

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 356

Sephie

That night, once Adrik and I were alone in our bedroom, he was working to undo my pants as I was trying to quickly get my contacts out of my eyes. They were helpful and kept me from worrying about anyone seeing something they shouldn't, but I was finding that I didn't like wearing them for long periods. They made my eyes itch.

I was giggling at him trying to get my pants off while I was distracted. "You're going to make me drop one of these things and then I'm screwed," I said, trying to hurry and be careful at the same time.

"I'll have them make you extras when we get home," he said as he knelt down to slide my pants down my legs. "At least we know you won't need to worry about my father seeing anything. It'll probably make him love you even more. Aleksei, too. He was surprisingly okay with our conversation this

afternoon."

I laughed. "I think your father has been waiting a very long time to have that conversation." I pulled the second contact out and put it in the container. I turned around to face Adrik, rubbing my eyes. He took advantage of my hands being busy and picked me up, setting me on the bathroom

counter.

"I think my father is just as in love with you as the rest of us," he said. His hands were roaming over my body as he waited for me to stop rubbing my eyes so he could pull my shirt off.

"Told you. He's a cheeseball in there," I said, laughing. When I pulled my hands from my eyes, he quickly pulled my shirt over my head and then his lips were on mine.

"Enough talking," he said, smiling against my lips. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer to him. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer to me as he sucked my bottom lip into his mouth, biting down on it gently. It caused me to inhale sharply, my desire for him coming on strongly. I pushed my hips into him, feeling that he was completely aroused already. His warm hands made quick work of my bra, throwing it over his shoulder. He placed his hands over each breast, gently squeezing as he deepened the kiss. I moaned quietly in his mouth, loving the trail of fire that spread over my body when he touched me.

His hands moved down to my hips, pulling me even closer to him. I smiled as he ripped my panties off. "That's why I brought extras," I said, laughing. He was smiling as he kissed down the side of my neck. My breaths were quicker as he teased all my favorite spots with his mouth. I was so completely lost in what he was doing that he was still completely clothed. I momentarily snapped out of my euphoria and started to unbutton his shirt, but he stopped me.

"I won't be able to control myself if you take my clothes off and I want to take my time," he said, his voice husky with desire. As he said it, his lips were against my neck, his teeth grazing my skin lightly. I could feel his stubble against my skin, loving the contrast between the softness of his lips. and the roughness of his facial hair. A small moan escaped my lips as I felt him push all of his desire to me.

He knew that I struggled to control myself when he pushed his desire onto me. It was so overwhelming that it almost consumed me. I made an attempt once more to get his shirt off, but he took both hands in his. "I will hold you down if I have to," he said firmly, his lips right by my ear. His words were an unexpected turn on. My hips pressed into him involuntarily as my need for him grew. He looked at me for a moment. I recognized the look that meant my eyes were changing. He let go of my hands, his warm hands once again leaving a trail of fire everywhere they touched.

One hand went to the back of my neck, pulling me to him. His lips found mine once again as his other hand moved between my legs. As soon as I felt his fingers in my wetness, I moaned. His touch was light, at first. Too light. I wanted more. His fingers worked slowly, exploring my pussy. I pushed my hips into him, trying to get more pressure, more friction. He groaned into my mouth. "You're always so eager," he said, quietly. He pulled back slightly so he could look at me, his sexy smirk on his face. He knew he was driving me crazy. He was clearly enjoying it.

Just as I was about to say something, he pushed two fingers inside me roughly. Instead of words coming out of my mouth, I moaned loudly. He chuckled as he leaned in and kissed my neck again. He pulled his fingers out and went back to exploring lightly. He stopped briefly, putting his hands on my hips. He pulled me to the edge of the counter, his hands holding my thighs that were still wrapped around him. He put his hand in between my breasts and pushed me back lightly before pressing my knees up toward my shoulders.

He knelt down in front of me, putting my feet on his shoulders. I had to lean back on my arms to keep from falling against the mirror. He kissed my inner thighs, taking his time, clearly still enjoying my torture. I felt his warm breath as his tongue started to explore where his fingers had previously been. His lips wrapped around my cl*t, sucking lightly. I ran my hand through his hair as he worked his tongue back and forth. I could feel myself starting to slowly build, but I still needed more. I grabbed his hair in my fist, trying to push his head toward me. He understood, increasing the

pressure. I felt him slide his fingers inside me once more, curling upward, as his tongue continued to work over my cl*t.

My breaths were coming quick, moans escaping as he pushed me closer to the edge. Each time I moaned, he increased the pressure of both his tongue and his fingers until I finally couldn't take anymore and crashed over the edge. His fingers didn't stop as I rode out my orgasm. He stood up, his lips crashing into mine.

He didn't stop me when my hands went to unbutton his shirt. I worked feverishly to get it off, along with his pants. His fingers were still inside me, pushing me toward another orgasm. He only briefly stopped to let his shirt fall to the floor before slamming back into me. I was close enough to another orgasm that all I could do was hold on to his shoulders as his fingers fucked me. When he felt my orgasm start, he put his hands on my hips. and slammed into me with his cock instead of his fingers. It was exactly what I needed. I was trying not to scream as he slammed into me repeatedly, pulling my hips toward him each time he thrust into me.

I grabbed his neck, kissing him to help muffle my loud cries of pleasure. I was breathing so hard at this point that I had to break the kiss as he was unrelenting in his rhythm. I felt his lips on my neck, then I felt his teeth as he bit down a little harder than usual. It sent waves of pleasure throughout my body. Much like I couldn't control myself when he pushed his desire onto me, he struggled to control himself when I pushed my pleasure onto him when I was having an orgasm. He was learning to get a handle on it, but only sometimes. Because he spent so long teasing me this time, my orgasm was especially intense so I decided to return the favor and shared it all with him. I'd learned that I could regulate how much I shared with him, to help him learn to control it. I didn't hold back this time. Turnabout is fair play, after all.

I heard him groan. "F**k, Sephie," he said as he increased the intensity even more. His thrusts came harder and faster. I knew he was feeling everything I was. I also knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer. I wrapped my legs around him tighter, the walls of my pussy clamping down on him as he kept drilling into me. He grabbed me roughly, his fingers digging into my hips. I loved when he lost control. I loved being able to make him lose control. I felt another orgasm start before the previous one was completely done. His grip got tighter, his thrusts harder and I finally felt him explode inside me as I was coming down.

He grabbed my face in both hands, kissing me roughly. Both of us trying to catch our breath. He picked me up off the counter and walked us both to the shower. We were both sweaty. "At least I won't feel bad about skipping cardio tomorrow," he said as he turned the water on. His arms kept a hold of me, not wanting to let go just yet. He stood to the side of the water stream until it warmed up. His hands roaming over my back, his lips on mine. I was happy to stay in his arms for as long as he wanted to keep me there.