

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 300

## Chapter Three Hundred

Adrik

“I’m guessing that’s how you got past Sephie. If you believe a lie enough, it appears to everyone else that you’re telling the truth,” Ivan said. “You honestly believe everything you say because you’re too st\*pid to know better.”

Armando turned to look at Ivan, a slow smile creeping across his bruised face. “No, I got past her because I was overly nice to her. Damaged ones like her cling to nice. Like they’re trying to prove to themselves that the world isn’t all bad. I could tell she was damaged right away. As soon as Anthony and the other boss’s sons started to treat her like a wh\*re, she took it and never said a word. She’d been conditioned.”

Ivan backhanded Armando. “When are you going to learn that she’s not damaged?” he said. His anger clearly visible.

“She’s damaged. But I bet she’s amazing in bed. Damaged ones always are,” Armando said. This time, it was my fist that connected to his stomach. He coughed, but didn’t stop smiling. “I knew it. That’s my one regret. That I couldn’t f\*\*k her before you got to her. Is it true that redheads are better in bed? I’ve never had a redhead. I always wondered if that was true.”

“You wouldn’t have been able to sleep with her regardless of whether I showed back up or not,” I said. I knew he was trying to provoke my anger. I wasn’t going to let him.

“Oh, that’s where you’re wrong. She would talk to me after the meetings. I knew plenty about her before you showed up,” he said.

“And you don’t think she was smart enough to lie to your face about everything she told you?” I asked. He stopped for a moment, clearly confused at that possibility. “You didn’t get as far past her as you think you did, Armando Rossi.” As soon as I said his real name, he flinched.

“Didn’t know we knew about that, did you?” Stephen said. Armando stayed quiet. What had clearly been bravado when we first came into the room was now turning into fear about what else we knew.

“Sephie asked you who had been pulling your strings. You never answered her, but you told her everything she needed to know,” I said. “Does Ricardo tell you when you can eat and sleep, too? Or just everything about business?” I paused, to see if he was going to respond. When he stayed quiet, I continued. “I started to suspect something was off with you when we were in Italy. No one can be as oblivious as you were about simple observations. For someone who is as successful as you are, you really had no clue what was going on or how to solve problems. That’s when I started to suspect there was something more to you.”

“That’s when you went back on the funding from the Naples project,” Armando said, piecing things together in his own mind.

“Why would I want to help fund a project with someone as inept as you in charge?” I asked. “Now, however, I realize that you were just trying to get me on projects that would tie me to Ricardo and Lorenzo. You think you could’ve controlled me by tying me to them, the same way they’ve been controlling you for years? You clearly don’t remember who I am.”

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“You’re not so different from me. You were just born into a better family than I was. We’ve both done things we’re not proud of, but we had to do them to survive. Why should I have to suffer because I was born into a poor family? I did what I had to do. You’re no different,” Armando said.

“You’d like to think we’re not different, but that’s where you’re wrong. It makes you feel better to think that you’re more like me. It probably helps you sleep at night to think you’re like me,” I said, rolling up my sleeves as I was talking. “Me? I have no trouble sleeping at night.” I looked down at Armando, who was beginning to look worried as he watched me and listened to my words.

“Would you like to know how I have no trouble sleeping at night?” I asked. I stood in front of him, my hands now in my pockets.

“Because every single person. I’ve killed deserved it beyond a shadow of a doubt,” I said as my fist connected with his jaw. “You think I’m weak because I wait to act, unlike my father. I watch. I observe. I collect information. Then I pass judgment. And it’s devastating. More devastating than the chaos my father would unleash. History will not remember you. Not as Armando Petrucci and not as Armando Rossi. It will be like you never existed.” I punched him in his stomach once more. I couldn’t get the image of Sephie with her hands tied behind her back in that room, with Armando standing in front of her out of my head. I’d seen the chains bolted to the floor, even though she was free of them, I knew he’d had her chained while he beat her. It was the only way he would be able to deliver that much damage without her defending herself. I’d seen the bruises on her ankles.

Armando coughed a few times as I punched him again. I stopped to let him catch his breath. I wanted to see what he would tell us about Ricardo and Lorenzo before I killed him. “What does Ricardo have over you? Is it his money you’ve been using all these years?” I asked. Armando stayed quiet as I walked away from him. I needed to put distance between us or I wasn’t going to stop. I stood and watched him as he tried to think through his options. “They’re not coming to save you. They don’t care about you. They’ve been using you to get what they want your entire life. You’re just a pawn,” I said. As I said that, he looked up at me. Got you.

I stood in silence for a moment longer, giving him the chance to speak. When he remained quiet, I laughed. “You really think they’re coming to save you? Sephie was right. You really are that dumb.”

The mention of Sephie thinking Armando was st\*pid was enough to get a reaction from him. He tried to get free from the chair he was strapped to, but to no avail.

“Oh, somebody doesn’t like it when a girl thinks he’s st\*pid,” Stephen said, looking at Ivan. “What do you think, Ivan? Mommy issues?”

“Definite mommy issues,” Ivan said. He took a step closer to Armando, bending down to look him in the eye. “What’s wrong, Armando? Did Mommy not breast feed you?” Armando spit on Ivan, but didn’t say a word. Ivan just laughed, wiped it off and wiped it back on Armando. “Mommy definitely didn’t teach you manners,” he said, walking away from Armando.