

# Chapter 61 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

“I’m not going back to Miami anytime soon, James.” The waitress brought the food we had ordered to our table. “I plan on finishing school.”

“I know,” he said with a bemused smile on his face. “I have accepted that.”

Over the course of time I had spent with James when I was in Miami, he had continuously tried to convince me to go to school in south Florida. Not once had he expressed the idea of being okay with me finishing school up here.

That would mean whatever we had would be long distance, and trying to imagine how that would work given the circumstances, was impossible.

Could a man like James stay faithful to me while being so far away?

Men had urges that sometimes needed to be filled.

“What about Allison? She threatened to ruin my education multiple times.”

The thought of having my last year at school destroyed because James wanted to keep me was spine chilling. I had worked so hard to get where I was, and as much as I cared about James, I wasn’t willing to let anyone destroy my future.

“I will deal with Allison. You don’t need to worry about her in regards to your education, Becca.” His set his jaw into a firm hold as his eyes contacted mine. He was being serious, and the determination was obvious.

Nodding, I looked down at the pasta in front of me and tried to preoccupy myself with eating. As happy as I was to see James, I couldn’t shake the twittering feeling in my stomach of fear.

Why couldn’t things with James just be as easy as they were with Neal?

Instead, he came with so many complications, and those complications were flying red flags waving high in the sky, trying to warn me to stay away.

“This food is amazing,” I said, as my eyes met his again. “I need to know how they make this.”

“Well, that’s easy enough to find out,” James replied as a smile grew across his face.

As dinner finished, I fell into old ways, and eventually, I was walking down the long hallway of James’ apartment building in New York. We passed door after door until we finally came to one at the end of the hall that read 1972.

Pulling the key from his pocket, he opened the door wide and stepped back for me to enter. I wasn't sure what I was expecting of the apartment, but it was definitely way more lavish than the one Neal had.

Tall vaulted ceilings, white walls, and modern decor lined the home. As beautiful as it was, it felt so impersonal and cookie cutter, in my opinion. However, stepping forth, I took in the spectacular views of the New York skyline.

Breathtaking was the only way to describe such a view. "This is beautiful."

"I'm glad you like it," he chuckled behind me before arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me close. "I have honestly only been here a few times, but I'm glad I get to be here with you now."

With a clenching heart, I turned around in his arms and looked up into his eyes. I wanted more than anything to be free in the moment, but there was still something I had to know for sure. I had to be honest with him about how I felt, and that terrified me.

"I have to tell you something." As he brushed his thumb over my cheek, I whispered softly, "I'm afraid..."

"Why are you afraid, Rebecca?" he whispered as he gently pressed his lips to my forehead. Fuck, here goes nothing, I guess.

"I'm afraid I'm falling in love with you, James, and I'm terrified that you will hurt me." Casting my eyes down, I waited in hesitation for the rejection I was so sure that he would give me, but he lifted my eyes to meet his again and crashed his lips to mine in a soft and sultry way.

There wasn't a response to what I said in a way that I was expecting. However, there was more to this man I could ever explain. Reaching down, he picked me up bridal style and carried me towards his bedroom.

A soft giggle escaped my lips at his action, but as he laid me down on the soft sheets, I quickly realized this would not be like other times.

Piece by piece, we stripped our clothing from our bodies, and as it was, I felt nothing but love and care seeping off his body onto mine. With the gentle caress of the sheets against my back, I felt the thick head of his massive erection press against my folds.

Slow and tantalizing was the mood for the moment, and with every whimper leaving my lips begging him to fill me, his smile widened. "I love you, Rebecca," he whispered, making me breathless as he shoved his entire length inside me.

I didn't miss the opportunity to capture his lips with my own as our bodies became one. As I clung to him, he thrust deep inside of me, forcing the small cries of pleasure from my lips that I was expecting.

"Oh, f\*ck..." I moaned.

"Tell me you're mine," he grunted as he bit lightly upon my neck, causing me to gasp, closing in on the intense release of pleasure that I was expecting.

“I’m yours, James. Forever and Always.”

The moment wasn’t like the others, and with his sweet love making, I finally felt the way I always had wanted to feel. I felt desired, wanted, and loved.

Harder and faster he drove into me, and when I didn’t think I could take anymore, my walls tightened around him, and I came undone as he stilled inside of me.

He leaned down, kissing me softly once more. “You’re so beautiful.”

The blush that crept across my cheeks was unexpected, but when he pulled out and laid next to me, he pulled me close to him, letting my head rest against his chest.

“I know things are going to be hard while you finish school, Becca. I want you to know, though, that we will make it work if that’s what you want.”

Taking a moment to consider what he was saying, I glanced up at him under darkened lashes and smiled. “Yes, I want to try.”

I wouldn’t give in and believe in it completely. There was still a possibility things could go wrong, and if they did, I didn’t want to get my hopes up. I had to go in with this with a different outlook, so that way, if things fell apart, I would be prepared.

“I’m glad you do, because I was so lost without you.”

He kissed the top of my head, and I smiled and ran my fingers over the front of his chest. “When are you leaving to go back to Miami?”

“The day after tomorrow,” he replied, letting out a heavy breath. “I wish I could stay longer, but I can’t.”

It was a bummer he was leaving, but I knew in the back of my mind that this was going to have to be what I expected.

Long distance wasn’t something most people could handle, and while other relationships fell through, I was determined to see it work.

“Well, then, tomorrow you can help me check out my new apartment by the school if you want.”

“New apartment?” he said with a questioning glance.

“Yeah,” I smirked. “I can’t stay in the old apartment with Tally.”

Nodding his head with realization, he sighed. “I wish she wasn’t so difficult.”

“She wouldn’t be Tally if she wasn’t. The new apartment is amazing, though, so I’m okay with it. Honestly.”

“Knowing you, I’m sure it is. Where is this new apartment?” This was something I wasn’t sure he was going to like, but trust was something that we were going to have to rely on being so far apart.

Opening and closing my mouth, I smiled at him before saying, “Very close to campus.”

“So it will be easier for you to get to class then?” he asked as if he didn’t realize the campus apartments were anywhere between four and seven thousand dollars a month. However, Neal had bought multiple units there, and the one he got for me was free.

“Oh, very much so. Tomorrow we will swing by Neal’s so I can pack my things, and then we can drive up there. It will only take a few hours, and it will be fun.”

James’ face fell slightly hearing that I had to go by Neal’s, but he pushed the emotion back and smiled at me. “Sounds like fun.”

“Give me a moment, and I’ll grab my things,” I called out to James as I made my way through the living room toward my bedroom. Neal wasn’t home right now, but that was fine. He texted me to let me know he was heading up towards the university to sign off on the properties he purchased.

I wasn’t sure how he could make things happen so quickly, but I knew, in the society of the rich, there were no timelines to getting what you wanted.

Packing my clothes into my suitcase, I moved around the room and stopped when I felt someone behind me. Turning, I spotted James leaning against the door frame with his arms crossed over his chest and an unsettling look on his face.

“What’s wrong?”

Taking a moment, he shook his head and pushed a smile onto his face. “Nothing. Almost done?”

I knew there was more to what he wasn’t saying, but I chose not to press him for the information. If he really wanted me to know, he would tell me, and right now wasn’t the place for it.

Zippering up the last of my bags, James took the large one, and I moved with the other, heading through the living room towards the front door. “Are you going to miss it?”

His question caught me off guard, but as he looked at me, I tried to understand what he meant. “Miss what?”

“Neal’s place.... It’s nice here.”

My eyes widened in realization. He was jealous, and now it was more than obvious.

That car ride to Yale was more uncomfortable than I thought it was going to be. James was quiet, and even though we had a small, casual conversation, I wasn’t sure what had changed his mood from how he was that morning.

Ever since we went to Neal’s, he had been acting incredibly weird. “Looks like it’s that building right there.” I said, pointing towards a large brick building with red and white finishes.

He pulled the sleek, black sedan into a parking spot, and we slowly piled out of the car. To my surprise, Neal came walking down the steps with a smile on his face. “You guys made it!”

“Neal!” I replied with a smile as I hugged him. “Did everything go okay with the signing?”

“Of course, it did,” he replied smugly. “Come on now, it’s me you’re talking to.”

“Very true—”

“What’s going on?” James said, interrupting me. Turning to look at him, I hesitated in my words because the dark stormy look in his eyes was not one of happiness.

“I am giving Becca the keys to her apartment,” Neal replied with a raised brow as he held up a pair of keys and held them out to me.

Gently taking them, I gave him a smile and mouthed the words thank you. I didn’t understand what James’ problem was. If he had been a woman, I would have asked if it was that time of the month for him, considering how he was acting.

“Why would you be giving her keys? Is the apartment yours?”

Tilting my head to the side, I glared at James while furrowing my brows. “Yes, it is. I am going to manage a few properties he just bought in this building for him, and in return, I get to stay in this apartment for free for my last year.”

James’ gaze slid from Neal to me, and for a moment, I thought he was going to burst with anger over the situation. Yet, instead, he managed to contain his emotions.

He unclenched his fist and forced a smile to his face. “That was kind of you.”

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James.

That f\*cking prick. Neal really thought he was smooth by doing something like that for Becca. First, he called me and told me he loved her and he wanted her, and now this. It was crossing the line, but from the looks of it, Becca saw nothing wrong with it.

“Shall we go inside?” I gritted out, watching Becca’s shoulders sag as she shook her head with a heavy breath and turned towards the door.

“Is there a problem?” Neal said softly so she couldn’t hear as I passed him.

I didn’t bother to acknowledge him, though. If I did, there was no telling what I would end up saying, and the last thing I wanted to do was to upset Becca over something like this.

I was working towards building trust with her, and that was what I needed to do. The last thing I needed to do was start a ‘I’m better than you’ match with Neal, just to put him in his place. At the end of the day, she was with me.

Walking through the lobby of the building, she headed towards the elevator and waited for Neal and I to catch up with her.

“All the way up,” Neal said, pushing the buttons on the elevator as the doors closed.

“All the way up? But that’s where—”

“The penthouses are... I know. Exciting isn’t it?” Neal replied, finishing her sentence with a grin. “I wanted one that was really nice, and I figured you would rather stay in this one as opposed to one of the others.”

“Neal, you didn’t have to. I would have been fine with any of them,” she stammered as the elevator doors opened, and we stepped out onto the wood flooring of the hallway.

“Don’t be silly. Now, you’re going to be number 107, and that is the one right here down at the end of the hall,” Neal carried on from in front of us.

The man walked with a purpose, and being the remarkable salesman he was, he had swagger and meaning in every step he took. As if the apartment was a glorious showroom with million dollar cars.

It didn’t matter. That was the demeanor and charm that flowed off him.

Becca walked by my side, speechless, as we approached the door, and I had a feeling that whatever Neal had picked for her was going to completely blow her mind away.

“Neal, what am I going to do with you?” Becca laughed softly as he turned the key within the doorknob and gently swung the door open.

“Well, it depends. I got you beautiful hardwood flooring with acoustics to die for. So what do I get in return?”

It was all playful banter, but none of it did I appreciate. The only thing that kept me from losing my mind was knowing Becca was mine, and her situation with Neal was nonexistent.

If his idea was to piss me off, he was doing a good job of it. Problem was, I could play the game better, and I wouldn’t mind putting him in his place.

“Oh, my God!” Becca exclaimed as her eyes took in the sight before her. Long hardwood floors going down the hallway to a beautiful kitchen with granite countertops. The kitchen opened up into a spacious living room with tall floor-to-ceiling windows and a beautiful balcony overlooking the campus.

“Do you like it?” Neal asked with a sly grin as he moved forward and gestured to every little, small detail that the room had to provide.

“Like it? Neal, I absolutely love it. How in the world did this gem of a place happen to be up here in this building?”

The astonishment that I saw in her was something I hadn’t ever witnessed before. She kept talking with Neal about the different things that she could do to this space, and later on, how he could even market it to others.

She may have been going to school for statistics and data analysis, but there were other secret talents and passions she held close as well. That was something I would speak to her about later, because if she was going to be with me, I wanted her to follow her heart.

Not worry about making a lot of money to take care of her father.

I would take care of him for her... even if she refused to let me.

“This is going to suit you very well, Becca,” I finally said, speaking up, watching as both of them turned to face me. Becca blushed lightly as she made her way over and grabbed my hand. “Perhaps we need to find where the bedroom is.”

I knew it was nothing but banter, but Neal seemed very tightlipped over the comment, and stepped forward with a smile. “Don’t worry, Becca. I can show you where your bedroom is.”

I didn’t miss the emphasis on the word ‘your’ from Neal. He pivoted and headed towards the stairs, gesturing for Becca to follow him.

It was all very organized by him. He had planned all of this, including showing her off in front of me, as if I would be jealous. Well, okay, maybe I’m slightly jealous. Not that I would ever tell Becca.

Even so, this entire event was more than annoying.

As I walked up the stairs behind the two of them, their conversation continued, and I suddenly felt like the third wheel in the room. But once we reached the top floor, it was easy to see why he picked this space.

There was a massive space that opened up as if it was a second living room, and on the far back wall was nothing but windows that also overlooked the campus. When one looked in the opposite direction, though, two doors were visible.

One led to a fairly decent sized spare bedroom, and the other led to a massive master bedroom that held the biggest bathroom Becca had ever seen, according to her, of course. The bathroom had been recently renovated and was absolutely delightful.

“This bedroom is enormous. I don’t even think I have furniture to fit into this.”

“Don’t worry about that, Becca. I’ll take you shopping and help you pick out some nice things.” Her eyes met mine, and a smile spread across her face.

“As amazing as that would sound, you have to get back in a couple of days, and I still have to go pack up my stuff from Tally’s apartment. So for now, those belongings will be perfectly fine here. But if you’re able to come back up in a couple of weeks, we’ll have enough time for me to save up some money, and we can go then.”

There was a twinkle of mischief within Neal’s eyes at the words Becca had said, and it was enough to trigger me. My rigid stance and glare caught his attention as he tried to focus his gaze elsewhere.

If I had to leave a couple days later than planned, then so be it. There was no way in hell I was going to allow Neal to be the one that helped her decorate her apartment.

Friend, be damn.

She was my girl, and I was there to smooth things over with her. Why else would Neal suggest for me to come here and win her over?

“Very well. We can discuss that later.”

“Thank you,” Becca said, stepping forward wrapping her arm through mine. “The only other thing I have to say is, Neal... absolute perfection. Thank you so much for helping me out. I really appreciate it.”

“Oh, please... you don’t have to thank me. You’re doing me a HUGE favor by helping me manage these other apartments in this building. We can go over those later, though, once I get them sorted,” Neal replied. “I do have to get going, though. So I will catch up with you later?”

Nodding her head, Becca grinned, stepping from me as she wrapped her arms around Neal. “Yes, we can get coffee later this week if you’re up here.”

Coffee... there was no way.

Becca.

The tension was high when we met Neal to look at the apartment. I had suddenly regretted the idea of letting something like that happen because the entire time James looked like he was going to kill Neal. Which wasn’t good.

Every moment Neal made regarding me, I felt as if James was pulling me back. Every word Neal would say, I heard the scoff of disapproval leave James’ throat.

He wasn’t pleased with Neal being there, and I wasn’t quite sure why.

Never once had I honestly seen James act truly jealous, but right now, I found it all more than amusing. “Well, that was fun.”

As soon as Neal left, and James and I were left alone, I tried to find a way to approach the conversation. James paced around the living room of my new apartment, glancing out the large bay windows as he watched Neal walk to his car.

“What are you doing?” I finally asked him, causing him to look over his shoulder at me.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he replied with irritation in his tone.

Furrowing my brows, I tried to understand what he was asking. “Tell you what?”

“That this was Neal’s apartment. You didn’t have to take something from him. I could have gotten it for you.” James was upset, and that was clear, but he didn’t have any right to be upset.

“Why are you acting like this? What does it matter if it’s an apartment that he owns, or if it’s an apartment that you own? I’m grateful for the help that both of you have given me, and I’m happy with this place. So why can’t you just be happy for me?”

My bold statement seemed to catch him off guard. Calmly he stood there, staring at me with his arms crossed over his chest as he inhaled deeply through his nose and out of his mouth.

He was trying to control his temper, and the sight was more than cute.

“If we’re going to be together, we can’t keep secrets from each other. That was something that you told me. So I don’t understand why you didn’t tell me you were doing this.”

Raising my brows with an amused grin, I considered the facts of his decision. He was forgetting one important detail though, and I knew that once I told him, he would end the discussion.

“James, I spoke with Neal about this place before you and I even decided that we would rekindle what we have. You and I weren’t even talking when the prospects of this place became an idea, so why would I suddenly tell him no? After all the work he’d put in to get it for me?”

Speechless, he stood there with nothing to say on the matter.

I mean, what could he say...? He knew I was right.

No matter what, James seemed to think Neal was interested in me in a romantic way, but Neal respected my choice of being with James. If James couldn’t learn to be understanding and accepting of that, then perhaps us rekindling what we had would be a little more difficult than I had expected.

After all, if he couldn’t be fine with me living in this place, how was it going to be fine with long distance?

There would be thousands of miles between us, and I was staying on a college campus surrounded by very hot, eligible men. Not that I was interested, but I knew those negative thoughts would cross his mind, eventually.

Without trust, this relationship couldn't work, and that was something that he had to learn to give me. Otherwise, what was the point?

Walking towards him, I pushed at his arms, forcing them apart until I could slide my arms around his chest. He was really a big giant teddy bear under all these muscles and designer clothing. "You have to learn to trust me."

"I do trust you, Becca. It's him I don't trust," he groaned as he pulled me close.

I looked up to see he had a mischievous grin on his face. "Are you really going to continue to sulk about this place, or are you going to help me go get the things I have from Tally's apartment? We can always bless it afterwards."

"Bless it, huh?" James finally chuckled as he rolled his eyes. "That sounds fun."

"It does, but we can't do that without furniture."

Reaching down, he gripped my thighs, catching me by surprise, and lifted me up to press his lips against mine. "We don't need furniture to be able to do something like that."

The kiss was magical, as always, but as I giggled, I knew he was still upset. "Come on... the faster we get done, the more fun we can have."

"Why the rush?"

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Sagging my shoulders, I shrugged. "Tally will be back at it soon, and I really want to get my things out before she comes back. I don't want to risk her trying to keep my things or throw them out."

"She wouldn't do that—"

Glaring at him, I gave him a doubtful look, and he sighed and slowly put me down. “Okay, maybe she would.”

As much as I would have loved to be able to spend the rest of the days James had here wrapped in bed with him, it wasn’t possible. At least not until I was done getting set up in this new apartment.

It was an apartment I knew Tally would be jealous of because this was so much better than the apartment I had shared with her.

With the keys to my apartment in my back pocket, we walked back downstairs. James laced his fingers within mine as we headed out of the building towards his car.

Had someone told me a few weeks ago I would have been in this situation, I would have laughed at them. Now, I was living it. I couldn’t get enough, and the feelings I had for James grew every waking minute I was with him.

“We are going to make a few stops after we go to Tally’s,” James said when we climbed into the sleek, black sedan.

“Where too?” I asked with curiosity as James pulled out of the parking spot and made his way towards the main road.

“Well, we will go over to the apartment, and anything you want packed up to go to the new apartment, I will have you place in your room. I texted my secretary earlier and told her to have a moving company meet us there.”

Moving company? “Why would a moving company be meeting us there?”

“Well, because it will be easier for them to pack your things while I take you to go somewhere more fun,” he replied as if I didn’t get a say in the matter.

“I’m not sure how I feel about someone else touching my private and personal things, James. It feels so invasive.”

The majority of my clothing, and everything was with me in my suitcases, but I still had things at the apartment I didn’t want anyone messing with. It was one more thing that was so different about our worlds.

James didn’t see any issue with it, but I... I found it weird.

“Seriously? They are just packing and moving. They aren’t going to be going through every little thing that you own, Becca. Trust me, I have done this many times.”

Deciding not to argue with him, I nodded my head and sat quietly. Going shopping with James did sound fun, and this was just something small I would have to learn to adjust to. The last thing I wanted to do was waste time when he was leaving soon.

An hour later, I was waving goodbye to a very sweet woman and her husband who owned a private moving company. I had given her the rundown on everything that was to go, and she had assured me she would treat everything as her own.

I didn't want to admit it to James, but I felt better about it all after I spoke to the woman. "Are you ready to go?" James asked as I walked towards the car.

"Yeah, where are you taking me?"

"You'll see," he replied with a grin as we climbed back into his car.

The flow of the day had gone from zero to a hundred and back to zero in no time. James wasn't acting as he did when I was in Miami, but then again, things differed from what they were now.

As the car pulled away, and James stepped onto the gas, I couldn't help but wonder how different my future would be with James than if I hadn't ever met him. James wanted me for the indefinite future, and the love I had for him was strong.

Yet, growing up, this wasn't the future I had imagined for myself, and I had a feeling, when I finished school, James was going to push to have me move down south.

Not that it was a bad thing, but it was something I wasn't sure about yet.

Something made me hesitate, because whereas James was old enough to be my dad, I was still young and had so much of the world to explore.

"Can I talk to you about something?" I whispered as we drove down the road headed to god knows where.

"Sure. What's on your mind?"

"Well, I was wondering what the plan is after I graduate." The question slipped out hesitantly, but it had been on my mind since the night I spent with him two days ago.

How would this work, and honestly, what did he want with me in the future?

Turning the wheel, James pulled the car into a massive furniture store parking lot and found a space. He didn't respond to the question right away, but I had a feeling whatever he was going to say was something that I may not like.

"Are you changing your mind about us?" he asked as he turned his gaze towards me.

"What...? No! Of course, not."

With bewilderment, I stared at him, trying to understand why he said that. Nothing about what I asked said I was changing my mind. I just simply wanted clarification.

"That's good because I don't want to lose you," he replied as he took my hand in his and kissed the back of it slowly. "I don't know where the future will go, but I do hope that after you graduate, we can work more towards our future together."

“Marriage... kids. The whole shebang?” I laughed, watching as his face froze for a moment, and his own chuckle came forth. I didn’t miss the way he seemed to not take to the idea of marriage or kids.

It was something I wanted with my future, and if he didn’t want it, I didn’t know if I could adjust to the idea to make sure I stayed with him. It would mean giving up everything I had hoped to have one day.

“We will talk about it when the time comes, Becca. For now, let’s go shopping.”

Becca.

If I had to describe how the current set of events were going with James, I would have to describe them as odd. Two days had passed with flying colors, and James and I did the things normal couples would do. Shopping, sex, and so on.

Yet, it was different from how it was before. It didn’t feel the same, and I wasn’t sure why.

Standing in my kitchen, I looked around at my new apartment. Furniture deliveries came late yesterday, and boxes from the movers still lined the walkways. I had a lot to do to get set up, but I was missing one very important aspect.

James Valentino.

Twenty minutes ago, I was shedding tears because he was telling me he had to leave. Twenty minutes ago, I was going through a rush of emotions, trying to reassure myself we could make this work and that everything was going to be okay. Twenty minutes ago, everything changed.

The moment he walked out of my front door after kissing me goodbye, I burst into tears, wanting to run after him, telling him to come back. It was in that specific moment I questioned who the hell I was.

Never in my damn life had a man made me feel that way, and when I slapped myself back into reality and had a ‘what the f\*ck’ kind of moment, I realized I needed help.

“Get your shit together, Becca,” I murmured to myself, trying to come to terms with James being gone and me being a strong independent woman who didn’t need anyone.

At least that was what I told myself repeatedly.

My phone ringing had me jumping at the chance to answer it. I wasn’t sure if I hoped it was James saying he was coming back or perhaps just the need to talk to someone. “Hello?”

“Becca, it’s Allegra. How are you doing?”

Her voice brought a smile to my face and tears to my eyes. “It’s going okay, I guess. James just left and is heading back south.”

“I bet he is after the shit this morning,” she laughed.

“What do you mean? Did something happen?” A slowly growing pit in my stomach rose at the sound of Allegra’s comment. Was there more going on than I knew?

“Oh, damn babe. Did he not tell you?” Allegra sighed. “You need to check your phone. You have made national news, sweetie.”

What the f\*ck?! I screamed internally as my breathing came in rapidly and I fumbled with my remote to turn on the television. As soon as the screen turned on, there was a photo of James and I together inside of the convention with smiles on our faces.

The caption read, “Mystery woman snags Millionaire.”

“Oh, f\*ck me!” I cried out. “It even has that I go to Yale, Allegra. How the hell would they even know?”

“The paparazzi have been after James’ love life for a while up in New York. Not long after he and Allison split, James was seeing this woman for like two months. Everyone assumed he had an affair with that woman, and that’s why he and Allison got divorced. Of course, we all know the truth, but the paparazzi ate it up, and so did the media.”

“So you’re f\*cking telling me I’m their new target?! I’m not even in New York!” I cried out in disgust. Why the hell had he not told me that before he left this morning?

“Calm down, Becca,” Allegra said. “It’s not a big deal. In a few days, they will be on to something else, and you won’t have to worry about anything.”

As wonderful as that sounded, I doubted that being true. Taking a moment to sit upon my soft sectional, I curled up with my cashmere blanket and tried to let this sink in. It would not be that bad.

“At least they don’t know where I live,” I said with a sigh of exhaustion.

“Oh, they can find that out if they want to. Lucky for you, Neal put you in a building where your floor can only be accessed with a key card.”

“No, he didn’t,” I said, with confusion. “I didn’t use a key card for anything.”

Silence filled the conversation and slowly fear filled within me. “Does this mean they will try to break in or something? I mean, what do I do?”

A knock on my front door froze me to my spot in the living room. I couldn’t move, and could barely breathe, terrified of who was on the other side. “Mrs. Wood. It’s Kevin, the building manager. I’m just dropping something off to you.”

“Becca, go answer the damn door,” Allegra said in my ear as I slowly slid from my place, and made my way towards the front door. Peering out the peephole, I could see that, in fact, it was the building manager standing there, waiting for me.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and stood smiling at him with my phone to my ear. “How can I help you?”

“I was told to give this keycard to you. From now on, there are new measurements with the security of the building. Doors and elevators to this floor are only accessible with a keycard.”

Kevin wasn't a pleasant man. He had a disposition about him that made me question if I was in trouble by the way he stared at me. “Oh... thank you.”

“Yes, well, it's clear to see who has favoritism here. Don't make this a habit,” he sneered as he rolled his eyes dramatically and turned and walked down the hallway.

Standing shocked, I could hear Allegra laughing on the other end of the line, but I wasn't laughing because it was only my third day in the apartment and already I was being bitched at.

Closing the door, I locked it and sighed into the receiver. “I don't think that guy likes me.”

“It honestly doesn't sound like he does, but I see Neal got those keycards after all.”

“Allegra,” I groaned, running my hand over my face. “Can we focus, please?”

“Alright, what has you worked up? I mean, this will all blow over soon.”

## Chapter 64 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

I could almost picture her sitting on her sofa looking over her nails as she sipped on a Bloody Mary, preparing for another long day of running errands and sorting through job offerings. The last thing she wanted to do was worry about this.

“You're right. I'm sorry. I just don't know why he didn't tell me anything about it. I mean, he must have known when he left an hour ago.”

“Oh, he definitely knew,” Allegra laughed. “Maybe he didn't want you to worry.”

Rolling my eyes, my lips met, forming a thin white line. I was beyond pissed off, but I had to learn to control the inner hormonal urges I had. If I wanted a solution to something or needed to speak to James about something, I had to do so like an adult.

Not some irritated, naïve woman who didn't know how to handle a situation like this.

“I will just wait until he lands and message him then. Maybe you’re right about him not wanting me to worry. For now, I will just hang out at my new place and work on getting it sorted.” Pushing a smile to my face, I looked around the room and saw much to do.

“I can’t wait to see your place,” Allegra said with an exaggerated sigh. “I bet it looks absolutely darling. Did you call your dad yet to tell him you’re back up there?”

At the mention of my father, I started thinking about his reaction to the news, and for some reason, my thoughts drifted to Allison. “Oh, shit...”

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?” she asked quickly, with a sense of urgency in her tone.

“I just realized that with the news being this big, it means that Allison and Tally would have seen this by now—”

A loud groan came from the other side of the phone line, and I knew without a doubt that whatever Allegra was about to say, I wasn’t going to like it.

“When are you going to stop worrying about that dreadful woman and her pathetic daughter? I mean come on.... Who cares if she knows?”

Allegra was right, but I cared if she knew because she threatened to ruin my life, and with how crazy that woman was, I didn’t doubt that she would do it. She would ruin me at any given moment if it meant that she could get me away from James.

“I know, I know.” I moved from the sofa towards the kitchen. “I get what you mean, but at the same time, you can’t blame me for worrying. The bitch literally threatened to get me kicked out of school.”

The memory of that conversation caused me to grimace. She was a hounding bitch and got on my nerves, and I wished nothing more than for her to find something else to preoccupy her time with.

At least if she had something else to do, James and I could be somewhat normal, and I wouldn’t have to constantly look over my shoulder.

“Becca, it’s a simple photo. It doesn’t even look like you guys were doing anything.”

Looking over my shoulder at the photo on TV, I sighed. She was right. It wasn’t a photo of us kissing or anything like that. It was simply the two of us standing next to each other, and Neal was actually there to the side, as well as two other people.

“True, maybe she won’t think anything of it then.”

“See. You’re worrying for nothing, but I have to get going. I have a salon appointment in an hour, and I still have to get ready,” Allegra said, as we quickly bid each other goodbye.

Having spoken to Allegra, I felt better about the situation, but I still questioned why James had not messaged me about it.

Taking my phone, I texted James.

‘Call me when you can. I just saw the news, and I’m concerned.’

I wasn’t sure when he was going to be able to reach out to me, considering he had a long flight and probably other things he had to tend to. It would go figure once I thought that things were getting better, other complications would arise.

My life wasn’t capable of being conflict free. My life was full of twists and turns.

All of which were pieces to a larger puzzle I was trying to figure out.

Hopefully, with school starting soon, and things getting on the right path, my life would become clearer. For now, though, I would have to settle with what I have been given.

As my phone chimed, I was quick to pick it up. All my troubled thoughts cleared with the excitement of hearing from James. I had thought that it would take longer for him to get to Miami, but I was pleased nonetheless.

That was, until I read the message and all but almost dropped my phone.

The text was from an unknown number, and its message was clear.

‘I warned you before to stay away from him. I suppose I will have to keep to my threats and show you how dangerous I can be.’

Fu\*k. It was from Allison, and what I was hoping wouldn’t happen was going to happen.

James.

The moment I landed in Miami, I was bombarded with messages from Allison, Tally, and even Becca. Even others messaged me, questioning me about a mystery woman I had been seen with.

Of course, Alison pointed out that it was clearly Becca.

I was confused about what they were talking about, but as soon as I opened my phone, I saw the picture of Becca and I at the Convention in New York. We weren’t alone, of course, we were with Neal and two other people that were in the background.

The photo wasn’t intimate, but we were very close, and we were talking. The photo must have been taken right after I had kissed her, but it was still enough to make people question who she was and if we were more.

That wasn’t what mattered, though.

Allison had assumed that Becca had not heeded her warning, and it didn’t matter how many times that I told her to back off and leave Becca alone. She refused.

This was the last thing I needed right now while I was trying to fix my relationship with the girl. She was everything to me, and slowly, I realized I had fallen in love with her. But how was I supposed to be able to make this work if I couldn't control my own problems?

Letting a sigh of irritation escape me, I quickly climbed into the back of the black sedan and told the driver to take me home.

I had no doubt Tally would be there, waiting to scold me over everything that was going on. However, she was going to learn tonight that her place was not to interfere with my personal relationships.

I was her father, and the last thing that I was going to allow her to do was dictate to me who I could and could not see. I didn't allow my parents to do that to me when I was younger.

So it wasn't going to happen now with my own daughter.

As the car sped down the breezeway, I called Becca, finding her phone going straight to voicemail. It had been an hour and a half since she had tried to call me, more or less.

I'd hoped that she had preoccupied her time with setting up her apartment, so I quickly sent a text to her, letting her know I would call her once I got situated at home.

I had to constantly remind myself, even though I didn't like the idea of long distance, this was going to be important because if we could survive this, it meant that we could survive anything being thrown at us.

Even if the thought of her being alone on campus surrounded by tons of very eligible young bachelors was constant competition. I had to know that she would do nothing to betray my trust.

At least I hoped she wouldn't.

When I got home, I noticed Talley's car parked in the driveway and was mentally preparing myself for the situation I was about to walk into with Tally.

I had been gone a week, and during that week that I had been gone, I had knowledge that she had had that boy Chad in my house, a boy that I specifically told her before I left I did not want to see anywhere around the property, let alone her.

Tally felt she was able to dictate what she wanted for her own future. She may have been an adult, but no way was she mature enough to decide what it is that she wanted. She even tried to explain to me she was going to drop out of school.

Which was not going to happen. She had been there this long, so I wouldn't allow her to throw her future away, no matter how meaningless she found it.

I loved her to death, and she was beautiful as hell, but when it came to common sense, that was something that my daughter lacked, a trait that she had procured from her mother.

As I was stepping out of the car, the front door flew open, and Tally stood on the other side with an angry scowl across her face and her hands upon her hips, as if she was a housewife irritated because her husband had come home late from work.

“Where have you been, and why did it take so long? I can’t believe that you were up there with that whore after I told you I didn’t want you to see her because of how uncomfortable it made me.”

Stopping in my tracks, I tried to control my anger. My fists clenched at my sides as I stared at her. “Get your ass in the house, and we will talk about this in a moment.”

I wouldn’t allow my neighbors to hear the conversation I was about to have with Tally. She had no idea how much more she pissed me off by acting the way that she did. Confronting me while I was walking inside my home, out in the open for anybody who was going by to see... who the f\*ck did she think she was?

What pissed me off the most was that she knew that, but yet she did what she wanted. Just like her f\*cking piece of shit mother.

I was already pissed that she was with that ignorant f\*ck and pregnant by him, to say the least. But to sit here and act the way she was, trying to contradict everything that I had ever taught her while raising her, after everything I’d done to make sure she had a better life.... This is how she decided she was going to repay me?

As soon as the door closed, I made my way to the kitchen, setting down my stuff on the dining table before grabbing the bottle of whiskey at my bar and pouring myself a drink. “Well, are you going to say anything?” she snapped from behind me.

Tight-lipped and incredibly pissed off, I turned to face her. With narrowed brows, I stared at her with absolute disgust at her behavior. “We are going to have a very serious conversation, Tally, because you seem to think that you are able to dictate to me what it is that I do, and that’s not going to fly.”

Shock crossed her face before it quickly filled with anger. “You were screwing my best friend, and then, on top of that, you’ve made me look like a complete fool by your actions.”

“Fool?!” I scoffed. “You made yourself look like a fool, and how dare you sit there and make such a big fuss about me being with Becca, when for over a year, you were sleeping with her boyfriend behind her back, and now you’re knocked up by him.”

Her mouth parted as her eyes went wide. “He is going to be your future son-in-law. How dare you say something like that about him? I’m your daughter. Don’t you care how I feel? Won’t you take my own desires into consideration?”

I had had enough of her shit. Slamming my fist upon the counter, I had to rein my anger back in. This girl had absolutely lost her mind, thinking that she could speak to me the way she was, and I would be damned if I was going to tolerate it any longer.

“You need to learn your place, Taliana. I am sick and tired of you thinking that you can do whatever it is you want to do. You get that trait from your mother, and there is a reason why I left her. Now, you are pregnant, and you still have to finish school. You’re in your last year. What are

you going to do? How are you going to support this child? Because I will never give that boy permission to marry you.”

“You don’t have a right to dictate to me what I can do! I’m an adult!” she screamed at me as she clenched her fist in anger, her face turning red and her brows narrowed.

“An adult? Since when the f\*ck did you ever start acting like an adult? All you do is blow through money. All you do is want, want, want, and you do nothing to earn anything that you have. Everything you have is because I have sponsored your way of living.”

“That’s not true,” she snapped, rolling her eyes. “I am quite capable of taking care of myself. I can work, I can take care of children, and I will make a great wife for Chad.”

“A great wife, Tally? You have no idea how to take care of yourself. You don’t clean up after yourself; you don’t cook. You don’t even wash your own laundry. So how in the hell are you going to take care of yourself, let alone someone else?” I asked her in absolute shock that she believed she was mature enough to raise a child.

“Stop it! Just stop it!” she cried out.

I could tell that the conversation was weighing on her because she knew full well that what I was saying was the truth. How was she ever going to be able to raise this child and be a housewife or whatever else she thought she was going to be if she couldn’t do simple tasks by herself?

“Stop what, Tally? Explaining to you the truth, a truth that you refuse to see.”

“No!” She screamed. “I want you to stop thinking that you can do things so much better than everybody else. Chad is a good man, and he comes from a good family. I don’t understand what you think is wrong with him when you’re so willing to sleep with someone like Becca.”

Her reply was one that I had expected. She would defend this boy to no end, and little did she understand that he was not the kind of man looking to settle down with someone like her.

## Chapter 65 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

Her being pregnant was probably more than an inconvenience and knowing the family that he had come from, I highly doubted that his parents would be accepting of her.

Regardless of the money that she came from. We were considered new money. His parents came from a long generation of old money, and people like that didn't mix with people like us.

"It isn't that, Tally. You will not be able to be with him. His family will never accept you and you have school to finish. You need to set your own path and stop relying on a man," I snapped at her.

I was fed up with the bullshit, and she needed to know that.

"His family will love me just as he does. He asked me to marry him. How much more proof do you need?" Tears filled her eyes as she shook her head.

I knew I shouldn't be stressing her out because she was pregnant, but this was a conversation we had to have. She had to know that this could not go on, that her behaviors could not keep going on.

"And if they don't accept you, and he does leave you, then what are you going to do?"

"He won't leave me, even if his parents don't accept me. He will still marry me, and we will still be together. We will figure it out," she replied, as if it was the only obvious thing in the world.

"According to his academic records, he will be lucky to graduate. The only way he will be able to move forward in life is with the money his family has set up for him in a trust." A trust I had no doubt they would end if he didn't do as they said.

Honestly, perhaps that's what Tally needed to hear as well.

She was shaking her head, so I could tell that she was going to refuse to believe anything that I said. She was such an ignorant girl, and through all of it, I could only imagine the things that her mother had been filling her mind with.

"That isn't true. He may get money from them, but we'll make it. I still have my money."

There it was. She thought that I was going to support both of them. The trust fund that I had set up for her was money that I was giving to her while she went to school and also to help her after she got out of school while she got set up in her career.

If she thought that I was going to support them living forever, she was sadly mistaken.

"If you marry that boy, your trust fund money is gone. I told you the day you turned eighteen, I would continue to pay you a monthly allowance while you went to school and after you graduated while you got set-up in your career until you could support yourself."

"So you're going to cut me off?" she yelled in anger, as if taking away her money was the most horrible thing that had ever happened to her.

"Yes, Tally. If you marry that boy, you are cut off from my money. Of course, I will set something up for my grandkids, so that way they have money when they turn eighteen, but I'm not giving you another penny if you marry that boy."

Stomping her foot, she snatched her purse off of the side table, and glared at me.

“You are not my father. That’s stupid bitch has changed you, and I will make her pay for everything bad that happens to me.”

The threat was there, but before I could get another word out, she turned and stormed from the house, slamming the front door behind her.

This was not how I expected things to go, but then again, I wasn’t surprised either. Running my hand through my hair, I looked back down at my phone and contemplated calling Becca. I knew I had promised her I would do so. It was just that things had gotten a lot more difficult than I had expected.

Tally and Allison were both threatening to extinguish her existence, and I was suddenly concerned the distance between us would not keep her safe.

I wasn’t sure what I was going to do, but as much as I didn’t want to admit it, perhaps having someone closer to her would be more beneficial.

I should have let her go when I had the chance. I could have let Neal step in to be with her.

Because, the way things were going, loving me was only going to do one thing to Becca.

Destroy her.

Becca

With James being gone, I had to keep myself preoccupied, which meant diving into my studies and pretending to be the A plus student I had always been.

While the other seniors were enjoying spending time with their loved ones and friends, I hid away in the library when needed and then rushed through the halls to my next class, learning as much as I could before heading home.

There wasn’t much I honestly wanted to do. The one person who I wanted to spend my time with wasn’t here, and as much as I missed him, I understood the importance of making sure business was taken care of.

Walking from one of my math classes and heading towards the library, I ended up bumping into a familiar face in the hallway I hadn’t seen in almost two years.

“Becca?” Tyson asked as he looked down at me with a large grin across his face. His dark, shaggy hair hanging just below his eyes before he quickly whipped his head to the side, moving his hair from his eyes.

“Tyson, I didn’t think that you were coming back. I thought you transferred to a different school.”

The last thing I had heard was during our sophomore year here at Yale, Tyson had gotten in trouble with one of the sororities. He got one of the sorority girls pregnant, and that sorority girl was the niece of our current dean.

Needless to say, it wasn't a very good thing.

However, here he stood, sober as could be and not drunk streaking through the courtyard.

"Yeah man, it turned out that Sophie didn't get pregnant by me. She got pregnant by somebody else and even explained I had passed out naked on the lawn, and even though she and another girl tried to humiliate me, it was not going to happen. Never thought I would thank liquor d\*ck so much in my life."

Laughter escaped me as I stared at him with wide eyes, trying to comprehend what he had just said. He was not the father of the proclaimed baby, but on top of that, they had tried to take advantage of him, and in the end, he couldn't get it up because he was too drunk.

It was literally the funniest thing I had ever heard in my life, but I was rooting for him. A girl doing something stupid like that could destroy a man's life.

"I hope that they punish them for everything that they have done," I replied, shaking my head in disgust as I watched him shrug his shoulders, as if the situation was no big deal.

"All I know is that I got a letter stating that my last two years of school were completely paid for and that I was free to come back and stay here completely free of cost."

"I bet they did, considering the fact that the school could have been sued for falsifying information, and also there was a joint conflict of interest between the dean and his niece. Not to mention, I bet the accusations that were being thrown around didn't even have a proper investigation."

It honestly disgusted me to think an educator would cut corners to make himself look and feel better by being able to get justice for his niece, who turned out to be a whore.

"Yeah, man, it was pretty terrible, but it is what it is. I'm just glad to be back here," he replied.

"Well, I'm glad to see that you're back."

"Thanks. So are you out there staying at Tally's place still? Because I actually went by yesterday, but nobody was there," he asked me. I slowly noticed people walking by staring at me.

"No, I'm not. Why are you asking?"

"Well, you know, now that you're dating that millionaire and everything, I just figured that you wouldn't be living there anymore, and I was going to see what she's been up to. After all, you remember she and I had this little small fling there for a while."

"Tally's pregnant with Chad's baby," I said bluntly, watching his brows narrow in confusion.

"Dude, she was f\*cking your man. Holy shit. That actually makes so much sense."

“What do you mean that makes so much sense? Why was I the only one who never saw that they had something going on behind my back? I mean literally for years! And I never knew!” I exclaimed in frustration, still not understanding why I didn’t know that they were sleeping together.

“Hey, man, don’t even worry about it. Like you got the best revenge on her ever. Serves her right for, you know, stealing your man and everything. You got her dad, and her dad is supposedly loaded. So that’s like a win-win situation if you think about it.”

Did he just say that I had her dad? How? Oh, shit. That means he’s seen the news. And that means everybody else has as well.

Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath before opening them again, looking at Tyson. “How did you know I was seeing her father?”

“Are you serious? Like it’s all over the news, not to mention social media posts. Man, it’s everywhere. Everybody’s sharing that information. I have to admit that I find what you’re doing to be severely adventurous. I completely back you one hundred percent.”

The way Tyson was speaking suddenly made me realize he was far too stoned to be having a conversation of this magnitude. His eyes were slanted, and his laugh was a bit off, and when I really paid attention to things and inhaled deeply, I could smell the skunk coming off of his clothing.

“Well, I appreciate your enthusiasm, Tyson. However, I honestly have to get going. I need to go pick up my order from the library, and then I’ve got to get home and study for the next two days.”

“All right then. If you need anything, Becca, just let me know. If you need a person to study with or somebody to smoke weed with, I’ve got you. I’m always here. You’re a good person, and don’t listen to what anybody else says. At the end of the day, you deserve to have somebody who cares about you.”

“Thanks, Tyson, but for the record... I don’t do drugs,” I chuckled as he shrugged his shoulders.

“Offers still there.”

No matter how stoned this man was, he was still a sweetheart. It was why, when he had got expelled from the school back in our sophomore year, everybody was shocked. He wasn’t one of those guys who didn’t give a shit about anybody’s feelings.

He would never have taken advantage of a girl, whether she be sober or drunk.

That simply wasn’t who he was.

Waving goodbye to him, I made my way towards the library to grab my order before heading out the doors of the school walking towards my apartment. It was only a twenty-minute walk, and the fresh air was nice.

“There she is—” whispered voices said as I passed them.

Everyone was staring, and the fact my situation had attracted this much attention didn't make me feel comfortable. I was a few weeks into school and was already causing problems for myself.

Had I been married to James, no one would have said anything. Instead, they would have been trying to be my best friend so they could relish in the lavish lifestyle too.

Instead, though, I was just the girl that was sleeping with him, and all they can seem to talk about was how I was sleeping with my best friend's dad. Even going as far as saying "poor Tally" as if she was the innocent person in all of this.

If only they knew the truth. Tally was far from innocent, and if that girl had it her way, I wouldn't be breathing anymore.

Making my way into the building, I passed random people until I could climb into the elevator and make my way up towards my private floor. There weren't many students who lived up there, and for that I was grateful.

It meant I was left to my privacy and wouldn't be disturbed by people fishing for a story.

As soon as I made my way into my apartment and locked the door, I dropped my thing off on the small dining table and finally allowed myself to take a deep breath I hadn't realized I had been holding. "F\*ck my life..."

The sound of my phone ringing caused me to jump, and pulling it from my pocket, I saw James' name appear across the screen. "Hello?"

"He,y gorgeous. Did you just get home?" he asked, causing me to roll my eyes.

"Yeah, I did. About to pour myself a large glass of wine right now and then get a shower."

"Sounds like a rough day," he muttered as the sound of shuffling papers filled the background.

## Chapter 66 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

**Filed to story:**

"Yeah, it was. Are you still at work?"

"I am, but that isn't important. I wanna know what happened. Why was it a rough day?"

I paused to pour that wine and then I lifted my wineglass to my lips and slowly made my way towards the stairs to get a long, hot shower.

“Well, where do you want me to start...? I could explain how my teachers kept giving me nasty looks. How the dean seems to always have a snarky comment... or better yet, how the entire school knows I’m sleeping with you and everyone finds me horrible for stealing my best friend’s dad.”

“Oh—it was that kind of day, huh?”

“Yeah, it was,” I groaned. “When are you coming back? I miss you.”

“I’m hoping to be there by the weekend, sweetie. I’m almost done with things here, and then I should be able to come up for a few days.”

Sighing, I let what he said sink in. This was the life that we chose, and I had agreed to it. Initially, I thought it would be him that would find difficulty in being able to live this way, but I was slowly considering whether it was actually me.

“That sounds perfect. I could really use some us time when you get here.”

The conversation might have been short, but it was just what I needed to pick myself up a bit. Hopefully, by tomorrow things would have long died down, and I would be able to get back to being invisible.

James.

The short conversation I had with Becca the night before had been playing on my mind all day. She seemed down and worn out over all the issues with the people talking about what was going on with her and me.

It didn’t matter how much my PR team tried to make things go away, Allison was very determined to make sure that Becca paid for even thinking that she could have me. Never in my life had I thought Allison was going to be like this.

After all these years of us being divorced, she was the pettiest woman I’ve ever met, and I had regretted ever spending part of my life with her.

Trying to keep myself preoccupied, I made plans to take Becca to Europe during Christmas break. I wanted to show her how much she meant to me and that things were going to get better. She deserved it, after all.

“Mr. Valentino, there is a man here to see you,” Evette said from my office door. She seemed on edge, and her nervousness didn’t sit well with me. However, I nodded and gestured with my hand for her to let them in.

As the door closed, I let my hand slip to the gun holstered under my desk and waited to see who it was. For Evette to be nervous, it was someone she was familiar with, someone she thought might be dangerous, and that wasn’t ever a good thing.

Sure enough, as the door opened, in walked Yuri, Sergie's right-hand man and the last person who I wanted to see. "Yuri... what brings you to my office?"

The blond-haired, brown-eyed man looked at me with a content gaze and smiled. "I'm sure you know why I'm here, James. Sergie wanted me to check on business and see how things were going."

"My business isn't the concern of your boss anymore, Yuri," I replied firmly.

"See, that's where you're wrong," He chuckled. "You don't get to decide when business is over. Sergie respects you and doesn't want to end things badly with you. So he has sent me to talk some sense into you, considering how close we used to be."

"Close? I wouldn't consider what we used to do as being close."

The comment seemed to not sit well with Yuri, who stared at me with hateful intent. I didn't care what this man thought. At the end of the day, he wasn't going to come into my office acting the way he was. This was my business.

"James, I understand that you have some personal issues going on right now with your family. Your daughter is pregnant, and your ex-wife doesn't like your new side piece."

"Where did you hear that from?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"It seems Allison and Sergie may have had lunch the other day. He felt bad for the woman who was cast aside because she was too old," Yuri replied with disinterest over the situation.

"Cast aside because she was too old?" I laughed at his comment, shaking my head. "She cheated on me, which is why I divorced her, but I find it interesting that Sergie took the time to speak with her. What did he think he would get from it?"

Pausing for a moment, Yuri stared at me with a stern glare before smiling. "Allison seems to think she can persuade you to do business with Sergie."

"Well, that was a lie. I don't know why he would waste his time believing her. I already told Sergie I'm not interested, and my decision is final."

"Are you sure about that?" Yuri asked again, as if he was giving me a chance to reconsider. The man was far from intimidating, at least to me. I wasn't going to be bullied into doing business with someone who didn't deserve it.

"Oh, I'm very sure. Sergie will have to do his business elsewhere."

"You do realize this won't end well for you, James," Yuri replied, becoming frustrated. "Don't be an idiot. A man like Sergie isn't forgiving, and the fact he is giving you another chance to reconsider should be a highlighting factor in your eyes."

"I don't care, Yuri. My answer is final," I replied firmly. "Now, if you're done, I have other things to tend to."

There was a moment of silence that fell between us as Yuri watched me with a murderous gaze. I wasn't sure what to make of it, but my hand stayed firmly on the gun beneath my desk as I watched him.

"You're a fool, Valentino. He will take everything that you love from you to get what he wants."

There it was. The threat I was waiting for.

I was very aware of what Sergie would do in order to force me into a corner, but there was no way that I was going to give in. This business was my life, and I wanted to go straight. No more shady deals or illegal run-ins.

"He can try."

Shaking his head, Yuri turned and headed for the door. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

It was the last thing he said before Yuri slammed my office door behind him. I saved face, and I refused. It was the right thing to do, though, no matter what threats he threw my way.

I wanted a future full of life, and one with Becca.

I wouldn't allow my dark past to catch up with me and end up destroying her. I had to change for the better, and to do that, I had to make choices that might cost me my life.

Pissed off about Allison running her mouth, I picked up my phone and dialed her number. Every second that it rang, I became angrier until finally she answered, and her cringe worthy voice caught me off guard.

"James, I didn't think you knew yet—"

"What, that you went behind my back and met with Sergie? Crying wolf to a man. I am trying to get my family away from all because I am sleeping with a woman that isn't you! Have you lost your f\*cking mind, Allison?" I yelled at her.

"What—James, you have to listen to me..." she muttered and even though she sounded upset, I wasn't going to allow her to play games with me.

I was done with the games and every other piece of bullshit that made its way into my lap. I wanted her out of my life more than ever. She was nothing to me but a waste of space.

"No, you're going to stop f\*cking with my life, or we are going to have major issues."

"Don't sit there and act like this is all on me!" she yelled through the phone. "I had no idea your business dealings with him were over. He will f\*cking kill you if you don't agree to continue. Do you want to put our daughter at risk?"

"She is at more risk being around you!" I replied slowly, losing my temper. "How horrible it must be to have such a shameful mother. You are an absolute disappointment, Allison."

There was a small gasp from the other end of the line, and with a small amount of silence, I knew what was about to be said.

“F\*ck you, James. I did everything right, and you were the reason things went bad. All I had ever wanted was for you to pay attention to me. To love me and make things work. Yet, business was always more important than the family you were losing,” she cried out with disdain.

“My fault?” I laughed. “The only thing that was my fault was ever being with you. I should have listened to everyone back then. I should have left your ass on the front steps of that house and walked away, never looking back. You ruined everything.”

Every word I said was true. I regretted everything I had with her back then. She was nothing to me, and if she died tomorrow, I wouldn’t shed a tear. Never had I hated someone so much in my life as I hated her.

“Stay away from me, Becca, and Tally. You need to grow up, Allison.”

“Well, you will be happy to know that I don’t know where Tally is, so I can’t exactly be around her!” she snapped with soft sobs.

“What? What do you mean you don’t know where she is?”

“While you were off f\*cking your little bitch up north... Tally ran off. I have no idea where she is or who she is with. The beach house is dirty, but empty. I even asked the housekeepers at your house if she had been there, and they said no,” Allison replied. “She’s gone.”

No one at my house had said anything to me about Tally or Allison. Then again, it wasn’t like I really asked those questions. Allison wasn’t supposed to be there, and Tally was a grown woman.

She could come and go as she wanted to.

“When was the last time you saw her?” I asked in slight panic.

“About a week ago. Not long after you two got into that argument.”

Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath and tried to collect myself. I hadn’t meant for things to go the way they had, and knowing she was gone because of me and my situation with Becca didn’t sit well as a father.

Regardless of the things she had done in her past, she was still my daughter, and I was still her father. The man who was supposed to protect her and care for her.

“I’ll find her. For now... stay the f\*ck away from us all!” I snapped. “You’re not wanted!”

Hanging up the phone, I yelled out in frustration.

First, Yuri, then Allison, and now this. When was it ever going to f\*cking end?

As much as I wanted to call Becca and tell her what was going on, I couldn't. She had school to worry about, and it wasn't like Tally and Becca were on the best of terms. Perhaps, though, Tally had gone back up north.

Maybe she changed her mind about school and was going to finish her last year like she was supposed to. There were a lot of different things that ran through my mind, but the main thing was finding my daughter.

My daughter and my unborn grandchild.

Allison

Hanging up the phone with James, I couldn't stop the anger coursing through me. For him to honestly think he could just speak to me however he wanted to was beyond insane. I was, once upon a time, the only woman he loved, and since the moment that little whore Becca stepped into our lives, I had completely lost control of him.

Pacing around my living room, I took in the fading decor and the unfortunate end to the lavish lifestyle I had once lived. I had lost so much over the past few years and all because James didn't understand the needs I had.

He had been gone all the time traveling overseas, and with the many photos I constantly had seen of him with other women, it was hard for me to believe he wasn't cheating on me. So, in a moment of weakness, I had slept with somebody else. It wasn't anything serious. It was a one time thing, and yet, James never forgave me for what I had done.

Even though I had forgiven him so many times over the transgressions against me he had caused, it was as if he could do no wrong. He was so arrogant, so stuck up, and right now, we had more important things to worry about, but he still had hatred for me.

And the only thing I was trying to do was to show him Becca wanted nothing but his money. She would take everything from him in the end, and he would be left with nothing, which meant Tally and I would be left with nothing.

## Chapter 67 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story:

I gripped a wine glass in my hand as so much frustration ran through me, I tossed the wine glass at the wall and watched as the red liquid sprayed everywhere and the glass shattered, falling to the floor beneath it.

“F\*ck!” I screamed out in frustration.

There was no coming back from the conversation I had with him. If this was how he was going to be, I was going to have to take drastic measures to ensure he saw how serious I was about mending things with him. I would have to get rid of the complications.

The same complications that walked through the door at the beginning of summer with my daughter.

I had always told Tally that girl was no good, and even though she seemed sweet and innocent, I knew she wasn't.

She was the devil and would have to be dealt with accordingly.

Becca was nothing but a burden to us all, and I would have the last laugh in this situation.

Picking up my phone, I scrolled through the numbers until I found the one name that I wanted to call. Sergie, the Russian mafia leader who had once done business with my ex-husband.

James warned me not to have contact with the man, but I wasn't going to listen. Sergie adored me in every way and had constantly told me so the entire time James and he had done business.

Even Sergie's wife and I got along quite wonderfully.

That was until the divorce, and she found it beneath her to talk to somebody in the same situation as I was. Self-centered bitch.

“Allison, what do I owe the pleasure of your phone call?” Sergie asked as he answered the phone.

“I talked to James, and I believe you had someone that went to talk to him as well. He is so stubborn that he doesn't want to change anything.”

“I know this is a complication, and I wish that things didn't have to come to this, but I'm going to have to take action against him. I do hope that you understand.” Sergie wasn't a man to play around with. I knew what was going to come of this, and the fear of it happening rolled through me like a thundering wave.

“Wait. Don't take it out on James. It isn't his fault. There are complications behind his decisions that need to be taken care of. Once they are sorted, he will willingly make the right choice. I know he will,” I replied with desperation in my tone.

There was silence on the other end of the line, but the small, subtle noises of his thinking came through clearly. “I see, and these complications... do they have anything to do with the pretty little girl that he was seen with in Miami?”

“You mean the whore he was sleeping with that happened to be my daughter’s best friend? Yes, she is the complication. She has clouded his judgment. She is making it to where he doesn’t think properly about anything that he does. All he’s thinking about is his d\*ck.”

Laughter escaped Sergie from the other end of the line, and I felt myself a bit shocked he would laugh at a matter like this. It was a very serious situation that had to be handled.

“Allison, you are definitely a woman from my own heart. Your jealousy and your vision for vengeance is quite enticing. You would have made a wonderful wife for a Russian had the situation presented itself to you.”

Feeling slightly uncomfortable, I tried to put the happiest tone in my voice that I could. “Thank you, Sergie. I do appreciate that. But how can we fix this?”

“So eager, little wolf,” he replied in an amusing voice. “You don’t need to worry about this. What you need to worry about is finding your daughter that I hear has gone missing. I’m sure there are ways I could possibly help you find her. Though it would cost you, if you’re interested.”

“Cost me. I don’t understand. You know where she is?”

“I’m sure that I can find her,” he replied with a chuckle in the phone that was so deep and sinister that my skin crawled. “However, as I said, there is a cost.”

“What is it that you’re wanting, Sergie?” I asked, already knowing what he was going to say.

Sergie was an older man, but he was very well known for having a particular taste in things, and me coming to him, asking him for a favor, was not going to be something he would do for free.

“I would like for you to come spend a weekend with me, Allison. My wife is going to be preoccupied, and, as a man with needs, I would love the opportunity to finally get to taste you. It has been a very long time since you were underneath my palm.”

The comment he made was as if I had actually slept with him, which, in reality, I hadn’t.

What he was referring to was a convention we had years ago during a cocktail hour. He had approached me, offering me to have a fun evening, however at the time, I was absolutely in love with James and so young, so I declined.

It didn’t mean he didn’t try to approach me more than once, though. He was persistent.

However, he wasn’t the kind of man that would willingly take something that wasn’t freely given. He enjoyed being able to hold me under his thumb right now. He wanted me begging on my knees for his help and willing to submit to him in order to get it.

I may have been a proud woman, but the situation was serious.

I needed Becca taken care of, and this was the only way to do it.

“You want me to sleep with you in order for me to get your help? In order to handle Becca and also find my daughter?”

“Essentially, yes,” Sergie replied, causing my heart to all but stop.

“I understand my situation, but is there really no other way that we could go about this?”

“You have no other way to receive help from me unless I get something in return, Allison. Do not act like you’re afraid of me. I have seen the venom that you have spit at people for many years, and I find you to be the viper that I need to sustain my own hunger. So the question honestly is, Allison....do you want to submit to the devil in order to earn his favor?”

Did I want to submit to him?

No, absolutely not, but I didn’t really have another choice, and though some people would have looked at me as if I was the evil one in all of this, I was just a woman who did not like change.

A woman who wanted life to be as it was without outsiders interfering in personal affairs.

“I will spend the weekend with you, Sergie. If you are able to handle the situation, I’m sure there are things that we can agree further on in person.”

My response was short, but it had a meaning that caused him to laugh like I had never heard.

He was excited with the notion he would have me for the weekend after so many years of me declining his offers. I may have been older, but I was beautiful for my age.

In the end, though, there would be only one way out of this, and that way would be me having to kneel before him as he wanted.

“Wonderful. Prepare yourself. I will pick you up later tonight.”

“Later tonight?” I questioned with confusion on my face as I furrowed my brows and stopped pacing my living room. “I thought that you wanted me to spend a weekend with you.”

“Why would we wait? After all, you have a debt with me, and therefore, I will collect on it sooner rather than later. Is there a problem with that?”

Swallowing deeply, I tried to catch my breath, and as I stood there staring blankly at the wall in front of me, I knew my fate was sealed.

“There’s no problem at all. Let’s go ahead and schedule for around nine or so tonight. Would that be okay? That way, I have enough time to prepare myself and pack my bags. Plus, I’m sure you have calls to make after our conversation...”

“Indeed,” he replied with light amusement. “I will have someone come to collect you, then.”

As soon as the phone hung up, I slumped onto my sofa, letting everything soak in.

I had just done something I never thought I would do. I had signed my soul over to the devil to get what I wanted, and if it cost blood, then so be it.

Becca's blood would run the streets of Miami by the time I got done with her.

I would have my revenge.

Becca

A few days had passed, and the conversation between James and I hadn't been as much as I would have liked. In fact, he had been more busy than usual, and I didn't know what to do with myself.

Every day was just like the last. I got up. I did my morning workout. I walked down to the cafe and got breakfast and coffee and then went to class.

I would go through the day as if nothing in the world was wrong with me, and by the time I got done with classes, I would head back to my apartment to eat dinner and do homework.

Whoever said that life as a student in college was exciting was sadly mistaken. My life was full of nothing but getting my work done, passing my classes, and surviving to the weekend.

Then, usually on the weekends, I was way too exhausted and tired to even want to do anything. Not to mention I was not the kind of girl that enjoyed going out partying. I was the kind of girl who would rather stay home with a good book, a movie and a friend, and some pizza.

Perhaps that was a preference not many people my age enjoyed, but it was a preference I enjoyed.

Walking into my apartment after a long week of going to school, I was excited, thinking about James, who was supposed to come tomorrow. The idea of spending time with him made my heart race, and honestly, I couldn't wait to throw my arms around him the moment he stepped inside my apartment.

The idea of seeing him again was something that helped get me through the entire week, and as I pulled my phone out, I realized he had still not contacted me all day.

It was odd, but I didn't let it bother me too much.

Knowing him, he had been super busy all day.

Putting my bag down and kicking off my shoes, I dialed his number and called him instead. The phone rang a few times, and when his deep, sultry voice came through the other line, I couldn't help but smile.

"Hey, what's going on? I'm in the middle of something," he said quickly and that smile I had slowly fell.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bother you. I was just calling to check on you. Haven't really heard from you today, and I know you're going to be here tomorrow. So I just wanted to figure out what time so I can make plans."

“Oh, shit, Becca, I completely forgot.” He forgot? What in the world did he mean? He forgot.

How could he have forgotten he was supposed to be coming to see me?

“I don’t understand. What do you mean you forgot? Are you not coming?” I asked him as I fell to the sofa, sitting there in disbelief that after a week of thinking he was coming to spend time with me, in reality, he wasn’t.

“I’m not going to be able to make it tomorrow. There are a lot of things going on that are just very complicated at the moment, and as much as I would love to be there with you, I honestly can’t.”

“It’s okay. I completely understand. I guess I’ll just figure something else out to do. Do you know when you might be coming up here?” I asked softly, hoping that it wasn’t going to be a long time before I would get to see him again.

“No, I don’t know when I’m going to make it up there, but I do really have to go. So can we pick up this conversation tomorrow morning? I have some free time I can schedule you in.”

Schedule me in.

Hearing him say those words turned my moment from being completely fine to completely pissed off. “Yeah, no worries. Let me know what your schedule is when you have time. Better yet, have Evette message me. She does all your scheduling.”

Hanging up the phone, I tossed it onto my coffee table and crossed my arms over my chest, sitting back, pouting. Perhaps the way I was acting was childish, but I had every right to be upset.

## Chapter 68 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

I wasn’t some appointment he needed to schedule. I was supposed to be his girlfriend. The woman he wanted to be with, and yet ,he spoke to me as if spending time with me was a task to complete.

Confliction filled me with how I was supposed to act towards this. I wanted to lash out and be cold to him, but something told me that there was more going on.

Shaking away the uneasy feeling of emptiness, I preoccupied myself. No longer was I hungry, like I had been thirty minutes before. Instead, I mindlessly wandered towards the kitchen and pulled a bottle of wine from my fridge, not bothering with a glass.

Had I done something wrong that made him not want to spend time with me?

The thoughts plagued me, and as my phone rang, I jumped in shock, hoping it was James.

However, as I looked down at my phone, I realized it wasn't.

It was Neal.

I hadn't talked to him lately, and I felt slightly bad. I knew the apartments were almost done, and he was going to want me to show them, but I just felt so guilty about how things ended between us before that the conversations were almost awkward.

"Hey, Neal, how are things going?" I said as soon as I picked up the phone.

"Things are going pretty good. I was just going to let you know that the first apartment will be available to lease probably by the end of next week. So, if you don't mind, I was going to see if I could drop the keys off to you and then possibly have you schedule with somebody who's interested in renting it out."

"Of course, it's no problem at all. When were you looking to come up?" I asked him with a smile on my face, even though he couldn't see me. Hearing his voice after everything that had been happening lately was refreshing in a way.

"I'll actually probably be up there tomorrow to drop those keys off. I've got to do a couple of things in town, but other than that, yeah. Why? You sound like you're a little upset. Is everything okay?"

"That is a loaded question, as always," I said as I let out a heavy breath, realizing this was my fate, and I was just another catastrophe waiting to happen.

A hearty laugh left his lips, and as it did, I felt a sense of familiarity through all the awkwardness I had once had. "Well, start from the top. What seems to be the problem?"

"Besides the fact that the entire campus knows I am screwing James and also they think I'm sleeping with you as well? Hmm... let's see. James was supposed to come and visit me this weekend, but he can't. I guess there's not much else that's actually going on. Oh, I did forget. I now have to be scheduled in order to have conversations with James because he's too busy to deal with me right now."

The exhaustion I felt after having all of that information flow from me was absolutely mentally draining. I had a sense of relief because I was able to vent to somebody about it, but actually hearing myself say it was just absolutely ridiculous.

"To me, it sounds like you definitely need a few stiff drinks and a night out. Have you not gone out with any of your friends or anything?"

"Friends?" I laughed, as if that was the most hysterical thing that I'd ever heard. "Neal, I don't have any real friends. I was part of Tally's group, so I always hung out with her. I never had the chance to make proper friends myself while being at school. It was always school work and hanging out with Tally."

“Jesus. Well, that does explain a lot, actually,” he replied, causing a gasp to leave my lips as I laughed.

“What’s that supposed to mean? I’m not that terrible, but I mean, I’m not like other people here. I don’t really care to party. I may look like a party girl, but I’m actually a bookworm. That is my deep, dark secret. I am a bookworm who loves to wear fuzzy socks and curl up in bed and read a book or watch a movie and drink coffee or hot tea.”

“You know, bookworms are actually pretty sexy,” he added, causing me to laugh again as I shook my head, knowing full well that this was definitely the conversation that I needed.

Neal always had a way of making me laugh, making me forget I was upset, and it was the same trait that his sister Allegra had as well.

“Thanks for calling me. I really needed this conversation.”

“You don’t have to thank me, Becca. You need someone to talk to you. All you have to do is ask. Now, since I’m coming up there this weekend, why don’t we hang out tomorrow night? We can go have drinks and that,” Neal offered, and for a moment, I really wanted to take him up on his offer. But I was hesitant because of James.

James did not really care for me hanging around Neal, even though Neal had been nothing but kind to me, and I didn’t want to do anything to further upset him because we were trying to make the long distance thing work.

If photographs got out and circulated with me hanging out with Neal without James being part of the picture, it would just cause all kinds of problems.

“I don’t know if going out drinking in public right now is probably the best idea. The last thing I need is for people to get the wrong impression.”

“Okay. Then we hang out at your place. You pick the movies. I will grab pizza on my way there and some alcohol, and we’ll just hang out like we used to do back at the apartment. I mean, we used to have a lot of fun, and I know that you’re with James, and I completely understand. I won’t get in the way of it, but you deserve to be happy.”

He wasn’t wrong, but he wasn’t right either.

Maybe I deserved to be happy, but I felt the happiest when I was with James. Maybe my thinking was clouded because he was like the rebound guy after Chad. In the end, there was just something about James that drew me in that I fell in love with, and as much as I knew I deserved to have more than what I currently did... I didn’t want to let him go.

Never in my life had I felt so conflicted as I did in that moment.

James Valentino was everything I ever wanted in a man. Granted, he was a few years older than any man I’d ever seen myself with, but they do say with age comes experience, and he had enough experience to make his own porn movies.

“Alright then,” I replied softly as I slowly caved in. “I’ll see you tomorrow night. Make sure you don’t forget the pineapple on my pizza.”

“You do know that is absolutely disgusting? But I will do it just because it’s you that’s asking,” he said, causing me to scoff playfully.

“Until tomorrow,” I breathed with a smile as I hung up the phone.

Through everything James had put me through, I was glad I had an amazing friend like Neal.

Becca

The next morning, I awoke with a little pep in my step. It was Saturday, and I was excited. That was because it was the one day I didn’t have to worry about school or studying, even though I probably should have been. It was the beginning of a weekend I was going to absolutely adore.

Throwing on my tennis shoes, I grabbed my purse and headed out of my apartment, ready to start the day of nothing but fun and excitement. First up was the grocery store, and then I was on to find a little bit of odds and ends to decorate up the spare room, just in case Neal wanted to stay.

There was no way I was going to let him drive home after he had been drinking, or across town for that matter.

Making my way towards my car, I climbed in and put it in drive, heading across town towards the local grocery store. Not even five minutes out from my destination, however, my phone lit up, and James’s name crossed the screen.

Of course, he’s calling.

“Good morning,” I said with very little enthusiasm. I was still quite sore with him, and I had every right to be, considering how he had spoken to me.

“Hey, gorgeous. What are you up to?”

“Nothing much, heading to the grocery store to pick up some stuff. I’ve got some things that I’m taking care of this weekend, since you’re not making it. What’s going on with you?” I asked him, avoiding letting him know about Neal just yet. I wanted to hear what he had to say, and if he was going to apologize first.

“Some things to do?” he replied, and I wasn’t honestly shocked he would start the conversation off that way. “Do you have a lot of studying or something to do this weekend?”

“No, not studying. I actually have a guest coming, so I’m just going to hang out at the apartment and eat some pizza, watch some movies, have a few drinks, and just kind of hang out. I mean, I wanted to spend the weekend with you, but you made it very clear yesterday you didn’t have time to waste on me. So I’m making do with the best I can.”

“Coming to stay with you, Becca?” James snapped through the phone as I put the car in park in a parking spot and sat there staring off into the distance, trying to wrap my head around the fact he had just used that tone with me.

“What’s the matter? It’s somebody that you would be perfectly fine with me seeing. So I don’t understand.

“For one, if I was okay with you being around them, then you wouldn’t have a reason not to tell me who it is. Now, I want a name.” The stern sound of his voice made my skin slightly crawl. I wanted to obey him, submit to him in every way, and taking a deep breath, I did.

“It’s just Neal. He has to drive up to drop the keys off because somebody’s going to be renting the apartment that was just finished. I suggested we grab something to eat and hang out like we used to when I was staying with him.”

I don’t know why I thought James would be okay with it, because deep down I knew he wouldn’t be. Sure enough, I heard the frustration in his tone as he took a deep breath and let out an uneasy groan.

“I’m not okay with that,” he replied, catching me a little off guard, as if I had to ask for his permission.

“Why wouldn’t you be okay with it? It’s Neal. You already know that I’m living in an apartment he has here, and I’m going to be helping him with the others. I don’t understand what the problem would be if I were to hang out with him.”

“Are you kidding me right now?” he scoffed, causing my frown to deepen. “He wants to get into your pants, and you’re actually going to let him stay with you, knowing that you’re with me. I shouldn’t even have to comment on this.”

“First of all, it isn’t even like that. He actually talks highly of you and respects your decision. So for you to act like this is completely unacceptable. After all, you were the one who was supposed to be here this weekend to spend an entire week with me, and instead, you’re not.”

“Because I really don’t have a choice,” he snapped again, raising his voice at me as if I was just some other person who he had to deal with.

“And what exactly would keep you from wanting to spend time with me? You yourself said that you were closing the deal that you had yesterday,” I replied, reminding him of the conversation we had had prior.

“Yeah, and then I turned around and found out I have issues with another client I have to take care of because of Allison. And on top of that, Tally has gone missing.”

Shock filled me hearing that Allison was part of some issue that he had, and Tally, the girl who had once been my best friend, was also missing. She was pregnant, and to find that she was missing made me a little uneasy.

“Did you check with Chad’s family? I mean, maybe they went there.”

“Yeah, I checked there,” he snapped at me for a third time.

I was growing very impatient with him. If he was going to keep talking to me like this, I was done with it all. I didn’t deserve this.

“Look, I understand that you have a lot going on and that you’re not happy right now because of the situation with Neal, but you need to let that go and learn to trust me that nothing is going to happen. Now, as for Tally, I can give you suggestions where to look, but you need to change your tone because you will not speak to me that way.”

I was very clear how I felt about the matter.

Yes, I was worried for Tally because if James didn’t know where she was, then I needed to do everything I could possibly do to help him, even though I didn’t get along with her. It didn’t mean that I didn’t care enough to help James.

That was his daughter, and she wasn’t always the brightest crayon in the box. Therefore, making sure she didn’t do anything stupid was something to be take care of.

“Look, you have other plans tonight, so why don’t you just worry about that, and I will figure out the situation with my daughter on my own.”

“Stop being a complete asshole, right now. I don’t understand this, and I’m sick and tired of the fighting and arguing. Neal is a friend. You need to let that go. I am trying to help you. I know Tally better than you do.” He was acting in a way that I was not happy with.

He should have told me this yesterday when I had spoken to him, and I would have been more understanding of the situation. Hell, I would have dedicated my weekend to helping him find her.

Even if that meant going to New York and confronting Chad’s family just to see if she was there.

Instead, though, he had kept it from me. Waited an entire twenty-four hours to say anything at all, and he made me feel like I was completely nothing to him instead of being open and honest with me about the situations that were going on.

“Why would you want to help her? You don’t even like her.”

“Are you kidding me right now? Will you for once be mature and act your age? You are a grown man, and you’re being a d\*ck to me because I’m hanging out with a friend later that you don’t approve of. I don’t sit there and question everybody that you hang out with.”

Silence filled the phone, and for a moment, I thought he had hung up.

“I’m sorry. You’re right. Right now, I am acting ridiculous. I just have so much on my mind, and I’ll be honest, I don’t entirely trust him because he has feelings for you. Whether you choose to believe it or not, he has told me that himself.”

# Chapter 69 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

## Filed to story:

Hearing Neal had feelings for me was not what I was expecting. I knew he liked me to an extent because of prior conversations, but I thought that might have just been a simple infatuation.

Pushing those concerns aside, I moved forward with the Tally issue.

“If she’s not at his family’s house, he has an apartment in New York City. I don’t have the exact address, but I do know where it is. There’s a possibility she could be there, and if she’s not there... then there’s a good possibility she could be here in town. Regardless, I’ll text you the generalized directions on how to get there.

“I don’t understand how you put up with me, Becca,” James said after a moment as I typed in the directions.

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m not exactly the best person for you, and as much as I wish I could be, I find it hard. I’m a man stuck in my ways, and I’m just wondering if you really understand what you’re getting yourself into.”

James was a man of very few words, typically. However, right now he had my mind completely blown because the way it sounded was as if he was reconsidering our current situation and that wasn’t something that I had expected.

“Are you having second thoughts about us?” I asked with hesitation and shock in my tone.

“I don’t know what I’m thinking. I just know I can’t be there for you right now, the way you need me to be, and yet... I don’t know. Maybe we’re overthinking everything because it’s hard to be with somebody when they’re not next to you every day.”

“No. You’re not doing this,” I replied, refusing to let him go down this road with me. We would not have this conversation over the phone.

“Becca—” he said, trying to cut me off.

“No!” I exclaimed. “You are not doing this right now. You’re not thinking clearly, and I’m not going down this road with you. So what I want you to do is take a deep breath and stop worrying about me. I want you to worry about finding Tally, and I want you to keep me updated on everything. If you want to call me later tonight or in the morning, that choice is yours. Regardless, you are not ending this relationship over the phone.”

Putting my foot down, I quickly hung up the phone, not giving him a chance to say anything else. That would mean that our relationship was over.

We had just picked back up the pieces, and I could tell he was hesitant and simply stressed. There was no way I was going to allow him to decide when he was in that kind of state.

If James Valentino wanted to leave me, he was going to do it in person, not over the phone like some high school prick.

James

As soon as Becca hung up the phone, I felt nothing but guilt and remorse over the way I had acted. This is a girl who had been nothing but good to me and time and time again, I did nothing but become a complete d\*ck to her.

She had never given me a reason to question her or doubt I could trust her. Instead, she had done everything right, and all she wanted was a chance to prove herself to me. And yet, I was the one who was constantly feeling as if I was unsure of the situation.

Staring out the window of my office, I looked across the green grass leading to the small railing overlooking the ocean. I was a complete mess, and the fury of worry flowing through my veins had done nothing but hinder my ability to think straight.

I was being unfair to her, but I wanted to protect her. Once upon a time, I lived a life of criminalized activity. I'd messed with the wrong people; I'd made shady deals, and I'd cut corners. Through everything, I ended up pissing off the wrong people, leaving a wake of issues in my path.

Even though I'd tried to turn myself around for the last ten years, I was not good. I had cut ties with anybody who could have been a future complication. I didn't want my daughter to grow up in a world surrounded by nothing but violence.

The young man I had been before is not the same man I am now, but all of those problems were coming back at me, and now, I was going to have to reap what I sowed.

Now, not only was my daughter in danger, but, potentially, so was a woman I cared deeply for. A woman I loved. I never wanted anything bad to happen to her, and I reminded myself because of my actions, she was in danger.

Especially since Allison had gone to Sergie and explained to him I was not thinking straight. I knew in my mind she wouldn't have told him Becca was the reason I was not agreeing to his terms. Even though that wasn't true, she wasn't the person who was clouding my judgment, as she liked to call it.

On the contrary, this was a decision I had made long before I had ever slept with, or even touched Becca, for that matter. I wanted freedom.

I wanted a way out and more times than once, I had contemplated selling off everything I had. Taking my money and my daughter and moving abroad somewhere else to start over. Somewhere where nobody would know who we were.

I wasn't sure where that place would be. But now, with Becca in my life, everything was complicated. Even more so because there was no way I would tuck tail and run, leaving her defenseless.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I lifted my coffee cup to my lips and continued to stare. There were many routes I could take in order to fix this, but one thing was for sure. After the conversation with Becca, there was no way she was going to allow me to escape her.

She was right, though. I would not have this conversation with her over the phone. It was going to be a conversation I had to have in person and as much as I wanted to be entangled in her every second of the day I was with her, this had to be a serious moment.

I had to tell her the truth.

The truth about my past and who I was.

I had to explain to her there were things about me I was hiding.

People would not be safe if things went wrong, and slowly but surely, the vines I had tied securely together were loosening, and with that, my problems were showing.

The soft echo of feet on the floor sounded in the distance, with soft murmurs of women speaking. I wasn't sure who it was, and with an angry scowl, I stood and made my way towards the door.

I half expected to see Allison standing there, demanding to speak with me, demanding for me to fix things. But I looked into the eyes of Allegra, and her expression spoke nothing but disdain.

"What are you doing here?" I asked her as I pressed forward.

"Came to see you. You didn't like me approaching you at work, and with everything I heard that's been going on lately, I'd figured you'd be here. That, and your car is parked out front rather oddly, so you must have had a rough night yesterday."

Allegra was a mysterious woman, and even though we didn't have the greatest of friendships, she had become close with Becca, so if she was here, I could only assume it was because of Becca.

Gesturing for her to follow me, I took her outside onto the back patio terrace area. "Don't pretend to act like this is just a casual meeting to see how things are going. I know very well that the only reason you are here is because of Becca. We would have no other business to speak of."

A smile crossed her lips as she stared at me. "That is true. However, first I want to know what is going on with you before I tell you why I'm here. So why don't you explain why you're still in Miami and not up there with the woman you love?"

"You are seriously going to play that line with me?" I laughed as I watched her shrug her shoulders as if to say she would do as she wanted, as she always did. "If you must know, I had come down here to take care of business, which Becca knew. We agreed on it. I was supposed to go back to visit her this weekend. I have a very large client that I was closing on. However, while being here, complications arose."

"Complications, you say. Pray tell, what are those complications?"

“One would be Allison, of course. Another would be Tally, and then, there is my criminalized past coming back to haunt me like a distant chill on a warm, sunny day,” I quipped as I sipped upon my coffee, savoring the rich deep taste.

“Well, let’s start with the first issue you seem to have. Allison. How does she fit in all of this? I thought you got rid of the woman when you decided you loved Becca, and you were going to be with her.”

“That would be correct,” I replied, nodding my head as I cast my gaze off into the distance. “However, she seems to have made friends with somebody from my past, and therefore, caused more complications.”

“You keep saying complications, but yet you don’t explain what those complications are. I am not here for a casual visit. I’m here to fix a problem, as I always do. Now, if you don’t mind, what are those complications?”

Staring at her with a fixed gaze, my brows narrowed. I wasn’t sure if she was someone I could trust to tell this kind of business to. Even though we had known each other for quite some time, it wasn’t like she was somebody I would confide in on certain issues.

Regardless, I gave in. “I dealt in shady dealings, and I had to pay for that. However, that may be because Allison has made friends with my enemies due to the fact that I reject her continuously for Becca. She has now, more than likely, been explaining that Becca is the reason I won’t sign the deals, which, of course, isn’t the truth. But then again, when is Allison ever telling the truth?”

“What are you saying? That Becca is in danger?” Allegra asked, her eyes wide and concern laced in her tone.

She would always care for Becca. Regardless of the one intimate moment that they had while we were at Club Velvet, Allegra and Becca had become very close friends.

“I don’t think so, but I can’t be sure.”

“I see. Well, it seems to me you have a problem there, something you need to figure out. Because if Becca is going to be in any sort of trouble, I need to be made aware, as does Neal and Becca. But that really should be something that comes from you.”

There was a seething warning within her tone that let me know she was serious. Shrugging it off, though, I continued the conversation I was having, seeing as Allegra was so determined to know what exactly was going on in my life.

“On top of all of this, it’s come to my attention Tally has gone missing. And not only has she gone missing, but she’s also pregnant. Things have become a lot more complicated than I have wanted them to.”

“So what is it you plan to do, then? You can’t simply sit here in your house in Miami and sulk. You need to be looking for your daughter, and if you can’t find her, she is a grown adult and needs to take care of herself,” she scowled, leaning back in her chair.

“She is still my daughter,” I replied with warning in my tone.

“Yes, and a grown adult. While you’re worried about her, you have a woman up there who loves you, who has gone through hell and back to be with you, and given you more chances than she should have. One that could be in danger.”

To say Allegra was angry would be an understatement. She was holding herself together very well, composed, as she always was, but deep down, she was a pit of fire, wanting to lash out at me for how I had been acting.

“I understand the reasoning behind your statement. However, I do have to find Tally. Regardless if she’s an adult, she is still my daughter. I have to make sure she’s okay and that my grandchild is okay because, as we all know, Tally is not the most self-sufficient person.”

The conversation with Allegra went on for an hour, and by the time we were done, I had gained a little more clarity than I had initially had on the situations at hand. I needed to see Becca. Regardless of everything going on, I needed to clear the air with her and make her aware of the secrets I had been hiding.

That last thing I wanted was for her to find out from someone else, or worse, get hurt by the secrets I refused to explain.

Becca

After the conversation with James, I pushed my feelings aside and continued my tasks for the day. I ended up having to go up to the school to drop off a last-minute paper to one of my teachers before I was supposed to meet up with Neal.

Through the week, things had been utterly strange considering everything that had happened, and the last thing I wanted to do was draw more attention to myself.

As soon as I had finished grocery shopping, I drove straight to the school and quickly took the paper from my bag and made my way inside in order to drop it off. Usually, on days like today, my professor wasn’t in the office. But considering he had a lot of grading to do, he had made an exception for me.

Without wasting time, I scurried inside and straight to my professor’s office. His smile was cheerful that I had made it on time, considering the noon deadline.

“Thank you, Miss Woods. I appreciate you being able to stick to our agreement.”

“It’s not a problem, Professor. I’m so sorry about having to be late on it to begin with. Things have been chaotic lately, but hopefully they will start improving. I’ll see you in class on Tuesday.”

Nodding his head, his eyes stared at me with a kind smile behind the thick frames of his glasses. He was a balding man in his mid-50s, but he had a joyous laugh when he taught that seemed to entrance everybody. He was by far one of my favorite teachers, and I was glad I had a professor this year I could actually relate to.

Scurrying from his class, I made my way down the hall only to bump into the one person I had hoped to avoid. The dean of students stood in the middle of the hall, tapping his foot with his arms crossed across his chest and a beady glare in his eyes, as if he was waiting to say something to me.

“Miss Woods, it’s quite odd to see you on campus today, considering it’s the weekend.”

“I had to drop something off to one of my professors. Is everything okay? I’m kind of in a hurry,” I replied to him, hoping he wasn’t trying to have a full conversation considering the food I had sitting in my car I was waiting to take home.

“Actually, things aren’t okay. I’ve heard of some whispers going around campus, and I have to admit I’m a little disappointed they bring your name up within them. I told you to not let me be disappointed this year. I do hope I find those rumors are not true.”

Staring at him in disbelief, I couldn’t understand where he had got the notion I was a part of some huge scandal. There wasn’t actually a scandal. I had done nothing wrong.

Unless he was referring to the James situation that went public.

“I’m sorry, but I do not know what you’re talking about. If you don’t mind, though, I need to be excused. I have groceries waiting in the car I need to get home,” I said, trying to detour the conversation.

## Chapter 70 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

### Filed to story:

As I made my way to pass him, he reached out, grabbing my arm, stopping me in my tracks. Never once had I had one of my teachers touch me in any way, and him gripping my arm like a vice made me feel extremely uncomfortable.

This man was crossing a line he had no way of coming back from if he wasn’t careful.

“I would like to remind you that to be at this school is a privilege. You got in solely for academic purposes, and though your grades may keep up, you bring no financial gain to this school, so do not feel you can’t be removed.”

This warning twisted my stomach into a knot. I was in my last year, and if he really thought that he could dismiss me because of some rumor, that was completely unfair. I was tired of people treating me like shit, talking to me as if I was nothing.

Turning my glare to him, I narrowed my eyes, staring in disbelief as I yanked my arm from his grip. “And you will do well to remember to keep your hands to yourself, sir. I do hope that we don’t have this misunderstanding again.”

He seemed shocked by my outburst. Shit, I was shocked! I couldn't believe I had just spoken to the dean of students like that, but he was completely in the wrong for accosting me in the hallway.

Without another word, he scoffed and stalked off down the corridor, heading for God knows where, and I quickly made my departure, heading straight for my car. The last thing I wanted to do was to be stopped by anyone, and as the tears blurred my vision, I quickly pulled out my keys, hit the button to unlock my car, and climbed into the driver's seat.

My heart ached at times like this, where I wished James was here, because I had nobody here to talk to. I didn't have a single friend in this place. No family. Nobody to talk to, nobody to guide me. I was alone and facing issues like this by myself.

My heart broke, but as I pulled out my phone, I dialed James' number. His phone rang and rang and rang, but he didn't pick up.

Instead, the call went to voicemail, and as it did, I hung up, and a heart wrenching sob left my throat. "Of course, you don't answer."

Why had my life turned into something as chaotic as this?

Why was I subjected to all of this when the only thing I wanted was to have a normal life?

I never asked for any of it. I never asked for the issues, and yet I faced them daily. It was as if my life had become a game for some mystical entertainment.

Putting the car into reverse, I quickly backed out of my parking spot and made my way towards my apartment. I couldn't allow this situation to ruin the rest of my day. Neal was coming into town, and I was looking forward to seeing him.

Knowing my luck, though, I would get to the apartment, and he'd already be there.

Turn after turn, I made my way towards my apartment building. Sure enough, as I parked, I spotted Neal's car sitting outside.

I turned off the car and checked my face in the rearview mirror. There was no hiding the fact I had been crying. If he saw me, he would know it, and I would have to make up some lie about a sad song or something.

As soon as I stepped out, I heard his voice calling out to me. "Hey, you! I was just coming down to grab something from the car."

"Shit," I muttered to myself as I slowly turned around to face him.

As soon as he caught sight of me, I saw the emotions run through his face. I was a mess, and it was clear to see. "Becca, what happened? Why are you upset?"

"It's nothing. I'm fine. Just a little emotional today. Can you help me grab these bags?"

He stared at me for a moment in disbelief. “You know that I can clearly see that you are not okay. Regardless of whatever emotions have gotten you upset, I wish you would talk to me.”

“It’s nothing. It’s stupid. I just ran into somebody at the school and had a conversation that didn’t settle well.”

“Oh,” he said, raising a brow with interest. “Who was the person you ran into?”

“It doesn’t matter, Neal. Honestly, just help me grab the bags, please. We can talk more upstairs,” I said, giving him a pleading glance.

Not to continue further with the conversation outside, he nodded his head and grabbed two bags while I grabbed the other and closed my trunk. Both of us made our way silently up to my apartment, but as soon as the door closed, and we set the groceries on the counter, he gently grasped my arm and turned me around to face him, staring down at me with the kindest expression I had ever seen.

“Now that we’re inside... please tell me what is wrong? Who upset you at the school?”

I realized he would not let this go. I didn’t want Neal to get involved, but I also didn’t want to lie to him.

So instead, I sagged my shoulders in defeat, letting a heavy sigh escape my lips.

“I ran into the dean of students. He is the most unpleasant person I have ever met in my life,” I said, as I mentally recalled the conversation. “I was dropping off a paper to one of my teachers, and on my way back to the car, he stopped me.”

“And what exactly did the dean of students say to you to make you so upset? Are you falling behind in one of your classes?”

“No,” I laughed. “But it would stand to reason you would think that would be something I would be upset about.”

Rolling his eyes, he let go of me and stepped back, leaning against the counter. “So then tell me what exactly is it that has you upset? What did the dean say to you?”

“Nothing. He just made an idle conversation about rumors going around campus about me. That I am basically there for academic purposes, and I don’t add any financial gain to the school, so I shouldn’t think of myself as unremovable.”

Neal stared at me with his mouth agape and his eyes wide in utter disbelief. “He said that to you?”

“Yeah, that’s what he said. He is a complete asshole.”

“Yeah, you’re f\*cking right about that. He had no right to speak to you like that. Conversations of that magnitude are supposed to be done behind closed doors with two other people present to ensure that the conversations go over smoothly. Why the hell was he even there on the weekend?” Neal asked, with disbelief on his face.

“Honestly, I don’t know, and I really don’t care after he grabbed me—”

My conversation was cut short as I stopped talking, realizing what I had said. The once shocked expression across Neal’s face turned into one of anger and fury.

“What the f\*ck do you mean he grabbed you, Becca? That prick put his hands on you?!”

“Neal, it’s nothing. Honestly. It’s really nothing. It was just that he stopped me. That was it.”

I was stuttering over my words. Never once had I seen Neal angry, but right now, the way he looked slightly scared me. He was pissed beyond belief the dean had put his hands on me, and I feared the repercussions that would come because of the man’s actions.

Nodding his head, Neal pulled out his phone and quickly sent a text message.

“What are you doing? Please tell me you’re not doing anything.”

“No, I’m not doing anything right now. I don’t want you worrying about that man. But what we are going to do is cook some food and enjoy ourselves. You texted me and let me know you didn’t want me to pick up pizza. So what is it you fancy making tonight?”

Laughter escaped me as I looked at the bags and then back at him. “I told you not to pick up pizza because I thought it’d be fun making it.”

With a stoic gaze, Neal burst into laughter. It was moments like this that reminded me I could still feel normal, even when the weight of the world was hitting on my shoulders.

After a few hours of trying to make the perfect pizza, Neal and I sat upon the sofa laughing over the movie we were watching. He was only about a foot away from me, and even though two different blankets separated us, I still felt closer to him than I had to James in a while.

More than once over the last few days, I had wondered if I had decided wrong when I gave James another chance. James was the man I loved and, more than anything, he was the man I wanted to be with.

But I questioned whether I was making the right choice because James’s life was complicated, and Neal was just so much more. He cared about me and was there for me when James wasn’t.

James’s words rattled through my mind as I thought about what he had said about Neal. Neal had told him he cared about me, but he never said he loved me. Yet, no matter what I thought, I knew I was still curious.

“Neal, can I ask you something?”

Without missing a beat, he looked at me with a Cheshire grin and nodded. “You never have to ask me if you can ask me a question. Just ask, Becca. What’s on your mind? If you’re still worrying about that douchebag dean of yours, you shouldn’t be.”

“It’s not that,” I laughed. “It’s a little more on the personal side.”

“Okay,” he said, looking at me with interest. “What is it?”

Hesitating, I bit my bottom lip. “Earlier today I had a conversation with James, and he said something about you that has been stuck in my mind.”

“And what would that be, my dear?”

“Well... you remember back at the apartment when I was staying with you the night we got slightly carried away...” I said, stumbling over my words, making the conversation more than uncomfortable.

“Yes, what about it?”

Staring at him, I found myself speechless to reply. I wanted to ask if it was true, but with the nerves rattling within me, I simply couldn't. I couldn't open this conversation and have things go wrong. I couldn't let myself end up losing him because of stupidity.

Shaking my head, I stood quickly and smiled. “You know what... it's stupid. Forget I said anything.”

“Becca—”

“No, please. It doesn't matter. Did you want something to drink?” I replied as I made my way towards the kitchen, trying to change the subject.

“Becca, what did he say to you?” Neal said again as I tried to ignore it.

“Neal, honestly, it's nothing. Just forget that I brought the entire thing up. I swear, it wasn't bad. It was just something he said. It really doesn't matter.” I threw my hands up and shrugged my shoulders, trying to play off the entire conversation.

Before I could reach up for the cabinet, though, he spun me around and pinned me to the countertop's corner in the kitchen, only inches away from me as he looked down into my eyes.

“What did he tell you, Becca?”

Swallowing deeply, I licked my lips as I stared at him. The sexual tension between our bodies was incredibly high, and with everything in me, I tried to avoid the feelings I had. It was just so hard to push the night I had with him from my mind.

“He said that you were in love with me and that was why he was uncomfortable with me spending time with you,” I whispered.

Standing there in absolute silence, Neal stared at me as I waited for him to say something, to say anything, to tell me it wasn't true, and James had just misheard him. But from the gaze that he was giving me, I could tell that it was true.

Neal cared about me, but until I heard him say it, I didn't want to pass it off as truth. “I see.”

That's it? He sees.

Pulling away from me, he tried to step back, but my hand reached up instinctively and gripped the front of his shirt, pulling him closer. "You didn't answer me."

Staring down at my fist clenched around his shirt, his eyes met mine once more. "Becca, there are things I could not stop if they started, and this isn't a road that you want to go down. Let us just enjoy the rest of our evening, as we always do."

Nodding my head, I didn't bother to fight the situation. Instead, I slowly let him go and tried my hardest to keep my pounding heart at bay. I didn't understand why I wanted him to say it was true. Why I wanted him to kiss me and take my problems away.

I wasn't a cheater. I wasn't the kind of girl to do things like that, but yet with Neal, I wanted to be.