

## King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 370

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Sephie

The guys left to get cleaned up, giving Adrik and I the penthouse to ourselves for a few more minutes before Aleksei and Vitaliy came back upstairs. I couldn't keep my hands off Adrik. Normally, it was the other way around, but seeing him in the ring with Ivan was an unexpected major turn on.

"I'm actually glad I figured out that I could push my anger onto Andrei and Misha because otherwise, I would've been left thinking about how f\*\*king hot you are. I mean, they might agree, but I don't think any of them necessarily want to feel that," I said, pulling my shirt off before trying to pull his shorts off as I also tried to drag him toward the shower.

He laughed, his lips still against mine, his hands pulling at my clothes just as feverishly. He walked into the shower, turning the water on, then quickly came back to me. He grabbed me around the waist, pulling me to him roughly. "I might've felt it while I was in the ring. You're very good motivation." he said, turning me in his arms so my back was to his chest, his hands roughly squeezing and running over my breasts. He walked us into the shower, stopping just before he pressed me against the wall. His hands ran down both of my arms. He grabbed each of my hands and placed them on the wall in front of me. "You're going to need this," he said, as he grabbed my hips and pulled them back toward him so I was slightly bent over.

"Need it why?" I asked, trying to turn around to look at him. He caught me and put my hands back on the wall with one hand. The other hand slid down my back, in between my ass cheeks to my slit.

"Because I'm going to f\*\*k you," he said, removing his fingers from my pussy and slamming into me with his cock. I moaned loudly, now grateful I had something to brace against. I pushed my hips back into him, already wanting more.

He grabbed my hips, his hands holding me firmly as he slammed into me repeatedly. My walls clenching down on him as he buried his cock deep inside me. I pushed back on the wall, my hips meeting his each time he thrust into me. I couldn't contain the moans that escaped as I felt myself building to orgasm. With each thrust, it felt harder to stand up as my body was nothing but pleasure. I felt his hand slide up my back, to the back of my neck. He grabbed a fistful of hair, pulling my head back as he thrust into me harder. I was breathing heavy, unable to quiet my screams of pleasure. I might not be able to walk later, but I still wanted more

"Harder," I managed to say in between trying to breathe and moaning in pleasure. I heard him groan as he readily obliged. He let go of my hair, but held onto the back of my neck as he pulled me to him each time he slammed into me. I could do nothing but try to remain standing as he continued

to f\*\*k me.

Finally, just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, I felt him find his release. He slammed into me one last time, exploding inside me. He wrapped his arms around me tightly, pushing me against the wall as we both worked to catch our breath.

He stood up, pulling us both back under the water. He kissed my neck gently. I was still struggling to catch my breath. I held onto his arms, my grip getting tighter the longer it took to slow my breathing.

He felt my panic start to set in as I couldn't catch my breath. He kept his arms around me tightly, holding me up. His lips next to my ear, he calmly said, "you're okay, solnishko. Listen to my voice. You're safe. You're with me. You can breathe." He kept repeating it over and over again until my breaths started to calm down slightly. My grip on his arms relaxed somewhat, but I didn't let go.

He turned me to face him, still quietly repeating his calming words, trying to help me relax so I could breathe normally. I finally took a deep breath, closing my eyes. I felt his hands on either side of my face and felt him press his lips to mine.

He started to say something, but I cut him off, without even opening my eyes. "Don't apologize for that. I very much enjoyed that," I said, smiling at

him.

He laughed. "I don't like that you can't catch your breath. I don't like feeling your fear so close to feeling your pleasure. Those two should not be connected," he said.

"I don't disagree," I said, resting my head on his chest.

"You had trouble catching your breath the other night too. Have you been having trouble other times?" he asked, his fingers massaging my scalp as he washed my hair.

"I don't think so. I haven't done that much though. It's easy to breathe when you're not doing anything strenuous."

He chuckled. "Then it's my fault for being too strenuous."

"But I like when you're strenuous. I need a nap now, but I love it," I said, finally opening my eyes to look at him.

"You need a nap because of me? That's not normal either, no matter how strenuous I get."

"Stop worrying about me. You're not going to break me," I said, reaching up to kiss him.

He clicked his tongue. "I'm going to have Andrei check to make sure you're okay. I don't like that you've struggled to catch your breath twice in a row. I still can't feel anything from your lung. I only feel your panic when you struggle to catch your breath," he said.

"I don't feel anything from my lung either. Except the panic when I can't catch my breath. You're not missing anything," I said. "I don't want you to worry that you're going to break me or be scared to touch me. I love it when you're strenuous when you f\*\*k me," I said, grinning at him. I stood on my toes and ran my tongue slowly over his bottom lip as I sucked it into my mouth.

He squinted his eyes at me. He pulled me close, kissing me passionately, but quickly. "What am I going to do with you..."

Adrik had meetings that afternoon. Vitaliy informed us that he also had meetings elsewhere in the city, so he wouldn't be back until the evening. "It's been so long since I've been in the city that everyone wants to see me when I'm here. It's partly why I never come to the city," he said. He sounded almost grumpy about having to go.

"You can tell them to f\*\*k off, Vitaliy. You know that, right?" I said. I wanted to see what kind of reaction I could get out of him. "They're not the boss of you."

He laughed loudly. He pulled my arm through his, patting my hand. "If only everyone were as fun as you. I wouldn't mind meetings then."

"The world could not handle more than one of me, Vitaliy," I said, laughing. He surprised me by kissing my forehead. He simply smiled at me, telling us all he would return, then walked out of the penthouse with Aleksei.

Once he left, Adrik looked at Andrei. "Sephie has had trouble catching her breath twice now in the last two days. The second time was worse than the first. I'm worried there's something wrong that she doesn't want to tell me about."

Andrei looked at me, almost like he was asking permission. I smiled at him. "It's okay, Bubba. You can look. If there's something wrong, then even I don't know about it."

He studied me for a few minutes. He went to speak, but stopped himself. He was quiet for another few minutes, then finally said, "her lung isn't as bad as when she had pneumonia, but it's not 100% either, but it's made worse because she has anxiety about it now. She's having small panic attacks when she has trouble catching her breath. That makes it harder to catch her breath. That's why you talking to her and repeating phrases to her helps calm her down. She's also still due for sleeping in, but she's fighting it because of everything going on."

"Have you had panic attacks before, Seph?" Stephen asked.

I shook my head no. "Not that I know of. I wouldn't have said me not being able to catch my breath was a panic attack though, so there's that."

"It's understandable. You've been through a lot recently. You're still processing everything," Viktor said.

Adrik was quietly contemplating everything, but he seemed mostly satisfied that I wasn't hiding anything from him or he wasn't missing anything on his own. I walked to him as he opened his arm for me. He pulled me to him, kissing my temple. "It appears it is my fault," he said quietly, with a smirk

on his face.