

## Chapter 6 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Two days.

For two days, I had avoided him, and I was becoming more nervous every day. I didn't know how to face him after what had happened to me the other day. The altercations with Alejandro had been traumatic in a sense, yes, but I was more embarrassed James had seen it.

The memory of how he had wrapped me into his embrace sent a warm sensation through my body. The smell of his earthy cologne stuck in my mind as he had brushed his fingers against my skin.

Every bit I loved, and yet, I knew I couldn't have him.

The sound of the front door opening drew me from my thoughts, and as I looked out the window, I watched James walking to his car. His dark hair was styled to perfection as the three-piece suit clung to his body, showing off the sculpted muscles he hid underneath.

F\*ck, he's gorgeous.

As if he could hear my thoughts, his sunglasses-covered eyes looked towards me, and a smile crested his lip as he slowly turned and climbed into his car.

Seeing him go was a disappointment, but a breath of relief.

As a heavy breath escaped my lips, I closed my eyes, relishing in the fact I had escaped another morning with him.

Another morning where awkward silence would fill the space between us, and I would reel over a thousand words I wanted to say but didn't have the courage to.

Then again, perhaps that was what he wanted. The entire situation was more than confusing, and I had to figure a way to resolve my conflicts.

"Becca?" Tally's voice called from my closed door, pulling me back to the present. My eyes drifted towards the door.

"Uh—yeah!" I called back. "Come in, I'm just getting motivated."

The last thing I wanted was for her to know I had been eye f\*cking her father.

Even if that thought made me sort of excited.

God, what the f\*ck is wrong with me lately?

As the door opened, I smiled, trying to act casual. Tally's brow raised slightly as she stared at me with a hint of amusement at the corner of her lips. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing, why?" I quickly replied, not trying to seem obvious.

"Because you look like a kid who got caught doing something she wasn't supposed to be doing. I mean, I haven't seen you look like that since summer camp."

Rolling my eyes, I groaned, knowing exactly what she was talking about, but not wanting to relive that memory. I was still pissed at her. "I said nothing. What did you want?"

"Uh-huh." She sighed, shaking her head. "So, I was thinking we could head down to the beach today."

Is she being serious? After the other day...

"I don't know. I'm still not happy with you about the other day."

Staring at her, I saw the guilt in her eyes. She hadn't meant for Alejandro to act like that towards me, and when she found out the truth, she couldn't stop apologizing.

"I told you I was sorry, Becca. Please don't let this come between us."

"Dude, he tried to sexually assault me. Thank god your dad was there to stop him." I scoffed as I moved around the room, picking up the clothing I had scattered about.

"I know, and I'm sorry," she pleaded. "He didn't assault you though... so, that's a good thing, right?"

"Tally!" I snapped. "It doesn't matter if he did or didn't. It was the principle of the fact. You disregarded what I told you and tried to push him on me anyways. That right there was messed up."

"You're being over dramatic—"

Stopping in my tracks, I stared at her with shock, "Are you fucking serious right now?"

"Becca—"

"No!" I snapped again. "Are you being fucking serious right now with that comment? Because the girl I used to know would never act like that. Ever since your parents divorced, you have become another person."

Mouth parted and eyes wide, she stared at me, speechless. She knew I was right. There was no arguing what I was saying, because she had changed.

As her eyes filled with tears, I felt the guilt eat at my heart. "How can you say that?"

"Tally, you know it's true."

"It's not," she sobbed. "I'm still the same person I always have been. Why do you think I have changed?"

"Uh, because you have," I scoffed as I crossed my arms over my chest. "You literally have become another person."

Her father had tried to get her to go see a counselor for years, but pride be damned, she refused not wanting to taint her high society image.

Shaking her head, she refused to believe me, "No, I haven't. Please let me prove that to you."

Taking a deep breath, I tried to get past her denial. Perhaps we were talking about it now. I would be able to help fix her.

Perhaps Tally would wake the f\*ck up for once. "So, the beach?"

A smile fell across her lips as she nodded. "Yeah, will you forgive me and come?"

Taking a moment to think about it, I sighed with a nod as I went against my better judgment. "Fine. We can go."

I had a feeling I might regret it later, but then my decisions were never very smart when it came to this girl. I was seriously going to have to learn to say no to her.

Squealing with delight over my response, she quickly threw her arms around me and smiled. "Yes! Get your ass ready. We're leaving in ten."

Before I could protest on how long before we were leaving, she was out of my bedroom to get ready herself, while I was left to ponder the conversation in my mind.

Perhaps coming back to Miami for the summer wasn't the best of ideas.

On one hand, I was dealing with Tally and her lack of common sense, and on the other hand, I was dealing with her father James, and the sinful things I wanted him to do to me.

If I wasn't careful, I was going to fall down the rabbit hole just like Alice.

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Four hours later, and lots of drinks on the sand, Tally and I stumbled through the front door, laughing at the things we had seen through the day. It was nice to spend time like this with Tally, considering the difference we encountered over the past few years.

Especially after the argument she and I had earlier that morning.

"So, Catherine wants to go shopping after and get a coffee. Are you down to go?"

Tally stopped at the top of the stairs and stared at me as she swung her car keys around her finger. She didn't need to be driving if she was drinking, but she would not listen to anyone but her father.

Unfortunately, he wasn't here.

"Uh—" I hesitated, thinking about it, "I think I will pass honestly. I want to call my dad and take a shower. You go, though, and have fun."

Her eyes seemed to gloss over me for a moment before she shrugged her shoulders, and pulled out her phone. "Alright then."

I couldn't help but wonder if she had actually been interested in me coming, but as she walked to her room and changed her clothes, I accepted the fact this was just who Tally was.

So much for trying to help her.

My stomach rumbled with hunger as I stepped into my room. I hadn't eaten dinner, and the cook, James, was long gone.

"Take out, it is then," I said to myself as I pulled my phone from my pocket and ordered delivery before making my way towards my dresser in search of more comfortable clothing.

"Alright, I'm out!" Tally called to me a few moments later as she walked down the stairs. "Call me if you change your mind!"

"Will do." I laughed, rolling my eyes at her behavior. There was no way I was going out anytime soon.

The only thing I wanted to do was to let the hot water run across my skin and try to take my mind off of everything that had happened over the past few days.

Especially James.

Stepping into the shower, I tried to push away the thoughts he created. However, it wasn't as easy as I expected.

The thought of his rugged, well-cut body pressing up against me sent sensations to my core that I couldn't handle. My fingers gently brushed over the sensitive nub between my legs, and with every stroke, it brought me closer to the edge.

"James—" I moaned softly as I slowly came undone over my fingers.

The thought of his plump lips against my own was enticing. My mind dreamed about his long thick erection pressing through my folds as he dominated me and thrust relentlessly.

There was no stopping the images when they started, and the pleasure that grew in the pit of my stomach grew like a raging fire until I exploded in a cry of pleasure.

The hot water washing away the traces of the deed from my skin as a smile lined my lips.

I wanted him, and I knew it was taboo, but I didn't care.

At least I didn't think I cared.

By the time I was done exploring myself, the water ran cold. Grabbing the white fluffy towel from the rack, I wrapped it around my body and checked my phone for the food delivery I was expecting.

I only had five minutes until it would arrive, and the thought had my stomach rumbling with anticipation. I was starving.

Throwing on a black nightie, I ran the brush through my hair just in time to hear the doorbell ring. Shutting off the bathroom light, I skipped down the stairs and froze in place.

A face I hadn't been expecting stood at the bottom, holding my takeout bag. James.

Oh, shit.

"Hungry?" he smirked, holding up the bag.

"Um—" nodding, I took the last few steps down. "Yeah... a bit."

Hesitation flowed between us as he slowly held out the bag for me to take. But as my fingers reached out, his own brushed against me and a chill ran down my spine.

"You've been avoiding me, Becca."

His words bring me back to reality. "I-I wasn't."

I was trying to avoid him, but I didn't want him to think that. Our situation was already awkward, because as much as I wanted to avoid him.

I also wanted him to bend me over these stairs and f\*ck me till I couldn't stand.

Both decisions were equally confusing, but if I wasn't careful, lust would get the upper hand.

"Yes, you were," he laughed. "Every time I tried to catch you... you were gone."

He took a step closer to me, and I couldn't help but step back. The subtle way his body moved enticed me, and it was more than evident if I didn't check myself, I would become nothing but ridiculous in his presence.

"What do you want?" I whispered, my eyes scanning over him as I watched his white smile brighten the shadowed staircase.

"Nothing, I was just going to take care of this..." Reaching up, he pulled something from a strand of hair hanging by the side of my face before carefully tucking the strand behind my ear. "There we go."

My breath caught in my throat at the simple action. It was sweet, and yet, I felt like he was holding back on something.

"Thank you." The whispered reply left my lips as his fingers gently lifted my chin, forcing me to look him in the eyes.

"You never have to thank me, Becca. Anytime you need something... all you have to do is ask. You know where my office is. I will help you in any way you want."

The statement felt so sinful, but I felt like I was reading too much into it. He was just being nice. He didn't actually want me... did he?