

Chapter 45 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

There is no time like the present to change the path of your future. For if we live in the past too long, we get caught up in what could have been instead of setting forth what can be.

I didn't think I would be able to get past what had happened, but as always, Allegra was able to get me through it all. She distracted my mind so I wasn't sitting around, thinking about how what I desired to have with James could never happen.

"What do you think about these sandals?" Allegra asked as I looked through an array of sunglasses in a shop near the beach. Turning to her, I tilted my head a bit as I stared down at her feet.

"Those are actually really cute."

"I thought so too," She muttered before pulling her wallet from her purse and handing the cashier money. "I'm getting them."

Looking around further, I tried to see if there was anything I could find I might enjoy. However, the more I looked, the more everything seemed to remind me of James.

"Becca, shall we all go get lunch?" Neal said, coming up beside me with a smile on his face. "Allegra said there is a cute beach place near here that has amazing fish tacos."

"Uh, yeah, that sounds good to me," I replied as my phone rang. "Let me just take this really quick."

He nodded his head, and I slowly moved past him and pulled out my phone. Once again, James was calling me, and I wasn't sure what to say to him.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed the green button answering the call.

"Hello?" I whispered as my heart fluttered.

"Rebecca—" he replied breathlessly. "Where are you?"

"Out, why?"

There was an exaggerated sigh from his end that made me roll my eyes as I stared out at the ocean in front of me. "Please don't act like this..."

"Act like what, James? Don't call me telling me how I need to act when you are the one who caused all of this chaos."

"You know what I meant—" he replied quickly, and even though part of me knew what he meant, it changed nothing. Why did I have to be the one to submit?

"No, I don't James. Please explain to me what you meant because you keep saying that I know, but unfortunately, I don't. How am I supposed to know when you don't explain?"

There it was. My admission of truth to him.

I didn't know what he wanted or what he was thinking.

One moment, he was saying he wanted to be with me and was treating me like a queen, and then the next moment, he had me feeling like I was nothing but a complication.

"I mean, don't act like you're mad at me," he replied.

"Mad? Is that what you think I am?" I asked.

"It's obvious you're mad, and I don't understand why you're acting this way when I'm trying to fix things," he snapped with a sigh. "I'm trying to make things better."

"Do you really want to make things better?"

"Of course, I do, Becca." James replied with exhaustion. "I want you back with me."

Turning around, I looked towards Neal and Allegra, who were laughing over something I hadn't been privy to. Allegra's eyes met mine with a smile.

She had been right about something... I shouldn't let all the drama get to me.

"James, before you start worrying about things with me, you need to get your ex-wife under control. I won't allow her to ruin my life because she has a vendetta against you."

"Becca, I can sort her out, but you don't need to worry about her."

"James, she threatened to go to the f*cking media and ruin Yale for me. I won't f*ck up my future because you can't handle your ex-wife. How dare you tell me not to worry about her when she is threatening me?" I finally snapped.

It was a long time coming, but what did he expect?

I wouldn't be sucked into the drama again.

"Okay," James replied. "I will handle her. Will you please just come over to my place this week so we can talk about everything in person? I don't like this phone shit."

"Yeah, okay. I will keep you posted, but right now I have to go."

Not bothering to give him room to keep talking, I hung up the phone and walked back towards Allegra and Neal.

"Everything okay?" Allegra asked with a curious smile.

"Yep, more than okay." My words may have convinced them, but they were far from convincing me.

James.

Walking into my office at work, I tried to let my conversation with Becca go. I hadn't expected her to act the way she did, but I was wrong to assume she would forgive easily.

She had every right to be mad, but in the end, I would fix it.

"Evette, Allison is coming in today. Make sure she isn't stopped."

Evette's eyes met mine with confusion and small, parted lips. "Sir... are you sure?"

Raising my gaze to meet her, I smiled. "Yes, I'm sure. It will be okay."

Nodding her head, she exited my office, and quickly, I fell into the pace of work. There was much I was behind on since I had started seeing Becca. It wasn't that big of an issue, but it wasn't good business.

An hour later, my office door opened, and Allison walked in with her head held high. Dressed up and not a spot of makeup out of place, she looked as if she was coming here for a reward, and not for a meeting.

"Allison, thank you for coming."

"Well, I couldn't very well say no when you asked so nicely. I am curious what the meeting is about," she replied demurely, her smile brightened by her red lipstick.

Taking a seat across from me, I watched as she crossed her legs to purposely show off the white tops of her garters as if trying to entice me.

"I'm pretty sure you know exactly what the meeting is for."

Taking a moment, she tapped her well-manicured nails on the desk and smiled. "I take it that you didn't like my behavior at the gala."

"That would be one reason. The second would be the way you showed up at my apartment harassing my guest," I countered, watching as her smile fell and was quickly replaced with a sneer.

"Don't you mean our apartment, James?"

"No," I snapped. "It isn't our apartment, Allison. It's mine and had one of my business members been there that night instead of her, you could have cost me money. I want to make it very clear to you that if you show up there again, I will have you arrested."

Anger burned within the depths of her eyes as she stared at me.

She knew I was serious because it wouldn't be the first time I had called the police on her. Allison had a tendency to be very dramatic, and it was typically because she had been drinking.

"What is it you see in that girl? She has nothing to offer you, and she isn't part of our world. I know you saw at the gala how everyone looked at her. She didn't belong among us and never will," Allison replied with disdain.

I had noticed what she was talking about, but then I wasn't exactly someone who cared too much about what people said. Even if I didn't do anything about Allison that night.

The only thing I wanted was for us to have an enjoyable evening, and instead, it had been ruined. Everything was ruined—because of Allison.

"I want to clarify—this is the last time I have to speak to you about this. If you continue to harass her, I will have her press charges against you. To hear you verbally threatened her at the apartment was disgusting and beneath you."

"Disgusting?" she yelled, standing. "What's disgusting is knowing that I was married to a man who was sleeping with a woman the same age as his daughter. That's disgusting."

This was something I was growing tired of hearing. Repeatedly, she brought this up, and so did Tally. I was a loving father to my daughter, but over the years, she was growing more and more like her mother.

I had done everything for my family, and just because a woman I was interested in now was the same age as my daughter, that doesn't mean I had an interest in young girls.

"That is beyond disgusting, and if you don't stop making those comments, we're going to have a problem, Allison. I may be a lot of things, but sleeping with underage girls isn't something I'm about. So stop making those suggestions."

"It's a pity, James," she sighed as she moved from my desk. "If I had known you were this possessive and aggressive back then, I would have tried harder for you."

Laughter escaped me, halting her in her steps towards me. "There is no way. You have to deserve that kind of aggression, Allison. It isn't freely given when you act the way you do."

I had been a dark man for a very long time and taking women of a certain breed was something I enjoyed. I couldn't have a woman like Allison anymore.

She didn't listen, and she was selfish.

Becca, though, she was submissive and willing. It was a joint effort with her. She made me feel like we were a team in a way. Someone I could spend my life with if I wanted too. I wasn't going to be treated the way Allison had treated me for years.

"How dare you say something like that to me!" she snapped. "I was the perfect wife!"

"Perfect? Hardly," I snorted. "I'm done with entertaining you, Allison. What I have said is what I have said. I don't want you near my apartment, and if you don't leave Becca alone, I will come after you full force."

"James, you aren't being serious." She stared at me as if looking for me to give way to some amusing jester that would suggest I was kidding.

"I'm very serious, Allison. Honestly, I think you need to go back to rehab and look at how to get your life back on track. You have never been this bad before, and lately, you aren't someone I even recognize. Now please... you may excuse yourself."

Tears built in her eyes at my words, but there was no way I would allow myself to give in to her emotions, no matter how long we had spent together. She may have been the mother of my child, but I wouldn't allow her to act this way.

Even if it wasn't Becca, and it was another woman... they didn't deserve that from her.

Hopefully, this time, she would heed my warning.

Otherwise, god help her the next time she acted out.