangerous edge.

Sergio shook his head sadly. "I do. I do know what love is. And it's not what you're feeling for him, Lillian. I only accepted you tonight so I could try to talk some sense into you without your brother breathing down your neck. You need to seek help, Lillian."

I glared at him and whipped around.

"I no longer feel for your coffee." I sneered, digging through my bag.

"That's fine. I'll walk you to the door. I hope you'll think about what I just said. I don't want to see you be disappointed when he continues to choose her."

I can hear the sound of his footfalls nearing and clutched the edge of the knife in my hand.

I slowed down so he'd catch up and when he's close enough, I fished out the knife and turned around.

I enjoyed the sound of his painful gasp as the edge of the sharp silver blade puncture through his heart.

His eyes widen in shock, his face quickly turning ghostly.

I bet he was kicking himself for allowing me into his home. He should've sent me away.

I want to laugh. I want to fucking giggle for joy.

But I still feel anger.

Anger.

Anger.

And more anger.

"You know nothing! You're going to die like the lying pig that you are. And I'll dance on your grave with my wedding band wrapped around my finger. The one Aiden will put around my finger."

His shaky wrinkly fingers clutch my hand but the man had no power to push me away.

He looked at me like I betrayed him.

Funny. He was the one who betrayed me first!

I can slowly see the light slipping out of his eyes. It was a beautiful sight.

Being a doctor, I always got the pleasure to see the light dim from my patients eyes. Those who were sick, or suffered the most finally got their peace.

It was a bittersweet moment.

But with Sergio.

I felt a different kind of pleasure as I saw him crumble to the cold floor. He was my enemy and love seeing him fall.

He was nothing but someone whose soul was slipping away. And slipping away quickly

"You won't get away with this Lillian." He coughed out blood as I took my knife out of his chest.

I wiped the blood on his shirt.

"I already have."