

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 23

## Chapter Twenty-Three

Sephie

As if on cue, my body started shaking uncontrollably. Sometimes it was just my legs, but this time it was my entire body.

“What’s happening? Do you need a doctor? Are you having a seizure? What do you need?”

I grabbed onto his arms to try and steady myself. “I...I’m okay...This...happens... trauma...”

In one quick motion, he stood up and picked me up. He carried me to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. He turned the water on overhead, making the temperature hot enough that steam quickly began filling the bathroom. He sat on the floor, with me in his lap, holding me while I shook uncontrollably. He gently rocked me back and forth as I tried to gain control of my body again.

Slowly, the shaking stopped. Adrik’s arms around me helped to calm me down. I looked up at him, asking, “what did you mean you only just found out about Anthony’s plan a few hours ago? How did you know about my dream?”

He smiled, wiping my wet hair from my forehead. “I didn’t know about your dream, solnishko. It seems your dream knew about Anthony’s plans.”

I scrunched my face. “I don’t understand.”

He sighed, pulling me against him again. “We managed to capture one of Anthony’s closest associates. He slipped up and my men caught him. When pressed for information, he finally gave up Anthony’s plan, although he was unsure of the specific details. It was just as you said in your dream. He wants to use you to hurt me.”

“Oh,” I said, folding my arms to my chest and curling up more in between his legs on the shower floor.

“I won’t let that happen. He can make as many plans as he wishes, but he won’t get to you. I promise you.” I just nodded my head against his chest, suddenly very tired again and not wanting to think about any of this. I sighed.

He grabbed my shoulders to sit me up slightly and moved so that he was sitting more in front of me. I felt his fingers under my chin, lifting my head so that I would look at him. “He will never lay another finger on you,” he said with such intensity in his eyes that I couldn’t help but believe him.

I raised my fist between us, with only my pinky outstretched. “Pinky swear?”

“What is this?” he asked, cocking his head to the side.

My mouth fell open. “You don’t know what a pinky swear is?” He shook his head no. I scoffed at him. “You’ve been missing out. A pinky swear is the holiest of swears there is. Like more sacred than swearing on a bible or your mother’s grave, God rest her soul. Or not. I have no idea if your mother is alive or not, now that I say that out loud.”

He just stared at me, the intensity in his eyes replaced by amusement. I grinned at him smiling at me, “what?”

“How do you do that?”

“How do I do what? Pinky swear?”

“Net. Well, yes, that too, but how do you bring joy to a truly f\*cked up situation? I’m the one that’s supposed to be making you feel better and now you’re making me laugh and teaching me new holiest of swears. You are unique, solnishko.”

“Oh. That. It’s a gift?” I said, shrugging my shoulders.

He chuckled, shaking his head. “That it is,” he said as he kissed my cheek. “Now, tell me of this holiest of swears of the pinky.”

I giggled at his description. I put my fist up again, with just my pinky out. “Ok, put your pinky up.” He did as I asked and I hooked my pinky with his and said, “this is a pinky swear. You pinky swear that Anthony will never lay another finger on me.”

His eyes lit up with amusement as he repeated, “I pinky swear that Anthony will never lay another finger on you.”

“Good.” I grinned at him, happy that he looked so happy. My eyes drifted down to his shirtless torso and his sculpted six pack. His pajama pants were completely soaked, as was my shirt. I wasn’t sure how I was getting out of the shower without giving him a show. I reached for his chest, running my hand over his tattoos. His breath caught slightly.

He wiped my hair back from my face again. “No more shaking?”

“No more shaking.”

“Wait here, I’ll get towels,” he said, standing and walking out of the shower. His soaked pajama pants left nothing to the imagination. When he turned to step out of the shower, I took in his broad shoulders and back that tapered down to his fine ass. He walked over to the cabinet to grab a few towels, then walked back to the shower and stepped back inside, giving me a full view of his half-naked body. He had tattoos across one half of his chest, going down to a half-sleeve on his right arm. He gave new meaning to washboard abs and had that s\*xxy as h\*ll V that disappeared in his pajama pants that were barely staying up on his hips.

He stepped back into the shower. Reaching behind me, he turned the water off, then extended his hand to help me off the floor. I kept one arm across my breasts, as my shirt was now completely see-through. Once I was standing, he opened the shower door and handed me a towel. He turned his back to me and said, “you should leave your shirt in here.”

I watched to see if he was going to peek, then I turned around and slipped my soaked shirt off over my head, dropping it on the floor of the shower. I wrapped the towel around me quickly and slipped my soaked panties off too.

While I was getting out of my wet clothes, he was too. We were both only in towels. He extended his hand to me. “Come,” he said. I placed my hand in his and followed him out of the bathroom. He walked right past my bed to the still open door of my bedroom.

“Wait, where are we going?” I said as we walked past my bed,

“Your bed is wet. You can’t sleep there. Besides, I made a pinky swear. How can I protect you from across the hall?”

I grinned at him. “You have excellent negotiation skills.”

“It’s a gift,” he said, looking back at me with his signature smirk.

Once in his bedroom, he led me next to his bed. “Wait here,” he said kissing the top of my shoulder as he walked to his closet. He returned in a new pair of pajama pants, still with no shirt, carrying a t-shirt. “Here. You can wear this,” he said, handing me his shirt. He turned around so I could slip it on. I used the towel to dry my hair.

“I can turn around now?” he asked.

“Yes, you can turn around now,” I said still drying my hair.

He turned to face me, and his mouth fell open slightly. He inhaled sharply, “you might have to wear nothing but my shirt from now on.”

I blushed, looking down. He stood in front of me, taking the towel from me and throwing it over his shoulder. I laughed at his blatant disrespect for proper towel storage. He grinned at me, pulling me to him. “Now, I made a pinky swear, which I take very seriously. This means I’m going to have to hold onto you the rest of the night, while you sleep.” He cleared his throat, “for protection.”

I smiled at him, reveling in how much he was opening up to me in such a short time. I never would’ve guessed he had this side to him that first night we met, but the more I saw, the more I wanted to see.

“For protection,” I said as I climbed into bed. He turned the lamp off and slid under the covers next to me. He wrapped his arms around me from behind and pulled me to him. His chest against my back was so warm. I sighed, hugging his arm that was around my body. I felt my body relax as I concentrated on his steady breathing next to me. I felt so safe in his arms. Like I had never felt with any man before him. I kept listening to his breaths get slower and felt his body relax as he fell asleep. His arms stayed snug around me, not letting go even in his sleep. I found myself hoping he would never let go as I drifted off to sleep.