

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 307

Chapter Three Hundred Seven

Adrik

“Did Max know it was you guys that saved his life?” I asked.

“Nope. He never saw us. He heard the guy drop behind him and turned around to see him dead on the ground, gun in hand.

That’s when he almost p*ssed himself. I have to say, I don’t have a lot of hope that he’s going to make it to his golden years though. His survival instincts are sh*t. He just stood there in the parking lot for like 5 minutes before he finally ran to his car and left,” Stephen said. “We thought he was never going to leave.”

“Sounds about right,” I said. Sephie grinned at me. She knew I thought he was an idiot before tonight. This only proved my point even further.

“He might put it together one day, but I doubt it,” she said. “What about Sal? Now he’s lost another guy.”

“It’s going to take him much longer to figure out we were behind this one. We might’ve made it look like a murder suicide. They’ll find both of them together at his house,” Viktor said.

“Anyone who knows Tori isn’t going to question that story,” Ivan said, unable to contain his laughter.

“I checked the kitchen. There was no broccoli. I was going to leave some between them,” Misha said, causing everyone to laugh.

Poor Sephie had a tight hold of her ribs to try to help ease the pain, but she couldn’t not laugh at that.

I stood up to get her next dose of superprofen. Thankfully it was time, so it would help ease the pain from laughing. She had walked from Andrei to Stephen, sliding her arm around his waist. “Thank you for saving him, even though I know you hate him just as much as everyone else,” she said.

He put his arm around her and hugged her gently. “Boss was right. Just because we don’t like him doesn’t mean he deserved that kind of ending.” She rested her head on his shoulder while he held onto her for a few moments. I watched her take as deep of a breath as she could before she turned around looking at all of us, tears once again in her eyes.

“I don’t ever want to hear any of you even considering that you might be evil or in any way not good. You just saved a man’s life that you all clearly hate tonight, for no other reason than he used to mean something to me. And you did it without a second’s hesitation. Evil men would’ve let him die and not felt bad about it,” she said. She walked slowly to the kitchen where I was standing, wiping away the stray tear that had managed to fall down her cheek.

She was right. I didn’t hesitate to save Max. Regardless of whether it was simply to end her panic, he was still alive tonight because of us. We jumped to action to save the life of an innocent, mostly innocent, he was still an idiot, person. Sephie tucked herself into my side as best she could, leaning her head on my shoulder. She was still looking at all the guys, who were quietly contemplating what she’d just said. “I love you all. More than anything,” she said.

The guys were all waiting on us when we walked out of the bedroom the next morning. It wasn’t that they woke up that much earlier than we did, they were just faster in the shower than I would ever be when Sephie

was involved. A fact that I wasn’t planning on changing anytime soon.

“Who wants to be my other arm for breakfast this morning?” Sephie asked as she walked into the kitchen. She was feeling slightly better this morning. She’d managed to do a few things on her own, laughing about it the whole time. “I feel like a child learning to do this for the first time again,” she’d told me as she managed to put her pants on by herself.

“Spider monkey, you don’t have to cook breakfast. You still need time to heal. It won’t take very long to send someone to get food,” Andrei said.

“I know I don’t have to. I want to. I practically dressed myself this morning. I’m on a roll here. Don’t kill my vibe, Bubba,” she said, smiling broadly at him.

Misha literally jumped out of his chair to stand next to her. “If you’re cooking, I’m helping. I’ll do everything, even. You just have to tell me how you do it,” he said. We all laughed at his enthusiasm, but nobody protested her cooking further.

As she instructed Misha on how to cook, she worked on translating a few more things that Viktor and Stephen had found on Ricardo. Viktor had heard back from the journalist that supposedly had so much information on Ricardo and Lorenzo while Sephie and Misha were still cooking. Viktor got up and took his computer to her. “The journalist finally replied from your last email, sestrichka.”

Sephie gave instructions to Misha, then turned to read the journalist’s response. As she read, her smile got wider. She glanced at Ivan, “your method really p*ssed him off. He spent the first half of this email b*tching about how we don’t believe him. He says, ‘I put my entire life in danger to expose these men and now you accuse me of not knowing anything of significance.’ Well played, Squish,” she said.

“Told you. Journalists have delicate egos,” Ivan said.

“Oh, this is interesting. Now he wants to meet to show you everything. He says it’s not safe to send to you,” she said, looking up at Viktor.

Viktor thought for a minute, then looked to Ivan. “What do you think? Have him come here or meet him elsewhere?”

“Elsewhere. We really don’t know who this guy is. It could be some kind of trap,” Ivan said.

“He has to come to the city though. There’s no way we’re leaving right now, for any reason,” I said.

“He might be too scared to do that,” Sephie said. “He seems nervous about someone finding out he’s still

alive.”

“Then we don’t meet with him. Simple as that. I’m not taking you anywhere else until you’re healed completely, solnishko,” I said, looking at her sternly enough that she wouldn’t try to argue. She grinned at me, then glanced to see where the guys were looking. When she was satisfied they were all looking away, she closed her eyes briefly, making them go dark, then looked to me once more. When she looked at me, I could feel her push her warmth to me as she was looking at me with her dark eyes, a smile on her face. It was so unexpected that I cursed quietly under my breath. She blinked again, making her eyes return to normal and

acted like nothing had happened, continuing on with the conversation, while I was left trying to control myself. I’m in so much trouble.

“Once we’re done eating, I’ll take an hour out of my day to respond to him and tell him he has to come here if he wants to meet with you,” she said, grinning at Viktor.

We were all surprised that the journalist responded quickly to the demand that he come to the city to meet. He basically told Viktor to name the time and place and he’d be there.

“I expected some push back on that one,” Ivan said.

“I did too. I wonder if he’s already here then?” Sephie said, thinking aloud. She was sitting at the kitchen island with Misha while the rest of us cleaned up the kitchen.

“Do we know what he looks like?” Misha asked. Sephie nodded, then pulled a picture up from an article on his supposed death that Viktor had found previously.

Misha extended his hand to her, saying, “let’s see if we can find him.” She grinned at him, taking his hand. The rest of us stopped what we were doing to watch them, waiting to see what they would be able to see.

The process took longer than normal. Usually, Misha would see something right away, but he also usually checked in on people he already knew. It would make sense that it would take longer to find this guy given that neither Sephie nor Misha knew him.

“Got him,” Misha said quietly.

“I know that area. It’s close to where my uncle used to live,” Sephie said as she squeezed Misha’s hand tighter. They watched the movie that only they could see for a few moments longer, before they looked at each other, then to the rest of us.

“He’s already in the city. I can’t tell how long he’s lived here, but he’s living here now. I can show you on the map the area of the city he’s in,” Misha said.

“From what we saw, he keeps to himself mostly. He only goes out for necessities, doesn’t talk to many people, tries to not be seen,” Sephie said.

“He’ll be easy to watch for a few days before we meet with him, then,” Stephen said. “I love a recluse. They’re the easiest ones to watch. They almost always keep to the exact same routine.”

“I’ll go grab a map,” Viktor said.

“Should he meet with one of you, though? He might put it together who you are and who you work for,” Sephie said. “He also appears to prefer to speak Italian, which is going to be problematic.”

“Ask him if he speaks English when you respond. Tell him you’ve been using translator software to respond to him,” Ivan said.

“Even still, your Russian accents are going to give you away,” Sephie said.

Misha turned to look at her. “You’re not meeting with him either, gazelle,” he said, sternly. “If the people of the city heard about you being kidnapped, he’ll just as easily put it together who you are as he will one of us.”

“D*mmmit, I got scolded twice in one morning,” she said, mostly under her breath.