

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 232

Chapter Two Hundred Thirty-Two

Adrik

He pulled a chair up next to her, his hand still on her shoulder. He was trying to keep her here. The rest of the guys quietly went back to what they were doing, trying to give them as much privacy as they could, but I was sure they were all eavesdropping as much as possible. She sighed, looking up at him. She glanced at me as well, then back to Ivan. “I was thinking about everything that’s happened the last week or so. Mostly about the Glana thing I feel like it’s my fault, somehow. Like I should’ve been nicer to her and this wouldn’t have happened. Then I started to think about Chucky and my mind went blank and you were standing next to me,” she said.

While the guys had tried to appear busy when she started talking, they were now blatantly listening to what she was telling Ivan. It made me smile that they were all so concerned about her.

“Your mind is going blank, Seph?” Stephen asked her.

She nodded her head. “I didn’t know I was doing it until Adrik pointed it out.”

“Does it happen often?” Andrei asked. He gave Stephen a knowing look, which surprised me.

“She’s done it a few times since Mike. It’s been a few days since it happened last, I think. It didn’t happen at all when we were at the house, did it?” Ivan asked, looking at me.

“No, I didn’t catch her doing it at all when we were there,” I said. I looked at Stephen, asking. “do you have more insight into why she’s doing it or what we can do to help her? It seems that talking about things helps her not do it for a while.”

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In his usual calm, serious manner, he thought for a few minutes. While he was thinking, Andrei said, “it’s happened to me before. After a bad concussion. Sephie’s had at least two bad concussions fairly recently. It eventually went away for me, took a while. I think her brain is still healing. It doesn’t help that she has to deal with everything else on top of it.”

Ivan looked at me, then back at Sephie. “Maybe the acupuncture will help again. It helped before. You might need it again.”

Sephie looked at me, silently asking my thoughts. She still wasn’t used to believing that she could do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. She still felt like she needed permission. I found it amusing, but very endearing. I smiled at her, trying to tell her that she didn’t need my permission. She looked back to Ivan. “I think I still have her card somewhere. It did help me feel better last time.”

“I’ve got her number, I’ve been going to her for years,” Ivan said, a smirk on his face. She raised an eyebrow at him. “What? It’s not like I can feel when something is screwed up. Sometimes I need an outside opinion,” he said. Sephie laughed, leaning over, and resting her head on his shoulder.

“Did this ever happen before to you, Seph?” Stephen asked.

“I think so. I would lose time after that night in the basement with my uncle for a while after I got away from him. It mostly happened when I was alone, so I’m not sure if it’s the same thing. I’m not exactly aware when it’s happening, but I would realize that the movie was over and I had no recollection of anything that happened. Things like that,” she said.

“Any idea how long it lasted after you got away from him?” Andrei asked.

“I don’t really remember. How long was it for you?” she asked.

“I think It lasted around six months for me, but it was a nasty concussion,” he said.

How did you get it?” she asked.

“Car accident. My buddy was a little too drunk. He swerved to avoid an animal in the road, lost control and hit a tree. I got thrown through the windshield,” he said.

I glanced at Sephie, who’s eyes were wide in shock. I never knew about this story, either. “When did this happen?” I asked.

“Just after high school. I was a sh it in school. Always did what I wasn’t supposed to do. My friend was worse. It was good though. The accident was the wake up call I needed,” Andrei said,

“What happened to your friend?” Misha asked.

“He walked away from the accident. You know how they always say the drunk people survive the accidents? It was true in this case. He had a couple of bumps and scrapes, but they had to life-flight me to the hospital. They thought I was going to die. I haven’t touched alcohol since that accident. I don’t think my friend can say the same. Last I heard, he was spiraling out of control. He couldn’t deal with the guilt,” Andrei said.

I felt Sephie’s eyes on me. I knew she was connecting something, but wasn’t sure what just yet. She looked to Ivan with the same look on her face before she looked back to Andrei. “Bubba, were you unconscious when you were in the hospital for the first however long?”

He nodded. “I think I was out for four days.”

That’s what she was connecting. I caught Ivan’s eye as he realized where she was going with this as well.

“Do you have any memories of when you were out?” she asked. There was a flash of immediate recognition on his face, but he looked like he was uncomfortable talking about it. She quietly got up and went to him. “You don’t have to talk about it, Bubba. But I have a feeling I know exactly what you remember,” she said as she put his giant arm around her shoulders so she could hold onto his waist. He looked down at her, curious. “Was it like swimming in the nothing? Like you could see your own body but nothing else?” she asked.

Andrei’s eyes went wide. “How did you know that? Did you just do that mind reading thing to me? Get out of my head!” he said as he put his hand over her eyes.

She laughed, taking his hand from her eyes. “No, Bubba. It happened to me too. When I was on the plane, that’s what was happening. Adrik’s voice pulled me out of my nightmare and pulled me there. His voice is eventually what helped me find my way out.”

“That’s what happened when I was at the hospital. Sephie’s voice pulled me there out of my nightmare where I’m trying to kill the doctor that experimented on me when I was a kid,” Ivan said.

“That’s what happened when I was a kid the first time someone tried to get to my father through me. My father’s voice is what pulled me out of it,” I said.

Sephie laughed softly at the shocked expression on Andrei’s face. She then looked to Misha, Stephen, and Viktor. “Have you three had similar experiences too?”

They all had equally shocked expressions on their faces, but they just nodded their heads. Sephie smiled, looking at me. “That’s why we’re all here together. We’ve always been connected.”