

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 446

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Stephen

We'd found a nursing home several hours away from the city to take Armando in. It was nice. It had all the amenities that he was never going to use, but we felt like his money would be put to good use there. I left the penthouse early one morning to deliver him to his new forever home

It was a strange drive to the nursing home. Armando was in the backseat, completely awake, but he never uttered a sound. Since I had broken him, he hadn't slept. I guess he hadn't needed to. He just sits in the same position all day, staring blankly in front of him. The guards that were on him would make him lie down at night, but they said he'd just lie there, staring at the ceiling all night long.

He would eat, but he needed help to do so. He'd lost weight already since we had him. Most of his muscle was gone by the time I broke him. He looked like a shell of his former self. I would catch myself delighting in that fact often.

Should I feel guilty about being happy that this is how his life turned out?

Maybe.

Did I feel guilty about being happy that this is how his life turned out?

Not one bit.

That's the beauty of Karma. He brought this on himself. He got a much better end to his life than his buddies Anthony and Lorenzo. I was slightly disappointed and somewhat worried that their souls were going to be returning at some point. I thought about that often.

I wondered how long it took souls to come back in a new body. Would I still be around when Anthony and Lorenzo came back? Would I get a second chance to break them in their next life? Chances are, they were going to make the same mistakes over again. They'd be just as evil in the next life as they were in this one. Maybe I'd be able to find them and break the cycle.

On those days where I caught myself contemplating whether I should feel guilty about Armando's fate, I tried to remind myself that I really was breaking the cycle. Evil spread. Like a network. One less individual in the network. Get rid of enough individuals in the network and it weakens the entire thing. Anthony, Lorenzo, and Massimo were the beginning of weakening the network.

Armando was a bigger blow to the network. The remaining four didn't stand a chance.

I kept glancing at Armando in the backseat as we got closer to the nursing home. His expression never changed. He never gave any indication that he was aware of anything going on around him. I wondered if this was how my sisters were now. I hadn't spoken to my parents since my mother called me after my sisters returned home.

I was sure my youngest sister would have been moved back to live with my parents. I was willing to bet good money that my middle sister's husband would divorce her. I'd never met this one, but I'm sure he wouldn't want to take care of a catatonic wife for the rest of her life. My oldest sister could talk, but my mother said she barely did. I would often wonder if her condition worsened after she got home. Maybe they were all three with my

parents.

Maybe I felt slightly guilty about burdening my parents with that. But at the same time, I'd tried to tell my mother what was happening. She never listened. She never believed me. They loved my sisters more than me. Even my father. My sisters could get anything they wanted. It was the opposite

for me.

That's partly why I left home as early as I did. I'd lied about my age so I could join the military early. I just wanted to be away from that house, from my sisters. The military is where I discovered my accuracy in marksmanship. I was always the best shot. It didn't matter who was at the gun range with me, I hit the mark every single time. I got fast tracked to sniper school before I even finished my basic training.

For a kid who rarely spoke, becoming a sniper was like a dream come true. I was already observant, so studying my targets was second nature. I could be patient and wait however long it took until I found the right opportunity. And not a single person ever saw me. It was ideal.

Boss had heard about me and came to me to see if I was looking for a job after I got out of the military. Viktor still had contacts in the military, one of whom was my commanding officer. He knew Viktor had a sweet deal with Boss, even without knowing the details. There were lots of military guys that wanted to get into private security after they got out. Boss explained his situation, gave me his card, and told me to call him when I got out.

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I didn't want to go back home, so the day after I got out of the military, I gave him a call. He flew me to the city, told me to give him a month to see if it would work out on both sides, and I haven't been home since.

The other guys were welcoming from the start. They didn't care that I was quiet. They let me keep to myself as much as I wanted. I showed up to work each day. That's what they cared about. I was more comfortable with them by the time Sephie came into our lives, but it's really because of her that I'm as close to them as I am now.)

Everything changed when she came into the picture. In the best way possible.

I tried to keep her at arm's length for as long as possible. She recognized that I was the loner type. She didn't care either. I kept waiting for her to turn mean and sarcastic, like my sisters, but it never happened. Instead, she would hype me up anytime I said anything around her. She wanted to hear my opinion. She laughed at my jokes. She made me feel like I was part of the group, for the first time in my life.

I wasn't sure if she knew how much she meant to me, but she brought me back from the brink of destruction. It was a daily battle to keep the anger and the pure rage from taking over. I was so close to giving in and just becoming the monster that my sisters tried to create. But then we all met Sephie and we learned about what she'd had to endure in her short life. I saw how bright her light still shined, despite everything that had happened to her.

If she could do it, why couldn't I?

I'm not sure she would ever know the role she played in my life, but I knew I would do everything in my power to make sure she was always safe and she was always protected. No matter what.

I glanced back at Armando, who was still blankly staring ahead, as we pulled into the driveway of the nursing home. "We're here, di\*\*k."

I was going to have to watch myself and make sure I didn't say his new name with that tone in front of anyone inside.....

I was greeted by an administrator, as well as a nurse when we pulled up. They were expecting di\*\*k. We had called and given his fake back story already. It was tragic, really. His dear wife, whom he loved with all his heart, died tragically in a freak accident while on vacation a few years ago. She was such a bubbly personality and he just adored listening to her tell stories and talk endlessly about every little detail of her life. After she passed, he couldn't stand the silence. He turned to drugs to try and fill the void and it caused him to have a massive stroke. The doctors said the damage was extensive and he would never recover. He'd remain in a waking coma for the rest of his life.

They had his room all set up for him, with his new roomie just dying to meet him. She'd been so lonely without anyone to talk to that she'd been telling the nurses all week how excited she was to get someone to talk to. I met her. She was a dear woman. Talked my ear off for twenty minutes. while they got paperwork for me to sign. It was going to be the absolute best end to Armando's life that any of us could've conceived.

Before I left, I leaned down to Armando's ear whispering, "next time, if someone tells you to jump off the roof, you should do so." I can't be sure, but I think he flinched.