

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 149

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Nine

Ivan

They eventually take me to a room with Andrei. Everyone else is in there, as well. Sephie wouldn't let go of me. She even made me scoot over so she could share the bed with me. The nurses looked at her like she was in sane for making me move.

They don't know she's the go ddamn princess.

I'm exhausted, but I don't want to risk falling asleep. I know what happens when I go to sleep when I'm in the hospital. They're going to have to hold me down to keep me from hurting myself or someone else. It always takes all of them to hold me. They're a man down, which worries me. I don't want to put Sephie in danger from my demons.

A new nurse comes in and informs Sephie that visiting hours are almost over and she'll have to leave soon. I was dreading this moment. I knew she would have to leave again and my He ll would begin. Sephie just laughed at the nurse. She told the nurse to call the doctor and ask whether he thought it was a good idea for her to leave.

The nurse tried to intimidate Sephie into leaving. She better cover her nose, too. Sephie just stood up, which made Adrik, Viktor, Stephen, and Misha all stand up behind her. Sephie didn't even look at them, she knew they were behind her, ready for whatever she needed. She took one step toward the nurse. Crossing her arms across her chest, she said calmly, but firmly, "call Dr. Williams."

This nurse doesn't know the danger her nose is in. She's fighting a losing battle.

Misha was settled onto the small bed they brought in for him. Viktor and Stephen were trying to get some sleep, the best they could, in the chairs they were in. Adrik was too, but he was still clearly missing Sephie and worried about her. He would open his eyes every so often to check on her, then he would close his eyes again. It's probably killing him to be apart from her right

now.

Sephie looked at me and whispered, "you should sleep, Squishy. I won't leave. I promise." I had a sudden feeling of panic at the thought of trying to sleep right now.

"Promise?" I asked. I would try if she was going to stay with me.

"Pinky swear, even," she said, holding her pinky up. I looked at her, having no clue what she was talking about. "Right. Let me introduce you to the pinky swear. It's the holiest of swears there is. Like completely trumps swearing on all things holy, on your mother's grave, on your life, all of it. It's the holiest of holy swears. Like the pope himself can't even make a pinky swear because he's not holy enough."

One of the best things about Sephie was her child-like innocence. She was a grown woman, tougher than any other woman I'd ever known, but she was still taking things like pinky swears seriously. Very seriously, apparently. I'd heard her and Adrik talk about It before, but never knew what they were talking about, until now. Her ability to bring light to even the worst situations was astonishing. I hoped she never stopped.

I grabbed her pinky with mine. She said, "I pinky swear that I will not leave you." I belived her. It was, after all, the holiest of holy swears.

As long as I could hear her voice, it kept the as shole doctor away. I didn't worry that I would turn into him. I didn't have to fight him or the memories that came with him. Her voice kept me in the darkness, where I wanted to be. Where I could relax. Where it was quiet,

I would occasionally lose her voice and each time, the doctor's face would start to appear in front of me. Like he was waiting for her to disappear so he could come back. Can he get to her? Is he making her go away? Each time, I start to struggle, worried that he's gotten to her too. I would hear her voice come back and the scene in front of me would disappear.

Once we got back to the house, I could tell that Sephie was exhausted. I knew she didn't get much sleep the night before because she was busy keeping my demons at bay. I assured her I would stay awake so she could get at least a few hours of sleep. "Go. Your go ddamn prince misses you."

I knew Adrik was fine with Sephie being around all of us. He trusted us and none of us would ever do anything to betray that trust. We'd been through too much together to ever jeopardize that. It was obvious, anyway, that Sephie only had eyes for Adrik. She looked at him very differently than she looked at the rest of us. She loved us, for sure, but not in the same way. Misha nailed it when he called her our little sister. That's how we all felt about her. The sometimes bratty, sometimes spoiled, but mostly adorable and always hilarious little sister. The go ddamn princess.

While everyone else was asleep, I took the opportunity to set up having Sephie's piano delivered to the penthouse. I knew we'd be away from the penthouse for a few days, so it would be the perfect time for it to be delivered, without fear of her seeing it. I spoke to Craig, telling him that something had come up and we were away for a few days, but that I would let him know when we were coming back so he could be there for the reveal. I promised he'd be there, and I was always good on my word.

With everything that happened, I hadn't had a chance to tell Adrik about the surprise. He'd be happy to know how well it was going to turn out. I'd never seen him try so hard to make someone else happy before he met Sephie. With the few girlfriends he'd had before her, it was almost like they were an afterthought to him. If they asked him for something, he'd give it to them, but otherwise, I never got the impression that he thought about them very much, if at all.

This was not the case with Sephie. He thought about her constantly. Worried about her constantly. Anytime he was away from her, he was almost grumpy until he could get back to her. And it had been like this since the first night he met her. As soon as Viktor and Andrei pulled Anthony off her in the hallway of the restaurant and Adrik picked her up that first time, he's never been able to keep his hands off her since. She can't stay away from him either. She might come to one of us for a bit, for whatever reason, but she always finds her way back to him.

I couldn't exactly explain it, but I felt a deep need to make sure that she was always able to find her way back to him.

I was left alone with my thoughts for a while before everyone woke up. Most of the time, this wasn't the ideal scenario. I preferred to keep busy. It was easier when I was busy and distracted. Not being able to do much meant I couldn't distract myself and had to sit with the memories that always come back when I'm forced to go to a hospital.

I would get angry with myself for still being haunted by it. It was over. It was done. I got myself out of there. I did what Thad to do. That was the one good thing that came from that situation, at least. I learned that I never needed to rely on anyone ever again. I could get myself out of any situation that I had also gotten myself into.

It had been ten years since that night when I broke out of the hospital. I didn't have much contact with any of the other boys in the program, as they would keep me away from everyone else as punishment. But I talked to one of the nurses. I think she took pity on me. She would sometimes sneak me food when they had taken it away from me because I refused to do whatever they told me. She was nicer than the other nurses, too. She always looked genuinely concerned.

The night I broke out was her night off. I wanted to make sure I didn't do anything to harm her. I knew she would try to stop me and I was determined to leave, no matter what. It wasn't much, but she was nice to me when no one else was. I didn't see to harm her.

happened to her. I al

to her. I always felt a little guilty because it

It

at I stole

doors. They would find out and think she helped me, I'm sure. I hoped she didn't get hurt. The only solace I could take was that it wasn't directly from my hands if she did get hurt