

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 487

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Adtrik

We finally made it upstairs around 2 am. Both Sephie and I were exhausted.

“While I know it needed to happen, I would’ve preferred to end the conversation like two hours ago,” Sephie said. “How does he stay up so late and still have so much energy?”

I laughed. “I can almost guarantee that he does not get up anywhere close to the same time we do, solnishko.” I watched her climb in bed and joined her after turning off the lights. As she laid across my chest in her favorite spot, I asked, “you still have a good feeling about everyone that was here?”

“Mmm hmm. I do want to know why Stephen brought up the Mexicans again though. I’m not sure what he was thinking, but I know he had a reason. I try to refrain from fishing with him as much as possible, Viktor too.” She paused, then giggled. “We also need to have a talk about how in love Keith is with Stephen still. Not sure how much time Stephen is spending with Keith anymore, but Keith is still very infatuated with him.”

“Stephen’s changed since he figured out his gift. He’s not so shy anymore. He’s got a quiet confidence to him that’s really evident now. I’m sure Keith has noticed. He probably finds it very attractive,” I said, running my hands over her back and through her hair.

“He is a s*xy beast now. You’re right,” she said, snuggling into me more. I could feel her happiness and contentment. It made me feel the same. Even though we were facing the biggest hurdle we likely ever would, I was finding myself enjoying every single moment with her.

When I woke the next morning, Sephie was just starting to stir next to me. Neither one of us had thought to close the blinds the night before so we could sleep a little longer. I was surprised that she woke up at all. I expected her to sleep in, but she lifted her head, resting her chin on my chest.

“Good morning. I think,” she said. She was still very sleepy, which made her a thousand times more adorable. She was so sleepy she didn’t catch me trying not to laugh at her struggling to wake up.

“You can go back to sleep, love. I know you’re still tired,” I said. “I’m still tired too.”

“It’s not fair that you have to get up and I don’t, though. Feels rude,” she said, tolling over to stretch beside me. “What kind of day do you have today?” she asked as she yawned, stretching her arms and legs, making her joints pop

“It’s light and I want to keep it that way. I want to talk to Dario tonight. That keeps getting pushed off, but I want to get it off my mind. It’s kind of been eating at me since Stephen brought it up,” I said.

Sephie rolled back toward me, once again laying across my chest. She rested her chin on my chest so she could look at me. “Me too. I’m still not convinced we made the wrong decision before, but I think we can find out more now. Do you want me to make Viktor schedule a nap for you this afternoon?” she asked, trying to hide her grin from me.

I laughed, flipping her onto her back. “Only if you take a nap with me. I wouldn’t say no to that,” I said, pressing my lips to hers. She wrapped her arms and legs around me, holding me tightly.

“I wouldn’t say no to that either. I’m still feeling extra needy when it comes to you lately. Like I don’t want to be any farther apart from you than absolutely necessary,” she said.

I smiled at her. “I feel the same,” I said. I sat up, pulling her up with me. “It’s strange, though. I can feel you just as well when we’re apart as I can when we’re in the same room now, so it’s almost like we’re never really apart. But I still want you with me at all times. I’ve been thinking of ways to get you to come to more meetings.”

She grinned at me. “There is that meeting with everyone on the building project at the end of the week that I must attend now. And if I have to sit through all your meetings, that’s much less time I have to spend spreading the f**kery around with all of the guys. I feel like the world will suffer as a result.”

God, I love her.

I laughed as she threw my shirt she’d worn to bed at my head. “See? F**kery,” she said, grinning at me.

I waited until she was pulling her shirt over her head and grabbed her, picking her up. “I love your f**kery, Sephie. I would never deny the world such a thing.” I said as I carried her out of the closet with me. She giggled as she tried to finish putting her shirt on in my arms. She finally gave up, instead wrapping her arms around my neck and resting her head on my shoulder. I could feel her contentment at being in my arms. It made it that much harder to let her go.

She sighed as I set her down so she could finish putting her shirt on before we walked out to the kitchen. We both knew that the guys were waiting on us already. She was still grinning at me as she straightened her shirt. When I went to open the bedroom door, she hopped on my back.

“The f**kery. It abounds,” she said, wrapping her arms around my neck once again.

The guys all looked just as tired as we were when we walked into the kitchen. Andrei was already making coffee for everyone as I deposited Sephie on

the counter.

“Is it wrong that I want you to call Trino to wake him up since we all have to be up right now?” Misha asked.

Sephie caught my eye, her mischievous grin still on her face. I stood in between her legs, leaning in to kiss her. “You were right. It does abound,” I said, laughing with her.

“My schedule is light today and I want to keep it that way. Do what you absolutely have to do today, but try to get some rest. I do want to talk to Dario tonight to get that out of the way. I don’t want it to get pushed back again,” I said to everyone. I had turned to face them. Sephie wrapped her arms around my waist and rested her chin on my shoulder.

*Stephen, what were you thinking about the Mexicans last night? I know there was more to your thought process than what you said. Just like I still think there’s more to why you brought up Dario,” Sephie asked.

“Something just doesn’t feel right about the Mexicans, I don’t know what though,” he said.

“Same for me. There was nothing specific that I was trying to find last night, but there was plenty of uneasiness when thinking about the Mexicans. I think we need to be careful with them,” Misha said,

Sephie looked at Andrei, who was standing beside us. “Bubba, have you gotten anything about either of those things?”

He shook his head no. “Not exactly. There’s something nagging at me about Dorio, but I don’t know what. I haven’t thought much about the Mexicans, but when Stephen brought it up last night I noticed that Emilia got a little tense. She’s Mexican. She had an uncle that was killed when Trino first came to power,” he said.

I immediately felt Sephie’s worry come on strongly. “How does she feel about that? Could you tell?” she asked.

“Either she’s a very good actress or she’s mostly okay with it. I didn’t find anything nefarious, if that’s what you’re worried about,” he said.

We felt her worry lessen, but only slightly. I turned toward her, only to find her eyes swirling. The white was clearly present in all her colors. “I’ll find a time to bring it up to Trino. I can’t imagine she would’ve been able to get that past all of us if she’s holding a grudge against Trino for it and wants some kind of revenge,” I said, placing my hand against her cheek.

She chewed on her bottom lip as she contemplated everything.

“It’s worth keeping an eye on, at the very least. Trino has been the only one that’s stayed loyal. I would hate to see him taken down by someone he loves,” Ivan said.