

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 90

## Chapter Ninety

Sephie

When Armando said his girlfriend liked to shop, that was an understatement. The room was damn near an entire shop's worth of clothing. She even had it on racks like it was at a store. I just stared at all the clothes, wondering to myself why anyone would ever need this much. There's no way she could've worn all these clothes in a year. It seemed like a waste.

Once Armando showed us the room, he left us to go through and find what I needed. I looked at Adrik, still somewhat shocked.

"Who needs this many articles of clothing? She could've worn a different outfit every single day and she still wouldn't have worn everything in here in a year."

He was looking at me, somewhat amused by my astonishment. "And this is why you're different, Sephie. I've had girlfriends that have shopped like this in the past. I told you. Most women that date guys like me and Armando are more interested in the money and the power than they are us."

My mouth fell open in shock. "You've had girlfriends that wasted this much money before?"

He looked around the room. "This is nothing. Ask to see her jewelry collection and then let me know how shocked you are."

"And you let them??"

"I thought that's what you were supposed to do. I thought that's what love was for a long time, especially when I was younger. It wasn't until after the guys started working for me and they saw the 'other' side of the women I would date that I started to be able to see them more clearly."

"Okay, one. Sad. Very sad. And two. If I EVER spend this much money on something stupid like clothes, you should get me to a hospital right away. Like I hit my head again or there were complications from this last time that nobody saw coming. Maybe I had a stroke or something, I don't know. But I'm gonna need medical attention."

He laughed, wrapping his arms around my waist. "Thank you for being you, my love. I fall more in love with you each day."

"Is it because I don't spend thousands of dollars on stupid things like clothes? Because I would love me for that too."

"Among other things," he said, smiling broadly at me.

I was still cursing under my breath at the ridiculousness of the situation before me as I started to look through the veritable clothes shop in Armando's spare room. Adrik just chuckled and shook his head. He was clearly amused at my reaction.

I picked out a few hideous outfits, holding them up for his approval. "What about this one? I really feel like neon yellow is my color."

He would scrunch his face up in disgust each time, which of course made me want to do it more. There were a few really slutty dresses that she had. Things I would never be caught dead in, but I couldn't help myself, so I held them up for him. "What about this one? I mean, no way could I bend over or sit down while I was wearing it, but I feel like I could pull it off."

He raised an eyebrow, walking to get a closer look. He took the dress from me, looking from it to me. "I could rip that off you and not feel bad about it," he said, smirking.

I felt my cheeks blush at his unexpected answer.

"We should look for some kind of business suit if you're going to accompany Armando and I tomorrow," he said, looking through a rack of clothes.

"I'm sorry, what? I have to look like I'm some sort of professional? Fuck that noise. I'm not going."

He laughed, shaking his head. "You don't have to."

I stopped and looked at him, suddenly very serious. "The last time I got any kind of dressed up didn't turn out so great, so you have to promise that you will not leave my side if I wear more than a t-shirt and jeans." I could feel the tears threatening to fall, as I felt a faint shaking in my legs begin.

He was standing in front of me immediately, his arms around me. He pulled me to his chest, holding me tightly. "Sephie. I'm so sorry. You wear whatever you like, but I promise I won't leave your side. No matter what. Pinky swear, even." He stepped back so he could hold out his pinky for me to take. I grabbed his pinky with mine as a stray tear fell down my cheek. He pulled me back to him, holding me tightly. "You know you don't have to go at all. You've been through a lot. Armando will understand. I understand. You don't have to do this."

I was quiet for a moment, trying to get control of myself. I inhaled, stepping back to look at him. "Maybe I can compromise. I'm sure this boutique has a suit jacket in here somewhere and some fancy pair of jeans that cost more than a month's worth of tips. Business casual for the win!" I said, continuing to look through the racks of clothes. He stood and watched me for a few minutes, then I felt his hand on the back of my neck, pulling me toward him, his fist in my hair. His lips crashed into mine, kissing me passionately. My knees went weak. He caught me, lifting me off the floor while his mouth continued his all-out assault on mine. Finally needing to come up for air, I asked, "what was that for?" trying to catch my breath.

He smirked at me. "I fucking love you."

I managed to find a suit jacket, nice blouse, and a pair of jeans that would pass for somewhat business attire. I was lucky this cheating girlfriend of Armando's was roughly the same size as me. The only thing that I couldn't make quite work was her shoes. She was considerably shorter than I was, which meant none of her shoes fit me. The only options I had were my converse sneakers or the heels I wore to the ball. While I would've been perfectly happy in the sneakers, I went with the heels since I was trying to be somewhat presentable.

This is completely overrated.

Adrik had borrowed a suit from Armando, as they were roughly the same size. I came out of the bathroom, trying to decide what to do with my hair, to see Adrik in dark grey slacks and a black shirt. My favorite. I hadn't put the jacket on yet, but I had put the heels on to make sure I could walk in them. I was getting better each day, but I was still quite sore. I wanted to make sure I wasn't going to regret my choice later, so I walked around in them while getting ready.

I stopped to look him over, just as he did the same for me. As he continued to look me up and down, I asked, "what should I do with my hair? We're very limited on options since Ms. Jackson isn't here."

"Your hair always looks good, no matter what you do with it." He went to look me up and down one more time, but tried to be discreet about it, as he looked down to adjust the cuff of his shirt. It reminded me of the first time I saw him.

"Okay, be right back." I walked back into the bathroom to braid my hair how it was the first night we met. I always left a few curls loose around my face and my hair was long enough that my thick braid fell easily over my shoulder. He brought the jacket to me as I was tying the elastic around the end of the braid. His blue eyes went dark as he looked at my handiwork. He didn't say anything, he just held the jacket open for me to slip it on. I turned around and he raised an eyebrow, "you might have to dress up a little more often. You are very sexy."