

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 12

## Chapter Twelve

Sephie

“Well, you look like you’ve had an exciting morning,” I said.

Ivan walked into the kitchen, eyebrow raised, and his intense gaze burning holes in my soul as usual.

“I see your brush with death didn’t help you develop a sense of humor,” I mumbled under my breath.

Viktor and Andrei both choked back laughter, as they had both heard me.

Misha broke the tension in the room by asking Ivan what happened. He started to respond in Russian, but Misha stopped him.

“Net. In English,” he said, motioning toward me. Ivan once again raised an eyebrow and stared at me but, nonetheless, continued his explanation in English.

“I got tip that Anthony was at a warehouse 3 miles from here. Too close, so I wanted to check it out myself. We get bad information always right now on where that little f\*cker is. If information is bad this time, I take it out on my source.”

While Ivan was talking, Andrei was making coffee for everyone. He sat a coffee cup down in front of me and I signed “thank you” to him. He winked and went about giving everyone else their coffee.

Ivan continued, “when we got to the warehouse, there was activity, but not enough that I suspected Anthony was there. At least not at that moment. There was maybe 10 guys there. I sent Stephen back here to take Boss home. I wanted a closer look, so I moved my position. I was 25 yards from warehouse doors, watching. Trucks come in, men unload, trucks leave. Everything was quiet for maybe an hour, then boom.”

“Holy shit,” I said, under my breath. “Are you okay?”

Ivan looked at me, somewhat surprised. It was like he wasn’t used to people inquiring about his well-being, and he didn’t know what to say. He nodded his head, saying “da” as he took his jacket off. When he turned his back to hang his jacket by the door, we all noticed a huge gash on the back of his shoulder.

“Your definition of fine and mine are clearly different,” I said. Misha went to inspect the gash.

“Looks bad, you might need stitches,” Misha told Ivan.

“Net. No hospital.”

“At least let me clean it up for you so it won’t get infected. I should have bandages that can cover it,” I said standing up from the barstool to go take a closer look at his injury. I quickly went to my bathroom and came back with a well-stocked first aid kit. They all raised their eyebrows when they saw my medical supplies.

“What? I’m clumsy. I get hurt a lot.”

I looked at Ivan and motioned to him, “come here. Take your shirt off.”

He stayed where he was, without moving for a few seconds. Like he was torn between following my orders and not

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allowing me to help him.

“Or you can be stubborn and not let me help, in which case that gash gets infected, and you end up useless to anyone because you’re laying in bed with a fever for days, maybe weeks.”

Misha chuckled and kicked Ivan in the butt, effectively making him take a few steps toward me.

“I like her. She’s feisty,” Misha said.

Ivan mumbled something in Russian, under his breath, but still stood in front of me and pulled his shirt over his head. His entire upper body was covered in tattoos. I glanced at them as he took his shirt off but tried not to stare. He looked at me with his intense gaze and turned around. The gash looked even worse without his shirt.

“Oh boy.” I said. “Misha was right. You might really need stitches.”

“Net. No hospitals,” he said as he turned around to face me again. He towered over me and leaned down to add.

“unless you can do it, princess.”

I held his intense gaze and fired back, “actually, I can stitch it up, as\*hole. It just isn’t going to look as pretty as what you’ll get if a doctor does it. And I have nothing to numb the area, so it’s gonna hurt like a son of a b\*tch, which I will enjoy, but you will not.”

The other three men couldn’t contain their laughter this time and all three started laughing quietly at our exchange.

“Do it,” was all Ivan said as he turned around again. I looked to Viktor, who simply nodded his head. Hopping up on the cabinet so I could better reach his shoulder, I started to clean the wound.

When I got to the antiseptic, I said, “this is definitely going to burn. Please don’t murder me.”

Ivan simply grunted. His arms were crossed on his sizeable chest. When I put the antiseptic on his gash, he didn’t move a muscle. He showed no signs of discomfort. I knew he was tough, but that’s seriously impressive. Antiseptic on open wounds usually feels like you’re being burned by battery acid.

When I got everything as clean and disinfected as possible, I hesitated to start the stitches. “This is going to hurt. I don’t have anything to numb the area. I might have some whiskey in the cabinet. Do you want that? It’ll take the edge off, anyway.”

“Where,” he asked. I pointed over his shoulder to the cabinet the whiskey was in. He grabbed the bottle and downed a sizeable amount in one gulp.

I looked at him, my eyebrow raised, “maybe you should drink more. I’d like to stay alive in this process. You’re a big dude. I’m guessing that wasn’t enough.”

Without a word, he swallowed almost half the bottle. When he was done, he stood in front of me again and said, “do it.”

I stitched him up as best I could. It was not pretty, but it would heal better than if he had no stitches at all. After I was done ensuring he would have a b\*dass scar from this experience, I bandaged the area to protect the stitches.

“All done. Sorry I don’t have a lollipop or anything to give you for being a good boy. But I do appreciate you not murdering this princess in that process.”

Finally. It happened. He laughed. It was small, but I heard it. When he turned to look at me, he had a small twinkle in his eye instead of looking like he was burning holes in my soul. Apparently, whiskey was the key to this man’s softer side.