

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 62

Chapter Sixty-Two

Sephie

The guys stayed in the penthouse for a few hours. I managed to stay awake the whole time. Big day, indeed. They discussed business, but then switched to what I'd missed while I'd been sleeping for days at a time.

Misha was teasing Andrei for being in the doghouse with Tori again. "What did you not do this time, Bubba?" I asked.

"She's mad at me. I was supposed to go to the house for a couple days, but I stayed here in case you woke up. We were all worried about you, Sephie," he looked at me sheepishly.

I got up and moved beside him on the couch. I curled up next to him, hugging him. "You're the sweetest, Bubba. You also succeeded in making sure Tori will forever hate me, but I can't be mad at you." His giant arms hugged me tight.

"I've missed my spider monkey," he said quietly. I laughed, hugging him tighter.

Everyone left as it got dark outside. Adrik cleaned up the few dishes in the kitchen, keeping a watchful eye on me. "Are you tired again, solnishko? You've been up for quite a while."

"I'm a little tired, but I'm tired of sleeping. I haven't done anything but sleep for days." I stretched my sore muscles.

"We can go lie down. You might fall asleep again. You need to rest. Doctor's orders. My orders too," he said walking to me, his hands grabbing my hips and pulling me to him. I wanted to kiss him but didn't want to make our two-week prison sentence any worse than it already was. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't be tempted. "Are you okay? Is your headache back?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"No. No, I'm just trying to not look at you, so I won't want to fuck you. It's not working. I still want to." I said, smiling but keeping my eyes closed.

He cursed in Russian under his breath. "Two weeks. Just two weeks," he muttered as he picked me up and carried me to the bedroom.

I kept my eyes closed, as it did make my head feel better. Movement was still sketchy for my brain to process. It also helped me ignore my growing desire to jump on top of him and rip his clothes off. I felt the bed dip as he got into bed beside me. "Come here," he said, pulling me toward him. I rolled over and felt his arms wrap around me as I rested my head on his naked chest. His hand found its way under my shirt, lightly running up and down my back. I sighed, loving it anytime his hands were on me. "Two weeks," he muttered as he pulled me closer. I draped my leg over his, as I started to fall asleep yet again. I heard him curse softly. "Two weeks," was the last thing I heard before falling asleep.

A week had passed since Misha and I were attacked. My head felt better, for the most part. I still had bruising of course and my stitches wouldn't come out for another week. I hadn't left the building since the attack, but I could at least go to the lower floors to visit Ms. Jackson and Mr. Turner, as well as hang out with the guys when Adrik was busy. I was starting to feel like the annoying little sister, as I followed them around, but was still unable to do anything.

We had the ball in two weeks. Apparently, it was a yearly occurrence in the city. The city's wealthiest people would get together for some kind of fundraising prospect. Adrik told me they changed the recipient every year. This year was a children's charity. This year was also when Adrik was being given an award from the people of the city, for his work in the city and his devotion to the people, so he had to be there. Which meant the guys also had to be there. Which meant I also had to be there.

I was not looking forward to having to wear a formal dress for an entire evening. And heels. I knew I was going to fall at some point. I'd already told all the guys they were going to have to take turns holding me off the floor so I wouldn't have to walk. They promised they would help me out. I also got a dress that was long enough that I could take my shoes off and no one would know. If this event took too long, I was depositing my shoes in the nearest plant and walking around barefoot.

The bright side of all of this was that my three day fast after the attack, as well as my appetite still not returning to normal, meant I had lost the five pounds I was hoping to lose before the event, which was helpful since I wasn't allowed to run or workout for another week. I was still basically useless. And bored. So bored.

I got a call from the shop where I got my dress. They wanted me to come in for a fitting before they sent the dress home with me. Because I was slightly tall for a girl, it meant I needed extra length, so they had to special order the dress for me. Andrei was free, so he was the lucky guy that got to take me. Viktor had been the one to go with me to pick the dress out, which was a hilarious sight. This giant Russian bear of a man looking at pretty dresses with his boss's girlfriend.

Viktor offered valuable insight, however. He could tell me what kind of dresses Adrik's past girlfriends had worn to such events. I was fairly certain that they showed way more skin than I was planning to, but I was also certain they did not have as many imperfections to hide as I did. I decided on a black halter neck gown that had a lace bodice and back, so it covered most of my back. My arms and shoulders were exposed. You could see the faintest bit of my scars, but they were mostly covered. It also had a very high slit in the skirt, so I wasn't being completely prudish.

When I came out of the dressing room to show Viktor, he was speechless and told me that Adrik would love it. "You must buy that one, sestrichka. You must. None of his girlfriends have ever worn anything like that. He will love it. You look beautiful."