

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 313

## Chapter Three Hundred Thirteen

Adrik

She was asleep before we made it back to the penthouse. Once we walked in the door, I walked to one of the couches with her. She didn't even wake up when I pulled her from the backseat. Viktor read the prescription on the antibiotics. "It says she needs to take this every 8 hours until she's out of pills," he said, taking out two pills from the bottle.

"At least we know she'll be awake three times a day now," Misha said as he was looking through the refrigerator. He grabbed a carton of yogurt and a spoon and walked them over to me. Andrei had gotten a glass and was filling it with water for her.

She was still sound asleep in my arms. "Sephie, love, you need to wake up," I said, brushing my hand across her cheek. She started to eventually stir, then opened her eyes. She looked momentarily confused before saying, "I fell asleep again, huh?"

"You were out almost before we left the hospital, princess," Ivan said, softly.

"You need to take your first dose of antibiotic, gazelle. Then you can go back to sleep if you want to," Misha said, grinning at her.

She made the move to sit up slowly. I helped her, but she was getting stronger on her own. "I wouldn't exactly say that I want to go back to sleep, but that seems to be all I can manage right now," she said, taking the pills from Viktor and the glass of water from Andrei.

"Here's yogurt so the antibiotics don't upset your stomach. You don't need anymore reasons to not eat right now," Misha said, handing her the carton. She turned up her nose at the yogurt, which made Misha sit on the coffee table in front of her. "Don't make me do the airplane trick to get you to eat this. Because I will. He was trying to look at her sternly, but he couldn't keep his smile hidden. He ended up laughing, which made her laugh. "Come on, just a few bites and then I'll go away," he said.

She groaned quietly, but ate a few bites before handing it back to Misha, who finished it. We all looked at him as he ate the rest of it. "What? Who doesn't love yogurt? It's cherry flavor too. This is the best kind."

I pulled her back against me once more. "Do you want to go lie down in bed, love? Or stay out here with all of us?"

She thought for a moment. "I don't want to be alone but I don't want to keep you trapped on the couch with me either. You guys are gonna have to come up with babysitting shifts. Rotate duties," she said, smiling.

I couldn't help but laugh. We'd already discussed that on the ride back from the hospital. She leaned her head back to try and look at me. "Let me guess, you already discussed that option?"

"Maybe," I said, grinning down at her.

She pulled my arms around her tighter. I immediately felt her mood shift and knew she was going to apologize for keeping me away from work for the last two weeks. "Don't think about apologizing, Sephie."

"I like it much better when you guys don't scold me so much," she said. I could hear her smiling, so I knew she was teasing.

"Then maybe don't apologize so much for stuff you shouldn't apologize for," Andrei said from the kitchen. I did not expect that from him and couldn't contain my laughter. Thankfully, neither could Sephie.

"I'm regretting that pinky swear right about now," she said quietly so only I could hear.

"He's not wrong, love. And you know he's not wrong," I said with my lips against her ear, brushing my facial hair against her cheek and neck.

"That's why it hurts right here," she said dramatically, pointing to her chest, right over her heart.

The following afternoon, I had a meeting with the police commissioner. Sephie and I had discussed her being there for the meeting before she went back to the doctor and found out she had pneumonia. I wanted her to stay in the penthouse, but she was trying to convince me that she could still make it.

"I slept the entire night and half the day already. I can manage to stay awake for at least an hour while you meet with him. You said you wanted me there to make sure he wasn't hiding anything. I can still do that. I don't even have to talk," she said.

Ivan looked between her and I. "Boss, as much as I hate to agree with her right now, I think she's right. If we're going to try to pin everything on Ricardo, we need to make sure that Henry is with us. It's probably going to mean that she'll sleep until tomorrow, but we kind of need her for this meeting."

"That's why Squish is my favorite," she said, crossing her one useful arm across her chest for emphasis.

I had to admit that I also agreed with Ivan, but I hated the thought of putting Sephie through the meeting when I knew she didn't feel well. She had taken a turn for the worse because she was trying to do too much too soon. I was worried this would set her back even further.

"He's coming here, right?" she asked.

"Yeah, nobody liked the idea of Boss going to the police precinct," Viktor said.

"I can't argue with that either. Then I just have to go downstairs for like an hour. Two at most. Then right back up here to pass out again for days on end. At least let me have a change of scenery for the two hours I'm awake right now," she said.

I sighed. "You tell me if you start to feel tired or worse, got it?" I looked at her as sternly as possible, which wasn't much.

"I promise," she said. "I'll just give Ivan the signal. He can carry me back up here without you having to stop your meeting." She paused for a moment, grinning. "Just as long as you promise me you'll make up some fantastical excuse as to why I had to leave. I will also accept something nonsensical, like "no one can escape their destiny.'"

"That makes me want to take you out of the middle of the meeting whether you need to leave or not, princess," Ivan said, laughing.

"Do antibiotics usually work this fast? Because it seems like you're feeling a little better already, Seph," Stephen said.

"I'm not sure, but whatever keeps me from having to go back to the hospital, I'm all for," she said.

Before we went down to my office for the meeting with the police commissioner, I had a few moments alone with Sephie while I helped her change into something other than my sweatshirt and a pair of leggings.

"I hope nothing is riding on me looking extra professional today," she said, grinning at me as I cut the sleeve off one of her long-sleeve shirts so she could wear it.

"I would really worry about the state of the world if it was," I said, smirking at her. As much as I hated to admit it, I was happy she was going to be in the meeting with me. I was still worried about her, but I couldn't deny that I valued her opinion of Henry. I'd always had a good relationship with him, but after everything that had happened, I was questioning every single working relationship I had. I wouldn't trust anyone that didn't get the okay from Sephie first.

"How long have you known Henry?" she asked as I helped her pull on a pair of jeans. She was getting much better at putting her leggings on, but the jeans were tighter and proving to be difficult for her with only one arm and broken ribs.

"He's been commissioner for almost four years now. The mayor appointed him when he was elected. They're basically both running for re-election. If the mayor is re-elected, then Henry stays in. His position isn't guaranteed if a new mayor is elected,"

I said.

"So, this deal with Ricardo would look good for the mayor and would help him get elected for a second term?"

"That's what we're hoping they'll think. There are some people in the city that know about me and can recognize me, but there are many that have no idea I exist. They just know that things are not good in their area and want a solution. If the mayor can package this up as a sweeping reform on crime, the people will gladly vote him in for a second term," I said, helping her with her shirt as well. I gathered her hair up and lifted it off her neck so I could kiss the back of her neck. "Are you sure you're going to be warm enough in just this?"