

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 297

Chapter Two Hundred Ninety-Seven

Adrik

The acupuncturist said, “last time, Ivan took the worst of it to save Sephie. This time, Sephie took the worst of it to save Ivan.” Ivan immediately took offense and started to argue, but she put her hand up, cutting him off. She walked to Sephie, taking her hand like she always did. She closed her eyes while pressing on the spot just between her thumb and forefinger. She shook her head no, then walked to Ivan doing the same thing. “They were going to kill you, Ivan. Sephie made sure that didn’t happen.” Sephie was somewhat surprised. “I didn’t do anything. Other than run my mouth.”

“You kept the focus on you, Sephie. If Ivan had done that, they would’ve killed him. They needed you. They didn’t need him. You might not have been completely aware of that, but your soul knew. You listened,” she said, smiling sweetly at Sephie, who now had stray tears falling down her cheeks.

Ivan wrapped his giant arm gently around her shoulders, kissing the top of her head. They just stood there for a moment, until the acupuncturist asked another question. “You can feel him now, the same way you can feel your boyfriend, can’t you?”

Sephie nodded, wiping her eyes. “It’s not as strong and it’s different, but I can feel him sometimes now.”

“You’ll be able to feel all of them soon. Especially the one that can see the unseen,” she said. Misha.

“But how though?” Sephie asked.

The acupuncturist smiled at her. “You still don’t realize your potential, Sephie. You’re not like other women. They’re not like other men, for that matter.” She left it at that and motioned for Sephie to lie down. Ivan and I both helped her. She looked at me, then to Ivan. “I need to see under her clothes.”

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“Ivan’s already seen it. I don’t care, as long as he doesn’t care,” Sephie said, looking at me. I nodded once. The acupuncturist helped Sephie lift the hoodie over her head and pull her leggings off. Her body was still badly bruised, but the bruises were just starting to changing colors. Fading from a bright blue and purple to a greenish brown in spots, which meant they were already in the beginning stages of healing. She put her hands on Sephie, much like the doctor did, to check for internal damage. I glanced at Ivan, who was looking at Sephie’s bruises in an entirely new light. He looked both shocked and apologetic. He looked to me with a very obvious “I didn’t mean for this to happen” look on his face.

“You can stop worrying, Super Squish. I’m going to live,” Sephie said, without looking at him. She’d closed her eyes as soon as the acupuncturist put her hands on her. I couldn’t help but smile at Ivan, who was also smiling at Sephie and shaking his head.

“I’m not sure how I feel about this,” Ivan said, laughing quietly.

I could feel the relief that Sephie got when the acupuncture needles were in for just a short time. Her shoulder and her ribs were still causing her extreme pain. Sephie, however, wasn’t saying anything about it. “Her shoulder and her left ribs are still in extreme pain,” I told the acupuncturist. She nodded her head. “I’m saving that for last. It’s going to hurt for a minute before it feels better, so I need the rest of her body to feel better

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first. That way, it’s not as bad.”

She motioned for Ivan to sit in a chair close to the bed where Sephie was. “Take your shirt off,” she said. “Your upper body is what always takes everything. This time was no different.” She got busy sticking needles in him while Sephie’s body worked on self-correcting as much as possible. I could feel her relax more, with each minute, as the pain in her body subsided slowly. I could still feel her shoulder and her ribs, but it felt like the pain was staying localized in that area, instead of her entire body with an extra emphasis on her shoulder and ribs.

I hadn’t noticed the acupuncturist watching me watch Sephie, until she said quietly, “you can feel her pain now, no? It’s stronger than other emotions you’ve been able to feel?” I nodded my head. Of course she would know that. “Because that’s where she needs the most help. Your anger is strongest because that’s where you need the most help. Her pain is strongest because she needs the most help there, but she won’t ask for it.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle. “Ivan just told me that a few hours ago.” I looked to Ivan, who had his eyes closed like he was asleep. Just like Sephie. Neither one of them seemed to be aware of our conversation.

“They can’t hear us right now,” she said, a small smile on her face. “She’s afraid to be completely vulnerable. She’s almost there, but in her past, showing weakness or asking for help while she was hurt got her hurt more. I don’t know details, of course, and I don’t need to know details. Her soul is asking yours to help her heal by letting you feel her pain when she tries to hide it. She needs to understand that she’s going to be taken care of when she’s hurt. She’s close to knowing that, but there’s still a part of her that remembers when she had no one to count on.”

“How? She’s very stubborn and she has a very understandable mistrust of doctors.”

“She doesn’t need doctors. She needs you. She needs Ivan. And she needs the other four waiting outside. You’re all together for a very specific reason. You might think that she’s helping all of you level up in this lifetime, but by her helping you, you’re helping her do the same. You’re both much stronger than the last time I saw you, despite her injuries. The others are starting to believe how special she is, aren’t they?” I nodded my head. “Good. That’s the first step. If they can see it in her, they can see it in themselves.”

“I’m not sure I understand. I know Misha has a gift, but I don’t think the other three do?”

“Not yet. You and Sephie and Ivan are older than the other four. The one who can see the unseen is older than the other three, but not as old as you. Your job is to help them discover their gifts. In turn, they’ll help you take care of what needs to be taken care of in this lifetime,” she said, as she turned back to Ivan and Sephie. As soon as she stepped away from me, I noticed that Sephie and Ivan were talking to each other like there was nobody else in the room. The acupuncturist turned to look at me before beginning to remove the needles from Ivan and winked. That was strange.

I walked to Sephie, who still had the needles in. She already felt lighter again. She heard my footsteps and opened her eyes when I got closer to the bed. “You look better already,” I said.

“You can feel it too, can’t you?” she asked.

“Maybe a little,” I said, grinning at her. She smiled her gorgeous smile at me, making my heart threaten to stop. She picked her head up and looked at Ivan. “He feels better, too. There’s less background noise to him,”

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she said.

He laughed, putting his shirt back on. “If ever there was an accurate description of what it’s like in my head sometimes, that’s it.” The acupuncturist pulled the needles from Sephie. She looked at me. “She’s going to need you for this,” she said. She looked at Sephie as I walked to her right side, to grab her hand. “This is going to be extremely painful at first, Sephie, but I want you to let him help you with it. He’s just as strong as you are. He can take it,” she said. Sephie looked confused and started to ask a question when the acupuncturist stuck the first needle in her shoulder.

“OH F**K ME” she yelled. I could feel a sharp pain in my left shoulder, holding my breath to try and withstand the pain. The acupuncturist looked at me like she was silently giving me instructions and her words from earlier popped in my head. “She needs you.” I focused on trying to take her pain and turn it into a more pleasurable sensation for her. Much like I did after the shower this morning. I could feel my desire for her rise quickly and I pushed that to her as the acupuncturist stuck the second needle in her shoulder. Sephie didn’t yell this time, but she still whimpered softly. It was still a sharp pain in her shoulder, but it was much less than the first time.

The pain in her shoulder slowly started to lessen as the acupuncturist stuck more needles in it. She stopped, saying, “I need to take your arm out of the sling. It’s going to hurt, but not as much as it has before.” Sephie looked at me, clearly worried about having to move her shoulder again.

Ivan stood up and walked to the bed. “I think I can help,” he said. “The pain comes from feeling the weight of the cast. I can hold it so your shoulder doesn’t have to compensate for the weight of your arm. She can have access that way.”

The acupuncturist caught my eye, a very small smile on her lips. “She needs Ivan.” For the first time, when Sephie’s arm came out of the sling, she didn’t feel a shooting pain down her left side. The acupuncturist worked quickly, reaching around Ivan and Sephie’s cast to put the needles where they needed to go. I expected her ribs to be more painful and just like her shoulder, the first couple of needles were extremely painful, but she handled it well. I felt the relief wash over her after a few minutes. She took the deepest breath she’d taken in days, a smile on her face as she felt her lungs expand completely. I could feel her ribs were still sore, but the sharp pain had subsided for the moment.

Once the needles came out and her arm was back in her sling, I helped her back into her clothes. “She should definitely come back regularly for a while. Your pain level is much lower now,” I said, helping her stand up to finish getting her leggings back on. “I will not argue with that. I feel almost human again right now,” she said, her wide smile causing the familiar pull in my chest toward her. She pulled my hoodie back over her head, trying to somewhat tame her hair when she pulled it out of the sweatshirt. “Remind me to ask Viktor to put his braiding knowledge to good use again.” I just smiled at her, standing in front of her, taking in her out of control hair and her light that was now brighter. I leaned down and kissed her deeply, but quickly, as I didn’t trust myself to be able to stop. She giggled at me. “I love you,” she said as we walked out of the spare room.