

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 281

## Chapter Two Hundred Eighty-One

Sephie

Ivan and I were left alone after Sal and Armando left the room. We had no way to know how long we'd been in there, as there were no windows in the room. It must be daylight outside by now. I had a dull headache starting from headbutting the guy that grabbed me off the bike and Sal's weak punch to my face. Ivan, however, looked much worse than I did with the dried blood down one side of his face.

"How's your head, Super Squish?" I asked in Russian. "Do you ever get headaches?"

He chuckled softly. "Nope. Well, let me rephrase that. I might get them, but I don't know it when I do."

I sighed. "That's so useful."

"Do you have a headache coming on, princess?"

I nodded my head. "It's not bad. I think it's more from when they grabbed us than Sal's weak sauce punch. They slammed me into the car pretty hard," I said. "I'm starting to feel it."

"Starting to feel what? Should I be worried?"

"No, I think it's okay. Just sore. I'm probably turning pretty colors. I like to live life in technicolor."

Ivan just laughed, shaking his head at me. "If I haven't told you this lately, your sense of humor makes life so much better." I smiled at him. Just as I turned my head, I heard a beep in my ear. I looked at Ivan, asking. "is your earpiece still working?" He nodded his head. "Did you just hear yours beep? And follow-up question, why would they beep like that?" I asked.

"Mine beeped. They do that when they connect. It means another earpiece just connected to ours," he said.

"Sephie? If you can hear me, it's Chen. Don't say anything, just clear your throat if you're okay," Chen said in my ear. I cleared my throat and heard him exhale. "Good. We're looking for you. Ghost is coming for you soon. We'll be back," he said. We could hear Chen talking to Gus and Oscar as they walked away and then the earpieces beeped once more, indicating they'd lost the signal.

"So, now the question is how long has it been? A day and a half? Or three days? This is important information," I said.

"We do have the integrity of the data to consider," Ivan said.

It felt like days before someone came back into the room. Ivan and I had been quietly talking almost the entire time, mostly to keep each other awake and calm. The two guys that had grabbed us walked back in the room. They walked straight to me, cutting the restraints off my wrists, and pulled me up roughly. I felt Ivan's anger go through the roof when they pulled me to a standing position.

"What are you doing? Where are you taking her?" Ivan asked. I could hear the anger in his voice. Everyone could hear the anger in his voice. The guy that had hit Ivan before punched him once more, only this time he was wearing brass knuckles. The damage was immediately visible on Ivan's face.

"What the f\*\*k?" I yelled, trying to get free from the guy holding me. I managed to get one arm free and punched him in his nose. He stumbled backward, holding his nose. The guy that had gone after Ivan went to punch me, but Ivan surprised him by standing up, still attached to the chair, and using his body to slam the guy into the ground. The guy I had punched had recovered and had pulled his gun. Once again, he pointed it straight at my head, whistling loudly at Ivan. "If you don't sit back

down, she dies," he said, coldly. He looked at his buddy, who got up from the floor and grabbed my arms. He pulled them both behind my back, putting another zip tie tightly around my wrists. He pushed me toward the door, then turned to look at Ivan. "I'll be back for you," he said. His voice had a threatening tone to it. I don't like this.

They pushed me out the door, down a short hallway to another room. Armando was waiting for me when we walked in. This isn't good. Armando looked pissed when he saw the blood on the one guy I'd punched. "Are you even capable of not hurting people?" he asked me..

"You seem to think that I'm the one that starts it. Tell your guys not to throw the first punch and I won't break their nose," I said.

Armando groaned, but nodded to the two men and pointed to one wall of the room. It was at that moment that I saw the ankle shackles connected to a chain that was bolted to the floor. I definitely do not like this. The two guys walked me quickly toward the shackles, shoving me into the wall. One guy kept me pressed against the wall while the other one attached the shackles. Once they were attached, they let go of me and left the room. I knew they were going back for Ivan. My heart sank thinking about what they were going to do to him.

I turned toward Armando, to see him holding a knife. He was looking at the knife, not at me. Turning it over in his hands, like he was seriously contemplating what to do next. Finally, his gaze lifted and he looked at me. "You're going to solve a lot of my problems," he said as he walked to me. He grabbed my shirt, despite my best efforts to move away from him. My hands were still tied behind my back and now my legs were chained. I didn't have many options. He pulled my shirt away from my body and used the knife to cut it off of me. He then did the same to my pants, leaving me in my bra and panties.

"Do you know what happens when a girl is sold?" he asked as he was cutting my clothes off. He didn't wait for me to answer.

"We take pictures of them so the bidding can start. Your bidding is about to start," he said as he stepped back to look at me. He was visibly angry when he looked me up and down. "They were told not to harm you when they grabbed you," he said.

I looked down at my stomach, which was a really pretty shade of blue, with a hint of deep purple from where they'd shoved me against the parked car. "Oh no. Is that going to cut into your profits?" I asked as sarcastically as possible. He didn't answer me. but he did glare at me. I laughed. "If you think this is bad, wait until you turn me around. Spoiler alert: your problems are not going to be solved today," I said.

Curiosity got the best of him and he turned me around, finally seeing my scars. His grip on my arm tightened as the realization that I wouldn't fetch top dollar set in.

"You mean to tell me that damaged goods won't fetch top dollar? I'm shocked, Armando. SHOCKED," I said, still trying to provoke him to anger. I couldn't do anything to defend myself, but I was hoping for a miracle here and my anger had completely taken over. "Sal isn't going to be too happy with you when he finds out. You might've been able to sell me with just a front picture, but now all the angles are just totally f\*\*ked up so I'm worthless. What's he going to do to you when he finds out you f\*\*ked this up? What's he going to think when I tell him you're the one that gave me these bruises?" I saw the flash of uncertainty across his face before it quickly changed to anger. He stood for a moment contemplating what to do next.

