

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 220

Chapter Two Hundred Twenty

Misha

Armando laughed, telling me he wasn't sure what I'd said, but he'd likely said the same thing last night. I couldn't help but feel some relief that Armando was also angry and frustrated with this situation. If he was blindly siding with Giana over this, we would have bigger issues.

"With all due respect, Mando, you need to handle this before we do," Stephen said. I could hear the anger in his voice, as well. Somehow his anger justified mine. I knew if he was mad, it was a big deal. Sephie looked at Stephen, as well as the rest of us. I think she was just as surprised as the rest of us to hear the anger in his voice. He waited until Armando looked away, then he grinned at Sephie.

She was thoughtful for a moment. I watched her pull Adrik's arms tighter around her. Just like she was an anchor for all of us, he was that for her. She got stronger when she was with him, just as he got stronger when he was with her. They complimented each other in a way that I'd never seen before. She sighed and said, "she's probably grown up privileged and somewhat sheltered. Now that she's been thrown into the real world, she has no real coping mechanisms. She can only come from her place of understanding, which is made from her life experiences."

While she wasn't wrong, I did notice that Sephie tended to give people the benefit of the doubt a little too much. Sometimes a bit is just a bit. While she was hardly ever wrong about people, I found myself angry at her lack of anger at Giana. I knew she would get there eventually, if things didn't change. I'd seen what she said to Max and I knew how long it took her to get to that point. I wasn't sure I'd be able to handle it if it took her that long to get to that point with Giana, if this situation wasn't resolved quickly.

After Armando confirmed that Giana was, in fact, a spoiled rich kid, Sephie said, "When you live a life of extreme comfort, your understanding of good and bad gets skewed. When there really isn't any bad, the good replaces the bad. People need both. There can be no good when there is no bad. Her bad consists of slightly less good, so the really good doesn't feel right. Her soul knows that, which is why she's wanting for something more. But she's looking in the wrong places for that something. It has to come from within her. She's the only one that can decide to be happy. Nobody else will ever be able to make her happy if she can't make herself happy. That's what you need to try to get her to see, Mando. She's choosing to be miserable and insecure. No one else is making her feel that way. No one is going to be able to make her stop feeling that way. It's all on her,"

I smiled, knowing that Sephie was exactly right, and that had Giana heard what Sephie just said, she likely would've been crushed until she could come to terms with it. Armando asked Sephie a question in Italian, which annoyed me. I enjoyed being the one that could keep everyone else in the dark when we spoke Russian in front of others. Sephie tried to laugh, but I saw the pain flash on her face quickly as she answered him.

My mind was wandering while Armando was still talking. Sephie had said that she wanted to go to the house a few days ago and we hadn't been able to go yet. Maybe I should bring it up again, after Armando left. I didn't know what it was about being- able to go to the lake that helped her recharge herself, but it was obvious every time it happened. I could literally watch the stress melt off her as we sat and talked by the lake.

My gut instinct was getting stronger, the more I used it. Before, I would just get a feeling when something wasn't going to go right. I would feel nauseous or feel like there was Impending doom coming to indicate that an outcome was going to be negative. But now, I was starting to get indicators on good outcomes as well. Completely different Indicators, thankfully, so I could tell the difference. As I thought about going to the house for a few days, I got goosebumps down my arms and across my upper body. It had only happened once or twice before, but I knew this was my gut instinct telling me we needed to go to the house. I would wait until Armando left and then suggest it.

I found myself looking forward to a long run with Sephie, too. She used to almost kill me when we went for a run at the

I'd been running with her long enough now that I could almost keep up with her at the house. I still gave out well before

getting better. It had been a while since we'd been able to run anywhere. I knew if I missed it, she was

1)

definitely missing it.

Armando talked for a while longer, telling us that he was purposely leaving Giana alone for as long as possible. He made plans to go to his house for the weekend, which made me happy to know I wouldn't have to see her for a few days. He finally stood to leave. I couldn't help but feel relieved. I liked Armando, but I wanted him gone right now. I was having trouble getting my anger under control.

Once he was out of the office, I looked to Adrik and said frankly, "we should go to the house." I might've said it a little too frankly, as both he and Sephie looked at me, clearly surprised. Sephie, however, grinned at me almost immediately. She turned to look at Adrik, a question on her face. He looked at her for a moment, like he was lost in thought. I'd never seen him look at anyone the way he looks at her. A small smile crept over his face. He looked back to me, silently asking again for confirmation. I nodded my head. He looked down at his watch, then back to Sephie.

"We should order food before we leave so it's waiting on us when we get there. I'm hungry," he said. Sephie had leaned her head back on his shoulder so she could see his face. The smile that stretched across her face was enough to make all of us immediately feel better. Suddenly my anger was dissipating and I was now excited to go for a long run with her tomorrow.

"Gazelle, do you want to go for a run in the morning?" I asked. I had switched from struggling to contain my anger to now struggling to contain my excitement.

"Don't ask stupid questions, my adorable Russian guardian," she said as she looked at me seriously. For a moment, I thought she didn't want to and that I had offended her. She saw the look of surprise on my face and died laughing. "Misha, I'm sorry. You're too easy sometimes. Of course I want to go for a run and of course I love you for suggesting we go to the house. You're my favorite. Don't tell the others." She winked at me, her wide smile still making the room brighter. The guys were all laughing at me and I couldn't help but laugh with them. I think we all needed a break.