

Chapter 11 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

The softness of her skin beneath my fingers was a feeling I couldn't get rid of. Becca had been so compliant, and the way her body reacted to the pleasure I created in her was addicting. Everything about her was addicting.

I knew it was wrong to think of her in this way, but I couldn't shake it.

From her pouty lips to the heart-shaped curve of her ass... I wanted it all.

"Mr. Valentino, did you finish signing the Jay Bird reports?" Evette asked from my doorway, pulling me from my thoughts as I cleared my throat and nodded.

"Yes, they are around here somewhere."

Shuffling through the vast sea of work piling up on my desk, I grabbed the papers she was asking for and held them out. Evette's eyes gazed over me with confusion as she took them and exited the room.

Could she tell I was wound up as well?

The flashing light on my phone signaled a notification, and picking it up, I saw Tally's name in bold lettering appear, bringing a smile to my face.

'Going shopping for a birthday gift for Mom. Might be home late.'

It warmed my heart to know that she still had a good relationship with her mother, even though the woman was crazier than hell. If Tally was out shopping, it meant Becca was with her more than likely, and I wouldn't be able to see Becca alone.

I wanted to spend more time with her. Which didn't make sense at all.

I wasn't the type of man to get attached to a woman. It just wasn't possible, and yet, here I was slowly going mad over the prospect that I wouldn't see this girl tonight.

Thinking it all over, I tried to come up with something that would benefit all of us. I knew Becca wasn't fond of the idea of Tally finding out about our little escapade, but I was caring less and less each day if she did.

The thought of Becca submitting to me on her knees with my cock in her mouth made me groan with excitement, because it was just what I wanted to soothe the turmoil I was currently in.

Picking up my phone, an idea flashed into my mind. With a mischievous smile, I texted Tally an idea I knew, for a fact, she would be excited about.

'Do you and some friends want to go out on the yacht this weekend and head to the Keys? You can camp on the beach like you used to do in high school.'

After sending the message, I waited, and not even a moment went by before her reply came through.

'OMG! Seriously?'

'Yes, seriously. It's tradition, isn't it?'

'Yes, and it's been too long. I will message everyone now. When are we leaving?' she asked after a moment of silence. And that was something I hadn't even considered.

When were we leaving? It was already Thursday.

'Tomorrow, around noon,' I texted after a moment's hesitation. It wouldn't give me much time to get things ready, but I was looking forward to spending more time with the girls... especially Becca.

'That doesn't give me much time to get the boat ready. I need the cabin key to stock the bar, and I'm so far away from your work right now.'

I was well aware of what she was talking about, and that was exactly what I was hoping she would point out. My little vixen from last night was avoiding my texts and even avoided me this morning, and I didn't like it.

'Why don't you have Becca come get the key from me at my office? I'm sure she remembers how to get here. Even if it's been a few years.'

A Cheshire smile crossed my face as I watched the three bubbles of our chat pop up as she typed away at her response.

'Daddy! You're a genius! I will tell her to come get it. Thank you!!'

She wasn't lying. I was a genius, or at least I thought I was, and with a smug smile crossing my lips, I adjusted my jacket and waited.

Waited for the moment she would cross through my door, and once again, be within my arms. My mouth watered with the anticipation of tasting her once more.

Becca.

"What do you mean go to your dad's office?!" I gasped into the phone as Tally informed me she wanted me to go by her dad's office to pick up a key because we were taking the yacht down to the Keys this weekend.

I was all for taking the yacht down to the Keys, but I wasn't down to go to her father's office.

"Why are you making such a big deal about this? Since when do you care about being around him?" Tally asked, making me realize how I was acting.

"I don't care," I sighed, thinking of an excuse. "We both know your dad's busy, and you know how he is about work. I don't want to go at the wrong time and upset him."

Laughter echoed through the phone as my heart clenched. "Stop being ridiculous and go do it."

"Fine. I will go," I replied with reluctance as I hung up the phone and stood staring at my bedroom wall with disgust about having to do this.

Last night was amazing, but I didn't know how to face him.

I didn't know how to speak to him after what we did. He wanted something fun and sporadic, and it wasn't what I was used to.

Grabbing my purse, I made my way downstairs, only to open the front door and see a car waiting for me to get in. It wasn't a surprise he would send a car for me instead of letting one of us just take an Uber.

As soon as I was in the car, and it was moving down the highway, I thought over what my objective was. I only had to go into his office and have him hand over the key.

That's it. You can do this, Becca. Go in. Get the key. Nothing more.

That only problem was the closer James' office building came into view, the more my heart raced. A rush of emotions and sexual tension pooled in my core as I pushed my thighs together, trying to get a grip on myself.

"Thank you," I said to the driver as he opened the door for me to step out.

The towering silver and black building stood ten stories high and gleamed against the bright Miami sky with the smell of salt water in the air.

It was magnificent, and the kind of place I hoped to work in one day.

Just not with James.

Stepping through the double glass entryway doors, I took in the tile flooring and high vaulted ceilings with beautiful recessed lighting and elegant decor.

A large black desk set against the far side with two sophisticated receptionists busily working on their daily tasks. Taking a deep breath, I let out a heavy sigh and forced myself to move forward, towards them.

"Good morning, I'm here to pick something up from Mr. Valentino."

The dark brown eyes of the first receptionist glanced up at me as her eyes slowly took in my entire form. Her lips formed into a frown of disapproval at how I was dressed.

"Name?" she sneered, raising a brow.

"Becca Woods. He is expecting me."

"Of course he is..." she mocked as she scrolled through something on her tablet. After a moment, a smirk formed on her face. "I don't see an appointment. So, unfortunately, you can't see him."

I should have known it was going to be a problem. "Of course, I don't have an appointment. I am picking something up, not having a meeting. Can you please call him to let him know I'm here?"

"Uh, no," she snapped. "Do you know how many women we get coming in here trying to get to him? You are just like the others and need to learn to leave him alone. His taste is way above what you obviously are."

Her gesture to my attire and presentation angered me. I didn't want to have to call James, but this was beyond ridiculous. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me..." she replied as the woman next to her laughed.

"Is that so? Are you sure you want to lead with that conversation? Or would you like to reconsider and call him?" I replied, watching as anger coursed through the woman's eyes.

"Leave now, or I will have you thrown out."

Nodding my head, I turned and stepped aside, pulling out my phone. James, of course, picked up on the first ring, and I wanted to make sure the woman heard the conversation.

"Becca... what's wrong?" James asked.

"Nothing, I'm here. In the lobby."

My eyes glanced towards the receptionists, who both looked up at me as I spoke.

"Well, come to my office, then. Why are you waiting down there?"

"Well, I don't have an appointment. I was told I can't come up, and instead, I was told to leave, or I will be thrown out." I said with a smirk as the women's mouths dropped open in shock.

An unearthly growl of disapproval came through the other end of the line as the call quickly ended. I had no doubt that he was on his way.

"He is on his way, ladies, to fetch me," I replied with a smile.

Moments later, the elevator doors opened, and James stepped out in his dark three-piece suit looking like the sex god he was made to be. My eyes shifted from him towards the women at the desk, watching as fear swept over them.

"Becca, are you okay?" he asked me first with concern as he looked over at me.

"Yes," I laughed. "I'm fine. They just didn't know who I was."

At my words, he turned, glancing towards the women. "Shall I fire them?"

"What? No, no." I was shocked. "That isn't needed."

James' hardened gaze turned to me for a moment before looking back at them with a nod. "Very well. From now on ladies, no questions asked. She goes straight up. Even if I'm in a meeting. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," they both replied in unison as he grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him towards the elevator. The touch of his skin upon mine sent shocks of pleasure between my thighs, and yet as we entered the elevator, I quickly moved away.

I couldn't allow this to happen and let myself fall prey to something I wouldn't be able to have. Yet, as I moved, his eyes followed me.

"What's wrong?"

Shaking my head, I forced a smile to my lips. "Nothing is wrong."

Before he could say anything else, the doors opened, and he sighed, stepping into the hallway as I followed him to his office. The door closed behind me as he walked towards his desk.

"While I have you here, I wanted to speak with you."

His words caused panic and anticipation to flow through me, my heart racing, and my hands clenching to the strap of my purse.

"About what?" I said, trying to seem indifferent to his presence.

As he turned, he smiled at me. "Well, for starters, your nonchalant attitude and indifference to being around me. Do I make you nervous?"

His arrogance annoyed me, and with a scoff, I laughed. "Nervous? No, you don't."

As much as I was trying to seem confident, he could see right through me. Picking up the key from his desk, he walked towards me with a dark glint in his eyes. His aura seeped predatorial advances, and the more he came near, the more I stepped back.

Until my back was to the door, and I had nowhere else to go.

"I think I do." He brought his hand up to gently brush against my cheek. "I think I make you nervous and excited. To be honest, I wouldn't mind rekindling what we did last night, Becca."

Pressing my thighs together to control the damp desire that begged for his attention, I mustered whatever courage I had left and placed my hand against his chest, pushing him away gently. "No. I told you it won't happen again."

"Why not?" he asked, raising a brow. "Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"You know I did, Mr. Valentino—"

Before I could say anything else, he grabbed me, crashing his lips against mine, causing me to sigh as he held me close. His fingers trailed down my side towards my thighs, teasing, before he broke away and looked down at me.

"What did I tell you about calling me that?"

Pulling away from him quickly, I tried to catch my breath as I shook my head. "We can't do this." I sighed, watching as he took a step forward. "Stop."

His brows furrowed in confusion. "You're sure about this choice?"

"Yes, I am," I finally admitted. "You just want me for sex, and that isn't a life I want. I'm not some toy you can just f*ck when you want. I'm not like those other girls. No matter how much you seem to want me to be."

Shaking his head he laughed. "You have no idea what I want, but I will respect your choice. No more."

I was shocked at his response. Looking at him now, going through his desk without a care in the world, I realized what I had said was true. I was nothing to him.

He wasn't trying to make me see reason. He wasn't trying to get my attention.

He didn't give a shit at all. "Ah ha... I found it." He smiled as his eyes met mine. "The key Tally wanted. Here."

As he held out the key in his hand, I quickly took it. "You really don't care about me do you?"

His expression was hard to read, and his eyes were emotionless. "I'm not the kind of man to chase after a woman. You want to leave, then leave."

My eyes widened in shock as my mouth parted open. He had become cold towards me, and before opening the door, I stopped, feeling a heaviness sitting in my chest.

"I'm sorry I have been a bother to you." I wasn't sure what was going to happen on the trip this weekend, but perhaps it would be a chance for me to get some relaxation in.

Lord knows it had been nothing but chaos since I'd arrived here.