

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 467

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Sephie

Adrik walked to the couches, throwing his tuxedo jacket and tie over the back. He removed his cuff links as he walked back toward me, depositing them in his pocket. It gave him a reason to look me up and down one more time without being blatantly obvious about it. As he was walking toward me, I reached up and pulled my hair down from the intricate ponytail that Ms. Jackson had put it in. I still had no clue how she figured out how to make a ponytail look so glamorous, but she did.

He groaned quietly as he watched my hair fall over my shoulders. "I love your hair when it's out of control," he said. He stopped in front of me, his hands running up my arms, stopping on either side of my neck. He studied me for a few moments before leaning down to kiss me. It was much quicker than I was hoping for. "Come, I want your contacts out," he said, grabbing my hand and leading me back to the bedroom. "I would like to see your eyes match that dress one last time."

"Who am I to deny you?" I asked, laughing quietly as I followed him to the bedroom. He stood behind me, watching me in the mirror as his hands roamed over my hips and a ss while I took my contacts out. I looked at him once I was finished, asking, "you're not going to take yours out?"

He smiled at me. "I already did. When we were at Vitaliy's house. I couldn't stand them any longer."

"You're so much smarter than me," I said to him, impressed.

He chuckled. "You're getting used to yours better than I am. They still make my eyes itch," he said, brushing my hair back from my neck so he could kiss it. It sent waves of warmth throughout my body, causing me to moan quietly. He turned me around to face him, his sweet smile letting me know that my eyes were deep blue. "I still can't believe how much I miss seeing them change when you have to wear your contacts for any length of time,"

"I love that you're still so fascinated by them. I would've thought you would be used to it by now and bored with it," I said, enjoying the look of wonderment on his face that he had every time he watched my eyes change.

"I doubt very seriously that will ever happen," he said, pressing his lips to mine kissing me quickly, then kissing first one cheek, then the other. "You keep finding new ways to fascinate me with them," he said, his lips pressing to my forehead. I closed my eyes, just enjoying the sweet moment with him. I felt his lips press to one eyelid, then the other.

"Well, in that case, I hope I never stop," I said, smiling at him without opening my eyes. He grabbed my hand, leading me out of the bathroom. When I opened my eyes, I saw him still enjoying looking at me in this dress. It made me smile to see him enjoying it so much. "I wouldn't mind getting this dressed up now and then if this is always going to be your reaction," I said.

He groaned quietly again. "If we have as much fun as we did tonight, I might start attending more of these terribly boring functions just to make you get dressed up more often. I would not be mad at that. The people of the city would not be mad at that either. They couldn't take their eyes off you," he said, pulling me closer to him. He put the hand he was holding around the back of his neck. He slid his hand down my other arm, picking it up and placing it in the same position on the other side. He glanced down at my barely covered cleavage, staring at it for a few moments. "Have I mentioned how f\*\*king phenomenal your bo obs look in that dress?" he asked, his fingers tracing lightly over the exposed skin of my breasts.

I giggled. "That might've been the other selling point," I said. "I actually couldn't stop staring at my bo obs in the dressing room. The guys felt my happiness over how good they looked. They made me come out and show them."

Adrik chuckled. "You're two for two with your choice of dresses. I thought the last one was perfect, but this one might be my favorite."

"You're only saying that because I didn't have to starve myself for weeks before this one," I said, grinning at him.

He laughed. "You're still too skinny from being hurt." Just to illustrate his point, he grabbed me around my hips lifting me off the floor like I weighed nothing. I squealed, which made him smile. "See? It's too easy."

"Or maybe you're just ridiculously strong," I said, wrapping my arms around his neck tighter as he continued to hold me off the floor. He wrapped his arms all the way around me, holding me tightly.

"Or maybe I just love you," he said, looking up at me. I could see the love he had for me. It was obvious. I was the only woman he looked at the entire night. If a woman was speaking to him, he would glance at her to keep from being rude, but otherwise, he only had eyes for me. It had been that way since I first met him. He never once changed.

I held his face in my hands, completely smitten with him. I sighed. I did sometimes wonder what I'd done to deserve him. He was perfect in every way. I pushed my warmth to him, knowing my eyes were deep blue. His hold on me got lighter. "I love you. Every little thing about you is perfect for me," I said, as I pressed my lips to his.

He slowly lowered me back to the floor as he deepened the kiss. Once I was standing on my own again, his hands roamed over my back, down to my a ss, pulling me closer to him. I slid my hands down his chest, unbuttoning his shirt as I went. While I loved seeing him in his tux all night, I adored seeing him with his shirt off. I untucked his shirt, pushing it off his shoulders, my hands sliding along the well defined muscles of his arms and chest.

He stepped back from me as he grabbed both my hands, placing them by my side. "I've been waiting all night for this," he said, his sweet smile on his face. He ran his hands up my arms and over my collar bones. He smiled when his hand ran over the necklace that had belonged to his mother. He slipped his fingers under the material at my shoulders, pushing the dress off my shoulders. He picked up one hand, pulling the sleeve off that arm, then moved to the other.

He was clearly satisfied finally seeing my naked breasts after having been given just a hint of them for the entire evening. His hands covered each one, gently massaging them before moving down my stomach to push the dress the rest of the way down my hips. He hadn't seen my choice of panties until he pushed the dress all the way down. He inhaled sharply when he saw that I was wearing nothing but a G-string-

"You've been virtually naked under that dress for the entire evening," he said. He didn't know whether to be slightly angry with me or impressed. He took one step back, looking at me from head to toe. "Turn around," he said, almost sternly. It sent a shockwave straight to my nether regions. I turned around, loving the loud groan that escaped as he looked at my a ss. "I'm glad I didn't know that's what you were wearing underneath, it would've been torture," he said, his hands on my hips. He pulled me back against him, almost forcefully. I loved it. I gasped quietly as his hands were on me once more, leaning into him.

His lips found my neck while his hands massaged my breasts. I lifted my arms behind his head, giving him full access. I loved the feeling of his warm chest against my back. I kept my shoulders against his chest, but moved my hips far enough away that I could slide my arms in between unbuttoning his pants without having to turn around. He laughed. "You're quite talented, solnishko," he said, nibbling on my neck.

I heard his pants fall to the floor and he wrapped one arm around my waist, pulling me back into him. I could feel his hardness pressing into my back. Finally, he couldn't take it any longer and turned me around to face him. His lips were instantly on mine. I pushed his boxer briefs off, not wanting anything between us. He barely made an effort and my panties were ripped off. What little of them there was to begin with, anyway.

He slowly walked us to the bed, his lips never leaving mine. His kiss was slow, but it burned with his desire for me. He reached down, picking me up and wrapping my legs around his waist so he could climb on the bed without breaking the kiss. It made me giggle and hold onto him tighter.

As soon as I was laying on my back, he pressed his hips into me, causing me to moan as I felt his hard cock against my pussy. He teased me a few more times before slowly sliding all the way in. It sent waves of fire over my entire body. I'd been waiting all night long for this moment. I exhaled loudly as he filled me up.

His lips found mine once again. He gently, but firmly, pressed his hips into mine. He was slow, deliberate with everything he did. Almost like he didn't want the night to end. I could feel him pushing his desire to me, but he managed to control it this time. It was enough that it was pushing me toward the edge, but he wasn't losing control. I loved it.

I was so lost in how much I loved him, how he made me feel, how he knew just what I needed. I could feel an orgasm building already and he was still barely moving. He pulled back enough to look at me, his sexy smirk on his face. He was trying to see if I really was losing control the way he thought I was. I couldn't do anything but smile at him as I moaned, my body exploding into an orgasm. His lips were on my neck and chest as his hand squeezed my breast, then came to rest in my favorite spot just over my heart. It sent more waves of fire through my entire body, causing my body to spasm once again in another orgasm.

I couldn't get enough of him. I wanted more. I worked my hips against him, demanding more. He responded immediately, thrusting into me. Where he had been slow and deliberate, now he was intense and almost desperate. My body craved more, my hips matching his rhythm. I could feel another orgasm building, even more intense than the last one. He sent me crashing over the edge multiple times before finally finding his own release.

He collapsed on top of me, his breaths heavy, I wrapped myself around him, holding him tightly. I wouldn't have minded staying like that for the entire night. He went to move off me, but I held him tighter. "Not yet," I said. He chuckled, but relaxed again, happy to stay there a little longer.