

Chapter 86 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James

Days had passed since I had been in New York, and with the contract finalized with Chad's father and himself, I had nothing else to worry about. The moment I could tell Tally she had nothing to worry about, I saw a light of happiness in her eyes I hadn't seen in quite some time.

Things were looking up, and even Sergie's men had backed off on what they were trying to do... for the moment, anyway.

With everything on the bright side, I contemplated the idea of whether it would be safe to convince Becca to come down here. Take her internship with my company maybe... come spend time with me. Anything to get her to forgive me, and let me show her how much I cared.

I loved her more than anything, and it took going through all of this to realize what I was losing because of my selfishness. I did not know if I could still fix things, be able to keep her, be able to make it right, but I wanted to try.

As long as she will give me a chance.

Sitting in my office, I went through the rest of the paperwork I had neglected over the past few weeks. With everything going on, I seriously had to get things together. Start trying to prepare for the worst in case this temporary happiness disappears.

"Mr Valentino, there are two gentlemen here to see you," Evette said from the open doorway. My eyes looked up to meet hers. I hadn't been expecting anybody and had it been Sergie, she would have called me over the phone.

"Show them in," I sighed in response. There was no telling what they wanted or who they even were, but I was in a f*ck-it mood, and honestly, anything was better than paperwork.

The moment the two men walked into the room, I knew automatically who they were. Well, maybe not who they were, but who they worked for. They were government agents, and with that being the circumstances, it meant one of two things.

I was going to jail, or they were looking for information.

"Gentlemen, welcome to Valentino Industries. How can I help you?"

The older man with graying hair and sharp blue eyes with slight stubble upon his face smiled brightly at me. "My name is Greg Masters. I was hoping to take a moment of your time."

"I see..." I replied with hesitation. "Well, of course. Take a seat."

As the men took a seat in front of me, I cast my eyes towards the younger man with red hair and green eyes. He stared at me with curiosity, something unreadable in his gaze.

"And what is your name?" I asked him, considering he didn't offer it initially.

"John... John Doe."

"John Doe," I chuckled. "Well, gentlemen, I don't understand how you expect me to have a reasonable conversation with you when one of you won't even give me your real name."

The guy simply rolled his eyes with a scoff that sounded almost like a laugh as the older man frowned at him. Obviously, the older man was the one in charge, but I didn't like how the younger man was here.

"His name's Jacob," Greg said as he rolled his eyes at the young man next to him. "We're actually here from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. We have a common interest right now and with what we know, you're going to want to listen to what we have to say."

I was slightly concerned by what he said because if they were part of the FBI, then there was only one reason they were here, and that was because my past was catching up with me.

"What is it I can help you with?"

"What would you do if I told you even though Sergie seems to have backed off, he is actually planning to execute you?" Greg asked with a raised brow as he leaned back in his seat.

"I'm sorry... who?" I asked, playing dumb.

Jacob sneered at me with a clenched jaw before leaning forward. "Don't play f*cking stupid with us. We know who you are and the business you guys have."

"I'm sorry. Were you given permission to speak?" I taunted him, watching the anger grow within his eyes. "I don't know who you're talking about."

Something about this man I didn't like. Something about him didn't sit right with me, and that he was acting the way he was, sent red flags and alarms off in my head.

"Go f*ck yourself. We know all about your shady dealings," Jacob snapped.

"Enough, Jacob," Greg interjected, causing me to laugh.

"I hate to break it to you, but I run a clean business. I'm not sure what you're looking for."

Jacob laughed, shaking his head as he stared at me. "Do you think we're f*cking stupid here, Valentino? We know you're still doing business with him, and if you don't wise up, he's going to kill you, your daughter, your grandchild, and anybody else that you f*cking care about."

Narrowing my brows at this young prick sitting across from me, I contemplated smashing his face in with the crystal globe sitting on the corner

of my desk, or simply pulling out the gun that sat beneath my legs shooting him where he sat.

I wouldn't tolerate anyone speaking to me that way, but thinking of my family, I turned my gaze back to Greg, who seemed just as irritated as I was by what Jacob had said.

"Greg... if you want to talk about things, I have no problem with that, but I would like for you to explain to the young man next to you that if he opens his mouth like that to me again, he will regret it."

Threatening a federal investigator was not something you wanted to do.

That right there would get you time in jail, but from the way these two men sat across from me wanting to explain things, I kind of had an idea that they could not accomplish whatever they wanted if it wasn't for me.

So I took the risk, and I made the proclamation, only to watch Jacob's eyes widen and his knuckles turn white as he gripped the arms of the chair he was sitting in.

"Who the f*ck do you think you're talking to—"

Jacob's words were quickly cut off as Greg held up his hand. "Leave. Go out to the waiting room next to the secretary. I'll talk to Valentino by myself."

Checkmate. They did need me for something.

I watched Jacob stand t with hesitation in his eyes as he glanced down at Greg, who gave him a stern glare, as if telling him to go now. Slowly, Jacob left the room, slamming my office door behind him, and when he'd left, I finally relaxed and took in the sudden silence with pleasure.

"Now that he's gone, go ahead and explain to me what you need. Because you and I both know right now... you need me more than I need you."

Greg chuckled as he clasped his hands in front of him, his fingers running against each other as his eyes turned towards the window.

"We've been after Sergie for ten years, but no matter what we do, we can't seem to get close enough to him. However, he has made a point multiple times to try to get a hold of you. So we want to strike a deal with you, because currently, we could send you to jail for the next fifteen to twenty years for everything we have on you... that is unless Sergie kills you first."

I wasn't worried about going to jail, because honestly, it would almost be a vacation for me. The problem was, though, I didn't want anyone I loved to get hurt because of the shit I had done. It was my problem to bear, and the thought of Tally or anyone else suffering wasn't a thought I wanted to have.

"Why are you waiting until now to speak with me? Why didn't you come to me about this before?"

"As you said, we need you. We can't get Sergie without you. He has been too guarded. However, lately you, Valentino, happened to cloud his judgment. His men are slipping up, orders aren't being followed... and your ex-wife, well... she's been in Sergie's bed multiple times in the past few weeks."

Hearing that Allison was sleeping with Sergie honestly didn't surprise me.

I had thought they had something going on years ago. However, I tried to believe Allison wouldn't do that to me. That she would be faithful, and honestly, that didn't work out well at all. Instead, she cheated on me with a younger man and left me heartbroken, trying to pick up the pieces of my life.

"I'm not worried about my ex-wife. However, I don't want my daughter or anyone else hurt." I said with a heavy sigh. "I will help you, but you really need to consider who you partner with. Jacob can't be trusted, and I don't want him knowing I'm doing this."

Greg furrowed his brows in confusion as he stared at me. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said.. Watch your back with him."

"Dually noted... now, what do you want out of it?" Greg asked, letting out a breath as he adjusted himself in his seat. "Make an offer."

"I'd like not to go to jail, that's for sure," I replied, watching as Greg laughed, shaking his head.

"You're going to have to do some type of time in jail, I'm afraid. However, I think we might get that knocked down to eighteen months. At the end of the day, that's a lot better than twenty years.

I sat for a moment, thinking about it.

Never in my life had I ever thought about being a snitch. Never in my life had I ever thought about having anything that had to do with any form of government. I hated the government.

I was going against everything I was by helping them, but it wasn't about me, it was about keeping the people I loved safe.

"Okay, but under one condition... I want to make sure that my family, my daughter, all of them are protected and kept safe."

Greg stared at me for a moment before he smiled and nodded in agreement. "And the pretty girl that's up in New York?"

I wasn't actually surprised they knew about Becca.

If they had been watching me as long as I think they have, then they knew everything.

"I want her protected, too."