

Chapter 75 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

Waking up the next morning, I couldn't stop thinking about how the tension between Neal and I was so high. Last night, he made me feel in a way I hadn't felt in a long time. I felt wanted and desired, and even though I was with James, I couldn't help but contemplate what a relationship with Neal would be like.

It was wrong of me, and I was so terribly wrong for even considering things like that.

The guilt weighed heavy on me, and I knew for a fact last night when I dressed my door was cracked, and I heard Neal's door shut, so I knew he had seen me, yet he said nothing.

Did that make me a whore for being in that kind of situation?

Did that make me a worse person because I allowed something like that to happen, knowing full well I wasn't single? God, everything happening to me was turning me more and more into somebody like Tally, somebody who couldn't be trusted, and it was horrible.

Standing in the kitchen in front of the coffee pot, I waited for the dark brew to flow into its container so I could try to find some solace in waking up.

Lord knows I didn't get enough sleep last night.

"Good morning," came a cheerful voice from behind me, causing me to startle as I slowly turned and looked over my shoulder with a smile at Neal.

"Morning, I'm making some coffee if you want some," I replied hesitantly as I turned my eyes back towards the coffee pot that was almost finished.

"Yeah, I'd love some. I do have to get on the road here shortly, so I won't be taking up too much of your time. I'm sure you have plenty of things that you need to do today."

There was awkward tension between us, and Neal stood on the other side of the bar top instead of coming into the kitchen where I was, which made me feel even more awkward.

I didn't know what to do with myself. I didn't want this to be a continuation where I would end up losing Neal because I made everything so complicated. But yet, deep down, even though I wanted James to be here, I wanted Neal to be here as well.

"Look," I said, as I slowly turned back to him. "I'm sorry about what happened. I was out of line yesterday, and I shouldn't have acted how I did with you. I do really appreciate you being here, but I also don't want to make things complicated between us. Losing you would be awful."

"Lose me, Becca, why would you lose me?"

Sagging my shoulders, I fiddled with the rim of my empty cup only for the ding of the coffee pot to go off, signaling it was done. "Um, because of how I'm acting. I can tell that you like me, and trust me, I like you too. But—"

Letting my words slip away, I turned to him, watching as he stood there, staring at me with a shocked expression on his face. His eyes were wide, and his lips parted as he seemed to ponder over the words he was about to say.

"You're not a whore, Becca. I know you don't want me like that."

"But... I know you saw—"

"I saw nothing," he chuckled, shaking his head. "I went to bed last night. I'm flattered that you think you're acting inappropriately and worried about my feelings, but things are fine. Don't worry about anything."

I could tell he was just saying that in an attempt to try and make me feel better. Instead, I felt completely embarrassed and foolish about the comment I had made. I had sworn he had seen me, but the way he acted suggested it was the most amusing thing he had ever heard because, in fact, he hadn't seen me.

Of course, that would be the case, and I opened my big fat mouth when I didn't even have the facts. "Oh, well, I'm glad we are okay."

"Don't be embarrassed," he said as he slowly made his way around the counter into the kitchen towards me. "Everything got a little out of hand last night, but trust me, I know my place."

He knows his place. Hearing that broke me even more.

He had no idea where his place was because right now, if he knew his place, he would know I wanted him on his knees in between my thighs making me forget about all the troubles I had.

"Oh, okay," I muttered as I turned my gaze from him only to have him turn me back to face him.

"Becca..." he whispered as he brushed his thumb across my jawline. "Don't let it bother you."

Nodding slowly, I pulled away from him and lifted the carafe of coffee, poured it into my cup, and then grabbed a travel mug for him and poured it in as well. "Okay."

He said nothing as I turned back to him, handing him the cup. "So, since you're leaving, did you want breakfast, or were you just going to catch something on the road? I don't mind making you something."

Awkwardness consumed us once again and as my eyes met his, I could see some unknown emotion brewing behind his eyes. "I think it's best that I get something on the road, Becca."

Those soft words made my heart ache, but I knew he was probably right. It would be for the best if he left. The longer we acted like this, the harder it was going to be to make things between us normal again.

"Okay. Did you leave the keys for me so that I can show those people the apartment?"

Nodding his head, he pulled the keys out and set them on the countertop. "They're right here. Are you sure you're gonna be able to do this? I know you've got so much going on, I don't want to overwhelm you."

"Yeah, no, it's no problem," I replied with a smile on my face as I shook my head and gave a soft laugh. "It'll actually help distract me."

"Well, I made the bed and everything upstairs, so don't worry about that. I'm going to get on the road, but I'll call you some other time."

Nodding my head, I watched him turn to make his way towards the door. This might be the last conversation we could have based on the way things were ending, and thinking about that made my heart plummet.

I couldn't lose him.

Running towards the door, I opened it and stepped out into the hallway just as Neal was waiting for the elevator. "Wait!" I cried out watching him turn back towards me.

"What's wrong?" He took a few steps in my direction.

"This isn't the end, is it? You're coming back right?"

I sounded almost desperate, and for a moment, I was.

Hesitating, he nodded his head with a small smile and pulled me into a hug. "Do you want me here with you?"

"Yes," I replied, wrapping my arms around him tightly. "I don't want to lose you."

"You will never lose me," he replied, pulling away as he looked down at me with a smile. "I'll call you as soon as I get home. We can plan for another get-together maybe in two weeks. If not sooner."

"Okay," I replied softly as he stared at me.

As the elevator doors opened, I watched his eyes slide towards it and then back to me. Nodding without another word, he climbed into the elevator and disappeared from sight. I cared for him—significantly more than I should have cared for him.

With a heavy sigh, I stepped back into my apartment and closed the door, locking it behind me. The room still smelled of Neal's cologne, and it created a comforting feeling considering everything going on.

Before I got the chance, though, to process everything, the phone rang, and I was scrambling towards it, thinking it could have been him calling me to tell me he was coming back upstairs.

It wasn't Neal, though.

It was James, and as much as I should have been excited, part of me was slightly disappointed, and I wasn't sure what that meant.

"Hey, what's going on?" I said to him, waiting for the cool, smooth, sultry voice he had to wrap around me and wash away the thoughts I was having.

"Nothing. I just wanted to let you know that I'm going to be coming up there in a couple of days, and I wanted to see if that was okay with you, after the conversation we had."

"Of course, it is. That's not a problem at all," I replied with a small smile that he couldn't see. "Just let me know when you want to come up. I'm sure it'll be perfectly fine."

"Becca, I know that I've f*cked up lately, and there's a lot that I haven't explained to you, and I haven't been fair. But I want you to know that when I come, we're gonna talk about everything."

About everything?

"Does that mean that there's a lot more going on than just Tally being missing?" I asked him, able to hear the tension in his voice as he let out a heavy sigh.

"Yeah, there's a lot going on, a lot more than I have told you, and I haven't been completely honest about who I was in my past either, so all of this is going to be stuff that we need to discuss."

Taking a moment to let what he said settle within me, I cast my eyes around the apartment and thought of the evening with Neal. His scent still lingered everywhere, wrapping around me, making me wish he had come back. "Okay, that sounds good."

"Did Neal end up coming up to see you?" he asked, and it was a question I had been waiting for him to ask me.

"Yeah, he did. He left, though, for work and other stuff he had to do, so it was nice to just be able to make pizza and watch a movie. He left just a moment ago."

"Wait, so you're saying that he stayed the night there?" James said in a rather harsh tone.

"Yeah, in the spare bedroom. It's not the first time that I've slept in the same building as him, let alone the same apartment. We didn't share a room or anything. He slept in his room, and I slept in mine. He went to bed long after I did, and he got up and left first thing this morning. He had to get back to New York."

I wasn't sure why I felt I had to explain myself to him. He wasn't my father, and lately, he hadn't exactly been acting like my boyfriend. This was my life, and if he didn't want to trust me or know I would never physically do anything to betray him, then maybe we weren't meant to be together.

As much as I had enjoyed the small conversation James and I had had about him coming up. I felt a little upset he constantly made an issue about Neal being around. I could understand why, though, considering everything that had happened last night. It was quite obvious Neal wanted more with me than I to just be friends.

Accepting Neal wanted me, and part of me wanted him, but part of me was also loyal to James and I didn't understand why was more than I could do at the moment.

"Fair enough. I'll see you in a couple of days, alright?" he replied.

"Sounds good. I'll see you then."

Hanging up the phone, I ran my hand over my face. Aggravation laced me, but it wasn't because of Neal, and it wasn't because of James. It was because I was a mess, and I seriously had to get my shit together and figure out what I wanted.