

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 38

## Chapter Thirty-Eight

Adrik

Everyone was in the kitchen when we came downstairs. Tori was making breakfast for everyone, as usual. The house staff was back and walking through the kitchen now that it was a weekday. I gave them the weekends off. I always offered Tori the weekend off as well, but she always refused. Now I understand it was because she wanted to be close to Andrei.

Misha was already ready for his run with Sephie. The other guys ready for their workouts after breakfast. Mornings were the only chance we had to get any kind of exercise in. My schedule was always full, especially in the afternoons.

After breakfast, Misha and Sephie left for their run. I was happy to see her happy. I felt bad for Misha. He had no idea what he was in for with my gazelle.

The rest of us went to the gym. Some days we worked out in silence. Other days, we discussed business. We rarely talked about anything else, but today we were very interested in grilling Andrei about his evening with Tori. It was obvious during breakfast that she was much more comfortable with all of us, but especially Andrei. I caught him finding reasons to touch her while we were in the kitchen.

Andrei and Misha were the most sensitive of all the guys. Andrei was young, but not as young as Misha. He was good at his job, though, and could turn everything off and rely on his instincts when it counted. He'd been with me in a few close calls, including a few days ago with getting Sephie here.

When we were done giving Andrei a hard time about Tori, I posed a question to all of them. "Sephie wishes to return to work. I can't say I'm happy about that idea, but I want her to be happy. Is it possible to keep her safe while she's at work?"

They all stopped and thought for a moment. Ivan was the first to speak. "Net. Not a good idea. There's too many variables. All of us would need to be there, which leaves you vulnerable."

Viktor agreed. "I don't like the idea either. You saw how many people were in the restaurant the other night. That's too many innocent people to have to consider."

"She told me this morning that she misses her friend Max that she worked with and her neighbors," I said.

Ivan asked, "are you planning to keep her here full-time? Why not take her to your penthouse. Move the neighbors into the apartments on the lower floors. She can see Max whenever she wishes. That'll keep her neighbors out of trouble too. I wouldn't put it past Anthony to plan an attack on the building if he thought it would get to her." "Ivan, you're brilliant. I'll arrange everything this morning. She's not to know about this yet, though."

They all nodded in agreement. Andrei smiling at the thought of surprising her with this.

Viktor surprised me and asked, "Boss, you love her, don't you?"

I didn't hesitate to answer. "More than anything I've known in my life. If something were to happen to her, I wouldn't think twice about burning this city to the ground to avenge her."

Ivan added, "I'll bring the matches."

Viktor nodded in agreement, Andrei spoke up and said, "We're going to need gas as well."

Even Stephen, who was usually the quiet one, said, "I will happily light that fire."

I looked at each of them, not really surprised that they all felt the same way about Sephie, but proud that they did. Sh had brought out something new and different in each of us. We were already addicted to her. We had been living in darkness so long that we almost forgot what the light was. She came in to show us what we'd been missing this whole time and not a single one of us wanted to give that up.

After I showered and changed into a pair of slacks and a fresh shirt, I made a quick trip to the kitchen for a glass of water. I took the back stairs. As I was walking through the back room, I saw Sephie walking around the pool. Misha was behind her, but visibly dragging. His face was red, his shirt completely soaked. She looked like she had walked the entire time. Her cheeks were just the slightest bit pink, but she wasn't even breathing hard.

Gazelle.

I opened the door for her, waiting for Misha to catch up. She stood on her toes and kissed me as she walked in the house. I held the door for Misha. "You okay, man? Need someone to carry you the rest of the way?"

Still trying to catch his breath, he said, "Dude. How. She just kept going. And going. And going."

I laughed. "Did you make the mistake of racing her?"

"Nooooooo. I'm not that s t u p i d. I thought this was going to be an easy morning." He stood next to me. Misha was taller than I was, by a couple of inches. He looked down at me. "Why, Boss. Why do you h a t e me?"

I chuckled at him. "You're the only one that had a chance. Can you imagine Viktor or Ivan trying to keep up with her? She's like a f u c k i n g gazelle, man." I said, shaking my head. My loss yesterday still fresh in my head.

"I can hear you, you know!" Sephie yelled from the kitchen.

We both laughed. "Go shower. You smell like you've been chasing my girlfriend for the last hour," I said patting him on the shoulder.

When I got to the kitchen, she was leaning against the counter. Her arms folded under her breasts, pushing them a little higher than normal, making them look fuller than they already were. Her eyebrow raised, she looked at me, "girlfriend?"

I stammered. I hadn't even realized I had said it, but now that I thought about it, it felt completely right. I was just hoping she felt the same. I had never considered that she might not want that title, though. Now, my heart was racing thinking about the possibility of rejection. I walked to her, taking her glass of water from her hand. I finished the last half of it, then went to refill it for her. "Yes," I stated firmly. I then added, "if you're okay with that, of course." I was unsure of her reaction as I turned back to her to hand her the glass of water.

She didn't speak right away, making me even more nervous. I never got nervous.

"I could get used to the title," she said, smirking at me.

I let go of the breath I had been holding. I ran my hand through my hair, relief flooding my body.

She chuckled and walked to me. "Were you nervous just now?"

"Maybe just a little. I mean, I should have discussed it with you first," I said, staring at the counter instead of at her. I felt her hand on my cheek. She turned my head so I was looking at her. She stood on her toes and kissed my lips gently.

"You're my boyfriend. I trust your decisions."