

Chapter 98 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

"What are you doing today?" Neal asked from the bed. We had spent another glorious night wrapped in each other's arms, and as much as he wanted me to stay there... I had shit to do.

"I told you yesterday..." I laughed as I peeked my head around the corner of the bathroom to look at him. His cool eyes stared back at me with his arms resting behind his head. "I have shopping to get done. Christmas is right around the corner, and if we're going to be leaving, I'm not going to leave people empty-handed."

"I'm not telling you that you have to leave people empty-handed. All I'm merely asking is, why do you have to do it today? Come back to bed."

Shaking my head, I rolled my eyes and continued finishing up the rest of my makeup. If I was going to beat the masses, which I highly doubt I was going to do, then I needed to hurry up and get my ass out there so I could get my shopping done.

Looking down, I stared at the small bump protruding from beneath my shirt. I was closing in on four months, and while I still dreaded telling James I was pregnant—I was planning on doing it soon.

I was wrong to continuously hold off on telling him the truth. He deserved to know he was the father. The problem was, I just hadn't had time to go down to Miami and tell him. And unlike some people who thought it would be perfectly fine to pick up a phone and tell him, that wasn't me.

Telling James he was going to be a father, again, needed to be done in person, not over the phone or FaceTime or anything like that. I found that to be so impersonal.

"Don't you have a meeting at eleven o'clock?" I called from the bathroom, pointing out that he had been denying what needed to be done. All because he wanted to stay in bed with me.

"Yes, I do, but I wanted to spend the morning with you."

"We live together, sweetie. You don't have to stay and miss work every single day just because you want to spend time with me," I replied as I stepped from the bathroom.

"I know we do." He watched me walk from the bathroom towards the closet. I had no doubt he would try and pull me back into bed if he got his way, but I couldn't let that happen. I was a woman on a mission.

The moment I bent down to grab my boots, I felt his arms around my waist. A smile spread across my lips as I stood up and felt his lips against my cheek.

"You look absolutely stunning."

"Do I?" I whispered as I leaned my head back to let his lips press gently against mine.

He didn't hesitate in deepening the kiss as his hand ran over my small protruding bump. "Yes, you do."

"Well, be it as it may, I can't get back into bed with you. I know what you're trying to do, and it's not going to work. I'm on a mission today, and I have a lot of ground to cover before the end of the day."

With a groan of protest, he let me go with much reluctance.

"I suppose I should get ready for my meeting, then?"

Laughing, I stepped from the closet and smiled at him. "That would be the adult thing to do if you feel like adulting today."

Understanding my sense of humor, he laughed, nodding his head. "Okay, okay."

The last few weeks had been hectic, but now I was settled into Neal's home and was preparing for the future, I found myself more relaxed by everything. It wasn't my ideal situation, but I wouldn't change a thing.

I was finally looking forward to having the baby. "I have an appointment with the doctor tomorrow, by the way."

He stopped in his tracks, naked and gorgeous as ever, and turned his attention towards me. "Are you finding out the gender?"

"I don't know... maybe? I thought about not finding out. Just waiting until the baby is born."

"Really? No one does that anymore." He chuckled. "Or do you want to have a party or whatever they do with the genders?"

I couldn't help but chuckle at his comment. He was taking all of this very seriously, and even though the child wasn't his, he still wanted to be a part of every aspect. "No party."

"Okay. If that's what you want to do, then I'll support your choice. On that note, I got the flight booked for Saturday," he replied, drawing my attention even more.

I knew what he was talking about. We were leaving on Saturday to fly down to Miami. We would spend a couple days with Allegra, and then we would turn around and fly up to my father's for Christmas.

I was excited to see my father. It had been so long, and with him having a new girlfriend, I couldn't to meet her. She made my father happy, and that was what was important.

"That sounds perfect, which is all the more reason why I need to leave now to go get shopping done. Not to mention, there's all the wrapping that has to be done as well, which is incredibly tedious, and I'm very meticulous about it."

"You're not seriously wrapping presents." He looked at me, slightly shocked. "That's what those gift wrappers are for at the stores to wrap your gifts, so you don't have to."

"You have never personally wrapped a gift yourself?"

"I'm a busy man." He shrugged. "I don't have time for that kind of stuff."

"So you keep telling me," I muttered with a smile. "Regardless, one day you're going to have to wrap a gift yourself."

"Perhaps, but that day is not yet happening, so therefore I will continue to allow those gift wrappers to wrap the gifts for me." Leaning in, he pressed his lips against the corner of my mouth, kissing me before I quickly made my way to the front door.

"I won't be too late, and I'll call you as soon as I am on my way home."

"You better. Otherwise, I'm sending security out to find you." He leaned against the kitchen counter as he watched me go.

I knew he was giving me space to be my own person, but the last week he had been so adamant about me taking someone with me as 'security.' I wasn't sure why, and I didn't press the issue, but deep down, I couldn't help but wonder if something was going on.

Something I wasn't privy to.

A few hours and many stores later, I found myself satisfied with the gifts I had purchased.

The snow had slowly begun to fall once more, and stepping out onto the cold streets of New York, I made my way through the crowd in search of something warm to soothe my throat. The cold air wasn't something I was used to yet, and even though I had lived in it for some time with school, I rarely ventured out into it.

Perhaps it was my warm southern blood protesting.

With no coffee shop insight, I decided to call the driver to come and pick me up. After hours of shopping, the bags were heavy, and, honestly, I was ready to go home. There was only one gift I still needed to get, and that was for Neal.

I had contemplated what gift I would get him for some time, and the only thing that kept going back to my mind were the stories he told me of when he visited his grandparents and how those were some of the happiest moments that he had ever had.

It was hard to buy for a man who simply had everything. Even though he told me I didn't need to get him anything, it was Christmastime, and I wasn't going to let him wake up Christmas morning without having gifts under the tree.

Perhaps that was just me being traditional.

After a moment, the driver's car pulled up alongside the curb. He parked it, and stepping from the vehicle, popped the trunk and smiled at me. "I take it the shopping went well?"

"Yes, it did. Thank you," I replied sweetly as I handed him over the bags and stepped towards the car, climbing in. The warmth of the vehicle enveloped me, and instantly I was hot but decided against peeling off the layers. After all, we'd be at the apartment in no time, and I'd be back in the cold again.

As the car pulled out into traffic, we drove down the busy streets of New York City, block after block, closing in on where Neal lived. When we stopped at a red light, I happened to look over at a particular watch store, and an idea struck my mind.

Neal had told me once before about a watch that his grandfather had owned. A pocket watch, to be exact, that he had loved as a boy. However, his father refused to allow him to have it when his grandfather died, and it was something that broke his heart, but he had learned to live with.

The idea of the gift slowly developed within the base of my mind, and with a smile on my face, I turned to the driver. "I'm sorry. Can we pull over, please? This store right here. I just want to pop into it and pick something up."

"Of course, miss. I will wait right here for you to return," the driver replied as he turned the corner and parked on the side of the street.

Within a matter of moments, I was stepping inside a shop full of red, green, gold, and silvers; the Christmas decorations completely warmed my heart as I felt at home within the walls of the building. There were so many different designs of watches, I wasn't sure exactly which I wanted.

So as my eyes scoured the countertops and the different glass containers, I finally found what I was looking for. Remembering vaguely the photo Neal had shown me with him and his grandfather and the pocket watch he held on his waistcoat, I compared the details to the one in front of me.

They were very similar. So, without hesitation, I quickly asked the lady to let me purchase it.

At first, she was reluctant, explaining to me that the item was extremely expensive, but I assured her I had the money to cover it, and when I did finally check out, she was rather shocked and apologized to me.

Typically, I would have been the girl to say something to her, to tell her that she shouldn't judge a book by its cover. But I was so happy I had found the perfect gift for Neal, I no longer cared.

As soon as I was done making my purchase, I stepped outside onto the concrete path of New York City. My eyes were on the gift in my hand as I turned the corner and headed towards where the driver was waiting for me.

I wasn't sure what it was about. The feeling that slowly crept over me, that I was being watched, made me stop. But as soon as I heard a particular voice coming from behind me, calling my name, my body froze.

"Well, hello there, Rebecca. It's funny seeing you in these parts."

I knew that voice all too well, and as I slowly turned, I came face to face with the woman who had blonde hair and blue eyes and a name that I would never forget.

"What the f*ck are you doing here, Katrine?"