

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 80

## Chapter Eighty

Adrik

I can't even begin to describe the relief I felt when she woke up this time. I had my Sephie back. I would've given anything to see her smile again.

"How long have I been asleep this time? I know you laid here for at least twelve hours without moving, just so I could sleep peacefully," she said, her fingers still running over my facial hair, her unique eyes taking inventory of my face like she still wasn't sure I was really here with her.

"How do you know that, Sephie?" I raised an eyebrow at her.

She started to say something, but then stopped herself. "Um, it doesn't matter right now. How long have I been torturing you?"

I smiled at her. My hand slid up the back of her neck, pulling her to me. I kissed her lips gently. "It wasn't torture, solnishko. I was happy that you needed me when you were sleeping. Especially since you didn't want anything to do with me when you were awake. It was killing me."

"I was still mad at you," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

I chuckled. "You have every right to be mad at me. I fucked up."

"And then I made you lay here with no food or water for days. Consider your penance complete," she said, grinning at me.

"It wasn't days. The second day isn't over yet. You've been out for a little over 24 hours this time." I ran my hands through her hair, as she closed her eyes. Her hands went to my shoulders to steady herself. I loved watching her get lost in my touch. She had no idea how sexy she looked.

Her eyes snapped open, "weren't we supposed to leave though? What happened?"

I smiled at her. "The guys all came to me yesterday morning when we were supposed to leave and told me they weren't going anywhere until you were better. I had already made the decision to stay until you were better but hadn't told them as I couldn't leave you. They discussed it among themselves and said they weren't going until you could go too." Her eyebrows furrowed for a moment. I cupped her cheek with my hand, my thumb gently stroking her beautiful face. "They love you, Sephie. They're fairing almost worse than I have been. At least I've been able to hold you while you were sleeping. I don't think any of them have slept since we got here. They come in occasionally to check on you. They look terrible."

She groaned. "Part of me wants to make them suffer for a few more days, but I should let them all know they're also forgiven.

There is a grander plan in play here." She pouted, then grinned at me.

God, I've missed her.

She rested her head on my shoulder for a few minutes. I rubbed her back lightly, trying to avoid hurting her. She had road rash over almost her entire body from hitting the ground and rolling. She had to be in tremendous pain.

She sighed, sitting up to look at me again. "I need a shower," she said climbing off my lap slowly. I didn't move, as I still wasn't sure how much she wanted me close to her. I was going to let her have privacy.

She stopped at the bathroom door and turned back to look at me. "I need help."

I jumped off the bed and was next to her immediately. She was laughing at my exuberance, but I didn't care. I was so happy that she wanted me near her again that I would do whatever she asked me to.

She asked me to help her with the bandage on her hip before she got in the shower. Since she'd been sleeping for a day, she hadn't taken her antibiotics. I'd completely forgotten about them. The wound looked red and angry. It looked painful. She held her breath as I tried to peel the bandage off as gently as I could. A single tear ran down her cheek. I

knew it hurt.

"Since you've been sleeping, you haven't taken an antibiotic. You need to do that when we get done. Do you want to try a pain pill? I don't want you to be in pain, my love."

"I'll take the antibiotic, but I don't know about the pain pill. Maybe half of one? I hurt, but I also don't want to go through what the other pain pills did to me again."

I pulled her to me, careful of the wound on her hip, and held her close. I rested my chin on the top of her head, my eyes closed. I was relishing having her in my arms again, but I felt so guilty still. She almost died because of me. "I'm so sorry, solnishko."

I felt her rest her hands on my chest. "If you haven't figured it out yet, I'm apparently difficult to kill. I'll heal. I can manage in the meantime."

I laughed. She was so unpredictable. One of the many things I adored about her.

We walked slowly to the kitchen. I offered to carry her, but she said she needed to move her stiff body, or it would get worse. I couldn't argue with her logic. So, I settled for letting her lean on my arm as she walked. She had a pronounced limp because of her hip. She had deep bruises, along with the wounds. How she didn't break anything, I'll never understand.

Misha was in the kitchen when we walked in. His face brightened seeing Sephie not only awake but also allowing me to help her. She stopped and opened her arms to him. He rushed to her, but I stopped him with a hand to his chest before he could grab her.

"Gentle, Misha."

He nodded and gently leaned down to hug her, like she was a live porcelain doll. "I'm so happy to see you, gazelle."

"Ugh, worst hug ever. We need a do-over once I'm better," she smiled at him.

His wide smile spread across his face. "Deal."

She looked to me and cleared her throat. "Can I have a moment alone with Misha?"

I raised an eyebrow but nodded. I went to step away, but she pulled me back and kissed me gently. "I just need a minute," she said, looking at me with that spark that only I could see.

I smiled at her, stepping out of the kitchen. The kitchen opened to a large living room area that then opened onto the back patio. The weather was pleasant, which meant that the large sliding doors could be opened, giving the house an open-air feel. Viktor and Andrei were outside on the patio. They both looked surprised to see me up, especially without Sephie.

"Everything okay, boss?" Andrei asked, concern evident on his face.

I nodded. "She's awake. She's inside with Misha. She asked for a moment alone with him."

Viktor, also concerned, asked, "how...is she?"

"In pain, but she somehow found the strength to forgive me. She did say that she wished she could make you all suffer a little longer, but she's not going to," I said smirking at them.

Both looked shocked. And relieved. But mostly shocked.

"Is she, uh, still angry?" Andrei asked, crossing his legs, probably remembering her knee in his groin.