

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 94

## Chapter Ninety-Four

Adrik

We left Armando at the office and took Sephie straight back to the villa. I wanted her to be able to lie down and I wanted to change her bandage. Once we pulled up to the villa, I stepped out of the vehicle, extending my hand to help her out. Once she stepped out, I reached down and picked her up. She wrapped her arms around my neck and shoulders, resting her head on my shoulder. She smiled at me, "I'm okay now. It went away," she yawned as her fingers played with the collar of my shirt, running lightly over my neck and chest.

I walked her to the bedroom, laying her gently on the bed. She stretched while she kicked her shoes off. "Maybe it was just sitting for that long. It was sore when I stood up in the boardroom, too," she said, still stretching her body.

I stood over her, unbuttoning her jeans. "I still want to change your bandage just in case. You could barely stand. If there's a problem, I need to know." She smiled lazily at me. She carefully pushed her jeans down over the bandage so I could pull them the rest of the way off. I hadn't seen the panties she had chosen to wear until that moment. My breath caught as I slid my hands up her legs, running over the thin black lace. She closed her eyes as I leaned down and kissed her stomach.

"You're not making this any easier," I said, my hands still running over her body.

She opened one eye, grinning at me. "Maybe it was that pair of jeans. That bougie bit ch might've been skinnier than me. Or else she enjoys feeling like she's being slowly choked by her clothes," she said. She pushed her stomach out, patting it with her hands. "Or maybe I ate so much food that my pants were too tight on my hip."

I sat beside her, taking her hands from her stomach, kissing each one. "You're still too skinny. You're all bony and sharp. You can afford to eat more, solnishko." I pulled her panties off her hip so I could have access to her bandage, kissing her stomach just above the waistline. She folded one arm behind her head, so she could watch me. I took the bandage off as delicately as I could, but it still hurt her every time. Her skin was extra sensitive from the adhesive.

Her wound still looked mostly normal, but it was getting redder around the edges. "Sephie, I don't know. I think you should see a doctor, just to be safe." She sat up slightly so she could look at it.

"Did we bring anything to clean it with? Maybe it just needs to be cleaned again. I don't want to see another doctor. I hate doctors. I haven't missed my antibiotic. It shouldn't be infected." She put her hand over it. "It's not hot like it

would be if it were infected."

I clicked my tongue at her. "I still think you should see a doctor."

"But I don't want to. I just need to clean it and it will be fine." She had that determined look in her eye that told me I was not going to change her mind on this one. I opted for a compromise instead.

"We'll clean it for now, but if that sharp pain comes back that prevents you from standing, I'm calling a doctor whether you want me to or not." I looked at her sternly. It was all I could do not to smile at her during this standoff.

She cracked first, grinning at me. "Deal."

When I came back with antiseptic to clean her wound, she was still stretched out on the bed, panties half off, shirt pulled up, exposing her milky white, toned stomach, completely comfortable on the bed. I couldn't help but grin at her as I walked to the bed. She was so comfortable in her own skin around me. Around the guys too. She didn't care if she looked silly, in fact most of the time she went out of her way to look silly to get a laugh out of us. It was refreshing to be around a woman that wasn't constantly worried about how she looked. Sephie was real. I knew she accepted me for me, all the parts of me, good and bad, because she accepted all the parts of herself. She had seen real darkness, but she still chose to shine her light on the world. She made peace with those dark parts of her, taking away their power. It gave me hope that I could eventually do the same. She looked at me with so much love, even after reading every part of my soul.

I paused, after closing the door, completely lost in the sight of her. She leaned up on her elbows to look at me, raising one eyebrow. God, she was sexy when she wasn't even trying to be.

"What are you doing?" she asked, a questioning look on her face. She broke me from my thoughts.

"Just enjoying the view, solnishko. Come, let's get your wound cleaned so you can put clothes back on before I rip another pair of panties off you."

"Whatever. I have an endless supply of them now, so knock yourself out," she said laughing. She stood up to walk to the bathroom, giving me a full view of her ass that was barely covered by the black lace. I cursed under my breath, exhaling as I followed her to the bathroom.

"You're a little evil, solnishko," I said, smacking her ass lightly.

She looked at me over her shoulder. "You love it." Just to drive her point home, she slipped out of her blouse and tossed it back to me as she walked into the bathroom.

"You're a lot evil, solnishko." I cursed under my breath again. She was clearly enjoying teasing me, as she turned toward me, chewing her bottom lip, as she pulled one side of her panties lower to give me access to her wound. She leaned against the bathroom counter as I tried to concentrate on cleaning her wound and not bending her over the counter. I could do this.

Fuck. I can't do this. She's driving me crazy.

I grabbed some gauze to catch the antiseptic as I poured it over her wound and kneeled in front of her. I looked up at her. "You ready?"

"Nope but do it anyway."

I poured out as little as I could. The liquid started to bubble in the wound. She inhaled sharply, clenching her jaw and closing her eyes tightly. "I'm sorry, solnishko."

"It's okay. It's okay. Just keep going." I poured out more liquid. More bubbles. She slapped the counter, cursing. "Again. I'm okay."

Once again, I poured more liquid over the wound. "FUCKING HELL!"

"I'm sorry, solnishko. You told me to! I'm sorry!"

"No, it's okay. It's not you. It fucking burns. Cursing makes me feel slightly better." She ran her hand through my hair, trying to smile through her pain.

"I should give you a minute. It's still bubbling though. I think we should do it again."

"Easy for you to say," she said. She was fanning her hip with one hand. I leaned closer to blow on it, trying to give her relief from the constant burning. "How does Ivan stand there like nothing is happening with this stuff?"

I chuckled. "He still hasn't told you?"

"Told me what?"

"He doesn't feel much pain. He was born that way. His nerves don't work the same way. He doesn't register pain the same way you and I do. Some pain he feels, but other pain doesn't register. It makes him a very dangerous opponent."

"I knew there was something to his inability to feel pain! I could use some of that right about now," she said, chewing on her lip.

"I'm sorry, love. One more time, then I put a new bandage on you so you can put your clothes back on." I tried not to look at her chewing on her lip. I couldn't figure out why that was so sexy to me, but I had trouble controlling myself every time she did it.

When I had finished putting the bandage on her, she leaned down placing both her hands on either side of "Thank you," she said, pressing her lips to mine.

my face.

"We should've done this sooner. We should make sure to do it more often. Or else I'm going to call a doctor," I said before she could argue.

"If it keeps the doctor away, I'll happily endure the torture."

I shook my head. I'd never met anyone other than Ivan that had such an aversion to doctors. If it meant I could help her, then I'd gladly keep the doctor away for now. Whatever made her better.