

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 455

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Sephie

"I would, if they came to me. I've never been the one that's in control of when they show up or not. It's always a surprise to me," I said. Adrik's hands were still roaming over my stomach, up to my breasts, then back to my hips. I was beginning to think it was the equivalent of when my hands needed to fidget. I could feel him trying to come up with answers as I laid there. "I'm not sure how much they'll be able to tell me, either. They're not supposed to interfere."

"Maybe Misha can find answers, then," he said,

"Do you even know the questions? Because I don't," I said, my arms still covering my eyes.

"I think the biggest question is what to do about Viktor. I would've thought that he would come around by now, but he's still clearly hesitating. I feel like there's something we need to be doing to fix this that we're not doing," he said. I could hear the frustration in his voice as he tried to come up

with answers.

"Maybe this one isn't on us to fix," I said, peeking at him from under my arms. It was starting to make more sense in my head.

"Maybe this is what he needs to go through to realize his full potential. The rest of us have had to deal with big things to be able to handle our gifts, Viktor sk\*pped that part, because Kostya showed him before he was ready. What if this is him completing those levels he s\*\*ipped?"

His hands had stopped, one on either side of my rib cage as he thought about what I'd just said. I still had my arms over my eyes, but I could somewhat see him from underneath my arms. He leaned forward, pulling my arms away from my face. He pulled me back to a sitting position, his handsome smile on his face. I could feel the pull in my chest that was from him as he looked at me for a few moments. He placed one hand on my cheek, kissing me softly while his thumb rubbed gently on my cheek. "The way your mind works sometimes makes me think that nothing is impossible with you," he said.

"This one wasn't just me. I would've never thought that if you hadn't said what you said first."

His smile got bigger. "Teamwork makes the m\*ther\*f\*ckin' dream work."

I couldn't help but laugh. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing my body against his. This man. I loved him so completely.

"We should tell Ivan before someone gets hurt, though," he said, his arms holding me just as tightly.

"Fair point," I said.

"Has anyone died yet?" I asked Ivan.

"Negative, princess. We sent him to his apartment. And by we, I mean Andrei. That kid is really becoming the voice of reason lately."

"He has a bit of an unfair advantage that he readily exploits and I'm here for it. He likely knew it wouldn't have been productive to try and talk to Viktor anymore tonight. Are you guys still in the penthouse?"

"Yeah, we could all feel your mood get lighter. We were hoping you'd come back out at some point."

Adrik had heard our exchange. He smirked at me, saying, "see, told you. They prefer to be connected to you, solnishko. You're not holding them back from anything."

I sighed as I stood up to leave the bedroom, still thinking about everything that was happening. Adrik surprised me by picking me up, causing me to squeal. I laughed, holding onto his shoulders as he carried me back out to the kitchen, where the guys were waiting.

When we walked into the kitchen, Adrik announced, "Sephie figured it out."

I could hear each of them exhale loudly. "Oh thank G\*d," they all said.

"Is it something that's going to be resolved quickly? Because I'm willing to ask Vitaliy if we can trade Viktor for Ilya at this point," Misha said.

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"That I do not know, my adorable Russian guardian," I said as Adrik deposited me on the counter, across from everyone. He stood in front of me, in between my legs. He was facing away from me, so he could look at the guys while we talked. I wrapped my arms around his waist, resting my head on his shoulder, much like he enjoyed doing with me. "But I do think it's going to be resolved at some point now, which is more than I could say an hour ago."

"What do you think it is?" Andrei asked.

"You ask like you haven't already snooped through her head to find the answer," Misha said laughing.

Andrei laughed too, but disagreed. "No, she can feel me when I do. I'd get caught with her. You? Not so much."

"That hurts me, Andrei. I'm very sensitive," Misha said, his hand over his heart.

"Are you two nerds done?" I asked, smiling at both of them. It made me happy to see them trying to lighten the mood, picking at each other like two

brothers.

Misha cleared his throat. "Yes, teacher. Done. Continue, please."

"We all had to go through something big to realize the full potential of our gifts. It was different for each of us, but it was always something very difficult to deal with. Once we dealt with whatever it was, we starting unlocking levels," Adrik said, his hand running lightly back and forth across my arms that were wrapped around him as he talked.

"Viktor kind of sk\*pped that because Kostya revealed his gift early. I think it needed to happen when it did, especially for Ilya's sake, so I'm not blaming Kostya for anything here. But Viktor sk\*pped a very important part. I think he's having to go through it now. It's just harder for all of us to take because to us, having his gift means everything should be grand already. He essentially did it backward from the rest of us," I said.

"So once he deals with what happened tonight, he should be good?" Misha asked.

"I can't say for sure, but that's what I'm thinking," I said.

"I still don't quite understand why he had such issue with Stephen helping him," Misha said, his normal happy personality suddenly turning darker.

"When you've been carrying around that much trauma and keeping it locked away, you almost start to identify with it. You become the trauma. You identify as the trauma. I think if Viktor could've realized that he isn't his past when Kostya first got rid of all the grief he was carrying around, he wouldn't have had to go through this. Instead, he's having to peel back the layers of his trauma and go through them one by one," Stephen said.

"Let's hope that Kostya helps him again, then. He was better for a few days, but anything to do with your demons makes hima pi\*s\*y, which makes me pi\*s\*y and I don't even know why. I hate being p\*ssy," Misha said. It was obvious that he was completely frustrated.

Adrik laughed. "It's not you that's pi\*s\*y, Misha. The same thing happens with us." I watched as Misha tried to understand what Adrik had just said. Instead of saying anything more, he switched his eyes to black, which switched mine and Ivan's as well.

"Shut up," Misha said, completely surprised.

"Your demons are the ones that are pis\*y?" Andrei asked.

"They're pi\*s\*y, they're hurt because they feel like Viktor rejected them, and they're also trying to help more. And Sephie's was just as mad at me today as she was when I told her to never shut me out again. Yours are likely picking up on everything from ours, which is why you're p\*ssy but don't know why," Adrik said.

Misha thought for a moment, then looked up at us. "I just have one question, Does my demon also like pancakes?"

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