

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 122

Chapter One Hundred Twenty Two

Sephie

She thought for a few minutes, Ms. Jackson watching her lost in her thoughts. “Child, when you think about Misha do you get butterflies and your heart rates?” Ms. Jackson asked her.

Glana thought for a moment, then nodded her head. “He’s really Jndsome.”

Ms. Jackson chuckled. “They all are. Now, when you think about the Armando, do you get butterflies and does your heart race?”

Glana thought for a moment more, but this Time she shook her head no. “No, Armando is different. I think because he’s my boss, I’ve never let myself think about him like that. I just think him as my boss.”

“Were you intimidated by him when you first started working for him? You had to have known who he is when you took the job, right?” I asked. I was almost certain I knew where Ms. Jackson was going with her line of questioning here.

“No, he’s always been so nice to me. Like overly so. He never says anything when I’m late either and I’m late all the time,” she said.

Ms. Jackson looked at her, somewhat sternly. “That’s a sign that your body is giving you that Misha is not the one for you.

Everyone gets it backward and goes for the butterflies and racing pulse, but the ones we’re meant to be with will bring you calm. A familiarity, if you will. You’ll feel like you’ve known them for years after just a few days.”

Glana thought for a moment, then looked to me. “Is that how it happened with you and Ghost?”

I nodded. “The first time I saw him, I saw Viktor and Andrei walk in first. I mean, they’re giant and they’re both very attractive men, but I felt nervous looking at them. When I saw Ghost walk in and even more so when he looked at me, I felt a weird calm. come over me. There’s a pull between us too that has always been there. Like anytime we’re apart, there’s a pull toward the other until we’re together again.”

Giana’s eyes got wide. “I couldn’t figure out why I missed him when he was away for a few days. I felt like a weirdo for it.”

“I bet if I asked him about his time away, he would likely say the same thing,” I said. I laughed, “what’s your opinion of Ivan now that you’ve spent more time around him?”

“He still scares the shi t out of me, and I like him much more when you’re around, but he’s not as scary as I originally thought. I can see he’s just doing his job, which he’s admittedly very good at, she said.

I raised my eyebrow. This one might have potential.

Ms. Jackson crossed her arms across her chest. “You’ve just said everything you need to know, my dear. If Sephie sees that Armando looks at you differently, then there’s something there on his end too. Not much, if anything, gets by Sephie.” She Jooked at me proudly.

“But I can’t make the first move on my boss!” Glana said.

“Oh, leave it to me. I’ll drop a hint and he’ll do the rest,” I said, smiling at her.

We were walking to the last shop of the day. Thank God, my feet hurt and my hip is starting to really hurt. How do women shop like this all the time? Ms. Jackson and Giana were busy talking about something fashion related as we walked down the sidewalk. I was busy daydreaming about getting back to Adrik soon. I was trying to hide it, but my limp was coming back. Giana and Ms.

Jackson were having such a good time that I didn’t want to rain on their parade by having to go back to the penthouse.

Ivan was on one side of us, Misha on the other, with Andrei following behind. I heard him say something to Misha in Russian, so Giana wouldn’t understand. Misha, who was next to me, looked down as we continued walking. He leaned closer to me, quietly saying, “I can give you a ride, gazelle. Boss will ki ll us if we bring you back broken.“

“Holy shi t, I love you so much right now.” I looked over my shoulder, pointing to Andrei. “You too, Bubba. I know this was your idea. We stopped, Misha squatted down for me, and Andrei was behind me to pick me up. The other three didn’t even notice we had stopped and we were back beside them, just with me on Misha’s back. Ivan looked over, raising an eyebrow. I mouthed. “hip.” He nodded his head and continued on.

I whispered into Misha’s ear, “I am the go ddamn princess right now.” He laughed loudly, causing the two girls to look our way. I hugged his neck a little tighter, enjoying our inside jokes. I looked at Ms. Jackson and Giana. “What? I don’t see how women do this regularly. It’s excruciating.” Both laughed at me, but I didn’t care. I was happy to not be limping right now. I felt Misha squeeze my legs a little tighter. “They clearly don’t know that I’m the go ddamn princess,” I whispered in his ear.

I was so tired by the time we got to the shop that I sat on a bench with Andrei while the other two girls did their shopping. Ms. Jackson was pulling out clothes for me. I didn’t want to try on anything; she knew my sizes and was shopping for me. At this point, I didn’t care anymore. I’d already bought more clothes in one day than I had in the last three years, combined. I had plenty. Armando must’ve also given Giana his card because she was going crazy.

I sighed, resting my head on Andrei’s shoulder. “You okay, spider monkey?”

“I don’t get women. I feel like I’m a complete weirdo when it comes to being a woman. None of this interests me in the least. I don’t get it, either. Like we all know they’re putting this much effort into looking good for other women, not men. Most guys don’t care this much what women wear. Or don’t wear. It’s more for other women, so we can all judge each other on superficial attributes and pretend rules that we somehow silently agreed upon as a gender centuries ago.”

He laughed. “That’s one reason why we all love you so much. You don’t play by their rules. It’s also what makes most women ha te you, for the record. They don’t know they don’t have to play by the rules, and it irritates them that you don’t.”

I slid my arm through his, squeezing his giant bicep. “You’re so smart, Bubba. Don’t let anybody tell you you’re just a pretty face.”

He looked at me sideways. “Who said I had a pretty face?”

I laughed. It was the exact response I was expecting. I winked at him. “You do have a pretty face. Tori doesn’t know what she messed up. You deserve so much better.” I felt his other hand on top of mine. He leaned over and kissed the top of my head.

“You’re my favorite, spider monkey.”

“You’re mine. Don’t tell the others.” He laughed, knowing by this point that I said that to all of them