

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 211

Chapter Two Hundred Eleven

Sephie

“You were talking in your sleep, solnishko. You don’t remember?” he asked, now clearly worried.

I thought for a moment. “I don’t remember anything. What did I say?”

“You were pleading with the doctor, trying to convince him not to do the procedure,” he said. His face looked almost haunted.

“Shit. I’m sorry,” I said, glancing around the room. Chris and Keith were gone, but the guys were still there.

“Why would you ever apologize for that, princess?” Ivan asked.

“Because I saw what hearing me on the plane did to all of you. You guys don’t need to carry the burden of all my trauma.” I glanced at Misha, who was clearly struggling. It suddenly hit me why he was struggling. “Especially Misha, who’s still beating himself up for teasing me about being pregnant, even though he had no idea when he said it.” His face turned red as he tried to control his emotions. He was staring at the floor, his elbows on his knees, trying to maintain control. I quietly got off the couch and leaned over his back. “Don’t make me bring back the emotional support sloth,” I said, as I draped myself over his upper body, I whispered to him, so only he could hear, “I still love you, my adorable Russian guardian. You didn’t know. I can’t be mad at you. I couldn’t be mad at that face anyway. Like it’s physically impossible you’re so adorable.”

He reached up and held onto my arms that were around his neck as he laughed. I kissed his cheek. “Promise you’ll stop beating yourself up?” He nodded. “Good. Because my hands still hurt, so I don’t want to beat you up for real over this.”

Adrik stood up from the couch, holding his hand out for me, “come, we should go soak your hands again.” He still had a look of worry on his face, but he was trying to mask it. I walked back to him, still feeling guilty for what I’d clearly just put them all through. He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me, almost urgently, toward the door.

“Sorry for the unplanned and completely unnecessary entertainment everyone,” I said as we walked quickly out of his office. I was a little taken aback by Adrik’s behavior. Once we were on the elevator, I looked up at him. “Is everything okay?” He was silent for the short ride up to the penthouse, his jaw clenched. He still hadn’t said a word as we walked into the penthouse. I followed him to the kitchen. “Adrik?”

He finally sighed and looked at me. He looked hurt. “It’s not okay, Sephie. How long have you been struggling with these memories?”

“I mean, since it happened? What do you mean?” I asked.

“You try to carry all of this... this hurt by yourself. It’s not fair that you only share the best parts of yourself with me, but shut me out when you’re hurting. I love you, Sephie. All of you. The best parts of you, the worst parts of you, the parts of you that like to be bratty just to get a reaction. I love all of you. You can’t keep shutting me out except when you’re happy.” he said. He was tense. He was leaning on the counter, gripping the edge of it with both hands like he was trying to crush the granite.

“I didn’t know I was talking in my sleep. I don’t remember anything. I didn’t intentionally shut you out,” I said, quietly. I was confused by his reaction, which meant I didn’t know how to react. I just stood there, for once, not having the slightest clue on what to do. I didn’t realize that I had completely zoned out until Adrik was standing in front of me.

“You’re doing it again,” he said. His voice was softer, but there was still a look of concern in his eyes.

“Doing what?” I asked, completely confused.

“Where was your mind just then?” he asked, looking more concerned.

“I don’t know. It was blank. I told you I didn’t intentionally shut you out, then I had no clue what to do, then you were standing in front of me,” I said. I was starting to feel anxious. I could feel myself getting more upset by the second.

He cursed under his breath. “Sephie, it’s been five minutes. You completely zoned out. I had to touch you to get you to snap out of it.”

I suddenly felt like he was mad at me, like he thought I was doing this on purpose. I took a step back from him. “I didn’t know!” I said, the tears started to fall. “I’m not doing it on purpose.” I crossed my arms across my chest, shutting my eyes to try and keep the tears from falling.

I felt his arms around me, his lips on my forehead. “Sephie, has this ever happened before? Can you remember ever losing time before?” I nodded my head. “Did it happen after that night in the basement with your uncle?” His voice was much softer now. His hands running lightly over my back, trying to comfort me. I nodded my head again. “Did it happen after the forced procedure?”

“I don’t remember. Maybe. That’s when things got really bad at my uncle’s house. I don’t remember a ton of extra details,” I said quietly.

“Makes sense,” he said as he pulled me further into the kitchen.

“What makes sense?” I asked. I was still completely lost. He glanced at me as he turned the hot water on, pouring Epsom salt into the bowl. His face softening completely as he looked down at me.

“You’re extra cute when you’re confused, just so you know. You get this doe-eyed look that practically makes you irresistible,” he said, his sexy smirk on his face.

“I don’t know about that, but I’m definitely confused,” I said. He walked to the other side of the island and grabbed one of the chairs and brought it back to where I was standing.

“Sit,” he said, as he grabbed the bowl and set it in front of me. He remained in front of me, his fingers playing with my curls. While I looked at my hands in the bowl of hot water. “Your brain zones out because it’s trying to protect you from reliving those memories. I’ve caught you doing it several times since Monday, but I didn’t think you were truly zoning out until just now. Your brain rarely stops, so I just assumed you were deep in thought.”

“You have?” I asked, surprised.

He nodded. “Earlier today, even. When we were soaking your hands the last time. Then when you fell asleep in my office, you started talking. You only ever talk in your sleep when something’s wrong. You started to struggle and I was worried you were back in the same nightmare loop, but you started pleading for them not to take your uterus. You were screaming at one point.”

I felt the tears falling. I kept looking at my hands. “I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to.” I could remember being in the clinic, begging for the doctor not to do the procedure. He was completely indifferent to my pleas. He acted like he didn’t even hear

me.