## Chapter 64 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

## Becca.

The tension was high when we met Neal to look at the apartment. I had suddenly regretted the idea of letting something like that happen because the entire time James looked like he was going to kill Neal. Which wasn't good.

Every moment Neal made regarding me, I felt as if James was pulling me back. Every word Neal would say, I heard the scoff of disapproval leave James' throat.

## He wasn't pleased with Neal being there, and I wasn't quite sure why.

Never once had I honestly seen James act truly jealous, but right now, I found it all more than amusing. "Well, that was fun."

As soon as Neal left, and James and I were left alone, I tried to find a way to approach the conversation. James paced around the living room of my new apartment, glancing out the large bay windows as he watched Neal walk to his car.

"What are you doing?" I finally asked him, causing him to look over his shoulder at me.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he replied with irritation in his tone.

Furrowing my brows, I tried to understand what he was asking. "Tell you what?"

"That this was Neal's apartment. You didn't have to take something from him. I could have gotten it for you." James was upset, and that was clear, but he didn't have any right to be upset.

"Why are you acting like this? What does it matter if it's an apartment that he owns, or if it's an apartment that you own? I'm grateful for the help that both of you have given me, and I'm happy with this place. So why can't you just be happy for me?"

My bold statement seemed to catch him off guard. Calmly he stood there, staring at me with his arms crossed over his chest as he inhaled deeply through his nose and out of his mouth.

He was trying to control his temper, and the sight was more than cute.

"If we're going to be together, we can't keep secrets from each other. That was something that you told me. So I don't understand why you didn't tell

me you were doing this."

Raising my brows with an amused grin, I considered the facts of his decision. He was forgetting one important detail though, and I knew that once I told him, he would end the discussion.

"James, I spoke with Neal about this place before you and I even decided that we would rekindle what we have. You and I weren't even talking when the prospects of this place became an idea, so why would I suddenly tell him no? After all the work he'd put in to get it for me?"

Speechless, he stood there with nothing to say on the matter.

I mean, what could he say...? He knew I was right.

No matter what, James seemed to think Neal was interested in me in a romantic way, but Neal respected my choice of being with James. If James couldn't learn to be understanding and accepting of that, then perhaps us rekindling what we had would be a little more difficult than I had expected.

After all, if he couldn't be fine with me living in this place, how was it going to be fine with long distance?

There would be thousands of miles between us, and I was staying on a college campus surrounded by very hot, eligible men. Not that I was interested, but I knew those negative thoughts would cross his mind, eventually.

Without trust, this relationship couldn't work, and that was something that he had to learn to give me. Otherwise, what was the point?

Walking towards him, I pushed at his arms, forcing them apart until I could slide my arms around his chest. He was really a big giant teddy bear under all these muscles and designer clothing. "You have to learn to trust me."

"I do trust you, Becca. It's him I don't trust," he groaned as he pulled me close.

I looked up to see he had a mischievous grin on his face. "Are you really going to continue to sulk about this place, or are you going to help me go get the things I have from Tally's apartment? We can always bless it afterwards."

"Bless it, huh?" James finally chuckled as he rolled his eyes. "That sounds fun."

"It does, but we can't do that without furniture."

Reaching down, he gripped my thighs, catching me by surprise, and lifted me up to press his lips against mine. "We don't need furniture to be able to do something like that."

The kiss was magical, as always, but as I giggled, I knew he was still upset. "Come on... the faster we get done, the more fun we can have."

## "Why the rush?"

Sagging my shoulders, I shrugged. "Tally will be back at it soon, and I really want to get my things out before she comes back. I don't want to risk her trying to keep my things or throw them out."

"She wouldn't do that—"

Glaring at him, I gave him a doubtful look, and he sighed and slowly put me down. "Okay, maybe she would."

As much as I would have loved to be able to spend the rest of the days James had here wrapped in bed with him, it wasn't possible. At least not until I was done getting set up in this new apartment.

It was an apartment I knew Tally would be jealous of because this was so much better than the apartment I had shared with her.

With the keys to my apartment in my back pocket, we walked back downstairs. James laced his fingers within mine as we headed out of the building towards his car.

Had someone told me a few weeks ago I would have been in this situation, I would have laughed at them. Now, I was living it. I couldn't get enough, and the feelings I had for James grew every waking minute I was with him.

"We are going to make a few stops after we go to Tally's," James said when we climbed into the sleek, black sedan.

"Where too?" I asked with curiosity as James pulled out of the parking spot and made his way towards the main road.

"Well, we will go over to the apartment, and anything you want packed up to go to the new apartment, I will have you place in your room. I texted my secretary earlier and told her to have a moving company meet us there."

Moving company? "Why would a moving company be meeting us there?"

"Well, because it will be easier for them to pack your things while I take you to go somewhere more fun," he replied as if I didn't get a say in the matter.

"I'm not sure how I feel about someone else touching my private and personal things, James. It feels so invasive."

The majority of my clothing, and everything was with me in my suitcases, but I still had things at the apartment I didn't want anyone messing with. It was one more thing that was so different about our worlds.

James didn't see any issue with it, but I... I found it weird.

"Seriously? They are just packing and moving. They aren't going to be going through every little thing that you own, Becca. Trust me, I have done this many times."

Deciding not to argue with him, I nodded my head and sat quietly. Going shopping with James did sound fun, and this was just something small I would have to learn to adjust to. The last thing I wanted to do was waste time when he was leaving soon.

An hour later, I was waving goodbye to a very sweet woman and her husband who owned a private moving company. I had given her the rundown on everything that was to go, and she had assured me she would treat everything as her own.

I didn't want to admit it to James, but I felt better about it all after I spoke to the woman. "Are you ready to go?" James asked as I walked towards the car.

"Yeah, where are you taking me?"

"You'll see," he replied with a grin as we climbed back into his car.

The flow of the day had gone from zero to a hundred and back to zero in no time. James wasn't acting as he did when I was in Miami, but then again, things differed from what they were now.

As the car pulled away, and James stepped onto the gas, I couldn't help but wonder how different my future would be with James than if I hadn't ever met him. James wanted me for the indefinite future, and the love I had for him was strong.

Yet, growing up, this wasn't the future I had imagined for myself, and I had a feeling, when I finished school, James was going to push to have me move down south.

Not that it was a bad thing, but it was something I wasn't sure about yet.

Something made me hesitate, because whereas James was old enough to be my dad, I was still young and had so much of the world to explore.

"Can I talk to you about something?" I whispered as we drove down the road headed to god knows where.

"Sure. What's on your mind?"

"Well, I was wondering what the plan is after I graduate." The question slipped out hesitantly, but it had been on my mind since the night I spent with him two days ago.

How would this work, and honestly, what did he want with me in the future?

Turning the wheel, James pulled the car into a massive furniture store parking lot and found a space. He didn't respond to the question right away, but I had a feeling whatever he was going to say was something that I may not like.

"Are you changing your mind about us?" he asked as he turned his gaze towards me.

"What...? No! Of course, not."

With bewilderment, I stared at him, trying to understand why he said that. Nothing about what I asked said I was changing my mind. I just simply wanted clarification.

"That's good because I don't want to lose you," he replied as he took my hand in his and kissed the back of it slowly. "I don't know where the future will go, but I do hope that after you graduate, we can work more towards our future together."

"Marriage... kids. The whole shebang?" I laughed, watching as his face froze for a moment, and his own chuckle came forth. I didn't miss the way he seemed to not take to the idea of marriage or kids.

It was something I wanted with my future, and if he didn't want it, I didn't know if I could adjust to the idea to make sure I stayed with him. It would mean giving up everything I had hoped to have one day.

"We will talk about it when the time comes, Becca. For now, let's go shopping."