

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 396

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Sephie

Stephen had been nervous most of the day. I couldn't say I blamed him, either. When it finally came time to leave for the hotel, he looked like he might back out. "What if I tell them I'm sick?" he asked.

"You can tell them you're sick. You don't have to see them this time, but you're also just pushing off the inevitable. They're going to keep coming back every few years. You'll keep having this same reaction every few years, too. Or, you can go tonight, let us back you up, and see that your sisters are not as scary as you remember," I said. "And maybe get some enjoyment out of me punching them. I don't know. We'll see what happens."

He laughed. "Okay, okay. I'll go." He slid his arm around my shoulders. "Thank you," he said, quiet enough that only I could hear.

"We're all here for you, Yoden. Vlad would be here too, but he got caught up at customs. I keep telling him to make different shipping arrangements for himself but he never listens."

He laughed again. "He is very stubborn," he said, as he shook his head.

We purposely arrived early so that we would already be at the restaurant when his sisters arrived. They were noticeably shocked that we were the only ones in the restaurant. We were waiting for them at the front of the restaurant, to make it easier for us to be closer to Stephen when he had to see them. To them, it looked like we were all enjoying a drink before dinner. In reality, we were all sipping on water, waiting for their unraveling, as Misha put it.

"Is the restaurant open?" one of his sisters asked. I didn't know their names. Much like Vitaliy's men, I didn't want to know their names.

"No, we had it closed," Stephen said.

"Why?" she asked.

"To make it easier."

"Easier for what?"

"For me to be here. For him to be here. And for him to be here," Adrik said, pointing to Vitaliy and Battista. While Adrik was capable of coming across as friendly, he was not putting one ounce of effort into it with these three. He had his intimidation factor up as high as it would go when he addressed her.

"Oh," was all she said. The other two sisters stayed quiet, but I could already feel their displeasure at being spoken to that way. Clearly, they had no idea who Adrik was.

When they walked in, Ivan had glanced at them. I watched him as he watched them. I saw the look of surprise flash across his face as he looked at one of them in particular, I had a feeling I knew what he saw and I also had a feeling that was the middle sister that he was looking at. I caught his eye, raising my eyebrow at him. He discreetly pointed out the one he saw something on and shook his head no discreetly. He was in much better control this time than he was when we met Battista's associate, but I still pushed a little of my anger to him for good measure. I was trying to keep it to low levels for now, as I left my contacts at home. I didn't want my eyes changing just yet. Ivan was getting so sensitive to my moods that he still felt it. He gave me a sly wink in appreciation.

Stephen introduced everyone quickly, but I still didn't pay attention to their names. I would never care to know their names. I only cared that this was the only time I ever had to see them.

As we sat down, his sisters seemed pleasant enough, but I could easily tell it was all an act. I caught Andrei's eyes go wide a few times at he some of their thoughts as well. Rude didn't even begin to describe what they were thinking. One of them, I'm guess disrespectful in her thoughts about literally every single one of the guys. Her mind was so far in the gutter as soon

Anny. I would say her panties were wet as soon as she saw so many men, but she wasn't wearing

most likely the middle sister,

anyone

уπ

one

I'm guessing

nasty and unpleasant all oldest, 1

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But they all wore fake smiles and had fake manners at the beginning of dinner. I was sure it wouldn't last. Once the initial awkwardness wore off, we all started talking and laughing like normal. Vitaliy knew enough of what was going on that he asked plenty of questions to keep the conversation going, as did Battista. I could tell that Battista was catching my eyes changing just enough that he thought he might be noticing something, but he wasn't sure. We kept the conversation light, so they hadn't gone dark, but I was sure they'd switched from blue to green to normal a few times.

We were also speaking English, so Battista could understand the conversation. I caught the sisters conversing among themselves a few times in Russian, but I wasn't close enough that I could understand them. We finally told a story that involved Stephen's greatness. He really had saved everyone's asses, but I might've fawned over him and maybe embellished just a bit. The guys knew what was happening. They all backed me up. It was exactly what was needed.

I saw the middle sister get quiet, her face turned sour. I watched Ivan as he looked at her. It was plainly on his face that he wasn't seeing her face any longer. I very quietly pointed it out to Stephen, who could also plainly see it on Ivan's face that something had changed with her. She said something quietly to the youngest sister, but loud enough that the rest of us heard her speaking. She said it in Russian, thinking I wouldn't be able to understand

her.

I kindly asked her in English to repeat herself. She did. In Russian. She said she knew I was lying because there was no way Stephen could ever do anything right. I caught Stephen shrinking back beside me. I knew he was reliving her insults as a kid. I kept my fake smile plastered on my face, as I asked her in Russian to please tell me of her accomplishments that were better than saving everyone's lives.

I could feel the excitement of the rest of the guys as they knew what was about to happen. It almost made me laugh. I had to admit that I was looking.

forward to it, as well.

Her face fell slightly, when she learned I could speak Russian, but she doubled down. "I don't need to tell you anything. Silence is better than lies."

This bitch.

I was working hard to keep my eyes from changing. It wasn't time yet. Not yet.