

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 40

## Chapter Forty

Adrik

I had told the guys to meet me in the kitchen at noon. We still hadn't decided who was going to stay with Sephie. She was still under the false impression that it was more like punishment to have to stay with her, rather than go with me and wanted to let them decide amongst themselves. She wasn't expecting them to argue over who got to stay with her, but I was. I was expecting to have to break up a fight, honestly.

They all looked at me expectantly when I walked in the kitchen with Sephie. I looked at them as seriously as I could. "One of you must stay behind with Sephie. She won't make a decision on who she wants to stay with her. She wants you to decide amongst yourselves who will stay." I barely finished the sentence, and they were already arguing over who it should be.

Andrei was quickly eliminated, as he had stayed with her the day before. That left the other four. Misha made a solid argument that she had tried to kill him that morning, so he had earned being able to stay with her. Ivan argued that he was the most skilled in hand-to-hand combat and could therefore offer the best protection to her. Viktor used the fact that he was her favorite, so he should clearly get to stay. Stephen made the case that he was the most accurate shot out of all of them, so he should stay with her, as he could easily drop a threat from 40+ yards.

I looked at her as they argued, smirking. "I told you."

"This did not go how I thought it would go," she said, staring at grown men arguing over who got to babysit her. I kissed her temple and listened to the arguing for a few more minutes. When they still couldn't come to a decision, I finally stepped in.

"Okay, enough! Misha will stay with her. My little gazelle did try to kill him this morning. He definitely earned it."

Misha threw his hands up in victory while the other three looked quite disappointed at my decision. I wasn't sure whether I should be proud they all wanted to protect her or offended they would rather stay with her than me. "Don't worry, you'll all get a chance eventually. We'll have to set up a schedule or something so nobody gets their feelings hurt," I said, overemphasizing "feelings" so they would know how s i l l y it all looked. Although, I couldn't blame them. I desperately wanted to stay with her as well. Just a few more days and I wouldn't have to be so far apart from her during the day...

Our first stop was to the hotel where Mr. Turner worked the door. I knew Mr. Turner, as he had been working the door to this hotel for at least 20 years, maybe longer. He had seen me as a child, with my father. He knew just about every important person in this city, as they all frequented this hotel for various reasons.

We caught him as he was returning from his lunch break, on his way back to the front of the hotel.

"Mr. Turner, if I may have a few moments?"

"Of course, sir. What can I do for you? How is Miss Sephie? Is she keeping you on your toes?" he asked, with the warm smile of a grandfather inquiring about his favorite granddaughter.

I gave him a half-smile. "Yes, sir. That's actually what I wanted to speak with you about. Of sorts. She misses you and Ms. Jackson, but I don't like the thought of her going back to that apartment."

Mr. Turner nodded in agreement. "You know there were men that kicked her door in the day you left. Ms. Jackson told me about the whole fiasco."

"I know this, which is why she's still with me," I glanced around us and nodded for him to move with me to a quiet nook in the lobby where our conversation couldn't be overheard. "I would like to offer you an apartment in my building, just a few blocks from here. I have the penthouse, which would mean she would be somewhat of a neighbor to you again. I will take care of moving everything for you. In fact, everything will be taken care of. As a token of gratitude for being so good to her."

He stared at me, completely stunned. "Sir, I can't possibly. This is way too much."

I waved my hand dismissively. "Please, Mr. Turner. She misses you and I would like to see her happy. I also don't like that they know where her old apartment is. You could still be in danger there and I would never forgive myself if something happened to you and Ms. Jackson. You're very important people to her and that's all I need to know. Please tell me you'll accept."

He stammered for a moment, running his hand through his hair. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"And could we keep this between us for now? I would like to surprise her with it once everything is settled."

His warm grandfatherly smile came back. "Of course, sir. Mum's the word."

I extended my hand to him. "Thank you," I said as he shook my hand. "She's going to be very happy, which makes me very happy."

"She deserves it. That girl is one of a kind," he said.

I gave him a knowing look and took my leave. One down, one to go.

The afternoon was full of meetings and various matters to take care of. Before I knew it, it was time for the last stop. We pulled up to the small parking lot and parked next to Sephie's car. As I stepped out of the vehicle, the curtains parted slightly in Ms. Jackson's front window. I knew she had seen me, so I waved.

I didn't even need to knock. Her door opened as I walked up.

"To what do I owe this pleasure? How is Sephie? Is she okay?" Ms. Jackson asked as she motioned for me to come in.

"Sephie is fine." I exhaled and paused for a moment. "More than fine. She's amazing."

She nodded her head. "Does she know you're in love with her yet?"

I raised an eyebrow and looked at her.

"Oh, please. You can't fool me. It's been written all over your face from the first time I saw you step out of your vehicle and look toward her apartment that first night."

I smiled. "Guilty."

"I can't blame you. There is something about that child that draws everyone in. Her light is so strong that people just want to be near her. She's a special one. If you hurt her, I'll kill you."

I coughed, not expecting to have my life threatened. "I don't plan on it. In fact, I came to you with an offer to help make her happier, if you agree."

"I'm listening."

"I own a building downtown. Office space, apartments. I have the penthouse. I'd like to move her there soon. She misses you and Mr. Turner, so I'd like to move you both to that building so you can be near to her. Everything will be taken care of if you agree."

She thought for a minute, then looked at me squarely in the eyes. "My Lord, you love her more than I thought. I've been worried about her since you took her, but now I see there's no need to worry. You would die to protect her."

"As long as I breathe, she will be loved and protected," I said, not breaking eye contact with her.

"I'll do it," she said as she walked closer to me. She took one of my hands in both of hers. "You're a good man, Adrik. She's going to show you the best parts of yourself if you let her."

"Her wish is my command, Ms. Jackson."

She patted my hand, "good."

"Oh, can we please keep this arrangement between us for now? I'm hoping to surprise Sephie with it."

She smiled at me. "You're in deep, boy. Hope you know how to swim."

"Me too."

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Two down.

I walked quickly back to the vehicle. Viktor was waiting outside. "Did you get everything?" I asked, as I climbed in the back seat.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Thank you."

"Of course, sir."

We d r o v e in relative silence back to the house. I was lost in thought, anticipating how happy she was going to be when she found out. I smiled to myself, eager to get home to her. I chuckled, remembering Ms. Jackson's frankness. I could see why she was so important to Sephie.

"You're in deep, boy. Hope you know how to swim."

I might not be the strongest swimmer, but I knew I could endure anything with her as my guide.

As we got closer to the house, Viktor asked Ivan, "do you think sestrichka has hooked Misha up with one of the maids yet?"

Ivan laughed but said nothing.

"She's going to show you the best parts of yourself if you let her."