

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 261

## Chapter Two Hundred Sixty-One

Sephie

“Are we taking the long route again, my adorable Russian guardian?” I asked Misha as we got ready for our morning run.

“I’m down if you’re down. It’s colder this morning than I thought it was going to be, so I don’t know how long you want to stay outside. I don’t want to be the reason you stay cold the rest of the day,” he said.

“As it happens, running warms me up,” I said, grinning at him. “But I love you for thinking about that. I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but I hate being cold.”

“I might’ve noticed. I’m very observant,” he said, sarcastically.

As we set off on our run, my mind was still replaying the conversation with Adrik from the night before. I couldn’t shake the feeling that I’d missed something about Armando and now we were in trouble. Even though I felt like I’d missed something, I still couldn’t see what it was I’d missed. I was still having trouble believing that Armando could be playing both sides. He’d seemed so upfront and honest about everything from the beginning.

The great thing about running with Misha is that he enjoyed the silence. I’d tried running with Max a few times and he always tried to talk to me while we ran. I hated it. I liked to be left alone to my thoughts. It was a great way to work through problems in my head. Or not. Sometimes I didn’t think about anything and just enjoyed the break. Either way, Misha was there, silently ensuring I was safe.

It took us almost two hours to go the long route. Misha used to struggle to make it all the way, but he looked like he could keep going this morning. Once we slowed to a walk, we usually talked about anything and everything on our way back to the house. I enjoyed my alone time with each of them and I think they enjoyed it with me as well.

“I needed that,” he said.

“I did too. I think we’ve all been extra stressed lately. Have you been having trouble sleeping?” I asked. It was a random thought that just popped into my head, which I had learned was usually an indication that the other person was thinking it, but didn’t necessarily want to say it.

He laughed. “Yeah. I haven’t said anything to anybody yet, but it’s been happening for a bit. Since Giana accused you, I think.”

“You’re still mad at her, aren’t you?” I asked. While it was adorable and heartwarming that he had gotten so angry at her accusation, I was starting to get concerned at his inability to let it go.

“Yeah. I don’t think I’ve ever been so angry at a chick for something she didn’t even do to me,” he said.

I stopped walking. We were both still catching our breath. “Misha, you have to let it go. Not for her, but for you. It’s one of the hardest things to do, but trusting that she’ll get her own Karma will make you feel much better.” He looked at me, then looked at the ground, like he knew I was right, but he still didn’t want to let go. “I don’t know if you’ve noticed this one, my adorable Russian guardian, but Karma tends to come down harshly on those that want to harm me,” I added, quietly. “You just have to be patient.” He raised his gaze, a sly smile stretching across his face. He put his arm around my shoulders as we continued our walk back to the house.

“I should listen to my own advice. I’m having the same problem, just with Armando,” I said.

“I can’t figure out what the deal is with him either,” Misha said. “I want to like him, but he said a few things when we first got to his house in Italy that I didn’t like.”

“Like what?” I asked. He’d never talked about this, so I was clueless as to what he was referring to.

“That first night, when it took you and Boss a little longer to come to dinner. We all knew it was because you could barely walk and told him as much. He made a rude comment about your sex life with Boss being the reason you couldn’t walk.”

I stopped walking again. “What did he say exactly? Do you remember?”

“Not exactly. It was something like if you were his girlfriend, you wouldn’t be able to walk much anytime. He said it quietly and I think only me and Ivan heard it. The other guys were standing far enough away that they missed it.”

“Shit. Sometimes I hate being right,” I said. Misha looked at me, confused, but also a little concerned. “Have you heard him say anything else that was weird like that?”

“That was the worst one, but then there was that really awkward toast he made to you. I didn’t think he knew you well enough to talk about you like that,” Misha said.

I smiled at him. “I just said the same thing to Adrik last night. That didn’t sit well with me, but it was covered up by the things that you guys said about me. Armando doesn’t know me well enough. He might wish he did, but he doesn’t.” When I had stopped walking, Misha removed his arm from my shoulders so he could look down at me while we talked. I grabbed his wrist and put his arm back around my shoulders to continue walking once again to the house. “Armando used to stay after the other bosses had left and he would help me clean up. I always thought he was trying to set me up with his son. He would ask me questions about my personal life, trying to find out if I was single, blah blah blah. I never told him anything of importance and I never really thought anything of it. I was just happy to have some help. When Adrik and I were talking about this last night, he pointed it out that he wasn’t asking for his son. He was asking for him,” I said. I looked up to see Misha’s reaction. His face scrunched up much like mine had the night before, I couldn’t help but laugh. “I had the same reaction. But if you take that into consideration and you also take into account that the other bosses had put Armando into somewhat of a leadership role while you guys were gone trying to get Viktor hack, it gives Armando a motive to be playing both sides right now. Adrik came back and basically in one night took back the city and took me away from Armando. Not that there was EVER a chance of that happening. For the record. I felt like that needed to be said out loud. Because gross.”

Misha laughed. “I don’t think anyone is worried about you leaving Boss anytime soon, gazelle. It’s obvious to anyone who sees you two with each other that you belong together.”

As we walked up the steps toward the back door, Ivan was walking by toward the kitchen. He stopped and opened the door for us. “Once you guys get cleaned up, Boss wants everyone in his office,” he said.

“This sounds serious,” I said.

“We had a conversation about Armando while we were in the gym,” Ivan said.

“We had a conversation about Armando while we were walking back to the house,” Misha said.

“Which reminds me, why didn’t you tell me about the gross comment he made about me when we first got to Italy?” I asked Ivan as I smacked his shoulder.

He laughed, but tried to look apologetic. “I didn’t tell Boss what he said yet. I don’t know if I should tell Boss what he said. He might want to kill him immediately.” Ivan pulled me toward him, hugging me to him. “And I didn’t tell you, princess, because you were already handling all you could handle at the time. You didn’t need to worry about pervy old men on top of everything else.”

I sighed, resting my head against his sizeable chest. “I hate that I can’t argue with you sometimes.” I felt his chest vibrate as he laughed at me. “Go get cleaned up, princess. Boss is going to need you to keep him from getting all murderous once he finds out what was said,” Ivan said pushing me toward the back stairs.