

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 82

Chapter Eighty-Two

Sephie

We all woke much later than normal the next morning. I spent time walking around the house and the patio behind the house, trying to loosen up my still sore body. Adrik stayed by my side the entire time. I could walk by myself, but it was easier if I could lean on someone. He wouldn't let me take a step without him there. Always there. Always ready to help me.

By mid-morning, everyone was awake. Isabella had left some food out for us, since none of us had made it to breakfast. We were all picking at the food while getting organized to leave in a few hours. Six motorcycles showed up in pairs, Andrei and Viktor moving them from their storage spot to the house. I had to admit, I was slightly nervous about how I was going to feel by the end of the day, but I had spent so much time last night convincing everyone I would be okay that I couldn't go back now.

Misha walked up to us, carrying a leather jacket in one hand. He handed it to me, "here, gazelle, this is yours. Make sure it fits."

I took the jacket from him, realizing it was a motorcycle jacket, with extra protection and reinforcements built into it. Where was this thing a few nights ago...?

It fit like a glove. I looked up to see Adrik's eyes filled with lust as he watched me. I knew he was struggling. He wanted so badly to hold me tightly, to kiss me with every bit of passion he could muster, but I was so bruised and battered that he had to be gentle with me.

As I slipped out of the jacket and handed it back to Misha, I whispered to Adrik, "we might need a bike when we get home just so I can wear that more often." I winked at him as his cheeks flushed.

Everything was packed up and divided between backpacks that the five guys had. They somehow managed to also fit my few things and Adrik's into their packs, so I wouldn't have to wear one. I was both grateful and impressed with their packing abilities.

I pulled my hair into a low ponytail to get it out of the way of the helmet. Viktor saw me and walked over to me. "You will regret this later, sestrichka," he said, pulling on my ponytail elastic. I looked at Adrik, confused. Viktor just silently started to braid my hair for me. When he was done, I turned to look at him, shocked that my giant Russian bear knew how to braid. He shrugged his shoulders. "I used to have long hair. You would've never been able to get the knots out of your hair by the time we get there."

I opened my arms to him. "Come on. Bring it in." I kissed his cheek when he bent down to hug me gently.

Adrik walked up to me, inspecting Viktor's handiwork after Viktor had walked away. He was looking at me, but he was also lost in a memory. I knew he was thinking back to the night we met. His finger lightly trailed down the side of my face and my neck, his blue eyes taking in every detail of me. His fingers gently lifted my chin, and his lips were on mine. He was still holding back, afraid he would hurt me still, but I still closed my eyes and enjoyed his touch.

"You took your antibiotic and your superprofen, solnishko?"

I nodded. "An hour ago. It's kicking in already. I feel a little better."

"Good. You should be able to take it again when we get there." He kissed me one more time and handed me my helmet. He climbed on the bike and looked toward me. I didn't see Ivan walk up while I was putting on my helmet. I just felt his hands under my arms as he lifted me up and set me on the bike. I grinned; thankful I didn't have to try to step onto the bike with my hip. I signed a "thank you" to him as he walked to his bike.

Adrik sat up, pulling my arm around him. I heard him in my helmet, "you hold on as tight as you need to, solnishko."

"Wait, I can hear you in my helmet. Are we psychic now? Did that just happen?"

I heard Misha laughing in my helmet too. "Gazelle, they're all connected so we can talk to each other."

"Wait, I can hear all of you? Damnit. That means I can't talk sh it about you guys to Adrik the whole way. That's it. I'm not going."

More laughter. Ivan spoke up. "Remember you promised to tell me if this is too much, princess. I'm holding you to that. We'll have to stop a few times anyway, but if you need to stop more, tell me."

"I promise, Grumpstiltskin." I felt Adrik's arm on top of mine, his fingers laced through mine. We started to move, and he leaned down, pulling me with him. We pulled out of the driveway, Ivan and Viktor in front, Misha beside us, and Stephen and Andrei behind. Misha looked over, pointed to me, and gave me a questioning thumbs up after a few miles. I nodded my head as he pumped his fist once in the air. I smiled and shook my head.

I spent most of the ride enjoying the scenery as we sped through the countryside. I couldn't see over Adrik's body to see how fast we were going, but we weren't taking a leisurely ride, for sure. We would weave in and out of traffic effortlessly as we passed through small towns. We would only slow down as we entered small towns where people were walking on the side of the road. We had to wait for one man to get his goats across the road.

As soon as we left the towns, it was back to pushing the upper limits of the bikes. I held on tightly to Adrik anytime we accelerated. He would feel me squeeze tighter and would place his arm over mine, lacing his fingers through mine.

We finally made it to a larger city and stopped for gas. It had been a few hours and I was happy to be able to stand up for a minute. Before I could even attempt to get off the bike on my own, Misha had jumped off his bike and was lifting me off. He set me down gently, making sure I was steady on my feet before he took his helmet off.

There were a few customers trying not to stare, but very obviously staring at our little group. There was a car full of what looked like college-aged girls. Their jaws dropped when Misha took his helmet off. He hadn't noticed as he was busy filling the gas tank on his bike. I walked to his side and asked quietly, "are we coming back this way when everything is done?"

"Maybe? We haven't decided. We might leave from Naples. Why?" He looked puzzled.

I discreetly nodded my head in the direction of the car full of girls. "Because you can have an Italian baby in about nine months if you want one."

He was still looking at me but cut his eyes toward the car full of girls. His wide smile stretching across his face. He ran his hand through his hair. I heard not so quiet exclamations from the group. "You could have all of them, without even trying." I said as I winked at him, walking back to Adrik.

He had left his helmet on but took it off when he saw me coming toward him. More exclamations from the group of girls. While I was more than willing to be a wingman for Misha, they were lusting after the wrong one when it came to

Adrik. I glanced in their direction to make sure they were watching as I walked to him, wrapping my arms around him, and kissing him. He smiled against my lips, "did you just publicly claim me, solnishko?"

"Damn straight I did," I said with my best devilish grin.

He kissed me once more. "You're allowed to publicly claim me anytime you feel the need, my love."