

Chapter 18 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

"Becca, please just do this for me," Tally said once again after asking me fifteen times to be her spy. She wanted me to spy on James and tell her who he was bringing in the house or, better yet, take a f*cking photo of the girl.

The girl that was actually me.

"Dude, I'm not going to spy on your father for you. Do you know how crazy that sounds? Like, who cares if he is sleeping with someone? He is a grown-ass man," I replied, watching irritation cross her.

She knew very well I wasn't the kind of person to get involved in drama like this.

"Please, for once, just do something for me."

The fact she played that card pissed me off. I have done so much for her, and yet she didn't acknowledge any of it.

"Okay. Yeah, sure. Why not?" I sighed, knowing very well I wouldn't do it. One because well.. I wouldn't incriminate myself, and two, I was pissed at her for even asking me.

As for her trip with her mom... well, that was one other reason for me to be upset. Then again, her being gone meant I was going to be alone with James.

For an entire week.

My mind was reeling with ideas, and as she grabbed the last of her stuff, she hugged me.

"Thanks, girl. I owe you big time," she grinned as she pulled away and headed out of her bedroom door with me behind her.

Standing at the top of the stairs, I watched her walk down. The front door opened and James' voice trailed up the stairs towards me.

"Tally, behave yourself, and don't let your mother talk you into something you can't afford on your allowance," he said as Tally scoffed.

The front door slammed closed and as it did, I walked towards my room and straight towards the window, watching as Tally and her mother drove away.

I didn't see James anywhere, but when a creak on the floor behind me echoed through my room, I knew he hadn't hesitated to come for me.

Turning slowly, I looked into his dark, steely eyes, my heart beating out of my chest at the way he was looking at me. I knew the things he was going to do to me now they were gone were outrageous but so damn exciting.

"James—" I whispered as he cleared the space between us, gripping the backs of my thighs as he hoisted me over his shoulder, laughing. "What are you doing?"

A firm smack on my back end sent a pool of pleasure straight to my core. It didn't take an idiot to figure out what was on his mind. A week of uninterrupted pleasure with James was everything I desired and more.

Tally had pissed me off for the last time, and perhaps it was time I stopped worrying about her feelings. After all, James had other plans for me.

Tossing me down on the bed, I bounced across the soft comforter with a giggle before my eyes met his once more, a grin lining his lips as he slowly took off his tie.

"An entire week of having you to myself," he said with a smirk. "Oh, the adventures we can have, Becca."

I knew very well what he wanted to f*ck me until I couldn't stand. The memory of him promising to do dark and dirty things to me was tantalizing. Perhaps he could tie me up like he promised before... it was something I had seen on porn, but never something I dared try before.

"I'm sure you will think of something.... After all, how often do you get this chance?"

It was wrong. So wrong on so many levels, but screwing my best friend's dad had been one of the most erotic things I had ever done.

James Valentino was anything but gentle, and even though there had been a few moments where he showed he could be soft....

Well, it never lasted long. Instead, he was rock hard and dangerous.

So dangerous I came undone at the simple sound of his voice.

James.

After a few hours of foreplay and sexual torture, we broke to clean ourselves up. Yet it didn't last long before once again we were at it, and my cock was the only thing capable of pleasing her.

Pushing her against the wall of the shower, I groaned at the feeling of her warm, wet pussy wrapping around my hardened cock. It was the most amazing feeling in the world. I ravaged her over and over again, and with every thrust deep inside her, she came undone.

"I can't keep going—" she cried out as she clung to me for dear life, "James!"

A cry of pleasure escaped her lips as I erupted deep into her tight cunt, letting her walls milk every last drop of cum from my sack.

Her eyes were hazy with the pleasure I had created within her. The corners of her lips turned up into a smile as we both laughed before I kissed her once more.

"Looks like I couldn't keep going either," I chuckled as I slowly pulled out of her and watched her turn into the water, washing the traces of our enjoyment from her body.

"You know you can't keep me locked in your room the entire time Tally is gone?"

Shaking my head, I rinsed off under the water before stepping out and wrapping a towel around my body. She was right. I couldn't keep her locked in my bedroom all the time, but then again, it didn't mean I didn't want to.

"What do you propose doing, then?" I asked teasingly as I watched her step out naked with beads of water dripping from her perfect body.

Even though I had taken her multiple times today, my cock was slowly coming to life again, ready to ravage her once more.

"Like what you see?" she teased, running her tongue over her teeth as she smiled. The temptation this little minx was creating was agonizing, and my dick just couldn't get enough of her.

"I do, but you need to eat. So get your sexy ass dressed. I'm taking you out to dinner."

Her eyes lit up at my words, but then quickly fell. "What if someone Tally and Allison know sees us? I don't want to give them a reason to think we are sleeping together."

"Don't worry. Where I'm taking you, I doubt they know anyone, but even if they did... as far as they know, I'm taking my daughter's friend out for dinner since my daughter is out of town."

Taking a moment to think it over, that victorious smile of hers resurfaced, and she quickly wrapped a towel around her waist, running for her room. Seeing her smile like that made my emotions take a whirlwind, and that wasn't something I was expecting.

An hour later, I was standing with Becca outside of one of the high-end restaurants I frequently visited. Her mouth was parted as she stared up at the tall penthouse building with confusion.

"I thought we were going to a restaurant."

"We are," I chuckled. "It's at the top."

Placing my hand on the small of her back, I guided her inside and towards the elevator. The little black dress she was wearing did nothing to contain the figure I couldn't stop thinking about. Instead, it left nothing to the imagination, and every time she swept her hair over her shoulder, I had the urge to take her.

The woman beside me was nothing like the girl I once knew, and even though I wasn't sure what I wanted with her, I would not waste a moment of the time I had.

As the elevator stopped, and the doors opened, I was greeted with the familiar scene of high vaulted ceilings and crystal chandeliers.

The last time I had brought a woman here was Allison, and even then, it wasn't because I actually wanted to. She had forced me to do so, and every time after that had been for business.

"Right this way, Mr. Valentino." The hostess took us towards a more secluded table on the far side of the restaurant against the large windows that overlooked the city.

"This is breathtaking," Becca whispered as we took our seats, and the hostess left us to get settled.

"It is, isn't it?" I smiled. "It's been a while since I have been here."

Her eyes fell on the menu in front of her as the server came to bring us water. I knew she was taking in the prices on the menu, and as soon as I gave the server our wine order, I smiled at her.

"Disregard the prices, Becca."

Her beautiful eyes met mine as a blush tinged her cheeks. "I have never been somewhere this fancy before."

"Really?" I asked, cocking a brow. "Wasn't your ex a rather wealthy heir?"

Laughter escaped her at my comment. "He was, but he never took me out. The few times we did where he actually paid for everything... it was like Outback or Olive Garden. Never anywhere like this."

"Wait... when he paid for things?" I asked, stopping mid-thought to take in what she'd said. "You mean he would take you out and make you pay for your own food?"

Slowly, she nodded her head as she took a sip of water and smiled at the server who returned. "Yeah... that's right."

"Are you both ready to order?" the server asked, looking between the two of us.

"Um, yes. I will take whatever Chef John has for the special. Becca?"

She hesitated for a moment and placed down her menu, looking at me with a grin.

"I'll take the same."

I wasn't sure why she had put up with someone like Chad. The more I heard about the kid, the more I grew to hate him. I was thankful Tally didn't like the idea of settling down, and even if she did, she knew the rules.

I had to meet them, and he had to ask me for permission to marry her.

Tally was to be an heiress, and there were plenty of men out there who would take her for granted just to get a piece of the money she was entitled to.

"I'm glad that you're not with him anymore," I replied after a moment of admiring her.

Nodding her head, she sighed, "Yeah me too. I feel sorry for the next girl he ropes in."

Looking at Becca now, I was beginning to see a different side to her. One that was not held back by the ideals of others and a woman far more than just sex and sugar.

She was a woman who should be held above others. One who was made for the lifestyle I lived, and yet, she lived as someone normal.

Someone who didn't take money for granted and lived for the little things in life.

A woman who was captivating me every moment I spent with her, and that was terrifying.