

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 133

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Three

Sephie

I heard footsteps, then the voice I was dying to hear. “Sephie! Are you hurt?”

“Turns out it was really good, buddy. The day just took a turn for the better,” I whispered in his ear, squeezing him just a little tighter.

Adrik’s arms were around me in seconds. I took a deep breath, finally safe.

“Ivan’s really hurt. He sacrificed himself to get me here. Don’t tell him I said this, but I think he needs to go to the hospital. He’s lost a ton of blood. I can’t lift him by myself. And I don’t know what happened to Andrei and Misha. They got separated from us. There was gunfire but that’s all I know.”

I felt Adrik’s lips on my temple. “They’re fine. Andrei was shot, but non-lethal. Viktor is right behind me.” Just as he said that, I heard the normal sound of the SUV pulling up the driveway. “We’ll get Ivan to the hospital. Andrei is already on the way there. Misha is okay. Are you hurt?”

“No, I’m okay. Ivan took the worst of it. And by that, I mean he took all of it.” I had a flash of when the truck hit us. I could clearly see Ivan turn his body toward me, using his body as a shield from the impact. He looked me in the eye as we came to rest against the parked car. I clearly remember the look on his face. It was like he was seeing something else. At first, he was confused, then he was in awe. “He used his body to shield me, Adrik. He sacrificed himself.”

I wasn’t even aware of the tears falling down my face until Adrik reached down and wiped them away. Viktor ran up the steps and helped Adrik lift Ivan off me. They carried him to the SUV. I got up quickly and climbed into the back with him, leaning him in my lap again. Adrik climbed in the front with Viktor, and we sped away from the house.

I talked quietly to Ivan the whole way to the hospital. I felt like I needed to warn him that we were taking him there. I didn’t think this was going to go well, but we didn’t have a choice.

We were met by Misha and Stephen when we pulled up to the hospital. “Where’s Bubba?” I asked as Misha opened the door to grab Ivan. He looked at me, a small smile on his face, “surgery, gazelle. He’s okay. They’re just getting the bullet out.”

They were met by nurses with a bed for Ivan just outside the doors to the emergency room. They loaded him onto the bed. I tried to go with him, but they wouldn’t let me into the room. I felt Adrik’s arms around me from behind, his face against mine. “We should get you checked out to make sure you’re okay too. You said you’re fine, but you have cuts of your own. Your head is bleeding, solnishko.”

“It is? Are you sure it’s my blood? Ivan was bleeding profusely.” He gently turned me so that I was facing him. A small smile on his face. He pushed a few curls out of my face.

“I’m sure it’s yours, solnishko. Will you let them look at you? Ivan and Andrei are in good hands. They’re tough. They’re going to be fine. I need to make sure you’re also fine. They already checked out Misha.” He pressed his lips gently to mine. He was so calm right now that it made me calm. I inhaled, closing my eyes. He pulled me closer to him, walking us toward another room where a nurse was waiting to check me over. She also had a pair of scrubs for me to change into. My clothes were covered in Ivan’s blood. And maybe a little of mine. I did have a few cuts that I hadn’t even noticed. I got more stitches because I hadn’t had enough stitches at this point in my life. I had a deep cut on my hairline and one on my arm that both required stitching up. Otherwise, my other cuts were mostly from broken glass and would heal on their own.

We waited in the hallway for them to give us word on Andrei and Ivan. While we waited, they asked questions about what had happened, so I recapped what I could remember. I got to the part about shooting the guy in the face and stopped, not wanting to say it out loud as there were people walking up and down the hallway. I knew the word for “shoot” in Russian, so I said that

and pointed to my face. Their eyes went wide. Adrik pulled me against him as I continued to tell them about Ivan waking up getting out of the vehicle and to the bike. Then about the chase on the freeway with the other three bikes, the first one that had shot, and what Ivan had done to give us a clear shot for the last two. Once I told them about me going left, him going right I walked to Stephen. I high fived him once. “That’s from me for teaching me how to shoot. Ivan said he owes you one, as well Stephen laughed quietly.

I then told them about making it to the house and Ivan falling by the front door. I looked to Misha. “What happened on your end? I heard gunfire almost immediately. I assumed it was you and Andrei, but we couldn’t see anything. The truck that hit us blocked the street.”

“We saw you guys get hit. Andrei stopped immediately, but there were guys waiting. They knew we had two vehicles and were trying to separate us. We got out to try to get to you guys, but they started firing immediately. We both took cover, slowly making our way toward you, but it wasn’t fast enough. We saw the guy you hit run toward you. Andrei made a run after him. and that’s when he got hit. They just hit his shoulder, but he was forced to take cover behind a parked car. Viktor and Stephen showed up soon after. They said they got the signal from your beacon, but you guys were already well on your way to the freeway by the time they got to us. They knew Ivan would take you to the house, which is when Adrik left the penthouse for the house.”

I remembered that he had showed up alone to the house. “That reminds me, how did you get to the house again?” I asked, looking at Adrik.

He smirked. “I know how to drive. I just choose not to most of the time.” He laughed at the face I made. “I have a sports car, solnishko. I rarely take it out anymore, but it came in handy today.” He wrapped his arms around me tighter, kissing my temple. I was happy for his warm body next to mine. The scrubs I was wearing were not the warmest clothing choice for a cold hospital

“And did you four just kill everyone or did you leave unfinished business?” I asked Viktor, one eyebrow raised.

He laughed his deep belly laugh. “No unfinished business, sestrichka. Misha and Stephen got Andrei to the hospital, and I left for the house.”

“Good game, everyone. Seriously. I feel like teamwork really made the motherfucking dream work this time,” I said, as they all laughed at me.