

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 115

Chapter One Hundred Fifteen

Adrik

I woke up late the next morning. Sephie was still sound asleep on my chest. It never seemed to matter how we fell asleep each night, that's inevitably where she would end up. It seemed to be her favorite spot and I was not going to deny her. I ran my hands through her hair, expecting her to start to wake up. She didn't move. Guess triple strength tea really does do the trick.

I laid under her for a while longer, running my fingers through her hair and over her body, enjoying the peace. I didn't have anything scheduled until after lunch, so I could afford to spend extra time with her this morning. I felt her fingers start to play on my chest. I smiled, knowing she was having happy dreams, at least.

My mind wandered to our conversation earlier and her experience after smelling Vanessa's perfume. As far as I knew, she hadn't thought about the attack or the night of the ball for at least a week, if not longer. Once she was able to kick her uncle's voice out of her head and she broke the loop of the night of the ball, she hadn't given it much thought. It seemed strange that both incidents would come back over something completely unrelated.

Why had Vanessa come back? Sephie was completely right, Vanessa did try to touch me when she came into my office. I've never felt so repulsed in my life. The thought of any woman other than Sephie touching me makes my skin crawl. I couldn't get away fast enough from her. She sat on the edge of the desk and all I could think about was how she was in Sephie's spot. I couldn't stop thinking about Sephie sitting on my desk. I wasn't even listening to what Vanessa was saying. Her voice was always annoying to me on a good day. And my God, the smell. Her perfume was strong when worn correctly. It was unbearable when she wore it. I didn't even tell Sephie, but I threw out the clothes we were both wearing that night. Somehow, I don't think she'll mind.

I did eventually catch a few things that Vanessa was saying before Viktor and Ivan walked in with Sephie. She said she'd heard I was back and wanted to make sure I was okay. She said she cried for days when she heard I had been killed. Right. Where would she have heard I was back from? As far as I knew, she wasn't connected to anyone else in my organization. I always checked out a woman's background before I dated them. Except for Sephie. I didn't care when it came to her. My usual rules were thrown completely out the window when it came to her. I should have one of the guys put somebody on Vanessa for a few days. Something doesn't feel right about her just "randomly" showing back up, after two years.

I felt Sephie snuggle into me more, still sound asleep, making her tooing noises. I held her tighter against me, glad that she had broken me from my own thoughts. Regardless of whether she was aware of it or not.

I checked the time. I'd been laying there watching her and thinking about everything for over an hour. I needed to get up so I wouldn't be late to my meeting with Armando and a few other business owners in the city. We were all working toward the same goal, so I didn't feel like Sephie's presence was imperative. All the business owners that were coming were close associates of either Armando or myself. They knew we could help them make even more money. I wasn't worried about deception with them.

I gently picked Sephie up off my chest enough that I could slip out from under her. She stirred just slightly, making me hopeful she would wake. My hopes were dashed when she rolled over and curled up in a new position. I smiled at her, pulling the blanket over her so she wouldn't get cold without me. She always said I kept her warm at night. I carefully crawled back onto the bed and kissed her cheek before leaving to get dressed. I wasn't looking forward to being away from her, but I wanted her to sleep.

Clearly, she needed it. I would have one of the guys come up and wait for her to wake up so she wouldn't be completely alone.

She still wasn't awake when I was ready to leave. I left her a note, hoping that she would see it and put pants on before walking out of the bedroom. Not that I didn't trust my guys, but some things were reserved only for me and I liked it that way. I kissed her once more before quietly leaving for my meeting.

I met Viktor and Ivan in my office. "Where's the princess?" Ivan asked, a look of slight concern on his face.

She had trouble sleeping last night. I want her to talk to Stephen (oday. She said smelling Vanessa's perfume took her back to the day of the attack on her and Misha, as well as the night of the ball," I said. Both tensed, looking seriously worried now. "I know. I had the same reaction. She said it wasn't that loop she was stuck in on the plane. She said it triggered a memory of listening to two other women in the bathroom earlier in the evening."

Ivan chuckled. "Did she tell you what she did to those women?"

I laughed, nodding my head. Ivan just shook his head. Viktor looked lost, "what happened?"

Still smiling, I said, "she overheard these two women talking about me and the rumors about me. One of them apparently knows an ex of mine, so she confirmed the rumors were untrue, but did say I was an asshole that couldn't remember my girlfriend's names. That's how Sephie knew for sure they were talking about me." I paused to laugh. "The other lady apparently wanted to take a ride on one of you. They didn't know Sephie was in there, but because Ivan was waiting for her, she didn't want to wait for them to leave, so she came out and offered to introduce them to you guys."

"But then she told them that she knew that we appreciated boldness so they should introduce themselves instead," Ivan finished, laughing.

Viktor, still somewhat confused, asked, "doesn't Sephie know we can't talk to people while we're working?"

"Oh, she knew. That's exactly why she told them to introduce themselves," I said.

Viktor cursed under his breath, laughing along with us. "She's a little bit evil," he said, laughing his deep belly laugh.

"That's why she couldn't sleep last night. She said she just kept going back to those two scenes, so she got up and made herself some tea. She said she made it triple strength, so it's not surprising that she's still sound asleep upstairs. One of you go upstairs and wait for her to wake up. Or send one of the other guys," I said "And I want someone on Vanessa for a few days. It doesn't make sense that she came back after all this time. That wasn't random. I need to know who told her to come back."

Viktor nodded, "already on it, sir. We had her followed when we tossed her from the building." He pulled his phone from his pocket to send a text, presumably to one of the other three to go wait for Sephie.

"Well done. Thank you."

"I told Misha and Andrei to battle it out and decide who would go upstairs. Stephen is in the lobby waiting for your associates for the meeting."

"Perfect. I know she's safe up there, but I haven't been away from her in a few weeks and quite frankly, I don't like it," I ran my hand through my hair. I knew they would understand my obsessive need to make sure she was always protected.

"Honestly, Boss, I'm surprised you were able to leave without her waking up. She's just as attached to you as you are to her," Ivan said. "If it were anyone else, it might make me want to puke, but you two are fucking adorable." He grinned when he said it.

I glared at him but laughed. "We are fucking adorable."

We were still laughing when Stephen stuck his head in my office. "Everyone is here, Boss. They're all in the conference room. Where's Sephie? Is she okay?"

I nodded, still occasionally surprised at their concern for her. "She's fine. I want you to talk to her later, though. Vanessa's perfume triggered memories for her of the day she and Misha were attacked, as well as the ball. We can't figure out why."

He looked surprised. "She didn't have nightmares again, did she?"

"No. Well, not the same one as she was in on the plane. Different memories. The fact that she's thinking about the day she and Misha were attacked is strange to me. She never seemed like that bothered her, at least mentally, like the ball did. And I have no idea why smelling perfume would trigger the memories."

Stephen exhaled. "Could be a number of things, honestly. We'll talk about it later and get to the bottom of it."

I put my hand on his shoulder as I walked out of the office, on my way to the meeting. My mind was on Sephie, not at all on This meeting I was walking into.