

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 346

Sephte

“Everyone is going to fetch him?” I asked. I knew the answer, but I wanted to toy with him.

“As long as you think you can make that trip, solnishko,” Adrik said, hesitantly. “But i would like you to meet my father.” He looked almost shy about his request. I could feel his uncertainty.

“Of course I'll go. I would like to meet him as well,” I said, unable to string him along any longer. He relaxed as soon as I said I would go.

“We need to figure out security for Trino,” Ivan said. “He shouldn't use any of his guys he has now going forward. It wouldn't surprise me if they were all loyal to Martin now.”

“What about Chris or Keith?” I asked. “You guys have been training them still, right?”

“That might work,” Viktor said. “They've progressed in their training. You'd be proud of them.”

“You might have too many guys volunteer once they find out they'll be spending their time in Colombia. I would imagine the winters there are much easier than the winters here,” I said.

Viktor laughed. “Most of our guys are from Eastern Europe or Russia. The winters here are mild, sestrichka. They all love it here.”

“Valid point. I do not know what winters are like in Russia. I'm also fairly positive I do not want to know what winters are like in Russia,” I said, pulling the cookies out of the oven. Misha was overly excited since I ended up going with chocolate chips, since that was the easiest solution for the evening's bake. Andrei got up to make a fresh pot of coffee to go with the cookies. After pulling the cookies from the oven, I leaned against the counter, watching everyone again, enjoying the moment of peace. I loved that they had a place where they could talk about stupid things like types of cookies and just forget about everything we were facing at the moment. I knew how stressed everyone was. I was fairly certain a couple of them were having trouble sleeping. They were constantly on edge and tense. But they got a few hours to forget about it all and just be friends. It was quickly becoming one of my favorite things.

The kitchen grew quiet as everyone enjoyed warm cookies and coffee. We heard Adrik's phone beep. Then we heard Viktor's phone beep.

“You first,” I said, looking at Adrik.

He glanced at the message. “Trino is safe. He said to tell you that you already know how much he needs to thank you for making him leave tonight.”

I felt the tears welling up in my eyes as I thought about his situation. I knew how heartbroken he would be to lose his mother, but I also knew how much peace it would bring him to know he got to see her one last time. I wiped the tears from my eyes as Adrik walked to me, pulling me to him. I saw the look of surprise on his face as he held my gaze. I raised my eyebrow, trying to figure out what they were doing now. “They're golden brown now. Almost amber,” he whispered, as he held me against him tightly.

Viktor's phone beeped again. And again. And again. “Is that her or him?” Ivan asked, trying not to laugh.

Viktor looked at his phone. “It's both. He finally got back to her and she responded. Andrei was right. She's not happy he waited so long to respond.”

“What did he say about her going to Italy?” Misha asked.

“He's not happy about us sending her anywhere. He says he's still going to come get her,” Viktor said.

I stood up straighter, looking at Andrei, then looking at Misha. Finally, I looked at Ivan. “Is that fishy to you guys?” I asked.

“Very,” Ivan said.

“What do you want to bet that Martin getting Giana as payment is contingent on something specific happening here?” Stephen said.

“She's not happy with that plan,” Viktor said. He got up to hand me his phone. “She must be cussing him out again, because I can't imagine this is a

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situation that calls for dirty talk.”

“Maybe it is and we're just so old now that we have no clue,” I said. I read through her texts. She could definitely type faster in Italian than she could in English. She sent five more lengthy texts in a matter of seconds. “Oh, she's definitely cussing him out. She wants to know why he's being stubborn. Lots of creative name calling, though. I'll give her that. She says that if he comes here to get her, then there's a chance she'll die. If she goes to Italy, she'll be safe. More name calling. More regret over sleeping with him. More threats of her trying to escape on her own. She also says she might escape and disappear on her own. She doesn't need him. More name calling.” I looked up at all of their amused faces. “She's very creative on the name calling. I didn't expect that. It's like her

Viktor's phone was silent for a few moments, then Martin responded. I looked at the texts. He responded in Italian. “Well, that's surprising. He's responding in Italian,” I said, reading through his texts. I suddenly felt very sick to my stomach. “Oh my God... he's threatening her.” I quickly handed the phone to Adrik then I ran to the nearest bathrooms, hoping to make it in time. Luckily, most of the contents of my stomach had already been digested, but I did puke up the cookie I ate. Not gonna lie, one of the more pleasant puking experiences I'd had in my life.

I felt Adrik's warm hands on my back. “Talk to me, love. What happened?” He ran his hand lightly over my back until I was sure I was done. When I

stood

1. he handed me a towel. I went to the sink to wash my mouth out and splashed water on my face as well. I groaned as I wiped my face.

“I don't even like her but I'm scared for her. Martin is very much like Anthony, it seems. He turned evil on her quick. He told her that she belonged to him and he would decide what happened, not her. He said if she ever spoke to him like that again, he would arrange for her to be kidnapped and sold as a slave. It was her choice. She could either do what she was told or be sold off,” I said.

Adrik looked at me thoughtfully. “While I don't like any of that, why did it make you vomit? You know we won't let that happen asked, turning me around to face him.

TO

her, right?” he

I looked up at him, not really knowing how to answer. I leaned against the bathroom sink, my hands fidgeting with the buttons on his shirt. I thought a few minutes, still not sure of the answer. He gently lifted my chin, so I would look at him. He calmly searched my eyes, looking for the answer that I couldn't articulate. I saw the recognition on his face when he found what he was looking for.

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