

# Chapter 81 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

I loved that f\*cking woman, and every single part of me screamed to find her. Little did I know fate would have an amusing way of making that happen because as soon as I rounded the corner, I ran straight into a petite brunette who caught my eye like no other.

She seemed just as shocked to see me, and as much as I wanted to wrap her in my arms, Allegra and Neal stepped in, making sure that wouldn’t happen.

“I think it’s time that we take our leave,” Neal said firmly after our small, brief interaction.

“I need to have a moment alone with her.”

“That’s not happening.” Neal quickly stepped in front of Becca and reached out to pull her further behind him. “Don’t you think there’s been enough damage done?”

I wasn’t sure what exactly was going on between the two of them, but Neal did not want to pick a fight with me at this moment because it would be a battle he would lose.

“Why don’t you step aside and mind your business?” I all but almost growled and the low, deep tone as I stepped forward. I would beat this little shit’s ass if he kept it up. No one was going to stand in front of me getting to Becca.

No one.

“Enough,” Becca finally said, speaking up. “James, anything that you need to say, you can do so in front of them.”

She was serious, but as much as I wanted to tell her I loved her, I couldn’t. Not in front of them. I wanted a private conversation, and her reluctance said no. The pain inside me was real, but squaring my shoulders, I nodded.

“No,” I replied. “Perhaps, maybe another time when you’re alone.”

“She won’t ever be alone,” Neal’s voice said clearly as he crossed his arms over his chest. “I will always be there for her.”

Cracking my neck, a fake smile crossed my lips as I tried to reel in my anger.

“Very well. Another time then.”

She didn’t bother to say anything else, but I watched the expression on her face drop, and as I turned to walk away, I heard Allegra whisper to her. “Don’t let him get inside your head.”

Get inside her head... who the f\*ck did Allegra think she was?

I was doing exactly what she wanted me to do. However, it was only because I loved her I was walking away. It was clear she wasn't ready for a conversation with me.

Either that, or I had made a terrible mistake.

Becca

Seeing James in New York was not something I expected, but running into him brought up so many memories I didn't know how to control. The way he had looked at me made my skin crawl with pleasure, not disgust, like I expected it would have. I wasn't quite sure why it was he was there, but according to him, he wasn't following me.

Deep down, though, I couldn't help but feel him running into me was a work of fate and not of coincidence. Something inside me told me I was meant to see him today.

As soon as we returned to Neal's apartment, it was clear Neal was upset over the entire situation. The scowls on his face were absolutely dreadful, and no matter how much Allegra tried to talk to him and make him feel better, he just seemed so angry over the entire situation.

"Would you please calm down? You're completely ruining the mood. We had such a wonderful day today, and you're acting like this."

Allegra's words made him snarl, but when his eyes landed on me, he heaved and nodded his head. "I'm sorry. I just don't like that we ended up running into James today after everything he's done to you, Becca. I hope you can understand."

Of course, I understood. At the end of the day, it wasn't like any of us had expected it to happen. But as I stood there looking at Neal, all I did was let a small smile grace my lips.

"It's okay. Honestly, it's not like he was expected to run into us. We had a great day. Just like Allegra said, don't let it bother you. I'm not."

Moving towards the kitchen, I went to the fridge to grab something to drink. All of the walking we did today was going to make my legs hurt later, but I was grateful we had a wonderful afternoon.

"So tonight, we're going to do something special," Allegra said, catching me off guard.

Spinning around, I gave her a perplexed look as I cocked my brow, sipping on the water.

"Not sure if that's a good idea," Neal crossed his arms over his chest as he stared at her. "After everything that happened this afternoon, perhaps it's just best that we stay here and find something to do."

"Seriously? Why? Are you going to let a stupid situation with James ruin what I had already planned?"

Allegra wasn't pleased with whatever she had going on possibly being canceled, but I couldn't help but feel left in the dark with her not telling me exactly what it was. "I'm sorry. Did I miss something?"

The two of them looked at each other, giving long glances before their eyes cast in my direction. Whatever it was they had planned, it was obvious they were unsure if I would agree to it. Still, Allegra let her frown disappear and became slightly excited about whatever she was going to tell me.

"Well, there's this club in town that's super high-end and very exclusive, and I got passes to go, so I was hoping you'd want to go."

Of course, it was no surprise Allegra would want to go out and have drinks, which I didn't mind. Though it wasn't my scene didn't mean I was going to make this entire thing just about me.

"Sure, why not? Sounds like fun," I said nonchalantly as I shrugged my shoulders.

Neal, however, pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a heavy sigh of displeasure. "Allegra has not informed you of the kind of club that we're going to."

Slightly confused about what he meant, I looked over at Allegra and waited for her to explain what he meant. In a very dramatic way, Allegra rolled her eyes. "It's a sex club, like Club Velvet. I didn't see what the big issue was."

I could see where Neal would have slight issues with Allegra's idea, considering everything that had happened to me, but I didn't want them to feel they couldn't do the things they enjoyed simply because I had my drama.

"No, that sounds like fun. I mean, why not? We enjoyed ourselves at Club Velvet, so let's go to this place."

Neal seemed very shocked I had agreed, but Allegra smiled from ear to ear as she clapped her hands with excitement. "See, I told you she would be okay with going. This is amazing. I will have to find us the hottest outfits to wear."

I may have been okay with going, but knowing Allegra would dress me up as she had before made me slightly nervous. Then again, this was New York, and I was on fall break, so why not enjoy myself?

As Allegra strode to her room, I was left with Neal in silence. The awkwardness between us was there, but I tried my hardest not to let him see I was bothered by being left alone with him. "So today was fun. I've really enjoyed myself so far."

He glanced at me for a moment, hesitating in what he was going to say, but then stepping forward, he placed his hands into his pockets and stared down at me with an amused grin on his face. "I'm glad that you're enjoying yourself here. If you aren't too sure about going tonight, I can always tell her I don't want to, I can put the blame on me."

Once again, he was being sweet. He was trying to look out for me, knowing full well even though I had enjoyed going to Club Velvet, going out and partying and drinking was just not my thing.

“No, it’s honestly okay. I’m excited to go. Allegra may dress me up in whatever crazy outfit she has, but the three of us will have a lot of fun.”

“If you’re sure,” he replied, staring at me for a moment longer as I nodded my head.

“Go get ready, and we can leave here in just a bit, I guess.”

He hesitated, but only for a moment, before he nodded in agreement and turned, walking towards his room. The room was on the other side of the house from where the two of us were staying.

In a sense, it was weird to think I was going to be going to a sex club without James there again. I had done it once before with Neal and Allegra, but he had made a point of showing up uninvited to whisk me away.

James and I were over, and that point was made very clear two weeks ago, and even after seeing him today. I knew there was no chance by the look that he had in his eyes that I would run into him again.

There was no point in dwelling in a past that just wasn’t made for me.

Turning on my heels, I stalked towards my bedroom, only to have Allegra step out of hers with a grin on her face and lots of black leather in her hands. “I’m not sure what you want to wear, but get your little ass in here so we can get ready.”

## Chapter 82 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

Laughter left her, and as it did, I couldn’t help but shake my head. Trying to put a positive smile on my face. “You do know that after being out in the sun all day, I do need a shower? I’m hot and sweaty, and I probably stink.”

“Good point,” she replied, nodding. “Go take a shower, shave your legs if you haven’t already, and then meet me in my room. Don’t forget granny panties and any kind of bright, colorful underwear will not be accepted. I expect a black lace bra and panties.”

Of course she did. She expected me to look like an absolute temptress tonight, but I wasn’t sure why. Because there was no man I would be interested in hooking up with. At least none I could actually have. So, even though she wanted me to wear that, I had my own reservations.

“Why? It’s not like I’m planning on getting laid tonight.”

“Becca, you never know what can happen. It’s always best to be prepared.” She stalked off into her room, leaving me alone once more in my thoughts.

Perhaps she was right. No one ever knew what could happen, and it was always best to be prepared, even though I wasn’t actively seeking didn’t mean I wouldn’t possibly find someone who piqued my interest, someone that could end up pleasing me in ways James never could.

It was wishful thinking, but as I headed to my room and searched through my suitcase, I found a set I had bought with the anticipation of wearing it for James but never got to. Holding the lace silk material in my hands, I thought about what could happen if I wore this tonight.

One, I would find somebody, and he would be able to tear this from my body as he ravished me. Or two. I would remain uncomfortable in this garment, only to find out I didn’t actually have anybody to ravish my body, and then I would be left utterly sexually dissatisfied.

Either way, though, she was expecting me, and the hot shower I was looking forward to was actually calling my name. Taking the lace panties and bra set, I grabbed a towel and headed towards my ensuite bathroom to prepare myself. I wasn’t sure what the evening would bring, but one could hope that it would be gratifying in one way or another.

Becca

I wasn’t sure what I expected when I allowed Allegra to help get me ready. But Lord have mercy, did this girl have plans I was unprepared for. Staring in the mirror, I had to admit, I did look absolutely gorgeous. My long hair was curled to perfection and held back with small bobby pins at the back of my head, loose strands hanging low over my shoulders, and my makeup dark and smoky, my lips bright red.

I looked like a f\*cking siren, ready to poach men and drag them to their death.

I was wearing lace, leather, and the tallest heels I had ever worn, something I wasn’t too crazy about because I knew that by the end of my night, my feet would be screaming at me.

Although the moment I stepped from her room heading out into the living room where Neal was waiting, the look on his face said it all.

I was absolutely gorgeous, and it made me feel wanted.

“She really did a number on you, didn’t she?”

Neal’s comment made me blush as his eyes grazed over my body from head to toe with a grin. I wasn’t the only one who looked good, though. Neal was absolutely sexy as hell in his own attire.

Perfectly messy hair that made him look like he’d spent all day f\*cking. Dark slacks, a black button-up shirt rolled to his elbows with the top buttons undone, showing off his tight, firm ripped chest below.

F\*ck me, he looked delicious.

“Yeah. I’m not the only one looking good tonight,” I teased softly as Allegra came striding out of her room, digging through her clutch purse before her eyes glanced up at me.

“Who are we talking about?”

“You and how hot you look,” I quickly said, trying to divert attention from what I really was talking about. A certain godly man who dripped sex and seduction standing to my right.

Get your head out of the gutter, Becca. I internally scowled.

“Are we ready to go?” Neal cut in as he cast me a glance that made my cheeks flush.

“Yep,” I piped up as we headed towards the front door on our way to the car. I wasn’t sure what was going to happen tonight, but I had a feeling it was going to be interesting.

\*\*\*\*\*

As the car pulled up outside the club, I heard the music beating from within. The place had a dark, seductive feel to it, but in the end, it seemed like any ordinary kind of club. Darkened windows and large eccentrically designed double doors made up the front facade.

Not to mention all the security and scandalously dressed women waiting to get in.

“Come on, you two,” Allegra called out over her shoulder as she passed a glance between Neal and me. I didn’t miss the smirk that had crossed her lips, and as I looked at Neal, I caught him staring at me.

“Is something wrong?” I said softly, watching him snap out of whatever daze he was in.

“No, not at all. Come on, before Allegra gets upset.”

Making our way inside the club after Allegra had a long heated discussion with the security guard that she was on the list. I was ready for a drink. I couldn’t help but wonder what strings she had actually pulled to get us in this place.

Whatever it was... from the looks of the place, it was worth it.

It was no surprise that most people were either in masks or were meandering by themselves with a group of friends. But not just that. You could tell that every single person in this place came from money.

Girls in designer clothing dripping with diamonds and other jewelry.

Men wearing three-piece suits relaxed with a drink in hand.

It was a top-shelf kind of place, not somewhere where you would find generic alcohol. Not that I minded. But as we moved through the masses of gyrating people, I couldn’t help but wonder if Allegra really had something else in mind.

Periodically, she looked over at me with a sly grin and then, at one point, looked to her brother and winked! She literally f\*cking winked.

Neal seemed to ignore the gesture, though by rolling his eyes as she approached the blond linebacker-looking bartender with deep green eyes. Leaning across the bar, his eyes dropped to her cleavage as she whispered something in his ear, and then without warning, his eyes darted up, looking straight at me.

With a smirk on his face, Allegra pulled back, and he returned his gaze to her with a nod before disappearing from sight.

“What did you just say to him?” I asked, yelling over the music and crowds of people.

“Nothing important,” she laughed as he returned, handing her a red plastic key card and three mixed drinks.

“Drinks are on the house,” he replied directly to me with a heavy Aussie accent. “Let me know if you need anything else.”

I couldn’t help but feel like that was a sly suggestion from him to me, but paying no attention further to it, I turned and followed Allegra and Neal through the crowds once more to a more secluded private VIP area.

The private area reminded me so much of Club Velvet, the only difference being the way everything was decorated and the furniture; all of it was lavish; all of it screamed money, something I still wasn’t used to.

However, Neal and Allegra looked quite at home.

“This place is amazing, isn’t it?”

Allegra’s question caught me off guard, and as I drew my attention back toward her, I nodded in agreement. “It really is. This place is amazing.”

“I knew you were going to like it,” she replied confidently as she sipped on the martini in her hand. “It’s the kind of place you could lose yourself in.”

I wasn’t sure what she meant by losing myself, but as the music flowed through me, I enjoyed the time I spent with them. Stiff drinks, pulsating beats, and hypnotic lighting. Before I knew it, I was up dancing with Allegra while men around watched on in delight.

She was right when she told me she wanted me to enjoy myself.

I needed it. I needed a moment to let go completely and just be me.

Twisting and turning, I felt as if I was spinning, and when I stopped, my gaze fell upon one man that seemed entranced by my movements.

# Chapter 83 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

Neal.

He watched me intently with a lust-filled gaze as I stopped staring back at him with a smile. “Come join us.”

“I prefer to sit and watch you,” he replied as he lifted his glass to his lips.

“Really... well, I prefer you to join me.”

“No way,” he chuckled, shaking his head before a soft whisper in my ear from Allegra caught my attention.

“Don’t just stand there... make him come to you. Make him want you.”

My eyes quickly turned to meet hers for a moment, and as they did, I stared in disbelief. I may have been drunk, but I knew exactly what she was suggesting. She was suggesting that I make a move on him.

“Allegra...” I whispered softly.

“I’m not saying you have to sleep with him. Doesn’t mean you can’t have fun.”

She didn’t bother to wait for me to say anything else as she sauntered towards two men who had been eye f\*cking her from across the room all night, and I was left to ponder over what she said.

Maybe she was right.

Maybe... just maybe, I should honestly enjoy myself.

I was single, after all, and James was too worried about his life to care about me right now. Taking a moment to think it over, my eyes locked on to his, and as the corner of his lip turned up into a small smirk.

It was now or never, and he enjoyed teasing me, so why not have some fun back?

Sauntering my way towards him as if no one could stop me, I watched him watching me, and the connection in our gaze was like nothing I had ever felt before. There were many ways this situation could go. But at the end of them all, I hoped it ended in nothing but pleasure because he was the only one I could trust out of all the men here.

As I stood before him, his legs spread on either side of mine, I contemplated what exactly I wanted to do. I wasn't really the kind of girl who was usually bad. But then again, I did have my moments where I loved to have fun.

"What do you think you're gonna do, Becca?" he asked me.

Straddling his lap, I leaned my body close to his, slowly rotating my hips over his, enjoying the feeling of his firm, hard body felt beneath mine as I leaned in close and whispered, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"You're teasing me." His voice had taken on a gravelly tone, causing my heart to race. I leaned back with a smile across my face, relishing the way his eyes stayed on me like I was the only girl in the club; no, the world.

"I thought you liked to be teased. Am I now learning that you're not into that kind of fun?"

Faking a pout, he set his glass down on the table and gripped my hips, pulling me firmly against him. "Are you sure this is a road you think you can go down?"

Did he think that I could go down this road?

Often, I wondered the same thing, but now I had had a few drinks and I had loosened up. There was no way I was going to let my confidence slip. Neal would never take an interest in actually taking me again. He'd made that clear before.

"You talk a lot of talk for someone who's not actually doing anything. I wonder if you are the one that actually has the balls to go down this road."

The response I gave was one I wasn't respecting an answer to, but to my surprise, a sadistic grin ran across his lips, and as it did, he gripped me tighter and stood with me against his body. "Now you're in for it because I never back down from a challenge."

I wasn't quite sure what I had done, but my heart raced with excitement at the anticipation of whatever he meant.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. It was something I never thought I would do.

But at the same time, I'd rather lose myself with him.

Than lose myself alone.

Becca

Never once had I considered what it would be like to be with Neal, but the moment he touched me, my skin felt as if it was on fire. Perhaps it was the alcohol running through my blood talking. Who knows?

Though, it didn't matter because I was completely on fire around him.

Pushing my back against the wall in the small enclosed room away from the others, his lips were on mine in an instant and as he kissed me, my heart raced with excitement. His hands wandered across my body, my skin burning from his touch.

I wanted more.

I wanted so much more.

Pulling, pushing, everything came completely off, falling to the floor like a lost memory. For a moment, I was worried about someone walking in, but even that idea turned me on.

“You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this,” he whispered softly in my ear as his lips trailed over my jawline, slowly making their way down my neck.

“You should have taken advantage of a situation in the past,” I teased.

A deep chuckle reverberated from his lips as he slid his tongue over my navel, making me gasp. He was slowly making his way south towards the region between my legs I so desperately wanted him to taste. The entire moment was f\*cking erotic, leaving me breathless, wondering how this moment passed.

“The past is the past. What matters is the present.” His words were the last response before his tongue dived into the center of my core. Placing my hands on top of his shoulders, I moaned out at the sensations he created in me.

He had me pinned against the wall, knelt before me, devouring me internally.

“F\*ck!” I moaned softly. “Oh, my God... holy f\*ck... keep going... don’t stop.”

I wanted it all, and the more he ran his tongue over my sensitive cl\*t, the higher and closer it brought me to my climax. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as one hand went up to run through my hair.

Grasping at my neck, my shoulders, trying anything I could to hold back the orgasm that wanted to break through me.

A low rumble escaped him that eventually tipped me over the edge.

I screamed out in pleasure, coming undone as he lapped up the juices without hesitation, but he didn’t stop. Instead, he was still relentless. Faster and faster, his tongue worked over me. Small cries of pain and pleasure as the sensitivity grew to heightened levels... levels I never knew I could go.

He was being dominant, possessive even, and though I didn’t want someone to be entirely like that, with him, it was different. F\*ck, I enjoyed it.

Knowing he had craved me this long and was set on making sure I didn’t forget him was a feeling I didn’t know he could give me.

For a second time, I came, my legs trembled, my hands trying to hold myself up. “Neal—” I gasped as I pushed against him so I didn’t collapse onto the floor.

He had made me breathless, and as his eyes met mine, he smiled. “Giving up already?”

I couldn’t hold back the laugh that escaped me as I shook my head no. “Never.”

Within seconds he stood, and my eyes took in the rock hard thickness of his c\*ck. It was actually larger than James’s, and I was shocked because I never had expected Neal to be so... huge.

“See something you like,” he said, causing my eyes to gaze at him again.

## Chapter 84 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

“Jesus Christ—”

Spinning me around, he pushed my chest to the wall. His hand wrapped within my hair as he yanked my head back, his knee spreading my legs as I felt the head of his thick c\*ck press against the center of my core teasingly.

“Jesus isn’t going to help you. Are you sure that you want this?” he whispered in my ear, catching me off guard.

Do I want it? Of course, I f\*cking wanted it.

I wanted it like a bitch in heat.

I wanted him to ravage me like the animal I knew he could be.

“Don’t tell me you’re checking out now,” I said in a seductive tone, just before he thrust every inch of that long c\*ck inside me. A cry of pain and pleasure escaped me as he pushed himself in until he was completely hilted.

“You like being a bad girl, Becca? I’ll show you what bad girls get with me.”

I hadn’t known what he had meant at first, but within a moment, his hand in my hair released and instead he gripped my neck tight. A small, suffocating feeling crept into my throat as he started relentlessly thrusting into me.

Ravaging me harder and faster than I had ever been taken.

Neal was a monster in the bedroom, and I f\*cking loved it.

As his grip on my throat loosened, I let out a soft cry. "Holy f\*cking shit."

I hadn't expected this; I hadn't expected any of it. But God, it was so f\*cking worth it.

In and out, in and out, his motions would be forever imprinted in my brain. His hands ran against my ass, before his finger slid through the crack, pressing against my puckered hole.

That was an area I had never really entirely ventured, and there was no way I could imagine him f\*cking me there with the size of his fat c\*ck, but that didn't seem to be on his mind. Instead, he pulled out his thick erection slowly and used my juices to lubricate his finger.

Losing his thick erection made me whimper, wanting it back inside me. "What are you doing?"

"Shh—" he hissed as he used his finger to spread the juices against my puckered hole, slowly pressing it inside me. I gasped at the new sensation. The stinging from the intrusion was something unexpected, but as he thrust his engorged member back inside me, I suddenly realized what he was doing, and god did it feel amazing.

The sensation of what he was doing took me to a level of pleasure I hadn't known existed.

"Please..." I whimpered more as he picked up the pace of f\*cking me at both of my entrances. The pleasure of his actions building a knot in my stomach I knew all too well.

"You like that, don't you?" He groaned softly in my ear. "You like being bad for me?"

"Yes—" I gasped as another moan escaped me. "Don't stop."

He may have been my best friend's brother.

He may have been my ex-lovers rival... but he wanted me with a passion I had never seen in a man. Neal was the thing I had only in movies... a man who couldn't be rivaled.

Just when I thought I could go on, a bubble burst inside me, and I screamed at the top of my lungs as I came completely undone. His own roar of approval echoed against me as he came deep inside me. The feeling of his c\*ck twitching against my cervix left me gasping, but still he didn't stop.

He thrust a few more times as if making sure every bit of his c\*m was deep inside me.

We hadn't been using protection, but I wasn't worried.

I was the girl who got the Depo shot every three months on time with no issues. So letting him c\*m inside me as much as he wanted or as much as James had wanted in the past didn't bother me. I didn't have to worry about being pregnant because it wasn't something I had set in my future, at least not anytime soon.

Sagging against the wall, I slowly tried to catch my breath.

His eyes looked down at me as he lifted my chin with his hand and pulled me back, gently kissing my lips. He was still buried within me, but after a moment, he slowly slid himself out and spun me around to face him properly, using his body to brace me up considering my legs felt like Jell-O.

“I never expected my first time with you to be inside one of these rooms in this club, but I don’t regret it,” he chuckled, brushing a thumb against my cheek. “Now, why don’t we get you cleaned up so I can take you back to the house and continue on with what we started.”

Started... f\*ck, I thought we had finished.

My cheeks flushed at his words, thinking about all the dirty, dark things he still had planned for me. Once upon a time, I would have been nervous.. perhaps even scared.

Now, though, there was no way I would be hesitant with him.

Perhaps a life with Neal was what fate had for me all along. Perhaps everything that had happened to me lately was all part of a bigger purpose.

As Neal set me down on the small bed in the room, he walked to the small connected bathroom and turned on the facet. I couldn’t help but watch him and think about everything.

James had been a man I was unconditionally falling in love with, but a life with him was nothing but heartache and complications. Something that wasn’t healthy for anyone... and he didn’t want the same future I did.

Neal, however, was different. Closer to my age, but still older. No baggage, nothing holding him back from loving me. Not to mention zero complications. We didn’t have to hide or pretend... Neal wanted me for me, and expected nothing different.

Stepping from the bathroom, he came towards me with a wet towel, smiling. “Lay back. Let me take care of you.”

I did as he asked without question, and as he slowly slid his hand up my leg before using the towel to clean up all the mess we’d made, I couldn’t help but think how intimate this situation was between us. The entire time, he stared at what he was doing with such tenderness.

“I never thought that being with you would be like this,” I whispered, my admission causing his eyes to meet mine as he set the towel down and took my hand pulling me up towards him.

“Becca, I waited for you for a long time, and I would have continued to do so. But this... this is only the beginning of what I have for you. You don’t have to agree to be my woman, but I promise you... I’m a possessive man, and now that I’ve had you... there’s no f\*cking way that I’m letting you go.”

Just hearing him say that... hearing him proclaim his future agenda while pulling me tighter against him made my heart melt.

What the hell was I doing with my life?

James

Days had passed since I had been in New York, and with the contract finalized with Chad's father and himself, I had nothing else to worry about. The moment I could tell Tally she had nothing to worry about, I saw a light of happiness in her eyes I hadn't seen in quite some time.

Things were looking up, and even Sergie's men had backed off on what they were trying to do... for the moment, anyway.

With everything on the bright side, I contemplated the idea of whether it would be safe to convince Becca to come down here. Take her internship with my company maybe... come spend time with me. Anything to get her to forgive me, and let me show her how much I cared.

I loved her more than anything, and it took going through all of this to realize what I was losing because of my selfishness. I did not know if I could still fix things, be able to keep her, be able to make it right, but I wanted to try.

As long as she will give me a chance.

Sitting in my office, I went through the rest of the paperwork I had neglected over the past few weeks. With everything going on, I seriously had to get things together. Start trying to prepare for the worst in case this temporary happiness disappears.

"Mr Valentino, there are two gentlemen here to see you," Evette said from the open doorway. My eyes looked up to meet hers. I hadn't been expecting anybody and had it been Sergie, she would have called me over the phone.

"Show them in," I sighed in response. There was no telling what they wanted or who they even were, but I was in a f\*ck-it mood, and honestly, anything was better than paperwork.

The moment the two men walked into the room, I knew automatically who they were. Well, maybe not who they were, but who they worked for. They were government agents, and with that being the circumstances, it meant one of two things.

## Chapter 85 – Submitting to My Bestie's Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

I was going to jail, or they were looking for information.

"Gentlemen, welcome to Valentino Industries. How can I help you?"

The older man with graying hair and sharp blue eyes with slight stubble upon his face smiled brightly at me. “My name is Greg Masters. I was hoping to take a moment of your time.”

“I see...” I replied with hesitation. “Well, of course. Take a seat.”

As the men took a seat in front of me, I cast my eyes towards the younger man with red hair and green eyes. He stared at me with curiosity, something unreadable in his gaze.

“And what is your name?” I asked him, considering he didn’t offer it initially.

“John... John Doe.”

“John Doe,” I chuckled. “Well, gentlemen, I don’t understand how you expect me to have a reasonable conversation with you when one of you won’t even give me your real name.”

The guy simply rolled his eyes with a scoff that sounded almost like a laugh as the older man frowned at him. Obviously, the older man was the one in charge, but I didn’t like how the younger man was here.

“His name’s Jacob,” Greg said as he rolled his eyes at the young man next to him. “We’re actually here from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We have a common interest right now and with what we know, you’re going to want to listen to what we have to say.”

I was slightly concerned by what he said because if they were part of the FBI, then there was only one reason they were here, and that was because my past was catching up with me.

“What is it I can help you with?”

“What would you do if I told you even though Sergie seems to have backed off, he is actually planning to execute you?” Greg asked with a raised brow as he leaned back in his seat.

“I’m sorry... who?” I asked, playing dumb.

Jacob sneered at me with a clenched jaw before leaning forward. “Don’t play f\*cking stupid with us. We know who you are and the business you guys have.”

“I’m sorry. Were you given permission to speak?” I taunted him, watching the anger grow within his eyes. “I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

Something about this man I didn’t like. Something about him didn’t sit right with me, and that he was acting the way he was, sent red flags and alarms off in my head.

“Go f\*ck yourself. We know all about your shady dealings,” Jacob snapped.

“Enough, Jacob,” Greg interjected, causing me to laugh.

“I hate to break it to you, but I run a clean business. I’m not sure what you’re looking for.”

Jacob laughed, shaking his head as he stared at me. “Do you think we’re f\*cking stupid here, Valentino? We know you’re still doing business with him, and if you don’t wise up, he’s going to kill you, your daughter, your grandchild, and anybody else that you f\*cking care about.”

Narrowing my brows at this young prick sitting across from me, I contemplated smashing his face in with the crystal globe sitting on the corner of my desk, or simply pulling out the gun that sat beneath my legs shooting him where he sat.

I wouldn’t tolerate anyone speaking to me that way, but thinking of my family, I turned my gaze back to Greg, who seemed just as irritated as I was by what Jacob had said.

“Greg... if you want to talk about things, I have no problem with that, but I would like for you to explain to the young man next to you that if he opens his mouth like that to me again, he will regret it.”

Threatening a federal investigator was not something you wanted to do.

That right there would get you time in jail, but from the way these two men sat across from me wanting to explain things, I kind of had an idea that they could not accomplish whatever they wanted if it wasn’t for me.

So I took the risk, and I made the proclamation, only to watch Jacob’s eyes widen and his knuckles turn white as he gripped the arms of the chair he was sitting in.

“Who the f\*ck do you think you’re talking to—”

Jacob’s words were quickly cut off as Greg held up his hand. “Leave. Go out to the waiting room next to the secretary. I’ll talk to Valentino by myself.”

Checkmate. They did need me for something.

I watched Jacob stand t with hesitation in his eyes as he glanced down at Greg, who gave him a stern glare, as if telling him to go now. Slowly, Jacob left the room, slamming my office door behind him, and when he’d left, I finally relaxed and took in the sudden silence with pleasure.

“Now that he’s gone, go ahead and explain to me what you need. Because you and I both know right now... you need me more than I need you.”

Greg chuckled as he clasped his hands in front of him, his fingers running against each other as his eyes turned towards the window.

“We’ve been after Sergie for ten years, but no matter what we do, we can’t seem to get close enough to him. However, he has made a point multiple times to try to get a hold of you. So we want to strike a deal with you, because currently, we could send you to jail for the next fifteen to twenty years for everything we have on you... that is unless Sergie kills you first.”

I wasn’t worried about going to jail, because honestly, it would almost be a vacation for me. The problem was, though, I didn’t want anyone I loved to get hurt because of the shit I had done. It was my problem to bear, and the thought of Tally or anyone else suffering wasn’t a thought I wanted to have.

“Why are you waiting until now to speak with me? Why didn’t you come to me about this before?”

“As you said, we need you. We can’t get Sergie without you. He has been too guarded. However, lately you, Valentino, happened to cloud his judgment. His men are slipping up, orders aren’t being followed... and your ex-wife, well... she’s been in Sergie’s bed multiple times in the past few weeks.”

Hearing that Allison was sleeping with Sergie honestly didn’t surprise me.

I had thought they had something going on years ago. However, I tried to believe Allison wouldn’t do that to me. That she would be faithful, and honestly, that didn’t work out well at all. Instead, she cheated on me with a younger man and left me heartbroken, trying to pick up the pieces of my life.

“I’m not worried about my ex-wife. However, I don’t want my daughter or anyone else hurt.” I said with a heavy sigh. “I will help you, but you really need to consider who you partner with. Jacob can’t be trusted, and I don’t want him knowing I’m doing this.”

Greg furrowed his brows in confusion as he stared at me. “What do you mean?”

“Exactly what I said.. Watch your back with him.”

“Dually noted... now, what do you want out of it?” Greg asked, letting out a breath as he adjusted himself in his seat. “Make an offer.”

“I’d like not to go to jail, that’s for sure,” I replied, watching as Greg laughed, shaking his head.

“You’re going to have to do some type of time in jail, I’m afraid. However, I think we might get that knocked down to eighteen months. At the end of the day, that’s a lot better than twenty years.

I sat for a moment, thinking about it.

Never in my life had I ever thought about being a snitch. Never in my life had I ever thought about having anything that had to do with any form of government. I hated the government.

I was going against everything I was by helping them, but it wasn’t about me, it was about keeping the people I loved safe.

“Okay, but under one condition... I want to make sure that my family, my daughter, all of them are protected and kept safe.”

Greg stared at me for a moment before he smiled and nodded in agreement. “And the pretty girl that’s up in New York?”

I wasn’t actually surprised they knew about Becca.

If they had been watching me as long as I think they have, then they knew everything.

“I want her protected, too.”

# Chapter 86 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

Becca

The last few days with Neal had been absolutely amazing. I couldn’t get over everything we had been doing; from hanging out at the house like we used to or catching a movie. He had even taken me down to Broadway to see a show.

In between all of it, we spent time wrapped in each other’s arms under the sheets of his bed, his hands stroking through my hair as I laid my head upon his chest.

It was amazing being with him. Letting him possess me... ravage me.

I never thought this could happen with him, but yet here I was, spending time with someone who was incredible, who seemed to really care about me, and through it all, he didn’t judge me for being anything other than who I was.

“Are you getting hungry?” His deep, sultry voice wrapped around me, tugging gently on my heart. I had always cared for him, always held a special place for him in my heart, but after these last few days.... I was wondering if there was a possibility my feelings could end up eventually being more.

“I’m kinda hungry, but I’m not really sure what I want. Would make sense for us to buy groceries, but that means leaving the bed again.”

Glancing up at him, I caught his gaze, and both of us broke into laughter. Neal admitted two days before he was not the kind of person who usually went out grocery shopping. Instead, he would just grab something on his way home or not eat at all.

Such was the life of a bachelor.

“So you don’t want to make homemade pizzas?”

His comment was an inside joke about our catastrophe of making horrible pizzas back when he had visited me. Shaking my head, I scrunched up my nose in disgust. “Absolutely not. There is no way we are ever doing homemade pizzas again.”

A small laugh escaped him as he kissed the top of my head.

“Alright then, how about I run down to the bodega, grab some food there, maybe pick up a bottle of wine...” He ran his fingers over the bareness of my back. Our naked bodies pressed against each

other after another intimate mind blowing session. "...Then, when I come back, we can eat, and I'll just have you for dessert."

Laughing once more, I ran my hand up his chest until I gripped his jaw so I could slowly lean up and kiss his lips softly. "Oh, so now I'm dessert? I thought this morning you said I was breakfast."

"Breakfast, lunch, dinner, dessert. Honestly, it's all the same for me. I could eat you twenty-four seven, and I would never be satisfied." He flipped me over onto my back, sliding his legs between mine, pressing the thickness of him against my core.

"Neal—" I gasped softly against the pillows. "Don't tease me."

"I could take you right here... slide into you again and send your mind spinning," he whispered against my neck. "Would you like that?"

A soft moan escaped me as I pushed back on his thick, hard erection. "Yes—but then we would never eat."

"I already told you, I can just eat you."

He was absolutely delicious and had the stamina of an ox, which meant he and I were both sore and absolutely exhausted. I would literally need the time at college to recuperate in between sessions of seeing him.

Instead of continuing to tease me, though, he kissed over my shoulders and then pulled away. "Is there anything that you want from the store in particular?"

"Maybe some fruit," I called out as I rolled over to see him walking towards the bathroom. The sound of the faucet turning on hit my ear as he disappeared from sight. "Grapes preferably."

I could almost picture a life with him. Living together, having breakfast every morning, coffee, reading the newspaper, talking about regular things. I knew it was early on, but we'd been friends for so long I couldn't help but wonder what a life like that would be.

What kind of adventure would we have?

"So you're in a healthy mood." He stepped from the bathroom, having put on fresh clothes that did nothing but turn me on even more. Gray sweatpants, a tight black shirt and disheveled hair... he was godly looking, and I wanted more of him every time I saw him.

I wanted to pull him back into bed with me and make him take me again. Him using me for food sounded better than having to let him go, only to wait for him to return. "I changed my mind. I don't think you should go out."

He turned to me, furrowing his brows with confusion as he grabbed his wallet off his dresser and stuffed it into his pocket. "What do you mean? Is something wrong?"

"Yep, you're definitely too sexy to go out. I can't have all these other women trying to, like, steal you from me or anything," I replied sarcastically, causing him to laugh. Slowly, he made his way

over to my side of the bed, leaning down, kissing me with intensity in every stroke of his tongue against mine.

“Don’t worry, Becca,” he said, pulling back. “There’s only one woman who can turn me on how I deserve to be turned on, and unfortunately for them, that woman is you.”

Pulling away from me completely, he smiled and headed from the bedroom towards the front door. “I’ll be back,” he called out as the echoed sound of the door closing behind him caused me to lie back and let out a completely satisfied sigh.

To think, only a few weeks ago, I had been living in torment, trying to figure out exactly where my life was going, where things with James were going. Now, I was in a penthouse in the middle of New York City, sleeping with a man closer to my age, but yet, still old enough to have more experience than normal men, relishing the life I could have with him.

All the while, I was slowly forgetting all the troubles which once filtered through my mind.

Deciding to slide from bed and jump into the shower, I moved quickly towards the bathroom. My hands ran through my hair as I stretched my arms high over my head, trying to relieve the sore muscles that filled my body.

Neal had made me exercise more than I ever had in my entire life. I saw no need to workout when I had Neal, who worked out every muscle in my body for more than an hour a day.

He was a machine, and according to him, hadn’t taken a lover since the day he met me. Whether that was true or not... I didn’t know. But thinking about it made my heart flutter just a bit.

Picking up my toothbrush, I blobbed the toothpaste on top of it and stuck it in my mouth. My mind wandered over what I was going to do the last forty-eight hours I was spending with him. In two days, I had to head back to school, and even though I wasn’t ready to go, I knew I would be back soon.

Slowly, a smile spread across my face, but as it did, I noticed a weird feeling in my stomach and had to lurch for the porcelain throne to empty the entire contents of my lunch like a projectile missile.

After a few moments of heaving, the slow sensation of being sick finally fell away. Confusion filled me as I tried to think of what I had eaten that could have made me sick. As I flushed the toilet and finished brushing my teeth, I grabbed one of Neal’s large shirts and pulled it over my naked body.

I didn’t have the desire to shower anymore and simply wanted to crawl back into bed to get some sleep. My chest hurt, and my stomach wasn’t happy, but I wasn’t sure what had come over me. I grabbed my phone and quickly sent a message to Neal to tell him to skip the wine and instead grab me something for my headache because I suddenly wasn’t feeling well. He was ever so sweet in contacting me back, telling me he was just walking into the bodega and that he would pick up some things to make me feel better.

It was a good possibility, with the time of year, I had picked up some type of bug from either being out at the club or perhaps walking around the different stores I’d visited on our outings. I’d always

had a weaker immune system than most people, and with that weaker immune system, I got sick rather easily.

Grabbing the remote, I turned on the TV and waited. There was no point in trying to do anything else with my stomach protesting and my head spinning.

If it kept up for too long, I was going to have to make sure I saw a doctor.

Forty-minutes later, a sound pulled me from the light sleep I had fallen into while curling myself around Neal's pillow. "I'm back," Neal called from the front door as it closed behind him. My eyes slowly turned toward the bedroom door, watching as he walked through it with a smile on his face but concern in his eyes. "You don't look too good. Are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling better than I was. I'm guessing maybe I just ate something at lunch that didn't agree with me. Or maybe it was the wine and then all the extracurriculars we had."

Neal laughed at my comment and a smile spread across my face as he quickly plopped himself down onto the bed and pulled me into his arms.

"Well, I picked you up some stuff, regardless. Just take it easy. We can hold off on any more fun tonight. Give you some time to rest. I have been working you out pretty hard the last few days," he replied, causing me to snuggle into him and let out a sigh of satisfaction.

"Speaking of the last few days, have you even heard from Allegra? Where the hell did she go?"

"Well, from what I understand, she saw us hook up at the club, decided that she didn't want to be at the house for that, and made her way over to Jersey to spend time with a friend before heading back down south," Neal said, making a guilty feeling grow inside me. She had come all the way up here to spend time with me, and instead, I hooked up with her brother.

"I should call her... I should have spent more time with her."

"Don't be silly," Neal laughed. "This is exactly what she wanted. If you call her, you're more likely to have her telling you off for not spending more time with me."

I couldn't help but glance at him with a smug smile before giving in to what he was saying. It made sense, honestly. The moment Allegra got here, I couldn't help but notice her casually giving Neal looks and subtle gestures as if they'd had some private conversation I wasn't privy to.

"Well, then I guess I shouldn't let her down then, huh?"

Leaning forward, he kissed my forehead with a smile. "Definitely not."

# Chapter 87 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

Becca

Two days went by quicker than I thought they ever could, and before I knew it, I was loading all of my stuff back into my car with Neal at my side as he tried to convince me to stay, or at least convince me he would fly me back instead of me driving my car.

No matter how much he tried to persuade me, though, I couldn’t let him do that. It was a sweet gesture, but I had to be independent, and even with us sleeping together or whatever else this was, I didn’t want people to think I was relying on him for everything.

“I can’t believe that you won’t let me help you,” he sighed as he placed my last bag into my trunk. “I don’t like the thought of you driving.”

Giving a soft laugh, I turned to him, raising a brow, and smiled as I closed the trunk. “You have said that multiple times now, but again, I will be fine. Honestly, you worry too much.”

“I don’t worry enough, Becca.”

I wasn’t sure where this sentiment came from, but pulling me close to him, he kissed me gently, wrapping his arms around my waist. “I wish you didn’t have to go.”

“I know...” I responded with a heavy sigh. “But I have school, and just think, in a month and a half I will be done with this course and onto my internship.”

“About that... have you thought of where you’re going to do it yet?”

Shaking my head no, I let a small smirk cross my lips. “No, but as soon as I know, I will let you know.”

Pulling away from him, I made way towards the driver’s seat, feeling his eyes upon my body as I moved. There was a part of me that wanted to turn back and tell him I had changed my mind, but my sore body reminded me I needed a small break from the ravaging he gave me.

“Call me when you get there,” he called out, causing me to look over my shoulder at him.

“I will. Don’t get into too much trouble while I’m gone.”

His signature smirk lit up his face as he placed his hands in his front pockets. “Trouble? But I enjoy getting into trouble.”

“Oh, I know.” I laughed as I climbed into my car and closed the door.

Neal stood aside, watching me as I backed up from the parking spot and headed away from the garage. Not once did he move from his spot until I completely lost sight of him and pulled out onto the busy streets of New York City.

My time with him this fall break had been amazing, but in the end, it left me completely confused about what was going to happen with my life. What I was going to do in order to make sure I didn't f\*ck this up as well?

Since I had gotten sick the other day, it had happened three more times, and I was fairly sure I had caught the flu or something. My nose ran and my head hurt, so as soon as I got back to school, I would schedule an appointment with my doctor to get seen.

It was on my list of shit to get done.

Turning up my radio, I prepared for the long drive back, a smile on my face, and a warm feeling in my heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

Neal

Watching Becca go almost made me snap. I didn't want her to go, and as I watched her car pull away, I contemplated running after her, demanding she stay. Even if that meant I had to throw her over my shoulder and carry her all the way back up to my apartment.

The last few days with her had been enchanting, and feeling the way her body responded to me as I pleased her in more ways than one was something I would never get over. She was a goddess, and my d\*ck hardened just thinking about how she took it into her mouth and sucked it dry.

God, what I wouldn't give to see her on her knees before me once more.

To hold her head as I pumped my hips into her throat, letting her take every f\*cking inch of my c\*ck like the pro she was.

Pushing the thoughts aside, I pulled my phone from my pocket to call Allegra.

"Oh, looky, who is calling me?"

"As if you weren't expecting it. I was just calling to let you know she is on her way back to school," I said as I stepped into the elevator, making my way back upstairs.

"Leaving? Why would you let her leave?"

"Uh, because she has school, Allegra," I laughed. "You know that thing you never finished?"

"Go f\*ck yourself, pretty boy."

There was something about riling my sister up that always seemed to entertain me. She had been rooting for Becca and I to have something together for a long time, but never had I considered it would actually happen.

“I still can’t get over it all. Me and her, that is,” I sighed into the phone as I stepped out of the elevator, heading towards my front door.

“I said you both were meant for each other. I’m just glad you finally took the initiative. She is a keeper and deserves to be happy as you do as well. So don’t f\*ck this up.”

Laughter escaped me as I rolled my eyes. “I don’t plan to. I do wish she hadn’t been sick the last two days, so I could have shown her a few more sites.”

“She was sick?” Allegra replied after a moment of silence.

“Yeah, about two days ago, she just started throwing up. Now it seems like maybe it’s a head cold. I don’t know. She said she was going to the doctor when she got back, which is why she was eager to leave. Something about not wanting to be sick during finals.”

“Neal... did you guys use protection?” Allegra asked, causing me to stop as soon as I walked into my apartment, glancing at my phone with a look as if to say... seriously?

“Legra... are you seriously asking this right now?” I scoffed.

“Yes, I am,” she snapped. “Have you or not?”

“No, we haven’t Allegra.” I snapped back. “But I’m not worried about it. One, she is on the shot or whatever, and two, even if she wasn’t, I would still not care. I wouldn’t hesitate to take care of her and my child if one came about. Not that it is any of your business. Besides, we haven’t even been having sex long enough for her to be pregnant.”

There was silence on the other end of the line, followed by a heavy sigh. She knew I was right, and the last thing I wanted was to piss her off or upset her, but she was going to have to learn to mind her place in my love life, sister or not.

I wouldn’t allow her to tell me or Becca what we were going to be doing.

“Fine,” she finally conceded. “It’s your life, regardless. I love her to death, and I know she isn’t like other women, but you getting her pregnant wasn’t what I was really worried about. You’re right—you two only just slept together, so she wouldn’t be showing symptoms.”

It suddenly dawned on me what she was saying. If Becca was pregnant, it wouldn’t be me who was the father of her child.

It would be James.

It would be another way for James to keep hold of her instead of her being able to have a life with me.

“Don’t jinx that, Allegra. There is no way she is pregnant. She just has a bug.”

“Birth control isn’t always effective, Neal. That’s all I’m saying,” she replied in a singsong voice that made me want to strangle her through the phone.

“Look... I need to go. I have things I need to take care of.”

“Okay,” she replied softly. “If you need me, call me.”

Hanging up the phone, I placed it on the counter, running my hand over my face. I had never contemplated the idea of her getting pregnant by James, but I also knew she was a smart girl and there was no way she would allow herself to get put into a situation like that.

## Chapter 88 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

Allegra was just putting her nose in places that it didn’t belong. I trusted Becca.

Walking towards my room, I took in the sight before me. The bed was still a mess, and the blankets were hanging halfway onto the floor. All it did was remind me of her and how much I wish she hadn’t left. How much I wish I could have kept her here forever.

I cared about her, and deep down, I wondered if I was honestly in love with her. All this time being her friend, helping her, living with her, I’d wanted more with her, and when I finally got it, the idea of her leaving about tore me apart.

I didn’t want to put that pressure on her, though. I didn’t want to be the one to jump the gun with the “I love you” or anything else. However, the moment she said she loved me, I was going to marry her. There was no way I was going to let her escape me, no matter my past.

She knew a lot about me, and honestly, growing up, I never wanted to be with a woman in the long run. I saw them as pretentious and devious. That was until I met Becca. She completely intrigued me and changed my view of women all together.

Everything about her was intoxicating and addicting. She carried herself elegantly and gracefully, but she was completely seductive behind closed doors. Many times she left me completely speechless by her actions because I couldn’t believe how I had been blessed with someone like her in my life.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I walked towards the bed, picking up the pillow she had slept on and inhaled deeply. It still smelled of her, and the deep inhale left a longing desire in my heart. I was a complete mess, and though I would see her again, soon, I wanted her now.

I would have to wait, though. I couldn't scare her away by being too overbearing.

Even if it wasn't in my nature to willingly let go of what belonged to me.

Whether or not she knew it, she was mine.

Becca

A day later and finally home, I made a point of making a doctor's appointment because no matter what I did, the nausea did not subside. I would be fine one minute, and then the next thing I knew, I was throwing up. Nothing I did made it better, and by this point, I was wondering if I was actually sick or if it could have been something else.

"No, Dad, I'm going to the doctor, I promise," I said through the phone, my father having called me twice to check on me already since I had been back. He worried I had picked up some unknown strain of virus in New York City.

Not that you couldn't. Lord knows the subway system carries all kinds of germs.

"Well, I want you to let me know as soon as you get done at the doctor exactly what's going on," he replied.

"I will, I promise. Just go enjoy yourself with your girlfriend. She sounds really sweet. What was her name again?" I asked, trying to remember the woman's name my dad was now seeing. He hadn't been with someone in so long, but for the last few months, he had been dating her; he seemed happy.

"Her name's Kathy. She's a lovely, retired nurse. She isn't your mom, of course, but she makes me happy. I just want to make sure that you're okay with it."

"I am okay with it," I laughed through the phone. "You deserve to be happy. I'm tired of seeing you so sad all the time, and Mom wouldn't have wanted you to just live in misery forever. She would have wanted you to move on. She even told you that before she passed away."

"I know," he sighed. "It's just, I don't want you to think that I'm trying to replace your mother."

It was sweet how he constantly worried about this, but he didn't need to be. I wanted him to be happy, and I was an adult. He had to move on with his life, figure things out and make new memories.

"I'm not a little girl anymore, okay? Don't worry about upsetting me; I'm a grown woman. I'm going to accept whoever you choose to be with, as long as they're treating you well."

Saying our goodbyes, I hung up the phone and prepared myself to head to the doctor's office. A lot was running through my mind and my upcoming finals in a few weeks were one of them. It was going to be the last series of tests I had to take before I was allowed to start my internship.

I was definitely looking forward to my internship. I was excited about the idea of being able to leave this campus, go stay somewhere else, and work towards proving myself for placement after college.

Grabbing my car keys and my purse, I headed from the apartment downstairs to my car. The doctor's office, unfortunately, was a good thirty-minute drive from where I lived, but they were worth it.

I saw a woman named Dr. Carter, and she literally did everything in her office, from regular primary care all the way to gynecology.

It was a one stop shop, and even though it took a long time to get appointments with her, she was more than eager to get me in. Which kind of surprised me, honestly, because I wasn't due for an appointment with her for a few weeks.

This was simply an emergency walk-in visit.

As soon as I got in my car, I felt the wave of nausea roll through me again. Taking deep breaths, I tried to push through it, but unfortunately, in the end, I had to open the car door and hurl up the contents of my breakfast all over the ground. Trying to gather a moment before I put the car in gear again, I took deep breaths.

I may have craved apple spice oatmeal, but my stomach said no thank you.

Forty-five minutes later, and with absolutely nothing in my stomach, I made it to the doctor's office with a smile on my face, hoping she could tell me what the hell was going on with me.

"Becca, how lovely to see you! I'm so glad that you could make it," Dr. Carter said from the receptionist desk as she picked up a few pieces of paper.

"It's good to be here. I'm actually kind of surprised I could get in with you so quickly. For a minute there, I thought I was going to go to a walk-in clinic."

She hushed me with her hand and a smile on her face before gesturing for me to follow her. "Don't be silly. I think I know what's wrong with you. But let's get you to the back and check. Janet, sign her in, and I'll take her with me."

Janet didn't bother to say anything to me. Instead, she nodded her head at Dr. Carter and typed away at her computer like a madwoman. The sound of her nails tapping the keyboard filled my ears until I disappeared behind the back doorway.

I was confused by what the doctor meant. She said she knew what was going on with me, but I hadn't even properly explained to her what the issue was. Nevertheless, I followed her through the doors towards the back, where she had her different exam rooms.

Before stepping into the room, though, she grabbed something off a nearby cart and turned around to face me. "Urine sample, please."

"Why?" I asked with hesitation. She'd never done this before.

“Just following procedures. We’ll do a complete check up on you just to make sure everything is okay.”

Hesitating for a moment, I took the cup and nodded as I set my purse down inside the room and made my way to the bathroom. I didn’t understand why she would need me to do a urine sample, but going ahead and doing what she asked, I finished my business and made my way back to the room with haste.

“Here you go,” I replied, handing her the cup, which she took with a gloved hand and sat down on a metal tray.

“So why don’t you tell me what you’ve been up to lately and also how long you’ve been feeling like this?”

“Well, I have been trying to make it through my last year of school, for one. Summer didn’t exactly go as planned down in Miami. Lord knows, you know Tally. I know she sees you for her Depo shots, too. She’s quite the character,” I replied, going through the series of events of a milder form, of course, explaining to her the fun that we had and the places we went.

“Oh, dear. She will grow out of it, eventually. I heard that she’s expecting, though. That sounds like fun,” Dr. Carter replied with a hint of a grin on her lips as she turned to type something into her computer.

“Yeah, she is, and she’s handling it rather well, which is unexpected, but I mean, she has to do something. She has another life she is going to have to take care of.”

Dr. Carter said nothing about my comment, but she nodded her head slowly before her eyes glanced from the computer back towards me. “So, how long have you been feeling like this?”

“Um, it started maybe about five days ago. It was really unexpected. Honestly, I figured maybe I’d gotten food poisoning because I’d been staying with a friend of mine in New York, but he had eaten the same foods that I did, so there was no way it was food poisoning.”

“Oh, have you been seeing him long?” she asked in a singsong voice as her eyes widened and her smile got brighter.

“No, we’ve only been dating each other for maybe a week. We were friends before.”

That didn’t seem to be the answer she was looking for, and now thoughts were running through my mind about what she thought was wrong with me. There was no way in hell I was pregnant.

If that’s what she thought was going on, she was sadly mistaken.

“Was there nobody else that you’ve been seeing then?” she hummed, pulling out a pregnancy test from a drawer, setting it next to the urine in the cup.

“Dr. Carter, I am not pregnant. I get my Depo shot on time, all the time. I’m careful. I always have been... you know this.”

Hesitating for a moment, her brows furrowed, and she looked off to the side, as if pondering something, flipped through my chart, checked, and then looked back at me again.

## Chapter 89 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

“Becca, you have indeed been very consistent with your Depo shots, however...you were supposed to have gotten your shot again two months ago.” Her words made it seem like time had frozen for me.

What the f\*ck did she mean two months ago?!

“No, that’s not possible. I literally got it before I came down on vacation to Miami—”

Hearing myself say that, I froze.

I literally got it before I went down to Miami.

That was back in June.... Oh, my God... I’d missed my shot when I came back!

“Becca... I hate to break it to you, but your roommate was supposed to have gotten it next month, not you,” Dr. Carter replied, placing a hand on my knee as she tried to comfort me.

My appointment card had gotten messed up with Tally’s, and I had been so busy with everything that had happened through the summer, I didn’t realize my three months had ended at the end of August.

Even then, that meant Tally hadn’t gone to her last two shots either, considering how far along she was. “Tally missed as well,” I whispered, shaking my head.

“Tally hasn’t been here in almost a year. We just kept sending reminders to her. That must’ve been what you thought was yours.”

My eyes shot up to hers with shock. “What the hell—you know what? I don’t wanna know why she stopped her birth control.”

The doctor laughed for a moment, shaking her head as she held up the test. “Want to find out.”

“Just do the test,” I said in a ghastly voice as my eyes watched. Dr. Carter nodded slowly before taking the pregnancy test and dipping it into the urine.

Those three minutes were the longest three minutes of my life.

I waited for the dye on the tests to process, only to show me the answer I already knew. There on the test were two bright pink lines, and a confirmation that shattered my heart.

I was f\*cking pregnant.

Tears burned my eyes as I stared down at the test sitting on the tray. How in the hell did I, of all people, allow this to happen? There was no way. Absolutely no way.

“Is there a way for us to tell how far along I am?” I asked as I tried not to break into a sobbing mess.

“Oh, sweetie, it isn’t that bad, and you’re almost done with school, aren’t you? So by the time the baby is due, you will have made it through graduation.”

“Doctor, please,” I sobbed as I wiped my tears from my face. “Can we determine how far along I am?”

“Of course, we can. Follow me into this next room. I’ll do an ultrasound and see if we can’t see something. You might feel a bit of pressure though because we’re going to have to do a vaginal ultrasound, but I think you’re probably around six weeks from the sounds of it.”

I wasn’t sure at all how she would even know that, but I was eager to see what exactly was growing inside of me. Of course, one day I wanted to have children. I just never imagined it would be like this.

I never imagined I would get pregnant while in school. I wanted to graduate, start my career, build a savings account, and then look at getting married and having children.

With me laying upon the small silver table, she turned off the lights and turned on the ultrasound machine. After a few uncomfortable moments of her probing inside me, trying to find the right position, she brought up the picture of a small jelly bean on the screen.

“So I stand corrected,” she said in a very humorous tone. “You are almost eight weeks along.”

I was stunned. I should have gotten my shot back in August, but it was now almost November, and I was eight weeks pregnant.

“I thought it could take months after being on the Depo for so long for someone to conceive. How is this even possible? Was the shot defective?” I asked her as she removed the wand and cleaned me up.

“No, that is typically true, but every woman is different. Becca, you’re about seven weeks pregnant. Just over actually, and your baby looks healthy and is growing. I will set up some lab work to get everything taken care of, just to make sure.”

As she went over the list of things I needed to do and what she would do for me, my mind went blank. The only thing I could think of was how Neal was going to handle this.

The baby wasn't his, obviously....

No, in fact the baby belonged to James.

Becca

By the time I left the doctor's office and made my way back to my apartment, I was too shocked to speak. I was too shocked to f\*cking do anything. All the way home, I'd cried. I'd cried for the last thirty minutes I had been sitting on my sofa.

I sat contemplating how I was going to tell James I was pregnant with his child.

I thought we were over.

I thought I was going to move on.

I thought about a life with Neal.

But no... fate decided to pull out their funny f\*cking card and made me get pregnant by a man who wanted nothing to do with me.

I had literally become ironic, a sitcom for whatever f\*cking gods were up there watching me below them saying, 'Hey, let's pick on this girl because she hasn't already been through enough.'

With a sigh, I grabbed my phone, flipping through to James's number. I debated on whether to call him, but I called the one person who wasn't a man.

I called Allegra.

"Hey sweet cheeks, what's going on? Heard you haven't been feeling good. Everything okay?"

Before I could probably get words out, the tears magically started reappearing. "No, everything is all f\*cked up, and I have no idea what I'm supposed to do."

"What the f\*ck did he do? I will kill him," was the first thing that came out of her mouth, and for a moment, I hesitated. It completely caught me off guard, my tears turning thin as I tried to contemplate which man she actually was talking about, James or Neal?

"Kill who?"

"My brother, Neal, he did something, didn't he? I warned him if hurt you in any way, he was done. So help me God, I will f\*cking castrate him," she snapped, obviously in an angry rage. "What did he do? Tell me. I am getting my keys right now. I'm getting on a plane, and I'm coming up there."

"Oh, my god, Allegra, no!" I screamed at her quickly with panic. "Neal did nothing. It's me. I did something and I... I can't fix it. I don't know what to do." I said, causing the silence in her background to quiet down.

"You're pregnant, aren't you?"

How the f\*ck did she know? I had only just found out myself.

“Uh... how—how did you know?” I stuttered over my words as I tried to figure out how to formulate my thoughts properly again.

She sighed into the phone as the sound of her fridge opening echoed in the background. “The day you left, Neal called me and told me about you being sick. We talked about you being pregnant, and he said he would be happy to be a dad, but of course, the idea that you could be pregnant by James was the only thing on my mind.”

“I don’t know what to do, Allegra. I don’t know what to do about anything. James wants nothing to do with me, and I care so much about Neal. Things are so good between us. Uncomplicated... this is going to break his heart.” I told her, trying not to think about how Neal was going to be so disappointed in me to hear this, to realize I was damaged.

“Oh, Becca, I don’t think like that. You need to tell him now. He will be a lot more understanding than you think.”

## Chapter 90 – Submitting to My Bestie’s Daddy Read Online

Filed to story: [???](#)

“I don’t see how,” I scoffed. “The girl he is with is pregnant by another man.”

Allegra laughed through the phone, finding amusement in what I did not. “It’s not like you cheated on him. You and James were together, Becca. Stop being so hard on yourself.”

She was right. I was being abnormally hard on myself, but how could I not? I was pregnant, and still trying to figure out how to get my life together. Still trying to understand what I was going to do after graduation. I wasn’t prepared for any of this.

“I will tell Neal, but I still have to tell James, and I don’t want to tell him on the phone. It’s something that I have to do in person,” I replied to her, thinking of how that conversation would go.

“Start by calling my brother first. Talk to him. He will be able to help,” she countered. And I knew she was right. I had always been able to count on Neal, but I didn’t expect him to step up and play daddy. That wasn’t his place.

I had gotten myself into this mess, and I was going to have to figure it out by myself. I couldn’t rely on anyone, and even though James would more than likely want to move me down there, move me in, and so on and so forth, that was a whole chaotic catastrophe I wasn’t sure I was prepared for.

Taking a moment to breathe, I picked up the small photos of my unborn child that lay upon the table and tried to prepare myself for a conversation I was going to have, one that I knew I wouldn't be prepared for.

The conversation that more or less could have destroyed everything I had with Neal, or by some small hope, would grow stronger if that was even possible.

\*\*\*\*\*

Neal

It had been just over a day since Becca had left, and with every second she was gone, I wondered what she was doing, contemplating more than once if going up to spend time with her there was a good idea. I was aware she had school, so it wasn't her fault she couldn't be here.

But it still didn't make it any better. Perhaps I was being too much.

The last thing I wanted was to be overbearing.

I wasn't even sure what to call what we had because we weren't technically in a relationship. Even though we had slept together, we were still simply just friends.

Through all of my worries, I couldn't stop thinking about what Allegra had said.

What would I honestly do if Becca turned out to be pregnant? It would be obvious it wasn't mine. Not enough time had gone by.

Would I tell her to figure it out herself and to contact James?

Would I be supportive and understanding of what she was going through and still stay by her side?

There were so many variations of things I could do, things I could say if she was, but every part of me hoped she wasn't. Hoped she just simply had the flu or had eaten something bad, and I knew that was awful to say because I would never wish ill on anyone.

But it was just better than the alternative.

Sitting behind my desk at work, I tried to force my mind into the paperwork; closures needed to happen, deeds needed to be drawn up. But when my phone rang, startling me from the concentration I was putting forth, I was happy to see Becca calling me.

"Hey gorgeous, what are you doing?"

There was a slight hesitation on the phone before she spoke, and when she did, I knew something was wrong. "Hey, are you busy?"

The soft gentleness of her voice stroked at my heart, making me miss her even more than I had already. "For you, I'm never busy. This is just work. I don't live to work. I work to live."

She giggled softly at my comment, and hearing that soft laugh made me melt further. “I went to the doctor today.”

“Oh, yeah. How did that go? Did they give you some medication to help with your nausea?” I asked her, hoping and praying she was going to say she had the flu.

“Umm, kind of, but it’s not—I don’t even know how to explain this.”

“Just take your time. What’s going on? Is it something serious?” I asked, trying to reassure her, but in the back of my mind, I knew exactly what she was going to say.

Please don’t say you’re pregnant. Please don’t say you’re pregnant.

“I’m pregnant, Neal.”

F\*ck. I knew it.

Her statement made my heart drop into my stomach. This beautiful woman that deserved the world and a life of happiness was pregnant, and it wasn’t so much the pregnancy that was the issue because I would love to see her pregnant.

The problem was who she was pregnant by. He didn’t deserve to breathe the same air as her in my opinion. I’d sat back for too long and saw how he treated her. Saw her try to love him despite the shit going on, and in the end, he broke her heart again and again.

I couldn’t let her hear me upset, though. I cared about her, and being supportive was important.

“I had a feeling that you may be,” I admitted. “It’s okay, Becca. Everything’s going to be okay.”

“How can you say that? How can you tell me everything’s going to be okay? My baby’s father is James. What am I gonna do? He wants nothing to do with me, and even if he did, I would have to live in the chaos that seems to surround him.”

“You still love him, don’t you?” I asked her, curious to know her answer.

I wasn’t sure what I was going to do if she said yes.

I could lose the woman I was falling in love with.

“That’s complicated,” she replied softly through the phone. “Of course, a part of me still loves him. He was everything I had hoped for initially, but then the same part of me woke up and realized I was living in a fantasy.”

Her answer wasn’t what I was expecting, and I found myself swimming in a sea of emotions because she admitted she did, but also that she didn’t.

“It’s simple. You either love him or you don’t.”

“Nothing is ever simple, Neal. A part of me may care about him, but also a part of me cares about you. Really cares about you, but I know this isn’t ideal for our situation. I’m not asking you to step up and be anything. I’m not asking you to do anything because this is my mess to fix, but I don’t want to lose you,” she replied, and it was obvious that she was crying.

Hearing those soft sobs come through the phone made me want to go to her even sooner, but I wasn’t even sure where my place was any more.

“You’re never going to lose me, Becca. I am falling in love with you. But I don’t want to end up making your situation more complicated considering you’re carrying his child.”

“You’re falling in love with me?” she asked in almost a whisper, as if she didn’t realize it.

“I am, but that’s something we can talk about later. When do you finish your exams?”

“Three weeks,” she replied quietly. “I have to figure out my internship situation.”

Taking a moment to consider what she was saying, a smile crept over my face. “Well, that doesn’t have to start till January, right?”

“Yes, technically, but I have to give them an answer before Christmas break.”

“Okay, and you will. However, once you finish your last exam, I want you to pack up some stuff and come back here. I hate that you will want to drive, but go ahead and come back here, and we will talk about everything when you get here,” I told her as a plan formulated in my mind.

“Are you sure you want me there?”

I couldn’t believe she even had to ask me that. It should have been obvious I wanted her with me here, but instead of pointing that out, I smiled.