

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 252

Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Two

Sephie

When I walked back outside, Stephen was waiting, my coffee still in hand. "Can you come to Viktor's desk or you have to wait here?"

"There's no way I'm not coming. My watch will tell me when the meeting is almost over. Plus, the door is open, so I can see if they get done early."

"You're so efficient, Yoden," I said as we walked to the rest of the guys. "Somebody fill in Yoden while I shove more caffeine into my system," I said, taking a drink of yet more coffee.

They filled in Stephen on everything we knew so far. Viktor had continued to dig while Misha and I were upstairs getting liquid energy for me and Adrik. "It looks like one of the deals her father made that lost him a substantial amount of money was with Armando," Viktor said.

"Do you know what happened? Like why the deal went wrong?" I asked.

"No, I can't tell from this. It's in Italian, so we need you to translate," he said, turning his laptop toward me. It was a news article from years ago, showing a picture of a much younger Armando, along with three other men. One of the men was Giana's father. I didn't recognize the names of the other two, but one of the men looked vaguely familiar.

I scanned the article, loosely translating as I went. My poor tired brain was having trouble translating from Italian to English back to Russian. "Um, it says...development deal...housing...four investors...approval still pending...three investors backed out... unknown reasons...final investor was Giana's father. It looks like he tried to fund the project all on his own and it fell through. He couldn't recover his money and lost a substantial amount."

"I would be willing to bet she's planning on robbing Armando to try and recoup some of the money her father lost in that deal. Especially if what we're thinking about the artwork is true," Ivan said.

"Artwork?" Stephen asked.

"There was a line in the note she slipped her dealer about clean wills in three locations of the house. Sephie remembered his extensive art collection at his house in Italy. If he has the same here, she's likely giving them instructions on which pieces to take," Ivan said.

"Keith would know," Stephen said. "Armando is always done for the day well before Boss is. He'll be free once Boss is done and we can ask him."

"How many more meetings does he have today?" I asked.

"Two more after this one is done."

"He might need more coffee," I said, mostly to myself.

"Are you two not sleeping at night?" Andrei asked, a devilish grin on his face. "Wait, no. I don't need to know."

I laughed. "We are sleeping, thank you very much. It's this weird shit that's happening with being able to feel each other's emotions. I'm not complaining. It's amazing. But it zapped us both this morning. Like completely."

"One mystery at a time," Ivan said. "But I can call the acupuncturist if you need her again."

"We might," I said thoughtfully. Stephen's watch beeped, signaling the end of the meeting. I walked back to the office with him, hoping to take Adrik's mind off everything in between his last few meetings of the day.

He looked even more stressed than he had earlier when I walked in his office this time. "Whoa. What happened in that meeting?" I asked.

He smiled, relaxing slightly. "It's okay, love. Just lots of details. It's more difficult when I'm tired."

I walked to his chair, leaning over his shoulder to put my coffee on his desk. "Feeling your breasts on my shoulder does not hurt, though," he said, cutting his eyes up at me.

"I'll just come in here between your meetings and put my boobies on your shoulder, then leave when your next meeting arrives." I said, laughing. I stood behind him, rubbing his shoulders. He was tense. He leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes.

"That feels amazing," he said. I worked on getting his muscles to relax while he had a moment of peace. He opened his eyes, looking up at me, curious. "Why are you all down here? I didn't expect to see you until I got done for the day," he asked.

"As Ivan put it, we're working on a mystery," I said, chuckling at his expression. "They got interesting information on their afternoon excursion in the lobby. We're trying to figure it all out, but you don't need to worry about any of it until you're done for the day." I leaned down, pressing my lips to his gently. I heard the elevator doors ding, knowing his next meeting was arriving. "Let me know if you need more coffee to get through your last two meetings. I'll happily be your personal barista," I said, grinning at him. He grabbed my hand, kissing the back of it. "What would I do without you," he said wistfully as his next meeting walked into his office.

Viktor and Ivan kept trying to dig up information on Giana's family while we waited on Adrik to finish his last meeting of the day. I turned to Stephen. "Give me 20 minutes after his last meeting is done and then have Keith come to the office. He has a very short fuse right now, so he needs at least a short break before we throw more shit on the pile." Stephen nodded, smiling slightly.

As the last meeting ended, I walked into Adrik's office while Stephen escorted the man downstairs. I walked in quietly, closing the door behind me. He raised an eyebrow at me and sat back in his chair. I could feel his dirty thoughts.

"I asked them to give us 20 minutes. We both know that's not nearly enough time for what you're thinking about right now," I

said.

"Don't shatter my dreams," he said, laughing at me. He stood up and met me halfway between his desk and the door. He pulled me to him. His hands were gentle, but firm, like he was fighting giving in to his true desires in that moment. I could feel the same intense need for him that I felt that morning. It came on just as suddenly, so I was sure it was him this time.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as he buried his face in my neck once again. "I'm going to need soooooo much coffee, aren't I?" I asked him. He laughed quietly.

"I have been telling you I was addicted to you, so you shouldn't be surprised," he said. He stood up straight so he could look at me. His fingers resumed the everlasting battle with the curls around my face. He looked more relaxed as we stood there,

"Fair point. I'm not complaining either, for the record. I love what's happening. I don't understand it, but I fucking love it. And I fucking love you," I said. His handsome smile stretched across his face. He rested his hand against my cheek, looking at me for a moment before leaning down to kiss me. "You always know exactly what I need to hear, my love," he said. I felt a strong pull in my chest as he smiled at me.

"Do you get like a pull in your chest when I smile at you?" I asked. He chuckled. "Every single time," he said.

"That's where that's coming from," I said, thinking out loud. I looked up at him once more, grinning. "I really had no clue of the effect I've had on you this whole time. Now that I can feel what you feel some of the time, it makes me admire your high levels of self-restraint. It's really felt like this for you since the beginning?" I asked.