

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 284

Chapter Two Hundred Eighty-Four

Adrik

“What the f**k happened?” Dr. Williams asked as we pulled Sephie from the backseat of the SUV. He immediately started to look her over as we transferred her to the hospital bed.

“She and Ivan were kidnapped,” Misha said.

Ivan had walked up. “Her left shoulder is dislocated and that arm is likely broken too. She has broken ribs on that side and I’m almost positive she has a punctured lung. I’m sure there’s more, but that’s all I know for sure,” he said.

Dr. Williams nodded as we walked quickly down the hallway. He looked to Ivan, “and what about you? You also look like holy hell, but I’m not gonna lie, I’m terrified to look at you without her.”

“I can manage until she’s fine, doc,” Ivan said.

“We need to get her x-rayed to find out what we’re dealing with. I can hear her wheezing. She’s having trouble breathing. I know she reacts differently to anesthesia. Anything else I should know about?” Dr. Williams asked Ivan.

“Yeah, she doesn’t go anywhere without him,” he said pointing to me. “He is to her what she is to me. Keep him with her.”

“Noted.”

We walked onto an elevator while the guys stayed behind. Dr. Williams looked at me, then looked at my hands. “I’m hoping the guys that did this to her are in much worse shape than she is?” he asked.

“I’m just getting started,” I said.

“Good. What about the brawn situation? I heard about the explosions throughout the city. I’m hoping it had to do with taking care of that?” he asked.

“Taken care of. They grabbed her when Ivan was getting her to safety before we blew the warehouses,” I said.

“That’s a small relief,” he said as we exited the elevator. The nurses gave me funny looks as we walked into the x-ray room.

“Make a note in her chart that this man stays with her, no matter what. There’s also five more downstairs that are to stay with her overnight. I don’t want any problems from any of the nurses.” The nurses looked puzzled, but didn’t argue.

Dr. Williams liked to talk while he worked. “What about Ivan? He doesn’t look so good. I’m not sure I believe him that he can last until she gets well enough to work her magic on him. Do you have any other way for me to look at him without him killing me?”

I felt Sephie squeeze my hand faintly. When she did, the memory of Misha recording her playing the piano came into my head. I knew Sephie put it there. Even unconscious, she was still trying to help Ivan. “I have one idea that might work. He’s generally okay with minor stuff. If it’s something that would require anesthesia on a normal person, that’s where the real problem is. She’s the only one that’s ever been able to calm him like she does.”

I’ve never seen anything like it in my life. What’s your idea, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“She plays piano. She’s incredibly talented. Ivan gets stuck in his memories when he has to go to the hospital. He’ll wake up fighting like he did with you regularly. It’s a waking nightmare for him. In his mind, he’s back in his past, fighting for his life. In reality, he’s fighting us and we’re just trying to keep him from hurting himself or someone else. She can break him out of it, but

it means she can’t sleep while he sleeps. One of the guys recorded her playing the piano and that’s enough to keep him from getting sucked back into his nightmare. He knows she’s close by as long as he can hear her playing,” I said.

Dr. Williams had continued to take x-rays of Sephie’s entire body while I was talking. He stopped briefly to look at me. “That’s incredible.” He motioned toward Sephie. “I need to turn her onto her side,” he said, indicating for me to help him. Her body was covered in bruises already. When he saw her back, he gasped. “Holy shi t,” he said, looking to me again.

“Her uncle,” I said.

“F**ck,” he half-whispered as he continued taking x-rays.

Once he was done, he let me know what needed to happen next. “Her left shoulder is definitely completely dislocated. Her humerus is also fractured. She has five broken ribs and one of them has punctured her left lung. It’s difficult to tell from the x-ray, but she does have some blood in her lung and air is escaping into her thoracic cavity. Fortunately, her right lung looks fine.. Unfortunately, she’s going to need to stay in the hospital for a few days to make sure her lung doesn’t collapse. She’ll need a chest tube to help give the air a place to go, so her lungs can re-expand, and oxygen to help her breathe easier. She’s going to be in a lot of pain for a day or two,” he said..

“Pain meds knock her completely out and make it so she can’t eat for days at a time,” I said. “The last time she got seriously hurt, she took ibuprofen. When she got those scars on her back, she said she just took ibuprofen then too.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah. We couldn’t believe it either, but apparently that shi t works for her,” I said, smiling at her. I still had a hold of her hand, not wanting to be apart from her.

We left the x-ray room and went to a surgery room so they could fix her arm. “We’re going to need to sedate her to fix her shoulder. That’s going to be painful if she’s awake. I’ll let the anesthesiologist know about her reaction to normal pain meds. Redheads really do react differently to drugs than everyone else. That’s a real thing,” he said.

It took them a while to put her shoulder back and set her arm. She would have to wear a cast for a few weeks while her bone

healed. They put a chest tube in, which made her breathing quieter. She’d been on oxygen since we got to the hospital, but I could still hear her wheezing. Once the chest tube was in, she started to breathe quietly again. My own anxiety started to calm

down once she started to breathe quieter, too.

We went to a room once they were done. “I’ve sent a nurse down to get the other guys. I’d like to take a look at Ivan, if that’s possible. He looked rough before,” Dr. Williams said.

Once the guys walked into the room, they all looked exceptionally worried. I said, in Russian, “she’s okay. She’s going to have to stay here a few days, but she’s okay.” I looked to Misha, then to Ivan. “Misha, do you have the recordings of her playing on your phone still? The doctor wants to look at Ivan, but Sephie won’t be awake for a while. They had to sedate her to fix her shoulder so it might be a couple days before she wakes up. You should get looked at before that, Ivan,” I said.

“Yeah, Boss, I have them. Do you think that’ll work?” Misha asked Ivan.

“It’s worth a shot, I guess, but it’s probably best if you guys are there, just in case,” Ivan said. He was visibly nervous.

“I’m not leaving her. Do you four think you can handle him if it gets bad?” I asked

“We make it work,” Viktor said “You don’t need to lose her

I looked at the doctor. “han

po with you, but Itay is going as well, but in case they need to hold thn dow recording of her playing a hopefully that will help keep has caly enough Let’s hope you donnel to do anything

invasive on him,” I said, in English.

“You ain’t never lied. Follow me, gentlemen,” he said, walking out of the room leaving me alone with Sephie.

I leaned over her, kissing her forehead. “I’m so sorry, solnishko. Once again, you were never meant to get hurt. I’m so proud of you, though. I heard you with Armando. You got the information we needed out of him. You continuously surprise me with your intelligence. It’s more than that, though. You’re street smart as well. This business. It takes a certain level of cunning. It takes most people a lifetime to figure it out and you just come by it naturally. You’re just amazing, Persephone. You make me want to work harder every single day to make sure I’m worthy of your love.” I grabbed her hand as I sat next to the bed to watch over her. I felt the faintest squeeze on my fingers. I picked her hand up, kissing the back of it. “Sleep, love. I’ll be right here the whole time.”