

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 204

Chapter Two Hundred Four

Sephie

Andy told the guys everything he knew, then hurriedly left the office. He looked like he didn't want to be in the office any longer than he needed to be, given the reaction we all had when he identified Dr. Moretti. The guys were in deep discussion about a plan for what to do about Dr. Moretti.

Viktor's phone rang. He answered it, a puzzled look on his face. He looked at me, now on the couch in Adrik's lap to try to help him remain calm. He ended the call, saying, "someone is here to see you, sestrichka. They're in the lobby."

I looked at him, completely confused. "Who is it? Nobody comes to see me." I felt Adrik's arms tighten around me.

"He said it was a guy, Tall, blonde hair. He said he knows you." Viktor said.

"It has to be Max. He's the only guy, outside of this room, that would know me and know where to find me. Although I don't know why he would be here, unless he broke up with Tori," I said.

Misha and Andrei stood up. "We'll take you down to see him," Andrei said. This wasn't going to end well. Neither of them had any love for Max.

Adrik, who was already struggling to keep his cool, let his hatred for Max finally come out as he said, "I don't want him up here, but I won't keep you from seeing what he wants." I tried not to laugh. I turned to look at him. He saw the amused look on my face, which caused him to soften just a bit. "What? That guy is a fu cking mo ron. There. I said it."

I couldn't keep it in. I laughed. "I mean, you're not entirely wrong," I said, kissing his lips.

On the elevator down to the lobby, I pulled my hands inside my sleeves again. I sighed. "As if this week couldn't get any weirder."

I leaned back against the wall of the elevator. I felt Andrei's hand pulling me off the wall so he could wrap his sizeable arm around me. I leaned against his shoulder, thankful for the comfort as I watched the numbers on the elevator descend. Right before we got to the lobby, I looked at them both. "Just promise me you won't kill him in front of everyone, because I can almost guarantee there's going to be some du mb shi t that comes out of his mo uth."

They both smirked at me. "We're not savages, spider monkey. He won't see it coming when it happens," Andrei said, his mischievous grin across his face.

As we walked off the elevator, I could see Max surrounded by three guards. He looked horrible. He also looked pissed, which surprised me. "Huh," I said as we walked closer. Misha picked up on it as well and stepped closer to me.

"Hi, Max," I said as we walked up. Andrei nodded to the guards that were standing with Max, indicating that they were free to go.

"Was that really necessary? Like I can't just come see you? Don't they know we're friends?" he asked, a clear edge to his voice that I didn't appreciate. Misha and Andrei both tensed next to me.

"Are we though, Max?" I said, my anger from earlier still right at the surface. "How many times have you fallen off the face of the earth because the latest girl you're fu cking was jealous of me, even though she had no reason to be? Is that why you're here now? You finally broke it off with Tori and you remembered that exist again?" Andrei and Misha both glanced down on me, surprised at my response, but both trying to hold in smiles.

Max was slightly stunned at my response. I crossed my arms across my chest, waiting for him to answer. He glanced at Andrei and Misha, then looked to me. "Do they have to be here?" he asked

"YES," we all said at once.

He took a small step back. "What do you want, Max?" I asked, now losing patience.

"I saw Chen the other day. He said you came to him asking questions. I just wanted to make sure you were okay," he said.

I laughed. "That's not why you're here, Max. Don't play the protective friend card when you haven't bothered to reach out since you started dating Tori, not even after I warned you about her. Now, what do you want?"

Misha glanced down at me, recognizing the look on my face. "You better get on with it, dude. She's losing patience, which means I'm gonna lose my patience, which means Andrei's gonna lose his patience and the rest of the people in the lobby aren't ready to see that happen today. Help them out by getting the fu ck on with it."

Max looked at him, wide-eyed, then looked at the floor. "You were right," he said, quietly.

My anger wouldn't let me feel sorry for him. "I'm sorry, what was that?" I asked.

He took a deep breath in, exhaling loudly. "You were right. About Tori. She's almost destroyed me. I'm going broke because of her. I can't pay my rent. She doesn't seem to understand that I need to flirt with the women at the bar to get tips and that's all it is. I might be an asshole when it comes to women, but I don't cheat."

"Have you broken up with her?" I asked.

He shook his head no. "I'm scared to. I don't know what she's going to do. She's gone completely unhinged a few times at the restaurant. Like the rest of the kitchen staff ran away because they were scared of her."

"Has the owner seen this?" I asked, trying to get him to see the solution himself.

"No. You know he rarely comes in," he said.

"He's noticed your sales have dropped at the bar though," I said. He nodded his head. "Talk to him. Tell him what's going on. He's going to side with you in this situation. You bring in more money than Tori. You're the asset, not her. Get him to come to the restaurant and then goad her into exploding. He'll see it and fire her on the spot. He's a reasonable man. Use that to your advantage."

I could see the pieces click into place in his head. He looked at me. "Sephie, you're a genius. I knew you would know how to fix this." He moved like he was going to hug me, but Andrei and Misha both stepped further in front of me, preventing him from getting closer.

Andrei looked at Max, crossing his arms across his chest. "She warned you months ago this was going to happen and you didn't listen. You chose a crazy woman over your friend. You've always chosen other women over Sephie. You're going to live with those consequences from this point forward. The next time you come here, you'll be escorted out of the building."

Max looked to me, a hurt expression on his face. "Sephie..." he said, his mouth open in shock. He was expecting me to argue with Andrei. When I didn't, he was shocked.

I sighed. "Max, you can't keep treating me like this. I'm not going to continue to give you solutions to all your problems when I get nothing in return from you. I can't. I have too much else going on right now. If you want to be a real friend to me, one who doesn't ditch me for the latest fu ck, then we can talk. Until then, I can't keep doing this. I won't keep doing this. Andrei is right. You need to live with the consequences of your choices or you're never going to learn."

Max went from shocked to angry in a split second. It surprised me how quickly he changed. "You think you can ditch me now that you're giving it up to some rich guy? Like you're somehow better than me now?"

"You mean the same fu cking way you've ditched me over and over again? Now that the tables have turned, you don't like it so much do you? You're not going to just wait until I come back around the same way I've waited for you how many fu cking times?" I said. My anger was now fully present. "You think you can come here, interrupt my day, get the answers you need to fix the problem that I warned you about only to have you ignore it until it became a major problem and just continue to treat me like shi t and have me take it?" I had stepped between Misha and Andrei as I was talking. Max was surprised at my outburst. He'd never once seen me angry. As soon as he took a step back, it fueled my anger. I knew I had him on the run and my anger wouldn't stop. I kept walking toward him as I was talking, knowing he was scared. "You seem to forget who the fu ck I'm giving it up to, Max. You will leave this building and you will never return if you want to remain alive. You'll be lucky if I can convince him not to have you killed after he finds out about this and he will find out about this. You did this to yourself. You will live with it." I stopped, knowing Andrei and Misha were right behind me. They were both prepared to pull me off him, if necessary. Max was lucky that my hands still hurt. I wanted to punch him.

Without taking my eyes off Max, I said to Andrei and Misha, in Russian, "can you please get him out of my sight?"

"Gladly," they both said as they stepped around me, grabbing Max and pushing him roughly toward the doors to the building. I watched as they shoved him out of the building. I was trying to breathe deeply to help myself calm down, but I knew I was about to lose it. Everything from this week was about to catch up to me all at once.

Andrei and Misha walked back in, both smiling. I knew they were happy they finally got to throw him out of the building. I couldn't help but smile at their expressions. Misha wrapped his arm around my shoulders as I turned to walk back to the elevators. I managed to keep it together until the elevator doors closed. I felt the angry tears start to fall on the ride back to the office. Both Andrei and Misha noticed, looking at me concerned.

"Don't cry, gazelle. It'll be okay," Misha said, as he squeezed my shoulders.

I tried to laugh, but it came out more like a cough as I was trying to hold back the tears. "I'm not upset. I'm fu cking pissed. I wanted to punch him, but my hands still hurt," I said, pulling my hands out of my sleeves, reminding them of my bruised knuckles.

They tried to hold in their laughter, but they couldn't. I looked at the relief on their faces and couldn't help but laugh with them. I sighed. "You guys helped me finally see him for who he really is. I don't want to put up with that anymore," I said, pulling my hands back in my sleeves.

Andrei pulled me to him, wrapping his giant arms around me, holding me tightly. "I'm so proud of you, Sephie." I stayed quiet for a moment, trying to relax, trying to keep the shaking that had started from getting worse.

"You're my favorite, Bubba. Don't tell the others," I said. He chuckled. I noticed that Misha didn't argue, as the doors to the elevator opened. That's new. I slid my arm through Misha's as we walked back into the office, knowing there was something bothering him.