

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 74

Chapter Seventy-Four

Adrik

We fucked up. I fucked up. She almost died because of me. The guy that grabbed Sephie was supposed to get her to the back and tell her it was all fake, but she was fighting so hard that he didn't have a chance. Nobody expected her to jump from the vehicle and almost kill herself. Now her headache was back and she was in pain, but I couldn't do anything. She wouldn't let anyone touch her.

I can't say I blame her for being angry with us. I was furious with myself. I almost told her the plan before I went on stage. I tried to warn her, but it didn't work. The part of the plan that involved her didn't work. In fact, it failed miserably. Now she clearly needed help, but no one could get close enough to her to help her.

I'm sure her concussion is back, only worse this time. It took her so long to recognize me. I'm worried she's really damaged her brain this time. Ivan pressed on her acupuncture points while she was out, but I don't know how effective it was. She was talking while she was out. She was back in the basement with her uncle. We all heard the whole thing. She was fighting that memory. She was fighting the thought pattern that he'd beat into her.

I was terrified I was going to lose her. She's angrier than any of us had ever seen her. She's furious with the guys, but when she looks at me, all I see is the pain I caused her. And what's worse, I have no idea how to make that pain go away.

We were still an hour out from Switzerland. We would land in Switzerland, transfer to a helicopter over the Alps to just inside Italy. We were extremely limited on where we could land in Italy without it being known we were there, but Armando had family with a ranch on the border of Switzerland where we could land a helicopter without being seen. From there, we would drive south to Naples. Sicily was a short boat ride from Naples. Armando's family controlled Naples, so we could move about in that city freely.

The plan was to find Anthony and Lorenzo in Sicily and take them both out as cleanly and quickly as possible. Without those two to back him, we doubted Salvadori would continue with his plan in the states to start a war. But he would be dealt with in much the same manner if he did decide to go through with it.

At this point, they were all under the impression that I was dead and that they had successfully kidnapped Sephie. Armando's men were to stage an "escape" in two days, to make it seem like she got away from them. They would spend time and manpower looking for her while we executed Anthony and Lorenzo.

Now I was more worried about Sephie than I was about Anthony and Lorenzo. I wanted to punch something I was so frustrated with how things turned out. It broke me to see her hurting, knowing I couldn't do anything to help her. She just sat quietly in the corner, not looking at anyone. Not saying anything. She cries now and then, rocks back and forth. I can see her shaking from across the plane. I'm dying to go to her. To hold her.

It always seemed to calm down the shaking when I would touch her. I want nothing more than to be able to go to her now, but she won't let anyone near her. Andrei, who is usually one of her favorites, tried and the glare she gave him was enough to stop him in his tracks.

We would be landing soon. We had packed clothes for her and wanted her to be able to change before we started the next leg of our journey. We all consulted with each other, trying to decide who should take her clothes to her. We decided that she was less mad at Misha, so he got volunteered. I've never seen that kid so scared in his life.

He walked slowly to her, talking to her so she wouldn't be surprised. She had her head down again. We could all hear
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her quietly crying, as she hugged her knees to her chest, rocking back and forth.

"Gazelle. Sephie. We brought you some clothes to change into. We should also get you cleaned up. Your road rash needs attention. Adrik can help you. We don't want anything to get infected. Please, Sephie. We want to help."

She looked up at him. Her face was red, her eyes puffy from the constant crying. She reached for the clothes without a word.

"You can change in the back. There's a door that closes so you have privacy. I can get you the first aid kit too."

She nodded her head but put her head back down. She laid the clothes beside her on the seat. Misha came back with the first aid kit for her. She reached for it too, without saying a word. She barely looked at him.

But at least she didn't punch him. I guess that counts for progress.

The look on Misha's face as he went to sit back down was one of utter despair. He looked like he was barely able to keep it together. We were all barely keeping it together right now.

She quietly got up and went to the back, shutting the door behind her. We could hear her snuffle now and then. It sounded like she had opened the first aid kit. Then we heard her cursing. She was putting antiseptic on her wounds. By herself. Because of me.

I leaned forward, putting my head in my hands. Tears fell from my eyes. I felt so helpless. We should've told her the plan. I wish I would've told her. She could've handled it.

Fuck! Why didn't I tell her before I went on stage?

I wanted to punch something. I heard her curse louder and cry out. She was quiet and then she walked back to the door. "I need help," was all she said. He walked in, closing the door behind him. I tried not to be jealous. I tried to be grateful that she was at least letting one of us help her, but this was killing me.

I heard Misha quietly say, "that one's deep, Sephie. That doesn't look good." Then silence. Then, "it's okay. It's okay. We'll get it fixed. We'll get it bandaged right now and we'll get it looked at once we land. It'll be okay. Please don't cry."

He came out from the back a few moments later. The look on his face worse than before if that was even possible. He quietly said to me, "she's got a wound almost down to the bone on her hip. I packed it as best as I could, but it should definitely be looked at by someone other than me. Soon."

As soon as we landed, I would call ahead to Armando's family and ask them to have a doctor waiting for us when we got there. The flight from Switzerland to his family's ranch was a short one.

I heard the door open and she walked out in fresh clothes. She was visibly limping now. Her adrenaline rushes were beginning to wear off. I'm sure she was in excruciating pain right now. She walked back to her seat in the back, not looking at anyone. She tried to pull her knees to her chest again but flinched in pain. Definitely in excruciating pain.

Goddammit.