

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 146

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Six

Adrik

We stayed in the extra room for a few hours. While she was mostly better, I knew she was still overwhelmed with everything she's had to deal with. To be honest, I was enjoying the extra time with her all to myself. I loved that the guys loved her and she loved them. I loved that I didn't have to worry as much when I was away from her because I knew they would protect her. But I also loved these moments when it was just the two of us together.

We had laid down on the bed, with her across my chest in her favorite spot. As we were talking, my stomach interrupted the conversation, growling loudly. She laughed. "At least it wasn't mine for once." She sat up, pulling me up with her. "We should get you some food." She paused for a moment. "Do you think the guys are all in their rooms now?"

"Probably. Why?" I asked.

"Not in the most social mood," she said dismissively.

As we got to the bottom of the stairs, I stopped her. "Wait here. I'll see who's around," I said, kissing her cheek. I went to the kitchen, checking to see if they were still there or if they had all gone elsewhere for the evening. Ivan was in the kitchen, but he was alone. He looked at me, somewhat nervously, since I was alone.

"It's okay now. She just doesn't want to talk to everybody right now. She's waiting on the stairs for me to check to see who's around."

He chuckled. "I can give you guys privacy. I just wanted to make sure all was good."

"No, stay. I think she'll want to see you," I said, walking back to the stairs to get her. I grabbed her hand. "Ivan is the only one in the kitchen."

She sighed, relieved. "He's the only one I wanted to see right now."

I chuckled. "I literally just said that to him."

He stood up as we walked into the kitchen. He looked almost worried. She walked to him, wrapping her arms around him. He was clearly relieved. "Thank you," she said to him.

"You're not mad I told him?" he asked. That's why he was worried.

She shook her head no. "I don't think I could've told him. I'm glad you did it for me." She pulled him closer, resting her head on his chest. She always looked so tiny next to him, but even more so when she was upset. It made her look fragile, even though I wasn't sure fragile was in her vocabulary. Ivan kissed the top of her head, a small smile on his face.

"I was right, wasn't I?" he asked her, not letting her go.

She groaned quietly. "Yes, Ivan. You were right." She poked him in the ribs, making him laugh.

She walked back to me, tucking herself into my side as I held her close to me. Ivan went to the refrigerator and pulled out two plates of food. "I had to fight them for these, but I saved you some dinner. This is all that's left. Viktor's backup meal was not needed. Sephie looked surprised that they had eaten everything else.

Seriously? I made enough for like 10 people. That's impressive."

We both laughed at her. "I don't know why this is surprising for you. You know how we like to eat," I said. I grabbed both plates to warm them.

She shook her head, chuckling to herself. "You're right. I should've known. Maybe I'm more surprised that they liked it enough to eat all of it."

"We all agreed that it was better than anything Tori ever made," Ivan said.

"Shut up."

"It's true. Viktor said he's going to drag his feet on finding a new chef just so you'll cook more."

I walked back to her, waiting on the food to warm up still. "I don't know if that's fair. Sephie can cook when she wants to. Not because she has to." I kissed her temple, pulling her close to me again.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't mind. I like to cook."

"We like when you cook," Ivan said, smiling at her.

We talked a little more as she and I ate. The guys were right. It was definitely better than anything Tori had ever made us. Maybe I was okay with Viktor dragging his feet a little bit....

Sephie looked at Ivan, a serious look on her face. "You haven't slept yet, have you?"

He looked down, but shook his head no. She clicked her tongue, walking to him. She slid her arm across his shoulders, resting her chin on his good shoulder. He was so tall that she barely needed to bend over, even when he was sitting at the counter.

"Your body needs rest, Squishy. You're still trying to catch up from losing so much blood and you're just going to make it harder on yourself if you don't sleep. Your body can't do both at the same time. It can't recover and try to keep you going for days on end. You're going to crash."

He sighed. She was right, but I could clearly see the worry on his face when he thought about sleep. She leaned over and whispered something in his ear that I couldn't hear. He smiled, but once again shook his head no. She thought for a moment, her chin still resting on his shoulder. She stood up suddenly. "I have an idea. Be right back." She walked toward the guys' rooms. We heard her knock on a door, but couldn't tell whose door she knocked on. We could hear hushed voices, but that was, it. She returned with a phone in her hand. She grabbed Ivan's good arm and pulled him toward his room.

I shook my head, as I cleaned up the rest of the kitchen while I waited for her to return. While she was gone, I looked through the cabinets, hoping to find the same kind of tea she had made herself at the penthouse. I didn't think triple strength was necessary this time, but I figured it might help. As luck would have it, I found a box of the very same tea.

I had just put the tea bag in the hot water when she returned to the kitchen, without Ivan. I looked at her, my eyebrow raised, hoping she would let me in on her plan. As she got to me, I handed her the tea. "Drink this."

She took it from me, but stopped to inspect it first. "It's not triple strength, is it?"

I laughed. "Single strength only. But I think you could use a little extra help tonight." She sipped it, smiling at me over the mug.

Are you going to tell me what you just did to Ivan?"

"Ivan got stuck in his darkness much the same way I did on the plane, I think. Anytime I was quiet for too long, he would start fighting again. I remembered that Misha had recorded me playing at the piano gallery, so I asked if I could borrow his phone so Ivan could listen to that while he slept. That way he'd know that I was always there. I turned it on and stayed with him for a few minutes. He's so exhausted that he was asleep in like two minutes.

I walked to her, brushing a curl from her face. "That's a brilliant plan, solnishko. I was beginning to worry I would have to spend another night away from you, just so Ivan could sleep."

She cut her eyes at me as she took another sip of tea. "I'm hoping this will satisfy all parties involved."