

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 249

Chapter Two Hundred Forty-Nine

Sephie

I felt Adrik stir next to me the following morning. I had moved from his chest at some point during the night and gotten under the covers. I was noticing that it happened anytime I dealt with trying to keep him calm. I was usually colder than normal the T next day. He had rolled over with me and had wrapped his arms around me, pulling me tight against him. I ran my fingers. lightly over his arm that was holding me tightly. He kissed the back of my shoulder. "Good morning, solnishko," he said. He was still sleepy, so his voice was especially s*xxy.

I rolled over to face him, his eyes finally opening when I kissed his lips. "You look almost as excited as I am that it's morning again," I said. He groaned, pulling me closer to him. He moved my leg over his hips, his hand rubbing my thigh lightly. I snuggled closer to him, my face in his chest.

"You're not helping me want to wake up," he said, moving his hand under his shirt I was wearing to my back. I suddenly felt an intense desire for him. He was working on talking me into morning s ex, granted. It also usually didn't take much convincing, but this was so immediate and sudden that I knew it wasn't mine. I leaned my head back so I could look at him. He opened his eyes, a smirk on his face. "That was me, if you were confused."

"Is that how you normally feel or is there something special about this morning?" I asked, curious.

"It's normal. It's probably not even half of what I usually feel for you because I'm still tired from yesterday," he said. He had closed his eyes again, his hand running up and down my back still.

"Jesus, how do you keep your hands off me?" I asked. He laughed loudly, pulling me closer to him.

"Sometimes I can't," he said. He opened his eyes, revealing their dark blue color. He only gave me a moment before I felt that same intense desire again, only magnified this time. I couldn't fight it. Not that I wanted to. My lips desperately found his. His > hands were leaving a trail of fire across my body already. I moaned, enjoying the warmth returning to my body. He stopped to look at me, a questioning look on his face.

"Your hands. It feels like they're on fire. It's amazing. Especially when I'm colder than normal," I said. He rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. His palm rested against my cheek, sending waves of warmth down my neck to my chest. I leaned against his hand, closing my eyes. He sat up, his lips finding mine once again. Instead of ripping his shirt off of me, like he usually did, he took his time unbuttoning his shirt while he kissed me, almost softly. Every time he touched me, I felt myself get more turned on. I couldn't fight his intense desire that I could feel, but it somehow allowed him to take his time. Where he usually felt almost frantic about needing me, he was patient with his touch. His kiss was slow, but building. He slowly slid the shirt off my shoulders, his hands covering every inch of my bare skin.

"I'm not sure what you're doing to me, but please don't stop," I said, breathlessly. My body was nothing but pleasure, just from his touch. I'd never felt anything like it before. I felt him h*ok his thumbs in my panties, ripping them off. His hands slowly slid down my thighs, then back up toward my hips. My breaths were coming faster as my body temperature increased beneath his hands. I felt his lips on my neck, causing me to moan loudly. He pushed my hips up so he could get his pants off. Instead of lowering me down on to him immediately, he kept me up so his hands could roam over my entire body. Where his hands didn't go, his mo uth did. I was completely lost in the feeling. I was putty in his hands. His mo uth left a trail of fire down my neck, following his hands. He was kissing, licking, and biting his way over my body. Each time I felt his skin against mine, it was like a new fire was started in that spot on my body.

It felt like I was already almost over the edge and about to o*gasm. I was desperate to feel him inside me. "Please," I said, trying to catch my breath. "I need you." I was sure he was going to be quick about it, but he grabbed my hips and pushed me down on him slowly, like it was the first time and he didn't want to hurt me. As soon as he was all the way inside me, I felt my o*gasm start. I pushed my hips, down onto him hard, trying to ride the intense waves of pleasure I was feeling. I leaned my head back, grabbing onto his shoulders, unable to do much of anything except writhe in pleasure in his lap. He slid his hand between my

breasts and left it there, bringing on a new wave of pleasure. It was so intense that I dug my nails into his shoulders. I felt like I couldn't hang on, even though he was barely moving. I heard him Inhale sharply when I dug my nails into his shoulder. His hand slid up my chest to the back of my neck. He grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled me to him. His lips crashed into mine. He was now desperate for me.

His restraint was quickly disappearing. He wrapped one arm around my hips, pushing me down onto him harder while increasing the rhythm. I could feel his pleasure building with each thrust, just as mine was building once again. I kissed him hard, pressing my body to his, my arms tight around his shoulders. He exhaled loudly and I knew he was close. My hands roamed over his muscled back and shoulders. I was trying to make him feel the intense pleasure that his hands were still giving me as I explored his body. I leaned back slightly so my hands could roam over his chest as I continued to ride him hard. I caught a look of surprise as my hand passed over his chest, in the same spot that made my o*gasms so much more intense. I left my hand there, feeling his heart rate increase, as well as his breathing. I knew it was his undoing. He pushed me over the edge one last time before I felt him explode inside me, his arms pulling me tightly against him, desperate to keep me as close as possible. He held me tightly for a few minutes, like he was almost afraid to move. I clung to him just as tightly, trying to catch my own breath.

"Holy shi t, Sephie, is that what you feel every time?" he asked.

"Which part?" I asked, giggling.

"The end."

"Yeah, that's mostly normal, although it was way more intense this time. The beginning was not normal. I've never felt that before. I'm guessing it was good for you?" I asked, leaning my head back to try and see his face. He loosened his grip on me enough that I could lean back slightly.

He took a deep breath in. "That was amazing. I've never felt anything that intense before."

I kissed his lips gently. "I can say the same thing. You made me almost have an o*gasm just by touching me."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you probably would have if I hadn't gotten greedy," I said, grinning. He ran his hand up to the back of my neck, grabbing my hair and kissing me deeply. "I like it when you're greedy. You're always allowed to be greedy," he said, smiling against my lips.

He inhaled again, moving to lay down. He opened his arms for me so I could lay across his chest. "Aren't we supposed to be getting up?" I asked as I settled in on his chest.

"Not after that. I'm still not convinced my legs are going to work if I try to stand up right now," he said, his hand running through my hair. I could feel the goosebumps rise over my entire body. I snuggled closer to him, laughing. "I might not be able

to think about anything else for the rest of the day," he said.

"I have no regrets," I said, resting my chin on his chest so I could look at him. His handsome smile stretched across his face, which made me smile back at him.

"I love you so much, Persephone. I told you that you have my heart, but I think that wasn't exactly true," he said. He brushed a stray curl from my face. "You are my heart. For without you, I would cease to exist."