

## Chapter 10 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Most girls would have been afraid in my situation. Being grabbed in the darkness by an unknown man, ready to be used for his pleasure. I knew that voice though. I knew that deep, earthy scent that wrapped around me, constantly driving me crazy.

It was James. A sinful daddy that made me want to do so many bad things. The only problem was, I couldn't let him know that. I couldn't allow myself to be the fish that took the bait.

Running my tongue across my bottom lip, I bit down and smiled. I hadn't expected him to act like this, but the current situation was overly stimulating.

Melting into his body, I pressed my thighs together as he held me against him. The friction of my arousal came quickly, and I was hoping he would unleash it.

I was hoping he would make me scream for him once more.

"What are you doing, Mr. Valentino?" I said breathlessly as his hand slid over the front of my chest, slowly groping at the firm mounds of my chest.

"How many times do I have to tell you to not call me that?" he said sternly as he gripped my jaw and forced a kiss to my lips. A kiss that was nothing gentle and screamed at a more primal nature.

His kinks were evident, and everything I was beginning to like.

"You didn't answer my question," I snapped with a smirk upon my face. "Cat got your tongue?"

Laughter escaped him as he slid his fingers down between my thighs. "Oh, the taste of that tight pussy is still on my tongue, and your words this morning have been on my mind all day long."

Gasping as his fingers brushed rough circles against my clit, I tried to hold myself together.

"What words were those?" I asked playfully.

"Oh, you should know," he replied. "You like being a bad girl, don't you?"

Yes, yes, I f\*cking did. God, let me be a bad girl.

My mind reeled from his words, but no matter how much I wanted him to f\*ck me like the horny woman I was, I worried about the outcome.

"James," I gasped as his lips brushed against my own once more. "I—"

"Tell me you want me to stop," he whispered. "I will stop if you want me to. No matter the play we have, I will never force myself on you unless consensual non-consensual play is something you're into."

I was a prisoner to the lust he created within me. It didn't matter how much I knew the situation was wrong with James. I wanted him. "F\*ck me."

With those two words, his lips devoured mine as he spun me completely around to face him. My heart raced, knowing this time we wouldn't stop. I was going to let him f\*ck me whatever way he wanted, and I didn't care about the outcome.

I had never seen such hunger before, but there it was on the surface of his eyes. His fingers greedily ripped at my panties, "James, what if she—"

My mind instantly went to Tally. What if she came down and caught us? What if for some reason she heard us having sex? What would I do then?

"She won't," he quickly replied, cutting me off as his fingers slipped within the folds of my core, causing a moan to escape me.

Rocking my hips against his hand, I felt his long thick erection grow against my belly as he finger-f\*cked me to the point I came undone on his hand. The rush of pleasure made me dizzy as I watched him slowly lick my arousal off his fingers.

"You taste so f\*cking good," he groaned as he slid one into my mouth letting me taste myself. "What do you think?"

I had never tasted myself, but what he was doing caused me to moan before he kissed me again. Only this time, the foreplay was over. My fingers pulled at his basketball shorts as I freed the beast inside.

I wanted that long thick erection buried deep inside me, the feeling of him ripping me open as he f\*cked me till I couldn't stand. I was horny as hell, and this man-made me want to do things I had never done before.

Lifting me up, he pressed me against the wall and held my leg high as he roughly thrust himself inside me. It was a move I had been expecting but was widely unprepared for.

A cry of pleasure escaped my lips at the size of him. He was larger than any man I had ever laid with before, and after a moment of stilling for me to adjust, he groaned in pleasure and began his relentless aggression on my aching womb.

"F\*ck, you're so tight," he moaned as I cried out at how deep he was hitting.

"Oh, yeah," I moaned softly as I clung to him. "Do you like how tight it is?"

My teasing remark caught him off guard as he hit it harder, causing me to cry out, "I think I should be asking you that."

My eyes rolled back as I moaned again. "Shit—I have to be quiet, but its so f\*cking hard."

Laughter left his lips as he slowed down to long, deep thrusts with patterned breaks of rough movements. "You like this, don't you?"

"Yes—" I gasped as I clutched to him for dear life. "More... please..."

Footsteps above us caused my eyes to quickly dart towards the ceiling as I listened to Tally move about the second floor. My eyes met James' as he noticed it too, and gestured for me to be quiet.

Which wasn't an easy thing to do when he wasn't stopping his actions anytime soon.

"Becca?" Tally's voice called from the top of the stairs, causing both James and I to freeze for a moment before he lifted me up, and took me towards the sofa.

There was no doubt in my mind we were about to get caught, but James seemed more than confident in what he was doing, and before I knew it, he was laying me on the floor behind the sofa.

"She won't see us here," he whispered as he continued to f\*ck me, his hand over my mouth as I listened to Tally walking about the downstairs area.

"Becca?" she called out again as I felt the rush of pleasure building in my stomach. "F\*ck it... Maybe she went for a run."

Her footsteps pounded on the stairs, and her bedroom door closing was a sound of relief, but it quickly diminished as I screamed against his hand as my eyes rolled back, riding him out as I came undone.

His own orgasm came quickly as he gripped me tight and came hard inside me. Never had I felt something as exhilarating as this before. Yet, it happened.

"F\*ck, Becca..." he whispered as a smile lined his face, and he captured my lips once more for a quick kiss. "I want you."

"You just had me," I replied as laughter escaped me causing him to smile.

"No, I want you every single day that you are here. Over and over again at my disposal."

There was something about his words that turned me on, but the logical side of me always took the front of it. Ruining any chance I had at having fun.

"We will see," I replied as he pulled out of me and stood to his feet straightening himself.

Laughter escaped me as I watched him pull out of me, and stand, straightening himself before holding out his hand, pulling me up as well.

The awkward moment between us had me unsure of what I was supposed to say. He wasn't someone I could be with, but I wanted to see him again.

Before I could move past him, though, his hand gripped my upper arm, and he stopped me in my place. The sensation of his skin against mine once more sent my mind racing as I slowly looked up at him.

"Tell me you're mine."

"Yours?" I asked with confusion, trying to understand what he meant. "I don't—"

Turning me to face him, he gripped my jaw lightly and stared down at me. "You're mine, Becca. Tonight will not be the last time I have you."

The cockiness in his words aroused me, but I knew I couldn't give him what he wanted. He wasn't the kind of man who would want a relationship with me.

"What am I to you?" I asked after a moment of silence. "Because I doubt it's more than sex."

Soft laughter left his lips as he looked away from me. "I don't do relationships, Becca. I'm not sunshine and roses, and that isn't what you need anyways."

"What do I need?" Shock filled me as I found myself taken aback by his comment. We'd had a wonderful time, and he just had to mess it up. "How do you know what I need, James?"

"Because I do," he said, his eyes watching me intently as I pulled my arm from his grasp. "Don't act like you didn't enjoy this."

The smug attitude rolling off of him was irritating, and I couldn't understand how one moment he was affectionate and amazing. Then the next, he was acting like this.

"Look," I sighed with a smile. "This was great, and the sex was amazing, but this won't happen again. I'm not a toy you can play with, and you and I both know that all you want is a girl to f\*ck. I'm not that girl, but thanks for tonight."

Turning on my feet, I stormed off from the living room, leaving him there to stew in his own thoughts. I couldn't believe he had acted the way he did, and even if I wanted to f\*ck him again—I wouldn't.

Not after his comment.

My chest hurt, realizing I had allowed myself to do something like that, and with him, of all people. No matter how sexy and amazing he had been, I couldn't allow myself to fall for a guy who was unattainable.

After a few more weeks here, I would be back at Yale getting ready to finish my last year.

That's what I needed to focus on.