

Chapter 91 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James

Over the past few days, I have worked with Greg and a few others trying to figure out a game plan in order to take down Sergie and his men. They were indeed watching me, watching my every move, and with that, I had to be very careful because if they had got wind of what I was doing, it would surely end bad for me and anybody I cared about.

Stepping up precautions, I hired additional security guards from an outside source. Some of the extra precautions were even undercover agents Greg wanted placed around my property to ensure they had eyes there should anything happen.

I wasn't pleased about it, but what was I going to do, tell them no?

Leaning back in my office chair at my house, I tried to think over everything that had been going on. Since the day I met Greg, it had been nonstop work trying to figure out ways to catch Sergie.

I wasn't quite sure why they thought Sergie would come out of the woodworks for me, but then again, it made sense he would jump at any opportunity to get back in my good graces and on all my books.

Even if Sergie thought he was doing me a favor by letting me work with him.

The arrogant prick.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I looked at my watch. I was patiently waiting for a meeting with some woman from the department who was going to inform me of our next steps in the process of all this bullshit. I didn't like all these unfamiliar faces being brought into it, but Greg assured me each of these people were important to making sure this worked.

At the end of the day, I was going to end up going to jail. At least I wouldn't be dead, though.

With that being said, I had a lot of other things I had to consider. Like making sure that my affairs were in order, and left to someone I could trust. Someone who would take care of shit and make sure it was done properly.

That person wasn't Tally—even if she was my daughter.

If I had left everything to Tally, she wouldn't know how to conserve the money or run anything. She would easily be pushed over, and eventually Allison would wiggle her way in to try to take it all. Not that Allison could do it at first. According to Greg, she was looking at jail time, too, for conspiracy to commit murder.

My murder. The f*cking bitch.

At the end of the day, the only other person who I could think to do this for me was going to be Becca. We may have not been on the best of terms, but I trusted her, which was saying a lot, considering we didn't know each other very well until she came down for the summer and became my sex slave behind closed doors.

But she was smart, had a good head on her shoulders, and knew what she was doing.

I would simply have to put her down as the executor to my estate and all of my finances, including my company, and hope when the time came for it, she wouldn't look the other way. Hopefully, she would put the past aside and take care of things.

A soft knock at my door caught my attention, and as I looked over, I saw my housekeeper standing there with a concerned look on her face. "Sir, I just got word Tally has been rushed to the hospital."

I wasn't sure why my phone hadn't rung with this information, but quickly standing, I walked towards her. "What happened? She said she was going out shopping. Did something happen?"

"She's gone into labor, sir. Her driver called to inform me because he couldn't get through to you on your phone."

With the phone in my hand, I looked through it. There were no received calls, and suddenly, uneasiness crashed over me as I contemplated my phone had been tampered with. Either from Sergie and his men or possibly Greg's.

Either way, I needed a new phone.

"Tell my driver to prepare my car," I exclaimed as I quickly sent a message telling Greg I would have to reschedule our meeting. I didn't care who may have messed with my phone. This was my daughter, and I was going to be there.

My housekeeper didn't waste a second in pressing forward to do as I asked her, and as soon as the message was sent, I closed my office door and made my way through the house towards the front door where my driver was patiently waiting.

My mind was focused on one thing, and one thing only. Tally and her baby.

Everything else was irrelevant at that moment.

As the car pulled off onto the streets of Miami and headed straight for the hospital, I glanced down at my phone in my hand looking at the backdrop photo of Becca I had taken months before. Her smiling face looked back at me, taunting me to kiss her.

I wasn't sure if she would want to know about Tally, but opening my phone, I sent her a message.

'Tally went into labor early. Headed to the hospital.'

I wasn't sure why I would think Becca would care about this considering the past and everything that had happened, but my phone chimed with a notification, and looking down, I saw her reply.

'Keep me posted. Hope she is okay.'

It wasn't the reply I was looking for, but it was something.

Deciding not to press the issue with Becca, I looked up to notice my was car pulling into the hospital parking lot and stopping right in front of the door. A very frantic Allison stood, waiting for me more than likely. Taking a deep breath, I stepped out onto the entryway, closing the door behind me only for Allison to come running up with teary eyes.

"They won't tell me anything."

"I'm not surprised. What the f*ck are you doing here, Allison?" I scoffed at her. "She told you to leave her alone. Did you cause her to go into labor early by stressing her out?"

Her mouth parted, and her eyes went wide at my comment. "F*ck you, James. No, I didn't. The security guy I have following her told me what happened. I know all about your issues with Sergie, and I had to make sure she was safe."

"My issues?" I laughed. "Issues you caused primarily. Get the f*ck out of my way."

Pushing past her, I made my way into the hospital, towards the reception desk, where a woman told me to go up to the third floor. Taking the elevators to my left, I did as she said and arrived on the maternity ward rather quickly.

The sound of Tally cursing everyone out traveled down to where I was standing.

"Sir, you can't be up here without a pass," a short, plump nurse said with her hands on her hips as she stood in front of me.

"That's my f*cking daughter, and if you don't get out of my way, you and I are going to have problems," I sneered as I stared down at her, waiting for her to make the right decision and move.

"Taliana Valentino, is your daughter?"

"Yes, she is. Now get the f*ck out of my way," I snapped.

"Sir, you can't go back there right now. She's getting ready to go to surgery. She needs to have an emergency C-section. It's for hers and the baby's safety."

Hearing this, my heart almost sank. "What happened? Is she going to be okay?"

"Yes, sir, she's going to be fine. Sometimes this happens. She is close enough to her due date, though, that there should be no major complications with the baby." Her reply was somewhat comforting, but I was still concerned, regardless.

If anything happened to her or my grandchild, I didn't know what I would do.

"Well, I still need to see her. I still need to let her know that I'm here."

"Unfortunately, you can't. Currently, she's being prepared for a sterile room, and if you go in there, you could contaminate it, which is what we don't want. If you want, there is a waiting room right around the corner. You can wait there, and as soon as she's done, I will come and let you know personally that she is okay." She sure was being nice to me for the way I'd spoken to her a moment ago.

The last thing I wanted to do was contaminate Tally or the baby and risk the chance of them getting sick or dying because I was impatient. So instead of arguing with her, I nodded and walked towards the direction she had pointed to wait for them to come tell me what was going on.

Waiting to hear something took the longest few hours of my life. I sat there waiting regardless, scrolling through my phone, trying to reach out to

anybody I could think of that I needed to inform. The only problem being, we didn't really have much family. It was just us.

And Allison, of course, who sat on the opposite side of the room, refusing to leave.

Why she had come, I had no idea. Tally had made it clear she did not want her mother present, that she did not want her mother involved. Yet, here her mother was, acting like the caring woman she should have been, when in reality it was all just a show.

The moment the doctor and nurse walked into the room, I was on my feet rushing towards them, Allison, unfortunately, not far behind me.

"Is she okay?" I blurted. "Is the baby okay?"

The doctor smiled at me, nodding his head. "Both mother and baby are doing well. Tally is out of recovery and being taken to her room. You will be able to see her in about thirty minutes. The baby, however, will have to stay in the NICU for a week or so to make sure that he is healthy, and will be okay on his own."

Hearing they were both okay was a weight lifted off my shoulders. Tears sprang to my eyes. I tried to wipe them away, and for a moment, I had completely forgotten that Allison was there. That was until she spoke like she had a place to and ruined the moment.

"Do we know if there's going to be any major complications with my grandson?"

The doctor glanced from Allison to me as I nodded, showing him he could speak to her and answer the question. "As far as we know, the baby will be perfectly fine."

"Do I need to take any precautions before I go in to see her?" I cut in, asking the doctor, not wanting Allison to speak any more on the subject.

"Yes, her nurse will help you with that. However, I do need to get going. I will check in with Tally in a few hours to see how she is doing," the doctor replied, giving me a small smile, but before he could walk off, Allison grabbed him by the arm, stopping him.

"What about me? I'm her mother. I need to be back there, too."

The nurse's eyes narrowed at Allison as she reached over, releasing Allison's grip on the doctor. "I can handle this, doctor. We will see you later."

He didn't bother to say anything and disappeared from the room. As soon as he did, though, the nurse's narrowed gaze turned towards Allison and amusement ran through me. "As I told you earlier, Allison, your daughter doesn't want you near her or the baby. So you may leave, or I will have you removed. The choice is yours."

Ouch. The blow to Allison's ego made a smirk cross my face that hadn't been there in days.

"That's ridiculous. I'm her mother. She doesn't have a say—"

"Why don't you just take a hint and get the f*ck out of here, Allison? Our daughter doesn't want you here, and you've done enough damage to last a lifetime," I said, cutting her off before she could finish her sentence.

At the end of the day, I didn't have pity for this woman, and neither did anyone else. She would have to learn to lie in the beds she made and deal with her consequences.