

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 114

Chapter One Hundred Fourteen

Adrik

I woke sometime during the night to an empty bed. I was admittedly exhausted by the time we finally went to sleep. I just couldn't get enough of her right now, especially now that I wasn't having to hold back as much. She was amazing. She would match my intensity every time, sometimes surprising me with her own intensity. She would regularly test the limits of my endurance and I fucking loved that about her.

I stretched, moving to get up and immediately regretted it. I was sore. I bet she's sore too. I should calm down for a bit or else she's going to end up hurt again. I found a pair of pants and slipped them on, getting up to go see where she was. It wasn't like her to get up in the middle of the night unless something was wrong. It worried me.

I found her standing at the windows, a mug in her hand. She heard me walk out and turned toward me. "I'm sorry, did I wake you? I was trying to be quiet." She was wearing my shirt from earlier that day and nothing else. There was nothing sexier than seeing her in one of my shirts.

I wrapped my arm around her waist from behind her. "Your absence woke me, solnishko," I said, kissing her shoulder. "Are you okay? Did your headache come back?"

She put one arm on top of mine that was around her waist, lacing her fingers through mine. "No, it didn't come back. I can't get my brain to shut off. I made myself some tea hoping it would help me relax and go back to sleep."

"What's going on in your brain? Did you have a nightmare again?" was concerned she had gotten stuck in the never-ending loop of the ball again and I didn't hear her to pull her out of it. That thought was one that terrified me. It seemed like my voice was what could pull her out of that and I was terrified that she would be stuck in that loop and I wouldn't be there to pull her out of it, leaving her stuck replaying that scene endlessly.

"No. Well, yes. But not the loop at the ball. When we got on the elevator and I smelled Vanessa's perfume, my mind immediately went to the day that Misha and I were attacked. I could see Misha a step ahead of me and I saw him turn back to look at me just as we were both hit. I closed my eyes and tried to not think about it at the time, but my mind jumped immediately to the night of the ball."

I tightened my arm around her, cursing quietly under my breath.

"No, it's okay. I was thinking about when I went to the bathroom, Jvan waited outside for me. There were these two women in the bathroom and they were talking about you. I could hear their whole conversation. They were talking about how there were rumors that you were gay because you hadn't been seen in public with a woman in years. But then one of them said she knew one of your ex-girlfriends. She said you were always an asshole and would call her the wrong name. That's when I knew for sure they were talking about you," she giggled. "She made a comment about how you never told anyone your real name. Then the other one mentioned the guys and said how much she'd like to take a ride on one of them. Ivan told me I had five minutes, but of course I told him I could be out in three, so I couldn't wait for them to leave. I walked out and told them I could introduce them to the guys, but that I knew for a fact they appreciated boldness so they should introduce themselves as I washed my hands."

I clicked my tongue. "You know they can't talk to people when they're working."

She giggled. "Why do you think I told them to introduce themselves?"

I kissed her neck. "You're a little bit evil, solnishko." I smiled against her neck, biting gently. I felt her sigh as she was lost in her thoughts. "Those two scenes are what you've been thinking about instead of sleeping?"

She nodded her head, sipping the tea. "I can't get rid of the feeling that something is familiar about those two scenes and can't figure out why smelling her perfume in the elevator made me think of that. I've never seen her before today. At least, not that I know of."

I thought for a moment. "We can ask Stephen about it tomorrow. He has experience with hypnosis and how certain things can trigger memories. He might be able to help you connect it."

"Why am I not surprised that he's the one that can mindfuck you?"

I laughed. "I know, right? You don't know if he's just really quiet or if he's thinking of 50 different ways to kill you."

She laughed, leaning her head back against my shoulder, giving me complete access to her neck. I kissed down her neck as she said, "I said almost the exact same thing to Misha and Andrei the other day."

We stood in silence for a few minutes while she kept sipping her tea. She finally yawned and I felt her body relax. "Better?" I asked.

She nodded. "I'm sleepy again. I made that tea like triple strong, so I apologize in advance if I sleep until noon now."

I took the mug from her, setting it down on the coffee table. I picked her up, her head resting against my shoulder. "You can sleep as long as you need to, my love. You're so much better now but your body still needs time to heal. It doesn't help that I'm practically addicted to you now." I kissed her forehead as we walked back to bed.

She sighed, making the quiet cooing noise that she only made when she was super sleepy and happy. "I don't mind that part. I love that part, actually. You take all the pain away for a bit."

I laid her down on the bed. She moved over so I could climb in behind her. I wrapped my arms around her as she snuggled back into me. I loved that feeling of having her in my arms, wanting to be as close to me as possible. I held her tightly, knowing she was asleep again almost immediately. I smiled to myself, thinking about how much I loved her as I drifted off to sleep once again as well.