

Chapter 74 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

After a few hours of trying to make the perfect pizza, Neal and I sat upon the sofa laughing over the movie we were watching. He was only about a foot away from me, and even though two different blankets separated us, I still felt closer to him than I had to James in a while.

More than once over the last few days, I had wondered if I had decided wrong when I gave James another chance. James was the man I loved and, more than anything, he was the man I wanted to be with.

But I questioned whether I was making the right choice because James's life was complicated, and Neal was just so much more. He cared about me and was there for me when James wasn't.

James's words rattled through my mind as I thought about what he had said about Neal. Neal had told him he cared about me, but he never said he loved me. Yet, no matter what I thought, I knew I was still curious.

"Neal, can I ask you something?"

Without missing a beat, he looked at me with a Cheshire grin and nodded. "You never have to ask me if you can ask me a question. Just ask, Becca. What's on your mind? If you're still worrying about that douchebag dean of yours, you shouldn't be."

"It's not that," I laughed. "It's a little more on the personal side."

"Okay," he said, looking at me with interest. "What is it?"

Hesitating, I bit my bottom lip. "Earlier today I had a conversation with James, and he said something about you that has been stuck in my mind."

"And what would that be, my dear?"

"Well... you remember back at the apartment when I was staying with you the night we got slightly carried away..." I said, stumbling over my words, making the conversation more than uncomfortable.

"Yes, what about it?"

Staring at him, I found myself speechless to reply. I wanted to ask if it was true, but with the nerves rattling within me, I simply couldn't. I couldn't open this conversation and have things go wrong. I couldn't let myself end up losing him because of stupidity.

Shaking my head, I stood quickly and smiled. "You know what... it's stupid. Forget I said anything."

"Becca—"

"No, please. It doesn't matter. Did you want something to drink?" I replied as I made my way towards the kitchen, trying to change the subject.

"Becca, what did he say to you?" Neal said again as I tried to ignore it.

"Neal, honestly, it's nothing. Just forget that I brought the entire thing up. I swear, it wasn't bad. It was just something he said. It really doesn't matter." I threw my hands up and shrugged my shoulders, trying to play off the entire conversation.

Before I could reach up for the cabinet, though, he spun me around and pinned me to the countertop's corner in the kitchen, only inches away from me as he looked down into my eyes.

"What did he tell you, Becca?"

Swallowing deeply, I licked my lips as I stared at him. The sexual tension between our bodies was incredibly high, and with everything in me, I tried to avoid the feelings I had. It was just so hard to push the night I had with him from my mind.

"He said that you were in love with me and that was why he was uncomfortable with me spending time with you," I whispered.

Standing there in absolute silence, Neal stared at me as I waited for him to say something, to say anything, to tell me it wasn't true, and James had just misheard him. But from the gaze that he was giving me, I could tell that it was true.

Neal cared about me, but until I heard him say it, I didn't want to pass it off as truth. "I see."

That's it? He sees.

Pulling away from me, he tried to step back, but my hand reached up instinctively and gripped the front of his shirt, pulling him closer. "You didn't answer me."

Staring down at my fist clenched around his shirt, his eyes met mine once more. "Becca, there are things I could not stop if they started, and this isn't a road that you want to go down. Let us just enjoy the rest of our evening, as we always do."

Nodding my head, I didn't bother to fight the situation. Instead, I slowly let him go and tried my hardest to keep my pounding heart at bay. I didn't understand why I wanted him to say it was true. Why I wanted him to kiss me and take my problems away.

I wasn't a cheater. I wasn't the kind of girl to do things like that, but yet with Neal, I wanted to be.

That notion scared me more than anything.

Neal

More than once, I had thought about taking Becca. I wasn't the type of man to be enraptured by a woman, but she was the first woman in my entire life I wanted nothing more than to simply make sweet love to.

She was beautiful in every way, with the largest heart I had ever seen, and yet, of course, fate be damned; she was in love with another man.

I had honestly thought when she left Miami I might have had a chance with her. The moment my eyes had laid upon hers, when she walked into my sister's apartment, I was captivated.

Every single inch of her made me want more, and even though she didn't know she was teasing me, I felt myself slowly losing control around her.

So the minute she'd turned around and told me with sorrow in her voice James had stood her up for the weekend, I took it as an opportunity. I had to see her.

I knew it could only be as friends, and I was perfectly fine with that. But even though I tried to keep my distance, I couldn't. I had to be around her. Be close to her.

I had to know every moment of the day that she was safe. Even if she wasn't mine to claim.

So the moment she stopped me from walking away and grabbed my shirt, begging for an answer that I couldn't give her—I had to stop myself.

I wanted to kiss her. Pin her against the counter, and f*ck her until the only name she was saying was mine. Make her feel things no one but I could make her feel.

"I'm sorry," she whispered as I made my way towards the sofa. My heart gripped at the fact she thought she had done something wrong.

"There's no need to apologize, Becca. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I did though. I made things completely awkward and ruined the evening," she replied, standing by the bottom of the stairs in the living room. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders as her big blue eyes looked at me with nothing but regret.

"Come here," I said calmly as I gestured with one of my fingers for her to come closer.

There was hesitation in her eyes as she bit on her lip.

A plump lip I wanted to take between my teeth as I teased her, and then kiss till I swelled them from our desire. Slowly, though, she made her way towards me until her feet stopped in between my legs, and her eyes cast down at me with nervousness.

Leaning forward, I took her hand and pulled her close to me until her face was right in front of mine. "Nothing is your fault, Becca. Do you understand me?"

The soft fanning of her breath across my lips caused my c*ck to ache from the confinements of my pants. I could take her right here... right now, and I had a feeling she wouldn't stop me.

"I understand," she whispered before I reached up and brushed my finger over her cheek.

"You have no idea the things I want to tell you, but I know you love James, and I won't put you into a situation that would cause you to be a bad person. No matter how much I want to."

Gasping, I watched her throat as she swallowed, staring at me in disbelief. It was late, and even though we hadn't finished the movie, I knew it was time for bed. If I didn't go to the spare room right now, and relieve myself, I was going to take her on this sofa.

"I think I should get to bed," she whispered as she pulled away from me.

"I think that's a good idea."

Turning, she glanced over her shoulder at me once more, and hesitated before nodding her head. "I prepared the spare bedroom for you."

Of course, she did. She was always thinking of everyone else, no matter what she went through.

"Thank you. Why don't you head up, and I'll clean up here."

"It's okay, I can do it. You're my guest," she blurted as she went to pick up the plate.

"I said that I have it," I replied, a little more firmly than I should have.

Stopping in her tracks, she nodded in silence, and headed towards the stairs, disappearing from sight. It wasn't until she was gone I leaned back on the sofa and sighed, running my hand over my face. "The f*ck am I doing?" I muttered to myself before standing and picking up the living room.

This woman was driving me crazy, and as much as I wanted to take her, I couldn't.

I needed to listen to what my sister said. Allegra told me to move on or move in, and as much as I tried to preoccupy myself with someone else, I couldn't. Hers was the only face I wanted to see.

As soon as I picked everything up and put it away, I made my way slowly up the stairs towards the spare room. The only problem was, when I passed her door, I saw it was cracked and from where I was standing, I watched her naked body as she slipped the blush pink nightgown over her head.

The sight of her made my c*ck stand to attention, and before she could turn, I quickly made my way into the spare room, quietly shutting the door. Reaching down, I stroked my hard c*ck through my pants and groaned softly, imagining her lips wrapped around it.

Her beautiful face looking up at me from her knees as she stroked and sucked and teased me closer to the brink of exploding. I wanted—no, needed—her.

If James wasn't careful, I would take what was his, and make her f*cking mine.