

chapter 85 : I'm Pregnant

Chapter 90 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

By the time I left the doctor's office and made my way back to my apartment, I was too shocked to speak. I was too shocked to f*cking do anything. All the way home, I'd cried. I'd cried for the last thirty minutes I had been sitting on my sofa.

I sat contemplating how I was going to tell James I was pregnant with his child.

I thought we were over.

I thought I was going to move on.

I thought about a life with Neal.

But no... fate decided to pull out their funny f*cking card and made me get pregnant by a man who wanted nothing to do with me.

I had literally become ironic, a sitcom for whatever f*cking gods were up there watching me below them saying, 'Hey, let's pick on this girl because she hasn't already been through enough.'

With a sigh, I grabbed my phone, flipping through to James's number. I debated on whether to call him, but I called the one person who wasn't a man.

I called Allegra.

"Hey sweet cheeks, what's going on? Heard you haven't been feeling good. Everything okay?"

Before I could probably get words out, the tears magically started reappearing. "No, everything is all f*cked up, and I have no idea what I'm supposed to do."

"What the f*ck did he do? I will kill him," was the first thing that came out of her mouth, and for a moment, I hesitated. It completely caught me off guard, my tears turning thin as I tried to contemplate which man she actually was talking about, James or Neal?

"Kill who?"

"My brother, Neal, he did something, didn't he? I warned him if hurt you in any way, he was done. So help me God, I will f*cking castrate him," she snapped, obviously in an angry rage. "What did he do? Tell me. I am getting my keys right now. I'm getting on a plane, and I'm coming up there."

"Oh, my god, Allegra, no!" I screamed at her quickly with panic. "Neal did nothing. It's me. I did something and I... I can't fix it. I don't know what to do." I said, causing the silence in her background to quiet down.

"You're pregnant, aren't you?"

How the f*ck did she know? I had only just found out myself.

"Uh... how—how did you know?" I stuttered over my words as I tried to figure out how to formulate my thoughts properly again.

She sighed into the phone as the sound of her fridge opening echoed in the background. "The day you left, Neal called me and told me about you being sick. We talked about you being pregnant, and he said he would be happy to be a dad, but of course, the idea that you could be pregnant by James was the only thing on my mind."

"I don't know what to do, Allegra. I don't know what to do about anything. James wants nothing to do with me, and I care so much about Neal. Things are so good between us. Uncomplicated... this is going to break his heart." I told her, trying not to think about how Neal was going to be so disappointed in me to hear this, to realize I was damaged.

"Oh, Becca, I don't think like that. You need to tell him now. He will be a lot more understanding than you think."

"I don't see how," I scoffed. "The girl he is with is pregnant by another man."

Allegra laughed through the phone, finding amusement in what I did not. "It's not like you cheated on him. You and James were together, Becca. Stop being so hard on yourself."

She was right. I was being abnormally hard on myself, but how could I not? I was pregnant, and still trying to figure out how to get my life together. Still trying to understand what I was going to do after graduation. I wasn't prepared for any of this.

"I will tell Neal, but I still have to tell James, and I don't want to tell him on the phone. It's something that I have to do in person," I replied to her, thinking of how that conversation would go.

"Start by calling my brother first. Talk to him. He will be able to help," she countered. And I knew she was right. I had always been able to count on Neal, but I didn't expect him to step up and play daddy. That wasn't his place.

I had gotten myself into this mess, and I was going to have to figure it out by myself. I couldn't rely on anyone, and even though James would more than likely want to move me down there, move me in, and so on and so forth, that was a whole chaotic catastrophe I wasn't sure I was prepared for.

Taking a moment to breathe, I picked up the small photos of my unborn child that lay upon the table and tried to prepare myself for a conversation I was going to have, one that I knew I wouldn't be prepared for.

The conversation that more or less could have destroyed everything I had with Neal, or by some small hope, would grow stronger if that was even possible.

Neal

It had been just over a day since Becca had left, and with every second she was gone, I wondered what she was doing, contemplating more than once if

going up to spend time with her there was a good idea. I was aware she had school, so it wasn't her fault she couldn't be here.

But it still didn't make it any better. Perhaps I was being too much.

The last thing I wanted was to be overbearing.

I wasn't even sure what to call what we had because we weren't technically in a relationship. Even though we had slept together, we were still simply just friends.

Through all of my worries, I couldn't stop thinking about what Allegra had said.

What would I honestly do if Becca turned out to be pregnant? It would be obvious it wasn't mine. Not enough time had gone by.

Would I tell her to figure it out herself and to contact James?

Would I be supportive and understanding of what she was going through and still stay by her side?

There were so many variations of things I could do, things I could say if she was, but every part of me hoped she wasn't. Hoped she just simply had the flu or had eaten something bad, and I knew that was awful to say because I would never wish ill on anyone.

But it was just better than the alternative.

Sitting behind my desk at work, I tried to force my mind into the paperwork; closures needed to happen, deeds needed to be drawn up. But when my phone rang, startling me from the concentration I was putting forth, I was happy to see Becca calling me.

"Hey gorgeous, what are you doing?"

There was a slight hesitation on the phone before she spoke, and when she did, I knew something was wrong. "Hey, are you busy?"

The soft gentleness of her voice stroked at my heart, making me miss her even more than I had already. "For you, I'm never busy. This is just work. I don't live to work. I work to live."

She giggled softly at my comment, and hearing that soft laugh made me melt further. "I went to the doctor today."

"Oh, yeah. How did that go? Did they give you some medication to help with your nausea?" I asked her, hoping and praying she was going to say she had the flu.

"Umm, kind of, but it's not—I don't even know how to explain this."

"Just take your time. What's going on? Is it something serious?" I asked, trying to reassure her, but in the back of my mind, I knew exactly what she was going to say.

Please don't say you're pregnant. Please don't say you're pregnant.

"I'm pregnant, Neal."

F*ck. I knew it.

Her statement made my heart drop into my stomach. This beautiful woman that deserved the world and a life of happiness was pregnant, and it wasn't so much the pregnancy that was the issue because I would love to see her pregnant.

The problem was who she was pregnant by. He didn't deserve to breathe the same air as her in my opinion. I'd sat back for too long and saw how he treated her. Saw her try to love him despite the shit going on, and in the end, he broke her heart again and again.

I couldn't let her hear me upset, though. I cared about her, and being supportive was important.

"I had a feeling that you may be," I admitted. "It's okay, Becca. Everything's going to be okay."

"How can you say that? How can you tell me everything's going to be okay? My baby's father is James. What am I gonna do? He wants nothing to do with me, and even if he did, I would have to live in the chaos that seems to surround him."

"You still love him, don't you?" I asked her, curious to know her answer.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do if she said yes.

I could lose the woman I was falling in love with.

"That's complicated," she replied softly through the phone. "Of course, a part of me still loves him. He was everything I had hoped for initially, but then the same part of me woke up and realized I was living in a fantasy."

Her answer wasn't what I was expecting, and I found myself swimming in a sea of emotions because she admitted she did, but also that she didn't.

"It's simple. You either love him or you don't."

"Nothing is ever simple, Neal. A part of me may care about him, but also a part of me cares about you. Really cares about you, but I know this isn't ideal for our situation. I'm not asking you to step up and be anything. I'm not asking you to do anything because this is my mess to fix, but I don't want to lose you," she replied, and it was obvious that she was crying.

Hearing those soft sobs come through the phone made me want to go to her even sooner, but I wasn't even sure where my place was any more.

"You're never going to lose me, Becca. I am falling in love with you. But I don't want to end up making your situation more complicated considering you're carrying his child."

"You're falling in love with me?" she asked in almost a whisper, as if she didn't realize it.

"I am, but that's something we can talk about later. When do you finish your exams?"

"Three weeks," she replied quietly. "I have to figure out my internship situation."

Taking a moment to consider what she was saying, a smile crept over my face. "Well, that doesn't have to start till January, right?"

"Yes, technically, but I have to give them an answer before Christmas break."

"Okay, and you will. However, once you finish your last exam, I want you to pack up some stuff and come back here. I hate that you will want to drive, but go ahead and come back here, and we will talk about everything when you get here," I told her as a plan formulated in my mind.

"Are you sure you want me there?"

I couldn't believe she even had to ask me that. It should have been obvious I wanted her with me here, but instead of pointing that out, I smiled.

"Yes, more than anything."