

## Chapter 19 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

I wasn't sure what to make of it all. Dressing up, drinks, and fine dining.

It was a lot to take in for a girl like me. Especially considering the fact we were acting as if we were dating and if anyone saw us, it wouldn't be good.

To say I was uncomfortable was an understatement.

"This is delicious," I said, trying to lighten the conversation between us.

"Thank you again for bringing me here. I do appreciate it."

"You're acting as if me bringing you wouldn't be something I wanted to do," James replied as he caught my eye. "Are you okay?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I laugh softly to myself, "I hardly know anymore."

My comment wasn't one he was expecting, and in fact, it made him furrow his brows in confusion. "Is this making you uncomfortable being here, Becca?"

Lifting my gaze to his, I stared with wide eyes and a parted mouth. "Oh, no—no."

It was a lie, but he had been so kind to me, I didn't want to seem ungrateful by what he was giving me or how he was acting.

"Then what's wrong, Becca?" He reached out and placed his hand over mine.

"How am I supposed to fix it if I don't know what's wrong with you?"

"You can't fix everything, James," I replied with a small laugh.

Moments like this with him were what made me forget about my reality. It made me forget we were from two very different worlds, and no matter the fun we had, I was never going to fit in here.

I was never going to be what he wanted, and in the end, I would just get hurt from the union between us because I was the one who cared more.

"You do know I leave in a few weeks, right?" I finally said after the fourth glass of wine and dinner long done.

James hesitated before speaking as if trying to think over everything he was going to say before saying it. "I know, Becca. I was actually going to speak to you about that."

"You were? What about it?"

Adjusting himself, he grinned and ran his finger over the edge of his glass. "Well, I was considering the idea of you transferring to a university down here. Moving down here to be closer."

Shock. That was the only emotion currently rolling through me.

"Why would you want me to do that?" I asked him in disbelief.

"Well, so we could continue what we have, and I can have you anytime I want you."

The remark he made wasn't the one I was hoping for. I knew what he was going to say, and through it all, I wasn't sure if I knew how to react to him.

"As flattering as that is, James... Yale is everything to me. I'm in my senior year, and I plan on finishing it there."

His eyes lingered on me for a moment as he picked up his wine glass, taking a sip. There was so much uncertainty in my future and so many factors that had been put on the table.

The one thing that confused me the most, though, was James made it clear I wasn't in a relationship with him. This thing between James and I was just sex and nothing more.

So why was he asking me to stay? It didn't make sense.

"Shall we head out? We can continue this conversation back at the house. If you want."

I nodded my head slowly. We stood, but didn't get far before a voice called out to him. It was the voice of a woman, and when I turned to look at her, I noticed she was the same woman from his office the day before.

"James!" The woman walked over towards us and kissed James openly on the lips. Shock filled me at her actions as I forced my confusion into a smile. "I missed you."

Clearing his throat, James stepped away from her politely and smiled. "Katrine. It's wonderful to see you, but we are heading out."

Her eyes drifted towards me and quickly furrowed, "This is her?"

"Who is her?" James replied as he took a step in front of me.

"That is the girl from your office. I thought you didn't know her," she snapped.

James' eyes met mine with hesitation before turning towards the woman. "This girl?"

"Yes, that girl. Are you playing with me right now?" she asked.

"No, no. This is my daughter's friend.... She and are discussing a surprise for Tally. You do remember my daughter, don't you?" James asked her, trying to play it off so she would let the situation go.

With parted lips, she hesitated for a moment with her arms crossed, taking in the information. "Oh, yes. I remember. Why didn't you tell me... I want to help?"

There was obviously something going on between the two of them, and as much as I wanted to wait to hear what she had to say, I couldn't.

It was clear that day I was allowing my emotions to take the forefront in whatever this was with James because seeing Katrine hanging off him right now tore at my heart.

"Sorry... I really think I should go. You two look like you have much to catch up on."

James looked at me, but I let my eyes fall towards the ground as I moved around them, not wanting to interrupt further.

The behavior between him and the woman only confirmed my suspicions. He did only want sex with me, and his behavior with her made it that more obvious. He would never want me any other way than to pleasure him.

My wonderful evening with James had gone from zero to a hundred really fast, and suddenly was crashing. I wasn't sure why I had thought I was special. This was somewhere he brought many girls, obviously.

Hastening my steps, I made my way to the elevator. Stepping into the empty entry, I pressed the button for the first floor. However, before the doors closed, a hand shot out between them and opened the doors back up to reveal a very unhappy James. "Where are you going?"

"Uh—I just thought—" I stuttered, trying to find what I was supposed to say.

"You thought what, Becca?"

James' presence seemingly took up the entirety of the elevator, causing me to step back as he came closer.

My back pressed against the elevator wall. I found myself trapped and breathless. "Did you think I would have her over you?"

"Yes," I admitted softly as his hands trailed up my thigh. "You seemed to already."

A chuckle left his throat as he nodded, "Very observant... that was a long time ago though."

"Is that right?" I said pointedly. "It didn't seem like that to me."

Before James could say anything else, the elevator stopped, and he quickly backed away as I fluttered my eyelashes and stepped from the elevator, and headed towards the front doors.

If he wanted to have the situation between me and him the way it was... just sex... then so be it. I would give him exactly what he wanted and pretend that I didn't care. Even though, deep inside, I was more confused than I had ever been.

Stepping outside, with the gentle breeze sweeping across the darkened Miami sky, I felt alive within the lights of the city, and the smell of salt in the air. All of it was a welcoming clearance my mind needed considering everything that had happened.

Letting out a heavy sigh I brought my attention back to James who had the valet bring the car around. He strode towards me with a look on his face that almost read concern, but I didn't bother to ask.

Instead, his hand found the small of my back as he looked down upon me.

"Are you ready to go home?" "Yes, if that's alright with you."

My response made him smile, but something inside me told me to be careful. I didn't know the real James Valentino, even though I had thought I did. In fact, my only real knowledge of him was the basic facts I had learned through our shared past history and how good he was in the bedroom.

My thoughts shot back to Katrine kissing him, and disgust swirled within my stomach. She was nothing I could compete with and everything most women sought to be. Yet, I was well aware that women like her with money and power never spared a glance toward someone like me to consider them a threat.

Perhaps, that would go in my favor. Perhaps, I was able to look past this transgression and play my "I don't give a f\*ck" role perfectly. After all, the sex was amazing, and I was soon going to be leaving, so why not have fun while it lasted?

The entire car ride back to the Valentino mansion, I kept quiet and lost in my own thoughts. When it came to James, I wasn't thinking properly. I was acting like a horny teenager, instead of using my brain to make the right choices.

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James.

Everything had been going so perfectly, and of course, I hadn't expected to run into Katrine when we were at the restaurant.

The look in Becca's eyes after Katrine had kissed me tore at my heart. I could see she was trying to play it off as if it wasn't bothering her, but it was. I had no doubt about that. Becca wasn't happy, and to be honest, neither was I.

As we pulled into my driveway, I sighed, not able to take the silence between us anymore.

"Look, Becca, I can tell you are upset," I said, watching as her eyes turned towards me.

"I'm not upset. I'm okay," she snapped.

Shaking my head though, I parked the car. "I know you aren't happy about Katrine, but I want to assure you I have nothing going on with her."

Laughter escaped Becca's lips at my comment. "That's not my business, James. What you have going on with that woman is your own private business. It has nothing to do with me."

She didn't waste another beat as she exited the vehicle and made her way towards the front door. I was speechless, though. I hadn't expected her to reply with that, and quickly, my mood turned sour as I exited and followed her inside.

"What are you talking about?" I said once we were behind closed doors.

Stopping at the bottom of the stairs, she looked at me, cocking a brow, "I mean exactly as I said. It isn't like we are a couple, James. Plus, I will be leaving in a few weeks to go back to school. This is simply fun while it lasts."

There it was again. Her talking about leaving as if it was the easiest thing to do.

"So, you won't care if I screw someone else while you're in the next room?" I was trying to call her bluff, but without skipping a beat, she smiled at me.

"If that's what makes you happy."

"Becca, are you seriously going to stand here and act like the things that have been going on between us aren't affecting you?" I replied with a stern glare.

Standing tall, she crossed her arms over her chest with a smile as she ran her tongue across her teeth, "Are you going to say they have been affecting you?"

Damn. There it was. The bomb dropped.

She didn't wait for me to reply. Instead, she carried herself upstairs like the viper she was and disappeared from sight. Everything about her was addicting, and her entire attitude turned me on.

Taking a deep breath, I sucked on my teeth for a moment as irritation swirled within me. "No, they aren't," I mumbled to myself taking the high road as I strode up the stairs behind her.

If she wanted to act like this then so be it... I would remind her who she begged for.