

Chapter 93 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca

The sound of loud knocking woke me from my sleep in the middle of the night. I wasn't exactly sure at first where the hell the noise was coming from, but as soon as my mind focused, I realized someone was pounding on my front door. Glancing towards my clock, I groaned seeing it was close to 5:00 in the morning.

"What the f*ck?"

Sliding from my bed, I wrapped my robe around me and made my way downstairs where the persistent knocking continued. The person on the other side was relentless in their endeavor to piss me off for waking me up at this hour.

Looking through the peephole, my heart stopped for just a moment. There on the other side of my door was Neal. His hair was disheveled as if he hadn't been sleeping. Not to mention he was wearing sweats and a T-shirt, a duffle bag in hand. "What the hell..." I muttered to myself as I opened the front door.

His gorgeous eyes locked with mine, and as they did, he stepped into the apartment, pressing his lips against mine as he shut the door behind him. The movement took my breath away, but I wasn't complaining. Instead, I melted into him.

"God, I missed you," he whispered softly, leaning his forehead against mine.

"Neal... what are you doing here?" Looking up into his eyes, I tried to understand why he was here. The last thing I knew, he had a meeting this morning and was supposed to be flying out of town.

"I came to see you. Are you not happy to have me here?"

"No, that's not what I meant." I laughed. "I'm very happy to see you. But I thought you had a meeting this morning, and you were supposed to go out of town."

"Yeah, I did."

"... But you decided not to go?" I asked when he didn't elaborate further.

"You're more important to me, Becca."

I was confused about what was running through his mind. Neal had always been so guarded in a way, but right now, it was as if all his walls were down, and I was seeing him for the first time.

Vulnerable. Broken.

Running my hand across the soft touch of his skin, I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him closer. It didn't take a genius to figure something was bothering him, but deciding not to press the issue anymore, I kissed him gently. "Let's go back to bed."

Nodding his head, he picked me up into his arms, causing a sound of surprise to escape me as he carried me up the stairs towards my bedroom. "Neal, what are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" He grinned as he continued on his parade.

"You don't have to carry me. I can walk." I laughed.

"I know."

Raising a brow, a smirk fell over my lips. "You know, but you don't care?"

"Essentially," he replied as he pushed open my bedroom door, and carried me towards the bed, laying me down gently. "I will take care of you."

I wasn't sure what his admission was about, but before I could ask, he stripped off his shirt, causing a pink tinge to cross my cheeks before he slid off his

sweatpants, standing in my room in nothing but tight boxer briefs. His sculpted legs, and well defined—package—on full display.

"Not tonight," he whispered as he climbed onto the bed and pressed his lips against mine. "You need to rest. Growing a baby requires lots of rest."

I wasn't sure what had come over him or why he had driven hours to get to my place, completely rejecting all the things he had to do today, but I was too tired to argue with him. Too tired to contemplate what was going on.

It was best just to wait till morning, and as I snuggled into the crook of his arm, I felt a sense of safety pass over me I hadn't had before. A sense of security that made my heart warm, and my mind clear of the fog it once held before.

I wasn't sure what time it was when I finally woke up, but the streams of filtered sunlight streaming through my curtains let me know it was morning. Stretching in my bed, I glanced around, realizing I was alone. I was almost certain Neal had been here with me.... Did I dream up the entire thing?

Sliding from the bed, I made my way towards the bathroom to freshen up, and as I stepped inside, I saw his toiletry bag on the counter. I hadn't dreamt the entire thing. Neal had really come to me in the middle of the night... but where was he?

Finishing in the bathroom, I made my way downstairs, only to stop halfway gazing into the living room where Neal sat with a cup of coffee and his laptop. He was typing away intently, his eyes never looking up, and it amazed me how he could have passed for a college student himself.

"Good morning," I said softly, causing his eyes to gaze up at me from his laptop, a smile spreading across his face before he quickly stood up and cleared the space between us.

"Good morning, beautiful," he said as he pressed his lips against mine. "Are you hungry? I made pancakes."

"You cooked?" I asked with a wide grin and a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, Becca. I can cook."

Rolling his eyes, he smirked at me as he made his way towards the kitchen and quickly plated me up some food. I wasn't honestly sure how to react to this because I had never seen him act like this before. "Are... you okay?"

"Yeah, why?" he chuckled. "Do I look like something is wrong?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I smiled at him. "You drove hours to get here in the middle of the night, Neal. Can you blame me for thinking that something is wrong?"

He hesitated his movements before slowly turning to slide the plate of food towards me. There was no way he couldn't see what I was talking about, and as his eyes met mine, I knew he knew it. "I just wanted to see you."

He was hiding something, but whatever it was lurked beneath his gaze. As if he wanted to tell me, but was unsure if he could. Reaching across the counter, I placed my hand upon his and smiled at him. "I'm glad that you came, because I missed you. But I can tell there is something else going on... just know that when you're ready to tell me, I'm here to listen."

Neal's face went blank for a moment before clearing his throat. "Do you want orange juice?"

Changing the subject.

"Yeah sure. That sounds great."

Watching him walk around the kitchen, I dug into the food he'd made and was surprised how great it tasted. Lately I was lucky if I could manage a few bites of food with this morning sickness, and yet I was able to clear my entire plate.

"So I think we should talk about something," Neal finally said, speaking up after moments of silence. "We need to talk about us—about the baby—the future."

I hadn't been expecting him to walk to talk about these kinds of things. As far as I knew, we weren't together, and the baby wasn't his. It was mine. So hearing he wanted a future or wanted to talk about the future confused me.

"Okay..." I replied hesitantly as he walked around the bar. Slowly, I turned on the bar stool, only to find his hands resting on the sides of my thighs as he stood between my legs.

"I know James may be the father of your child, Becca. But I don't want you to feel like that means we can't be together if you want to be with me."

His admission took me aback. We had never talked about being together in full detail before, but hearing him say this touched me and brought tears to my eyes. "We aren't even technically together."

Smooth, Becca. I internally groaned at myself.

"Yeah, I know." He smiled sweetly, "but I want us to be."

With parted lips, I gasped. "You do?"

"Yes." His hands slid over the side of my face gently. His body leaned into mine as he brushed his lips against me. "I spent a few days away from you, and I realized I didn't like it. I want to spend everyday with you."

I had waited forever for someone to say these things to me. None of the guys I had ever been with made me feel the way Neal did, and even though a part of me wanted to jump at the opportunity, I knew I couldn't rush into things.

It wasn't just me I had to think about now.

"I want that, too, but I don't want to rush things. We need to make sure that this is what we really want. I don't want either of us to think down the road that we should have waited."

My words sounded almost like a rejection, which wasn't what I was trying to do, but I didn't want him to think I would jump right in with two feet.

To my surprise, though, he smiled at me as he kissed me again. "I thought you might say something like that, and I agree. We can take things slow and see how it goes. But I want you close always... if you accept that."

"What do you mean?" Furrowing my brows, I tried to understand what he was saying. The statement having been able to mean a lot of things confused me.

"I'm saying that I want you to move to New York to live with me after you're done with exams."

"What?!" I exclaimed with shock. "Neal, I have to do my—" Holding his hand up, he cut me off and smiled.

"I know. You have to do your internship and you will." He smirked. "You will be my intern. I actually need help in that department anyway, and you will have your own office. Be close enough to me, and you can even travel with me overseas."

The offer was something I hadn't been expecting, and honestly, it was an amazing offer.

He wasn't trying to rush things, but he was also allowing us to spend more time together while also taking my schooling into consideration. I knew very well James, at one point, had offered for me to go down there, but I also knew that he wouldn't have actually let me intern.

At least with Neal, he would let me do my job.

He knew how important my education and future was to me.

"Promise me you won't try to pay for everything all the time? That you will still let me be independent?"

Soft laughter escaped him as he cupped my chin, pulling me closer. "I wouldn't change who you are for the world, Rebecca."

"Okay... let's do it."