

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 157

Chapter One Hundred Fifty-Seven

Sephic

We spent the morning at the house, like usual. When it was time for Adrik to leave for work, we all left. All of them had been practically giddy all morning long, like they had a secret that I wasn't in on. I was hoping by their smiles that whatever it was, it was going to be good.

On the elevator up, I finally asked, "are you guys going to let me in on the secret you're all clearly very happy about?"

Adrik kissed my temple. He looked at his watch, then back to me. "In approximately 15 minutes, you'll know everything."

Instead of going to the penthouse, we went to his office first. Except Ivan. Ivan stayed on the elevator, waving bye to me as I looked at him, confused, while the doors closed.

"Where's he going?" I asked. Now I was getting even more curious, They all looked at me, devious grins on their faces, but no one answered my question. I felt myself starting to get slightly nervous about what they were planning.

It didn't seem like we were in the office for more than 5 minutes and Viktor's phone rang. He answered it, listened, then hung up. He looked to Adrik, "ready, Boss." Viktor looked to me, his broad smile stretching across his face.

Adrik grabbed my hand, leading me back to the elevator. Everyone followed us. No one said a word. They just had their shiteating grins on their faces. Once in the elevator again, Adrik pulled me to him. I tucked myself into his side, looking at him, silently questioning what was going on. He just pushed the curts hick from my face. "You'll see," he said, that smile still on his face.

Once we arrived at the top floor, I saw Ivan as the doors opened. He was grinning like a moron just like the rest of them.

"Okay, you guys are starting to creep me out. For real," I said, starting to get frustrated they wouldn't say anything. They all laughed.

Adrik pulled me with him, toward the door to the penthouse. He opened the door, motioning for me to go first. "There's someone who has something for you," he said.

I looked at him, still not sure what exactly they were planning. I walked through the door, half expecting them all to wait outside, but they all silently followed me in the penthouse.

"Craig? What are you doing here?" I asked, as I walked inside.

He walked to me, hugging me. "Sephie. I've been waiting for this moment for almost ten years." He had tears in his eyes as he stepped back from me. I looked at him, still puzzled. He grabbed my hand and led me further into the penthouse. All the guys followed.

On the other side of the couches, I saw it. A piano. No. No, it can't be. I stopped, looking at Craig in complete disbelief. He smiled at me, knowing I knew exactly who's piano that was. "It really is, Sephie. I've been saving it, hoping this day would come." I couldn't speak, I just looked at him, completely shocked. He continued, "Sephie, your mother came to me years before her accident and asked me to promise her that I would find a way to keep that piano with you in the event that anything ever happened to her. I knew you didn't have room for it in your apartment, so I've been keeping it." He looked around the penthouse, Taughting quietly. "You definitely have room now."

I couldn't help but laugh. I didn't have words. I hugged him tightly, not even caring about the tears I knew were streaming down my face. He whispered, "go. It's missed you as much as you've missed it." He gently pushed me toward the piano as he walked toward the guys.

I went to the piano, still not believing this was real. It was like seeing an old friend again. All the dings that I put into it when I was a careless child running around the house. I ran my hand over the music rack. I glanced back at the guys. They were still standing, watching me. Still smiling, but actively wiping their eyes.

I sat down on the bench. When my fingers touched the keys, it felt like home. Most pianists will tell you that each piano has its own feel. The keys respond differently, they feel differently. You can adjust your playing to each piano, usually easily, but each pianist has that one piano that will always be their favorite. This piano was that for me. I'd played plenty of others, but this piano was always my favorite. Once I was older, my mother managed to buy a new piano. It was larger than this one, which she loved, but I did not, I hated it. It was all wrong. This one was perfect for me. Once she got the second piano, I always told her this one was mine. It crushed me to have to sell it.

I thought I would never see it again.

I took a deep breath and started to play, Craig had taken care of it all these years and it had been tuned since they moved it. It sounded perfect. It felt perfect. It was perfect. As I played, I was lost in thought. I knew Adrik had put this together. Clearly Ivan had a hand in it as well. I'm sure they all knew about it. That's why they've been grinning like idiots all day long.

I couldn't help but think about how they were all so different from the people I'd had in my life until I met them. Since losing my mom, I'd never really had anyone that I was that close to. Ms. Jackson was great. I loved her, but she didn't know everything about me. She kept an eye on me, she helped me, but I also kept my distance from her on many things. She didn't know I played. Max was the same way. He kept an eye on me, but he would ditch me more often than not. I'd had other friends, but they never lasted long. I'd only dated once or twice before I met Adrik. Everyone in my life up until I met Adrik knew as little about me as possible. I felt safer that way.

But then, these six men had come into my life and shown me not only what love was, but also what loyalty was, I knew that even if something were to happen in Adrik, the rest of them would make sure that I was never alone and was always looked after:

My mind went back to the day we went to the house after returning from Italy, when we were avoiding the house because of Tori. Misha had told me that I was so much like them it was scary, but I think I can now say the same thing about them. They were looking for ways to make me smile, to make me happy. Their future girlfriends better thank me.

I smiled, thinking about how I went from being completely alone to having six men willing to die for me. I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude that our individual paths had led us all to this moment.

The song ended and I sat for a moment, still in shock over having my mom's plans back. I felt the tears threatening to fall once again, but I didn't care. I got up and turned toward where they were all standing, watching me. It was my turn to grin like an idiot as I walked quickly to Adrik. He opened his arms for me, still smiling at me. As soon as he opened his arms for me, I ran to him and jumped into his arms. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms around his neck.

"I didn't think you could make me any happier than you already do." I leaned back, holding his face in my hands. "I was wrong. I was so wrong," I said, smiling as my happy tears fell freely down my face. I pressed my lips to his, I felt his arms hold me lighter. I unwrapped myself from him, going to Ivan next, "I know you had a very big hand in this, Super Squish," He grinned as he pulled me to him with his good arm, hugging me lightly.

I went to each one of the guys, thanking them each individually for making this happen, feeling incredibly grateful for each one of them.

Adrik pulled me close, looking at me thoughtfully. "You've been quieter than usual tonight. I just want to make sure you're really happy?" He was in his usual battle with the curls around my face, trying to get them to obey his commands.

"I'm really happy." I said, smiling at him. "I don't have the words to tell you how much. You gave me a piece of my childhood back. I don't know how to tell you how much that means to me." I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I looked at him, still smiling. I was surprised to see tears forming in his eyes. He pressed his palm to my cheek. "I would give you the world, solnishko."

Trino had a villa on one of the Caribbean islands where Adrik would sometimes meet with him. It was faster, and in this case, safer, than going all the way to Colombia. None of the other bosses knew of this meeting place and Trino wanted to keep it that way. He agreed to let Armando come, simply because Adrik asked.

Adrik had told Trino that he felt better meeting with him in person, given the circumstances, than speaking over the phone. He wanted to make sure their deal was still solid. Trino, of course, agreed to meet with Adrik right away. It appeared that Trino respected Adrik as much as Adrik respected him, but I was still to be the deciding factor.

Giana was excited to be going to the Caribbean. It was starting to get cooler in the city; she preferred the warmer climates. She had to go shopping again to buy winter clothes, but thankfully, she took Ms. Jackson and her own guards while we were at the house. I've never been more relieved in my life to have missed something.

I had to admit to looking forward to a few days on a tropical island. I'd already been to more places since I'd met Adrik than I had for my entire life. Misha felt like it was a good idea, so I tried to feel less nervous about going