

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 121

## Chapter One Hundred Twenty One

Sephie

Ms. Jackson assured us that we would need manicures and pedicures before starting the day out. This was going to be a first. I mean, I painted my toes. It was like the one girly thing I did, but I'd never had someone else do it. She asked Giana if she needed to do any shopping. She nodded toward me. "I know that one hates shopping, but I get the sense that you might enjoy it. You know, like a normal girl." Giana laughed and nodded her head. Ms. Jackson nodded her head toward me. "I know just the spot. We're going to have to force that child to look at clothes, but between the two of us, we can do it."

I caught Ivan's gaze in the rear-view mirror. "I thought she was going to help me, not torture me. Save me." He shook his head, shifting his gaze back to the road. They were going to enjoy watching me be tortured today.

Ms. Jackson became the activities coordinator for the day. She knew exactly where to go for everything and gave the orders like she had been born into this role. First stop, the nail salon. She told the guys where to drive us, assuring me we would not need an appointment. "Honey, they know me there and you don't even know it, but they know you too. Trust me, Giana is going to get the royal treatment there today." She looked at Ivan, saying, "and it's easily protected, so you fine gentlemen will be happy."

He chuckled, "much appreciated. The princess is enough to handle on her own, much less you and her together. Thank you for making our job slightly easier, Ms. Jackson."

"Flattery will get you everywhere, Ivan."

I wasn't completely sure, but I think I noticed Ivan blush.

Ms. Jackson walked into the nail salon first. She scanned the room, finding the person she was looking for. Just as Ms. Jackson said, "there she is" the woman looked up to see her. The woman got up from her seat, coming to Ms. Jackson immediately.

"Ms. Jackson! I wasn't expecting you for another week. What bring you here early?"

"Oh, Anna, I have a treat for you today. I finally managed to get Sephie here, with her friend Giana," she said, looking to me. I was surprised, as I had no idea this place even existed before today. How was this a "finally managed to get me here" situation? Anna looked right at me, her warm smile putting me somewhat at ease. "You must be Sephie. My husband has told me so much about you. I'm going to have to yell at him though. You're even more beautiful than he said." She offered me her hand to shake.

"Your husband?" I asked, completely confused, but still taking her hand to shake it.

"Vinny," she said, smiling.

"Oh! Oh my God, bring it in. Come on. You're practically family at this point. Your husband changed my life. Seriously." I hugged her, not even caring if she wanted to be hugged or not. I already knew I loved this woman, simply by her choice in a husband.

Surprisingly, Giana spoke up, beside me. "THE Vinny? The sandwich Vinny?" she asked. Anna laughed, nodding her head.

Giana said, rather seriously, "you're a very lucky woman." Anna's cheeks flushed as she smiled at us.

"He'll be so happy to know that you all think so highly of him. And that I finally got to meet you, Miss Sephie. He speaks fondly of you often. You're one of his favorite customers. And, of course, we're still so grateful to your boyfriend. He's a saint." It was my turn to have flushed cheeks. It always made me happy to know that people loved Adrik.

"Turns out, we're both very lucky women," I winked at Anna.

Anna insisted on getting us in right away and taking care of our every need. Giana knew exactly what to do and what was happening next, but they both had to fill me in on the process. I was so clueless. This is going to be a long day.

When we were close to being finished, Anna tried to refuse payment. She said the same deal applied here as at Vinny's sandwich shop. I caught Ivan and quietly told him to go to the front and buy whatever he could and leave a very substantial tip with Adrik's credit card. He understood and disappeared immediately. He showed up a few minutes later and simply nodded his head. I signed a "thank you" to him and continued listening to Ms. Jackson and Giana talk about where we were going next.

"Sephie, child, don't you want some different clothes?" Ms. Jackson asked.

I looked at Ivan, who was closest to us. "Is she implying that there is something wrong with the way I dress? I think she is." He chuckled, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, child. You dress fine. For a high school student. You need to branch out from jeans, dear. I feel like today might be my only chance to get you in a skirt or some dress pants, at the very least," she said.

I laughed. "I can't argue with your points, Ms. Jackson. But in my slight defense, I never needed to worry about my wardrobe as a waitress."

"Well, you're not one anymore, so it's time you start dressing the part. You have a namesake to live up to, child."

I just shook my head. I knew she was right, but I never really gave it any thought. I also tried to dress in a way that wouldn't garner extra attention from people. I was slightly nervous about what Ms. Jackson had in mind, but I trusted her. Mostly. At least Adrik will be happy.

The longer we were out, the more animated and open Giana became. She was funny in her own right, and we ended up laughing with Ms. Jackson about many things throughout the day. I found myself enjoying being around her, which was a new experience for me. I'd always struggled to be friends with girls.

I was curious about her feelings about Armando, as I'd watched her staring at Misha every chance she got throughout the day, but I didn't want to ask in front of the guys. Leave it to Ms. Jackson to ask the perfect question when we were out of earshot of the guys.

"Giana, dear, you're going to stare holes in the back of Misha's head if you don't give it at least a little bit of a rest. I mean, I understand. He's a gorgeous human. But we're going to need to work on your subtlety."

Giana's cheeks immediately went red. "Oh my God, I didn't realize it was that obvious."

I laughed, remembering her in the conference room in Italy. "He's been aware of it since we were in Italy, Giana."

I didn't think her cheeks could get any redder, but they proved me wrong. She covered her face with her hands, completely embarrassed.

"What about Mando, though? I've seen the way he looks at you," I said, trying to feel her out.

She sighed, a small smile crept across her face. "He's my boss though. If it didn't work out, I would be out of a job, and I really need this weird job."

"But he's such a nice guy, he would still make sure you were taken care of. As long as you don't sleep with other men while you're with him. If you do that, he'll let other women wear your clothes," I said. She flinched