

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 238

## Chapter Two Hundred Thirty-Eight

Adrik

Sephie was still getting dressed the next morning when I called the guys to the penthouse. She was moving a little slower than I was, which was completely my fault. I might've kept her awake and incredibly active for most of the night last night. She didn't want to wake up this morning. I was somewhat surprised that she didn't stay asleep, but she woke as soon as I did this morning.

Being able to feel what she's feeling was making our sex life phenomenal. I was completely addicted to the feeling now. She had told me that she's been feeling it for a while. It got much stronger for her once I stopped holding back, but it took me longer to tap into her. She's said all along that I've been able to read her mind when it comes to sex, which is true. She rarely has to give me directions and she still always seems to be lost in the euphoria. Now, however, it seems like she can bring me into that euphoria. I've felt things I didn't even know were possible and I'm completely addicted. I'm an addict for her.

"Who wants breakfast?" Sephie asked as she walked into the kitchen, her smile making the room brighter. Even though she was tired, she looked bright this morning. She had an extra glow about her that made her look even more beautiful. She caught me open-mouthed staring at her when she walked into the kitchen. Her cheeks flushed as she walked to me, a devilish grin on her face. She had long ago gotten over being shy about kissing me in front of the guys, but she still only did it occasionally. I didn't mind. I liked having parts of her that were completely reserved for me. She surprised me by kissing me deeply, then continuing on to the refrigerator, her devilish grin still evident on her face. It took all of my self-control not to follow her to continue that kiss.

She took a quick inventory of the refrigerator, her back to us now. She turned around, looking between me and Viktor, asking "how much time do we have before you're all needed downstairs?"

"His first meeting isn't until 11, sestrichka," Viktor said.

Her smile returned. "Raise your hand if you want syrniki for breakfast." All of our hands shot up. Syrniki was a type of pancake that was popular in Russia for breakfast. We'd all grown up eating them for breakfast, but it was difficult to find outside of Russia. She laughed as she started pulling the ingredients out of the refrigerator and setting them on the counter.

"When did you learn to make symniki, spider monkey?" Andrei asked.

She giggled. "Today. Right now. You're all my test subjects." Her beautiful smile stretched across her face. She pulled a book from one of the cabinets. "I found an old cookbook at the house and I figured you guys might be okay with being test subjects for my foray into making Russian dishes."

"Just when I thought I couldn't love you any more than I already do, here we are," Misha said.

"I'm going to have to add cooking classes to the list of things to teach your future girlfriends and Stephen's future boyfriend," she said, laughing.

The guys all looked at each other, then looked back to Sephie. "YES!" they all said in unison.

While Sephie worked on making breakfast, we all pitched in where we could and helped as we talked about the latest information. Sephie remained quiet through most of the conversation, but she was actively listening to us while she focused on breakfast. I was still worried about her zoning out, so I found myself keeping a closer eye on her than normal. I caught Ivan doing the same, as he had also noticed she was quieter than normal.

I made her coffee just the way she liked it and walked to her side. The guys were deep in discussion about Andy, so I had a chance to quietly make sure she was good. I handed her the cup of coffee, my eyebrow raised. "You're okay, solnishko? You're quieter than normal."

Her gorgeous smile stretched across her face. "I'm trying to make sure I don't fuck this up," she said pointing to the bowl of batter in front of her. I laughed, leaning down to kiss her forehead. Ivan had caught the exchange as well and visibly relaxed when he heard her answer. She stood on her toes to kiss me quickly. "You and Ivan can relax," she said winking at me. Both Ivan and I looked at her, surprised. She hadn't seen Ivan, as he was behind her. "I can feel him watching me," she said quiet enough that only I could hear. She giggled at my surprised expression.

"You never cease to amaze me," I said, kissing her forehead one more time.

The penthouse quickly filled with the aroma of the syrniki frying, causing all of our stomachs to growl in appreciation. Our mouths were watering in anticipation. Sephie turned around with the first batch and saw the looks of hunger on our faces. "I'm suddenly painfully aware that I should've made more," she said as she set them down in front of us.

While we had been talkative while she was cooking, we were now completely silent as we all ate. She continued to cook the rest of the syrniki, but our silence had made her nervous. "Is the silence good or you're all trying to find a way to politely tell me they suck?" she asked as she set more pancakes down in front of us. Not a word was spoken, but we all grabbed more pancakes from the plate. She laughed. "Taking that as a good sign."

"Seph, these might be better than my mom's. Let's keep that between us though. She'll smack me," Stephen said as he took another bite of pancake.

As we finished up cleaning the kitchen after quite possibly the best breakfast ever, Misha's phone beeped. He pulled it from his pocket, looking at it, then looking at Sephie. "Ms. Jackson asked if you're free to come to her apartment this morning?" he

asked.

"Oh, sure. I can go see her for a bit. I haven't seen her since last week, now that I think about it," she said.

"At least one of you go with her. Preferably two," I said as I pulled her to me. Her smile threatened to stop my heart. She said quietly, "you're feeling extra protective."

"I can't help it. You don't know what you do to me," I said, holding her tightly against me.

"Oh, I know exactly what I do to you," she said, laughing.

Misha and Andrei interrupted our exchange by announcing they would both go with her to Ms. Jackson's apartment. Those two were always ready for an adventure when it came to Sephie.

"Good. Stop by the office when you're done. My afternoon isn't that busy," I said, kissing her lips. I couldn't help myself and I deepened the kiss. I felt her knees go weak, so I held her tighter against me, which only served to make her kiss me more passionately.

"Kiss me like that and I'd stop by even if your afternoon was busy," she said, her cheeks flushed.

"Why does it kind of feel like watching your parents make out now?" Andrei asked to nobody in particular, causing all of us to laugh.

Sephie grinned up at me, but pointed in Andrei's direction. "Nobody said you had to watch, Bubba," she said, trying to keep a straight face. It caused another round of laughter from everyone.

We all got on the elevator together, still laughing and joking, generally in a great mood after such a fantastic morning just the seven of us. I pulled Sephie in for another kiss before I stepped off the elevator. She quickly said, "close your eyes, Bubba," before leaning in to kiss me. It was not the kiss I was hoping for, simply because I was laughing too hard. God, I love her.