

Chapter 69 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Allison

Hanging up the phone with James, I couldn't stop the anger coursing through me. For him to honestly think he could just speak to me however he wanted to was beyond insane. I was, once upon a time, the only woman he loved, and since the moment that little whore Becca stepped into our lives, I had completely lost control of him.

Pacing around my living room, I took in the fading decor and the unfortunate end to the lavish lifestyle I had once lived. I had lost so much over the past few years and all because James didn't understand the needs I had.

He had been gone all the time traveling overseas, and with the many photos I constantly had seen of him with other women, it was hard for me to believe he wasn't cheating on me. So, in a moment of weakness, I had slept with somebody else. It wasn't anything serious. It was a one time thing, and yet, James never forgave me for what I had done.

Even though I had forgiven him so many times over the transgressions against me he had caused, it was as if he could do no wrong. He was so arrogant, so stuck up, and right now, we had more important things to worry about, but he still had hatred for me.

And the only thing I was trying to do was to show him Becca wanted nothing but his money. She would take everything from him in the end, and he would be left with nothing, which meant Tally and I would be left with nothing.

I gripped a wine glass in my hand as so much frustration ran through me, I tossed the wine glass at the wall and watched as the red liquid sprayed everywhere and the glass shattered, falling to the floor beneath it.

"F*ck!" I screamed out in frustration.

There was no coming back from the conversation I had with him. If this was how he was going to be, I was going to have to take drastic measures to ensure he saw how serious I was about mending things with him. I would have to get rid of the complications.

The same complications that walked through the door at the beginning of summer with my daughter.

I had always told Tally that girl was no good, and even though she seemed sweet and innocent, I knew she wasn't.

She was the devil and would have to be dealt with accordingly.

Becca was nothing but a burden to us all, and I would have the last laugh in this situation.

Picking up my phone, I scrolled through the numbers until I found the one name that I wanted to call. Sergie, the Russian mafia leader who had once done business with my ex-husband.

James warned me not to have contact with the man, but I wasn't going to listen. Sergie adored me in every way and had constantly told me so the entire time James and he had done business.

Even Sergie's wife and I got along quite wonderfully.

That was until the divorce, and she found it beneath her to talk to somebody in the same situation as I was. Self-centered bitch.

"Allison, what do I owe the pleasure of your phone call?" Sergie asked as he answered the phone.

"I talked to James, and I believe you had someone that went to talk to him as well. He is so stubborn that he doesn't want to change anything."

"I know this is a complication, and I wish that things didn't have to come to this, but I'm going to have to take action against him. I do hope that you understand." Sergie wasn't a man to play around with. I knew what was going to come of this, and the fear of it happening rolled through me like a thundering wave.

"Wait. Don't take it out on James. It isn't his fault. There are complications behind his decisions that need to be taken care of. Once they are sorted, he will willingly make the right choice. I know he will," I replied with desperation in my tone.

There was silence on the other end of the line, but the small, subtle noises of his thinking came through clearly. "I see, and these complications... do they have anything to do with the pretty little girl that he was seen with in Miami?"

"You mean the whore he was sleeping with that happened to be my daughter's best friend? Yes, she is the complication. She has clouded his judgment. She is making it to where he doesn't think properly about anything that he does. All he's thinking about is his d*ck."

Laughter escaped Sergie from the other end of the line, and I felt myself a bit shocked he would laugh at a matter like this. It was a very serious situation that had to be handled.

"Allison, you are definitely a woman from my own heart. Your jealousy and your vision for vengeance is quite enticing. You would have made a wonderful wife for a Russian had the situation presented itself to you."

Feeling slightly uncomfortable, I tried to put the happiest tone in my voice that I could. "Thank you, Sergie. I do appreciate that. But how can we fix this?"

"So eager, little wolf," he replied in an amusing voice. "You don't need to worry about this. What you need to worry about is finding your daughter that I hear has gone missing. I'm sure there are ways I could possibly help you find her. Though it would cost you, if you're interested."

"Cost me. I don't understand. You know where she is?"

"I'm sure that I can find her," he replied with a chuckle in the phone that was so deep and sinister that my skin crawled. "However, as I said, there is a cost."

"What is it that you're wanting, Sergie?" I asked, already knowing what he was going to say.

Sergie was an older man, but he was very well known for having a particular taste in things, and me coming to him, asking him for a favor, was not going to be something he would do for free.

"I would like for you to come spend a weekend with me, Allison. My wife is going to be preoccupied, and, as a man with needs, I would love the opportunity to finally get to taste you. It has been a very long time since you were underneath my palm."

The comment he made was as if I had actually slept with him, which, in reality, I hadn't.

What he was referring to was a convention we had years ago during a cocktail hour. He had approached me, offering me to have a fun evening, however at the time, I was absolutely in love with James and so young, so I declined.

It didn't mean he didn't try to approach me more than once, though. He was persistent.

However, he wasn't the kind of man that would willingly take something that wasn't freely given. He enjoyed being able to hold me under his thumb right now. He wanted me begging on my knees for his help and willing to submit to him in order to get it.

I may have been a proud woman, but the situation was serious.

I needed Becca taken care of, and this was the only way to do it.

"You want me to sleep with you in order for me to get your help? In order to handle Becca and also find my daughter?"

"Essentially, yes," Sergie replied, causing my heart to all but stop.

"I understand my situation, but is there really no other way that we could go about this?"

"You have no other way to receive help from me unless I get something in return, Allison. Do not act like you're afraid of me. I have seen the venom that you have spit at people for many years, and I find you to be the viper that I need to sustain my own hunger. So the question honestly is, Allison...do you want to submit to the devil in order to earn his favor?"

Did I want to submit to him?

No, absolutely not, but I didn't really have another choice, and though some people would have looked at me as if I was the evil one in all of this, I was just a woman who did not like change.

A woman who wanted life to be as it was without outsiders interfering in personal affairs.

"I will spend the weekend with you, Sergie. If you are able to handle the situation, I'm sure there are things that we can agree further on in person."

My response was short, but it had a meaning that caused him to laugh like I had never heard.

He was excited with the notion he would have me for the weekend after so many years of me declining his offers. I may have been older, but I was beautiful for my age.

In the end, though, there would be only one way out of this, and that way would be me having to kneel before him as he wanted.

"Wonderful. Prepare yourself. I will pick you up later tonight."

"Later tonight?" I questioned with confusion on my face as I furrowed my brows and stopped pacing my living room. "I thought that you wanted me to spend a weekend with you."

"Why would we wait? After all, you have a debt with me, and therefore, I will collect on it sooner rather than later. Is there a problem with that?"

Swallowing deeply, I tried to catch my breath, and as I stood there staring blankly at the wall in front of me, I knew my fate was sealed.

"There's no problem at all. Let's go ahead and schedule for around nine or so tonight. Would that be okay? That way, I have enough time to prepare myself and pack my bags. Plus, I'm sure you have calls to make after our conversation..."

"Indeed," he replied with light amusement. "I will have someone come to collect you, then."

As soon as the phone hung up, I slumped onto my sofa, letting everything soak in.

I had just done something I never thought I would do. I had signed my soul over to the devil to get what I wanted, and if it cost blood, then so be it.

Becca's blood would run the streets of Miami by the time I got done with her.

I would have my revenge.