

Chapter 31 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

A few weeks ago, I came to Miami with the full intent of having the time of my life. In a matter of days after arriving, I found out how true that statement was going to be.

James Valentino came back into my life like a hurricane and changed everything.

The erotic way he touched me caused my body to come to life, and every moment spent with him was intoxicating—however, it was short-lived and bittersweet.

The taxi pulled away from the house, and as it did, I didn't bother to look back. I had no idea where I was going, but with my phone in my hand, I knew of someone who might be able to help.

"Hello?" the familiar sweet voice said on the other end of the line as tears finally fell down my cheeks.

"Allegra... it's Becca. Can I come stay with you for a few days?"

"Of course, babe. I'll text you the address," she replied while hanging up the phone.

I barely knew the woman, and yet she had been kinder to me than most. She had told me back in the Bahamas if I ever needed anything, I could reach out to her.

Perhaps she knew this might happen... like a seer who could tell the future.

Allegra was far wiser than she appeared, but from what she said, she was just observant.

"Can you take me to the River Edge please?" I asked the driver as I wiped my tears.

"Of course, ma'am." The driver turned down another road and headed straight towards the ocean until a large black building came into view. The large bay windows of the building glistened in the Miami sun.

This woman had more money than I'd realized, and from the looks of it, she was living it up in Miami the way most people dreamed of living.

"Here we are." The driver came to a stop. Pulling cash from my purse, I handed it over to him, saying thank you as he got out to help me with my things.

Walking into the building, I followed the directions Allegra gave me, and before I knew it, I was standing at her front door, forcing back my tears as she opened it with wide arms and a shocked face.

"Oh, honey. What happened to you?" She ushered me in and closed the door. "I don't know what happened, but I have alcohol and food on the way. We are going to sit here and talk about this, because if you're leaving James' house, it means something bad happened."

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I laughed, nodding my head. "Thank you for letting me stay here."

"Oh, sweetie. You don't have to thank me. Go put your stuff in the room down the hall with the blue walls. Come out when you're ready."

Giving her a small smile, I turned down the hallway, feeling her eyes on me the entire time. One may think that being here with her was weird, but since the night at the club, the two of us had become close—and not sexually.

She was like a big sister to me, minus the weird idea of it, considering what we had done. She was just really close to me and helped me clear my mind with a lot of things.

Not to mention she put me in contact with a friend of hers who could help me with my dissertation. I had never had a friend like her before, and now with Tally hating me...

She was the only friend I had.

Stepping into the room, I sighed, looking around at the lavish beautiful set up it had. It was simplistic, but it reflected Allegra's nautical appeal. She loved the ocean and boating, and this was a highlight of her true loves in life.

Forty-five minutes later, and one amazing hot shower, I exited the room to find her standing at the bar, scrolling through her phone with an array of food in front of her and one huge pitcher of margaritas.

"You weren't kidding about the food and drinks," I chuckled as she looked up at me, laughing.

"I told you I had you. Now, let's pour you a drink, and then you tell me everything that happened." Allegra didn't waste time with preparing things. She pulled a tall, clear glass from the counter and filled it to the top, popping a metal straw inside before sliding it towards me.

Her eyebrows raised to tell me to start talking.

"James and I got into an argument earlier—" I sighed.

"Is that what happened to your face?" she asked with a cautious glance.

"My face—oh, no, no, no. This was someone else... my ex, Chad."

Her eyes widened, having remembered what I had told her in the Bahamas. "The super dick did that to you?! Did you call the cops?"

"No," I replied, taking a long sip of my drink. "If I had, it could have destroyed my future. His family is too powerful, and his dad is good at ruining people's lives."

Scoffing, Allegra rolled her eyes, shaking her head. "I hope James taught that little f*ck a lesson, then."

"Oh, I'm sure he did. He came home covered in blood."

"Honestly, Becca... it doesn't surprise me. I have known James for a while, and he isn't the kind of man that takes kindly to women getting beat on. He may seem sweet, but sweetie, he has a side to him you don't know. He can be dangerous."

I knew Allegra was trying to make me feel better, but it scared me to know he could be that way. Violence doesn't solve problems, and he took it upon himself to take care of something that didn't pertain to him.

"Yeah, I'm realizing that. We argued about it and then had amazing sex..."

Allegra choked on her drink after hearing my comment and laughed at my exaggeration of amazing sex. "Oh, well, I'm glad to hear it was amazing, but then what the hell happened for you to leave if you guys stopped fighting?"

Opening my mouth, I closed it again, trying to find the words I needed to let her know what had happened. My heart was shattered, but the argument with Tally and James kept replaying over and over in my head.

"Tally walked in on us," I whispered as a small laugh escaped me.

Allegra's eyes were wide as she stared at me. Her mouth was agape, and the wheels in her mind were spinning. "Oh, f*ck."

"Yeah, oh f*ck is right."

"What did she do? I mean, like I thought she was with her mom." Allegra said in disbelief, and that comment alone made me want to cry.

"She was, but she called James and let him know she was coming home early, and he knew she could catch us. But instead of talking to me about it, and us talking to her normally, he just let her walk in and catch us having sex."

"Damn," Allegra exhaled. "I bet she was f*cking pissed about that. Never did care for that girl. She always acted like she was better than everyone else."

Allegra wasn't wrong with that observation. Tally thought she was better than everyone else, and that was her biggest downfall. She didn't care about anyone else's feelings, and it didn't matter how many times she hurt you... if you hurt her, you were done.

"I didn't want it to happen that way." I tried to hold back my tears. "She flipped out, called me names, and I even think she called and told her mother."

"Did James not say anything?" she asked as she took my now empty glass and refilled it. "I mean, I can't see him just standing there doing nothing."

"Actually, he told her we were nothing, and I was just someone he was f*cking. That we were consensual adults or some shit. Then, when I told him I was leaving, he tried to get me to stay, and said he only told her that to get her to stop flipping out."

The entire time I had known Allegra, I had never seen her get upset about anything. She was a carefree spirit who lived life to the fullest. Everything was spiritual to her, and the world was hers to explore.

However, the moment I told her what James said, her happy persona disappeared.

"Are you f*cking kidding me?" she asked with narrowed brows. "He acted that way?"

"Uh—yeah. I mean, he stopped Tally after she hit me when she caught us, but other than that, he did nothing. He didn't even come outside with me when I walked out of the house. Instead, he stayed with Tally."

Standing from her seat, Allegra walked around to where I was sitting and wrapped her arms around me. The tears I was holding back cascaded down my face as I cried on her shoulder. "I'm such a fool. I went in knowing it was just sex, but then when he started acting like he cared, I thought maybe it could be more."

"It's not your fault, sweetie. Allison f*cked him up, and he obviously can't see a good thing if it slapped him in the face. Sometimes I swear I don't know whether to smother that man or beat his ass."

Laughter escaped me as I pictured Allegra beating James' ass. He was a very well defined man, and Allegra was a tall, blonde, bubbly supermodel who maybe weighed one-fifteen soaking wet.

"Allegra!" a voice yelled from the front door, followed by pounding. I knew that voice. It was James, and after everything he had put me through today, I wasn't sure why he was here.

"I'm not ready to see him. Please don't let him in," I begged her with wide-eyes and tears streaming down my face.

She was silent for a moment before she nodded. "You go hide in the back room really quick. I will get rid of him, okay?"

Moving towards my room, I stood behind the wall listening, and my heart dropped when I heard him. "Where is she?"

"She isn't here, James," Allegra replied.

"Yes, she is. I know she is here," he snapped. "I need to speak to her."

"She WAS here," Allegra emphasized. "She left about an hour ago. She dropped some things off here, but said that was because she didn't want to have to carry a bunch of stuff around. She left after that, and I have no idea where she went."

"Shit!" James swore. "If she comes back, will you call and let me know?"

"No, I won't. Not after what happened. I'm not getting involved in this, James. You are going to have to figure this out yourself. I mean, I love you to death, but you f*cked up."

Allegra's skills at lying impressed me. She would have had me believing what she was saying had I not already known the truth. With the shutting of her door and the sounds of footsteps, her head popped around my door with a smile.

"He's gone," she said softly as she gestured for me to come back out.

"Thank you for that. I hate putting you in the middle."

Allegra's eyes met mine, and she shrugged with a smile. "I'm entertained with this all, and look forward to seeing how this plays out. Consider it my real life drama show."

"It practically is with all the shit going on."

A heavy sigh escaped me as I bit my bottom lip, thinking about James and how he sounded. Had I seen him, I probably would have fallen into his arms, but after what he did, I wasn't sure what to do.

"You know—" Allegra said with hesitation, "you're going to have to see him, eventually."

"I know." Oh, god, did I know.

If I wasn't strong enough, he would end up breaking my heart completely.

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James.

I will be the first to say... I'm a f*cking idiot.

I felt horrible about how I'd treated Becca. I didn't take into consideration her feelings at all, and I was so eager for us to be seen together, I ruined everything.

There was no way Becca was going to speak to me after this. Fate had given me something perfect, and instead of cherishing it, I blew it out of the water with my own selfish desires.

Not to mention my daughter caught us having sex. Something she had made clear she would never let go, no matter what happens. She has guilt tripped me in the past, but this time, she was taking it way too far.

Slamming the front door, I stormed through the house. Allegra's had been a no go, and even though I was sure that's where she had gone—she wasn't there.

Or at least she wasn't there anymore.

My mind reeled with conflict on how to handle it all. I never meant to let things get so complicated. It was supposed to just be a summer fling. Something to do for fun while she was here, and then slowly, I became possessive of her.

The thought of another man even touching her made my skin crawl.

I was f*cking pathetic and had ruined everything.

"Where have you been?" Tally snapped with her arms crossed as I walked into the kitchen. I wasn't in the mood to deal with her shit, and the more she kept opening her mouth, the more she was pissing me off.

Stopping in my tracks, I turned to her with narrowed eyes. "I am your father, and I do not have to explain myself to you. Do you understand me, Taliana?"

She gasped, eyes widening before an angry glare crossed her face again.

"You slept with my best friend!" She stomped her foot. "How could you embarrass me like that?! I mean Ashley or Jane, I can understand, but... Becca? She is so beneath you!"

Astonished by my daughter's remark, I shook my head, laughing. She wasn't upset I had slept with Becca because she was her friend. She was upset that it was Becca because she wasn't from our lifestyle.

"So, let me get this right. Had it been one of your uppity friends, you would have been fine, but because Becca doesn't come from our lifestyle, you find her beneath you and it's a problem?"

"Well, yeah. Duh," she scoffed, rolling her eyes giving a flick of her hair. "It's disgusting."

"You know what... never in my life have I ever been disappointed in you. But right now, I am literally disgusted with the way you are acting. That girl has been nothing but good to you, and you have been a complete heartless bitch to her. You are beneath her and don't deserve to be anywhere near her."

I had never spoken to my daughter this way before, but that was probably the reason she had the mentality she did. That, and because her mother played a heavy part in it. Tally needed a reality check, and if I had to hurt her feelings to do it—then so be it.

Tears filled her eyes at my comment. "How can you say that? I'm your daughter."

"I'm saying that because you are my daughter. I don't know who you have become over these past few years, but you're not the same little girl I raised. You have changed, and you're becoming just like your mother."

Shaking my head, I left her standing in the kitchen to think about everything I'd said. I wasn't going to tolerate her actions, and the more she kept on, the more she was going to find I wouldn't sustain her lifestyle anymore.

No longer did it just have to deal with the way she treated Becca. It had to deal with the way she treated everyone in her life. It was a disappointment, and not something I would entertain financially.

Slamming my office door, I slunk into my chair with a bottle of whiskey.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do now that everything had fallen apart. More than anything, I wanted to find Becca and apologize to her. Help her see I didn't mean the things I'd said.

Everything just came out wrong, and in the heat of the moment, I buckled and f*cked up.

Looking down at my phone, I stared at her beautiful face. Only two days before I had made her photo from the Bahamas my background photo. I wasn't sure why I did it, and honestly, it was something completely out of character for me.

Yet, there she was. Smiling in the sunshine in that damn yellow dress.

Allison's name popped up on my screen with a text message, and I groaned, thinking about what she was going to say. Against my better judgment, I opened the message, and my once calming anger grew again.

'You ruined that bitch's life, James. I won't let this go.'

F*ck. If things weren't bad already, now they are even worse.

Hopefully, when I saw her, Becca would forgive me.

If Allison didn't get to her first.

Tally.

Pissed didn't begin to explain how I felt. I should have known it was Becca sleeping with my dad. There were too many times the way she was acting was completely sketchy. Not to mention, I had Life 360 on my dad's phone, so I knew for a fact he was in the Bahamas.

I could only bet he took her there with him.

Clenching my fists, I gripped my phone and stormed from the kitchen up to my room. If my father actually thought I was going to just let this go, he was sorely mistaken.

As soon as my bedroom door closed, I called my mother. I had debated on doing this earlier, hoping my father would see reason behind what he had done.

Had he, I wouldn't have mentioned it to my mother. I would have just let Becca humiliate herself with the notion she actually thought she could have him.

Eventually, she would have disappeared, and without her having friends, her social life would have too. But now... she was going to pay for betraying me.

If she couldn't be loyal to me, I would make sure she didn't betray anyone else.

"Tally... you made it home safe?" Mother said sweetly on the other end of the call.

"Yes, but oh, my god, Mom... you're never going to believe what I walked into."

"What happened? Is everyone okay?" she asked with concern.

"No, everything's not fine. I literally came home to catch dad in bed... with f*cking Becca."

My mother was silent for a moment, listening to what I had said. I explained to her the entire argument, and even the fact my father didn't want to take responsibility for what he had done.

"I knew the little bitch was up to no good," my mother snapped, seething with anger through the phone. "Don't you worry, Tally. We will think of something, because I will not stand for her acting the way she was. It's disgusting."

"That's what I told Dad, but he seems to be, like,... hypnotized by whatever she was doing. God, what if he gets her pregnant?!" The thought alone almost took my breath away. If she ended up pregnant and was seized by my father, I would never see a penny of my money.

She would convince him to disown me, and then... god knows what would happen.

"Oh, that little bitch better hope she isn't pregnant. But if she is, there are ways to handle that without us getting caught. For now, you just leave things to me. I will figure them out."

"Thanks, Mom," I sighed. "To top it all off, I heard Chad got into a nasty fight with someone. I wouldn't be surprised if Becca told someone to hurt him. He is a good guy, and he and Tony told me she called Chad over the other night or something... and he declined her."

I was still disgusted by the phone call I had gotten earlier in the day. It was something I planned to talk to Becca about because I heard how she tried to convince him to come over. She told him my dad was out of the house.

Chad came from a respectable family, and I would never understand what the hell he saw in her.

She was literally a no one and her time of mooching off of me and my money was done.

"Baby, I tried to tell you years ago that Becca was bad news. The only thing she wants is your dad's money. Why do you think your dad and I used to argue before she came down? I knew what that girl and her family were doing." She made me think back to all those times my parents argued.

She was right, though. I mean, my dad always paid for everything, and never once did her parents offer to pay him back. This wasn't a f*cking charity, and for them to act like that was disgusting as well.

"Yeah, you're right," I sighed in frustration. "I can't believe I was so blinded by her bullshit."

"Well, don't let that little harlot bother you. I will handle her." My mother replied, pointedly. That let me know she meant business.

My mother wasn't someone to play around with. She had an evil side to her any woman should fear, because when it came to getting something she wanted, she was determined and unforgiving to anyone in her way.

"Okay. I'll talk to you later," I said, hanging up the phone.

Deep down, though, I felt conflicted. I had really thought Becca and I were good friends, and perhaps, thinking back, sometimes I wasn't the kindest to her. However, I would never sleep with her dad.

I couldn't understand what would possess Becca to do it. Was she lonely, or was she straight heartless? Either way, I was done with her.

If Becca wanted to play these games, then I could, too.

There is a saying my mother had been telling me since I was young. Never play games with someone who can play them better than you.

And that was exactly what she did. She played games with the wrong person, and now she was going to get burnt by her actions.

Picking my phone up, I sent a text to the hottie I had been seeing.

'It's time to stop playing games in the dark. I think it's time we make ourselves public.'

The message went read, and when it did, I smiled at his response.

'Sounds perfect. I'm done hiding too.'

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Becca.

Waking the next morning, I had the worst hangover of my life. Allegra and I had stayed up all night talking, laughing, and more or less, me crying. I was a mess, but like Allegra told me, I needed to put my big girl panties on and take care of my shit.

The only problem was, I wasn't sure how.

Slipping from bed, I made my way towards the bathroom to freshen myself up. I had to come up with a game plan, because as nice as Allegra was, I couldn't stay in her apartment forever. Instead, it might be best if I bought my ticket home.

Even though the other part of my brain protested against it, telling me to go after him.

I couldn't go after him. I wasn't going to be seen as some pathetic bitch chasing after a man who didn't want her.

Picking up my phone, though, my heart lurched. Three missed calls and over twenty texts from James and a few even from Tally.

Tally made it clear she hated me, and I was no friend to her. That I had betrayed her and called me every name under the sun. As much as it sucked that I'd hurt her, I honestly wasn't upset about us not being friends anymore.

James, on the other hand, was begging for me to call him. To let him see me.

The last message he sent had my nerves on edge and my breath catching in my throat.

'I never meant for things to happen this way, Becca. I need you. Please don't walk away from me. Give me a chance to explain and fix this.'

My legs quickly turned to jelly as I sat on the bed with my hand over my mouth. Did I trust him enough to give him that chance? Did I let myself buckle under the pressure of my emotions for him to hear what he had to say?

Against my better judgment, I sighed and sent him a message.

'Where do you want me to meet you?'

As if he was waiting by his phone for me to message him, a text came through immediately. 'I'm at the office. Please come see me.'

Taking a deep breath, I stood and quickly got dressed.

Allegra was waiting in the kitchen by the time I came out, and with a smoothie in her hand, she raised a brow at me with a smile. "You're going to see him?"

"How did you know?" I asked, with confusion. Had he been messaging her as well?

"I told you, Becca. I'm very observant, and I see how James is around you. He isn't going to let you walk out of his life. The way he is with you... well, I have never seen him like that with anyone else."

Her admission made my heart swell, but no matter how much it entranced me, I couldn't just give in so easily. "I get what you're saying, Allegra. But he made things clear before, and to be honest, I don't want to be mixed up in some outrageous drama..."

"Becca, I'm gonna tell you what my mama told me," she smiled, walking towards me. "If you let your mind control you, you will never let your heart guide you. Sometimes in life, things are worth taking a risk on. Just don't let it destroy you."

I wasn't sure who her mom was, but I needed to see that lady. The advice Allegra gave me was beyond remarkable, and it made so much more sense than what other people had told me.

"Thanks," I smiled, grabbing my purse. "I will be back later.... I'll call you."

"Oh! Make sure you take the spare key," Allegra said, quickly fishing through a drawer in the kitchen. "Here you go."

Taking the key with hesitation, I furrowed my brows. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Never know when you may need to use it. Now, go see James, and don't be too harsh on him."

"Wish me luck!" I called over my shoulder to which she replied, "Break a hip, or don't."

Forty- minutes later, and after fighting through traffic, I made it to James' building and was in the elevator heading up to his office. I wasn't sure if this was the best idea I ever had, but then again, sleeping with my best friend's father hadn't exactly been the highlight of ideas to have.

My heels clicked against the floor as I stepped out and made my way towards his office, Evette's eyes catching mine as I watched her brows furrow. "He's expecting you."

How would she know he was expecting me?

Had he told her about us?

Without questioning her, I nodded, giving her a small smile as I let a heavy breath escape me, and turned the knob, opening the door. James sat behind his desk in all his godly fashion. His eyes slowly raised to meet mine, and as they did, no smile followed.

I thought he would have been happy to see me. Especially since he was the one who asked me here. "Hello, Becca. Please take a seat."

Business oriented... and here I was, hoping for something else.

"Hello, to you as well," I replied, taking a seat across from him.

James' eyes never left mine as he sat quietly, as if going over what he wanted to say.

"So—" I said, breaking the silence, causing him to finally smile. "What did you want to see me for?"

"I don't want things to be bad between us, Becca," he admitted, clasping his hands together. "I want us to be like we were."

"Yeah, well, things kind of changed, James. Tally threw a fit... you allowed that to happen, and you told her we were nothing. We were just having sex, that's it."

"I didn't mean it like that," James snapped, catching me off guard.

"Well, that's what you said. You could have told her anything else, but that was what you went with. How do you think that makes me feel?" I snapped back, shaking my head.

I honestly was hoping when I came here today things wouldn't end up heated like they are. Perhaps it was too soon, though. Not enough time away had allowed us to speak clearly.

"I know," James groaned, running his hand over his face. "Look, I'm not going to beg you to stay because that isn't the kind of man that I am, but I will say I don't want you to go."

"I see. Well, why do you want me to stay?" I asked, crossing my arms over my chest. He kept saying he didn't want me to go, but he never was clear about why he wanted me to stay.

"Because we have fun together. Not to mention incredible sex..."

Out of everything he could have said, that was what he was going to lead with?

Wrong answer. "So you want me to stay because you like the sex?"

"Don't twist my words. That's not what I meant—"

"That's exactly what you just f*cking said, James." I yelled in frustration. "God, I have no clue what you really want. I was allowing myself to feel something

again. After everything Chad did to me, and yet... I was a fool because look at what has happened."

James paused after my rant with a dumbfounded expression. "What were you feeling?"

Shit. Of course, he would want me to elaborate on that confession.

"It doesn't matter, James. How can I feel the way I do when you can't even stand up to others about what you want?"

"That's not true," he replied. "Don't you dare say that because it's far from the truth."

"Is it, though?" I replied, shaking my head. "Because you let Tally dictate a lot."

Taking a deep breath, I pushed to my feet and grabbed my purse. I was done with this conversation and done making myself look more of a fool than I already was.

"Where are you going?" He stood as well. "Becca, stop..."

"Why, James? All we are doing is fighting, and I'm tired of it. I'm tired of keeping secrets and everything else that is going on. I should never have let myself fall into a situation with you like that. Especially knowing there would be nothing from it."

Before I could reach the door, he took my arm and spun me to face him, pressing his lips to my own. The taste of him in my mouth was breathtaking.

I wasn't sure if I would ever kiss him again, but knowing I was right now was everything I needed.

"Don't leave," he whispered against my lips as he pressed my back to the wall. "Stay with me."

Every part of me wanted to cry, but trembling, I had to find the will to move on.

"I can't..." I replied, pushing back tears. "I want a relationship, James. I want someone who will love me, and it isn't fair to either of us to continue on when that will never happen."

"It can happen," he murmured, catching me off guard. "I just need time."

Of course he did. "Time for what?" I was curious to know his answer.

"Time for Tally to understand things better," he replied, and with those words, my heart broke again.

"Why do you have to wait for your grown ass daughter to finally give you the go ahead before you can be with me—or anyone else for that matter? She is never going to be okay with this. She is never going to accept it. Therefore, we can never be together."

The truth finally was out, and stepping back from me, he stared at me in disbelief. It was the truth, though. If he wanted to wait on Tally to be with someone, he was never going to be happy with another woman.

She would always want her dad and mom to get back together.

She would always expect him to come to her every beck and call.

Tally was a selfish bitch, and everything was always about her. So what was the point in James and I playing pretend that this could be more than it was? None of it made sense, and I couldn't wait around hoping that it would.

Leaning forward, I ran my hand down the side of his face and kissed him deeply.

"Goodbye, James," I whispered as tears slid down my cheeks.

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Making my way back to Allegra's, I kept thinking over the conversation with James. The last time I cried as much as I was right now was when my mother died, and I thought that was going to be the most painful thing I would ever experience.

Now, I wasn't sure that was the case.

I had left James' office under the notion we couldn't ever be together. He made it clear he wanted to wait until Tally was okay with everything. However, that wasn't going to work for me.

She would never be okay with us being together.

Opening Allegra's door, I stepped inside and was met with laughter. The sound of the man's voice wasn't one I recognized, and I suddenly felt bad about intruding and not letting her know I was on my way back.

"Becca!" Allegra exclaimed with a smile. "You're back so soon?"

"Uh—yeah," I replied, giving her a half smile. "Turns out things won't be worked out."

With a small sigh and a nod, she turned her attention to the man next to her. "Well, Becca, I want you to meet someone. This is my brother, Neal."

Neal turned to me with a pearly white smile and crystal blue eyes, and I couldn't help but smile back. "It's nice to meet you, Neal."

"It's a pleasure to meet you as well. I have heard a lot about you," he replied, causing me to look at Allegra with a questioning glance, wondering what the hell she had told him.

"I didn't realize that you were going to be here. I hope I'm not intruding on plans that you guys have." I was wondering if it would be best if I packed my things and found somewhere else to stay, but Allegra spoke up quickly.

"Don't be ridiculous," Allegra laughed. "I didn't even know he was coming. He is in town for a few days on business and surprised his big sister."

"It's true," Neal replied with a hearty laugh that brought a warmth across my chest I hadn't been expecting. Sitting here with them right now was like welcoming old friends or even coming home.

I enjoyed it, and as much as my mind was lingering on James, I couldn't let that cloud my thoughts from enjoying the small time I had left in Miami.

"So, where are you from?" I asked, taking a seat on the loveseat across from them.

"I'm from New York City. I heard you're attending Yale. Is that correct?"

"Uh—yes I am."

"That's impressive. That school is definitely difficult to get into," he said, letting his eyes graze over me. "So, are you coming out with us tonight?"

Furrowing my brows, I looked at them, confused. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm taking him to Velvet," she said, giving me a knowing smirk. "Do you want to go?"

As much as I had fun with her and James the last time I was there, I wasn't sure if it would be appropriate for me to go again. "I don't know... if James knew—"

"Didn't you just say that it didn't work out?" Neal butt in, giving me a smirk that caused me to laugh as I hesitated in my response.

"Well, yes. I suppose that's true."

"So why not come out then? No point in sitting around sulking," he said, as Allegra nodded in agreement.

"Neal's right. If James doesn't see what he is missing, then why should you sit here instead of enjoying yourself? No one is saying you have to go have group orgies or anything, but you can dance and have fun. Who knows, maybe you'll find someone who can take your mind off things...."

Allegra was a wise person, yes, and when it came to making me feel better, she did one hell of a job. However, right now, I wasn't too sure if I wanted to do something like that. I wasn't the kind of girl to just go find someone else to have sex with.

That was Tally's department, not mine.

"I don't know. I'm not really that kind of person—"

"Oh, no!" Allegra said, laughing, "I didn't mean like that. I just meant you can hang out with other people. Dance, laugh, and have fun. If you want to hook up with someone else, that's your choice, and I won't stop you. But I'm not saying to do that."

Taking a moment to think it over, I nodded and shrugged my shoulders.

"Okay, let me find something to wear," I replied, standing.

"Oh, tonight's themed," Neal said with a smirk. "Fishnet and leather."

Hesitating, I turned to Allegra and raised a brow. "Say what?"

Laughter began between the two of them, and for some reason I second guessed myself about going. I owned nothing that fit that criteria, and I was scared to see what Allegra would put me in.

"I have the perfect outfit for you," she smirked.

"Allegra, you're way smaller than me. There is no way I would fit into something of yours." I replied, shaking my head, "I can just stay here."

"Don't be silly. I have tons of things that would fit you. You're not that much bigger than me. Now, no backing out. You already agreed." Taking my hand, she dragged me from the living room as Neal laughed.

I wasn't sure what she had in mind for me to wear, but I had no doubt it was going to be something scandalous. I had seen the outfits she was in before, and they left nothing to the imagination.

Walking into her room, she left me standing by her bed as she ventured towards her closet. Piece by piece, she brought out an array of items that were more than sinful.

"What size shoe are you?" she asked, halting at the open closet doorway.

"Uh—an eight."

"Perfect. Same as me then," she exclaimed excitedly as she disappeared and came back with a pair of over the knee leather boots that tied all the way up the front. "Take these."

Shoving them in my hand, she disappeared again, and came back with fishnet stockings, and a black garment that almost looked like shreds of clothing.

"What's that?" I asked, with hesitation.

"It's a dress. Now go on and get ready. I will do your makeup."

"Allegra, you don't have to do all of that—" I replied as she waved her hand, cutting me off.

"Don't be silly. I want to. I never had a little sister, and getting to play dress up with you is going to be fun. Now hurry, and get dressed."

With a heavy sigh, I started taking off my clothes, and when I was standing in my bra and panties, she turned to me with a smirk. "You're not keeping those on, are you?"

My cheeks grew red at her comment, as she stood there looking at me with a smirk.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because you won't be able to. Just trust me, and take them off." Grabbing the fish nets, she opened them up as I slid off my panties and unclasped my bra. "You're beautiful, Becca. Don't be afraid of showing the world who and what you are... a goddess."

Kneeling at my feet, she helped to slide the stockings on that went up over my ass, and held a large hole down in the center of my crotch. "There's a hole."

"Oh, I know," she smirked before standing to gather the dress.

"Now let's get you finished, so that way, you can see how much you are going to stand out tonight."

"But I'm more of the angel type, Allegra," I sighed.

"Yeah, well, even Lucifer was an angel at one point."

James.

I couldn't believe I blew it again. I told her to come over so we could talk, and I messed up the entire thing. The moment she walked out of my office, I regretted what I'd said to her. Why would any woman be okay with what I'd suggested?

Tally is a grown woman, and even though I liked to consider her my little princess, she wasn't anymore. She was a woman who liked to do things her way, and if she wasn't going to listen to me, why would I put my life on hold to make her happy?

Being a parent was a tough position.

It meant constant confliction about what you should do for the benefit of them, and through it all, it seemed no matter the choice you made, it was never good enough.

Instead of going home, I dove into my paperwork, the clock ticking on as I tried to come to terms with it all, and yet Becca never once left my mind.

Did I care about her more than I was willing to admit?

Was I in love with this girl?

"Mr. Valentino," Bennet said from my office door.

"Yes, what is it?" I asked with a sigh as I tried to decide on signing a few contracts that might bring me a lot of money.

"You asked me to let you know if anything progressed with Miss Woods. I wanted to let you know that she, Allegra, and an unknown man just left the apartment building and are closing in on Club Velvet."

My eyes shot up to meet his, and the wheels in my brain started spinning. Club Velvet was the fetish club I had taken Becca to, and to hear she was going with Allegra and some guy—it struck a nerve.

"Who's the guy?" I asked through clenched teeth.

Had Becca been playing with me this entire time? Was she seeing someone else, and that's why she didn't want to give us another chance earlier?

"We aren't sure, sir. We do know the man arrived at Allegra's home while Miss Woods was here with you."

Allegra wasn't the type of woman to bring men back to her place. Her home was her sanctuary, and through all the years I had known her, I had only ever been there a few times. She was very private about her home.

Which was what surprised me when she let Becca go there. She barely knew Becca.

A lot of things weren't making sense, and part of me couldn't help but wonder if there was more to Becca than she was letting on. I didn't want to think about

her in that way, but considering everything I went through with Allison, I wouldn't be surprised.

Pulling my phone from my pocket, I checked the calendar for Club Velvet.
“Fishnet...”

“What's that, sir?” Bennet asked, standing at attention waiting for my directive.

“I want you to get the car for me. I think I'm going to pay Club Velvet a visit.”

Chapter 35 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

The moment we arrived at Club Velvet, I knew I had made a good choice to go out. Allegra had outdone herself with getting me ready, so much so, I didn't even recognize myself when I looked in the mirror.

Stepping over the threshold, I was met with an erotic sight I hadn't expected. Unlike last time, where it seemed more angelic and sexy, this time it was dark and sinful, and everything about it was utterly exotic.

“Let's get a drink!” Allegra yelled over the music as I smiled and nodded.

The last time I had come, James swept me away to a private room. Then, for most of the night, we stayed there while the rest of the people at the club partied out here.

This time, she was showing me the true meaning behind the Club Velvet feel. Dancers on stages, and even women on poles and in cages, littered the area. Sex was the appeal, and the club went above and beyond to reach it.

“This is incredible,” I said to no one in particular, but Neal seemed to catch on and laughed.

“I take it you're still fresh meat?” He spun around on his barstool to face the dance floor and everyone lingering around.

“Uh, yeah. I only came here once before, and I was mainly in the back. This is new to me being out here,” I replied, watching his brow raise in surprise.

“You were in the back, huh? Didn’t take you as one of those kinds of girls.”

“Well, you barely know me, sir. Don’t assume things so quickly.” The comment was meant to be playful, but the look in his eyes was lustful and teasing.

“Is that right?”

I wasn’t sure what to say to him. So instead, I smiled and turned my attention back to the dance floor. The last thing I wanted was for him to think that he could have something out of this.

Casual, fun, and maybe dancing—yes. Anything else would be a huge no.

He was Allegra’s brother, for Christ’s sake. I couldn’t do something like that, even if James had never been in the picture.

“Let’s dance!” Allegra squealed when another song soared through the air with a heavier beat that made me want to move. I didn’t hesitate when she pulled me with her. I was a broken mess, and with the alcohol in my system and friends around, it helped to cloud out the pain.

I missed him, even though I had just been with him.

Every part of me ached to be in his arms again, but there was no point in wishing for things that wouldn’t happen. With a firm grip at my waist, I looked over to see Neal behind me, dancing with Allegra in front of me.

Closing my eyes, I let the beat of the music carry me away, praying that the night would never end. Because I knew when I woke up the next morning, I would succumb to the hurt in my chest.

The pain that would only heal with time.

James.

The moment I stepped into the club, people stepped out of my way. There was no point in saying anything to me, because I was on a mission and wouldn’t be stopped. Casting my eyes around the open space within the club, it wasn’t hard to find her.

She danced with Allegra on the dance floor, and the sight of her was breathtaking.

Allegra had obviously put her flare on Becca, and the sinful way she moved made my c*ck strain within my pants.

“Sir... it’s themed tonight,” an employee said to me, catching my attention. With a straight face, I glared at them until the manager quickly snatched them away.

No doubt to explain to them who I was and that the rules didn’t apply to me.

Little did people know I was a silent investor in this company and was the one who helped to create the rules. The same rules that didn’t apply to me.

Pushing through the crowds of swaying bodies and intoxicated minds, I made my way straight towards her. Allegra’s gaze caught mine quickly, and her breath caught.

The petrified glance said a lot. She didn’t know I was going to be here looking for Becca, but I had no doubt with the way she dressed Becca she was hoping I would.

Grasping an unfamiliar man’s arm, she pulled him away from Becca and whispered something in his ear. His gaze met mine with narrowed eyes.

Ignoring the man, I moved closer to Becca. Her body moving against me to the music had my c*ck completely hard within seconds. I’d never seen this side of her.

Even when I brought her here last time, it was different. It was more of a game between us before, and now this time, she was in an element I had never experienced with her.

Running my hands over the side of her face, I danced with her until I lowered my lips to her ear, “Are you enjoying yourself?”

Quicker than lightning, her eyes shot open, and she spun around to face me.

“What the f*ck are you doing here?” She looked around for Allegra and the guy she had brought.

“I heard you wanted to party, so I figured I would join.”

Shaking her head, she made her way towards the back bar, and without hesitation, I followed her. Seeing her like this, there was no way I was going to let her out of my sight.

Three shots and a glass of something red, she downed the shots back to back. The last one, though, I snatched from her hand and shot it, only to realize it was some fruity vodka I spit back into the glass.

“Hey, what the f*ck?” she snapped, turning towards me. “That was mine.”

“It looks like you have had enough already, Becca,” I replied, giving her a look that she refused to acknowledge.

“You have no right to tell me what’s enough, James.” She gave me a pointed look as she turned back to the bartender, asking for another. “Don’t you have some whore to bother?”

I didn’t understand why she was acting this way. Then again, the conversation earlier didn’t go as I had wanted it to, leaving us both hanging with the option of how we could work.

“The only girl I’m here for is you,” I replied, watching a flicker of something in her eyes.

“Hard to believe.” Turning on her heels, she stormed off and headed towards the back. I couldn’t let her go there alone. There was no telling what she was going to do because anyone who went back there was looking for a good time.

Against my better judgment, I stormed after her, only to turn the corner in the back room to find her laughing with Allegra and a few others. Including the mystery guy she had been dancing with before.

Drunk and stumbling, she fell into his lap, and Allegra laughed before her eyes met mine. “James, I didn’t think you were coming out tonight.”

“Yeah, well, a change in my plans brought me here,” I said with a forced smile.

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” one of our other friends chimed in. “After the show we got last time, it was all that any of us could think of.”

I knew very well what he was talking about, but that wasn't going to happen again.

"Unfortunately, there isn't going to be a show this time, I'm afraid—"

"Yeah, because he wants to play with other women," Becca quickly chimed in as the guy whose lap she was on whispered something in her ear, causing her to laugh.

Seeing her sitting with him was a jab to my heart and a cut to my pride. I couldn't believe after everything she and I had done she would act like this with someone else. "So Allegra, who's your friend?"

Her eyes met mine before slowly dropping to Becca with a smile. "James, this is my brother, Neal. He's from New York."

Shit. He even lived closer to Becca. When she went back to school, there was no telling what could happen between the two of them.

"It's nice to meet you," Neal said with a grin as his determined gaze met my own.

"As it is you."

The conversation was short, and quickly, the others fell back into what they had been discussing. Yet, my eyes never left Neal's. He slowly slid his hand over Becca's bare thigh as if taunting me to do something.

I wasn't sure where his mind was, but without thinking about anything, I was marching towards them and snatching Becca off his lap and over my shoulder.

"What the f*ck!" she screamed, beating on my back, "James, put me down!"

"No," I snapped as I carried her towards the back of the building where the private and secluded rooms were. If she was looking for a good time, then I would be the only one to give it to her.

Opening the last door, I cast her onto the bed and closed the door behind us. She quickly stood and beat against my chest with tears in her eyes.

"You don't get to do this!" she yelled at me. "I was enjoying myself!"

“Enjoying yourself with who? Him? You don’t even f*cking know him!” I yelled at her, watching her stand firm in her view.

“Yeah, well, at least he is interested in me,” she retorted. However, there was something about the way she said it that let me know she wasn’t actually interested in him.

“Oh, I’m interested, Becca,” I said seductively as I stalked towards her, watching as she backed up until she was pressed against the bed.

My fingers slid underneath her dress to brush against the bare skin of her sex.

“No panties?” I gasped. “You really were trying to f*ck tonight, weren’t you?”

As I slipped my fingers inside her, she gasped, throwing her head back as my lips trailed against her neck. She was soaking wet for me, and the faster I thrust my fingers inside her, the harder her tight, wet p*ssy clenched against me.

“F*ck, don’t stop,” she purred as my thumb rubbed circles over her clit.

“You like this, don’t you?” I growled with excitement. “Do you want me? Or should I go get him to satisfy you?”

“Shut the f*ck up and f*ck me.” she snapped as her hands worked at the top of my pants.

As soon as I was free, she helped guide me inside her tight, wet c*nt. Groans of pleasure left both of us as I thrust hard and deep. Her hands gripped at the sheets on the bed as she hung over the edge, taking everything I was willing to give her.

I was going to make sure she knew whose pu*s*y this was.

Fate be damned. I didn’t care what anyone thought.

Becca was mine, and I would f*ck her until she knew it.