

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 162

Chapter One Hundred Sixty-Two

Adrik

“Exactly.” I grinned at her. She was still smiling as she lifted her hair and turned away from me, asking me to unzip her dress. I happily obliged and watched her shimmy out of the dress in front of me. I hadn’t seen her choice of lingerie when she got dressed, I inhaled sharply watching her bend over to step out of the dress. She exaggerated pushing her ass back toward me, knowing she was driving me crazy. As soon as she stood up, my hands were on her, pulling her back against me. I pressed my face against her neck, knowing it would drive her crazy. She leaned her head back against my shoulder and lifted her arms behind her to wrap them around my neck, giving me full access to her body. My hands roamed freely over her entire body. Always feeling like I could never get enough of her.

She turned to face me, her lips finding mine while her hands quickly unbuttoned my shirt. She pushed it off my shoulders, letting it fall to the floor behind me. She immediately went to work on my belt and pants, also letting them fall to the floor. She stepped back from me, a sly smile on her face as she walked to where she had thrown her heels when she walked into the bedroom. She put each one back on, then walked back to me. She ran her hands over my chest, but then turned away from me, once again pressing her ass into my hips. She glanced over her shoulder, “this might’ve been all I could think about while we were dancing earlier.”

I exhaled loudly. “You and me both.” I grabbed her hip with one hand, pulling her tight into me while I pushed her, torso forward with my other hand. She still had her lingerie on, but I couldn’t be bothered to even rip it off. I simply pushed it to the side, granting me access and slammed into her from behind. She was the perfect height with the heels and the combination of her being in a short dress all night, plus her striptease meant I was struggling to contain myself. She moaned loudly when I first entered her, which was all it took for me to lose control. I had stopped holding back long before this, but this might be a new level of arousal for me. I loved the way she kept surprising me with new ways to turn me on and make me want her even more. I wanted to show her what she did to me.

Her intensity matched mine completely. I was holding on to her hips, but she was pushing back into me with each thrust. The harder I went, the louder she moaned. I felt her getting closer to the edge and I felt my own body respond to hers. I tried to draw out her orgasm as long as possible, but I was so turned on that I eventually exploded inside her, groaning when I came.

We were both out of breath. She stood up and leaned back against me. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her close. I brushed her neck with my stubble as she moaned quietly. “You might have to have sex like that with the other version of me too. She might get jealous,” she said, laughing.

I laughed, picking her up off the floor and walking to the bed. I fell onto the bed with my arms wrapped around her. She kicked her shoes off and curled up in my arms. She rolled over to face me, her fingers running through my facial hair. I looked at her. “There’s only you, Sephie. It never matters what you do with your hair or what you wear, you’ll always be the most beautiful woman in the room to me. I can’t take my eyes off you. Ever.”

She looked surprised at my words, but leaned in and kissed me gently. “I love you, Adrik.”

I pulled her closer, returning her kiss. “And I love you, Sephie. Always and forever.”

She snuggled in closer to me as my hands ran through her hair. “What about Stephen? What do you know that likely no one else has figured out yet?” I asked, curious about what she had told me before we left the club.

It She

She chuckled. “I am surprised it took me so long to figure it out and I’m also shocked that no one else has picked up on it.

“Stepilarni is gay I just don’t think it’s fair to tell anyone yet. When I was watching veryane in the club, I noticed them talking to a tow of Trunda guys sadly on. As it progressed, they got close. They were trying to be intimate

away from the other couples away from them in a private

and I think they were trying to hide, that I saw them a few days distracted but I don’t think anyone could say anything to them. It’s his secret

plan on dating any of the guys absent & visible

I thought for a minute. It did make several things make more sense. He never spoke of girlfriends, he was the least likely to want to spend time with Sephie in the beginning, and he tended to keep to himself more than the other guys did. I chuckled. “It does make sense.” I kissed her forehead. “What would I do without my little secret weapon?”

“Not rule the world. Clearly.”

There were people passed out around the entire house when we got up the next morning. Instead of trying to find a place in the house, we went to the beach. Trino didn’t have a gym in his house, but we had all agreed that we could do some light sparring on the beach after what Viktor liked to call his Syrian workout. It was how he passed the time in his jail cell, when they weren’t trying to torture information out of him.

Sephie’s hip was much better. She was almost completely back to normal. She’d stop bandaging it and it was still healing. She was weaker on that leg still, but that was the only thing noticeable now from the night of the ball. Each time I saw her workout, she seemed stronger. She was enjoying learning how to defend herself before the ball, but since then and especially since Massimo’s attempt to grab her, she’d poured herself into training with the guys. She was more driven than I’d ever seen her. They all enjoyed sparring with her. Viktor, Ivan, and Stephen would take it easy on her, but Andrei and Misha would push her buttons each and every time. They’d push her to the point of anger and then they’d have an all-out fight on their hands. I think they wanted to challenge themselves as much as they wanted to challenge her.

Viktor and Andrei had been working on teaching her new moves. Andrei still wasn’t 100%, so Misha was sparring with her while Viktor and Andrei coached her technique. Ivan was standing next to me, watching. Stephen had opted for a solo run around part of the island.

“She’s getting stronger since the night of the plan gone wrong. Her hip doesn’t seem to bother her much at all anymore,” Ivan said, running his good hand through his goatee.

“She’s been leaving the bandage off it lately, but it still looks good. It’s still healing. She was so happy to be rid of the bandage.” I said, chuckling.

“I know how she feels,” he said, smiling.