

Chapter 9 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

"Tally, where the hell is your toaster?" I asked as I scanned the kitchen, looking for the only appliance that didn't seem to sit on the counter.

"Uh, you're really asking me?" Moving towards the kitchen counter, she pulled herself up on it, taking a seat as she bit into a golden red apple, watching me search through every cupboard.

She wasn't any help, and it already irritated me. I got little sleep after what had happened between James and I the day before.

Groaning in protest, I stood, looking at her with my hands on my hips. "How do you not know where it is? This is your house."

Shrugging her shoulders, she rolled her eyes as she continued eating. It was only when James walked into the kitchen I became rigid and froze in my spot. His body brushed gently by mine as he went for the coffee pot.

"Good morning, ladies," he said with a smile and a chipper tone to his voice.

"Morning, Daddy," Tally said as his eyes slowly scanned towards me.

"Are you having a good morning, Becca?"

Of all the times he had to address me, it was right in front of Tally. I was, in a way, pleased with him speaking to me, but the thought of what had happened between us in the pool kept swirling through my mind.

"Uh-yeah." My curt response went unnoticed by Tally, but turning to face James, I watched the corners of his upper lip turn up while amusement laced his eyes.

"Wonderful. Well, if you're not doing anything today, I would suggest taking a swim in the pool. It's a beautiful day for a dip."

A flush of embarrassment rushed my cheeks at his comment as I quickly cleared my throat and gave up on looking for a toaster. What was the point, anyway? My appetite was long gone.

"We won't have time for swimming today, Dad. Becca and I are heading into the city to go shopping and have drinks," Tally said happily as she jumped off the counter.

James' eyes widened as he smiled. "That sounds like fun. Just remember, if you girls are going to drink, let me know, and I will have a car come pick you up."

"Yes, I know, Dad," Tally groaned, causing me to laugh.

It never ceased to amaze me how she could act like such a child. Most people would give anything to have their parents care like that, and she always acted like it was an issue.

"Alright then," James sighed. "Well, I need to get going. I will see you both later. Try not to get into trouble."

His last words were said with his eyes lingering on mine. I wasn't sure what he was hinting at, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to find out.

"Have a wonderful day, Mr. Valentino."

The smile on his lips thinned with my goodbye. The teasing manner in which I called him by his last name instead of James had surely gotten under his skin.

Something I was sure he would point out later.

A few hours later, I sat across from Tally with three of her friends who I hadn't met before. The beach side restaurant was amazing, and even though the past week had been nothing but chaotic, I was glad for a quiet, normal lunch.

"So, what do you think of Miami so far?" a guy named Tony asked as he lifted his lips to a tall margarita and gulped it greedily.

"Well, it isn't my first time here. But I enjoy it."

His eyes widened in surprise as he glanced towards Tally. "Why are we just meeting her now if she has been here before?"

Tally raised her brow as she glanced from her phone towards the man and then back at me. "Oh, well, she hasn't been here in five years."

"Yeah, things got hectic with my parents, so I haven't been down here in a while."

He nodded without going further and proceeded to ignore me and start talking to the others about a mad party coming up later in the summer.

The fun I had once been having was slowly simmering down, and before I could think much, my phone rang with a name across it I hadn't been expecting to see.

"Um—excuse me. I need to take this call."

Tally's eyes met mine as she furrowed them in confusion as I mouthed Chad's name to her. For a moment, I thought a bit of anger flashed within their depths, but quickly disappeared.

"Hello?" I said into the phone as I stepped away from the table.

In all honesty, Chad was the last person I wanted to speak to, but for some reason, I couldn't resist answering my phone.

"Hey, gorgeous. What are you doing?"

His voice no longer excited me when he spoke, and even though an empty pit formed in my stomach, I tried to push the feeling away from his absence.

"Why do you care, Chad? This can't honestly be a social call."

"Don't be like that," he sighed into the phone. "I miss you, Becca. I was an idiot before, and I wanted to tell you I'm coming to Miami for you. I have friends down there, and I am going to see them... and you, if you will let me."

"Seriously?" I scoffed. "You cheated on me, Chad. What makes you think I want to see you?"

"Becca, please," he sighed again. "Just meet me for drinks, and let's talk when I get into town. Let me show you how sorry I am."

I didn't want to fall prey to his games, but part of me needed clarity. I wanted to know who it was he had been seeing. The only evidence I had at one point was a pair of custom black panties I found laying in his room.

A design I had never seen before with lace patterns that looked handmade.

There couldn't have honestly been too many women who would have those, and it would settle my mind more if I knew who they belonged to.

"I don't know," I sighed. "Maybe. But I will be honest. I don't want to."

"That's okay. I will accept maybe," he quickly replied. "I promise I won't hurt you again."

Lies. They were all lies.

"Yeah, sure. I have to go."

Hanging up the phone, I shoved it into my pocket and leaned against the railing overlooking the beach. Hearing his voice had brought back many terrible memories, and through all of it, I just wanted to find peace.

Peace away from him, and the life I had with him. A chance to have something new.

"Becca, are you okay?" Tally asked, causing me to turn and see her walking towards me with a confused expression on her face.

"Uh—yeah. I'm fine," I replied, dismissing the emotions I was feeling.

"What did Chad want?"

Shaking my head, I shrugged my shoulders before turning to look back out over the beach. "To let me know he is coming to town, and he wants to see me because he misses me."

"He misses you?" she said in a little too much of a negative tone. As if missing me was something impossible for Chad to do.

"Yeah." I turned back to look at her, and she took on a defensive stance, crossing her arms over her chest and shaking her head.

"Don't do it, Becca," she said firmly. "He hurt you before. Are you really going to let him do that to you again? I think you should stay away from him. It's obvious some other girl is claiming him now."

Her words hurt me, and I didn't understand why she didn't think before she opened her mouth. "Wow, thanks for that, Tally."

"Look," she replied, letting out a heavy breath, "I'm sorry. I just don't want to see you hurt. You're my bestie, girl. You deserve better than him."

I knew she was just looking out for me, and perhaps she was right.

I deserved better, but even that notion made me feel sick. Especially since her dad had taken a liking to me, and I was loving every bit of the attention he gave.

Even if I would not make it easy for him.

"You're right. Why don't we go get drinks and forget about Chad?" I laughed, causing her to take my arm as we headed towards the table.

I wasn't a drinker, but after that conversation, I definitely needed something.

Hours later, we stumbled back through the door of Tally's home with laughter echoing around us. I wasn't sure if her father was home, but we both had been drinking and neither one of us cared.

"Oh, my god, Becca. That was so much fun tonight!" she squealed as I helped her up the stairs towards her room.

"Yeah, it was. Now, let's get you to your room and to bed."

"Oh, my bed!" she squealed again as we reached the top floor and entered her room.

After a few moments of getting her undressed and into bed, I proceeded to my room to get undressed. I desperately needed to get changed, and then perhaps get something to eat.

The alcohol in my system wasn't as bad as Tally's, but food and hydration was definitely required if I didn't want to be hung over the next day.

Slipping on a red night dress that stopped mid thigh, I undid my hair and let it cascade down my back as I left my room and tiptoed down the stairs towards the kitchen.

The lights were completely off, and the darkened rooms made it hard to navigate. But it was honestly better than waking James.

The last thing I wanted to deal with was James. He had been swirling through my mind since the moment I got here, and after everything he had done to me, I wanted more.

I wanted every last drop of him, and with the alcohol in my system, there was no way I could play this game of hard to get.

I would more than willingly submit to him.

Before my feet hit the tile again, I felt a rush of wind, then a hand wrapped around my waist as another came across my mouth.

Screaming out in fear and panic, I flailed against the body, trying to break free with no luck. Whoever it was had a firm hold on me, and the last thing I wanted to do was die.

Yet, as a breath ran over my ear and neck, I couldn't help but feel turned on.

"I told you we would finish this later," the voice whispered. "I have been waiting for you since the moment you left, and I can't wait to make you scream again."

I knew that voice anywhere, and it was one I thought of often as well.