

# Chapter 31 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

Because contrary to popular belief, she had issues that had been similar to mine once upon a time.

“Hello?” I sang sweetly as I answered the phone.

“Becca, where the f\*ck have you been? I have been blowing your phone up all day, and you what... don’t f\*cking answer?” Tally snapped at me.

“Oh Tally...” I cooed playfully as I looked at Allegra with a smile. “I’m so sorry I have had horrible service where I’m at.”

“Where are you at? You’re not watching my dad?!” she exclaimed with irritation.

I wasn’t watching him at the moment, but I sure have been watching him a lot lately.

Not that I would tell her, of course.

“Your dad, I think, had a business trip. So I went to visit my family. I didn’t think you would mind since you’re with your mom. After all, I can’t exactly go with your father on his trip,” I said, trying not to laugh as I watched Allegra mock heartache at my words.

The act was to mimic the way Tally acted, and I had to admit, Allegra acting like this made me laugh more than anything.

“That’s bullshit, Becca. You should have found a way to go.”

“Seriously?” I chuckled. “I already told you I’m not spying on your father. If you have a problem with him, you need to take it up with him, Tally. Now I have to go, so enjoy the rest of your trip!”

Tally screamed my name through the phone before I hung it up and continued enjoying the sun. I wasn’t sure what I was going to do about her. Never had I been in this situation, but I had to admit, it felt good to tell her no.

Even though that’s because I’m the one f\*cking her father.

Letting a heavy breath escape me, I checked the time on my phone. “Do you think I’m wrong?” I asked Allegra, who looked over at me.

“Wrong about what?” she asked with slight confusion.

“For sleeping with James. Tally has been my best friend for years, and I’m lying to her and f\*cking her father like I have no respect for her.”

Raising her brows, Allegra shrugged, "So... who cares. From what I knew of Tally already from James, and what you have told me... she is a selfish little bitch who needs a reality check. James is a good man and has been through a lot lately. You're good for him."

Hearing someone say I'm good for him made me smile.

After all, I never really considered us to be more because he made it clear before we couldn't be. Allegra's words ran through my mind, making me space out for a moment, and before I knew it, a boat was pulling up near the shoreline. James stood there with two others, his silhouette darkened by the slowly falling sun.

"What are you girls doing?" one of the men yelled as they hit the sand, walking towards us.

"What's it look like?" Allegra laughed. "Soaking up the vitamin D and enjoying conversation."

As James came closer, I watched the dark lust filled gaze in his eyes turn to something more. "Come on... you're mine for the rest of the day."

"You guys aren't coming out with us tonight?" Allegra asked as she turned to me with a smile. "I was hoping we would enjoy the bar scene together."

"No, you heard me. Becca is mine for the rest of the day. You guys go have fun."

He didn't bother to wait for my reply as he pulled me to my feet, took my hand, and led me towards the house. I wasn't sure what he had planned, but the small cottage we had next to the others gave us the seclusion James wanted.

I was his privately for the next few days, and he made a point of claiming me in a way no one ever could.

Before the back door closed, I was pressed against the wall. His mouth was upon my skin as I moaned, watching my bathing suit fall to the floor. "You like teasing me with these little outfits, don't you?"

"What... my bathing suit?" I laughed, as he thrust his fingers inside of me, causing me to cry out.

"Yes, that," he all but growled as he captured my lips again.

James POV

The sky had slowly darkened outside, and as it did, I looked down at Becca softly sleeping next to me. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever met, and everything about her was addicting.

From the moment I laid my eyes on her, I knew I wanted her, but never did I think she would have been capable of bringing feelings out of me like this. It was as if she had captivated a part of my soul that had long laid dormant.

I wanted to spoil her and show her the world.

Which was not part of the plan. I wasn't supposed to be doing these kinds of things, but slowly and surely I was. I was treating her like we were more than we were, and if I wasn't careful, I was going to find myself too deep in the situation we created.

It was a conversation we needed to properly have again, but for now, I would just enjoy this time with her. Enjoy the small moments, and relish them, because eventually she would be leaving. Even though my chest clenched with the idea, she would.

"Becca..." I whispered, watching her stretch as her eyes slowly fluttered open.

"Mmmm..." she moaned softly. "What are you doing?"

The soft purr of her voice made my balls ache to take her again. Yet, I didn't want this trip to just be about sex. I wanted her to enjoy a variety of things the islands had to offer.

"Why don't I take you out to get something to eat, and maybe we can look at some stores on the island? What do you think?"

Smiling up at me, she nodded before her lips softly met mine. "Give me a moment to get dressed."

I watched her hop from the bed, naked, and pad her way towards the bathroom. She stopped at the door and looked over her shoulder at me, smiling before she disappeared.

I checked myself and rolled over on to my stomach, groaning at how badly I did just want to f\*ck her repeatedly until I was the only man she thought of.

"F\*ck me... what am I doing?" I whispered to myself before sliding from the bed to get ready.

Thirty minutes later, and with much restraint, we left the cottage and headed towards the small shops of the town. Lights were strung up over the stores, and music flowed from the restaurants.

Her eyes seemed to light up with every twist and turn we made, and seeing her like this made me realize just how carefree she was. She wasn't like Allison or Tally... or any other woman I have ever dealt with.

Becca seemed to enjoy the small things in life and didn't care what anyone thought of her. The yellow sundress against her sun kissed skin made her stand out in the night.

I watched the way men all seemed to notice her, but in the end, I was the only one she paid attention to. I was the only one who made her smile.

"James, look at these sandals!" she squealed. "I'm going to get them."

Before she could reach into her purse, though, I had pulled out cash and handed it to the merchant, watching her smile fall. "What are you doing? I have money."

"I know you do, Becca. However, I was the one who asked you to come on this trip, and I want to be the one to spoil you. If you want to tell others you paid for it, you can, but I'm the only one spending money."

Rolling her eyes, she leaned forward and kissed me gently. "I'll just make it up to you later," she teased.

"Oh, I have no doubt that you will," I laughed, watching as she made her way towards the next stall.

My phone ringing distracted me for a moment, and as I looked down, I saw Tally's name flash across the screen. "Yes, Tally?" I said with a sigh as Becca's eyes met mine.

"Daddy, where are you?" she asked gruffly. "I think Becca is lying to me. Do you know where she is?"

"Uh-why would you think Becca is lying to you?" I asked, causing Becca's eyes to widen.

"Because I called her dad to make sure she was okay, and he said she wasn't there. She said she was going to stay with family," Tally whined, causing me to take a deep breath and try to sort the situation.

"Perhaps she had different family she was going to see? I don't know, Tally. I'm out of town for business right now overseas, so there isn't much I can do," I replied, not telling her the whole truth, but at least part of it.

"Do you think she is seeing someone? Maybe that's why she has been acting off and not wanting to tell me what she is doing. Have you seen her with anyone?"

I loved my daughter with all my heart, but right in this moment, I had to draw a line with her. She was acting beyond ridiculous. "Tally, you need to stop. She is a grown woman and doesn't have to tell you anything."

"How can you say that?! I invited her to come spend the summer with me, and she doesn't bother to let me know what she is doing when she's not at our house!"

"Taliana, enough," I snapped. "You, young lady, disappeared on her many times if you recall, and I will not tolerate you acting like this. Perhaps if you start being a better friend to her, she will be open with you. Honestly, I'm surprised she still talks to you at all."

"Daddy-" she gasped.

"No, Tally. I have to go. You need to figure your shit out. Don't call me about this again."

Hanging up the phone, I watched Becca's pale face drop even more. "She knows..."

"No, she doesn't. She thinks you are seeing someone." I pulled her close to me. "She has no idea it's me. So don't worry."

Nodding her head, she leaned up, kissing me softly, and my heart melted. I didn't want to see her upset, and I didn't want her to panic.

Perhaps Tally finding out about Becca and I would be for the best. I knew it would ruin their relationship, but it was already ruined. At least this way, I would be able to see Becca openly and not have to hide her.

There was still so much I wanted to show her.

After a few days spent in luxury with James in the Bahamas, I was glad to be back at his home. Things had been wonderful, and yet, through it all, I had slowly let the wall I had built fall. There was something about him that gave me hope he would change his mind.

That maybe... just maybe—he would want me.

As soon as we made it back, James had to go to the office to work. The sun had set long before he left, and even though he was working late, it didn't stop me from turning on the TV in the living room and ordering myself take out.

My favorite TV show playing and an open box of pizza in front of me, I set out to relax. However, the last thing I expected was loud pounding upon the door as if the police were trying to break in. With caution, I stood and peered out the side window, seeing Chad standing there with a grim expression on his face.

My heart raced, and my palms went clammy. I wasn't sure what to do.

The last thing I wanted was for James to come home and see him here. Especially after the conversation we had before. It wouldn't end well, and James, being the man he was, would more than likely cast me out with nowhere to go.

Letting a heavy sigh escape me, I pushed towards the door with hesitation, looking for the courage to stand up to the one man who had been tormenting me emotionally over the past few months.

His cold glare met mine as the door opened, as did the smell of whiskey and his very obvious drunken haze. "What are you doing here?"

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"I came to make things right with you, Becca," he sighed, taking a step forward but finding himself blocked by the door. "Let me in so we can talk."

“No,” I replied firmly, not wanting to hear anything he had to say. “You need to leave right now. I have nothing to say to you, and I don’t know why you’re here.”

“To get you back,” he snapped, shoving the door open, knocking me to the floor.

“Get out!” I screamed at him, only to be met with his firm grasp in my hair and a heartless laugh that was nothing but sadistic.

“You have no right to tell me what to do!” he screamed at me. “Do you know who I am? Women line up to spend the night with me, and you’re over here being ungrateful.”

“I don’t care who you are. Get the f\*ck out, now.” I seethed with anger, watching as he stumbled to the side, too drunk to even have a rational conversation.

I wished someone was in the house at a time like this. However, the housekeepers had already left for the day, and the one security guy who usually stayed in the house was currently with James at work.

“You will not ignore me, Becca!” he screamed at me as he tried to pull me towards him to kiss me. “I know you want this.”

With all the strength in me, I pushed him, standing to my feet, and made a break for the living room to grab my phone. It was obvious he would not get out, and I didn’t want to be one of those women who fell into a stereotype because she didn’t do something.

However, rough hands gripped my waist and pulled me toward him. Kicking and screaming, I thrust my elbow back, clocking him in the side of his face, and was dropped to the floor.

“You f\*cking bitch!” he raged at me as his hand came down, hitting me in the side of my face.

Scrambling against the living room floor, I spotted my purse next to the sofa and scooted towards it while he took the time to address his busted lip in the mirror.

“You will love me, Becca. I suppose I will have to show you what it is you’re missing.”

Fear cascaded through my body as my heart beat faster. I wasn’t sure what he meant, but there was no way I was going to find out.

Scrambling faster, I reached my purse just as he grabbed my ankle and pulled me back. The only issue for him was he didn’t see what I grabbed. Within my hand was the best birthday present my father had ever gotten for me, and that was my black taser with the words “Soul Sucker” engraved on the side.

As soon as he flipped me over, I brought the taser up to his side and turned it on. Screaming in pain, he let go of me and fell to the floor, and I scrambled back.

“You f\*cking bitch!”

I stared at him wildly while laughing.

“That’s the Soul Sucker 3000, you piece of shit. Get the f\*ck out of this house!”

He didn’t waste any time as he rolled to his knees, still whining from the pain the taser created and scrambled his way towards the front door.

“You’re not worth it!” he yelled at me. “I have a piece of ass that is so much better than you. I don’t know why I waste my time on you.”

His words were meant to hurt, but I didn’t care anymore. As soon as he crossed the threshold, I slammed the door, locked it, and sank to my knees.

Tears that had once been non-existent cascaded down my cheeks. I couldn’t believe I had just undergone what I did. Never in my life did I think Chad would get physical with me in this way, and yet, it happened.

There was a fine line between being a dick and being physically abusive, and Chad had passed it. I was a fool to think our last conversation would have been the end of things, because he clearly didn’t take the hint.

I wasn’t sure how long I sat on the floor when the headlights from an approaching car seeped through the front windows. Moving to my feet, I quickly made my way upstairs towards my room. The last thing I wanted was for James to see me like this.

Yet, as the sound of his voice and the security guard’s echoed from the bottom of the stairs, I had no doubt he would come seek me out.

How was I going to explain what had happened to me?

Looking into my bathroom mirror, I saw the extent of the damages Chad had caused. Bruises lined the side of my face and scattered across my arms.

It looked like I had gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson and came out still standing.

“Becca?” James’ voice called out as a silent knock on my bedroom door led to him walking in.

“I’m in here, but I need some time to myself,” I replied, afraid to hear what he would say when he saw me.

“What are you talking about?” he chuckled. “I thought you would be excited to see—”

His words stopped short as he pushed open the bathroom door and took sight of me. Mouth parted, and eyes wide, he stood in disbelief.

“James—” I cried out, shaking my head. “Please don’t hate me...”

“Hate you?” he snapped. “What the f\*ck happened?”

I didn’t even know where to begin to tell him what happened. The event with Chad was completely foggy from the beginning, and trying to explain only caused a sob to escape from my throat.

Shaking my head, I couldn't find the words I needed to speak clearly. Every time I opened my mouth, tears kept pouring down my face, and eventually it was the warmth of James' hug that broke me.

His hand running through my hair as he hushed me made me feel safe, but how was he going to look at me when he found out what happened?

"Please tell me," James begged, and as he pulled away, I could see the concern and worry in his face.

He wanted to fix it, but what was done was done.

There was no fixing what had happened to me.

"I was eating pizza and watching TV. Chad... he was at the door..."

"Chad, did this?!" James yelled in anger. "That f\*cking prick was at my house!"

"James please... I'm sorry. I didn't ask him to come here. He pushed through the door when I told him to get lost, and he attacked me. I fought him off, but I don't know what would have happened if I didn't have my taser..."

James understood my hesitant admission. I didn't come out directly and say he tried to sexually assault me, but the vague response were preludes to what Chad was planning to do.

"I'm going to f\*cking kill him," James replied, storming from the bathroom.

I didn't want James to get in trouble for what happened, and racing after him, I caught his arm at the top of the stairs.

"Please... just don't. Don't involve yourself with this. He's gone..."

"Are you really going to sit there and expect me to let this go?!" he yelled at me, jerking his arm from my grasp. "He was in my f\*cking home, Becca!"

The more he yelled, the more I cried. After a moment of staring at me, though, a heavy sigh left him, and he moved towards me again, pulling me into his arms.

"Please, just don't leave me tonight. Please?" I begged, not wanting to be alone.

The situation was more than frustrating, but through it all, having him with me was what made me feel safe. It made me realize there were people out there that cared about me. Even if I was just the girl he was f\*cking.

"Let's get you cleaned up and into bed," he replied as he gestured for me to follow him to his room.

Sitting on his bed, I watched him walk towards the bathroom and turn on the shower. My mind was in disarray as I tried to come to terms with what had happened to me.

I was angry, yes, but not so much over what happened.

Instead, I was angry I allowed the situation to happen with him at all. I should never have opened the door. I should have kept it closed or reported him the last time I saw him. Instead, I didn't.

I tried to justify him as a pretty boy with mommy issues that needed to be put in his place... but I was wrong.

The bad thing was, I knew before there were stories about his father being like this. I had heard how his father had multiple accusations of abuse to women in the past, and yet never once did I consider Chad would be that way.

Until today.... Today he proved me wrong.

Waking the next morning, I felt stiff joints in my body protesting against the altercation that happened the night before. James had been a man of his word. He stayed with me all night and held me until the rising sun shone through the curtains.

Unsure of how to take everything in, I slid from the bed and made my way towards the bathroom, my eyes not wanting to look into the mirror to see how awful I looked, and even though James told me it wasn't bad, I knew otherwise.

The pain radiating across my head proved just how bad it was, and as I found the courage to look in the mirror I gasped.

My hands came to my mouth as I took in the sight before me.

Massive bruises covered the side of my face from my cheek down to my jawline. A minor cut slashed the top of my head from when I hit the wall when I fell. Even my arms had small bruises on them, and more were black now that time had passed.

"Oh, my god..." I gasped again, wiping the few stray tears that escaped my eyes.

I couldn't believe this was the gift I was left with from Chad. After all those years of being nothing but kind to him, this was how he had repaid me.

It was disgusting, and as much as I wanted to call the cops, there was no point.

Chad's family was wealthy, and I had seen what they had done to other women. His father would paint a picture of how I liked it rough, and that Chad was just giving me what I wanted. That I had invited him to come over.

Something like that would make national news, and there was no way I would allow the incident to tarnish my future. Something like that would make Yale try to get rid of me.

Being so close to graduation, I couldn't afford for my future to be destroyed.

No matter how much I wanted him to pay.

“Becca?” James’ voice caught me off guard, and pushing a smile on my face, I stepped from the bathroom to meet him in the middle of his room.

His eyes seemed sad, but he held a white take-out bag and a tray with coffee and juice. The fact he had taken the effort to go get me food made my heart swell.

“You went to pick up breakfast?” I asked, trying to divert his attention away from the marks on my body.

“Yeah, I figured you may want to just take it easy today. So I was thinking... takeout and movies?” he replied, pushing a smile onto his lips.

Stepping forth, I moved towards him, running my hands over his tight, rippling chest as I smiled and leaned in, kissing him.

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“That sounds amazing. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me, Becca.” He set the bags and drinks on his dresser. He kissed me again, wrapping his hands around my waist, pulling me close.

“I do though,” I sighed, casting my eyes down, ashamed of myself. “I have done nothing but caused drama for you, and I hate that this happened in your home. I shouldn’t—”

Words escaped me, but he didn’t seem to pay any mind.

Instead, he lifted my chin with one finger and forced me to look at him, teary-eyed.

“You are mine to worry about, Becca. Never think you’re a burden to me.”

As much as I wanted to cry again, I held myself together. Because, the more I grew upset, the more Chad was winning.

I couldn’t continue to let myself be affected. Instead, I had to be strong and show I wasn’t someone who could be affected this way.

“Oh, I was going to tell you that your dad tried calling you earlier. I didn’t answer your phone or anything, but it was ringing. You were just so tired, I didn’t want to wake you up,” James said, changing the subject.

“Oh—” I said smiling. “Well, why don’t you pick a movie, and I will go into the next room and call him quickly? It’s just our regular weekly conversations.”

James nodded as I picked my phone up from the nightstand and padded my way towards my room. My finger hesitated over the call button next to my father’s phone. Usually, I would FaceTime him, but today I’d have to play it off and just make it a normal call.

I couldn’t allow my father to see me like this. He would flip his shit.

“Becca?” my dad said in a curious tone. “Why aren’t you video chatting with me?”

Of course, he would start off like that.

“Oh, because I just got out of the shower. That’s why I missed your call. I’m a bit sore from my run.” It was a lie, but he did know how I liked to run.

“I have told you about overworking yourself.” His concern caused me to smile. “So tell me, what’s new?”

“Nothing much. I spent some time on the beach and what not. Just a little rest and relaxation,” I replied, not going into many details.

My father was a stickler for the details, and if I started telling him too much, he would ask a lot of questions that would eventually cause me to spill the truth.

“Sounds like fun. With school starting in a few weeks, you need it, hunny.”

“I know, but... I actually wanted to speak to you about that,” I replied, letting out a heavy sigh as I considered what I was actually going to say.

As much as I enjoyed my time here with James, I felt a little out of place. There was so much going on and too many complications. Part of me missed my father terribly, but the other part of me didn’t want him to worry.

“Well, spit it out. What’s happened?”

“Oh, nothing’s happened. I just was thinking about coming to stay with you for a few weeks before school goes back in session. I haven’t been able to spend much time with you lately, and I miss you.” Thinking about missing him brought forth so many emotions.

Emotions that I had been ignoring, and trying to bury, so that I didn’t face facts that my life was completely messed up.

“Well, you know you can always come here, hunny. You don’t have to ask me to do that. I just thought you were enjoying your summer with Tally.”

Ah, Tally... that f\*cking bitch was not what I called fun anymore.

“Honestly, dad... she has really shown her true colors this summer, and I’m considering she and I will have to go our separate ways after this summer. Her outlook on life is not the same as mine,” I explained, hoping that he could understand.

He always thought my friendship with her was wonderful. Then again, he had never seen the side of her I had.

“You do whatever you think is best, Becca,” he replied, catching me by surprise.

“Thanks, Dad. I’m going to get off here though so I can get dressed and get some food. I’ll call you this weekend?”

“Sounds great. Be safe. I love you.”

His words forced a rush of emotions over me as I choked out an I love you, too.

I hated that this was how things had turned out, but I always had a way out. I could leave at any moment and go home to my dad’s, and he would take me with open arms.

That was something a lot of people in the world today didn’t have the chance to do.

Collecting myself, I pushed back the building emotions and made my way back towards James’ room. He sat on the edge of the bed with the remote in his hand, staring at the TV screen.

“So you’re leaving?” he whispered before his eyes met mine.

I hadn’t known he was listening to what I was saying to my father, and guilt filled me, hearing him acknowledge what I was planning. Biting my bottom lip, I sighed and moved towards him.

“I don’t want to, but things have become so complicated here, James. Between Tally and Chad... then this situation with you. What do you expect me to do?”

My question caused him to be silent, but as he stood, he shook his head, running his hands through his hair. “I don’t know. Not leave, maybe?”

“We both knew eventually I would leave to go back to school,” I reminded him to show him there was no difference in leaving then or two weeks sooner.

“Yes, I know. Even though I wish you wouldn’t.”

“Why? You don’t want a relationship, James,” I replied, watching him stare at me with confusion. As much as I wanted it to be more, it couldn’t be. I would never be accepted this way with him by anyone outside of the two of us.

He was old enough to be my father, not that it mattered to me.

Also, he was Tally’s father. A girl who had been my best friend for years.

“What if we could be?” he finally asked, catching me off guard.

“What if we could be what? More than this?” I asked, with confusion.

“Yeah.” He smiled. “What if this could be more? Would you stay then?”

James was acting completely differently than he had before. I wasn’t sure what to say to his offer because I wasn’t going to change schools for this. He would have to accept me finishing a year there and then coming here.

Also, his daughter—my friend—wouldn’t accept this.

“What about Tally? She doesn’t know, and we can’t keep this a secret forever. She would find out eventually, and that would be bad for the both of us. This would create a scandal... and even if that wasn’t an issue, I want to finish my last year at Yale. Would you be okay with long distance?”

He stared at me in disbelief, as if thinking about what I was saying. In all honesty, I cared about him way more than I expected myself to care. I wanted to be with him. I wanted to have a life with him, and I was terrified to lose him.

“If we could sort Tally out, you would stay with me...” he said again, and with a shrug of my shoulders, I nodded.

“In a perfect world, yes, I would, but things aren’t as easy as that. Things aren’t perfect all the time, and right now, I don’t want to think about the future. I just want to spend time with you. I want to be with you however I can until the time comes for me to go back to school.”

There was no telling what would end up happening over the next few weeks, but I wasn’t going to allow that to affect the present. All I wanted to do was be with him.

He made everything better, and if I could be happy like this, then so be it.

Even if it was only short-lived.

James.

There was no way to describe how I felt the moment I saw Becca in the state she was in. I wanted to kill Chad... but no matter how much I wanted to, I knew she needed me more than I needed vengeance.

I didn’t condone hurting women, and even when Allison used to strike me and get physical with me when she was drunk, I never hit her.

Even though there were many times when I wanted to.

To hit a woman was a boyish thing to do.

Pacing around my office, I tried to collect my thoughts. I hadn’t wanted to come in today to sort things out at work, but Becca made it clear she wouldn’t allow me to miss work because of her.

The damn woman was too kind for the people of this world, and I wished I could take her away from the cruelty and show her the life she deserved.

I was conflicted, though. This was only supposed to be a casual, fun thing, and instead it was turning into something else. It was becoming more, and I wasn't even trying to make it that way, but I couldn't stop being around her.

Every moment I was away from her, she clouded my thoughts and drove me towards insanity. Like a drug that I was hooked on—I needed another fix.

Hearing her talk to her father, though, struck something deep inside me.

She was planning to leave earlier than expected, and the moment I heard the conversation, I felt my heart clench at the idea.

I didn't want her to go. I didn't want to know she left, and there was no telling if I would see her again. So when I asked her to stay, my mind started spinning.

"F\*ck!" I yelled to no one as I stood staring out the window. "What am I doing?"

Running my hands through my hair, I let them slide down my face as I groaned in frustration. Until that prick got what he deserved, I would never be able to get anything done.

Pulling out my phone, I called Bennet, the head of my security teams. My orders were explicit to him that morning. I wanted to know where Chad was, because until I sorted him out, I couldn't focus on getting Becca to stay.

"Yes, Mr. Valentino?" Bennet said through the phone. He already knew what I wanted.

"Well... did you find him?" I snapped.

It wasn't his fault I was angry, and I wasn't trying to take it out on him.

But I wanted this f\*cker found sooner rather than later.

"Yes, sir. He is currently staying at The Setai. My men have eyes on him now. It seems he is drinking on the beach in a lounge chair. Shall we bring him to you?"

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“No,” I replied quickly. “I want you to have him go to his room. I will be there shortly, but be discreet. I don’t want him to know I’m coming.”

“Yes, sir. I will make sure it happens,” Bennet replied, and I had no doubt that he would.

There was a reason I hired Bennet. He was ex-special forces and a man that came with high regards from a few military men I knew. Back in the day, he was the one you called when things went wrong.

He fixed things. His nickname, The Handyman.

Shoving my phone into my pocket, I made my way towards the elevators, not bothering to tell Evette what I was doing. She had worked with me long enough to know when I was on a mission, there was no point in stopping me.

Just move along and reschedule my appointments.

It was the one thing I liked about her—she rarely asked questions.

Exiting the building, I saw my driver standing with the door open, waiting for me to enter.

“Where to, sir?”

“The Setai,” I replied before he closed the door.

I had a problem to deal with, and it was one I was looking forward to.

Pulling up to The Setai, I clenched my hands and took a deep breath. The owner was very familiar with who I was and actually held a gala here once a year to celebrate the rich and famous of Miami.

My mind was clear about what I was about to do. I told Becca I wouldn’t, but there was no way I could let this go.

Stepping from the car, I made my way inside. Instantly, faces recognized me, and the general manager came out to greet me.

“Mr. Valentino! It’s wonderful to see you again. Were you looking to stay?”

“No, Tom. I am taking care of something quickly. However, it may be good if you look into having one of your guests removed from this hotel,” I replied, walking past him and heading towards the elevator. Bennet already informed me of what floor the little prick was on, and I knew he would be waiting for me.

As soon as I reached the floor, Bennet greeted me at the open doors. “He is inside, sir.”

“Good.” Bennet handed me a key card, and I opened the door, walking inside.

Chad's eyes met mine and widened in surprise. "What the f\*ck are you doing in my room?"

"Shut the f\*ck up and sit down, boy, before you make things worse for yourself."

There was no edge of reason with me at the moment, and if Chad continued the way he was, he was going to find himself in the hospital.

"Who the f\*ck do you think you are, old man? Do you know who I am?"

Laughter escaped me as I watched him try to act big and bad. Chad stood, jaw clenched, with his fists balled as if he was actually going to do something to me.

"No, do you know who the f\*ck I am?" I snapped. "You have no influence down here, boy. This is Miami, not New York. If you're not careful, you will find yourself in a very bad position."

Hesitating, Chad seemed to carefully weigh my words as I watched his shoulders slightly relax. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you about coming to my house and attacking Becca."

Laughter escaped Chad at my comment. "Is that what that bitch told you? She invited me there, and I didn't attack her. She asked for—"

Fury filled me as I cleared the spot between us and punched him in his face. My grip on his throat as I stared down at him waning as Becca's pleading voice to let it go was the only thing stopping me from beating him within an inch of his life.

"Don't you dare f\*cking talk about her like that. I saw you on the f\*cking cameras, Chad. How would your daddy and those buddies of yours in New York like to see that video?"

"What—I didn't do shit!" he stammered, trying to cover for himself.

"That's bullshit, and you know it. I want you gone, Chad. I want you out of my f\*cking city, and I want it done tonight. If you don't go, there are going to be consequences."

It wasn't a threat. It was a solid promise that if he didn't leave, I had no problem making him disappear. I may have been kind and gentle to Becca. I may have been a respectable businessman to others. Deep down, though, I had a wild side to me that was uncontrollable.

I would destroy Chad and make it look like an accident if I had to.

"Why the f\*ck do you care about what happens to that girl, anyway?"

The question brought recognition to me. Why did I care?

Oh, perhaps it was because I cared about her more than I was willing to admit.

"That's not your business. You need to get the f\*ck out of my city."

Shoving him, I stepped back and fixed my suit as I watched Chad stumble over his own feet. He wasn't as big and bad as he thought, and the fact he was trying to play this off annoyed me.

"You know... Tally said she thought Becca was seeing someone, and she told people she thought you were f\*cking one of her friends." Chad laughed, "It's you, isn't it?"

Sneering at him, I shook my head. "No, it's not. However, you would be dead if she was."

The only reason he wasn't dead right now was because of Becca. She would know right away I had something to do with it, and I would lose her forever.

"Whatever... you're f\*cking banging her aren't you?! Holy shit... I can't wait to tell Tally. She is going to flip hearing her supposed best friend is f\*cking her father."

Glancing towards Bennet, I raised a brow, and Bennet knew exactly what I wanted to happen. I tried to play it calm. I tried to do as Becca asked, but now this little shit was bringing Tally into it... it seemed he needed a lesson.

Bennet's approach to Chad caused Chad to try and bolt. However, Bennet was skilled and within two seconds, Chad was within his hands, restrained.

"You know... I tried to give you an easy way out," I said as I took my suit jacket off and laid it neatly on the back of the sofa. "Yet, you just don't learn, do you?"

"Man, let me go!" he yelled. "I was just f\*cking around. I know you wouldn't sleep with that stupid bitch. She is beneath you, and doesn't deserve anyone!"

Rolling up my sleeves, I shook my head and laughed. "Bennet, he just keeps digging himself a deeper hole, doesn't he?"

Bennet laughed at my comment, raising his brow but remaining silent. He knew very well how dark I could be, and this was amusement for him.

"Becca deserves the world, Chad. Something you never were going to give her. I think you will find it is you who is beneath her, you spoiled f\*cking prick. So you leave me no choice but to show you what happens to pricks like you when you f\*ck with those who rule and control the streets of Miami."

There was no stopping me once I started. Hit after hit, I made a point to show him how much he had affected Becca when he attacked her.

I didn't have to say anything to him after that point. The blows spoke volumes, and with every grunt, I hit him harder.

His blood may have coated my hands, but I'd leave him alive to learn his lesson.

If he didn't... well, there was no telling if he would live through another lesson.

I only prayed Becca wouldn't be angry with me in the end.

Becca.

After the conversation with James the day before, I felt the need to escape for a few days. I wasn't sure what I was going to do or where I would go, but the confusion I felt made me unsure of everything.

I was going completely against my beliefs and acting a fool.

However, deep inside me, I felt nothing but love for him.

Love... I couldn't believe I could still feel such a thing after Chad.

Yet, with James, he made me feel like anything was possible.

Sitting on my bed, I took in my open suitcase and stacks of clothing I had been folding. I had no idea what I was doing, but the thought of leaving him broke my heart.

How had this man complicated my life as much as he had?

Perhaps I needed to just come clean with him. Tell him how much I cared about him, and see if there was a way to make the chaos go away.

Picking up my phone, I hesitated and then dialed James' number. I wanted to tell him the truth. Tell him I loved him, and I never wanted to part from him.

The notion was foolish because there was no way he loved me. With a deep sigh, I waited for him to answer. The only problem was the sound of his phone ringing came from down the hall, and James was supposed to be at work.

Frowning, I stood and padded my way out into the hall to see James' door partly closed. For him to come back, and not even tell me he was here, was out of character for him.

"James?" I whispered, pushing the door open to see his white dress shirt splattered with blood lying on the floor. My heart raced as my breath quickened.

What the hell had happened? "James?!" my shrieking voice called out.

Pushing through the panic, I rushed the few steps towards his bathroom and spotted him half naked, standing in front of the sink, with blood splattered across his hands and droplets on the side of his face. "Oh, my god! What happened?"

His eyes met mine, and within them was so much disgust, I wasn't sure if I had done something to him, because never once had he looked at me like that before. "Nothing, Becca. Just give me a moment, okay?"

"Excuse me... don't tell me this is nothing, James. What the hell happened?"

His eyes turned cold for a moment as he let a heavy breath escape him. "I got into a fight. Now go. I need to clean up."

James getting into a fight didn't make sense. He was disconnected from me in a way I have never seen him before. To make matters worse, he was pushing me away.

"With who—" I asked, hoping it wasn't what I thought.

There was only one person I know of that he may go toe to toe with, and that was Chad.

Chad deserved to have his ass beat, but I didn't want James to get involved with it. I didn't want any blood on James' hands, and if James hurt Chad that bad, there would be vengeance from his family.

## Chapter 35 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

"It doesn't matter now. Get out, and let me clean up," he snapped.

The tone of his voice was beyond unrecognizable. He had never spoken to me like this, and if he thought I was going to take it, he had another thing coming.

"No. I want f\*cking answers now, James. Whose blood is this?!" I yelled back, watching his eyes widen in surprise.

"You don't want that answer. Now, don't make me ask you again."

"It's Chad's, isn't it. You went after him after I told you not to, didn't you?!" Shaking my head, I turned and walked away from him. "I'm done... I can't do this anymore."

"Excuse me?!" he yelled before my arm was snatched and I was pulled back to him. "You're not leaving me, Becca. This was for you. To get you the retribution you deserved."

"For me?" I gasped. "This is only going to cause me problems, James. His family will come after the both of us. How could you let yourself do that?"

With thin, tight lips he narrowed his gaze at me. "Because no one touches what's mine."

Looking up into his eyes, I saw the desperation, the raw passion he had for me and even though I was pissed, my core clenched with anticipation. "F\*ck you."

“Oh, f\*ck me?” He all but laughed as he pushed me against the wall, pinning my arms above my head. “Is this what you want, Becca?” he whispered with a smile.

“Shouldn’t you be saying that’s what you want?” I snapped, before his lips captured mine with a heated passion that caused a moan to escape me as his free hand pulled my shorts off and he slipped his fingers deep inside my tight c\*nt.

“You’re not leaving me,” he growled before the head of his c\*ck pressed against my folds, and he thrustured roughly inside me.

Was this an ideal moment to have sex? No. I didn’t care, though. I was addicted to him, and the sex was ten times better when he was angry.

“You want me to stay?” I moaned softly as he thrustured into me over and over again. My nails dug into his hand from where he had my wrists pinned.

“You are going to stay,” he replied, nipping at my bottom lip.

Harder and harder, he f\*cked me against the wall. As if all the built up tension he had right now was finally being released, and I was the only outlet that gave him that satisfaction.

It wasn’t until he smirked that I realized the excitement in it all. Releasing my wrists, he wrapped his arm around me and carried me towards the bed with his thick erection still buried inside me.

My back hit the blankets of his bed as he continued to please me. His mouth upon my erect nipple, and my fingers in his hair. “F\*ck...” I moaned as I felt close to coming undone.

It was moments like this that set my soul on fire and constantly made me question whether leaving was a good choice. He was a drug I had become addicted to, and I never wanted it to stop.

“Dad?” A voice we were both too familiar with said just as he tipped me over the edge, and I came hard, screaming out in pleasure as the door to the bedroom opened, and in stepped Tally, wide-eyed and mouth parted in absolute shock.

“What the f\*ck!” she screamed in anger. “I f\*cking knew it! I didn’t want to believe that you were the one betraying me, but this?!!”

“Tally, wait.. It isn’t what you think...” I said as James and I pulled apart, and I stood from the bed shaking my head and rushing to her. “I wanted to tell you...”

A slap echoed across the room as the sting of her hit rang through my face. The bruise that was already there hurt worse from the contact, and tears quickly filled my eyes.

I had betrayed her, which wasn’t what I had planned to do, but as fate would have it, she found out anyway, and the betrayal stuck.

“Taliana!” James yelled as he grabbed her and pushed her back. “Don’t you dare f\*cking strike her.”

“She’s a f\*cking whore!” Tally yelled. “You’re no friend of mine, you f\*cking bitch!”

I was at a loss for words about what I was about to do. My heart was breaking knowing how much I’d f\*cked up by doing this. Then on top of it, I’d lied and kept it a secret from her.

Nothing would ever be the same, and the guilt weighed heavily on my heart.

“Tally, I’m sorry... please listen to me,” I said as I pulled on my clothes. “I can explain.”

“No!” she yelled again. “How long has this shit been going on? Are you guys serious or are you just trying to steal my dad’s money? Cause he would never take you seriously!”

“We’re not together,” James replied with a clenched jaw.

“Well, that’s a relief,” Tally snapped, staring at me with a murderous glint in her eyes.

My eyes cast towards James, looking for him to explain or elaborate. Yet, instead, he looked away from me, back at his daughter. “Stop it. It’s just sex, Tally. She is an adult, and we were both bored. There is nothing more to this, so stop acting like you haven’t done the same before.”

“So she means nothing to you,” Tally asked, staring at her father. “You don’t care for her?”

“What?” James scoffed. “Of course, not. She knows this is just sex.”

James’ words were like a knife to my heart. I knew we weren’t official, but to hear him be so dismissive towards me took me by surprise. The time we had spent together had meant a great deal to me.

Hell, I was in love with the man, and he barely stood up for me to his daughter.

Instead, I was just some girl he had been f\*cking.

“That’s how you see things?” I asked, as he turned his gaze towards me. “That’s it?”

“Becca, you know very well what this is, and Tally is clearly not happy.”

Shaking my head, I pushed past them. “I’m done, James. F\*ck you both.”

I was a fool to ever consider the idea of James and I. To think he and I could be more than we were. The past few weeks had been the best of my life, and yet it had all been fake.

Grabbing my clothes, I shoved them into my suitcase and made my way around my room, grabbing everything else. Only when a knock came at the door did my heart all but stop, and I froze in my place.

“Becca... open up, it’s me,” James said from the other side. “We need to talk.”

Snatching the door open, I sneered at him, narrowing my eyes. “What is there left to say? You made it clear what you thought about me, so I’m leaving to appease you and your f\*cking daughter.”

James quickly shut the door behind him and gently grabbed my arm, pulling me towards him. “Don’t go. I didn’t mean it. I was just trying to calm her down, Becca. You know I care about you.”

“Really?! Because to me it looked like all I was good for was for a quick f\*ck. I’m not wanted here, so I’m leaving. I’ll get a hotel or something.”

Pulling away from him, I turned and continued packing my things. I was really done this time, and through all the anger, I forced myself not to cry.

I couldn’t give them the satisfaction of my tears.

“Becca, please... let me figure something out—”

“Why is she even home today? She wasn’t supposed to be back till tomorrow.”

“The last show was canceled or something—” James said, quickly cutting himself off when he realized what he had just done.

With wide-eyes I turned to him, “You knew... you knew she was coming home, and you still let us get caught? How could you?”

“Because, Becca. I didn’t want to have to keep you a secret anymore,” he admitted, causing shock to fill me. He did this for his own satisfaction. Never once did he talk to me about telling her.

“We could have used words, James! Not letting her walk in on us f\*cking!”

This showed just how much he actually cared. It wasn’t about how much money he spent or the fancy places he took me. I didn’t need any of that.

All I wanted was him, and instead, he didn’t take my opinion into account with this.

He just did what he wanted.

Zippering up my bag, I grabbed my things and pushed past him, making my way down the stairs. Tally’s voice carried from the living room before I spotted her standing there, talking on the phone.

No doubt she was telling her mother the truth.

“Becca, please wait... don’t go.” James said, calling after me.

“F\*ck that! She is leaving!” Tally screamed, storming towards us. “I don’t want to see this bitch again!”

“Go f\*ck off, Tally. All you ever cared about was yourself.”

Turning towards the door, I made my way out. A taxi pulled up to the front that I had ordered while I was in my room. Heartbroken, I tried to understand where I went wrong.

A few weeks ago, I came to Miami with the full intent of having the time of my life. In a matter of days after arriving, I found out how true that statement was going to be.

James Valentino came back into my life like a hurricane and changed everything.

The erotic way he touched me caused my body to come to life, and every moment spent with him was intoxicating—however, it was short-lived and bittersweet.

The taxi pulled away from the house, and as it did, I didn't bother to look back. I had no idea where I was going, but with my phone in my hand, I knew of someone who might be able to help.

"Hello?" the familiar sweet voice said on the other end of the line as tears finally fell down my cheeks.

"Allegra... it's Becca. Can I come stay with you for a few days?"

"Of course, babe. I'll text you the address," she replied while hanging up the phone.

I barely knew the woman, and yet she had been kinder to me than most. She had told me back in the Bahamas if I ever needed anything, I could reach out to her.

Perhaps she knew this might happen... like a seer who could tell the future.

Allegra was far wiser than she appeared, but from what she said, she was just observant.

"Can you take me to the River Edge please?" I asked the driver as I wiped my tears.

"Of course, ma'am." The driver turned down another road and headed straight towards the ocean until a large black building came into view. The large bay windows of the building glistened in the Miami sun.

## **Chapter 36 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online**

**Filed to story:**

This woman had more money than I'd realized, and from the looks of it, she was living it up in Miami the way most people dreamed of living.

"Here we are." The driver came to a stop. Pulling cash from my purse, I handed it over to him, saying thank you as he got out to help me with my things.

Walking into the building, I followed the directions Allegra gave me, and before I knew it, I was standing at her front door, forcing back my tears as she opened it with wide arms and a shocked face.

"Oh, honey. What happened to you?" She ushered me in and closed the door. "I don't know what happened, but I have alcohol and food on the way. We are going to sit here and talk about this, because if you're leaving James' house, it means something bad happened."

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I laughed, nodding my head. "Thank you for letting me stay here."

"Oh, sweetie. You don't have to thank me. Go put your stuff in the room down the hall with the blue walls. Come out when you're ready."

Giving her a small smile, I turned down the hallway, feeling her eyes on me the entire time. One may think that being here with her was weird, but since the night at the club, the two of us had become close—and not sexually.

She was like a big sister to me, minus the weird idea of it, considering what we had done. She was just really close to me and helped me clear my mind with a lot of things.

Not to mention she put me in contact with a friend of hers who could help me with my dissertation. I had never had a friend like her before, and now with Tally hating me...

She was the only friend I had.

Stepping into the room, I sighed, looking around at the lavish beautiful set up it had. It was simplistic, but it reflected Allegra's nautical appeal. She loved the ocean and boating, and this was a highlight of her true loves in life.

Forty-five minutes later, and one amazing hot shower, I exited the room to find her standing at the bar, scrolling through her phone with an array of food in front of her and one huge pitcher of margaritas.

"You weren't kidding about the food and drinks," I chuckled as she looked up at me, laughing.

"I told you I had you. Now, let's pour you a drink, and then you tell me everything that happened." Allegra didn't waste time with preparing things. She pulled a tall, clear glass from the counter and filled it to the top, popping a metal straw inside before sliding it towards me.

Her eyebrows raised to tell me to start talking.

"James and I got into an argument earlier—" I sighed.

“Is that what happened to your face?” she asked with a cautious glance.

“My face—oh, no, no, no. This was someone else... my ex, Chad.”

Her eyes widened, having remembered what I had told her in the Bahamas. “The super dick did that to you?! Did you call the cops?”

“No,” I replied, taking a long sip of my drink. “If I had, it could have destroyed my future. His family is too powerful, and his dad is good at ruining people’s lives.”

Scoffing, Allegra rolled her eyes, shaking her head. “I hope James taught that little f\*ck a lesson, then.”

“Oh, I’m sure he did. He came home covered in blood.”

“Honestly, Becca... it doesn’t surprise me. I have known James for a while, and he isn’t the kind of man that takes kindly to women getting beat on. He may seem sweet, but sweetie, he has a side to him you don’t know. He can be dangerous.”

I knew Allegra was trying to make me feel better, but it scared me to know he could be that way. Violence doesn’t solve problems, and he took it upon himself to take care of something that didn’t pertain to him.

“Yeah, I’m realizing that. We argued about it and then had amazing sex...”

Allegra choked on her drink after hearing my comment and laughed at my exaggeration of amazing sex. “Oh, well, I’m glad to hear it was amazing, but then what the hell happened for you to leave if you guys stopped fighting?”

Opening my mouth, I closed it again, trying to find the words I needed to let her know what had happened. My heart was shattered, but the argument with Tally and James kept replaying over and over in my head.

“Tally walked in on us,” I whispered as a small laugh escaped me.

Allegra’s eyes were wide as she stared at me. Her mouth was agape, and the wheels in her mind were spinning. “Oh, f\*ck.”

“Yeah, oh f\*ck is right.”

“What did she do? I mean, like I thought she was with her mom.” Allegra said in disbelief, and that comment alone made me want to cry.

“She was, but she called James and let him know she was coming home early, and he knew she could catch us. But instead of talking to me about it, and us talking to her normally, he just let her walk in and catch us having sex.”

“Damn,” Allegra exhaled. “I bet she was f\*cking pissed about that. Never did care for that girl. She always acted like she was better than everyone else.”

Allegra wasn't wrong with that observation. Tally thought she was better than everyone else, and that was her biggest downfall. She didn't care about anyone else's feelings, and it didn't matter how many times she hurt you... if you hurt her, you were done.

"I didn't want it to happen that way." I tried to hold back my tears. "She flipped out, called me names, and I even think she called and told her mother."

"Did James not say anything?" she asked as she took my now empty glass and refilled it. "I mean, I can't see him just standing there doing nothing."

"Actually, he told her we were nothing, and I was just someone he was f\*cking. That we were consensual adults or some shit. Then, when I told him I was leaving, he tried to get me to stay, and said he only told her that to get her to stop flipping out."

The entire time I had known Allegra, I had never seen her get upset about anything. She was a carefree spirit who lived life to the fullest. Everything was spiritual to her, and the world was hers to explore.

However, the moment I told her what James said, her happy persona disappeared.

"Are you f\*cking kidding me?" she asked with narrowed brows. "He acted that way?"

"Uh-yeah. I mean, he stopped Tally after she hit me when she caught us, but other than that, he did nothing. He didn't even come outside with me when I walked out of the house. Instead, he stayed with Tally."

Standing from her seat, Allegra walked around to where I was sitting and wrapped her arms around me. The tears I was holding back cascaded down my face as I cried on her shoulder. "I'm such a fool. I went in knowing it was just sex, but then when he started acting like he cared, I thought maybe it could be more."

"It's not your fault, sweetie. Allison f\*cked him up, and he obviously can't see a good thing if it slapped him in the face. Sometimes I swear I don't know whether to smother that man or beat his ass."

Laughter escaped me as I pictured Allegra beating James' ass. He was a very well defined man, and Allegra was a tall, blonde, bubbly supermodel who maybe weighed one-fifteen soaking wet.

"Allegra!" a voice yelled from the front door, followed by pounding. I knew that voice. It was James, and after everything he had put me through today, I wasn't sure why he was here.

"I'm not ready to see him. Please don't let him in," I begged her with wide-eyes and tears streaming down my face.

She was silent for a moment before she nodded. "You go hide in the back room really quick. I will get rid of him, okay?"

Moving towards my room, I stood behind the wall listening, and my heart dropped when I heard him. "Where is she?"

“She isn’t here, James,” Allegra replied.

“Yes, she is. I know she is here,” he snapped. “I need to speak to her.”

“She WAS here,” Allegra emphasized. “She left about an hour ago. She dropped some things off here, but said that was because she didn’t want to have to carry a bunch of stuff around. She left after that, and I have no idea where she went.”

“Shit!” James swore. “If she comes back, will you call and let me know?”

“No, I won’t. Not after what happened. I’m not getting involved in this, James. You are going to have to figure this out yourself. I mean, I love you to death, but you f\*cked up.”

Allegra’s skills at lying impressed me. She would have had me believing what she was saying had I not already known the truth. With the shutting of her door and the sounds of footsteps, her head popped around my door with a smile.

“He’s gone,” she said softly as she gestured for me to come back out.

“Thank you for that. I hate putting you in the middle.”

Allegra’s eyes met mine, and she shrugged with a smile. “I’m entertained with this all, and look forward to seeing how this plays out. Consider it my real life drama show.”

“It practically is with all the shit going on.”

A heavy sigh escaped me as I bit my bottom lip, thinking about James and how he sounded. Had I seen him, I probably would have fallen into his arms, but after what he did, I wasn’t sure what to do.

“You know—” Allegra said with hesitation, “you’re going to have to see him, eventually.”

“I know.” Oh, god, did I know.

If I wasn’t strong enough, he would end up breaking my heart completely.

James.

I will be the first to say... I’m a f\*cking idiot.

I felt horrible about how I’d treated Becca. I didn’t take into consideration her feelings at all, and I was so eager for us to be seen together, I ruined everything.

There was no way Becca was going to speak to me after this. Fate had given me something perfect, and instead of cherishing it, I blew it out of the water with my own selfish desires.

Not to mention my daughter caught us having sex. Something she had made clear she would never let go, no matter what happens. She has guilt tripped me in the past, but this time, she was taking it way too far.

Slamming the front door, I stormed through the house. Allegra's had been a no go, and even though I was sure that's where she had gone—she wasn't there.

Or at least she wasn't there anymore.

My mind reeled with confliction on how to handle it all. I never meant to let things get so complicated. It was supposed to just be a summer fling. Something to do for fun while she was here, and then slowly, I became possessive of her.

The thought of another man even touching her made my skin crawl.

I was f\*cking pathetic and had ruined everything.

“Where have you been?” Tally snapped with her arms crossed as I walked into the kitchen. I wasn't in the mood to deal with her shit, and the more she kept opening her mouth, the more she was pissing me off.

Stopping in my tracks, I turned to her with narrowed eyes. “I am your father, and I do not have to explain myself to you. Do you understand me, Taliana?”

She gasped, eyes widening before an angry glare crossed her face again.

“You slept with my best friend!” She stomped her foot. “How could you embarrass me like that?! I mean Ashley or Jane, I can understand, but... Becca? She is so beneath you!”

## Chapter 37 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

Astonished by my daughter's remark, I shook my head, laughing. She wasn't upset I had slept with Becca because she was her friend. She was upset that it was Becca because she wasn't from our lifestyle.

“So, let me get this right. Had it been one of your uppity friends, you would have been fine, but because Becca doesn't come from our lifestyle, you find her beneath you and it's a problem?”

“Well, yeah. Duh,” she scoffed, rolling her eyes giving a flick of her hair. “It's disgusting.”

“You know what... never in my life have I ever been disappointed in you. But right now, I am literally disgusted with the way you are acting. That girl has been nothing but good to you, and you have been a complete heartless bitch to her. You are beneath her and don't deserve to be anywhere near her.”

I had never spoken to my daughter this way before, but that was probably the reason she had the mentality she did. That, and because her mother played a heavy part in it. Tally needed a reality check, and if I had to hurt her feelings to do it—then so be it.

Tears filled her eyes at my comment. “How can you say that? I'm your daughter.”

“I'm saying that because you are my daughter. I don't know who you have become over these past few years, but you're not the same little girl I raised. You have changed, and you're becoming just like your mother.”

Shaking my head, I left her standing in the kitchen to think about everything I'd said. I wasn't going to tolerate her actions, and the more she kept on, the more she was going to find I wouldn't sustain her lifestyle anymore.

No longer did it just have to deal with the way she treated Becca. It had to deal with the way she treated everyone in her life. It was a disappointment, and not something I would entertain financially.

Slamming my office door, I slunk into my chair with a bottle of whiskey.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do now that everything had fallen apart. More than anything, I wanted to find Becca and apologize to her. Help her see I didn't mean the things I'd said.

Everything just came out wrong, and in the heat of the moment, I buckled and f\*cked up.

Looking down at my phone, I stared at her beautiful face. Only two days before I had made her photo from the Bahamas my background photo. I wasn't sure why I did it, and honestly, it was something completely out of character for me.

Yet, there she was. Smiling in the sunshine in that damn yellow dress.

Allison's name popped up on my screen with a text message, and I groaned, thinking about what she was going to say. Against my better judgment, I opened the message, and my once calming anger grew again.

‘You ruined that bitch's life, James. I won't let this go.’

F\*ck. If things weren't bad already, now they are even worse.

Hopefully, when I saw her, Becca would forgive me.

If Allison didn't get to her first.

Tally.

Pissed didn't begin to explain how I felt. I should have known it was Becca sleeping with my dad. There were too many times the way she was acting was completely sketchy. Not to mention, I had Life 360 on my dad's phone, so I knew for a fact he was in the Bahamas.

I could only bet he took her there with him.

Clenching my fists, I gripped my phone and stormed from the kitchen up to my room. If my father actually thought I was going to just let this go, he was sorely mistaken.

As soon as my bedroom door closed, I called my mother. I had debated on doing this earlier, hoping my father would see reason behind what he had done.

Had he, I wouldn't have mentioned it to my mother. I would have just let Becca humiliate herself with the notion she actually thought she could have him.

Eventually, she would have disappeared, and without her having friends, her social life would have too. But now... she was going to pay for betraying me.

If she couldn't be loyal to me, I would make sure she didn't betray anyone else.

"Tally... you made it home safe?" Mother said sweetly on the other end of the call.

"Yes, but oh, my god, Mom... you're never going to believe what I walked into."

"What happened? Is everyone okay?" she asked with concern.

"No, everything's not fine. I literally came home to catch dad in bed... with f\*cking Becca."

My mother was silent for a moment, listening to what I had said. I explained to her the entire argument, and even the fact my father didn't want to take responsibility for what he had done.

"I knew the little bitch was up to no good," my mother snapped, seething with anger through the phone. "Don't you worry, Tally. We will think of something, because I will not stand for her acting the way she was. It's disgusting."

"That's what I told Dad, but he seems to be, like,... hypnotized by whatever she was doing. God, what if he gets her pregnant?!" The thought alone almost took my breath away. If she ended up pregnant and was seized by my father, I would never see a penny of my money.

She would convince him to disown me, and then... god knows what would happen.

"Oh, that little bitch better hope she isn't pregnant. But if she is, there are ways to handle that without us getting caught. For now, you just leave things to me. I will figure them out."

"Thanks, Mom," I sighed. "To top it all off, I heard Chad got into a nasty fight with someone. I wouldn't be surprised if Becca told someone to hurt him. He is a good guy, and he and Tony told me she called Chad over the other night or something... and he declined her."

I was still disgusted by the phone call I had gotten earlier in the day. It was something I planned to talk to Becca about because I heard how she tried to convince him to come over. She told him my dad was out of the house.

Chad came from a respectable family, and I would never understand what the hell he saw in her.

She was literally a no one and her time of mooching off of me and my money was done.

“Baby, I tried to tell you years ago that Becca was bad news. The only thing she wants is your dad’s money. Why do you think your dad and I used to argue before she came down? I knew what that girl and her family were doing.” She made me think back to all those times my parents argued.

She was right, though. I mean, my dad always paid for everything, and never once did her parents offer to pay him back. This wasn’t a f\*cking charity, and for them to act like that was disgusting as well.

“Yeah, you’re right,” I sighed in frustration. “I can’t believe I was so blinded by her bullshit.”

“Well, don’t let that little harlot bother you. I will handle her.” My mother replied, pointedly. That let me know she meant business.

My mother wasn’t someone to play around with. She had an evil side to her any woman should fear, because when it came to getting something she wanted, she was determined and unforgiving to anyone in her way.

“Okay. I’ll talk to you later,” I said, hanging up the phone.

Deep down, though, I felt conflicted. I had really thought Becca and I were good friends, and perhaps, thinking back, sometimes I wasn’t the kindest to her. However, I would never sleep with her dad.

I couldn’t understand what would possess Becca to do it. Was she lonely, or was she straight heartless? Either way, I was done with her.

If Becca wanted to play these games, then I could, too.

There is a saying my mother had been telling me since I was young. Never play games with someone who can play them better than you.

And that was exactly what she did. She played games with the wrong person, and now she was going to get burnt by her actions.

Picking my phone up, I sent a text to the hottie I had been seeing.

‘It’s time to stop playing games in the dark. I think it’s time we make ourselves public.’

The message went read, and when it did, I smiled at his response.

‘Sounds perfect. I’m done hiding too.’

Becca.

Waking the next morning, I had the worst hangover of my life. Allegra and I had stayed up all night talking, laughing, and more or less, me crying. I was a mess, but like Allegra told me, I needed to put my big girl panties on and take care of my shit.

The only problem was, I wasn't sure how.

Slipping from bed, I made my way towards the bathroom to freshen myself up. I had to come up with a game plan, because as nice as Allegra was, I couldn't stay in her apartment forever. Instead, it might be best if I bought my ticket home.

Even though the other part of my brain protested against it, telling me to go after him.

I couldn't go after him. I wasn't going to be seen as some pathetic bitch chasing after a man who didn't want her.

Picking up my phone, though, my heart lurched. Three missed calls and over twenty texts from James and a few even from Tally.

Tally made it clear she hated me, and I was no friend to her. That I had betrayed her and called me every name under the sun. As much as it sucked that I'd hurt her, I honestly wasn't upset about us not being friends anymore.

James, on the other hand, was begging for me to call him. To let him see me.

The last message he sent had my nerves on edge and my breath catching in my throat.

'I never meant for things to happen this way, Becca. I need you. Please don't walk away from me. Give me a chance to explain and fix this.'

My legs quickly turned to jelly as I sat on the bed with my hand over my mouth. Did I trust him enough to give him that chance? Did I let myself buckle under the pressure of my emotions for him to hear what he had to say?

Against my better judgment, I sighed and sent him a message.

'Where do you want me to meet you?'

As if he was waiting by his phone for me to message him, a text came through immediately. 'I'm at the office. Please come see me.'

Taking a deep breath, I stood and quickly got dressed.

Allegra was waiting in the kitchen by the time I came out, and with a smoothie in her hand, she raised a brow at me with a smile. "You're going to see him?"

"How did you know?" I asked, with confusion. Had he been messaging her as well?

“I told you, Becca. I’m very observant, and I see how James is around you. He isn’t going to let you walk out of his life. The way he is with you... well, I have never seen him like that with anyone else.”

Her admission made my heart swell, but no matter how much it entranced me, I couldn’t just give in so easily. “I get what you’re saying, Allegra. But he made things clear before, and to be honest, I don’t want to be mixed up in some outrageous drama...”

“Becca, I’m gonna tell you what my mama told me,” she smiled, walking towards me. “If you let your mind control you, you will never let your heart guide you. Sometimes in life, things are worth taking a risk on. Just don’t let it destroy you.”

## Chapter 38 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

I wasn’t sure who her mom was, but I needed to see that lady. The advice Allegra gave me was beyond remarkable, and it made so much more sense than what other people had told me.

“Thanks,” I smiled, grabbing my purse. “I will be back later.... I’ll call you.”

“Oh! Make sure you take the spare key,” Allegra said, quickly fishing through a drawer in the kitchen. “Here you go.”

Taking the key with hesitation, I furrowed my brows. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Never know when you may need to use it. Now, go see James, and don’t be too harsh on him.”

“Wish me luck!” I called over my shoulder to which she replied, “Break a hip, or don’t.”

Forty- minutes later, and after fighting through traffic, I made it to James’ building and was in the elevator heading up to his office. I wasn’t sure if this was the best idea I ever had, but then again, sleeping with my best friend’s father hadn’t exactly been the highlight of ideas to have.

My heels clicked against the floor as I stepped out and made my way towards his office, Evette’s eyes catching mine as I watched her brows furrow. “He’s expecting you.”

How would she know he was expecting me?

Had he told her about us?

Without questioning her, I nodded, giving her a small smile as I let a heavy breath escape me, and turned the knob, opening the door. James sat behind his desk in all his godly fashion. His eyes slowly raised to meet mine, and as they did, no smile followed.

I thought he would have been happy to see me. Especially since he was the one who asked me here. “Hello, Becca. Please take a seat.”

Business oriented... and here I was, hoping for something else.

“Hello, to you as well,” I replied, taking a seat across from him.

James’ eyes never left mine as he sat quietly, as if going over what he wanted to say.

“So—” I said, breaking the silence, causing him to finally smile. “What did you want to see me for?”

“I don’t want things to be bad between us, Becca,” he admitted, clasping his hands together. “I want us to be like we were.”

“Yeah, well, things kind of changed, James. Tally threw a fit... you allowed that to happen, and you told her we were nothing. We were just having sex, that’s it.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” James snapped, catching me off guard.

“Well, that’s what you said. You could have told her anything else, but that was what you went with. How do you think that makes me feel?” I snapped back, shaking my head.

I honestly was hoping when I came here today things wouldn’t end up heated like they are. Perhaps it was too soon, though. Not enough time away had allowed us to speak clearly.

“I know,” James groaned, running his hand over his face. “Look, I’m not going to beg you to stay because that isn’t the kind of man that I am, but I will say I don’t want you to go.”

“I see. Well, why do you want me to stay?” I asked, crossing my arms over my chest. He kept saying he didn’t want me to go, but he never was clear about why he wanted me to stay.

“Because we have fun together. Not to mention incredible sex...”

Out of everything he could have said, that was what he was going to lead with?

Wrong answer. “So you want me to stay because you like the sex?”

“Don’t twist my words. That’s not what I meant—”

“That’s exactly what you just f\*cking said, James.” I yelled in frustration. “God, I have no clue what you really want. I was allowing myself to feel something again. After everything Chad did to me, and yet... I was a fool because look at what has happened.”

James paused after my rant with a dumbfounded expression. “What were you feeling?”

Shit. Of course, he would want me to elaborate on that confession.

“It doesn’t matter, James. How can I feel the way I do when you can’t even stand up to others about what you want?”

“That’s not true,” he replied. “Don’t you dare say that because it’s far from the truth.”

“Is it, though?” I replied, shaking my head. “Because you let Tally dictate a lot.”

Taking a deep breath, I pushed to my feet and grabbed my purse. I was done with this conversation and done making myself look more of a fool than I already was.

“Where are you going?” He stood as well. “Becca, stop...”

“Why, James? All we are doing is fighting, and I’m tired of it. I’m tired of keeping secrets and everything else that is going on. I should never have let myself fall into a situation with you like that. Especially knowing there would be nothing from it.”

Before I could reach the door, he took my arm and spun me to face him, pressing his lips to my own. The taste of him in my mouth was breathtaking.

I wasn’t sure if I would ever kiss him again, but knowing I was right now was everything I needed.

“Don’t leave,” he whispered against my lips as he pressed my back to the wall. “Stay with me.”

Every part of me wanted to cry, but trembling, I had to find the will to move on.

“I can’t...” I replied, pushing back tears. “I want a relationship, James. I want someone who will love me, and it isn’t fair to either of us to continue on when that will never happen.”

“It can happen,” he murmured, catching me off guard. “I just need time.”

Of course he did. “Time for what?” I was curious to know his answer.

“Time for Tally to understand things better,” he replied, and with those words, my heart broke again.

“Why do you have to wait for your grown ass daughter to finally give you the go ahead before you can be with me—or anyone else for that matter? She is never going to be okay with this. She is never going to accept it. Therefore, we can never be together.”

The truth finally was out, and stepping back from me, he stared at me in disbelief. It was the truth, though. If he wanted to wait on Tally to be with someone, he was never going to be happy with another woman.

She would always want her dad and mom to get back together.

She would always expect him to come to her every beck and call.

Tally was a selfish bitch, and everything was always about her. So what was the point in James and I playing pretend that this could be more than it was? None of it made sense, and I couldn't wait around hoping that it would.

Leaning forward, I ran my hand down the side of his face and kissed him deeply.

"Goodbye, James," I whispered as tears slid down my cheeks.

Making my way back to Allegra's, I kept thinking over the conversation with James. The last time I cried as much as I was right now was when my mother died, and I thought that was going to be the most painful thing I would ever experience.

Now, I wasn't sure that was the case.

I had left James' office under the notion we couldn't ever be together. He made it clear he wanted to wait until Tally was okay with everything. However, that wasn't going to work for me.

She would never be okay with us being together.

Opening Allegra's door, I stepped inside and was met with laughter. The sound of the man's voice wasn't one I recognized, and I suddenly felt bad about intruding and not letting her know I was on my way back.

"Becca!" Allegra exclaimed with a smile. "You're back so soon?"

"Uh-yeah," I replied, giving her a half smile. "Turns out things won't be worked out."

With a small sigh and a nod, she turned her attention to the man next to her. "Well, Becca, I want you to meet someone. This is my brother, Neal."

Neal turned to me with a pearly white smile and crystal blue eyes, and I couldn't help but smile back. "It's nice to meet you, Neal."

"It's a pleasure to meet you as well. I have heard a lot about you," he replied, causing me to look at Allegra with a questioning glance, wondering what the hell she had told him.

"I didn't realize that you were going to be here. I hope I'm not intruding on plans that you guys have." I was wondering if it would be best if I packed my things and found somewhere else to stay, but Allegra spoke up quickly.

"Don't be ridiculous," Allegra laughed. "I didn't even know he was coming. He is in town for a few days on business and surprised his big sister."

"It's true," Neal replied with a hearty laugh that brought a warmth across my chest I hadn't been expecting. Sitting here with them right now was like welcoming old friends or even coming home.

I enjoyed it, and as much as my mind was lingering on James, I couldn't let that cloud my thoughts from enjoying the small time I had left in Miami.

"So, where are you from?" I asked, taking a seat on the loveseat across from them.

"I'm from New York City. I heard you're attending Yale. Is that correct?"

"Uh-yes I am."

"That's impressive. That school is definitely difficult to get into," he said, letting his eyes graze over me. "So, are you coming out with us tonight?"

Furrowing my brows, I looked at them, confused. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm taking him to Velvet," she said, giving me a knowing smirk. "Do you want to go?"

As much as I had fun with her and James the last time I was there, I wasn't sure if it would be appropriate for me to go again. "I don't know... if James knew—"

"Didn't you just say that it didn't work out?" Neal butt in, giving me a smirk that caused me to laugh as I hesitated in my response.

"Well, yes. I suppose that's true."

"So why not come out then? No point in sitting around sulking," he said, as Allegra nodded in agreement.

"Neal's right. If James doesn't see what he is missing, then why should you sit here instead of enjoying yourself? No one is saying you have to go have group orgies or anything, but you can dance and have fun. Who knows, maybe you'll find someone who can take your mind off things...."

## Chapter 39 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

Allegra was a wise person, yes, and when it came to making me feel better, she did one hell of a job. However, right now, I wasn't too sure if I wanted to do something like that. I wasn't the kind of girl to just go find someone else to have sex with.

That was Tally's department, not mine.

"I don't know. I'm not really that kind of person--"

"Oh, no!" Allegra said, laughing, "I didn't mean like that. I just meant you can hang out with other people. Dance, laugh, and have fun. If you want to hook up with someone else, that's your choice, and I won't stop you. But I'm not saying to do that."

Taking a moment to think it over, I nodded and shrugged my shoulders.

"Okay, let me find something to wear," I replied, standing.

"Oh, tonight's themed," Neal said with a smirk. "Fishnet and leather."

Hesitating, I turned to Allegra and raised a brow. "Say what?"

Laughter began between the two of them, and for some reason I second guessed myself about going. I owned nothing that fit that criteria, and I was scared to see what Allegra would put me in.

"I have the perfect outfit for you," she smirked.

"Allegra, you're way smaller than me. There is no way I would fit into something of yours." I replied, shaking my head, "I can just stay here."

"Don't be silly. I have tons of things that would fit you. You're not that much bigger than me. Now, no backing out. You already agreed." Taking my hand, she dragged me from the living room as Neal laughed.

I wasn't sure what she had in mind for me to wear, but I had no doubt it was going to be something scandalous. I had seen the outfits she was in before, and they left nothing to the imagination.

Walking into her room, she left me standing by her bed as she ventured towards her closet. Piece by piece, she brought out an array of items that were more than sinful.

"What size shoe are you?" she asked, halting at the open closet doorway.

"Uh--an eight."

"Perfect. Same as me then," she exclaimed excitedly as she disappeared and came back with a pair of over the knee leather boots that tied all the way up the front. "Take these."

Shoving them in my hand, she disappeared again, and came back with fishnet stockings, and a black garment that almost looked like shreds of clothing.

"What's that?" I asked, with hesitation.

"It's a dress. Now go on and get ready. I will do your makeup."

"Allegra, you don't have to do all of that--" I replied as she waved her hand, cutting me off.

“Don’t be silly. I want to. I never had a little sister, and getting to play dress up with you is going to be fun. Now hurry, and get dressed.”

With a heavy sigh, I started taking off my clothes, and when I was standing in my bra and panties, she turned to me with a smirk. “You’re not keeping those on, are you?”

My cheeks grew red at her comment, as she stood there looking at me with a smirk.

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because you won’t be able to. Just trust me, and take them off.” Grabbing the fish nets, she opened them up as I slid off my panties and unclasped my bra. “You’re beautiful, Becca. Don’t be afraid of showing the world who and what you are... a goddess.”

Kneeling at my feet, she helped to slide the stockings on that went up over my ass, and held a large hole down in the center of my crotch. “There’s a hole.”

“Oh, I know,” she smirked before standing to gather the dress.

“Now let’s get you finished, so that way, you can see how much you are going to stand out tonight.”

“But I’m more of the angel type, Allegra,” I sighed.

“Yeah, well, even Lucifer was an angel at one point.”

James.

I couldn’t believe I blew it again. I told her to come over so we could talk, and I messed up the entire thing. The moment she walked out of my office, I regretted what I’d said to her. Why would any woman be okay with what I’d suggested?

Tally is a grown woman, and even though I liked to consider her my little princess, she wasn’t anymore. She was a woman who liked to do things her way, and if she wasn’t going to listen to me, why would I put my life on hold to make her happy?

Being a parent was a tough position.

It meant constant confliction about what you should do for the benefit of them, and through it all, it seemed no matter the choice you made, it was never good enough.

Instead of going home, I dove into my paperwork, the clock ticking on as I tried to come to terms with it all, and yet Becca never once left my mind.

Did I care about her more than I was willing to admit?

Was I in love with this girl?

“Mr. Valentino,” Bennet said from my office door.

“Yes, what is it?” I asked with a sigh as I tried to decide on signing a few contracts that might bring me a lot of money.

“You asked me to let you know if anything progressed with Miss Woods. I wanted to let you know that she, Allegra, and an unknown man just left the apartment building and are closing in on Club Velvet.”

My eyes shot up to meet his, and the wheels in my brain started spinning. Club Velvet was the fetish club I had taken Becca to, and to hear she was going with Allegra and some guy—it struck a nerve.

“Who’s the guy?” I asked through clenched teeth.

Had Becca been playing with me this entire time? Was she seeing someone else, and that’s why she didn’t want to give us another chance earlier?

“We aren’t sure, sir. We do know the man arrived at Allegra’s home while Miss Woods was here with you.”

Allegra wasn’t the type of woman to bring men back to her place. Her home was her sanctuary, and through all the years I had known her, I had only ever been there a few times. She was very private about her home.

Which was what surprised me when she let Becca go there. She barely knew Becca.

A lot of things weren’t making sense, and part of me couldn’t help but wonder if there was more to Becca than she was letting on. I didn’t want to think about her in that way, but considering everything I went through with Allison, I wouldn’t be surprised.

Pulling my phone from my pocket, I checked the calendar for Club Velvet. “Fishnet...”

“What’s that, sir?” Bennet asked, standing at attention waiting for my directive.

“I want you to get the car for me. I think I’m going to pay Club Velvet a visit.”

Becca.

The moment we arrived at Club Velvet, I knew I had made a good choice to go out. Allegra had outdone herself with getting me ready, so much so, I didn’t even recognize myself when I looked in the mirror.

Stepping over the threshold, I was met with an erotic sight I hadn’t expected. Unlike last time, where it seemed more angelic and sexy, this time it was dark and sinful, and everything about it was utterly exotic.

“Let’s get a drink!” Allegra yelled over the music as I smiled and nodded.

The last time I had come, James swept me away to a private room. Then, for most of the night, we stayed there while the rest of the people at the club partied out here.

This time, she was showing me the true meaning behind the Club Velvet feel. Dancers on stages, and even women on poles and in cages, littered the area. Sex was the appeal, and the club went above and beyond to reach it.

“This is incredible,” I said to no one in particular, but Neal seemed to catch on and laughed.

“I take it you’re still fresh meat?” He spun around on his barstool to face the dance floor and everyone lingering around.

“Uh, yeah. I only came here once before, and I was mainly in the back. This is new to me being out here,” I replied, watching his brow raise in surprise.

“You were in the back, huh? Didn’t take you as one of those kinds of girls.”

“Well, you barely know me, sir. Don’t assume things so quickly.” The comment was meant to be playful, but the look in his eyes was lustful and teasing.

“Is that right?”

I wasn’t sure what to say to him. So instead, I smiled and turned my attention back to the dance floor. The last thing I wanted was for him to think that he could have something out of this.

Casual, fun, and maybe dancing—yes. Anything else would be a huge no.

He was Allegra’s brother, for Christ’s sake. I couldn’t do something like that, even if James had never been in the picture.

“Let’s dance!” Allegra squealed when another song soared through the air with a heavier beat that made me want to move. I didn’t hesitate when she pulled me with her. I was a broken mess, and with the alcohol in my system and friends around, it helped to cloud out the pain.

I missed him, even though I had just been with him.

Every part of me ached to be in his arms again, but there was no point in wishing for things that wouldn’t happen. With a firm grip at my waist, I looked over to see Neal behind me, dancing with Allegra in front of me.

Closing my eyes, I let the beat of the music carry me away, praying that the night would never end. Because I knew when I woke up the next morning, I would succumb to the hurt in my chest.

The pain that would only heal with time.

James.

The moment I stepped into the club, people stepped out of my way. There was no point in saying anything to me, because I was on a mission and wouldn’t be stopped. Casting my eyes around the open space within the club, it wasn’t hard to find her.

She danced with Allegra on the dance floor, and the sight of her was breathtaking.

Allegra had obviously put her flare on Becca, and the sinful way she moved made my c\*ck strain within my pants.

## Chapter 40 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

“Sir... it’s themed tonight,” an employee said to me, catching my attention. With a straight face, I glared at them until the manager quickly snatched them away.

No doubt to explain to them who I was and that the rules didn’t apply to me.

Little did people know I was a silent investor in this company and was the one who helped to create the rules. The same rules that didn’t apply to me.

Pushing through the crowds of swaying bodies and intoxicated minds, I made my way straight towards her. Allegra’s gaze caught mine quickly, and her breath caught.

The petrified glance said a lot. She didn’t know I was going to be here looking for Becca, but I had no doubt with the way she dressed Becca she was hoping I would.

Grasping an unfamiliar man’s arm, she pulled him away from Becca and whispered something in his ear. His gaze met mine with narrowed eyes.

Ignoring the man, I moved closer to Becca. Her body moving against me to the music had my c\*ck completely hard within seconds. I’d never seen this side of her.

Even when I brought her here last time, it was different. It was more of a game between us before, and now this time, she was in an element I had never experienced with her.

Running my hands over the side of her face, I danced with her until I lowered my lips to her ear, “Are you enjoying yourself?”

Quicker than lightning, her eyes shot open, and she spun around to face me.

“What the f\*ck are you doing here?” She looked around for Allegra and the guy she had brought.

“I heard you wanted to party, so I figured I would join.”

Shaking her head, she made her way towards the back bar, and without hesitation, I followed her. Seeing her like this, there was no way I was going to let her out of my sight.

Three shots and a glass of something red, she downed the shots back to back. The last one, though, I snatched from her hand and shot it, only to realize it was some fruity vodka I spit back into the glass.

“Hey, what the f\*ck?” she snapped, turning towards me. “That was mine.”

“It looks like you have had enough already, Becca,” I replied, giving her a look that she refused to acknowledge.

“You have no right to tell me what’s enough, James.” She gave me a pointed look as she turned back to the bartender, asking for another. “Don’t you have some whore to bother?”

I didn’t understand why she was acting this way. Then again, the conversation earlier didn’t go as I had wanted it to, leaving us both hanging with the option of how we could work.

“The only girl I’m here for is you,” I replied, watching a flicker of something in her eyes.

“Hard to believe.” Turning on her heels, she stormed off and headed towards the back. I couldn’t let her go there alone. There was no telling what she was going to do because anyone who went back there was looking for a good time.

Against my better judgment, I stormed after her, only to turn the corner in the back room to find her laughing with Allegra and a few others. Including the mystery guy she had been dancing with before.

Drunk and stumbling, she fell into his lap, and Allegra laughed before her eyes met mine. “James, I didn’t think you were coming out tonight.”

“Yeah, well, a change in my plans brought me here,” I said with a forced smile.

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” one of our other friends chimed in. “After the show we got last time, it was all that any of us could think of.”

I knew very well what he was talking about, but that wasn’t going to happen again.

“Unfortunately, there isn’t going to be a show this time, I’m afraid—”

“Yeah, because he wants to play with other women,” Becca quickly chimed in as the guy whose lap she was on whispered something in her ear, causing her to laugh.

Seeing her sitting with him was a jab to my heart and a cut to my pride. I couldn’t believe after everything she and I had done she would act like this with someone else. “So Allegra, who’s your friend?”

Her eyes met mine before slowly dropping to Becca with a smile. “James, this is my brother, Neal. He’s from New York.”

Shit. He even lived closer to Becca. When she went back to school, there was no telling what could happen between the two of them.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Neal said with a grin as his determined gaze met my own.

“As it is you.”

The conversation was short, and quickly, the others fell back into what they had been discussing. Yet, my eyes never left Neal’s. He slowly slid his hand over Becca’s bare thigh as if taunting me to do something.

I wasn’t sure where his mind was, but without thinking about anything, I was marching towards them and snatching Becca off his lap and over my shoulder.

“What the f\*ck!” she screamed, beating on my back, “James, put me down!”

“No,” I snapped as I carried her towards the back of the building where the private and secluded rooms were. If she was looking for a good time, then I would be the only one to give it to her.

Opening the last door, I cast her onto the bed and closed the door behind us. She quickly stood and beat against my chest with tears in her eyes.

“You don’t get to do this!” she yelled at me. “I was enjoying myself!”

“Enjoying yourself with who? Him? You don’t even f\*cking know him!” I yelled at her, watching her stand firm in her view.

“Yeah, well, at least he is interested in me,” she retorted. However, there was something about the way she said it that let me know she wasn’t actually interested in him.

“Oh, I’m interested, Becca,” I said seductively as I stalked towards her, watching as she backed up until she was pressed against the bed.

My fingers slid underneath her dress to brush against the bare skin of her sex.

“No panties?” I gasped. “You really were trying to f\*ck tonight, weren’t you?”

As I slipped my fingers inside her, she gasped, throwing her head back as my lips trailed against her neck. She was soaking wet for me, and the faster I thrust my fingers inside her, the harder her tight, wet p\*ssy clenched against me.

“F\*ck, don’t stop,” she purred as my thumb rubbed circles over her clit.

“You like this, don’t you?” I growled with excitement. “Do you want me? Or should I go get him to satisfy you?”

“Shut the f\*ck up and f\*ck me.” she snapped as her hands worked at the top of my pants.

As soon as I was free, she helped guide me inside her tight, wet c\*nt. Groans of pleasure left both of us as I thrust hard and deep. Her hands gripped at the sheets on the bed as she hung over the edge, taking everything I was willing to give her.

I was going to make sure she knew whose pu\*sy this was.

Fate be damned. I didn't care what anyone thought.

Becca was mine, and I would f\*ck her until she knew it.

Becca.

Sunlight drifted through the room, and I slowly opened my eyes. I felt the dull pain that radiated through my head. How much had I drunk the night before?

"Shit, it's bright," I mumbled, stirring with the blankets, only to look down and realize the blankets were not the same as the ones at Allegra's.

Looking around, I noticed I was in a different room, and slowly the memory of the night before came filtering into my mind. James had come to the club and possessed every inch of me.

The moment was erotic, and as he claimed me over and over again, I couldn't find the will to stand. My legs were like jelly, and each orgasm pushed me farther and farther.

How had I let myself fall back into what I was trying not to do? Everything about him screamed to stay away, especially after the conversation we'd had in his office. Yet, one touch from him had me melting, and there was no one else I wanted to be with.

Rolling over, I let my gaze fall upon his naked form and realized he was still sleeping next to me. The room wasn't his own, and it wasn't a hotel.

Stirring, he slowly opened his eyes and looked over at me with a smile.

"Good morning, beautiful."

"Good morning to you as well," I replied, looking around. "Where are we?"

A deep chuckle left his lips as he rubbed one hand over his face. "My apartment."

"You have an apartment?" I asked with confusion, not understanding why he would have one if he had a million dollar mansion with plenty of room to spare.

"Yes, I figured you wouldn't want to go back to my place considering Tally is there, and you were adamant about continuing our fun, so I brought us here."

Trying to recall that conversation, I couldn't. I remembered walking out of the pleasure room with him and saying goodbye to everyone, but after that, everything went black.

"I don't remember that," I admitted, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

“That’s because you passed out in the car on the way here.”

“So you had your way with me passed out?” I asked, slightly shocked.

A stern glare crossed his face as he shook his head and stood. “No, Becca. I, too, do have standards I live by, and sleeping with an unconscious woman, even one I have been seeing, is a no go for me.”

“Then how did I get undressed?”

Walking to the bathroom, he left the door open and laughed. “Because I undressed you. Those clothes were restrictive and smelt like booze. I figured you would want to sleep comfortably.”

No matter the sarcastic things he would say, he was still a gentleman, and for that, I was grateful. Had it been someone else, like Chad? He would have done things to me and told me I liked it.

As James reappeared from the bathroom with his massive c\*ck swinging between his legs, I felt myself pulled from my thoughts. “Thank you for doing that.”

“See something you like?” he smirked as he crawled across the bed towards me and gently kissed my lips.

“Yes-” the breathless remark caused him to rip back the covers as he slid his head between my thighs. His tongue licked across my folds before pressing deep inside me.

“James-” I gasped, trying not to moan. “Don’t you think we should talk?”