

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 36

Chapter Thirty–Six

Sephie

I cleaned up and left the bandage supplies on the counter. Everyone had since disappeared, so I wasn't sure where they went. I wandered up the stairs to Adrik's office. I was chewing on my bottom lip when I walked in, my hands in my pockets. I was completely lost in thought. About Ivan, about Andrei and Tori, about everything that happened the last three days.

"You okay?" Adrik asked from his desk.

As soon as I saw him, I was snapped back to reality. I smiled warmly at him, taking in his features. He had ditched his shirt again and was just in jeans sitting at his desk, a stack of papers in front of him. He leaned back in his chair, pushing it away from his desk. He turned toward me as I walked toward him.

"Did you find your answer?" I asked, standing beside him, and picking at the top few files in one stack.

He shook his head no, letting out a frustrated breath.

"I can come back later. I don't want to interrupt."

A smile came over his face. "Give me twenty more minutes? This is really eating at me."

"Of course," I leaned down and kissed him, before turning to leave. I heard him blow out another frustrated breath and curse quietly as I walked out.

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I found the shirt he was wearing earlier on the end of the bed, so I decided to change into that and lie down while I waited for him to finish. Between the sprinting and Andrei the personal trainer today, I was tired. My body was going to be sore tomorrow.

I went to the bathroom. I checked my bruises in the mirror. They were still clearly visible, but they were starting to fade just a little. A few more days and they would be much lighter.

I climbed into bed, thinking I was just going to comfortably wait for him to be done. I woke up sometime later. It was completely dark outside. The only light coming from his office. I got up to go check on him, not even sure what time it

was.

When I walked to the door of his office, he was hunched over his desk, pouring over a file. I hesitated, not knowing whether I should interrupt him when he looked like he might've found his answer. Or at least gotten closer. I leaned on the doorway, rubbing my eyes. When I opened them, he had caught sight of me.

"Solnishko. Forgive me. I came in to find you were already asleep, so I came back in here," he said, leaning back in his chair and turning toward me again. He had changed into pajama pants but kept his hatred for shirts alive and well.

"Why would I need to forgive you? You're working. You have a lot of responsibility. I can't be mad at that," I said, walking toward him. He motioned for me to come to him. As I stepped closer to him, he pulled me onto his lap, so that I was straddling him.

"You're so different," he said. His hands immediately running over my legs and under my shirt.

"Different like 'she might be touched in the head' different?" I asked, in my best southern accent.

He laughed. "All of the women I've dated in the past hated when I worked. They always complained when I worked or tried to distract me from it. It made me want to work more to avoid them. You? You try not to bother me, even though I want nothing more than for you to bother me. I want to ditch work, just to be with you. It was torture to have to be away from you today. I've never felt that way about any woman before."

I felt the goosebumps rising on my skin as I listened to his words and his hands continued to roam under my shirt. I didn't really know how to respond. I chewed on my bottom lip, trying to come up with words.

I heard him groan low. His thumb swiped my bottom lip as he said, "you know what that does to me, solnishko."

I grinned at him. I yawned suddenly, still not completely awake, and stretched. "Did you find your answer?"

"Da. Finally," he said, as he stood up, with me still straddling him. I just wrapped myself around him as he turned the light off and walked us to the bedroom.

"What time is it?" I asked, yawning again.

"Around 2, I think," he said as he placed me gently on the bed. I moved over so he could climb in behind me. He pulled me back to him, pressing his body against mine.

I sighed, "you're so warm."

"Too warm?"

"No, perfect warm," I said as I drifted off to sleep again.