

Chapter 81 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

The weekend came quicker than I imagined and before I knew it, I was in my car driving to New York City. Even though Neal had absolutely refused for me to do so. He said he would have me flown down here, but I enjoyed driving.

It gave me time to clear my mind and relax in the scenery.

That is, of course, until I actually got into New York City and then reminded myself why I did not enjoy living in a city, nor driving in one. It was nothing but utter chaos.

The bumper to bumper traffic was crazy, and nobody knew how to drive. Nobody used turn signals. People just walked right out in front of you in the middle of the road like they owned the damn place.

I don't know how many times I had to slam on my brakes because I almost hit somebody.

But as I pulled into the parking garage of Neal's building and found the lovely parking space he had reserved for me, I couldn't be happier.

This was going to be an absolutely amazing vacation.

Regardless of how the past few months had gone.

Twenty minutes later, I was standing in Neal's open doorway with my suitcase in tow, smiling at him before a very excited Allegra came barreling towards the door. She wrapped her arms around me, smiling and laughing with more excitement than I had expected.

"Oh, my god, it's so good to see you. It feels like it's been ages."

"It has been ages." I laughed as I hugged her back. "I'm so glad that you're here, though."

"I am too. I'm so sorry I haven't been able to come see you sooner," she replied, letting her smile fall slightly. "Things have been so crazy, and I was out of the country. Speaking of which... I'm sorry to hear about James."

The mention of James's name caused an ache in my chest to grow.

My smile fell, and I nodded slowly, but only until Neal spoke up.

"Hey, I'm endorsing a new rule in my house for the next two weeks. There is to be no mention of that man or his daughter or anything that happened before today while she is here." There was a seriousness in his eyes that caught me by surprise.

I could see he was only trying to make sure I didn't spend my vacation upset, but still I wondered, why was he so good to me?

"Seriously," Allegra said, cocking an eyebrow at him with her hand upon her hip.

"Yes, seriously. These next two weeks are about having fun. Nothing depressing at all," he replied, looking between the two of us with a grin on his face.

"Okay, okay. Let me take my suitcase and go get unpacked. That drive took absolutely forever."

"Well, I did tell you I would fly you down here, but you were so insistent on driving," Neal chimed in as I grabbed my suitcase and wheeled it towards the bedroom I had stayed in before.

"Yes, but the scenery was amazing," I called out over my shoulder, listening to Neal and Allegra laugh at my comment.

The moment I stepped into my room, I felt at peace. Almost like I was home, in a sense. I knew I had only stayed here for a short period before, but it felt peaceful because it was the closest thing to home with my dad that I had.

I didn't have to worry or stress about anything.

I didn't have anybody harassing me 24/7 about not having the right outfit to see somebody or someone was acting out of place. I didn't even have the toxicity of wondering if I was good enough or enough for someone to love me when they said they did but then didn't show it.

It was just... peaceful.

As I unpacked my suitcase, I was looking forward to the things I wanted to do while I was here for the next two weeks. I heard footsteps across the wooden floors, heading directly for my open doorway. Sure enough, as I looked over my shoulder, Neal stood there, leaning against the door frame with his arms crossed over his chest and a grin across his lips.

"Are you finding everything okay?"

"Everything's great. Thank you so much for letting me come," I replied, trying to show him I was sincere in what I was saying. "I'm really glad to have you and Allegra here."

I appreciated him, and even though we had had our own past, I would not let that stand in the way of us having a great time while I was here on vacation.

"Tonight, I thought that we could order some food in and just kind of hang out."

"That sounds great." Pushing a smile on my face, I looked around the room, taking a moment to think about food. "How about we order pizza? I honestly don't think I should cook it."

Neal laughed at my comment as I thought back to when he had visited me. "Yeah, I don't think that pizza turned out the way we were planning for it to turn out."

"Definitely not. At least it was edible, though, otherwise we both would have starved."

The eruption of laughter that came from me wasn't something I had heard for quite some time. I was actually smiling, and when Neal took a step closer to me, I felt heated tension burning inside me.

"Thank you for everything," I whispered.

"You don't have to thank me, Becca. I wouldn't have it any other way."

Giving a small smile, my cheeks tinted with pink, I looked away, only to hear him clear his throat after a moment of silence.

"All right then, I'll call the pizza and have it delivered. Just come on out whenever you're ready."

Nodding my head slowly, my eyes met his again, and without another word, I watched him turn to leave.

Neal

When Becca called me and asked about finding something to do during her fall break, I didn't hesitate in asking her to come to my place. For two weeks, I had done nothing but think about her, and when she had called me a couple days after she had broken it off with James—I was overwhelmed with joy.

Even though I felt bad she was hurting.

That piece of shit had broken her heart after she gave him another chance. The man didn't deserve chances with her. A woman like Becca was rare, and because of that, she only deserved the best.

I knew she loved him, and I wouldn't ever be able to replace him. But part of me couldn't help but wonder if I could make her happy. That once she had time to get over him, she might be interested in me.

Letting a heavy sigh escape me, I made my way out into the living room, only to see the scrutinizing gaze of my sister on me. "So, are you finally going to tell her?"

"Tell her what?" I asked, hoping she wasn't referring to a conversation she and I had after the last time I had left Becca's apartment. Yet, as she rolled her eyes, I knew what she was talking about.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about, Neal. You need to be honest with her. Now that she's not with James, she's fair game."

"She isn't a game, Allegra," I replied, trying to ignore her. My sister had a tendency to overwork a situation, and even though she and Becca were very close, it didn't change the fact Becca only wanted James right now.

I wouldn't allow myself to be the rebound guy.

"They aren't together anymore, and you're infatuated with her. Grow a set and tell her."

"That's irrelevant, Allegra," I snapped in a whisper. "She isn't ready for that, and she doesn't want me. If she did, she would have chosen me."

"Things were different then. James had her so conflicted about what she wanted, she didn't understand what she was getting herself into." Allegra's nonchalant attitude was irritating to no end. I wanted more than anything to tell her to leave, but she was my guest.

A guest for Becca—even though I wanted Becca to myself.

"Look, if she wants me, she'll say it, but I don't need you interfering in it. She just got over everything with James, and she needs time to heal."

A small fit of laughter escaped her as she shook her head. "No, what she needs is for someone to f*ck her until the only name she remembers is theirs. Then, she won't care about James anymore."

"Allegra..." I said with a heavy sigh as I pinched the bridge of my nose. "That may work for you, but she isn't that kind of person."

When my eyes met hers once more, she stared at me intently. I held her intimidating gaze well, and after a moment, she scoffed and rolled her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest. "Fine, whatever. We are going out, though, this weekend."

"Going out?" I repeated with furrowed brows as I tried to understand why she was making plans for us when we hadn't even talked to Becca to see what she wanted to do.

"Yeah, we're going out. I ended up getting us into that nightclub. What is it called? Levox or something? Anyway, it's usually only VIP and upscale clients, but I just called Emery and had her put us on the list."

"You did what?" Taking a moment, I tried to comprehend what she was saying while also trying to remember what club Levox was. The realization flooded through my mind like a tidal wave. "Allegra, that's a f*cking sex club!" I whispered in shock.

"Uh, yeah. I know."

"Allegra... you can't just make those kinds of plans like that." My stunned response seemed to catch her attention and cocking her eyebrow, she shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not? She loved Club Velvet."

"Yeah, with James," I replied, shaking my head. "She came to relax here, not get her freak on. You can't just do this. She isn't that kind of girl."

With a smirk spreading from ear to ear, she slowly stood from where she was sitting, and took the few steps towards me with nothing but determination lingering in her eyes. "Look, you know Becca in a certain way, and so do I. She may not like to go out, but I promise you she will have so much fun at this club this weekend. It's what she needs to do to loosen up."

I wasn't sure about this, but I couldn't argue with her. If it backfired, I would just blame everything on Allegra and hope that Becca took my side. The last thing I wanted was for her to be angry at me.

Guess only time would tell if I made the right choice.