

## Chapter 44 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

The night was supposed to be perfect, but once again, my ignorant ex-wife ruined it. It seemed, no matter what I tried to do with Becca, Allison couldn't get it through her head that I was happy and didn't want her.

After years of not dealing with her, the first time I take an interest in a woman like this, she acts out. Sitting in my office at my house, I chased back another glass of whiskey and looked at the clock.

It was close to 6:00 in the morning, and I still hadn't found the courage to go see Becca. I should have followed her last night, but I couldn't.

Becca was angry, and she had every right to be. One thing I had learned, though, is when a woman is angry, it's better to give her space to calm down instead of constantly giving her something to be pissed off about.

So here I sat. Staring at this stupid f\*cking photo on the wall in my office. I wasn't sure why I bought it. It was gloomy and depressing, or at least I thought so.

Everything about its dark shadowed trees and lonely streets under the moon screamed exactly how I felt. Unsure and conflicted.

Did I walk down a street like this and do so alone?

Or did I allow myself to walk with another and brighten up the street with her smile?

Again, complications and conflicts weighed upon my shoulders, making it impossible to think straight. How was I supposed to be of use to her when I wasn't sure about what I wanted myself?

Letting out a heavy sigh, I stood and proceeded upstairs.

Sleep was calling me, and it was the only place I needed to be. However, my phone ringing had me jumping to answer it, hoping that it was the brown-haired, blue-eyed beauty who had captivated me, but to my surprise, it wasn't.

"Allegra," I said with a sigh as I continued my venture towards my room. "What can I do for you?"

For her to be calling me, she had something on her mind, and considering how the evening had gone, I could only imagine what it was going to be about.

"Good morning to you as well. I take it you haven't gone to sleep yet?" Her voice was filled with amusement, as if she was going to tell me something I would not be happy about.

"No, I haven't. Why?"

"Oh, just curious," Allegra teased happily.

"Allegra..." I sighed again before running my hand over my face, trying to keep calm. "You called for a reason. Can you please just tell me what it is so I can go to sleep?"

There was a moment of silence on the phone before I heard her sigh. Whatever she was going to tell me, I had a feeling I wouldn't like it, but being as patient as possible, I waited.

"Well, I know a current beautiful brunette who isn't sleeping where she should be sleeping," she said, causing my heart to race.

"What the hell are you talking about? Becca's not at the apartment?" I asked with panic setting into me. Where the hell was she, and why wasn't she in the apartment?

"Allison showed up at the apartment, James."

F\*ck. Of course that bitch did. "Shit. Is Becca okay?"

"Do you seriously have to ask that question? Allison and Becca got into it, and the neighbor told me, so I went to check on Becca. She was pretty upset."

This was the kind of news I wasn't expecting.

Allegra's words were like a knife to my gut.

Things had already been bad at the gala so to hear this had happened as well was not good.

I had expected Allegra would call and berate me after the way I acted tonight and perhaps tell me I was a selfish asshole for not putting Allison in her place at the gala.

If only they knew I was in a place where I couldn't just act out. All eyes were on me because I brought Becca, and also because Allison and Tally were there.

They probably expected a shit show to happen, but of course, I kept my composure.

Yet, I find out Allison had other plans and had just made things worse.

"You're serious?" I gasped, looking around my room in disbelief. "Is she—you know what? I'm on my way. I will be there in a minute."

"It's too late," she said quickly before I could hang up.

"What do you mean, it's too late? Where is Becca, Allegra?" Gripping my phone tightly, I waited to hear her say what I expected.

"You know what that means, James. Please don't make me explain this. Your ex has put her through shit and then shows up at that place. She doesn't feel safe there. Not to mention the threats that were being thrown around—"

"Threats? What f\*cking threats? Where the f\*ck is she, Allegra?" I all but shouted into the phone. My frustration was growing, and the need to seek revenge for Becca came to the front of my mind.

How could anyone treat her like that?

Shit... how could I allow her to be treated like that.

"Don't take that tone with me, James. You have no one to blame but yourself. You're lucky she stayed around this long. I have said enough.... If you want more information, you will have to talk to her. When she is ready."

Allegra didn't wait for me to say anything else before she quickly hung up the phone, leaving me with questions that needed answers.

Allison had stooped to an all new low and confronted Becca after having already spoken down at her through the evening.

Left in a state of disbelief, I stood there with my car keys in my hand, holding my phone.

"Son of a bitch!" I screamed, chucking my keys across the room screaming in rage.

Allison was the bane of my existence, and no matter what I did to make things work with Becca, this stupid bitch wouldn't learn to stop.

Frustration and hatred filled me knowing a woman I had grown up with and loved at one point in my life had so much selfishness and pride in her she couldn't let me be happy.

I had given her everything, and for the first time in my life, I found someone else to make me happy, and she couldn't let me have even that.

Instead, she wanted more. She felt entitled to everything I poured my heart, sweat, and tears into because she wanted to fill some void in her heart that grew black because of her own greed.

There was only so much someone could take, and if I lost Becca because of Allison, I would never forgive her.

Allegra was right. I had no one to blame but myself.

Becca didn't want Tally or anyone to find out about our little situation, but instead of listening to what she had to say, I was greedy and allowed Tally to find out.

I specifically went against what she had asked of me just so I could take her out and show her off as if she was something new I had bought.

How was I honestly ever going to fix that with her?

I was a grown man acting like a boy in high school instead of being the man she deserved to have. I could hope some other man could fill the place I was failing to keep. Yet, even the thought of that made my stomach turn.

I hadn't meant to care for in this way, but every moment with her was becoming more and more addicting every day.

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Becca.

Sleep overtook me not long after I laid upon the bed in Allegra's spare bedroom. I didn't realize I was tired, but in the end, I was more tired than expected.

By the time I woke up, the sun was high in the sky, and the filtered voices of Neal and Allegra came from down the hall.

Rolling over, I stared at the clock with a sigh.

My phone dead, and my mind foggy, I forced myself to get up and move towards the living room. There was no reason for me to sit around and be moopy. I had to find the strength to put this all behind me.

As I stepped into the living room, I found them both sitting on the sofa talking. However, as soon as I came into view, they became quiet and turned to me with small smiles upon their faces.

"How are you doing?" Neal asked.

How was I doing? I wasn't even sure how I was doing.

Just lie Becca. After all, they won't know the difference. Disassociation at its best.

"I'm fine," I replied, shrugging my shoulders. "It was never anything serious."

"You both may not have made it official, but it sure as bloody hell looked that way." Allegra added, causing me to laugh.

"I'm done with it all, guys. It's too much to handle, and this was not what I signed up for with him. He is amazing, and god... in bed, he was incredible, but I will go back to school in a few weeks. So it's better to just end it now," I finally said, getting everything off my chest.

Every part of me wanted to cry, but I couldn't let myself do that.

I couldn't continue to get upset over a man who was going to act the way he was. It was beyond ridiculous, and all I was doing was making a fool out of myself.

"You deserve better," Neal said quietly as I met his gaze.

"Thanks, but I think it's best I stay away from men for a while. Maybe one day things will become less complicated, but as much as I wish that was true with James, I know it won't be. Allison will never let it go."

"Ain't that the f\*cking truth." Allegra mumbled, sipping her drink.

The comment caused me to laugh as I poured my orange juice and made my way towards where they were sitting.

"Anyway... like I said, I'm fine. Shit happens. At the end of the day, life is only ten percent what happens to us, and ninety percent how we handle it."

"Oh, words from the wise?" Neal chuckled. "I like that saying."

"Thanks. It's my dad's favorite saying."

Thinking about my father, I contemplated going to see him. It was moments like this when I wished I was with him so he could hug me and tell me everything was going to be okay.

Even if he would give James a piece of his mind, hearing him tell me it's going to be okay meant the world to me at the moment.

"Well, that's wonderful," Allegra said cheerfully. "Go get your pretty ass dressed up. We are going to have lunch and do a bit of retail therapy."

Laughing softly, I shook my head. "I can't... I just don't have it in me."

"Stop," she said quickly, holding her hand up. "I'm not going to let you sulk around down here. This is Miami, Becca, and women down here don't take shit from anyone. In a way, Allison is trying to get you to submit, and we are going to show her, and anyone else, for that matter, that you won't play their games. Now, go."

There was no arguing with this woman, and nodding my head, I rolled my eyes and headed back to my room to get ready. I wasn't entirely sure what she had planned, but I had no doubt in my mind that it was going to be more than interesting.

After all, interesting was this woman's love language.