

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 505

505

Adrik

"If anything changes, let us know. We'll do the same. If you have any information we can use that links Henry and Sal, we'll be happy to take it off your hands." Eric

said.

"Might be worth another look at Sal's paperwork," Ivan said silently.

"Agreed."

"We'll take another look and see what we can find," I said. Eric extended his hand to me. I felt Sephie's hand gently grab my free hand when I went to shake hands with Eric, followed by Doug. She was borrowing my gift. She had likely been snoopire: through their heads the entire time and was making sure her assessment was correct. Since we'd dealt with so many betrayals, she liked to be as confident as possible in her opinion on someone. It meant using everything she had at her disposal to form that opinion.

As we walked back to the SUVs to leave, Stephen said in our earpieces, "Boss, get in the vehicles, but don't leave until I say."

"Is there a problem?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. Henry's guys have reinforcements we weren't expecting," he said. "Eric leaving now. His usual tail is leaving with him, along with a few of the new

guys."

Doug had gone into the building before leaving, which meant we now had to wait for him to come back out and leave. There was only one entrance/exit into the parking garage, so we would be seen if we left before him, meaning Henry would be able to piece it together that we were meeting with the mayor and the DA behind his back.

Viktor sent a quick message to both Eric and Doug alerting them to their newest addition in followers. We only had to wait a few minutes and Doug was back in the garage being picked up by his driver. We waited for Stephen to tell us whether all the tails outside left with him or not.

"Doug is leaving. His usual tail is gone. All but one tail left with the mayor. They suspect something is up. He's waiting to see who else comes out of the garage," Stephen said.

"Just one person? You're sure?" Ivan said.

"Just one. He's parked not far outside the entrance of the garage, waiting. He showed up with everyone else. They're not discreet in the slightest. They all had a meeting on the sidewalk, then dispersed to their separate cars. He's the only one left.

Stephen said.

"I could go have a conversation with him," Ivan said, knowing full well that was not going to happen.

"I have an idea," Sephie told me. "Stephen, how many car lengths between where this idiot posted up and the entrance to the garage?"

"One, two...five," he said.

"And what does the car look like that he's in?" she asked.

"Dark blue sedan, four door," he said.

"Which side of the exit is he on?"

"South"

"Misha, can I borrow you?" she asked, extending her hand toward Misha, who was in the front seat. He turned to look at her, curious where she was going with this, but also excited to see the end result.

"What are you thinking, Seph?" Stephen asked.

"There's a restaurant in the building next door. I can smell it. I'm looking for a delivery truck," she said.

Stephen chuckled. "You're a genius," he said.

She grabbed Misha's hand, borrowing his gift as they searched the area for a delivery truck large enough to block our watcher in, allowing us to leave without him following us. Preferably without him seeing us to begin with.

"Got it," she and Misha said together. "Stephen, there's a truck a block and a half away to the south. Can you and your guys borrow it?"

"Nothing would make me happier right now," he said. He quickly gave orders to the team that was with him and they put their plan in motion. Stephen was very capable, but one of his greatest attributes was his speed. Once he knew the objective, he wasted no time in completing his assignment.

It was under ten minutes and he was back, saying, "be ready. The truck will be here in two minutes. Kyle is driving. I want to see if we can provoke your watcher into an argument before you guys leave."

We could hear what was happening through the earpieces. Kyle parked the truck alongside our tail's car, effectively blocking him in. He then went to the back of the truck, opened it up, and proceeded to act like he was about to make a delivery. Just as we hoped, our watcher got out of his car, trying to get Kyle to move the truck. He pretended to not understand English very well, drawing out the conversation, while giving us instructions in Russian.

"Not yet. He's pretty pi\*sed, but he can still see the entrance. I can bait him to the lack," Kyle said in Russian, as he pretended to not know what the guy was saying

to him.

We waited for his signal, leaving quickly when he said, "now." We could hear them arguing as we pulled out onto the street and turned down a side street, completely out of view.

Stephen was laughing as he said, "this might be making Kyle's day. He loves a reason to yell at someone. We're going to return the truck and we'll meet you at the penthouse."

We didn't have to wait long for Stephen to join us. He was still laughing when he waded into the penthouse. Sephie had tried to not be worried after we lost contact with him, but she couldn't help herself. She was visibly relieved when he walked in, walking quickly to him to give him a hug. It never failed to make me smile when I saw just how tightly he held onto her. He had taken so long to warm up to her in the beginning, for good reason, but now she was an anchor for him, just as she was for everyone else.

"Very good call on the delivery truck, Seph. Kyle said to thank you as well. He said that was the most fun he's had in a while. He really enjoys making people angry," he said as he relaxed his tight hold on her.

She chuckled. "Please tell me he's still sitting outside the parking garage waiting for us to leave."

"He was when we left. I almost wanted to leave someone to see how long he would stay there," he said.

"You, sir, are a little bit evil," she said. "I'm totally here for it."

As strange as it sounded to say, it was kind of the perfect end to our day. Sephie managed to make us laugh through every tough situation we found ourselves in

now.

"Would you still call me evil if you knew I ordered Thai for us on my way back here feel like you shouldn't have to cook dinner if you save the day," he said, his uncharacteristic smile that was slowly becoming more characteristic for him slowly spreading across his face.

She grinned at him. "Same order as last time?" she asked, clearly hopeful he would say yes.

"Of course," he said.

"You're my favorite. Don't tell the others," she said, once again hugging Stephen's neck.

"I wish I would've known I could do this when I was a kid. I would've been much more rebellious," Misha said, shaking his head as he thought about the day's

events.

"You would've spied on the girl's locker room all day, don't kid yourself," Andrei said, teasing him.

"Shots fired, Bubba," Sephie said, laughing. She looked at Misha and said, seriously, he's not wrong though."

Once again, we found ourselves narrowly escaping trouble, faced with a seemingly insurmountable hurdle ahead of us, but we were all laughing with each other like it was completely normal and not the least bit stressful. Because of her.

It had been a few days since meeting with Doug and Eric when Viktor walked into my office, followed closely by Ivan. "We just got word from Battista that Niko and Vito are coming back. They'll be here in two days," Viktor said.

"Is Battista still here?" I asked.

"No, he's on his way back too, though. He said he's bringing his friend, the arms dealer," Ivan said, a mischievous grin on his face.

"We need to meet with the same leaders we met with before. Is Chen still the one setting that up?" I asked.

Viktor nodded. "He still won't let me put him on the payroll for it, either."

"I can take care of that. He thinks I'm overpaying him for his contractor work so he's reluctant to take anything more. Truth be told, I'm not. He does fantastic work. I'll just add to that. And have Neal hand his name out to a few more people," I said. Chen was a good guy. I was grateful to have his help in all of this. I always took care of those who helped me.

"I'll set it up right away. You want them here?" Viktor asked.

I thought for a moment. Last time we met with them, it was in my office. Something didn't feel right about that this time, but I didn't know what. I looked for Sephie, to ask her opinion on it.

"You have a question, "I heard her say to me as I was looking to see where she was.

"I do. We need to meet with the people who have organized the resistance against the bosses. Something doesn't feel right about them coming here this time, though, "I told

her.

She was quiet for a moment, then she said, "that's because it's not. They're watching the building to see who comes in and out. We should meet somewhere else to protect them."

Before I could answer her, I heard Misha's voice, through her head, as well. "Same for me, Boss. Somewhere else is the way to go."

"Thank you both," I responded. I looked to Viktor and Ivan, saying, "apparently, they're watching the building to see who comes in and out. I don't want to put them in danger by coming here. We need to meet elsewhere."

Viktor nodded, leaving to make the necessary arrangements while Ivan stayed in the office. "Do you want me to have them removed?" he asked.

"No. Leave them. We'll make sure they don't follow us, but if we remove them, Henry will know we know." I couldn't help but smile a little at the situation. "I think

he still thinks he's smarter than us," I said.

"I know he thinks that. Wait until Stephen hears about this," he said, laughing. "He's gonna be so pi\*ed."

I laughed with him, looking forward to Stephen's reaction when he learned that Herby was still trying to outmaneuver us. He was definitely looking forward to being able to break Henry. Stephen was so quiet most of the time, but much like Ivan, we would occasionally find people that simply rubbed Stephen the wrong way. Henry was definitely one of those people. Henry had no

idea what was coming for him.

I found myself enjoying that fact more than I probably should.