

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 46

## Chapter Forty-Six

Sephie

We stayed gone for close to two hours. We walked to the lake where we sat and talked for a while, then decided we should probably return to the house. When we got closer to the house, he turned to ask me, “you miss your friend, Max?”

I nodded. Max and I had been friends for a few years. We both started at the restaurant around the same time and quickly discovered that we could make the time pass faster by clowning around with each other. The regular bartender had quit, so we covered the bar until they found a replacement. We ended up making the restaurant more money than the other bartender ever did in one weekend. Women were flocking to watch Max pour their drinks and give them his best million-dollar smile. I always thought he was handsome, but I didn’t quite understand the obsession with him. Maybe that’s why we were always friends. I was immune to his charms.

“I do miss him. I miss my life. It seems crazy to complain about being here and I’m not complaining. I’m really grateful to all of you for keeping me safe. But I miss being able to do what I want when I want. With no babysitter. Not that I don’t love you guys, I mean.”

He walked a few steps in silence. He just stopped in front of me and got in his usual stance for me to jump on his back. “Come, we must make the best of it while you’re here then.”

“You’re going to get in so much more trouble with Tori if I do that,” I said trying to walk past him.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me back toward him. “I don’t want to date a woman that has a problem with my friends. She will have to get used to it. Or she can date someone else.”

I looked at him, somewhat wide-eyed. This was a change. Max usually put distance between us when he would date a girl that didn’t like me. It only ever lasted a few weeks and then he’d be back to wanting to hang out with me. “You’re sure, Bubba?” He smiled at me, “sure, spider monkey. Now get on.”

“You ain’t gotta ask me twice,” I said in my best re dneck voice as I jumped on his back. He walked us toward the house. I thought about everything as we got closer and hugged his neck a little tighter. “I hope she deserves you, Andrei.”

We couldn’t find anyone when we got back inside. I told Andrei to drop me at the piano and he could go find Tori. He’d be able to hear me that way and know I was fine. He reluctantly dropped me off and rushed to find her. I sat looking at the keys for a few minutes, but eventually started to play one of my m om’s favorite songs. I had made up most of the song one night, just goofing around. She said she loved it so much she made me write it down and finish it. She would ask me to play it often. It reminded her of my father and a song he would hum to her when they were around the house. She was convinced I had remembered the song from when I was a baby. She said he used to hum it to me to get me to go to sleep.

I barely had any memories of my father, as he died when I was still so young. I had a few pictures of him, but it was almost like looking at a stranger. My m om told me I had his eyes, but my eye color was different than his. It was different from hers, too. And neither of my parents had red hair, so I was somewhat of a mystery to them both. My m om used to laugh, especially when I was mad about something as a child and tell me that I had come out right as the biggest streak of lightning lit up the sky and it burned my hair and gave me a temper.

I smiled as I played her sorig, remembering the good times with her. A single tear fell as I looked down at my hands, remembering what her hands looked like when she would play. When I was small, I used to sit beside her and watch her as she played. I was completely mesmerized by the piano from a young age. She was so hopeful that I would be a concert pianist one day. That didn’t exactly happen. More tears threatened to fall as I contemplated whether I was a disappointment to my m om. I was definitely not a concert pianist. I was a waitress that wasn’t even allowed to work at the moment because some in sane man wanted to have me killed to get to my boyfriend. Yeah, seems like the fairy tale she always wanted for me.

The song ended and I rested my head on the music rack, fighting back tears. I chewed on my bottom lip to calm myself. Just one more day and I can leave. Maybe I can go see Max. I exhaled, trying to keep the tears from falling freely. I wiped my eyes just as a giant Russian sat down beside me on the piano bench. Andrei didn’t say anything, he just pulled me into his side, hugging my shoulders. The tears started to fall, and he hugged me tighter.

I finally got control and looked at him. “How did it go with Tori? Did you blame everything on me like you should have?”

“Everything will be fine, Sephie. None of this is your fault and we will make it better very soon. I promise.”

I rested my head on his shoulder. We sat like that for a few minutes. He reached out and started tapping at random keys. He would test the sound of each one, then would play the keys that sounded best together. As he was pecking out a small melody, I played a more intricate improvisation on top. He grinned as he kept trying to play the right notes that he’d chosen.

“You’re a natural, Bubba,” I grinned at him.

The sun set and Adrik still wasn’t home. Andrei had said that he had a late meeting, so I was trying to not worry about him. The house staff and Tori had all left for the evening, so it was just me and Andrei. He was still partially in the doghouse, so he thought it best to give Tori some space. He said their talk that afternoon went better, but she was still mad at him for laughing at her in front of me.

Delicate ego. Check.

Around 10:30, Andrei got a message that they were coming home. “They’re flying in, so they’ll be here soon.”

I tried to contain my excitement. I felt si lly missing Adrik this much, but I had missed spending any time with him this morning after we went back to bed. I thought back to our conversation on the balcony that morning. “. . . it made you into the woman I’m falling in love with today.” He had said that so easily, like it was fact. I smiled to myself, thinking about his nervousness when I said I wanted to leave the house. Was this powerful man really worried that I would want to leave him?

Andrei pulled me out of my thoughts. “Come, I’ll take you to the landing pad. You can meet him there. It will make him happy.”

I jumped up. “Really? It would make me happy too.” He bent down and I jumped on his back eagerly, slapping his shoulder. “Get the lead out boy! We don’t want to be late!”

He laughed and took off toward the front door. He walked us some distance to the side of the house, where there was a large clearing with a concrete pad in the middle. I hadn’t been to this side of the property yet. We were just approaching the pad when he heard the helicopter. “See? There they are,” he said pointing to the lights in the sky in the distance.

It didn’t take them long to land and Adrik stepped out of the helicopter. He was a sight for sore eyes in all black. Da mn, he looked extra sexy. Was it because I missed him? Andrei was still holding me on his back. I jumped down, as Adrik saw us and started to close the distance between us quickly. I ran to his arms, my lips crashing into his. I felt like I was almost desperate for him right then and I wanted him to know, without a doubt, that I had missed him. We heard a couple of whistles from the guys, but I didn’t stop. I didn’t care at that moment. He groaned as he broke this kiss to breathe. “Somebody missed me,” he said, that sexy smirk on his face.

I grinned at him. “Maybe a little,” I said as I reached up and kissed him again.

I felt him smile against my kiss. “I missed you more,” he said, picking me up to carry me to the house. I smiled and rested my head against his shoulder, wrapping my arms around his neck and shoulders. “How was your day, solnishko?”

“Um. . .good.” I said, not sure if I should bother him with the drama between Andrei and Tori.

He stopped walking and looked at me seriously. “Who do I need to have killed?” he asked.

I giggled. “Well, technically me, so I feel like that’s a bad life choice all around.”

He looked at me sternly, one eyebrow raised. “Persephone, what have you done?”

\*I made Tori put Andrei in the doghouse already. I didn’t mean to! We were just joking in the kitchen, and she walked in, thinking Andrei was hurt and we started laughing more and she thought we were laughing at her.”

He scoffed. “Women are complicated.” He continued up to the house.

“You’re telling me,” I said, rolling my eyes as he laughed. When we got inside, I asked “did you eat? Do you want me to make you something?”

“No need, love. We ate already. I am, however, still hungry,” he said as he set me down. He leaned in to kiss me and added, “just not for food.”

I couldn’t help myself. I kissed him deeply, my entire body craving his. I pressed my body to his, not wanting any space between us. I wasn’t sure what had come over me, but I simply couldn’t get enough of him. He responded in kind, his strong arms pulling me against him firmly. His lips devouring mine as his tongue explored every inch of my mo uth. A soft moan escaped my lips as I tried to press my knees together, feeling the incredible need for him growing.

“We should go upstairs before I lose complete control, solnishko,” he said as he grabbed my hand pulling me quickly to the stairs.