

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 267

Chapter Two Hundred Sixty-Seven

Sephie

Viktor and Ivan left with Dario to get him set up in a room, where he would stay until we were sure it was safe for him to leave. I knew they had holding cells on the other side of the floor. It's where Andy currently was. But apparently, there was another set of "rooms" that even I didn't know about. Dario would remain there, completely out of sight of anyone who came to this floor. Armando knew about the holding cells where Andy was, but he didn't know about the ones where they were taking Dario.

Once Viktor and Ivan were back in the office, we decided to move to the penthouse. Suddenly, we weren't completely comfortable having a conversation in the office anymore. We wanted as much privacy as possible. No one was allowed at the penthouse without permission from Adrik, which meant we were the only ones that ever went up there. It helped ease my mind that we always had guards outside the door, as well. It was looking like us against the world,

"Trino needs to know that Sal and Armando have been working together," Ivan said as we walked toward the kitchen. I might as well make dinner while we talked. It would help me stay calm and I'd grown to love being able to take care of the guys. They meant everything to me. Being able to feed them was a small way of showing them just how much.

"Agreed," Adrik said. He caught my arm as I was walking to the refrigerator, pulling me back to him. "Let's call him first. I don't think this can wait," he said as he pulled his phone from his pocket. We all stood close so that we could hear the conversation. I felt myself getting nervous. The feeling got worse with each ring. Trino wasn't picking up. Trino always picked up. Something wasn't right.

I glanced at Misha, who had that faraway look in his eye. When he came back to the present, he glanced at me. He looked worried, but not as worried as I felt. "Something's happening, but it doesn't feel like it's all bad," Misha said.

I walked to Misha, grabbing his hand. "Did you see anything specific or you just have a general feeling?" As soon as he looked down at me, I could see what he saw. This is new. I know my eyes went wide, just as his did. He saw Trino, in trouble, but he also saw him get out unharmed.

"How did you just do that, gazelle?" Misha asked, completely shocked.

"Do what?" everyone asked at once. We glanced at the other guys, who looked worried, but curious.

"She just looked in my head and saw what I saw," Misha said. He was still holding my hand tightly, like he was afraid to let go.

"What did you see?" Ivan asked. I could hear their voices. I was present for the conversation, but it was also like I wasn't totally there. I was still watching Trino somehow. Misha kept glancing at me. He knew I was still watching because he could still see it too. I felt Adrik step closer to me, but he was apprehensive about touching me. I could feel that he didn't want to interrupt whatever the hell was happening. I felt Misha grab my other hand and hold it tightly as well.

I was watching Trino trying to get out of his house. He was under heavy gunfire. His men were deadly, but they were outnumbered. Martin was with him, too. I could see outside the house. I could see the men that had surrounded the house.

"Where's Massimo, Anthony, and Lorenzo?" I asked in my head. I didn't think I said it out loud, but Misha answered me. "He keeps them at a different location," he said. I surveyed the scene again. There was a way to get out at the back of the house, but they were going to need help getting there. There were sections to the house. Trino, Martin, and their men had made it as far back as they could, but they were cut off from the exit. "They need help," I thought. As soon as I had that thought, there was an explosion that made me jump. I still felt Misha's hands gripping mine tightly and I heard him say, "no, don't. She's okay, just startled."

The explosion was exactly what Trino and his guys needed to make a quick exit. The explosion put a barrier between them and the men that were trying to get to them. I could see them make it safely to their exit, not wasting any time. They ran down

hill, to waiting vehicles. Once they were in the vehicles, speeding away, everything went blank and I could see Misha standing in front of me again. He was still holding both of my hands tightly in his. I looked up at him, mostly confused at what just happened. His expression mirrored what I felt.

"What the fu ck was that?" I asked. Misha laughed at me. "I was hoping you'd know, gazelle," he said. "I feel like you just hijacked my brain."

I felt Adrik's hand on my back, no longer apprehensive to break whatever spell I was under. Now I felt his concern. "Solnishko..." he said, tentatively.

"I'm okay. Pretty sure, anyway. Trino's okay, too. But if you really want to fu ck with his head, send him a text telling him to call you when he makes it to safety," I said, giggling.

Misha pulled me to him, hugging me tightly. "You're a little bit evil, gazelle."

I stepped back from Misha, looking at the very surprised and very concerned faces of the guys. Adrik pulled me to him, a questioning look on his face. "I have no idea what just happened, but I saw Trino under attack, basically. They had him surrounded in his house. Then there was an explosion and they maile it out. You saw all that too, didn't you?" I asked Misha.

He nodded his head. "But you left out the part where you caused the explosion," he said grinning at me.

"I did no such thing," I said.

"I saw it, gazelle. You clearly said, 'they need help' and then then kitchen exploded."

"We all heard you say it," Ivan said.

"You guys heard that? I just thought that in my head. I didn't think I said it out loud," I said, feeling even more confused. "I could still hear Misha, but I didn't hear anybody else."

"Do you know who it was that was after Trino?" Ivan asked, looking at Misha.

"Not for sure, no. My best guess is that it was the Mexicans. There was a whole lot of Spanish being spoken that I didn't understand," he said.

They all looked to me. "Don't look at me. I only know curse words in Spanish. There were plenty of those being thrown around, but that doesn't give us any valuable information here."

Misha, who shared my love of comedy probably more than any of the others, said, "does this mean you're going to drop in my head regularly? That could prove to be awkward. Can you give me a warning or something? Make sure I'm wearing pants, at least? I'm very shy." He crossed his legs and crossed his arms over his crotch like he was blocking me from seeing something I shouldn't.

We all laughed. Adrik looked down at me, his deep blue eyes laughing as he let me search his eyes.

"I think she needs to touch you to make It happen, anyway. It started as soon as she grabbed your hand," Stephen said. "It got stronger when you grabbed her other hand. So just wear gloves when you want her to stay out of your head. You'll be fine," he said, completely straight fa ced, which caused us all to laugh again.

Adrik's phone rang. He pulled it from his pocket, putting it on speaker for us all to hear. "Trino, what happened?" he asked.

"Jefe... Trino still sounded almost out of breath. "I almost didn't make it out. Guys from one of the Mexican cartels tried to take me out. The only reason I'm talking to you right now is because my kitchen exploded. It gave us enough cover to make it

out the back. The entire house blew as we were running down the hill. I don't know what happened or what faulty gas line caused it, but I'm thankful for whatever that was."

"You're sure it was the cartels?" Adrik asked.

"Positive. This has to be Anthony and Lorenzo."

"Where are they?"

"I'm still holding them at a different location. This house was one I only use occasionally, but I've met with Tony and Enzo there a couple times. They had to have given the information to the cartels on where it was," he said. "They're dead men."

"Looks like war is coming. If you take care of Tony and Enzo, do you think the cartels will stop?" Adrik asked.

"Oh, they'll stop. They're all going to die, too. We had an agreement that they would stay out of Colombia and I would stay out of Mexico. Since they didn't stay out of Colombia, I'm not staying out of Mexico. They suffered greatly on my rise to power. They're going to get a reminder of what happened the last time they tried to cross me." Trino's voice was dripping with anger.

"Once the situation here is under control, we're here to help you as much as you need," Adrik said.

"Jefe, thank you. I might need some help. How are things there? Did you find out more about that puta Armando? What about Dario? What did you decide on him?"

"Don't trust Armando. He's in deep with Sal and has been for years. Giana is Sal's goddaughter, even. It's a giant mess. It's easier to just get rid of all of them. As for Dario, he's being held until this is all over. I'm fine with letting him go once the other bosses are out of the picture. That guy needs a happy ending to his fu cked-up life," Adrik said, sighing.

There was silence for a moment on the other end of the line. Trino took in a deep breath, exhaling loudly. "Jefe, I'm glad you decided that. I would've supported whatever decision you made on him, but you're right. He needs something good for once." Trino's voice had softened as he talked about Dario. I could clearly hear the sympathy he had for that old man. "The others, though? I'm going to have to get creative on how I want to end them."

"If anybody can wow us, it's you," Adrik said.