

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 315

Chapter Three Hundred Fifteen

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I did manage to make it through the entire meeting with Henry, even though it lasted well past two hours. However, it did mean that I slept for a full 24 hours after it was over. I was only awake long enough to take my antibiotic and then I'd pass out once more.

Because of my brilliant idea during the meeting with Henry, the guys were now working around the clock to find information linking the current mayor to any of the other bosses or Ricardo, Ivan was going through the information given to us from the journalist again to see if he could find any connection between Ricardo and the mavo

Henry had agreed to give us a little time to see what we could find before taking the information to the mayor. He was considering a run for mayor; it depended on the information we could find. Henry was a mostly good person, but his title took priority over almost everything else. While it's a valid argument that he could do more as police commissioner than he would be able to as a regular citizen, he was still willing to sit on information that would put away a very evil person just to ensure he kept his position for four more years. At some point, remaining in the grey area will come back to haunt you. We, however, knew that even if he sat on the information we provided, Ricardo would still get everything he deserved. Just not publicly.

The guys really did work out a shift schedule for babysitting me while I slept off having to be awake for more than 20 minutes. They tried to leave me alone, but I started mumbling and shaking after a few minutes, so that option was out the window.

"It wasn't so bad, spider monkey. It was nice to have a guaranteed nap every few hours," Andrei said after I finally woke up and they were filling me in on everything I'd missed.

"How did Stephen's undead body temperature not wake me up?" I asked, completely surprised.

It almost did the first time. I used an electric blanket the second time. It fooled you," he said, grinning at me.

"This is the kind of important knowledge that one collects from centuries on this planet," I said.

"You at least look slightly better, princess," Ivan said.

"I do feel better. I think the antibiotic is working. I don't feel like death. I still can't breathe as well as I'd like to, but it's not as bad either," I said.

"What about your appetite

Misha asked..

I thought for a minute. I didn't have the idea of food, but it wasn't exciting either. "Still undecided, but I don't have the idea anymore."

"Baby steps," Misha said, grinning at me.

"Your ribs and shoulder aren't as painful, at least. We moved you several times and you never woke up," Viktor said. "That's progress."

"You did?"

Adrik smiled at "I moved you to the bed at night, then back out here during the day. We had to move you slightly each time the guys would switch. You slept through it all."

"Did you give me any superprofen when you gave me the antibiotic?"

They all shook their heads no. "We never actually thought about that," Viktor said.

I laughed. "I'm not complaining. I'm just surprised I didn't feel that. Apparently, I was dead to the world."

Misha walked over to me, with another carton of yogurt. "It's not time yet for your antibiotic, but you haven't eaten anything in almost two days. You need to eat something, gazelle. Whether you want to or not."

"You're not the boss of me," I said as I took the spoon from him and took a bite, trying not to laugh. "What did you guys find on the mayor while I

was out?"

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Ivan sighed. "We've found a few connections to some of Ricardo's business associates, but nothing that tie them directly. We also can't find anything from any of the other bosses yet."

"Let's ask the journalist," I said, in between bites, still under the very watchful eye of Misha. I couldn't tell if he was watching me to make sure I ate or watching to see when I'd give him the rest.

We recruited Chen once more to have a conversation with the journalist. This time about the mayor and whether he knew anything about any ties to Ricardo or any of the other bosses. Chen was noticeably more relaxed this time when I called to ask him if he would be willing to meet with the journalist.

"Yeah, I'll totally do that. It might be concerning how much I enjoyed lying to that dude's face," he said, laughing.

"We just unlocked a new life goal for you, didn't we?" I asked, trying to hold in my laughter so it wouldn't make me cough.

We set up a meeting at the same café for the following afternoon. Adrik was once again concerned it would be too much for me. "I only just got you back from the last meeting. Now you're going to sleep for an entire day again," he said that night when we were alone. I felt his mood shift when he said it. He was legitimately sad at the thought of me sleeping for an entire day again if I went to the meeting.

"I can feel your sadness," I said, almost surprised by it.

"I've missed you," he said, without hesitation. I hadn't thought about how difficult this had been on him. Not only was he still working through me and Ivan being taken, but he also had to deal with me not being able to do much on my own since coming home and having the extra worry of trying to take care of me when he knew exactly how much pain I was in all the time.

I thought for a moment as he helped me undress so I could put his shirt on for the night. "What if we sent Keith and Chris instead? I was only needed for the Italian possibility, but he knows Chen doesn't speak Italian, so it won't be an issue this time. Viktor and Ivan can feed him all the information about the mayor to tell the journalist."

Adrik stood in front of me, his sexy smirk on his face as he buttoned up his shirt. "You're not going to argue about going?" he asked as he leaned down to press his lips gently to mine.

"I mean, I can if you want me to. But I know how difficult this has all been for you. There's a very good possibility that going along would make me sleep for another day, or longer. Doesn't seem worth it, really," I said, pulling his arm around my waist with my one functioning arm. "And to be honest, I'm very tired of doing nothing but sleeping."

"We'll ask Misha what he thinks about it tomorrow," he said as he gently pushed me back toward the bed.

"I think you should ask Andrei, too," I said as he helped me into bed. He raised his eyebrow at me, wanting more of an explanation. "It was Andrei that stopped Max from dying. Misha wasn't kidding when he said he never would've thought to look for Tori or Max if Andrei hadn't brought it up. I wouldn't have either. I hadn't thought about Max in weeks." I paused to take a few breaths, as talking too much was causing me to cough more lately. "The acupuncturist told me he was like me, too. I want to see what he can do."

"Andrei's like you? How? Like his observation skills?"

"Those are the beginning. She said he'll soon figure out that he knows things before they happen. Like my ability to pretend Trino's methods for revenge. Andrei should be able to do that too. Or something similar."

"He has been much more observant lately. He's been right every single time, too."

"I told him that. He's still insecure about it. He doesn't trust himself completely yet," I said. I was lying on my good side, like normal, with Adrik behind me, his arms around me as tightly as possible. It took exactly two more minutes and I was sound asleep again.

"Is Andrei getting breakfast this morning?" Adrik asked as we walked into the kitchen the next morning. Ivan nodded his head, as he pulled me to him to hug me good morning.

"Good morning, princess," he said, kissing the top of my head.

"Squish," I said, hiding my face in his chest. "Why do I not want to wake up when all I've done is sleep for the last week?"

His laughter made his chest vibrate, which made my nose itch. "You need it, princess. You've had a lot to deal with lately. It also doesn't help that you won't eat very much. Your body is tired from trying to heal and you won't give it any fuel," he said, his giant arms holding me gently.

"But food makes me nauseous, I want to eat. Believe me, I do. But every time I do I feel like I'm going to puke afterward. Sometimes the nausea happens when I think about eating." I said. "It's not fair."

Andrei walked back in with breakfast. "What's not fair?" he asked.

"That I can't eat right now because it all makes me nauseous," I said, grumpily,

"What about drinking? Does that make you nauseous?" Andrei asked.

"Not that I've noticed."

Andrei looked to Viktor. "We should stop and get her bone broth while we're out today. Or we can make her some. My grandmother used to make it. She showed me how. It'll be easy for her to drink, but it should help the lack of food for the last week or so and might kickstart her appetite again."

Adrik caught my eye, a small smile on his face. "Andrei, what are your thoughts about Sephie and I staying here today? I'm worried it will be too much for her if she goes and she'll end up sleeping for an entire day again."

"You should ask Misha that question," Andrei said.

"But I'm asking you," Adrik said, somewhat firmly so Andrei would know not to brush him off a second time. I was watching Andrei, but I caught Misha's eye. He knew what we were up to, giving me a quick wink. Andrei was almost flustered at trying to figure out how to answer the question.

"Don't overthink it, Andrei, or you're going to get in your own way. What does your gut tell you?" Misha said. I walked quietly over to Andrei and grabbed his hand. It worked for Misha, maybe it will work for Bubba.

He took a deep breath when I grabbed his hand and thought for a minute. He looked at Adrik and said, "she should stay here. Her lung is slowly getting better, but she still feels like total shit, despite what she's telling us."

Adrik raised his eyebrow, looking straight at me. His wide smile slowly crept across his face as he knew I was likely regretting telling him to ask Andrei's thoughts on whether I should go or stay. I wasn't expecting Andrei to completely out me like that. I just laughed. There wasn't much else I could do. He was right. Everyone knew he was right.

Adrik walked to me, pulling me gently to him. He was still trying not to laugh, but he was clearly amused at what had just happened. "Looks like you're staying here with me, solnishko," he said, as he kissed my temple. "Maybe more often than you'd like." He finally laughed as I poked him in his

ribs.