

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 31

Chapter Thirty-One

Adrik

We left the house in three vehicles. Ivan and Viktor with me, Stephen and Misha each driving a separate vehicle. Sometimes I showed up in two, sometimes three. I wasn't entirely sure what I was walking into, so we chose three vehicles. Since we were coming back to the house and not staying in the city, I wanted to make sure no one followed us. We could confuse any tails we had easier with more vehicles.

Salvadori had asked to meet me, to discuss his son. He started off by apologizing for him and said he had a plan that he felt would satisfy everyone. I was sure it would, in fact, not satisfy me but I would hear him out, nonetheless.

We pulled up in front of Salvadori's house. The other bosses loved to show their wealth, so he had a giant fountain in his driveway and usually kept one or two sports cars parked in his driveway. Today, it was the Porsche and Bugatti. Nice cars, but I didn't understand the need for multiple cars that no one ever drives. If you're going to own one, you might as well drive it.

We were met at the front door by Salvadori's head of security. A man named Andy. He was a mostly good man. He had worked for Salvadori for years. Salvadori didn't know it was Andy that had first alerted me to Anthony's dealings with human trafficking. He said he couldn't stand that Anthony was "soiling the family name" by stooping to such a low level. Since then, he's been my mole in Salvadori's operation. Unfortunately, even Salvadori doesn't know everything that Anthony has been up to. He can't control his own son and that is going to bite him later.

"Andy," I said as I spread my arms wide so he could pat me down for weapons.

"Sir, good to see you again," he said. That meant he had no new information for me. If he said it had been a while since he's seen me, then he had information I would be interested in. Andy patted down both Viktor and Ivan, as they would accompany me inside. Stephen and Misha stayed armed and stayed outside with the vehicles. They all had wireless earpieces so they could communicate with one another. Misha and Stephen would be ready in the event we needed to leave in a hurry.

I wasn't expecting trouble, but I was always prepared for it. Salvadori was a smart man. He knew his place within my organization and appeared happy with his slice of the city. He was active in his community, as well as loved by the people in his area of the city. He had a good relationship with the other bosses of the city. The issue remained, however, that he was incapable of controlling his son and that needed to be rectified.

Andy escorted us through the house to the back patio. Salvadori was seated at a table; his grandchildren were playing in the pool. I relaxed slightly. This was a sign that he meant no harm. We were criminals, but we had a hard and fast rule of no harm coming to children intentionally. Ever. This is why Anthony's foray into human trafficking was unforgiveable.

Salvadori stood and extended his arms, exclaiming, "welcome, Sir. Welcome to my home. I'm pleased you have come."

I shook his hand, nodding once. I was a man of few words, whenever possible. I noticed early in life that it tended to make others say more than they should. Most people were uncomfortable with silence and would fill it however they could, spilling secrets in the process.

He motioned for me to sit, as he took his seat once again. Once seated, he began immediately, "My sincerest apologies for the disrespect my son has caused. He has always been a difficult child, with his own ideas of right and wrong. His mother spoiled him to the point of ruin, I'm afraid," he said, making the sign of the cross as he talked about his late

wife.

I remained silent, allowing him to finish. Viktor and Ivan stood behind me, keeping an eye on our surroundings.

Salvadori continued, "I believe I have a plan that will satisfy everyone. I want to keep my son safe, difficult as he is, but I recognize that he is out of control at the moment. I propose to send him to Sicily. I have a brother there who can watch him and keep him out of trouble. He can stay there until this rebellious time passes. He's young, coming into his manhood. Hormones and what not." He flipped his hand in the air, like that was a suitable explanation for his son's behavior.

I inhaled, thinking about this "solution." My reach in Sicily was minimal, at best. I'm sure that Salvadori knew this, which is why he picked Sicily. It was one place that I couldn't easily reach Anthony. I felt my anger threaten to rise to the surface. I didn't like this plan. I would much rather see that piece of trash dead.

"He goes to Sicily immediately. He is not to return here without my permission. If I catch him in this city, he will be a dead man. The entire city will have shoot on sight orders for him. Understood?"

Salvadori's left eye twitched, just as Sephie had said, but he nodded his head in agreement. I couldn't shake the feeling that something still felt off about this situation. I didn't like it, but I didn't know why yet. Was he being dishonest or was he angry?

"Your tax will be increased for two years, as well. 40%. Take it from Anthony, I don't care."

His eyes went wide in shock, but he immediately gained control of his reaction once again. "Of course, sir. That's very reasonable. I will make sure Anthony leaves within the week."

"He has two days."

"Yes, sir," Salvadori said. He looked to Andy and nodded his head, waving his hand toward the table. "Now, please, I have a gift for the lovely Sephie. A token of apology from an old man."

Andy set a jewelry box in front of me on the table. I opened it to reveal a diamond tennis bracelet. It was beautiful, but I couldn't imagine her wanting to wear it. I still had that feeling that something was off, but graciously accepted the gift on her behalf. I stood to shake Salvadori's hand and followed Andy back through the house. As we walked through the front door, Andy looked to the sky. The spring storm from earlier had passed, but the sky was still slightly overcast. "Looks like it might rain again, sir. Be careful on your drive home."

I nodded my head. We got in the vehicles and drove away from the house in silence. Instead of turning to go back to my house, we turned in the opposite direction to drive back into the city.

"Penthouse, sir?" Ivan confirmed.

"Da. Something is off. I don't like this," I said, turning the jewelry box over in my hands.

"Agreed," both Viktor and Ivan said.