

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 53

Chapter Fifty-Three

Sephie

We explored the next two floors below his penthouse. There was, of course, a full gym here too. Walking through the gym, I asked, “where’s the basketball court in this one?”

He laughed. “No basketball court here. Only at the house.”

“How do you guys manage. Like seriously. Take me back to the house. I can’t live under these conditions.” It was so hard to get that out with a straight face, but I managed. He turned to me, worried that I was serious. Just the look of worry on his face made me lose it. I started laughing.

He pushed me gently. “You worried me!”

We finished the official tour around lunchtime. On his private elevator back up to his penthouse, he asked “now, would you like to go somewhere for lunch?”

“Like actually go somewhere? We can do that?”

“We can do whatever we please, solnishko. What would you like?”

My mind immediately went to Vinny’s and their life-changing sandwiches. “Can we go to Vinny’s so I can actually thank them in person for changing my life with their sandwiches?”

He laughed. “Of course. The guys will be so happy. They can’t get enough of that place,” he said as he pulled me to him. He kissed me, saying, “and I can’t get enough of you,” against my lips.

I rested my head against his chest, inhaling his scent. My arms hugged him tighter as I was thinking about how lucky I was.

Our trip to Vinny’s was not what I would consider normal, but they all acted like it was nothing. I was going to have to get used to having six men surrounding me in public, apparently. Most people were somewhat used to seeing Adrik with his guards, but the addition of me was clearly noteworthy, judging by the number of looks we got walking around. We left through the lobby, as they had pulled the vehicles out in front of the building, and we couldn’t even get through the lobby without everyone stopping and staring. I was starting to feel very self-conscious as we got in the SUV.

Ivan turned from the driver’s seat, grinning at me, “you just successfully smashed all the rumors that he’s gay. He hasn’t been seen in public with a woman in a few years.” He winked at me.

“I feel like I should’ve given them a show,” I said, rolling my eyes.

The café was much better. It was small, without too many people inside, so we had a good time during lunch. We were laughing and joking, as usual. Vinny arrived as we were leaving. He stopped to address Adrik. “Good day, sir. I’m pleased you’ve come today. And with such a gorgeous woman, too!” he said as he looked at me.

I smiled at him. “You must be Vinny?”

“Si, bella.”

“You are single-handedly responsible for making me have to workout more, but my stomach is so grateful for it,” I said, offering my hand to him.

“Hey, we’re Italian. We can’t help but feed everyone,” he said pulling me into a hug instead of shaking my hand. I was surprised by it, but I felt Adrik’s hand on my lower back. “You come back often, bella. Good marketing to see a beautiful woman eating at my shop,” he said winking at me and giving Adrik the thumbs up.

Viktor, with his serious, deep voice, said, “careful what you wish for, Vinny. This girl eats as much as we do.”

“Ah, she’s welcome. You’re all welcome here as much as you like. I’m so grateful to you, sir,” he said, shaking Adrik’s hand.

Adrik and I spent the next few hours by ourselves in the penthouse. In short, it was glorious to spend time with him during the day. We talked, we laughed, we acted like two people falling in love with each other.

At precisely 5:00, he stood up from the couch and extended his hand to me. “Come, time for the next part of your surprise.”

He led me to the elevator and pushed the button for the 5th floor. “Where are we going?” I asked.

He smiled down at me, “you’ll see.”

When the elevator doors opened, he pulled me down the hallway, made one right turn and stood in front of an apartment door.

“Knock,” he said.

I knocked on the door, only to have Mr. Turner answer the door. “Mr. Turner!” I yelled, throwing my arms around his neck.

“Miss Sephie! I’m so happy to see you again!” he said, as he hugged me back.

“How? Why? You live here now?” I asked, confused. I hadn’t noticed that Adrik had stepped across the hallway and knocked on the door across the hall from Mr. Turner’s.

“He lives here now and so do I,” I heard a familiar voice from behind me say. I turned to find Ms. Jackson standing in her doorway. I rushed to her and gave her a hug as well. “Oh, Ms. Jackson! I’m so happy to see you!” I could feel the happy tears welling in my eyes at getting to see them both again, knowing they were both okay.

“Well, come in, child. Let me show you around,” Ms. Jackson said, grabbing my hand in hers. She looked at Adrik and Mr.

Turner. “You two might as well come too. It’ll be an open house.”

“But how though?” I asked Ms. Jackson quietly as we walked through her apartment. Mr. Turner and Adrik chose to remain in her front room as she showed me the rest of her place.

“Do you believe me now that that man is in love with you?” she asked.

“He did this?”

She nodded her head. “He came to both of us, told us that you missed us, and asked if we would move here to be closer to you. He wants nothing more than for you to be happy, sweet girl.”

I stood still for a moment, in complete disbelief. “I can’t believe he did this for me.”

“Do

you believe me now, child? He’ll give you the moon if you want it. That boy is in deep.”

I stared at her, knowing she was right, but still not able to quite believe it. She reached for my hand and patted it with her other hand. “You’re starting to believe it, but you’re also starting to feel the same for him, aren’t you?”

I nodded my head. “How could I not?”

“Smart girl. You offer him something that he’s never had before. He’ll die to protect it. To protect you. I was worried about you when you first left. I thought you’d gotten in over your head, but I couldn’t come up with a better solution. When he came to talk to me about coming here, I knew I was worrying about nothing.” She paused for a moment.

“Does he know?”

I knew what she was asking. “I told him. He’s seen the scars. I even told him you stitched me up and everything you did for me. Ms. Jackson, he never looked at me differently. Not once.”

“Do you believe me now, child?” she asked, a small smile on her face.

I smiled at her, realizing she was helping me piece together everything. I hugged her. “I missed you.”

She hugged me back, “and I you, child.”