

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 128

Chapter One Hundred Twenty-Eight

Adrik

Viktor and Armando returned a few hours later. We were still in the office, Sephie still in my lap, talking about anything and everything. Somehow every conversation was more entertaining when she was with us. Not just because of her sense of humor, but because of her genuine interest in all of us, in our pasts, in everything that made us who we are. We were all laughing as Viktor and Armando walked in.

“Looks like I got the short straw today,” Viktor said, smiling.

“It’s your own fault for being so damn good at your job, my giant Russian security master,” Sephie said, grinning at him.

“How did the meeting go?” I asked Armando.

He sat in one of the chairs across from the couch. “I think it went well. Dario and Massimo were already thinking that Anthony and Lorenzo were trying to meet with Trino, but they weren’t able to get confirmation that they actually had met with him. I think those two are up to something on their own. I don’t think they’re with Sal.” He looked at Sephie, smiling. “I don’t think Massimo blinked once the entire meeting. He must have very dry eyes.”

I felt her shiver once. “That guy creeps me out, not gonna lie.”

Armando chuckled. “He’s always been a bit of an odd bird. Dario too. They always present it as Dario being the one in charge and Massimo is just going along with it, but I think in reality it’s the other way around. There have been stories about Massimo’s savagery for years, but no one ever speaks against him publicly and no one knows where he dumps the bodies, so they stay rumors.”

“I do.” Sephie said. We all looked at her, shocked. “Yeah, that wasn’t an idle threat. I really do know where he hides the bodies. I also wasn’t kidding about them thinking less of me when I was their personal servant. There were a few meetings when they would stay after everyone else would leave. I’d be cleaning up, trying to get out of there, while they were having their own meeting. Fucking morons never realized I can understand Italian. They would act like I didn’t exist the entire time I was in the room. I used to stay longer on purpose, just to get more of their conversation. I don’t know why I felt like it was important to have information on Massimo, but I guess I’m glad I did,” she said shrugging her shoulders.

We all just stared at her, in silence. Armando asked her, in Italian, you can really understand Italian?”

She nodded, but answered in English. “I’m just not the best at speaking it, so I don’t. Unless I absolutely have to, which rarely happens. We all just continued to stare at her, completely stunned. “What? Max’s grandmother is Italian. We spent a lot of time with her. She taught me how to make pasta.”

“Does anyone else, outside this room know you can understand Italian?” Ivan asked. I knew where his mind was going. While this was beneficial to us, it also made her a target of Massimo’s now too.

“Max and his grandmother, but that’s it. It’s obviously not something I make known,” she said.

“I think we need to have a conversation with Max about you,” Ivan said.

“Why?” she asked.

“He needs to keep his mouth shut about you from now on. Not just because of Tori, either,” he said, a look of concern on his face. I felt her tense, but she didn’t say anything. She simply nodded her head.

We discussed a few more things between all of us. Armando looked at his watch. “I should get some dinner for Giana,” he said, running his hand through his dark hair.

“When are you going to ask her out, Mando?” Sephie asked. I could hear her smiling when she asked the question. He looked at her, shocked. “Don’t play dumb. We all see the way you two look at each other.”

He was flustered for a moment. “But... she’s my assistant. I’m her boss.”

“She said the same thing. I feel like that’s just an excuse to keep ignoring your feelings for each other,” Sephie said.

He looked at her, mouth open, for a few moments. Finally, he realized what she had really just said. “Wait, she feels the same?”

“Well, I can’t answer that definitively, but there’s attraction, as well as interest there. It’s up to you two to figure the rest out.

Unless you want to keep ignoring it and pretending it doesn’t exist, which is fine with me, because honestly, it’s entertaining for me.” The guys were trying to hold back their laughter. “She’s a good girl, Armando. I already told her you would let someone else wear all her clothes if she sleeps around. She was mortified at the thought. That’s a good sign,” she said, laughing.

He chuckled, standing up. “Well, then, I should go have a conversation with her, I guess.”

Sephie stood up to give him a hug before he left. As soon as she stepped into his arms, I could see her body tense. She sniffed his shirt, then stepped back from him. “Mando, were there any women at the meeting with Dario and Massimo?” She took another step back from him, like she was trying to get away from him.

He shook his head. “None at the table with us. There was a woman at the bar in the restaurant.”

She looked to Viktor. “Could you see inside the restaurant?”

“No, not at all. I was listening, but I was down the street so no one would see me,” he said.

“Vanessa was there. Or else she’s with either Dario or Massimo. Did you hug either one of them, Mando?”

He shook his head no. “No, I shook their hands, but that’s it.”

“How close were you to the woman at the bar? Do you remember her perfume?” she asked.

“It was very strong, yes. I ordered a drink, but I wasn’t that close to her. As close as you are to me now. She reminded me of the ex-girlfriend that had issues with fidelity. She was not someone I wished to speak to,” he said.

I looked to Ivan. “Have you spoken to the tail you put on her today?” He pulled his phone from his pocket and left the room.

“Who’s Vanessa?” Armando asked, puzzled.

I stood up, moving to pull Sephie back to me. I sat down and pulled her back in my lap, hoping to clear her nose of that smell.

“She’s an ex-girlfriend of mine. I broke it off with her years ago, but she showed up recently. It doesn’t make sense. We’re trying to figure out why.” Sephie leaned her head against my shoulder, inhaling deeply like she was trying to replace the perfume smell with my scent.

“You think she’s working for Dario and Massimo?” he asked.

“We don’t think, we know,” Ivan said, walking back into my office. She was at the restaurant and she left with them. I told the tail to cautiously follow her, so if he ever felt like anyone she was with was trying to evade him, he was to lose them on purpose. He doesn’t know where they went after the restaurant, but she got into the vehicle with them after the meeting.”

I sighed, thinking about how this web of conspirators just kept going.

I knew I should’ve punched her in the nose when I had the chance,” Sephie sighed.

Right on time. Everyone laughed