

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 88

Chapter Eighty-Eight

Sephie

He stopped the kiss. His blue eyes found mine. “You might have to start wearing all my shirts, solnishko. This one might be better than my t-shirt.”

I smiled at him, scooting farther onto the bed so he could get in next to me. He stretched out, opening his arms for me. I laid across his chest, my leg across his. His hands went straight to my hair as I ran my fingers lightly over his chest.

He sighed. “Are you sure you’re okay with going to Armando’s meeting? You don’t have to go if you don’t want to.”

I rested my chin on his chest, looking at his handsome face. “I don’t mind as long as you’re fine with it and you go too. And Misha doesn’t have a bad feeling about it. And...” I giggled. “I’m kidding. That’s enough stipulations. I don’t know if I can really be useful seeing someone for the first time anyway, but I’ll give it a try. I like Armando. I don’t want to see him get screwed over, so if I can help prevent that, I’m happy to do so.”

He looked at me, like he was lost in thought for a moment, his eyes taking in every detail of my face. I watched him, watching me. For a brief moment, I saw the sadness in his eyes. He tried to hide it when he saw that I was watching him. He closed his eyes for a moment, taking in a deep breath. I was still watching him when he opened his eyes. I raised my eyebrow at him.

He sighed. “I’m not sure I will ever get rid of the guilt for what I did to you. You’re such a bright spot in my life, you’re so different from any woman I’ve ever known, and I almost ruined it all in pursuit of vengeance.” He closed his eyes again and leaned his head back.

I didn’t respond right away. I wasn’t sure what to say, honestly. I know what he did came from a good place. A stupid place, maybe, but he didn’t mean for me to get hurt. I knew that without a doubt. He meant for the plan to go off perfectly and for me to find out it was all fake before we left the hotel.

I pulled myself up so I was straddling his hips, so I could see him. He opened his eyes when I moved, sitting up more so he could look at me. I reached out and ran my fingers over his face, causing him to close his eyes again. “Did you mean for me to get hurt?”

His

eyes snapped open as he sat up, coming closer to me. His eyes showed shock and maybe fear as he looked at me, wondering why I would ask him that question. I couldn’t help but smile at his reaction. It was exactly what I was expecting.

“Of course not, Sephie. Do you think I could have meant to hurt you?”

I chuckled. “Not in the least. I’ve never doubted that you didn’t mean for me to get hurt. But it illustrates my point.” My fingers went back to his face, trailing down his neck. He stayed sitting up, holding me to him. His eyes searching mine. “You had good intentions when you made the plan. The execution of the plan is where it got all f**ked up, but your intentions were always pure.”

I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to decide how to proceed. “I’m not completely blameless in that either. I did the one thing Ivan and Viktor told me to never do in a situation like that. I panicked. If I would’ve stayed calm, that asshole that took me could’ve explained everything like he was supposed to. Instead, I made that next to impossible. But you never meant for any of that to happen. I remember the anger in your voice when you first saw me on the plane. Some part of me knew it was you, but I was still too scared to believe it. But I remember your anger. Clearly. I’ve seen the pain in your eyes when you look at me, when you look at my body right

now. I’ve seen the regret too. I know you never meant for any of that to happen. I know you. I know you love me. I know how good you are.” He dropped his gaze at my last statement. I lifted his chin, so he would look at me again. “You might not believe it, but I know you’re good. How can I not? You sent your personal bodyguards to look after me without a second thought when you barely knew me. You’ve made sure I was safe, always. You’ve given me everything I need. And, most importantly, you’ve given me your heart, even though it almost stops every time I smile at you,” I said smirking at him.

He opened his eyes wider. “How do you know that?”

“Let’s just say a birdie told me,” I said. His face still showed doubt. “Adrik, when you look at me, you see a person who is good and only good, but that’s not really true. When I was out on the plane, I relived that night in the basement with my uncle. It didn’t go exactly how I told you.” It was my turn to look down. I breathed deeply. “I sliced his Achilles tendon, yes, but I had blocked out what came after. He fell to the floor. I stood up, the knife still in my hand.

I stabbed him in the heart and stood over him to watch him die. As he was slowly dying, he reached for my leg, but I just stomped the knife deeper into his chest. I never shed a single tear over him. Even now, I feel zero remorse for that. None. In fact, I’m happy he’s dead. I’m not the saint you think I am. Just like you’re not the demon you think you

are.”

He studied my face for a moment but stayed quiet. I searched his eyes, looking for the change I was always afraid of. He held my gaze like he knew what I was doing. He looked at me with all the love and adoration that he always did. The sadness from earlier was gone, replaced by longing. I couldn’t help but smile when I didn’t find what I was afraid of finding. His hands cupped my face, gently pulling me toward him. His lips found mine. He sucked my bottom lip and bit down lightly on it, causing me to deepen the kiss.

I didn’t care that I was hurt. I needed him. I pressed my body to his, my hips grinding against his. He groaned. “Sephie. I don’t want to hurt you.”