

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 295

Chapter Two Hundred Ninety-Five

Adrik

“It worked?” I was a little surprised my idea had worked.

“Yeah, it’s coming back slowly, but not as fast as I thought it would. What did you do?”

“I remembered when you were hurt after the ball, you told me that when we had s*x it made your pain go away. I don’t think you’re in any shape for that much right now, but that doesn’t mean I can’t think about it,” I said.

She cut her eyes up at me, a small grin on her face that made her look s*xxy as hell. “Devious. I like it. I’ll allow it,” she said. She gave me her smile that made my heart threaten to stop. I’d definitely missed that.

“I should do that more. Your light just got brighter again,” I said, grabbing her leggings to help her finish getting dressed.

“Yes, please,” she said, walking slowly to the bed so she could sit. Her breathing was still labored, especially when she got tired.

She took as deep a breath as she was able to while I helped her with her leggings. “I didn’t know I would miss being able to feel you. I didn’t know it would go away,” she said quietly.

“I don’t think it went away, solnishko. I think it was just drowned out by your pain. I’m still shocked that you’re able to function with the pain levels you’re dealing with right now. I wouldn’t be able to move,” I said.

“Ivan told me that redheads have an insanely high pain tolerance. Apparently he was right,” she said.

“How does he know that?” I asked, going to the closet to grab another one of my hoodies for her and clothes for me.

She waited until I came back to answer. She still couldn’t talk very loudly. “I don’t want to tell more than he wants me to. He said that there were a few redhead boys where he was experimented on when he was a kid. He said he felt worse for them than he did himself, which is saying quite a lot. They tortured Ivan,” she said.

“Ivan hasn’t told me everything. I think you’re the only one he’s ever told everything to. He doesn’t need to. Whatever it was, it shaped him into the man he is today, like you told the nurse. That’s all I need to know,” I said.

She looked at me, very seriously and slowly pointed her finger at me. “That’s exactly the kind of thing a witch would say,” she said, trying to hold in her laughter.

“That reminds me. How can you feel Ivan now?” I asked, curious.

“It’s very different and it’s definitely not as strong as what I feel with you, but he has his own energy signature. I was starting to feel him when we were grabbed. Like, I could tell when he was getting angry without having to see him. It seems like anger is the easiest one for me to feel. When they took me from the room to Armando, I felt him lose it before he made a move to try and protect me.” I sat on the bed next to her. She chewed on her bottom lip, stopping to catch her breath. “When you’re protective of me, it feels like you’re

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right there with me. Like you’re standing beside me, but your presence is all that’s needed to scare whatever is threatening me away. That’s what it felt like when you pulled me from my nightmare into the darkness. It felt like you were with me, showing me how to command the darkness.” She looked at me, again catching her breath. “With Ivan, it’s completely different. He puts me in a bubble.” I laughed at her description. “I know, sounds weird, but I don’t know how else to describe it. But that’s what it feels like. When the doctor was doing whatever it was to make Ivan feel like he needed to protect me, it felt like I was in a bubble and the doctor could no longer see me. I could still feel you and I could feel Ivan standing guard, basically, but I felt nothing else. Everyone else was gone and I couldn’t hear anyone talking until the doctor left the room.”

“What about Misha? Can you feel him the same way now that you unlocked a new level for him?”

She thought for a minute. “Not exactly. I could tell who was moving me before I woke up, but I don’t know if that’s the same. I knew it was Andrei and Stephen that moved me so you could get in bed with me when I started shaking,” she said.

“How did you know it was them?”

“Andrei’s warmer than average and I’d know Stephen’s undead hands anywhere,” she said, smiling. “I haven’t noticed being able to feel anything extra with Misha yet, but he’s probably the next one.”

I brushed a still damp curl back from her face, kissing her temple. “You never cease to amaze me.”

Sephie was clearly tired after the shower and getting dressed, but she didn’t want to sleep. At least not in the bed. “You told the guys to come back up here so you’re going back out there and I don’t trust my body to not start shaking if I fall asleep without you here yet,” she said.

“Fair enough,” I said, quite happy I didn’t have to be apart from her for any length of time.

“Besides, I want snacks,” she said, grinning at me.

“Then snacks you shall have,” I said, opening the door for her to walk back to the kitchen.

She walked straight to the refrigerator, at her slow pace, and rummaged through until she found something to eat.

“You’re hungry again already, spider monkey?” Andrei said as he walked into the kitchen from downstairs, catching her eating again.

“I didn’t eat for like two days. I have catching up to do. Leave me alone,” she said, turning so he couldn’t see her, but I could. She grinned at me, hoping she was making Andrei worried.

“You clearly still have catching up to do. You’re still cranky,” he said. “We’re going to have to get you two sandwiches from Vinny’s for lunch.”

“That marriage proposal is still on the table, Bubba,” she said, turning back to him so she could see his reaction. His cheeks flushed, which made her want to laugh, but she was still trying to hold it in.

The other guys came to the penthouse shortly after Andrei. Viktor, Ivan, and Stephen had brought their

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computers to try and find more information on Ricardo and Lorenzo.

“You’re still awake, princess,” Ivan said when he saw her.

“I know, right? Andrei makes a mean cup of coffee,” she said, grinning at Andrei. “It also means you have a short translation window, so let’s get this party started before I pass out again.” Stephen and Viktor both set their computers in front of her. “If I haven’t told you lately, your productivity is admirable,” she said, looking over one of the computers as she finished her snack.

Stephen had been looking up information on Armando before he took over as boss of his area of the city. Viktor had been concentrating on Ricardo and Ivan had been looking up information on Lorenzo while Sephie was in the hospital.

“Hmmm. This one is about Armando. It’s old. I’m guessing it’s from before he became boss. Huh. He was arrested in Italy.” She kept reading, but she stopped translating. Her eyes got wider as she continued reading. She finally looked up at all of us.

“According to this, Armando isn’t from a wealthy family like he told everyone. He was a poor kid in Italy. He got arrested for petty crimes several times as a kid before getting arrested for murder when he was 16.”

“Do we know for sure it’s the same Armando?” Stephen asked.

She turned the computer around to show us a picture of a much younger Armando, but it was clearly the same man that was going to face a slow, painful death downstairs. “Same guy. His face is now permanently etched into my brain, unfortunately.

There’s no getting rid of his face now,” she said. I walked closer to her, trying to provide some comfort, as well as trying to keep my own anger in check.

“So, now the question is what family is he pretending to be from?” Viktor asked.

“I’ve always known him as Armando Petrucci,” I said.

“The Armando in this article is Armando Rossi,” Sephie said. Stephen took his computer back to start a new search, so she moved to the next computer. “This one is about Ricardo,” she said as she scanned the article. “It’s more about the boats they found loaded with people. Holy sh*t, this journalist called him out as a human trafficker. See if you can find more articles from this particular journalist,” she said as she slid the computer back toward Viktor.

Ivan was still looking through his search. I put my hands gently on her hips and turned her to face me. I was worried she would be getting tired, but trying to push through because the guys needed her to translate. She looked at me, smiling sweetly, already knowing what I was thinking. “I’m okay for now. The couches might be better though, so I can sit against you. I’m cold again,” she smiled sheepishly at me.

“Wait here. I can fix that,” I said. I leaned down and kissed her gently, then walked quickly to one of the spare rooms, taking the blanket off the bed. Her eyes lit up when I walked back down the hallway.

“I’m about to be so warm. I’m so excited for this development in my life,” she said as she walked to the couches as quickly as she was able. Andrei and Misha followed her to help her sit while Viktor, Ivan, and Stephen gathered up their computers and moved to the couches as well. She leaned back against me and pulled the blanket around her shoulders.

“You’re not going to stay awake for long now,” I said, my fingers lightly running through her hair and over her neck.

“Not if you keep doing that,” she said, leaning her head back to smile at me. Ivan walked over and placed his computer in her lap.