

# Chapter 41 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

“No,” he mumbled against me as he continued to please me. The sucking pressure against my cl\*t caused me to groan again in satisfaction.

“F\*ck... I really think we should,” I moaned, trying to get him to see reason in the moment. As much as I wanted him to continue, we really needed to discuss this.

Sighing, he stopped what he was doing and glanced up at me, licking his lips.

“I was trying to enjoy my breakfast.”

Laughter escaped me as he sat up, wiping his mouth, and looked at me. “I’m sorry, but as much as I want you to continue and trust me, I do... we need to talk.”

“What do you want to talk about, Becca?” he asked with a curious glance before sliding from the bed and pulling on a pair of low hanging basketball shorts.

“Uh, well, the fact we f\*cked like animals last night and slept together in bed again, but yet we were supposed to be done with each other.”

Shaking his head, he walked from the room, and quickly I jumped up and grabbed his shirt, throwing it over me. “Where are you going?”

“To get something to drink and call for food,” he replied, completely ignoring what I said.

“James, this is serious,” I repeated with a stern gaze.

“Yeah, I know. Everything that I want to eat is still closed right now, and I forgot I didn’t have food in this place. Just bottles of water and some orange juice.”

“James!” I snapped with wide-eyes and nothing but frustration on my face. “Please, we need to talk about this.”

Putting his phone on the counter, he sighed and nodded his head. “Fine. Let’s talk.”

“Thank you. Now, what are we doing?” I asked, hoping he would quickly pick up the topic, because the longer we spent time together, the harder it was to deny the feelings I had for him.

“I know we talked about this stuff yesterday, Becca. But I told you I don’t want to let you go. Seeing you last night, how you were, it made me realize I don’t care what Tally has to say or anyone else. I care about you.”

It was the only admission I had been hoping for, and I couldn't believe it had taken him this long to finally say something. "So what do you want with me, then?"

"Everything, Becca. I don't want to lose you."

Stepping closer to him, I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. It was moments like this that James Valentino made my heart melt, and if he meant it, then I was down to try again.

"Don't break my heart again, James." I whispered. "I can't go through that heartache again."

Tally.

When my mother called me to tell me she wanted to meet me for lunch, I wasn't expecting anything other than a casual conversation. Yet, instead, when I walked in, I found her sitting with a dark burly man at a table in the far corner, away from prying eyes.

"Mom?" I said with hesitation as she smiled and gestured for me to take a seat.

"Oh, don't worry, hunny. This here is Thomas, and he is my private investigator. He told me he had something for me, and I figured we should get the information together."

Her smile spread from ear to ear, and I wasn't the least bit surprised to hear her say that she got someone like this.

After all, that was my mother in a nutshell. At times, she scared even me.

"Oh, sounds great. Can we order first? I'm starving."

"Of course, sweetie." She snapped her fingers to get a server to us right away.

"Yes, are you ready to order?" the girl asked, staring at us with a smile.

"Well, of course we are. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gestured for you to come over. Now, shut up and listen to what we want."

Thomas and I looked at each other for a moment with shocked expressions while my mother's eyes gazed over the menu. "I want a Caesar salad, extra dressing on the side with smoked salmon."

"Wonderful choice. For you ma'am?" She turned to me with a sheepish expression, as if she was on the verge of crying.

"Um, I'll take a burger and fries, please."

"Are you sure that's what you're going to eat? That's so bad for you," my mother scolded, but nodding my head at the girl, I rolled my eyes at my mother's words, watching as the girl took Thomas' order and then disappeared.

"So Thomas..." I said, trying to change the subject, "my mother said you had something to tell us?"

“Yes. I happened to follow your father, James Valentino, to a club last night called Club Velvet. Are you familiar with it?” He looked between the two of us.

My mother furrowed her brows, shaking her head. I knew she wouldn’t know what the place was, but I did. I had gone there a few times before, but I never expected my father to go there.

“Yes, it’s a fetish club,” I replied with a sigh. “He was there last night?”

“A fetish club!” Mother exclaimed with disgust. “What the hell was he doing there?”

“Well, it seems that before he arrived, this woman showed up with the girl Becca you were telling me about.” Sliding a photo over, I looked at the photo of my father dressed as normal, and then the photo with Becca in it.

My mouth dropped open, seeing her dressed the way she was. She was stunning, and that made my blood boil. No way in hell was she ever allowed to look better than me.

“Did they leave together?” I snapped in anger as my eyes kept glaring down at her figure.

“Well, according to my inside man, they were dancing, and he dragged her away towards one of the back rooms of the club. An hour later, they came out looking rather flustered, and then said goodnight to everyone and got in a car and left.”

Looking at my mother, I could tell that she was mortified. “They had sex in a disgusting club?”

“Mom, it’s a sex club. They have specific rooms for group sex and swingers.”

“Oh, my god! Your father is a swinger? What in the hell did I get myself involved with when I married that man?” I wasn’t sure why she was acting the way she was.

Perhaps it was because she didn’t want anyone to think she was into that lifestyle, but she was just as dirty as he was. I’d heard the stories she would tell when she was drunk, and she may not have remembered them, but I did.

“Do we know where they went after that?” my mother asked with a contorted expression on her face.

“Yes, it seems that your ex-husband owns an apartment here at River Edge. The two were seen going up the elevator, we are guessing, to this apartment,” Thomas replied, closing the file as the server came back with our food.

“So they aren’t going to stop seeing each other?” I asked no one in particular.

“It seems not, miss. Now, is there anything else that you would like to know?”

Before I could speak, a sinister gaze crossed my mother’s face as she looked up at me raising a brow. “Yes... I want everything on Becca Woods that you can find. If James won’t wake up and stop seeing her, then I will make sure she gets the message.”

Becca.

It had been a week since I gave James another chance. Through it all, everything was going great, but I still couldn't understand why he suddenly had the change of heart, considering he was so concerned about how Tally had felt before.

It was like someone had whacked him over the head, and he was an entirely different person. As much as he was amazing in bed, part of me internally giggled, wondering if he was having a mid-life crisis or something.

Regardless of the situation, I found myself rather content with how everything had been. Two days after we spent the night together, James told me to move into the apartment in Allegra's building. At first I was skeptical.

However, once I got settled in, I started seeing how nice it really was.

No longer did I have to worry about how things were going or if somebody was going to find us. Instead, I could do my thing whenever I wanted.

Which included walking naked around the apartment. Something James really liked. Especially when I had my garters and heels on for him.

When he wasn't around, I could watch what I wanted on TV. Come and go as I pleased, and most of all, James could be with me here as we would be if we were any other couple sharing a home.

Another thing that was nice...

It had been almost a week since Tally had reached out to me last. I wasn't quite sure if she was up to something, but I tried to remain positive and understand that perhaps she just needed time to get through all of this.

At least I wishfully thought that would be the case anyway.

After all, walking in on your father and your best friend in the middle of having sex was not something anybody would be able to get over quickly.

The sound of the front door opening caught my attention as I stood in the kitchen making a cup of tea. I wasn't expecting James yet, and my nerves sky rocketed.

"James?" I called from the kitchen as I came around the corner.

My nerves were on edge, but when my eyes met his, I smiled.

Placing down his briefcase and hanging up his jacket, his eyes met mine briefly, and a smile slowly stretched across his face. "Hey, sweetie."

No matter how he tried to hide it, I could tell something was wrong. Usually, when he came in, there was another aura surrounding him that screamed intimidation and sexual desire. Yet, right now, he seemed stressed out.

“What’s wrong?” I asked him as he came closer to me and wrapped his arms around my waist, my eyes casting up into his as a sigh left his lips.

“Nothing. It was just a long day.”

I had seen James have a long day, and this was definitely more than a long day. There was a dark, hooded expression in his eyes letting me know something was deeply troubling him.

“I know you’re not telling the entire truth. What’s wrong? Please tell me.”

“It’s nothing,” he said as he pulled away from me and walked towards the bar, pouring himself a glass of whiskey. “I just had a run in with Allison.”

There it was. I knew it was something, and when he mentioned her name, my heart dropped into my stomach.

“Oh,” I replied, taking a moment to think about what my response was going to be. “What did she want?”

“She came to me explaining I needed to call things off with you. If I don’t, there are going to be consequences. She said I was making a fool of myself, hanging out with a woman that was the same age as my daughter, and also that our friends have even started making comments, which I kind of find hard to believe considering nobody knows outside of the group from Velvet I’m even seeing you.”

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The frustration was obvious in his eyes. James was angry, and I wasn’t sure what he was going to do. “I see. Did she say what she was going to do?”

James met my glance and laughed, shaking his head. “Oh, she did, but I’m not repeating that.”

“Why not?” I asked with confusion, watching him down what was in his glass and pour another before walking towards the sofa to take a seat.

“Because I don’t want you worrying about it.”

Everything he said made perfect sense. It wouldn't surprise me, honestly, if Tally was the one who had been spreading these vicious rumors around. I hadn't caught wind of them until the day before, and only because Allegra came to me and told me the things she had heard.

I was concerned. This was exactly the thing I didn't want to happen, and even though I was down in Miami, I worried it was going to get back to my school or even my father.

"Is there a way to get her to stop? You know that Allison and Tally are the ones doing this."

James nodded his head. "There is a way to get her to stop. I can cut the relationship with you and send you back to New York under the declaration you were never to return and cause a fool of yourself in Miami again..."

My eyes widened in shock hearing what he said, but before I could open my mouth, he held his finger up to tell me to wait.

"... or I can simply give her hush money and continue our relationship, but then I would literally be giving her money until the day she dies."

It was absolutely atrocious she was handing him these demands. "That's enough, James. There's no way you can continue to let her keep acting this way. I told you the separation would have been good for us. That you doing your thing would have prevented all these issues, and now the one thing I didn't want to happen is happening. Can you see the implications this brings?"

"Of course I can, but instead of sitting there thinking nothing can be done, I'm over here fighting for the relationship I want with you," he snapped with irritation.

None of it made sense to me, and as he called it a relationship, I couldn't help but feel my heart break because this was not a relationship to him.

He didn't want Allison dictating to him what he could and couldn't do, and every day there were little things he did that made me see that.

Walking towards him, I took a seat, trying to consider what I was going to do. If I continued going the route I was, things were going to escalate and get worse.

If I called it off now and packed my things, I could be on the first flight in the morning back up to Yale to get my life situated there.

I still had three weeks before school was back in session, and even though all of this was going on, it would be the perfect time to find a new apartment because I doubted Tally was going to still want to share an apartment with me after everything.

"James, perhaps we should just call this quits. Look at how things are going. It's chaotic, and everything is a mess. Even though we're able to be ourselves here, we're still hiding in the shadows for fear of what Allison or Tally would do, and that was exactly what you said that you didn't want."

James hesitated for a moment and quickly shook his head no. "I will not give in to them. In fact, I was going to let you know I have a gala coming up, and I would love for you to go with me."

“A gala?” I questioned, raising my brow, curious to know more. “What exactly is the gala for?”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a black card with gold foiled letters on it.

The card read Royals Gala. Celebration of Miami.

“Will there be a lot of the prominent society people you work with here?” I asked with slight hesitation. I wasn’t sure that would be the place for me to go.

“Yes, there will be, but that’s the point. I don’t want to hide you. I want to share it with you.” The look in James’s eyes was genuine. I could tell he was being completely honest, but it still made me worry.

A high society gala meant Allison and Tally were going to be there. Anything with the words fancy and high society screamed for Allison and Tally’s attention.

“When is this gala?” I asked him, finally caving into the idea after taking a moment to think about it.

“It’s this Friday. Do you think you’ll be able to find a dress by then?”

Grinning, I shook my head, giving a small laugh. “Are you kidding... with Allegra, she would have me ready tomorrow if I asked it of her.”

James smiled, pulling me closer to him. “I keep forgetting she is only down the hall from here.”

“Yeah, she is. Since I crashed at her place, she comes by and sees me often, not that I’m complaining.”

His lips brushed against mine softly as he stared down at me. I wasn’t sure what this was, but a part of me liked to think we were more than we were.

“How are we going to deal with Allison?” I whispered, as I looked at him for answers.

I wanted him to tell me everything was going to be okay. I wanted him to guarantee me she would not tarnish my reputation and would eventually give up on everything.

However, something deep inside me told me she wouldn’t ever let this go. This woman was ten times worse than Tally, and that meant she could probably hold a grudge like no tomorrow.

“I will handle it. Don’t you worry about a thing. I won’t let her hurt you.”

His words were comforting, but no matter the unproclaimed promise, I couldn’t help but feel as if my future was slipping from my hands.

Was I being a fool to think normal was possible?

The next day, I shopped with Allegra. One store to another, she had me in the search of the perfect dress. The only problem was, I wanted to go back to the apartment and hide behind closed doors.

This was the one part of town Tally frequented often.

High-end boutiques. Gourmet coffee shops. Fancy restaurants. I was out of place.

“Oh, my god. Stop worrying,” Allegra groaned for the hundredth time. “If we run into them, who cares? They can’t do anything to you.”

“I know, I know. I just don’t want a confrontation with them,” I sighed as I tried to contain my emotions. “It’s hard, ya know...”

“Actually, I don’t,” she admitted with a laugh. “I don’t take shit from anyone, and I don’t date. I like to f\*ck around too much, and swinger parties are way more fun.”

“So, are you going to tell me you don’t want a family or kids?” I asked her with a raised brow. “I saw how much you fawned over your cousin’s new baby the other day...”

Allegra went silent for a moment and nodded her head. “I wish I could, but I can’t.”

I was quiet for a moment as I took in what she said. “Oh, Allegra...”

It made sense now, to be honest. Allegra couldn’t have kids.

“It’s okay,” she replied, waving it off. “I came to terms with it years ago. I was in a car accident when I was a teenager, and a shard of glass ended up in my abdomen. It was so deep, it damaged my uterus, and they had to take it out to stop the bleeding.”

I was shocked at the admission. I had never realized someone like her could have gone through something horrific like that. Allegra was a kind person, and to know her life changed at such an early age was horrible.

“I’m so sorry, Allegra,” I whispered as we stopped outside another shop.

She turned to me with a small smile and shrugged her shoulders. “Don’t be. It just means that I’m meant to do something else. Fate has a purpose for me, and one day I will figure it out.”

With the last of her words, we entered the store and began looking around. I wasn’t quite sure what I was supposed to wear to a gala event, but all the dresses in this store were more than I would pay on rent up north.

“Holy shit.” I looked at a price tag. “These are expensive.”

Allegra glanced over at the tag I was looking at and smiled. “Actually, that’s decently priced.”

“Five thousand is decently priced?!” I exclaimed. “That’s outrageous.”

Laughter escaped her throat as she pulled a deep emerald green dress from a rack.

“I guess it’s a good thing you’re not paying for it then. Now here, go try this on.”

Sighing, I took the dress and made my way towards the changing area. A pretty blonde Allegra knew let me into a dressing room, and as I slid the dress on, I heard a voice I had hoped I wouldn't.

It was Tally, and she wasn't alone.

"I hope this event isn't like it was last year," Tally remarked from another stall.

"I'm sure it will be better. Perhaps we can find you a nice, rich husband there, Tally," her mother added on, causing Tally to scoff.

"I already have a man, Mother."

"Oh, do you? Do you mean that northern boy you can't stop texting?" Allison snapped.

Northern boy? Who the hell was Tally seeing from up north?

Slipping on the dress, I admired myself in the mirror, hoping to get through this as quickly as possible without them knowing I was here. However, luck wasn't on my side as Allegra called out to me.

"Becca, will you hurry up and show me already?"

Shit. Why does fate hate me so much?

Stepping from the stall, Allegra took me in and smiled, but the sound of opening stalls made her smile fall. I knew who it was behind me without turning around, and taking a deep breath, I pushed back my nerves and stared at myself in the mirror.

The best thing to do was to ignore them.

At least that was what I was trying to do.

"Are you f\*cking kidding me?" Tally said from behind me as I continued to admire the dress. It fit snug to my body, and the back dropped low with a high slit up one side.

It was beautiful, and the way it fit me made me feel beautiful.

"Excuse you!" Tally shrieked, causing me to turn and glance over my shoulder at her.

"Yes?" I asked, as if her speaking to me didn't faze me at all. "Did you need something?"

She stood there in a black and purple dress with her mother in a red one. Both of them were furious at the sight of me. "What the f\*ck are you doing in a place like this?"

Glancing over at Allegra, I saw the anger in her eyes. She was not pleased with how they were speaking to me, and neither was I, but this was the last place I was going to start something.

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Looking back at Tally and Allison, I shrugged. “Shopping. Why else would I be here?”

“You can’t afford this place,” Tally laughed. “What are you going to do? Steal it?”

“That’s enough,” Allegra finally said, standing. “I am tired of your shit. So you can either f\*ck off back to your dressing room or close your f\*cking mouth.”

Allison and Tally stared, shocked at Allegra, who stepped next to me. It took everything in me to stop myself from laughing, but as I looked at Allegra, I smiled.

“What do you think? Should I get this one?” I asked her, acting as if Tally and Allison weren’t there.

“I think it’s perfect for Friday night,” Allegra responded as I smiled and turned back towards the dressing room.

“Friday night?” Allison snapped. “You’re not going to the gala.... No way...”

“The gala?” I smiled. “Yes, I’m going.”

“There is no way that you are going... James is taking you?!” Allison shrieked as I laughed and entered the stall to change my clothes.

Her fists banged upon the door as the voices of employees came in, asking them to change back into their clothes and leave the store. I had no doubt Allegra had gone and told them they were harassing the other customers.

As I exited, I took the dress on its hanger, and made my way towards Allegra, who was now standing with a very pissed off James at the counter.

My steps slowed for a moment as his eyes connected with mine, and I glanced over to see Tally and Allison arguing with the store manager.

James lifted his hand and gestured with two fingers for me to come to him. As I reached him, he looked over me as if making sure that I was unharmed. “Are you okay?”

“Huh. Oh, yeah. I’m okay. I was just trying on my dress for Friday.”

His eyes looked down at the gown in my arms, and a smile crossed his lips. “Green is my favorite color,” he admitted, and a deep blush instantly set in my cheeks.

It was as if he was speaking to my body, because the ache between my thighs was crying out for him. Desperate to be filled once more. “What are you doing here?”

“Allegra called me and told me what was going on. I won’t have them harassing you like this,” he replied as I bit my bottom lip and nodded.

I wasn’t too happy with the spectacle. Honestly, I would have rather he hadn’t come and let me continue to handle things my own way. All this was going to do was make the situation worse and not keep me out of the line of fire.

“She doesn’t belong in this store!” Allison screamed. “She can’t even afford anything in there. This should be against the law or something.”

The outrageous comments she was making were out of this world. I couldn’t believe the hatred Allison had in her. She didn’t even know me.

James, however, ignored her. Instead, his gaze was on me, and he gently took the dress from me and laid it on the counter. The young woman behind the counter looked slightly uncomfortable with the situation and hurried to get the item rung up.

“Your total is five thousand three hundred and twenty dollars,” she said to which James didn’t skip a beat when he pulled out his wallet and swiped his card paying for it.

“You didn’t have to do that…” I whispered as my eyes cast towards the floor.

His finger lifted my chin as he raised a brow. “Yes, I did. You’re mine, Becca.”

There it was again—his proclamation. I was his and no one else’s.

As the sales clerk slid the bag across the counter with my dress neatly packaged inside, James picked up the strap and handed it to me.

“Allegra, please make sure she gets everything else she will need for tonight. I will handle the issues.” Fishing through his wallet, he pulled out a black card and handed it to Allegra with a smile.

“I will take care of her. Don’t worry,” she replied, pushing the card into her purse and taking my hand, dragging me away.

I was too stunned to speak at the moment. The chaos unfolding was a lot, and as much as I tried to deal with it with a logical mind, I couldn’t help but feel like I was watching a movie as it all unfolded.

Moving from the shop, I looked over my shoulder and watched as James approached them. Tally kicked up a fuss, and James was quick to grab her elbow, dragging her closer towards the street.

Heated discussion seemed to unfold amongst them, but I wasn't sure what exactly was being said. It made me worry things were going to go more wrong than they already were, but before I could turn to say anything, Allegra stopped me.

"Leave it be, Becca." She stared at me with a look I had never seen across her face before. It was a mixture between being serious and angry.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she sighed, pushing a smile across her lips. "I don't care for Allison, and I don't like the way she was treating you. Now, James gave me a directive, so let's go get that taken care of."

Looking back one more time, I watched his eyes lift to mine, and a small smile tugged at the corner of his lips before he stepped into the back of a black sedan.

"Okay... let's go finish shopping. We have a lot to cover if you're going to make me high society ready by Friday."

Allegra laughed, but it didn't ease the knot in my stomach.

I had a bad feeling Allison and Tally would not make Friday easy for me.

James.

When Allegra called me to tell me what Allison and Tally were doing, I couldn't believe it. I mean, I could believe it... but I couldn't believe one day couldn't go by without them causing issues.

As soon as I got back in the car from handling the situation, I made my way to my house, but found out quickly Tally and her mother were there waiting.

There was no escaping the drama anymore.

The two of them were hell bent on making my life miserable, and I was done with it.

Exiting my car, I walked into the house, and was confronted with the two of them sitting in the kitchen. The waterworks were in play with Tally as Allison comforted her. As soon as her eyes met mine, she narrowed her gaze and stormed towards me.

"Look what you've done!" she screamed at me. "You should be ashamed as a father to act the way you have. Choosing that little bitch over your own daughter!"

Laughter escaped me. "How did I choose Becca over Tally?"

"You're sleeping with her!" Allison continued. "You're choosing Becca over Tally."

"Do you hear yourself right now... I'm sleeping with Becca. Tally is my daughter. So how does me f\*cking Becca have anything to do with Tally? I wouldn't be f\*cking my daughter. That's disgusting," I remarked, watching as the realization of what I said crossed her mind.

“That’s not what I meant!” she gasped.

“Then please explain how my sex life has anything to do with Tally. She is a grown ass woman capable of making her own choices. She doesn’t need me holding her hand anymore,” I replied, shrugging off Allison’s emotions as I set my things on the table and took a seat.

I was done with their games, and if they wanted to hash this out right now, then so be it.

“You’re dating your daughter’s best friend, and you just bought that girl a very expensive designer dress she plans to wear to the gala this weekend. Can you not see the issue?” Allison said with a snarky tone as she placed her hands on her hips.

“Do you mean an ex-best friend? The last time I checked, Tally was done being friends with her long before I started sleeping with Becca.”

“That’s not true,” Tally exclaimed, the waterworks over and anger raging across her face. “We were the best of friends, and you ruined that.”

Shaking my head, I cleared my throat and stood. “I want you both to listen to me right now because I am going to say this for the last time. Leave Becca alone and mind your own business. What I do with her is up to me.”

Tally and Allison attempted to speak, but I held my hand up, silencing them. I wasn’t going to keep going round and round, no matter how much they wanted me to cave.

“James... what are all of our friends going to think on Friday when they see her? Are you really going to expect them to accept this? Are you really going to make a fool of me?”

Allison’s words hit home. We held a specific reputation within the community, but no matter the situation, I couldn’t allow them to continue dictating what I did.

“That’s none of your concern, Allison.”

I didn’t bother to turn around and look at her. There was no need when I knew she wasn’t going to let it go. She would be angry, and I was okay with that.

She could be angry and go complain to someone else.

As soon as my office door closed, I pulled out my phone and called Becca.

“Hello?” The sweet sound of her voice filled my ears, and the stress from Allison and Tally slowly dissolved.

“I was thinking, I will pack some stuff and come stay with you for a few weeks until you head back to college. Tally is being unruly, and I want nothing to mess up the time we have left together. What do you think?”

“James,” she laughed. “It’s your apartment. You can go there anytime you want to.”

“I know, I know.” I pinched the bridge of my nose. “I just don’t want you to feel uncomfortable with everything going on.”

“I will admit it’s been a lot. I was hoping not to run into them today, and I’m sorry you had to come deal with it. The whole thing is really embarrassing.”

Once again, she was as sweet as ever. No matter the situation, she always thought it was her fault things happened.

“Don’t worry about it. Eventually, they will see reason and let it go,” I replied, hoping it would come true.

She let out a heavy sigh on the other end of the line that gripped at my heart. “As much as I want to believe that could be true, I don’t think it will happen.”

“Don’t say that...” I sighed. “We can take it one day at a time, okay?”

The silence on the phone had my heart racing. “Okay... sure that’s fine.”

“Okay.” I let out a sigh of relief. “I will see you there soon.”

“Okay, see you soon,” she said, then hung up the phone.

Sitting there, I thought about it all. I was going through a lot for this girl, and I wasn’t even sure why. Any other woman, I would have gotten rid of her just so I didn’t have to deal with Allison and Tally’s mouths.

This was the reason I always kept things quiet.

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Yet, with Becca—I couldn’t.

Becca.

The conversation with James weighed heavily on my mind. I didn't want to be that person to always be negative, but the rational part of my mind was screaming at me for being absolutely ridiculous.

"Everything okay?" Allegra asked as she stood by the entrance to the shoe store.

"Hmm... oh yeah. I'm okay." I pushed my phone back into my purse.

"You don't look like you're fine."

"It's just a lot. You know everything with James and his family."

She knew very well what I meant, but she had been rooting for James and I to work things out ever since she met me. I wasn't sure if that was because she was friends with James or simply because she really did like me.

Regardless, even she had to know I had to have limits to the crazy.

Any sane person would.

"I know it's rough, Becca. In the end, though, if you both care for each other, this will only bring you closer together and make you stronger."

"... And if it doesn't?" I asked, raising a brow in question.

Shrugging her shoulders, she took to a pair of Jimmy Choo shoes. "Well then, at least you can say you tried. Now, what do you think about these? I think the gold buckle accents your dress well."

Laughter escaped me at how quickly she could change the conversation. It was one of the things I liked about Allegra so much. She was always quick to make sure she stayed in a positive attitude.

"They're cute," I replied, watching her eyes widen in shock.

"Cute? Girl, they are divine," Allegra said with exaggeration.

"If you say so. Let's get them and head back to your place."

"Oh, good idea. Neal is still here, and there is no telling what he is getting up to in my place all alone," she laughed. "That man can make a mess sometimes."

I was surprised to hear that Neal was still in town. The last time I saw him was the night at Velvet, and that was the same night that James made it very clear I was his.

I wasn't sure why he was so jealous of Neal, though. The man wasn't interested in me; he was simply being friendly. Neal had clarified that he liked men.

"I thought he was going home," I asked as I glanced at her with curiosity.

"He was supposed to, but then he changed his plans. Not sure why?"

“Hmm... maybe he met someone here, and that’s why he is staying,” I commented, watching as Allegra’s gaze went from concentrating on money to soaking in what I’d said.

Turning to me with wide eyes, her lips parted. “Oh, my god. Maybe he did!”

“It would be nice to see him with someone. He is a very attractive man, and any man would be lucky to have him.”

I watched her lips turn up into a grin. “Oh sweetie, if you only knew the truth about him.”

I wasn’t too sure what she meant about that, but I decided not to pay any attention to it. We paid and quickly left the store to get a cab home.

The entire day had been eventful, but there was nothing like coming back to the apartment and taking off my shoes and relaxing. Pouring myself a large glass of wine, I turned on the music in the apartment and took my shopping bags towards the back room.

Within the walls of the apartment, I felt safe, but it was only when James was with me that I felt I didn’t have to worry about anything.

At least most of the time.

Lost in my thoughts, I didn’t realize the music had turned off until the sound of footsteps in the hallway caught my attention. Furrowing my brow, I slowly made my way towards the door to see James standing there.

“You’re back early,” I said with a smile.

Yet, for some reason, there wasn’t a smile on his face. Instead, he cleared the space between us and crashed his lips upon mine. Lost for words, I let him do as he pleased with me, and with as rough as he was being, I could tell that he desperately needed the release.

Placing my hands upon his chest, I gently pulled away to catch my breath. “What’s wrong?”

He stared down at me for a moment in silence before shaking his head. “Nothing, I’m just glad that I’m back here with you.”

His answer touched my heart, and even though it was sweet, I knew it wasn’t the truth. Something was really bothering him, but if he didn’t want to tell me, I wasn’t going to press the issue.

Instead, I would enjoy the time I had with him, because I had no idea how long it would last. Pushing up on my tippy toes, I brushed my lips against his and wrapped my arms around his neck.

The kiss was slow and gentle, but I could tell he was holding back.

We both were. “Take me how you want me, James. Don’t hold back.”

When James said we were going to a Gala, I had imagined a hotel with a bunch of politicians. However, when the limo pulled up to the front of the massive white building that reminded me so much of the White House, my jaw dropped.

“Holy shit...” I gasped, causing James to laugh.

“It’s nice, huh? Wait until you see the inside. For a man with that kind of money, he had big inspirations while building it.”

Looking over my shoulder at him, I paused. “What is this place?”

“The Trump National Doral,” James replied as a chauffeur opened my door in tails with white gloves. I was taken aback by his words.

This was only a glimpse of what was to come. I could only hope high society was ready for me, because tonight was surely going to be a night I would never forget.

A red carpet and lights came down from the front doors and stretched for what seemed forever. I took James’ arm as we walked up the path. My long emerald green dress flowed behind me as my gold buckled heels moved across the red carpet.

I felt like high society, but I couldn’t help but notice the looks some women gave me as I passed with James. They were shocked, but also some held disdain.

“Don’t pay them any mind, Becca,” James whispered in my ear. “You’re dripping with elegance, and they are jealous of you.”

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes and laugh at his comment. “I highly doubt that.”

“It’s true,” he teased. “No one has seen me come with a woman in many years. I’m technically an eligible bachelor and instead of them being with me...”

“You’re with a woman half your age,” I smirked, glancing up at him, watching his lips curl up into a smile.

“Essentially.”

I had thought the outside was lavish, but as soon as I stepped through the doorway, I felt my breath leave again. Crystal chandeliers were dripping from the ceiling’s accent with sheer white cloth and high vaulted ceilings.

There had to have been a thousand people here tonight, and each one of them were dressed to impress. Diamonds, designer clothing, and so much more.

I wanted more than anything to fit in with the people here. To blend into the mix and enjoy my evening with James, but as soon as we stepped further into the room, he was flocked by people coming to greet him.

I wasn't sure who half of them were, but when one man glanced down at me, his eyes were swirling with lust, and the way he stared at me felt like he was undressing me slowly with his eyes.

"James, who is this lovely creature on your arm?"

James went rigid for a moment before glancing down at me and smiling. "This is Rebecca Woods. She is lovely, isn't she?"

The fact that he called me by my entire first name was a complete first for me. I have never heard him call me anything but Becca. However, when he said it—I felt myself clench with desire as I glanced at him.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Rebecca. My name is Charles Hyatt."

When Charles said my name, it didn't make me feel the same way, but regardless of the notion, I took his hand and watched as he kissed the back of it while smiling at me.

"It's lovely to meet you, Charles. Please, call me Becca," I replied with a smile.

I didn't want him to think he could call me Rebecca. Not even my father called me that, and if James saying it made me feel that way, I didn't want anyone else to ever call me Rebecca but him.

"So how did the two of you meet?" Charles asked with a smirk that made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"Through family," James replied, causing me to inwardly laugh, but keep my composure. It wasn't a lie. We had, indeed, met through family, but just not in the sense everyone else was going to take it.

Before anything else could be said, laughter echoed from behind us, and I already knew who it was before I turned around. Tally and her mother had arrived, and even though James had told me not to worry about them tonight—I was.

"Oh, look Tally. There's your father," Allison said, causing James and I to turn slightly to look at them as they walked up.

Charles seemed all too familiar with who Allison was, and he greeted her in the same way he had greeted me. Except the hello was more familiar and the smiles more relaxed.

"Allison... Tally," James said with a straight face. "You both look lovely tonight."

I knew he was being polite, but when Allison's eyes gazed in my direction, there was no doubt in my mind there were going to be issues. She had a glint in her eye that spoke volumes to whatever she was planning.

"James, I see you brought Becca tonight," she said as if she hadn't already known that was going to happen.

“Oh, you know Becca?” Charles grinned as his gaze turned back to me. “It’s refreshing to see that you both are cordial when it comes to who you’re seeing.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” Allison softly scoffed with a smile. “Didn’t he tell you how they met?”

“Allison,” James replied firmly, glancing at her which made her smile. “I already explained that we met through family.”

His emphasis on family made Allison smile wider. “Yes, family indeed. Tally introduced them. Isn’t that right, Taliana?”

“Yes, that’s correct,” Tally replied, giving me a sly glance of hatred.

## Chapter 45 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

The glance didn’t go unnoticed, and one of the other men with Charles laughed. “It seems the two don’t like each other... that is a story I would love to hear.”

“No,” James firmly said. “Unfortunately, the events are about to start, and there just isn’t time for that at the moment. Shall we convene in the ballroom?”

I was glad for James’ interruption. Curious glances were being passed my way, and it did more than make me uncomfortable. I was slowly reconsidering my reason for being here. These weren’t my people.

Thankfully, no one continued on, and James began to slowly lead me towards the ballroom. It was beautiful, but before I could admire it, Tally grabbed my other arm.

“The least you can do is let my father walk me in there,” she whispered through clenched teeth.

Furrowing my brows in confusion, I looked to James, who quickly grabbed her hand and removed it from my arm. “You’re grown, Taliana. Walk in by yourself and stop acting out.”

She stood, mouth parted in shock, as she stammered to find words that were quickly lost to me as James continued on. Grand chandeliers hung from the ceilings with an elegance that was far superior to the entrance to this building.

“This is beautiful,” I said, as I took it all in.

“Yes, it is,” he replied, pulling me to face him. “I’m sorry about what happened before, Becca. I won’t let them bother you again, okay?”

“It’s okay, James. I have realized the kind of people they are, and at the end of the day, it’s only words. They aren’t physically hurting me.” My comment made him chuckle, and as he pulled me close, he leaned down, kissing me.

I knew there were eyes on me, and at the moment, I didn’t care. It was James and I... no one else mattered.

The evening flowed with drinks and delicious food. Throughout the night, I became acquainted with many faces, and amongst them were the faces of Velvet. I learned quickly Andrew was an architect and Marianna was the owner of four different restaurants, as well as the co-owner of a beach hotel.

It was amazing to see these people outside of the dark and ominous vibe of Club Velvet. For a moment, it made everything seem normal, and as if my happiness was building, a cloud slowly started to come near me.

That cloud’s name was Charles, and the look in his eye made me cautious.

“James, you can’t just have this gorgeous woman standing around all night. How about I take her for a spin on the dance floor while you finish your conversation?”

Wide-eyed, I looked towards James, trying to remain calm. There was no way he was actually going to let this guy touch me. That would be ridiculous, right?

“If she would like to dance, I see no problem with that,” James replied, looking towards me. “Go have some fun. I’m almost done here.”

I was speechless. Was he being serious right now?

Not wanting to be rude, I reluctantly took Charles’ hand and let him lead me towards the dance floor. I didn’t want to be alone with this man, but there were many people out here, so I wasn’t actually alone.

“You are ravishing, Becca.” Charles said as we danced. “How is it that a man like James Valentino was able to capture such a beauty as yourself?”

“As he said... we met through family. Tally, to be exact,” I quickly explained, trying to keep the conversation away from the subject. Yet, Charles was persistent.

“Yes, so he said. However, from the look on his daughter’s face, I would say it wasn’t a willing invitation. So let me guess, you were friends?” His words made me quickly catch his gaze with a tight-lipped smile.

“It’s complicated.”

Laughter flowed from his lips as he nodded. "Oh, I bet it was. The look on her face says she saw more than she wanted."

"Charles, you don't know what you're talking about," I replied, rolling my eyes.

"Oh, I think I do. You see, Allison informed me of your and James' situation. Nothing like a woman scorned... makes me wonder how long this was going on."

My heart dropped into my stomach at his comment. What in the hell was Allison telling people? That was beyond ridiculous to even consider he was that type of person.

"Allison says a lot of things that make no sense. Being a compulsive liar is something she is good at, and considering the fact she is desperate and broke, well, that causes her to say what she needs to get a rich man's money."

I didn't consider what I said before I said it, and as soon as the words left my lips, I regretted it.

"I had a feeling she was trying to scheme her way into someone's pocket here," he chuckled. "Aren't you after James for the same thing?"

Narrowing my brows, I shook my head. "No, but someone like you would assume that, wouldn't you?"

"Someone like me?" he replied with a grin. "You mean someone with money?"

I couldn't take anymore of what he was doing. Stopping in my tracks, I removed my hands from his and took a step back.

"Look, I don't know what you think you know, but no one here knows the real me but James. I don't want anyone's money because I can get my own. If you want someone to get information from, I would suggest speaking to Allison or her daughter. They are quick to do... just about anything for a buck."

The suggestion in my words was clear, and Charles' eyes got big as he laughed.

"You are a fascinating creature, Becca. I can see why James is so taken with you."

Not bothering to say another word to him, I turned, making my way back to where James was, but quickly found he was still talking, and Allison was at his side laughing at whatever he was saying.

Perhaps coming here tonight wasn't for the best.

Turning around, I made my way towards the door only to be stopped by two smiling faces I wasn't expecting to see. Neal and Allegra.

Seeing Allegra was a breath of fresh air. The walls seemed to close in on me among the members of high society, who seemed to judge me without knowing who I was. "Becca, are you okay?"

Shaking my head, I blinked away tears threatening to build and laughed, shaking my head. "It's already a shit show. I think coming here was a mistake."

"Oh, hell no," she replied. "You look like a goddess tonight, Becca. You're not going to let that two-faced, lying bitch make you feel out of place. Now, where's James?"

Sighing, I looked over my shoulder to where he was with Allison, "With her."

"I'm not surprised." Allegra smirked. "Why weren't you over there?"

"Because some guy named Charles James knows wanted to dance with me, and James just let him, even though I am supposed to be here with him."

I was angry, yes, but more annoyed than anything.

James was too busy talking to his friends, and it wasn't right of me to think he should spend all of his time with me. However, I thought this night was going to be special. Something he would share just with me, but I was wrong.

"Do you mean Charles, the pervy guy with brown hair who always looks like he is undressing you?" Allegra asked, placing her hand upon her hip.

"Yeah..." I said as I looked around. "That guy right there."

As I pointed him out, Allegra followed my gesture and laughed. "Oh, hell no. You know what, if he wants to act like that, then let him? You can come spend time with us."

Us.... I looked over at Neal, and he smiled down at me with his deep blue eyes.

He was incredibly attractive, and something about him I found rather pleasing, but he wasn't James. It didn't mean I couldn't allow myself to have fun with them.

After all, Neal knew, in a way, I was with James.

"That sounds great," I said, letting a heavy breath escape me.

"Wonderful!" Allegra exclaimed, clapping her hands together. "Why don't you two go dance while I sort something out with someone quickly, and I will catch up with you after."

I wasn't sure what she had to do, but Allegra moved quickly and disappeared through the crowd before I could say anything.

Looking back at Neal, I smiled. "We don't have to dance."

"On the contrary. I would love to dance with you, Rebecca," he replied, and the way he said my name made my heart flutter, almost like it did when James said it.

Holding out his hand, he stared at me, and with slight hesitation, I took his hand and let him lead me out to the dance floor.

When Charles had taken me, I was incredibly uncomfortable. However, when Neal took me and twirled me into his arms, I couldn't help but smile and laugh.

I was grateful he was willing to take pity on someone like me. He didn't have to dance with me or entertain me at all, but instead of mingling with his kind of people, he spent his time with me on the dance floor.

James.

"As I was saying, it's a wonderful place to be."

Caught in conversation with a few of the Lancasters of Miami, I had lost sight of Becca and couldn't seem to place where she was at.

I had planned to finish a small conversation and then rescue her from Charles. Yet, Allison walked up with Tally and joined the conversation I was having. As much as I wanted to excuse myself, I couldn't exactly do that.

It would have been considered rude, and these were not the people you wanted to be rude with. Anyone within the circle we lived in knew this.

"James!" Allegra called, causing me to turn with a smile on my face. Allegra stood before me in a silver sequined dress dripping with diamonds. She was always glamorous, but tonight, it seemed like she had gone the extra mile.

"Allegra. You are looking lovely as ever," I replied as she leaned in, kissing either side of my face.

"So are you, James. It's quite the turnout tonight."

"Of course, it is. Who wouldn't come?" Allison said from over my shoulder, and without skipping a beat, Allegra smirked and looked over at her.

"Oh, my word. Allison, you came. I assume your daughter is here as well, then?" Allegra asked, keeping her smile as sweet as possible.

However, I knew this side of her, and she was up to something. An uneasiness swept over me.

"Allegra, I think Becca is somewhere around here..."

Her eyes met mine briefly, and her grin widened. "I know, dear. I saw her just a moment ago, but I wanted to take the time to come and say hello to everyone here."

"Wise of you," Allison quickly said, rolling her eyes.

"Why is that wise of me?" Allegra replied. "Is there something wrong with Becca?"

Allison scoffed before laughter left her lips. "Oh, please. A girl like that isn't from our society. However, I suppose we can allow her a little taste of what it's like to live as we do. Granted she doesn't make a fool of herself."

# Chapter 46 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

“Enough, Allison,” I snapped at her. “You’re the last person who needs to be speaking ill of others. Not to mention, tonight is about celebrating, not belittling other individuals just because you don’t like that they don’t fit your agenda.”

Allison stared at me with anger and shock because I had spoken to her that way. However, the others agreed with me, toasting to changing the event in the future, perhaps.

“So, this woman...” Mr. Lancaster said, “can we meet her?”

A smile lit my face as I nodded. “I’m sure she would be delighted. I just have to see where she has gone off to.”

“Oh, she is dancing right now,” Allegra spoke up with a grin.

“That’s right... Charles took her to the dance floor. I probably should go rescue her.”

My comment made the others chuckle, but before I could step away, Allegra grasped my arm. “There is no need. She isn’t with Charles.”

“Oh, already with someone else... isn’t that something?” Allison replied slyly.

Letting out a deep sigh, I glared at Allison. Perhaps I was wrong for thinking I could bring Becca here. I should have known after the incident in the dress shop Allison would make tonight difficult.

Looking at Allegra, I raised a brow in confusion. “Who is she with?”

“Oh, my younger brother, Neal,” Allegra replied as she looked at the others.

I knew very well who she was referring to. It was the same man Becca was with at Club Velvet. I had seen how he looked at her there, and I could only imagine what he was doing right now.

“Was I mistaken when you said he was heading home? I didn’t realize he’d stayed,” I replied, watching as the corner of Allegra’s lips turned up into a smile.

“Oh, he decided to stay a bit longer. He closed another deal here with the Fanucci’s. They’re hoping to expand out in California, and of course, Neal has one of his offices there.”

There was a gut wrenching feeling in my stomach as I listened to her that told me I would not like where this conversation was going. However, I didn’t bother to interrupt her. Instead, I stood there listening to Allegra praise her younger brother.

“So his wife didn’t come with him?” Allison asked, fishing for answers.

“Oh, he isn’t married,” Allegra grinned, “but it has crossed his mind recently that he needs to settle down. I mean, as the owner of Saville Golden Real Estate, it’s probably best that he settles down, eventually.”

“Wait... your brother is the owner of that company?” Allison said in shock. “That’s a multi-million dollar company.”

“Uh–yes, that’s correct.” Allegra preened. “Established it and made his first million by the time he was twenty-three. Now that he is closing in on twenty-eight, he is ready to start having a family.”

“That’s wonderful!” Mrs. Lancaster praised. “Well, perhaps he will find some lucky woman here tonight that would make him more than happy.”

“Oh, Mrs. Lancaster... I think he may have already found that lucky person in Miami. We will just have to wait and see how things go.”

I didn’t miss a beat of what Allegra was saying. Her gaze landed on me as she said it, and the anger slowly simmered within me. Was she really referring to Becca?

There was no way that Becca would be with that man.

“I wonder who that woman is...” Allison cooed. “Good thing it wouldn’t dare be your Becca, James.”

Clearing my throat, I straightened myself, but before I could speak, Allegra spoke for me.

“Becca and James aren’t officially together, Allison. They aren’t dating, so I don’t see why she couldn’t be a candidate for my brother. After all, she is sweet, composed, graceful, and highly intelligent. She has the ability to bring a lot to the table whether or not she comes from money.”

“Alright,” I finally said, shaking my head. “Please excuse me. I’m going to go see where those two got off too. The auction will start soon, and I’m sure they will want to get their seats as well.”

I had heard enough of their talk, and while I knew Allegra was purposely saying this kind of stuff to irritate me and get to Allison, I didn’t want to hear it anymore.

I understood clearly what she was doing. She was making a point, and I would have to talk to her about it later. There was no need for her to act the way she had.

As I moved through the sea of people, I searched the crowds for the beautiful brunette in an emerald green dress. I wouldn't be able to calm my racing mind until I did because everything in me was screaming that maybe what Allegra had said was true.

The closer I got to the dance floor, the easier it was for me to make out her beautiful form swaying in time to the music with Neal.

Halting in my steps, I watched as she smiled and laughed with him. She seemed carefree and uninterested in anyone around her. Even though many people were watching them.

My chest tightened knowing I wasn't the one who had put that smile on her face. Everything Allegra said caused the jealousy inside me to grow, but then I couldn't be jealous.

She had come here with me, and I had allowed the conversation with other people to impede a night I had promised to spend with her.

I had no one to blame but myself.

As her eyes caught mine, her smile fell slightly, but it was still there. Just not as bright as before. She turned to Neal, whispering something softly, and his eyes met mine.

Whatever she had said I wanted to be privy to, but I knew that I wouldn't be.

"James," she said cheerfully. "Did your conversation go well?"

"Yes, it did. I was trying to see where you had disappeared to, and Allegra informed me Neal took you dancing." I tried to remain cool, but I could see in Neal's eyes he knew exactly how it was meant to come off.

"Yes, well, I didn't want her to feel left out, and I have no intentions of mingling with most of these people. They are too uptight for my liking," he chuckled, "I hope you don't mind."

Hesitating for a moment, I raised a brow and laughed to myself. "Not at all."

There was a look in his eyes that made me wonder if I was going to have to watch him around Becca. Looking at her now, she seemed oblivious to how he saw her.

I didn't know his intentions, but if he wasn't careful, he and I would have to discuss what he thinks he is trying to do. She belonged to me, and I had no intentions of letting her go.

Becca.

When James came to find me, I was rather pleased. I was enjoying my time with Neal, but I had come with James, and he had promised an evening with me, even though the current conversation between Neal and James seemed anything but pleasant.

"The auction is about to start, so I think we should take our seats," James said, holding his arm out for me, which I slowly took.

“That’s wonderful. What’s the charity this year?” Neal asked as he followed behind us.

“The money goes to the breast cancer society to help with treatments,” James said hesitantly as his eyes met mine.

I wasn’t sure if he had remembered my mother, but if he did, then he would have known my mother died from breast cancer. I hadn’t realized this was what the charity gala was for, but now that I knew, it brought back memories.

Holding myself together, I let James lead me to the table where we would be sitting. I had imagined the rest of the evening would go well, but instead, I found that Allison and Tally were sitting at our table, as well as Allegra and Charles.

“Oh, wonderful. Becca, you’re joining us,” Allison replied with a fake smile as she rolled her eyes.

“Cut it out, Allison,” James bit out as we took our seats.

“I was being nice,” Allison gasped. “Jesus, James. Maybe you need a drink.”

Of course, this would be Allison’s reaction. The way she flaunted herself, as if she was the poor ex-wife being thrust into the presence of her husband’s new lover. It was pathetic, and I was over her and Tally’s bullshit.

Taliana, though, had her eyes set on Neal, and he didn’t seem to notice her.

“So, how have you been enjoying yourself?” Charles asked me, breaking me from my train of thought.

“Oh—it’s lovely,” I said softly as James slid his hand under the table to rest on my thigh. Looking up at him, I could see the twinkle in his eye, but I couldn’t help but feel like I was nothing but a distraction to him this evening.

People kept looking at us, and Allison kept making her snide comments.

It was horrendous, and as much as I was saying my evening was lovely, it only really had been when I was dancing with Neal. With James, it had been nothing but drama until this point.

As the auctioning began, I found many people were very generous with their donation amounts. Not to mention the people sitting at my table.

“The next piece is an original painting by Lesslie Pachelli. Starting bid twenty-thousand.”

The painting was beautiful, and James nudged me slowly. “Do you like it?”

“Like what?” I asked, with confusion.

“That painting,” he whispered with a smile.

“Yes, it’s beautiful,” I replied. “The painter has talent.”

James nodded before holding up the white card in his hand. “Twenty-thousand.”

“James, what are you doing?” I gasped, looking at the others at the table.

“You said you like it. So I’m buying it for you.” He shrugged his shoulders.

“Are you serious right now?” Allison scoffed. “You’re wasting money on that?”

Sighing, I shook my head as others started bidding on the painting as well. There was no way I was going to let James waste that kind of money on a painting. I didn’t even have a place to put it if I did get it.

“Fifty-thousand,” Neal’s voice caught my attention, and looking at him, I gasped.

A smile crossed his lips as he looked at me, and Allegra shrugged her shoulders as if him betting on the item was no big deal.

“Sixty-thousand,” James countered.

“Eighty-thousand,” Neal responded.

It took a minute for me to realize what was going on, and before I could reply again, James responded. “One hundred-thousand.”

“James, enough,” I said, looking at him. “What are you doing?”

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### Filed to story:

“I’m getting the painting for you.”

“I don’t need it,” I replied, shaking my head. “That’s a lot of money. Please stop.”

“The money goes to charity, Becca. It’s my donation.”

“Sold, for one-hundred and fifty thousand to Mr. Neal Saville,” the auctioneer said, catching both mine and James’ attention.

We had been so caught up in our argument, we hadn't noticed Neal had rebid on the painting and won it. For a moment, I thought James was going to lose it, but instead, he stared at Neal with a tight-lipped smile. "Congratulations."

"Thank you, James. It feels good to buy the item knowing that the money is going to a good cause. It's something close to my heart."

Looking at Neal and Allegra, I watched her take his hand in a comforting notion, her eyes slowly meeting mine, giving me a small smile. "Our mother passed away from breast cancer."

Nodding my head, I tried to hold back my emotions. "I know how you feel. So did mine."

There was an awkward silence at the table for a moment as James took my hand and squeezed it lightly. I wasn't sure how to feel, but knowing someone else understood the pain I felt over losing my mother made me feel not so alone in the moment.

"Enough with this grimness. We need more drinks," Allison interjected, breaking the silence.

"Mom, enough," Tally finally said after a moment. "Can you just stop talking for now? You're embarrassing me with the way you're acting. They lost their mother to this disease."

Shock filled me as my eyes widened in surprise at what she said. Even her own mother looked at her, trying to see if she had just heard her correctly.

"Excuse me—" Allison gasped.

"You're excused," Tally interrupted before her eyes turned back to Neal. "I'm so sorry about that. She forgets sometimes how reality can be. Perhaps, we can have coffee sometime. I'd love to know more about your business."

Tally was something else. One moment she is eye-f\*cking Neal from across the table, and the next, she is rudely shutting down her mother—which I was proud of her for—but then she was also trying to hook up with Neal.

She never ceases to amaze me. There is always a form of desperation in her eyes.

She sought attention from any rich man who would give it to her.

Neal, however, chuckled and shook his head. "As lovely as I am sure that sounds, I think I will have to pass on that."

"What—" Tally said softly, looking at her mother, who narrowed her eyes at Neal.

"So, how is everyone enjoying the night?" I blurted, not wanting the conversation to get any more tense than it was.

"Oh, it's been interesting," Allegra replied, sipping on her wine.

"That's for sure," James commented, drinking his whiskey.

Shaking my head, I placed my napkin down upon the table. I was done with the evening. I came to enjoy myself, and with the way everyone was acting, I couldn't do it.

All I wanted to do was go back to the apartment, grab a glass of wine, and get into my pajamas. "I think I should go."

"What?" James said, looking at me confused. "Becca—"

"No, she's right. She should go," Allison snapped. "At least for once she is paying attention. She isn't where she is meant to be. Perhaps you need to go back up north."

I was done with her attitude. Anger boiled inside me at her words.

"F\*ck you, Allison. You think you're hot shit, and you don't even belong here. You're broke, and trying to get your daughter to hook up with Neal for his money. Every man here should be wary of the two of you. Why can't you leave me the f\*ck alone?"

Standing, she seethed in anger, her fists clenched and eyes bulging.

"How dare you?" she screamed. "You have no right to speak to me like that, you little home-wrecker. He was a married man."

"What are you talking about?" James looked at her with confusion. "We aren't married and my seeing her was recent—"

James paused for a moment and scoffed before laughter escaped him. "Have you been telling people I was sleeping with her while we were married?"

I should have known she would tell people that. There were rumors, and I had hoped they weren't true, but now that James mentioned it, I couldn't believe it.

"You're pathetic, Allison. James hates you because you were a horrible mother and a horrible wife. You deserve the life you have created for yourself, and you will die alone one day because of it."

Turning on my heels, I stormed away from the table. Allegra's voice called to me as I passed through the ballroom again and made my way towards the front door.

The thought of spending another moment in there with them was exhausting. To think I had actually thought this night would be memorable. The kind of memories this night would bring were not ones I wanted to remember.

"Becca—" James' voice called as the sound of his footsteps quickly came up behind me. "Rebecca! Would you stop?"

Spinning around, I stared at him, shaking my head. "Why? I'm not staying here for another moment. I thought tonight was going to be amazing for us, and instead it turned into a shit show."

Running his hand over his face, he sighed at me. "Can we not act like this here?"

“Seriously? That’s your comment? I’m sorry if you don’t want to be embarrassed by me being upset. Perhaps you shouldn’t have brought me here then.”

“Perhaps I shouldn’t have.” His words were like a slap in the face, and as I stared at him, I saw the guilt quickly build. “Becca, that’s not what I meant.”

“No, that’s exactly what you meant, James,” I said, feeling the strain at the back of my throat. I didn’t want to cry, but I had every right to.

“Becca—” he said again, stepping closer to me. “Don’t be like this.”

“No, please. It’s okay I get it.”

Turning away from him, I headed down the steps and kept walking until I arrived at the valet and asked them to call a car for me.

It didn’t take a genius to figure out that my situation was anything but great, and as the car pulled away, I watched James turn around and go back into the building.

I wasn’t sure why I thought he would chase after me, but I was also glad he hadn’t. What I needed was a break from everything, and in reality, I just wanted time to consider what I was really doing.

I was in too far over my head, and even though it felt great to put Allison in her place, I had made a fool of myself in front of everyone close to her. Their lifestyle wasn’t something made for me. I was nothing but an outsider, and I don’t know why I thought I could fit in.

Perhaps it was time for me to go home and stop pretending.

“Becca!” The sound of banging woke me up in the middle of the night, and with much reluctance, I climbed from my bed and made my way towards the front door. At 2:00 in the morning, there had better be a good reason for someone to wake me, but when I looked through the peephole, I was shocked.

Allison stood on the other side, beating her fist against the door as if she owned the place and wanted in. I was done with her bullshit, and more than anything, I just wanted to be left alone.

Yanking the door open, I stared at her with narrowed brows and clenched fists. “What the f\*ck do you want?”

“What do I want?! What the f\*ck are you doing in my apartment?” she scoffed, trying to push past me.

The feeling of anger boiled over in me, and I had finally had enough.

Shoving her back, I watched her stumble. “You assaulted me!” she shrieked. “I’m—”

“Shut the f\*ck up, Allison. I want you to think about this for a moment because you’re really getting on my last f\*cking nerve. This isn’t your apartment. It’s James’ apartment, and you are not married and haven’t been in years... you’re trespassing. Want to continue?”

She stood, opening and closing her mouth before stomping her foot. “You’re ruining everything. I don’t understand why you won’t just f\*cking leave. You’re not welcome here.”

“Leave?!” I screamed at her. “I f\*cking tried, and he made me stay! So if you have a f\*cking problem, take it up with him, and leave me alone, damnit.”

My outburst seemed to catch her off guard because there was nothing but a stunned expression on her face as she seemed to take everything I said into account.

“That’s not true—”

“Just stop it,” I said, cutting her off. “How you’re acting is pathetic, and honestly, you need to take shit up with him because none of this, from the beginning, was me. It was all him.”

“I don’t believe you—” she laughed. “There is no way..”

“You don’t have to believe it, but it’s still the truth. You need to leave me alone.”

She stepped towards me, but I held my grip on the door, prepared for whatever she was about to do. I wasn’t a fighter; I had only been in one physical fight in my entire life, but if this woman wanted to go, then we could go.

“I’m going to let you in on something, Becca,” she spat with a smirk on her face. “If you don’t stay away from him, and find yourself on the next flight home, I will destroy your entire future... starting with Yale.”

Fear ran through me with her words. It was the one thing I was worried about her doing from the beginning, and James had kept reassuring me that nothing like that would happen. He told me I had nothing to worry about.

“F\*ck you, Allison. You can’t scare me,” I replied through gritted teeth.

“Oh, no? The thing is, I can... especially with all the information I recently found out about you. Do you think they would want to be affiliated with a student who was caught in such a scandal if it made the news?” she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

She was right, though. They wouldn’t want to be part of anything like this, and if she wanted to, she could ruin my life. Just as I told James could happen.

“If that is something you want, then perhaps you should convince your ex-husband to stay away from me because he is the one who is chasing me. Not the other way around.”

With my grip on the door, I slammed it in her face and locked it.

The tears that poured down my face were uncontrollable as I slid to the floor and cried. There was no way I could allow myself to lose everything I had worked so hard for because of a man. Even if I was in love with him, was all of this honestly worth it?

“Becca...” A soft voice said from the other side of the door. “It’s Allegra, sweetie. Please open up.”

As much as I didn't want to, I didn't want to be left alone. Slowly moving aside, I reached up, unlocking the door so she could come inside.

"Oh, sweetie—" she said when she took in the sight of me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked her. "Don't you have a full night of fun?"

## Chapter 48 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

"What?" she laughed. "No, girl. I left not long after you, and the neighbor called me to tell me about the commotion. I ran into Allison on her way out, and she got a taste of what I had to say."

The look on Allegra's face made me chuckle through my tears.

"I don't know what I'm doing. That's so wrong. They have been divorced for years. I don't understand it," I replied, wiping my face with the back of my sleeve.

"You did nothing wrong, Becca. Honestly, I was surprised by how James acted at the event. He is a strong-willed man and usually puts his foot down with things."

"Yeah, well, I guess I'm not enough to stick up for," I scoffed, shaking my head.

"No, I don't think it was that. I think it was the fact there were so many eyes upon him, and he didn't want to cause a scene at the event. He is one of the top contributors every year," Allegra sighed, shrugging her shoulders.

Perhaps that was the truth, but at the end of the day, he should have said something last night and he didn't. Instead, he agreed he shouldn't have brought me there.

"Well, according to James, he agreed with the notion he shouldn't have taken me there last night, and instead of coming here after the event... you can see he went home."

Standing, I made my way towards my room, with Allegra following behind me. I wasn't sure what to do, but now that Allison knew I was in this apartment, I didn't want to stay here.

I didn't want to have her constantly harassing me and following me around. It was a complete invasion of privacy, and I knew she would keep to her word and try to ruin things with Yale for me.

She was just that kind of person. A sadistic, twisted individual who took pleasure in tormenting others even if she won't get anything from it.

Pulling out my suitcases, I started going around the room, collecting my things. There was no way I was staying here, and considering James hadn't arrived yet and it was almost 3:00, I doubted he would be.

"What are you doing?" Allegra asked as she watched me pack.

"I'm leaving. Allegra, I am not playing these games with him. I care about him, yes, but I don't have time for this drama. This wasn't what I signed up for when I came to Miami."

It wasn't what I signed up for. I didn't ask for him to want me.

Even if I didn't stop it from happening.

"Becca—" she said again as she grabbed my wrist to stop me. "Don't do this."

"Why, Allegra? Is he here right now comforting me? No, he isn't. You are, and I'm grateful for it, but this is just too much for me. I should have enough money to book a ticket back home," I replied, zipping up my bag, and pulling it off the bed past Allegra and towards the door.

"Don't be silly. You don't need to book a ticket," she said again as I collected a few things from the living room.

"So you're expecting me to keep putting up with all of this, then?"

Rolling her eyes, she smirked. "No, smartass. I'm suggesting that instead of letting them ruin the rest of your summer, you just come stay with me until the day you leave. You can ignore him if you want, and me, you, and Neal can have fun instead."

"The last time we tried to do that, he followed me to Velvet," I sighed, remembering the night he showed up in Velvet and told me I was his.

Just thinking about that night made me want to cry. Everything about the way he treated me and possessed me broke my heart because it was one thing about him I fell in love with.

Who was I kidding, though? How could I honestly talk about love with him when I had only been here a few weeks?

"I don't know. He will know that I am there." I sagged my shoulders in defeat. "Why can't my life just be easy?"

"Life isn't meant to be easy, Becca. Now come on. We can take your stuff up to my place, and the good thing is... I have the room still ready for you," she said with a smile.

"Isn't Neal using it?" I asked, with confusion.

“No, he is in another room. I do have more than two rooms, Becca,” she replied teasingly, causing me to smile.

Of course, she did. I suppose part of me just wasn't thinking straight.

“Okay, let's go then,” I said, forcing a smile to my face. “You're right. I shouldn't let this drama get to me, and I only have like two weeks left, anyway. So I should make the most of it.”

With excitement, she took my large bag and began walking down the hall. However, I found it hard to take the step I needed to pass the threshold to the apartment.

Turning around, I let my eyes cast over the place, and the enjoyment I had experienced being here with James came back to me. He had done nothing but treat me like a princess, even though I never asked him to.

The idea of having to let go of him tore at me. The conflict weighed heavily on my mind as I tried to understand what the hell I had gotten myself into.

Was I really going to be one of those girls that clung to a man who had more drama than a TV sitcom, or was I going to stand up for myself and remind people I knew my worth.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed through my feelings and closed the door behind me. When I turned, I found Allegra was waiting patiently for me at the end of the hall, and while I never would understand why she was so kind to me, I was grateful.

Without having her around, I don't think I would have been able to handle all of this. Dealing with the drama from Tally and Allison was mentally exhausting, but every time something happened, Allegra was there to pick me up when I fell.

She was becoming the friend I had always needed, and I was grateful for that.

Perhaps, with her by my side, I could get through everything after all.

James.

The night was supposed to be perfect, but once again, my ignorant ex-wife ruined it. It seemed, no matter what I tried to do with Becca, Allison couldn't get it through her head that I was happy and didn't want her.

After years of not dealing with her, the first time I take an interest in a woman like this, she acts out. Sitting in my office at my house, I chased back another glass of whiskey and looked at the clock.

It was close to 6:00 in the morning, and I still hadn't found the courage to go see Becca. I should have followed her last night, but I couldn't.

Becca was angry, and she had every right to be. One thing I had learned, though, is when a woman is angry, it's better to give her space to calm down instead of constantly giving her something to be pissed off about.

So here I sat. Staring at this stupid f\*cking photo on the wall in my office. I wasn't sure why I bought it. It was gloomy and depressing, or at least I thought so.

Everything about its dark shadowed trees and lonely streets under the moon screamed exactly how I felt. Unsure and conflicted.

Did I walk down a street like this and do so alone?

Or did I allow myself to walk with another and brighten up the street with her smile?

Again, complications and conflicts weighed upon my shoulders, making it impossible to think straight. How was I supposed to be of use to her when I wasn't sure about what I wanted myself?

Letting out a heavy sigh, I stood and proceeded upstairs.

Sleep was calling me, and it was the only place I needed to be. However, my phone ringing had me jumping to answer it, hoping that it was the brown-haired, blue-eyed beauty who had captivated me, but to my surprise, it wasn't.

"Allegra," I said with a sigh as I continued my venture towards my room. "What can I do for you?"

For her to be calling me, she had something on her mind, and considering how the evening had gone, I could only imagine what it was going to be about.

"Good morning to you as well. I take it you haven't gone to sleep yet?" Her voice was filled with amusement, as if she was going to tell me something I would not be happy about.

"No, I haven't. Why?"

"Oh, just curious," Allegra teased happily.

"Allegra..." I sighed again before running my hand over my face, trying to keep calm. "You called for a reason. Can you please just tell me what it is so I can go to sleep?"

There was a moment of silence on the phone before I heard her sigh. Whatever she was going to tell me, I had a feeling I wouldn't like it, but being as patient as possible, I waited.

"Well, I know a current beautiful brunette who isn't sleeping where she should be sleeping," she said, causing my heart to race.

"What the hell are you talking about? Becca's not at the apartment?" I asked with panic setting into me. Where the hell was she, and why wasn't she in the apartment?

"Allison showed up at the apartment, James."

F\*ck. Of course that bitch did. "Shit. Is Becca okay?"

"Do you seriously have to ask that question? Allison and Becca got into it, and the neighbor told me, so I went to check on Becca. She was pretty upset."

This was the kind of news I wasn't expecting.

Allegra's words were like a knife to my gut.

Things had already been bad at the gala so to hear this had happened as well was not good.

I had expected Allegra would call and berate me after the way I acted tonight and perhaps tell me I was a selfish asshole for not putting Allison in her place at the gala.

If only they knew I was in a place where I couldn't just act out. All eyes were on me because I brought Becca, and also because Allison and Tally were there.

They probably expected a shit show to happen, but of course, I kept my composure.

Yet, I find out Allison had other plans and had just made things worse.

"You're serious?" I gasped, looking around my room in disbelief. "Is she—you know what? I'm on my way. I will be there in a minute."

"It's too late," she said quickly before I could hang up.

"What do you mean, it's too late? Where is Becca, Allegra?" Gripping my phone tightly, I waited to hear her say what I expected.

"You know what that means, James. Please don't make me explain this. Your ex has put her through shit and then shows up at that place. She doesn't feel safe there. Not to mention the threats that were being thrown around—"

"Threats? What f\*cking threats? Where the f\*ck is she, Allegra?" I all but shouted into the phone. My frustration was growing, and the need to seek revenge for Becca came to the front of my mind.

How could anyone treat her like that?

Shit... how could I allow her to be treated like that.

## Chapter 49 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

“Don’t take that tone with me, James. You have no one to blame but yourself. You’re lucky she stayed around this long. I have said enough.... If you want more information, you will have to talk to her. When she is ready.”

Allegra didn’t wait for me to say anything else before she quickly hung up the phone, leaving me with questions that needed answers.

Allison had stooped to an all new low and confronted Becca after having already spoken down at her through the evening.

Left in a state of disbelief, I stood there with my car keys in my hand, holding my phone.

“Son of a bitch!” I screamed, chucking my keys across the room screaming in rage.

Allison was the bane of my existence, and no matter what I did to make things work with Becca, this stupid bitch wouldn’t learn to stop.

Frustration and hatred filled me knowing a woman I had grown up with and loved at one point in my life had so much selfishness and pride in her she couldn’t let me be happy.

I had given her everything, and for the first time in my life, I found someone else to make me happy, and she couldn’t let me have even that.

Instead, she wanted more. She felt entitled to everything I poured my heart, sweat, and tears into because she wanted to fill some void in her heart that grew black because of her own greed.

There was only so much someone could take, and if I lost Becca because of Allison, I would never forgive her.

Allegra was right. I had no one to blame but myself.

Becca didn’t want Tally or anyone to find out about our little situation, but instead of listening to what she had to say, I was greedy and allowed Tally to find out.

I specifically went against what she had asked of me just so I could take her out and show her off as if she was something new I had bought.

How was I honestly ever going to fix that with her?

I was a grown man acting like a boy in high school instead of being the man she deserved to have. I could hope some other man could fill the place I was failing to keep. Yet, even the thought of that made my stomach turn.

I hadn’t meant to care for in this way, but every moment with her was becoming more and more addicting every day.

Becca.

Sleep overtook me not long after I laid upon the bed in Allegra's spare bedroom. I didn't realize I was tired, but in the end, I was more tired than expected.

By the time I woke up, the sun was high in the sky, and the filtered voices of Neal and Allegra came from down the hall.

Rolling over, I stared at the clock with a sigh.

My phone dead, and my mind foggy, I forced myself to get up and move towards the living room. There was no reason for me to sit around and be mopey. I had to find the strength to put this all behind me.

As I stepped into the living room, I found them both sitting on the sofa talking. However, as soon as I came into view, they became quiet and turned to me with small smiles upon their faces.

"How are you doing?" Neal asked.

How was I doing? I wasn't even sure how I was doing.

Just lie Becca. After all, they won't know the difference. Disassociation at its best.

"I'm fine," I replied, shrugging my shoulders. "It was never anything serious."

"You both may not have made it official, but it sure as bloody hell looked that way." Allegra added, causing me to laugh.

"I'm done with it all, guys. It's too much to handle, and this was not what I signed up for with him. He is amazing, and god... in bed, he was incredible, but I will go back to school in a few weeks. So it's better to just end it now," I finally said, getting everything off my chest.

Every part of me wanted to cry, but I couldn't let myself do that.

I couldn't continue to get upset over a man who was going to act the way he was. It was beyond ridiculous, and all I was doing was making a fool out of myself.

"You deserve better," Neal said quietly as I met his gaze.

"Thanks, but I think it's best I stay away from men for a while. Maybe one day things will become less complicated, but as much as I wish that was true with James, I know it won't be. Allison will never let it go."

"Ain't that the f\*cking truth." Allegra mumbled, sipping her drink.

The comment caused me to laugh as I poured my orange juice and made my way towards where they were sitting.

"Anyway... like I said, I'm fine. Shit happens. At the end of the day, life is only ten percent what happens to us, and ninety percent how we handle it."

“Oh, words from the wise?” Neal chuckled. “I like that saying.”

“Thanks. It’s my dad’s favorite saying.”

Thinking about my father, I contemplated going to see him. It was moments like this when I wished I was with him so he could hug me and tell me everything was going to be okay.

Even if he would give James a piece of his mind, hearing him tell me it’s going to be okay meant the world to me at the moment.

“Well, that’s wonderful,” Allegra said cheerfully. “Go get your pretty ass dressed up. We are going to have lunch and do a bit of retail therapy.”

Laughing softly, I shook my head. “I can’t... I just don’t have it in me.”

“Stop,” she said quickly, holding her hand up. “I’m not going to let you sulk around down here. This is Miami, Becca, and women down here don’t take shit from anyone. In a way, Allison is trying to get you to submit, and we are going to show her, and anyone else, for that matter, that you won’t play their games. Now, go.”

There was no arguing with this woman, and nodding my head, I rolled my eyes and headed back to my room to get ready. I wasn’t entirely sure what she had planned, but I had no doubt in my mind that it was going to be more than interesting.

After all, interesting was this woman’s love language.

There is no time like the present to change the path of your future. For if we live in the past too long, we get caught up in what could have been instead of setting forth what can be.

I didn’t think I would be able to get past what had happened, but as always, Allegra was able to get me through it all. She distracted my mind so I wasn’t sitting around, thinking about how what I desired to have with James could never happen.

“What do you think about these sandals?” Allegra asked as I looked through an array of sunglasses in a shop near the beach. Turning to her, I tilted my head a bit as I stared down at her feet.

“Those are actually really cute.”

“I thought so too,” She muttered before pulling her wallet from her purse and handing the cashier money. “I’m getting them.”

Looking around further, I tried to see if there was anything I could find I might enjoy. However, the more I looked, the more everything seemed to remind me of James.

“Becca, shall we all go get lunch?” Neal said, coming up beside me with a smile on his face. “Allegra said there is a cute beach place near here that has amazing fish tacos.”

“Uh, yeah, that sounds good to me,” I replied as my phone rang. “Let me just take this really quick.”

He nodded his head, and I slowly moved past him and pulled out my phone. Once again, James was calling me, and I wasn't sure what to say to him.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed the green button answering the call.

"Hello?" I whispered as my heart fluttered.

"Rebecca—" he replied breathlessly. "Where are you?"

"Out, why?"

There was an exaggerated sigh from his end that made me roll my eyes as I stared out at the ocean in front of me. "Please don't act like this..."

"Act like what, James? Don't call me telling me how I need to act when you are the one who caused all of this chaos."

"You know what I meant—" he replied quickly, and even though part of me knew what he meant, it changed nothing. Why did I have to be the one to submit?

"No, I don't James. Please explain to me what you meant because you keep saying that I know, but unfortunately, I don't. How am I supposed to know when you don't explain?"

There it was. My admission of truth to him.

I didn't know what he wanted or what he was thinking.

One moment, he was saying he wanted to be with me and was treating me like a queen, and then the next moment, he had me feeling like I was nothing but a complication.

"I mean, don't act like you're mad at me," he replied.

"Mad? Is that what you think I am?" I asked.

"It's obvious you're mad, and I don't understand why you're acting this way when I'm trying to fix things," he snapped with a sigh. "I'm trying to make things better."

"Do you really want to make things better?"

"Of course, I do, Becca." James replied with exhaustion. "I want you back with me."

Turning around, I looked towards Neal and Allegra, who were laughing over something I hadn't been privy to. Allegra's eyes met mine with a smile.

She had been right about something... I shouldn't let all the drama get to me.

"James, before you start worrying about things with me, you need to get your ex-wife under control. I won't allow her to ruin my life because she has a vendetta against you."

“Becca, I can sort her out, but you don’t need to worry about her.”

“James, she threatened to go to the f\*cking media and ruin Yale for me. I won’t f\*ck up my future because you can’t handle your ex-wife. How dare you tell me not to worry about her when she is threatening me?” I finally snapped.

It was a long time coming, but what did he expect?

I wouldn’t be sucked into the drama again.

## Chapter 50 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

“Okay,” James replied. “I will handle her. Will you please just come over to my place this week so we can talk about everything in person? I don’t like this phone shit.”

“Yeah, okay. I will keep you posted, but right now I have to go.”

Not bothering to give him room to keep talking, I hung up the phone and walked back towards Allegra and Neal.

“Everything okay?” Allegra asked with a curious smile.

“Yep, more than okay.” My words may have convinced them, but they were far from convincing me.

James.

Walking into my office at work, I tried to let my conversation with Becca go. I hadn’t expected her to act the way she did, but I was wrong to assume she would forgive easily.

She had every right to be mad, but in the end, I would fix it.

“Evette, Allison is coming in today. Make sure she isn’t stopped.”

Evette’s eyes met mine with confusion and small, parted lips. “Sir... are you sure?”

Raising my gaze to meet her, I smiled. “Yes, I’m sure. It will be okay.”

Nodding her head, she exited my office, and quickly, I fell into the pace of work. There was much I was behind on since I had started seeing Becca. It wasn't that big of an issue, but it wasn't good business.

An hour later, my office door opened, and Allison walked in with her head held high. Dressed up and not a spot of makeup out of place, she looked as if she was coming here for a reward, and not for a meeting.

"Allison, thank you for coming."

"Well, I couldn't very well say no when you asked so nicely. I am curious what the meeting is about," she replied demurely, her smile brightened by her red lipstick.

Taking a seat across from me, I watched as she crossed her legs to purposely show off the white tops of her garters as if trying to entice me.

"I'm pretty sure you know exactly what the meeting is for."

Taking a moment, she tapped her well-manicured nails on the desk and smiled. "I take it that you didn't like my behavior at the gala."

"That would be one reason. The second would be the way you showed up at my apartment harassing my guest," I countered, watching as her smile fell and was quickly replaced with a sneer.

"Don't you mean our apartment, James?"

"No," I snapped. "It isn't our apartment, Allison. It's mine and had one of my business members been there that night instead of her, you could have cost me money. I want to make it very clear to you that if you show up there again, I will have you arrested."

Anger burned within the depths of her eyes as she stared at me.

She knew I was serious because it wouldn't be the first time I had called the police on her. Allison had a tendency to be very dramatic, and it was typically because she had been drinking.

"What is it you see in that girl? She has nothing to offer you, and she isn't part of our world. I know you saw at the gala how everyone looked at her. She didn't belong among us and never will," Allison replied with disdain.

I had noticed what she was talking about, but then I wasn't exactly someone who cared too much about what people said. Even if I didn't do anything about Allison that night.

The only thing I wanted was for us to have an enjoyable evening, and instead, it had been ruined. Everything was ruined—because of Allison.

"I want to clarify—this is the last time I have to speak to you about this. If you continue to harass her, I will have her press charges against you. To hear you verbally threatened her at the apartment was disgusting and beneath you."

“Disgusting?” she yelled, standing. “What’s disgusting is knowing that I was married to a man who was sleeping with a woman the same age as his daughter. That’s disgusting.”

This was something I was growing tired of hearing. Repeatedly, she brought this up, and so did Tally. I was a loving father to my daughter, but over the years, she was growing more and more like her mother.

I had done everything for my family, and just because a woman I was interested in now was the same age as my daughter, that doesn’t mean I had an interest in young girls.

“That is beyond disgusting, and if you don’t stop making those comments, we’re going to have a problem, Allison. I may be a lot of things, but sleeping with underage girls isn’t something I’m about. So stop making those suggestions.”

“It’s a pity, James,” she sighed as she moved from my desk. “If I had known you were this possessive and aggressive back then, I would have tried harder for you.”

Laughter escaped me, halting her in her steps towards me. “There is no way. You have to deserve that kind of aggression, Allison. It isn’t freely given when you act the way you do.”

I had been a dark man for a very long time and taking women of a certain breed was something I enjoyed. I couldn’t have a woman like Allison anymore.

She didn’t listen, and she was selfish.

Becca, though, she was submissive and willing. It was a joint effort with her. She made me feel like we were a team in a way. Someone I could spend my life with if I wanted too. I wasn’t going to be treated the way Allison had treated me for years.

“How dare you say something like that to me!” she snapped. “I was the perfect wife!”

“Perfect? Hardly,” I snorted. “I’m done with entertaining you, Allison. What I have said is what I have said. I don’t want you near my apartment, and if you don’t leave Becca alone, I will come after you full force.”

“James, you aren’t being serious.” She stared at me as if looking for me to give way to some amusing jester that would suggest I was kidding.

“I’m very serious, Allison. Honestly, I think you need to go back to rehab and look at how to get your life back on track. You have never been this bad before, and lately, you aren’t someone I even recognize. Now please... you may excuse yourself.”

Tears built in her eyes at my words, but there was no way I would allow myself to give in to her emotions, no matter how long we had spent together. She may have been the mother of my child, but I wouldn’t allow her to act this way.

Even if it wasn’t Becca, and it was another woman... they didn’t deserve that from her.

Hopefully, this time, she would heed my warning.

Otherwise, god help her the next time she acted out.

Becca.

Four days passed without another word from James.

Our conversation weighed on my mind a lot, but I found myself busy doing other things to keep myself preoccupied, whether it was enjoying drinks and dinner with Allegra and Neal or simply even just taking time for myself.

I had wondered if Miami was going to leave a nasty taste in my mouth, but in reality, it wasn't. I simply had been too caught up in bullshit to have fun.

Walking down to the cafe near the apartment building, I looked forward to the breakfast tea latte they offered and a blueberry muffin. I was an addict for caffeine, and considering I had been so preoccupied lately, my recurring headaches ended up resulting from no caffeine.

Something I would make up for by the cup full—or twenty.

As the door chimed, I walked in to spot the usual bright, cheerful barista. “Becca... your usual sweetie?” she asked with a smile.

“Yes,” I laughed. “Am I that obvious?”

“Oh, sweetie, you are the only person I know that orders that drink.”

Raising my brows I gave a tight smile. “Well, people just don't have good taste then.”

“Becca!” A familiar voice called out, and turning, I spotted Neal walking towards me.

“What are you doing here?” He had left yesterday for some business, and I hadn't expected that he would be back so soon.

I had honestly thought he was going back to New York and not sticking around Miami.

“Just got back an hour ago and needed a ‘pick me up,’” he chuckled. “You too?”

Furrowing my brow in confusion, he gestured to the latte now sitting on the counter.

“Oh! Yes,” I giggled. “Sorry, not fully with it yet.”

“No problem. I know how that is. I'm exhausted and ready to go home soon.”

“Yeah, I didn't think you were coming back to Miami.” I took my muffin and latte and watched him follow me to a small cafe table.

“I wasn't going to, but I only had to go over to Tampa, so I drove. I will head out tomorrow night back to New York. Don't worry though, I have a flight for you if you want?”

“Neal...” I laughed. “You don’t have to take care of me, but thank you for the offer.”

Since everything with the gala, Neal had been very sweet. Always paying the bill and being more than helpful in giving me information on places to live when I got back to school.

He was a really nice guy, and I was appreciative, but he confused me.

There was something about him that was conflicting, but I tried to overlook it as him just simply being a very busy man with a good heart.

“I know I don’t have to, Rebecca. I just want to make sure you’re okay. What kind of man would I be if I didn’t help to look out for a pretty woman?”

“You’re sweet,” I replied, rolling my eyes.

A flash of light out of the corner of my eye caught my attention, and looking down, I noticed a text message came through and frowned.

“What’s wrong?” he asked as my eyes met his briefly, and I forced a smile, shaking my head.

“Nothing, just a text from someone.”

“Are you not going to open it?” he asked. “I can leave if you want me to.”

“Don’t be silly. It’s from Tally.”

His eyes widened as his lips formed an ‘O.’ “The she-devil herself. I have to say... she was very persistent at the gala to gain my favor.”

Having taken a sip of my drink when he said that, I snorted, and caused myself to choke as laughter escaped me. “Oh, my god, yes. Too bad for her you bat for the other team.”