

Chapter 92 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

The last thing I expected was for James to message me out of the blue while I was trying to get coffee and tell me Tally had gone into labor. I didn't think I would care as much as I did, but the moment I heard, I panicked for her.

Tears sprang to my eyes as I thought of what could happen.

She may not have been a good person her entire life, but from what I saw and have heard, she was trying, and everyone deserves a second chance. She had been through so much, and this baby was a way for her to start over. To make amends for her actions.

I knew it was stupid for me to act this way, considering everything she had done to me, but I was only human, and a very caring one at that. So considering I had such a large heart, the last thing I wanted was for something to happen to her or the baby.

Trying to preoccupy myself until I got the news, I meandered around my apartment trying to catch up on homework, dishes, and anything else that needed done. My hands were wrinkly and red from cleaning everything in sight and eventually, when my phone chimed, I scurried to answer it.

It had taken hours to hear from him, but in the end, he messaged me to let me know she and the baby were doing perfectly fine. It was like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders, and as I texted him back, letting him know I was glad everything was okay. I couldn't help but wonder if I should have been there.

It was stupid, I know, but would anyone honestly blame me for letting that fleeting thought pass through my mind? To be conscious enough to know even though he had been a complete asshole, I still had been there for most of her life and she had nobody else?

Perhaps I was simply too caring for my own good.

"She's not my problem anymore. She's not my problem anymore." The mantra rang through my mind repeatedly as I placed down my phone and picked up the remote to my TV.

My exams were coming up quickly, and I was not prepared in the slightest. Now, with a baby on the way, I really had to think about where my life was going to go and what I was going to do. In seven months, I would have a brand new baby here that would need every part of me, because honestly... who knew if James would be there?

Why did my life have to be so damn complicated?

Laying back, I tried to close my eyes, my mind racing with the possibility of what my future was going to be and even how I was going to manage. The only thing I knew for certain was I was my mother's daughter, and because I was, I knew I could be strong.

I knew I could do this because she was with me everywhere I went.

She wouldn't let me do this on my own.

Neal

Jolting up in bed, my eyes scanned the darkened room before me. Sweat poured down across my skin as I tried to catch my breath. Another nightmare I couldn't escape. My mind often went back to the darkened hallways of the boarding school I had gone to when I was younger.

Allegra had been the bright star in our family, and with our parents caring more about themselves than us, I found myself growing up in VanDeacon's Preparatory Academy. A place that had good memories, but also terrible ones.

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I closed my eyes tight and tried to remind myself that that was years ago, and no one could ever hurt me again. No one would ever find out about what had happened there.

Pushing myself from the bed, I paced my bedroom before walking towards the kitchen to get a glass of water. Everything from the day had been a complete mess, and now with Becca pregnant, our future was even more unsure.

There was no way James was going to allow her to walk away. He was a possessive man, and god forbid she had a son. He had wanted one for years, and Allison had only blessed him with a daughter. A daughter who was sometimes out of control.

"F*ck!" I screamed to no one in particular.

How did I let this girl get under my skin like she did?

How did I allow myself to fall for her?

I was a f*cking mess, and there was nothing I could do to fix it. Even if I went abroad, and tried to forget about ever meeting her... it wouldn't be possible. I saw her face every time I closed my eyes.

Picking up my phone, I called the only person I could talk to about anything.

"Neal? What's wrong? Why are you calling so late?" Allegra said sleepily into the phone.

Tears brimmed my eyes because of my confusion. "The nightmares are back."

"Oh, sweetie," she hushed into the phone. "When did they start?"

"A few days ago," I sighed, running my hand through my hair before letting it slide over my face. "I thought they were gone."

"Me too," she whispered. "So they started after Becca left?"

I hadn't actually realized what she said until she said it, and hearing it now, I paused in reflection. The nightmares had been gone for so long, and the moment I started getting close to someone again, they came back?

"Do you think it's because of her I'm having them?"

"No," she laughed. "Not because she is close to you, but because you're afraid of losing her."

Laughing, I shook my head as I stood and walked towards the large bay windows of my apartment, glancing down at the busy street. It was crazy how, even at this time of day; the streets were busy, and the city was alive.

"I'm not afraid to lose her, Allegra."

She scoffed through the phone, and I could almost picture her rolling her eyes. "Yes, you are. I don't know why you're lying to yourself."

"It isn't like that, Allegra. This is completely different."

"No, it's not," she snapped. "The doctor told you years ago that this could happen when you get close to another woman. The only way you're going to fix this is to tell her the truth. Tell her you love her, and that you want her to be with you."

Reflecting on the fleeting memory, I rolled my eyes, shaking my head. "She is pregnant, Allegra. I was going to tell her everything over Christmas break, but now her life is more complicated than ever. I can't push myself on her, no matter how much I care about her."

"A baby isn't a complication, Neal," she said condescendingly.

She was right. A baby wasn't a complication, but the father of that child was. "He isn't going to let the two of them go."

"It isn't f*cking about him, Neal. Stop worrying about what James is going to say or do. She is going to be with you or she isn't. You're simply making excuses."

Maybe I was making excuses, but only because I was afraid of being hurt again. I was afraid once she found out who I was, she would run away from me. She would see how ugly I really was and I would lose her forever.

Often, I wondered if keeping her at arm's length would be better.

"I'll think about it," I replied, trying to change the subject.

"No, you need to do something about it."

That was my sister. So damn pushy, and so touchy when someone doesn't listen to her. Yet, through the years, she has been the only thing keeping me grounded. Everyone else either left, or couldn't understand who I was.

"Okay. I heard you. I'm gonna go. Get some sleep."

Hanging up the phone, I laid it down on the counter, and stared off into nothing, trying to determine how I was going to make this work. How I was going to be able to get past the circumstances I was in to make a life I could be happy with?

It didn't matter how much money I had or how lavish my lifestyle was. I wasn't happy, and I finally realized the day I met Becca and saw how carefree and happy she was in Club Velvet with Allegra and I.

That, of course, was until James came in and stole her away from me.

"F*ck it," I snapped as I rushed towards my bedroom and straight towards my closet. I had a meeting the next day, but it was going to have to wait. There were things I needed to do, and priorities I couldn't put aside.

For once in my life, I would not push aside my feelings and be afraid of everything going on around me. For once, I had to take a leap of faith and do something that was going to make me happy, and that was being with Becca.

Becca hadn't just become a woman I had fallen in love with. She was slowly becoming my best friend, and a life without her wasn't one that I wanted. I

knew very well how complicated her situation was, but if she let me, I would be there for her.

I would be the person she needed to lean on.

As soon as my bag was packed, I rushed through the living room grabbing my phone, keys, and wallet. The front door slammed behind me as I made my way towards the elevator and down to the garage.

I wanted to be there when she woke up.

I wanted to be the first person she saw every morning when she opened her eyes.

And I was going to make sure of that.

I was going to make her happy, even if it killed me.

Putting the car into reverse, I pulled from my space and made my way towards the main city roads of New York City. The drive would take a few hours, but that would give me enough time to think of what exactly I was going to say to her.

I was going in without a plan, which was something I had never done before, but for Becca it was f*cking worth it.

Becca will never know what it feels like to be alone.

Even if I had to get rid of James forever, I would do it.

I'd f*cking kill him to keep her, and that was a damn promise.