

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 147

## Chapter One Hundred Forty-Seven

Adrik

Sometime in the middle of the night, Misha came into the bedroom. Sephie was asleep, across my chest as usual. Misha urgently shook me to wake me. "Boss, wake up. We need Sephie." I moved to sit up, which woke Sephie up.

"What's going on?" she asked, still half asleep.

"Sephie, we need you. Ivan..." he didn't even finish, and she was out of the bed, on her way to the door. She didn't even stop to put pants on. Good thing my shirts are so big on her. I got up to follow them.

She ran to Ivan's room. Ivan was struggling, with Viktor and Stephen trying to hold him down. He clearly wasn't completely with it, or he would've known he was fighting Viktor and Stephen and not the demons of his past.

Sephie didn't hesitate. She ran to him, getting in between Viktor and Ivan. She placed both her hands on his chest, pushing him down. "Ivan, I'm here. You're fine, Squishy." As soon as he heard her voice and felt her touch, he collapsed on the bed. She leaned over to his ear, whispering to him. He sighed and we all watched his body relax.

Viktor looked at me. "See, Boss. Never seen anything like it. We all know how difficult it is to break him out of his bwn head when he's like this. She does it instantly."

She looked over her shoulder at him, smiling at him, but still talking in Ivan's car. She kept one hand on Ivan and reached over to the table next to his bed. She picked up Misha's phone, holding it in the air for him to take. "I drained your battery, Misha. I'm sorry."

He took his phone from her. "It's okay, gazelle. That must've been what started this. He was quiet until just a few minutes ago and we all heard him yell. Viktor and I rushed to check on him and Stephen heard us trying to keep him from hurting his arm again."

"Andrei's still asleep, then?" she asked.

"Yeah, pain meds knock him completely out. He's dead to the world when he takes those things," Misha said.

"Good," she said. She still had her hand on Ivan's chest as she talked to Misha. Ivan was clearly asleep still, but he reached up and grabbed her hand, holding it in his. She smiled, turning back to him, whispering something to him. He took in a deep breath, his body completely relaxed. She looked back to all of us. "You can go back to sleep now. He's fine," she said to everyone. She looked at Misha, "thank you for coming to get me."

"You're the only one that can calm him," he said. "We would still be fighting him. He's gone for hours like that before."

She had a pained look on her face. "It's not my story to tell, but he has good reason to act this way."

Misha leaned over and kissed the top of her head. "We're just glad you can save him, gazelle." He walked out of the room. Viktor walked over and kissed the top of her head as well. "Thank you, Sephle," he said as he left the room. Stephen had quietly alipped out as well.

I walked to her, not sure of what to do now, She looked at me, clearly not sure of what to do either. "I can't leave him, or he'll start struggling again."

you would've put pants on before running down

Her eyes went wide. "Shi t."

I laughed at her. "I'll go get you pants. He never struggles with his demons for more than a few days after he has to go to the hospital. I can manage until he's okay."

She pulled on my arm so I would lean down to her. She pressed her lips to mine. "Thank you," she said.

J eventually managed to fall back asleep without Sephie, but it took three times as long as normal. I could always fall asleep almost immediately when she was either next to me or laying across my chest. When I woke for the second time of the morning, she was curled up next to me, her body pressed to mine.

I rolled over, putting my arm over her. She rolled over to face me, a small smile on her face.

"When did you come back?" I asked, my hands running through her hair.

"Not that long ago. Ivan woke up on his own and kicked me out. He said he promised he wasn't going to sleep again for a few hours, so that I could try to get some sleep. I tried to protest, but he might be more stubborn than me, so he won...this round," she said, grinning at me.

"How was he when he woke up?" I asked, smiling back at her.

"Still troubled. I couldn't keep him quiet for longer than a few minutes if I stopped talking to him. I haven't figured out the right thing to say to him to break him completely out of it. I'm going to try to get more details about what he's seeing, if he can even remember, later. I just have to find the right words to get him to relax for longer than a few minutes." She looked tired. She also looked just as troubled as she just described Ivan as being.

"What time is it?" I asked, still playing with her curls.

"Not even 5 yet, I don't think. He woke up a little after 4, like a complete psycho," she laughed as she snuggled closer to me, putting her leg over the top of my legs. "What time do you have to get up today?"

I groaned quietly, pulling her hips closer to mine. "I have a few meetings this afternoon, but nothing this morning."

She moaned quietly, her face just under mine, against my neck. "Mmm, so you can sleep with me for a little while?"

I kissed her forehead. "I can sleep with you for a little while, even though sleep is the last thing on my mind right now."

"Technically, I didn't say anything about the activities I had in mind before the sleeping," she said as she slid her hand into the waistband of my pants, grabbing my a ss. I didn't need any further encouragement. I pulled her on top of me, her lips finding mine immediately. I loved it when she took control, but she felt almost desperate for me. I grabbed my shirt that she was wearing, ripping it open. She laughed against my lips.

"Now you ha te your own shirts too? What do you have against clothing?"

"Only the clothing that's on you. And it's my shirt. I can ruin it if I want to." My hands explored her body while she continued to laugh at me. I hooked my thumbs into her panties, ripping them off too, as I smirked at her. She grabbed my hands placed them back on her hips, encouraging me to keep them roaming over her body.

your tou she said, still gulding my hands over her body

Her breath caught every time and it was almost my undoing each time.

Once she was adjusted to having me inside her, she moved her hips against me. She was still desperate for me, like she couldn't get close enough to me. Her mo uth was on mine, her kiss unrelenting. Like she was asking me to match her.

It suddenly hit me. She needed assurance. She needed to know that she was the only one for me and would always be the only one for me. I let go. No more holding back. Ever again. I was always worried I would hurt her, but I think she could feel me holding back and took it for something else. She was trying to connect the last part of my soul that was holding back with the last part of hers that was scared to show itself.

I grabbed her, rougher than I'd ever grabbed her before. I expected her to tense, but she did the opposite. She completely surrendered. In one motion, I pushed her on her back and I was on top of her. My mo uth was on every inch of her body, like I would never be able to get enough of her. I kept the rhythm slower, but I didn't hold back. I slammed into her roughly with each thrust. At first, she held onto my shoulders, but she let go and put her arms over her head. She was completely lost in the feeling, and she never looked more beautiful. She had her eyes closed, fully taking in every sensation I was making her feel. I couldn't stop watching her. It made me want to keep going forever.

I felt her getting closer to her orgasm. She opened her eyes, looking me in the eyes as she got closer and closer. She was driving me crazy, without even trying. My lips found hers for a moment before she threw her head back, moaning loudly as her entire body spasmed in complete pleasure. I kept going, trying to draw it out as long as possible. She was the only woman I'd been with that was able to do that. It was impressive. It was also an ego boost for me, so I did it as often as possible.

She did not disappoint. As soon as I thought she was coming down, I thrust harder into her and she would crash over the edge again. She kept going until I knew I wouldn't be able to last much longer. As soon as I felt her starting to build again, I let myself finish with her. I collapsed on top of her, completely out of breath. I felt her hands in my hair, lightly running over the back of my head and my neck.

I wrapped my arms around her, rolling onto my back so she would be lying on top of me. She was just as out of breath as I was. She quietly laid on top of me until her breathing normalized, her fingers tracing random patterns on my chest. I kissed the top of her head and heard her make the cooing noise she made when she was sleeping. I knew she was falling asleep, if not asleep. already. I lightly ran my hands over her back and through her hair. She snuggled into me, her fingers starting to lightly play her song on my heart