

Chapter 26 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

A day later, after much rest with James, I lay on the private beach of the place we were staying, enjoying the sun soaking into my skin. We had arrived with pure enjoyment and greeted James' friends with smiles.

Allegra, of course, remembered me very well, and even though we had fun the one time, we were slowly becoming close friends. Being friends with her differed completely from Tally, and I was glad for that.

"So when do you think the guys will be back from fishing?" Allegra asked me as she took her place back on one of the lounge chairs topless and with a smile upon her face.

"I don't know, but hopefully soon. Otherwise, we will have to start margarita hour on our own," I grinned, causing Allegra to laugh. It no longer bothered me that she was showing skin. She had an amazing body, so why not flaunt it?

"See, I knew why I loved you, Becca," she said as my phone rang.

More than once, Tally had tried to call me in the last twenty-four hours, and every time she did, I ignored her call, only to be blown up with tons of text messages telling me to call her back.

"Is that her again?" Allegra asked, lowering her glasses to look at me.

"Yeah, I better take this quickly, or she will never stop."

Not long after we had gotten here, we were all properly introduced, and over a few drinks with Allegra, I told her everything about Tally and my situation. I was surprised, though, at how easily she understood.

Because contrary to popular belief, she had issues that had been similar to mine once upon a time.

"Hello?" I sang sweetly as I answered the phone.

"Becca, where the f*ck have you been? I have been blowing your phone up all day, and you what... don't f*cking answer?" Tally snapped at me.

"Oh Tally..." I cooed playfully as I looked at Allegra with a smile. "I'm so sorry I have had horrible service where I'm at."

"Where are you at? You're not watching my dad?!" she exclaimed with irritation.

I wasn't watching him at the moment, but I sure have been watching him a lot lately.

Not that I would tell her, of course.

"Your dad, I think, had a business trip. So I went to visit my family. I didn't think you would mind since you're with your mom. After all, I can't exactly go with your father on his trip," I said, trying not to laugh as I watched Allegra mock heartache at my words.

The act was to mimic the way Tally acted, and I had to admit, Allegra acting like this made me laugh more than anything.

"That's bullshit, Becca. You should have found a way to go."

"Seriously?" I chuckled. "I already told you I'm not spying on your father. If you have a problem with him, you need to take it up with him, Tally. Now I have to go, so enjoy the rest of your trip!"

Tally screamed my name through the phone before I hung it up and continued enjoying the sun. I wasn't sure what I was going to do about her. Never had I been in this situation, but I had to admit, it felt good to tell her no.

Even though that's because I'm the one f*cking her father.

Letting a heavy breath escape me, I checked the time on my phone. "Do you think I'm wrong?" I asked Allegra, who looked over at me.

"Wrong about what?" she asked with slight confusion.

"For sleeping with James. Tally has been my best friend for years, and I'm lying to her and f*cking her father like I have no respect for her."

Raising her brows, Allegra shrugged, "So... who cares. From what I knew of Tally already from James, and what you have told me... she is a selfish little bitch who needs a reality check. James is a good man and has been through a lot lately. You're good for him."

Hearing someone say I'm good for him made me smile.

After all, I never really considered us to be more because he made it clear before we couldn't be. Allegra's words ran through my mind, making me space out for a moment, and before I knew it, a boat was pulling up near the shoreline. James stood there with two others, his silhouette darkened by the slowly falling sun.

"What are you girls doing?" one of the men yelled as they hit the sand, walking towards us.

"What's it look like?" Allegra laughed. "Soaking up the vitamin D and enjoying conversation."

As James came closer, I watched the dark lust filled gaze in his eyes turn to something more. "Come on... you're mine for the rest of the day."

"You guys aren't coming out with us tonight?" Allegra asked as she turned to me with a smile. "I was hoping we would enjoy the bar scene together."

"No, you heard me. Becca is mine for the rest of the day. You guys go have fun."

He didn't bother to wait for my reply as he pulled me to my feet, took my hand, and led me towards the house. I wasn't sure what he had planned, but the small cottage we had next to the others gave us the seclusion James wanted.

I was his privately for the next few days, and he made a point of claiming me in a way no one ever could.

Before the back door closed, I was pressed against the wall. His mouth was upon my skin as I moaned, watching my bathing suit fall to the floor. "You like teasing me with these little outfits, don't you?"

"What... my bathing suit?" I laughed, as he thrust his fingers inside of me, causing me to cry out.

"Yes, that," he all but growled as he captured my lips again.

James POV

The sky had slowly darkened outside, and as it did, I looked down at Becca softly sleeping next to me. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever met, and everything about her was addicting.

From the moment I laid my eyes on her, I knew I wanted her, but never did I think she would have been capable of bringing feelings out of me like this. It was as if she had captivated a part of my soul that had long laid dormant.

I wanted to spoil her and show her the world.

Which was not part of the plan. I wasn't supposed to be doing these kinds of things, but slowly and surely I was. I was treating her like we were more than we were, and if I wasn't careful, I was going to find myself too deep in the situation we created.

It was a conversation we needed to properly have again, but for now, I would just enjoy this time with her. Enjoy the small moments, and relish them, because eventually she would be leaving. Even though my chest clenched with the idea, she would.

"Becca..." I whispered, watching her stretch as her eyes slowly fluttered open.

"Mmmm..." she moaned softly. "What are you doing?"

The soft purr of her voice made my balls ache to take her again. Yet, I didn't want this trip to just be about sex. I wanted her to enjoy a variety of things the islands had to offer.

"Why don't I take you out to get something to eat, and maybe we can look at some stores on the island? What do you think?"

Smiling up at me, she nodded before her lips softly met mine. "Give me a moment to get dressed."

I watched her hop from the bed, naked, and pad her way towards the bathroom. She stopped at the door and looked over her shoulder at me, smiling before she disappeared.

I checked myself and rolled over on to my stomach, groaning at how badly I did just want to f*ck her repeatedly until I was the only man she thought of.

"F*ck me... what am I doing?" I whispered to myself before sliding from the bed to get ready.

Thirty minutes later, and with much restraint, we left the cottage and headed towards the small shops of the town. Lights were strung up over the stores, and music flowed from the restaurants.

Her eyes seemed to light up with every twist and turn we made, and seeing her like this made me realize just how carefree she was. She wasn't like Allison or Tally... or any other woman I have ever dealt with.

Becca seemed to enjoy the small things in life and didn't care what anyone thought of her. The yellow sundress against her sun kissed skin made her stand out in the night.

I watched the way men all seemed to notice her, but in the end, I was the only one she paid attention to. I was the only one who made her smile.

"James, look at these sandals!" she squealed. "I'm going to get them."

Before she could reach into her purse, though, I had pulled out cash and handed it to the merchant, watching her smile fall. "What are you doing? I have money."

"I know you do, Becca. However, I was the one who asked you to come on this trip, and I want to be the one to spoil you. If you want to tell others you paid for it, you can, but I'm the only one spending money."

Rolling her eyes, she leaned forward and kissed me gently. "I'll just make it up to you later," she teased.

"Oh, I have no doubt that you will," I laughed, watching as she made her way towards the next stall.

My phone ringing distracted me for a moment, and as I looked down, I saw Tally's name flash across the screen. "Yes, Tally?" I said with a sigh as Becca's eyes met mine.

"Daddy, where are you?" she asked gruffly. "I think Becca is lying to me. Do you know where she is?"

"Uh—why would you think Becca is lying to you?" I asked, causing Becca's eyes to widen.

"Because I called her dad to make sure she was okay, and he said she wasn't there. She said she was going to stay with family," Tally whined, causing me to take a deep breath and try to sort the situation.

"Perhaps she had different family she was going to see? I don't know, Tally. I'm out of town for business right now overseas, so there isn't much I can do," I replied, not telling her the whole truth, but at least part of it.

"Do you think she is seeing someone? Maybe that's why she has been acting off and not wanting to tell me what she is doing. Have you seen her with anyone?"

I loved my daughter with all my heart, but right in this moment, I had to draw a line with her. She was acting beyond ridiculous. "Tally, you need to stop. She is a grown woman and doesn't have to tell you anything."

"How can you say that?! I invited her to come spend the summer with me, and she doesn't bother to let me know what she is doing when she's not at our house!"

"Taliana, enough," I snapped. "You, young lady, disappeared on her many times if you recall, and I will not tolerate you acting like this. Perhaps if you start being a better friend to her, she will be open with you. Honestly, I'm surprised she still talks to you at all."

"Daddy—" she gasped.

"No, Tally. I have to go. You need to figure your shit out. Don't call me about this again."

Hanging up the phone, I watched Becca's pale face drop even more. "She knows..."

"No, she doesn't. She thinks you are seeing someone." I pulled her close to me. "She has no idea it's me. So don't worry."

Nodding her head, she leaned up, kissing me softly, and my heart melted. I didn't want to see her upset, and I didn't want her to panic.

Perhaps Tally finding out about Becca and I would be for the best. I knew it would ruin their relationship, but it was already ruined. At least this way, I would be able to see Becca openly and not have to hide her.

There was still so much I wanted to show her.

Chapter 27 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

After a few days spent in luxury with James in the Bahamas, I was glad to be back at his home. Things had been wonderful, and yet, through it all, I had slowly let the wall I had built fall. There was something about him that gave me hope he would change his mind.

That maybe... just maybe—he would want me.

As soon as we made it back, James had to go to the office to work. The sun had set long before he left, and even though he was working late, it didn't stop me from turning on the TV in the living room and ordering myself take out.

My favorite TV show playing and an open box of pizza in front of me, I set out to relax. However, the last thing I expected was loud pounding upon the door as if the police were trying to break in. With caution, I stood and peered out the side window, seeing Chad standing there with a grim expression on his face.

My heart raced, and my palms went clammy. I wasn't sure what to do.

The last thing I wanted was for James to come home and see him here. Especially after the conversation we had before. It wouldn't end well, and James, being the man he was, would more than likely cast me out with nowhere to go.

Letting a heavy sigh escape me, I pushed towards the door with hesitation, looking for the courage to stand up to the one man who had been tormenting me emotionally over the past few months.

His cold glare met mine as the door opened, as did the smell of whiskey and his very obvious drunken haze. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to make things right with you, Becca," he sighed, taking a step forward but finding himself blocked by the door. "Let me in so we can talk."

"No," I replied firmly, not wanting to hear anything he had to say. "You need to leave right now. I have nothing to say to you, and I don't know why you're here."

"To get you back," he snapped, shoving the door open, knocking me to the floor.

"Get out!" I screamed at him, only to be met with his firm grasp in my hair and a heartless laugh that was nothing but sadistic.

"You have no right to tell me what to do!" he screamed at me. "Do you know who I am? Women line up to spend the night with me, and you're over here being ungrateful."

"I don't care who you are. Get the f*ck out, now." I seethed with anger, watching as he stumbled to the side, too drunk to even have a rational conversation.

I wished someone was in the house at a time like this. However, the housekeepers had already left for the day, and the one security guy who usually stayed in the house was currently with James at work.

"You will not ignore me, Becca!" he screamed at me as he tried to pull me towards him to kiss me. "I know you want this."

With all the strength in me, I pushed him, standing to my feet, and made a break for the living room to grab my phone. It was obvious he would not get out, and I didn't want to be one of those women who fell into a stereotype because she didn't do something.

However, rough hands gripped my waist and pulled me toward him. Kicking and screaming, I thrust my elbow back, clocking him in the side of his face, and was dropped to the floor.

"You f*cking bitch!" he raged at me as his hand came down, hitting me in the side of my face.

Scrambling against the living room floor, I spotted my purse next to the sofa and scooted towards it while he took the time to address his busted lip in the mirror.

"You will love me, Becca. I suppose I will have to show you what it is you're missing."

Fear cascaded through my body as my heart beat faster. I wasn't sure what he meant, but there was no way I was going to find out.

Scrambling faster, I reached my purse just as he grabbed my ankle and pulled me back. The only issue for him was he didn't see what I grabbed. Within my hand was the best birthday present my father had ever gotten for me, and that was my black taser with the words "Soul Sucker" engraved on the side.

As soon as he flipped me over, I brought the taser up to his side and turned it on. Screaming in pain, he let go of me and fell to the floor, and I scrambled back.

"You f*cking bitch!"

I stared at him wildly while laughing.

"That's the Soul Sucker 3000, you piece of shit. Get the f*ck out of this house!"

He didn't waste any time as he rolled to his knees, still whining from the pain the taser created and scrambled his way towards the front door.

"You're not worth it!" he yelled at me. "I have a piece of ass that is so much better than you. I don't know why I waste my time on you."

His words were meant to hurt, but I didn't care anymore. As soon as he crossed the threshold, I slammed the door, locked it, and sank to my knees.

Tears that had once been non-existent cascaded down my cheeks. I couldn't believe I had just undergone what I did. Never in my life did I think Chad would get physical with me in this way, and yet, it happened.

There was a fine line between being a dick and being physically abusive, and Chad had passed it. I was a fool to think our last conversation would have been the end of things, because he clearly didn't take the hint.

I wasn't sure how long I sat on the floor when the headlights from an approaching car seeped through the front windows. Moving to my feet, I

quickly made my way upstairs towards my room. The last thing I wanted was for James to see me like this.

Yet, as the sound of his voice and the security guard's echoed from the bottom of the stairs, I had no doubt he would come seek me out.

How was I going to explain what had happened to me?

Looking into my bathroom mirror, I saw the extent of the damages Chad had caused. Bruises lined the side of my face and scattered across my arms.

It looked like I had gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson and came out still standing.

"Becca?" James' voice called out as a silent knock on my bedroom door led to him walking in.

"I'm in here, but I need some time to myself," I replied, afraid to hear what he would say when he saw me.

"What are you talking about?" he chuckled. "I thought you would be excited to see—"

His words stopped short as he pushed open the bathroom door and took sight of me. Mouth parted, and eyes wide, he stood in disbelief.

"James—" I cried out, shaking my head. "Please don't hate me..."

"Hate you?" he snapped. "What the f*ck happened?"

I didn't even know where to begin to tell him what happened. The event with Chad was completely foggy from the beginning, and trying to explain only caused a sob to escape from my throat.

Shaking my head, I couldn't find the words I needed to speak clearly. Every time I opened my mouth, tears kept pouring down my face, and eventually it was the warmth of James' hug that broke me.

His hand running through my hair as he hushed me made me feel safe, but how was he going to look at me when he found out what happened?

"Please tell me," James begged, and as he pulled away, I could see the concern and worry in his face.

He wanted to fix it, but what was done was done.

There was no fixing what had happened to me.

"I was eating pizza and watching TV. Chad... he was at the door..."

"Chad, did this?!" James yelled in anger. "That f*cking prick was at my house!"

"James please... I'm sorry. I didn't ask him to come here. He pushed through the door when I told him to get lost, and he attacked me. I fought him off, but I don't know what would have happened if I didn't have my taser..."

James understood my hesitant admission. I didn't come out directly and say he tried to sexually assault me, but the vague response were preludes to what Chad was planning to do.

"I'm going to f*cking kill him," James replied, storming from the bathroom.

I didn't want James to get in trouble for what happened, and racing after him, I caught his arm at the top of the stairs.

"Please... just don't. Don't involve yourself with this. He's gone..."

"Are you really going to sit there and expect me to let this go?!" he yelled at me, jerking his arm from my grasp. "He was in my f*cking home, Becca!"

The more he yelled, the more I cried. After a moment of staring at me, though, a heavy sigh left him, and he moved towards me again, pulling me into his arms.

"Please, just don't leave me tonight. Please?" I begged, not wanting to be alone.

The situation was more than frustrating, but through it all, having him with me was what made me feel safe. It made me realize there were people out there that cared about me. Even if I was just the girl he was f*cking.

"Let's get you cleaned up and into bed," he replied as he gestured for me to follow him to his room.

Sitting on his bed, I watched him walk towards the bathroom and turn on the shower. My mind was in disarray as I tried to come to terms with what had happened to me.

I was angry, yes, but not so much over what happened.

Instead, I was angry I allowed the situation to happen with him at all. I should never have opened the door. I should have kept it closed or reported him the last time I saw him. Instead, I didn't.

I tried to justify him as a pretty boy with mommy issues that needed to be put in his place... but I was wrong.

The bad thing was, I knew before there were stories about his father being like this. I had heard how his father had multiple accusations of abuse to women in the past, and yet never once did I consider Chad would be that way.

Until today.... Today he proved me wrong.

Chapter 28 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Waking the next morning, I felt stiff joints in my body protesting against the altercation that happened the night before. James had been a man of his word. He stayed with me all night and held me until the rising sun shone through the curtains.

Unsure of how to take everything in, I slid from the bed and made my way towards the bathroom, my eyes not wanting to look into the mirror to see how awful I looked, and even though James told me it wasn't bad, I knew otherwise.

The pain radiating across my head proved just how bad it was, and as I found the courage to look in the mirror I gasped.

My hands came to my mouth as I took in the sight before me.

Massive bruises covered the side of my face from my cheek down to my jawline. A minor cut slashed the top of my head from when I hit the wall when I fell. Even my arms had small bruises on them, and more were black now that time had passed.

"Oh, my god..." I gasped again, wiping the few stray tears that escaped my eyes.

I couldn't believe this was the gift I was left with from Chad. After all those years of being nothing but kind to him, this was how he had repaid me.

It was disgusting, and as much as I wanted to call the cops, there was no point.

Chad's family was wealthy, and I had seen what they had done to other women. His father would paint a picture of how I liked it rough, and that Chad was just giving me what I wanted. That I had invited him to come over.

Something like that would make national news, and there was no way I would allow the incident to tarnish my future. Something like that would make Yale try to get rid of me.

Being so close to graduation, I couldn't afford for my future to be destroyed.

No matter how much I wanted him to pay.

"Becca?" James' voice caught me off guard, and pushing a smile on my face, I stepped from the bathroom to meet him in the middle of his room.

His eyes seemed sad, but he held a white take-out bag and a tray with coffee and juice. The fact he had taken the effort to go get me food made my heart swell.

"You went to pick up breakfast?" I asked, trying to divert his attention away from the marks on my body.

"Yeah, I figured you may want to just take it easy today. So I was thinking... takeout and movies?" he replied, pushing a smile onto his lips.

Stepping forth, I moved towards him, running my hands over his tight, rippling chest as I smiled and leaned in, kissing him.

"That sounds amazing. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me, Becca." He set the bags and drinks on his dresser. He kissed me again, wrapping his hands around my waist, pulling me close.

"I do though," I sighed, casting my eyes down, ashamed of myself. "I have done nothing but caused drama for you, and I hate that this happened in your home. I shouldn't—"

Words escaped me, but he didn't seem to pay any mind.

Instead, he lifted my chin with one finger and forced me to look at him, teary-eyed.

"You are mine to worry about, Becca. Never think you're a burden to me."

As much as I wanted to cry again, I held myself together. Because, the more I grew upset, the more Chad was winning.

I couldn't continue to let myself be affected. Instead, I had to be strong and show I wasn't someone who could be affected this way.

"Oh, I was going to tell you that your dad tried calling you earlier. I didn't answer your phone or anything, but it was ringing. You were just so tired, I didn't want to wake you up," James said, changing the subject.

"Oh—" I said smiling. "Well, why don't you pick a movie, and I will go into the next room and call him quickly? It's just our regular weekly conversations."

James nodded as I picked my phone up from the nightstand and padded my way towards my room. My finger hesitated over the call button next to my father's phone. Usually, I would FaceTime him, but today I'd have to play it off and just make it a normal call.

I couldn't allow my father to see me like this. He would flip his shit.

"Becca?" my dad said in a curious tone. "Why aren't you video chatting with me?"

Of course, he would start off like that.

"Oh, because I just got out of the shower. That's why I missed your call. I'm a bit sore from my run." It was a lie, but he did know how I liked to run.

"I have told you about overworking yourself." His concern caused me to smile. "So tell me, what's new?"

"Nothing much. I spent some time on the beach and what not. Just a little rest and relaxation," I replied, not going into many details.

My father was a stickler for the details, and if I started telling him too much, he would ask a lot of questions that would eventually cause me to spill the truth.

"Sounds like fun. With school starting in a few weeks, you need it, hunny."

"I know, but... I actually wanted to speak to you about that," I replied, letting out a heavy sigh as I considered what I was actually going to say.

As much as I enjoyed my time here with James, I felt a little out of place. There was so much going on and too many complications. Part of me missed my father terribly, but the other part of me didn't want him to worry.

"Well, spit it out. What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing's happened. I just was thinking about coming to stay with you for a few weeks before school goes back in session. I haven't been able to spend much time with you lately, and I miss you." Thinking about missing him brought forth so many emotions.

Emotions that I had been ignoring, and trying to bury, so that I didn't face facts that my life was completely messed up.

"Well, you know you can always come here, hunny. You don't have to ask me to do that. I just thought you were enjoying your summer with Tally."

Ah, Tally... that f*cking bitch was not what I called fun anymore.

"Honestly, dad... she has really shown her true colors this summer, and I'm considering she and I will have to go our separate ways after this summer. Her outlook on life is not the same as mine," I explained, hoping that he could understand.

He always thought my friendship with her was wonderful. Then again, he had never seen the side of her I had.

"You do whatever you think is best, Becca," he replied, catching me by surprise.

"Thanks, Dad. I'm going to get off here though so I can get dressed and get some food. I'll call you this weekend?"

"Sounds great. Be safe. I love you."

His words forced a rush of emotions over me as I choked out an I love you, too.

I hated that this was how things had turned out, but I always had a way out. I could leave at any moment and go home to my dad's, and he would take me with open arms.

That was something a lot of people in the world today didn't have the chance to do.

Collecting myself, I pushed back the building emotions and made my way back towards James' room. He sat on the edge of the bed with the remote in his hand, staring at the TV screen.

"So you're leaving?" he whispered before his eyes met mine.

I hadn't known he was listening to what I was saying to my father, and guilt filled me, hearing him acknowledge what I was planning. Biting my bottom lip, I sighed and moved towards him.

"I don't want to, but things have become so complicated here, James. Between Tally and Chad... then this situation with you. What do you expect me to do?"

My question caused him to be silent, but as he stood, he shook his head, running his hands through his hair. "I don't know. Not leave, maybe?"

"We both knew eventually I would leave to go back to school," I reminded him to show him there was no difference in leaving then or two weeks sooner.

"Yes, I know. Even though I wish you wouldn't."

"Why? You don't want a relationship, James," I replied, watching him stare at me with confusion. As much as I wanted it to be more, it couldn't be. I would never be accepted this way with him by anyone outside of the two of us.

He was old enough to be my father, not that it mattered to me.

Also, he was Tally's father. A girl who had been my best friend for years.

"What if we could be?" he finally asked, catching me off guard.

"What if we could be what? More than this?" I asked, with confusion.

"Yeah." He smiled. "What if this could be more? Would you stay then?"

James was acting completely differently than he had before. I wasn't sure what to say to his offer because I wasn't going to change schools for this. He would have to accept me finishing a year there and then coming here.

Also, his daughter—my friend—wouldn't accept this.

“What about Tally? She doesn't know, and we can't keep this a secret forever. She would find out eventually, and that would be bad for the both of us. This would create a scandal... and even if that wasn't an issue, I want to finish my last year at Yale. Would you be okay with long distance?”

He stared at me in disbelief, as if thinking about what I was saying. In all honesty, I cared about him way more than I expected myself to care. I wanted to be with him. I wanted to have a life with him, and I was terrified to lose him.

“If we could sort Tally out, you would stay with me...” he said again, and with a shrug of my shoulders, I nodded.

“In a perfect world, yes, I would, but things aren't as easy as that. Things aren't perfect all the time, and right now, I don't want to think about the future. I just want to spend time with you. I want to be with you however I can until the time comes for me to go back to school.”

There was no telling what would end up happening over the next few weeks, but I wasn't going to allow that to affect the present. All I wanted to do was be with him.

He made everything better, and if I could be happy like this, then so be it.

Even if it was only short-lived.

Chapter 29 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

There was no way to describe how I felt the moment I saw Becca in the state she was in. I wanted to kill Chad... but no matter how much I wanted to, I knew she needed me more than I needed vengeance.

I didn't condone hurting women, and even when Allison used to strike me and get physical with me when she was drunk, I never hit her.

Even though there were many times when I wanted to.

To hit a woman was a boyish thing to do.

Pacing around my office, I tried to collect my thoughts. I hadn't wanted to come in today to sort things out at work, but Becca made it clear she wouldn't allow me to miss work because of her.

The damn woman was too kind for the people of this world, and I wished I could take her away from the cruelty and show her the life she deserved.

I was conflicted, though. This was only supposed to be a casual, fun thing, and instead it was turning into something else. It was becoming more, and I wasn't even trying to make it that way, but I couldn't stop being around her.

Every moment I was away from her, she clouded my thoughts and drove me towards insanity. Like a drug that I was hooked on—I needed another fix.

Hearing her talk to her father, though, struck something deep inside me.

She was planning to leave earlier than expected, and the moment I heard the conversation, I felt my heart clench at the idea.

I didn't want her to go. I didn't want to know she left, and there was no telling if I would see her again. So when I asked her to stay, my mind started spinning.

"F*ck!" I yelled to no one as I stood staring out the window. "What am I doing?"

Running my hands through my hair, I let them slide down my face as I groaned in frustration. Until that prick got what he deserved, I would never be able to get anything done.

Pulling out my phone, I called Bennet, the head of my security teams. My orders were explicit to him that morning. I wanted to know where Chad was, because until I sorted him out, I couldn't focus on getting Becca to stay.

"Yes, Mr. Valentino?" Bennet said through the phone. He already knew what I wanted.

"Well... did you find him?" I snapped.

It wasn't his fault I was angry, and I wasn't trying to take it out on him.

But I wanted this f*cker found sooner rather than later.

"Yes, sir. He is currently staying at The Setai. My men have eyes on him now. It seems he is drinking on the beach in a lounge chair. Shall we bring him to you?"

"No," I replied quickly. "I want you to have him go to his room. I will be there shortly, but be discreet. I don't want him to know I'm coming."

"Yes, sir. I will make sure it happens," Bennet replied, and I had no doubt that he would.

There was a reason I hired Bennet. He was ex-special forces and a man that came with high regards from a few military men I knew. Back in the day, he was the one you called when things went wrong.

He fixed things. His nickname, The Handyman.

Shoving my phone into my pocket, I made my way towards the elevators, not bothering to tell Evette what I was doing. She had worked with me long enough to know when I was on a mission, there was no point in stopping me.

Just move along and reschedule my appointments.

It was the one thing I liked about her—she rarely asked questions.

Exiting the building, I saw my driver standing with the door open, waiting for me to enter.

"Where to, sir?"

"The Setai," I replied before he closed the door.

I had a problem to deal with, and it was one I was looking forward to.

Pulling up to The Setai, I clenched my hands and took a deep breath. The owner was very familiar with who I was and actually held a gala here once a year to celebrate the rich and famous of Miami.

My mind was clear about what I was about to do. I told Becca I wouldn't, but there was no way I could let this go.

Stepping from the car, I made my way inside. Instantly, faces recognized me, and the general manager came out to greet me.

"Mr. Valentino! It's wonderful to see you again. Were you looking to stay?"

"No, Tom. I am taking care of something quickly. However, it may be good if you look into having one of your guests removed from this hotel," I replied, walking past him and heading towards the elevator. Bennet already informed me of what floor the little prick was on, and I knew he would be waiting for me.

As soon as I reached the floor, Bennet greeted me at the open doors. "He is inside, sir."

"Good." Bennet handed me a key card, and I opened the door, walking inside.

Chad's eyes met mine and widened in surprise. "What the f*ck are you doing in my room?"

"Shut the f*ck up and sit down, boy, before you make things worse for yourself."

There was no edge of reason with me at the moment, and if Chad continued the way he was, he was going to find himself in the hospital.

"Who the f*ck do you think you are, old man? Do you know who I am?"

Laughter escaped me as I watched him try to act big and bad. Chad stood, jaw clenched, with his fists balled as if he was actually going to do something to me.

"No, do you know who the f*ck I am?" I snapped. "You have no influence down here, boy. This is Miami, not New York. If you're not careful, you will find yourself in a very bad position."

Hesitating, Chad seemed to carefully weigh my words as I watched his shoulders slightly relax. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you about coming to my house and attacking Becca."

Laughter escaped Chad at my comment. "Is that what that bitch told you? She invited me there, and I didn't attack her. She asked for—"

Fury filled me as I cleared the spot between us and punched him in his face. My grip on his throat as I stared down at him waning as Becca's pleading voice to let it go was the only thing stopping me from beating him within an inch of his life.

"Don't you dare f*cking talk about her like that. I saw you on the f*cking cameras, Chad. How would your daddy and those buddies of yours in New York like to see that video?"

"What—I didn't do shit!" he stammered, trying to cover for himself.

"That's bullshit, and you know it. I want you gone, Chad. I want you out of my f*cking city, and I want it done tonight. If you don't go, there are going to be consequences."

It wasn't a threat. It was a solid promise that if he didn't leave, I had no problem making him disappear. I may have been kind and gentle to Becca. I may have been a respectable businessman to others. Deep down, though, I had a wild side to me that was uncontrollable.

I would destroy Chad and make it look like an accident if I had to.

"Why the f*ck do you care about what happens to that girl, anyway?"

The question brought recognition to me. Why did I care?

Oh, perhaps it was because I cared about her more than I was willing to admit.

"That's not your business. You need to get the f*ck out of my city."

Shoving him, I stepped back and fixed my suit as I watched Chad stumble over his own feet. He wasn't as big and bad as he thought, and the fact he was trying to play this off annoyed me.

"You know... Tally said she thought Becca was seeing someone, and she told people she thought you were f*cking one of her friends." Chad laughed, "It's you, isn't it?"

Sneering at him, I shook my head. "No, it's not. However, you would be dead if she was."

The only reason he wasn't dead right now was because of Becca. She would know right away I had something to do with it, and I would lose her forever.

"Whatever... you're f*cking banging her aren't you?! Holy shit... I can't wait to tell Tally. She is going to flip hearing her supposed best friend is f*cking her father."

Glancing towards Bennet, I raised a brow, and Bennet knew exactly what I wanted to happen. I tried to play it calm. I tried to do as Becca asked, but now this little shit was bringing Tally into it... it seemed he needed a lesson.

Bennet's approach to Chad caused Chad to try and bolt. However, Bennet was skilled and within two seconds, Chad was within his hands, restrained.

"You know... I tried to give you an easy way out," I said as I took my suit jacket off and laid it neatly on the back of the sofa. "Yet, you just don't learn, do you?"

"Man, let me go!" he yelled. "I was just f*cking around. I know you wouldn't sleep with that stupid bitch. She is beneath you, and doesn't deserve anyone!"

Rolling up my sleeves, I shook my head and laughed. "Bennet, he just keeps digging himself a deeper hole, doesn't he?"

Bennet laughed at my comment, raising his brow but remaining silent. He knew very well how dark I could be, and this was amusement for him.

"Becca deserves the world, Chad. Something you never were going to give her. I think you will find it is you who is beneath her, you spoiled f*cking prick. So you leave me no choice but to show you what happens to pricks like you when you f*ck with those who rule and control the streets of Miami."

There was no stopping me once I started. Hit after hit, I made a point to show him how much he had affected Becca when he attacked her.

I didn't have to say anything to him after that point. The blows spoke volumes, and with every grunt, I hit him harder.

His blood may have coated my hands, but I'd leave him alive to learn his lesson.

If he didn't... well, there was no telling if he would live through another lesson.

I only prayed Becca wouldn't be angry with me in the end.

Chapter 30 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

After the conversation with James the day before, I felt the need to escape for a few days. I wasn't sure what I was going to do or where I would go, but the confusion I felt made me unsure of everything.

I was going completely against my beliefs and acting a fool.

However, deep inside me, I felt nothing but love for him.

Love... I couldn't believe I could still feel such a thing after Chad.

Yet, with James, he made me feel like anything was possible.

Sitting on my bed, I took in my open suitcase and stacks of clothing I had been folding. I had no idea what I was doing, but the thought of leaving him broke my heart.

How had this man complicated my life as much as he had?

Perhaps I needed to just come clean with him. Tell him how much I cared about him, and see if there was a way to make the chaos go away.

Picking up my phone, I hesitated and then dialed James' number. I wanted to tell him the truth. Tell him I loved him, and I never wanted to part from him.

The notion was foolish because there was no way he loved me. With a deep sigh, I waited for him to answer. The only problem was the sound of his phone ringing came from down the hall, and James was supposed to be at work.

Frowning, I stood and padded my way out into the hall to see James' door partly closed. For him to come back, and not even tell me he was here, was out of character for him.

"James?" I whispered, pushing the door open to see his white dress shirt splattered with blood lying on the floor. My heart raced as my breath quickened.

What the hell had happened? "James?!" my shrieking voice called out.

Pushing through the panic, I rushed the few steps towards his bathroom and spotted him half naked, standing in front of the sink, with blood splattered across his hands and droplets on the side of his face. "Oh, my god! What happened?"

His eyes met mine, and within them was so much disgust, I wasn't sure if I had done something to him, because never once had he looked at me like that before. "Nothing, Becca. Just give me a moment, okay?"

"Excuse me... don't tell me this is nothing, James. What the hell happened?"

His eyes turned cold for a moment as he let a heavy breath escape him. "I got into a fight. Now go. I need to clean up."

James getting into a fight didn't make sense. He was disconnected from me in a way I have never seen him before. To make matters worse, he was pushing me away.

"With who—" I asked, hoping it wasn't what I thought.

There was only one person I know of that he may go toe to toe with, and that was Chad.

Chad deserved to have his ass beat, but I didn't want James to get involved with it. I didn't want any blood on James' hands, and if James hurt Chad that bad, there would be vengeance from his family.

"It doesn't matter now. Get out, and let me clean up," he snapped.

The tone of his voice was beyond unrecognizable. He had never spoken to me like this, and if he thought I was going to take it, he had another thing coming.

"No. I want f*cking answers now, James. Whose blood is this?!" I yelled back, watching his eyes widen in surprise.

"You don't want that answer. Now, don't make me ask you again."

"It's Chad's, isn't it. You went after him after I told you not to, didn't you?!" Shaking my head, I turned and walked away from him. "I'm done... I can't do this anymore."

"Excuse me?!" he yelled before my arm was snatched and I was pulled back to him. "You're not leaving me, Becca. This was for you. To get you the retribution you deserved."

"For me?" I gasped. "This is only going to cause me problems, James. His family will come after the both of us. How could you let yourself do that?"

With thin, tight lips he narrowed his gaze at me. "Because no one touches what's mine."

Looking up into his eyes, I saw the desperation, the raw passion he had for me and even though I was pissed, my core clenched with anticipation. "F*ck you."

"Oh, f*ck me?" He all but laughed as he pushed me against the wall, pinning my arms above my head. "Is this what you want, Becca?" he whispered with a smile.

"Shouldn't you be saying that's what you want?" I snapped, before his lips captured mine with a heated passion that caused a moan to escape me as his free hand pulled my shorts off and he slipped his fingers deep inside my tight c*nt.

"You're not leaving me," he growled before the head of his c*ck pressed against my folds, and he thrusted roughly inside me.

Was this an ideal moment to have sex? No. I didn't care, though. I was addicted to him, and the sex was ten times better when he was angry.

"You want me to stay?" I moaned softly as he thrusted into me over and over again. My nails dug into his hand from where he had my wrists pinned.

"You are going to stay," he replied, nipping at my bottom lip.

Harder and harder, he f*cked me against the wall. As if all the built up tension he had right now was finally being released, and I was the only outlet that gave him that satisfaction.

It wasn't until he smirked that I realized the excitement in it all. Releasing my wrists, he wrapped his arm around me and carried me towards the bed with his thick erection still buried inside me.

My back hit the blankets of his bed as he continued to please me. His mouth upon my erect nipple, and my fingers in his hair. "F*ck..." I moaned as I felt close to coming undone.

It was moments like this that set my soul on fire and constantly made me question whether leaving was a good choice. He was a drug I had become addicted to, and I never wanted it to stop.

"Dad?" A voice we were both too familiar with said just as he tipped me over the edge, and I came hard, screaming out in pleasure as the door to the bedroom opened, and in stepped Tally, wide-eyed and mouth parted in absolute shock.

"What the f*ck!" she screamed in anger. "I f*cking knew it! I didn't want to believe that you were the one betraying me, but this?!!"

"Tally, wait.. It isn't what you think..." I said as James and I pulled apart, and I stood from the bed shaking my head and rushing to her. "I wanted to tell you..."

A slap echoed across the room as the sting of her hit rang through my face. The bruise that was already there hurt worse from the contact, and tears quickly filled my eyes.

I had betrayed her, which wasn't what I had planned to do, but as fate would have it, she found out anyway, and the betrayal stuck.

"Taliana!" James yelled as he grabbed her and pushed her back. "Don't you dare f*cking strike her."

"She's a f*cking whore!" Tally yelled. "You're no friend of mine, you f*cking bitch!"

I was at a loss for words about what I was about to do. My heart was breaking knowing how much I'd f*cked up by doing this. Then on top of it, I'd lied and kept it a secret from her.

Nothing would ever be the same, and the guilt weighed heavily on my heart.

"Tally, I'm sorry... please listen to me," I said as I pulled on my clothes. "I can explain."

"No!" she yelled again. "How long has this shit been going on? Are you guys serious or are you just trying to steal my dad's money? Cause he would never take you seriously!"

"We're not together," James replied with a clenched jaw.

"Well, that's a relief," Tally snapped, staring at me with a murderous glint in her eyes.

My eyes cast towards James, looking for him to explain or elaborate. Yet, instead, he looked away from me, back at his daughter. "Stop it. It's just sex, Tally. She is an adult, and we were both bored. There is nothing more to this, so stop acting like you haven't done the same before."

"So she means nothing to you," Tally asked, staring at her father. "You don't care for her?"

"What?" James scoffed. "Of course, not. She knows this is just sex."

James' words were like a knife to my heart. I knew we weren't official, but to hear him be so dismissive towards me took me by surprise. The time we had spent together had meant a great deal to me.

Hell, I was in love with the man, and he barely stood up for me to his daughter.

Instead, I was just some girl he had been f*cking.

"That's how you see things?" I asked, as he turned his gaze towards me. "That's it?"

"Becca, you know very well what this is, and Tally is clearly not happy."

Shaking my head, I pushed past them. "I'm done, James. F*ck you both."

I was a fool to ever consider the idea of James and I. To think he and I could be more than we were. The past few weeks had been the best of my life, and yet it had all been fake.

Grabbing my clothes, I shoved them into my suitcase and made my way around my room, grabbing everything else. Only when a knock came at the door did my heart all but stop, and I froze in my place.

"Becca... open up, it's me," James said from the other side. "We need to talk."

Snatching the door open, I sneered at him, narrowing my eyes. "What is there left to say? You made it clear what you thought about me, so I'm leaving to appease you and your f*cking daughter."

James quickly shut the door behind him and gently grabbed my arm, pulling me towards him. "Don't go. I didn't mean it. I was just trying to calm her down, Becca. You know I care about you."

"Really?! Because to me it looked like all I was good for was for a quick f*ck. I'm not wanted here, so I'm leaving. I'll get a hotel or something."

Pulling away from him, I turned and continued packing my things. I was really done this time, and through all the anger, I forced myself not to cry.

I couldn't give them the satisfaction of my tears.

"Becca, please... let me figure something out—"

"Why is she even home today? She wasn't supposed to be back till tomorrow."

"The last show was canceled or something—" James said, quickly cutting himself off when he realized what he had just done.

With wide-eyes I turned to him, "You knew... you knew she was coming home, and you still let us get caught? How could you?"

"Because, Becca. I didn't want to have to keep you a secret anymore," he admitted, causing shock to fill me. He did this for his own satisfaction. Never once did he talk to me about telling her.

"We could have used words, James! Not letting her walk in on us f*cking!"

This showed just how much he actually cared. It wasn't about how much money he spent or the fancy places he took me. I didn't need any of that.

All I wanted was him, and instead, he didn't take my opinion into account with this.

He just did what he wanted.

Zippering up my bag, I grabbed my things and pushed past him, making my way down the stairs. Tally's voice carried from the living room before I spotted her standing there, talking on the phone.

No doubt she was telling her mother the truth.

"Becca, please wait... don't go." James said, calling after me.

"F*ck that! She is leaving!" Tally screamed, storming towards us. "I don't want to see this bitch again!"

"Go f*ck off, Tally. All you ever cared about was yourself."

Turning towards the door, I made my way out. A taxi pulled up to the front that I had ordered while I was in my room. Heartbroken, I tried to understand where I went wrong.