

## Chapter 103 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

I wasn't quite sure what to expect when I got up early the next morning, sliding from the bed with the full intention to go see James. Neal had been sleeping when I walked out of the room, but before I could make it to the door, I heard his voice behind me.

"You're going to see him, aren't you?" he said softly, his eyes narrowing at me. Turning slowly, I stared at his pleading eyes and sighed.

"Yes, I am," I replied slowly, nodding my head. "He has a right to know, and the sooner I get this over with, the sooner I can be free with you."

Shaking his head from side to side he licked his top lip. His eyes cast off into the distance as if he wanted to keep me here but knew that it would only cause an argument. "I don't like this, Becca. I mean, I should have known that you would do this, but still."

"Neal, I'm sorry," I whispered. "This is just something that I have to do."

"I know," he replied with a sigh. "I just don't like you going alone, unprotected. What if something happens to you and the baby because I'm not there to protect you?"

Stepping towards him, I reached up, laying my hand on the side of his face as I brushed my thumb over his cheek. "Stop worrying so much. Everything's going to be fine, and James won't let anything happen to me either, okay? As soon as I leave his office, I'll call you, I promise."

Taking a moment, he stared at me with a hard glare, before letting it soften. Nodding his head, he pulled me close and conceded to what I was going to

do. "At least let me call my driver to take you. I don't want you taking any other form of transportation."

"Okay," I said softly against his chest as he held me. "Call your driver."

A few moments later, a car pulled up out in front of the apartment building, and Neal walked me down making sure that I got in safely. "I want you to let me know as soon as you get there, Becca. Then as soon as you're ready to leave."

The stern talking to that he was giving me made me smirk, but nodding my head I agreed. "Understood, sir."

"Mmm... don't start talking to me like that, or else you won't ever leave."

Giving him a soft kiss, I smiled, and climbed into the car. He didn't bother leaving right away. Instead, as the car pulled away, he watched me go until he was clear out of sight.

As the car traveled the streets, I felt the fluttering of nerves fill me. My hand instinctively rested on my stomach before making slow rubbing movements. I was opening a new chapter in things, and as scared as I was, I knew how important it was.

Twenty minutes later, the car came to a stop, and the driver opened my door, allowing me to step out into the cool morning air. James wasn't expecting me, in fact, I wasn't even sure if he knew that I was in town.

Not that, that was an issue.

Stepping inside Jame's building, my eyes scanned over the familiar sights of the decor and other fixtures I had taken advantage of seeing before.

"You...." said a soft voice pulling my attention. Turning, I saw the blonde receptionist staring at me with parted lips. "What are you doing here?"

"Please don't say anything," I replied, walking toward her. "It's a surprise. I'm heading upstairs."

Nodding her head, she acted as if she hadn't seen me. Which was shocking because, months ago, I would have thought that she had hated me. With slight hesitation, I headed toward the elevator and climbed inside.

As soon as the doors closed, I felt my anxiety grow. I wasn't sure why I was so nervous to see him, because I had seen him so many times before. However, for some reason knowing that I was going to tell him I was pregnant made everything worse.

I hoped that I wasn't going to walk in and find Katrine there and then have to explain the entire situation to both of them. She already knew, of course, but that didn't make it better. She would just end up causing more issues now that they were together.

Not that it was any of my business.

I was with Neal, so James could be with whomever he chose to be with.

As the elevator doors opened and I stepped out onto the floor where James's office was located, Evett's eyes widened upon seeing me, her face going pale as shock seemed to flood her. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to see James, Evette. Is he in?"

She took a moment as her eyes scanned my body, landing on my small bump. Her mouth quickly, forming an 'O' as she nodded her head and gestured for me to enter the office. I was hesitant at first as I stepped forward. My hand shook as I grasped the knob, and pushed the door open.

"Let him know that I will rebook his next two appointments," she squeaked out, causing me to look over my shoulder at her with a smile.

The moment that the door fully opened, his eyes lifted and connected with mine, and as they did, he seemed frozen in place. "Becca?"

"Hey. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"Disturbing me?" he questioned softly as he placed his pen down and slowly stood to his feet. "You're never disturbing me. I'm just surprised to see you here."

"Yeah, well, I needed to talk to you about something so figured I would check for you here before going to your house."

Taking a moment, something clicked in his mind. "Wait... does Neal know you're here? I just spoke to him not long ago."

Confusion filled me as I furrowed my brows. "Yeah, of course, he knows where I'm at. Why did you call him?"

His eyes slowly scanned over my body, and as they did, they landed on my stomach. The tight form fitting shirt that I was wearing gave way to the small bump that was growing, he stopped.

"You're pregnant?" he said slowly as his brows knit together in confusion. "How?"

"Uh, I think you know how someone gets pregnant, James."

His cold gaze slid up to meet my own, and as it did, I watched his jaw set in tight as he straightened himself. "I'm not stupid, Becca. It's nice to see that you and Neal moved so quickly."

"What..." I gasped, trying to understand what he was talking about. "Neal?"

"There's not much that you need to say. So don't try to pretend with me," James snapped, catching me off guard. "It's obvious by your size that you and Neal have been seeing each other for quite some time."

Shock filled me with his response. "You think that I'm pregnant by Neal?"

"Well, that's obvious. You're sure as hell not pregnant by me."

Laughter escaped me as I shook my head in disbelief. Of course, this would be his automatic response. "I should have known better than to come here."

"Excuse me?" he scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

"You know, for a minute when I came here, James, I had faith that you and I could have a conversation. For weeks, I believed that telling you the truth was what was important. But perhaps I should have done exactly what Neal said and not said anything to you."

Narrowing his gaze, he gave me a look of disgust that absolutely broke my heart. "What, to tell me that he got you pregnant? Was that the reason why you broke off our relationship? Because of him?"

Tears filled my eyes, emotions overcoming me. I knew he was angry, but he was misjudging everything. It was so far from the truth, and he wouldn't listen.

"Coming here was a mistake." I gasped out as tears fell down my cheeks. "I'm sorry that I took so much of your time."

"Becca—" he said quickly as I turned. His hand gripped my upper arm to stop me. "Look, I don't know what's going on with you, but I need to see you to your car. Make sure you're safe."

Snatching my arm from his grasp, I turned to look at him again. "No. You don't get to do anything for me anymore, James. I came here to talk to you about something important, and you are so eager to dismiss me like I'm a whore. So, no, you don't get to worry about me anymore."

"Rebecca, you're being ridiculous. It isn't safe out there for you," he said, shaking his head.

"F\*ck you, James." I snapped at him. "Stay away from me."

There was a look of shock and heartbreak in his eyes as I yelled at him. I came here to talk to him, though, and he acted the way he did. All I wanted was to tell him the truth, and now it honestly seemed pointless.

"Becca, please."

"No," I repeated, shaking my head. "I had been looking forward to this moment for so long, and never in my life did I think that you would act the way you are right now. I'm so disappointed in you."

Staring at me with disbelief on his face and his mouth hung open, he stood silent. I didn't bother to give him another chance to speak before I was out of his office with tears streaming down my face leaving the building.

I knew that I was supposed to message Neal, but honestly, I couldn't bear doing that right now. The only thing I wanted to do was be alone because the man I had loved completely just shattered what was left of my heart.

I knew he wasn't happy with what happened between Neal and me. It didn't take a genius to figure out that he was pissed about that, but could he honestly blame me?

As soon as I stepped outside of the front of James' building, I called for an Uber. Standing on the sidewalk in the cold, I tried to fix myself. Drying my tears and pushing down all the emotions I had. There was no point in crying over it.

Nothing was ever going to change.

My ringing phone made me sigh, and as I looked down, I saw Tally's name on the screen.

"Hello?" I said, reluctantly answering my phone.

"Hey, Becca. I heard you were in town."

Sniffling, I laughed. "Yeah, just for a few days."

"What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

I wasn't sure why she cared. I still wasn't completely forgiving of how she acted towards me, but needing someone to talk to didn't feel horrible at the moment. "Long story."

"Oh, well, I'm at the house if you want to come over. My dad isn't here. He is working late, and you haven't met my son yet. I'd love to see you."

The offer made me hesitant but not ready to face Neal just yet, I could use some quiet time. "Yeah, sure, that sounds good. I'll head there now."

"Awesome. I'll make some tea. I'll see you soon."

As I hung up the phone, the car I called for pulled up, and I quickly climbed in, telling him where to take me. There was no telling how the conversation with Tally would go, especially when she saw that I was pregnant, but at least if I could tell her, she could relay the message to James.

Or better yet, tell me if it was even worth telling him the truth.