

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 337

## Chapter Three Hundred Thirty-Seven

Sephie

We were all somewhat impatient to get news from the cell phone Viktor gave to Ms. Jackson the next day Finally, Viktor started to get info in the afternoon. He checked the number that she called. "It's Trino's Martin," he said "She called him. They talked for two minutes."

"I'm impressed the memorized his number, not gonna lie. Did not expect that amount of brain capacity from her," I said.

Adrik exhaled loudly. "Trine is not going to be happy about this," he said.

Misha's phone beeped. He checked the message, laughing as he read it. "Oh, mir lives are about to get so entertaining. Ms. Jackson said Giana stole the phone. She thanked us for giving her an extra one."

"Isn't that bad, though? Like won't she figure out it's not Ms. Jackson's phone now that she has it?" I asked.

"Clearly you need to reduce your brain capacity expectations once more," Ivan said.

"Fair. Totally fair." I said, laughing.

"She's texting him now," Viktor said. "They're talking about the plan to rob Anando, it looks like. He said the plan can still go on and will be even easier now that we have Armando. So far, no mention of getting her from the building." His phone beeped again. He looked at the message, but got up and handed me the phone. "She's texting him in Italian now."

I looked at the text, confused as to why she would be texting him in Italian. As I read through the text, I could feel my cheeks flush. "Oh. My. I know why Martin is willing to risk his life for this crazy bitch now. She's got s\*xting down to a f\*\*king art. Jesus, if nothing else works out for her, she can get a job as a phone s\*x operator." I read through the rest of the text. "Wow. She really puts it all out there. In graphic detail,"

"Gross," Misha said. "Although I would want to know what she was saying if it were anybody but Giana. Damn this hatred I have for her!"

"He might be in love with her," I said as he responded to her very graphic text. "Oh. Oh! Something happened at the island house. He says he thinks about that night constantly."

"When could anything happen? We were there for only one night and we all saw her with Armando at the club," Andrei asked.

"You guys left before Armando got drunk off his ass though," Stephen said. "Maybe he passed out when they got back to the house, which gave her the chance to sneak off with Martin."

"He told us that she was the one that got drunk off her ass," I said, somewhat surprised.

"She might've been, but she holds her liquor better than he does from what I saw. She had to help him out of the club," Stephen said.

"Did you see her leave with him?" Viktor asked.

"They left the club together. What happened outside the club, I don't know. She might've sent him back to the house and she left with Martin. I didn't follow them outside to see," Stephen said.

I felt myself getting angry at all the lies that Armando had told us. This one didn't even matter in the grand scheme of things, but I still felt myself getting angry at just how easy it had been for him to make up a complete alternate reality in front of us. Adrik's warm hand slipped underneath my shirt, his thumb rubbing my bare skin lightly. He pressed his cheek gently to my neck, kissing my neck lightly. "I know, solnishko. It makes me angry too," he said quietly.

I leaned back against him, taking a deep breath. I grabbed his arms and pulled them around my waist. "You're getting so much better at that," I said, kissing his cheek.

Viktor's phone beeped once more. I looked at it, reading the latest message. "Aww, that's all for tonight, gentlemen. She says the only charger she can find won't work on this phone so she's going to turn it off until she can lift a charger from Ms. Jackson. Rude," I said.

"You called it, princess. Serial user, Ivan said, laughing.

Viktor sighed. "So, let's assume that they're going to steal the artwork from Armando's house, since that's really all they can get to. I'm sure there's more stuff of value there, but the artwork is the main thing. Artwork is really hard to move as far as stolen items go. They're not going to finance much with that loot."

"What are Martin's finances like? I know Trino's wealthy and has legitimate businesses, but what about Martin?" I asked.

"From what I know, Martin is doing fine financially. He's not quite the businessman that Trino is, but he has his own investments that allow him to live quite comfortably, plus whatever Trino pays him." Adrik said.

"This still doesn't make complete sense to my brain. Why would he risk so much for her? Can one woman be that good in bed? Legitimate question, by the way. I really want to know," I said.

Adrik laughed, holding me tighter. "I'm not the one you should be asking that question to, my love. I would risk everything for you."

"You guys don't count," Ivan said.

"It's not about Giana, I don't think. I think she's an excuse," Stephen said.

"What do you mean?" I asked. I could always count on Stephen to fill in the psychological gaps for me.

"Martin likely hasn't been happy with Trino, for whatever reason, for some time. It's only just now coming to a head. He's using Giana as the excuse he needs to finally make a move. It just so happens that he can feel like the white knight coming to her rescue if he risks everything to get her safely away from Armando. That cancels out whatever guilt he feels for leaving Trino for whatever trivial reason he has," he said.

"The user is getting used. That's somewhat satisfying," I said.

"Are you going to wait to tell Trino?" Ivan asked Adrik.

"Let's give them more time to see what they give us. You know what kind of temper Trino has. He might not be able to sit on this one if we tell him too early. With his guys' loyalty already in question, it puts him in a dangerous position," Adrik said.

"Shit. I didn't think about that," I said. "His guys might side with Martin and help him overthrow Trino. Giana definitely isn't as weird as me, although it could be argued that she's definitely put some kind of spell on Martin. Shit, shit, shit."

"Boobies, am I right?" Stephen said, completely straight-faced. Everyone erupted into laughter..

It was two more days before Viktor got more information from Giana's stolen fake phone. Viktor had one of the guards that was watching her leave a charger for the phone in the hallway like someone had dropped it outside Ms. Jackson's apartment. Of course, she picked it up.

Adrik and I were in his office when all the guys came in, clearly amused. "Is she back?" I asked, excitedly.

"She's back," Misha said, grinning at me. I clapped my hands, waiting to hear what had been said.

"I think we all need to get out more," I said, shaking my head.

"It looks like they're finalizing the plans for Armando's house. Martin said he has a few guys that can do it," Viktor said.

"Does he give names, by chance?" Adrik asked. "Trino's dealers are very loyal to him. I would like to know if any of them are doing this for Martin without Trino knowing."

"No names," Viktor said. "But they're planning on making it happen this weekend. We can have guys watch Armando's house to see who it is."

Adrik nodded. "Make that happen. If they're Trino's guys too, he needs to know. Maybe Martin has his own guys here, but if that's the case, I want to know. He doesn't get to have guys in my city," he said. I was across the room from him, but I felt his anger loud and clear. I knew my eyes were dark. It seemed like any level of anger would make them go dark now. I went to Adrik, even though I was enjoying feeling his anger. I didn't necessarily

want it to stop this time. Trino was the only one staying loyal through all this, so a betrayal of him felt like a betrayal of us. Adrik pushed his chair back from his desk, opening his arms for me.

"Do we let this robbery happen?" Ivan asked.

"I don't necessarily care if they steal from Armando. Serves him right. But I want to know if Martin is bold enough to think he can operate in my city without my knowledge. If that's the case, I won't need to tell Trino anything until after I've killed Martin," Adrik said.

"Giana is asking about Martin getting her out of the building." Viktor said. "He didn't know she was being held there, under guard, apparently. He says he thought she was at Armando's house."

There was silence for a few minutes, then Viktor's phone beeped. He looked at the message, but stood up to hand me the phone.

"Is now really the time to be s\*xting?" I asked as I took the phone from him. I looked at the message and immediately started laughing. "She's cussing him out. She must type faster in Italian than in English." I kept reading, laughing more as I went. "She's calling him a do nkey, which is hilarious."

"Why would she call him a do nkey?" Misha asked.

"For Italians, it's an insult. It's the same as telling someone they're stupid. She also tells him to go get f\*\*ked, basically," I said, still laughing. Martin began to reply, apologizing for not knowing. "He says he couldn't have known. She hasn't contacted him in weeks. He didn't know they were living there. He assumed she would be at Armando's house."

"I have to side with Martin on this one. I would've assumed the same thing," Misha said.

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"Right? It seems like the logical assumption here," I said as we waited for Giana's response. "She's asking him again how he plans to get her out."