

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 335

Chapter Three Hundred Thirty-Five

Sephie

That afternoon, while Andrei, Misha, and I were in the penthouse waiting on Adrik's meetings to end, Ms. Jackson called Misha to ask if she could see me. He gave her an excuse of not being with me, but said he would find me and call her back. Ms. Jackson said, "don't worry, son, I don't want her to come down here." Then she added very quietly, "it's about Giana." Misha promised to call her back in a few minutes after he found me and found out what my schedule was.

"Giana's been kept to her apartment since we got Armando, hasn't she?" I asked.

"She was, but they've recently let her go see Ms. Jackson, She's under heavy guard, though. She can't go anywhere on her own right now. She apparently threw a tantrum and threatened to kill herself and all kinds of nonsense, so they finally let her go see Ms. Jackson a few times a week just to shut her up." Andrei said.

"Huh. Wouldn't have guessed that would ever happen," I said, as sarcastically as possible.

"It's up to you if you want to deal with this or not. I can call Ivan, too. We'll go fetch her again if you want to see her. I can let Boss know, too," Misha said.

"Ms. Jackson wouldn't call if she didn't have something important. Does she know about Armando and what he did to me?" I asked.

"I don't think so. Nobody's told her. She called a few times when you were still hurt, but I told her we were away. I didn't think you'd be up for any kind of company," Misha said. He looked worried that I would be mad at him gatekeeping my nonexistent social life.

"You were right to do so, my adorable Russian guardian, I couldn't have handled talking to her before." I said, smiling sweetly at him. I thought for a minute. "I don't want her to come up here without Adrik knowing. He's feeling extra private lately and I want to make sure I honor that."

Misha quickly sent a few texts. "I told Viktor to talk to Boss about it. If he's okay with it, he'll send Ivan up and we can go fetch her." Viktor quickly replied, meaning Misha must've caught Adrik between meetings. He read the message, looking somewhat perplexed. "He said it's okay if she comes up, but not before he's done for the day. He wants to be here when you talk to her."

I smiled, knowing exactly why he wanted to be present. "Then Ms. Jackson can wait a little bit until he's done for the day. He doesn't have much longer anyway, does he?"

Andrei looked at his watch. "I think his last meeting should be starting shortly. I don't think they're going to see Armando today either. I think he wanted to go back to the house as soon as he was done."

"Whatever Ms. Jackson has to tell us shouldn't take too long. Only a slight change in plans," I said. I got off the couch, walking to the kitchen. "It does, however, mean that I'm gonna need a snack."

"No talking, gazelle. I'm not supposed to be with you," Misha said as he dialed Ms. Jackson's number to tell her when I'd be available.

I stood quietly while he had the conversation, trying not to laugh as I thought about how much it felt like we were doing something wrong. Once he ended the call, I asked, "I feel like we're kids making plans to sneak out of the house later. Why do I feel like we're about to be in trouble for lying?"

They both laughed at me. "You clearly never snuck out of the house when you were younger," Andrei said. "This is nothing, comparatively speaking."

"Fair. Totally fair. I was a good kid. I only snuck out when my life was in danger. That's completely different. Just know that I'm going to blame everything on you two when we get caught. That's what little sisters are supposed to do, right?" I asked, laughing at the thought.

"That's what my little brother always did, so that seems accurate," Andrei said.

"Bubba, i can't imagine you being a bad kid," I said, rummaging through the refrigerator.

"You should talk to my mom, then. She'll gladly tell you differently," he said.

turned to look at him, then to Misha. "I would expect this development from Misha, but not you. You're so thoughtful now. I just always assumed you would've been the same as a kid."

"Thoughtfully defiant," Andrei said, laughing.

"I was like you, gazelle. I was the good kid. My brothers and sister were the hellions in my family. I'm the angel," Misha said, giving me his most cherubic smile.

"Do your siblings hate you for that? Or are they just as adorable as you are?" I asked.

He walked to the kitchen, his phone in hand, to show me a picture of his siblings. I could tell they were related, but Misha got the best looks, by far. I looked at the picture for a moment, then looked to him. "They hate you," I stated.

He laughed loudly. "Yeah, they kinda do."

"What about you, Bubba? Is your little brother as handsome as you are?"

"I think he got all the looks. Must be a perk of being the youngest," he said. He got up and walked to the kitchen as well, to show me pictures of his brother. Andrei's brother was quite handsome, just in a different way from Andrei.

"Bubba, he's not better looking than you," I said, looking at the picture. Andrei's brother was similar in height to Andrei, but he weighed significantly less than Andrei did. "Look at him. What is he like 180 pounds soaking wet?" I asked.

Andrei laughed, which made Misha curious. He walked behind me so he could see over my shoulder. "That's a generous estimate, gazelle. I think you weigh more than he does and you're too skinny still."

Andrei took his phone back, flipping through a few more pictures, then showed us another picture of his brother. "He's a legit model, though," he said, showing us another picture of his brother.

"Okay, maybe it was standing next to you that made him look tiny. He doesn't look as small there, but he's still not prettier than you. I don't care what you say," I said.

"You're biased, spider monkey," he said, dismissively. "My brother always got all the girls when we were younger. It's kind of turned him into a dick. Max reminds me a lot of my brother."

"Ugh. That's a sad existence for your brother. He must be very empty," I said quietly.

Before Andrei could respond, Ivan walked into the penthouse. "Squish!" I said, walking to him to give him a hug.

"I didn't realize how much I missed two-armed hugs, princess," he said, holding me tightly.

"You and me both," I said. I kept my arm around his waist, leaning into his side.

"What kind of shenanigans are you three getting into now?" Ivan asked.

"We're comparing their siblings to see who's the hottest. Misha and Andrei are both clear winners in the genetic lottery," I said, causing Ivan to laugh loudly.

"Do you have siblings, Ivan?" Misha asked, curiously.

I felt Ivan tense beside me. I was just about to answer for him, but he said, "I do. I don't know where any of them are, though. I haven't seen any of them since I was 7." I looked up at him, silently asking if he was okay with this conversation. He gave me a wink and nodded his head.

Misha could tell it was sensitive territory, so he said, "plot twist, Ivan's siblings sent him away because he was too painfully good-looking and made them all feel bad." Ivan laughed, shaking his head at Misha. I smiled widely at Misha, silently grateful for his wit saving the day.

Adrik, Viktor, and Stephen walked into the penthouse, further saving Ivan from having to divulge more than he was ready to. Ivan heard the door

open and gave my shoulders a squeeze, knowing I would want to go to Adrik. As soon as I saw him, I felt both the pull in my chest that was from him and my own warmth spreading over my body. I walked quickly toward him, unable to control the smile on my face, I saw the flash of surprise on his face, which likely meant my eyes had changed yet again, just before his lips found mine. He kissed me like it had been days since he'd seen me last, instead of hours. He held me tighter against him as my knees threatened to give out, but stopped the kiss. He pressed his forehead to mine, one hand against my cheek, his thumb rubbing lightly against my skin. "I'm glad I didn't have to wait any longer for that," he said quietly. He stood up straight, so he could look at me I was worried my eyes were still different. I raised an eyebrow, silently asking him if I needed to blink. "Normal," he said quiet enough that only I could hear. I exhaled, clearly relieved, which caused him to laugh softly. "What's this about Ms. Jackson?" he asked loud enough that the guys could hear. He glanced up in Misha and Andrei's direction, but quickly looked back at me.

"She called earlier and asked if she could see Sephie. She said she didn't want Sephie to come down there and that she had something to tell us about Giana," Misha said.

Adrik tore his gaze away from my eyes and looked at the guys. "Two of you go down and fetch her. She can come here." Ivan and Misha walked toward the door to go get her. "Does she know what happened to you, solnishko?" he asked.