

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 340

## Chapter Three Hundred Forty

Sephie

After dinner, while everyone else worked on cleaning up the kitchen for me, I pulled Misha and Andrei to the side. “So, I’m really not sure how we got sound last time, but I want to see if we can get sound again this time. Although if he’s speaking Spanish the whole time, it’ll be useless anyway. But let’s give it a go and see what we can find out about the dumbest Colombian to walk the earth,” I said. They both laughed at me, each one taking one of my hands. “I have both hands available this time. Maybe it’ll be an extra power boost.”

It was different this time. I could clearly see Andrei’s thoughts while Misha worked on finding Martin. I wanted to ask if he could see mine, but I didn’t want to interrupt Misha. It took a few moments for Misha to find Martin, but once he did, we could clearly see him and hear him, like he was standing in front of us.

This time, instead of it being a movie playing in front of us, we were in the movie. It was like we were standing in the room with Martin, only he couldn’t see us. He was talking on the phone, in Italian, which was incredibly surprising but ended the call before I could tell who he was speaking to. He dialed another number, waiting for the person to pick up. I vaguely heard Viktor’s phone beep in the background, so I knew he must’ve been calling Giana before I heard her voice answer his call.

They talked briefly, but he told her his plan for trying to get her out. In English, thankfully. She started crying. She was switching between Italian and English while she told him how happy she was and how she couldn’t wait to see him. She started to tell him all the dirty things she was going to do to him once he got her out. Of course, she said that part in Italian so I was the only one made to suffer through that part of the conversation. I must’ve made a face or said how gross it was to have to listen to out loud, because I could hear the guys laughing quietly behind me.

After their conversation, the fast forward button was pushed and we saw Martin making another phone call. He was in a different location than before, but I still didn’t recognize it. I fully expected him to speak Spanish when the person on the other end of the line answered, but I was wrong. He had a conversation in Italian, but I understood everything. Then, we all heard it. He said Sal’s name. Both guys squeezed my hands when he addressed Sal by name. “Shit,” we all said at the same time. The vision ended shortly after, leaving the three of us in stunned silence,

I felt Adrik walk up behind me, touching my shoulder gently. I think he could feel my emotions going completely off the rails as my mind raced through possibilities. “Sephie?” he said quietly. I instantly knew he was worried about my eyes giving everyone a show. I let go of Misha and Andrei’s hands and turned to look at Adrik, immediately seeing the look on his face that meant my eyes were doing their own thing. I groaned, then put my head on his shoulder, hiding my face from everyone else while I tried to get a handle on my emotions. I felt Adrik’s arms around me, holding me firmly against him. “It’s okay, solnishko. We can show them. I don’t think you’re going to be able to hide it forever,” he whispered to me.

I took a deep breath, trying to get a handle on everything and just concentrate on my anger. They already knew about my demon eyes, so I could show them that. I just needed to let my anger overtake everything else and it would be okay. When I looked at Adrik, he smirked at me. “Demon eyes for added emphasis,” he said, still barely above a whisper.

“I can do this,” I said quiet enough that only he could hear me. I felt the pull in my chest from him as he leaned down and kissed my forehead.

I turned to look at everyone else. “Holy shit, spider monkey, they’re black now.”

“It’s her warning system,” Adrik said, laughing.

“No shit,” Misha said. “What were they saying, gazelle?”

“Wait, she can understand Spanish now?” Stephen asked, completely confused. “That’s impressive for a mere human brain.”

Andrei laughed. “Martin apparently knows Italian. I assumed he was using a translator for her texts, but he was speaking Italian almost the whole time we saw him.”

“Unexpected from the dumbest Colombian to ever walk the earth,” Ivan said.

“He’s still vacillating between semi-smart and dumb as fuck. His plan for Giana is actually pretty solid. I did not expect such strategy from him,” I

said.

Ivan was thinking over what I’d just said, running his hand over his goatee the whole time. He looked at me and I could see him figure out his plan. I grinned at him, knowing he’d nailed it. “He’s going to have Giana fake an illness to get her out of the building. He can get to her away from the

building,” he said.

“Winner winner chicken dinner,” I said. “She’s supposed to take being in so much pain that they have to take her to the ER. He’s either going to grab her en route or at the hospital.”

“What about his last conversation?” Misha asked.

I looked at Misha, somewhat amused that he didn’t want to be the one to say it. “Coward,” I said. His wide smile stretched across his face and he eagerly agreed with me.

“Who was he talking to?” Viktor asked.

“Sal,” Andrei and I said at the same time.

“WHAT!” Adrik asked, his level of anger now completely overtaking mine, but also feeding into mine. I was secretly happy I wouldn’t need to worry about my eyes for the foreseeable future. I turned to him, putting my hands on his chest, helping to keep him calm.

“Thi

actually quite helpful, if you think about it. It was the missing piece. Everything is now connected nicely,” I said, smiling up at him and loving the fire that was building in both of us. We were about to unleash chaps,