

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 134

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Four

Sephie

A nurse finally came down the hallway toward us. We all looked at her expectantly. “The gunshot wound is out of surgery. He’s still coming out from under anesthesia, but you’ll be able to see him soon. The vehicle accident victim...” she paused, and I felt my heart drop. She cleared her throat. “He’s proving to be a difficult patient. We’ve given him three times the normal anesthesia and he keeps waking up and trying to leave the table. He’s got a terrible fracture in his arm that we’re trying to fix, along with repairing the soft tissue, but it’s proving to be next to impossible.”

“You have to let me in there. I can keep him calm.” I said, as urgently as I could.

She looked at me like I was crazy, but I think the look on my face told her that I was serious. “I don’t know what else we can try without killing him, so come on.” I followed her quickly to the surgery room. She hurriedly put a sterile gown over my scrubs. I walked in the room ahead of her. Everyone in the room was surprised and protested. I stopped, looking at all of them, showing my anger on full display. “If you don’t let me near him, he will wake up and kill you all. I can keep him calm so you can fix him. Your choice as to which option you want.”

They stepped back. I ran to Ivan’s side. They had tried to tie him to the bed, he was struggling, half-awake, half-asleep, but fighting with everything he had left. As soon as I put my hands on his chest, he stopped struggling. I leaned down to whisper in his ear. “Hi, Super Squishy. These fucking morons wouldn’t let me come in with you, but they’ve learned their lesson. I’m not leaving you again. Promise. They need to work on your arm. It’s broken. You’ve lost a lot of blood. I’m going to be here the whole time. I won’t leave you.” His body relaxed and he leaned his head back. As he inhaled deeply, I looked at the doctors and nurses and nodded my head.

“You can do what you need to do. He won’t resist.”

They stood frozen for a moment, completely shocked at what they just witnessed. The nurse that had allowed me in there, snapped out of it first and brought me a chair to sit in, so I could stay by his head without being in the way. I nodded in appreciation as I sat down, never taking my hand off him.

The doctor got back to work on his arm. Ivan stayed still, his breathing steady. I kept my hand on his chest, my thumb rubbing back and forth gently. He raised his good arm, putting his hand on top of mine and everyone jumped back from the table. “He’s waking up again!”

I felt him squeeze my hand slightly. I looked at the doctor. “He’s been awake since I got in here. Your drugs don’t work on him. Get back to work before his patience runs out.” He squeezed one more time.

It took them over an hour longer to fix his arm. The break was the easiest thing to fix. It was all the soft tissue damage that took the longest to repair. He cut a lot of veins, as well as his brachial artery, which is why he bled so much. They finally got everything repaired and all the bleeding stopped. Once they were done stitching him up, the nice nurse looked at me. “He can go to a recovery room now. You can go back out and wait for him to be transferred to the room with the gunshot victim.”

“You must be crazy to think I’m leaving him again. Do you hate your coworkers? Do you want them all to die tonight, because that’s what’s gonna happen if you don’t keep me with him.”

She looked shocked but didn’t argue. “Come on, then. We’re going to the recovery room.”

He squeezed my hand harder this time. The mass amounts of drugs they gave him wearing off. I bent down closer to his ear, “told you I wasn’t going to leave you again. These people are nuts anyway.” He took one short breath, in between a cough and a laugh. I flipped my hand over and laced my fingers through his, so I could squeeze his hand.

I won’t leave you to the darkness, Ivan.

Ivan was in and out of the recovery room in record time. He had all the nurses completely baffled at how he reacted to anesthesia. They were talking loud enough that I knew he could hear them. He still had an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose, so he couldn’t talk, but his eyes were open. I knew he was completely awake and aware now. I leaned closer to him, so they couldn’t hear me. “They’ve never seen a superhuman before, Super Squishy. You’re the first one. They’ll have your babies, if you want. I’ll get their numbers. You can decide later.”

This time he actually laughed. Both nurses came back to check on him. He looked at me, his eyes smiling. He hadn’t let go of my hand and I wasn’t about to let go of his. I looked at the nurses. “Does he still need the mask? He’s completely awake now. He has been since we got in here, if I’m being honest.”

“How is that even possible? He had like three times the normal amount of anesthesia,” one of the nurses asked me, completely shocked.

“I mean, some people are just superhumans. You should see him leap tall buildings in a single bound,” I said, trying not to laugh. He couldn’t hold it in and started laughing again.

“Okay, we can switch out the mask. He’s definitely awake,” she said, taking the mask off his face and replacing it with the tube that just went under his nose.

“Yeah! Now you can feel like the oxygen is trying to pick your nose. That’s so much better!”

He spoke to me in Russian, so the nurses wouldn’t understand. “Thank you. For staying with me. You’re what pulled me through that.”

I smiled at him, answering him in Russian, “I’m not leaving you until they let you out of here. For their safety.” I winked at him.

The nurses were looking at us curiously, but remained silent. “We’re going to move him to the room with the other guy that came in ahead of him.” I nodded, standing up. I suddenly felt very tired. I looked down at Ivan, knowing he wasn’t feeling anything, and said, “stop hogging the bed, asshole. I want to ride along to the room.”

He sat up and moved over for me sit beside him on the bed before laying back down. Both nurses just stood there, mouths hanging open. “That’s incredible,” one of them said.

I acted like I was discreetly pointing at him, but made it overly obvious. “Superhuman. He also has x-ray vision, in case you were wondering what we were talking about earlier.” I couldn’t help but laugh at their shocked faces. “I’m just fucking with you. Inappropriate humor is how I deal with trauma. It’s been a long day.” Another nurse showed up to wheel us to the room where Andrei was, and I assumed everyone else was too.

Once we left the recovery room, Ivan pulled me over toward his face. “You’re a little bit evil, princess,” he said, quietly.

I laughed. “Maybe just a little, but it’s so fun. Save me from myself I begged. He quietly wrapped his giant arm-around my shoulders as they wheeled us down the hallway