

Chapter 99 - Submitting to My Best Friend's Dad by Scarlett Rossi

Becca.

I was frozen in place, unsure what to do or think as I stood staring at Katrine. She watched me with a smirk on her face as if she had me right where she wanted me.

The last thing I ever expected was to run into her while I was shopping in New York. However, here she was, as if seeing me was the expected.

Which it wasn't.

New York was so big that you could meet someone once and never see them again. So for her to find me or run into me like this... meant she was following me. Which also didn't sit well.

Glancing around, I took in my surroundings to find she was not alone. Two other men were standing nearby, trying to remain hidden, but as their eyes connected with mine, I knew.

Son of a bitch, I knew.

"What is it that you want, Katrine, and why are you following me?"

Her eyes shot up as the smile spread even wider across her face. "Honestly, I'm surprised that you even remembered me. I only met you once. Maybe twice, and that was in passing."

"Well, I make it my point to know exactly who the f*ck I need to stay away from. I'm not interested in finding trouble."

Nodding her head, she shrugged her shoulders as she stepped closer to me, making me take a step back from where I was standing. "Are you scared of me?"

Her question made me scoff. I wasn't scared of her. That was wishful thinking on her part, honestly.

Now, was I scared of the two guys that were with her? Absolutely. Because I was pregnant and no longer on my own. So the last thing I needed was for them to complicate the situation even more.

"No, I'm not scared of you. I would just rather be anywhere but near you. So cut the bullshit, Katrine. What is it that you want?"

Staring at me for a moment before she let her eyes slide from my face down to my stomach, where my jacket was open, and my small bump was in clear view for everybody. "Oh wow, pregnant, are we? You're what.. a few months along. Is it Neal's?"

"The father of my child is none of your business. Now,` you're wasting my time and everybody else's. What do you want?"

Placing her hand upon her hip in a cocky way, she let a smirk grace the corners of her lips. "A little birdie told me that you were planning on going to Miami. I wanted to inform you that would not be the best of choices. And if you think that you're going to be telling James that little child you're growing is actually his and have him believe it, you're sadly mistaken. Everybody knows you've been sleeping with Neal for quite some time now."

Laughter erupted from me like I had never heard before. For her to sit there and say something like that, let me know right off the bat what this was. This was her way of asserting dominance and ensuring I didn't go back to a place where James could possibly want me and not her. After all, she had been after him for months before we even started dating.

"First of all, my vacation is not to see James. It's to visit family. Not that any of that is your business. Second of all, the father of my child definitely isn't your business. Your business is doing what your daddy told you to. And the last time I checked, you were supposed to be in Miami, weren't you?" I snapped, raising my brows to show her I would not flinch or waver in my motion to tell her to f*ck off.

"How dare you speak to me like that? Do you know who I am?"

Was she being serious?

Of course, I knew the f*ck she was.

Was this supposed to be some kind of intimidation tactic of hers?

"Are you being serious right now? Yeah, I know who you are, Katrine. But you are not the one to be afraid of. Your father is, and you may be his little princess, but that's all you'll ever be."

"You f*cking bitch. Well, you should be scared because I'm just as dangerous as my dad," she replied with a sinister sneer as she stepped closer, her fist clenched as if she was actually going to do something.

"Hitting a pregnant woman, Katrine, that is very low of you. The only thing that you are dangerous about is spending your credit limit."

Perhaps I was a little off the top, and running my mouth probably wasn't the greatest thing to do. The men standing nearby, at least one of them, definitely heard the conversation between her and I and was snickering to himself as he tried to remain composed, causing her to glance over her shoulder at him with an angry scowl.

Deep down, though, I was terrified. I was terrified of what they could do to me because I was pregnant, and I didn't even have a single clue as to why they would want to come here. I was nothing to James, and I didn't understand why she didn't see that.

"You need to watch yourself. You're sadly mistaken if you think that you can get James or that he wants you. He's already been with me twice since you've been out of the picture, and he was more than satisfied both times."

"Good for him. I'm glad you were able to do that. Now can I go?" I didn't care what she had to say, though hearing that did slightly stab the open wound that was already in my heart. I had Neal, and I couldn't allow myself to be affected by things, no matter how much it hurt.

"No, you can't go. I'm not done with you."

Letting out a groan of protest, I ran my hand over my face, trying to calculate what I could say next to make her realize I did not care what she did. "If you want him, you can have him. I don't want him. What part of that don't you understand?"

"Don't try to play stupid with me. You will try to lay the pregnant card on him, and knowing him, he'll be too stupid to find out the truth."

"Oh, my god, are you serious? Me being pregnant has nothing to do with you! Why can't you just leave me the f*ck alone?" I replied, trying to show her how sincere I was in this manner.

Pulling out her phone, she quickly scrolled through and then took a picture of me without my permission and sent it to who knows where. Her face lit up with joy as she turned back to look at me with an intrigued expression that spoke of nothing but ridicule and hate.

"I'm sure Allison will be very happy to receive the photo I just sent to her showing you pregnant," Katrina taunted as if that was going to scare me.

"You're an idiot if you think that's going to stop me."

"You know, I wonder... what if that baby is James's? And it's a boy? You could possibly have the heir to his fortune." Katrine stepped closer and closer. Her pondering eyes scanned over me as if she had just won the winning lottery ticket.

"Again... who the father of my child is, is my concern. So if you didn't kindly take my hint before, I'll say it slower for you to understand. F*ck off and leave me alone."

"You are so feisty, and I can see why James had a thing for you. Regardless, he's mine again, and I can't have you going and causing a bunch of drama," she said with nothing but amusement as she proceeded to tell me I was going to have to do something for her.

It wasn't my place, and I was pregnant.

"You need to watch your back, Rebecca. Bad things happen to people who don't know how to mind their business," Katrine said, looking at me with disgust as she turned, flicking her hair over her shoulder, leaving me standing on the sidewalk. I couldn't help but let out a breath of relief, though, when she disappeared.

The last thing I ever expected was to run into her. If she kept good on her promise, I would be dead for considering Miami.

Katrina had basically threatened me in every possible way she could think of, and all because she thought I still wanted James, which was far from the truth.

As Katrine and her men disappeared into the sea of bodies meandering, I quickly returned to the car where my driver waited patiently.

"Are you okay?" the driver asked with concern etched in his voice. I really wasn't okay, but I didn't want to tell him that. Instead, I asked him to take me home where I could unwind. Climbing into the car, I fumbled over the present in my hand as I took in everything that had just happened.

Katrine had basically warned me about going to Miami, and if she was able to find me easy today, that meant she knew exactly where I was staying. She knew exactly how to find me.

As the car sped down the streets of New York, I thought of everything I would have to tell Neal. I knew he would try to stop the trip to Miami, but I couldn't let him. I couldn't let them scare me into submission.

James deserved to know about the baby, and tying up loose ends with him was a way for me to let go of the past. It was the only way I would be able to move on in my future... with Neal, if I wanted.

My phone ringing pulled me from my thoughts, and looking down, I smiled to see Neals's name across the screen.

"Hey, I'm headed home. What's up?"

"Where are you exactly?" he asked with a sense of panic in his tone.

"Uh... Maybe four blocks from the apartment. Why?"

"I'll meet you downstairs," he replied sternly, causing me to doubt whether he was angry with me.

"Neal, what's wrong? No secrets."

"It's nothing..." he said, causing me to groan.

"Nothing? Does it have something to do with Katrina and the Russians?"

I wasn't going to come out right and say everything, but I felt he knew something about it. Otherwise, what else would make him panic?

"What do you know about that?"

"It is, isn't it... just tell me the truth."

"Becca, I'm asking what you know about that, " he repeated, not wanting to answer me until I answered him.

"Well, I know she just cornered me on the street and warned me. So are you going to start explaining what's going on or not?"