

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 161

Chapter One Hundred Sixty-One

Adrik

“Sephie just made a bet that the girl behind you will ditch Trino’s man in the next 15 minutes,” I said. Both Viktor and Ivan looked at the couple discreetly.

“And you bet against her?” Ivan asked.

“Oh, no. I’m not that stupid. We’re betting on the time limit. She says 15. I say 25,” I said, laughing.

Ivan looked back at the couple. “I give it 10.”

Sephie laughed at us. “Bet pool it is, gentlemen! Viktor, do you want to get in on this too?”

Viktor watched the couple for a moment. “He’ll yeah. I’ll go 20.”

We stood at the bar, watching the first couple as best we could without being too obvious. Sephie picked out three more couples to add to the bet pool while we were waiting on the first couple. At the 10-minute mark, they were still talking. “Sorry, Super Squish. You’re out,” Sephie said, grinning. At the 15-minute mark, he bought her another drink. Sephie laughed, then looked to me. “You might win this one. Now it’s down to how fast she finishes that drink.”

Andrei and Misha walked up to us as we were laughing about yet another couple that Sephie had added to the bet pool. Ivan had made a comment that he didn’t know he should’ve brought a white board with him to keep track of everyone. We explained our game to Andrei and Misha, who of course wanted in on the action as well, making Ivan’s comment about the whiteboard all the more relevant.

At the 25-minute mark, the first girl walked away from Trino’s man. Sephie gave me a high-five. “I’m impressed,” she said, her wide smile stretching across her face. We quickly moved on to the next couple and kept track of who bet what. We spent most of the time we were there at the bar, watching other people.

We also enjoyed watching girls come up to Andrei and Misha and try to get their attention. As the night progressed and the alcohol flowed more freely, there were even a few girls who were brave enough to approach Ivan and Viktor. Ivan got plenty of sympathy for his bandaged arm. If he had wanted to, he could’ve milked that.

None of the guys were especially interested in any of the girls. They would leave for a song or two, but they always came back. I knew it was because it was more fun to see the results of the bet pool than it was with any of the increasingly drunk girls in the club. Drunk people are generally only fun to interact with if you’re also drunk. When you’re the sober one, they’re fun to watch, but not so much try and talk to. I never allowed my guys to drink while they were working, but it was really a useless rule at this point. They chose not to more often than not. Tonight, they could if they wanted to, but not a single one of them wanted to.

At one point it was just me and Sephie at the bar again. I had turned to get the bartender’s attention and a drunk guy approached Sephie, offering to buy her a drink. Because of the loud music, I didn’t hear him talking to her. When I looked back to her, she was politely declining his offer, but he wouldn’t take no for an answer. He reached out to try and touch her leg, as she was sitting on a bar stool. She moved her legs toward me, just as I stepped in front of her to stand between them. I didn’t even have to say anything. I just glanced down at the guy and he clearly understood that there would be no drinks with her in his future.

I felt her grab my hand as he walked away. She stood up and wrapped my arm around her waist. Since she was wearing heels, she didn’t need to stand on her toes to kiss me. She leaned up and pressed her lips to mine. “Thank you,” she said against my cheek. “Are you ready to leave yet, love?” I suddenly found myself wanting to be alone with her. She eagerly nodded her head, a smirk on her face that told me she knew exactly what I was thinking. Apparently, the guys also read my mind about leaving because they all showed back up at the same time.

I glanced at my watch. “It’s not too late yet. You guys are welcome to stay if you like, but I think Sephie and I are ready to leave.” They all glanced at each other and agreed that it was time to go. “Has anyone seen Stephen?” I asked. I felt Sephie grab my arm. She whispered in my ear, “he’s not ready to leave, but don’t ask anyone to look for him. I’ll explain later.”

I quickly told the guys to forget about it. If he was still somewhere in the club, that likely meant he was having fun. Sephie stepped away from the bar, sliding her arms through mine and Viktor’s arm, saying, “come, let us be gone from this place.”

It was a beautiful night and Trino’s villa was only a short distance away, so we opted to walk. Halfway to the villa, Sephie stopped and took her heels off. “I don’t know how women walk in these things all day long.” She kept walking, barefoot, then looked to me and asked, “why are you so reliant on my observation skills when you’re the one that was more accurate than everyone else in the bet pool tonight?”

I laughed. “Different set of skills, solnishko. You’re excellent at knowing what someone is going to do before they do it and when they’re trying to hide something. If I know what someone is going to do, I can predict the timing of it. I have a hard time telling what someone is going to do before they do it, though.” I pulled her closer to me, adding, “this is why I need you. Always.”

She grinned at me. “And together, we shall rule the world!” I picked her up against my hip, spinning her around as she giggled. “Nothing can stop us!” I said, joining in with her.

“I love a good late night world domination plan,” she said, still grinning at me.

We basically had the villa to ourselves once we got back, as everyone else was still at the club. We talked with the guys for a few minutes, made plans to get up and workout the next morning, but then we all went our separate ways. As we walked to our bedroom, Sephie took her hair down, scratching her head and letting her hair fall down her back. When it was straight, it was a good 2-3 inches longer than when it was curly. It fell almost to her butt.

I closed the door behind us quickly, then grabbed her and pulled her to me. She squealed as she wasn’t expecting it. I looked at her, my hand running through her hair. I couldn’t get over how different it felt. “I love your hair when it’s wild and unruly, because that’s you and that will always be you. But this version of you can come to visit every once in a while.”

“So, you can cheat on me, with me?” she said, laughing.