

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 350

Sephle

Adrik looked between me and Vitaliy, completely surprised and maybe slightly worried. I smiled at him. "Don't worry, he just wants to hear stories about what a badass I am," I said, smirking at Adrik. He immediately relaxed, laughing at me.

"We can help with that, too," Viktor said.

"Good. I want to hear everything. She needs time with the Colombian anyway. He needs her," Vitaliy said in Russian as he walked toward the house, expecting everyone to follow him. Adrik looked torn between following his father and staying with me.

I put my hands on his chest. "Go. You'll be glad you did. He's right, too. I want to talk to Trino. I have a feeling there's something he needs said."

Aleksei had noticed Adrik's hesitancy to leave me. "Go, I will stay with her and the Colombian. I'll bring her to you when they're done. I know where he's going," he said, nodding his head toward Vitaliy.

Adrik glanced at me once more, kissing me gently, then followed his father. The guys looked torn between following Adrik and staying with me. "You can go, too. I'll be okay. He wasn't kidding. He really does want to hear stories about me. I promised him glory. You guys better deliver and make me sound way f**king better than I am. I'm talking mythological proportions, fellas. Fables. Epic poetry. Urban legends. All of it."

Every single one of them gave me their best smiles as they followed Adrik. Aleksei looked at me as they were leaving, his eyebrow raised. "You are very special. He hasn't smiled in years, much less laughed. I'm not sure how you managed it, but thank you. He needed that." He didn't wait for me to respond. He walked a short distance from me and Trino, giving us privacy.

"I've really gotta learn Russian if I'm going to keep hanging out with you people," Trino said cheekily.

"You know, I've thought the same about learning Spanish," I said, laughing. We stood in mostly comfortable silence for a few moments, then I asked. "You were able to see her?"

"Si, Miha. I spent the last few hours with her. She was still lucid enough when I got there that she knew who I was. My father said she'd been in and out most of the day, but she recognized him right before I got there. She told him I was coming, even." He laughed. "He didn't believe her. He thought she was hallucinating again, then I showed up ten minutes later."

"Trino. I'm so sorry, but I'm so thankful you got to see her. I didn't know about your mother until I'd already told you to leave," I said, reaching out and putting my hand on his arm.

"Miha, I don't know how to ever thank you. I thought I was in debt to you before for giving me closure about Mateo, but now this. My mother was stubborn. She wouldn't let my father tell me. She said I was a busy man and she didn't want to bother me." His voice cracked as he struggled to finish

the sentence.

"She did what mothers do, Trino. They sacrifice for their children. Willingly. I'm fairly sure she would tell you she'd do it again, too."

He laughed, trying to keep the tears that were threatening to fall from doing so. "It's weird. My entire world is falling apart and I can't stop thinking about how grateful I am that it happened so I could see her one last time."

"Everything happens the way it's supposed to, Trino. We might not be able to see it at the time, but there's a reason for everything. It's our job to figure out the reason. This one just happens to be obvious."

Trino sighed. "Thank you, Miha. I still don't know how you know everything you do, but I'm forever in your debt and I will always stay loyal to Jefe because of you."

"You would've stayed loyal to him without me, Trino. I'm just extra incentive," I said, laughing. I put my arm through his, walking us toward Aleksei. "Come on, you can add to the stories about me that they're all telling. I'll be your translator."

Aleksei nodded to both of us. "Follow me," he said in his thick Russian accent.

We wound our way through the house to a study at the opposite end of the house. "I'm never going to find my way out of here," I said, mostly to myself as we walked into the room. Adrik's eyes landed on me immediately when we walked into the room, almost like he was expecting us to walk in at that moment. Trino patted my hand that was still holding his arm, releasing my arm so I could go to Adrik.

"You have very impressive stories about you, sladkaya," Vitaliy said in Russian, watching as Adrik pulled me next to him on the couch.

"Depends on your definition of impressive, I think," I said, smiling at him. "But I did tell them I promised you glory. I hope they didn't disappoint."

Vitaliy laughed. "They did anything but."

"Can we speak English for Trino? He has stories of my glory as well I don't want to leave him out," I said in English. Vitaliy laughed for the second time in as many minutes.

"Since you're all here now, tell me what's happening. I've heard little pieces here and there from some of my contacts I still keep in touch with, but I'm guessing it's gotten much worse," Vitaliy said.

We spent the next few hours filling in some of the details of everything that had happened since I met Adrik. Vitaliy was not surprised that Lorenzo and Salvadori were big players behind the coup. "You know I banished Lorenzo just as a 'f**k you' to Salvadori, right?" The disgust was apparent. "I don't think I've ever met a more disgusting human than Salvadori."

"Armando might actually get that title now," Stephen said.

"Explain," Vitaliy said, clearly curious. We hadn't gone into explicit detail about Armando's betrayal and Vitaliy didn't know yet that Ivan and I were taken. When he heard all the details of what had happened, he was clearly angry, but surprisingly, it was somewhat directed at me. "You said you got hurt and couldn't train. You never said anything about almost dying at the hands of Armando!" he said, his voice quite loud. Adrik's hold on me got a little tighter. I could feel his anger, but I squeezed his leg to let him know I was okay.

I looked at Vitaliy, as calmly as I could, and said, "because I knew this would be your reaction and I preferred to have them closer to me when it happened."

He opened his mouth to speak, but shut it without saying a word. I heard Adrik cough quietly and I knew he was trying not to laugh. I glanced at Ivan, who was also struggling not to laugh.

"She didn't tell you how badly she was hurt either," Trino said. "I saw her soon after. It was bad."

"I mean, it wasn't ideal, but I'm still here," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

"And what of Armando?" Vitaliy asked.

"Oh, he's wishing he took her advice, pretty much on a daily basis," Ivan said.

"What advice?"

The guys all couldn't hold in their laughter any longer. None of them could keep it together long enough to answer, so it fell to me to do so.

"There were a few minutes between when they got to the building and when they actually made it up to me and Ivan. Armando knew they were in the building and made a call to his security guys, who had already left and wouldn't take his call. I might have told him his best option was to go to the roof and jump. Otherwise he was going to experience a very slow, painful death," I said. "He didn't take me up on the offer, so he almost died that day and a few times since that day."

Adrik looked at his father. "I want him to suffer for what he did to her," he said.

"As well you should. What was the end game of taking her? To get to you?" Vitaliy asked.

"That and they were trying to sell me. I still don't know if it was Sal's idea or Armando's idea to do so, but Armando seemed to think I was going to solve a lot of his problems once I was sold. When he realized I wouldn't fetch top dollar, that's when he lost it and the beating began," I said.

Vitaliy cursed under his breath. "By what standards did they decide that you wouldn't get top dollar?"

I sighed. "I have scars covering my back, Vitaliy. Armando didn't know about them. I keep them covered. My stomach and legs were also heavily bruised from when they grabbed me, and Ivan. They had to slam me into a parked car to subdue me. When he saw the bruises and the scars, he lost it. I might've also provoked his anger by being a sh*t. I have a problem controlling my mouth."

"The scars. What are they from?" he asked. I could tell he was curious, but he was very serious, like he was already planning on destroying whatever it was that gave me the scars.

"Her uncle almost killed her, Ivan said, so I wouldn't have to."

We watched as Vitaliy's anger rose to the surface. "And what of him?" he asked. He was gripping the arms of his chair so hard that his knuckles were

white.

"I killed him." I said.

My answer took Vitaliy by surprise. I heard Aleksei cursing behind me as well. Vitaliy thought for a moment, then said, "I see I was wrong to worry about you, sladkaya. You were made for this world."

Misha snapped his fingers and pointed at me. "Called it."