

Chapter 15 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

It was hard not to hear the conversation Tally had with James the night before. I was terrified of what had happened, but when Tally had come upstairs, all she said was her father wouldn't tell her. That... and she was going to find out who it was.

My mind had wandered all night, and for the first time in a few days, James didn't reach out to me. I figured it was because of what had happened, but I was grateful.

I didn't want to get in the middle of some fight between her and her father.

Even if I was the one having sex with him.

Rolling from bed somewhere after 5:00 in the morning, I made my way downstairs in my pajamas in search of coffee. There was no point in still trying to sleep.

I was just going to be extra tired today.

As soon as my feet hit the bottom of the stairs, I felt an eerie presence. The silence was almost deafening. Everyone was still asleep, and even though I enjoyed the quiet... it made me nervous. I wasn't sure what to expect for the day.

Padding across the tile flooring, I walked past the hallway that led to James' office and saw the glimmer of light from underneath his door.

Everything in me screamed to go to him, but—should I?

Biting my bottom lip, I groaned internally and walked down the hallway.

I had to know that he was okay after what I had overheard.

"James?" I whispered softly as I pushed on his office door and entered.

His eyes looked up to meet mine, and a smile lined his face. Freshly clean from the shower, small beads of water dripped down over his skin, and I realized he hadn't been down here long. "What are you doing awake?"

"I couldn't sleep," I replied. "I heard how she acted yesterday, and it's been on my mind."

His smile fell a little, and slowly he nodded his head. "Yeah, it seems we had an audience over the weekend."

"Mhm. What are we going to do about that?" I asked, hoping he had an idea, but instead of answering, he gestured with two fingers to come to him.

And I did... like the good little submissive he was making me.

"We will not do anything," he smirked as he pulled me onto his lap and kissed me gently.

Breaking the kiss, my smile widened as my fingers brushed his hairline. "She isn't going to let it go."

"I know she won't." His hands slid up my thighs. "That changes nothing though, Becca. Let her go on her hunt. The last person she will suspect is you."

This man was making me do things I would never ordinarily do, and it scared me. I wasn't sure how to proceed, but deep down, I knew I couldn't stop seeing him.

He set my body on fire, and the sensations he created were addicting.

"Oh," I moaned softly as his fingers slid through the folds of my core, causing my back to arch in pleasure as I nipped playfully at his lips before he devoured my mouth with his own.

The kisses were heated and frenzied, and before I knew it, his chair was being slid out and I was being spun around and bent over his desk. "We have to be quick and quiet."

Nodding my head, I understood. Well, I understand the quick part.

But as his long, thick cock slid into me from behind, I wasn't sure about the quiet part.

As a cry went to escape me, he pulled me back slightly, covering my mouth with his hand to muffle my moans of pleasure. "Oh, f*ck."

Right to his words, it was quick, and I came undone all over him when he finally gave his own release. Filling me to the brim, where his seed dripped down my thighs. "Mmm. God, you're such a good girl."

His words caused me to smile before he spun me around to face him and gripped my hair, kissing me again. I wanted more, but the sound from upstairs signaled to us both that Tally was finally awake.

"Quick, go into the hall bathroom and clean up. I'll go make coffee."

It wasn't a suggestion. It was an order, and one I intended to follow. Moving quickly, I adjusted myself and left his office, sneaking into the hallway bathroom to clean up.

His footsteps passing the bathroom led down the hall towards the kitchen before I heard his deep, sultry voice talking—to Tally.

Taking a deep breath, I got a hold of myself and cleaned up before exiting the bathroom and going to meet them. Her eyes met mine, and she smiled before rolling them at her dad. "Morning, Becca."

"Morning," I replied before turning towards James. "That coffee smells amazing, Mr. Valentino."

My taunting choice of words stopped him in his tracks, and I watched as the muscles in his back flexed for a moment before he cleared his throat and poured some into a cup, and turned towards me. "Here. Have some then, but be careful... it's hot."

There was a dark glint in his eye letting me know I was going to pay for my remark later on, but that was what I was hoping for. Taking the cup from him, my fingers brushed against his before I turned, smiling, and made my way towards Tally.

"So, what's the plan today?" I asked her with a little more pep in my step than I realized.

"Uh—actually, I was thinking we could go for lunch today. Nothing super out of place. I don't really have much of a plan."

"Sounds like fun," I smiled, liking the fact that, for once, her day didn't revolve around drinking and partying like it had been since I had walked through those front doors.

I could tell that the argument between her and James was still bothering her. Their silent glances spoke volumes, but it wasn't my place to pry.

A few hours later, Tally and I were in a car headed across Miami to Il Gabbiano. It was a very upscale waterfront restaurant that catered to authentic Italian food.

I had only been here one other time with Tally, and that was when we were eighteen and James was trying to make Tally feel more at home. It was the one time when I met her uncle, James' brother, Lucas.

Only six months later, Lucas died in a car accident and thinking about it now, it broke my heart. He was the sweetest man and was James' biggest supporter.

"So, why are we going here?" I asked as we exited the car and walked towards the front door of the building. "This is very upscale, for a meager lunch with me."

Laughing, Tally shook her head with a smile. "We are meeting someone here."

Of course, we are. Why would I think it would just be the two of us?

As soon as we entered, the general manager greeted Tally like an old friend and quickly showed us to our table. My eyes widened in shock as I realized just who it was we were meeting.

It was none other than Allison Valentino—James' ex wife.

"Mom!" Tally exclaimed with excitement as Allison stood and took her daughter into her arms.

"Oh, my goodness. I have missed you," she said before her eyes set upon me. "Becca? Oh, goodness sweetie, how you have grown!"

Smiling, I hugged her as well as we took our seats. "Thank you. It's been a long time."

"Indeed. You're not that plump little girl with glasses and unkempt hair anymore." Her response was taunting, and irritation swelled within me.

"Yes, that would be correct," I gritted out with a fake smile, "and you seem to have gotten a makeover at the doctor's office. Do they have talented surgeons down here?"

Her eyes blanked at my comment as she stared at me. Tally was completely unphased about what we were discussing, but an unmistakable message came clear across with Allison's stare.

"Yes, they do actually," she smirked. "I have one I can offer for you if you would like."

Chuckling to myself, I shook my head. "No, thank you. I prefer a more natural look, but I appreciate the offer."

Uncomfortable silence sat around the table after my words. All of our eyes were on the menu as our server brought our drinks and took our order.

I had almost forgotten why I didn't like Tally's mother, and within fifteen minutes of being in her presence, she reminded me why I couldn't stand her.

She was judgemental and sadistic. A completely narcissistic bitch from hell.

"So, Mom..." Tally finally said, breaking the silence, "I have to tell you something I found out."

Oh f*ck. She isn't...

"What's that, sweetie?" Allison smiled sweetly.

"Well, Daddy took us on the yacht this past weekend and some of the other girls were talking about how two of my guests overheard him f*cking someone on the boat. Someone that I'm friends with."

Allison gasped at the news covering her mouth with her hand as she acted upset.

"He didn't.... Why would he do that to me?" She pretended to sob. "I don't understand what I did to deserve to be treated like this."

It took everything in me not to snap at this woman and remind her she was the one who cheated on him, and they were also divorced. I couldn't stand women like this.

"Yeah, it was horrible. Becca and I tried to think who it could be, but we are both disgusted by it. To think one of these little bitches I invited is or was f*cking my dad."

Allison's eyes went to me and quickly scanned over my body. "Did you do it?"

"Excuse me?" I asked shocked. "Did I do what?"

"Mom. No!" Tally quickly butted in. "It wasn't Becca. He barely looks at her and sees her like another daughter. Trust me, I would know if it was Becca."

Allison continued to stare at me as if unsure of her daughter's answer. A smirk crossed my lips as I picked up my glass of water and downed my drink. My eyes never left hers as I raised my brow in question to what she was staring at.

"That's true," Allison finally sighed. "She's too fat anyway."

"Mom!" Tally gasped. "Stop being like that towards Becca. She has been my best friend for years!"

For once, Tally had my back with something, and I was grateful she was willing to stand up to her mother for me. However, spending time with this woman wasn't something I wanted to continue doing.

"Fat?" I laughed watching Allison and Tally look at me. "I don't know who you are calling fat, because if I remember correctly you were two sizes bigger than me when you divorced him. But that's just an estimation."

Allison's mouth dropped open as she looked at me with utter disbelief. Tally tried her best to call the waiter over to pour more wine, and all the while, I couldn't help but let a smug smile cross my face.

"I need the ladies room." Allison quickly stood up as she walked away from the table. Tally's eyes followed her until they quickly snapped back to me.

"Did you really have to say that? You know she is sensitive about her divorce."

"Are you kidding me?" I cackled, shaking my head with amusement. "Your mother called me fat and made snarky comments more than once. She deserved what I said."

"Becca!" Tally gasped. "What the hell is wrong with you today? Why are you acting like this?"

Shrugging my shoulders in an 'I don't give a shit' way as I rolled my eyes, I said, "Perhaps I'm just tired of everyone thinking they can treat me however they want. If people don't want to give respect, then they won't get it."

Finishing up my food, I remained quiet the entire time I listened to them discuss how they could find out who it was James was sleeping with. My mind soaked in the information so I could repeat it to James.

I had to warn him. If Tally was getting her mother involved, it wouldn't be good.

"Becca, are you paying attention?" Tally asked, bringing me back to the present.

"Uh—yeah, sorry. I was thinking about something," I admitted, watching as Allison rolled her eyes in disgust.

"I was asking if you wanted to go get drinks with Mom and I," she replied.

Yeah, definitely not. "Uh, actually, I think I am going to head back. Why don't you and the dragon spend some time together? You guys don't get to do it very often."

"F*cking bitch," Allison sneered, causing Tally and I both to roll our eyes.

There wasn't enough money in the world that could pay me to be around this woman anymore. She had pissed me off enough for one day, and if she wasn't careful, she would get my size eight shoe straight up her ass.

I was serious about one thing. I wasn't taking shit from anyone anymore.

I was going to start making a way for myself.

First though, I had to find James.

