

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 277

Chapter Two Hundred Seventy-Seven

Sephie

The door opened once more. The two guys who grabbed us walked in first, followed by Salvadori, followed by Armando. Oh, he's dead. They glanced at Ivan, who had blood that was drying on his face, then looked to the two guys who had grabbed us. They just shrugged their shoulders like it wasn't their fault.

Sal walked toward me. The look on his face was difficult to read. He looked happy, but he also looked angry. "You, my dear. You can't keep yourself from killing my men. That's not very lady like of you," he said as he ran a finger down the side of my face and my neck. I felt nauseous at his touch. I could feel Ivan's anger, much the same way I could feel Adrik's, but it wasn't quite as strong of a feeling. But I didn't need to look at him to know he was not happy that Sal was touching me.

"Your men are anything but gentlemen toward me. Maybe if they weren't constantly trying to harm me, I would be nicer to them," I said, trying to move away from his hand as far as I could.

Sal laughed, turning to look at Armando. "You were right, Mando. She is a firecracker."

"What do you want with me?"

"Well, my dear, it started out innocently enough. You were going to be the bait to draw out Ghost so we could kill him," he said. I tensed at him mentioning Adrik. "But now that you've killed so many of my men, I can't let that go unpunished. There's the matter of my son, as well. You've made him look like a fool. You seem to be in my debt, you see," Sal said. His fingers were still running down my neck. He caught the zipper of my shirt, unzipping it as far as it would go, which thankfully was only halfway down. He stood and stared at my bra for a moment, like it was the first time he'd seen a woman's breasts.

"Is this your first time seeing boobs?" I asked. I didn't expect him to slap me, but he did. Hard. My head jerked to the side with the impact of his hand. Ivan threatened him, but Sal ignored him.

"You do have a smart mouth. You'll learn to keep it shut," Sal said.

"I told your idiot son the same thing. School really wasn't my thing. I'm probably not going to learn that anytime soon," I said, looking at Sal with every ounce of hatred I could muster. His fist made contact with my face once more. This time, it was exactly like it had been in my dream. He punched me so hard that my chair tipped over backwards. I heard Ivan yell at him and I could hear him struggling in his chair. The two guys that grabbed us came over and set me back upright. "You punch like a weak old man," I said as soon as I was upright once again. "I bet you can't even get it up. How many dick pills do you have to take to even have sex?" Ivan laughed loudly beside me, which caused Sal to focus his anger on Ivan instead of me. Sal punched Ivan, squarely across the jaw, but Ivan's massive frame barely budged. He stayed quiet for a moment, looking at Sal. He turned his gaze to me, saying, "you were right. He punches like a weak old man."

"That's enough!" Armando said sternly. He had been quiet since they walked in the room. He looked uncomfortable. Good. He should be uncomfortable. His time is coming. "You're not going to get anything for her if you wreck her face," Armando said.

So, Dario was right. Sal was planning on selling me to the highest bidder. My anger was a raging inferno inside, but that thought made me laugh. This dumb f**k. Armando walked to stand next to Sal. He hadn't looked me in the eyes since walking into the room, but he did once he stood next to Sal. The look of surprise on his face was evident. Clearly, my eyes were still dark. I held his gaze, letting even more of my anger come to the surface, secretly hoping that my eyes would go still darker. I said, in Italian, "You're both going to die. Slowly. Painfully." I maintained eye contact with Armando until he looked away. He looked more nervous than when he'd come into the room. Even Sal looked uncertain about what to say. They looked at each other and walked out of the room without another word.

Once they were gone, Ivan asked in Russian, "how's your face, princess?"

"I mean, it's felt better, but I'm okay. Lucky that he really does punch like a weak girl."

Ivan laughed. "What did you say to them?"

"I told them they were both going to die slowly and painfully. I'm guessing by the look on Armando's face, my eyes are still dark?" I asked, looking at Ivan.

"Um, yeah. Every time you look at me, they get darker. They're going to be black by the time this is over with."

"Or I'm going to spontaneously combust. It could go either way, really," I said, laughing.

"Judging by that interaction, I would guess Sal is in charge and Armando is going along with him for whatever reason. Maybe Sal has something over him?"

"Yeah, but remember who Armando is sleeping with. I don't think he's as innocent as he's trying to get us to believe. He only came to my defense because Sal beating me further would've meant a lower price for me. I'm done with him. There's no getting out of this for him, as far as I'm concerned," I said.

"I agree. We might be able to play them off each other, though. If we can get them fighting each other, it might give us a chance to get out of here. You're doing great, princess. I'm proud of you," he said, winking at me.

"I would not be doing this well if you weren't here with me, Super Squish. You're my favorite. Don't tell the others."