

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 189

189

Lillian's pov

My head whips to the side violently, my breathing quickening as I felt the powerful blow of his palm on my cheek.

"Dad." Christopher uttered and stopped dad from slapping me across my face again.

I slowly brought my hand to my burning inflamed cheek and turn to face my visibly furious father.

I blinked. Tears now streaming down my face.

"Look at what you've done!" He snarled and pointed at the TV.

The news channel showcased a photo of Sergio Harrington. One of his maids found him dead on the cold hard floor where I left him.

The picture of Sergio is replaced with a short footage of my car entering his premises.

It zoomed in, showing my side profile. When I turned my entire face was on full display.

Though the footage was black and white, even a fool would know it was me who entered his house last and before he was presumed dead.

"I wasn't thinking dad. I went to his place only to speak. I swear by it. He just got me so angry-

A loud echoing slap on my cheeks made my head whip to the side again. My cheek stung terribly.

"You should have taken your medication Lillian! Now you have all three of us in hiding!" He roared and pushed Christopher away who was trying to stop him from slapping me again.

"You caused this too! You dropped her off! You were supposed to make sure she was okay!" He sneered angrily and pointed at Christopher.

We were on a private jet, escaping the chaos we left behind to an island where it was safe. I didn't know how long we were going to stay on that island until things died out and until dad manage to fix things.

But I already missed Aiden so much. I was certain he'd forgive me for killing Sergio.

It's not like he liked Sergio that much. He'll see that I only moved an obstacle in our path.

Sergio was preventing us from being together. He'll see that. He will.

"I didn't know she'd fucking go on a hunt for blood! She looked fine to me when I dropped her off!" Christopher snapped furiously.

I laughed. It was dry and mocking. "You two are acting all innocent. Didn't you kill a man last night too?"

Dad's eyes narrowed. "We had this one under control. No one would've known it was us. We cleaned up after ourselves. You see even if Aiden went to the cops, they would find nothing on us. But you. You didn't think!"

I huffed, leaning back into the leather seats. "Don't blame me for this. I told you I wanted Aiden but you keep pushing it back. I had to take matters into my own hands."

"Yeah by getting caught." Dad hissed.

"Do you know in what difficult situation you put me in? And what about those damn photos Aiden got of us three? Do you know how much cleanup I have to do with the media?" Dad barked.

My brows furrowed. "Photos?"

Christopher snorted. "Oh right we forgot to mention to you that the private investigator manage to sneak into the premises and got photos of dad and I fucking you. He sent it to Aiden. He knows Lillian."

Blood drains from my face. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Maybe because we were too busy trying to escape before the cops got you?" Christopher uttered sarcastically.

I squirmed.

"He'll love me either way. I know it. This doesn't change anything." I whispered.

"I'm not dirty. He'll love me even better. I'm not dirty." I repeated, lifting up my knees to my chest and wrapping my arms around my knees.

"You just lost your doctor's license. Lost your reputation and you care about the public seeing us fucking you." Dad snorted. "You should fucking care about actually being able to step foot on America's soil again after the shit you just pulled. You fucking ruined the plans."

He groaned and brushed a hand down his face. Taking his glass of brandy he rose to his feet. "I need a fucking rest. Take care of your sister Chris. Try to not make her kill someone again."

He walks away and enters the door leading to a private room.

We were lucky to have escaped America before the cops got us.

My nails dig into my arms. "Dad hates me."

Christopher sighs and comes to sit beside me. "He's just mad Lillian. You did something that risked our entire family. You put us in a predicament because you were impatient to get what you want."

I sobbed. "I just want Aiden Chris. That's all I want."

Christopher sighed heavily. "And you'll get him. But with your actions, you've pushed us back. This time you're going to have to trust us Lillian. Don't take things into your own hands again."

"Ma'am?" The flight attendant poked for my attention. I looked up. She's holding out a bottle of pills for me and a water bottle.

"Your father told me to give you those. Take two as described."

I took the pills and bottle and nod in thanks.

"Drink up Lillian. We need you better and in the right state of mind.

"I just want Aiden." I whispered again.

Chris nod. "And you will get him. Now drink up."

I popped the pills in my mouth and washed it down with some water.

After a few minutes my body relaxed.

"Good girl." Chris praised and reaches over to squeeze my hand. "We'll fix this. Don't worry."