

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 237

## Chapter Two Hundred Thirty-Seven

Adrik

Later that night, Sephie and I were finally alone in the penthouse. I didn't wait for her to demand my shirt. I took it off as soon as I closed the door behind us. I pulled her to me, pulling her shirt off and throwing it on the floor so I could put my shirt on her. She had a sly grin on her face as she watched me button up my shirt after putting it on her. "You're getting better at reading my mind," she said.

"Maybe. Or maybe there's something to seeing you in just my shirt that helps me relax," I said as I unbuttoned her pants, sliding them over her hips.

"Well, seeing you relax helps me relax, so who am I to deny you?" she asked. She had a mischievous grin on her face.

"Could you deny me even if you tried, my love?" I asked, picking her up and walking toward one of the couches.

She giggled. It was exactly what I needed to hear. "Okay, so I've proven to fail miserably at that pretty much every time I've tried."

"It's the same reason I don't even try," I said, setting her down. I smiled down at her, taking her hand and pulling her into my lap as I sat down. She was still laughing when she straddled my lap. "I needed to hear your laugh, solnishko."

She leaned in and pressed her lips to mine gently. "I needed to laugh," she said. "I'm glad we got to go to the house this past weekend. I find myself wanting to go back. Each day seems to bring some new drama that makes me want to punch something."

"You and me both," I said, resuming my eternal battle with the curls around her face. This was one battle I would never tire of losing. She was quiet for a moment, so I decided to bring up what I'd felt in the office. "I think we should talk about what happened in the office. It was definitely different this time." I said, my fingers lightly running down the side of her face and neck. She closed her eyes, leaning into my touch.

"I could feel you struggling against your anger when Andy was in the office. Like you were trying to contain it," she said without opening her eyes. "But then you relaxed like always when I put my hands on you after Andy left." She opened her eyes and looked at me. "It felt different for me when we were waiting on Keith to come to the office. I could feel your anger, but I could also feel that you had it contained and that you were doing it on purpose. Your anger has never scared me or intimidated me or anything like that because I know it's not directed at me, but I found myself kind of liking being able to feel it while we waited on Keith." She had a sly smile creep across her lips as she admitted to liking it.

"I've always struggled to contain my anger, solnishko. There's a certain level I can let it get to where I can easily contain it, but still intimidate the hell out of anyone who needs it. I've learned that I can increase that level dramatically when you're with me, because you help me keep it contained, if you will. But when we were waiting on Keith, I knew that you knew what I was doing. It was at the highest level it's ever been at when he walked into the office without me beating someone to death. And I have no idea how you made that happen," I said, smirking at her curious expression as I told her what I had felt.

"What about when I got mad when Keith was in the office? You had to calm me down instead of the other way around," she asked.

"That's where it gets interesting. You knew how angry I was because you got up so I could pace before I said anything, but as soon as I felt you lose control, mine vanished and all I could think about was you. But I felt you lose control. That's the weird part. We've been saying for months now that you have a switch that flips when you get angry. We can see it happen on your face when Andrei or Misha says something to get you angry when you're training. We can also see it switch back off after. But I felt it tonight before I saw it happen." I continued my battle with the curls around her face. She looked lost in thought, chewing on her bottom lip.

"A switch flipping is probably the best way to describe it. That's pretty much what it's always felt like. I'm getting better at being able to control it when it happens, but I was so angry tonight that I didn't realize it had flipped until I felt your hand on me. I was surprised you were having to calm me down."

"Your eyes went dark again, too. Darker than I've ever seen them," I said. She smiled at the clear look of lust that I'm sure was evident on my face as I thought about it.

"I will admit to being angrier about being wrong about Andy than I have been about anything in a long time. But I don't know about my eyes changing colors. That one still escapes me. I don't know when that's happening or why it happens. The second time it happened, I thought I was calming down but you told me to blink again. I was almost scared to open my eyes again," she said, laughing.

"I thought you were calming down too. I didn't feel your anger at all when it happened. It was like your anger was in stealth mode. Still fully present but completely under the surface. That's why I kissed you. That always helps me make my anger completely dissipate, so I tried it with you, hoping it would work with you too."

"It worked." She grinned at me. "I was left wanting more instead of thinking about wanting to break Andy's face."

"Good. At least I know I have a kill switch," I said, laughing.

"This is going to make my street cred go through the roof." She had pressed her body to mine, her head on my shoulder, laughing.

She sat up again, looking at me, her eyes still laughing. "You really feel like you have more control when I'm with you?"

"Absolutely. My anger has always felt like barely contained chaos. But when you're with me, it's more like controlled chaos. It's there, but I don't have to struggle as hard against it to make sure it stays contained." She was chewing on her bottom lip again. Her mind was clearly racing. "Even Viktor has noticed it. Out of all of them, he knows my bloodlust the best. He's seen me completely out of control more than any of the other guys. He noticed the first time you stopped it with just a look."

Her eyebrows furrowed. "But what if it's a bad thing that I'm stopping it? I mean, even I'm losing patience with this whole situation. It might be over with already if I hadn't stopped it."

I was surprised that she admitted she was losing patience with everything going on. I knew she was stressed. We all were. But I didn't realize she was to the same point I was already. It was my turn to get lost in my thoughts for a moment. I felt her fingers lightly running over my facial hair, but she stayed quiet. It was one of the many things I loved about her. She was just as comfortable in silence as she was talking.

I was I had been worried this entire time that I would somehow lose her because of my bloodlust. If she saw that side of me, terrified she wouldn't want to be with me any longer. I'd been trying to keep that side of me as quiet as possible. But with each day, with each new piece of this puzzle, it was getting harder and harder to keep that side of me quiet.

I felt her fingers under my chin, lifting it so I would look at her. She was smiling sweetly at me. She leaned down, pressing her lips gently to mine. "I will never not want to be with you, Adrik."

I felt a huge wave of relief. I smiled at her, putting my hands on either side of her face, kissing her once more. "I don't know why it surprises me when you read my mind at this point," I said. "You're going to make it very difficult to surprise you."

"Wait until I get that crystal ball. You're all toast!" she said, laughing. All the stress of the day seemed to melt away as we laughed together on the couch. I still wasn't sure how she could do it, but I knew I was completely addicted to her magic