

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 57

Chapter Fifty-Seven

Misha

“My location. Get here now. Bring everyone.” I hung up the phone, slipping it back in my pocket. I still had one hand on Sephie, trying to make sure she stayed with me. I was concerned about her hitting her head. I didn’t want her to pass out. I knew the adrenaline rush was eventually going to wear off and didn’t want her to crash completely.

The guys were there within minutes. The two men who attacked us had their hands bound behind their backs and were thrown in the back of an SUV. Viktor talked to Mr. Turner, as he had seen everything happen. A few passersby had stopped to help and gave their version of events.

We loaded up and drove back to the penthouse. On the way to the elevator, Sephie started to stumble. She grabbed Ivan’s arm as she was going down. He caught her and carried her straight back to the SUV, taking her to the hospital right away. I jumped in the back with her. I felt responsible for her since this had happened on my watch. I cradled her head on my lap, monitoring her breathing on our short ride to the hospital.

Ivan made it in record time, pulling up to the ER. I got out, pulling her out and running inside with her. I was starting to get worried that she hadn’t woken up by now. Anytime one of us had passed out from a blow to the head, we usually woke up a few minutes later. It had already been 8 minutes and she was still out.

I found a doctor right away who directed me into a room. It probably helped our case that she was covered with blood. I laid her on a bed in the middle of the room. The doctor began checking her over, asking me what happened. I explained about the attack and that she had passed out after.

“She’s probably got a major concussion, but we’re going to run some tests to make sure there’s not more going on in there.

She’s got a pretty good cut above her eye. She hit her head hard,” the doctor said, checking the rest of her. Ivan.

walked into the room, looking more worried than I’d ever seen him.

He spoke to me in Russian, so no one else could understand us. “What the fuck happened?”

“It was a setup. It had to be. Suddenly, there were a ton of people on the sidewalk, just past the hotel. I was just about to stop her so I could keep a closer eye on her when I got tackled from behind. But they went for her at the exact same time. They had to have been waiting for us to pass. The extra people were cover for them.”

“Fuck. It’s been so quiet we got complacent. I was afraid something like this was going to happen. Boss is going to be pissed.”

“Don’t remind me,” I said, running my hand through my hair. I realized I had Sephie’s blood on my hand, but I didn’t care. “He’s going to fire me. I know it. I had a bad feeling just as we left the hotel too. I knew something was about to happen.”

“You did good, kid. Don’t worry about Boss. He’ll surprise you. Just as long as the princess doesn’t die.”

It was like she understood him, because just as Ivan said that Sephie started to wake up. The doctor had stepped out to order her tests. I rushed to her, grabbing her hand. “Sephie! Can you hear me?”

She lightly squeezed my hand. “Why is it so fucking bright in here?”

I laughed. I couldn’t help it. I was so relieved. “Gazelle. You passed out. You’re in the hospital.”

“Makes more sense than the parking garage smelling like antiseptic,” she said trying to cover her eyes with her arm. “Why does my head feel like it’s being split open?”

I looked to Ivan, slightly worried. He walked to her side. “Princess, do you remember what happened?” He gently put a hand on her stomach.

“Um, mostly. Did I punch a guy?”

We both laughed. “Yes, Sephie. Yes, you did. Multiple times, even,” I said.

“He might need facial reconstructive surgery you punched him so many times,” Ivan said, patting her stomach.

“Goddammit why am I so hungry?” she asked.

I laughed again. “I told you that you should’ve eaten something before we went for a run.”

“Why didn’t I listen to you?” she groaned.

I patted her hand. “I don’t know, gazelle. They want to do more tests on you, but then we will get you food as soon as possible.”

Ivan heard a commotion outside the room we were in. He looked at me before stepping out of the room to see what was happening. He disappeared for a moment, leaving me with Sephie. He returned with Viktor, Andrei, and Adrik. As soon as Adrik’s eyes landed on Sephie, he went from being angry to relieved to worried in an instant. He rushed to her. I stepped out of the way so he could grab her hand that I had been holding so she wouldn’t have to uncover her eyes.

“Solnishko,” he said quietly.

“Adrik?” she asked quietly, not taking her hand from her eyes. He leaned down to her and whispered something in her ear that only she could hear. It brought a smile to her face.

The doctor came back in, somewhat surprised at the number of people in the room. He cleared his throat. “We’d like to take her upstairs to run a quick test to make sure there’s not further damage to her skull and her brain.”

“Is it this fucking bright up there? Because that’s gonna be a no from me if it is,” Sephie said.

The doctor was unaware that she had woken up. “Oh, you’re awake. Good. Very good. Although, I still think it’s a good idea to run the tests to make sure. We can, uh, adjust the lights for you. That’s a common complaint for head injuries.”

Adrik looked at the doctor. He could be very intimidating when he wanted to be. The doctor shrunk back, looking from Adrik to the rest of us.

Sephie lifted her head and peeked through her hand at the scene in the room, when the room went silent. “Don’t worry about them, doc. They’ll only kill you if I die upstairs.” She laid her head back down.

The doctor scratched his head, “okay then. Well, we should get on with it.” He started to pull her bed toward the door. A nurse showed up to help him push her toward the elevators down the hall.

We all stood in the hallway, waiting for the doctor to come back with any news on her condition. Speaking in Russian, Adrik stood in front of me, “tell me everything that happened.”

“It was a trap, Boss. We ran our usual route, so she could stop by and say hi to Mr. Turner. After we left the hotel, there was suddenly a ton of people on the sidewalk. I was just about to stop her so I could keep her close to me when I got hit. She got hit at the same time. The guy that hit me was trying to take me down to the ground, but I managed to stay upright. I shoved him into the wall to get him off me. He came back for me, but I punched him and that’s when he passed out. I’m guessing the other guy was able to get Sephie to the ground and that’s where she hit her head. I had to pull her off him. She rearranged that guy’s face. He pissed her off, sir. I’ve never seen her so angry. After, she was lucid. She said she was fine until we got back to the parking garage. We were walking to the elevators, and she started to go down. She grabbed Ivan’s arm and he caught her. We rushed her here.”

He didn’t say a word, which made me nervous. He stared at me for a moment, but then patted me on the shoulder. “You did good, Misha.”

He turned to pace the hallway and I exhaled loudly. The other three guys looked at me, knowingly; all three nodded to me. I still felt responsible for this.

More time passed and the doctor finally came back. We all walked to him quickly, causing him to take a step back and put his hands out. “Whoa, easy fellas. She’s fine. She’s going to be fine. She has a really good concussion, but nothing more. They’re stitching the cut above her eyebrow right now and then she’ll be back down. Keep her quiet and in low light for the next two weeks. Try to keep external stimuli to a minimum. That means TV, radio, all of it. Her brain needs time to heal.”

Adrik visibly relaxed at the doctor’s words. He extended his hand to the doctor. “Thank you, doctor.”

“Thank

you

for not killing me,” the doctor said smiling nervously. “She’ll be down in just a few minutes, and you can take her home.”

I leaned against the wall, closing my eyes. I was relieved she was okay and could go home. I felt Viktor’s hand on my shoulder.

“It could’ve been any one of us, kid. Don’t stress. You did good.”

“It’s still my fault she got hurt. I should’ve stopped her sooner. I could’ve seen it coming.”

“Don’t do that. Don’t play the ‘what if’ game. You’ll drive yourself crazy playing out alternate scenarios. You did what you needed to do. She did too. They weren’t expecting her to fight back, I’m sure. We just have to be ready for the next time, because there will be a next time.”

I nodded. I had a feeling this was only the beginning.

Sephie came down the hallway, in a wheelchair, her hands still covering her eyes. When the nurse stopped in front of us, she started to get up from the wheelchair. The nurse put her hand on Sephie’s shoulder to stop her from getting up. Without even opening her eyes, she just said, “Ghost?”

He was there in a second. “Can you take me home, please?” she asked as she extended an arm toward him, not opening her eyes. Without hesitation, he reached down and scooped her out of the wheelchair. We all walked toward the door, leaving the nurse with her wheelchair, looking completely stunned.

Sephie hid her face against Adrik’s shoulder as we walked to the vehicles. He put her in the backseat and removed his shirt before getting in beside her. He draped his shirt over her head to make the ride home darker.

I found myself admiring him. He was so attuned to her needs. I’d never seen anything like it.