

## Chapter 105 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

A whirlwind of emotions ran through me as chaos consumed James's home. The wood shattering echoed around me in slow motion as glass broke and screaming consumed the home.

Men in black clothing came through every entryway, and it was obvious that they weren't friendly by the way they pointed their guns at us.

I wasn't sure what was going on, but as I gained focus, I realized I was in trouble.

Tally was screaming, yelling, fighting, and doing everything that she could. However, I was tossed aside quickly. My shoulder hit the counter before I slid to the floor, wincing in pain.

The voices that were speaking and shouting were in another language and my mind just couldn't wrap around what was going on.

I had not the slightest clue what would was happening, but as I slowly regained my focus, I watched as a large, burly man had his arms wrapped around Tally, who was fighting as she kicked off the floor, screaming and jumping up and down like a wild caged animal trying to break free.

"Tally!" I screamed out as my heart beat rapidly, realizing who had broken into the house. Katrine's face came into view as she stepped through the shattered glass door, an older man with graying hair coming in behind her.

This was Sergei, and he had just infiltrated James's home.

We were so f\*cked.

"Well, look what we've got here," Katrine laughed as her eyes landed on me. "We came for Tally and instead got a two-for-one special."

"Please, don't hurt us. Let us go!" I begged them from where I sat on the floor. Tally took a beating before her body was finally dropped to the floor near me. This was even worse than when Chad had attacked me, and as I sat scared and shocked, I watched her crawl towards me.

"Becca, it's going to be okay. Everything's going to be okay." Tally's voice sounded shaky as she tried to reassure me, but she looked like hell.

Katrine walked around the house for a moment before sitting at the table. Her father, however, stood looking around the room before letting his eyes fall on me with intrigue that was becoming unsettling.

"Enough with the dramatics from you, Taliana. I've known you since you were in diapers. You could have gone a lot quieter and without a beating had you just simply cooperated," Sergei said from where he took his seat at the dining table.

"Go f\*ck yourself. You need to get out of my f\*cking house!" she said as she spit blood onto the floor. "My dad isn't even here."

"I know your dad's not here. In fact, I made sure to stage this when he wasn't here because every bit of reasoning that I had given him up to this point was not working. That's where you two come in. At first, I was worried that just Taliana wouldn't be enough, but you, Becca?" He grinned with a twinkle in his eyes.

I hadn't the slightest f\*cking clue what he was talking about, but one thing was for sure; I was pissed. Because of James' bullshit, we were in this situation.

"This is ridiculous!" I snapped. "This has nothing to do with us! This is about James."

"No, it doesn't have anything to do with you. But then again, it does have everything to do with you. I know it wasn't you that stopped James from

doing the dealing, but it was you that clouded his judgment about me," Sergei replied, laughing with disgust.

"Careful, Father. She's pregnant and hormonal. There's no telling what tears will come from her eyes," Katrina replied with a sneer as she rolled her eyes from looking at me.

It was Sergei, though, who scanned his eyes down to my stomach and then snapped them up to the man who had grabbed me before. "Regardless of what we're doing, you put your hands on a pregnant woman. Could you not see that she's pregnant?"

The guy shrugged his shoulders, holding his hands out as if to say he didn't know. Sergei didn't like that, and the next thing I knew, a gunshot rang throughout the house, and the man that had grabbed me dropped dead to the floor.

A scream left my throat upon seeing what had happened. "I am so sorry, my dear. I didn't realize that you were pregnant," he said as he held out his hand to me. "Let's get you a chair."

I wasn't sure what kind of psychological bullshit this was, but I wasn't about to drop dead onto the floor like the man beside me. So, of course, I gave him my hand and stood. My eyes glanced down at Tally, who seemed scared of what might happen next.

Sergei walked me over to a chair that was pulled into the center of the room and sat me down upon it. "Please, I know he upset you, but I don't have anything to do with him anymore. We haven't been together for a while."

Before Sergei could say anything, a man came down the stairs, his eyes locked onto Sergei before turning to me with a glare. "The nanny took the baby into the panic room, and it's not going to be possible to get into."

"A panic room. I don't remember that being in the latest designs that we were able to pull for this house," Sergei muttered to himself as he shrugged his

shoulders. "Doesn't surprise me he would do something like that. It's okay. We will be fine with these two."

"It was installed more recently," Tally spit out, causing Sergei to laugh.

"I bet it was," he replied, walking toward her. "Too bad it won't save the both of you."

The look in Sergie's eyes as he stalked toward her made my blood run cold. I wasn't sure what would happen, or if I would die, but at that moment, I wanted nothing more than to tell Neal and James I was sorry.

I had acted like a fool the past few months.

It wasn't just them that was at fault; it was me too.

There was no way that my life had been the way it was by just their hand. I had allowed certain things to happen when I could have said no, and I hadn't done anything to fix it.

If I died today... then at least, I went out trying.

\*\*\*\*\*

James

When Becca left my office, I thought over everything that had happened. She was pregnant, and she did have a mildly large bump, but there was no way that baby was mine. I may not have used every precaution, but she was on her birth control shot when we were together. She'd told me so.

Which meant if she had been on the shot, it obviously had happened after....

Thinking about it all was giving me a migraine.

No matter how I said it, it never sounded good in my mind. In fact, it made me realize more and more there was absolutely no way that Neal could have been

the one to have gotten her pregnant. Not when she looked to be more than a few months along.

Picking up my phone, I quickly dialed Neal's number. I had spoken with him previously about what was happening, but now with this... it was clear I had f\*cked up.

"Hello?" Neal snapped as he answered the phone. Still, to this day, he didn't care to speak to me, but that feeling was very mutual.

"Did Becca make it back to you safe?" I asked him, just wanting the reassurance that she was okay.

"What? No, she hasn't arrived yet. She was supposed to text me when she left. How long has she been gone?" Neal asked quickly with a sense of worry in his tone.

"She left about forty-five minutes ago. She should have been back to you by now."

"Yeah, well, she's not here, so where the f\*ck is she?" Neal replied, raising his tone. The irritation and anger grew in him, something that was often sparked by me. I couldn't blame him, though. She came here to fix things, and I didn't listen.

"I don't know. We got into a small argument, and she left. I saw her call an Uber, but that was about it." The guilt was eating at me, and I realized with every second that I was more of a d\*ck than usual.

"You got into an argument—" he groaned. "You're a f\*cking idiot."

"What are you talking about? She came here pregnant just to let me know she's been f\*cking you forever," I snapped back at him. There was no way that I was going to let him speak to me like that. It was he who messed up our relationship.

"What are you talking about? The baby isn't mine, James. That was the whole point of her f\*cking coming to talk to you."

My heart dropped into my stomach upon hearing him.

The baby wasn't his?

Taking a moment to reflect over the entire meeting with Becca, I could suddenly see exactly what was going on. She had been trying to tell me, and like a f\*cking idiot, I dismissed her as if she was nothing.

"Shit. I AM a f\*cking idiot."

The moment that I said those words, notifications from my house went blaring. There was forced entry, and as I turned on the cameras, I could see them infiltrating the house, and most importantly, I heard a very particular scream in the live feed that made my blood run cold.

"F\*ck!" I screamed into the phone.

"What's wrong?!" Neal yelled back in panic. "What's that noise?"

"There is a break in... forced entry," I muttered as I stood from behind my desk.

"What? What are you talking about?"

"At my house! Becca must have gone there to talk to Tally. Tally has been talking about getting together with her for a while," I rambled on, trying to make sense of everything as I quickly prepared myself to go into battle.

"Then, if that's the case, why are you acting as if the world is completely ending?"

"Because, Neal, I just got a notification that people broke into the house, and guess what? They weren't Christmas carolers." He seemed to get my sense of urgency because I heard him scream and swear before getting back on the phone.

"I swear to God if she gets f\*cking hurt because of all this. I will f\*cking kill you myself!"

Hanging up the phone on Neal, I made my way towards my office door, putting the clip into my gun before shoving it into its holster. I needed to reach out to Greg to let him know what was happening—if he didn't already know.

With my phone still in my hand, I dialed his number, and he picked up on the second ring.

"James, we already got the notification. Our guys and yours were all taken out. You have to stay where you are. We have people coming for you."

"No," I said through gritted teeth. "They have my daughter and Becca."

"The girls will be fine, James. Don't be stupid."

"Becca is carrying my child, Greg. They will all die for hurting her," I replied with a snarl as I hung up the phone and stepped into the elevator.

Blood would flow for this. I would watch Sergie's life drain from his eyes as I put a bullet in his daughter's head. No one f\*cked with my family and got away with it.