

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 130

Chapter One Hundred Thirty

Non

Two Weeks Later

We hadn't been able to go to the house for a few weeks. Adrik wanted me to take Sephie to the piano gallery so she could play. While we were there, he wanted me to arrange to have a piano sent to the penthouse, hopefully without her knowing. I grabbed Misha and Andrei to go with us. Boss was disappointed that he couldn't go. Listening to her play was becoming one of his favorite things, so Misha promised to video her so he could watch later. Fu cking adorable.

Sephie wasn't privy to where we were going. We just told her to come with us and that she'd be happy about it.

"I swear on all things holy, I'm punching you all in the nose if you're forcing me to go shopping," she said, trying not to laugh.

We laughed at her in the elevator, on the way to the parking garage. "Princess, I can't believe you would think we would do such a thing to you. It hurts me," I said, putting my hand over my heart. "Which is saying a lot, since I can't feel pain."

"Oh, dear God, you've just come up with the ultimate comeback. The final comeback. Like, how do I top that one? It's the comeback of all comebacks. Conversation-ending comeback. Mic drop. We're done here." She grinned at me.

We pulled up in front of the gallery and her eyes went wide. "This is where you guys are taking me?"

I nodded. "Adrik feels bad we haven't gotten to the house yet. He knows you miss the piano, so he wanted you to have some time. Stay as long as you want, princess."

She got out, with me, while Andrei and Misha parked the vehicles. She turned to me and jumped into my arms, almost catching me off-guard. "Thank you thank you thank you!!"

When we walked in, the salesmen knew her immediately. "Sephie: You're back! We haven't seen you in forever!"

"Hi, Craig. How are you?" she said, hugging him as he walked up.

"I'm good, Sephie. Please tell me you're here to get some playing time in. We have a couple of potential customers coming in just about 15 minutes and you're going to sell pianos today for us if you play," he smiled widely at her. Andrei and Misha walked in, standing next to me. Craig looked nervously at us, but tried to remain calm.

"I am here to play, if you don't mind," she said. Without even looking at us, she added, "and don't mind the giant men. They're with me. I'm experimenting with having my own audience now."

Craig cocked his head to the side, not sure if she was serious or not, but he laughed. "Pick any piano you like, even though I have a feeling I know which one you're going for."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I like what I like, Craig." She walked toward one of the pianos toward the back of the showroom.

Misha and Andrei followed, while I lagged behind to speak to Craig, who looked slightly terrified that I wanted to speak to him.

"We'd like to arrange for her own piano, but it needs to be delivered to a penthouse. Is that possible?" I asked. "And I'm assuming you know which one she will like best?"

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He looked at me, smiling, tears welling up in his eyes. I looked at him, puzzled. "I've been waiting for this moment since her mother passed. Her mother was a dear friend of mine, Sephie had to sell her piano to pay for funeral expenses, I've kept it safe in the back of the store, without her knowing, In the hopes that this day would come. The piano she always plays in the showroom is the exact model that her mother had. That's why she always chooses it. She's trying to get as close to her mo m's piano as possible."

I felt a pang in my chest as he talked. This is beyond fu cking adorable. "Can we get it moved to the penthouse? Money is no object. Whatever needs to happen to get it there, we'll do it."

"As long as your elevator is freight-sized, we should be fine. We move planos to high-rise apartments all the time. If we have to use the stairs, we have to use the stairs." He thought for a moment, then added, "once we used a crane. I've never been so nervous in my life."

I nodded my head. I handed him my card, "I'll be the contact for the arrangements. Please, try to keep this between us. We'd like for it to be a surprise."

Before he took my card, he looked at me like he was gathering every ounce of courage to stand up to me, "I will only agree to this if I'm allowed to be there when she sees the piano. Her mother was incredibly dear to me and I made a promise to her that I intend to keep."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," I said, sliding my card into his shirt pocket as I patted his shoulder. I walked to the back of the showroom to Andrei and Misha.

Andrei raised his eyebrows at me, silently asking if arrangements had been made. I leaned closer to his ear, telling him.

everything I'd just learned. When I finished and looked at him, he had tears welling up in his eyes too.

"She's going to be so happy," he said. I nodded, completely understanding what he was feeling in that moment.

Sephie was happily playing when a few people wandered into the store. There were a few other salesmen, other than Craig, that spoke to them. The customers couldn't stop themselves from walking closer to Sephie as she played. They were mesmerized.

Craig eventually walked up beside us, a small crowd had now formed around her. She seemed oblivious to it, as she just kept playing. Craig smiled. "This always happens when she comes in. I differed to pay her for doing this on a regular basis, but she wouldn't take it. The pianos sell themselves when she's here."

Sephie played for a few hours, before finally deciding she'd had her fill. They sold three pianos while she played, so they were sorry to see her go. Misha got plenty of video for Adrik for later. He sent a few of the shorter ones to him already. Fu cking adorable.

Misha and Andrei pulled the vehicles around to the front of the building. Misha jumping out of the second one, getting in with Andrei. I got into the driver's seat, Sephie was in the passenger seat with me.

We made our way back toward the penthouse, through afternoon traffic. Andrei dr ove through an intersection and the next thing I knew, I heard metal crunching on my left side and we were going sideways, I looked to Sephie, turning toward her to try and shield her from the impact. Everything was in slow motion. I couldn't be sure, but it looked like there were wings surrounding her as bits of shattered glass flew through the air around her. She looked at me, clearly worried, but all I could see was the feathers. Were they...changing?