

Chapter 5 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

The moment that I walked into the house and saw the situation Becca was in, I lost it. I had heard her plea for help when I opened the front door, but it wasn't until I saw her that I realized how desperate she was for someone to step in.

The boy had her pinned, and with every movement he was making, I saw red.

"What the f*ck is going on here?" I snapped, my eyes narrowing at the man before me. I wanted more than anything to rip him apart and watch him die painfully at my hands.

Yet, I wasn't sure why I wanted that so much. Punishing him, yes, I would do that for any woman.

But killing him... it made it feel more personal.

I watched as the kid looked over his shoulder at me and sneered, "Mind your business, old man."

Old man?! He did want to die today, didn't he? Kids have no f*cking respect anymore.

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

He laughed, and with that laugh, I decided not to wait for him to comply.

"You heard me..."

Before he was able to get another word out, I had grabbed him and dropped him to the floor. My hand on his throat as I stared daggers at him.

"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?"

Fear laced the young man's eyes as I stared down at him. He realized he'd f*cked up, and there was no going back from what he'd done.

Before he could say anything else, Trevor and Zane entered the kitchen and dragged the man away. They were in charge of security and already knew what to do without me saying anything.

I wanted to know who he was, and who his family was. They would all pay for the disrespect he had shown not only to me but to Becca as well.

Becca...

Turning to face her, I found her on her knees trying to catch her breath. She was shaken up and seemed to be trying to get her bearings.

"Are you okay?" I asked as her eyes fluttered up to meet mine, and she shakily stood. My hand reached out to balance her as she nodded.

"I think so," she sighed. "I'm so sorry about that, Mr. Valentino—"

"How many times do I have to tell you to call me James?" The soft laugh that left my lips caused her cheeks to blush. I was making her uncomfortable, but god, every time she did that, all I wanted to do was kiss her.

"I'm sorry—James." She whispered, "I think I should go."

Pushing past me, she made her way down the hall, but even as I watched her go, I didn't want her to.

My thoughts about her were wrong, yet, something about being close to her felt right.

Becca.

"Wait." His voice stopped me in my tracks, and as I turned around, I watched him close in on me. His fists were clenched, and his jaw was sitting in a tense way that made me uneasy.

"What's wrong—"

"I can't let you go knowing that you could be hurt. Are you sure you're okay?" His words weren't ones I was expecting, but my heart swelled knowing that he was concerned.

"I'm fine, but thank you for making sure. You don't have to."

Furrowed brows stared back at me with confusion. "Why wouldn't I have to?"

Opening and closing my mouth, I tried to find the words that refused to escape me. I was suddenly afraid to say the wrong thing in front of him.

"I know that your concern is only because I'm your daughter's friend. As I do appreciate you saving me from that guy... I don't want you to feel obligated to make sure I'm okay—"

"You're not an obligation." His quick response caught me off guard, and as the space closed between us, I found my back against the wall. "I want to make sure you are always okay."

"Thanks." There wasn't much that I could say, but as I looked at him, I could tell he was sincere. "I do appreciate you stepping in to stop him."

He stepped towards me, wrapping his arms around me, and pulling me to his chest in a hug. I had never been hugged by this man before, but something about the way I felt in his arms just seemed right.

"James—" I whispered softly as he continued to hold me longer than he should have. The sound of his inhaling the scent of my hair was evident as he slowly pulled away and looked at me.

"No woman deserves to be treated the way you were treated, Becca. Like I said, I will always make sure that you are okay. Because you deserve to be treated like a queen. Not like a piece of property."

His words stunned me, and before I could say anything, he turned with quick movements, clenching and unclenching his fists, and walked down the hallway towards his office.

I wasn't sure what had just happened, but I was sure of one thing.

James had saved my life in a way.

My eyes stared down the hall long after his office door had closed. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do now, but turning on my feet, I slowly moved towards the stairs just in time to see Tally flirting with some guy.

"Tally," I said calmly as I tried to hold myself together, "can we talk?"

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed as she turned to face me. "I was wondering where you were. Did you two hit it off like I had hoped?"

There was a smirk on her face as she winked that made me cringe with anger.

Hit it off? Was she f*cking serious?

"Uh, no. We most definitely didn't," I scoffed.

Stunned by my remark, she looked around before her eyes fell once again on the man at her side, "Well, where is he?"

Hatred.

At that moment, there was nothing but pure hatred for her and the way she was acting. This was entirely her fault because she never lets things go or listened when people said no.

Placing my hands on my hips, I shook my head. "Well, considering your father threw him out of the house I would say who knows."

Her friend seemed confused and quickly pulled his phone out, no doubt to call the piece of shit that had come on to me.

"Becca," Tally quickly said, stepping closer to me. "What happened? I thought you liked him."

"Are you f*cking kidding me?" I gasped. "He was a f*cking moron who didn't take no too well. I can't believe that you would tell him I wanted him after I told you no."

Without warning, the guy put his phone away and gestured for the others to go. Tally's eyes looked around, shocked at what was happening as she ran after them out the front door.

To think that she was more worried about them leaving than what had happened to me.... It was beyond heartbreaking considering I was her friend.

Storming up the stairs, I made my way towards my room, but before I could even close the door, Tally was suddenly right behind me.

"What the f*ck happened? They said you had my father throw him out of the house for no reason whatsoever!" she yelled looking at me as if I was the one who'd lost my mind.

"Seriously?" I replied in disbelief. "Out of all the years you have known me, what part of that makes any sense to you? He f*cking attacked me, Tally. Tried to force himself on me after I told him repeatedly I wasn't interested."

Crossing her arms over her chest, she sneered at me. "I don't believe that. He is a super nice guy and comes from a very wealthy family."

"Is that so?" I laughed. "Why don't you go ask your dad then because he heard the conversation and can tell you exactly what happened."

Without warning, Tally marched out of my room, slamming my door behind her. I didn't care where she was going at that moment. She had made it clear she was going to believe those f*cks over me.

That was a line she shouldn't have crossed, in my opinion.

The more and more I looked at how our friendship had been going over the years, the more I realized she had changed, and not in a good way.

She was more self-centered, more ridiculous in her entitled opinions.

It was disgusting. But then, we both grew up with very different lifestyles. The only thing I could do was decide to cut my ties with her altogether or simply forgive her and learn to watch myself next time.

A pit of guilt and agony built within my chest as a wave of uneasiness washed over me. I didn't want to lose her even if she had issues because I knew the kind of person she could be, and this wasn't it.

Contemplating my choices, I groaned with frustration and walked to my door to go speak to her, but as soon as I opened it, I saw her standing there with tear-filled eyes.

"Becca—" She choked out a sob. "He told me. I'm so sorry for not believing you. I'm so f*cking sorry that I caused that to happen."

Well, f*ck. How am I supposed to be mad at her now?

I wanted to forgive her, but at the same time, I didn't want her to just say sorry because she was guilty. That wasn't the apology I expected to have.

"Tally, I told you no," I sighed. "Why can't you just listen to me? After everything that happened with Chad, you know how I feel about being with another man."

Nodding her head, she dried her tears. "I know. I f*cked up, Becca. I didn't think that Alejandro was going to be such a douche. Honestly, you should have kicked his ass."

"Yeah, well I was going to, but of course, your dad came in and ruined my plans," I teased, rolling my eyes. "Next time, I will try to do it before he gets there, though."

She laughed with me as she sat down on the edge of my bed. "I just want you to be happy again, Becca. I don't want you to never try to find love again because of him."

There was a sincerity in her words that made me hesitate in my response. I had never heard her say such things to me like that before. Usually, she was quick to push away the topic of something bad and tell me to forget it.

Yet, here she sat, drunk and crying in my room when it should have been me upset.

Perhaps, she was still the girl I used to know.

I wasn't ready to let my guard down just yet though.

Something inside me told me to be careful.