

Chapter 85 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

I wasn't sure what I expected when I allowed Allegra to help get me ready. But Lord have mercy, did this girl have plans I was unprepared for. Staring in the mirror, I had to admit, I did look absolutely gorgeous. My long hair was curled to perfection and held back with small bobby pins at the back of my head, loose strands hanging low over my shoulders, and my makeup dark and smoky, my lips bright red.

I looked like a f*cking siren, ready to poach men and drag them to their death.

I was wearing lace, leather, and the tallest heels I had ever worn, something I wasn't too crazy about because I knew that by the end of my night, my feet would be screaming at me.

Although the moment I stepped from her room heading out into the living room where Neal was waiting, the look on his face said it all.

I was absolutely gorgeous, and it made me feel wanted.

"She really did a number on you, didn't she?"

Neal's comment made me blush as his eyes grazed over my body from head to toe with a grin. I wasn't the only one who looked good, though. Neal was absolutely sexy as hell in his own attire.

Perfectly messy hair that made him look like he'd spent all day f*cking. Dark slacks, a black button-up shirt rolled to his elbows with the top buttons undone, showing off his tight, firm ripped chest below.

F*ck me, he looked delicious.

"Yeah. I'm not the only one looking good tonight," I teased softly as Allegra came striding out of her room, digging through her clutch purse before her eyes glanced up at me.

"Who are we talking about?"

"You and how hot you look," I quickly said, trying to divert attention from what I really was talking about. A certain godly man who dripped sex and seduction standing to my right.

Get your head out of the gutter, Becca. I internally scowled.

"Are we ready to go?" Neal cut in as he cast me a glance that made my cheeks flush.

"Yep," I piped up as we headed towards the front door on our way to the car. I wasn't sure what was going to happen tonight, but I had a feeling it was going to be interesting.

As the car pulled up outside the club, I heard the music beating from within. The place had a dark, seductive feel to it, but in the end, it seemed like any ordinary kind of club. Darkened windows and large eccentrically designed double doors made up the front facade.

Not to mention all the security and scandalously dressed women waiting to get in.

"Come on, you two," Allegra called out over her shoulder as she passed a glance between Neal and me. I didn't miss the smirk that had crossed her lips, and as I looked at Neal, I caught him staring at me.

"Is something wrong?" I said softly, watching him snap out of whatever daze he was in.

"No, not at all. Come on, before Allegra gets upset."

Making our way inside the club after Allegra had a long heated discussion with the security guard that she was on the list. I was ready for a drink. I couldn't help but wonder what strings she had actually pulled to get us in this place.

Whatever it was... from the looks of the place, it was worth it.

It was no surprise that most people were either in masks or were meandering by themselves with a group of friends. But not just that. You could tell that every single person in this place came from money.

Girls in designer clothing dripping with diamonds and other jewelry.

Men wearing three-piece suits relaxed with a drink in hand.

It was a top-shelf kind of place, not somewhere where you would find generic alcohol. Not that I minded. But as we moved through the masses of gyrating people, I couldn't help but wonder if Allegra really had something else in mind.

Periodically, she looked over at me with a sly grin and then, at one point, looked to her brother and winked! She literally f*cking winked.

Neal seemed to ignore the gesture, though by rolling his eyes as she approached the blond linebacker-looking bartender with deep green eyes. Leaning across the bar, his eyes dropped to her cleavage as she whispered something in his ear, and then without warning, his eyes darted up, looking straight at me.

With a smirk on his face, Allegra pulled back, and he returned his gaze to her with a nod before disappearing from sight.

"What did you just say to him?" I asked, yelling over the music and crowds of people.

"Nothing important," she laughed as he returned, handing her a red plastic key card and three mixed drinks.

"Drinks are on the house," he replied directly to me with a heavy Aussie accent. "Let me know if you need anything else."

I couldn't help but feel like that was a sly suggestion from him to me, but paying no attention further to it, I turned and followed Allegra and Neal through the crowds once more to a more secluded private VIP area.

The private area reminded me so much of Club Velvet, the only difference being the way everything was decorated and the furniture; all of it was lavish; all of it screamed money, something I still wasn't used to.

However, Neal and Allegra looked quite at home.

"This place is amazing, isn't it?"

Allegra's question caught me off guard, and as I drew my attention back toward her, I nodded in agreement. "It really is. This place is amazing."

"I knew you were going to like it," she replied confidently as she sipped on the martini in her hand. "It's the kind of place you could lose yourself in."

I wasn't sure what she meant by losing myself, but as the music flowed through me, I enjoyed the time I spent with them. Stiff drinks, pulsating beats, and hypnotic lighting. Before I knew it, I was up dancing with Allegra while men around watched on in delight.

She was right when she told me she wanted me to enjoy myself.

I needed it. I needed a moment to let go completely and just be me.

Twisting and turning, I felt as if I was spinning, and when I stopped, my gaze fell upon one man that seemed entranced by my movements.

Neal.

He watched me intently with a lust-filled gaze as I stopped staring back at him with a smile. "Come join us."

"I prefer to sit and watch you," he replied as he lifted his glass to his lips.

"Really... well, I prefer you to join me."

"No way," he chuckled, shaking his head before a soft whisper in my ear from Allegra caught my attention.

"Don't just stand there... make him come to you. Make him want you."

My eyes quickly turned to meet hers for a moment, and as they did, I stared in disbelief. I may have been drunk, but I knew exactly what she was suggesting. She was suggesting that I make a move on him.

"Allegra..." I whispered softly.

"I'm not saying you have to sleep with him. Doesn't mean you can't have fun."

She didn't bother to wait for me to say anything else as she sauntered towards two men who had been eye f*cking her from across the room all night, and I was left to ponder over what she said.

Maybe she was right.

Maybe... just maybe, I should honestly enjoy myself.

I was single, after all, and James was too worried about his life to care about me right now. Taking a moment to think it over, my eyes locked on to his, and as the corner of his lip turned up into a small smirk.

It was now or never, and he enjoyed teasing me, so why not have some fun back?

Sauntering my way towards him as if no one could stop me, I watched him watching me, and the connection in our gaze was like nothing I had ever felt before. There were many ways this situation could go. But at the end of them all, I hoped it ended in nothing but pleasure because he was the only one I could trust out of all the men here.

As I stood before him, his legs spread on either side of mine, I contemplated what exactly I wanted to do. I wasn't really the kind of girl who was usually bad. But then again, I did have my moments where I loved to have fun.

"What do you think you're gonna do, Becca?" he asked me.

Straddling his lap, I leaned my body close to his, slowly rotating my hips over his, enjoying the feeling of his firm, hard body felt beneath mine as I leaned in close and whispered, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"You're teasing me." His voice had taken on a gravelly tone, causing my heart to race. I leaned back with a smile across my face, relishing the way his eyes stayed on me like I was the only girl in the club; no, the world.

"I thought you liked to be teased. Am I now learning that you're not into that kind of fun?"

Faking a pout, he set his glass down on the table and gripped my hips, pulling me firmly against him. "Are you sure this is a road you think you can go down?"

Did he think that I could go down this road?

Often, I wondered the same thing, but now I had had a few drinks and I had loosened up. There was no way I was going to let my confidence slip. Neal would never take an interest in actually taking me again. He'd made that clear before.

"You talk a lot of talk for someone who's not actually doing anything. I wonder if you are the one that actually has the balls to go down this road."

The response I gave was one I wasn't respecting an answer to, but to my surprise, a sadistic grin ran across his lips, and as it did, he gripped me tighter and stood with me against his body. "Now you're in for it because I never back down from a challenge."

I wasn't quite sure what I had done, but my heart raced with excitement at the anticipation of whatever he meant.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. It was something I never thought I would do.

But at the same time, I'd rather lose myself with him.

Than lose myself alone.