

Chapter 51 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

“Becca...” Neal smirked. “I’m not just into men.”

Speechless was something I never thought I would find myself with Neal. He was a straightforward person, and to hear him say this now surprised me.

“What do you mean? Allegra said you were gay.”

Laughter escaped him as he nodded, “Yes, I’m sure she did. However, that’s because I want her to think that. I like both men and women. I just don’t want her trying to throw women at me so that I can settle down.”

“I’m sorry, I know this may be personal, but... don’t you want to settle down? Have kids and a huge family?” I asked him out of curiosity.

“Of course I do, one day. Right now, though, it wouldn’t be good because I’m always traveling for work. Partners don’t want someone who is always gone, and I refuse to put that burden on someone. So, if it happens one day, then it does. If not, then so be it.”

“That’s very considerate of you,” I replied after a moment of staring at him.

I had never heard a man say something sweet like that. He was taking his future spouse into consideration without ever knowing them.

“Considerate seems to be my middle name lately,” he chuckled as his eyes gazed at my phone again, watching it light up.

As much as I wanted to be drama free, I was very curious to know what Tally was saying, and rolling his eyes, he snatched my phone and opened it.

“Neal, what are you doing?” I said, trying to take my phone back, only to have him hold it out of reach.

“Look, you are obviously too nervous to see what she has to say, and the suspense is killing me, so I will read it for you.”

“Oh, Jesus,” I laughed. “You’re just like your sister. I hope you know that.”

He was silent for a moment as he scrolled through the text, and then his eyes lifted to meet mine. I wasn’t sure what the look was that he was giving me, but slowly the corner of his lips turned up into a smirk.

“Seems the she-devil wants to meet up with you to talk.” He held my phone out to me.

“What?” I said with shock. “No way... what the hell would she want to talk about?”

Sure enough, looking at my phone, I couldn't believe my eyes at the message.

‘Becca, I know things have been bad between us lately, but I want to meet up and talk. My mom was out of line with how she acted, and I'm done with her bullshit. I'm sorry for flipping out, but it was a lot. I want us to be the way we were before. Will you meet me to talk?’

Reading the message a few times, I sat there hesitant to believe what she was saying was honest. Tally was not the type of person to apologize, and even though she and I had once been close, we weren't anymore.

“What are you going to do?” Neal asked with a concerned look upon his face.

“Honestly, I have no idea. I'm curious, but I know she tends to be full of shit, as well,” I replied, setting my phone down.

How was I supposed to even consider meeting her with everything that had happened?

“You could always just go to see if she is being honest.... Either way, it can help you get closer. Of course, that is completely up to you.”

Neal had a point.

I was curious, and if I went, that meant I could gain closure on this issue between us. Even if I wasn't entirely in the wrong. “Maybe I should.”

Picking up my phone, I took a deep breath and typed.

‘I'm surprised to hear from you. How do I know this isn't a trap?’

It was the one thing I wasn't certain of, and to be honest, I wouldn't put it past her to do something like that. After a moment, the message turned from delivered to read.

‘Things changed, Becca, and I see now how f*cked up all this has been. My mom is crazy, and when she told me about threatening you, I was done with her. It's one thing to make comments, but to ruin someone's life over a man who doesn't want you... it's pathetic.’

“What's she saying?” Neal said, causing me to look up at him with a smile.

“She's trying to convince me that this isn't a trap, and she thinks her mother's messed up,” I replied, causing him to smirk.

“She isn't wrong about that. That woman is nuts.”

‘Fine. Where am I meeting you? You're home?’

I was out of my mind for agreeing to this, and deep down, my stomach turned with anticipation. It was going to end badly. I just had that gut feeling, but if I was going to accept everything that had happened here this summer, I had to do this.

I had to confront her and hash this out. At least then I wouldn't have regrets.

'No. I'm staying at the beach house. Dad and I needed time apart. Will you meet me here tomorrow? We can have drinks and talk about everything.'

Drinks. When was there a time when Tally didn't drink?

Sighing, I replied. 'See you then.'

"Well, that's that. Guess I'm walking into hell tomorrow."

I stood, and Neal joined me as we grabbed our things and made our way outside of the cafe. "You're doing the right thing," he said, nudging me with his shoulder.

"I'm glad you think so." Before smiling, I chuckled, "I hope I don't regret this."

"At least this way you won't regret not doing it," he replied with a pointed look.

I loved the analogy he used to try and see the bright side of things. He may have had a point, but I was literally walking into what I said I wouldn't.

"As much as I want to think positively about this, I can't. I have known this girl since I was eleven, and she is anything but nice. Granted, we always had an understanding, but it still isn't in her character to act like this."

The last time I had seen her act like this was our freshman year of college, and that was when Melissa Ray had stolen Tally's favorite dress and cut it up at a sorority party. That same party, Tally screwed Melissa's long time boyfriend in the pool in front of everyone.

Just to make a point that she can take anything from anyone.

Tally didn't care what people thought about her, and she didn't have many true friends.

I was the only one.... The others just wanted her for her money and connections.

"Life has a way of making things happen for a reason. Have some faith," Neal said, glancing at me. "If things get rough, you can leave with me tomorrow night."

"Oh, how romantic?" I said, rolling my eyes, causing us both to laugh.

However, I may just take him up on that offer if shit hits the fan.

Waking up early, I set out to take care of the only thing I had planned for the day. Tally said she wanted to talk, and I was determined to suck it up and go with the flow. Who knows, maybe it would be a positive thing?

“Alright guys, I’m heading out,” I called out to Allegra and Neal who stood in the kitchen.

“Oh, are we going to war already?” Neal laughed, causing Allegra to smack his shoulder, shaking her head at him.

“Sometimes I wonder what he is on. Have fun, sweetie. If you need me, just call.”

“Thanks.” I smiled and waved to them.

It was funny how motherly she could be, and it did warm my heart to know that she cared the way she did. Even after everything we had been through.

Heading out onto the street, I looked down the way for a passing taxi and held up my hand to flag it. Its yellow color quickly pulled up in front of me, and without hesitation, I climbed in.

I told him, “Take me to 3204 Sunset Boulevard please.”

The driver didn’t bother to say anything as he stepped on the gas and headed down the street towards Tally’s father’s beach house. It was at least a good forty-five minutes away, and if I wanted to get this conversation done with, it was better to get there as soon as possible.

In the back of my mind, I kept thinking about James and what he had said. Perhaps the way I acted was completely out of line. James was in a bad position that night to really defend me without drawing negative attention to himself.

When Neal and Allegra explained the lifestyle they lived in full description, a lot of things made sense. When you have more money than most, there are always eyes on you. People waiting for you to slip up, and make a mistake so they can shame you to the rest of the world.

It honestly made sense now what he meant by ‘don’t act like that’ and ‘I didn’t mean it like that.’ He was trying to explain things to me in a way I would understand, and I didn’t really give him the chance to do so.

As the driver came to a stop, I paid him and climbed from the car. The white and blue beach house stood out against the coast, and standing amongst the palm trees, I hesitated with what was to come.

This was a break it or make it moment. Could things really change between us?

Step by step, I made my way inside the house and glanced around for Tally. “Tally?” I called out as I tried to spot where she could be. “Where are you?”

Sounds from upstairs drew my attention, and furrowing my brow, I made my way up the stairs towards the bedrooms. “Tally?”

It wasn’t until I got to the top of the stairs that I realized what I was hearing was moaning, and to my surprise, it was coming from the room Tally was in. Spinning around, I moved to wait downstairs until I heard something I wasn’t expecting.

“Yes, Chad! Please harder–”

What the f*ck did she just say?

Turning back, I pushed open the bedroom door hard, not even flinching as it hit the wall and the two of them jumped up in surprise.

“Why am I not surprised?” I laughed.

“Becca! What the f*ck?!” she screamed at me. “What are you doing here?”

“Uh–you told me to come over, remember?” I snapped, crossing my arms over my chest.

“Yeah, I meant f*cking later,” she countered. “Well, at least you know now–”

“Know what? That you’re f*cking my ex?” I laughed. “You can have him. I do not care.”

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Filed to story:

“Of course you care. He was the love of your life, remember?”

I was suddenly able to make sense of what was going on. Tally thought sleeping with my ex was going to upset me, but unfortunately for her, it wasn’t going to work.

“I hate to break it to you, but I don’t care if you sleep with him.”

Chad quickly stood from the bed, completely naked with his cock hard, and stared at me. “You could always join us, Becca.”

“What? I’m not f*cking sharing you,” Tally yelled at him. “You’re mine now.”

“Of course, babe. I was only joking,” he replied as he walked towards the bathroom.

I wasn’t sure what soap opera I had walked into, but from the looks of it, that’s what she was hoping for. “So, how long has this been going on? I mean, I’m guessing that was why he came down here?”

Laughter escaped her as she shook her head. “Not exactly.”

“What do you mean, ‘Not exactly’?” I asked her in confusion.

The look on Tally’s face spoke to the amount of evil that was actually within her. It took a moment for me to process everything, but then slowly I understood.

“I can see the wheels in your head turning, Becca,” Tally taunted as Chad came out of the bathroom, walking towards her.

“You were cheating on me with her?” I asked him in disbelief. The girl who was supposed to be my best friend was the same girl my long-time boyfriend had been sleeping with that led to our breakup.

As much as I didn’t want to believe she could do something like that, I wasn’t honestly surprised. The initial shock of them sleeping together hadn’t hurt me, but after finding this out, I could feel the knot in my stomach from her betrayal.

“Of course, I was,” Chad laughed. “She was the only reason I started dating you, Becca. Did you seriously think someone like me was interested in you?”

Laughter escaped him, but as I looked at Tally, I was met with a sadistic and twisted amused expression that let me know she was waiting for me to break.

“So you dated me to get to her?” I scoffed. “This honestly makes so much sense.”

“Yes, he did, and it should. I mean, how romantic is it to know that he would go to any length to be with me? And now, we are engaged!” Tally cooed as she turned her gaze to Chad.

“Romantic? Wait what? You’re engaged?” I said, bursting into laughter.

Chad was anything but romantic. The only thing he was partially decent at was f*cking, and even then, it was hit or miss, considering a girl never knew how long he would last.

“What the f*ck is so funny?” Tally snapped at me. “Don’t be jealous because we are going to be getting married.”

“Oh, trust me, I’m not jealous. I just think it’s funny that you think your dad is going to allow this to happen.” I smirked. “He can’t stand Chad.”

“That’s because you have brainwashed him by lying about Chad—”

“Yeah. Don’t act like I never did anything for you,” Chad snapped at me. “I tried to make you a part of something, and even introduced you to my friends, but you were nothing but a prude bitch.”

“Go f*ck yourself, Chad. You are not as great as you think you are,” I replied, rolling my eyes. “I’m actually glad to know that both of you are this low. It makes things so much better for me.”

“What the f*ck are you talking about?” Tally asked as she stood and took a couple of steps toward me, a sheet wrapped around her.

“I mean, at least now, I don’t feel bad about f*cking your dad, Tally. You were betraying me long before I climbed into bed with him, and he is much better in bed than Chad ever was,” I said with a smirk.

There was shock in her eyes at my words, and as I stared at her, I ignored the ramble coming from Chad. They were both dead to me now, and I was glad that I came.

“You f*cking bitch!” Tally screamed as she came running at me.

Never had I expected Tally to lash out at me, but she raised her hand to slap me. Before she could, I did the one thing I never expected to do.

Pulling back my fist, I punched her straight in her face and watched as she stumbled back, holding her nose before falling to the ground. Chad yelled, coming at me, and before he could get hold of me, I turned and ran down the stairs.

He was relentless, though, as he pursued me, and as his fingers grabbed the back of my hair, I realized he didn’t learn the first time.

Reaching into my purse, I grabbed my tazer as he pulled me back and gripped my throat. Without hesitation, I jabbed him with it and watched as he cried out in pain, letting me go.

Falling down the last few steps of the stairs seemed to happen in slow motion, and when I hit the floor, I felt the air escape my lungs before pushing myself to get up and get out of the house.

There was no telling what Chad would do to me, and with Tally being as twisted as she was, I was a fool for coming.

Stepping out into the warm Florida air, I gasped in relief, taking the steps two at a time before I heard the door open behind me with Tally screaming my name.

“That’s right, you better f*cking run, you stupid bitch!”

Turning I looked at her laughing, shouted, “Have fun with that abusive, cheating, asshole, Tally.”

“Yeah, well, he is going to be my husband and the father to my unborn child!”

Tally’s words made me freeze in my spot.

She was pregnant by Chad, and now so many things made sense. I had no doubt in my mind that it was something they had been planning. They were both trust fund babies, and neither of them had worked for anything in their lives.

As she disappeared behind closed doors, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and scrolled to James’ name. He’d said that he wanted to meet me, and I wish it had been on better terms, but I had to tell him.

If Tally was pregnant by Chad, he needed to know sooner rather than later, and I wouldn't have him upset at me for not telling him when I found out.

'I need to see you. It's important.'

Waiting for him to reply, I ordered myself an Uber and waited. I wasn't sure where I was going, but within a matter of moments, he replied to me.

'I have a meeting, but I'll be free at the house in forty minutes.'

That was perfect considering it would take me that long to get to him. Messaging him back, I pushed my phone into my pocket and took a deep breath.

It was so hard to breathe with everything that had been going on, and as the realization of Tally and Chad's betrayal hit me, I felt the tears welling within my eyes.

The tears weren't there because I was sad they had hurt me. I was actually more relieved than anything. However, they were there because I finally no longer felt the guilt for having the feelings for James that I had.

I was in love with him, no matter how much he pissed me off, and now that I knew I wasn't in the wrong for being with James, I didn't care about holding back those feelings anymore. I was going to tell him everything.

Perhaps he and I could start over.

James.

The moment I received the text from Becca, my chest squeezed with the idea that something was wrong. We hadn't spoken in a few days, but that didn't change the fact that I cared for her. I had been doing exactly what she asked me to do.

I was sorting out the issues with Allison.

Becca had been right when she told me I needed to sort my ex out. Allison had been nothing but a complication for Becca and I. I couldn't believe it took me being on the verge of losing Becca for good to realize I didn't want to.

I couldn't lose her. The thought of it was too much to bear.

Pulling up to the house, I made my way inside and to my office. I had a virtual meeting I was to attend, and only a few minutes to prepare for it.

That was, until I got the text from Evette that the client was going to have to cancel.

"Shit. Of course, they are."

The client was more than annoying, and if I couldn't get them to agree to the deal I had provided, it was going to complicate things further for me. This was the only way I could get out from having to do business with the Russian.

"Mr. Valentino..." my housekeeper said from my open office doorway.

Looking up at her, I thought she seemed very uncomfortable and fidgeted as if she had done something wrong. "What's the matter, Maria?"

"Sir, your ex-wife is at the front door," she replied, biting her bottom lip, completely unsure of what she was supposed to do.

I wasn't sure why Allison was at my home, but the last thing I wanted to do was to entertain her. I had thought I made it clear the other day when we met I wanted her to disappear and sort her shit out.

Yet, she was here for some ungodly reason.

Nodding my head, I stood and made my way down the hall towards the front door. As soon as I opened it, I took in the state of her and furrowed my brow.

"Allison. What are you doing here?"

Her hair was unkempt, and her mascara was running. There was a distinct smell of alcohol coming off her breath, and I was waiting for her to completely lose her mind.

"Tally hates me, and I think I finally have hit bottom. Can we talk?" she said with tears in her eyes.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I looked at my watch and noted the time. Becca would be here in thirty minutes, and I didn't want her to see Allison. "You have fifteen minutes."

Stepping through the threshold, she made her way towards the kitchen as I followed behind her. "The house looks so different since we were married."

"Yes, I had it changed after you left. Now, what do you want to talk about because I doubt the decor options I chose are the reason you're here?"

Her eyes fell on me for a moment before she sighed and nodded her head.

"I know that I have been horrible for a long time, and over the last few weeks, I caused a lot of issues for you, James. I'm sorry for all of it," she whispered.

Allison wasn't the kind of person to apologize for anything, so since she was, this had my mind completely blown. Yet, I was also wary because this was far from normal.

"I appreciate you apologizing, but I still don't understand why you're here," I repeated, trying to make it clear apologizing wasn't a good enough reason for her to be here. There must have been something else she was up to, and I wasn't sure what it was.

She never did anything without a specific reason.

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Filed to story:

“I need help, James. I want to go back to rehab and try to get on the path I should have been on for the past few years. Tally won’t even talk to me right now, let alone look at me. She has been staying at the beach house and blames me for messing her life up.”

Hearing Tally was at the beach house made no sense to me. Usually, she told me when she was going there, but considering how things had been lately, I could see why she hadn’t.

“I think that you going to get help would be good for you. You’re not the same woman I used to know, and perhaps Tally being angry at you is a good thing. Getting help will make your relationship with our daughter stronger,” I explained to her as I grabbed her a bottle of water from the fridge.

“I know, but will it be enough to fix things with us?” she asked, looking at me with hopeful eyes.

I knew she was up to something, and that question was the anchor for a lot of shit to unleash. Things that I wasn’t prepared to discuss.

“No, Allison. There is no fixing us. I told you that when we got divorced.”

“James, please,” she begged. “Please, just let me get help, and we can fix things.”

I wasn’t sure what she didn’t understand about me telling her no, but I was certain it had something to do with the fact that, before, she wasn’t broke, but now, her money was almost gone.

There was nothing this woman could say to change my mind, and now was the time to make her go. Becca was going to be here any moment, and I didn’t want Allison here when she got here.

“No, Allison. I’m sorry, but there is no way that I would give us a chance again. You didn’t just cheat on me, Allison. Your betrayal broke me because you, at one point, were the only woman I ever could imagine loving.”

She was silent for a moment as she took in what I was telling her, but just as the waterworks had been there, I saw the small spark of anger deep in her eyes.

“You don’t think that anymore, do you?” she said in a more hostile tone than she had spoken moments ago.

“No, I don’t.” I shook my head. “Now, please, I need you to leave. I have another meeting starting soon. I can’t be late for it.”

“Are you really going to throw everything away for her?”

I wasn’t sure how to respond to what she said, but it wasn’t any of her concern what I was about to do with my own time and freedom. If I didn’t end up with Becca, then that would be the choice Becca and I made.

It would have nothing to do with Allison.

As much as I had once loved this woman, I couldn’t allow her to be the one who dictated the outcome of my future.

“I’m not throwing anything away for anyone, Allison. I plan to create a fresh path and future with her, though. No matter who tries to stop it. It will happen.”

Disbelief and hatred filled her as she looked at me. “You can’t.... James, please, I love you.”

Her twisted words of love and desire meant nothing to me now. Perhaps once upon a time I would have cared, but now there was no way I could.

The only woman who made my heart beat with a notion of love was Rebecca, and if I had to spend a lifetime making it up to her after everything she had been put through, then so be it. I would spend a lifetime chasing after her if that was what she expected of me.

“Allison, enough. I need you to leave.”

Her eyes drifted from me to the door as soft, gentle knocking echoed down the hallway. “Is that her? She’s your meeting?”

Clearing my throat, I narrowed my eyes at her, “Don’t you dare.”

“Why can’t you see I’m trying to change, James?”

“Because, Allison, you have said you were changing many times, and after a while, one stops believing that shit could end up being true. I hope you do change and one day realize how much you have destroyed acting the way you do.”

My eyes cast down the hallway as I watched Maria walk towards the door. The only woman I wanted to love was just beyond the door, and I couldn’t wait to see her.

“I’m sorry, James.” Allison said, catching my attention. Turning towards her, I was caught off guard by her actions, and before I could realize what was going on, her lips were on mine and a small gasp escaped the entryway to the kitchen.

Becca.

When I pulled up to James' house, I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but it definitely wasn't Allison's car parked in the driveway. Was this the meeting that he said he had?

As I knocked on the door, I hesitated, unsure of what to do. Should I leave and come back later, or maybe I should text him?

When the door opened, I had hoped to see him, but Maria, his housekeeper, greeted me. She smiled at me, but then it quickly fell as she looked over her shoulder with hesitation.

"What's wrong?" I whispered, stepping through the doorway.

"He's in the kitchen, miss," she said before quickly disappearing.

Walking down the hall, I entered the kitchen, and the sight in front of me was one that I wasn't prepared to see. James and Allison stood in the kitchen kissing, and a gasp of shock escaped me as I stood frozen.

James quickly pushed her away, wiping his lips. "What the f*ck did you do that for?"

Her eyes met mine and filled with tears and hatred. "This is your fault. Why can't you just leave us alone? We were fine before you got here and ruined everything!"

Looking between the two of them, I wasn't sure what to say, but when his eyes fell on me I saw the remorse. "Becca, it wasn't what it looked like. She planned this—"

"Stop," I blurted. "Was this the meeting you had?"

"Meeting?!" she shrieked before laughing. "We may not be married anymore, but I will always be his wife, you little homewrecker."

"Go f*ck yourself, Allison. You're a delusional snide bitch, and you and your daughter deserve each other."

"Wait-what?" James said, looking at me. "What happened?"

I was in disbelief at his question. Did he really not know, considering he was kissing her?

"Don't act like this with me... I can't do this shit. If you want Allison, then you can have her," I scoffed.

"I don't want her," he said quickly before grabbing my arm. "I want you."

Pulling my arm from his grasp, I looked at Allison again. "Then why is she here?"

"She came over unannounced—"

“Don’t f*cking lie to her, James. You asked me to come over so we could talk about Tally.” Allison mocked as she crossed her arms over her chest.

“No, the f*ck I didn’t,” he snapped at her. “Get out of my house, Allison.”

“No!” she screamed. “This bitch will never be able to replace me!”

For the second time in the day, I watched one of the Valentino women charge at me. Only this time, I was prepared for what was to come. Before she could do anything, I swung at her and knocked her to the ground.

There was no stopping because Allison had pissed me off enough.

Punch after punch, I hit her in her face as she clawed at me, screaming at me every name under the sun. James, though, had other plans and quickly wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me off her.

Before she could stand, though, I kicked out and hit her chest with my foot, causing her to stumble back into the table. “You’re a spiteful bitch, Allison! I’m f*cking done with it all!”

The moment was quickly over. Allison tried to straighten herself as she wiped the blood from her nose and mouth. I never in my life had openly attacked someone before, but then again, I had never had someone push me the way she did.

“Becca, what the hell has gotten into you?!” James yelled as he pulled me aside. “Why would you do that?”

“Are you f*cking serious right now?!” I screamed at him. “You know what? I’m f*cking done with all of this. To think I came here tonight to tell you I loved you... what kind of fool was I?”

Turning on my feet, I made my way towards the front door. I was done with the bullshit, but James wasn’t ready to see that happen because I was quickly pulled back and held close to him. “Don’t walk away from me,” he said sternly.

Jerking myself from his grasp, I shook my head. “No... don’t do that. You have no right to tell me not to walk away when you won’t even fight to stay with me. When you won’t even—”

“Won’t what, Becca?” he yelled again, causing tears to flow down my cheeks.

“Goodbye, James.” I said without hesitation. “Oh, and by the way, your daughter is engaged to Chad... she was the girl he was cheating on me with, and she’s pregnant.”

Becca.

Leaving James’ house the way I did was harder than I had expected it to be. There was a point in my life when I would have done anything to keep the person I loved, and I realized with Chad it wasn’t a healthy place to be.

With all the twisted games these people had me playing, I had finally reached a breaking point, and no matter what shit they tried to tell me, I would not do it anymore.

Did I love him? I think I did, but is love a good enough reason to mentally exhaust myself to the point of seeking some falsified sense of security?

To me it wasn't, and as I found my way back to Allegra's, I knew what I had to do.

I had to get out of Miami and its toxic environment.

Nothing about this place screamed happy memories. Instead, it was nothing but utter chaos and great sex. Something I'm sure I could find anywhere else.

Opening Allegra's door, I walked in to find Neal standing in the entryway staring at me with wide eyes. I had forgotten he was leaving tonight, and honestly, it was kind of perfect.

"Holy shit, Becca!" Neal dropped his bag and cleared the space between us. He lifted my chin to get a better look at me. I winced when he ran his thumb gently across my cheek. "What the f*ck happened to you?"

"What's the commotion?" Allegra stopped in her tracks, mouth wide, as she stared at me.

"I'm fine," I sighed, looking at them both as I moved past Neal with a smile and headed towards the kitchen in search of something cold to put on my face.

"You're not fine," she replied, placing her hands on her hips. "What happened?"

Taking a moment, I contemplated how to explain it all. "Well, do you want the long drawn out version, or do you want the short version with CliffsNotes?"

She narrowed her eyes at me, raising a brow with an irritated look.

"CliffsNotes it is.... Let's see... Tally is f*cking Chad for starters, which, honestly, I had always wondered if that was the case. Um—oh, she's getting married to him, and she's pregnant," I said, watching as Neal's and Allegra's faces went from anger to shock.

Chapter 54 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

“Holy shit. Are you serious?” Allegra asked.

“Yep, but I found that out after I punched her in the face, and Chad attacked me, so I had to taze him—again.” I went for nonchalant as I pulled the ice pack back and gently touched my face. I’m not sure the line delivered the way I expected.

“Wait, was he the one who did this to you?!” Neal all but roared in anger. “I’ll f*cking kill him.”

“Whoa, whoa. Calm down, killer. This isn’t from him,” I smirked. “I love the enthusiasm, though.”

“Well then, who the f*ck did that to you?” Allegra asked with sincere eyes.

“Allison did... but only because she was trying to defend herself since I was beating her ass.” I wore a victorious smile before the tears flowed down my face.

With the reactions from Allegra and Neal, I couldn’t help but laugh. They both stood speechless in front of me, as if trying to process it all. However, then Neal did the one thing I wasn’t expecting.

He walked over to me and wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into a hug. The comfort he was providing me was unexpected, but it felt right.

“Where was this at?” Neal asked in confusion. “I mean, was she where you went to meet Tally?”

“No,” I replied, shaking my head, thinking of James. “She was at James’ house.”

“Excuse me? Why was she at his house?” Allegra asked in confusion.

Remembering the kiss brought tears to my eyes. “It doesn’t matter. What’s done is done. Neal, are you still leaving tonight?”

“Yeah, why have you changed your mind?” he asked with a concerned glance as Allegra looked between the two of us.

“Changed your mind about what?”

“I’m leaving with Neal tonight for New York. I can’t stay here anymore, Allegra and I’m ready to get out of here.” Trying to make myself laugh, I pushed through my words.

“Oh, sweetie...” she replied before wrapping her arms around me. “You do what you think is best. I will support you no matter what. Can I please ask what happened with James, though, to make you want to leave?”

Nodding my head, I took a deep breath as she pulled back, staring at me.

“I walked in on him and Allison kissing. Then all hell broke loose.”

I didn’t have to explain further for her to know what I meant by that. She could see the state of me, and it was obvious after everything I had been through I was done with it all.

It was time for a change of scenery. The Valentinos could have their drama.

I just wouldn't allow myself to be part of it.

James.

The moment Becca left, I was filled with rage. I stormed back into the house seeking blood, and when I found Allison, I lost it.

"Get the f*ck out of my house!" I screamed at her.

Never once had she seen this side of me, and when she didn't move, I picked up the vase on the accent table and tossed it at the wall above her head. "I said get the f*ck out!"

She didn't wait for me to tell her again as she bolted towards the door and disappeared from my sight. Becca had been trying to tell me the entire time what Allison was doing, but like an idiot, I didn't listen to her at all.

Instead, I allowed Allison to hurt her again, and then asked her what was wrong. How could I be such a fool?

Grabbing my car keys, I ran out the front door and jumped into my car. I had not gone after her once, and there was no way I was going to make the same mistake twice.

Everything had fallen apart once more, and no way she was going to stay in Miami after this.

As I drove towards the apartment building I tried to think of what I could say or do to convince her to stay, but my mind was empty of thoughts, so I pulled into the parking lot completely unsure of what to do.

Moments passed, and eventually, I beat on Allegra's door.

"Becca!" I yelled loudly until the door opened, and Allegra stood there with narrowed eyes glaring at me.

"What are you doing here?" she asked as I pushed past her and made my way into the living room, looking around for Becca.

"Where is she?" I asked, as I turned to face her. "Where's Becca? I have to find her."

"Why... so you can break her heart some more?" she snapped, slamming the front door behind her.

"You have no idea what you're talking about, Allegra. It isn't like that."

Laughter escaped her as she shook her head looking at me. "Like what, James?"

"I didn't break her heart!" I yelled in frustration.

Before I knew what was happening, Allegra slapped me, and I stood wide-eyed at what had just happened. “Don’t you dare take that tone with me, James Valentino! Do you hear me?”

Nodding my head slowly, I rubbed my face and sighed. “I can’t lose her.”

“Why was Allison at your house, James?”

“She showed up there. I didn’t ask her to come over, and then she was talking about how she was going to go back to rehab and what not. Shit, Allegra, she f*cking apologized to me. Never in my life did I think I’d hear some shit like that.”

She laughed at my comment and picked up her phone off the counter.

“You’re an idiot, James. I bet you Allison and Tally set it all up.”

“Tally? Why would you think that?” I asked, trying to understand why she would think Tally had something to do with it.

“Yesterday, Tally sent a text to Becca, asking her to talk. Said she wanted nothing to do with her mom and she wanted to fix things with them. Becca was hesitant, but in the end, she went to hear what Tally had to say. Tally lured her there so Becca would see her f*cking Chad.”

Everything slowly made sense, and I was at a loss for words over it.

My daughter and my ex-wife did the only thing they could to force Becca to leave. Their selfish desires made her jump ship and run away from me.

“That’s what she meant—” I said in realization.

Allegra sighed at my realization with a frown on her face. “Yeah, and supposedly you’re going to be a grandpa. Congratulations. Not sure how Tally is going to mature enough to take care of a baby.”

“Enough, Allegra. I will sort that out when the time comes.”

“I hope so, because Becca was pretty upset about everything. You need to fix things soon if there is even a chance to fix things,” Allegra replied, leaning against the wall. “She loves you, James.”

“I know... please tell me you know where she is...” I said, hoping Allegra would break.

There was an uneasiness in her before she shook her head and sighed, “It’s too late.”

“Nothing is ever too late. Please, I have to find her.”

“No, that’s not what I meant. I mean, it’s too late because she is on her way to catch a flight right now headed to New York. There is no way you will get there in time.”

“With who?” I asked, already knowing the answer to that question.

“Neal—”

Before she could continue her sentence, I was out the door and running for my car. I couldn't let her leave like this, and not with him. It was nothing against him, but I didn't want another man comforting the woman I cared about.

Thirty minutes later, I pulled up to the private airfield where his plane sat on the tarmac. The lights were flashing, and it was preparing for takeoff as I took off running towards it. "Wait! Stop the plane!" I yelled as it moved forward slowly, gaining speed.

There was nothing I could do to stop the plane now, and as I stood on the tarmac, I watched the plane lift off the ground and slowly gain altitude.

I was too late, and Becca was gone.... Sweet Rebecca headed to New York, and where she would go from there, I didn't know.

The pain that filled my chest in that moment was more than I wanted to bear, and as I ran my hand through my hair, I tried to understand where I had gone wrong.

On more than one occasion, I had failed to treat her right, and protect her.

I allowed all of this to happen, and I wasn't sure if there would ever be a way for her to forgive me.

Becca.

As the plane took off from the airport, I tried to come to terms with what I had done. I was leaving Miami with Neal and headed back north to the lands I knew. It was disheartening to know things had gone as bad as they did, but I accepted it.

Glancing over at Neal, I saw that he was busy typing away on the laptop in front of him. The man had been on one business call after another, and it reminded me that just because someone has money that doesn't mean they don't work for it.

Like James, Neal was a busy, successful proprietor.

It now made sense why he said he didn't want to leave his partner when he had to go off to another location. He wants to be part of the relationship and not constantly away. Which was sweet, but seemed lonely.

"Thank you for letting me catch a ride."

Looking up at me, he smiled. "You don't have to thank me. I'm more than happy to help you out."

"Why though? I mean, you barely know me."

Neal looked at me for a moment, as if contemplating what he was going to say next. "Do I really need to know you all that well in order to help you?"

"I guess not..." I replied, feeling embarrassed I'd said anything.

What he'd said was true. I supposed you didn't really have to know somebody in order to help them, but I was still confused.

Chapter 55 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

He was spending a lot of money helping me, and he barely knew me outside of knowing Allegra loved me to death. I decided not to press the issue any further. The last thing I wanted to do was upset somebody who had been nothing but kind to me.

“Regardless of it all, I still thank you for helping me. Once I get to New York, I will have to figure things out.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I've got to make my way back up to Yale and find a new place to live, as well as move my stuff out of the apartment I was in. It's going to take a bit of time.”

“I forgot you were living with Tally,” he replied with a sad smile.

“Yeah, but it's okay. I will figure it all out. Before she returns to school, I want to get out of there. I don't want it to be weird having to deal with her,” I said as I looked out the window of the plane. The pilot came over the speaker to inform us we had reached cruising altitude.

“So, how did you guys get that place? Will there be a deposit you can get back or something?” Neal asked after a moment of silence between us.

I could tell he was trying not to pry, but I couldn't help but laugh at his question. To think about Tally paying rent was amusing.

“No, unfortunately not. James was the one who funded that apartment. He actually bought it and owns it outright. I stayed there with Tally, so I had a free place to live while I was attending college.”

The depth of conversations I'd had with Neal in the past had never really been too much about what I was really doing up north or about my family.

He knew my mother had died, and he knew I was going to school at Yale, but he didn't know every single detail.

Closing his laptop, he placed it back into his bag, and unclipped his seat buckle, making his way towards me with a glass of dark amber liquid in his hand.

Something about him made me feel some kind of way, but I wasn't sure what it was. He didn't spike my interest like James did, but there was something comforting about being around him.

Taking a seat next to me, he made himself comfortable before setting his glass down. "I guess we really never had private conversations about ourselves to a degree. At least not about you. Why don't you tell me about your family? What does your father do for a living?"

Talking about my family wasn't something I typically did. I was a private person and enjoyed not having many people know about who I was. I couldn't ignore his question, though. Not after he had been so kind to me.

"Well, my father is retired from the military. He was a pilot and then taught aviation school. However, he ended up retiring again when my mom got sick."

Neal's eyes looked on in admiration at what I said.

There were many things Neal was, but cruel was never one of them, nor did he ever judge a single person he'd ever met that I knew of. Of course, the exception being Tally and Allison. But then again, everybody had a reason to judge them.

"What kind of planes does he fly?" Neal asked with curiosity.

"Um-I don't know specifically. He flew cargo planes or something in the air force, and I do know that he did get licensed at one point for helicopters. I think he just did that for fun, though. Honestly, you would have to ask him." I laughed thinking about the crazy ideas my father has had over the years.

"I may have to do that if I ever manage to get to meet him." Neal laughed. "It sounds like he is a good man. Did he ever take you up?"

"He is a good man. Unfortunately, he took me up in a plane one time, and it was not for me. I have a slight fear of flying if you can't tell. I popped a Xanax before we got on the plane."

Neal laughed, nodding his head. "I wondered what you had taken, but I didn't feel like it was my place to ask."

The curious glances he gave me as he sipped on his drink didn't make me feel as uncomfortable as I thought I would feel. Instead, I felt pleasantly content with being around him.

Neal was a good man, and even though my thoughts often drifted back to James, it didn't change the fact things were more complicated than I wanted them to be.

Thinking about everything that happened earlier in the day, my eyes filled with tears I refused to let fall. I quickly blinked them away, and as I did, Neal's hand rested upon my knee as he gripped it gently.

“Don’t let everything bother you. You come from a family that has worked hard to get to where they are, and everything will work out in the end.”

A mixture of a laugh and a scoff left my throat as I sighed, trying to act like I wasn’t bothered by what had happened. “Anyway, when I get back, I have a lot to do.”

“Why don’t you just stay at my place? I mean, I’m only gonna be there for a couple of days, and then I have to leave again to go overseas, and I’ll be gone for another week. It’ll give you time to figure things out,” he suggested, catching me off guard.

“Oh, no! I couldn’t possibly do that, Neal. That would be too much of a burden on you.”

As nice as it sounded to stay at Neal’s place, I didn’t want to impose on him. Yet, Neal wasn’t the type of person to take no for an answer.

He leaned back in the chair and gave me an ‘are you serious’ glance while raising a brow in my direction. “You’re going to be staying with me, and that’s final. When we land this plane, I expect you and your luggage to end up in my car and at my place.”

I couldn’t hold back the amusement I had over the way he was acting. I could tell he was trying to be serious, but he couldn’t hide the smile crossing his lips.

“Neal—” I said with a smirk.

“No, no. My sister would hang me if she knew that I just let you wander out there on the streets without a place to go, and honestly, the company would be nice if you’d stay with me.”

“Okay, if you’re sure,” I replied, agreeing with his demands.

I knew how he felt about the company situation. As much as I wanted to deal with everything that happened on my own, I also didn’t want to be alone.

Just an added addition to my complicated and conflicted feelings....

A comfortable silence filled the space between us, and as it did, I couldn’t stop my mind from going back to James. The things that had happened earlier in the day were still so fresh, and I wondered if I had made a mistake with the way I’d acted.

Why was it I always ended up being attracted to men who just wanted to hurt me?

I couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to date a guy like Neal. Would he be sweet and romantic? Would he treat me right and give me no reason to question him?

Could I live a life with someone who was always gone and traveling?

It was weird that I was even wondering what it would be like, but then at the end of my thoughts, I was trying to compare him and James as if there was a competition.

James had seriously f*cked with my mind, and the realization was agonizing.

“I promise I will only be there for a week. I don’t want to overstay my welcome,” I said, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

Neal wrapped his arm around me and pulled me close to him, my head resting upon his shoulder. “Never feel that you are a burden to me or the fact that you would overstay your welcome. You could stay with me for years if you wanted, and I would enjoy your company.”

“Years are a long time,” I chuckled, causing him to laugh as well.

“You are a very kind woman, Becca. Any man will be lucky to have a person like you in their lives, and I know that one day, you’re going to make a man very happy. I’m just sorry to see that James could not realize that.”

It was at that moment that the dam broke, and my eyes filled with tears quickly flooding down my face. Through everything that I had gone through, I’d still come out on top with my head held high.

I didn’t allow Allison and Tally to break me.

In the end, yes, they pushed me towards the point of leaving, but I didn’t leave broken. I refused to admit I was broken because even though my heart felt shattered, I knew it could be put back together again.

It would just take time to do so, and time was something I had plenty of. All I had to do was have faith everything would work out. In the end, I was positive it would.

Maybe one day I would run back into James, and if I did, we could rekindle what we’d had. If we couldn’t, though, at least I could look at him as a friend and know, at one point in time, we’d shared quite a lot in common.

A few days later, I felt much better than I had when I left Miami. Neal was far wealthier than I realized, and when he brought me to his place, it all but took my breath away.

Tall vaulted ceilings, floor-to-ceiling windows, exotic plants... The list continued with no end to the lavish things he had in his upscale New York penthouse apartment. It was his pride and joy though, and when he first showed it to me, his eyes lit up.

I had forgotten how much I missed New York until I was back home.

Now, I enjoyed the South. The only problem was you still had to drive everywhere for everything.

Being in New York City, I didn’t have to.

I could simply walk out of the building down to the bodega to grab something if I wanted, or even grab something to eat at one of the vendors on the corner. You never really know how much you miss something until it is no longer available to you.

Slipping on my tennis shoes, I made my way from Neal’s apartment, heading to the bodega to grab a drink and a bag of chips. The past few days, I was addicted to a specific food I had put down due to stress.

Flaming Hot Cheetos and green tea.

Thinking about those now, my mouth watered with anticipation. The delicious crunch and flavor of the Cheetos caused my stomach to growl in longing.

As soon as my feet hit the pavement outside, I was met with the loud sounds of New York. The familiar rush of gasoline and sweat would be gross to others, but to me, it felt like home weirdly.

Before I could reach my destination, my phone rang as it had done many times over the last few days. Glancing down at it, I hesitated as I saw the one name I wasn't ready to talk to.

James had repeatedly asked me to call him over the last few days, but I couldn't.

The pain of everything was still so fresh in my mind, and as much as I wanted to tell him I was sorry for leaving, and blame everything on myself, I couldn't.

It wasn't my fault, and in the end, I had every right to be upset. Yet, no matter how mad I was, the growing pain of missing him was very prominent.

Letting out a sigh, I slowly hit the green button on my phone and answered the call. "Hello?"

"Becca. You finally answered. I've been so worried about you," James said with a breathless response.

"Why are you worried about me? I thought you made it clear I was no longer your problem when I left. You seemed to want your life simpler, so why are you calling me?"

I hadn't meant to snap at him, but my frustration with everything finally slipped through, and anyone who heard me could tell I was more than pissed off.

"Becca, please, just let me explain," he replied.

"Yes. Please elaborate, because I am entirely confused about everything. I'm not some girl that can just be messed around with. From the beginning, I told you I didn't want to be someone's one-night stand. I wanted a relationship, but I wasn't ready."

It wasn't entirely true. Yes, I wasn't ready for a relationship, but in the beginning, I didn't know what I wanted. The only thing clear to me from day one was I wanted to have him f*ck me senseless, and I didn't want Tally to find out.

He accomplished one of those aspects, but the second one he failed on purpose.

"Look, I understand how you feel. From the very beginning, I didn't think I wanted anything either, but the thought of you leaving things unsettled between us... it's killing me," he sighed into the phone, causing my heart to clench at his words.

Chapter 56 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

Hearing him explain how he was the one suffering with my absence, and how everything was left off really tore at me. He sounded like he was trying to make himself the victim, when in reality, I was the victim in all of this.

Granted, I hadn’t been the easiest person to work with. I was an adult, and I was responsible for my own actions, but he knew what was going on with his ex-wife and his daughter. None of them would have ever found out had he not purposely set it up so they would find out.

“So, you only called to try to make things better between us so you could turn around and feel better about yourself and about what had happened?” I asked in confusion as I tried to understand what exactly it was he wanted to say.

“No, it’s nothing like that. I just don’t want there to be bad blood between us. I do care for you, Becca. More than you realize.” The tone of his voice sounded more than exhausted.

“If you cared for me, you would never have let Tally find out the way she did. If you cared for me, you would never have let Allison treat me like scum. If you, honestly, cared for me at all, you would have come after me and told me you were sorry in person, and not just over the phone.”

A groan of irritation escaped him on the other end of the line. “Becca—”

“No, James. I don’t know what it is you’re looking for, but unfortunately, I have plans today, so I’m going to have to let you go. I hope you find the closure you’re seeking. It just won’t be with me,” I explained as I quickly hung up the phone.

Standing on the sidewalk, I took a deep breath, closing my eyes as I let things sink in. I wanted to call him back and apologize for the outburst.

But I couldn’t. I wasn’t crazy, but he made me crazy.

Never had a man, or anybody, ever complicated things in my life to the point of a mental breakdown, until I met James Valentino.

Groaning with irritation, I grabbed what I was needing at the bodega and paid for it, quickly making my way out, ready to recluse back into Neal’s apartment.

However, as soon as I returned to the apartment half an hour later, I found a suitcase sitting just inside the door.

A smile crept upon my face as I turned the corner to find Neal standing there, staring out the window.

“Oh, my gosh!” I squealed with excitement. “I knew you were coming home today!”

He laughed as I wrapped my arms around his waist, giving him a hug. I didn’t mean to seem overly excited, but Neal and I had grown close over the time we spent together since I met him in Miami.

“Yes, I was trying to surprise you, but when I got here, you weren’t here.”

“Sorry,” I said sheepishly. “I ran down to the store to get a snack, I have been craving these Hot Cheetos.”

“Hot Cheetos?” he replied with a raised brow. “When did they make them hot?”

“Oh, my god. Are you being serious right now? Open your mouth,” I demanded, wanting him to try my favorite chips.

“No way. I will just take your word for it,” he laughed, shaking his head.

It was nice to be back on familiar ground with him. I had missed the banter we had the first two days we were together before he left for London, and now that he was back, I was curious to how long he would stay.

“So, how long do I have you for before they snatch you away again?” I tease as I move towards the kitchen to get a glass of ice.

He was quiet for a moment, and when I turned around, I saw the way his blue eyes stared at me as if he was lost deep in his thoughts. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I was just thinking about something.”

“Oh, yeah?” I grinned. “Who has your mind all fogged over? Are they cute?”

Laughter escaped his lips as he shook his head no. “I’m not dating anyone right now, Becca. I already told you that before. Stop trying to play matchmaker for me.”

“I’m not, I’m not.” I giggled. “Just saying—”

“You’re merely acting like my sister, Becca,” he quickly added, causing me to sigh and roll my eyes dramatically with a smirk.

He was right, though. I was trying to play matchmaker, but only because I didn’t want to see him alone. He was quickly becoming one of the sweetest men I knew, and I wanted him to end up with the right person.

“Why don’t we do something fun tonight?” I suggested as he dragged his suitcase towards his room with me following behind him.

“Fun? I don’t know. I was kind of hoping that we can sit here and order in food or something,” Neal said as he pulled the items out of his suitcase, and put them where they belonged. “I’m here for about a week. So plenty of time to hang out.”

Hearing he was here for at least a week made me smile. I had to head back to school next week and being able to spend time with someone rather than be alone sounded nice.

“Movie and a pizza it is, then,” I said, causing him to laugh. “No f*cking pineapple on the damn pizza, though, Becca!”

“I’m sorry... did I hear you wanted extra pineapple? Okay... yeah, extra pineapple.”

Picking up my phone, I looked over my shoulder just in time to see him coming running out the door at me with a smile on his face. Screaming with laughter, I moved quickly but not fast enough before he caught me wrapping his arms around my waist.

“No, damn pineapple woman,” Neal almost growled in my ear, and the sound itself did something else to me I wasn’t expecting.

Freezing in his arms, my heart racing, I bit my bottom lip, refusing to look at him.

He seemed to get the gesture, and quickly he let go of me and ran his hand through his hair. “Sorry about that.”

“Don’t be silly, it’s fine. I’ll make the call, and you finish unpacking?” I asked as I peered up at him, slightly unsure.

“Sure thing.” He didn’t waste another moment as he turned and headed back towards his room. I found myself slightly confused by the way he was acting, but overall, I shook it off as overthinking.

Neal was a good friend to me as well as being Allegra’s brother. There was no way the situation would be weird between the two of us. He knew where I stood with everything, and he saw me as nothing but a friend.

As night settled in the city, Neal and I found ourselves curled up on his sofa laughing at a sitcom he found on one of the movie platforms, a box of pizza in front of us. We enjoyed each other’s company, and even FaceTime’d Allegra to check in with her.

Spending time like this was amazing, and I was pleased with how quickly things changed by simply removing myself from a complicated and nerve-wracking situation.

“I can’t believe you have me watching this!” I laughed as I glanced over at Neal.

He sat on the other side of the sofa with a slice of pizza in his hand, shrugging his shoulders. “This is a classic. I don’t see what your problem is.”

Rolling my eyes, I stood from the sofa and made my way towards the kitchen to make myself another drink. “Do you want another whiskey?”

Neal looked over his shoulder at me and nodded. “Yeah, just bring the bottle with you.”

“The bottle?” I replied, raising my brow. “What are we getting drunk?”

“Maybe,” he shrugged as he continued to eat.

It was different seeing him like this. Before, he had been so serious, back when I’d first met him, but with a laid back personality. Then I saw him carefree and fun loving when we went to Club Velvet. Then more serious when I was hurt.

In the end, though, he was always worrying about me being okay.

Walking back towards the sofa, I sat down next to him, and put the bottle of whiskey on the table with his glass, then brought my wineglass to my lips.

I wasn’t much of a drinker, but Neal had gotten me hooked on a brand of Zin I couldn’t get enough of. It wasn’t too sweet, but it was just strong enough to take the edge off.

“Thanks,” he said as he sipped on his fourth glass.

The blackened sky outside made for a scenic background outside the large floor to ceiling windows. One movie after another, we laughed amongst each other as we talked about how poor Neal’s movie choices were and also what I was going to do for accommodations.

“You can’t live in that neighborhood, Becca. It’s horrible.”

Rolling my eyes for the hundredth time, I sighed. “I don’t have much of a choice. That’s what I can afford.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I will find you something.”

Neal’s comment was very nonchalant, and even though I appreciated him wanting to help, there was no way I could allow him to do something like that.

“Absolutely not,” I said, giving him a pointed look. “I’m not letting you help.”

“You don’t have a choice,” he replied, giving me a stern glare as he grabbed his phone off the coffee table. “Let me make a call.”

Before he pushed any buttons and called anyone, I snatched his phone and jumped up from the sofa. “No way!”

“Damit, Becca!” he yelled, laughing. “Give me back my phone.”

Turning, I stood on the other side of the sofa, staring at him. “No way. I’m not letting you get me a place. I will figure it out.”

“It’s just money. I need more investment properties, anyway. Now give me my phone.”

I stood wide eyed, looking at him in shock. He wasn't talking about helping me find one. He was going to buy me a property to use because he wanted a future investment.

"I'm definitely not giving you your phone back now. There is no way I'm letting you buy a property just for me."

"It's not just for you," he said, as he took another bite of his food. "It's also an investment."

"Still not giving it back," I replied, stuffing it in my back pocket.

"You know I can take it away from you if I want to."

I knew he could, but I wouldn't let him. There would be no way I could pay him back for taking care of me in that way. Not to mention it just seemed so much more personal between us.

Placing down his plate, he chased his food with the rest of his drink and slowly stood to his feet as he wiped off his mouth. "You have two seconds to hand over my phone, or I will take it from you, Becca."

The stern warning was meant to be serious, but he couldn't keep a straight face with how much he had been drinking. Taking a step back, I smiled at him.

"Careful, Neal. With the amount you have drank, I would hate for you to hurt yourself."

As soon as the last word left my lips, he bolted towards me, causing me to squeal as I took off running. Round and round the kitchen island, he chased me. "Give it back!"

"Never!" I replied with laughter as I bolted for the nearest bedroom door. The only problem was that with the lights mainly on in the living room, the rest of the house was dark, and I quickly stumbled over things. "Ow, shit."

Chapter 57 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

"What are you doing?" Neal laughed as he came charging right behind me.

Quickly, I tried to close the bedroom door, but he was right there pushing it open, causing me to stumble backwards as he wrapped his arm around my waist. My hands instantly went to his phone as he tried to grab it from me.

“Let me go. You’re not getting it back,” I laughed as I tried to turn around, wriggling out of his arms. My back pressed to his chest, he held me tight against him as I kept a firm grip on his phone.

It took me a moment to realize the position we were in, and when I felt his lips against my neck, I froze. Gently, he kissed me, and as he did, the sensation sent pleasure straight to my core.

“Neal—” I whispered breathlessly as I turned to look at him, only to have his lips crash upon mine as my heart beat as if it was going to burst out of my chest.

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Not yet, at least. It was too soon for me to move on.

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“You did nothing wrong. Trust me, I want it, but I’m not thinking straight right now.”

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“You don’t answer your phone?” She cocked a brow and placed her hands upon her hips. Nothing but irritation in her posture.

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“I’m here because we need to talk. About Becca.”

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“I’m here to talk to you about Becca, and you don’t have time?” she scoffed with irritation. “You really are moving on quickly, aren’t you? Maybe I made a mistake in coming.”

“F*ck you, Allegra,” I snapped with a death grip on my clipboard. “Never assume anything when it comes to how I feel about Becca.”

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Pinching the bridge of my nose, I sighed and gestured for her to continue. Allison was a pain in my ass, but Allegra was a whole entirely different level. She didn’t annoy me, but she scared me to a degree. Something I would never tell her. “Listening.”

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Shaking my head, I stared at Allegra for a moment. “She doesn’t want me.”

“That’s bullshit. Yes, she does.”

“No, it isn’t bullshit. I talked to her yesterday and she made it clear that I don’t need to worry about her. She was pissed that I was even calling.”

Allegra stood speechless as she stared at me. Uncrossing her arms, she pulled out her phone and sent a text message. “I’m texting you Neal’s number. I was going to tell you what he told me, but I think it’s better you hear it from him. So please call him.”

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I wasn’t sure why she was so adamant to have me call him, but it slightly intrigued me. I nodded my head, and she released me, backing up from where I was before turning and walking away. I was pleased she was gone, however, my mind kept reeling

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Groaning in irritation, I dialed the number she’d sent me and listened to it ring.

“James Valentino,” Neal said on the other end of the phone. “I didn’t expect you to call.”

“Yes, well, your sister made a scene at my business and told me to call you so here I am calling you.”

“I see,” he replied after a moment of hesitation. “So, I take it she didn’t tell you?”

“No. She didn’t tell me anything,” I said with frustration. “Perhaps you can enlighten me to what your sister needed to tell me. She said I had to call you.”

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“Did something happen to Becca? Is she okay?” I replied with concern.

“Yeah, she is fine. She misses you, James.”

“So everyone keeps telling me,” I sighed. “Let me explain just as I told Allegra. I spoke with her yesterday morning, and she made it clear she wasn’t interested in me.”

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"So, you wanted me to f*cking call you just to tell me you f*cked around with her, you piece of shit? What kind of sadistic f*ck are you?!"

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Chapter 58 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

"What are you doing?" Neal laughed as he came charging right behind me.

Quickly, I tried to close the bedroom door, but he was right there pushing it open, causing me to stumble backwards as he wrapped his arm around my waist. My hands instantly went to his phone as he tried to grab it from me.

"Let me go. You're not getting it back," I laughed as I tried to turn around, wriggling out of his arms. My back pressed to his chest, he held me tight against him as I kept a firm grip on his phone.

It took me a moment to realize the position we were in, and when I felt his lips against my neck, I froze. Gently, he kissed me, and as he did, the sensation sent pleasure straight to my core.

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Chapter 59 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

“Hey!” he yelled at me. “Don’t you dare f*cking speak to me like that. I’m over here trying to f*cking help you, because I’m in f*cking love with her. However, she doesn’t f*cking want me, and seeing her happy is all that matters to me.”

Neal’s admission of love shocked me. He barely knew her, and yet he was in love with her. “I don’t f*cking get you..”

“You’re not meant to, James. So, just shut the f*ck up and listen,” Neal snapped. “This weekend, there is a conference going on at the Paramount building. Show up to it, and win her back. I don’t think you deserve her, but she loves you, and I won’t stop that.”

Everything slowly made sense, and it all confused me. He wanted her and had every chance to have her and keep me away.

Instead, he called Allegra to have her convince me to call him for the sole purpose of him convincing me to come to New York for her. All of it was a clusterf*ck of chaos and confusion, but one thing stood out to me above it all.

Becca loved me and only wanted me.

Even when she had the opportunity to have someone else, she didn't do it. She couldn't let go of the feelings she had for me, and that alone made my heart swell more.

"Fine. Send me the information," I said before hanging up the phone.

There was a time and a place for conflict, but now wasn't it. The only thing that made sense was to do what Allegra and Neal were telling me to do.

Go after her.

Moving towards my car, I broke into a jog, quickening my steps.

If I was going to be going to New York, I had a lot I needed to get prepared. It was already Wednesday, and if the event was this weekend, I was going to need to prepare to travel.

Becca.

The next day was more awkward than I had anticipated it to be. After everything that had happened with Neal last night, I had expected there to be nothing but an awkward silence between us. However, instead, when I had awoken and made my way out to the living room, he seemed more cheerful than ever.

Taking precautions, I kept quiet after saying good morning to him, and made my way towards the kitchen and set the kettle to make myself a cup of tea. I wasn't quite sure what I was going to do for the day, but at the top of my list, I had to find a place to live.

After all, school was coming rather quickly, and I couldn't stay where I was before. Everything was so f*cked up, but there was nothing I could do except take care of shit as always and move forward.

"So, I was looking over everything, and I think I found the perfect place for you," Neal said, catching my attention. Turning around, I stared at him with a blank expression and my lips slightly parted.

"I told you there was no need to worry about that. I can figure it out honestly." Frowning, I hoped he would listen to me and understand I wasn't looking for free hands out from him just because he had money.

"Don't be ridiculous. I told you last night I was going to help you. I really am looking at having rental properties up there. This is a great opportunity for me to expand. Perhaps we can work something out if you feel you're getting handouts."

"What do you mean?" I asked, crossing my arms over my chest while biting the inside of my cheek.

His eyes seemed to hold some sort of mystery to them as he glanced at me with a smile. "I mean, like maybe you can help me out with property management. Instead of me paying someone, I would just let you live in one unit for free. You take care of the others."

Nodding my head, I chose not to say anything else. After all, what was I going to say?

It was better not to bite the hand that feeds you, and honestly, the deal he was offering was great. "I think I can manage something like that."

An empty feeling in the pit of my stomach made me question everything that had happened last night. As much as I tried not to pay any attention to it, I couldn't avoid it.

Neal had kissed me last night, and if I hadn't stopped things, they would have gone further.

Did this mean he actually had an interest in me?

As I finished making my tea, I slowly made my way towards the living room. He was sitting on the sofa in a pair of gray sweatpants and a white T-shirt. His godly aroma wrapped around me in all the right ways.

He was incredibly attractive, and any girl would be fortunate enough to have someone like him. But he wasn't James and as much as I wanted to try to get over him, I couldn't.

"I think we should talk," I said, breaking the awkward silence between us.

His eyes slowly lifted from his laptop placed in front of him to fall on me, and as they did, my breath caught in my throat.

"There's no need to have a discussion about anything that happened last night. We both had a lot to drink and, of course, we know that there is nothing that could ever happen between us." Neal's admission shocked me.

I hadn't expected him to be so nonchalant about it, but he quickly dismissed what had happened between us as if it wasn't a big deal.

"So we're just going to pretend that it never happened?" I asked, furrowing my brows as I lifted my teacup to my lips.

"If that's what you would like to do, then we can. I don't want to discuss it and make you feel uncomfortable. As I said, what happened happened. We'd both been drinking and there's nothing really to discuss."

I was pleased there would not be any awkwardness, but I felt conflicted. His response wasn't what I had expected, and I couldn't help but wonder if he regretted what happened.

"Can I ask you something?" I whispered, watching his eyes lift once again from his laptop to connect with mine.

“You don’t ever have to question if you can ask me something. Of course, you can ask me anything, Becca. You can ask anything of me you want in the world, and I will grant it if it is in my power to do so.” The corners of his lips turned up into a smile.

“Why did you kiss me last night, Neal? I mean, I didn’t think you were into me, and I know you said we’d both been drinking, but the way you were seemed like there was more to it.”

Instantly, his expression fell from one of happiness to one of guilt. Leaning back against the couch, he rubbed his hand over his face as he sighed.

“Well, it is complicated,” he replied, clearing his throat. “I can’t pretend I don’t like you and care about you because I do, Becca. I care about you a great deal. However, I also respect and understand James is the man you love. I would never push you into doing anything you don’t want.”

In shock over his acceptance, my heart swelled, and tears lined my eyes. Whatever person he claimed would be the luckiest in the world. Never once had I met a man as kind as him, except for my own father.

Neal thought about everyone around him before ever thinking about himself.

“I’m so grateful for everything you’ve done for me, Neal. I’m sorry, though, for being so difficult and complicated. You deserve so much better.”

Neal closed his laptop and smiled at me. “You are the one that deserves the world.”

“No, I don’t,” I scoffed. “I’m in love with a man who doesn’t want me. I’m f*cked up.”

“I wouldn’t say that, but I understand,” he said, nodding his head as if everything I was saying made complete sense to him. “That’s why I told you not to worry about it.”

“I don’t want things to change between us,” I admitted softly, grasping at any opportunity to make sure I could keep him in my life, because even if I wasn’t involved with him, he was still a dear friend to me. I would hate the fact of losing him over something silly like this.

“Nothing will ever change between us. Even if you aren’t with me and things never progress, having you in my life as a friend is at least better than having you not in my life at all.” He gestured with his hand for me to come towards him, and setting down my cup, I did.

Pulling me into his lap, he kissed the side of my head. “Actually, I have an event this weekend, and I hoped you could come with me.”

After how things went with the last event I had gone to, I wasn’t quite certain if I wanted to do another. However, this was Neal... not James.

“I don’t know. The gala was a lot for me. I’m just not sure if going to another event would be a good idea,” I replied with hesitation.

“I understand that you’re concerned, but it would mean a great deal to me if you went. Just to have some fun, and if you’re uncomfortable about going, you don’t have to. I thought this would be a very good educational experience for you, considering the field that you’re going into.”

“Educational experience?” I questioned with a soft laugh that made him smile.

“Yes, there’s going to be a ton of guest speakers there. There’s actually going to be quite a few college students there taking notes on the presentations given. I thought you might find it very educational. I know how much your field of study means to you, and I believe there is one person who’s going to be there that you will enjoy.”

Hearing this could be educational and benefit me at school was something that intrigued me. I would have a paper I needed to do this year for one of my college classes, and if I could use this firsthand experience to improve my paper than I should do it.

Chances like these often only came around once in a blue moon, and who was I to turn down something significant like this?

Taking a moment, I rolled my eyes and nodded my head in agreement. “Fine, I’ll go, but I’m not getting super dressed up.”

“That’s fine. It’s not one of those kinds of events. I mean, of course, look nice. Now, I’m not saying leggings and a hoodie, but you also don’t have to wear a ball gown and dazzling jewelry. Just something pretty you have on hand.”

Slowly, I stood from his lap, as he continued to clutch at my hand before it gently drifted away until we were no longer touching. I felt the need to cry, but it wasn’t because of sadness. It was one of happiness.

This was the first step towards my future, being slightly different.

And all of it was because Neal didn’t just let me carry on on my own. He took me in when I needed it, gave me a place to stay, and had been nothing but kind to me. Now, once again, he was giving me another opportunity that could benefit me in the long run.

“Why don’t we talk about this place? What are you looking at?” I replied, changing the subject. Quickly grabbing his laptop, he started flipping through the tabs.

There were a variety of different places he was looking at, and one by one, he explained them to me and showed me the layouts of them. They were a lot more extravagant than I was expecting, but with the data he was providing me, I could give him some clear guidance into what would be the best choice for the prices he was going to be spending.

It made me feel like I was actually doing something instead of just feeling like a mooch that was getting another freebie handout.

Even though when I lived with Tally, that was what I was technically doing.

James had paid for everything, and I lived for free.

At least with Neal, I would be doing something to repay him by being the property manager.

The day of the event arrived quickly, and as I climbed into the back of the car with Neal, I found myself excited about the day's events. College students lined the areas waiting patiently to be let into the building, and as long as I was on Neal's arm, that wasn't me.

"Come on, let's head in," he said as I gazed at him.

"Don't we have to wait?" I asked, looking from him towards the line of people waiting outside.

"No," he chuckled. "I don't wait for anything."

Of course, he didn't wait for anything. Why would I think he would?

I supposed that was just the lavishness of his lifestyle.

As we walked through the doors of the Paramount building, I found myself absolutely blown away. My mouth dropped at the beautiful sight before me as the natural light from outside bounced off the crystal chandeliers and beautiful artwork of the main floor.

Tables were scattered everywhere, and those who had already passed through the door were standing around mingling during the conference's cocktail hour.

"This is beautiful," I replied as I took in the surrounding sights. "The creator of this building outdid themselves when they were designing it."

Chapter 60 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

"I will let him know that." Neal laughed as he looked around. "Actually, there he is."

As my eyes followed the path of Neal's, I watched a tall, gray-haired man in a three-piece suit walk our way.

"Neal, I wasn't sure if you were going to make it," the man replied, shaking Neal's hand before his eyes slowly drifted down towards mine. "Who is your lovely friend?"

I looked at Neal, and he smiled at me before clearing his throat. “Carlos, this is my good friend, Rebecca Woods. She is actually attending Yale, and we both thought this event would be a great educational experience for her.”

“Is that right?” Carlos said with a twinkling smile that met his eyes. “Well, I hope you find everything to your standards and also you enjoy yourself.”

“Thank you. It’s so beautiful here. You did a magnificent job with this place.”

Carlos looked at me with amusement before looking up at the building he had designed. There was silence at the moment, but as his gaze met mine again, he nodded.

“I’m glad to know my work is so highly recognized by others. Thank you.”

“Well, Carlos, I’m afraid I need to get Becca to her seat before everything starts. But let’s catch up later if you’re free. I actually have an idea I would like to share with you.”

Letting the men talk about what they needed to, I took another moment to let the area soak in. By now, there were so many people filtering through the area talking, it was almost hard to move throughout the area.

It wasn’t until I looked towards the back fountain my heart dropped for a moment; I thought I saw the back of someone familiar to me.

James? No, it couldn’t be him... could it?

Shaking my head, I tried to clear my mind. My obsession with him was making me see things, and that wasn’t good.

There would be no reason for James to come to New York, and if he was here, he wouldn’t want to see me. Especially after how our conversation went the last time I saw him.

“Shall we find our seats?” Neal said, catching my attention.

“Yeah,” I replied gently, shaking my head to get my mind back on track. “Let’s go.”

“Are you okay?” he asked with concern as he looked over to where I had been looking.

“I’m fine. Just thought I saw someone I knew.”

The lectures began as most would assume, with a man full of excitement coming on stage to talk about the reason we were here and who the speakers of the night were going to be. One after another, different people came on board to discuss topics of all varieties.

I was glad Neal invited me to come, and all my worries over the past few weeks were slowly slipping away. Instead, I had hoped everything was turning around for the right reasons.

That is until a familiar face walked on the stage I hadn’t been expecting to see. James.

My breath caught as I gasped slightly with widened eyes at seeing him. He spoke about his company and how much it was changing the future of imports, and that with the growth of his company came new opportunities.

He was going to be opening internships within his company for a variety of locations he held, and it really caught the attention of many people. Including the women.

Everyone knew he was single and available, and it was almost as if someone had rung the dinner bell on James Valentino.

Yet, no matter the questions being asked or the flirtatiousness of the crowd, his eyes searched the room until they fell on me.

The wide room suddenly felt so small as he stared at me, and as the temperature grew, I couldn't stand it anymore. Standing to my feet, I moved through the rows of people and head towards the back of the venue.

"Becca..." Neal called behind me, but instead of stopping, I gestured to him with my hand. I needed a moment.

How was James here? Why was he here? Did Neal know?

These questions rolled through my mind, and I wasn't sure how to deal with it. I didn't want to think Neal would set this up and not tell me.

"Rebecca—" the dark sultry voice stopped me in my tracks, and without turning around, I knew who it was. "Can we talk?"

Taking a deep breath, I slowly turned around to come face to face with James. He looked a lot different than he usually did, and instead of his neatly kept face, he had a five o'clock shadow growing in thick.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as I stared at him, trying to get a grip on my racing heart.

"I would say that I came to speak, but really, that was just something asked of me. I came here for you, Becca." He stared down at me with sincerity in his eyes, and every part of me screamed to run and kiss him.

I was frozen, though. Frozen to the spot and unable to move because the disbelief in me couldn't comprehend that he was here.

"You didn't want me, James. You—"

"I do want you," he snapped softly. "I want you more than I have ever wanted anyone in my life, and I am here going against everything I am to get you back."

Tears sprang to my eyes at hearing him say that, and as I tried to hold back a sob, he didn't bother to stay away a second longer. James cleared the space between us and wrapped his arms around my waist, crashing his lips against mine.

Kissing him again was a feeling I could never get over.

Every moment of the day, this man was on my mind, and as his lips left mine, I couldn't help but wonder what was going to happen next. "I'm sorry..."

"Oh, baby. You have nothing to apologize for. I was a f*cking idiot, and I should have done something sooner, but I was so worried about everything else going on and what people would say, I didn't."

A figure behind James caught my attention, and looking past him, I spotted Neal staring at us with his hands pushed into his pockets. James gazed in the direction I was looking and straightened himself. "Thank you," he said, causing Neal to nod his head.

I was confused, but if I didn't know better, I would say Neal was behind James being here. After everything that had happened between him and I, he was still giving me things to make me happy.

I didn't have the chance to say anything though, because before I could get a word out, Neal disappeared back into the crowd of people and was out of my sight.

"He cares about you more than you realize," James said softly in my ear.

"What do you mean?" I replied, looking at him with confusion.

A meek smile crossed his lips as he sighed and took my hand. "Let's get out of here."

Nodding, I let James lead me out of the building and through the masses until my face finally hit the cool air of New York City. Taking a deep breath, I exhaled and let the corners of my lips turn up into a smile.

"I missed being up here."

James stopped in his tracks and looked at me with a blank expression. "You did?"

"Yeah, the sunshine is nice, but there is something about New York that feels like home."

After taking a moment, I followed James to where he stood at the open car door and climbed in the back with him. I wasn't sure where he was taking me, but I didn't care.

"I figured we could go get something to eat and talk."

Eating sounded like a good idea, but there was a part of me that had something else in mind as well. Moving quickly, I straddled James' lap and watched as his eyes widened slightly. "Becca—" he whispered as I brushed my lips against his.

"Don't talk," I replied before crashing my lips upon him, relishing in the way it felt to have his hands roaming my body.

It was as if we couldn't get enough of each other, and quickly, we fumbled with his belt until his long thick cock released, and I was letting myself sink down upon it.

“Shit—” I gasped out as his lips trailed over my neck until he wrapped them around my exposed, erect nipple. I wasn’t thinking straight at the moment, and the only thing I wanted was to feel normal.

Even if that meant I may not see him again, I wouldn’t lose the chance to have him make me feel the way he always did. Faster and faster, I rode him until his own moans echoed around me, and as quick as we started, I reached my climax, feeling his cock twitch within me as he came undone.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he whispered as he kissed me gently again.

“What now?” I asked him, watching as a smile crossed his face.

“Now, we go get food and discuss everything. Maybe you’ll choose to stay with me tonight, if you want to.” Taking a moment to think it over, I nodded my head.

Maybe this was a positive thing. Maybe tonight things would change for the better.

James being here was proof of that already.

Sitting down in the restaurant, I took in the general splendor for dim lighting and warm colors. The entire air of the place was rather romantic, and the way James looked at me made me feel as if I was the only woman in the room he had eyes for, and perhaps that was true, but I had to keep my head straight.

“This place is really nice,” I said as I continued to admire the room before letting my eyes fall upon him. The lust filled gaze he was giving me made my stomach knot with anticipation.

“I figured you would like it,” he replied, lifting his wineglass to his lips with a smirk upon his face.

To think, just days ago, I was considering letting go of everything I had with James, and now I was sitting here across from him trying to decide if the situation was real or just an elaborate dream I had come up with.

“I suppose we should discuss some things...”

Hesitation filled my words, but my thoughts kept swirling over the possibility he had been pining for me day and night since we had parted. Biting my bottom lip, I contemplated the idea, but I felt more foolish than before.

“What would you like to talk about, Becca?” James asked, as if he didn’t realize the complications of our current situation.

“Well, for starters, what made you decide to come here? I mean, you said it was for me, but I’m slightly confused—”

“Isn’t it obvious, though?” James replied, as his gaze fell deeply into mine.

“Perhaps, but I want to know why you suddenly want this to work.”

Taking a moment, he adjusted himself in his seat. “After you left, I figured out a few things, Becca. One was that Allison and Tally had purposely set the entire thing up to complicate situations and force you to leave.”

Sneering, I folded my arms across my chest. “Well, that makes sense. The second thing?”

“I realized I didn’t want another moment to go by where I didn’t have you in it.”

There was a genuine expression across his face as he stared at me. It was the second time he had expressed wanting me, and his view hadn’t changed.