

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 75

## Chapter Seventy-Five

Adrik

We landed soon after and transferred to the helicopter quickly. She allowed Misha to help her on the helicopter. Progress. She still said nothing to anyone. It was a quick flight to Armando's family's ranch, just inside Italy. They took us to the house right away. The doctor was waiting for Sephie. He didn't speak much English and we didn't speak any Italian, but he could see she was hurt. The lady in charge of the house, Isabella, could speak some English. Enough to get by. She went in with the doctor to help translate.

I paced in the courtyard of the house, waiting for the doctor to be done with her. He came out, with Isabella. He would speak, she would translate.

"He says most cuts not bad, heal soon. But cut on her hip bad. Can't stitch up. Might need, uh, more skin?" she pressed her hands together and placed them over her hip.

Skin graft. She might need a skin graft.

"He gave her antibiotics. Must take all of them. No infection or it get into her bone. That's very bad. Also gave her light sedative to help her sleep. She say her head hurt. He gave her pain pills too."

Good. And bad. We couldn't afford to have her sleep for three days again.

Ivan spoke up, "what pain pills? Name?"

Isabella asked the doctor to clarify, "Tramadol. Light pain pill. Shouldn't make her sleepy or make..." she pointed to her stomach and drew circles around her stomach.

It shouldn't upset her stomach. Good. Hopefully she wouldn't go for a week without eating again.

Ivan looked at me, "that's different from the one they gave her at home. Hopefully this one won't knock her out. We'll adjust the plan if it does. We'll just have to make new arrangements for travel."

We hadn't noticed Sephie come out of the room. "By all means, don't adjust anything on my account. I'm not taking them. I'm not risking sleeping for three days again." She had one hand pressing on her hip, the other on her head. I couldn't help it. I went to her without thinking. She flinched when I touched her, but she didn't slap me this time. My hands went to her hair, trying to give her some kind of relief from her headache. She sighed. She was exhausted. I think that's the only reason she allowed me to touch her. She didn't have the strength to fight me right now. At this point, I was so desperate to touch her that I would take any in I could get.

I gently took her hand from her hip. I pressed on the spot that Ivan had showed me. She closed her eyes tightly. Ivan walked to her other side, taking her other hand from her head. She didn't resist. She also wouldn't open her eyes. He pressed on the spot on her other hand, trying to give her the most relief we could. We both saw the tears falling down her cheeks as she stood there. Isabella showed the doctor out and came back to show the other guys their rooms. Ivan and I stayed with Sephie. If she was going to allow us to touch her, we weren't leaving until she told us to. Especially not when we could maybe give her some relief. We stood there for twenty minutes before she started to show signs of relaxing. She finally took a deep breath and opened her eyes. She didn't have, as she called it, a murderous aura any longer. She just looked tired.

She looked broken.

Misha came back to show us to our rooms, as Isabella had gone to prepare dinner. We were staying here tonight, but then we had planned on leaving first thing in the morning to make it to Naples by tomorrow late afternoon. However, it now all depended on Sephie. We were traveling by motorcycle, as they were faster, and we could get through city traffic faster on bikes than in a car. I was worried about her riding that long while her hip was in pain.

Misha showed Ivan his room, then showed me where Sephie and I would be staying. I wasn't sure she would want to share a bed with me, but we really didn't have a choice. She walked in and sat down on the bed. She looked like a shell of herself. She wouldn't look at me. She just stared ahead at the wall.

"Do you want to shower before dinner?" Tears welled in her eyes again. She looked down at the floor, trying to control the tears threatening to fall. I sat down on the bed beside her, pulling her to my side. She rested her head on my shoulder, but she made no attempt to touch me. She usually couldn't keep her hands off me, just like I couldn't keep my hands off her. It broke my heart. "Come, we'll shower. I'll wash your hair." She didn't say a word, but she followed me when I pulled her toward the bathroom.

It took me a little longer than I thought to get all the hair pins out of her hair. She was right. That's a lot of effort for nonsense. I found myself thinking back to when I first turned around to see her in that dress. It was absolutely perfect for her. She was modest, so it covered everything she was concerned with strangers seeing, but she showed enough leg that there was no missing her sex appeal. I thought about that first dance we had. The other girlfriends I'd had were never good dance partners. They were always fighting to lead. Sephie was different. She let me lead, completely surrendering to me, making the dance magnificent. She trusted me completely.

And I completely destroyed that trust.