

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 150

## Chapter One Hundred Fifty

Ivan

Everyone eventually woke up and started to reappear in the kitchen. Nobody ate yesterday, which usually means eating twice as much as normal when we do get to eat. Sephie came downstairs and saved the day, as usual. She said to tell one of the guards, that she's extra cranky when she's hungry, so they needed to bring us Vinny's. Even the outside guards, who didn't usually interact with her, had heard stories of her temper. They all knew that she had kicked all of our asses at some point.

A few of them had seen her sparring with us months earlier. The weather was nice, so we went outside for her training. Andrei was sparring with her, while Viktor was coaching her technique. The rest of us were watching, impressed with how quickly she could pick things up and how well she could anticipate Andrei's next move. Her observation skills were next level. It made it look like she was reading his mind, perfectly countering each one of his moves. Viktor recognized that she was holding herself back though; she was playing defense when she needed to be playing offense. He pulled her aside and said something to her, trying to get her to go harder. She needed to know what it felt like, should the situation ever arise. Andrei knew what Viktor was doing, but Andrei also knew how to get it out of her. He said something smart to her, which made her angry. I'm still not sure how he knew the exact button to push with her to get her angry, but it worked.

She kicked his ass. To the point that Viktor stepped in and pulled her off him. It took her a few minutes to calm down after. Andrei was fine, laughing that he'd finally gotten it out of her. He really was a good trainer for her. He knew if she could learn how to channel that anger that she'd be unstoppable. That was the first time he got a true glimpse of what she was capable of.

Of course, we all knew she was incredible, but that was the first time the outside guards had seen that much of her. They were all completely shocked. And a little afraid of her from that point on.

When we stood up to walk back to the house, I felt the darkness closing in on me again. Sephie saw me sway as I tried to get my bearings and helped me stay steady on my feet. She was worried I wouldn't be able to make it back to the house, so she helped me walk. It did make it easier, not gonna lie.

She was adamant that I should sleep more when we got back to the house. Even though she kept the demons away in the hospital, I was still panicked about sleeping again. She promised she wouldn't leave me again, but I was avoiding having to go through it.

It's one of life's cruel jokes that the more you avoid dealing with something, the more you're forced to deal with it.

Everything flooded in at once when I was alone in my room. I'd kept it all back the entire day, but I was tired. So tired. It hit me all at once.

I heard a soft knock on my door, but didn't answer. I was trying to get control of myself. I knew it would be either Sephie or Misha and I didn't really want either of them to see me like this. Before I knew it, I felt Sephie slide her arm around my shoulders. She rested her head on my shoulder and just stayed there. She didn't say anything, she just kept rubbing her hand over my back while I finally broke down.

I never really paid much attention to how much I needed that kind of physical touch. I did just fine without it, but since Sephie had come into our lives, she showed me how much I never knew I was missing it. Especially now. That empty feeling that usually came with feeling this way wasn't so bad when she was next to me.

Sephie always knew just what to say, or what not to say in this case. I didn't need to hear about how sorry through what I went through. It's not going to change anything. She knew that. She just sat with me and alone anymore. That was worth more than anything she could've said to me in that moment.

She was like an anchor in the middle of the storm. It didn't matter how bad it got, how much I got tossed around, I knew she would be there. Holding onto me, keeping me from getting lost in my dark sea.

I've spent so much time with my demons that I'm really not scared of them anymore. She was right. If you stop fighting them, they lose their power over you. But I'm still afraid I'm going to get lost and not be able to find my way back when I'm in my own darkness. It's so peaceful. So quiet. I can feel myself not wanting to leave. I know what happens if I decide to stay there.

She gives me a reason to come back.