

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 199

Chapter One Hundred Ninety-Nine

Sephie

Stephen and Viktor came to the hospital with me and Ivan the following morning to get Ivan's arm x-rayed. Dr. Williams was expecting us, probably with an extra dose of anxiety meds for his entire staff. Ivan was quiet on the ride there. I knew he was nervous.

I slid my arm through his good arm when we walked in. Since they knew we were coming, a nurse took us to see Dr. Williams immediately.

"Dr. Williams, thanks for working us in," I said, somewhat ironically, since I knew he basically had no choice.

"It's good to see you again. I can't tell you how relieved I am to see you, if I'm being honest," he said, shaking my hand.

I couldn't help but laugh. The trauma was still fresh, clearly. He got to work quickly, as I'm sure he wanted to get us out of there as quickly as possible. Viktor and Stephen had walked into the room with us, but both stepped out once the doctor started to take Ivan's bandage off. I looked at Ivan, curiously, but he just winked at me. They were working on something else, obviously.

I didn't let go of Ivan's hand the entire time the doctor was looking at his arm. "It looks like it's healed really well. The stitches can come out. We just need to x-ray the arm to see how the bone has healed, but the break in the bone was the least of your worries that day," Dr. Williams said. He looked to me, a puzzled look on his face. "I'm not sure how to do this x-ray. You can't be with him."

"Why not?" I asked. I could feel my anger starting to rise.

"Women need to limit their exposure to x-rays as much as possible. Especially if there's a possibility you could be pregnant. It's dangerous," he said.

I just laughed. "No worries there, Doc."

He looked at me, still concerned. "You still could be without knowing. It's too big of a risk."

I could feel my anger starting to rise. Ivan squeezed my hand tighter. I looked at the good doctor, very seriously. "I don't have a fucking uterus, doc. There's no goddamn chance. Can we get the x-ray now, please?"

He looked stunned, but his medical curiosity got the better of him. "You're so young. Why?"

Ivan said, his voice strained, "it was not by choice. One of your kind took it against her will." I almost laughed when Ivan said "your kind" to the doctor, like he and all other doctors were a completely different species. In his mind, they likely were.

The doctor looked at both of us, his face dropped. He glanced to the open door. "Are those other two men coming back?"

"Eventually, yes," Ivan said.

Dr. Williams got up quickly and shut the door. He sat down in front of us again. "Tell me what happened. It was a back-room procedure for cash, no? I've been hearing stories like this for years. I've been trying to find this doctor, but he moves around to different parts of the city, so it's been impossible to track him down. He has an entire unit of police dedicated to finding him."

I looked at Ivan, my eyes wide. He squeezed my hand, his face softer. He nodded toward the doctor, indicating I should tell him what happened. I sighed. I told the doctor the short version of the story about my uncle and what happened that night. When I finished, Dr. Williams had tears in his eyes.

"I remember you told me that doctors were the reason for his reactions in the operating room. I had no idea that you also had reason to hate us. It makes what you did that day even more poignant," he said, looking at me with pure sympathy in his eyes,

"To be clear, I did it for him, not you," I said. Ivan let go of my hand and wrapped his good arm around my shoulders.

"Do you remember anything about the doctor? Where he was when this happened? A name? A physical description? It's hard for most of the people he's worked on to remember what he looks like. I'm not sure what cocktail he uses on people, but it seems like he wipes their memory," he asked.

"Oh, I remember," I said.

Ivan looked at me, then at Dr. Williams. "Whatever drugs he used on her likely didn't work the same on her as other people. Redheads are different. She said she remembers being out for a really long time after the procedure. He probably had to change his cocktail for her."

Dr. Williams looked at Ivan, completely surprised. "How do you know that redheads are different? There are doctors that don't even know that."

"You don't want to know, Doc. Trust me," I said.

He nodded. "We'll abandon that line of questioning, no problem.

"I don't remember the doctor's name. I don't think they ever said his name. They just called him "doctor" the whole time. But I'll never forget what he looks like," I said. I shuddered, thinking about his face.

"Can you give a description to a sketch artist you think? I've talked to hundreds of people that have been traumatized by this man over the years and not a single one of them can remember his face. You are the only one I've found so far," he said.

I looked at Ivan. He could see the fear plainly on my face. He said to me, in Russian, "I've been looking for this guy, too. Ever since you told me what happened. That's why Stephen and Viktor left. They're asking the other doctors what they know about this guy. It might be useful to find out what the police know about him, but you don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

I felt the shaking start in my body as I looked at him, answering in Russian, "I'll do it, but we need to get on with this or won't be able to walk out of here."

Ivan pulled his phone out of his pocket, called a number, let it ring once then ended the call. Within two minutes, Viktor and Stephen were back in the room with us. Ivan looked at the doctor. "Give us the information for the police unit you're working with. We'll make sure she gives the description of him, but we need to get that x-ray so we can get out of here. If she goes, I go and nobody wants that," he had a sense of urgency to his voice that made it clear to Dr. Williams that we needed to move fast.

He nodded his head. He stood up, "follow me."

As we walked to the x-ray room, Ivan explained what was happening to Viktor and Stephen. I still had a hold of Ivan's hand, but Viktor reached down and grabbed my other hand as we walked down the hallway. Dr. Williams set Ivan up in front of the x-ray machine. He had a lead vest that he gave me to put on so I could stand next to Ivan. He took a few x-rays, then walked back and adjusted Ivan's arm to get a different perspective. The entire process was over in just a few minutes.

"It takes around 10 minutes to get the films, but I'll hurry it along as much as I can," Dr. Williams said as he led us back to the original room we were in. He left us, telling us he would be back as quickly as he could be.

I still had a hold of Ivan's hand, both of our hands in my lap. He could feel the shaking in my legs starting to get worse the longer we stayed. He looked to Stephen, asking, "any tricks to help make this better until we get out of here?"