

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 113

## Chapter One Hundred Thirteen

Adrik

We talked and laughed for hours that evening. I can't remember the last time I had this much fun. We told Sephie stories about our crazy adventures, which usually involved at least one of us almost dying. She was always so curious and enthusiastic to always know more. I found myself enjoying telling her stories and enjoying her reaction just as much. I knew the guys all felt the same way. There weren't many people that we could talk to about the things we'd done in our past without fear of them leaving. She accepted us completely, past and all.

Every time I think I can't possibly love her more, she proves me wrong yet again.

Before they left for the night, Ivan asked about Sephie's hip. "Time to change the bandage today or tomorrow?"

"I was going to do it tonight. It's been two days since the last one. She's been walking much better, until she overdid it with walking at the house and sitting by the lake too long. You can take a look at it, too. Make sure it looks right. You know more than I do about what it should look like."

He nodded his head. Sephie was laughing about something with Viktor. She glanced over to me like she could feel my gaze on her, smiling at me. I felt my heart jump in my chest when I saw her smile stretch across her face as she looked at me. Even still, I motioned for her to come to me. She hugged Viktor, kissing his cheek, then walked quickly to me.

"We should change your bandage while Ivan is still here so he can see it and make sure it really is getting better," I said, kissing her temple as she wrapped her arms around my waist.

"Glad you remembered, because I forgot that was a thing that was supposed to happen today." She smiled at both of us. "Where do you want to gaze upon my hip bone, gentlemen?"

She was so much happier since we had come home. She was starting to act like she felt better in Italy, but I could tell she was still in so much pain. She was healed enough now that she felt better. It was easier for her to be her normally happy self.

"Everything is in the bathroom," I said, shaking my head at her. I loved her silliness. I loved that she constantly made me laugh.

"To the loo!" She walked toward the bedroom, Ivan and I following her, both equally amused at her.

When I peeled the bandage off, she flinched. Her skin was still so sensitive to the adhesive, but that was really the only thing bothering her now. The wound looked even better than the last time we changed the bandage. Ivan really was a genius. He bent down to get a closer look at it.

"It's healing now. No more red around the edges and it's starting to get smaller. See?" he stood up, pointing to it for me to look. I took a closer look and noticed what he was referring to. She was still likely going to have a big scar there, but at least it was starting to heal. It looked like I wouldn't need to call a doctor, after all.

We re-packed it with more honey and put a fresh bandage on it. The other guys were waiting for us to come back out before they went downstairs. They all had looks of concern on their faces, waiting to hear the status of her wound.

Ivan put them at ease. "It's healing. It looks much better now."

They all visibly relaxed when they heard the news. They, like me, were still carrying some guilt over what had happened to her. Hearing that she was feeling better and finally starting to heal made it easier to cope with. They loved seeing her happy just as much as I did. I knew, without a doubt, that if anything were to happen to me, she would still be well taken care of. They would make sure of it. I found comfort in that thought, especially since it was starting to feel like the calm before the storm with everything going on.

They each took turns hugging her good night and headed downstairs. I knew Viktor and Ivan were likely exhausted, but they were having too much fun to want to leave.

Once we were alone, she caught me gazing thoughtfully at her, a small smile on my lips. "What are you thinking about, love?" she asked me as she cleaned up pizza boxes. There were no leftovers to worry about. The nice thing about having to feed so many men.

"How wonderful it is to be able to talk so openly about our past. There aren't many people that would be so comfortable with it. We told stories tonight that we've never told anyone," I said, pulling her to me.

"I'm glad you told me. I love hearing your stories. I love learning about your past. I find it fascinating." She looked up at me, a small smile on her lips. She looked at me with that spark in her eye that only I could see. I still found it so easy to get lost in her eyes. I pressed my lips to hers, wanting to make her mine. Officially. When this mess with the other bosses was over, I decided I was going to marry her.

I had never considered marriage before. It just wasn't something that was important to me. I never wanted children. With Sephie, I found myself indifferent to the idea. I wouldn't care if it happened, but I also wouldn't care if it didn't. I need to have that conversation with her at some point. But I wanted to make her mine. I knew she loved me. I knew she wasn't going anywhere. But I still wanted to marry her.

I looked at her, loving the look in her eyes when she looked at me. "I'm glad you're feeling so much better, too. You've been yourself again since we got home. The guys see it too. It makes them feel better too."

I keep threatening them with an ass kicking if they don't let it go, but I know you all still feel guilt over it. I see the relief on your faces when I don't limp. It's unnecessary, but I understand it. I would still feel guilty if the roles were reversed."

I smiled sweetly at her. "How did I ever get so lucky to find you? You never cease to amaze me, solnishko." I chuckled.

"Especially with the Vanessa situation. I was worried that was going to go very differently."

She laughed, pressing her hands to my chest. "If you wouldn't have made it so completely obvious you wanted nothing to do with her, I might've felt more jealous. But you're so obvious anytime another woman looks at you. From the beginning, even. When we went to the restaurant so I could see Max. You wouldn't even look at another woman that night. You've never changed. It's like they don't even exist in your world. While I love that about you, the evil side of me secretly also loves it because it makes the women so angry that you won't even look at them. I might love that part a little too much," she said, looking down. She chewed on her bottom lip.

I swiped my thumb over her bottom lip so she would stop chewing it. "You need to know what it's like to be chosen. Over and over again, solnishko. For me, you're the only choice. Forever and always. The only choice."

Her breath caught, her eyes showing the surprise at my words. I looked at her, knowing she would need to search my eyes.

Constantly searching for what she would never find. It was amusing to me now, but I would allow her to do it as many times as she needed to convince herself that I was never going to not choose her. She eventually smiled, convinced once again. She stood on her toes and pressed her lips to mine, pulling me closer to her. God, I love this woman