

Chapter 3 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

"Daniel, as you can see, there are numerous ways we can better help you profit from your industry if you use our company. Our importing and exporting section far surpasses that of our competitors."

I watched as the CEO of Citadel Furnishing thought about my proposal. I had spent months trying to close this deal, and with weeks of back and forth, I knew without a doubt I had this in the bag.

A smile lined the man's face as he nodded. "Let's do it," he replied, holding out his hand, which I quickly shook.

"I look forward to our future business together. If you wait just a moment, I will have Evette bring in the paperwork for you to sign, and then we will have someone take you on a tour of the docks so you can see our company at its finest."

Evette brought in the paperwork, Daniel signed it, and then I sent him off for the promised tour.

Once he was gone, I reached for my phone which had gone off a few different times during my meeting.

Tally.

The girl was a pain in my ass, but as my only child, I loved her no matter what she did. She was the princess in my kingdom, and I was the king of my castle. For years I had tried to correct Tally's behavior, but her mother was always an obstacle.

'Having people over today for a pool party.'

Shaking my head, I sighed. There was no arguing with this girl.

'That's fine. I will be home later this afternoon. Do you girls need anything?'

A few moments passed, and I watched the small bubbles at the bottom of our chat move.

'We're fine. See.'

A photo pushed through on my screen, and I smiled at my beautiful daughter, Tally, dressed with a straw hat and cover-up over her bathing suit. She was beautiful, just like her mother.

'You look beautiful, sweetie. Be safe, see you soon. Xx'

As soon as I sent the text, though, another photo came through, and it was one that made me internally groan. My hand was tightening on the phone as I stared down at the smiling face.

It was of Becca. My daughter's beautiful friend who was supposed to be off limits.

From the moment I laid eyes on Becca, I felt something towards her. A desire, a hunger that made me want to know more.

I knew it was wrong, but god, was she the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

Her hair was up in a high ponytail, showing off the elegant length of her neck. A black bathing suit tied tight to her body showing off every delicious curve of her skin.

The sight made my mouth wet with the desire to taste her.

Never once before did an interest of the girl come across my mind until now, and yet, even though I tried my hardest not to take interest, I couldn't help it.

The once chubby, flat chested, young girl had grown into a beautiful tall brunette with blue eyes and a figure most women would die for.

Seeing her the other night in the kitchen was a surprise, but remembering her stretching up into the cabinet, her white tank top rising, and her pink shorts hugging her perfectly sculpted ass... well, that thought alone made my cock hard.

She was f*cking spectacular, and I wanted nothing more than to bend her over that counter and have my way with her.

The disgusting thought turned my stomach, but as if my sexual prowess took over, it quickly dissipated. I wanted her more than I had ever wanted anyone.

I needed to get laid.

As if on cue, my office door opened, and in walked a tall blonde with hot red lipstick. Her tight blue dress hugged her in all the right places, but the problem was she wasn't who I wanted to see.

"Katrine. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Her lips turned up into a smile as she pushed my chair back and sat on my lap.

"Why haven't you come to see me?" Her thick Russian accent washed over me as she leaned back in my lap, batting her lashes. "I had to wait a week and come see you here."

"I told you, Katrine, I am busy right now."

Her brows furrowed as she put on a pout which may have worked on most men, but not me. Tally had perfected that look, and I had grown well accustomed to not falling for it.

"I thought you would miss me," she whined as I exhaled with irritation.

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I shook my head and helped her off my lap.

"I told you that I don't do the emotions thing, Katrine."

Her lips parted, and her eyes narrowed. "We have been seeing each other for months—"

"Yes, and as I told you the first night... there is nothing else that will happen. It's just sex, Katrine, and you told me you understood that. I don't understand why you came to my company."

We had one rule, and she knows what it was.

"You are mine, James." Her response was firm as she crossed her arms over her chest. "I don't understand why you are acting like this. Don't I make you happy?"

It was clear this conversation wasn't going anywhere, and with my next appointment arriving in less than an hour, I had things I needed to get done.

"Evette!" I yelled, watching as the door opened to reveal my very punctual assistant.

"Yes, Mr. Valentino?"

"Can you please escort Katrine to her car?" I asked her, watching as a look of shock crossed Katrine's face.

"Of course." Evette reached for Katrine's arm but was quickly pushed back by the rage that began to build beneath her once enticing eyes.

"Are you throwing me out?!" she shrieked. "You can't do this to me!"

Amusement filled me as I leaned back in my chair and watched her.

That's unattractive. Perhaps this is for the best.

"I think you will see that I can. I appreciate your services, Katrine, but they will no longer be needed. I do wish you all the best for the future."

Cold. That was how I had to be. I never meant to hurt the women I had relations with, but I couldn't allow them to think it would be more.

I was always cast as the bad guy. No matter how many times I told them from the start I didn't want an exclusive relationship, and there would be nothing more than sex, they never listened to me.

"You will regret doing this to me!" Katrine warned, causing the corner of my lips to lift.

"Is that a threat, Miss Solkova?"

Laughing, she shook her head. "No, that's a promise. Karma will get you."

Turning on her heels, she stormed from my office with Evette left to stand there staring at me.

"Mr. Valentino, may I say something?"

"Of course, Evette. What's on your mind?" I replied.

"If I am going to start having to play defense for you when it comes to women like that... I am going to have to request a raise, bonus, or something."

Laughter left my lips at her statement. "Is that right?"

"Yes, sir. Call it hazard pay if you will." Evette sighed, shaking her head. "Would you like your afternoon coffee, sir?"

"Yes, yes. That would be wonderful. Also, I will take the hazard pay into consideration."

"Thank you, sir. I will be back in just a moment."

As the door closed, I couldn't help but laugh to myself at her comment. She wanted hazard pay if she had to deal with the women in my life, and honestly, I didn't blame her.

As the afternoon carried on, I found myself caught within my work. That was, until I started scrolling through my phone looking for a document and came across Becca's photo again.

Her beautiful body and carefree smile... they captivated me.

The thought of boys at my house partying with my daughter and Becca didn't sit well. I knew the girls were of age, but I didn't like the idea that Becca may take an interest in one of those young men.

Especially, since the way she acted around me meant she could want me.

F*ck! What's the matter with me? This girl has me all out of sorts.

"Sir, your four o'clock appointment is calling to cancel?" my secretary stated from my office door, pulling me from my thoughts.

"That's fine. I actually have an emergency that has come up, and I need to go home. See if you can get them to reschedule for me."

"Of course, sir. Do you need anything else?"

My eyes met hers briefly, but my lips spoke not a word. It was enough for her to understand I was being serious and close the door, giving me time to think through what I was about to do.

"Paul," I said into the receiver of my phone as I called my driver, "bring the car around."

It was time to head home and see how the girls were doing. After all, what kind of responsible adult would I be if I didn't?