

Chapter 88 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

Two days went by quicker than I thought they ever could, and before I knew it, I was loading all of my stuff back into my car with Neal at my side as he tried to convince me to stay, or at least convince me he would fly me back instead of me driving my car.

No matter how much he tried to persuade me, though, I couldn't let him do that. It was a sweet gesture, but I had to be independent, and even with us sleeping together or whatever else this was, I didn't want people to think I was relying on him for everything.

"I can't believe that you won't let me help you," he sighed as he placed my last bag into my trunk. "I don't like the thought of you driving."

Giving a soft laugh, I turned to him, raising a brow, and smiled as I closed the trunk. "You have said that multiple times now, but again, I will be fine. Honestly, you worry too much."

"I don't worry enough, Becca."

I wasn't sure where this sentiment came from, but pulling me close to him, he kissed me gently, wrapping his arms around my waist. "I wish you didn't have to go."

"I know..." I responded with a heavy sigh. "But I have school, and just think, in a month and a half I will be done with this course and onto my internship."

"About that... have you thought of where you're going to do it yet?"

Shaking my head no, I let a small smirk cross my lips. "No, but as soon as I know, I will let you know."

Pulling away from him, I made way towards the driver's seat, feeling his eyes upon my body as I moved. There was a part of me that wanted to turn back and tell him I had changed my mind, but my sore body reminded me I needed a small break from the ravaging he gave me.

"Call me when you get there," he called out, causing me to look over my shoulder at him.

"I will. Don't get into too much trouble while I'm gone."

His signature smirk lit up his face as he placed his hands in his front pockets. "Trouble? But I enjoy getting into trouble."

"Oh, I know." I laughed as I climbed into my car and closed the door.

Neal stood aside, watching me as I backed up from the parking spot and headed away from the garage. Not once did he move from his spot until I completely lost sight of him and pulled out onto the busy streets of New York City.

My time with him this fall break had been amazing, but in the end, it left me completely confused about what was going to happen with my life. What I was going to do in order to make sure I didn't f*ck this up as well?

Since I had gotten sick the other day, it had happened three more times, and I was fairly sure I had caught the flu or something. My nose ran and my head hurt, so as soon as I got back to school, I would schedule an appointment with my doctor to get seen.

It was on my list of shit to get done.

Turning up my radio, I prepared for the long drive back, a smile on my face, and a warm feeling in my heart.

Neal

Watching Becca go almost made me snap. I didn't want her to go, and as I watched her car pull away, I contemplated running after her, demanding she stay. Even if that meant I had to throw her over my shoulder and carry her all the way back up to my apartment.

The last few days with her had been enchanting, and feeling the way her body responded to me as I pleased her in more ways than one was something I would never get over. She was a goddess, and my d*ck hardened just thinking about how she took it into her mouth and sucked it dry.

God, what I wouldn't give to see her on her knees before me once more.

To hold her head as I pumped my hips into her throat, letting her take every f*cking inch of my c*ck like the pro she was.

Pushing the thoughts aside, I pulled my phone from my pocket to call Allegra.

"Oh, looky, who is calling me?"

"As if you weren't expecting it. I was just calling to let you know she is on her way back to school," I said as I stepped into the elevator, making my way back upstairs.

"Leaving? Why would you let her leave?"

"Uh, because she has school, Allegra," I laughed. "You know that thing you never finished?"

"Go f*ck yourself, pretty boy."

There was something about riling my sister up that always seemed to entertain me. She had been rooting for Becca and I to have something together for a long time, but never had I considered it would actually happen.

"I still can't get over it all. Me and her, that is," I sighed into the phone as I stepped out of the elevator, heading towards my front door.

"I said you both were meant for each other. I'm just glad you finally took the initiative. She is a keeper and deserves to be happy as you do as well. So don't f*ck this up."

Laughter escaped me as I rolled my eyes. "I don't plan to. I do wish she hadn't been sick the last two days, so I could have shown her a few more sites."

"She was sick?" Allegra replied after a moment of silence.

"Yeah, about two days ago, she just started throwing up. Now it seems like maybe it's a head cold. I don't know. She said she was going to the doctor when she got back, which is why she was eager to leave. Something about not wanting to be sick during finals."

"Neal... did you guys use protection?" Allegra asked, causing me to stop as soon as I walked into my apartment, glancing at my phone with a look as if to say... seriously?

"Legra... are you seriously asking this right now?" I scoffed.

"Yes, I am," she snapped. "Have you or not?"

"No, we haven't Allegra." I snapped back. "But I'm not worried about it. One, she is on the shot or whatever, and two, even if she wasn't, I would still not care. I wouldn't hesitate to take care of her and my child if one came about. Not that it is any of your business. Besides, we haven't even been having sex long enough for her to be pregnant."

There was silence on the other end of the line, followed by a heavy sigh. She knew I was right, and the last thing I wanted was to piss her off or upset her, but she was going to have to learn to mind her place in my love life, sister or not.

I wouldn't allow her to tell me or Becca what we were going to be doing.

"Fine," she finally conceded. "It's your life, regardless. I love her to death, and I know she isn't like other women, but you getting her pregnant wasn't what I

was really worried about. You're right—you two only just slept together, so she wouldn't be showing symptoms."

It suddenly dawned on me what she was saying. If Becca was pregnant, it wouldn't be me who was the father of her child.

It would be James.

It would be another way for James to keep hold of her instead of her being able to have a life with me.

"Don't jinx that, Allegra. There is no way she is pregnant. She just has a bug."

"Birth control isn't always effective, Neal. That's all I'm saying," she replied in a singsong voice that made me want to strangle her through the phone.

"Look... I need to go. I have things I need to take care of."

"Okay," she replied softly. "If you need me, call me."

Hanging up the phone, I placed it on the counter, running my hand over my face. I had never contemplated the idea of her getting pregnant by James, but I also knew she was a smart girl and there was no way she would allow herself to get put into a situation like that.

Allegra was just putting her nose in places that it didn't belong. I trusted Becca.

Walking towards my room, I took in the sight before me. The bed was still a mess, and the blankets were hanging halfway onto the floor. All it did was remind me of her and how much I wish she hadn't left. How much I wish I could have kept her here forever.

I cared about her, and deep down, I wondered if I was honestly in love with her. All this time being her friend, helping her, living with her, I'd wanted more with her, and when I finally got it, the idea of her leaving about tore me apart.

I didn't want to put that pressure on her, though. I didn't want to be the one to jump the gun with the "I love you" or anything else. However, the moment she said she loved me, I was going to marry her. There was no way I was going to let her escape me, no matter my past.

She knew a lot about me, and honestly, growing up, I never wanted to be with a woman in the long run. I saw them as pretentious and devious. That was until I met Becca. She completely intrigued me and changed my view of women all together.

Everything about her was intoxicating and addicting. She carried herself elegantly and gracefully, but she was completely seductive behind closed doors. Many times she left me completely speechless by her actions because I couldn't believe how I had been blessed with someone like her in my life.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I walked towards the bed, picking up the pillow she had slept on and inhaled deeply. It still smelled of her, and the deep inhale left a longing desire in my heart. I was a complete mess, and though I would see her again, soon, I wanted her now.

I would have to wait, though. I couldn't scare her away by being too overbearing.

Even if it wasn't in my nature to willingly let go of what belonged to me.

Whether or not she knew it, she was mine.