

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 231

Chapter Two Hundred Thirty-One

Adrik

I laughed. “That one has been happening for a while. But that shouldn’t surprise any of you. She does it to you guys too,” I said.

“Not like what she just did to you. Although, I’d be willing to bet she probably could do it to one of us if we tried it,” Misha said.

“I don’t know. It works the best with Adrik. He’s the only one I know for sure. The rest of you is usually my best guess,” Sephie said.

“Christmas isn’t that far away. What size crystal ball were you thinking you’ll need to get this side hustle off the ground?” Ivan asked, causing Sephie to grin at him.

“It does make sense that you two would be so completely in sync. I’ve never seen two people as connected as you two are. It makes sense that you two feel what the other one feels, but not even being in the same room is pretty impressive,” Stephen said. Out of all the guys, he was the most scientifically minded, especially when it came to psychology and matters of the mind. I’m sure he was constructing an experiment to carry out to prove that what he’d just seen was real.

“Surely you’ve seen something similar in your 900 years on this earth?” Andrei asked Stephen.

“Once before,” Stephen said, completely straight-faced. We all laughed. Sephie had set out the food on the island as we were talking and laughing. She walked to me as the guys helped themselves to food, tucking herself into my side where she fit so perfectly. I looked down at her, reveling in her smile.

“This is exactly what I needed, solnishko,” I said, brushing a curl from her face. She just smiled her sweet smile and stood on her toes to kiss me. Suddenly the stress from the day was completely gone.

“So, tell us what happened with Giana,” Misha said after we had all started eating.

Viktor couldn’t hide his amusement. “You missed a good one, Misha. You would’ve been so happy, especially after you were so angry last week,” he said.

Misha looked at me, clearly still angry as he thought about Giana’s behavior last week. “I hope you made her feel terrible.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t know if she actually heard anything I said, that’s the issue. It seemed like Armando had said the same thing to her over and over and she’s still not hearing it. He was almost trying to force an apology out of her, like she was a child. I question whether she’s really heard anything that’s been said to her if she can’t even apologize on her own,” I said.

“Thankfully, Boss didn’t accept it. Honestly, I was shocked that Armando did it,” Viktor said.

“I do feel bad for Mando. He’s in an awkward spot with this one,” I said.

“What did you say to her?” Sephie asked.

“I told her she should come and apologize on her own, first and foremost. Then I think I told her you were smarter than she was and that her insecurity with herself was no excuse to try and use a falsely perceived fault to tear you down to make herself feel better. Then I listed everything you’ve done for her since she’s been here and tried to make her feel bad for thinking the worst of you. I also might’ve thrown in a veiled threat about how angry we all were with her last week,” I said that last sentence quietly. I wasn’t sure how happy Sephie was going to be with that one. Misha, on the other hand, was ecstatic.

“Oh, please tell me you told her how angry I was last week. She can’t keep from staring at me. Like literally all the time. I hope it crushes her to know I was pissed,” he said.

“Not just you, Misha. I told her all of us were angry with her,” I said.

“He told her that if she hurts Sephie, she deals with us,” Viktor said.

Misha threw his fists in the air, “YES! Please tell me she was scared.”

“Serves her right,” Ivan said. “Sometimes you have to learn lessons the hard way. This is definitely one of those times for her.”

“I think Sephie was right about her leading a sheltered life up until recently. Armando made a comment about her parents fixing everything for her but teaching her nothing or something like that after Boss ripped her a new one,” Viktor said.

“So, her parents have been covering for her?” Sephie asked,

“That’s what he made it seem like, but I don’t know anything else about it,” Viktor said. “This kind of has spoiled rich kid vibes, don’t you think?”

Sephie was quiet for a moment. I could tell she was thinking about things; she chewed on her bottom lip, lost in thought. “Ok, so who here thinks she’s going to want to go back to Italy in the next week?” she asked, a devilish grin on her face.

Four of us raised our hands. Stephen, one of the ones that didn’t raise his hand, said, “I think she’ll try, but I think this is the pivotal moment where Armando forces her to grow up. I don’t think he’ll let her go back to Italy right now. Not without him and I don’t think he’s dumb enough to think it’s a good idea to leave the city right now.”

“We’re adding this to the white board in the morning.” Andrei said.

Sephie was still lost in thought as we cleaned the kitchen up from dinner. We’d settled into a routine where she would cook, with the help of whoever was around to help her, but we all pitched in to clean up after, so she didn’t have to. The guys would happily wash dishes if it meant she cooked more. Viktor still hadn’t even advertised that we needed a chef. At this point, I was convinced he wasn’t going to until Sephie told him she was tired of cooking.

We would order takeout regularly, just to give her a break. I didn’t want her to feel like she had to cook. Only when she wanted to. We were just incredibly lucky that she wanted to cook more often than not.

She was still sitting at the island in the kitchen, lost in thought, as we cleaned up and kept chatting about everything going on. Ivan noticed her blank expression before I did. He called her name to try to get her attention, but she didn’t respond. The other guys noticed she didn’t respond right away too, so we all stopped. Ivan walked to her, placing his large hand on her shoulder.

“Princess?” he asked. As soon as she felt his hand on her, she looked up at him. She was almost surprised that he was standing next to her.

“Shit. I did it again,” she said. He chuckled at her as he slid his arm around her shoulders.

“Tell me what’s going on, princess,” he said quietly. I stood and watched this giant bear of a man that could strike fear into any person he chose to be gentle and soft with her. I had never seen him be this way until Sephie. I didn’t know it was possible. He generally never liked being touched and from what little I know about his past, with good reason. She knew he needed it the most, I think. Ivan had very thick walls, but they were no match for Sephie. She knocked them down faster than I thought possible.