

## Chapter 14 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

The weekend at the Keys turned out to be more enjoyable than I had expected. James was a man of his word and took my mind far from the things I had been troubled about, and as he did, I could find a blissful relief from Chad and Tally's presence.

My mind swirled with the things he had done to me and the way he made me feel.

The man really was a work of art, and I doubted any other could match his skill set.

"Becca... are you even listening to me?" Tally's voice called out, pulling me from the raunchy thoughts that plagued my mind.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah. Sorry, just super tired still from the trip."

Staring at me, she paused for a moment. "I find that hard to believe considering you stayed holed up in your room the entire time. I'm glad you got over that stomach bug, though."

There it was... the lie.

I had lied to her the next morning after sleeping with James. She had come to me, and asked me where I had been, and telling her I was seasick was the only thing I could come up with.

At first, she wasn't so sure I was being honest. But, thankfully, my nerves got the best of me, and I actually ended up throwing up.

Old anxiety habit, unfortunately.

She had let it go then, but she didn't seem to really care. She was too busy having fun with her uppity friends than spending time with me, and I really didn't understand why I had bothered to come at all.

Then again, I was thankful because it got me into the front seat with one of the hottest men in Miami, James Valentino.

"Yeah, I'm feeling much better," I smirked. "This sun is doing wonders for my complexion. You can almost feel the vitamin D soaking into your skin."

Tally had decided on a pool day, as if that was the only thing she ever did. I was glad this time, though, it was girls only. All of them gossiping away at the latest and greatest.

Gossiping wasn't my thing, but I had to admit they were very informative about things. My mind was soaking in all the details, wondering if I should change my profession to journalist.

I could make a fortune on all the juicy secrets they were so willingly spilling.

"You know, Tally..." Catherine spoke up, "your father is hot as shit."

Laughter escaped the girls as I looked at Tally, who sneered in disgust. "That's nasty."

"Oh, come on. I know he is your dad, so you will think it's gross, but he is smoking hot." Another girl added, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

"Yeah, I wouldn't mind letting him pound into me."

The comments kept flying, and as they did, I could see that Tally was getting more irritated by the moment. She loved having people over, but one thing I knew about her was she didn't like people talking about her dad.

He was off-limits... and everyone accepted that but me.

"Regardless if you think he is hot, girls, he is out of bounds for you," she sighed. "He isn't dating anyone."

"Really?" Catherine adds with confusion in her voice. "Because Tony and I walked back to the boat the first night and got lost looking for our room, and we heard him. He was f\*cking the shit out of some girl, and she was screaming his name over and over."

Shock filled me as my mouth dropped partially open. I couldn't believe what she was saying. I didn't recall being that loud, but then again, we weren't exactly being quiet.

Everyone was supposed to be off the boat!

Oh, f\*ck... shit shit shit.

"What are you talking about?" Tally said with anger laced in her tone as she sat up in her seat. "He didn't bring anyone with him... are you sure it was his room?"

Looking at Catherine, I watched her smile nodding her head. "It literally said Master Suite on the door, Tally. If he didn't bring anyone there, that means he was f\*cking one of your friends."

I didn't want them to think it was me, and with quick thoughts, I commented.

"That's f\*cked up." Their eyes all fell on me as I shook my head. "So much for them being friends."

"How do we know it wasn't you?" the darker girl asked as she crossed her arms over her chest and smirked. "You always seem to disappear."

Tally laughed hysterically as she pointed to me. "You think he would f\*ck her?"

"Ouch," I muttered, rolling my eyes.

"Becca, you know what I mean," she sighed. "Look, girls. He has known Becca since she was sixteen. We have been friends for longer than that. He is DEFINITELY one hundred percent... not f\*cking Becca."

I was surprised to hear her so convinced but relieved. She wouldn't suspect it was me, and that meant James, and I could continue without worry of her finding out.

"Thank you," I smiled with satisfaction. "Plus, I'm a real friend... I don't talk about f\*cking my best friends' father or anyone else in their family. You girls should know how taboo that is."

My comment, meant to be snarky, seemed to catch their attention quickly as they all commented that, of course, they knew that and were only messing around with their remarks.

It was obvious they didn't want to lose Tally as a friend, and I had no doubt that was because of the small fortune she had and the even larger one she would receive when James died one day.

"Plus, girls," Tally grinned with a mischievous smile, "if my daddy is going to be with anyone, he can only be with my mother. He is the reason they separated, and they need to be together again. She deserves it, after all."

Conceited. Her entire comment and mind frame were conceited and selfish.

We all knew her mother had cheated on him. That much was made public through the news. Deep down, though, I wondered if there was more, and maybe one day I would find out. For right now, though, I would have to be careful.

I wanted Tally to keep believing I was innocent. So that meant being on her side with everything. "Ain't that the truth?" I replied to her as she held out her hand to me.

"See, this is why I love you, Becca. You're the sister I always wanted."

Her comment caused the other girls to send me envious glares. Obvious daggers waited to stab me in the back if I wasn't careful.

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Tally.

Hearing what the girls said at the pool about my father pissed me off to no end. Who the hell did they think they were to talk about him like that? I was aware he was hot, after all, I wasn't stupid. It didn't mean they had a right to talk about him, though.

After everyone left, I followed Becca back into the house. My mind was still going over what they had told me. My father was seeing someone. One of my friends.

"Becca, do you really think he was sleeping with someone?" I finally asked her, wanting her advice on the topic.

No matter what I did, she was always a constant in my life. She always brought me back from my manic episodes. Even if I didn't want to admit I was bipolar... I was.

That was a secret even Becca didn't know.

Stopping at the top of the stairs, she turned to look at me with hesitation. "I mean, it's possible, Tally. He is a grown man and women like him. Every man has needs, and as long as he isn't being stupid, then what does it really matter? You know he won't take those girls seriously."

Logical Becca. I expected nothing less from her.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," I sighed. "But I don't like that. To have one of them lying to my face. They at least could have asked me, and maybe I would have been okay with it."

Becca laughed, shaking her head. "No, you wouldn't have. You would have killed them."

True. I probably would have.

"It's the principle of the fact," I groaned as I walked towards my room with her trailing behind me. "Perhaps I should tell my mom."

"For what?" she asked with a raised brow. "They're divorced."

"I know, but she has a right to know if my dad's moving on," I replied, rolling my eyes.

She had every right to know because he was the one who left her. He gave her barely anything and left her to fend for herself.

Thankfully, she was able to set off on her business venture and make a healthy income. It was a far cry from the way she should be living, and I hated that for her.

It wasn't fair. Yet, my father was always so stubborn when it came to her.

"Look, you do whatever you think you should do, Tally. They are your parents, and if you wanna stir the pot, then so be it." Becca shrugged before turning from my room.

"You're one to talk about stirring the pot after the shit on the boat," I snapped. "Don't think I forgot about how you tried to cause drama with Chad and got my dad involved."

I could feel my anger rising, and slowly she turned from her place just outside my door and faced me with a flat expression. "That's what you think?"

I had been trying to let it go and not bring it up. However, her comment pissed me off, and I could feel my anger rising. "Yes. You couldn't just ignore him?"

Shaking her head, Becca laughed. "I'm not doing this with you right now. It's been a long day, and we are both exhausted from the heat and have been drinking. Let's not ruin the amazing day that we have been having."

Shock filled me as she walked away. She didn't even address what I had said, and she was leaving me! How dare she act like that?

At the sound of her bedroom door closing, I stomped my feet and stormed from my room in search of my father. He had made it home a few hours ago, and no doubt he was in his office.

As I approached his office door, I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself as I quickly opened it, catching him on the phone. He held up his finger to me, finishing his conversation, and then hung up with a smile.

"Tally, did you and the girls have fun today?"

I couldn't control my anger. Shaking my head, I snapped, "Did you f\*ck someone on our trip this weekend?"

His brows narrowed as he looked at me. "Excuse me? Who do you think you're talking to?"

I knew I shouldn't continue to argue with him, but I was furious. How could my father do this to me? How could he embarrass me by sleeping with one of my friends on our trip?

"You heard me. Did you sleep with one of my friends this weekend? People heard you."

His face remained indifferent when I asked again. It was hard to tell if he was lying and hiding something or maybe people heard incorrectly.

"First of all, if I had been, that's none of your business. Second of all, instead of listening to your friends with everything they say, perhaps you should think about what's being said."

"You're not answering me!" I screamed. "Yes or no?"

"Tally, get out of my office right now—"

"Oh, my god! You did, didn't you?" I gasped in shock. "How could you do that to Mom?"

Anger gleamed in his eyes as he stared at me, his knuckles turning white from the grip he had on his desk as he slowly stood.

"Your mother and I are divorced. Nothing I do concerns her, and you will do your best to remember that and stay out of my affairs in the future, Taliana. Now get out."

There was no point in finishing the conversation. Instead, I would have to figure it out myself, and when I did, I would bring hell upon the individual who crossed me.