**Disclaimer: I do not own any of these characters. They belong strictly to the wonderful Jeaniene Frost. I only borrow them to play with.**

Watching

I

 find myself watching her all the time now.

I had been forced to watch as her father tortured her, and I had realized that I had brought this on her. I had been the one to force her initially into hunting those demons, not caring that she took her life in her hands every time she went out. All I cared about was that she kill them in my name.

I had still been internally reeling from my epiphany when that creature my daughter loves revealed that the man she had worked for all these years was related to her father. When he had revealed that he had known from the beginning that Catherine was his niece and that he had still used her to hunt the most dangerous vampires he could, my mind reeled even more.

I could not begin to excuse what I had done, and now to find that her own uncle had used her even more gave me some serious matter for consideration. The comment had popped out of my mouth before I even realized I was going to say it: "So both of us used her for our own selfish reasons. That vampire over there has treated her better than her own family."

God, it had hurt me to admit that. So now I watched her, and I didn't even know if I wanted evidence that I was wrong, or if I was right. If I was wrong then I wouldn't have to feel so bad about my treatment of my own daughter. If the creature she loved would use her like that, then what I had done wasn't so bad.

But if I was right... I would have to face the fact that something I considered to be extremely evil was, in fact, better to my daughter than I had ever been. That I had been wrong all of these years and he wasn't an evil being, just different than me. And that he did, really, love my daughter very much.

I watch her, and I watch him. Hoping, praying, and not even sure just what I'm praying for. Just praying please.