

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 39

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Adrik

I went to my office to make arrangements for Sephie's neighbors to move to my building downtown while she showered and changed after her torture session with Misha. Poor guy was going to have a rough day because of her.

Ivan's plan was a solid one. I was hopeful that Ms. Jackson and Mr. Turner would agree to it. It would make things much easier as well. I could be near her during the day. I hoped it would make her as happy as it would make me.

Calling her my girlfriend in front of Misha and then the sudden panic that she might reject me made it all seem more real, somehow. With women in the past, I never had any fear that they would reject me. They all threw themselves at me, so desperate for my attention. Sephie wasn't like that at all. I could see there was an attraction there when she first looked at me, but she ran away just as much as she ran to me. She was always cognizant of what I needed. Women in my past were only concerned about what they needed. Sephie even considers my men before herself many times. She seems to intuitively know what they need, even before they do.

I had two apartments prepared for her neighbors. I would stop by later today to speak with them both in person. Unusual offers were always best delivered in person. I texted the addition to my schedule to Viktor.

Picking up the file on top of my desk, I read through the contents one more time. I'd been looking for information on Anthony's uncle in Sicily. I didn't have much, but what I did have didn't make me any happier about this deal that I made with Salvadori. His brother, Lorenzo, was no better than Anthony. It apparently ran in that family.

I knew something wasn't sitting right when Salvadori mentioned his brother, but I couldn't remember what about that man felt wrong. Finally, I found the evidence that I needed. The reason Lorenzo was in Sicily was because of my father. My father had banished him, just like I banished Anthony. Lorenzo had been stealing from my father. My father caught him and in a moment of restraint, he banished him to Sicily instead of having him killed. I always thought he did it as a favor to Salvadori, who had been a loyal boss to my father for years.

Now I was sending Anthony, a man who had a grudge against me, to a man who had a grudge against my father. Lorenzo had made a few attempts to overtake my father after he was banished, but he could never get enough support. The other bosses were too scared of my father to side with Lorenzo. The question now was how loyal the bosses were to me. They weren't scared of me, I knew that. But were they loyal?

My anger started to rise over this whole ridiculous situation. I cursed and slammed my fist on my desk. I put my head in my hands, thinking about how much I wanted to watch the life drain from Anthony's eyes.

I felt Sephie's soft hands on my shoulders. I hadn't even heard her come into my office. She didn't say a word, she just massaged my shoulders until the tension eased slightly. She leaned down and kissed my cheek, the floral scent of her shampoo filling my nostrils. I inhaled deeply. I reached up, pulling her arms around me.

"You look frustrated," she said quietly.

"I'm better now. I don't know how you do it, but I hope you never stop."

She looked at me, puzzled. "Do what?"

"You always know what I need. Sometimes before I do. You do it with the guys too. You know what they need before

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they do."

She just shrugged her shoulders. "It seems obvious to me, most times."

I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. "Most people are oblivious to those around them. Your observation skills are next level. I should give you a job just telling me things about people I miss. You were right about Salvadori, too."

"Don't be silly. Your observation skills are superb."

I pulled her around to sit in my lap. "I think we should ask Ivan whether you or I am the better emotional support sloth."

She started giggling. She covered her face with her hands. "Sometimes I don't know what comes over me. I can't believe he didn't kill me for that. I know he wanted to."

"You still don't see it. Killing you is the last thing Ivan would ever want to do," I said. My hands running lightly over her back.

She leaned against me, lost in thought. My phone started buzzing on my desk. She reached for it, handing it to me. She looked at me with a devilish spark in her eye, "you should let me answer it. I'll be your secretary."

I glanced at the caller ID. It was Viktor. I handed the phone to her. Her eyes lit up, as she suddenly tried to be very serious. She cleared her throat and answered the call, "Hello, you've reached the phone of the man who shall remain nameless. He's currently unavailable, but I will be happy to give him a message for you. May I ask who is calling?"

I heard Viktor's deep laugh on the other end of the phone. She recognized his laugh too and started giggling.

"Sestrichka, can you please tell the man who shall remain nameless that the helicopter will be here at 12:30 and that, uh, the other matter has been added to his schedule. We will make an additional first stop and last stop."

"Of course, I will give him the message right away and you have a wonderful afternoon, you giant Russian bear of a man you. Thank you for calling."

We could hear his laughter before the call ended. She set the phone down on the desk and looked at me. "Sir, your helicopter will be here at 12:30 and your additional stops have been added to your itinerary."

I ran my hand up her back to the back of her neck. Grabbing a fistful of her still damp hair, I pulled her close and kissed her deeply. She was so full of life. "I could get used to having a sexy secretary," I said, trying to catch my breath.

She pressed her forehead to mine, her breath erratic as well.

"Wait, you have a helicopter?"