

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 143

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Three

Adrik

As we landed, I thought back to the first time I left in the morning without waking her. She was so excited to see me that night. I smiled to myself, thinking about that night. The first night she'd given herself entirely to me. I still couldn't get enough of her... It might be worse now, even.

I couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed when she wasn't at the landing pad to greet me this time, but I knew she was busy looking after Ivan and Andrei. I wasn't jealous when she spent the night next to Ivan in the hospital, but I desperately missed her. I knew she needed to be there for him. I didn't realize how much she needed to be with him until Viktor told me what she was able to do for Ivan earlier. It made me happy that she could help him. But it didn't make me miss her any less that night.

We walked into the house to the sound of laughter from the kitchen. This is a good sign. We stepped into the doorway and her eyes landed on mine. She gave me that smile that threatened to stop my heart every single time and immediately ran to me. She jumped into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist. Her lips found mine immediately, kissing me passionately. I love coming home to this woman. She broke the kiss, looking deeply into my eyes. "I missed you." I reached up and pulled her back to me, kissing her even more passionately than she had kissed me. "I missed you more," I said, smiling against her lips. She giggled as she unwrapped herself from me. She turned around to walk back to the counter, but I caught her and pulled her back toward me. I needed a moment to calm down before she was allowed to move from in front of me. I pressed myself into her. She just grabbed my arms and wrapped them around her waist, with her arms over mine. I leaned down to her ear and whispered, "thank you, solnishko." She squeezed my hands, grinning at me.

Viktor looked at her, surprised. "You managed to cook dinner, sestrichka?"

"I had plenty of help from Misha and the two invalids. I would just like to calm everyone's nerves, though. No broccoli was murdered in the making of this meal."

We all laughed. Viktor looked at her, "I owe you an apology, then! I ordered food, thinking you wouldn't have had time to make dinner."

"No apology needed, my giant Russian bear. You haven't tried it yet. It could suck. It's good that you brought back-up," she smiled at him, causing him to smile broadly back at her. "Also? Between all of us, food does not go to waste in this house. We can all have second dinner later. It'll be fine."

I turned her around to face me, brushing the curls back from her face. She put her hands on my chest, smiling warmly at me. I could see that her eyes were a little puffy, but otherwise, there was no trace of her tumultuous afternoon. I pressed my lips to hers. "I'm so lucky," I said quietly, kissing her forehead.

"How was work? Anything fun happen?" she asked as she went back to the counter to finish up what she had been working on when we got home.

"Actually yes," I said, following her and posting up on the opposite counter, after stealing a bite of the bacon she was chopping up. She looked at me, with her eyebrow raised, but continued chopping. I crossed my arms across my chest, looking at all the guys. I couldn't help the small smile that came across my face, I knew I was going to enjoy this conversation. "Did you know Ms. Jackson is a former spy, solnishko?"

She stopped chopping and looked to me. She knew. "Did she finally tell you?" she asked. The guys were all shocked to hear the tell me Olane

Mana told me," I said. I scanned everyone's

scanned everyone's faces, knowing they all knew how

"What? Giana told you? Really??" She continued to chop for a minute, then stopped. "Really? Does that girl not understand how being a spy works? She's going to tell the Russians that she barely knows that Ms. Jackson used to spy on their country and expect it to go well?"

"Well, she didn't go into detail, so technically you just told the Russians that Ms. Jackson used to spy on our country," I said, laughing. I was prepared to run as fast as necessary to avoid flying knives.

She turned and looked at me, a serious look on her face. "Shit."

We all laughed. Her cheeks turned almost as red as her hair. I walked to her, sliding one arm around her waist, the other slid the knife away from her toward Andrei. He passed it further down the counter. That was all it took for Sephie to finally laugh.

"G*ddammit I'm an idiot," she said in between laughing.

I kissed her temple. "You have nothing to worry about, solnishko. There's a reason we live here and not in Russia. Ms. Jackson's secret is safe with us."

She looked at me and I saw the flash of pain in her eyes before she quickly masked it, smiling to hide everything from me once more. She finished up what she was doing, making conversation with everyone, like everything was normal. She gave Misha instructions on how to finish, saying she needed to run to the restroom. She disappeared quickly.

As soon as she was out of the kitchen, Ivan looked at me. "You're gonna want to go check on her. It's been a rough day. She's not as okay as she'd like us all to believe."

I took the back stairs, expecting her to be in our bedroom, but it was completely dark. I noticed the bedroom across the hall was open. The balcony, I walked in, feeling the cool air coming in. When I stepped onto the balcony, I startled her. She was standing at the railing. She wiped her face, smiling. "It's okay. I'm okay. I just needed a minute. I'm okay, I promise."

"You're not okay, Sephie and you don't need to pretend that you are for my benefit. What's wrong?" I went to her, wiping the few tears that were still escaping down her cheeks.

"We don't have that kind of time right now." She sighed. "But I can't seem to keep my mouth shut and I keep putting others in danger." She bit her bottom lip, trying to hold back the tears I knew were threatening to fall.

I pulled her to me, holding her close. "None of this is your fault, Sephie."

"But it is. It has been from the beginning. I mouthed off to Anthony in the hallway, which pissed him off and made him choke me. That's what started this whole mess and I just keep digging myself in deeper with these people. I should not be allowed around dangerous people. They all seem to want to kill me for various reasons that I caused. You should get out while you can. I'll make you want to kill me soon enough." She took a step back from me, crossing her arms across her chest. She wouldn't look at me.

I was too stunned to react right away, which only made it worse. The tears started to fall. She put her hands over her face, sobbing. When I went to pull her to me, she tensed. "Can I just have a minute, please? I just want to be alone right now."

I didn't know what to do. I stood there a moment more, trying to decide what to do. "Please? Just leave me alone right now," she said, this time with an edge to her voice.

be downstairs, I said, squeezing her arm.