

## Chapter 113 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

When I arrived at James' company, I was on the verge of having an anxiety attack. Neal had been waiting for me outside the building, and as much as I wanted to find that happy moment, I didn't.

Simply because I knew what was coming.

"So the guy is willing to buy it from you without issues. He is an investor from Italy and actually knew James personally. He has importing and exporting businesses all over the world," Neal informed me as I stood in the elevator with him, watching the floors tick by.

"Okay." My shallow reply seemed to cause him to stop in his words as he gently grabbed my shoulders, forcing me to look at him.

"Hey, if you're not ready for this—"

"It's okay," I quickly said, cutting him off. "It needs to be done, and I have to get through this. Afterward, I want to talk to you and Allegra about going somewhere."

"Oh?" He smiled. "Where might that be?"

Rolling my eyes with a soft smile, I shook my head at the same moment the doors of the elevator opened. "You will have to wait until later. Right now, we need to handle business."

Taking a deep breath in, I squared my shoulders and pushed forward onto the floor, headed straight for James' office. The moment that I stepped in, I felt myself shudder. All of his things were still exactly where he had left them, and my lip trembled as I remembered the times he had taken me in here.

Yet, when the man staring at the window turned to face me, I was taken aback. With dark hair and deep charcoal-colored eyes, I felt like I was almost looking at James but just a much older version of him. "You must be Rebecca."

"I am..." I said softly as he stepped forward and shook my hand. "I'm sorry, you just look so much like—"

"Like James?" he replied with a chuckle finishing my sentence. "Yes, we are actually cousins."

Neal seemed a little taken aback by the man's admission, but paying no attention to it, I moved forward towards the desk with them both, prepared to sign whatever paperwork needed to be signed.

"You definitely do." My soft reply was met with hesitation as I stared at the man in front of me. He was definitely older than James had been, but the resemblance was chilling.

Proof that their bloodline was strong. "I'm sorry that we had to meet under these circumstances."

"So am I, but you never know what can happen. In the end, we simply have to take things one day at a time and relish every moment of life we have. It is wonderful to finally meet somebody from James's family, though."

"I couldn't agree with you more on that. My name's Ronaldo, by the way," he replied, giving me a bright smile that almost reminded me of the same smile James used to give me.

"Well, it's lovely to meet you, Ronaldo. Shall we get down to business?" I was simply ready to get this all done and over with. The faster that we got this thing signed and sorted, the faster I could start looking towards the future.

I knew that it sounded a little bad, at least inside my head, it did. As if I was ungrateful and uncaring about everything. But honestly, I just wanted to be able to move on. Not so much moving on past losing James and Tally, but being able to move forward with my future.

No matter how much I missed them, it wouldn't bring them back.

The only thing I could do was hold onto the memories that I had with them, memories that I would be able to share with the children as they grew older, and hope and pray that one day they would understand.

"So Neal informed me of everything that is going on, and I'm willing to pay you a hefty amount of money for this property," Ronaldo replied as I took a seat in James' chair.

The dark black leather seating was cool to the touch, and as I ran my fingertips over it. I started falling back on the memories I shared with him in it, memories that I honestly just couldn't bring myself to go through right now.

Shaking my head of the thoughts that were currently clouding my judgment, I looked up at Ronaldo and smiled. "I'm not honestly worried about money."

"Rebecca, that's not how this works," Neal interjected as he smiled at Ronaldo and turned back to me. "There has to be payment made for the business. What you choose to do with the money after that is up to you."

I knew I wasn't familiar with the business world, but I wasn't sure that was true. Ronaldo didn't say anything, though. Instead, he gave me a kind smile that made me wonder if he could see right through me, through the facade that I was putting on, trying to hold myself together.

Taking a moment, I looked down at the papers in front of me.

The words seemed to jumble together as I tried to concentrate.

"Neal, I trust that you looked through everything, looked through every single document, and that it was accurate?" I asked him as my eyes glanced from the paper up to him. I was hoping that with him being the man that he was, he had taken care of everything.

Chuckling, he nodded his head. "Of course, I took care of everything."

With Neal's words, I picked up the pen and quickly signed my name across the line. I hadn't bothered to see how much money they would be offering. As I finished and slid the paper back across to Ronaldo, it was clear that he was surprised by my actions.

"I know that you said that you didn't care about how much money you would be getting because money wasn't an object, but aren't you curious to know exactly how much I'm buying it for?"

I shook my head. "Not really, but if you would like to tell me, then, by all means, you're more than welcome to."

I wasn't trying to be rude. I simply didn't want to discuss selling James's company. I didn't want to have a conversation about any of that kind of stuff.

"You know, I'm going to be needing a home here in Miami. I understand that many things have happened at James's mansion, but if you're interested in selling it, I am interested in taking it." Ronaldo's words shocked me.

I hadn't even considered selling James's mansion yet, and the fact that he was asking took me by surprise. After everything that had happened at that house, I honestly couldn't imagine returning there. Even though I knew that everything had been cleaned up and the house patiently awaited for someone to arrive.

"I'm going to need some time to think about that," I whispered, trying to keep my emotions from showing. "If we're done here, I really need to be excused."

Ronaldo nodded his head in understanding as he looked over the paper. "I'm sorry that this happened to you. I wasn't very close with my cousin, but I knew he was a good man, and he loved his family more than anything."

The sincere words that Ronaldo spoke caused my eyes to water. Blinking back quickly, I forced the emotions back down as I slowly stood and held out my hand. "Thank you. It's been a pleasure."

"No, thank you," he replied, taking my hand. "If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

As soon as my conversation with Ronaldo was done, I made my way from James's office and towards the elevator. Neal was right behind me, and before the elevator doors opened, he grabbed my shoulder and stopped me.

"Are you sure that you're okay?" he asked softly as he pulled me into a hug.

"I'm okay, Neal. I just need to go home and rest. Do you think that you can ask him for like a week or two so that we can get James's things out of the building?"

Neal chuckled as he pulled away from me and glanced down. "You really should have read the papers."

I wasn't sure what he meant. "What do you mean? Can I not take those things?"

"The company won't be taken over for another three months. The deal has been signed, but he won't take physical possession until that time, which gives you three months to come in here and take anything out of the company that you want. Including files and everything else which we will need to dissolve the company."

I hadn't even realized that any of this would have been a possibility, but perhaps if I had read the paperwork, I would have seen it. Three months did give me time to be able to move past what had happened a little bit more before being able to do the hard stuff like packing.

"Oh, okay." I smiled. "Well then, I'll leave you to finish up everything else?"

"Of course, sweetie. Why don't you have the driver take you back to the beach house? If you want, you can spend a few more days there while I'm busy taking care of everything. Then we can sit down and talk like you wanted to," Neal replied before giving a soft kiss on my cheek.

"Actually, I want you both to come over for dinner tonight. I'll order take in, and we can chat about some stuff," I said. He stared at me for a moment with a concerned glance as if he was worried something was wrong.

However, when I smiled and leaned up to gently kiss his lips, he relaxed. I didn't want him to think things were changing between us because they weren't. Yes, I missed James more than I thought I was going to, but it didn't mean I cared for Neal any less.

I simply needed time to get back to my old self.

"Okay, we'll be over in a bit. Now please... go to the house, and get some rest."

With a soft chuckle, I nodded and stepped into the elevator, feeling slightly more positive than I had in days. Perhaps, a vacation would help fix things. I didn't know. The only thing that I could do to ensure I wasn't going crazy was to find other things to do.