

## Chapter 104 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

I wasn't sure what to expect when I pulled up outside of the Valentino mansion. Tally was waiting for me inside, but even though I had told her I was coming it didn't stop me from second-guessing what I was doing.

Everything that had happened with James kept rattling through my mind. He had acted like a complete asshole, and I should have seen it coming. There was no way he would believe that the child was his when I'd waited this long to tell him.

Not to mention I was with Neal.

Still, I had hoped he would at least let me speak.

Stepping out of the car, I made my way towards the front door. Before I could knock, the door swung open, and Tally stood staring at me with a grin spread from ear to ear.

"Becca? Oh, my God! It's so good to see you."

I was shocked. The woman who stood before me did not look like the Tally I knew. Instead, she looked like a soccer mom. She was no longer adorned in the designer clothing she had loved so much.

Instead, she was in simple leggings, a cute oversized top, with socks on, her hair pulled up into a messy bun, and glasses on her face.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed as a laugh escaped me. "You definitely look like a mom."

Shrugging her shoulders, she opened the door wider. "Well, I am a mom, but that's beside the point. Come inside."

Following her inside, she closed the door behind us, and I made my way down the hall toward the kitchen. The sweater I was wearing concealed my stomach for the moment, but I knew that, eventually, I would have to reveal it to her.

"Little man's upstairs sleeping right now. So, I will leave him to it, but before you leave, I'll make sure to take you up there so you can get a quick peek. Maybe we can get together tomorrow when he's awake, and you can spend some time with him."

Her comment warmed my heart, knowing that she cared about her son the way she did. The Tally I knew only cared about herself, and it was clear that the few months since the last time I had seen her had changed her completely.

Even the entire aura of the house felt completely different from the last time I was here. Gazing around, I saw the same decor that I had before, the only difference being that the house actually felt warm and welcoming instead of cold and distant.

"It's good to see you looking like this, Tally," I said softly, causing her to turn from the counter where she was setting the kettle. "You've changed so much."

"Thanks, Becca," she said with slight hesitation as she looked down at the porcelain cups on the counter. "I feel different too. Becoming a mom has basically saved my life."

It was obvious that there was something on her mind that she wanted to get off her chest, but she wasn't sure what to say, and I felt the same way she did. There was so much that I wanted to tell her, but I just couldn't find the words to do it.

"So, what have you been up to lately?" I asked her, putting off the inevitable.

"Oh, you know... taking care of my son. Finishing up my classes online," she replied with a soft smile as she looked down at the baby monitor on the counter. "I'm thinking about actually starting my own business."

Taken back by her words, I knitted my brows together. "You are?"

"Yeah." She laughed softly. "I want to start an affordable clothing line for children. Something that every mom, no matter their station, can afford. It's hard to find super cute clothes on a budget for kids, and I want to change that."

I was impressed by her desire to make changes. It was an admirable thing. I couldn't believe that she had so much passion for something that didn't revolve around partying and social status.

"That sounds amazing, Tally," I replied softly, feeling guilty for what I was about to do.

"Yeah, it's going to be great. So, what's new with you?"

Taking a moment, I tried to find the words to explain to her about my pregnancy. Not just that, but the fact that the child was her half-sibling. Some people would think that it would be something easy to do, but unless they were in my shoes... they wouldn't know.

"There's something that I need to tell you, and I know that you're not going to be happy about it, but there's been so much going on, and I don't want there to be any kind of secrets between us if we're going to try and start over."

She looked at me with confusion as she poured the hot water over the tea bags in the cups. "What's wrong? Did you get in trouble?"

"No," I laughed, shaking my head. "Not exactly."

With a heavy breath, I slowly took off the sweater that I was wearing, revealing the tight shirt beneath that concealed and outlined my growing stomach. As I did, her eyes scanned down to my stomach, and her mouth parted in shock.

"Oh, my God! You're pregnant?" she gasped, her words just above a whisper.

"Yeah," I admitted, casting my eyes down to my stomach as my hands rested upon it, rubbing circles slowly. "I never thought that I would be in this position, at least not anytime soon. I didn't just shock everybody else, I shocked myself."

She was silent for a long minute as she finished making our tea. It seemed that thoughts were running through her mind. She wasn't sure how to get them out, and I honestly didn't blame her.

"Who's the father?" she said after a moment, and my breath hitched, wanting to tell her, but terrified to do so.

"I think you already know the answer to that question."

Tally didn't lash out like I had expected her to. She didn't get angry.

She didn't yell. She didn't do anything.

Instead, she nodded her head, remaining quiet, as if lost in thought, and then finished our tea, bringing the cups over to the table where I stood.

"Did you tell my dad that you're pregnant?" she asked me as I slowly took a seat across from her.

"I tried to just a little while ago, but he didn't want to listen to me. He automatically assumed that the baby was Neal's."

Nodding, she shrugged her shoulders, letting out a sigh. It was a very awkward moment between the two of us, and the tension was high, but that was because our friendship had been broken. Even though we were trying to make amends on things now, it didn't stop everything that had happened.

"I can see why he would think that, because you and Neal are together, but if he had seen your stomach, he should have known that you were way further along than it would have been possible for you to be pregnant by Neal."

"I know," I replied quietly. "I tried to talk to him and tell him multiple times, but he just was so adamant that I had gotten pregnant by Neal and was sleeping with Neal before we broke up and all this crazy stuff."

Trailing off, I raised my hands to rub my eyes, trying to get rid of the headache that was slowly forming. I was stressed, beyond stressed, and I knew that it wasn't good for the baby or me.

The doctors told me that I needed to make sure I got enough rest, but that was easier said than done. My life was too chaotic to rest, and I was aware that I didn't make things easier on myself, but I was trying.

"Becca, I'm not angry that you're pregnant with my future brother or sister. Honestly, I think you're going to make an amazing mom. You're an amazing person in general."

Her kind words took me by surprise, and being the emotional pregnant woman that I was, tears slowly began to fill my eyes that I didn't want to be there, but of course, my body had other plans for me, as usual.

"You don't hate me?" I asked her, hoping she was sincere because, honestly, my emotions couldn't take anymore today.

"No, I don't hate you. I hate everything that we went through to get to this point, but since I became a mother, Becca, I'm not the same person that I was."

For the first time in a very long time, I could see that she really had changed. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Tally. With everything going on with all this violence surrounding your father, I'm surprised he hasn't got you out of town."

She laughed for a moment, nodding her head as she picked the teacup up and put it to her lips, taking a long sip on the cooling, but still hot, liquid inside. "Oh, he tried. That's why there's so much security in this house. Well, there usually is. Right now, it's a little bit light because it's in the middle of a shift change."

I hadn't really noticed when I pulled up the amount of security. However, I did notice that guys were walking the property, and with everything going on, it did make sense that James would have extra security at his home to protect Tally.

"Why wouldn't you leave? That's absolutely crazy. You could have gone up north to the property your dad has there. Why would you stay here knowing that all the shit going on?"

"Because it's my home, Becca," she replied, placing her cup on the table as she shook her head. "My dad's issues are not my own, and I won't uproot my son and run away because my dad has problems. He needs to figure this shit out."

I couldn't agree more with her there. The problem was, if it got bad, and she got hurt, that would destroy him. "What if something happens to you? Your son can't lose his mother."

"Nothing is going to happen to me. You're just overthinking it." She began to laugh by giving me a pointed stare, the one I usually gave her back in the day when she was doing something ridiculous.

"Tally, anything could happen. If anything, you could lose your life tonight, and your son would be left without a mother. Who would care for him?"

"You would," she replied as if it was the most obvious answer.

"Me?" I exclaimed in shock. "What do you mean me?"

"I mean, I made a will last week. If anything were to happen to me, you would end up gaining custody of my son. I know that if anybody could raise him, it would be you. My father will be a mess if I am not there, and my mother is absolutely out of the question. I hope that's okay."

If I hadn't been crying before, I was now.

Tears streamed down my face upon hearing her words. She would be willing to leave her son in my care if anything had ever happened to her. After

everything that she and I had been through, all the hatred, the hurt... she forgave all of it.

The question was, was I able to forgive her?

"If anything ever happens to you, Tally, I promise I'll take care of your son," I replied, reaching across the table and laying my hand upon hers. "Enough with the heavy, though. Tell me what else has been going on."

In the middle of our conversation, the alarm of the house started blaring, and looking around frantically, Tally's eyes widened as she stood to her feet and ran to the bottom of the stairs just in time to see a nanny running out onto the top landing.

"Grab him and get to the panic room now!" she yelled at the nanny, who didn't hesitate as she disappeared from sight. I wasn't sure what was going on, but when she turned to me, I saw the fear in her eyes. "Run, Becca!"