

Chapter 13 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

Fury flowed through me as I left Becca's room. I couldn't believe, once again, my daughter was proving to be just like her mother. She didn't care about how Becca felt. It was all about her, and I wasn't going to have it.

Even if Becca made it clear she didn't want to move forward with what I was offering, it wasn't right for my daughter to treat Becca the way she was.

Storming across the deck, I headed towards the front of the ship where the pool was located. I had no doubt Tally was there with the others, and as the pool came into view, I saw the truth.

My daughter wasn't the person I thought she was, and it broke my heart.

They all sat around in and out of the pool, laughing and drinking while music played. And Tally was sitting in the lap of Chad... the disgust in my stomach was overbearing as I finally could see what kind of person she really was.

She was turning into her mother more and more every day, and I hated it.

I would end this kid, Chad, if he wasn't careful.

"Tally!" I yelled over the music, catching her attention.

"Daddy!" she called out with a smile as she climbed from Chad's lap and padded her way towards me. "This boat is amazing—"

"Enough," I snapped, glaring down at her, her brows furrowing as confusion settled in.

"What's wrong?" she asked with a pout. I knew better, though. She didn't care.

"What the hell is that boy doing on my ship?" I asked, watching as realization sank in, and she looked over her shoulder at him with a flirtatious smile before turning back to me.

"He is a friend. Please don't make a fuss out of this and embarrass me. Did Becca complain to you?" she sneered, placing her hands on her hips like a spoiled brat.

"Automatically, that's your reaction?" I asked her.

Shaking her head, she scoffed, "I should have known she would have."

"No, she didn't, Taliana. I caught him manhandling her in her room as she screamed at him to leave her alone. He claimed she was his, and they were just arguing."

Tally's face dropped as she looked back at the boy, and then at me. "I don't believe it. Becca is lying. Chad is too high class to get mixed up in something like that. He broke up with her for a reason, and that's because she is a square."

Shock filled me. "Are you f*cking serious right now, Tally? You have known Becca your entire life... and me, I'm your father. Yet, you are going to believe some punk ass kid instead?"

"You don't even know him!" she screamed at me. "Don't judge him when you have your past as well."

I didn't even recognize the girl in front of me anymore. "You are turning into your mother."

Shock and anger seeped through her at the mention of her mother. I felt guilty, but it was the truth. She was acting just like her mother, and I would not tolerate it.

"Don't you dare bring my mother into this?" she replied. "You are the one who f*cked things up. Not her. She loved you, and you used her and left her."

It was obvious Allison had brainwashed Tally into believing the bullshit, but I wasn't about to argue with her. She could believe what she wanted.

"When we get back, we are going to discuss this further. I don't want you near him in the meantime, though. Otherwise, I will leave his ass in the Keys."

"Whatever," she snapped, turning away from me and walking back to her friends. I was pissed off and fed up with it all. However, I would have to figure

it out. That boy had to go, though, and I would do what I needed to make it happen.

Becca.

By the time we reached the islands, it was after dark, and the location we pulled towards was secluded and perfect. The island had small bungalows people were staying in and bonfires going in the sand.

I had never been to something like this, and any other time, it would have thrilled me, but unfortunately, whatever happened earlier had Tally refusing to even look at me.

Instead, she looked at me as a problem. Something that needed to be dealt with.

"Becca, are you coming?" One of Tally's friends stopped next to me on the dock. "I was hoping we could hang out on the beach."

Sure you were.

"Oh," I smiled. "Well, yeah, I will be out there shortly. Save me a spot?"

Not going to happen.

I had heard what he said to Chad before the boat docked. I was now a game.

His eyes lit up at my question before he quickly nodded his head. Were these guys actually that stupid to think I wasn't aware of what they wanted from me? I wasn't a whore, but I did like to have fun every now and again.

Just not with men who were so distasteful. I wouldn't ruin myself for them.

They could all have each other.

Watching the guy walk down the boardwalk, I tried to remember what his name was, but quickly gave up when I saw Chad walking off to a bungalow with a dark-haired figure I couldn't make out.

Go figure he would find someone to end up f*cking. He was such a liar and a whore. The more I watched them laugh and play around as he picked her up and carried her over his shoulder—the more pain I felt in my chest.

That used to be me. I used to be that happy.

“Used to” being the key words. Memories of those moments spun through my mind and made me remember why I missed them. It was the small things. The excitement and the love.

Everything I no longer had.

Turning back towards the ship, I made my way on board as tears threatened to fall from my eyes. I didn't want to feel the way I did, but as I let the tears slide down, I was thankful Tally and all her friends were far away from me.

I didn't want anyone to see me cry, but I needed it to happen.

These were tears that had built up for so long, and now, with a bit of peace, I let them escape and be taken by the salty sea air that wrapped around me briskly as I looked over the darkened waters of the ocean.

James slowly filtered through my mind at that moment, and I wasn't sure why, but I felt the need to go to him. When he had comforted me earlier, it made me feel safe, and in that moment, that's what I wanted. To feel safe.

Pushing away from the railing, I quickly made my way down the deck. My feet moved fast as my walk turned into a soft jog.

Running towards him—a man I never thought I needed.

Without even knocking, I opened his cabin door and found him. His eyes met mine from the confines of his bed, holding papers within his grasp. “Becca, what's wrong?”

Without thinking, I moved towards him, climbing on the bed and straddling his lap as my lips took his. The kiss was hungry, but needed.

I didn't want to feel the way I was feeling anymore.

I wanted to forget why I was sad, and I wanted him to be the one to help me forget.

"Becca—" he said breathlessly, "please, tell me what's wrong—"

"Make me forget—" I whimpered as he pulled me back, staring into my eyes. "Please."

"This isn't what you said you wanted... if we do this, there is no turning back. I won't allow you to flip-flop on your choices. You will be mine...."

There was no hesitation in my movements as I kissed him again. Strip by strip, we removed every piece of clothing from our bodies, and before I knew it, I was sliding down upon his thick erected shaft.

The sensation he built within me as he filled me to the brink was a feeling I would never tire of. He was everything I wanted and so much more.

If only I could have him the way I wanted.

"God, you're so beautiful," he whispered as he lifted me up and tossed me onto my back.

Losing his touch caused me to whine, but it was only for a moment before he was hovering over me and thrusting into me again.

Grasping my wrists, he held me down as his mouth captured the erect bud of my chest and sent me spiraling into a climactic finish I hadn't been expecting.

My screams of pleasure echoed throughout the cabin and likely the ship.

"Shh—" he whispered against my chest, as he forced me to ride out my orgasm. "They will hear you."

"Then let them hear," I whispered back as I kissed him again, "F*ck me like I'm yours."

An hour later, I laid wrapped within his embrace twisted within the sheets of his bed, as papers laid scattered across the floor. "Sorry about the mess."

Laughter escaped him as he pulled me closer, brushing his fingers over the bare flesh of my chest, "don't worry about it. Spending time with you was worth it, but can I ask you something?"

Looking up into his eyes, I smiled. "Of course."

“What happened before you came to see me? Why were you upset?”

Hesitation filled me in telling him the truth. It wasn't really a topic to have after what we had done, but James wasn't like other men. “Tally, Chad, the chaos. It all happened. It's overwhelming.”

James didn't reprimand me for what I said, and he didn't even look upset. Instead, he listened intently and smiled. “I'm noticing more of how Tally has been acting, and I don't agree with it. As for the boy... he didn't deserve you then, and he doesn't now.”

Slowly, his lips brushed against mine, and as they did, my heart raced as I let him take control. “I don't know what I deserve anymore,” I whispered.

“You deserve the world, Becca. If only you would let me give it to you.”

I had promised myself I wouldn't fall prey to what he was offering, but at the same time, I wanted to be dangerous for once. I wanted to make bad choices and be spontaneous.

If Tally could do it, then why couldn't I?

“Okay,” I murmured against his mouth.

Pulling back, he stared at me with confusion. “Are you saying yes to me?”

Taking a deep breath, I nodded. “Yes, I am.”

I was saying yes to something I didn't understand, but I trusted him.

Seeing a glimmer of happiness cross his features, I felt something else swell inside me.

The realization that for once my decision made me happy.

James made me happy.

Even if it was a taboo situation—I was finally doing something for me.