

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 197

Chapter One Hundred Ninety-Seven

Sephie

Adrik took me upstairs, straight to the shower. My muscles were starting to feel sore already. My hands hurt, too. I had blood on my hands, literally and figuratively, but I didn't know if it was mine or his at this point.

Adrik pulled me under the warm water, which helped my muscles relax. I looked at him, thinking about what had just happened and how confusing it was to not feel how I thought I was supposed to feel. "What does it mean that I don't feel bad for what just happened? I felt the same standing over Mike as I did standing over my uncle. Completely void."

I watched his eyes as I talked. No change. He looked at me the same as always. He ran his finger over my face, saying, "Ivan was right, Sephie. He sealed his fate with me when he said your pretty face was all you had going for you. Ivan too. It just kept getting worse as he got angrier. Do you believe me now that what's said in anger is someone's true feelings?"

I smiled up at him. I knew he hadn't heard Ivan tell me that in the gym, but I know I needed to hear it a second time. "He really didn't know when to shut up," I said, turning around so I could lean back against him. I looked at my hands under the water. Turns out some of the blood was mine, some was his. I had split my knuckles in a few places. They were starting to swell, too, and turn pretty colors that knuckles shouldn't display. Adrik ran his hands down my arms, grabbing each of my hands in his. He inspected both, then said, "I have a trick to help this."

I looked up at him, curious. "From all those punching bags you used to break?" I still found it amusing when I thought about what Tori had told me about Adrik that first weekend at the house.

He looked surprised. "How do you know about that?"

"Tori told me about it. She said they thought you had anger issues because you were constantly breaking punching bags. That one was hard for me to believe, honestly," I said, still remembering how surprised I was at Tori's revelation. I pulled his arms around my waist, loving the extra warmth that his body provided when it was against mine.

"She was right. They used to have to keep an extra supply of bags because I went through them so quickly. I think I've only broken one bag since I met you, though." He smiled at me when I looked up at him again, completely surprised. "I told you, solnishko. You made that side of me go to sleep."

I remembered feeling his anger when I was in the ring with Mike. I laughed. "Not entirely, though. I could feel your anger when Mike made the comment about my sexual charms,"

It was like it was almost a living thing that I could feel almost envelope me. He looked surprised. "Seriously? I did wonder how you knew I had made a move toward the ring."

"I noticed it the other night when we were talking to Andy about the kidnapping attempt. It's like your anger feeds mine. I don't know how to describe it, but I could feel it then and I could feel it today." I realized how crazy what I had just said out loud sounded. I turned to face him again, slightly worried. I searched his eyes, but he just smiled down at me.

"You do read my mind already. I don't know why it would be any different that you can feel what I feel. It's one of the many things I love about you."

I stood on my toes, pressing my lips to his. I wanted more, but my body felt like it had been hit by a truck. I felt like I just wanted to sleep the rest of the day. I turned around again, leaning back against him as it was both warmer and easier to remain standing when I was leaning against him.

"I'm really tired," I said.

"Come, let's get you dressed then," he said, turning the water off.

He talked me into resting on the couch for a bit with him before he had to go back downstairs for his meetings that afternoon. I laid down between him and the back of the couch, laying across his chest so I'd be plenty warm. I tried to stay awake as long as I could, but I think I lasted all of one minute once his fingers started playing with my still damp curls.

I woke up later, still laying across his chest. He was snoring softly, his arms wrapped around me. I lifted my head to look at him, which caused him to wake up. He looked down at me, smiling. "Feel better after your nap?" he asked.

I looked out the windows, noticing it was sometime in the afternoon. I nodded. "Why didn't you wake me up? What about your meetings this afternoon?" I asked.

"The guys came up to check on you after you fell asleep. I had Viktor push everything to tomorrow. I didn't want to leave you," he said, pushing a stray curl back from my eyes.

"They came up here and I didn't wake up?" I asked, surprised.

He chuckled. "They were here for like an hour or more and you didn't wake up."

"Oh," I said, completely surprised that I had slept through that.

"Adrenaline crashes are no joke, solnishko. We've all been there. They were concerned about you, then they were concerned you were going to have nightmares when they found out you were sleeping. I showed them how you play piano on my chest when you're happy sleeping." He had one of my curls and was twirling it around his finger as he talked.

"I do what?"

"You play piano on my chest. Your fingers move in a rhythmic pattern, like you're playing songs, when you're happy sleeping. You also make a cooing noise when I run my fingers through your hair. It makes you snuggle into me more every single time. Not gonna lie, I do it a lot," he said, running his fingers through my hair, making goosebumps rise over my entire body.

"It's probably because you give me goosebumps when you do it," I said, grinning at him,

"It's one of my favorite things," he said, kissing my forehead.

"You're my favorite thing," I said, wrapping my arms around him tighter, resting my head on his chest again. I heard him inhale deeply.

My stomach chose that moment to announce that she was feeling ignored. We both laughed at how obnoxiously loud my stomach was.

"You haven't eaten since this morning. It's also a side effect of the adrenaline crash. You feel like you could eat a house," he said as we got up from the couch.

I stretched, my stomach growling loudly again. "Or two, apparently," I said, laughing.

He grabbed my hand, pulling me toward the kitchen. "Come, we got you Vinny's."

This really is true love. It's official," I said, hugging him tightly as we walked toward the kitchen.