

Chapter 87 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

The last few days with Neal had been absolutely amazing. I couldn't get over everything we had been doing; from hanging out at the house like we used to or catching a movie. He had even taken me down to Broadway to see a show.

In between all of it, we spent time wrapped in each other's arms under the sheets of his bed, his hands stroking through my hair as I laid my head upon his chest.

It was amazing being with him. Letting him possess me... ravage me.

I never thought this could happen with him, but yet here I was, spending time with someone who was incredible, who seemed to really care about me, and through it all, he didn't judge me for being anything other than who I was.

"Are you getting hungry?" His deep, sultry voice wrapped around me, tugging gently on my heart. I had always cared for him, always held a special place for him in my heart, but after these last few days.... I was wondering if there was a possibility my feelings could end up eventually being more.

"I'm kinda hungry, but I'm not really sure what I want. Would make sense for us to buy groceries, but that means leaving the bed again."

Glancing up at him, I caught his gaze, and both of us broke into laughter. Neal admitted two days before he was not the kind of person who usually went out grocery shopping. Instead, he would just grab something on his way home or not eat at all.

Such was the life of a bachelor.

"So you don't want to make homemade pizzas?"

His comment was an inside joke about our catastrophe of making horrible pizzas back when he had visited me. Shaking my head, I scrunched up my nose in disgust. "Absolutely not. There is no way we are ever doing homemade pizzas again."

A small laugh escaped him as he kissed the top of my head.

"Alright then, how about I run down to the bodega, grab some food there, maybe pick up a bottle of wine..." He ran his fingers over the bareness of my back. Our naked bodies pressed against each other after another intimate mind blowing session. "...Then, when I come back, we can eat, and I'll just have you for dessert."

Laughing once more, I ran my hand up his chest until I gripped his jaw so I could slowly lean up and kiss his lips softly. "Oh, so now I'm dessert? I thought this morning you said I was breakfast."

"Breakfast, lunch, dinner, dessert. Honestly, it's all the same for me. I could eat you twenty-four seven, and I would never be satisfied." He flipped me over onto my back, sliding his legs between mine, pressing the thickness of him against my core.

"Neal—" I gasped softly against the pillows. "Don't tease me."

"I could take you right here... slide into you again and send your mind spinning," he whispered against my neck. "Would you like that?"

A soft moan escaped me as I pushed back on his thick, hard erection. "Yes—but then we would never eat."

"I already told you, I can just eat you."

He was absolutely delicious and had the stamina of an ox, which meant he and I were both sore and absolutely exhausted. I would literally need the time at college to recuperate in between sessions of seeing him.

Instead of continuing to tease me, though, he kissed over my shoulders and then pulled away. "Is there anything that you want from the store in particular?"

"Maybe some fruit," I called out as I rolled over to see him walking towards the bathroom. The sound of the faucet turning on hit my ear as he disappeared from sight. "Grapes preferably."

I could almost picture a life with him. Living together, having breakfast every morning, coffee, reading the newspaper, talking about regular things. I knew it was early on, but we'd been friends for so long I couldn't help but wonder what a life like that would be.

What kind of adventure would we have?

"So you're in a healthy mood." He stepped from the bathroom, having put on fresh clothes that did nothing but turn me on even more. Gray sweatpants, a tight black shirt and disheveled hair... he was godly looking, and I wanted more of him every time I saw him.

I wanted to pull him back into bed with me and make him take me again. Him using me for food sounded better than having to let him go, only to wait for him to return. "I changed my mind. I don't think you should go out."

He turned to me, furrowing his brows with confusion as he grabbed his wallet off his dresser and stuffed it into his pocket. "What do you mean? Is something wrong?"

"Yep, you're definitely too sexy to go out. I can't have all these other women trying to, like, steal you from me or anything," I replied sarcastically, causing him to laugh. Slowly, he made his way over to my side of the bed, leaning down, kissing me with intensity in every stroke of his tongue against mine.

"Don't worry, Becca," he said, pulling back. "There's only one woman who can turn me on how I deserve to be turned on, and unfortunately for them, that woman is you."

Pulling away from me completely, he smiled and headed from the bedroom towards the front door. "I'll be back," he called out as the echoed sound of the door closing behind him caused me to lie back and let out a completely satisfied sigh.

To think, only a few weeks ago, I had been living in torment, trying to figure out exactly where my life was going, where things with James were going. Now, I was in a penthouse in the middle of New York City, sleeping with a man closer to my age, but yet, still old enough to have more experience than normal men, relishing the life I could have with him.

All the while, I was slowly forgetting all the troubles which once filtered through my mind.

Deciding to slide from bed and jump into the shower, I moved quickly towards the bathroom. My hands ran through my hair as I stretched my arms high over my head, trying to relieve the sore muscles that filled my body.

Neal had made me exercise more than I ever had in my entire life. I saw no need to workout when I had Neal, who worked out every muscle in my body for more than an hour a day.

He was a machine, and according to him, hadn't taken a lover since the day he met me. Whether that was true or not... I didn't know. But thinking about it made my heart flutter just a bit.

Picking up my toothbrush, I blobbed the toothpaste on top of it and stuck it in my mouth. My mind wandered over what I was going to do the last forty-eight hours I was spending with him. In two days, I had to head back to school, and even though I wasn't ready to go, I knew I would be back soon.

Slowly, a smile spread across my face, but as it did, I noticed a weird feeling in my stomach and had to lurch for the porcelain throne to empty the entire contents of my lunch like a projectile missile.

After a few moments of heaving, the slow sensation of being sick finally fell away. Confusion filled me as I tried to think of what I had eaten that could

have made me sick. As I flushed the toilet and finished brushing my teeth, I grabbed one of Neal's large shirts and pulled it over my naked body.

I didn't have the desire to shower anymore and simply wanted to crawl back into bed to get some sleep. My chest hurt, and my stomach wasn't happy, but I wasn't sure what had come over me. I grabbed my phone and quickly sent a message to Neal to tell him to skip the wine and instead grab me something for my headache because I suddenly wasn't feeling well. He was ever so sweet in contacting me back, telling me he was just walking into the bodega and that he would pick up some things to make me feel better.

It was a good possibility, with the time of year, I had picked up some type of bug from either being out at the club or perhaps walking around the different stores I'd visited on our outings. I'd always had a weaker immune system than most people, and with that weaker immune system, I got sick rather easily.

Grabbing the remote, I turned on the TV and waited. There was no point in trying to do anything else with my stomach protesting and my head spinning.

If it kept up for too long, I was going to have to make sure I saw a doctor.

Forty-minutes later, a sound pulled me from the light sleep I had fallen into while curling myself around Neal's pillow. "I'm back," Neal called from the front door as it closed behind him. My eyes slowly turned toward the bedroom door, watching as he walked through it with a smile on his face but concern in his eyes. "You don't look too good. Are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling better than I was. I'm guessing maybe I just ate something at lunch that didn't agree with me. Or maybe it was the wine and then all the extracurriculars we had."

Neal laughed at my comment and a smile spread across my face as he quickly plopped himself down onto the bed and pulled me into his arms.

"Well, I picked you up some stuff, regardless. Just take it easy. We can hold off on any more fun tonight. Give you some time to rest. I have been working you

out pretty hard the last few days," he replied, causing me to snuggle into him and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

"Speaking of the last few days, have you even heard from Allegra? Where the hell did she go?"

"Well, from what I understand, she saw us hook up at the club, decided that she didn't want to be at the house for that, and made her way over to Jersey to spend time with a friend before heading back down south," Neal said, making a guilty feeling grow inside me. She had come all the way up here to spend time with me, and instead, I hooked up with her brother.

"I should call her... I should have spent more time with her."

"Don't be silly," Neal laughed. "This is exactly what she wanted. If you call her, you're more likely to have her telling you off for not spending more time with me."

I couldn't help but glance at him with a smug smile before giving in to what he was saying. It made sense, honestly. The moment Allegra got here, I couldn't help but notice her casually giving Neal looks and subtle gestures as if they'd had some private conversation I wasn't privy to.

"Well, then I guess I shouldn't let her down then, huh?"

Leaning forward, he kissed my forehead with a smile. "Definitely not."