

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 275

Chapter Two Hundred Seventy-Five

Sephie

I felt strangely calm when I looked at him. I could see the look of surprise on his face and raised an eyebrow at him. I was confused as to why he would be surprised.

“Your eyes are almost black, princess. Keep that. It’s going to prove useful,” he said, winking at me.

Game on, motherf**kers.

I held onto Ivan as best I could, with our hands zip tied, as the vehicle we were in sped through the city. While Ivan had been driving south, toward the penthouse, we were now driving north. I wasn’t sure who’s part of town we were headed to, but I was sure it wasn’t going to be good. The vehicle made a stop several blocks from where they had grabbed us. One guy got out and left our bike helmets on the ground. I saw him toss the tracker Viktor had given me before we left the building in between the helmets. We continued our way north.

Despite our situation, I was still able to remain calm. I wasn’t sure if it was Ivan’s doing. He looked almost happy about getting grabbed. I knew he would be able to withstand whatever they put him through. I also knew that Adrik would not stop until he found me and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would find me. I didn’t know how. I just knew he was coming for me, along with the other four guys. Whoever had made the dumb decision to grab me was going to regret that life choice.

We eventually pulled into a parking garage of an older building. It was non-descript. It looked like every other building in the city. The garage was mostly empty, which likely meant the building was mostly abandoned. This doesn’t bode well for us. It would take Adrik a year to search every abandoned building in the city to find us.

They pulled us from the vehicle, ushering us to the elevator. Well, at least that still works. We went up to the 5th floor. It looked like it was an office building in a previous life. They took us across the floor to a room on the opposite side of the floor as the elevator. I saw Ivan taking mental notes of our surroundings as we walked. He was silently calm beside me. He made sure to stay close enough to me that I could feel his presence as we were led through the maze of desks that had been left behind.

They opened the door to the room and I instantly recognized it. Shit. It was the same room, exactly, that I was in when I had the nightmare my first night at the house. It felt like a lifetime ago. I was afraid I knew what was going to happen. Ivan glanced at me, noticing a change in my expression, but he said nothing. I knew he would wait until we were alone to ask me anything.

The only difference between the room before us and the one in my dream was there were now two chairs, instead of just one. They put each of us in a chair and cut the zip ties off our hands, only to zip tie us to the chair instead. Ivan watched everything, like a hawk, I knew he was looking for weaknesses. If anyone could find a way out of this, it was him.

The men that had grabbed us walked out of the room, leaving us alone. Ivan scooted his chair closer to mine. “What is it about this room, princess? I saw the look on your face when we walked in,” he said quietly, in Russian.

“I’ve been here before,” I said. He raised an eyebrow, shocked. “No, not like that. I had a nightmare the first night I was at the house, after Anthony choked me at the restaurant. It started at my uncle’s house, then faded to this room. I was tied to a chair and everything. Anthony came in. Of course I said something smart to him and he punched me. That’s when he told me he was going to use me as bait. I screamed and woke up, so I don’t know anything past that.”

“Well, at least we know who grabbed us,” he said. “I should be able to grab a knife when they come back, if I can get them close enough to me. Princess, look at me.” I turned my head to look at him. “They’re going to use me to scare you. To intimidate you into doing whatever they want you to do. They’ll likely torture me to try and break you. I’ve been in this situation before. I’m going to have to pretend that I can feel what they’re doing. They can’t know that I don’t feel pain, so I have to put on a show. It’s just a show. Got it?” he said, winking at me.

“This is why you’re my protector, Super Squish,” I said.

“Just like you screamed when they grabbed you, we need them to continue thinking they have an advantage over us. They’ll get sloppy at some point. We just have to outlast them. I can handle whatever they’re going to do to me. I need you to do the same, princess,” he said.

I felt my anger getting stronger. I looked over at him again, only to see surprise in his eyes once again. I laughed. “How dark are they now?” I asked.

“You look scary, princess. Keep it up.”

They left us alone for what seemed like forever. Ivan and I talked quietly to pass the time. Ivan picked ridiculous subjects to help me stay calm. We still inevitably ended up talking about how long it would take the others to find us.

“I realize we have no whiteboard here and we really don’t even have a way to tell how much time is passing, since they took your watch. Dick move, by the way, but how long do you think it’s going to take them to find us?” I asked. We kept our conversations to Russian only, even though it didn’t really matter at this point.

Ivan chuckled. “I say no longer than a day and a half.”

I contemplated his answer. I would’ve liked a shorter prediction, but I decided to take the over instead of under. “I say three days.”

Ivan clicked his tongue at me. “Princess, you’re not being pessimistic on me now are you?”

“I like to call it being realistic. It’s a big city and they have no way to find us.”

“You underestimate your bond with your goddamn prince. He’ll find you.”

As I was about to answer, the door to the room opened. I kept my mouth shut, now feeling nervous to see who was going to walk through the door. I fully expected Anthony to walk through the door, just like he had in my dream. Two of the guys that had grabbed us walked in and closed the door behind them. Given that we’d killed three of their buddies, they didn’t seem to be terribly happy with us. They didn’t say a word, they simply leaned against a table across the room and watched us.

Ivan said, in English, “are you boys going to stare all night or are you going to tell us what you want with us?”

The two men looked at each other, then looked back at Ivan, but still didn’t say a word. They’d been speaking Italian when they grabbed us, so it made me wonder if their English wasn’t that great. I translated what Ivan had said to Italian. Both men were surprised to hear me speak Italian.

“Yeah, I know, right? It means I understood everything you assholes were saying when you grabbed us. I don’t forget easily. When we get out of here, and we will get out of here, I’m going to enjoy sending you to meet your dead friends,” I said. I could feel my anger rising as I thought about what they said about me when they grabbed me. They actually had a discussion about whether they could get away with having their way with me before they brought us to the building. They only decided against it because Ivan was with me and they’d have to explain killing him. They had orders to bring us both alive.

One of them, a clear smirk on his face, said, “strong words from someone who’s tied to a chair.”

“Ask your buddy how much stronger my actions are than my words, Oh, wait. You can’t. I shot him in his goddamn face,” I said. I had to admit, I was actually enjoying this little exchange. They had grossly underestimated me when they grabbed me.

