

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 91

Chapter Ninety-One

Sephie

As Adrik and I walked toward the driveway to leave, Misha was waiting by the front door. He looked at us, his sweet smile stretching across his face. “You guys are going to fu ck some sh it up, aren’t you?”

I smiled at him, raising my hand for a high-five as I walked past him. They never ceased to amaze me with what they could remember.

We arrived at Armando’s office building early, so he could show us the details of the project. If Adrik was supposed to be a business partner, he would at least need a working knowledge of the project to sell it. Armando also told me everything he knew about the men we would be meeting with. His assistant stuck her head in the office, “they’ve just arrived, sir. I’ve shown them to the boardroom.”

“Thank you, Giana.” He looked at both of us, expectantly. Stephen and Andrei were stationed at the front door, checking people as they entered the building. Viktor and Ivan were outside the meeting and Misha was with us. Adrik said he wanted to know immediately if anything felt off, so he wanted Misha close. He wanted to get me out of there right away if Misha had the slightest feeling that it was going to go badly. It definitely made me feel more comfortable having both of them with me.

The men that Mando was meeting with were much older. They looked like hardened businessmen but were completely taken aback to see a woman walk into the meeting and sit down across from them.

This should be fun.

Armando made the introductions. He had given both of us fake names for the meeting. After, they got right down to business.

There was a lawyer, an investor, and a politician in the meeting. Armando was most worried about the politician since he’s the one that had screwed him out of a deal previously. I could see that the politician was nervous even before we sat down. His skin was moist, like he was sweating but trying to hide it. The other two were bigger problems, from what I could see.

The lawyer kept looking at me like he was undressing me with his eyes. I could feel Adrik’s temper rising next to me. I slid my hand to his leg under the table, trying to calm him. He glanced sideways at me, Yep, he was definitely angry at that man looking at me that way. I could see it all over his face. I squeezed his leg, hoping to reassure him that I was fine.

The investor wasn’t much better but was more discreet. I was sure they both had very d irty thoughts running through their minds the entire time. Once Armando had finished his presentation on the project, they had questions for him. This is what I was waiting for, as I could figure out what their intentions were as they spoke.

The politician was hiding something, but I couldn’t tell what. It was almost like he feared either Armando or the two men he was with. He would nervously wipe his forehead periodically. The investor was mostly quiet but would smirk when the politician spoke. The lawyer was slimy. As the meeting progressed, he got more blatant about staring at me. I could feel the heat coming off Adrik as he watched this gross old man looking at me. I kept my hand on his leg, trying to keep him calm. After one particularly long stare, Adrik simply reached over and pulled my chair closer to his, placing his hand on my leg across my lap. It was so hard not to smile at the lawyer’s face.

Did he just pub lically claim me?

I heard Misha clear his throat behind us, knowing that he was struggling to not laugh as well. The lawyer’s tone changed after Adrik moved me closer to him. He was being overly nice in the beginning. It wasn’t genuine in the least. He was covering for something. As soon as Adrik stopped the reel of di rty thoughts going through his mind, he not longer tried to play nice. Everyone noticed the change.

Armando had missed Adrik pulling me closer, as he was speaking with the investor when it happened. He was somewhat taken aback at the change. The lawyer was suddenly demanding unreasonable percentages of the project, as well as making unreal timelines for construction. Armando was getting frustrated with trying to come up with a solution. Anytime the lawyer spoke, Adrik would look at me. I shook my head no discreetly, indicating that he was not being entirely forthright. The same for the investor. I leaned over and quietly whispered, “the investor is lying. He’s been lying this whole time. The politician is scared to death and the lawyer is a slimeball, but he’s got ulterior motives. I doubt they’re his own. Most lawyers work for somebody and he is most definitely not working for this investor.”

Armando was getting frustrated trying to find ways to satisfy their demands when Adrik interrupted him. “Gentlemen, let’s cut the bu llshit. This project will help this city. It will create jobs, it will create new tax revenue, it will benefit the people of this city greatly. And yet, you’re more worried about how much money it will make you personally. Judging by your suits, I’d say you already have plenty of money, which means you’re just being greedy.” He looked at the investor. “You, sir, haven’t been truthful this entire time.” He then looked to the politician, who looked even more nervous that Adrik was addressing him. “And you, sir. You’re scared. Either of the men you’re sitting with or of us. Given that we’re the ones trying to make this city better with this project, I would bet it’s the men you’re with that you’re scared of.” Lastly, he looked at the lawyer. “You,” he paused, trying to contain his anger. “You’re working for someone else, aren’t you? Behind the scenes? Given how you conduct yourself in front of a lady, I’d dare to guess that you’re not the brightest man in the room, so I doubt these demands you’ve come here with today are your own. You can go back and tell whomever it is you’re working for that they can either come to us themselves or they can find another project to partner on.”