

## Chapter 8 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Waking the next morning, I tried to come to terms with what had happened. James had kissed me and played dominating daddy in my room last night. The lingering feeling of his lips on mine had my mind reeling since the moment my eyes had opened.

How could he do that and just walk away?

I wasn't the kind of girl to act the way I did, and yet, he brought out a side of me that didn't want to be tamed. The situation was more than frustrating, and to top it off, Tally had messaged me to let me know she had not come home.

It seemed she had decided to go with Catherine down to the beach to stay at her condo and wouldn't be back until later tonight.

Rolling from the bed, I groaned in frustration and made my way from my room. My eyes landed on James' door as a sinister idea crossed my mind. He wanted me to be a good girl, but perhaps I wouldn't.

With his bedroom door partially closed, but not completely latched, I pushed it open. I saw his sleeping form on the bed. Naked just as the day he was born, and starfished for complete access. If he wanted to have fun with me, then that is what would happen.

Quietly, I moved towards him. My feet avoided causing any unnecessary noise as I approached his bed. His long thick cock was erect from morning wood and ready for my taking.

Licking my lips, I slowly bent forward, taking his length into my mouth. His face contorted with pleasure as he slowly stirred. My pace increased as his eyes opened, taking in the sight before him.

"Becca—" he moaned as I used my mouth and hand in rhythm to create nothing but pleasure. "What are you doing?"

There was no denying how close he was to his climax, but considering he wanted an answer, I gave him one. With a deep suctioning motion, I let the thick head of his cock pop from my mouth before wiping away the saliva that dripped from my lip.

"What does it look like?" I smirked, raising a brow. "I thought you were experienced."

He reached out for me, but was too slow as I stepped back out of reach.

Waving my finger in front of him, I smiled, "No no no... you want me to be a good girl, remember?"

His eyes narrowed at me. "Are you sure you want to go down this road?"

Taking a moment, I placed my finger to my jaw and acted as if I was thinking. "Hmm..."

"Becca—" he said in a warning tone.

My eyes met his with a wicked smile. "I think I'll go swimming. Have a nice day, Mr. Valentino."

Score one for me and zero for him. If he wanted a game, I would give him one.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was as if the water was calling me, begging for me to come dive into its still body to cause chaos as I took lap after lap.

Without hesitation, I dove into the deep end and relished in the way the water caressed my skin. The cool refreshing feeling helped to wash away my thoughts, and as I broke the surface, I closed my eyes, letting the sun beat against my skin.

"Miss Woods?" a voice called from the terrace, causing me to turn around.

Peering up at the pool's edge, I watched the housekeeper striding towards me with a smile upon her face. "Yes?"

"Miss Valentino called and told me to let you know she requests you for dinner and drinks tonight at La Fontina."

I shook my head and nodded, "Thank you."

I had left my phone upstairs, and for good reason. But I found it amusing Tally would call her housekeeper to tell me I had to go to dinner tonight.

It was simply her way of asking me to go so I could be her designated driver, no doubt. Something I had no interest in doing. After everything over the last few days, she was still acting as she always did.

"Sounds like a fun night, doesn't it?" James called out, and I saw him standing in swim trunks with dark sunglasses.

Just the sight of him set me on fire, and I quickly realized he was going to join me.

"Uh—yeah. I probably should get out and get ready."

"No need," he quickly replied. "She called me too, and I told her you weren't feeling well and to proceed without you. I will have a driver come pick her up later tonight when she is ready."

My mind fogged over with confusion at what he was saying.

How had he so quickly done that when the housemaid literally just told me she called?

"But why?" I asked dumbfounded. "You lied to her."

Nodding his head, a smirk crossed his lips. "That I did. Do you really think I don't notice how she treats you? You don't have the relationship you once did."

As true as that was, I didn't need him pointing it out. After all, this was between her and me, and more than likely, this would be my last trip out here.

With frustration, I bit the inside of my cheek and scoffed as I pulled myself up to the edge of the pool, watching as he jumped in and swam towards me, wiping the water from his face as he broke the surface.

"Thanks, but I don't need you to lie for me," I pointed out, watching as he found amusement in what I was saying.

"Perhaps not, but I did it for a reason."

"Of course you did," I laughed. "But I told you earlier I am here to have a swim. I was hoping, in peace. Plus, this game can't continue... if Tally were to find out, it wouldn't be good for either of us, and I don't want to hurt her."

His once happy expression turned into one that made my skin grow cold. He and Tally had one thing in common, and it seemed to be they didn't like to be told no.

"What if she doesn't find out?" he asked as he moved closer to me.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what he meant. He wanted me to be his dirty little secret, and I wasn't sure if that was something I was up for.

"Honestly, I don't know if I believe you're skilled enough to make sure she doesn't," I reply, tauntingly, trying to mimic the energy he had given me from the night before.

"Is that right?" He quickly grabbed my legs, pulling my ass off the edge of the pool while holding me up. "Do you want to test that theory?"

"Wha—what are you doing?" I gasped as I tried to pull myself away. "Someone might see!"

"Giving you exactly what you want," he grinned. "Proof."

Before I could object, his fingers brushed against my sensitive folds as he pulled my bottoms to the side and slid his tongue against me. "James—"

The moaned response made me ache for more, and from the mischievous glint in his eyes, I could tell I was going to get it. His eyes met mine as he continued to run his tongue along me. The swirls against my sensitive nub caused me to gasp out in pleasure.

Chad had gone down on me before, but never had it felt like this.

No man had ever made me feel like this.

"Oh, f\*ck," I gasped as he dove in deeper, his movements becoming more frenzied.

"You taste amazing," he mumbled against my core. I felt myself coming closer to the edge. The motions his tongue made caused a knot to form in my stomach. I knew was going to explode.

"I can't hold on—" I cried out. "Please—"

Screaming out in pleasure, I fisted at the cold, hard ground as he forced me to ride out the wave of pleasure he had created within me. I wasn't sure how I had come so far when only the other day I was trying to avoid seeing him.

Now, he had me writhing in ecstasy over and over with no warning. He just took what he wanted, and I was subjected to his pleasure. I suppose it was my fault after what I did to him this morning.

"Your body reacts to me so well." He looked at me as he licked his lips.

The arrogant tone of his voice pulled me back to reality as I quickly pulled my body from him and scrambled back on the ground, panting as I came down from the high he created.

"So confident, aren't you?" I replied sarcastically, causing him to laugh.

"Don't act like you didn't enjoy that, Becca."

Watching his eyes scan up and down my body, I couldn't help but feel the lust build within me. I wanted him to f\*ck me till I begged him to stop, but admitting that would only add further to his ego.

This was a game to him, and I never backed down from a challenge.

"I'm glad that you could prove you could make me cum, but that still doesn't prove you can ensure Tally won't find out. So as much as I enjoyed that, I think it's best I go about my day and let you enjoy your swim."

"Running away," he says. "Didn't take you as a girl who would."

"Yeah, well, I didn't take you as a man who did nothing but talk and barely show action. Yet, here we are having a conversation about what you did and didn't do."

It was a lie, I know. He had just enjoyed my pussy like a four course meal, but I couldn't let him see the true satisfaction in what it did.

My sarcastic attitude did nothing but amuse him, and while I wasn't aiming for amusement, I found his reaction to my words comical.

"I thought you said you were going to be a good girl, Becca," he replied.

"Hmm—" I replied, thinking over his words, "I guess I lied, too. That's something we have in common now, isn't it?"

My words seemed to stun him as he stared at me. Warm satisfaction rolled through my body as I watched him in the water, staring at where I was now standing next to the pool.

James had been more than amazing getting me off, and the rush of pleasure he created in me was definitely something I would want to do again. But he had to learn this was a game of wits, and I would not bow down to him.

"Don't say I didn't warn you. You have no idea what you're getting into..." he warned, with lust filled eyes. "You will beg for me to stop."

"Weren't you the one that said I would be begging you to f\*ck me as well?" I smirked, crossing my arms over my chest.

Tight-lipped, I watch the corner of his lips turn up. "Yes, I did say that, and it would have been true had you decided not to play this game. However, the tables have turned, and I will take you when you least expect it."

"I doubt that. Anyway, if you will excuse me. I need to go take care of a few things, and I would hate to mess up plans you had for today."

Turning on my feet, I carried myself back towards the house and quickly closed the door behind me. A sigh of relief escaped me as I felt the safety of distance put between James and I.

Yes, I wanted him. But it was a ridiculous notion because he wasn't the kind of man to want me, and to be honest, I didn't want to be someone's toy.

The confliction was real, and I hated that I couldn't be decisive about what I was doing.

At least I could say that he lived up to his legend so far.

That tongue of his had skills that would keep me wet and excited for years to come. I just had to pray he didn't take my words too seriously. Otherwise, I would have a sadistic daddy with a twitching palm coming after me.

The thought alone was exciting, but the anticipation of knowing it was killing me.

