

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 202

Chapter Two Hundred Two

Sephie

I smiled at them as we walked closer, watching them relax knowing I was okay. “Hope you guys didn’t want burritos again anytime soon. It’s going to be a while before I’m okay with that idea,” I said as we walked back into the office.

This time, Adrik sat on the couch and I sat in between his legs, his arms wrapped around me. Jason looked sympathetic when he said, “I hate vomiting. Hate it worse than anything in the world. But I’m guessing by that reaction, we nailed what he looks like?”

I nodded my head. “That’s him. He’s probably older now, though. It was 8 years ago when it happened.”

“Don’t worry about that,” Will said. “We’ve got software that can digitally age a person. We’ll make a few variations of how he might be aging to see if people recognize him.”

Jason looked at me, a serious look on his face. “Sephie, where is your uncle now? You know you can press charges against him, right?”

I froze. I felt Adrik hold me tighter. Jason noticed, adding, “you said he used to beat you. He needs to be brought to justice, Sephie. He shouldn’t get away with that.”

“He didn’t,” I said, matter-of-factly. Jason looked at me, somewhat confused. “He’s dead. I killed him,” I said as I stood up. I lifted my shirt over my head, turning my back to them. “I had to, or he would’ve killed me.”

I heard all three of them curse as they looked at my back. Ryan, who hadn’t said a word the entire time, finally quietly said, “charges brought.”

I couldn’t help but laugh quietly as I pulled my shirt back on, careful to keep my hands covered. I turned and sat back in Adrik’s lap, his arms once again holding me tightly. Jason, who was still somewhat speechless, was trying to find words. Ivan spoke up, asking “the commissioner said you would share the information you had on this doctor?”

Jason was once again snapped back to reality. He looked to Ivan, nodding his head. “We brought a few boxes with us, but there’s more at the station. Ten years’ worth of information on this guy, to be exact. You can look through all of it. The commissioner made it clear we were to cooperate fully with you guys.” He looked at Adrik, leaning forward in his chair. “Look, I know you guys can operate outside the law, where we can’t. I don’t care anymore. I want to see this guy in jail, but if he ends up dead, I won’t shed a tear over it.”

Will said, “there are countless other stories, just like yours and some that are worse. He has to be stopped.”

Adrik simply nodded. Ivan stood up and asked to make a copy of the sketch so he could get it out to his people right away. Will readily handed it over. “We’ll send the aged version to you, as soon as we have it. I’ll get this to the IT department as soon as we get back. They’ll age him and we can send over that one.”

They were getting ready to leave. Adrik looked to Andrei, and said in Russian, “hold onto her until they’re gone.” Andrei nodded once, reached over, and pulled me to him again. I curled up against his side, with his giant arm over me protectively. Adrik stood up, as well as Misha, Stephen, and Viktor. Those three stood in front of me while Adrik talked to the officers.

Andrei looked down at me, somewhat curious. “Why are you so worried, spider monkey?” he asked me quietly, still speaking Russian. Misha, who was close enough to hear the question, glanced down at us, curious as well.

I pulled my hand out of my shirt sleeve far enough that he could see my bruised knuckles, quickly pulling my hand back in. Recognition spread over his face. “No unnecessary questions,” I said, quietly. Viktor and Stephen escorted the officers back

downstairs. Misha turned to me and said, “you were born for this shit, gazelle.”

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While Adrik’s schedule had mostly been clear, the morning filled up quickly with a few meetings. Ivan and Viktor also needed time to get the doctor’s picture out to their people. Will had sent over the aged version of the doctor the previous evening, as promised. They gave both versions to their people, hoping that someone would recognize him.

Misha and Andrei were with me. We stopped by Adrik’s office on our way back from the gym, just because I had a feeling his schedule had changed yet again. Not long after we walked into his office, Andy walked in. He nodded to Andrei and Misha, then walked to Adrik, his hand extended. As he went to sit down across from Adrik’s desk, he noticed the picture of the doctor that Ivan had left on the coffee table. Instead of sitting, he walked to it, picking it up. He looked at it, then looked to Adrik, confused.

“Why do you have Dr. Moretti’s picture?” he asked.

We all stood at the same time. “What did you just say?” Adrik asked. He was trying to remain calm, but only barely keeping it together. I glanced to Andrei, who quickly pulled his phone out. He called a number, let it ring, then hung up. Within seconds, Viktor, Stephen, and Ivan were in the office as well. Andy didn’t even have time to respond to Adrik’s question before they were there.

“Dr. Moretti’s picture. Why do you have it?” Andy asked again.

Ivan, who wasn’t even trying to control his anger, walked up to Andy. He towered over him. “How do you know him?” Ivan asked, his voice heavy with anger.

Andy, who was now completely terrified, sat down. He didn’t respond right away, like he was trying to figure out how best to proceed. I looked at the guys, who all looked ready to kill something, then looked at Andy, who was pretty sure he was the thing about to be killed. I walked quietly to the door of the office, closed it, then walked toward Andy. The guys were aware of my movements, but hadn’t taken their eyes off Andy. Andy, however, was watching me. I put my hand on Ivan’s arm, which caused him to look at me. I pushed him to the side, gently, so I could stand in front of Andy. Once Ivan moved, I leaned against Adrik’s desk, trying to be less threatening toward Andy,

“Andy, this man took something from me. Something important. Something I’ll never be able to get back. How do you know who he is?” I said, trying to remain as calm as possible, even though I could feel my anger just below the surface. I could also feel Adrik’s anger getting stronger, the longer it took Andy to answer his question.

Andy looked at me, still wide-eyed. I could see him struggling, trying to find the right thing to say. He finally took a deep breath. “Fuck it. I’m already a dead man if Sal ever finds me. Not like he can kill me twice.” I glanced up at all the guys, who were still standing, ready to pummel something. I gave them all a tight smile and made a motion for them to sit. They begrudgingly took a step back and sat down.

I looked to Andy again, trying to smile as genuinely as possible at him. “What does that mean, Andy?”