

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 218

## Chapter Two Hundred Eighteen

Sephie

“I don’t know for sure, but I can tell you that it won’t be good. It’s so easy to overdose on the old formula, and from what Sephie has said about the new formula, it will likely be even easier to overdose on this formula. That’s really bad news for children,” Dr. Williams said.

We sat in silence for a moment. Adrik wrapped his arms around me tighter. I knew he could feel the faint shaking in my legs. Dr. Williams looked at Adrik again, his curiosity piqued again. “Does the doctor factor into this as well?”

I felt Adrik nod his head as I nodded mine. “He’s the one that created brawn originally. He’s also believed to be the one that made this new formula,” Adrik said.

Dr. Williams slumped down in his chair, like the wind had been knocked out of him. He was silent for a moment before he looked up at me, a serious look in his eye. “I feel like I should thank you once more for what you did in the emergency room that day. You had every reason to hate me and my nurses, but you’re the reason nobody got seriously hurt that day.”

“Oh, she’s the reason you’re not dead, doc. Ivan would’ve killed you,” Stephen said, completely straight-faced. His delivery was always so serious that it almost made me laugh. I think, like Ivan, he enjoyed the shock value. I caught his eye, winking at him, trying not to laugh. He waited until the doctor was no longer looking at him, then he grinned at me, winking back.

Dr. Williams looked back to me. “I still have no idea what kind of special powers you have over that man, but I remain in awe of them. And I’m forever grateful for what you did that day, especially knowing the evil you’ve had to endure with that doctor,” he said, sincerely. I simply smiled at him, nodding once. I glanced at Ivan, who grinned at me.

“How long do you need to figure out some sort of plan and have an idea of what you’ll need to handle the fallout if we can’t stop the plan?” Viktor asked.

“I should know within a day or two. I’m going to need to have some serious discussions with the doctors, nurses, and administration of the hospital. We can get an idea of what we’ll be able to handle and can apply that to the other hospitals in the city,” Dr. Williams said.

“It’s best if this is kept as quiet as possible, doc,” Ivan said.

“Understood,” Dr. Williams said. “I’ll be vague with details. I might be able to pass it off as a training exercise.”

Viktor stood up, signaling to the doctor that it was time to go. He stood up as well, walking the few steps toward Adrik’s desk to shake his hand once more. I stood up so Adrik could also stand. Dr. Williams shook Adrik’s hand, then extended his hand to me. “Thank you again, Sephie,” he said, a very sincere look in his eye.

I kept a hold of his hand for a moment, saying, “thank you for giving us both a good experience with doctors.” He smiled at me, squeezing my hand before letting go.

While Viktor escorted him out, Adrik pulled me toward one of the couches. Armando and Giana were talking quietly. She got up quickly and left the office. We all looked at Armando, curious as to what just happened. He looked somewhat flustered, but tried to cover for her. “She said she’s feeling ill, so she wanted to go back downstairs.”

Ivan said, “embarrassment will do that.”

Everyone looked to Ivan, expecting an explanation as Viktor returned to the office. Ivan had a smirk on his face. “Glana left here last night convinced Sephie knew about withdrawals because she was a user. She found out today that wasn’t the case and now she’s embarrassed about it, but she’s not mature enough to own up to her mistake yet, so she ran instead.”

Armando looked at Ivan. “You’ve been hanging around Sephie, haven’t you? How did you know that?”

Ivan just shrugged his shoulders. Adrik pulled me closer as I smiled at Ivan. “Ivan has a very special set of skills,” I said.

Armando said, “Sephie, I want to apologize on behalf of Giana. We argued for several hours last night. She was convinced that you’d been on drugs because you have so much knowledge about them.”

“And if she was? What then? Does that mean Giana gets a license to be a bitch to her? It changes nothing about who Sephie is today if she was or wasn’t,” Misha said. He was clearly angry.

“I said the same thing to her, Misha. I don’t know where any of it was coming from,” Armando said.

Ivan caught my eye. I could tell he was making sure I was okay before he spoke. I nodded once. He said, “I do. She’s still so insecure with herself that this is her way to tear Sephie down to make herself feel better. You need to be careful with her, Mando, She’ll eventually do the same to you, if you don’t stop it. She wouldn’t have lasted five minutes in Sephie’s life over the last few years. She doesn’t know what happened, but on some level, she knows Sephie is stronger than she could ever be and instead of letting it inspire her to be better herself, she lets it make her more insecure about herself. She’ll drag you down to her level if you don’t demand she rise to yours or get lost.”

Armando looked between me and Ivan, thoughtfully. “How did you two get to be so wise?” he asked.

“Trauma is a hell of a teacher, Mando,” I said. “Ivan is right though. You’re either going to pull her up or she’s going to pull you down.”

We heard Misha curse in Russian under his breath, still angry at Giana. Armando couldn’t help but chuckle. “I don’t have a clue what you just said, Misha, but I can guarantee I likely said the same thing last night. Repeatedly.”

Adrik kissed my cheek, brushing his cheek against mine lightly. I squeezed his arms around me tighter.

“With all due respect, Mando, you need to handle this before we do,” Stephen said. I looked back at him, surprised to see him just as angry as Misha. It was that moment that I realized just how much they all loved me in their own ways. They were so angry because a girl was bitchy to me that they were ready to kick her out for good. I smiled to myself at how cute they all were in this moment.

I took a deep breath. “She’s probably grown up privileged and somewhat sheltered. Now that she’s been thrown into the real world, she has no real coping mechanisms. She can only come from her place of understanding, which is made from her life experiences.”

Armando nodded his head. “She’s from a prominent family in Naples. She’s never wanted for a thing in her life.”

“When you live a life of extreme comfort, your understanding of good and bad gets skewed. When there really isn’t any bad, the good replaces the bad. People need both. There can be no good when there is no bad. Her bad consists of slightly less good, so the really good doesn’t feel right. Her soul knows that, which is why she’s wanting for something more. But she’s looking in the wrong places for that something. It has to come from within her. She’s the only one that can decide to be happy. Nobody else will ever be able to make her happy if she can’t make herself happy. That’s what you need to try to get her to see, Mando. She’s choosing to be miserable and insecure. No one else is making her feel that way. No one is going to be able to make her stop feeling that way. It’s all on her,” I said.

Armando raised his eyebrow looking at me, He asked, in Italian, “do I want to know how much trauma you’ve had to endure to become this wise?”

I chuckled. “No you do not,” I responded in English.

“I think I’ll take her to my house for the rest of the week and weekend. Maybe a change of scenery will do her good. It’ll also

keep her away from you guys, so I won’t need to worry about you guys handling this before I can fix it,” Armando said. He had a smile on his face when he said it, but he was legitimately worried as well. Knowing that even Stephen was angry meant that he had good reason to be worried.