

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 457

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Sephie

Since we'd decided to attend the fundraiser for the hospital so Adrik could have a chance to see the mayor, as well as the DA, as well as the police commissioner in one place, in one evening, that meant I had to buy yet another dress. Which meant I was forced to go shopping.

My only consolation was that I had to take at least three guys with me. Shopping for a formal dress with three giant men in tow was enough comic relief that I found myself enjoying the process. Ivan looked angry at all the dresses, Andrei looked slightly uncomfortable like he was going to get yelled at for accidentally touching one of them, and Misha was busy picking out the ugliest dresses he could find to see if he could talk me into trying them on. He would hold up the most hideous dress he laid his eyes on and would say loudly, "I really feel like this is the one. We can stop looking." He was my f*ckery twin and I loved him for it.

The poor girl working in the dress shop was completely overwhelmed with those three. She didn't know whether to be terrified or amused. Finally, she mustered the courage to approach me and ask me what I was looking for.

"You see, that's the problem. I don't even know," I said to her. I noticed her nervously watching the three guys. I tried not to laugh at her. "Don't mind them. They look scary, but they're quite nice."

She tried to believe me, but it was definitely a struggle. We discussed what event I needed the dress for, what I liked, and what colors I preferred. I explained what it was for and that I needed to have my back covered. I left the rest up to her. She set off among the racks of dresses, picking several for me to try.

She might've been trying to get us out of the store faster because she was terrified, but she managed to help me find the perfect dress in under ten minutes. Because it was still cold outside, she pulled a dress with long sleeves. My back was completely covered, but it had a plunging neckline that I was sure Adrik would both love and hate. I had to admit, my boobs looked amazing in the dress, so I decided the gamble on his level of hatred for the showing this much skin was one I should take. Between my cleavage and the slit in the skirt, it had plenty of sex appeal while not showing off everything. Instead of black this time, I went with a deep blue. Might as well make as many details as possible different from the last time I had to wear a formal dress. I was busy looking at myself in the changing room, when I heard all three guys basically demanding that I show them. "We know you like this one, so you have to show us," Misha said, in Russian.

"I had no idea you three would be so interested in such girly things," I said, walking out to show them.

"Princess, this one might be better than the last one and the last one was pretty perfect," Ivan said.

I pointed to my cleavage. "Too much? Think it'll pi*s him off?"

Andrei chuckled. "You would only p*ss him off by showing your whole boob. Which you're not. You'll be fine."

"You saw Vanessa. You're still leaps and bounds more tastefully dressed, even with that amount of cleavage," Ivan said.

Misha walked closer. He had a curious look on his face. "I know you're going to wear your contacts that night, but make your eyes turn blue right now. I want to see something," he said quietly.

I thought about how much I loved Adrik and saw Misha's grin. He turned to Ivan and Andrei and motioned them over. "It's virtually the same color," he said, pointing to my eyes and the dress. Andrei and Ivan walked over to see for themselves, both agreeing with Misha.

"Sold!" I said, knowing that Adrik would love it just for that reason alone. "Also, it doesn't hurt that this one fits me perfectly already and needs no alterations. This was meant to be. Wrap it up. Let's get the hell out of here," I said, walking back to the changing room. I could hear them all laughing at me as I changed back into my clothes.

A quick trip to get shoes, which was admittedly less painful, and we were on our way back to the penthouse. On the elevator up, they were giving me a hard time about hating shopping. I knew they just enjoyed teasing me about it. I knew they loved the fact that I hated shopping because it meant they didn't have to go with me. "Guys have it much easier, especially when it comes to formal events. Your biggest dilemma is whether to wear a vest or a cu*merbund, tie or bow tie. You saw what women put themselves through. For no apparent reason other than they hate being comfortable," I said.

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"Don't be grumpy, gazelle," Misha said, trying not to laugh. "We secretly love your hatred for shopping"

As the elevator doors dinged to announce our arrival, Ivan quickly asked, "are we sworn to secrecy again this time about your dress?"

"Nope. You can even show him what it looks like. Pretty much everything that happened last time should not happen this time. Just to be safe," I said.

Ivan smiled at me, but I could feel them all flinch as they thought about the last time I had to wear a formal dress. "Don't worry, princess. It will be much different this time. I doubt Boss will let go of you the entire night. If he has to, then one of us will be there with you the whole time. He didn't say anything else when I looked at him skeptically. He just held his pinky up in front of him. I grinned at him as I grabbed his pinky with mine. Andres and Misha waited in the elevator with us, each of them making a promise, solidified by their own pinky swear, that they wouldn't leave me alone the entire night.

"I love you guys," I said, completing the pinky swears with all of them. Andrei stepped in front of me and Misha was there to pick me up so I could wrap my arms and legs around Andrei. He happily carried me to Adrik's office so I could ignore everyone looking at me.

"You do know that everyone will be looking at you at that fundraiser, right?" Andrei asked quietly as we walked from the elevator to the office.

"Don't remind me. I haven't figured out how I'm going to handle that yet," I said.

"We'll protect you," Andrei said, squeezing my legs as we walked into Adrik's office.

He looked up as we walked in, his handsome smile stretching across his face as he saw Andrei carrying me. Andrei stopped and set me down so I could go to Adrik, who stood up to come to me. "You're not cursing, so I take that as a good sign that you found something quickly," he said, his lips finding

mine.

"I did find something and it was relatively painless, so no cursing. Yet," I said, grinning at him.

"Am I to be kept in the dark this time as well?" he asked. He was clearly curious as to what I found.

"Nope. Ivan can show you, even. They all saw it. I'm actually kind of nervous that you'll be mad so maybe you should see it because I might have to get a different one if you veto this one," I said.

He looked at Ivan, raising his eyebrow. I could tell those two were having a silent conversation, as I could feel Adrik bristle at the thought of being mad over the dress I chose. Adrik looked at what Ivan showed him, turning back to me. I could feel his desire for me come on very strongly. He did laugh softly at me. "I do love that you're worried about my opinion, but you're so incredibly tasteful and classy that I don't think it's possible for you! to make me angry with your wardrobe choices. It's perfect, solnishko."

"Don't say that. I'm going to take it as a challenge and try to prove you wrong." I said, grinning at him. He pressed his lips to mine.

"Somehow, I think I will win that bet," he said, smiling against my lips.

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