

## Chapter 115 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James.

The moment that my plane landed in Tokyo, Japan, I found my mind swirling with the differences of how their lives were in Japan compared to that in the states. The only way that I could actually describe them was as if they were ants meandering through a colony. Quick to know exactly where they were going and unable to be distracted.

It was fascinating, and I found the city breathtaking.

Moving forward from the airport, I headed towards the car pickup lanes and quickly saw a driver holding a sign with my name on it. The driver was to take me to my new location, a home that had been secured for me, along with various other things, my new life for the foreseeable future.

My new life as Lester Johnson.

Just saying that name made me internally groan. Out of all the names that he could have picked in the world, that was the one he had settled for.

That was the name that he thought would benefit me the most.

Stepping towards the driver I sighed pushing a smile on my face. "That's me."

The driver nodded his head at me as he opened the back door to the car allowing me to slide in. Zero communication was exactly the way that Greg said that I needed to have. I wasn't allowed to contact anybody from my previous life, and if I did, I could be thrown out of the witness protection program.

Not that I cared for it. The only reason why I decided to go with the protection was to keep Becca and the kids safe. As long as people thought I was dead... they wouldn't come looking.

It was a sacrifice I had to make for the ones I loved.

As the car traveled through the streets of Tokyo, I took in the various sites before me. It didn't take long to get to where we were going, and as the car pulled up outside a small flat in a vast building square, I was met by two men in casual clothing.

"Mr. Johnson," one of the men said with a smile as I stepped from the car.

"Yes, that's me," I replied, taking his hand in a firm shake as I watched the other man step to the back of the car with the driver to grab my bags.

"Welcome to Tokyo. I'm David, and I'll be showing you around your place."

Nodding my head I watched David gesture to the other man with his head to follow inside. "Greg said to set you up with the works so that's what we have done."

As we made our way inside the tall apartment building, and towards the elevator, he looked over his shoulder at me and gave a half smile. "It isn't the Hilton, but it's got its perks."

Not bothering to say anything, I simply raised my brows for a moment and followed behind him into the elevator with the other man following me inside. There was only one thing on my mind, and that was taking every bit of my environment into account just in case something happened, and I needed to find my way around.

As the elevator stopped on the fifth floor, and we made our way out the smell of different foods, and the crying of children in the distance invaded my senses.

I definitely wasn't in a Hilton. I had gone from high society to managing to survive in a matter of weeks. However, I was grateful for it. These men could have left me to die, but instead, they made sure I was taken care of.

God knows no one else would have done that for me.

"Here we are!" David exclaimed with a grin as he took out a key and opened the door to the small apartment.

There wasn't much to it in ways of being fancy. As soon as you walked through the doorway, you were in a small entry hallway that led to a small furnished living room with a brown sofa and small brown coffee table. Then off to your right was a small kitchen, and through another doorway a bedroom with a full size bed.

"Looks good." My cool reply seemed to be amusing to the men who began to laugh at my comment.

"You don't have to lie to us. We know it's crap, but honestly, it's better than most of the other places here."

Turning to David I shrugged my shoulders and nodded. "I'm alive and starting over."

"That's right." David didn't seem like the normal government guy, but regardless, he was still someone who could make my life hell. "There's enough cash in the bank account that was set up for you to get you by for six months. So you're going to want to get a job when you're ready."

"I wasn't sure if I would be allowed to do something like that," I muttered in response as I walked towards the window that overlooked the street below.

"Yeah, well it isn't completely like normal protection. Everyone already thinks you're dead, so as long as you don't contact the old world you came from, you're free to start a new life within reason."

Turning to glance at him, I furrowed my brow curious to the 'reason' part. "What are my limitations?"

"Well, for one, no traveling outside of the country for at least two years. That way we can make sure that you're free and clear. Another would be of course no contact with your former life... and from what Greg told me that does mean no contact with your girl."

"My girl?" I scoffed with laughter. "She hasn't been my girl for a long time, so don't worry about that."

"That includes the children... which we do know she has."

The statement cut me deep, and letting out a heavy sigh, I nodded. "They are better off without me."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but it's all for the best."

Turning my gaze back to the window, I noticed the shops that stood off in the distance. With the day still very new, I was curious about what lingered there and more curious about what I could find that would aid me in my future.

"Am I free to wander the shops and the rest of the city?" I was curious whether I was on house arrest or anything.

"Dude...." The man I hadn't been properly introduced to laughed, causing me to turn and stare at him. "We aren't holding you hostage. You can do whatever you want. We will check in on you tomorrow to make sure you're okay and then next week. After that, it will be once a month just to make sure you're alive."

David nodded in agreement with the man as he crossed his arms over his chest. "Unless you need us, of course. I left a paper on the counter with our numbers on it in case you need to get in touch with us."

"Thanks."

Silence filled the space between us, and as it did, they turned towards the doorway. "Well, we will leave you to it."

As soon as they were gone, I glanced around the small apartment, and let a heavy breath escape me. This was going to be my life for the future, and I wasn't pleased with it, but I didn't really have a choice.

Pulling my suitcase and duffle bag up, I walked towards the bedroom and sat them down upon the bed. My fingers fiddled over the zipper of my suitcase as I pushed myself forward and opened it to reveal the contents.

Some of the items included small things from my past life.

Family heirlooms... my ring.

My casket had been closed, of course, so people didn't know I wasn't inside it, and because they didn't... I was able to get some of my things from the house.

It was one thing Greg did for me that I was grateful for. I had been allowed one last trip to my house where I took a few photos, some things from my office, and a few personal possessions.

Within those possessions was a photo of Becca and I that we took in the Bahamas. My fingers brushed over the photo, and as they did, I felt something new within me. A drive that pushed me to wanting to get back to her.

Even though I knew that I couldn't... I had to know she was okay.

Laying the photo back down I turned towards the backpack I had carried on the plane with me and pulled out the brown envelope full of money and other documents. I couldn't be in this apartment right now, so taking some of the money, I shoved it into my wallet then stashed the envelope into a hiding place within the room for safe keeping.

I didn't know these parts, and I didn't know these people.

The last thing I needed was to get robbed by someone desperate for a quick buck.

Fifteen minutes later, I found myself wandering the shopping center near the apartment. Everyone around these parts was foreign to me, and if I thought about it long enough, I remembered that I was actually foreign to them.

"Excuse me, do you speak english?" I asked one woman who smiled at me and nodded.

"Yes."

"Perfect. Can you tell me where I can find an electronics store?" I asked, watching her brows furrow.

"You go up the street and take a left. Do you want some food? You are very skinny."

The womans' comment made me smirk, and not wanting to offend her, I nodded. "Sure."

She didn't hesitate to grab a container with noodles in it, and a pair of chopsticks, to which I quickly paid her, watching as she bowed her head.

I turned and walked off. The food was surprisingly delicious, and as I made my way up the street like she told me, I smiled.

No matter how much I had been dreading the way I was going to have to be living, this place wasn't actually that bad. At least, from what I could see. For the time being, it was possible to make this place somewhat of a home, at least until I figured out what I was going to do.

As the store I was searching for came into sight, I discarded my food container and stepped inside. The dim yellow lighting of the store flickered, and behind the towering boxes of random electronics, I found an older graying man wearing black glasses.

His eyes raised slowly to meet mine, and as they did, he frowned. "What do you want?"

"I have a list of things," I replied pulling the handwritten list I'd made from my pocket sliding it across the counter. I couldn't be sure if someone was listening to me, and because of this, I didn't want anyone to know what I was doing.

"This last one is expensive."

"I figured it would be," I replied, pulling out some cash and handing it to the man. "I can pay you, though."

With slight hesitation, the man flipped through the money and looked up at me nodding. "Okay, give me a moment, and I will get it for you."

I didn't care if the man took a year to get me the things as long as I got them. They were going to be crucial for what I was looking to do, and if I wasn't careful, it could ruin everything for me here.

However, that was a risk I was willing to take.

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