

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 283

Chapter Two Hundred Eighty-Three

Sephie

He walked toward me again and I braced myself for another blow. “I’m going to tape your f**king mouth shut,” he said. If I thought I overdid it before, I was mistaken. The look on Armando’s face when he walked back to me actually made me fear for my life this time. He was so angry that I’d figured out who was controlling him that he might actually kill me this time. I saw movement over his shoulder and the other guy in the room dropped to the ground. I could barely hear the gun with the silencer attached. Armando turned when he heard the guy hit the floor, Adrik and Stephen were standing in front of him.

“Boss, I’m glad you’re here. Sal had them kidnapped. I’ve been trying to get her out of here,” Armando said, switching flawlessly back to the persona that he was a friend to Adrik. He said it so smoothly, that it was almost believable. It might’ve been if they hadn’t heard him beating me earlier through my earpiece. Ivan walked into the room behind Adrik and Stephen. He pulled his earpiece from his ear and held it up for Armando to see. I couldn’t see Armando’s face, but I’m sure he knew he’d f**ked up.

“Oh, by the way, she has one too,” Ivan said.

“We heard everything.” Adrik said. He took his jacket off, never taking his eyes off Armando. He walked slowly to me, taking a knife from one of his pants pockets and cutting the zip tie off my wrists. I tried to hold in the scream when my arm fell limp to my side. I saw Adrik flinch, but he stayed quiet. Even through my pain, I could feel his anger. It was to a level I’d never seen before, but he looked like he was in complete control. He wrapped his jacket around me, then put his fingers under my chin. “Can you give me five minutes, my love?” he asked as he pressed his lips to mine gently. I smiled at him. “Take as long as you need.” I said. He kissed me tenderly once more, then turned back to Armando.

“Ivan, stay with her,” he said in Russian. “Stephen, with me.” He grabbed Armando’s arm, twisting it behind his back painfully as he walked to the other side of the room, farther away from me and Ivan.

I looked at Ivan as he stood next to me. He looked like Hell. “You look terrible, Super Squish,” I said.

“You do too,” he said. He might’ve winked at me, but one of his eyes was so puffy, I wasn’t sure he could even see out of it.

Ivan did his best to keep me distracted while Adrik beat the ever-loving shi t out of Armando on the other side of the room. He noticed me holding my arm and lifted Adrik’s jacket to look closer at it. “He dislocated your shoulder, didn’t he?” I nodded my head.

“I think he broke my arm, too. I heard it snap,” I said, coughing. My ribs were really starting to hurt and I ended up coughing up more blood.

“Did he break your ribs too?” Ivan asked.

“I think so.” The more I talked, the harder it was to breathe. Ivan heard me wheezing.

“Guys, we gotta get her to the hospital. I think her lung might be punctured,” Ivan said. He looked to Adrik, who was still on Armando “Andrei, Misha, Viktor...”

Before he could finish, I put my hand on his arm. “I can stop him,” I said I walked toward Stephen, who looked unsure Adrik had Armando un the ground, straddling him, just letting his fists fly in Armando’s face. If he wasn’t dead, he was definitely unconscious, and definitely was wishing he’d taken my earlier advice. I walked closer and put my hand on his back “Adrik I need you,” I said quietly

His fist stopped muda. He immediately turned to me, jumping to his teet luniled at him, but I was struggling to breathe and just walking the short distance made the start taki

picked me up, walking out at the

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He leaned down and

“What...about...Armando...” I said, in between breaths.

“I’ll send someone up to get him and take him back to the building.” Viktor said in my earpiece. I heard the elevator doors ding Viktor, Andrei, and Misha were in the elevator.

“You guys...are a...sight...for...sore...eyes...” I said, trying to smile at them.

“Don’t talk, princess. We’ll catch up later. If your lung is punctured, you need to breathe as quietly as possible. Talking will make it worse,” Ivan said. He noticed my dislocated and broken arm dangling at my side and picked it up gently. He placed it in my lap. Adrik glanced at Ivan, who said, “it’s dislocated. She thinks it’s broken too.” Adrik just held me tighter in his arms.

Viktor had called ahead to the hospital. Thankfully, Dr. Williams was there and was aware that his two least favorite patients. were on their way. I laughed to myself thinking about the panic attack he was likely having knowing me and Ivan were coming. in.

I was in the backseat with Adrik, still in his arms. I looked up at him, worried about Ivan having to go to the hospital. “Ivan...” I whispered. He looked down at me, searching my eyes. A small smile crept over his face.

“Ivan will be fine. We need to get you taken care of first,” he said. I was suddenly very tired. I just nodded and rested my head on his shoulder. I was only vaguely aware when we got to the hospital. I could feel the darkness trying to take over. I was too tired to fight it. I felt them lift me out of the SUV and felt them place me on a bed. I felt Adrik’s hand in mine once they put me on the bed, but that’s when everything went completely dark.