

Chapter 106 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Neal.

The moment James called me, I wasn't quite sure what it was that he wanted after the conversation we had previously had about Becca. However, my heart absolutely shattered when he told me that Becca had gone to his house and people had broken.

She was once again implicated in something because of James, and my hatred for him grew even more. I understood very well that she might have been carrying his child, but it didn't excuse the things that he had done and the shit that he had gotten himself into.

Now, because of him, there was a chance that she could be hurt or even killed.

Pacing around the living room, I grabbed my keys, ready to go after her to go to James's house to save her if I had to. The problem was, I didn't expect Allegra to come home like she did. As soon as she stepped through the door and saw me, she dropped her bags on the floor and stared at me with hesitation.

"Why are you crying? What happened?" I hadn't even realized tears had been falling down my face until I lifted my hand and wiped my cheeks to reveal the wet dampness upon my fingers.

"I just got off the phone with James. Becca went to see him earlier as you know, and she left there after they had gotten into an argument, but instead of coming back here, she went to his house to see Tally."

I couldn't even formulate the words properly, and as she stepped closer, taking my hand in hers, she said. "Okay, so she went to see Tally. What happened from there? Where is she?"

"It would seem that while she was at Tally's house... James got a notification on his phone.... There was screaming, I guess, and people broke into the house... I don't know Allegra. I have no clue what is going on."

My words were panicked and my tone even more so. My anxiety skyrocketed through the roof as the thought of losing her constantly rolled through me in waves. She had been a woman that I had slowly fallen in love with over time and not just somebody who was helping to heal the wounds that I had from my past.

Even if she wasn't aware that she was doing it.

I hadn't been completely honest with her, and I knew that I was going to have to be, but it was just so hard to talk about what had happened to me when I was growing up, and now I regretted not taking the moment to do so.

Allegra quickly pulled out her phone dialing numbers, and before she realized it, I took her hand, snatching her phone away as she stared at me in disbelief.

"What the f*ck are you doing, Neal? Give me back my phone. I need to call the police."

"Do you not understand how stupid you sound right now? Do you realize that the Russians control a lot of these people? They would be tipped off, and they would kill her quicker. We can't do that." Snapping at her wasn't what I meant to do, but with the anger inside me, I couldn't stop it.

"Well, what do you expect us to do? We can't just sit here and do nothing," she said quickly, tears forming within her eyes.

"I don't know! Give me a moment to think," I replied as I began to pace the floor again trying to contemplate what it was that I could do.

Allegra shook her head with a scoff and disappeared down the hall as she went towards her room. I knew that she was going to have to handle this in her own way. I just hoped that she wouldn't hate me for not taking initiative as she wanted to.

Five minutes later, she reappeared, having completely changed her clothing carrying two large duffle bags in her hands. She set them on the couch. Trying to understand what it was that she was doing, I watched her unzip the bags as if this was a normal thing for her.

No words formulated from me when I saw what the bags contained.

"Allegra, why do you have so many f*cking guns."

Glancing up at me, she scoffed. "They're a hobby of mine, okay? I like to collect things, and this just happens to be something I collect. I know I don't seem like a woman who would have these things, but I do, so let's not make it a big deal."

One would think it was shocking for someone like Allegra to have these kinds of weapons, but I knew how we grew up firsthand. Our family wasn't one that you would call normal, and with the type of man our father was, it was expected for her to consider this a 'hobby.'

"I can see that you have been collecting, but we can't just go in there like that."

Sneering at me in disgust, she rolled her eyes again. "Don't be a p*ssy, Neal. I may be older than you, but I know damn well that you were trained just as I was. Only difference is you got it easier with a tutor where I had to have our father."

"Going in like this, Allegra is going to show others who we are," I told her, trying to make her see reason. We had held this secret for years, and there was a reason for it.

Sighing, she pushed a clip into her 9mm and pushed it towards me. "Don't you think that this changes things? We can't keep hiding forever."

"If we do this, and the surge finds out, they will come for us. We have hid for years under the identities that we have. You can't be serious."

"Neal!" she snapped at me. "It's Becca. We can't let her get hurt."

"Allegra, I know this, but it doesn't make shit better. Sergei has her, and going against him is a death sentence. We have to find a safer way to get her."

"Neal! Have you f*cking heard yourself?" She snapped at me again as she shoved a larger gun into my arms. "The way you're talking isn't you. I get it that you're scared, but we have to do something. James is irrational and acts on emotion. We are not like him. Now get your shit together so we can save her."

Nodding my head, I took the gun "Okay."

"Okay?" she said, cracking a grin. "So you're going to get your shit together?"

"Yeah, I'm present."

"Neal, don't forget what you stand for. What our family stands for." Her words were soft but glancing back up at her, I could see the sincerity in her eyes.

"I know."

Allegra wasn't wrong. I was well aware of the people we were raised by, and the expectation that we were supposed to live up to the problem was I didn't want to be that kind of person. Even if right now, that was exactly who I needed to be.

"Come on, Neal." Allegra rushed out as she lifted one of the bags and slung it onto her shoulder. "Let's go get our girl."

Taking a moment, I turned and gazed out the window that looked over the city. This was a moment I would never be able to walk away from, but Allegra was right... wasn't she?

"Nikolai! Now!" She yelled at me from near the front door. It had been so long since I had heard anyone call me that name, and gazing into the angry and determined look in her eye, I knew she meant business.

"Okay, let's go get our girl."

Becca.

No matter what had happened in the past, I wasn't prepared for this. Sergei had spent the last thirty minutes trying to get information out of Tally and I, and, being unable to do so, became frustrated.

He had struck Tally repeatedly, and seeing her bruised, bleeding, and battered body, I broke down. I had tried to help her, but my actions caused them to tie me up. I was forced to watch them hurt her, and nothing I said was going to stop it.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Sergei said as he took a cloth from his pocket and wiped away the blood from his hands. He stood before us now without his jacket. His white dress shirt was splattered with blood and rolled up at his sleeves.

The man was a monster. Nothing about him was compassionate or caring, and honestly, I didn't know how we were going to survive this. "I don't know what you want me to tell you. I don't know anything, I swear."

"That's funny you say that because James recently put everything he has in your name. So how is it that you don't know anything?"

Hearing this was news to me. My lips parted, and shock registered on my face as I processed what he was saying. "What are you talking about?"

Laughter escaped him as Katrine scoffed. "She really doesn't know," he said.

"Of course she does!" Katrine yelled in anger. "She is trying to steal what belongs to me."

"Go f*ck yourself!" I spat at her, only to have her clear the space between us in an attempt to attack me. Thankfully though, one of her father's men wrapped her up in his arms and pulled her away.

Her dangerous gaze was murderous, and honestly, I wouldn't put it past her to try and kill me. God knows she would see that as a way to solve all her problems.

"All you want is to take his money," she snapped.

"You're f*cking ridiculous. That's all you want, you daft c*nt."

"Enough ladies!" Sergei yelled, catching my attention. "I can't stand to hear women bickering; it's irritating."

"She started—" Katrine started to say just before Sergei lashed out, backhanding her across her face. Her eyes widened in shock at her father's actions, but it was clear by the narrowed gaze on his face that he didn't give a shit if he had hurt her.

"Speak again in any way without my permission, and you won't like what happens next."

Shock didn't begin to explain the way I felt as I watched the scene before me unfold. I wasn't sure why Sergei would act like this to his daughter, but then again, she kind of deserved it because of how she was. Karma is a bitch and all.

However, as his gaze turned back to me, I couldn't help but feel myself slowly shrink beneath his gaze. Every step he took toward me made my heart beat faster.

"I apologize for that inconvenience with my daughter. She tends to forget her place, my dear," Sergei said with a grin.

"What do you mean—"

"Shh..." he hushed me as he squatted to my eye level. "You are very important to me, Becca. After this is all over, I will show you how a man treats a woman he is with."

Tally began to laugh as she held her stomach, cringing. "You're f*cking insane if you think my dad will ever let that happen."

Groaning in irritation Sergei pinched the bridge of his nose and frowned. "You will make a beautiful bride, Becca."

"Over my dead body."

The sound of James' voice brought tears to my eyes, and as I turned to look at him, so did everyone else. A gun pointed at Sergei was the first thing I saw, and the next was the man creeping up behind him.

"James, watch out!"