

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 158

## Chapter One Hundred Fifty-Eight

Adrik

Sephie was right. Giana was latched onto her anytime she was around. We all thought Gluna was quiet, but it turns out she's only quiet until you take her shopping and then she won't stop talking. I caught myself wondering what conversations between her and Mando were like. They both like to talk so much, how did that work? Did they have to take turns talking? Was there ever silence?

The guys noticed it too, all giving Sephie sympathetic looks. We were on the plane, on the way to Trino's villa. For once, Armando was quiet. Maybe he had figured out how nice silence was now that he'd been with Giana for a short time. It was clear that he cared for her. We were all waiting for her to prove herself. No one had made a definitive decision on whether she was a keeper or not yet. Sephie had said that she was insecure with herself. I think we could all tell that she was still pretending to be someone she wasn't. We were waiting for her to just be herself around us.

I could tell Sephie's patience was starting to wear thin, but we couldn't figure out how to get her out of the situation, as we were all basically stuck together for the next hour. I was trying to have silent conversations with the guys to see if anyone could come up with a plan to save her.

Ivan stood up, faking a pain in his arm. Armando and Giana had no clue that he couldn't feel a thing and he took full advantage of that. He told Sephie that he had a weird pain and asked her if she could look at it to make sure one of his stitches hadn't popped.

Sephie stood up, looking completely relieved, and Giana stood as well, offering to help. Just when I thought Sophie was going to lose it, Ivan turned to look at Ginna with his murderous aura on full display. She quietly sat back down. The rest of us had to look away to keep from laughing as Sephie and Ivan walked to the back of the plane so she could "Inok" at Ivan's stitches.

Sephie's Russian was getting better and since she let us know that she was learning it, we had been speaking it more around her. She was getting more fluent in it, which came in handy in situations like this. They were speaking quietly, but we could still hear most of their conversation. She told Ivan that he saved her just in time. She was contemplating jumping out of the plane, just for some quiet.

I couldn't help but laugh. I tried to hide it by coughing, but the guys heard her too. They were all lighting back their own laughter. Armando and Giana both looked at us, fully aware something was going on. Stephen saved us all. He said, completely straight-faced, "It's never not funny when she threatens his life." Armando chuckled, but Giana looked mortified.

Ivan and Sephie stayed in the back for a while longer, their conversation minimal. I was sure she was trying to stay back there as long as possible. Giana moved closer to Armando, those two quietly talking. Sephie likely heard them talking and felt like it was safe to come back out. She looked apprehensive when she slid open the door from the back. She saw that Giana was occupied and she walked quickly to me, curling up beside me on the couch,

"All good?" I asked, to try and help them maintain their cover story.

She nodded. "Stitches are still good. I think the bandage caught one of the stitches and pulled on it slightly." She rested her head on my shoulder, whispering, "maybe if I pretend to sleep, it'll be okay," I chuckled, kissing her forehead.

"I see what you were talking about before," I said to her, speaking Russian. She sighed. I pulled her closer. We were almost to the island, where she could get a little time to herself, hopefully.

Armando and Giana were still talking to each other quietly. Giana was speaking Italian. I'm not sure Armando had told her that Sephie could understand Italian. Sephie was clearly listening to their conversation as she mumbled "sh it" under her breath. I looked at her, raising my eyebrow. She smiled at me, whispering, "It's fine. I'm mostly just an as shole."

We landed soon after. Trino had arrived shortly before us and was there to greet us when we arrived. He surrounded himself with just as many trusted guards as I did. He'd also had the same ones for years, so they were all familiar faces. There was a mutual respect between his men and mine, as well between Trino and me.

"Jefe, it's good to see you again," Trino said, walking up to me with his hand extended.

I grasped his hand firmly. "Trino. It's been a while, my friend." Sephie was standing next to me. Trino's attention quickly shifted to her.

"And who is this beautiful senora, mi amigo?" he asked. She smiled at him, offering him her hand.

"Sephie," she said as he took her hand and kissed the back of it.

"Sephie? That's an unusual name," he said.

"It's short for Persephone," I said.

His eyes widened in understanding. "Dios mio."

She grinned at him. "Clearly you understand the reference."

He looked to me, still somewhat surprised, but smiling. "You two were clearly meant to meet, Jefe."

"You have no idea, Trino," I said. Armando and Giana stepped off the plane behind us. Trino greeted Armando and Giana as warmly as he greeted me and Sephie.

We made small talk while the guys got everyone's bags loaded onto the vehicles that Trino had brought to take us the short distance to his villa. It was a short drive from the runway to the house. The island was much smaller than the cities we were used to, but it still had everything we needed. And Trino's villa had its own private beach, which made it secluded and perfect for us to meet without anyone ever finding out.

I knew we were here on serious business, but I was also looking forward to a few days of not having to worry so much about Sephie's safety. It only helped that the setting was so beautiful.

Trino showed us to our rooms and left us to freshen up. Sephie collapsed on the bed. "Do you want to tell me why you think you're an as shole, solnishko?" I asked, laying next to her. I propped myself up on my elbow so I could look at her.

She smiled at me. "Giana was talking about how nervous she was to be with us. Armando was trying to calm her down. That's probably why she was so talkative on the plane. She was just overly nervous and trying to calm herself down."

I chuckled. "It still doesn't mean you're in charge of calming her down, Sephie." I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers. "And you're not the only one that was contemplating jumping out of the plane for some peace," I smiled against her lips.

She giggled. "You guys heard that?" I nodded, which made her laugh more. She rolled into me, hiding her face in my shoulder, "I'm such a horrible person."

I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her on top of me as I rolled onto my back. "You're not a horrible person, solnishko. You're just a little bit evil. But I happen to love that about you, as I'm a lot evil," I said, grinning at her as I pulled her to me to kiss her.