

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 200

Chapter Two Hundred

Sephie

Stephen thought for a moment. "Boss is the only thing I've seen stop it for her. His touch seems to calm it down."

I looked at both of them. "I'll be okay. It goes away after a while, but I never know how bad it will get first. Sometimes I lose control of my body when it gets really bad. That's what I'm trying to avoid."

Viktor moved behind me, his giant hands on my shoulders. He didn't say a word, he just calmly stood there like he was willing my trauma to calm down. I took a deep breath. It did actually help.

Dr. Williams walked back into the room with the x-ray films in his hand. He handed Stephen a card, as well. "That's the police unit I'm working with. Each time I hear of a new person who's come in contact with that doctor, I send them there," he said as he clipped the films on the wall to look at them. He looked at them, looked at Ivan, then looked at the films again. He scratched his head, then turned to look at Ivan. "Your break is completely healed. Not only that, but I can't even tell where it was to start with. That's virtually unheard of except in very young children." He looked to me, grabbing scissors from a drawer at the side of the room. He sat on a stool and rolled himself to Ivan. "Let's get the stitches out so you can leave."

He worked quickly, telling Ivan that he still needed to be careful with his arm. "Have you had any pain in your arm lately?"

I couldn't help but laugh. I looked at Ivan, asking in Russian "have you had any pain in your arm ever?" Viktor squeezed my shoulders as he laughed quietly behind me. Ivan grinned at me, but looked at the doctor completely straight-faced, "nope, Doc. It's felt great. You do great work."

As he pulled out the last of Ivan's stitches, he said, "okay, well take it easy for another week or so and then you can start to use it more. It's healed. It's healed better than I've ever seen an injury like that heal in such a short time, so I think you'll be fine." He looked to me. "And please, give the police unit a call. You're the only one that knows what he looks like. We've been trying to get him for over ten years now."

I nodded my head. I went to say something, but Viktor answered for me. "We'll make sure it's taken care of, Doc." His giant hands were still gently resting on my shoulders. He was the calming presence I needed to keep the shaking from getting too bad. Ivan squeezed my hand as he pulled us both up.

"Thanks, Doc," Ivan said as we all quickly walked out of the room. In the hallway, Ivan looked down at me, "you okay, princess?"

I nodded my head. "Papa Bear helped in there. He kept the shaking from getting worse." I felt Viktor silently grab my other hand as we walked quickly down the hallway to the exit.

We were back to the penthouse in record time. Once in the elevator, Viktor told me he was taking me to Adrik's office. I looked to Ivan, still worried about him. "No, Papa Bear, I'm okay. I promise. I screwed up his schedule yesterday. I don't want to screw it up two days in a row. We can go to the penthouse. I'll be okay, it's getting better. I promise," I said, trying to convince him not to interrupt Adrik.

He looked at me skeptically, but relented. "Then you're stuck with us for a little longer until I'm sure you're okay. You've had a rough couple of days, sestrichka."

"I'm surprisingly okay with what happened yesterday. Like, I might be a psychopath I'm so okay with it," I said. I looked at all of them, gauging their reactions to what I said.

Stephen started to say something, but the doors dinged and started to open. He was waiting until we were in the penthouse before he said anything. Before he could speak, I said, "wait a minute, there's something I need to do." I still had a hold of

Ivan's hand. I stopped him and opened my arms for him to give me a real, two-armed hug. "I really need this," I said quietly as I wrapped my arms around his waist. He wrapped both of his giant arms around me and held me tightly as I rested my head on his chest. I inhaled deeply, feeling my body relax a little more.

I stepped back from him, unexpected tears in my eyes. "I can't tell you guys how nice it is to feel safe with you. Like life-changing and that's not just me being overly dramatic, even though I do enjoy that," I said, trying to laugh to keep the tears from falling. I felt Viktor's giant arm around my shoulders, pulling me to him. Once again, he said nothing. He just held me tightly for a moment.

Stephen said, "Sephie, you realize you do the same for us, right?" I tried to peak over Viktor's shoulder at Stephen, who was still behind Viktor, but he was too tall. I turned him so I could see Stephen without letting go of Viktor.

"I do not realize that, Yoden. What do you mean?" I asked.

"Yoden?" he said, looking at me skeptically.

"Yoda and Stephen. Yoden. Come on, not all nicknames stick the first time. Give me a break here. I'm just throwing things out there, seeing what sticks," I said, laughing.

He just shook his head as he said, "we give you physical security, but you give us emotional security. It's the classic masculine/feminine dynamic. We give you a space where you feel safe physically which allows you to give us a space where we feel secure emotionally. So, while you're grateful to us for making you feel safe, we feel exactly the same toward you."

My eyes went a little wide as he was talking. I stepped back from Viktor to look at him and Ivan. They both nodded in agreement with what Stephen said. I thought for a moment, chewing on my bottom lip, not knowing how to respond. I looked at Stephen sideways, "so you're telling me, this whole time, it wasn't my sexual charms?"

He laughed. "You know those things don't work on me, right? I have immunity."

I looked at him, in feigned disbelief. "My milkshake does not bringeth all the boys to the yard?"

That got a loud laugh out of all of them. Stephen walked to me, pulling me into a hug. "Seph, you're just the best."

Viktor and Stephen stayed with me and Ivan in the penthouse for a while longer. I think they were enjoying the break. Eventually, Viktor's phone pulled them away, leaving Ivan and I alone. He looked at me, a serious look on his face.

"Uh oh, Super Squish. Shi t's about to get real," I said, grinning at him.

"About this doctor that did your procedure. I've run into nothing but dead ends. If you can give me a description of him, I can see if that helps jog people's memories. People have heard of him, but no one knows details," he said.

"What about the police?" I asked.

"We should talk to Adrik about that. He's close with the police commissioner. He should be able to get us the information this unit has on this guy, but they're going to want that description in exchange." He thought for a moment, looking at me. "We can do things the police can't, princess, but they don't give up information for free. They need to still feel important," he said, chuckling.

I nodded in understanding. "Have you talked to any prostitutes or their pimps? I'm almost certain that's how my uncle knew about this guy. I think he mostly does abortions for prostitutes. My uncle's friend that knew about the doctor was a pimp. He would come to the house occasionally, but I would always leave when he was there. He gave me the creeps."

"Do you remember that guy's name? We might be able to find him, Ivan asked. He reached up with his previously bandaged

arm to run his hand over his goatee like his arm hadn't been in a sling for weeks.

"Only his street name. His girls used to call him Chucky and that's all I ever heard my uncle call him. I don't think that was his real name though," I said.

"It's a start," he said. "Are you sure you're up for talking to the police about this?"

I looked down, my hands starting to fidget in my lap. I thought for a moment, then looked back up at his concerned face. "I can do it if it means finding this guy. There's no telling what else he's done to other people." I paused, then added, "but you guys are gonna have to go with me. I might not be able to avoid screwing up Adrik's schedule that day."

"His schedule is the least of his worries when it comes to you, princess. He's going to be mad at us for not bringing you to his office today once he finds out. He's told us all before, nothing else matters without you."

"Shut up."

He thought for a moment. "I think the first time he told us that was when we were at the ranch house in Italy. When you were passed out and he couldn't leave you or you'd get sucked back into your nightmare. I went into the room the morning we were supposed to leave and told him we'd all decided we couldn't leave. He agreed and said nothing was more important than you. His empire is replaceable, princess. You are not."

I sat, somewhat stunned, for a moment. I didn't know how to respond. Luckily, Misha came into the penthouse and saved me from having to.

"Gazelle, are you hungry yet? Because I'm starving and we can't decide what to get for lunch, so you're the deciding vote," Misha said, his broad smile stretched across his face. He sat down next to me, his arm around my shoulders.

"What are the choices? Do any of them involve a burrito the size of my head? Because if they do, that's what gets my vote," I said.

He leaned over, kissing my cheek, "this is why you're the best, Sephie. Be back shortly with a burrito the size of your head." My stomach growled loud enough for them to hear. They both looked at me, pretending to be shocked.

"What? Sometimes my stomach feels neglected and needs to be included in the conversation. She has a mind of her own," I said, laughing.