

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 19

Chapter Nineteen

Adrik

I had a stack of reports on my desk to get through by the end of the day today. I hadn't planned on our extra excursion to the grocery store, so I was hoping to have these completed by now. I sighed, remembering how much I had laughed just today alone. Sephie made mundane activities like the grocery store fun somehow.

I shook my head, still not completely sure how I found myself here, but not wanting to change a thing about it, other than not being able to find Anthony. I sighed, picking up the first folder and diving in. The sooner I get it done, the sooner I can finish her tour of this castle. I smiled, reading boring import reports.

It took me considerably less time than it normally would have to get through the reports, but I had still been in my office for close to two hours. I walked out of my office and headed straight for her bedroom door. I knocked softly and waited for a response.

When I got none, I knocked once more. Again, no answer. I opened the door slowly, not entirely sure if I should enter her room without permission. I didn't want to catch her by surprise.

I stuck my head around the door and scanned the room, looking for her. My eyes landed on her curled up on the bed, on top of all the covers, napping. I walked to the bed, intending to cover her up, as there was a cool breeze now coming in through the open balcony door. As I pulled a blanket over her, she woke up and immediately her warm eyes were smiling at me. "Hi," she said in a hoarse whisper. Her throat was still damaged from Anthony, the hoarseness apparent when she was tired.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and ran my hand up her leg, resting on her hip. "Hi. I'm sorry it took me so long, solnishko."

"Don't be sorry. You're an important man and have important matters to attend to. The world doesn't stop turning, Adrik.

Especialy not for me." I felt that tightness in my chest at her words but chose not to address it just yet. There was more meaning behind those words, but now was not the time. I reached up to brush her curls away from her face.

"Would you still like the grand tour? We can do it tomorrow. You can rest now."

"No, no. I want to see everything. I didn't mean to fall asleep. Show me everything," she said, sitting up beside me.

Standing up, I offered her my hand. "Well, in that case, please, follow me."

She eagerly took my hand and stood beside me. Just as she stood up, her stomach growled so loudly that I'm not certain a dead person could've heard it.

"So, can we start with the kitchen? I just remembered that I haven't eaten today. Clearly. As literally everyone in the house could hear."

"I will feed you and then we will finish the tour. You have my undivided attention for the rest of the night."

Longer, if you wish, solnishko.

Sephie

I happily followed Adrik down the stairs toward the kitchen. I had completely forgotten to eat all day long and now I

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was sure I could eat enough for three people. When we got to the bottom of the stairs, my bare feet hit the cool marble of the entryway. We turned to the right and walked into the largest room I think I have ever seen. This was larger than the meeting room at the back of the restaurant, even.

As we walked through the room, I spotted a grand piano in front of the impressive windows. I secretly wanted to go sit and play, but food was much more important, as my stomach grumbled once again. Quieter this time, at least.

"Can I play sometime?" I asked, pointing to the piano.

"You know how to play?"

I nodded. "My mother was a piano teacher before she died. I grew up playing." Looking down, I added quietly, "I haven't had access to a piano in years though."

Adrik squeezed my hand. "You must play whenever you like. Whatever you see in the house is yours," he said, sweeping his hand across the room.

I smiled, secretly very excited that I would be able to play, at least for a few days.

We walked into the kitchen and there was a woman at the sink. She looked like she could be late 20s, maybe older, but she took care of herself, so she likely appeared younger than her age. She had blonde hair that was pulled tightly into a bun, a white apron over her clothing. She looked up when we walked in and bowed her head to Adrik. "Boss, may I make you something?"

"What do we have for dinner, Tori?"

"Your men requested steak, but I can make you anything you like, sir."

"I'm guessing there aren't any leftovers from the gluttons?" He said, smirking.

"No, sir. I can make more, though. It'll just take me a few minutes," she said with a small smile.

Adrik turned to me and raised his eyebrow. "What do you think? Sound good?" Before I moved my gaze to Adrik, I caught Tori's eyes going wide for a split second before she composed herself. What was that about?

"Yes, please. That sounds amazing," I said, my mouth watering already. Steak was a luxury that I rarely got to enjoy. Once or twice at the restaurant when we didn't sell enough in a week, we'd get to take one home instead of throwing them out, but I never bought it for myself.

"Then, please Tori, make us the same."

"Yes, sir. Would you like me to call you when it's ready?"

"That would be great. I'm going to show Sephie around while we wait."

Of course, sir."