

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 206

## Chapter Two Hundred Six

Adrik

Sephie and I were alone in the penthouse that afternoon. She had her hands soaking in a bowl of very hot Epsom salt water to try and help the bruising calm down. She was staring at her hands as they soaked. Her expression was somewhat blank, but I knew she likely had more going on in her head than what I could see on the surface. I found myself just watching her, my own thoughts drifting in and out.

I had set a timer for her soak. I was jerked back to reality as it went off. I grabbed ice from the freezer and filled another bowl with ice water, switching it out with the hot water in front of her. She looked worried about sticking her hands in the ice water. She hated it the first time we did this, too.

“Trust me, it won’t feel as cold as you think. You don’t have to leave them in very long, either,” I said, smiling at her.

She shut her eyes tightly and held her breath as she shoved her hands into the ice water. “Nope, ha te it,” she said as she pulled them out quickly. She wouldn’t leave them in the ice water for longer than a few seconds the first time we soaked her hands. I think I got her to last ten seconds that time.

“You didn’t even give it a chance, love.” I couldn’t help but laugh at her, but I knew she really did ha te to be cold.

“Don’t need to. Ha te it.”

I grabbed a towel and walked to her side. I soaked the towel in the ice water, then took her hands and wrapped them in the towel. She sighed. “Slightly better, but still ha te it,” she said as she tried to pull her hands away.

“Only for a little bit. It will help, I promise,” I said.

She scoffed. “Fine,” she said.

I took the towel off after a minute and inspected her hands. They were still swollen and her poor knuckles were not the color that knuckles should be. I looked at her, concerned. “Maybe we should’ve x-rayed your hands when you went to the hospital with Ivan. Maybe you broke something.”

“Nope. Ha te that too,” she said. She grinned at me when I looked at her sternly. She pulled her hands from mine, making a fist with each one. “I can still make a fist. I can still move all my fingers the way I’m supposed to. It just hurts when I do,” she said, showing me she could still use her hands normally.

“We’ll do this again later, then,” I said, kissing her forehead.

She looked at me, complete surprise on her face. “You’re not going to argue? Or threaten to call the doctor?”

I know she saw the pain flash across my face when I thought about everything she’d been through with doctors, now that I knew the whole story. I wasn’t about to make her go to a doctor unless it was life or death, ever again. “You’ve had enough of doctors this week, solnishko,” I said, grabbing the bowl of ice water to empty it in the sink.

She watched me walk away, not knowing what to say. She got up and followed me to the sink, hopping up on the counter next to me while I washed the bowl that had the salt in it. When I was done, I stepped between her legs. She wrapped her legs around my waist, her hands on the back of my neck in my hair. She didn’t say anything, she just looked at me for a moment. She smiled softly, then wrapped her arms around me hogging me tightly. I pulled her closer to me, relieved to have a moment

with her.

I tried to step back from her so I could go get the arnica cream for her hands. She just clung to me tighter. “Nope. Ha te that too,” she said, giggling.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re coming with me, then,” I said, picking her up off the counter. I walked to the bathroom in our room, setting her on the counter in between the sinks. She let go so I could get the cream once we were in the bathroom. She had a wide smile on her face. I think she enjoyed trying to be bratty just to see if it would get a reaction. She would occasionally do it with the guys too. It never worked. I don’t think she’d caught on that I loved it. Honestly, I loved everything

about her.

I stood in between her legs, holding out my hand for one of hers. She placed her bruised hand in mine. I started rubbing the cream into her knuckles, trying not to hurt her. She had been quiet since Max had come to the lobby. She seemed okay with it, but it had to be bothering her. Anytime you have to part ways with a friend you’ve had for years is difficult. Even more so when it’s in a dramatic fashion.

She watched me put the cream on one hand, then the other. I would steal glances at her periodically. Her eyes were always on me. It made me think of the first night I was in her apartment, when we were in much the same position, just with me putting cream on her neck instead of her hands. I’d like to see Anthony try to put his hands on her now. I couldn’t help but laugh at the thought. She looked at me, curious.

“I was thinking back to the first night I was in your apartment, when I set you on your kitchen counter so I could put cream on your neck. I had a thought that I’d like to see Anthony try to put his hands on you now,” I said, grinning at her.

She smiled, but she also looked troubled before she closed her eyes to mask it. She laughed, looking at me again with no trace of anything but happiness. “I might actually break my hands in his case.” She looked up at me, smiling. My phone rang in my pocket. I leaned down and kissed her gently as I pulled the phone from my pocket. It was Trino. I put him on speaker so Sephie could hear as well.

“Trino, what’s up, my friend?” I said.

“Ife, I’m sorry to bother you, but I want to check on something and make sure everything is good. I don’t know who we can trust and who we can’t trust at the moment,” he said. Sephie looked at me, slightly worried.