

# Chapter 11 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

The cockiness in his words aroused me, but I knew I couldn’t give him what he wanted. He wasn’t the kind of man who would want a relationship with me.

“What am I to you?” I asked after a moment of silence. “Because I doubt it’s more than sex.”

Soft laughter left his lips as he looked away from me. “I don’t do relationships, Becca. I’m not sunshine and roses, and that isn’t what you need anyways.”

“What do I need?” Shock filled me as I found myself taken aback by his comment. We’d had a wonderful time, and he just had to mess it up. “How do you know what I need, James?”

“Because I do,” he said, his eyes watching me intently as I pulled my arm from his grasp. “Don’t act like you didn’t enjoy this.”

The smug attitude rolling off of him was irritating, and I couldn’t understand how one moment he was affectionate and amazing. Then the next, he was acting like this.

“Look,” I sighed with a smile. “This was great, and the sex was amazing, but this won’t happen again. I’m not a toy you can play with, and you and I both know that all you want is a girl to f\*ck. I’m not that girl, but thanks for tonight.”

Turning on my feet, I stormed off from the living room, leaving him there to stew in his own thoughts. I couldn’t believe he had acted the way he did, and even if I wanted to f\*ck him again—I wouldn’t.

Not after his comment.

My chest hurt, realizing I had allowed myself to do something like that, and with him, of all people. No matter how sexy and amazing he had been, I couldn’t allow myself to fall for a guy who was unattainable.

After a few more weeks here, I would be back at Yale getting ready to finish my last year.

That’s what I needed to focus on.

James.

The softness of her skin beneath my fingers was a feeling I couldn’t get rid of. Becca had been so compliant, and the way her body reacted to the pleasure I created in her was addicting. Everything about her was addicting.

I knew it was wrong to think of her in this way, but I couldn’t shake it.

From her pouty lips to the heart-shaped curve of her ass... I wanted it all.

“Mr. Valentino, did you finish signing the Jay Bird reports?” Evette asked from my doorway, pulling me from my thoughts as I cleared my throat and nodded.

“Yes, they are around here somewhere.”

Shuffling through the vast sea of work piling up on my desk, I grabbed the papers she was asking for and held them out. Evette’s eyes gazed over me with confusion as she took them and exited the room.

Could she tell I was wound up as well?

The flashing light on my phone signaled a notification, and picking it up, I saw Tally’s name in bold lettering appear, bringing a smile to my face.

‘Going shopping for a birthday gift for Mom. Might be home late.’

It warmed my heart to know that she still had a good relationship with her mother, even though the woman was crazier than hell. If Tally was out shopping, it meant Becca was with her more than likely, and I wouldn’t be able to see Becca alone.

I wanted to spend more time with her. Which didn’t make sense at all.

I wasn’t the type of man to get attached to a woman. It just wasn’t possible, and yet, here I was slowly going mad over the prospect that I wouldn’t see this girl tonight.

Thinking it all over, I tried to come up with something that would benefit all of us. I knew Becca wasn’t fond of the idea of Tally finding out about our little escapade, but I was caring less and less each day if she did.

The thought of Becca submitting to me on her knees with my cock in her mouth made me groan with excitement, because it was just what I wanted to soothe the turmoil I was currently in.

Picking up my phone, an idea flashed into my mind. With a mischievous smile, I texted Tally an idea I knew, for a fact, she would be excited about.

‘Do you and some friends want to go out on the yacht this weekend and head to the Keys? You can camp on the beach like you used to do in high school.’

After sending the message, I waited, and not even a moment went by before her reply came through.

‘OMG! Seriously?’

‘Yes, seriously. It’s tradition, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, and it’s been too long. I will message everyone now. When are we leaving?’ she asked after a moment of silence. And that was something I hadn’t even considered.

When were we leaving? It was already Thursday.

‘Tomorrow, around noon,’ I texted after a moment’s hesitation. It wouldn’t give me much time to get things ready, but I was looking forward to spending more time with the girls... especially Becca.

‘That doesn’t give me much time to get the boat ready. I need the cabin key to stock the bar, and I’m so far away from your work right now.’

I was well aware of what she was talking about, and that was exactly what I was hoping she would point out. My little vixen from last night was avoiding my texts and even avoided me this morning, and I didn’t like it.

‘Why don’t you have Becca come get the key from me at my office? I’m sure she remembers how to get here. Even if it’s been a few years.’

A Cheshire smile crossed my face as I watched the three bubbles of our chat pop up as she typed away at her response.

‘Daddy! You’re a genius! I will tell her to come get it. Thank you!!’

She wasn’t lying. I was a genius, or at least I thought I was, and with a smug smile crossing my lips, I adjusted my jacket and waited.

Waited for the moment she would cross through my door, and once again, be within my arms. My mouth watered with the anticipation of tasting her once more.

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Becca.

“What do you mean go to your dad’s office?!” I gasped into the phone as Tally informed me she wanted me to go by her dad’s office to pick up a key because we were taking the yacht down to the Keys this weekend.

I was all for taking the yacht down to the Keys, but I wasn’t down to go to her father’s office.

“Why are you making such a big deal about this? Since when do you care about being around him?” Tally asked, making me realize how I was acting.

“I don’t care,” I sighed, thinking of an excuse. “We both know your dad’s busy, and you know how he is about work. I don’t want to go at the wrong time and upset him.”

Laughter echoed through the phone as my heart clenched. “Stop being ridiculous and go do it.”

“Fine. I will go,” I replied with reluctance as I hung up the phone and stood staring at my bedroom wall with disgust about having to do this.

Last night was amazing, but I didn’t know how to face him.

I didn't know how to speak to him after what we did. He wanted something fun and sporadic, and it wasn't what I was used to.

Grabbing my purse, I made my way downstairs, only to open the front door and see a car waiting for me to get in. It wasn't a surprise he would send a car for me instead of letting one of us just take an Uber.

As soon as I was in the car, and it was moving down the highway, I thought over what my objective was. I only had to go into his office and have him hand over the key.

That's it. You can do this, Becca. Go in. Get the key. Nothing more.

That only problem was the closer James' office building came into view, the more my heart raced. A rush of emotions and sexual tension pooled in my core as I pushed my thighs together, trying to get a grip on myself.

"Thank you," I said to the driver as he opened the door for me to step out.

The towering silver and black building stood ten stories high and gleamed against the bright Miami sky with the smell of salt water in the air.

It was magnificent, and the kind of place I hoped to work in one day.

Just not with James.

Stepping through the double glass entryway doors, I took in the tile flooring and high vaulted ceilings with beautiful recessed lighting and elegant decor.

A large black desk set against the far side with two sophisticated receptionists busily working on their daily tasks. Taking a deep breath, I let out a heavy sigh and forced myself to move forward, towards them.

"Good morning, I'm here to pick something up from Mr. Valentino."

The dark brown eyes of the first receptionist glanced up at me as her eyes slowly took in my entire form. Her lips formed into a frown of disapproval at how I was dressed.

"Name?" she sneered, raising a brow.

"Becca Woods. He is expecting me."

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“Of course he is...” she mocked as she scrolled through something on her tablet. After a moment, a smirk formed on her face. “I don’t see an appointment. So, unfortunately, you can’t see him.”

I should have known it was going to be a problem. “Of course, I don’t have an appointment. I am picking something up, not having a meeting. Can you please call him to let him know I’m here?”

“Uh, no,” she snapped. “Do you know how many women we get coming in here trying to get to him? You are just like the others and need to learn to leave him alone. His taste is way above what you obviously are.”

Her gesture to my attire and presentation angered me. I didn’t want to have to call James, but this was beyond ridiculous. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me...” she replied as the woman next to her laughed.

“Is that so? Are you sure you want to lead with that conversation? Or would you like to reconsider and call him?” I replied, watching as anger coursed through the woman’s eyes.

“Leave now, or I will have you thrown out.”

Nodding my head, I turned and stepped aside, pulling out my phone. James, of course, picked up on the first ring, and I wanted to make sure the woman heard the conversation.

“Becca... what’s wrong?” James asked.

“Nothing, I’m here. In the lobby.”

My eyes glanced towards the receptionists, who both looked up at me as I spoke.

“Well, come to my office, then. Why are you waiting down there?”

“Well, I don’t have an appointment. I was told I can’t come up, and instead, I was told to leave, or I will be thrown out.” I said with a smirk as the women’s mouths dropped open in shock.

An unearthly growl of disapproval came through the other end of the line as the call quickly ended. I had no doubt that he was on his way.

“He is on his way, ladies, to fetch me,” I replied with a smile.

Moments later, the elevator doors opened, and James stepped out in his dark three-piece suit looking like the sex god he was made to be. My eyes shifted from him towards the women at the desk, watching as fear swept over them.

“Becca, are you okay?” he asked me first with concern as he looked over at me.

“Yes,” I laughed. “I’m fine. They just didn’t know who I was.”

At my words, he turned, glancing towards the women. “Shall I fire them?”

“What? No, no.” I was shocked. “That isn’t needed.”

James’ hardened gaze turned to me for a moment before looking back at them with a nod. “Very well. From now on ladies, no questions asked. She goes straight up. Even if I’m in a meeting. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, sir,” they both replied in unison as he grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him towards the elevator. The touch of his skin upon mine sent shocks of pleasure between my thighs, and yet as we entered the elevator, I quickly moved away.

I couldn’t allow this to happen and let myself fall prey to something I wouldn’t be able to have. Yet, as I moved, his eyes followed me.

“What’s wrong?”

Shaking my head, I forced a smile to my lips. “Nothing is wrong.”

Before he could say anything else, the doors opened, and he sighed, stepping into the hallway as I followed him to his office. The door closed behind me as he walked towards his desk.

“While I have you here, I wanted to speak with you.”

His words caused panic and anticipation to flow through me, my heart racing, and my hands clenching to the strap of my purse.

“About what?” I said, trying to seem indifferent to his presence.

As he turned, he smiled at me. “Well, for starters, your nonchalant attitude and indifference to being around me. Do I make you nervous?”

His arrogance annoyed me, and with a scoff, I laughed. “Nervous? No, you don’t.”

As much as I was trying to seem confident, he could see right through me. Picking up the key from his desk, he walked towards me with a dark glint in his eyes. His aura seeped predatorial advances, and the more he came near, the more I stepped back.

Until my back was to the door, and I had nowhere else to go.

“I think I do.” He brought his hand up to gently brush against my cheek. “I think I make you nervous and excited. To be honest, I wouldn’t mind rekindling what we did last night, Becca.”

Pressing my thighs together to control the damp desire that begged for his attention, I mustered whatever courage I had left and placed my hand against his chest, pushing him away gently. “No. I told you it won’t happen again.”

“Why not?” he asked, raising a brow. “Didn’t you enjoy yourself?”

“You know I did, Mr. Valentino—”

Before I could say anything else, he grabbed me, crashing his lips against mine, causing me to sigh as he held me close. His fingers trailed down my side towards my thighs, teasing, before he broke away and looked down at me.

“What did I tell you about calling me that?”

Pulling away from him quickly, I tried to catch my breath as I shook my head. “We can’t do this.” I sighed, watching as he took a step forward. “Stop.”

His brows furrowed in confusion. “You’re sure about this choice?”

“Yes, I am,” I finally admitted. “You just want me for sex, and that isn’t a life I want. I’m not some toy you can just f\*ck when you want. I’m not like those other girls. No matter how much you seem to want me to be.”

Shaking his head he laughed. “You have no idea what I want, but I will respect your choice. No more.”

I was shocked at his response. Looking at him now, going through his desk without a care in the world, I realized what I had said was true. I was nothing to him.

He wasn’t trying to make me see reason. He wasn’t trying to get my attention.

He didn’t give a shit at all. “Ah ha... I found it.” He smiled as his eyes met mine. “The key Tally wanted. Here.”

As he held out the key in his hand, I quickly took it. “You really don’t care about me do you?”

His expression was hard to read, and his eyes were emotionless. “I’m not the kind of man to chase after a woman. You want to leave, then leave.”

My eyes widened in shock as my mouth parted open. He had become cold towards me, and before opening the door, I stopped, feeling a heaviness sitting in my chest.

“I’m sorry I have been a bother to you.” I wasn’t sure what was going to happen on the trip this weekend, but perhaps it would be a chance for me to get some relaxation in.

Lord knows it had been nothing but chaos since I’d arrived here.

The weekend arrived faster than I had expected, and with it, the trip to the Keys loomed ahead of me. I had kept my distance from James as much as possible, and I was thankful the only thing I really ever got from him was a stray look.

Lugging my weekend bag over my shoulder, I moved towards the ramp of the boat and boarded the white two-hundred-seventy-foot-yacht that was a mansion on the water. Its multi-tier level was equipped with a helicopter pad and a pool.

It was a new venture for me. Never had I been on the yacht before, but according to Tally, it was a treasure James had bought the year before and only used less than a handful of times.

Moving across the deck, I followed the crew leader, who took us towards the room areas. My eyes scanned the elegant decor of lavish seating and ornate furniture until they landed on one figure I hadn't expected to see at all.

Chad.

What the f\*ck!

Stopping dead in my tracks, I took in his sandy blond hair and dark sunglasses. He smiled at a few of the other people who Tally had invited and even went as far as giving Tally a hug.

The gesture itself was one that took me by surprise, and when her eyes caught mine, she quickly pulled away from him and headed towards me. "You okay?"

Was she being f\*cking serious?

"What is he doing here?" I asked her, trying to wrap my head around how he could be here, of all places. "Why did you invite him?"

Looking over her shoulder, she glanced at him with a smile on his face, slowly shrugging her shoulders. "He is staying with Dallas. I can't just expect Dallas to leave Chad out and come without him when Chad is his guest."

"Tally, are you being serious right now? I wouldn't have bothered coming had I known he was going to be here. You, of all people, should know the complications of this."

Tally sighed, shaking her head as her arms crossed over her shoulders. "We are all adults, Becca. Just ignore him, and don't let it ruin the weekend."

I was half tempted to take my ass back to her house and let them enjoy their weekend, but as I looked towards the docks, I realized it was too late as the crew was quickly preparing the boat for departure.

"Is everything alright?" James' voice asked from behind me. Tally's smile fell as she raised a brow in my direction, waiting for me to address her father's question.

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## Filed to story:

“Yeah,” I sighed. “Everything’s fine.”

Turning on my feet, I pushed back the pain in my chest and made my way through the main living area, trying to pretend Tally hadn’t just stabbed me in the back once more by inviting him.

“Becca?”

A younger, light brown-haired man called out, catching my attention as I walked down the hallway looking for a room. His white-collared shirt was tucked into the khaki shorts he was wearing adorned with a name tag that said Jason.

“Yes?” I replied with curiosity.

A smile fell across his lips as he clasped his hands together. “Mr. Valentino asked me to show you to your room.”

I was taken aback by his words. He took my bag from me and headed towards the front passage that led to the master bedroom and one other room. I found myself confused as to why I was staying in this area and not with the others.

However, as my eyes set upon the room, I was impressed with its modern decor and beauty. The lavish queen size bed sat in the center of the room on the far side, and everything was silver and white decor with a sliding glass door that seemed to connect with a private deck near the master suite.

I had a feeling why he had wanted me to stay in this room, but I couldn’t think about it. It wasn’t right, and I would not allow myself to succumb to what he wanted.

“Is there anything you need, Becca?” Jason asked with a smile as he set my bag on the bed and turned towards the door.

“Uh-no,” I replied with hesitation. “Thank you.”

Jason didn’t bother to hang around anymore than was needed of him, and with him gone, I was once again left in my thoughts, trying to come to terms with the fact I had to share a boat with a lover and an ex.

I couldn't allow my wonderful weekend to be destroyed because I was upset about some douchebag. I had to think positive thoughts. Chad wasn't worth my time anyway.

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A few hours, and a few drinks, later, I curled up on a sofa inside the main living area in a long cashmere sweater, shorts, and my favorite book. The sound of everyone else partying up stairs echoed down to where I was, and James was nowhere in sight.

The boat was huge, and I was thankful for that.

It meant I could hide better from everyone else, and I wouldn't have to worry so much about running into Chad.

As luck may have it, though, I wasn't that fortunate. Because a familiar voice trickled down the hall to where I was, and I knew that voice from anywhere.

It was Chad, and he was headed straight for me.

Grabbing my things, I made my way towards my room, trying to escape having to see him, but as fast as I was, I heard him call my name, and his footsteps followed behind me. "Becca, would you wait?"

His firm grip on my arm stopped me outside my door, spinning me around to face him, and once again I was staring into the deep green eyes I used to love. My fists clenched at my side as I tried to rip myself from his grasp.

"Let me go," I said through gritted teeth.

Laughter escaped him as he smiled at me. "Don't act like this. I told you I was sorry. I came here for you, Becca."

"Bullshit," I snapped. "You came here for yourself, and I don't want anything to do with you. Now, let me go."

Finally freeing myself from him, I tried to push him out of the way and close my door, but he quickly blocked it and stopped me from doing so, pushing his way into my room.

"We need to talk, and I hate it when you act hysterical like this."

"Hysterical?!" I yelled. "Get the f\*ck away from me, Chad. I don't even know why Tally let you come. I don't want anything to do with you."

"Enough," he said firmly as his eyes stared at me with more than hatred. "You are going to listen to me. What we had was a good thing, and you and I are going to be a happy couple again. I know you miss me."

Stepping towards me, he brushed his hand over my arm, and nothing but disgust filled my stomach, making me feel sick. "Get the f\*ck away from me."

I couldn't believe that, after everything, he was acting like this. There was no way he was actually this delusional to think I wanted anything to do with him.

"What is going on here?" a voice called from the doorway, and I looked over to see James standing there, glaring at Chad.

"Nothing, my girl and I are just having a chat," Chad replied with a laugh. "You know how women can be when they are upset at you."

"I am not your girl!" I screamed at him. "Leave me alone."

James' eyes met mine and softened a little before they turned cold once more and landed on Chad. "You need to leave this area of the boat right now, and I better not catch you back here again."

Chad stared at James in disbelief before shaking his head with a smile. "Whatever, pops. She wasn't worth it anyways."

Pushing past James, Chad headed from my room and out of sight. My body sagged in relief at his departure as tears filled my eyes. Once again, I had allowed myself to be subjected to this ridiculousness instead of putting a stop to it.

And James... he had saved me once again.

"Are you okay?" he asked softly as he stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. His warm, inviting eyes took in every aspect of my body, making me want to be closer to him.

Sighing, I force a smile onto my face. "Yeah. Just an unwanted guest."

"Unwanted? Was that your ex, Becca?" he asked as he followed me across my room, watching me pull out a fresh shirt to put on.

"I mean. Yeah, he is," I scoffed while shaking my head, trying to understand how my life could be so cynical right now. "Not that it honestly matters to anyone."

"It matters to me, Becca." His fingers grasped my arm and turned me to face him. "Why is he here?"

"Because your daughter allowed him to come and gave some bullshit excuse about him having to because he was staying with someone else." I snapped.

His lips formed a tight, thin line as he let out a heavy breath. "I take it she is well aware of everything that happened between you and this man?"

"Uh, yeah," I laughed. "So aware that after years of friendship, she doesn't care. I'm honestly wondering what the point is, and also that I should probably consider leaving when we get back."

His body went rigid at my comment as he seemed to think about what I was saying. "No."

"No? What do you mean, no?" I asked in confusion.

“I mean no, you’re not leaving. You shouldn’t have to, and I will sort this out.”

Stepping forward, he wrapped his arms around my body and pulled me close to him. The smell of his cologne wrapped around me tightly, and I couldn’t help but melt into his embrace as I nestled my head against his chest.

“Thank you, but it doesn’t seem anyone honestly wants me here, James. I’m just getting in the way of whatever fun they are trying to have.” My admission was something that brought small tears to my eyes which I quickly blinked away.

“I want you here,” he whispered, looking down at me, his lips slowly lowering, and captivating mine in a soft and gentle kiss before he pulled back. “I will handle, Tally. Get some rest.”

I was left speechless by his remark. James was out of the door and down the hall before I could say anything. My mind left, trying to understand what had just happened.

He wanted me here... and not just that... the kiss had been softer and more gentle than any kiss he had given me before. Was this the true side of him?

Or was it possible he cared more for me than he was willing to admit?

My entire stay here was becoming complicated.

Perhaps it was time I cut my losses and ran.

James.

Fury flowed through me as I left Becca’s room. I couldn’t believe, once again, my daughter was proving to be just like her mother. She didn’t care about how Becca felt. It was all about her, and I wasn’t going to have it.

Even if Becca made it clear she didn’t want to move forward with what I was offering, it wasn’t right for my daughter to treat Becca the way she was.

Storming across the deck, I headed towards the front of the ship where the pool was located. I had no doubt Tally was there with the others, and as the pool came into view, I saw the truth.

My daughter wasn’t the person I thought she was, and it broke my heart.

They all sat around in and out of the pool, laughing and drinking while music played. And Tally was sitting in the lap of Chad... the disgust in my stomach was unbearable as I finally could see what kind of person she really was.

She was turning into her mother more and more every day, and I hated it.

I would end this kid, Chad, if he wasn’t careful.

“Tally!” I yelled over the music, catching her attention.

“Daddy!” she called out with a smile as she climbed from Chad’s lap and padded her way towards me. “This boat is amazing—”

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### Filed to story:

“Enough,” I snapped, glaring down at her, her brows furrowing as confusion settled in.

“What’s wrong?” she asked with a pout. I knew better, though. She didn’t care.

“What the hell is that boy doing on my ship?” I asked, watching as realization sank in, and she looked over her shoulder at him with a flirtatious smile before turning back to me.

“He is a friend. Please don’t make a fuss out of this and embarrass me. Did Becca complain to you?” she sneered, placing her hands on her hips like a spoiled brat.

“Automatically, that’s your reaction?” I asked her.

Shaking her head, she scoffed, “I should have known she would have.”

“No, she didn’t, Taliana. I caught him manhandling her in her room as she screamed at him to leave her alone. He claimed she was his, and they were just arguing.”

Tally’s face dropped as she looked back at the boy, and then at me. “I don’t believe it. Becca is lying. Chad is too high class to get mixed up in something like that. He broke up with her for a reason, and that’s because she is a square.”

Shock filled me. “Are you f\*cking serious right now, Tally? You have known Becca your entire life... and me, I’m your father. Yet, you are going to believe some punk ass kid instead?”

“You don’t even know him!” she screamed at me. “Don’t judge him when you have your past as well.”

I didn’t even recognize the girl in front of me anymore. “You are turning into your mother.”

Shock and anger seeped through her at the mention of her mother. I felt guilty, but it was the truth. She was acting just like her mother, and I would not tolerate it.

“Don’t you dare bring my mother into this?” she replied. “You are the one who f\*cked things up. Not her. She loved you, and you used her and left her.”

It was obvious Allison had brainwashed Tally into believing the bullshit, but I wasn’t about to argue with her. She could believe what she wanted.

“When we get back, we are going to discuss this further. I don’t want you near him in the meantime, though. Otherwise, I will leave his ass in the Keys.”

“Whatever,” she snapped, turning away from me and walking back to her friends. I was pissed off and fed up with it all. However, I would have to figure it out. That boy had to go, though, and I would do what I needed to make it happen.

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Becca.

By the time we reached the islands, it was after dark, and the location we pulled towards was secluded and perfect. The island had small bungalows people were staying in and bonfires going in the sand.

I had never been to something like this, and any other time, it would have thrilled me, but unfortunately, whatever happened earlier had Tally refusing to even look at me.

Instead, she looked at me as a problem. Something that needed to be dealt with.

“Becca, are you coming?” One of Tally’s friends stopped next to me on the dock. “I was hoping we could hang out on the beach.”

Sure you were.

“Oh,” I smiled. “Well, yeah, I will be out there shortly. Save me a spot?”

Not going to happen.

I had heard what he said to Chad before the boat docked. I was now a game.

His eyes lit up at my question before he quickly nodded his head. Were these guys actually that stupid to think I wasn’t aware of what they wanted from me? I wasn’t a whore, but I did like to have fun every now and again.

Just not with men who were so distasteful. I wouldn’t ruin myself for them.

They could all have each other.

Watching the guy walk down the boardwalk, I tried to remember what his name was, but quickly gave up when I saw Chad walking off to a bungalow with a dark-haired figure I couldn’t make out.

Go figure he would find someone to end up f\*cking. He was such a liar and a whore. The more I watched them laugh and play around as he picked her up and carried her over his shoulder—the more pain I felt in my chest.

That used to be me. I used to be that happy.

“Used to” being the key words. Memories of those moments spun through my mind and made me remember why I missed them. It was the small things. The excitement and the love.

Everything I no longer had.

Turning back towards the ship, I made my way on board as tears threatened to fall from my eyes. I didn’t want to feel the way I did, but as I let the tears slide down, I was thankful Tally and all her friends were far away from me.

I didn’t want anyone to see me cry, but I needed it to happen.

These were tears that had built up for so long, and now, with a bit of peace, I let them escape and be taken by the salty sea air that wrapped around me briskly as I looked over the darkened waters of the ocean.

James slowly filtered through my mind at that moment, and I wasn’t sure why, but I felt the need to go to him. When he had comforted me earlier, it made me feel safe, and in that moment, that’s what I wanted. To feel safe.

Pushing away from the railing, I quickly made my way down the deck. My feet moved fast as my walk turned into a soft jog.

Running towards him—a man I never thought I needed.

Without even knocking, I opened his cabin door and found him. His eyes met mine from the confines of his bed, holding papers within his grasp. “Becca, what’s wrong?”

Without thinking, I moved towards him, climbing on the bed and straddling his lap as my lips took his. The kiss was hungry, but needed.

I didn’t want to feel the way I was feeling anymore.

I wanted to forget why I was sad, and I wanted him to be the one to help me forget.

“Becca—” he said breathlessly, “please, tell me what’s wrong—”

“Make me forget—” I whimpered as he pulled me back, staring into my eyes. “Please.”

“This isn’t what you said you wanted... if we do this, there is no turning back. I won’t allow you to flip-flop on your choices. You will be mine....”

There was no hesitation in my movements as I kissed him again. Strip by strip, we removed every piece of clothing from our bodies, and before I knew it, I was sliding down upon his thick erected shaft.

The sensation he built within me as he filled me to the brink was a feeling I would never tire of. He was everything I wanted and so much more.

If only I could have him the way I wanted.

“God, you’re so beautiful,” he whispered as he lifted me up and tossed me onto my back.

Losing his touch caused me to whine, but it was only for a moment before he was hovering over me and thrusting into me again.

Grasping my wrists, he held me down as his mouth captured the erect bud of my chest and sent me spiraling into a climactic finish I hadn’t been expecting.

My screams of pleasure echoed throughout the cabin and likely the ship.

“Shh—” he whispered against my chest, as he forced me to ride out my orgasm. “They will hear you.”

“Then let them hear,” I whispered back as I kissed him again. “F\*ck me like I’m yours.”

An hour later, I laid wrapped within his embrace twisted within the sheets of his bed, as papers laid scattered across the floor. “Sorry about the mess.”

Laughter escaped him as he pulled me closer, brushing his fingers over the bare flesh of my chest, “don’t worry about it. Spending time with you was worth it, but can I ask you something?”

Looking up into his eyes, I smiled. “Of course.”

“What happened before you came to see me? Why were you upset?”

Hesitation filled me in telling him the truth. It wasn’t really a topic to have after what we had done, but James wasn’t like other men. “Tally, Chad, the chaos. It all happened. It’s overwhelming.”

James didn’t reprimand me for what I said, and he didn’t even look upset. Instead, he listened intently and smiled. “I’m noticing more of how Tally has been acting, and I don’t agree with it. As for the boy... he didn’t deserve you then, and he doesn’t now.”

Slowly, his lips brushed against mine, and as they did, my heart raced as I let him take control. “I don’t know what I deserve anymore,” I whispered.

“You deserve the world, Becca. If only you would let me give it to you.”

I had promised myself I wouldn’t fall prey to what he was offering, but at the same time, I wanted to be dangerous for once. I wanted to make bad choices and be spontaneous.

If Tally could do it, then why couldn't I?

## Chapter 15 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

"Okay," I murmured against his mouth.

Pulling back, he stared at me with confusion. "Are you saying yes to me?"

Taking a deep breath, I nodded. "Yes, I am."

I was saying yes to something I didn't understand, but I trusted him.

Seeing a glimmer of happiness cross his features, I felt something else swell inside me.

The realization that for once my decision made me happy.

James made me happy.

Even if it was a taboo situation—I was finally doing something for me.

The weekend at the Keys turned out to be more enjoyable than I had expected. James was a man of his word and took my mind far from the things I had been troubled about, and as he did, I could find a blissful relief from Chad and Tally's presence.

My mind swirled with the things he had done to me and the way he made me feel.

The man really was a work of art, and I doubted any other could match his skill set.

"Becca... are you even listening to me?" Tally's voice called out, pulling me from the raunchy thoughts that plagued my mind.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah. Sorry, just super tired still from the trip."

Staring at me, she paused for a moment. "I find that hard to believe considering you stayed holed up in your room the entire time. I'm glad you got over that stomach bug, though."

There it was... the lie.

I had lied to her the next morning after sleeping with James. She had come to me, and asked me where I had been, and telling her I was seasick was the only thing I could come up with.

At first, she wasn't so sure I was being honest. But, thankfully, my nerves got the best of me, and I actually ended up throwing up.

Old anxiety habit, unfortunately.

She had let it go then, but she didn't seem to really care. She was too busy having fun with her uppity friends than spending time with me, and I really didn't understand why I had bothered to come at all.

Then again, I was thankful because it got me into the front seat with one of the hottest men in Miami, James Valentino.

"Yeah, I'm feeling much better," I smirked. "This sun is doing wonders for my complexion. You can almost feel the vitamin D soaking into your skin."

Tally had decided on a pool day, as if that was the only thing she ever did. I was glad this time, though, it was girls only. All of them gossiping away at the latest and greatest.

Gossiping wasn't my thing, but I had to admit they were very informative about things. My mind was soaking in all the details, wondering if I should change my profession to journalist.

I could make a fortune on all the juicy secrets they were so willingly spilling.

"You know, Tally..." Catherine spoke up, "your father is hot as shit."

Laughter escaped the girls as I looked at Tally, who sneered in disgust. "That's nasty."

"Oh, come on. I know he is your dad, so you will think it's gross, but he is smoking hot." Another girl added, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

"Yeah, I wouldn't mind letting him pound into me."

The comments kept flying, and as they did, I could see that Tally was getting more irritated by the moment. She loved having people over, but one thing I knew about her was she didn't like people talking about her dad.

He was off-limits... and everyone accepted that but me.

"Regardless if you think he is hot, girls, he is out of bounds for you," she sighed. "He isn't dating anyone."

"Really?" Catherine adds with confusion in her voice. "Because Tony and I walked back to the boat the first night and got lost looking for our room, and we heard him. He was f\*cking the shit out of some girl, and she was screaming his name over and over."

Shock filled me as my mouth dropped partially open. I couldn't believe what she was saying. I didn't recall being that loud, but then again, we weren't exactly being quiet.

Everyone was supposed to be off the boat!

Oh, f\*ck... shit shit shit.

"What are you talking about?" Tally said with anger laced in her tone as she sat up in her seat. "He didn't bring anyone with him... are you sure it was his room?"

Looking at Catherine, I watched her smile nodding her head. "It literally said Master Suite on the door, Tally. If he didn't bring anyone there, that means he was f\*cking one of your friends."

I didn't want them to think it was me, and with quick thoughts, I commented.

"That's f\*cked up." Their eyes all fell on me as I shook my head. "So much for them being friends."

"How do we know it wasn't you?" the darker girl asked as she crossed her arms over her chest and smirked. "You always seem to disappear."

Tally laughed hysterically as she pointed to me. "You think he would f\*ck her?"

"Ouch," I muttered, rolling my eyes.

"Becca, you know what I mean," she sighed. "Look, girls. He has known Becca since she was sixteen. We have been friends for longer than that. He is DEFINITELY one hundred percent... not f\*cking Becca."

I was surprised to hear her so convinced but relieved. She wouldn't suspect it was me, and that meant James, and I could continue without worry of her finding out.

"Thank you," I smiled with satisfaction. "Plus, I'm a real friend... I don't talk about f\*cking my best friends' father or anyone else in their family. You girls should know how taboo that is."

My comment, meant to be snarky, seemed to catch their attention quickly as they all commented that, of course, they knew that and were only messing around with their remarks.

It was obvious they didn't want to lose Tally as a friend, and I had no doubt that was because of the small fortune she had and the even larger one she would receive when James died one day.

"Plus, girls," Tally grinned with a mischievous smile, "if my daddy is going to be with anyone, he can only be with my mother. He is the reason they separated, and they need to be together again. She deserves it, after all."

Conceited. Her entire comment and mind frame were conceited and selfish.

We all knew her mother had cheated on him. That much was made public through the news. Deep down, though, I wondered if there was more, and maybe one day I would find out. For right now, though, I would have to be careful.

I wanted Tally to keep believing I was innocent. So that meant being on her side with everything. "Ain't that the truth?" I replied to her as she held out her hand to me.

"See, this is why I love you, Becca. You're the sister I always wanted."

Her comment caused the other girls to send me envious glares. Obvious daggers waited to stab me in the back if I wasn't careful.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tally.

Hearing what the girls said at the pool about my father pissed me off to no end. Who the hell did they think they were to talk about him like that? I was aware he was hot, after all, I wasn't stupid. It didn't mean they had a right to talk about him, though.

After everyone left, I followed Becca back into the house. My mind was still going over what they had told me. My father was seeing someone. One of my friends.

"Becca, do you really think he was sleeping with someone?" I finally asked her, wanting her advice on the topic.

No matter what I did, she was always a constant in my life. She always brought me back from my manic episodes. Even if I didn't want to admit I was bipolar... I was.

That was a secret even Becca didn't know.

Stopping at the top of the stairs, she turned to look at me with hesitation. "I mean, it's possible, Tally. He is a grown man and women like him. Every man has needs, and as long as he isn't being stupid, then what does it really matter? You know he won't take those girls seriously."

Logical Becca. I expected nothing less from her.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," I sighed. "But I don't like that. To have one of them lying to my face. They at least could have asked me, and maybe I would have been okay with it."

Becca laughed, shaking her head. "No, you wouldn't have. You would have killed them."

True. I probably would have.

"It's the principle of the fact," I groaned as I walked towards my room with her trailing behind me. "Perhaps I should tell my mom."

# Chapter 16 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

“For what?” she asked with a raised brow. “They’re divorced.”

“I know, but she has a right to know if my dad’s moving on,” I replied, rolling my eyes.

She had every right to know because he was the one who left her. He gave her barely anything and left her to fend for herself.

Thankfully, she was able to set off on her business venture and make a healthy income. It was a far cry from the way she should be living, and I hated that for her.

It wasn’t fair. Yet, my father was always so stubborn when it came to her.

“Look, you do whatever you think you should do, Tally. They are your parents, and if you wanna stir the pot, then so be it.” Becca shrugged before turning from my room.

“You’re one to talk about stirring the pot after the shit on the boat,” I snapped. “Don’t think I forgot about how you tried to cause drama with Chad and got my dad involved.”

I could feel my anger rising, and slowly she turned from her place just outside my door and faced me with a flat expression. “That’s what you think?”

I had been trying to let it go and not bring it up. However, her comment pissed me off, and I could feel my anger rising. “Yes. You couldn’t just ignore him?”

Shaking her head, Becca laughed. “I’m not doing this with you right now. It’s been a long day, and we are both exhausted from the heat and have been drinking. Let’s not ruin the amazing day that we have been having.”

Shock filled me as she walked away. She didn’t even address what I had said, and she was leaving me! How dare she act like that?

At the sound of her bedroom door closing, I stomped my feet and stormed from my room in search of my father. He had made it home a few hours ago, and no doubt he was in his office.

As I approached his office door, I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself as I quickly opened it, catching him on the phone. He held up his finger to me, finishing his conversation, and then hung up with a smile.

“Tally, did you and the girls have fun today?”

I couldn’t control my anger. Shaking my head, I snapped, “Did you f\*ck someone on our trip this weekend?”

His brows narrowed as he looked at me. “Excuse me? Who do you think you’re talking to?”

I knew I shouldn’t continue to argue with him, but I was furious. How could my father do this to me? How could he embarrass me by sleeping with one of my friends on our trip?

“You heard me. Did you sleep with one of my friends this weekend? People heard you.”

His face remained indifferent when I asked again. It was hard to tell if he was lying and hiding something or maybe people heard incorrectly.

“First of all, if I had been, that’s none of your business. Second of all, instead of listening to your friends with everything they say, perhaps you should think about what’s being said.”

“You’re not answering me!” I screamed. “Yes or no?”

“Tally, get out of my office right now—”

“Oh, my god! You did, didn’t you?” I gasped in shock. “How could you do that to Mom?”

Anger gleamed in his eyes as he stared at me, his knuckles turning white from the grip he had on his desk as he slowly stood.

“Your mother and I are divorced. Nothing I do concerns her, and you will do your best to remember that and stay out of my affairs in the future, Taliana. Now get out.”

There was no point in finishing the conversation. Instead, I would have to figure it out myself, and when I did, I would bring hell upon the individual who crossed me.

Becca.

It was hard not to hear the conversation Tally had with James the night before. I was terrified of what had happened, but when Tally had come upstairs, all she said was her father wouldn’t tell her. That... and she was going to find out who it was.

My mind had wandered all night, and for the first time in a few days, James didn’t reach out to me. I figured it was because of what had happened, but I was grateful.

I didn’t want to get in the middle of some fight between her and her father.

Even if I was the one having sex with him.

Rolling from bed somewhere after 5:00 in the morning, I made my way downstairs in my pajamas in search of coffee. There was no point in still trying to sleep.

I was just going to be extra tired today.

As soon as my feet hit the bottom of the stairs, I felt an eerie presence. The silence was almost deafening. Everyone was still asleep, and even though I enjoyed the quiet... it made me nervous. I wasn’t sure what to expect for the day.

Padding across the tile flooring, I walked past the hallway that led to James' office and saw the glimmer of light from underneath his door.

Everything in me screamed to go to him, but—should I?

Biting my bottom lip, I groaned internally and walked down the hallway.

I had to know that he was okay after what I had overheard.

“James?” I whispered softly as I pushed on his office door and entered.

His eyes looked up to meet mine, and a smile lined his face. Freshly clean from the shower, small beads of water dripped down over his skin, and I realized he hadn't been down here long. “What are you doing awake?”

“I couldn't sleep,” I replied. “I heard how she acted yesterday, and it's been on my mind.”

His smile fell a little, and slowly he nodded his head. “Yeah, it seems we had an audience over the weekend.”

“Mhm. What are we going to do about that?” I asked, hoping he had an idea, but instead of answering, he gestured with two fingers to come to him.

And I did... like the good little submissive he was making me.

“We will not do anything,” he smirked as he pulled me onto his lap and kissed me gently.

Breaking the kiss, my smile widened as my fingers brushed his hairline. “She isn't going to let it go.”

“I know she won't.” His hands slid up my thighs. “That changes nothing though, Becca. Let her go on her hunt. The last person she will suspect is you.”

This man was making me do things I would never ordinarily do, and it scared me. I wasn't sure how to proceed, but deep down, I knew I couldn't stop seeing him.

He set my body on fire, and the sensations he created were addicting.

“Oh,” I moaned softly as his fingers slid through the folds of my core, causing my back to arch in pleasure as I nipped playfully at his lips before he devoured my mouth with his own.

The kisses were heated and frenzied, and before I knew it, his chair was being slid out and I was being spun around and bent over his desk. “We have to be quick and quiet.”

Nodding my head, I understood. Well, I understand the quick part.

But as his long, thick cock slid into me from behind, I wasn't sure about the quiet part.

As a cry went to escape me, he pulled me back slightly, covering my mouth with his hand to muffle my moans of pleasure. “Oh, f\*ck.”

Right to his words, it was quick, and I came undone all over him when he finally gave his own release. Filling me to the brim, where his seed dripped down my thighs. “Mmm. God, you’re such a good girl.”

His words caused me to smile before he spun me around to face him and gripped my hair, kissing me again. I wanted more, but the sound from upstairs signaled to us both that Tally was finally awake.

“Quick, go into the hall bathroom and clean up. I’ll go make coffee.”

It wasn’t a suggestion. It was an order, and one I intended to follow. Moving quickly, I adjusted myself and left his office, sneaking into the hallway bathroom to clean up.

His footsteps passing the bathroom led down the hall towards the kitchen before I heard his deep, sultry voice talking—to Tally.

Taking a deep breath, I got a hold of myself and cleaned up before exiting the bathroom and going to meet them. Her eyes met mine, and she smiled before rolling them at her dad. “Morning, Becca.”

“Morning,” I replied before turning towards James. “That coffee smells amazing, Mr. Valentino.”

My taunting choice of words stopped him in his tracks, and I watched as the muscles in his back flexed for a moment before he cleared his throat and poured some into a cup, and turned towards me. “Here. Have some then, but be careful... it’s hot.”

There was a dark glint in his eye letting me know I was going to pay for my remark later on, but that was what I was hoping for. Taking the cup from him, my fingers brushed against his before I turned, smiling, and made my way towards Tally.

“So, what’s the plan today?” I asked her with a little more pep in my step than I realized.

“Uh—actually, I was thinking we could go for lunch today. Nothing super out of place. I don’t really have much of a plan.”

“Sounds like fun,” I smiled, liking the fact that, for once, her day didn’t revolve around drinking and partying like it had been since I had walked through those front doors.

# Chapter 17 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

I could tell that the argument between her and James was still bothering her. Their silent glances spoke volumes, but it wasn’t my place to pry.

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A few hours later, Tally and I were in a car headed across Miami to Il Gabbiano. It was a very upscale waterfront restaurant that catered to authentic Italian food.

I had only been here one other time with Tally, and that was when we were eighteen and James was trying to make Tally feel more at home. It was the one time when I met her uncle, James’ brother, Lucas.

Only six months later, Lucas died in a car accident and thinking about it now, it broke my heart. He was the sweetest man and was James’ biggest supporter.

“So, why are we going here?” I asked as we exited the car and walked towards the front door of the building. “This is very upscale, for a meager lunch with me.”

Laughing, Tally shook her head with a smile. “We are meeting someone here.”

Of course, we are. Why would I think it would just be the two of us?

As soon as we entered, the general manager greeted Tally like an old friend and quickly showed us to our table. My eyes widened in shock as I realized just who it was we were meeting.

It was none other than Allison Valentino—James’ ex wife.

“Mom!” Tally exclaimed with excitement as Allison stood and took her daughter into her arms.

“Oh, my goodness. I have missed you,” she said before her eyes set upon me. “Becca? Oh, goodness sweetie, how you have grown!”

Smiling, I hugged her as well as we took our seats. “Thank you. It’s been a long time.”

“Indeed. You’re not that plump little girl with glasses and unkempt hair anymore.” Her response was taunting, and irritation swelled within me.

“Yes, that would be correct,” I gritted out with a fake smile, “and you seem to have gotten a makeover at the doctor’s office. Do they have talented surgeons down here?”

Her eyes blanked at my comment as she stared at me. Tally was completely unphased about what we were discussing, but an unmistakable message came clear across with Allison's stare.

"Yes, they do actually," she smirked. "I have one I can offer for you if you would like."

Chuckling to myself, I shook my head. "No, thank you. I prefer a more natural look, but I appreciate the offer."

Uncomfortable silence sat around the table after my words. All of our eyes were on the menu as our server brought our drinks and took our order.

I had almost forgotten why I didn't like Tally's mother, and within fifteen minutes of being in her presence, she reminded me why I couldn't stand her.

She was judgemental and sadistic. A completely narcissistic bitch from hell.

"So, Mom..." Tally finally said, breaking the silence, "I have to tell you something I found out."

Oh f\*ck. She isn't...

"What's that, sweetie?" Allison smiled sweetly.

"Well, Daddy took us on the yacht this past weekend and some of the other girls were talking about how two of my guests overheard him f\*cking someone on the boat. Someone that I'm friends with."

Allison gasped at the news covering her mouth with her hand as she acted upset.

"He didn't.... Why would he do that to me?" She pretended to sob. "I don't understand what I did to deserve to be treated like this."

It took everything in me not to snap at this woman and remind her she was the one who cheated on him, and they were also divorced. I couldn't stand women like this.

"Yeah, it was horrible. Becca and I tried to think who it could be, but we are both disgusted by it. To think one of these little bitches I invited is or was f\*cking my dad."

Allison's eyes went to me and quickly scanned over my body. "Did you do it?"

"Excuse me?" I asked shocked. "Did I do what?"

"Mom. No!" Tally quickly butted in. "It wasn't Becca. He barely looks at her and sees her like another daughter. Trust me, I would know if it was Becca."

Allison continued to stare at me as if unsure of her daughter's answer. A smirk crossed my lips as I picked up my glass of water and downed my drink. My eyes never left hers as I raised my brow in question to what she was staring at.

"That's true," Allison finally sighed. "She's too fat anyway."

“Mom!” Tally gasped. “Stop being like that towards Becca. She has been my best friend for years!”

For once, Tally had my back with something, and I was grateful she was willing to stand up to her mother for me. However, spending time with this woman wasn't something I wanted to continue doing.

“Fat?” I laughed watching Allison and Tally look at me. “I don't know who you are calling fat, because if I remember correctly you were two sizes bigger than me when you divorced him. But that's just an estimation.”

Allison's mouth dropped open as she looked at me with utter disbelief. Tally tried her best to call the waiter over to pour more wine, and all the while, I couldn't help but let a smug smile cross my face.

“I need the ladies room.” Allison quickly stood up as she walked away from the table. Tally's eyes followed her until they quickly snapped back to me.

“Did you really have to say that? You know she is sensitive about her divorce.”

“Are you kidding me?” I cackled, shaking my head with amusement. “Your mother called me fat and made snarky comments more than once. She deserved what I said.”

“Becca!” Tally gasped. “What the hell is wrong with you today? Why are you acting like this?”

Shrugging my shoulders in an ‘I don't give a shit’ way as I rolled my eyes, I said, “Perhaps I'm just tired of everyone thinking they can treat me however they want. If people don't want to give respect, then they won't get it.”

Finishing up my food, I remained quiet the entire time I listened to them discuss how they could find out who it was James was sleeping with. My mind soaked in the information so I could repeat it to James.

I had to warn him. If Tally was getting her mother involved, it wouldn't be good.

“Becca, are you paying attention?” Tally asked, bringing me back to the present.

“Uh-yeah, sorry. I was thinking about something,” I admitted, watching as Allison rolled her eyes in disgust.

“I was asking if you wanted to go get drinks with Mom and I,” she replied.

Yeah, definitely not. “Uh, actually, I think I am going to head back. Why don't you and the dragon spend some time together? You guys don't get to do it very often.”

“F\*cking bitch,” Allison sneered, causing Tally and I both to roll our eyes.

There wasn't enough money in the world that could pay me to be around this woman anymore. She had pissed me off enough for one day, and if she wasn't careful, she would get my size eight shoe straight up her ass.

I was serious about one thing. I wasn't taking shit from anyone anymore.

I was going to start making a way for myself.

First though, I had to find James.

Anger pulsed through me as I clutched my purse tightly and stormed across the parking lot of the restaurant towards my Uber. I couldn't believe Tally had me go to lunch with that bitch.

When I was younger, she had always made small comments, but never did she have the balls to speak to me the way she did today. I guess she thought now she could say what she wanted since I was an adult.

I just don't think she expected me to bite back like I did.

"To Valentino Imports?" the driver asked, looking at the app to verify my destination.

"Yes, please. If you get there quickly, I'll give you a fat tip."

I couldn't wait to get there and tell James what had happened. I wasn't usually one to run and tattle, but Tally was playing a dangerous game by involving her mother.

And of course, the girl they were trying to find was me!

Scrolling through my phone, I opened my text messages to James.

'Are you still at work?'

The message quickly turned red, and as I saw the dots pop up, I smiled.

He was quick to reply to me, and something about that made my stomach flip.

'Yeah, but leaving shortly. What's wrong?'

## Chapter 18 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

As a heavy breath escaped me, I replied, 'I'm on my way. Don't leave yet.'

What I was about to do was go against everything I said I wouldn't do. I never wanted to get involved to this extent, and perhaps I should walk in there and completely call all of this off with him.

Deep down inside, though, I couldn't. I couldn't bring myself to stop feeling the way I did. It had been years since I had felt this kind of release, and it was only a release he could give me.

He clouded every thought I had and even in my dreams—he was there.

As the Uber pulled up outside of his company, I took a deep breath and made my way inside without hesitation. The receptionists did not even bat their eyelashes at me as I passed them and entered the elevator.

A heavy breath escaped my lips as my hands fidgeted, waiting for the numbers to reach his floor. With a chime, the doors slowly opened, and as they did, I met with the dark eyes I had grown to adore.

Dressed in a three-piece suit with his hands in his pockets, I wanted to drop to my knees before him. His aura surrounding me makes me want to submit to his every whim.

“Becca,” he said in a deep, sultry tone. “We meet again.”

Shit.

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“So you're telling me that Tally took you to lunch with her mother?”

For the last twenty minutes, we had been going over and over everything that had happened, and I was growing rather impatient with his constant questions.

“Yeah, and let's just say she doesn't like me one bit. I had forgotten how much of a bitch she really was,” I grumbled, crossing my arms over my chest as I reclined into his office chair.

“What did she say she was going to do?” he asked as he turned from the window to me with curiosity in his eyes.

“She didn't really say too much,” I sighed. “Just that she was the only one who could have you, and she didn't like the crap Tally was telling her. She even had enough nerves to ask if it was me...”

As he raised a brow, a grin spread across his face. “Did you tell her it was?”

“Of course not!” I exclaimed in shock. “I told you, I don't want Tally to know. It's going to do nothing but cause complications, and she and I have been friends for years.”

“A friend who doesn't seem to give a shit about you and uses you when it's convenient.”

The coldness of his words hit deep within me. I knew he was just pointing out the obvious, but the fact he said it aloud hurt.

Tight-lipped, I sighed and stood to my feet, reconsidering the fact I had even come to him with all of this. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you."

"Why do you say that?"

Looking at him I shrugged, "Because it's obvious you don't care and now, I feel foolish for coming to you about it."

He didn't hesitate in clearing the space between us and pulling me close to him by my hips. His touch immediately made my heart race as I bit my bottom lip and looked up at him.

"Becca... if you don't stop biting your lip, I will not be able to control myself."

Oh, Jesus... get your shit together, Becca.

"I-I'm sorry," I replied, gritting my teeth as I tried my best not to do it again. "I don't know what I'm to do."

"About what?" he asked with a questioning glance. "About us... or about Tally and her mother?"

"Both, I guess..." I said, shaking my head. "This is becoming more complicated than I wanted."

Laughter escaped him as he pulled me closer to him, laying my head against his chest.

"Only because you're overthinking it and making it complicated. Stop thinking about it all, Becca, and let me take care of it. You have nothing to worry about, I promise."

"That's easy for you to say." I closed my eyes and inhaled his earthy scent.

"It is, and you should listen to me."

Rolling my eyes, I pulled away from his grasp. "I think I'll just head back to the house."

"You don't have to leave. You can get a ride with me."

I grabbed my purse and smirked. "As much as I would love that, I don't think someone seeing that happening would be a good idea, James. The last thing we need to do is pull up together and Tally be home when she is already looking for the woman who is f\*cking her father."

"That may be so, but think of all the sinful things I could do on the way home."

His words stopped me dead in my tracks as I was making my way towards his office door. Unable to control myself, I turned to him, and my habit of lip biting caught his eye.

"I told you about that-" he murmured before clearing the space between us again.

My back hit the wall before I could react, and his lips captured mine in an instant. The heat of his desire was radiating around me, and with it, a soft moan escaped my lips as he let his lips trail down over my jawline.

“Tell me you want me, Becca,” he whispered in my ear. “Tell me you want this.”

Confliction be damned. My mouth had a mind of its own and was quickly answering for me. “I do.”

Chuckling, he nibbled on my ear. “Good girl. Do you know what I want right now?”

“What’s that?” I asked breathlessly.

“To bury myself deep inside you and watch you come undone.”

The raw passion behind his words was hypnotizing, but I knew there wasn’t time for that. Instead, my hunger gave way, and I pulled his eyes to look into mine.

“Sit down,” I demanded as I bit playfully on his lip and reached over to the door, locking it.

Dark mischief glittered within his eyes as he stepped away from me and walked towards his desk to do as I told him. I had never thought of him as a man who would take direction. However, here he was, entertaining me.

I wasn’t sure about what I was going to do, but for once, him letting me be in control felt good. It was empowering, and that wasn’t something I was used to.

Walking towards him, I leaned over his chair and kissed his lips slowly as I trailed down over his jawline and onto his neck. My fingers ran the length of his chest before quickly reaching for his belt and zipper.

The length of his hardened cock was in my hands within moments, and dropping to my knees, I took it into my mouth. Slowly, I swirled my tongue over its length. The taste of his pleasure was intoxicating, and as his fingers gripped my hair, I dove deeper.

I had only done this to one other man, and I was nowhere near experienced, but at the moment, I felt like a porn star. The sounds escaping him let me know that what I was doing was pushing him to limits. He could only barely continue.

With slow strokes of my hand, I let the thick head pop from my mouth before running my tongue up the full length of his shaft, only to have his girth plunged back into the depth of my throat.

Repeatedly, the motion brought him closer. “Becca, I want you.... If you keep going, I won’t be able to control myself.”

Exactly what I wanted, though. To have him lose control. To give him the release he had given me so many times.

Relentless, I repeated my motions until a cry escaped his lips, and the hot pleasure of his release poured down my throat. The taste of him was tantalizing, and as I polished him off, I looked at him with a smile and used my fingers to clean up the mess of my chin.

I let my tongue lick off what remained on my lips as I stepped back with a grin.

“I will see you back at the house.”

Furrowing his brows, he adjusted himself and stood to his feet as I made my way towards the door. “You’re leaving?”

“Yeah, I have to catch my Uber,” I taunted with a smile.

I wasn’t sure about what I was doing with him, but no matter how many times I tried to tell myself I needed to stop, I couldn’t. I was losing control of myself, and the more I fell into this hole with him, the more I liked it.

Taking the elevator down, I straightened myself and stepped out on the main floor, heading straight for the glass doors. A striking woman with blonde hair stood at the receptionist’s desk. Her eyes meeting mine with curiosity.

I wasn’t sure who she was, but paying no attention, I continued on my way.

There was no way I was about to allow anyone I knew to see me. How would I even explain what I was doing here? I supposed that thought never initially crossed my mind.

Instead, I was playing a dangerous game with a man who was hellbent on breaking me.

James Valentino was addicting, and I was becoming his favorite plaything.

Only time would tell if I could survive him.

## Chapter 19 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

James.

The moment Becca told me Tally took her to see her mother, I knew what she was going to say. Allison had never been very kind to Becca when she used to come visit, and it often caused us to argue when she was here.

The one thing I hated above all else was people picking on children by judging their appearance. Becca may have been bigger than Tally back then, but it wasn’t Allison’s place to say something. It just showed how cruel she was.

“Your car is waiting out front, Mr. Valentino,” Evette said from my door, causing me to nod.

“Thank you, Evette. Please go ahead and enjoy your day.”

The woman worked hard for me, and I was grateful. But even with the minor distraction, I couldn’t stop thinking about Becca and Allison.

The fire in Becca’s eyes was clear, and I knew without a doubt she gave Allison hell.

Making my way down towards the front of the building, my eye caught Katrine arguing with the girls at the front desk. Her voice raised and her brow narrowed before she quickly caught sight of me and smiled.

“James!” she purred in her thick Russian accent. “I want these girls fired. They wouldn’t let me see you.”

Stepping from her grasp with disgust rolling through my expressions, I furrowed my brow. “What are you doing here, Katrine? I told you not to come back.”

Hesitating, she rolled her eyes. “I know you didn’t mean it, my love. I missed you, and I’m tired of fighting.”

“There is no fighting. You need to leave and not come back. I don’t want you harassing my employees,” I replied as I brushed past her towards the front doors.

As soon as I stepped outside, though, she had hold of my arm and was pulling me back.

“Who was that girl?” she snapped. “Is that your new f\*ck toy?”

“What?” I asked with confusion.

Shaking her head, she crossed her arms over her chest. “Don’t act stupid. The girl who just came down like ten minutes ago.”

I knew right away she was talking about Becca. However, I couldn’t let her know I knew that. “Do you know how many women work in this building, Katrine? I have no clue who you are referring to, but even if I was seeing someone, it isn’t your business. So leave.”

Done with her pettiness, I moved towards my car parked by the curb. My security guard stood watch with his eyes locked onto Katrine.

He knew the process of needy women I rid myself of, and he wouldn’t hesitate to take her down—her father be damned.

As the car started moving, I looked down at my phone and started flipping through photos. There was one picture, in particular, I had become fond of lately, and that was the one I snuck while Becca was sleeping in my bed on the yacht.

Her hair haloed around her head as her lashes kissed her cheeks. There was something about her in this photo that was beyond mesmerizing. Almost angelic.

And thinking like that about her was doing things to me I didn't need.

Maybe she was right in considering ending this. It could never be more than it was, and I was done with relationships when it came to women.

All they wanted, in the end, was money.

Lost in my thoughts, I wasn't paying attention when the car pulled up to my house. That was until my eyes glanced up and took in the sight of my ex-wife Allison leaning against a Mercedes in the drive with a smug smile on her face.

"F\*cking great," I groaned.

"Would you like me to remove her, sir?" my security guy asked, looking over his shoulder.

He was all too familiar with Allison and the drunk rants the woman would have.

"No, it's fine. I will handle this, Frank."

As I grabbed my things, the driver opened the door, and I stepped out into the Miami sun. I knew right away whatever was going to happen, she was going to make it spectacular, as always.

"Allison, what are you doing here?" I sighed with a tight smile as I stared at her from behind dark sunglasses. "You know you're not welcome on my property anymore."

"James—" she cooed with a smile as she stepped towards me in her all white designer dress and matching Louis shoes. "Don't act like that. Come on now—"

"No, Allison," I sneered with disgust as I looked towards the house and then back at her. "I'm being serious. Why are you here?"

Sighing in a huff, she fidgeted with her hand and relaxed with a smirk. "To get our daughter. She is coming to stay with me for the week in Orlando. We are going to a fashion event there."

Taking a moment to let it sink in, irritation filled me. Tally hadn't bothered to call me and tell me what she was doing, and of course, she is an adult and didn't have to tell me, but it was a common courtesy thing.

"Okay, so Becca and Tally are getting ready then?" I asked with curiosity, wondering if Becca was going as well. After the conversation she had with me only a little while ago, it would surprise me she would agree.

However, Allison scoffed before laughter left her throat.

"Are you f\*cking kidding me? That little bitch isn't going anywhere with me."

“Watch your mouth, Allison,” I snapped. “She grew up with our daughter in this house and is Tally’s guest. I don’t understand what your issue is with her.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, she smirked. “She is a freeloader who doesn’t deserve our daughter’s attention. For once, do your daughter a kindness and get rid of the girl before Tally comes home. It would be better for everyone.”

Looking at Allison right now, I had no idea how I had fallen in love with her. Once upon a time, she had been the light of my eyes and the air I breathed. Yet, with money and age, she had turned into a woman who thought she deserved everything given to her.

Something I no longer tolerated.

“You’re a real piece of work, Allison. You need to get a grip on yourself and wake up to reality. Otherwise, you will die alone one day.”

“F\*ck you, James,” she sneered. “Why don’t you watch how you speak to me? After all, I heard about your little f\*ck toy from the trip to the Keys. Perhaps it’s time we go back to court. You owe me way more money than you have given me.”

It was my turn to laugh as I shook my head, watching her. She was the same person she had always been, and it did nothing but amuse me. I was thankful that Becca was nothing like her.

“I don’t owe you shit. You got everything you wanted in the divorce agreement, and it’s over. You can’t get anything else.”

“You are making way more now!” she screamed at me, the realization she got an awful deal finally showing its face. She had gotten way more than anyone should have, but at the end of the day, I made ten times more now than I did a few years ago.

“Tell you what,” I smiled, “take me back to court. I would love for them to see your true colors, Allison. Cause you won’t get a damn thing from me.”

“I am the only woman who will ever make you happy, James, and you know it,” she replied as a viper stalking her prey. Her body moved closer to mine as she gently ran her hand over my chest. “I know you miss me.”

“I used to enjoy skipping school when I was sick as a kid, too, but it doesn’t mean I would want to suffer through that again.”

# Chapter 20 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

Her facial features changed as shock and disgust ran across her face. I had no doubt it was easy for me to push her buttons and piss her off, but that had become my favorite pastime over the years.

“You’re an asshole, James.”

Laughing, I nodded. “Yeah, that may be true, but I’m a rich asshole, Allison. You’re just a middle-aged wrinkling has-been with a drinking problem slowing going into debt. You can thank... what was his name again? Pablo... for that.”

Pablo had been the pool boy she had an affair with four months before I actually had walked in to see her f\*cking him in the pool house. That day I had thought to be one of the worst days of my life, but now, looking back, it wasn’t.

The day I married Allison had been the worst.

I should have known then she was no good. I should have known then she was only with me for the money. Yet, we had gotten pregnant with Tally young, and I wasn’t going to be like my father. I wasn’t going to leave them.

I wasn’t going to leave my child.

So instead, I worked my ass off for years to make sure she had everything she ever wanted and so much more. I made sure she would never go through the things I went through, and in the end; it paid off.

I had built an empire, and Allison... well, she had fallen into a hole she couldn’t escape.

All of which had nothing to do with me.

Becca.

“Becca, please just do this for me,” Tally said once again after asking me fifteen times to be her spy. She wanted me to spy on James and tell her who he was bringing in the house or, better yet, take a f\*cking photo of the girl.

The girl that was actually me.

“Dude, I’m not going to spy on your father for you. Do you know how crazy that sounds? Like, who cares if he is sleeping with someone? He is a grown-ass man,” I replied, watching irritation cross her.

She knew very well I wasn’t the kind of person to get involved in drama like this.

“Please, for once, just do something for me.”

The fact she played that card pissed me off. I have done so much for her, and yet she didn't acknowledge any of it.

“Okay. Yeah, sure. Why not?” I sighed, knowing very well I wouldn't do it. One because well.. I wouldn't incriminate myself, and two, I was pissed at her for even asking me.

As for her trip with her mom... well, that was one other reason for me to be upset. Then again, her being gone meant I was going to be alone with James.

For an entire week.

My mind was reeling with ideas, and as she grabbed the last of her stuff, she hugged me.

“Thanks, girl. I owe you big time,” she grinned as she pulled away and headed out of her bedroom door with me behind her.

Standing at the top of the stairs, I watched her walk down. The front door opened and James' voice trailed up the stairs towards me.

“Tally, behave yourself, and don't let your mother talk you into something you can't afford on your allowance,” he said as Tally scoffed.

The front door slammed closed and as it did, I walked towards my room and straight towards the window, watching as Tally and her mother drove away.

I didn't see James anywhere, but when a creak on the floor behind me echoed through my room, I knew he hadn't hesitated to come for me.

Turning slowly, I looked into his dark, steely eyes, my heart beating out of my chest at the way he was looking at me. I knew the things he was going to do to me now they were gone were outrageous but so damn exciting.

“James—” I whispered as he cleared the space between us, gripping the backs of my thighs as he hoisted me over his shoulder, laughing. “What are you doing?”

A firm smack on my back end sent a pool of pleasure straight to my core. It didn't take an idiot to figure out what was on his mind. A week of uninterrupted pleasure with James was everything I desired and more.

Tally had pissed me off for the last time, and perhaps it was time I stopped worrying about her feelings. After all, James had other plans for me.

Tossing me down on the bed, I bounced across the soft comforter with a giggle before my eyes met his once more, a grin lining his lips as he slowly took off his tie.

“An entire week of having you to myself,” he said with a smirk. “Oh, the adventures we can have, Becca.”

I knew very well what he wanted to f\*ck me until I couldn't stand. The memory of him promising to do dark and dirty things to me was tantalizing. Perhaps he could tie me up like he promised before... it was something I had seen on porn, but never something I dared try before.

"I'm sure you will think of something.... After all, how often do you get this chance?"

It was wrong. So wrong on so many levels, but screwing my best friend's dad had been one of the most erotic things I had ever done.

James Valentino was anything but gentle, and even though there had been a few moments where he showed he could be soft....

Well, it never lasted long. Instead, he was rock hard and dangerous.

So dangerous I came undone at the simple sound of his voice.

\*\*\*\*\*

James.

After a few hours of foreplay and sexual torture, we broke to clean ourselves up. Yet it didn't last long before once again we were at it, and my cock was the only thing capable of pleasing her.

Pushing her against the wall of the shower, I groaned at the feeling of her warm, wet pussy wrapping around my hardened cock. It was the most amazing feeling in the world. I ravaged her over and over again, and with every thrust deep inside her, she came undone.

"I can't keep going—" she cried out as she clung to me for dear life, "James!"

A cry of pleasure escaped her lips as I erupted deep into her tight cunt, letting her walls milk every last drop of cum from my sack.

Her eyes were hazy with the pleasure I had created within her. The corners of her lips turned up into a smile as we both laughed before I kissed her once more.

"Looks like I couldn't keep going either," I chuckled as I slowly pulled out of her and watched her turn into the water, washing the traces of our enjoyment from her body.

"You know you can't keep me locked in your room the entire time Tally is gone?"

Shaking my head, I rinsed off under the water before stepping out and wrapping a towel around my body. She was right. I couldn't keep her locked in my bedroom all the time, but then again, it didn't mean I didn't want to.

"What do you propose doing, then?" I asked teasingly as I watched her step out naked with beads of water dripping from her perfect body.

Even though I had taken her multiple times today, my cock was slowly coming to life again, ready to ravage her once more.

