

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 71

## Chapter Seventy-One

Sephie

We left downtown and drove away from the city. They pulled up to the small, private airport just outside the city. Shit. They're never going to find me. As soon as I saw the jet on the runway, I started to panic. I couldn't let them get me on that plane.

The SUV pulled up beside the plane. Both men jumped out. They tried to pull me out of the backseat, but I kicked one of them in the face. I heard him curse me in Italian, confirming my fears that they were bad news. The other one came to the other side and grabbed me by the shoulders. "Don't make me hurt you," he said as he dragged me toward the plane. He picked me up and threw me over his shoulder to walk me up the few stairs to the plane. I grabbed the door frame and tried to get free, but he broke my grip and walked me onto the plane. He threw me into a seat toward the rear of the plane.

"You, stay. Or I shoot you," he said, pulling a gun from his boot. He slipped my shoes off before leaving me, his anger clearly visible on his face that I had kicked his buddy. Might be the only perk for wearing heels...

I pulled my knees to my chest, burying my head in my arms. All I could think about now was Adrik. I kept replaying everything over and over in my head. I had only glanced away for a second. When I looked back, he was going down, grabbing his chest. I remember seeing Ivan and Viktor running to him. I couldn't see the other three guys. Then I was grabbed. What the fuck happened? And more importantly, how was I going to get out of this situation?

There was only one exit from the plane. And it was guarded. Why weren't we taking off? They were just standing around, like they were waiting for something. I buried my head again, the tears coming full force now. For all I knew, Adrik was dead. How was I supposed to live without him?

I was sobbing now. I couldn't imagine a life without him. My body started shaking uncontrollably. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. The only thing I could feel was the gaping hole forming in my chest as I replayed the scene of

Adrik going down over and over again.

I heard vehicles pull up outside the plane. Voices. Doors being opened and shut on the vehicles and then the underside of the plane. Footsteps coming up to the plane. I didn't pick my head up. I didn't care to see who had taken me. Nothing mattered anymore if Adrik wasn't in my life.

I kept my head down, hugging my knees as tightly as I could with my hands bound. I heard another vehicle pull up outside. More voices. More doors opening and closing. More footsteps coming up to the plane.

I heard someone walk toward me and stop in front of me. I just curled into a tighter ball, expecting the worst. I heard the click of a knife blade being extended and flinched. I felt warm hands on mine and then my hands were free.

"Princess. You're very difficult to kidnap. You look like hell. Boss is going to be pissed."

I was still so scared that his familiar voice didn't register. I just kept my head down, my body still shaking, still convinced of my imminent death. I heard him kneel in front of me, his hands on my shoulders. I flinched at his touch, still trying to get away from him. I heard him curse in Russian.

"Sephie." He shook me gently. "Look at me, Sephie. You're safe."

I peeked at him. I recognized him. Ivan. My brain still not registering what was happening. I just buried my head again, rocking back and forth, shaking uncontrollably. I heard loud voices outside this time. One sounded familiar. Rushed footsteps up the steps to the plane, toward me. They stopped short of me.

His loud voice, "WHAT THE FUCK! YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO HARM HER!"

The voice that had threatened to shoot me said, "she fought back. Hard. She jumped out of the vehicle. We barely caught her. You guys didn't tell us she was so fucking fast. Or strong. I think she broke Alfredo's face. She kicked him in the face when we tried to get her out of the vehicle."

Footsteps. Hands on me. These hands were different. My body instantly relaxed when I felt these hands. I was still too scared to look, still rocking back and forth.

"Persephone, love. Look at me."

I hugged my knees closer to me, shutting my eyes tighter. That voice. That was the voice I wanted to hear more than anything in the world. The one voice that I would never hear again. The tears started flowing again. I started rocking back and forth. "No, no, no. It can't be. It can't be." I said quietly to myself.

"Sephie. Look at me, please. Solnishko. It's me, Adrik."

"No, I saw him go down on the stage. This is a cruel joke."

"It was fake. We needed everyone to believe I was killed. I'm very much alive, I assure you. Please look at me." He turned his head, giving orders in Russian. I heard activity outside the plane, more footsteps boarding the plane. My head was starting to pound. I peeked at him while his head was turned. The lights were so bright, but there was something familiar about his profile. I squinted, trying to adjust to the light. I reached out and touched his face lightly." He didn't move. He just closed his eyes, leaning into my touch. A single tear fell from his eye.

"It can't be you. I saw you go down. I saw everybody run to you."

He took a deep breath. He turned his head, his blue eyes filled with tears as he looked at me with nothing but regret. "This was not how this was supposed to go. You were not supposed to get hurt."

He tried to find a place that he could rest his hands, but my road rash was even worse this time. Pro tip: don't jump out of a moving vehicle in lace and satin. It offers zero protection from the hard concrete. As he looked me over, another tear fell from his eye. I reached up and wiped his eye with my thumb.

"Please forgive me, solnishko. Please forgive me." His head dropped, resting against my legs. I felt fresh tears welling up in my eyes. I wanted to touch his hair. I wanted to console him. My head was pounding so badly that I could barely think.

I lightly touched his hair. "Is it really you?"

He looked up at me, hopeful, his eyes wet with tears. "It's really me, solnishko."

I stared at him for a few minutes, not saying anything. My brain still struggling to process everything. He never took his eyes off me. I reached out and touched his face again. "You know your old girlfriends are still mad because you never told them your name?"

He laughed, his smile pulling at something in my chest.

The plane moved forward on the runway, taxiing for take-off. I tensed. Before I knew what happened, he had lifted me from the seat to a couch on the other side of the plane. He put me in his lap, his arms wrapped tightly around me. I rested my head on his shoulder. "My head really hurts," I said before closing my eyes and letting the darkness take over.