

## Chapter 94 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

James

Just over a week later, Tally and the baby were finally home. The child was stronger than we could all imagine and pulled through regardless of being a few weeks early. We had been worried, though, that it would be weeks before he would come home, but he surprised us all. The doctor said it was a miracle; however, I knew it was the Valentino genes.

During the time Tally was in the hospital with the baby, I took the opportunity to get the nursery set up in my home. It wasn't what Tally initially wanted, but after I explained to her, this was the best way for her to get help, she agreed.

I had even gone through a list of people to find the right nanny to help Tally with the transition to becoming a mother, something she finally had admitted to me she was terrified of failing at.

It was a common thing, though, for new mothers to worry about this, and after a lot of reassurance and finally being home, she was more confident with everything.

Standing in the nursery's doorway, I watched Tally rock her baby back and forth. A soft tune came from her lips as she smiled down at him. It was a beautiful sight, and I still had a hard time coming to grips with my little baby having her own baby.

Turning, her eyes met mine, and she smiled at me. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Not long," I chuckled. "You look like you're doing better with everything."

"I am. It's hard, but the nanny has been a lot of help."

Nodding, I let out a soft sigh as I thought over how much I wish I had someone to share this with. How I wished Becca was here right now to see how much things have changed. "I'm glad that you're doing better."

"Did you want to hold him?" she asked me as she adjusted him in her arms.

"Maybe in just a little bit, I have to run to the office for a meeting," I replied, stepping forward to give my grandson a kiss on the head, my hand grasping at Tally's shoulder as I smiled at her. "I shouldn't be too long, and as soon as I get back, we'll spend some much needed time together."

She didn't say anything at first as I turned to leave, but then, after a moment, her voice stopped me in my tracks. "You should call her."

"Call who?" I asked as I glanced back at her from over my shoulder. I knew who she was talking about without even asking that, but it wasn't a conversation I wanted to have.

"Becca... you should call her. I can see how much you miss her. You aren't happy anymore."

With a straight face, I nodded and turned, making my way down the stairs. It was easier said than done when it came to calling Becca. What was I honestly going to say to her to show her I was a fool for letting her go?

Heading towards my car, my driver waiting for me with my door open, I contemplated what she'd said. Perhaps I should call her... I mean, it couldn't hurt anything.

After twenty minutes of trying to figure out what I was going to do, I arrived at work and wasn't pleased when I saw a particular bright electric blue car parked out front of my building. "You've got to f\*cking kidding me."

I had held the meeting with Greg at my office because it was less conspicuous than having it at my home, but with this complication, that could not happen. Quickly sending him a text, I told him of the situation, and let him know I would call him when I was finished with her.

The one woman I didn't want to see and dreaded greeting.

Deciding not to put off the matter any longer, I exited the car and made my way towards the front door. My receptionist quickly stood as I entered, trying her hardest to get my attention, but with a wave of my hand, I gestured her away.

I didn't have time to deal with anything she had to say. I already knew who was waiting up there for me, and knowing Evette, she was probably having a fit right now because of the intruder more than likely being in my office.

Lucky for me, I kept nothing important in my office.

I was too smart for that.

As soon as the elevator doors opened to my floor, I hesitated and then stepped forward, making a move towards my open office door. My eyes gazed towards Evette, who looked at me with anger in her eyes as she glared towards the open doorway.

"She wouldn't listen to me as usual."

"Of course not," I replied. "I'll handle it."

As soon as I stepped into the office, my eyes came face to face with none other than Sergie's daughter, Katrine.

"Katrine... what are you doing in my office?"

"Oh, James. Is that really any way to greet an old lover? I know you missed me," she replied with confidence as I made my way towards my desk.

"You mean miss you not being here... then yes, I do miss you not being here."

Scoffing, she forced a laugh as she leaned forward in the chair across from my desk. Her blue eyes stared at me with amusement as she tapped her perfectly manicured nails against her chin. "Love and hate often go hand in hand."

"I thought I'd clarified that I didn't want to see on my office again," I sighed as I showed the displeasure in my tone of seeing her.

"It isn't like you really have a choice now, is it?" she smirked in her response. "Daddy wanted to come kill you, but I persuaded him to let me come see you instead."

Staring at her for a moment, I tried to determine if she was being serious or not. Her eyes bore into mine as a flash of a smile crossed her lips. "Why would your father want to kill me over not giving him a contract?"

"Oh, that isn't why," she cackled. "He thinks you're doing deals with the feds. I told him he must be mistaken, because we all know what kind of man you really are, so he sent me here to talk sense into you."

"With the feds?" I smirked, shaking my head, trying to play it off. "Why the f\*ck would he think that?"

"Maybe because you had two of them in your office recently."

Clearing my throat, I scoffed with a smile. I should have known Sergie was having me watched, no matter how well Greg thought he was hiding things. Even he wasn't that good. Sergie had eyes everywhere.

"Yeah, they came to ask me about an Asian import trying to come into my dock. I told them it wasn't my company dealing with it to try the Rozzini's instead."

"The Rozzini's? They are shit importers," she laughed.

Nodding, I pretended to go over the papers in front of me. "Yeah, well, they must be stepping up their game, and we just weren't aware. Perhaps your father can look into it. I don't like competition."

"Perhaps you can persuade me of your loyalty, and I will tell my father you are not someone he needs to worry about, James Valentino."

There it was. She didn't come here for no reason. She wanted me, and backing me into a corner was how she was going to get another piece of me. It was always games with her, no matter what I did.

Glancing up at her, I gave her the best seductive smirk I had and placed down my pen. "What did you have in mind?"

Taking in her provocative clothing and overly done makeup and hair, I knew what she wanted. She wanted me to f\*ck her like I used to, because that's who she was. "I'm pretty sure there is something that you could do for me. Some way you can show me I'm still the only woman you want."

"And what makes you think you are?"

I was dancing with the devil on this one, and I watched as her smile fell for a moment.

"Well, considering you're no longer with the prude bitch, I figured you would want to have fun with someone who really knows how to handle you. After all, she has moved on, so why can't you?" she replied, catching my attention.

I had no clue what she was talking about, but the moment she said that, something clicked in her eyes. "Oh, shit... you didn't know, did you?" she laughed.

"Know what?"

Pulling out her phone, she walked towards me while flipping through it. It only took a moment for her to come to a set of photos marked with Becca's name. They had been watching her. I should have known I couldn't rely on the feds to keep her safe. It was obvious they only cared about one thing.

"Look... she is with that realtor guy. What is his name—"

"His names' Neal," I replied through gritted teeth. Becca was seen kissing Neal in one of the photos, and my heart broke. I should have known she didn't want to be with me.

"Makes one wonder if she wasn't cheating on you with him for a while," Katrine laughed. "I do have to admit she has impeccable taste in men."

I didn't want to hear anymore of what Katrine had to say. My mind fogged over with thoughts of Becca with Neal, and it took everything in me not to lose my shit over it. Not to go ballistic. The woman I loved, I cherished, was with another man.

The feeling inside me was just like the one I had when I found out Allison was cheating on me. Hatred, hurt... a mixture of emotions making me question my sanity and, through the mix of it, Katrine's hand slid through my shirt, rubbing against my chest.

"Let me make you forget about her," she whispered in my ear as she nipped at the lobe. "I can make you forget."

The only thing I wanted to do was hurt someone, and with Katrine near me, she was going to have to do. She enjoyed it anyway, and right now, what I was going to do wasn't going to be gentle.

Gripping her by the throat, I brought her face towards mine and sneered. "You want loyalty?" I all but growled, watching as she moaned beneath my touch. "I'll show you f\*cking loyalty."