

Chapter 16 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Anger pulsed through me as I clutched my purse tightly and stormed across the parking lot of the restaurant towards my Uber. I couldn't believe Tally had me go to lunch with that bitch.

When I was younger, she had always made small comments, but never did she have the balls to speak to me the way she did today. I guess she thought now she could say what she wanted since I was an adult.

I just don't think she expected me to bite back like I did.

"To Valentino Imports?" the driver asked, looking at the app to verify my destination.

"Yes, please. If you get there quickly, I'll give you a fat tip."

I couldn't wait to get there and tell James what had happened. I wasn't usually one to run and tattle, but Tally was playing a dangerous game by involving her mother.

And of course, the girl they were trying to find was me!

Scrolling through my phone, I opened my text messages to James.

'Are you still at work?'

The message quickly turned red, and as I saw the dots pop up, I smiled.

He was quick to reply to me, and something about that made my stomach flip.

'Yeah, but leaving shortly. What's wrong?'

As a heavy breath escaped me, I replied, 'I'm on my way. Don't leave yet.'

What I was about to do was go against everything I said I wouldn't do. I never wanted to get involved to this extent, and perhaps I should walk in there and completely call all of this off with him.

Deep down inside, though, I couldn't. I couldn't bring myself to stop feeling the way I did. It had been years since I had felt this kind of release, and it was only a release he could give me.

He clouded every thought I had and even in my dreams—he was there.

As the Uber pulled up outside of his company, I took a deep breath and made my way inside without hesitation. The receptionists did not even bat their eyelashes at me as I passed them and entered the elevator.

A heavy breath escaped my lips as my hands fidgeted, waiting for the numbers to reach his floor. With a chime, the doors slowly opened, and as they did, I met with the dark eyes I had grown to adore.

Dressed in a three-piece suit with his hands in his pockets, I wanted to drop to my knees before him. His aura surrounding me makes me want to submit to his every whim.

"Becca," he said in a deep, sultry tone. "We meet again."

Shit.

"So you're telling me that Tally took you to lunch with her mother?"

For the last twenty minutes, we had been going over and over everything that had happened, and I was growing rather impatient with his constant questions.

"Yeah, and let's just say she doesn't like me one bit. I had forgotten how much of a bitch she really was," I grumbled, crossing my arms over my chest as I reclined into his office chair.

"What did she say she was going to do?" he asked as he turned from the window to me with curiosity in his eyes.

"She didn't really say too much," I sighed. "Just that she was the only one who could have you, and she didn't like the crap Tally was telling her. She even had enough nerves to ask if it was me..."

As he raised a brow, a grin spread across his face. "Did you tell her it was?"

"Of course not!" I exclaimed in shock. "I told you, I don't want Tally to know. It's going to do nothing but cause complications, and she and I have been friends for years."

"A friend who doesn't seem to give a shit about you and uses you when it's convenient."

The coldness of his words hit deep within me. I knew he was just pointing out the obvious, but the fact he said it aloud hurt.

Tight-lipped, I sighed and stood to my feet, reconsidering the fact I had even come to him with all of this. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you."

"Why do you say that?"

Looking at him I shrugged, "Because it's obvious you don't care and now, I feel foolish for coming to you about it."

He didn't hesitate in clearing the space between us and pulling me close to him by my hips. His touch immediately made my heart race as I bit my bottom lip and looked up at him.

"Becca... if you don't stop biting your lip, I will not be able to control myself."

Oh, Jesus... get your shit together, Becca.

"I—I'm sorry," I replied, gritting my teeth as I tried my best not to do it again. "I don't know what I'm to do."

"About what?" he asked with a questioning glance. "About us... or about Tally and her mother?"

"Both, I guess..." I said, shaking my head. "This is becoming more complicated than I wanted."

Laughter escaped him as he pulled me closer to him, laying my head against his chest.

"Only because you're overthinking it and making it complicated. Stop thinking about it all, Becca, and let me take care of it. You have nothing to worry about, I promise."

"That's easy for you to say." I closed my eyes and inhaled his earthy scent.

"It is, and you should listen to me."

Rolling my eyes, I pulled away from his grasp. "I think I'll just head back to the house."

"You don't have to leave. You can get a ride with me."

I grabbed my purse and smirked. "As much as I would love that, I don't think someone seeing that happening would be a good idea, James. The last thing we need to do is pull up together and Tally be home when she is already looking for the woman who is f*cking her father."

"That may be so, but think of all the sinful things I could do on the way home."

His words stopped me dead in my tracks as I was making my way towards his office door. Unable to control myself, I turned to him, and my habit of lip biting caught his eye.

"I told you about that—" he murmured before clearing the space between us again.

My back hit the wall before I could react, and his lips captured mine in an instant. The heat of his desire was radiating around me, and with it, a soft moan escaped my lips as he let his lips trail down over my jawline.

"Tell me you want me, Becca," he whispered in my ear. "Tell me you want this."

Confliction be damned. My mouth had a mind of its own and was quickly answering for me. "I do."

Chuckling, he nibbled on my ear. "Good girl. Do you know what I want right now?"

"What's that?" I asked breathlessly.

"To bury myself deep inside you and watch you come undone."

The raw passion behind his words was hypnotizing, but I knew there wasn't time for that. Instead, my hunger gave way, and I pulled his eyes to look into mine.

"Sit down," I demanded as I bit playfully on his lip and reached over to the door, locking it.

Dark mischief glittered within his eyes as he stepped away from me and walked towards his desk to do as I told him. I had never thought of him as a man who would take direction. However, here he was, entertaining me.

I wasn't sure about what I was going to do, but for once, him letting me be in control felt good. It was empowering, and that wasn't something I was used to.

Walking towards him, I leaned over his chair and kissed his lips slowly as I trailed down over his jawline and onto his neck. My fingers ran the length of his chest before quickly reaching for his belt and zipper.

The length of his hardened cock was in my hands within moments, and dropping to my knees, I took it into my mouth. Slowly, I swirled my tongue over its length. The taste of his pleasure was intoxicating, and as his fingers gripped my hair, I dove deeper.

I had only done this to one other man, and I was nowhere near experienced, but at the moment, I felt like a porn star. The sounds escaping him let me know that what I was doing was pushing him to limits. He could only barely continue.

With slow strokes of my hand, I let the thick head pop from my mouth before running my tongue up the full length of his shaft, only to have his girth plunged back into the depth of my throat.

Repeatedly, the motion brought him closer. "Becca, I want you.... If you keep going, I won't be able to control myself."

Exactly what I wanted, though. To have him lose control. To give him the release he had given me so many times.

Relentless, I repeated my motions until a cry escaped his lips, and the hot pleasure of his release poured down my throat. The taste of him was tantalizing, and as I polished him off, I looked at him with a smile and used my fingers to clean up the mess of my chin.

I let my tongue lick off what remained on my lips as I stepped back with a grin.

"I will see you back at the house."

Furrowing his brows, he adjusted himself and stood to his feet as I made my way towards the door. "You're leaving?"

"Yeah, I have to catch my Uber," I taunted with a smile.

I wasn't sure about what I was doing with him, but no matter how many times I tried to tell myself I needed to stop, I couldn't. I was losing control of myself, and the more I fell into this hole with him, the more I liked it.

Taking the elevator down, I straightened myself and stepped out on the main floor, heading straight for the glass doors. A striking woman with blonde hair stood at the receptionist's desk. Her eyes meeting mine with curiosity.

I wasn't sure who she was, but paying no attention, I continued on my way.

There was no way I was about to allow anyone I knew to see me. How would I even explain what I was doing here? I supposed that thought never initially crossed my mind.

Instead, I was playing a dangerous game with a man who was hellbent on breaking me.

James Valentino was addicting, and I was becoming his favorite plaything.

Only time would tell if I could survive him.