

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 230

Chapter Two Hundred Thirty

Adrik

The first half of the week went by quickly. It was filled with reports from the smaller brawn operations that Gus's people had found, planning sessions, and endless meetings. By the end of Wednesday, I was very grateful we had spent the previous weekend at the house, away from everyone. I was already looking forward to being able to go back.

I finished up my last meeting of the day, looking forward to finally being done and able to go upstairs to Sephie when Viktor walked in with Armando and Glana. Fuck. They'd been gone most of the week. He took Giana to his house after her "episode" the week before where she thought Sephie had been an addict. I had to admit to enjoying some time away from them. Mostly her, but Armando was still such a talker that it was nice to have some peace and quiet without him around. Otherwise, he was tolerable. She was still very hit or miss. Mostly miss after her behavior last week.

I was so tired that I was questioning my ability to be diplomatic. I hoped this was going to be short. "Armando, what can I do for you?" I asked. I didn't even bother to address Giana. On purpose. I kind of liked it when she was so nervous she couldn't talk. I was hoping that would happen if I purposely ignored her.

"Boss, I was hoping for a minute to discuss something with you," he said.

I glanced at my watch, then looked back to him. "I only have a few minutes. Talk."

"We had a very long discussion over the weekend, Giana was hoping she could apologize to Sephie, but she also owes you an apology for the way she behaved the last time you saw her," he said. I couldn't help the smirk that I was sure was clear on my face. This felt like such a childish thing to make a grown woman apologize to someone.

"Let me stop you right there, Armando. I still have plenty of respect for you, but I won't accept any kind of forced apology from anyone. If she wants to apologize, then she can come to me on her own. If she wants to apologize to Sephie, which she should, then she should go to her of her own accord. It's entirely up to Sephie on whether she accepts that apology, as well." I looked directly at Giana, finally forced to acknowledge her. "You have no clue what that woman has been through in her short life. You make assumptions about her life based on her extensive knowledge about certain subjects, never considering that she might just be that much smarter than you are. Your insecurity with yourself is no excuse to try and use a falsely perceived fault as a way to bring her down to your level. You have no idea how angry every single one of my men, as well as me, were last week. You hurt her, you deal with us." She had held my gaze until the very last, but then her gaze dropped to the floor. "Sephie has been nothing but nice to you since you've been here. She put herself through torture just to go shopping with you when she was injured. She could barely walk at the end of that day, but she smiled through it to make you feel more comfortable. She's listened as you talk endlessly about ridiculous things because you're nervous. She's protected you from Mike. She facilitated getting you and Mando together. And you turn around and believe she's a former addict because she has extensive knowledge about drugs? Did you ever stop to consider it's because she had to learn how that drug affects its users to survive? No. No, did not. You chose to think the absolute worst of her to make yourself feel better. So, you'll forgive me for not wanting your apology right now. When you can grow up and act like a mature fucking woman, then I'll consider it. But not before." I could feel my anger rising to the surface as I talked to Ginna. I'm sure she was terrified. I hoped she was terrified.

you

I heard Viktor's phone ring. He answered it quietly, which meant it was one of the guys. I heard him say, in Russian, "net, he's okay. We'll be up in a minute. Tell her she doesn't need to come down." He ended the call and slipped the phone back in his pocket. He glanced at me, a look of surprise on his face.

Armando looked to Giana, who was staring at the floor, then looked at me. I did feel slightly bad for him. He was in an awkward spot. He inhaled deeply while looking back at Giana stare at the floor. "He's completely right, Giana. You can't expect everyone to cover for you for the rest of your life. Your parents fixed everything when you were younger, but that taught you nothing. You must learn to be your own person now. I told you this would happen," he said. His tone was stern, but soft. I got the impression that he was trying to get her to finally hear his words.

She was likely trying to hold back tears. She couldn't talk, she simply nodded her head, but kept her gaze on the floor. He glanced at me, a look of apology on his face, then guided her toward the door. They were going to have more uncomfortable conversations tonight.

Viktor and I gave them time to get back to their floor before leaving my office. Once we heard the elevator doors close, he said, "Sephie knew you were angry. From upstairs. Ivan had to call me or she would've come running down here." He was clearly stunned at what he'd just told me, but it made me laugh.

"You're going to think we're crazy, but it's been happening regularly for a while now. This is just the first time we haven't been in the same room when it's happened. It's like we can feel each other's anger. I don't know how to explain it. It's not just the anger, either, but that seems to be the strongest one," I said.

Viktor thought for a moment. As we walked to the elevator, he said, "honestly, it makes sense. I've never seen two people so in sync as you two are. She seems to be able to read your mind the best. You also know what she's thinking better than I've ever seen with anyone else. And she's the only one that I've ever seen be able to get your bloodlust to calm down. I almost didn't believe my eyes the first time I saw it happen."

I chuckled. "I tried to tell her, but I'm not sure she fully understands what a feat that is. And she did it without even trying." I said, shaking my head. The doors to the elevator opened. We were still laughing at our conversation when we walked into the penthouse. As soon as Sephie saw me, she ran to me.

"What happened?" she asked, concerned. She was searching my eyes, trying to answer her own question before I had a chance to answer. I glanced to Viktor to make sure he was watching. I wanted them to see this. I looked back at her and let her search my eyes without saying a word. She let out a small gasp. "Giana tried to apologize but you made her cry, didn't you?"

I smiled down at her, then glanced back to Viktor. His mouth was open in shock. I glanced quickly at the other four guys looked just as surprised. "To be fair, I didn't see her crying. She wouldn't look at me at the end there," I said, smirking.

"She was crying," Viktor said. He was still completely shocked at what he'd just witnessed.

"Damn it, I miss all the fun!" Misha said.

"Sephie, how did you know he was angry from up here? I mean, you were right. He was hot, but how did you know?" Viktor asked.

"You felt it, didn't you?" I asked her, before she could answer. She grinned at me, nodding her head. I looked at Viktor, saying, "told you. I don't know how it works, but it does."

The other guys were now curious. "She felt what? She can feel when you're angry now?" Andrei asked.

She turned back toward the kitchen, grabbing my hand and pulling me with her. "Yeah, that's the only way I know to describe it. It's happened a few times now, but we've never not been in the same room before. This one was different," she said as she went back to finishing dinner.

"Does it only happen with anger, or can you feel other emotions too?" Stephen asked.

I looked at Sephie, who was thinking. I knew she likely didn't want to get too detailed on our sex life, but the truth was it was happening with other emotions too, especially when we had sex. It felt like it was getting more intense every time. I think she's been feeling it longer than I have, but I'm finally feeling what she feels. She glanced up to see me looking at her. She couldn't hide the smirk on her face. I knew she wasn't going to answer, either. I looked to Stephen, saying, "the anger seems to be the strongest and therefore the easiest one to feel, but it's happening with other emotions as well."

"How long has she straight up been reading your mind?" Misha asked.