

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 132

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Two

Sephie

Because we were still close to downtown, there was still traffic that we had to weave in and out of. I wasn't sure how he was managing to stay conscious, but he was navigating through traffic like it was easy. We made it to the freeway and he accelerated up the entrance ramp.

I had a moment of relief, thinking we were safe now. Boy, was I wrong. We hadn't been on the freeway for two minutes when three bikes appeared behind us. They got closer, one of them attempting to push us over. As he got closer to us, I reached out and tried to kick him. He faltered but didn't crash. He came back for more, still trying to push us over. I waited until he was close enough that I could almost touch him and shot through his heart. Push us over now, bitch. I looked back at the other two bikes. They fell back, but were still following us.

"Ivan, they're still behind us. I can shoot them, but there's too many cars. I'm not going to be responsible for shooting an innocent person today."

He nodded his head once, accelerating. "Hold on."

I gripped him tighter as we sped away from the group of cars. His shirt was wet with his blood. Shit. The road was mostly clear ahead of us. The two bikes following us also sped up, keeping the same distance. We pulled farther away from the cars. I looked back, trying to aim at one of them, but didn't feel like I had a clear shot. I couldn't see well enough looking backward to feel like I could actually hit one of them.

"Ivan, I can't get a clear shot. I'm gonna kill someone else," I said, starting to panic.

"Do you trust me, princess?"

"Of course. I trust you with my life. I know what you're fighting right now to get me out of here."

"Hold on and when I say, you shoot left, I'll shoot right. Got it?"

"Got it."

"Use the gas tank to brace against. I'm not sure I can hold us both." I put my hand that was holding onto him on the gas tank. I felt him brake hard, pushing against the gas tank with all my strength to keep myself off him. As we slowed even more, he spun the bike around, facing the opposite direction. We were now facing the bikes that had been following us.

"Now!" I aimed at the rider on the left as he aimed right. We shot at the same time, watching as both riders fell to the ground,

their bikes and their bodies sliding across the lanes of the freeway.

"I'm gonna have to give Stephen a high-five later for teaching you how to shoot, princess."

"Me too, Squishy. Me too."

He spun the bike back around and took off quickly. He was flying down the freeway. I checked behind us frequently, but there was not a single car behind us. I'm sure we stopped traffic completely, which was advantageous.

Weissed the exit for the penthouse, but Ivan kept going. I knew he was on his way to the house. He'd been quiet. I worried about his losing consciousness again

ling in your body right now?"

"My heart is racing. Keep talking to me, please. It helps keep me focused. We're almost there."

I started rambling about anything I could think of, to keep him focused and more importantly, conscious. We made it to the exit for the house and I felt slight relief.

I was running out of things to talk about, and I blurted out, "do you think Adrik wants kids? Because that's not possible with me. That's why I hate doctors. A doctor took that choice from me."

He was starting to nod, so I wasn't even sure he heard me. We pulled into the driveway. Just a little farther, Squishy. He made it to the front of the house. I jumped off the bike and helped him off. I threw his arm around my shoulders, to help him walk up the steps. As we reached the landing after the top step, he stopped. He looked at me, with a serious look in his eye. "He loves you no matter what, Sephie. We all love you no matter what."

I don't know if it was this giant man, clearly battered, clearly struggling to remain conscious, stopping to reassure me or if it was him admitting that he loved me or if it was my adrenaline wearing off, but I felt hot tears just fall freely down my cheeks. "Don't cry, princess." He pulled me to him, hugging me briefly. I felt him falter and then he slowly lost his grip on consciousness.

"Ivan, no. Not yet. Shit." I said as I tried to keep him from crashing to the ground. I managed to get behind him, wrapping my arms around his waist. I used every ounce of strength I had left to help him to the ground as gently as I could manage. It meant that he was basically laying on top of me, but at least he didn't hit his head again on the way down.

"This looks like a good place, Ivan. I agree. I feel like we should wait here."

I checked his wounds, since there was really not much else I could do. The cut on his head was pretty good, but the one on his arm was concerning. "I'm not completely convinced honey is going to take care of that one, Squishy." It was still bleeding profusely. Jesus, how much blood has he already lost from that? He's like a superhuman if he stayed conscious this long. Super Squishy.

I tried to push him off me enough that I could get to my belt. I ended up laughing. He didn't move in the slightest. I looked down.

"Okay, so I'm just gonna borrow your belt for this. It's not awkward in the least." I reached down to unbuckle it, singing to myself, "not date rapey vibes here, not at all."

I managed to pull his belt off and get it around his shoulder. I pulled it as tight as I could, trying to stem the bleeding. In the process of all that, his head had fallen over to the side. "That looks really uncomfortable Super Squishy. Let me help you with that." I moved his head so he was leaning back on my shoulder. "Don't worry. They're going to be here any minute."

I was quiet for a few minutes, trying to think of what to do. I didn't have a phone. I had that disc thing from the glove box in my pocket, but that was it. I couldn't get my legs out from under Ivan's almost 300 lbs of pure muscle dead weight, so I was stuck here until someone else got here.

He started to twitch, mumbling quietly. I felt his body tense. I felt a pain in my chest, as I knew what he was going through. The darkness.

"Super Squishy, I'm still here. I won't leave you, I promise. I'm right here, buddy. Just walk toward my voice."

His body stilled, his breathing calmed down. I exhaled, starting to worry that they wouldn't make it to me in time. He had lost a lot of blood. There was a puddle underneath us. I had slowed it with his belt, but not stopped it.

He started to jerk again, slightly,

Ivan, I'm here. I'm always here. I'm always going to be here. I just kept repeating that to him until I finally heard a voice

coming up the drive. I was half afraid to look to see who it was. I was mostly sure it would've been one of the guys, but it didn't sound like their vehicles, so I couldn't be sure. I took Ivan's gun from the waistband of his pants, safety off, and held it against him so they wouldn't see until it was too late. My back was to the driveway, so they would've seen me grab the gun I had, as I had put it in the small of my back in the waistband of my pants.

I heard the vehicle stop and the door open. "Okay, Ivan, this is either going to be really good or really, really bad. Wish me luck. I might be quiet for a minute, but I'm still here. Don't go anywhere, buddy."

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-Three

Sephie

I heard footsteps, then the voice I was dying to hear. "Sephie! Are you hurt?"

"Turns out it was really good, buddy. The day just took a turn for the better," I whispered in his ear, squeezing him just a little tighter.

Adrik's arms were around me in seconds. I took a deep breath, finally safe.

"Ivan's really hurt. He sacrificed himself to get me here. Don't tell him I said this, but I think he needs to go to the hospital. He's lost a ton of blood. I can't lift him by myself. And I don't know what happened to Andrei and Misha. They got separated from us. There was gunfire but that's all I know."

I felt Adrik's lips on my temple. "They're fine. Andrei was shot, but non-lethal. Viktor is right behind me." Just as he said that, I heard the normal sound of the SUV pulling up the driveway. "We'll get Ivan to the hospital. Andrei is already on the way there. Misha is okay. Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm okay. Ivan took the worst of it. And by that, I mean he took all of it." I had a flash of when the truck hit us. I could clearly see Ivan turn his body toward me, using his body as a shield from the impact. He looked me in the eye as we came to rest against the parked car. I clearly remember the look on his face. It was like he was seeing something else. At first, he was confused, then he was in awe. "He used his body to shield me, Adrik. He sacrificed himself."

I wasn't even aware of the tears falling down my face until Adrik reached down and wiped them away. Viktor ran up the steps and helped Adrik lift Ivan off me. They carried him to the SUV. I got up quickly and climbed into the back with him, leaning him in my lap again. Adrik climbed in the front with Viktor, and we sped away from the house.

I talked quietly to Ivan the whole way to the hospital. I felt like I needed to warn him that we were taking him there. I didn't think this was going to go well, but we didn't have a choice.

We were met by Misha and Stephen when we pulled up to the hospital. "Where's Bubba?" I asked as Misha opened the door to grab Ivan. He looked at me, a small smile on his face, "surgery, gazelle. He's okay. They're just getting the bullet out."

They were met by nurses with a bed for Ivan just outside the doors to the emergency room. They loaded him onto the bed. I tried to go with him, but they wouldn't let me into the room. I felt Adrik's arms around me from behind, his face against mine. "We should get you checked out to make sure you're okay too. You said you're fine, but you have cuts of your own. Your head is bleeding, solnishko."

"It is? Are you sure it's my blood? Ivan was bleeding profusely." He gently turned me so that I was facing him. A small smile on his face. He pushed a few curls out of my face.

"I'm sure it's yours, solnishko. Will you let them look at you? Ivan and Andrei are in good hands. They're tough. They're going to be fine. I need to make sure you're also fine. They already checked out Misha." He pressed his lips gently to mine. He was so calm right now that it made me calm. I inhaled, closing my eyes. He pulled me closer to him, walking us toward another room where a nurse was waiting to check me over. She also had a pair of scrubs for me to change into. My clothes were covered in Ivan's blood. And maybe a little of mine. I did have a few cuts that I hadn't even noticed. I got more stitches because I hadn't had enough stitches at this point in my life. I had a deep cut on my hairline and one on my arm that both required stitching up.

Otherwise, my other cuts were mostly from broken glass and would heal on their own.

We waited in the hallway for them to give us word on Andrei and Ivan. While we waited, they asked questions about what had happened, so I recapped what I could remember. I got to the part about shooting the guy in the face and stopped, not wanting to say it out loud as there were people walking up and down the hallway. I knew the word for "shoot" in Russian, so I said that and pointed to my face. Their eyes went wide. Adrik pulled me against him as I continued to tell them about Ivan waking up getting out of the vehicle and to the bike. Then about the chase on the freeway with the other three bikes, the first one that had shot, and what Ivan had done to give us a clear shot for the last two. Once I told them about me going left, him going right I walked to Stephen. I high fived him once. "That's from me for teaching me how to shoot. Ivan said he owes you one, as well Stephen laughed quietly.

I then told them about making it to the house and Ivan falling by the front door. I looked to Misha. "What happened on your end? I heard gunfire almost immediately. I assumed it was you and Andrei, but we couldn't see anything. The truck that hit us blocked the street."

"We saw you guys get hit. Andrei stopped immediately, but there were guys waiting. They knew we had two vehicles and were trying to separate us. We got out to try to get to you guys, but they started firing immediately. We both took cover, slowly making our way toward you, but it wasn't fast enough. We saw the guy you hit run toward you. Andrei made a run after him. and that's when he got hit. They just hit his shoulder, but he was forced to take cover behind a parked car. Viktor and Stephen showed up soon after. They said they got the signal from your beacon, but you guys were already well on your way to the freeway by the time they got to us. They knew Ivan would take you to the house, which is when Adrik left the penthouse for a house."

I remembered that he had showed up alone to the house. "That reminds me, how did you get to the house again?" I asked, looking at Adrik.

He smirked. "I know how to drive. I just choose not to most of the time." He laughed at the face I made. "I have a sports car, solnishko. I rarely take it out anymore, but it came in handy today." He wrapped his arms around me tighter, kissing my temple. I was happy for his warm body next to mine. The scrubs I was wearing were not the warmest clothing choice for a cold hospital

"And did you four just kill everyone or did you leave unfinished business?" I asked Viktor, one eyebrow raised.

He laughed his deep belly laugh. "No unfinished business, sestrichka. Misha and Stephen got Andrei to the hospital, and I left for the house."

"Good game, everyone. Seriously. I feel like teamwork really made the motherfucking dream work this time," I said, as they all laughed at me.