

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 278

Chapter Two Hundred Seventy-Eight

Adrik

I was pacing up and down the sidewalk opposite Dr. Moretti's house. I was so angry that I almost couldn't think. I needed Sephie to help keep me calm and she was missing. We had no idea where she and Ivan were or how to even begin looking for them.

"I have the info from when they left the warehouse to where they were grabbed and then where we found their helmets and the tracker. Let's retrace their movements. We're bound to find something," Viktor said.

That was a weak plan, but right now, it was the only plan we had. They could be anywhere in the city now. We didn't even know for sure if Ivan was still with Sephie. They would have to kill him to get him away from her, I knew that, but there was a very real possibility that he was already dead.

I caught Stephen looking at Misha, then he looked at me. "Boss, you can find her. You don't need the tracker. The connection you two have, that's your tracker. I don't know how it works when you two feel each other, but you can find her. Misha can help," he said.

I stopped, thinking about what he'd just said. "It's never worked when we've been this far apart before. We've always been relatively close," I said.

"Maybe I can amplify it the same way Sephie did for me when we saw Trino in trouble," Misha said. "I don't have a clue how she did it, but I'm willing to try everything I can to see if it works."

"We should go to where they were grabbed. Misha might be able to see something there," Stephen said. I simply nodded once and headed to my bike.

It was still very early in the morning. Most of the city was asleep, which made it easier for us to move through town. We made, it to the corner where Sephie's tracker had stopped for a few minutes. As we got closer to the spot, we could see bodies. My heart immediately dropped into my stomach. Please don't let one of them be Ivan. Stephen pulled ahead and checked the bodies. He shook his head no and I exhaled, momentarily relieved.

Misha got off his bike and looked over the scene. Ivan's bike was still there, but it wasn't wrecked. There were tire marks on the street in front of the bike, as well as behind. They blocked them in. Misha walked to Ivan's bike, turning to look at the one dead body well behind the bike. He pointed to the body, saying, "he grabbed Sephie. She got loose and shot him." He looked back toward the bike. There were two more bodies closer to the bike. "Ivan," he said, pointing to the bodies.

He stared at the bike for long enough that I thought he'd lost whatever it was he was seeing. Just when I was about to say something, he turned to look at a car parked on the street. He bent down to look at the front fender of the car. It was slightly dented, like the car had hit something at some point. He put his hand on the car and inhaled sharply. We could tell by the look on his face that he was seeing something we couldn't see.

"She went to help Ivan and they rushed her, pushing her into the car. They held a gun to her head to stop Ivan. They took her tracker and all the weapons and put them in their vehicle." He pointed up the street. "They went that way," he said.

At least we knew that Ivan was with her, for now. I was now worried about her being hurt, though. "Is she hurt? Can you tell?" I asked Misha.

"I think she's okay. Or her adrenaline is masking it. She walked to the vehicle okay, even after they shoved her into the car really hard," he said.

"Let's go where we found the helmets. Maybe Misha can give us the direction they went after ditching the tracker," Stephen

said. We all climbed back on the bikes, following Viktor to where we found their helmets earlier.

It only took a few minutes to reach the spot where we found their helmets. Misha got off his bike again, surveying everything the same as he did before. He stood for a few moments, looking at everything. He finally looked to me, clearly frustrated. "I can't see anything this time. I know they went north when they left here, but that's all I can see this time. Sorry, Boss."

"North means Sal's area, which means it was likely Sal that grabbed them," Viktor said.

Stephen climbed off his bike. "Boss, come here. I have an idea," he said as he walked toward Misha. At this point, I was ready to try anything. Just because we'd narrowed down the area of the city they were headed to didn't make it any easier to find them. "So, when Sephie touched Misha, his visions amplified. What happens when you do it while you're thinking about trying to feel Sephie?"

It was worth a shot. I inhaled, extending my hand to Misha. It was easy to think about Sephie and finding her. I was already desperate to feel her in my arms again. I felt Misha squeeze my hand tighter. "They took them to an old building, but it's so dark that I can't see an address. Keep thinking about her," Misha said, then added, "they're in a room. It's an old office building. I can't see very much clearly, but they're both alive."

"So, the north side in an abandoned office building. That narrows it down," Andrei said, somewhat sarcastically, but with apparent frustration in his voice.

We stood in silence for a few minutes. Viktor looked at Misha, a look of hope on his face. "Misha, when they took the tracker from Sephie, did you see them take her earpiece?"

"No. Ivan's either. They still had them when they got in the vehicle," Misha said.

Viktor then looked to me. "The range on the earpieces aren't as strong as the tracker, but we might be able to pick them up if we can get close enough."

"How close do we need to be?" Andrei asked.

"Those things have about a two-mile radius," Viktor said.

"It's worth a shot," I said.

"I also suggest waiting until daylight. If they're holding them in an abandoned building, having people drive by at this time of the night is going to be obvious. They'll see us coming. For once, the darkness won't provide the cover we need. We should wait until daylight so there are other people out and about," Viktor said. "We divide that part of town up into a grid and work it until we get a signal. We can get the dealers to help on foot, too. They'll blend in easier."

"F**k! I know you're right, Viktor, but pausing the search does not make me happy," I said, trying to control my anger.

"You're not the only one, Boss. We all want to find her, but we need to be smart about it. We don't want them moving her. Or worse," Andrei said.

"We're gonna find her, Boss. Now that we know Ivan is with her, that helps. I don't feel like she's dead, either," Misha said. He paused to look at me, then added, "add that to the list of sentences I never thought I'd say in my life. Seriously, though, you would feel it if something happened to her. I know it."

"I don't think she's dead either. There's a pull in my chest that I feel anytime I'm away from her until I get back to her. It's still there and it's getting stronger," I said.

"We might be able to use titat to help find her," Stephen said. "How strong does it get?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't been this far away from her, ever. It gets stronger when she's hurt though. I told her it feels like my heart is urging me to destroy whatever caused her pain." I ran my hand through my hair. I was definitely not expecting to be having this conversation in the middle of the street at 3 am.

"She's told us about that before. She feels it, too, and we all feel it with her, just to a lesser extent than you," Andrei said.

"Let's head back to the penthouse. I think if you can focus on that pull, it'll help us know where we should start looking once the sun comes up," Stephen said. I nodded once.

As we drove back to the penthouse, I caught myself thinking about how surprising it was that it was Stephen that had come up with this plan. I would not have bet on him to take charge of this situation before Sephie. Just like with Misha, she was slowly bringing out the absolute best in Stephen. He had talked more since she came into our lives than he had in the previous few years that he'd been working for me. We were all somewhat relieved and admittedly slightly disappointed to learn that he wasn't a serial killer.