

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 104

## Chapter One Hundred Four

Sephie

We sat by the lake for a while longer. I was starting to get sore from sitting on the ground, so I suggested we head back to the house. “I know you don’t want to, Bubba. I promise, for real this time, I won’t leave you alone if you don’t want me to.”

He stood up and offered me his hand, pulling me up. Probably shouldn’t have sat like that for so long. I put my hand on my hip, pressing just above the wound. It wasn’t excruciating this time, but I could feel it.

Misha said, “we sat for too long. Your hip doesn’t like it when we sit for too long.”

“Ugh, I think you’re right. I’ll be okay. I just need to walk,” I said limping toward the direction of the house.

“I can give you a ride back to the house, spider monkey,” Andrei said, his eyebrow raised.

I laughed. “Are you trying to make Tori want to kill me while I’m sleeping?”

“I can do it. She can’t say anything about me giving you a ride,” Misha offered.

“I think I should walk for a minute first. If it doesn’t go away, I’ll take you up on it,” I said, smiling at him. Sometimes I felt guilty at how they all liked to spoil me in their own ways. “But give me your arm in the meantime. That helps.” Misha was immediately next to me, offering me his arm to lean on as we walked slowly back to the house.

I made it to the edge of the forest and then relented. “Okay, Misha, I’m taking you up on the offer. It’s not getting any better.”

He grinned down at me, stepping in front of me. He squatted down to make it easier for me to get on his back. I looked over my shoulder at Andrei. “Would you mind, Bubba?” He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around Misha’s waist, my arms around his neck. He bounced me higher to the right spot and set off toward the house.

We were laughing at dumb jokes as we walked into the kitchen. Toji had her back to us, getting something out of the refrigerator. We all stopped and waited for her to turn around. When she did, she gasped. Apparently, she hadn’t heard us come inside. She stood, stunned, for a moment. Andrei spoke first. I’m so proud of him.

“Hi,” he said. He was unsure whether he should go to her or not. I couldn’t blame him. I couldn’t tell if she wanted him to come to her or not. Misha still had a hold of my legs and squeezed them both, holding onto me in sympathy for the awkwardness of the situation. I was trying so hard not to laugh. I knew it was going to piss her off if I did. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing.

She smiled tightly at all of us. “I see you’re all still alive,” she said, slamming the vegetables in her hand down on the counter. I flinched. Misha squeezed my legs again, whispering, “I’ll protect you, gazelle.” I hugged his neck a little tighter.

Andrei walked closer to her, clearly nervous. “I wanted to tell you, Tori, but I couldn’t. We had to go no contact. It was as much for your safety as it was for ours.”

Tort picked up a knife to cut up the vegetables she had just abused on the counter. Well, this isn’t going to end well. She chopped a few pieces of broccoli like that particular head of broccoli had killed her entire family. She stopped and looked at him, “I’m sure you stayed in contact with her though, right? I mean, she’s the special one.” I felt Misha tense at her words. This was unexpected.

Andrei, trying to diffuse the situation, said, “she was with us, yes, but it’s not what you think.”

Tori was back to chopping the broccoli as savagely as she could. I was starting to worry about the safety of her fingers at this point, “I think I understand the situation perfectly, given that you’re all still carting her around like a goddamn princess that can’t be bothered to walk on her own.” Misha tapped my legs as he squatted down, to indicate that he was going to put me down. I stood up as he walked closer to Tori. Andrei moved closer to me, pushing me partially behind him.

“You need to check your fucking attitude, lady. You have no idea what happened when we were gone. Andrei might not want to make you angry, but I don’t give a fuck. You can’t see the wounds on Sephie because she’s wearing long sleeves and pants, but it was not a fucking vacation while we were gone. She almost died. But even if we were on fucking vacation, you don’t get to ever refer to her like that again. She’s Boss’s girlfriend and you will treat her with respect, or you will leave this house. And aside from that, she’s our little sister, and don’t think for one minute we will allow you to speak about her in that way. I don’t care how angry you are with us, with Andrei; you have no right to talk about Sephie like that. Do it again and I’ll gladly drag you to the front gates so you can leave.”

Ugh. Why are girls so complicated, especially when it comes to me? I was mostly hiding behind Andrei at this point. I’d been in similar situations with Max so many times that I knew what was coming next. She was going to force an ultimatum on Andrei. With Max, it usually meant that he would disappear for a few weeks, and I would only see him at work. He would always break up with them and come back to hang out with me. He never apologized for it, but honestly, I just expected it to happen each time, so I didn’t see the need for an apology.

She looked stunned at Misha’s words, but she kept violently chopping the broccoli. Misha turned his back to her, walking back to me. His face was red with his anger, but he smiled at me hiding behind Andrei. “Come, let’s go find Boss,” he said offering his arm to me. I glanced at Tori. She glanced up, her gaze throwing daggers my way. I held her gaze until she looked down. I glanced up at Andrei.

“You okay, Bubba?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Let’s go find Boss,” he said, turning to walk out of the kitchen. We heard her still trying to murder the broccoli as we left the kitchen.

As we walked up the stairs, I said, “that was SO much worse than I thought it was going to be.”

“No sh it,” they both said at the same time, causing us to giggle.

“Wait, shhh... You can still hear her murdering the broccoli. That’s crimes against cruciferous vegetables right there,” I said. We all laughed, probably louder than we should have, but we needed a stress relief after that hot mess