

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 58

Chapter Fifty-Eight

Sephie

The ride back from the hospital was somewhat excruciating. They had given me painkillers at the hospital before I left. but they hadn't kicked in yet and my head was pounding. Adrik had taken his shirt off before climbing into the backseat with me and thrown it over my head to make it darker for me. I kept the shirt over my head and hid my face in his chest for the entire ride. His arm stayed securely around me, keeping me stable, while his thumb gently traced circles on my hip. Once in the parking garage, I peeked out from under his shirt as he carried me to the elevator. The light wasn't as bright, so I stole a look up at him. His face was tight, pensive. He was worried. Or angry. Or both.

He took me straight to the bedroom and laid me on the bed. I felt the bed dip as he sat beside me.

"What can I do, Persephone? What do you need most right now?" he asked, concern evident in his voice.

I groaned. "Once the painkillers kick in and my head stops pounding, I'll be fine."

He took my hands in his. I could tell he was looking them over. I had a memory flash from right after the incident. I looked at my hands, noticing the bruises already appearing on my knuckles. I had another flash, of something familiar, but I couldn't remember clearly. It was like a déjà vu moment, where I had been there before.

"How is Misha?" I asked, still not opening my eyes.

I felt his hand on my stomach. "You can open your eyes, solnishko. I closed the windows."

"I'm sorry, you did what?"

"Closed the windows. It should be dark enough in here, but if it's still too much, I'll close the last one all the way."

I opened my eyes, to almost complete darkness. "How did I not know this was a thing that could happen?"

He chuckled. "I rarely use them, but there are blinds in all the windows. I enjoy the view, so I leave the windows open most of the time. I never thought about it until now."

I sat up slightly. The painkillers were beginning to work so my head was starting to pound less aggressively.

"Is good?" he asked.

"Much better, thank you. Now, how is Misha? Are you angry with him? Please don't be angry with him. I can't remember everything yet, but I know it wasn't his fault."

He stared at me for a moment. His lips curled into a small smile. "You're covered in blood, some of which probably isn't yours, you just left the hospital and you've been ordered to basically bed rest for two weeks." He reached up and very lightly ran his finger down the side of my face. "And you have stitches in your beautiful face, but you're worried about Misha and whether I'm angry with him?"

"Basically, yes."

"Misha is fine, love. He feels terrible about what happened, but it wasn't his fault, like you said. He did everything he could. That is all I could ever ask." He leaned down and kissed my lips so gently that I almost didn't feel his lips on mine. Those painkillers must be kicking in faster now,

"Good. I feel like there's something I'm forgetting about it though. Something important." I thought for a moment. "Something felt familiar about it, but I can't place it."

"Familiar how?" he asked, his eyebrow raised.

"I'm not sure yet. It was like a feeling of déjà vu. Like I've seen it before, you know?" I looked at him. My brain was desperately trying to grasp something that was just out of reach.

He thought for a moment. "You should be resting, solnishko. It will come to you. I'll talk to Misha again about what happened, maybe he can shed some more light on it. We have the men that attacked you, as well. We'll get answers from them," he said, cracking his neck to the side. If I didn't know him, I would think it was scary as hell, but I found myself slightly turned on by his anger.

How many drugs did they give me again?

He looked me over. "How is your head? Do you feel up to a shower before I put you back to bed?"

I looked down at my clothes. My shirt was red. And sticky. It was originally a white shirt. It was also now torn, along with my shorts. My left leg had road rash on it, as did my left arm and hip. I looked to him, the painkillers now making me feel like I was floating and somewhat giddy, and said, "are you trying to tell me that you don't want a piece of this right now?" I ran my hands over my beat-up body, for emphasis.

He laughed. "You are amazing. I'll go turn the shower on," he said kissing my lips once again. "Wait here. I will help you." He looked at me sternly as he got up to leave.

While he went to the bathroom, I made a feeble attempt to get up from the bed. As soon as I was upright, the room was spinning. I sat right back down on the bed, trying to make it stop. I felt his hands on my arms and I said, "um, this might be a bad plan. Unless you can make the room stop spinning when I stand up."

"Stay here. I have an idea."

I heard him go back to the bathroom. More water running. Suddenly I was very sleepy. I can just take a nap before he comes back. That'll be ok. I laid back on the bed, my legs still over the side. I vaguely remember him coming back. He pulled me upright and took my clothes off. Then I was in the air, adding to the floating feeling from the painkillers, then I was being submerged in warm water.

My eyes were barely able to stay open, but I knew I was in his arms. I just snuggled close to him, and I didn't care about anything else. I felt the vibration of his laugh as I drifted off to sleep.