

## Chapter 4 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

The warm Miami heat toasted my skin as I lay on a white lounge chair by the pool. As much as I wished I had this kind of comfort back in Savannah, I didn't. It was more humid there than enjoyable, and Miami weather was much different.

It was one thing I enjoyed about this place.

This was the one comfort I took from years of hard work for my future. While I was here in Miami, I could be anyone and do anything my heart desired.

Because no one knew who I was, and after a lifetime of having to be someone in particular—well, it was welcoming.

Tally had insisted on having a bunch of people over for a pool party, and as they milled around in the cool water laughing and drinking, I couldn't help but feel annoyed by them.

They seemed so carefree with their upscale lifestyles, able to come and go as they wanted. Never really having to work for anything, and having their parents hand them money whenever they wanted.

That wasn't something I was accustomed to. My parents had worked hard all their lives to give me the best they could, and even now, I worked hard too. Because I planned on taking care of my father one day. My mom had passed away a few years ago.

Dad had given up so much for me, and unlike the rest of these people who expected to have whatever they wanted—I wouldn't take my parents for granted.

“Are you just going to lie there all day or come join us?” Tally asked as her shadowed form peered down at me, blocking out the sunlight I had been enjoying.

“I am joining you, but just from this chair. The sun feels amazing, and I don't feel like swimming,” I told her with honesty as I relaxed further into my seat.

"At least you're drinking," she smirked.

Holding up my margarita, I let the corner of my lips rise. "That I am. Tequila and sunshine."

"With hot guys?"

"Uh-no," I laughed. "I can satisfy myself. Haven't you heard it's the twenty-first century? Women don't need men. We have each other and toys for our entertainment purposes."

"Well, that needs to change. I want you to meet someone," she replied, rolling her eyes.

My lips met tightly as I shook my head. "No, Tally. I told you before. I'm not ready."

"Oh, my god. It's literally been almost a month, Becca. You're wasting your time being no fun at all because Chad was f\*cking someone else."

What the f\*ck?

Taken aback by her forward response, I looked at her in shock. "Wow. Thanks for that."

She may be my best friend, but she was a f\*cking bitch sometimes.

Letting out an exasperated sigh, she sat down next to me, placing her chin in her hand. "You know what I mean. I—I just want you to be happy again."

"Well, then maybe my boyfriend shouldn't have been f\*cking someone behind my back. Second of all, I am happy."

Groaning with frustration, she rolled her eyes again. "Let it go already. He isn't worth it."

"Oh, I am well aware of that," I scoffed. "Now, leave me alone. I'm fine."

"No, you're not. I don't know why you keep lying to yourself," she replied, causing me to shake my head. She had no idea what she was talking about.

"Why don't you stop worrying about trying to play matchmaker and find yourself someone to play with?" I urged her with a smile as I closed my eyes behind dark sunglasses and tried to get back to relaxing.

"I am really happy you came, Becca," Tally said after a moment of silence. "There is no telling where we will be next year, and I have missed spending my summers with you over the last few years."

Peeking open one of my eyes, I watched the sincere expression cross her face. She was being honest, but there was something about the way she acted lately that told me otherwise.

It was as if she was happy, but then also hiding something. Deciding not to press further, I let a smile crest my lips. "I'm glad I came too. But I'm still not letting you play matchmaker."

"No fun." She laughed hysterically. "Fine... do what you want."

"Oh, I will. Now, hurry and get back to that sexy redhead. He has been watching you with f\*ck-me eyes since the moment you left the pool and came over here."

Turning her head, she peered at him, pushing down her glasses slightly before giving him a small wave. "He is cute, huh?"

"Yeah, he is," I replied. "But he is more your type, so you have fun. I will catch another man some other time. I am content for right now."

"Fine, fine," She smirked. "Don't say I didn't try."

Turning on her feet, she skipped over towards the red-haired man who pulled her into the pool. Her giggling voice echoed through the air as I settled back into the comforting zone I was in before she arrived.

However, without warning, another figure took her place, and it was that of a godly built Hispanic man with a clear agenda on his mind.

"Well, hello gorgeous."

Raising a brow, I let my eyes rack over him before a sigh escaped me. "No."

"No?"

"Yeah, no," I snorted. "Look, I don't know what Tally has told you, but I'm not interested, honestly. I just want to do my own thing and lie by the pool, relaxing."

"She told me you played hard to get. I like that in a woman."

Oh, for f\*ck's sake. Is he stupid?

"No, I am not the kind of woman to lead a guy on. I am genuinely not interested... I'm sorry, I didn't get your name..."

"Alejandro," he replied. "What might your name be?"

"My name?" The question followed with laughter as he nodded his head. "It's... I'm not interested."

I wasn't trying to be a bitch, but I also wasn't going to beat around the bush. I grew up with the philosophy that it was better to be forward and to the point.

Alejandro stared at me for a moment with disbelief as I tilted my head, curious about his response. But in shock, he simply smiled.

"I like it," he claimed as he tried to lean closer, my eyes widening as I quickly moved back and stood from my seat. Was he really trying to make a move on me?

"Excuse me, but I told you I wasn't interested," I snapped as I grabbed my things and quickly made my way inside.

To think Tally had actually sent that guy to meet me. Disgusting.

"Becca, what's wrong?" Tally called from where she was in the pool. "Don't be like that."

Don't be like that. Was she f\*cking serious right now?

Without saying a word, I shut the door to the kitchen behind me. Taking off the wide brim sun hat I was wearing, and laying it down on the counter, I took a deep breath.

"I can't believe—"

"Where are you going, beautiful?" Alejandro said behind me while closing the door.

Spinning on my feet, I watched as he stumbled his way towards me. It was clear now this guy had been drinking, and from the way he kept looking at me, he only wanted one thing.

"Look, I will say this slower for you, so you understand. I'm not interested, honestly."

Laughter left his lips as he walked towards me. "You don't have to lie."

"I can assure you I am not lying," I replied, backing away from him. "Now, please just leave me alone."

"Leave you alone?" He laughed again. "Women wish they could be in your shoes. I am one of the most eligible men in Miami..."

"Please, stop!" I yelled at him as he backed me into the fridge. My heart raced, and my palms were clammy. The last thing I wanted was to be in this situation, but at the same time, I didn't want to attack the man.

I just wanted him to leave me alone.

"I think you're just scared. I heard about your ex, and I promise I won't hurt you."

Was this man f\*cking serious?!

"How dare you?!" I screamed as I tried to move around him. "You don't even know me, and you have no right to say such things to me."

Grabbing my arm, Alejandro pushed me against the counter, pinning me with his body. I knew exactly what was going through his mind, but there was no way I was going to let that happen.

Thinking fast, I brought my knee up and clocked him between his legs.

"You f\*cking bitch!" he roared as his hand came up, slapping me across the face. He had hit me, and my desperation in getting away became even more real.

"Let me go!" I yelled, hoping anyone would come to intervene. I didn't want to be the woman who was sexually assaulted at the party because no one noticed she was missing.

"Stop, stop." He laughed as I struggled against him. "Stop fighting me, mi amor. Let me show you how to love again. I will forgive you for your actions just a moment ago."

"Get the f\*ck off me!" I screamed as his hand came over my mouth.

"Oh, baby come on—" he panted. "I know you want this."

"What the f\*ck is going on here?" James snapped as he walked into the kitchen.

Alejandro turned, looking over his shoulder, and scoffed. "Mind your business, old man."

It was obvious this kid didn't know who James was, but with the way James' eyes narrowed and his fists clenched, I could tell he was about to find out.

"Excuse me?" James sneered, "I think you need to leave... now."

I found myself wary about the way James spoke, and I would have sworn that this guy would have as well. However, that wasn't the case.

"You heard me..."

Before Alejandro could finish his sentence, James grabbed him by the neck and brought him in close. "I am the owner of this house, and if you don't leave right now, I will make sure your future in Miami is done. Do YOU understand ME?"

Trepidation spiraled through me as I watched the scene unfold.

Alejandro was ripped from my body, and as he was, I fell to my knees on the floor, trying to catch my breath and calm my racing heart.

If James had not stepped in, god knows what would have happened. Alejandro was much bigger than me, and I was already having a hard time fighting him off.

The two men struggled in the kitchen until security arrived, and James had him thrown from the house. He had been my rescuer when no one else was around.

Tally and I were seriously going to have words about this.

I couldn't believe she thought this guy was the right fit for me. He was everything I despised in a man, and so much more.

"Are you okay?" James asked, pulling me from my thoughts. My eyes slowly met his as my breath caught in my throat. Through everything I had just gone through...

He took my breath away and set my body on fire.