## Chapter 61 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

The day of the event arrived quickly, and as I climbed into the back of the car with Neal, I found myself excited about the day's events. College students lined the areas waiting patiently to be let into the building, and as long as I was on Neal's arm, that wasn't me.

"Come on, let's head in," he said as I gazed at him.

"Don't we have to wait?" I asked, looking from him towards the line of people waiting outside.

"No," he chuckled. "I don't wait for anything."

Of course, he didn't wait for anything. Why would I think he would?

I supposed that was just the lavishness of his lifestyle.

As we walked through the doors of the Paramount building, I found myself absolutely blown away. My mouth dropped at the beautiful sight before me as the natural light from outside bounced off the crystal chandeliers and beautiful artwork of the main floor.

Tables were scattered everywhere, and those who had already passed through the door were standing around mingling during the conference's cocktail hour.

"This is beautiful," I replied as I took in the surrounding sights. "The creator of this building outdid themselves when they were designing it."

"I will let him know that." Neal laughed as he looked around. "Actually, there he is."

As my eyes followed the path of Neal's, I watched a tall, gray-haired man in a three-piece suit walk our way.

"Neal, I wasn't sure if you were going to make it," the man replied, shaking Neal's hand before his eyes slowly drifted down towards mine. "Who is your lovely friend?"

I looked at Neal, and he smiled at me before clearing his throat. "Carlos, this is my good friend, Rebecca Woods. She is actually attending Yale, and we both thought this event would be a great educational experience for her."

"Is that right?" Carlos said with a twinkling smile that met his eyes. "Well, I hope you find everything to your standards and also you enjoy yourself."

"Thank you. It's so beautiful here. You did a magnificent job with this place."

Carlos looked at me with amusement before looking up at the building he had designed. There was silence at the moment, but as his gaze met mine again, he nodded.

"I'm glad to know my work is so highly recognized by others. Thank you."

"Well, Carlos, I'm afraid I need to get Becca to her seat before everything starts. But let's catch up later if you're free. I actually have an idea I would like to share with you."

Letting the men talk about what they needed to, I took another moment to let the area soak in. By now, there were so many people filtering through the area talking, it was almost hard to move throughout the area.

It wasn't until I looked towards the back fountain my heart dropped for a moment; I thought I saw the back of someone familiar to me.

James? No, it couldn't be him... could it?

Shaking my head, I tried to clear my mind. My obsession with him was making me see things, and that wasn't good.

There would be no reason for James to come to New York, and if he was here, he wouldn't want to see me. Especially after how our conversation went the last time I saw him.

"Shall we find our seats?" Neal said, catching my attention.

"Yeah," I replied gently, shaking my head to get my mind back on track. "Let's go."

"Are you okay?" he asked with concern as he looked over to where I had been looking.

"I'm fine. Just thought I saw someone I knew."

The lectures began as most would assume, with a man full of excitement coming on stage to talk about the reason we were here and who the speakers of the night were going to be. One after another, different people came on board to discuss topics of all varieties.

I was glad Neal invited me to come, and all my worries over the past few weeks were slowly slipping away. Instead, I had hoped everything was turning around for the right reasons.

That is until a familiar face walked on the stage I hadn't been expecting to see. James.

My breath caught as I gasped slightly with widened eyes at seeing him. He spoke about his company and how much it was changing the future of imports, and that with the growth of his company came new opportunities.

He was going to be opening internships within his company for a variety of locations he held, and it really caught the attention of many people. Including the women.

Everyone knew he was single and available, and it was almost as if someone had rung the dinner bell on James Valentino.

Yet, no matter the questions being asked or the flirtatiousness of the crowd, his eyes searched the room until they fell on me.

The wide room suddenly felt so small as he stared at me, and as the

temperature grew, I couldn't stand it anymore. Standing to my feet, I moved through the rows of people and head towards the back of the venue.

"Becca..." Neal called behind me, but instead of stopping, I gestured to him with my hand. I needed a moment.

How was James here? Why was he here? Did Neal know?

These questions rolled through my mind, and I wasn't sure how to deal with it. I didn't want to think Neal would set this up and not tell me.

"Rebecca—" the dark sultry voice stopped me in my tracks, and without turning around, I knew who it was. "Can we talk?"

Taking a deep breath, I slowly turned around to come face to face with James. He looked a lot different than he usually did, and instead of his neatly kept face, he had a five o'clock shadow growing in thick.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as I stared at him, trying to get a grip on my racing heart.

"I would say that I came to speak, but really, that was just something asked of me. I came here for you, Becca." He stared down at me with sincerity in his eyes, and every part of me screamed to run and kiss him.

I was frozen, though. Frozen to the spot and unable to move because the disbelief in me couldn't comprehend that he was here.

"You didn't want me, James. You—"

"I do want you," he snapped softly. "I want you more than I have ever wanted anyone in my life, and I am here going against everything I am to get you back."

Tears sprang to my eyes at hearing him say that, and as I tried to hold back a sob, he didn't bother to stay away a second longer. James cleared the space between us and wrapped his arms around my waist, crashing his lips against mine.

Kissing him again was a feeling I could never get over.

Every moment of the day, this man was on my mind, and as his lips left mine, I couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen next. "I'm sorry..."

"Oh, baby. You have nothing to apologize for. I was a f\*cking idiot, and I should have done something sooner, but I was so worried about everything else going on and what people would say, I didn't."

A figure behind James caught my attention, and looking past him, I spotted Neal staring at us with his hands pushed into his pockets. James gazed in the direction I was looking and straightened himself. "Thank you," he said, causing Neal to nod his head.

I was confused, but if I didn't know better, I would say Neal was behind James being here. After everything that had happened between him and I, he was still giving me things to make me happy.

I didn't have the chance to say anything though, because before I could get a word out, Neal disappeared back into the crowd of people and was out of my sight.

"He cares about you more than you realize," James said softly in my ear.

"What do you mean?" I replied, looking at him with confusion.

A meek smile crossed his lips as he sighed and took my hand. "Let's get out of here."

Nodding, I let James lead me out of the building and through the masses until my face finally hit the cool air of New York City. Taking a deep breath, I exhaled and let the corners of my lips turn up into a smile.

"I missed being up here."

James stopped in his tracks and looked at me with a blank expression. "You did?"

"Yeah, the sunshine is nice, but there is something about New York that feels like home."

After taking a moment, I followed James to where he stood at the open car door and climbed in the back with him. I wasn't sure where he was taking me, but I didn't care.

"I figured we could go get something to eat and talk."

Eating sounded like a good idea, but there was a part of me that had something else in mind as well. Moving quickly, I straddled James' lap and watched as his eyes widened slightly. "Becca—" he whispered as I brushed my lips against his.

"Don't talk," I replied before crashing my lips upon him, relishing in the way it felt to have his hands roaming my body.

It was as if we couldn't get enough of each other, and quickly, we fumbled with his belt until his long thick cock released, and I was letting myself sink down upon it.

"Shit—" I gasped out as his lips trailed over my neck until he wrapped them around my exposed, erect nipple. I wasn't thinking straight at the moment, and the only thing I wanted was to feel normal.

Even if that meant I may not see him again, I wouldn't lose the chance to have him make me feel the way he always did. Faster and faster, I rode him until his own moans echoed around me, and as quick as we started, I reached my climax, feeling his cock twitch within me as he came undone.

"God, you're beautiful," he whispered as he kissed me gently again.

"What now?" I asked him, watching as a smile crossed his face.

"Now, we go get food and discuss everything. Maybe you'll choose to stay with me tonight, if you want to." Taking a moment to think it over, I nodded my head.

Maybe this was a positive thing. Maybe tonight things would change for the better.

James being here was proof of that already.