

Chapter 36 - 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.

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Becca.

Sunlight drifted through the room, and I slowly opened my eyes. I felt the dull pain that radiated through my head. How much had I drunk the night before?

“Shit, it’s bright,” I mumbled, stirring with the blankets, only to look down and realize the blankets were not the same as the ones at Allegra’s.

Looking around, I noticed I was in a different room, and slowly the memory of the night before came filtering into my mind. James had come to the club and possessed every inch of me.

The moment was erotic, and as he claimed me over and over again, I couldn't find the will to stand. My legs were like jelly, and each orgasm pushed me farther and farther.

How had I let myself fall back into what I was trying not to do? Everything about him screamed to stay away, especially after the conversation we'd had in his office. Yet, one touch from him had me melting, and there was no one else I wanted to be with.

Rolling over, I let my gaze fall upon his naked form and realized he was still sleeping next to me. The room wasn't his own, and it wasn't a hotel.

Stirring, he slowly opened his eyes and looked over at me with a smile.

"Good morning, beautiful."

"Good morning to you as well," I replied, looking around. "Where are we?"

A deep chuckle left his lips as he rubbed one hand over his face. "My apartment."

"You have an apartment?" I asked with confusion, not understanding why he would have one if he had a million dollar mansion with plenty of room to spare.

"Yes, I figured you wouldn't want to go back to my place considering Tally is there, and you were adamant about continuing our fun, so I brought us here."

Trying to recall that conversation, I couldn't. I remembered walking out of the pleasure room with him and saying goodbye to everyone, but after that, everything went black.

"I don't remember that," I admitted, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

"That's because you passed out in the car on the way here."

"So you had your way with me passed out?" I asked, slightly shocked.

A stern glare crossed his face as he shook his head and stood. "No, Becca. I, too, do have standards I live by, and sleeping with an unconscious woman, even one I have been seeing, is a no go for me."

"Then how did I get undressed?"

Walking to the bathroom, he left the door open and laughed. "Because I undressed you. Those clothes were restrictive and smelt like booze. I figured you would want to sleep comfortably."

No matter the sarcastic things he would say, he was still a gentleman, and for that, I was grateful. Had it been someone else, like Chad? He would have done things to me and told me I liked it.

As James reappeared from the bathroom with his massive c*ck swinging between his legs, I felt myself pulled from my thoughts. "Thank you for doing that."

"See something you like?" he smirked as he crawled across the bed towards me and gently kissed my lips.

"Yes—" the breathless remark caused him to rip back the covers as he slid his head between my thighs. His tongue licked across my folds before pressing deep inside me.

"James—" I gasped, trying not to moan. "Don't you think we should talk?"

"No," he mumbled against me as he continued to please me. The sucking pressure against my cl*t caused me to groan again in satisfaction.

"F*ck... I really think we should," I moaned, trying to get him to see reason in the moment. As much as I wanted him to continue, we really needed to discuss this.

Sighing, he stopped what he was doing and glanced up at me, licking his lips.

"I was trying to enjoy my breakfast."

Laughter escaped me as he sat up, wiping his mouth, and looked at me. "I'm sorry, but as much as I want you to continue and trust me, I do... we need to talk."

"What do you want to talk about, Becca?" he asked with a curious glance before sliding from the bed and pulling on a pair of low hanging basketball shorts.

"Uh, well, the fact we f*cked like animals last night and slept together in bed again, but yet we were supposed to be done with each other."

Shaking his head, he walked from the room, and quickly I jumped up and grabbed his shirt, throwing it over me. "Where are you going?"

"To get something to drink and call for food," he replied, completely ignoring what I said.

"James, this is serious," I repeated with a stern gaze.

"Yeah, I know. Everything that I want to eat is still closed right now, and I forgot I didn't have food in this place. Just bottles of water and some orange juice."

"James!" I snapped with wide-eyes and nothing but frustration on my face. "Please, we need to talk about this."

Putting his phone on the counter, he sighed and nodded his head. "Fine. Let's talk."

"Thank you. Now, what are we doing?" I asked, hoping he would quickly pick up the topic, because the longer we spent time together, the harder it was to deny the feelings I had for him.

"I know we talked about this stuff yesterday, Becca. But I told you I don't want to let you go. Seeing you last night, how you were, it made me realize I don't care what Tally has to say or anyone else. I care about you."

It was the only admission I had been hoping for, and I couldn't believe it had taken him this long to finally say something. "So what do you want with me, then?"

"Everything, Becca. I don't want to lose you."

Stepping closer to him, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. It was moments like this that James Valentino made my heart melt, and if he meant it, then I was down to try again.

"Don't break my heart again, James." I whispered. "I can't go through that heartache again."

Tally.

When my mother called me to tell me she wanted to meet me for lunch, I wasn't expecting anything other than a casual conversation. Yet, instead, when I walked in, I found her sitting with a dark burly man at a table in the far corner, away from prying eyes.

"Mom?" I said with hesitation as she smiled and gestured for me to take a seat.

"Oh, don't worry, hunny. This here is Thomas, and he is my private investigator. He told me he had something for me, and I figured we should get the information together."

Her smile spread from ear to ear, and I wasn't the least bit surprised to hear her say that she got someone like this.

After all, that was my mother in a nutshell. At times, she scared even me.

"Oh, sounds great. Can we order first? I'm starving."

"Of course, sweetie." She snapped her fingers to get a server to us right away.

"Yes, are you ready to order?" the girl asked, staring at us with a smile.

"Well, of course we are. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gestured for you to come over. Now, shut up and listen to what we want."

Thomas and I looked at each other for a moment with shocked expressions while my mother's eyes gazed over the menu. "I want a Caesar salad, extra dressing on the side with smoked salmon."

"Wonderful choice. For you ma'am?" She turned to me with a sheepish expression, as if she was on the verge of crying.

"Um, I'll take a burger and fries, please."

"Are you sure that's what you're going to eat? That's so bad for you," my mother scolded, but nodding my head at the girl, I rolled my eyes at my mother's words, watching as the girl took Thomas' order and then disappeared.

"So Thomas..." I said, trying to change the subject, "my mother said you had something to tell us?"

“Yes. I happened to follow your father, James Valentino, to a club last night called Club Velvet. Are you familiar with it?” He looked between the two of us.

My mother furrowed her brows, shaking her head. I knew she wouldn’t know what the place was, but I did. I had gone there a few times before, but I never expected my father to go there.

“Yes, it’s a fetish club,” I replied with a sigh. “He was there last night?”

“A fetish club!” Mother exclaimed with disgust. “What the hell was he doing there?”

“Well, it seems that before he arrived, this woman showed up with the girl Becca you were telling me about.” Sliding a photo over, I looked at the photo of my father dressed as normal, and then the photo with Becca in it.

My mouth dropped open, seeing her dressed the way she was. She was stunning, and that made my blood boil. No way in hell was she ever allowed to look better than me.

“Did they leave together?” I snapped in anger as my eyes kept glaring down at her figure.

“Well, according to my inside man, they were dancing, and he dragged her away towards one of the back rooms of the club. An hour later, they came out looking rather flustered, and then said goodnight to everyone and got in a car and left.”

Looking at my mother, I could tell that she was mortified. “They had sex in a disgusting club?”

“Mom, it’s a sex club. They have specific rooms for group sex and swingers.”

“Oh, my god! Your father is a swinger? What in the hell did I get myself involved with when I married that man?” I wasn’t sure why she was acting the way she was.

Perhaps it was because she didn’t want anyone to think she was into that lifestyle, but she was just as dirty as he was. I’d heard the stories she would tell when she was drunk, and she may not have remembered them, but I did.

“Do we know where they went after that?” my mother asked with a contorted expression on her face.

“Yes, it seems that your ex-husband owns an apartment here at River Edge. The two were seen going up the elevator, we are guessing, to this apartment,” Thomas replied, closing the file as the server came back with our food.

“So they aren’t going to stop seeing each other?” I asked no one in particular.

“It seems not, miss. Now, is there anything else that you would like to know?”

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Becca.

It had been a week since I gave James another chance. Through it all, everything was going great, but I still couldn't understand why he suddenly had the change of heart, considering he was so concerned about how Tally had felt before.

It was like someone had whacked him over the head, and he was an entirely different person. As much as he was amazing in bed, part of me internally giggled, wondering if he was having a mid-life crisis or something.

Regardless of the situation, I found myself rather content with how everything had been. Two days after we spent the night together, James told me to move into the apartment in Allegra's building. At first I was skeptical.

However, once I got settled in, I started seeing how nice it really was.

No longer did I have to worry about how things were going or if somebody was going to find us. Instead, I could do my thing whenever I wanted.

Which included walking naked around the apartment. Something James really liked. Especially when I had my garters and heels on for him.

When he wasn't around, I could watch what I wanted on TV. Come and go as I pleased, and most of all, James could be with me here as we would be if we were any other couple sharing a home.

Another thing that was nice...

It had been almost a week since Tally had reached out to me last. I wasn't quite sure if she was up to something, but I tried to remain positive and understand that perhaps she just needed time to get through all of this.

At least I wishfully thought that would be the case anyway.

After all, walking in on your father and your best friend in the middle of having sex was not something anybody would be able to get over quickly.

The sound of the front door opening caught my attention as I stood in the kitchen making a cup of tea. I wasn't expecting James yet, and my nerves sky rocketed.

"James?" I called from the kitchen as I came around the corner.

My nerves were on edge, but when my eyes met his, I smiled.

Placing down his briefcase and hanging up his jacket, his eyes met mine briefly, and a smile slowly stretched across his face. "Hey, sweetie."

No matter how he tried to hide it, I could tell something was wrong. Usually, when he came in, there was another aura surrounding him that screamed intimidation and sexual desire. Yet, right now, he seemed stressed out.

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to believe considering nobody knows outside of the group from Velvet I'm even seeing you."

The frustration was obvious in his eyes. James was angry, and I wasn't sure what he was going to do. "I see. Did she say what she was going to do?"

James met my glance and laughed, shaking his head. "Oh, she did, but I'm not repeating that."

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"Because I don't want you worrying about it."

Everything he said made perfect sense. It wouldn't surprise me, honestly, if Tally was the one who had been spreading these vicious rumors around. I hadn't caught wind of them until the day before, and only because Allegra came to me and told me the things she had heard.

I was concerned. This was exactly the thing I didn't want to happen, and even though I was down in Miami, I worried it was going to get back to my school or even my father.

"Is there a way to get her to stop? You know that Allison and Tally are the ones doing this."

James nodded his head. "There is a way to get her to stop. I can cut the relationship with you and send you back to New York under the declaration you were never to return and cause a fool of yourself in Miami again..."

My eyes widened in shock hearing what he said, but before I could open my mouth, he held his finger up to tell me to wait.

"... or I can simply give her hush money and continue our relationship, but then I would literally be giving her money until the day she dies."

It was absolutely atrocious she was handing him these demands. "That's enough, James. There's no way you can continue to let her keep acting this way. I told you the separation would have been good for us. That you doing your thing would have prevented all these issues, and now the one thing I didn't want to happen is happening. Can you see the implications this brings?"

“Of course I can, but instead of sitting there thinking nothing can be done, I’m over here fighting for the relationship I want with you,” he snapped with irritation.

None of it made sense to me, and as he called it a relationship, I couldn’t help but feel my heart break because this was not a relationship to him.

He didn’t want Allison dictating to him what he could and couldn’t do, and every day there were little things he did that made me see that.

Walking towards him, I took a seat, trying to consider what I was going to do. If I continued going the route I was, things were going to escalate and get worse.

If I called it off now and packed my things, I could be on the first flight in the morning back up to Yale to get my life situated there.

I still had three weeks before school was back in session, and even though all of this was going on, it would be the perfect time to find a new apartment because I doubted Tally was going to still want to share an apartment with me after everything.

“James, perhaps we should just call this quits. Look at how things are going. It’s chaotic, and everything is a mess. Even though we’re able to be ourselves here, we’re still hiding in the shadows for fear of what Allison or Tally would do, and that was exactly what you said that you didn’t want.”

James hesitated for a moment and quickly shook his head no. “I will not give in to them. In fact, I was going to let you know I have a gala coming up, and I would love for you to go with me.”

“A gala?” I questioned, raising my brow, curious to know more. “What exactly is the gala for?”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a black card with gold foiled letters on it.

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“Will there be a lot of the prominent society people you work with here?” I asked with slight hesitation. I wasn’t sure that would be the place for me to go.

“Yes, there will be, but that’s the point. I don’t want to hide you. I want to share it with you.” The look in James’s eyes was genuine. I could tell he was being completely honest, but it still made me worry.

A high society gala meant Allison and Tally were going to be there. Anything with the words fancy and high society screamed for Allison and Tally’s attention.

“When is this gala?” I asked him, finally caving into the idea after taking a moment to think about it.

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Grinning, I shook my head, giving a small laugh. “Are you kidding... with Allegra, she would have me ready tomorrow if I asked it of her.”

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“Yeah, she is. Since I crashed at her place, she comes by and sees me often, not that I’m complaining.”

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“How are we going to deal with Allison?” I whispered, as I looked at him for answers.

I wanted him to tell me everything was going to be okay. I wanted him to guarantee me she would not tarnish my reputation and would eventually give up on everything.

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“I will handle it. Don’t you worry about a thing. I won’t let her hurt you.”

His words were comforting, but no matter the unproclaimed promise, I couldn’t help but feel as if my future was slipping from my hands.

Was I being a fool to think normal was possible?

Chapter 40 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

It had been a week since I gave James another chance. Through it all, everything was going great, but I still couldn't understand why he suddenly had the change of heart, considering he was so concerned about how Tally had felt before.

It was like someone had whacked him over the head, and he was an entirely different person. As much as he was amazing in bed, part of me internally giggled, wondering if he was having a mid-life crisis or something.

Regardless of the situation, I found myself rather content with how everything had been. Two days after we spent the night together, James told me to move into the apartment in Allegra's building. At first I was skeptical.

However, once I got settled in, I started seeing how nice it really was.

No longer did I have to worry about how things were going or if somebody was going to find us. Instead, I could do my thing whenever I wanted.

Which included walking naked around the apartment. Something James really liked. Especially when I had my garters and heels on for him.

When he wasn't around, I could watch what I wanted on TV. Come and go as I pleased, and most of all, James could be with me here as we would be if we were any other couple sharing a home.

Another thing that was nice...

It had been almost a week since Tally had reached out to me last. I wasn't quite sure if she was up to something, but I tried to remain positive and understand that perhaps she just needed time to get through all of this.

At least I wishfully thought that would be the case anyway.

After all, walking in on your father and your best friend in the middle of having sex was not something anybody would be able to get over quickly.

The sound of the front door opening caught my attention as I stood in the kitchen making a cup of tea. I wasn't expecting James yet, and my nerves sky rocketed.

"James?" I called from the kitchen as I came around the corner.

My nerves were on edge, but when my eyes met his, I smiled.

Placing down his briefcase and hanging up his jacket, his eyes met mine briefly, and a smile slowly stretched across his face. "Hey, sweetie."

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