

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 63

Chapter Sixty-Three

Sephie

On our way to the dress shop, I asked Andrei how things were going with Tori. He exhaled loudly. “Spider monkey, I don’t know what she wants. I don’t think she knows what she wants. I keep trying to make her happy, but it seems like I keep failing. Miserably.”

“Is she mad at you again?” He nodded his head. “What for this time? You haven’t even seen her in a couple of weeks?!”

“That’s why she’s mad.”

“Can’t she come to the city? She has a car, right? I mean, if we’re not at the house, what is she doing, exactly?”

He took his eyes off the road to look at me. “That’s exactly what I said!”

“So...? Why won’t she come to the city? She can’t be mad at you for having to work when she’s perfectly capable of coming to see you. That’s a weird power move.”

“Thank you!”

“Have you specifically asked her? Like literally said, ‘Tori, I would like it if you came here since I can’t come back to the house right now’ or did you just vaguely hint at it without specifically asking her?”

He got quiet. “Net. I didn’t ask her like that.”

“Okay, try that. If that doesn’t work, then you need to move on from her. She’s proving to be very complicated. Is she good in bed at least? Wait, no. Forget I asked that question. I don’t need to know.” I sat in silence as he laughed. Then I added, “okay, forget I said forget I asked the question. I need to know. There has to be a reason you’re putting up with this.”

“Da.” His cheeks started to turn red, but he didn’t say anything more. I reached over and patted his shoulder as he drove.

“You go, Bubba.”

When I tried the dress on, it had been a little snug on me before. Now it was loose. The seamstress went to work, marking where it needed to be taken in. Great, now I’m going to be paranoid about eating too much until this stupid ball is over. She finished putting dozens of pins in the bodice of the dress and asked, “you want to show your boyfriend?”

I laughed. “He’s not my...oh never mind. Yes, I’ll show him.” She pulled the curtains back from the fitting room, revealing me to Andrei.

“Spider monkey...” he said, his mouth open. “You look like a girl!”

“I KNOW! It’s crazy right?”

He rubbed his face with both of his hands, like he was still astonished at the sight of me in a dress. I walked closer, turning so he could see the back. “I did good, huh? You can’t see anything,” I said, pointing to my back. He stood up to get a closer look.

“Only if you’re close and you’re looking for them. You can’t really see anything.” He looked me up and down one more time.

“Boss is going to love this dress. It’s perfect for you.”

“You really think so?” I asked as I twirled in front of him.

He laughed as he grabbed my hand and twirled me again. “He’s going to spend the whole night dancing with you and nothing else.”

“Wait, what? There’s dancing involved?”

He laughed. “It’s a ball, spider monkey. What did you think there was going to be?”

“Not dancing. I did not bet on dancing.” I looked up at him, suddenly even more terrified of having to go to this thing. “Bubba! I don’t know how to dance!”

“Misha will teach you. It’s simple. He taught me,” he said as he placed a hand on my back, keeping my hand in his. He smiled down at me and lifted me slightly off the floor as he stepped around the small area in the dress shop. “See? You don’t even have to do anything,” he grinned at me.

“I can handle this. I can totally handle this. It’s your job to make sure that he does not break either of his arms before this event.

I’m holding you personally responsible,” I said, trying to look at him as seriously as I could.

He spun me around one more time, then set me down and saluted me.

On the way back to the penthouse, Andrei’s phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out and looked at it. I heard him curse under his breath. He threw it on the console and rubbed his face in his hand.

“Well, that doesn’t look good,” I said.

“Tori.”

“What now?”

“She’s asking if I’m coming to the house tonight for the weekend.”

“Soooo....why don’t you take this opportunity to ask her to come to the city instead? Make something up for why you can’t go back to the house. Blame it on me again. She can’t hate me more than she already does, but then ask her to come here.”

He hesitated. I picked his phone up and offered to do it for him. He just nodded his head.

I can’t come to the house this weekend. Boss needs me here. Any chance you can come here instead?

I set his phone down and waited. There was silence until we got all the way back to the penthouse. We were in the elevator when she finally texted him back. I wanted to grab the phone from him to see her response, but I refrained. His face told me it was a good answer, anyway. He grinned when he read her response and hugged me.

“Relationship coach spider monkey, what would I do without you?”

“Not get laid. Clearly.”

The door dinged, signaling that we had arrived at the top floor. He bent down and spread his arms for me to jump on his back as the doors opened.

“Oh, hell yeah, I totally earned this one,” I said as I jumped on his back.

The two guards outside the penthouse both gave us funny looks as he walked us down the short hallway to the penthouse. He nodded toward me, “spider monkey,” was all he said to them, like it was a perfectly reasonable explanation.

Adrik was in the kitchen when Andrei walked in with me. “Where have you two been?” he asked, amused at me on Andrei’s back.

“I had to go to the dress shop to get my dress fitted. I made Bubba take me,” I said hopping down.

“Oh? All is well, then?” Adrik asked. He had tried to get me to tell him what the dress looked like, but I wouldn’t do it. He was mostly looking at Andrei when he asked the question.

Adrei answered him in Russian, so I couldn’t understand. I saw Adrik’s eyes going wide. I glared at Andrei, who put his hands up and took a step back. “I didn’t tell him what it looks like, spider monkey. I promise!” He was still walking slowly backward toward the door.

I felt Adrik’s arm around my waist and felt his breath on my neck. “He told me I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands off you the entire night once I saw you in that dress,” he said quietly against my neck.

I sent one more glare in Andrei’s direction. He grinned at me and quickly walked out the door. I turned toward Adrik, moving my hands to his neck, running them through his hair. “You promise he didn’t tell you what it looks like?”

He smiled down at me, kissing the tip of my nose. “I promise, solnishko. He kept me in the dark, as you wish.”

“Good.” I grinned at him. “I want it to be a surprise. I might as well have fun if I’m being forced to attend this thing anyway.”

“If Andrei is correct and I won’t be able to keep my hands off you, then we might not be staying the whole time anyway. It won’t be so bad,” he smiled as he kissed my lips. He pulled back and looked at the stitches over my eye, brushing my curls from my face. “I thought girls like to get dressed up and go out and show off and all that

nonsense?”

“Other girls might like that. This girl thinks that’s a lot of effort for nonsense. But I will do it since you’re the favored son of the city. And somebody has to keep the rest of the women off you in public.”

“What other women?” he asked, smirking.

I grinned at him, kissing him. “Good answer.”