

The Saint Chapter 31 - Tips

Liam had no idea what time it was. He'd been sitting in the family waiting room for what felt like a hundred years, the events that had brought him here rolling through his head on an endless loop.

Miranda was going to shoot him. She'd raised the gun, her aim steady and sure. And Daniel had shoved him out of the way.

He'd sacrificed himself for Liam, and now he might die before Liam could ask him why.

Please, don't let him die.

"Hey," Carmen said, appearing in the doorway with two cups of coffee. "Dr. Riley showed me where the good stuff is. She said it's way better than the sludge they have in the lounge. Her words, not mine."

Ah, Tess. She'd been finishing up her night shift when they'd rolled up in the ambulance. Paramedics had been able to resuscitate Daniel quickly, stabilizing him enough to get him to Remington Mem. They'd called ahead with his status, and Tess had smartly had their friend, Jonah, who was a trauma surgeon, on standby. Daniel had been in the OR for hours now, and Jonah had promised to send an update as soon as he could.

Liam had been numb ever since.

"Thanks," he said, taking a cup from Carmen but not managing to drink. Instead, he asked, "Any update from the unit?"

"I talked to Isabella," Carmen said. "Miranda's gunshot wound was a through and through. Painful, but not life threatening. She's expected to make a full recovery. Which is awesome, really, since Roman had her arrested for half a dozen felonies, including fraud, blackmail, murder, and attempted murder of a police officer. She's lawyered up, of course. But her home computers and a stash of burner cell phones have all been seized, not to mention everything Gannon had hidden in his office here at the hospital. Roman feels confident he has everything he needs to put her away for life."

"What about Gannon?" Liam asked, and Carmen's frown was all he needed to know Miranda hadn't been bluffing.

"A patrol unit found his body in their penthouse apartment. They're testing ballistics to be sure, but they're thinking the bullet will match the gun she used to shoot Daniel."

The reminder sent a pang through Liam's chest. "Well, I'm glad she's in custody."

Carmen nodded. Before she could respond, Jonah stepped into the waiting room, and Liam's pulse jumped. "Is he alive?"

Jonah gave up a weary smile. "He is, although he made me earn my paycheck. The bullet caused a lot of damage. I did have to remove his spleen and perform some significant repair to his liver, so he's got a lot of recovery ahead. But your informant is one tough guy."

"My father," Liam said, realizing he'd say the words only after they'd come out. But they were right. "Daniel McGee is my father."

"Oh." Jonah's blond brows lifted toward his surgical cap. "Well, in that case, do you want to sit with him? It might be a while before he wakes up, but—"

"Yes, please," Liam said.

Jonah looked at Carmen apologetically. "I'm afraid we can only let one of you back there. The rules are pretty strict."

"That's okay," Carmen said, reaching out to squeeze Liam's forearm and making him wonder how he'd ever lived without her. "Just call me whenever you're ready to come home, and I'll come back to get you."

After a quick goodbye, Liam followed Jonah back to the recovery area. The open area was divided into curtained spaces, but all of them were empty except for one. Liam's heart stuttered as he took in the sight of Daniel on the gurney, with tubes connected to both arms and leads recording all sorts of information that splashed over the large screen at his bedside. He looked as pale as the sheet beneath him, and Christ, he must have come within a whisper of death to look like this.

"He lost a lot of blood, but we gave him a transfusion in the OR," Jonah said quietly. "That should stabilize his vitals significantly. He'll be groggy for a while. Pain meds will do that. But you're welcome to sit with him for as long as you like."

"Thank you," Liam said. "Seriously. Thank you."

Jonah smiled. "Happy to help. Just holler if you need anything."

Liam nodded, pulling up a rolling stool and parking himself bedside. He'd stuffed down all of his feelings for so long, but now they were rising up like a tidal wave. Taking Daniel's hand, he let go of all of them, telling Daniel everything—the good, the bad, the very, very ugly—in a steady murmur. Liam talked and talked, acknowledging every emotion and letting himself feel them all over again. Finally, he finished, and Daniel's eyes fluttered open.

"Hey," Liam said. "Don't try to move, okay? You're in the hospital."

"I know," Daniel rasped. "Been awake for a while."

Holy sh!t. "You've been awake?"

"Mostly." Daniel paused, as if speaking took effort. "But I was afraid if you knew, you'd stop talking."

Liam's face heated. "So, you heard all of that, huh?"

"I...did."

"I guess I had a lot to say."

Daniel's hand tightened around Liam's. "I owed you a good listen."

"And I owe you my life," Liam said.

"So, where does that leave us?" Daniel asked.

Liam answered truthfully. "I don't know. It's going to take a long time for me to work through some of this. But I'm willing to try."

"I'd like that," Daniel said.

He drifted off to sleep still holding Liam's hand.