

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 351

Adrik

As soon as Sephie and I were alone that evening, she went straight to the bathroom to take out the contacts she'd been wearing all day. This was the first day she'd had to wear them this long and they were starting to irritate her eyes. "It's taken all my self-control not to scratch my eyes constantly for the past hour," she said, on her way to the bathroom.

"You wore them a lot longer today than you ever have before. Maybe we need to put a time limit on them," I said, following her. As soon as they were both out, she did rub her eyes for a moment. She walked to me, her sweet smile on her face. As she got closer, I could see her eyes had changed to deep blue. "I've actually missed that today," I said. "Your eyes are gorgeous on a normal day, solnishko, but I find myself loving when they change."

"I find myself loving you, my future husband," she said. We hadn't had a chance to discuss how I introduced her to my father and I could tell she'd been waiting to give me a hard time about it.

"I..." I stammered, running my hand through my hair.

She giggled. "You don't need to justify it. I liked it. I just didn't expect it," she said as she pulled me down to kiss her. "I also didn't expect you to be so nervous around your father. Is that normal or is that because you didn't tell him I was coming too?"

Of course, she would have figured out I didn't tell anyone she would be with us. "Sephie, I didn't tell them because I just didn't think about it. You're always with me. Just like the guys are always with me."

"Oh, I'm not mad about it. I thought it was hilarious how they all looked at you when they saw you being affectionate with me. It was like they weren't sure you were the same Adrik they've known for years. I don't think I would've seen that same reaction if you'd told them. But that doesn't mean I still can't give you shi t about it," she said, grinning at me. I watched as her eyes went from blue to green. God, I love her.

"What did you and my father talk about when he kidnapped you?" I asked as I pulled her shirt off and started to unbutton her pants.

"A few things. You're going to worry when I say this, but I don't mean it in the way you think I do," she said. She was helping to unbutton my shirt, likely to keep her hands busy as I could see her start to worry over how I was going to react. "You're not as different from your father as you think you

are."

I slid my shirt off, thinking about what she just said, and watching her watch me. Her eyes were changing again, but it was like they couldn't pick a color to stick to. "Okay, how do you mean it?" I said, holding my shirt out so she could slip into it.

She grinned at me as she put my shirt on. "When he shook my hand, you saw the reaction he had, didn't you?" I nodded my head, remembering his surprise when he took her hand. "It's because he can feel there's something different about me. He knows there's something different about you as well. He told me. The only way he could know there was something different about you and I is if there's something different about him as well."

I was quietly buttoning up my shirt on her as she talked, thinking about what she was telling me. I still couldn't look away from her eyes, as they kept changing while she talked. "Did he tell you what was different about him?"

"No, but he said your mother knew I was coming. She also knew the guys were coming. When he told me that you and I were different, I felt compelled to tell him that it wasn't just us. I didn't get into specifics, but he said that I'd just made your mother a very happy woman. She used to tell him that you would find me and find others that are special like you and you'd be able to realize all the dreams your father had when he ran the city, plus some." She put her hands on my chest while I wrapped my arms around her waist, holding her close to me. I was still loving being able to hold her against me completely now that she didn't have her cast in the way. I had no idea how much I would miss the little things between us.

"She said that? Really?" I asked. "I don't really remember my mother. She died when I was very young. I can barely remember what she looked like."

"I know. He knows too. Your mother was for him what I am for you. That's why he lost control of his anger. His control died with her. He told me he worries that his anger became your anger. I told him yours was different than his, but didn't go too much into details. He was very much lost in his memories when we talked. I think that's the first time he's allowed himself to think about your mother in a long time."

"It's definitely the first time he's smiled in decades. And I'm not sure I've ever heard him laugh. I think that's one of your superpowers. Getting grumpy men to laugh," I said, holding her tighter while I grabbed her ticklish spot just above her hips, making her giggle and squirm in my arms.

"I don't know how long you plan to stay down here, but I think it would be a good idea for you and your father to have a talk tomorrow. I can go with you, if you like. He seems to let his guard down around me. He also said he recognizes that you have a hard time seeing past his gruff exterior. Much like you and much like Ivan, it's mostly an act. He's a cheeseball in there."

I laughed loudly. "I don't think anyone has ever, or will ever, compare my father to cheese."

"He's like gruyere. Hard on the outside, soft, creamy, and maybe a little salty on the insic

I couldn't stop laughing, which made her laugh with me. I picked her up, carrying her to the bed. "Now I'm going to struggle to not think about him as cheese when I talk to him

"You. Are. Welcome," she said as she settled in across

my chest.

The following morning, we woke early to get a workout in before everyone else. My father still kept in shape, as did his security guys, so he had a gym in his house, much like the ones we were used to at home. Sephie still couldn't workout like normal, but she was slowly making progress. Andrei was so patient with her and somehow expertly kept her temper under control when she would get frustrated at not being able to do much.

Her ribs would still bother her occasionally. Her lung was almost back to normal, but she would still sometimes struggle to catch her breath. Andrei saw it one time when she talked him into letting her do more. He also saw that it scared her again. Ivan and I immediately felt it, shielding her so Andrei couldn't see her eyes change. I suspected he either knew they were changing already or that he would be the next one to figure it out.

After that happened, he made her go back to lighter exercises that wouldn't tax her lungs so much, even though she protested. He gently, but very firmly told her to sh ut up. He was her trainer for a reason and that was that. I think she was impressed that he put her in her place so adeptly.