

Chapter 82 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James

It had been two weeks since I had spoken to Becca. I still couldn't believe the moment I was leaving, she found comfort being able to just call it off with me.

Maybe I should have tried to force her to stay with me or something. I didn't know what the f*ck I was doing or thinking.

At the end of the day, I'd just let her go. I let her say goodbye to me. Even though it killed me, it was happening. I had done so much for her, and she didn't seem to want to make it work. She just wanted a way out, and as hurt as I was—I was angry.

No matter how many times I'd called, no matter how many times I texted her—nothing.

Only twice did she respond, and those were vaguely a conversation. Her response was just like the other times we'd argued. She told me I had priorities I needed to situate, and she wasn't one of them. That perhaps in the future, things would change.

I was angry, on edge, unable to focus on a goddamn thing because she clouded every single moment of my waking mind.

It was as if the woman had put a spell on me, and there was no way for me to break it. I could only focus a bit when I was helping Tally with baby things. As soon as we got back, I'd taken her to the doctor and got her checked out.

Thankfully, the baby was okay, and Tally's due date was fast approaching.

As soon as Chad found out Tally had returned to me, he called and threatened her. It was a situation I took seriously, and his threats struck me to my core. He was going to try and take the baby... told her he hoped they both died.

The little prick didn't realize what he was saying. Nor did he understand who I was.

Regardless of what Tally had done in the past, she was still my daughter. I would never understand what it was Becca and Tally saw in that idiot, but he would get what was coming to him one day. That was a promise.

I had promised her I would leave it alone, and for now, I would.

It was far from over, though. Far from ever being over.

I had other plans and means of taking care of things, and one of them happened to be a trip I was making to New York where I would be confronting a specific somebody and making things very clear to them I wouldn't settle for the bullshit.

Sitting behind my desk at work, I tried to busy myself with everything going on. Sergie had made a point to threaten me more than once, and while I had security teams doubled up on a Tally, I couldn't help but contemplate if I should have taken things more seriously with Becca.

I wanted to protect her, but if we weren't together, then technically, she wouldn't be in any harm. Not much I would need to worry about, and even when Allison found out we broke up because of Tally... she seemed dubious about whether to actually believe that.

I didn't want the woman anywhere near my daughter, the house, or anything else, but she seemed to keep trying to slink her way back in.

At least this time, Tally was handling the situation better.

The moment Allison started her shift, Tally told her to get the f*ck out of the house. She didn't want to hear anything bad about Becca. The only thing she wanted was, I believe, a jar of pickle juice and a box of saltine crackers.

Not that I could say that was weird. Her mother craved far worse.

Tally had grown huge. Not fat wise, but her stomach, the baby growing, had made her far larger than I had ever seen a woman. She was showing as if carrying twins, but in reality, only one very large baby boy grew in there.

I had always wanted a son, and unfortunately, I never was able to have one. At first, Allison hadn't even wanted Tally, and the thought of ruining her figure for another child was out of the question. The woman was beyond selfish in every way.

I was excited, though. I would have a grandson I could give the family name to. A grandson who could carry on traditions. One I could teach and watch grow to take over my business one day, but at least this way, it would be in the right direction.

It wouldn't be a business built on shady dealings and crooked people.

It would be wholesome and legit.

Perhaps this child would be enough to change how things were now and make the future better.

Even the name she had picked out for him was beautiful—Alessandro.

Pulling out my phone, I couldn't stop thinking about sharing these joyous moments with Becca. To see her face smiling back at me from my phone screen. My heart broke, knowing it wasn't possible. Knowing she wouldn't even speak to me after everything I had done.

But there was somebody I could call who she did speak to. Someone who could let me know if she was okay. So instead of dialing Becca's phone number, I called Allegra and hoped she wouldn't scorn me for everything that had happened.

"This better be good for you to call me right now," she answered in a sour tone.

"It's nice to talk to you as well. I just wanted to call to see if you had heard anything about Becca."

"She isn't your concern anymore, James. You f*cked things up not once, but twice. Why are you worrying about what or how she's doing?" Irritation was clear in her tone, and holding myself back, I took a deep breath, trying to remember she was simply acting like this because I had hurt her friend.

"I'm curious because I care about her regardless of what you or anybody else thinks. I still love her and know I will fix things with her one day. One day, I will bring her home and marry her."

"Yeah, I highly doubt that. But it's sweet that you still love her," Allegra hummed. "Piece of advice, though... she's healing for once, James. Don't you think it's time to let her go?"

Hearing Allegra say I needed to let her go just made things worse.

How was I ever going to let her go?

"I can never let her go. You don't understand it because you're not in my position, but I love her, and all that matters to me is making sure she's safe and happy."

When I said that, I heard giggling laughter in the phone's background and knew who it was. That was Becca's laughter. Becca was with Allegra?

Was she here in Miami?! Or did Allegra go there...

"Allegra, what are you doing? Come on, we're waiting for you," Becca said softly in the background. My heart lurched, wanting to speak to her, but I knew Allegra would not let that happen.

"Look, I have to go. She's waiting for me."

"You went to go see her? Please, just tell me she's okay," I asked quickly before she could hang up the phone.

With a groan of protest, I could tell Allegra didn't want to tell me anything, but after a moment of reluctance, she did. "I'm not in Connecticut, okay. I'm in

New York, and I'm at my brother's house. Becca's on fall break right now, and she came up here to spend two weeks with Neal and me."

Hearing his name made my jaw clench with anger, my fist turning white as I held my phone to my ear. I should have known as soon as something happened, Neal would swoop in to try and steal her from me.

"What is your brother trying to do? Get into her bed just because she's not with me?"

"Excuse me? Are you really seriously making those accusations?" she snapped. "First off, you don't have the right to say shit like that. At least he is trying to make her smile. All you have done for weeks is make her cry."

"Why else would your brother ask her to come there? It's well known he cares for her, that he is in love with her, and wants her there for himself. Two weeks. It's been two weeks, and he's already f*cking trying to worm his way into her life."

I could hear shoes tapping on the floor before a door closed. "Listen to me, you f*cking prick. She is still wrapped up in you, but she is slowly getting better every day you are away from her. She asked to come here and asked for me to come up. She wanted to spend time with us. It wasn't my brother's idea. It wasn't mine. It was hers. She isn't interested in being with anybody, including you. The only thing she wants to do is to be normal and have fun."

As if I had been slapped in the face, I realized I had misjudged the entire situation. Not that I didn't have my reservations about the fact that Neal wanted to be with her.

"Allegra—" I said before she quickly cut me off.

"No, you don't get to do this. Don't you dare, Allegra me. You have become a very selfish f*cking man, James Valentino. You need to think about what you really want. Now that you don't have her there as a complication or leverage, take the advantage to fix your f*cking mistakes so you can actually be with her if that's what you want."

Allegra confused me. One moment she was looking to ring my balls and hang me by my feet from the ceiling, and the next minute she told me I needed to be the man Becca needed.

It was like she was on my side one minute and then wasn't the next.

"I will be everything she needs."

"Perfect. Then do it without f*cking calling her every day. She doesn't need you to call or text her all the time. Once a week is fine if you want, but at the end of the day... she's not your girlfriend, and you need to learn to let her go."

With the click of a phone, I realized the conversation was done, but the last thing Allegra said kept ringing through my mind repeatedly.

Becca was not my girlfriend anymore.... She wasn't my anything.

Not only that, but Allegra said I needed to let her go.

As if that was even possible.