

Chapter 21 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

From the time I woke up that morning, Tally had been blowing up my phone. I wasn't sure what she wanted, but at half-past eight, I finally rolled over to answer it.

"Hello?" I groaned into the phone, running my hand over my face.

"Hey! It's about time you answered your phone. What have you been doing?" she asked with annoyance in her tone.

"Uh—sleeping. Like normal people, Tally. What the hell are you even up this early for?"

There was laughter on the other end of the line, and it was obvious she had been drinking. "What's early? I haven't even gone to bed yet."

"Of course, you haven't, Tally."

I heard her scoff on the other end of the line. "Don't be such a snob," she snapped.

"That's the pot calling the kettle black. Now, what do you want?"

There was silence for a moment before I heard whispering, "Well—"

"Well, what? And what are you doing?" I was curious about her current situation.

I didn't honestly care what she was doing, but all the commotion going on in the background made me wonder what kind of shit her crappy mother had gotten her into.

"Oh, you know... just having fun with my mom and some other people. You know you should try it sometime. Fun, that is—"

Tally carried on rambling about how great everything was with her mom. During this time, I took the opportunity to put her on speaker and lay down my phone while I worked on getting ready.

"Becca? Are you even listening to me?" Tally asked repeatedly over the phone while I was brushing my teeth.

"Yes, Tally. I'm trying to get dressed."

"Why? Where are you going? Do you have a date or something?"

Laughter escaped my lips at her comment. It was 8:00 am! And since when did she care what I was doing, and why was it that she sounded jealous of me? "I'm sorry.... What?"

"I asked if you had a date or something," she snapped again.

"Oh, no, I heard what you said. I want to know why it matters what I'm doing, though. Since when did you care about who I was seeing?" I asked her, trying to make a point, but the groaning from the other end of the line was making it clear she wasn't impressed.

"Since always," she scoffed.

Liar. You have never cared.

"Uh-huh.... Well, I'm not going on a date with anyone. I'm actually going shopping today. I wanted to get my dad something while I was down here and figured I would do it while you were gone."

"Oh," Tally said, seemingly surprised by my answer. "That's it?"

"Don't sound so disappointed. I may go get lunch, too."

It was my turn to be sarcastic, and she didn't seem to know what to do with the way I was acting. So instead of addressing it, she went back to why she had originally called.

"So about my dad's secret lover—"

"Enough, Tally. I need to get ready, so we can chat about this later. So far, I haven't seen anything, but I will let you know if I do okay...? Bye." I ended the call.

Sighing, I looked at my reflection in the mirror and shook my head. If I didn't get a hold of myself, I was going to end up screaming. Every moment spent

with Tally lately was becoming a pain in my ass, and I wanted nothing more than to drop her.

After all, she hadn't given a shit when it came to me.

A few hours and about ten shops later, I walked with my bags down the boardwalk towards a restaurant on the beach to grab something to eat.

It was nice to get out for a bit and get away from the chaos. My mind had been so clogged lately with thoughts of James, I hadn't really given myself time to do much of anything. Not that I was complaining.

James was absolutely sinful in bed, and I loved everything he did.

But sometimes I needed something of my own. Something away from the issues....

"Becca!"

You have got to be f*cking kidding me right now...

Groaning, I slowly turned around, coming face to face with the one person I didn't want to see.

Chad.

How was it this man seemed to find me around every turn?

"Chad," I said coldly as he approached, "what do you want?"

His eyes seemed to twinkle with interest as he stalked towards me like a predator circling his prey. As usual, there wasn't a single thing about him out of place, and even though he was gorgeous—his personality made him ugly.

I was glad he no longer held that hypnotizing effect over me.

"I just wanted to apologize to you for how I acted on the boat," he said in a very calm and almost convincing manner.... Almost.

"I see. Well, now, that you have... I need to be on my way," I replied with a smile before turning. His hand reached out, grabbing my arm and stopping me in my tracks.

"Where's the fire? Can we just talk?"

Jerking my arm from his grasp, I turned to him with a disgusted look on my face.

"Talk? Yeah, no, I don't think that's going to work for me. You see, I have this thing called standards, and if I was to lower myself to where you are right now thinking I actually believed that bullshit you spread.... Well, that would make me no better than you."

Shock was written all across his face at the way I had spoken to him. Never in my life had I had the courage to speak to him like that before. Yet, right now... he was beneath me with the way he had treated me.

For once in my life, I was putting myself above this man, and I was going to achieve more. Because I was worth more.

"Who do you think you're talking to? I apologize to you. I'm offering to let you buy me lunch to talk this out—"

"Whoa... whoa. What did you just say?" I asked, laughing. "Did you just say you offered to LET 'me' buy 'you' lunch?"

"You heard what the f*ck I said, Becca." His confirmation was all I needed to burst into laughter.

"You are f*cking delusional.... Why the hell would I ever buy you a damn thing? We aren't together and never f*cking will be again. You are an asshole, Chad. You don't deserve any woman with a kind heart because you are a cheater, a manipulator, and an abuser."

As he stepped towards me with clenched fists, I raised a brow at him.

"I will sue you for slander, Becca. I have never hit a woman in my life," he replied.

"Well, I'm sure you're lying about that. However, abuse doesn't just mean physical, Chad... mental abuse, verbal abuse.... Those are also types of abuse you HAVE participated in. I should know... I was your victim."

There were no words between us as I stood up for myself. Internally, I was dying. My heart raced against my chest with panic that something bad was going to happen. Yet, at the same time, I felt free.

Chad didn't bother to say anything, and rather quickly, he turned, walking off after he realized he had no control over me. Tears slowly streamed down my cheeks with pure happiness that I had stood up for myself.

Deciding to ditch lunch, I made my way towards the taxi ramp and ordered one before heading back to the house. I no longer had an interest in being out.

Right now, I was running on pure adrenaline, and I knew once it wore off, I was likely to break down and need a nap. Surviving trauma was never an easy thing to experience, no matter how small it may be.

As the taxi pulled up outside of James' home, I smiled seeing his car was already here. I had picked up a couple of cute lingerie items while I was out to tease him with, even if I was conflicted about what I was doing.

Internally, I couldn't make my mind up. Physically, he did things to me I couldn't resist.

Stepping out of the car, I hastened my pace towards the front door. Just as it opened, it revealed a very unhappy James.

"Where have you been?" he asked with a stern tone that confused me.

Holding up my bags, I raised a brow, walking past him towards the stairs. "Shopping?"

If he wasn't in a good mood, I was going to bypass the small talk. I didn't understand why he would be upset, though, because it wasn't like we were together.

"Shopping where, Becca?" he asked as he followed behind me towards my room.

"In town. What's your problem? Did I do something wrong?" I asked with confusion as I placed my bags down on my bedroom floor.

"Yeah, I wanna know what you were doing meeting up with a certain asshole. I thought he was a problem you didn't want to be around."

Shock filled me, realizing he was talking about Chad.

"Have you been following me?" I asked him.

"Just answer the damn question, Becca. I don't have time for girls who want to jump from man to man," he snapped, and the backlash of his words hurt.

"How did you know I ran into him?" I said with my hands on my hips, wanting to know how he would be aware of something like that to begin with.

"I had security follow you to make sure you're safe since you are going out alone. Now, answer my question."

Shaking my head, laughter escaped me, realizing he was being serious.

"Wow, James... First of all, I wasn't meeting him. He caught me while I was out, and I have no idea how the f*ck he found me. But I put him in his place and told him to f*ck off. Secondly, don't you dare come telling me what I can and can't do.... We aren't together, remember?"

Rushing towards me, he pinned me against the wall with my hands above my head and his thigh between my legs. "No... you're mine, Becca."

I was breathless from his actions but incredibly turned on. Chad had never been possessive like this. James was showing me how it felt to be desired, and I loved every moment of it.

"Prove it," I whispered as I stared at him. "Show me how much I am yours."

I wasn't sure what I was really asking, but before I knew it, his lips were upon mine, and our clothing was falling to the floor.

If James wanted to own me, I wasn't sure I'd have the ability to say no.

At least for the next few weeks.

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Heated moments.

They never seemed to dull in the slightest, and yet with everything he did to me, I couldn't help but to let myself go and become excited.

He was a sex god, after all. A pleasure sent up from hell to devour me with every chance he got, or at least that was what I liked to tell myself. There was no way he was able to do this kind of stuff naturally.

It was positively sinful in every way.

"I want you to come with me to something tonight," James replied as I watched him step from the shower, wrapped in a towel and dripping wet.

"Oh, yeah? Where's that?" I still hadn't had the chance to shower myself. I was still laid in his bed with the sheets draped over me and a satisfied haze clouding my mind.

"To a club," he smirked.

Pausing for a moment, I stared at him with curiosity. "You don't seem like the type to go clubbing, James."

With a soft chuckle, he towel-dried his hair and walked closer to me. "Oh, it's not the kind of club you are thinking of."

I wasn't someone who enjoyed going out often, but I knew very well a club was a club, no matter what. Wasn't it?

"Okay..." I replied hesitantly. "What should I wear?"

Taking a moment, he walked towards his closet and pulled out a black and silver box with a bow and smiled. Turning towards me, he held it out. I stood, naked, and slowly padded towards him, taking the box.

"What's this?" I asked with a spark of mischievousness in my smile. "Is it an exotic place?"

"Yes, I suppose you can say that, and that is an outfit I picked out for you. Wear the black heels you have with it."

I stood staring at him for a moment longer before he turned away from me and disappeared back into his bathroom. I wasn't sure exactly what he was planning, but regardless of what it was, I didn't want to say no.

Something inside me, instead, begged to find out because for him to call it exotic... it must have been some very special place for him to seem excited.

After taking a shower, I walked towards the bed and opened the box. My hair and make-up were already done, I prepared to wear whatever it was James had selected for me. The problem was, when I opened the box, I didn't expect to see a sexy lace and almost see-through number with a black matching lace mask.

"James!" I yelled in confusion, trying to understand where the hell it was we were going.

He quickly entered the room looking sexier than I had ever seen him in black Armani pants and white button-up top that was rolled at the sleeves and open at the collar.

"What's wrong?"

I stood staring at him hungrily.

"Uh—what kind of club are we going to that I need to wear this?" I said slowly before looking back down at the garment on my bed.

Laughter escaped him as he stepped close to me. "One that is sinful and going to take you to entirely new levels you haven't experienced yet. Of course, we don't have to go if you're uncomfortable."

"You mean a sex club?" I whispered as he brushed a strand of hair behind my ear.

"Yes," he replied before kissing me gently. "It's Club Velvet, where you can go to play or play with others. I have a group of friends who are meeting up there tonight and never have I brought someone with me. I usually watch, but tonight, I figured I could show off what's mine. If that's okay with you?"

Hesitation and nervousness filled me.

I had never done anything like that before, and the thought of exposing myself to others, and perhaps having sex with James in front of other people, wasn't something I had ever considered before.

"Okay—" I agreed, watching as his smile widened.

"You're amazing, Becca. Finish getting ready. I'll be downstairs waiting."

I watched him turn towards the door, and as he did, I let out a heavy breath I had been holding and stared at the little number again.

Was this really something I was going to do?

An hour later, I was exiting James' private car adorned in the little lacey number hidden beneath the black coat I was wearing. My mask in place and red lipstick to accent, I walked on his arm into Miami's hottest club, Velvet.

The sounds of people laughing and the beats of the music pulsed through me. I was entranced by what I was seeing. There were women and men everywhere scattered in very revealing clothing or no clothing at all. Lace, leather, and silk galore lined the entryway and cascaded through the archway towards the dance floor.

"May I take your coat, ma'am?" a valet asked at the entrance with a smile. I looked at James, and he nodded, so I took a deep breath, slid the coat off, and handed it to the valet.

I was exposed now, but with the mask in place, it made me feel a little more comfortable about the attire I was wearing.

My palms were sweaty and my heart was racing. I bit gently on my bottom lip as I followed James through an array of people towards a back hallway lined with red velvet seating and white beds with curtains.

People were lingering around smiling and laughing with one another as they drank. Others participated in full-on make-out sessions with breasts exposed and evident hard-ons with the men. It was unlike anything I had ever seen

before, and when James walked up to a group of people, I was shocked by the women in front of them.

I recognized two of them. One was the wife of the current mayor of Miami. I instantly knew who she was from the local news.

The other person was a supermodel, Allegra Joel. She was one of the hottest people around right now, and her new clothing line was supposed to be launching at the end of the month.

I wanted to act like an excited child but kept myself together as James said his hellos and then turned to me. "Everyone, I'd like you to meet, Scarlett."

Scarlett? Confused, he gave me a knowing look to go along with it. So, without questioning him, I smiled. "Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you all."

"Is this your first time?" Allegra asked with a smile as her eyes roamed up and down my body. The look in her gaze was the same one James usually gave me, and something about her looking at me like that was a slight turn-on.

"Yes, it is. I hope that tonight will be full of excitement," I replied, catching James off guard; his smile widened.

As the drinks began to flow and the music turned up hotter, I found myself more comfortable with the people I was around. Even Allegra seemed to take quite an interest in me, and I found out that she and James were close friends.

However, they both assured me they had never done anything sexual.

Turns out, Allegra was into women more than she had ever been into men.

"So, how long are you in town for, Scarlett?" she asked me with a smile while running her tongue over her perfectly white teeth.

"A few more weeks, and then I am off to take care of business back up north," I replied, trying not to give off the fact I was still going to school.

"That's a shame... I was hoping we could hang out sometime," she teased as she pouted.

James laughed at her comment, causing me to smile with confusion. "I'm sure you would like that, Allegra, but I don't think Scarlett is into women. She is strictly stuck with me right now."

I was shocked at what he was suggesting, but it wasn't because he pointed out she wanted a bite of me. It was because he was assuming I wouldn't have fun with her.

Or any woman, for that matter.

I hadn't done anything like that before and never considered it. But like my father always told me, don't ever assume to not like something unless you have at least tried it once.

"Um—how do you know that?" I asked James with curiosity, watching as Allegra's smile widened, and a few other people started laughing.

"Oh, she is feisty, isn't she?" One of the men laughed while his plaything ground deeper into his lap as she danced.

James stared at me with a gaze nearly unreadable. I wasn't sure what it was he was doing, but before I knew it, a smile crossed his lips. I knew I was going to regret it. "If that's the case, and you're so comfortable with the idea, why don't you show me how much you're enjoying yourself... Scarlett?"

Oh, you sly fox. Challenging me in front of everyone, knowing I won't back down.

Giving him one of my signature smiles, I slowly stood to my feet and leaned over kissing him playfully as I bit on his bottom lip. "Challenge accepted, Mr. Valentino."

His eyes lit with fire at my words, and it was evident I was going to pay for what I had said. That was what I wanted, though. I wanted him to please me in ways I hadn't experienced before.

After all, this was the promise he had given me earlier in the night.

To experience pleasure I never had before.

As I pulled away from him, I walked towards the center pole of our private room. All ten sets of eyes were on me, and as they were, I felt my palms sweat again and my heart race.

There was no turning back. To turn back would only make me look a fool in front of these people, and there was no way I was going to let that happen.

As the music began to flow, I danced, allowing my body to move to the beat. Those stripper dance classes Tally had forced me to go to last year paid off because I saw nothing but lust and hunger in quite a few sets of eyes.

The more I danced, the more I slowly let the tight lace corset drop to the floor until the only thing I was left wearing were the garters, g-string, and heels.

He didn't stop me, though, and with everyone watching, I felt incredibly turned on.

I wanted them to want me, and that feeling alone was empowering.

Slowly, James rose to his feet and stalked towards me, unbuttoning his shirt.

"How about we play in other ways?" he whispered, leaning against my ear as I ground against him, feeling his cock harden within his pants.

"By ourselves?" I asked with curiosity.

"Want to give them a show?" he replied, looking into my eyes. "Unless you're scared."

A giggle left my lips at his statement. "Oh, I'm never scared."

It was a lie. I was terrified, but I was going to make a point to prove tonight James should never underestimate me.

Instead, I would leave him begging to f*ck me.

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His eyes stared at me with intrigue over my words. I knew he was waiting for me to make a move, but as his hand cupped the small of my back and brought me closer, I found myself unable to move.

"You're teasing me, beautiful," he whispered as I slowly pulled away from him.

"Tsk-tsk, James. Trying to keep me all to yourself," I taunted. "What do you make of his behavior, Allegra?"

Turning my attention to her, her eyes lit up with excitement. "Oh, well, he is one who usually just likes to watch."

Sashaying my way towards her, I walked behind the seat she was on and gently ran my fingers through her hair. The catcalls of the other men and women egged me on to tease James in ways I was sure he didn't know how to handle.

Slowly, I made my way around to her front and placed a leg on either side of her, lowering myself slowly as my chest brushed against hers and lust-filled her eyes.

"Are you sure you want to play this game with me?" she whispered breathlessly as I began to move my hips dancing on her lap.

I was entranced at the moment. The alcohol I had drunk through the night swam through my system. "Only if you can keep up," I whispered before her lips crashed upon mine, and the others began cheering as she groped my ass with her perfectly manicured nails.

Never in my life had I kissed a woman, but it felt electrifying and dangerous—a feeling I was becoming addicted to when I was around James.

I loved how she took the initiative, but with her, something in me wanted to be more dominant. Bringing my right hand up, I gripped her throat with a smile.

Her eyes were wide with excitement as I slid my free hand down and undid the white lace corset top she was wearing. I wasn't sure what was driving me, but as her perky breasts were exposed, I lowered my head to grasp her hardened nipple in my mouth and relished in how she gasped for pleasure.

The fact the others were watching caused heat to rise in my core that begged for its own pleasure. Yet, right now... it was about her.

"Shit..." she moaned as I teased her. "James, where have you been hiding this one?"

James was silent, though; his response never came, but as I glanced up over her shoulder, I saw him standing behind her, watching.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Scarlett?" he finally said with a smirk as he stood with his arms crossed and amusement in his eyes.

Slowly, I let her erect nipple pop from my mouth as I began to grind against her lap again, smiling at him. "Yes, are you?"

There was laughter from Allegra as she glanced up at James. "I like her... maybe you should tell her what to do next?"

James cocked a brow and nervousness filled me with what he was going to say.

"I like that idea," he replied with a mischievous grin. "Scarlett... will you be so kind as to tell me just how wet Allegra is for you?"

Swallowing deeply, I fluttered my lashes at him and let my hand slide down between her thighs, running my fingers over the fabric between her legs. The thin silk that concealed her core was tantalizing.

"Only if she is a very good girl," I whispered as I leaned close to Allegra's ear, slipping my finger under the silk material and playing with the slit of her wet c*nt.

A soft moan left her lips as her head tilted back and pleasure ran through her as my fingers slowly toyed with her cl*t.

Everything I was doing was invigorating, and my own arousal was increasing, begging for release but knowing my time was not yet coming.

The faster my fingers worked, the more Allegra panted in pleasure. Her pleas to go faster increased before I suddenly stopped and her wide eyes met mine.

"No, ma'am. I didn't say you could cum now, did I?" My reply shocked the woman, and as I glanced at James, I could see that he, too, was impressed.

Slowly, I stood from her, leaving her whimpering for the touch she had before. My feet moved me towards James as I slid my still moist fingers up to his lips,

and ran them across, watching as he stared at me with a hunger I had never seen before.

"What now, Mr. Valentino?" I replied with my own amusement.

"On the bed," he said firmly, and my eyes slid towards the cubicle with a large white bed and draped curtains.

Without hesitation, I moved towards the bed and sat on it, lifting my heels to rest on the top of the mattress with my legs spread wide for everyone to have a view of my barely concealed mound.

I had almost expected him to take charge right then and there, but instead, he turned to Allegra and used his fingers under her chin to have her stand to her feet.

"I want you to make her moan for me," he replied firmly, causing my beating heart to almost drop into my stomach. I was already this far, though, and turning back wasn't an option in my mind.

Part of me was scared, but the other part of me was overwhelmed with excitement as I watched Allegra move towards me with a grin on her face that let me know I was going to enjoy this.

"Scarlett..." James said with emphasis, my eyes quickly connecting with his, "I don't want you watching her. I want your eyes out here on us."

Watching him take a seat in a single armchair with his eyes firmly on me, I was finally able to see the others were also watching. One of the guys had his c*ck down some blonde girl's throat and another guy was on his knees before a woman making her moan over and over again.

Everyone was sexually involved but James.

Instead, he was watching the show before him with much enthusiasm. His own porn shared with all of his closest friends and every part of me was excited by the notion I was pleasing him mentally, emotionally, and hopefully soon, physically.

When her mouth finally clasped hold of my bare p*ssy, a cry of pleasure left my lips. Her tongue darted in and out of my tight c*nt as she then moved to suck on my sensitive cl*t.

"How does it feel, Scarlett?" he asked. "I wanna know how she is doing."

"It feels so good—" I moaned softly as my breath came quicker. "Do you like that, Allegra? Do you like the way I taste?"

A moan of satisfaction mumbled across my tight c*nt causing a mass of sensations to build within my stomach. Moving my hips, I rode my wet c*nt across her face as she shoved her tongue deep inside me, and then removed it, replacing it with her fingers.

The faster I moved, the closer I came to coming undone.

"F*ck!" I screamed as an orgasm ripped through me, and she forced me to ride it out, not stopping until James tapped her on the shoulder and she came up, lips wet, with a smile on her face.

"Mmm... she tastes divine," Allegra smiled.

"She does, doesn't she? Climb up there on the bed next to her and keep her hot and bothered for me."

Allegra didn't bother to question him, and I wasn't sure what was to come next. But before I knew it, her lips were on mine, and her fingers were playing with my erect nipples while James ran his fingers over my sensitive bud.

I moaned over and over again, tasting myself upon Allegra's lips. Until he grabbed my thighs and pulled me towards the edge of the bed. "Turn around. On your knees."

I did as he said, watching Allegra stare at me with excitement until the head of his massively thick c*ck lined up with my entrance, and he shoved himself inside me.

"Shit!" I cried out, clutching the sheets as he relentlessly drove his thick c*ck over and over again inside my tight c*nt, the feeling of his c*ck stretching my walls as I watched one of his friends walk towards us.

Allegra sat hungrily watching James f*ck me, and as the man stood next to the bed with his equally large c*ck hanging out, she didn't hesitate to take him in her mouth.

This woman was beyond extraordinary, and even if she liked women, she had no problems with f*cking a man.

"Taste her, Scarlett," James whispered to me as he leaned over me, making slow strokes with his c*ck inside me. "If you can."

I had never tasted a woman like that, but at that point, I was so drunk with lust I was almost willing to try anything.

Gripping her ankles, I pulled her towards me and quickly buried my face between her legs. A shock of pleasure escaped her through mumbled sounds as the man continued to f*ck her mouth.

The closer I came to coming, the faster I moved my tongue inside her and sucked on her cl*t until I was at the edge of my pleasure and could no longer take any more of what he was offering me.

I came undone with a muffled cry as she, too, came to her release. The taste of her sweet c*nt was something I enjoyed, and no matter how much she whimpered at how sensitive she was, I didn't stop.

And neither did James.

Instead, he held back his climax and continued at a faster pace while I cried out in pleasure, forcing Allegra into another orgasm that rippled through the two of us.

By the end of the night, I was spent in more ways than one, and standing in the shower in the building, I watched James through dark lashes with a smile on his face.

"You were amazing tonight," he whispered, kissing me softly.

"Yeah, well, I never thought I would do something like that, but I have to admit, I enjoyed it." Letting my lashes fall to my cheeks as I looked down, I watched his c*ck slowly grow again.

As sore as I was, something inside me wanted more and dropping to my knees, I took him in, causing him to groan in satisfaction as I pleased him.

The only sounds within the shower room were that of the water pelting across my skin and the soft moans leaving James' lips as his engorged c*ck f*cked my pretty little mouth.

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James.

Never in my life did I think I would find a woman who turned me on the way that Becca did. I couldn't believe how amazing she was last night, and as I lie next to her in bed right now, I can't stop reeling over how sexy she had been.

I would have thought she would have shied away from it all, but she didn't.

Instead, she showed how truly powerful she was and took charge of the evening with sophistication and drive I have never seen in a woman in my life.

Of course, I had been with many women.

But not like Becca. Becca was a tiger in the bedroom, and behind the mask, she took charge and made everyone bend to her will.

She was inevitably the one who got everyone going, and the night seemed to never end.

Even Allegra said if Becca wasn't with me... she would have kept her for herself.

Her beautiful hair was splayed around her like a halo as those thick dark lashes laid resting upon her cheeks. I wouldn't doubt she would be out for hours yet, considering we didn't get home till the early hours of the morning.

Slowly sliding from the bed, I grabbed my phone and made my way downstairs to get a drink. My feet hit each step, and as I glanced at the time on my phone, I saw that it was close to noon.

Time seemed to slip away when I was with her. Yet, I didn't mind.

Grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge, I heard my phone begin to ring, and as it did, I frowned at who was calling.

"Yes, Allison?" I asked as I answered. "What can I do for you?"

"You're not at the office today?" she snapped with what seemed to be accusations about my lack of being at work.

"No, I took the day off. Now, what do you want?" I replied reluctantly, hoping Tally was okay and her mother hadn't gotten her into some kind of trouble.

"Of course, you did. Probably to spend time with whatever whore has been keeping our bed warm."

"Our bed?" I laughed. "That is my bed. Our bed, I had the boys burn after I found you cheating on me. God knows what was brought into it."

My comment didn't go over well as she began her ignorant words and vulgar language. None of which I wanted to listen to today. I wasn't going to let Allison ruin the perfect mood I was in because of Becca.

"For your information, Tally and I are out shopping, and my card isn't working. I need you to fix it," she finally admitted, after five minutes of ranting about how horrible I was.

"I don't see how I can fix it, Allison. We haven't been together for years, and your cards are your problem, not mine. So why are you calling me about this?"

She let out a groan of frustration at my words. "You f*cking asshole. Put more money in my account now, or so help me god, I will take you back to court and take everything you have."

I couldn't contain my laughter at her threats. "One... acting like this isn't how you get things you want, Allison. Two, you can try, but I promise you won't win."

"You're such a f*cking asshole, James. You owe me so much more, and you are being horrible by not giving me what's rightfully mine!" she screamed.

"Allison, you got 1.2 million dollars out of our divorce. It is not my problem you blew all your money over the years. Perhaps you should have had the accountant manage things as I had suggested years ago."

There was no talking to this woman. The only thing she cared about was money, and every moment she acted this way reminded me of why I divorced her.

She didn't care about me, and I was beginning to wonder if she cared about Tally at all.

"Fix the card, James!" she hollered again before I sighed with aggravation.

This conversation was going nowhere, and maybe what I needed was a breakaway from everyone where she wouldn't be able to get in contact with me.

Relaxing sandy beaches, palm trees... perhaps the Bahamas were calling my name.

After all, Allegra did tell me last night a group of our friends was going to the Bahamas for an event. Maybe after last night, Becca would be interested in going.

Even if it was only for three days.

Becca.

Waking up slowly, I found myself more drained than I had expected to be. Memories of the night floated through my mind, causing a blush to crawl its way across my cheeks at the things I had done.

I was embarrassed, but not because of what I did... but because of how much I had enjoyed it. James had taken control in an entirely different way, and I was over the moon with how the evening played out.

Looking around, I realized James wasn't in the room, and as I slowly slid from the bed in one of his oversized shirts, I padded my way towards the stairs, only to hear him in heated conversation with someone.

Curiosity piqued.

Making my way down the stairs, I followed the sound of his voice.

"I don't care, Allison!" he yelled into the phone, making my heart drop. "I'm not giving you f*cking money, so you need to figure your shit out on your own. Do not call me for this shit again."

His eyes slowly slid up to meet mine as I turned the corner, walking into the kitchen. The frown he had been wearing a moment ago was now long gone and replaced with a smile and a hungry gaze.

Without saying a word to his ex, who had been on the line, he hung up the phone and strode towards me, crashing his lips upon mine.

"How are you feeling this morning?" he asked as he pulled away and stared down at me.

Biting my bottom lip, I blushed again. "Good. Like, really good."

"You were quite the exhibitionist last night, weren't you?"

"I suppose I was," I said with laughter, as he picked me up and carried me back up the stairs, playfully smacking my ass as we walked.

"So I thought we should go do something fun for the next few days," he said as he walked into his room with me and dropped me down onto the bed.

Giggling, I looked up at him. "Oh, yeah? What were you thinking?"

"Well, we can go to the Bahamas?" he suggested.

I had never been to the Bahamas before, at least not properly. I had gone on a cruise once with them when I was younger but never had I actually got to enjoy it.

"Really?" I asked, unsure if he had time in his schedule for something like that.

"Yes, really. Now, there are two options with that, though," he said, causing me to raise a brow in question. What in the world could those two options be?

Usually, when you went to the Bahamas, it was for sand and sunshine, and in our case, lots of sex without anyone we know being there.

"Okay... what are the two options?"

Taking a moment, he ran his fingers through his hair and smiled at me.

"So, one is we go by ourselves to a private resort and have the most amazing time alone, or... Allegra told me last night she and a few others were going for a few days and rented a large estate there with a private beach, and we could join them... the choice is completely yours."

Realization hit me, and for a moment, I had to really take in what he was saying. He was fine with us going on our own, but then he was also excited about the prospect of going with people from last night.

"What happened last night... are you wanting that to happen more often?"

I was up for it, of course, every now and again, but I didn't want that to be the only thing he wanted from me.

I didn't want him to suddenly only want those reactions, and for my own body to no longer be enough for him. Was I actually enough for him?

"Oh, baby..." he cooed as he came to sit next to me, taking my face in his hands. "Being with just you is all I will ever need, but I know you enjoyed yourself last night. That was why I suggested it. If you would rather it just be the two of us, then that's what we will do, but if you want to join the others, we can do that too."

My heart swelled as a feeling fluttered in my chest at how sweet and slightly romantic he was being. Hearing him say I was all he ever needed almost made me want to cry.

Never had a man been this sweet to me before, and no matter the situation, he always put my needs and wants above his own.

Taking a moment, I bit my bottom lip and thought it over. As much as I would love one-on-one time, there was the chance we would have a lot of fun with our friends.

Then again, there was also the aspect that they would see me and know who I really was.

"They will know who I am..." I whispered.

He nodded his head slowly and smiled. "Yes, but no one there will say anything. I can promise you that. All of us want to keep our secrets and not let the rest of the world know what we do behind closed doors."

What he was saying made sense. The mayor's wife being exposed would cause so much scandal as would the others if anyone ever found out about the dark sinful lives they lived in the shadows.

"Let's join the others," I smirked, leaning up to claim his lips as he pulled me close. "I need to pack, though."

A growl of pleasure left his lips as he placed my naked c*nt against his bare thigh and nipped at my lips. "After I f*ck you one more time...Then we will shower and pack. We leave tonight."

Hearing him talk that way made me ache with anticipation. This sinful sexual deviant was a blessing in disguise, and as excited as I was for the trip...

I wanted him to f*ck me even more.

Chapter 25 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

By the time we made it to the plane, I was sore in many areas. James was becoming quite the kink master I always had suspected he would be, and everything he did to me was intoxicating.

"So, this is your plane?" I asked as we pulled up on the tarmac, and I took in the site of the black private jet that was supposed to take us to the Bahamas.

"Yes, it is," he replied as the car stopped, and the door opened, allowing us passage towards the plane's stairs. I was thankful we were flying at night, considering how unforgiving the Miami heat really was.

The last thing I wanted was to be a nasty sweaty mess before I got on the plane. I was hoping to achieve something on the flight that I had never done before. To join the mile high club.

Yet, with much disappointment, James was answering his phone while we boarded, and I had a feeling the entire trip was going to revolve around business.

"Welcome aboard, Mr. Valentino," a gorgeous blonde flight attendant said through painted red lips. "Let's get you situated."

With James in front of me, she quickly cut in between us, stopping me in my tracks as she followed behind him. A gasp left my lips as I found amusement in the desperation this woman had for getting James to take notice of her.

Paying no mind to the woman, I continued down the path towards a lush area of seating and got comfortable. The plane was fancier than ones I had seen pictures of before, but with every movement the woman made, I couldn't help but wonder how she had landed this job.

It was clear she had been working for James for a while.

"Mr. Valentino, once you finish your call, we will take off," she replied as she came back from the front and stood sweetly, smiling at him. "Can I get you a drink, sir?"

"Uh—yeah, whiskey is fine," he replied, paying her no mind.

"I'll take a glass of red wine, as well," I finally said, piping up only to water her gaze, turning to me with disgust and no reply.

She turned on her heels and disappeared from sight as he finally hung up the call, and turned his smile to me. "I'm sorry about that, Becca. I am struggling with a deal overseas."

"Oh? That's not good. Is there anything I can help you with?"

James laughed, shaking his head as he moved towards the seat next to me. "Not unless you know how to strategically make international deals, and can get Spain to agree to foreign trading."

He had a point. I didn't know how to do that, even though, technically, I had no doubt I could figure it out. "Well, hopefully things will work out, because I was hoping to spend time with you. I know you're a busy man, though, and business comes first."

My words were teasing, and as the woman came back, she held only his glass of whiskey and no wine. "Here you are, Mr. Valentino... is there anything else I can assist you with this trip?"

His gaze didn't leave mine as I raised a brow at her statement and smirked.

"Yes, actually..." James paused as he turned to her and took the glass of whiskey. "I believe the lady asked you for a glass of wine, and you didn't get it."

Her eyes widened in shock as she looked between the two of us. "I—I didn't hear her. I'll go get it now."

"Oh, I do think you heard her. But please, make sure you do."

Ouch. Laughter begged for release from my lips as I watched her scramble. I wasn't the kind of woman to be cruel, but this girl had made a point of being rude to me since the moment she laid eyes on me, and that was unacceptable.

She quickly turned, disappearing from sight before returning a moment later. With a brand new bottle of wine and an empty glass. "I figured I would bring the bottle so you could help yourself."

"I see that," I grinned, taking the glass. "Care to open the bottle and pour it for me?"

Opening and closing her mouth, she looked at James, who stared at her patiently, waiting for her to comply. "Of course."

Never had I seen someone look so uncomfortable pouring a glass of wine before, but it was well worth the wait because the torture crossing her face was the highlight of my day.

"Thank you," I said sweetly when she finished and put the top back on the bottle.

"Of course. Please prepare yourself. We will be taking off in just a moment," she said, then she disappeared rather quickly with a sour look on her face as if someone had physically slapped her.

It was never a dull moment anymore, and as the plane began its run down the runway, I found excitement in our upcoming getaway.

"Thank you for bringing me," I whispered as the plane reached its cruising altitude.

"Becca, you don't have to thank me for anything. I wanted to bring you here." James grinned, pulling me close to him. "I wanted to show you things you haven't done yet."

The taunting nature of his words made me wet, and I was suddenly glad for the dress I wore. It was easy access, and as the wine flooded my veins, I wanted him.

However, the ringing of his phone said something else and with reluctance, he groaned and answered the call.

Sighing, I unbuckled, now able to move around the cabin, and made my way towards the bathroom. The flight attendant's voice was heard drifting through from the front cabin as she laughed with one of the pilots flying the plane.

"Oh, you know how these slutty women are. They find a man with money, and they will try anything to get it," she laughed as the other joined in with the laughter.

"You shouldn't assume they are all doing that, Ash," the man replied. "He could actually like this woman."

"Like her!" she exclaimed. "She doesn't deserve to breathe the same air as him. Have you seen her? She looks desperate and disgusting."

Anger coursed through me at the girl's words, and more than anything, I wanted to go and give her a piece of my mind. Even if we were on a plane thousands of miles in the air, I wasn't going to let this bitch get under my skin.

Finishing in the bathroom, I stood before the small mirror and thought over my options. If I really wanted to get even, perhaps I could tell James and get her fired, but then what was that actually going to solve?

A plan formulated in my mind, and as a grin stretched across my face.

She thought I didn't deserve him... well, I would show her what he deserves.

Exiting the bathroom, I made my way towards where James sat with haste. My eyes filled with a mischievous glint as I watched him look at me from where he sat with the phone in his hand.

"Are you okay?" he mouthed while listening to whoever he was speaking to.

Nodding, I smiled as I parted his thighs and bent over, running my hands across his legs. There was no need to say anything to him at that moment because this was about pleasing him, and as I dropped to my knees, I freed the beast within, watching as he shook his head no before I plunged his thick c*ck deep into my throat.

There was nothing he could do, really. He could move... push me away.

However, we both knew he wouldn't. Instead, he kept going with his meeting as I was sucking on his thick, hard c*ck like it was a tootsie roll I wanted to get to the center of.

"Alright, Bill. I'm going to have to let you go," he quickly mumbled, hanging up his phone as a moan escaped his mouth. "F*ck, babe. God, that feels f*cking amazing."

His hands gripped the back of my head as he guided me down over and over his dick while he f*cked my pretty little mouth. Tears stained my cheeks and lipstick smeared my face. But I didn't care.

I was his dirty little girl, and I would do anything he asked me.

"Get your ass up here," he all but growled as I let his c*ck pop from my mouth. Firm grips at my arms pulled me to my feet as he grabbed the bottom of my dress and hiked it up to my waist groaning in satisfaction at my lack of panties.

"Do you like it?" I said with a grin as he looked up at me, biting his bottom lips with a smile.

"Oh, f*ck you're going to be the death of me." He hiked up one of my legs and buried his face in between my thighs.

"Shit!" I screamed out. "Oh, f*ck, just like that."

My moans were loud, and I was glad for that. I wanted that stupid bitch at the front of the plane to hear everything. The only problem was, as he shoved his fingers deeper inside me, I realized he would not play fair.

"She upset you again?" he grumbled as he grabbed my waist and pulled me over him, straddling his lap.

"It's fine," I replied, not wanting to ruin the moment. Yet, there was no argument because before I knew it, the head of his c*ck was burying itself deep inside me, causing my mouth to part in pleasure.

"Why don't we show her how much fun we can have?"

Repeatedly, I let my tight, wet c*nt slide over his thick c*ck. The faster and harder I drove against him, the closer and closer I got to my climax. "You like that?" I moaned as I watched him groan in pleasure. Gripping his throat, he laughed, pushing me harder. "Answer me, James..."

"Yes," he gasped. "F*ck, you keep it up and I'm about to cum."

"Good. That's my cum," I moaned, biting on his bottom lip. "Tell me who owns this dick, James.... Who pleases you like no other?"

"F*ck, baby. God... it's yours.... Only you can," he groaned loudly as we both climaxed together, our voices and pleasure mingling together as we filled a high that was like no other.

Slowly, he kissed me as laughter filled us both.

"Oh, my goodness..." a small gasp echoed from my left side, and with a smile, I turned to look at the flight attendant standing there.

"Did you enjoy the show?" I asked her, watching her face flush with embarrassment, but her eyes holding nothing but anger.

"I—I didn't mean to interrupt," she stammered, "I will go."

"Yes," James quickly snapped, as I slid off of him and watched him fix himself. "I want some warm rags and more to drink. Then, I don't want to see you for the rest of the flight. Do you understand?"

Her eyes cast down as she nodded without another word and turned to leave. I was surprised by how James had acted. Never had I seen him in this light before.

I wasn't his girlfriend, and I wasn't even sure if I would consider myself his lover. But he sat here making it clear he wouldn't tolerate anyone speaking ill of me or to me.

That feeling made my heart swell, but also made me nervous.

"We should land in a few hours... should we continue to enjoy ourselves?" he asked as the girl brought what he asked and then disappeared again.

My heart dropped into my stomach with excitement as I slowly nodded and watched him clear the space between us, taking my lips again.

There was no stopping him, and I was fine with that. By the time I arrived in the Bahamas, I was going to be well satisfied and hardly able to walk.

Both, I was eagerly waiting for.