

Chapter 107 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

The moment I screamed out, the man who had come up behind James hit him in the back of the head with the ass end of the gun he was carrying. James collapsed to his knees, his gun dropping to the floor as Sergei began to laugh.

"Was that honestly your poor, pathetic excuse of trying to save them?" Sergei asked as he stepped closer to where James was. "You're f*cking pathetic."

He kicked James across the face. James' body fell to the floor completely as I cried out again. I couldn't watch this. Tally was begging for Sergei to stop, but it was as if nobody could get through to him.

"Please, please, just leave him alone. Don't hurt him!" I begged Sergei, who slowly looked over his shoulder at me with a smile on his face.

"Why do you even care what this man does, considering how he treated you? You are nothing to him. A piece of ass he happened to get f*cking pregnant."

When Sergei said that, James's eyes connected with mine, and I saw the guilt lurking beneath. Just because he had been an asshole to me didn't mean he deserved this. Nobody deserved this, and yet it was happening.

"Daddy!" Tally cried out for him. "Please, don't do this. Leave him alone."

There was no telling what was going to happen, and honestly, I couldn't believe James had walked in here like this, knowing all these men were here. He came in alone as if he was on a suicide mission. Which didn't sound like him at all.

A rush of emotion swept over me as Sergei bent down to look at James, slamming his fist into his face again and again. The bloody mess scattered about the area until Sergei seemed satisfied with the state of James.

Sergei finally had the man that he had been waiting for.

"You know, I find this all amusing. As if fate is on my side today. I had come here with the intention of luring you in, and I got both your daughter and your lover. Then when you came, it was without much resistance."

Sergei was radiating with pride over everything that was happening, and I, of all people, knew what it looked like when someone who got what they wanted thought too highly of themselves. I had spent many years with Tally before she changed.

"Go ahead and kill me," James replied, his dark, husky voice was battered and broken just as his body was. "It isn't going to save you, though."

"James, no..." I whimpered, but my whimpers went ignored.

"Save me? What do you mean it isn't going to save me? Who the f*ck is going to stop me from doing what I want?"

"You're going to die." Tally hissed. "You won't get away with this!"

"Shut her up!" Sergei yelled as another warrior kicked Tally, causing her to cry out in pain as I struggled against my restraints.

"Please stop... please."

There was nobody to save us. James was more than likely going to die at the hands of this man, and Tally and I would follow. Or at least she would... For some odd reason, this man had an interest in me I would never understand.

I didn't want any of it. Not one single bit, but there wasn't much that I could do in a world like this, so dark and eluding, you never knew if you were coming or going.

You never knew who or what could take you.

"I may not be able to stop you," James coughed out, blood dripping onto the floor from his mouth. "But you know what they say about women—" he replied, looking at me with a smile. "There's nothing worse than a woman scorned."

I wasn't sure what he meant, but at the exact moment that he spoke, the shattering of doors erupted, and the windows blew out in the house. Gunfire erupted around the house as people fought back and others took cover.

It was chaos, and even my own cries were damped by the sounds of war.

James.

-Thirty minutes before-

As soon as I arrived at the house, I was met with problems. Sergei's men were scattered upon my lawn, and slowly, I tried to bring myself forward to fight through the masses of people that he had on my property to get to the girls.

One by one, I took them down, but as a third came at me from behind, I misjudged myself and found myself in a predicament. One that took me by surprise and almost cost me my life. That is until a bullet to the head took him to his knees.

The only problem was the shot hadn't come from me.

Spinning around, I looked to see where it had come from, only then to witness Allegra and Neal stepping from the brush. There was a look on Allegra's face that I hadn't expected to see, and honestly, between her black skin-tight outfit and the heavy gun in her hand, I thought I was seeing things.

She was lethal. Ready to kill anyone who got in her way.

"I should f*cking kill you right now for everything that has happened," she said, seething in anger. Her knuckles turned white where she gripped the gun. "When is this going to end, James?"

"I don't know why the f*ck you're here, Allegra. But I don't have time for this. I have to get in there and save them."

Turning away from them, I made my way closer to my house only to have a firm grasp on my arm stop me in my tracks. "Don't do this."

"Get your f*cking hand off me!" I snapped at Neal, pulling my arm from his grasp.

Neal, a man who was the bane of my existence, had taken everything from me that I wanted. Now, he was stopping me from going in and saving the woman he supposedly loved as well. "You have to think this through. You're running into that building with the chance of getting them killed."

"I'm going in to save them."

Allegra scoffed at my comment, rolling her eyes. "Save them? You're running into that building, running on nothing but emotions, and emotions get you killed. Where the f*ck is your backup, James? Where are the people who were supposed to be watching this house, protecting them?"

She had a point. Greg had said they would be protecting them, that I would have guys on the house, and yet here I was with no help. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I couldn't just do nothing.

"I don't know, Allegra. I know they had men who were moles inside their ranks, people who were running back to Sergei with everything," I sighed as I paced back and forth. "I can't just stand here and do nothing."

"No one is telling you to do nothing," she sneered in disgust. "I'm telling you to get your shit together, or you're going to get someone killed."

She was right, and I didn't want to admit it.

"What the f*ck is all this?" I asked, gesturing to the gear they both had and the way they acted as if they had done this before.

Allegra looked at Neal in silent conversation before looking back at me. "It's complicated."

"How am I supposed to trust you or anything you do if you can't give me a f*cking answer?" I asked them just as another scream echoed from the house, causing me to turn with panic.

"Look, we don't have time for this. Just know that we are more than you think."

"More than I think?" I gasped, glancing back at her with anger. "I invited you into my home and into a bed with my woman. But you won't f*cking tell me anything?"

As she took a step forward, I felt the hostility rolling off her in waves. There was a lot that must have been on her mind because usually she would have said many things right now that she hadn't. "You really want to save them?"

"Of course, I do."

"Good." She replied, brushing something off my shoulder. "Then you're going to need to pay attention because I'm only going to do this once, and I don't have time to deal with your bullshit."

Allegra had a plan I wasn't sure if I could trust. The only problem was that I didn't have a choice. I needed help, and there was no way that I was going to be able to do this alone. There was no way that I could save Tally, Becca, and my grandson without their help.

"I'm listening," I replied softly as she took a moment to really look at me before patting my chest with a nod.

"Nikolai, explain." Neal stepped forward, and when the realization hit me that they had both been lying and were, in fact, Russians themselves, I grew angry.

"Are you kidding me right now?" I asked her, watching as she shook her head with amusement in her actions.

"I never kid, James." Allegra hummed as Neal pulled up something on his phone.

"There is a point of entry from the top right of the building. You will provide us a distraction, and we will come in and take them out one by one."

"You're absolutely insane," I muttered, shaking my head. "You guys can't take them on."

"Excuse me?" Allegra exclaimed, crossing her arms over her chest as she stared at me with anger burning in her eyes. "Why do you say that?"

"Because... he is a realtor for one, and you, Allegra,... you're a f*cking supermodel."

Hatred wasn't something I was expecting, but the look she was giving me let me know right away what she thought about me.

"You're a f*cking asshole, James. This isn't about you, but get with the times. We don't have time for this shit."

She was right. We didn't have time for this shit. If something was going to be done to save them, and protect them, then we were going to have to move forward. We were going to have to get with the program and get moving.

"Fine. Let's do things your way."