

## Chapter 110 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

My life went in slow motion as I tried to grasp a handle on everything that had happened. I had been handed a newborn child that I was expected to take care of and a nanny who I was more than grateful for.

But through it all, I was blindsided and confused.

My entire world had been flipped upside down, and as I walked through the front doors of Allegra's house, I tried to understand how I was going to make it through everything.

"Why don't I go ahead and put the kettle on?" Allegra said softly as she made her way slowly towards the kitchen. "It's been a very hectic day, and we all need a rest."

She wasn't wrong there, but the moment I thought about a cup of tea, it brought tears to my eyes again. That was the last thing Tally and I had done before hell broke out in her house, and I was left without my friend.

"Oh, Miss Becca, why don't I go ahead and get the baby settled in? It's been a long day, and you need rest," Sarah said as she held out her arms and allowed me to hand over the child to her.

She wasn't wrong about me needing more rest. I desperately needed it, but with my mind completely worn, I didn't even know what I was supposed to do.

"You can take the second door on the left," Allegra called from the kitchen to Sara. "I don't have a crib or anything like that for the baby, but I did reach out to my neighbor who has a pack and play. She said she would deliver it soon."

"That'll work perfectly. Thank you," Sara replied as she took the child towards the room with Neal carrying the bags behind her.

Allegra walked towards me, taking my hand as she led me towards the kitchen. I simply followed in a robotic manner going through the motions without actually being present. I was safe, and so was my unborn child. The paramedics looked me over at the scene.

I had been fortunate I wasn't severely hurt, which was the only thing that Sergei made sure of. The baby in my stomach had been valuable to him, and therefore, I was treated kindly to an extent, but that hadn't been the case for any of the others.

"I know the last thing that you want to hear is that everything is going to be okay because it's not going to be okay. At least not right now. The only thing we can do is take it one day at a time."

Allegra wasn't wrong, and as I took a seat on the bar stool, I let a heavy breath escape me. "I just don't understand why this happened," I whispered, finally letting my eyes connect with her.

"I know, sweetie, and I'm sorry that it did," she replied softly. "We will get through this."

"I think I should go lay down," I replied as I stood once more. "I feel like I could sleep forever."

Taking my tea, I turned away from Allegra and passed by Neal standing in his doorway before entering the bedroom I had stayed in many times before. Closing the door, I relished in the peace, and as I set my tea down, I cried again.

I didn't even know if James was alive, which was the worst part.

I knew that he could be dying in the hospital, but I wasn't allowed to go there.

Moving towards the bed, I laid down upon it, wrapping myself around the cold soft pillow, my heart was broken, and my mind fractured. I closed my eyes and

allowed the darkness to take me. Sleep was what I needed, and time would heal me.

Eventually.

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Neal.

The moment I watched Becca walk past me towards her room, with her eyes cast towards the floor and a grim expression on her face, I felt terrible. It didn't matter what I could say or what I could do for her to make anything feel better. She was going to need the time and space to be able to process everything that had happened.

With a heavy sigh, I made my way towards the kitchen, where Allegra was currently sipping on a hot cup of tea. "There has to be something that we can do for her."

"Like what, Neal? She's grieving, she lost somebody close to her, and the father of her child is probably going to jail," my sister said as she shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm aware, but at the same time, I can't help but wonder if there's something we can do. Is there some kind of sedative to help her sleep? I mean, I don't know much about pregnant woman Allegra, and I would hate to have her sedated, but she's completely distraught and worn down, and that isn't healthy for her or the baby."

"So you think that sedating her would be a good idea?" Allegra snapped quietly under her breath. "Have you lost your f\*cking mind? She just went through hell. Not to mention, I'm surprised she hasn't even brought up the whole situation with you and I."

I hadn't even considered that she had seen a side of me and Allegra that she had never even known was there, and it was shocking to everyone because

even James gave me a questioning glance as I passed by the ambulance that he was being lifted into.

"I didn't think of that."

"No, you didn't think of that or many other things." She sighed, shaking her head as a soft knock came on the front door.

Allegra and I turned our gaze towards the hallway that led to the front door, both hesitating for a moment before we looked back at each other and then promptly moved towards the doorway to see who it was that was there.

"It's probably just the neighbor she was bringing over the pack and play for the baby," Allegra replied as she reached for the door and opened it.

Indeed, the woman was there with the pack and play, and Allegra thanked her. But coming up the hallway was a face that I hoped I wouldn't see again. It was Greg, the federal agent who had been at the scene and dealt with much of what was happening.

"Greg, what can I do for you?" I asked him as I took in the grim expression on his face.

"Would you mind if I stepped inside and spoke with you about some things?"

I glanced over at Allegra. This was her home, and I wouldn't invite somebody in that she didn't want there. She hesitated for a moment, but with reluctance, her shoulders sagged, and she nodded. "You can take him into my private office. I'll take the pack and play to Sara for the baby."

As Allegra disappeared, I opened the door further, allowing Greg to step inside. As soon as the door behind him, we moved down the hallway towards Allegra's private office.

The office wasn't very big, but it was large enough that it had a small desk and a settee that set off in the corner, with bookshelves that lined the walls and a massive window on one wall that overlooked the city.

"Take a seat," I said gruffly, watching as Greg took a seat on the settee, and I made my way over towards the chair behind Allegra's desk. "What is it that I can do for you?"

"Today was a cluster f\*ck, as you are aware," Greg said, starting up a conversation in a direction that I hadn't expected. "With everything that went on, we have dead bodies with bullets that don't seem to match any of the other guns on the scene. Not to mention a lot more damage that isn't explainable."

Shit. This is exactly what I was hoping wouldn't happen. I was hoping that they would overlook those details because, in fact, the guns we had fired the bullets from were currently in our position, and we weren't planning on handing them over. They were family heirlooms.

"Yes, that would be correct," I replied hesitantly, watching Greg's every movement, and as his eyes cast down towards his hands, he let out another heavy breath, and I slowly found myself becoming impatient.

"Look, we know who you and your sister are. I checked after the event today, and I'm aware of your family history. However, I'm also aware that you're both upstanding citizens and have left that life behind. I won't try to understand why it is that you interfered today, but I do want to thank you for doing so. Otherwise, we could have lost a lot more lives than just the ones that are already gone."

Knowing that Greg and the other federal agents were aware of who Allegra and I were was unsettling. "What is it that you're here for then?"

"Well, I'm here because others wish to bring you in, however, up the chain of command, there are people who would rather not have another scandal, especially with two people who are very well known within the country. We wouldn't want people to be alarmed by your background," he replied, and I knew exactly where this conversation was going.

"We can't just automatically up and leave this country. There are things here that are going to need to be taken care of, and I do have business prospects

here unless you plan on paying me out completely for my entire business that is located in New York."

"It isn't like that," he calmly replied.

Rolling my eyes, I scoffed. "Then please feel free to explain."

"That isn't what we're suggesting. Actually, we are going to suggest that you take up primary residence in another country, but we are going to allow you to keep the businesses that you currently have in the states. You can travel back and forth. As far as your sister, most of her business takes her overseas, so that shouldn't be an issue."

I knew it. They were kicking us out of the country after everything that had just happened. That made sense; realistically, it was better to get Becca to a place where she could be safe. A place where there wouldn't be any other issues.

A place where she could start over.

The only problem was that I wasn't sure she would see it that way.

"How much time do we have before that has to happen?"

"Due to the circumstances, and the fact that we know that there's a lot that's going to need to be taken care of with James's estate, considering that it was all left to Becca... whether he dies or just goes to prison, we are going to give you about three months to be able to move your permanent residence overseas," he replied, having me take a moment to let the information sink in.

"Well, it is better than jail time, I suppose," I said softly, causing Greg to chuckle as he nodded his head. That was one thing that we could agree on.

"May I ask what is going to happen to James if he lives, just so that I know for peace of mind?"

Greg looked me square in the eyes, his jaw set tightly. "James is aware that he's going to have to serve jail time. However, with the idea of jail time came other consequences, and now with Sergei dead, other people are going to

step in his place, and we're quite sure that Sergei's son is actually going to make a move for the empire."

Sergei's son was a ruthless man, a man that no one wanted to cross. Honestly, if that was the case, Becca definitely was in danger because she was the highlight of the situation, and there was no understanding of why Sergei had such interest in Becca other than the fact he would have obtained James's residence and business, considering James signed over everything to Becca.

"This is a problematic situation. If that's the case, then James's life is in danger. Not just Becca's."

Greg nodded, "Yes, it is, and that is why James will not be surviving his injuries at the hospital as far as you and I both know."

"Are you talking about witness protection?" I asked him, surprised if they would relinquish him having to serve jail time in order to be put into witness protection. I know that he had gone through a great deal, but that still didn't add up in the end.

"I'm not at liberty to give you a positive answer on that. However, there were people in higher positions that did feel the loss of his daughter was sufficient enough for the eighteen months he would have spent in jail," Greg replied, trying to speak secretively without giving me a direct answer.

When it came to witness protection, that was a situation that nobody was supposed to be privy to. "And Rebecca, what do you expect me to tell her? He's the father of her child."

Greg's eyes turned sad, and as they did, he shrugged his shoulders and nodded. "I understand that she has been through a lot. But for the future, you are that child's father. We need to allow her to go ahead and grieve for the loss of Tally and James and move forward so that her life is no longer in danger."

It was clear what the government had planned. Not only would we have to make our permanent residences somewhere overseas, which I didn't have the

slightest clue about where that could possibly be, but on top of that, she was going to have to learn to live with the idea that both Tally and James died that day.

If the situation wasn't already bad for her, it was definitely worse now.