

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 303

## Chapter Three Hundred Three

Sephie

The guys were already in the penthouse when we walked out. “What time do you psychos wake up every morning? You’re always faster than us,” I said walking up to Ivan, who I knew for a fact woke up at stupid hours of the morning, putting my good arm around his shoulders. I loved that he was so tall, I didn’t have to lean down to reach him even when he was sitting at the kitchen island.

He looked up at me, his face softening. “You look better this morning, princess. You must’ve slept better last night,” he said.

“She slept the entire night. We both needed it,” Adrik said. He immediately looked at me, with a stern look. He knew I was going to feel guilty for that. I just stuck my tongue out at him, holding my ribs so I could laugh. Stephen was next to Ivan, so I moved to him. “I heard you left Armando vulnerably diagnosed last night. What else did you learn while you were reading his thoughts, my favorite vampire?” I asked as I slid my arm around his shoulders.

He grabbed my wrist and held onto it gently as he laughed. “I hope he didn’t get any sleep last night. He has no one to blame but himself,” he said.

“The guys that are on him said he didn’t sleep. He was quiet for long enough that they tried to take the gag out. He started yelling again almost immediately, so they put it back in,” Viktor said, laughing his deep belly laugh.

“You guys had to gag him? I didn’t know that part,” I said, somewhat surprised.

“He might’ve started yelling in Italian at some point. I can’t stand yelling. So, I shut him up,” Viktor said, still laughing.

“Do you have a camera on him? Do you want to know what he said?” I asked, walking back toward Adrik.

Adrik walked the rest of the way to me, pulling me against him gently. “I don’t want you to ever have to see him again, love. It’s not important,” he said, kissing my cheek, then rubbing his cheek gently against mine.

“But how do you know it’s not important if you don’t know what he said,” I said, leaning into him.

“He started yelling after I vulnerably diagnosed him, as you say,” Stephen said. “I would think he was likely telling me off and trying to disprove my theory. You saw him once the polished exterior began to c\*ack. He lost control of his anger quickly. I would bet good money that’s what happened last night. It happened again when Boss told him he’d been chosen specifically for that reason.”

“Wait, what reason?” I asked.

“Boss told him that Ricardo and Lorenzo had picked Armando because he was easy to control and likely because they knew he had issues,” Viktor said.

“Mommy issues,” Ivan said, giving me his most mischievous grin.

“Definite mommy issues,” I agreed. “What happened after that?” I asked.

“That’s when we left him. I want to break him before he dies,” Adrik said, very matter-of-factly. Instead of being shocked at his admission, like some part of me knew I should be, I found myself agreeing with him. I fully supported him breaking Armando before he killed him. For me, there was no question that I wanted that to happen. I don’t know how I feel about this.

Adrik had cleared his schedule, except for Armando, until I got more mobile. He still wasn’t comfortable with having any conversations in his office for the time being. It wasn’t that it wasn’t secure, but there were plenty of people in the office during the day. It was too much of a risk, regardless of whether we were speaking Russian or not. He would deal with Armando at night, once everyone in the office went home. Since Armando was loud, he wouldn’t risk anyone in the office hearing him. They kept him gagged during the day, just in case.

I also knew that he simply didn’t want to be apart from me. We hadn’t discussed it yet, but I could feel his unease at the thought of having to leave me just for the short time last night. I knew he would struggle to come to terms with this incident, much like he struggled after the ball.

That’s the funny thing about life. You find something that you think you can’t live without and life has a way of showing you that you can. It might seem cruel to some, but the universe, G\*d, whatever you want to believe in just wants you to know how powerful you are. Nothing more. It’s not out to get you. It’s just out to show you what you can handle.

The day passed much like the day before, with me translating in between naps. The acupuncturist came back again in the early afternoon, which helped my pain levels. My appetite was beginning to normalize, as well. Misha ended up eating my extra sandwich that Andrei made sure to get for me, despite Andrei’s protests.

After the acupuncturist left, Adrik called Trino to fill him in. He put the call on speaker so we could all hear.

“Jefe, how’s your sweet angel?” Trino asked when he answered the call.

“She’s home now, Trino. She’s still in a lot of pain, but she’s going to be okay,” Adrik said. We could hear Trino, cursing in Spanish on the other end.

“And Armando? Have you killed him for it yet?”

“No, he’s currently suffering for what he did to me,” I said,

“Miha. I can’t tell you how wonderful it is to hear your voice. I’ve been worried about you. I’m relieved to hear that you’re going to be okay,” he said. Trino was rarely 100% serious when he talked, usually only when he was angry, but he was incredibly genuine when he spoke to me.

“Don’t go all soft on me now, Trino,” I said, trying not to laugh too loudly. “There’s still the matter of how dramatically you’re going to end Massimo.”

Trino laughed. “He thinks I’m going to let him live. He doesn’t know about Anthony and Lorenzo yet, but he will soon enough. Everyone will soon enough, as soon as Jefe gives me the okay.”

As Trino was talking, I heard background noise that wasn’t the usual background noise from Colombia. I heard someone yelling in English and cars h\*cking like he was in the city. I looked at Adrik, who hadn’t heard it and mouthed ‘keep him talking for a minute.’ Then I motioned for Misha to come to me. We stepped away slightly from Adrik so Trino couldn’t hear us.

“I want to try something. I think Trino is in the city, can you see him?” I asked Misha as I took his hand. He got his faraway look in his eye and suddenly we could both see Trino. In the city. He was with Gus and Oscar. We could also see Trino’s normal security guys with him. We could see him talking to Adrik on the phone, then it was like someone hit the fast forward button. We could see him outside a house, but hidden, watching as packages were delivered. He was like a kid, excited to play a prank on someone. Misha squeezed my hand and said quietly, “that’s Sal’s house.”

“Oh, dear G\*d, I know what he’s doing,” I said. I felt Misha squeeze my hand and knew that he had also seen what Trino’s plan was. Once I let go of Misha’s hand, the vision stopped for both of us. I walked back over to Adrik and whispered in his ear, “ask him if he wants to meet while he’s in the city.” Adrik looked surprised, but glanced to Misha who confirmed it.

As the conversation was wrapping up, Adrik said, “and we should meet while you’re here. It’s not often you make it to the city.”

“Dios mio, how did you know. No one knows I’m here yet,” Trino said, completely surprised.

“Have you met Sephie?” Adrik said, laughing. “Literally nothing gets by her.”

“How did she know?”

“If I told you that, I’d have to kill you, Trino. And I’ll be incredibly offended if you’re here and don’t at least stop by to say hi,” I said as Adrik put one arm around my hips to gingerly pull me closer to him.

“Miha, it’s because of you that I didn’t tell Jefe. I didn’t want it to be too much for you. You need time to heal,” he said.

“I appreciate your concern, Trino. But I’m fine. It would be good to see you again,” I said.

“Miha, how could I say no? I should come before I let Sal know about Anthony and Lorenzo. It’s going to get crazy after that, I’m sure.”

I put my hand over my mouth so I wouldn’t say anything and give away that I knew what his plan was. Adrik looked at me curiously. Misha was also trying to hold in his laughter. Adrik finished the conversation, then looked to both me and Misha for explanation. I started giggling and couldn’t stop myself, so Misha had to answer. “He’s going to deliver their heads to Sal’s front door.”

Adrik’s eyes went wide, looking straight at me. “How do you do that??” he asked.

“We saw it while you were on the phone,” Misha said.

“No, she knew that was happening this morning, before I talked to Trino. She said that’s what he was going to do after our shower,” Adrik said. The guys all looked at me now, still giggling, but now holding my ribs.

“Apparently Trino’s flair for the dramatic is something I’m clearly tapped into,” I said.

“We should tell him to record it so we can show it to Armando. He’s still holding out hope that they’re going to come save him,” Ivan said.