

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 257

## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Seven

Sephie

Viktor and Stephen were busy with their normal Master of the Schedule duties, as Adrik had another busy day. I recruited Misha, Ivan, and Andrei to help me get Ms. Jackson up to the penthouse, hopefully without Giana knowing. Since Glana used the excuse of having afternoon tea with Ms. Jackson, I wanted to have a chance to talk to her early enough in the day that she would be home should Giana stop by later.

Ivan and Andrei volunteered to go fetch her while Misha stayed in the penthouse with me. "I have to admit that I'm still angry with Ms. Jackson for setting up Giana's ambush of you," Misha said as we waited.

"I know, my adorable Russian guardian. I'm hoping that she simply wasn't aware of what was going on when she set it up, but I do plan on asking. You know how quick she is, she might've caught on when you told me we didn't have to stay," I said. He laughed, shaking his head. "What?" I asked,

"You always do that."

"Do what?"

"Give people the benefit of the doubt, second chances, third chances, 500 chances in the case of Max," Misha said, rolling his eyes.

I thought for a moment. "I know I do. Sometimes I think it's a fault, but I refuse to see how thinking the best of someone is a bad thing. It's gotten me hurt and taken advantage of plenty of times in my life. You'd think I would've learned by now, but I just can't help myself. I still see the good parts of people. Most people."

The door to the penthouse opened and Ms. Jackson was escorted inside by Ivan and Andrei. "Child, you have fully realized your power if you've reached a point of summoning people to you now," she said, laughing.

"She didn't want to risk being ambushed again," Misha said. He had an edge to his voice that wasn't usually there, especially around her. He was definitely still angry with her. She picked up on it right away.

"I do owe you an apology for that. I had no idea there was an issue between you and Giana. She made it seem like she just wanted to spend time with you. As soon as you saw her, I knew there was an issue." She looked right at Misha. "Then when you told her she didn't need to stay, I figured out Giana must've done something. She put me right in the middle, which is not somewhere I like to be, but I was trying to make the best of it." She looked between me and Misha. "I owe you both an apology. Child, I wouldn't have called you down there if I knew that was going to happen. And you, sir, you're much too handsome to ever chastise like that. It nearly broke my heart."

It did make me feel better that she was just as ambushed as we were that day, but Misha was still mad. Slightly less mad, but still mad. Didn't detract from how adorable he was, though, so my working theory that he got away with murder as a child was still a good one.

"What happened after we left?" Andrei asked Ms. Jackson.

Ms. Jackson sighed. "I might've read that poor girl the riot act. I still don't know exactly what happened, but I gather she accused Sephle of using drugs. Spend any amount of time around that child and it's obvious she's got giant demons in her past. Those kinds of demons only show up when there's drugs involved or abuse and Sephle had both. Glana is a nice enough girl, but if I'm being honest, she's an idiot. She can't see past her own nose. I don't have a way to prove it, but I'd be willing to bet she accused Sephie of doing the exact thing she's doing."

We all looked at each other. Ms. Jackson, of course, noticed. "So, I'm right then? She's the one on drugs?" she asked. Ivan

nodded his head. "We got confirmation of it yesterday," he said.

"There would be a lot less drama in the world if people would just figure out that others will always accuse you of what they're afraid of you finding out they're doing." Ms. Jackson said. She thought for a moment, then looked to me. "I'm guessing there's more to it than just her killing herself slowly? I can't imagine you needing to summon me for just that."

I smiled at her. She really was a very sharp woman. "Has she talked to you much about Armando?"

"Little bits here and there. Their relationship hasn't been that great lately. She said he's been arguing with her a lot lately, but I'm guessing it has to do with her needing to apologize to Sephie. Armando, to his credit, has been trying to help her grow up. She did tell me that her father lost a substantial amount of money because of Armando. She said it happened years ago, but Armando still feels bad about it. It's why she got the job as his assistant. That girl can barely assist herself. She said she didn't even know how to use a computer when he hired her. He's taught her everything."

I looked to Ivan. Stephen was right. She's likely been a plant all along. Since Ms. Jackson could understand Russian, I couldn't say anything, so I chose to curse in Italian instead.

"That reminds me, child. Since when do you know Italian?" she asked me.

"It's not important," Ivan said abruptly. Maybe Misha isn't the only one still slightly angry with Ms. Jackson.

"What about her family? Does she talk about them at all?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation away from me.

"She's mentioned them a few times, but never in a good light. She told me her family was wealthy, but they're controlling. She said her father still tries to control her life, even though he's in Italy and she's here. Not much else that I can remember. She's been unhappy since she got here. She wants to go back to Italy, but it also sounds like she was unhappy when she was in Italy," she said.

"She's going to be unhappy wherever she goes until she learns that she's the one responsible for her own happiness," I said. "Are they making any plans to go back to Italy? Has she said?"

Ms. Jackson nodded her head. "She told me at the end of the month, that she would be gone for a few weeks. She said she finally talked him into taking her back to Italy. She apparently hates the cold and wants to go somewhere warmer." We all exchanged glances. If she was planning on robbing Armando, that must be when she was planning on doing it.

"Do you spend much time with Armando?" I asked.

"I do see him occasionally. We sometimes have dinner together with Mr. Turner," she said.

"Do you get the impression he knows she's on drugs?" I asked. I was still trying to figure out if Armando was choosing to ignore it or if he really was that stupid.

"If he doesn't at least suspect it, then he might be the dumbest man I've ever known. Even Mr. Turner picked up on the fact that she was on drugs. The last two times we've had dinner, she's been so high she can either barely function or she won't shut up the whole time. There's not a lot of in between with her. Mr. Turner said there's a kid who's a dealer that comes to his hotel frequently. He's seen the kid in the lobby here a few times, but never with Giana, so he can't say he's her dealer."

"He's her dealer," Ivan said.

"Ms. Jackson, I want you and Mr. Turner to be careful with Giana. This is much bigger than just a drug problem. I know you both know how to take care of yourselves, but a little distance between both Armando and Glana is probably a good thing right now. She's been using you as cover to get away from her security guys, too," I said.

"I knew she did it once, but I didn't know she was still doing that," she said. She thought for a moment. "The perks of getting older mean I can fake an illness as much as I want and nobody will question it. I feel a cold coming on the next time they want to have dinner," she said, matter-of-factly.

"If you hear of anything else that seems out of the ordinary when it comes to either one of them, will you tell me right away?" I asked. "I know you default to keeping your mouth shut, but this has the potential to be bad."

"Of course, child. You know I'll never turn down a reason to call one of your eye candies."