

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 109

Chapter One Hundred Nine

Sephie

We left Armando and Glana to relax. Viktor made arrangements for someone to pick up sandwiches for them. They could eat and relax the rest of the evening. We walked to the other side of the floor to Mr. Turner's apartment. I knocked on his door and waited. No answer. I knocked one more time. I looked at Viktor, "What time is it?"

"5:50," he said.

"He should be home by now," I said, somewhat perplexed.

I walked across the hall to Ms. Jackson's apartment and knocked on her door. We heard movement inside, then she opened the door.

"Oh, my! Either I just died and you boys are here to escort me to the other side or you're really standing there!" she exclaimed, clutching her chest.

I laughed. "It's really us, Ms. Jackson. We're real." I walked to her, hugging her. I missed this woman.

"Get in here. You're a sight for sore eyes. And I'm happy to see you too, child." She laughed as she ushered us all in her apartment. When we walked in, Mr. Turner was sitting at her table.

"Miss Sephie! It's better than wonderful to see you again!" He stood up to give me a hug. I always felt like he was the grandfather I never knew. I hugged him tightly. He offered his hand to Viktor and Ivan. "It's good to see you both as well. I knew there had to be something to the reports that your boss had died. I just couldn't believe it."

Ivan nodded, cutting his eyes to me. "It did not go completely to plan, but ultimately it worked out." He slid his arm around my shoulders as he was talking. I leaned my head against his shoulder.

"Don't make me have to kick your ass in front of them," I said under my breath. He coughed but held it together.

Ms. Jackson asked, "where have you guys been? You had to go somewhere to lay low for a while, I'm sure. Did you need people to believe he was dead?"

Viktor nodded, surprised at her response. They still didn't know about her past. I would let her tell them about that, when and if she was ready. Even without her past as a spy, she was still a very astute woman. There wasn't much that got past her.

"But everyone is fine and alive? We haven't lost any eye candy, have we? I have big plans for Bingo, you know."

We all laughed. Ivan looked very seriously at her. "Name the time and place, Ms. Jackson. We will gladly accompany you." Viktor nodded in agreement.

She blushed, laughing. "Lord, I don't think you're ready for the number of heart attacks you'll be responsible for."

We spent a few more minutes visiting with them both before taking our leave. I knew Viktor and Ivan had to be exhausted. I also knew Adrik would be glad for the interruption when I went back to his office. Almost as glad as I would be to deliver that interruption.

We stepped onto the elevator and were immediately hit with the strongest perfume smell. I coughed as the doors closed, barely able to breathe. As I pulled my shirt over my nose, I had a flash of the sidewalk by the hotel where Mr. Turner worked. I could see Misha one step in front of me, looking back to me just as we were both hit. Why am I thinking about that day? I shook my head, trying to let go of those thoughts.

My brain shifted to the night of the ball, in the bathroom, when I overheard the two women talking about Adrik. Something felt familiar. I looked at Viktor and Ivan, who were looking at each other, knowingly.

The elevator doors couldn't open fast enough for them. Ivan took my hand in his as he led me toward Adrik's office quickly. The smell of perfume was getting stronger, the closer to the office we got.

When we walked through the door to his office, I was not emotionally prepared to find another woman sitting on the edge of his desk. He had pushed his chair to the complete opposite end of his desk, like he was trying to get away from her. He looked angry but was trying to control it. Ivan glanced at me, a look of concern on his face. I felt his grip on my hand tighten slightly. I smirked at him, knowing he was worried I was about to lose my shit on this woman.

As soon as Adrik saw us, he stood, walking around the opposite side of his desk to stay as far from her as he could. He held his arm out for me, a look of relief on his face. I went to him, tucking myself into his side. He looked worried, like Ivan did. He held me against him tightly.

"Who's this?" I tried to be as calm as possible, but I know they all heard the slight edge of anger to my voice.

She had turned to face us when we walked in the office. She was barely wearing any clothes. Her skirt was so short and so tight, that it barely covered her. She had what basically amounted to a bra on that only covered her breasts. Her stomach and shoulders were completely bare. Doesn't she ever get cold? She looked like she shopped at the same store that Armando's ex-girlfriend shopped at. She had long black hair that fell almost to her barely covered ass. Her olive skin was on full display. She was short, thin. She likely watched what she ate, to keep her thin frame, but she'd definitely never picked up a weight. There wasn't a muscle on her.

Ivan took one step toward her, causing a look of fear to come across her face. "Vanessa," he said. I could hear the hatred, dripping from his voice as he said her name. It didn't help that he looked like a giant compared to her diminutive frame. "You're not leaving until you give us that key fob back."

She looked angry, but tried to mask it. "I don't have a key fob. The elevator was open."