

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 388

388

Sephie

Vitaliy and Aleksei came with us to the penthouse once we returned from meeting with Battista. Vitaliy declared he was sick of meeting with people he hadn't seen in years. "There is a reason I haven't seen them in years," he said, grumpily.

Adrik couldn't hide his smile as he looked at me. I think it still surprised him to see this side of his father, but the more he saw it, the more he was enjoying it. It made me happy to see him finally comfortable around his father. I knew he'd spent much of his life feeling intimidated by Vitaliy and worried that he would end up just like him. Now, he was starting to see that wasn't necessarily all bad. Vitaliy had some very good parts to him. He just struggled to show the people he cared about.

"Vitaliy, I think it's time to maybe consider that you are a warm and fuzzy guy. Despite what you think," Stephen said, placing his hand on Vitaliy's shoulder. We could always count on Stephen to be as sarcastic as possible while delivering a heartfelt message.

Vitaliy cut his eyes over at Stephen as they both laughed. It made my heart so happy to see both of them laughing.

As I made dinner, with everyone's help, Vitaliy and Aleksei both relaxed and talked more than they had previously. They both seemed to genuinely enjoy our company. They entertained us with stories from the days when Vitaliy ruled the city. He gave us funny anecdotes about the current bosses, as well as the bosses before them.

Apparently, Vitaliy had a habit of causing his own chaos between the bosses, just for fun. He finally admitted that he would interfere with the bosses' plans, but make it look like it was one of the other bosses that did it. He liked to keep them fighting among themselves so they would leave him alone.

"Clearly, that's not a lesson I ever learned. I thought keeping the order between them would mean peace in the city," Adrik said, shaking his head at his father's antics.

"Eh, it did mean peace. But there's something about humans that need adversity in order to be happy. If you make conditions too good for too long, people forget what had is. The good starts to feel less good. Sometimes you need bad to remember what good really is," Vitaliy said.

The guys looked at me. I stopped what I was doing and smiled at them all "He speaks no lies."

Viktor caught me to the side of the kitchen while everyone else was deep in discussion after dinner. He gently caught my arm, pulling me toward him. He didn't say a word, he just pulled me to him, wrapping his massive arms around me. I knew he was thanking me for baking him a treat and giving him a reminder of the good times of his past.

"She was the secret ingredient, but so are you, sestrichka. I won't say no to those anytime you want to make them," he said softly.

"I'll happily take suggestions for improvements next time, if you want to give them," I said, my arms still wrapped around his neck.

He loosened his hold on me, standing up straighter once more. "They were perfect, Sephie. They were exactly what I needed." He kissed my cheek, before stepping away to join the conversation once more. Stephen caught my eye as Viktor was walking away from me. winked in appreciation for his help in making it happen.

Even though Vitaliy complained about being in the city, he still stayed for several more days. He kept himself busy during the day. We rarely saw him, but he almost always made it back so he and Aleksei could eat dinner with us each night.

"You know you can tell your other guys they can come up too, I can make more food," I said one night.

Vitaliy and Aleksei looked at each other and laughed. "The two new guys don't want to. I need the other two to keep an eye on them. I don't trust them when they're on their own in a new place," Vitaliy said.

"Unexpected side effect of teaching them manners," Aleksei said.

"If you don't trust them, then why do they work for you?" I asked.

"It's hard to find good people these days. They're better than nothing. For now," Vitaliy said.

Viktor spoke up. "We're still working on getting guys for Trina. I can help you find guys to replace them while you're here, if you like," he said.

Aleksei thought for a minute, looking to Vitaliy as he said, "might be worth a look. If we can find better replacements, we can get rid of the little

flowers."

"You can send them to Turkey. The Ottomans are going to need as much help as they can get soon," Stephen said, completely straight-faced, like it was the honest truth.

Both Vitaliy and Aleksei were shocked, looking to Stephen like he knew something the rest of us didn't. We all tried to hold in the laughter, but we couldn't make it happen. Vitaliy and Aleksei knew something was off, but still had no clue that Vlad wasn't a real, live person and Turkey was safe.

For now.

Later that evening, once the guys had gone back to their apartments downstairs and Vitaliy and Aleksei had retired to their rooms on the other side of the penthouse, I caught Adrik watching me as I undressed for bed. He was leaning against the door to the closet, his sexy smirk on his face.

I watched him, watching me, for a few moments then said, "you don't know whether to be really happy with me or mad at me right now, do you?"

He laughed. "That's exactly what I was thinking. I'm finding myself enjoying spending time with my father. He's completely different than the man I've known my entire life. But I'd also prefer to have the place to ourselves once more. You're terrible at staying quiet," he said, cutting his eyes at me.

"You only have yourself to blame for that one," I said, pulling my shirt over my head, standing in front of him in only my underwear.

"Who said it was a bad thing?" he asked as he walked to me. He ran his hand lightly up my arm to the back of my shoulder as he took another step, now standing behind me. He lightly ran his hand over my back, unhooking my bra. Both hands pushed the straps off my shoulders, causing it to fall to the floor.

I felt his hot breath against my skin as he left gentle kisses across the top of one shoulder, then the other. I could feel his body heat as he moved closer to me, but just far enough away that I couldn't feel his skin on mine yet. His warm hands roamed from my shoulders around to my breasts. He was slow, deliberate in his touch. I could feel his desire, but I could also feel he was trying to contain it.

I knew he was worried about me being able to catch my breath. He was also worried about me staying quiet while we had guests.

His hands massaged my breasts, then slowly traveled down my stomach. He still kept his distance from me. I made a move to lean back against him, but he moved as well. He was enjoying torturing me. He ran his hands over my hips, then back around to my ass. I felt his lips on my shoulder once

more.

I was starting to breathe harder the longer he kept up his slow torture. Finally, he pulled me back against him. I moaned softly, finally able to feel his warmth against me. He wrapped one arm around my waist, holding me against him. The other ran up in between my breasts to my neck. His touch still soft and slow, he tilted my head to the side giving him full access to my neck. He left a trail of kisses down my neck. I gasped when I felt his teeth graze my neck just above my collarbone.

The hand that was around my waist, moved down my stomach, into my soaking wet panties. When his fingers felt my wetness, he groaned quietly. I pushed my hips back into him, leaning my head back on his shoulder. His lips were on my neck once more, his free hand on one of my breasts.

I felt both hands on my hips as he slid my panties down my legs to the floor. His hands slowly running back up my legs. I felt his teeth bite my ass. He laughed as I squealed, jumping away from him.

"You know what trying to get away from me does to me," he said, pulling me back to him.