

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 24

Chapter Twenty-Four

Adrik

I felt her stir in my arms, trying to reposition herself. I opened my eyes just enough to see that it was daylight outside and to make sure that she wasn't wanting out of my grasp. She was still sleeping, her breathing still steady and heavier than it would be were she awake. Her head was on my arm, one of her arms draped over my chest. Instead of closing my eyes, I found myself watching her as she peacefully slept next to me. I gently brushed her wild hair away from her face. Her porcelain skin giving her a doll-like appearance when she was sleeping. Freckles dotted her face. Her long eyelashes resting on her cheeks. I could stare at this woman sleeping every day for the rest of my life.

She inhaled and made a small whimper noise. I gently raised my arm underneath her head, moving her to my chest. She barely stirred, only snuggling into my chest, and draping her leg over mine. I smiled, knowing she was sleeping peacefully with me. It made me happy to know that she felt safe with me. That her nightmares wouldn't haunt her when she was with me.

My mind went back to the night before, as I gently twirled her curls around my fingers. She mentioned she was at her uncle's house when her dream first started. What uncle? What had happened that night that she couldn't say? If her uncle had hurt her, I would end him. How did she know about Anthony's plan? She wasn't even in the meeting room when I lost it on Anthony for disrespecting her. She couldn't have known.

I sighed. I needed to stop thinking about that right now or my anger was going to get the best of me. I ran my hand down her back to the bottom of my shirt that she was wearing. It had ridden up and was exposing just the bottom of her ass. My hand found its way under the shirt to her soft skin. I started to run my hand up her back, underneath the shirt, when her hand caught mine and stopped it.

Without moving, she sighed. "I...I have scars."

"Everyone has scars, solnishko. I have scars too."

She stayed silent but sat up. She turned away from me and grabbed the bottom of the shirt, lifting it over her head. As she lifted her shirt, she revealed at least 30 lash marks crisscrossed across her back. Her milky white skin helped to camouflage them slightly, but they were evident. Her back had been ripped open at some point. It was shocking. Her shoulders slumped and her head was down.

I did the only thing I knew to do. I sat up and kissed the back of her shoulder. I ran my hands lightly over her back. At first, she jumped at my touch, but eventually relaxed into it. After a few moments, I said, "you're beautiful." I kissed the back of one shoulder, across her back, to the other shoulder. I could feel her relax a little and her breath hitched like she was trying to hold back tears. I moved her hair out of the way and kissed the back of her neck. She leaned back to me, still silent. I moved so that she was sitting in between my legs and pulled her back against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and just held her, like we were in the shower the night before. She leaned her head back against my shoulder, so I bent down and kissed her neck. She was clutching my shirt to her chest, but her grip relaxed the longer I held her. It wasn't like her to stay silent for so long. I knew she was fighting demons of the past in her head.

She took a deep breath in. I could almost feel her gathering her strength. Before she could speak, I asked, "uncle?"

She nodded but remained silent. I pulled her close and gently said, "you don't need to tell me right now. When you're ready. Right now, you just need to know that you're my solnishko and that will never change."

She reached up with one hand and quickly wiped her eyes. She leaned her head all the way back and looked up at me, over her shoulder. "Good morning," she half-laughed, like she was still choking back a sob.

"Good morning. How did you sleep?" I asked, still running my hands over her naked body in my lap. My morning wood unabashedly poking her in her back. Her nakedness was not helping that go away anytime soon.

"Better with you," she said more steadily this time. She smiled sweetly up at me. I felt my heart stop every time she smiled at me.

"Then we will have to do it more often. The pinky swear must be upheld."

She laughed. Loosening her grip on the shirt, she inadvertently exposed more of her full breasts. Since she couldn't see my face, I took the opportunity to ogle her. I have no shame. I'm okay with that.

She was, after all, a gorgeous woman, completely naked, in my lap, in my bed. It was yet another Herculean test of my will to not throw her down and take her right then. She had clearly been through rough experiences, though, so I wanted it to be her idea. I would wait.

Hopefully not much longer, I thought to myself as I stared at her half-exposed breasts, wanting desperately to feel them beneath my hands. Instead, I wrapped my hands around her shoulders, massaging gently. She moaned in appreciation. This was not going to help my morning wood, but I loved hearing her moan. I caught myself wondering what else I could do to her to make her moan louder.

Before it became too difficult to control myself, I kissed the crook of her neck and got up from the bed. I walked to the bathroom. I needed a cold shower, but I opted for splashing cold water on my face instead. When I came back, she had put the shirt back on. My shirt was big on her, falling slightly off one shoulder as she was still sitting up in bed. Her knees pulled up in front of her chest, giving me a view of her long legs. In short, she looked sexy as hell.

I caught her watching me walking back to the bed. Her bright eyes darkening ever so slightly as she bit her bottom lip. I crawled in front of her, reaching and swiping my thumb across her bottom lip so she would stop biting it. "You're going to have to stop that unless you want me to lose all control right now."

Her mouth fell open slightly and her eyes went wide for just a moment. She looked like she wanted to say something, but instead closed her mouth. I just smirked as I laid on my back in front of her. She looked me up and down a few times, then asked, "will you show me the rest of your favorite places here today?"

"Of course, solnishko. Today, we can do whatever you want. It's Sunday. Business can wait until tomorrow."

Her eyes lit up, "I can spend the whole day with you?"

I nodded. She grinned, hugging her knees. She was adorable and sexy all at once, I was going to have to make a rule that she always had to wear my shirt to bed. I was struggling to not stare at her,

She jumped up. "I'm going to get dressed and then I want you to finish showing me around. I want to see everything!" she said, practically running out of my bedroom. I would've preferred to lay in bed with her for a while longer, but I could handle showing her the rest of the grounds. Dragging myself up, I went to get dressed as well. I grabbed a pair of jeans and another t-shirt and threw them on. In the bathroom, I ran my hands under the water and through my hair. I needed to shave, but I wasn't going to take the time to do it right now.

I heard my phone buzzing on my nightstand. I checked the text message, from my spy at the private airport.

Flight path logged. Italy.

Hmmm. This might be a distraction. Or he might be leaving. With his closest associate having been captured, he might be scared.

I'll have people there. If he shows, that plane cannot leave. If he's not there, let the plane leave.

Yes, sir.