

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 73

Chapter Seventy-Three

Sephie

I blink again, this time able to see his eyes. Those blue eyes that I love. I search them, trying to figure out if it's really him. He looks at me with nothing but concern at first, but when he sees me searching his eyes, he looks at me with nothing but love and adoration. He smiles faintly, "It's me, Sephie. Pinky swear."

I climb into his lap, holding onto him like he's the only anchor in the middle of a hurricane. Tears fall uncontrollably. He wraps his arms around me, running his hands over my back, trying to calm me down. "Shhh...you're okay now. You're safe now. No one will ever hurt you again. Especially not Grant."

I sobbed harder, clinging to him. "I think I killed him," I said, mumbling in between breaths. "I think I stabbed him in the heart, I think I killed him."

He wrapped his arms around me tighter. "I love you, Sephie. Nothing will ever change that."

"It's really you?" I asked, leaning back to look at him. "How are you not dead?"

"Before I went on stage, I put on a bulletproof vest. That's why I left my jacket at the table. Made it easier to get it on and my shirt back on quickly. We needed everyone to believe I died and you were kidnapped. I'm sorry, solnishko. I should've told you. We underestimated how much you would fight back."

I suddenly remembered being grabbed in the ballroom and everything that happened after. I reached back and slapped him as hard as I possibly could. "YOU LET THEM KIDNAP ME!"

Suddenly, Ivan was pulling me off his lap. "Easy, princess." He set me down, which was his mistake. I delivered a punch squarely to his nose, causing him to step back, blood gushing from his nose. "AND YOU! YOU LET THEM TAKE ME TOO. YOU WERE THE CLOSEST ONE TO ME. YOU STEPPED FORWARD SO I COULD SEE YOU ONLY TO RUN IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION WHILE THEY FU CKING TOOK ME!"

I was seeing red at this point. I was so angry; I couldn't see past that. I felt Andrei's hands on my shoulders. "Spider monkey..." I didn't give him time to say anything else. I grabbed his shoulders and kneed him as hard as I could in the groin. He doubled over in pain. "DON'T FU CKING TOUCH ME!"

Misha and Viktor both stood in front of me, neither of them touching me, but both trying to calm me down. They both had their hands up, like they were trying to corner a caged animal.

"Gazelle, I wanted to tell you. I told them it would end horribly if they didn't tell you the plan. I saw what happened to that guy that attacked you. I knew it was a bad idea."

I looked at Misha, glaring at him. "What fu cking plan. And if you lie to me, so help me, I'll rearrange your face too."

I heard Viktor's deep voice, trying to calm me down, say, "we got word that they were going to try to assassinate Boss at the ball. They were going to kidnap you at the same time, just in case the assassination attempt didn't work. It would be the only time you were vulnerable. The people they put in place for the plan were loyal to us. The guys that took you work for Armando, not Salvadori. They clearly had no idea what they were signing up for, though. You were not an easy target."

I pinched the bridge of my nose, my headache coming back in full force. "Why in the fu ck did nobody tell me about this plan?"

Misha said, "the guy that grabbed you says he told you on the way out, but he thinks it was so loud that you didn't hear him. You fought back so hard that he just wanted to get you to the plane by any means necessary. That's why they zip tied your hands. They definitely were not expecting you to jump out of the vehicle. You almost killed yourself." I felt his hand on my shoulder. My eyes were still closed, as my head was still pounding.

I held a finger up. "Don't. Touch. Me."

"Okay, gazelle. Just breathe."

"Why the fu ck did nobody tell me about this plan before some random a ss mo therfucker grabbed me? And if you don't tell me the truth this time, you're all going down. I will take this fu cking plane down with all of you in it. I have no problem destroying myself in the pursuit of destroying every go ddamn one of you right now."

I heard Ivan's muffled laughter from behind me, which only served to make me angrier. I looked at Misha. "TALK. NOW."

"We needed everyone to believe the original assassination attempt had been successful and we needed the kidnap attempt to look believable. The place was crawling with cameras, on purpose. Salvadori wanted ample proof of what happened. We had to sell it. The only way to sell you being kidnapped was to actually kidnap you. We didn't expect it to go so.... poorly."

I looked from him to Viktor. They both looked awful. I glanced at Stephen, who was standing behind them. He looked equally as bad. I turned to look at Andrei, who was still in pain, sitting in one of the seats. Ivan wouldn't make eye contact with me. Adrik was standing behind me. He wanted to come to me, I know he did, but he was scared I was going to hurt him. The look on his face made my heart hurt, but at the same time, I was still so angry they had all agreed to lie to me that I didn't know what to do. I stood for a moment, pinching the bridge of my nose. I just wanted to cry. I felt so betrayed. I had trusted every one of them with my life and they had all lied to me. I was never going to be able to get the image of Ivan running away from me out of my head. I was never going to be able to unsee Adrik going down on stage.

I turned and walked toward the back of the plane. Toward Adrik. For a moment, he looked relieved, until I stepped around him. He went to grab me, but I moved away from his grasp. "Don't touch me. Don't fu cking touch me right now."