

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 64

Chapter Sixty-Four

Sephie

I woke up that night with a terrible headache. I hadn't had any issues since the night of the attack, but now it felt like my head was being split open again. I got up, fumbling around in the dark, trying to make my way to the kitchen. I misjudged where the bedroom door was. I ran into a wall and cursed. Adrik must've heard it because he was up right away.

"Solnishko, what's wrong?" he asked, switching on the light.

I squinted at the light. "My head is pounding again. I was trying to make it to the kitchen."

He was next to me immediately. "What do you need? Water? You never took any of the pain pills they sent home. Do you want one of those?"

I nodded, closing my eyes harder, holding my head in my hands. It was starting to feel like my skull was being pried open from the inside. He gently walked me back to the bed. "You stay. I'll get it for you."

I laid down and within a minute, he was back with a glass of water and a pill. He set the water on the table and turned the light out. I heard him pick up the remote for the blinds. I knew he was closing them so it would be as dark as possible in the room. I felt the bed dip as he got back in bed. He pulled me onto his chest, his hands running lightly through my hair.

Either this pill was stronger than what they gave me at the hospital, or I wasn't in as much pain as I was the day of the attack, because it knocked me out in a matter of minutes.

I woke up sometime later, not knowing what time it was, or what day it was. I was fully expecting to have slept for multiple days once again, as I felt super groggy. I felt around on the bed for Adrik, but he was gone. The room was dark, so I felt my way toward the bathroom to turn on a light. I closed my eyes before switching the light on. I'd learned it was easier to not completely shock my eyes.

I felt nauseous again, which is why I hadn't wanted to take any of those pills to begin with. Looks like food is off the table for today. As I opened my eyes, it wasn't as bright as I was expecting. I left the light on and found a pair of leggings to put on. I left the bedroom to find Adrik.

He was again at the kitchen counter, looking over files. He saw me come into the kitchen. He stood up and walked to me. "How are you feeling?" His face had a worried look on it.

"Better now. Please tell me I didn't sleep for a day and a half this time."

He smiled. "No, just twelve hours this time. It's only Saturday afternoon."

"Well, that's progress, I guess."

"Are you hungry?"

"Noooooo. No food. Food is a bad idea right now."

He clicked his tongue. "I don't like that you don't eat. You're too skinny."

"Trust me, I don't like it either. I'd like nothing more than to eat a giant sandwich right now," I said. My stomach churned, making me feel like I was going to vomit. I put my hand over my mouth until the feeling passed. "Bad idea. No food talk."

He looked at me, still somewhat concerned, "I think you should take it easy the next few days. Maybe you overdid it with your trip to the dress shop? Is that the only place you went yesterday?"

"Yep. We weren't even gone that long."

"You still have another week of bed rest. Maybe you shouldn't leave. Maybe it's too much?"

I sighed. "Boring. But if it keeps me from having another headache like that one, I'll do it."

He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me to his chest. "I'm sorry you must deal with this, solnishko. All of this." He sighed as he held me close.

"None of this is your fault. You have nothing to be sorry for. You've done nothing but keep me safe and take care of me," I said, hugging him closer and inhaling his intoxicating scent. We stood in silence for a moment, until the buzzing of his phone interrupted the silence. He grabbed my hand and pulled me to the kitchen with him.

He glanced at his phone, looking to me. "Ivan. Would you like to answer?"

I shook my head, placing my hand on my stomach again. I still felt like I was going to puke. He raised his eyebrow, clicking his tongue. As he talked to Ivan, I sat on the kitchen counter, hoping my queasy stomach would settle down. He set his phone down and stepped between my legs. His hand cupped my face, concern all over his face. "I don't like this, solnishko. Do you need to see the doctor again? I can call my personal doctor to come here, so you won't have to leave."

I closed my eyes and leaned into his touch. "No, I don't think there's anything they can do for me. I don't think there's much a person can do for a concussion, other than wait it out. I think this is from the stupid pain pill. I don't want to take another one of those."

Before he could respond, I heard the guys walking into the penthouse. Ivan walked in the kitchen, looking somewhat concerned.

"Princess, you look terrible."

"I feel terrible, Grumplestiltskin," I said with my eyes still closed, still enjoying Adrik's warm touch against my face.

Viktor had walked in behind Ivan. He stood against the opposite counter, his arms folded across his broad chest. "You hit your head harder than you thought. You have another headache?"

"Not right now. I did last night. I took a pain pill to make it go away and I think that's why I feel like shit now."

Ivan clicked his tongue. I opened my eyes to see him nod his head to Adrik, who stepped to the side. Ivan stood in front of me and took my hand in his. He motioned for Adrik to look, then he squeezed a spot in between my thumb and forefinger. Initially it hurt, but the longer he squeezed, the better my head felt. I looked at him, my eyes wide. He smirked at me, then moved to a spot just below my wrist, showing Adrik the new spot. This one took a little longer, but as he held the pressure there, my stomach started to feel better and the nausea slowly passed. I looked up at him, my mouth hanging open in shock. "How did you do that?"

He smiled at me. Winking, he said, "you're not the only one that hates doctors and taking pills."

I wrapped my arms around his neck. "Don't tell Andrei, but you're my favorite now." I kissed his cheek. "Thank you."

He looked at Adrik and said, "I can show you more spots to help her. Some on her foot too. Acupuncture will help her get relief."

"Whatever she needs. I can have someone come here for acupuncture every day if she needs it. Whatever makes her feel better and not have to sleep for days at a time. It's getting boring without her," he said, winking at me.

Viktor laughed from across the kitchen. "We all tried to hang out with Tori, since she's here this weekend. It's not the same. Not the same at all."

I put my hands over my mouth. "Oh no! Is Bubba okay? Is he in trouble now? Do we need to save him?"

Viktor chuckled. "When is he not in trouble?"

"Harsh. But fair. She is wound much tighter than I thought she was going to be. I'm somewhat regretting facilitating that arrangement," I said. Ivan had taken my other arm and was pressing on the acupuncture points on that arm to help give me more relief as we talked. Adrik watched him closely, like he was taking mental notes. I thought for moment, then added, "it is a unique situation that you guys are in, though. It's a lot for someone to walk into."

Ivan looked down at me, changing the pressure point to the one below my wrist. "You did just fine."

I smiled up at him. "Because I embrace the chaos."

He laughed. He let go of my arm. "Better?" he asked as he stepped away.

I patted my stomach. "So much better. I feel like I can eat soon. Maybe."

Adrik returned to stand beside me, his arm around my waist. He kissed my cheek. "I'm so happy you feel better, solnishko." He looked genuinely relieved. I leaned into him, resting my head on his shoulder. "I will get you acupuncture. Whatever helps your appetite. You're too bony now," he said poking my hip bone. "You're going to start bruising me. I'm very delicate." He smiled down at me, kissing me quickly.

"You're the reason I have to wear a dress in public, so you did this to yourself."

Ivan said, "hey hey hey, no fighting you two. You sound like Andrei and Tori. We need one couple that's happy."

I laughed, pulling Adrik in front of me. I turned him to face Viktor and Ivan so he could still talk to them and hung my arms over his shoulders, resting my chin on his shoulder. He grabbed both my hands and held them in his. "Have you met me, Ivan? Don't you know by now that I'm rarely serious?"