

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 131

Chapter One Hundred Thirty-One

Sephie

We were following Andrei and Misha back to the penthouse when suddenly we were hit from the side. The truck that hit us was large, like a delivery truck, so it forced us sideways into parked cars on the side of the street. I looked to Ivan. He was bleeding from his head and was unconscious. Shit.

The truck that hit us backed up, and moved so that it was blocking most of the street. That's not normal. This was no accident. I reached over, trying to shake Ivan awake. I remembered Misha and Andrei making it through the intersection before us. Surely, they saw us get hit. They'd be here any second.

Gunfire. Double shit.

"Ivan! Ivan, I really need you to wake up right about now." I tried shaking him, but he was non-responsive. How hard do you need to get hit to knock you out if you don't feel pain?

I tried to unbuckle my seatbelt, but it was stuck. I couldn't get it to release. I stretched over to Ivan, who always had a knife on him, usually more than one, and grabbed it from the holster on his leg. I made a mental note that I could also reach his gun. I cut myself out of the seatbelt, moving closer to Ivan so I could assess the damage. He had hit his head hard. He also had a pretty nasty wound on his shoulder and his upper left arm, probably from the glass breaking. The gunfire was continuous at this point and now I could hear shouting coming closer to the vehicle.

I watched as one man provided cover for a second to run toward us. It was definitely not Andrei and it was definitely not Misha. I heard the first guy yell in Italian, "make sure you get the girl alive,"

News flash, boys. You're going to have to work much harder than you thought to get this girl alive.

I waited until the second man got closer to the vehicle. I had taken Ivan's gun out of the holster, safety off, waiting. He ran up to the driver's side window, trying to see if the door was open. Our vehicle was smashed against a parked car, so there was no getting out that way. He got frustrated when the door wouldn't open. He moved so that he was clear of Ivan, and I took the shot. He fell to the ground without realizing what hit him.

As it turns out, having a gun fired right next to your head will, in fact, bring you back to reality. Ivan jolted awake, looking at me wide-eyed,

"Ivan, they're coming for us. We have to get out of here. I haven't seen Misha or Andrei, but there's been gunfire for a few minutes now. Hold this," I said, handing him the gun. I cut him out of his seatbelt. "Can you feel your legs? How badly are you hurt? Please tell me you'll be able to walk, because there's no chance I'm gonna be able to carry you."

He thought for a moment, still trying to get his bearings. "I'm okay, princess. I can walk. The glove box. Open it."

I did as he said, finding another gun, along with a small round disk. "What's this?" I asked.

"Press on it. They'll get a signal and know where we are. Put it in your pocket. They'll be able to find you as long as you keep that on you, Sephie, look at me." I pressed the disc, putting it in my pocket, then looked at him. "We're getting out of here. No matter what it takes."

"Um, I hate to break it to you, but my body count is already higher than yours today, sooooo...." I couldn't help but grin at his stunned expression. I just pointed to the window. "Outside your door."

He leaned over enough to see the body of the guy I shot. He looked back at me, a small smile on his face. "Beast mode activated."

"He tried to open your door. They're trying to get me. I heard them yelling," I said.

He nodded. "We should be able to get out the back. Are you okay? You can run?" I nodded my head. He climbed to the back, still talking. "Ever stolen a car before?"

"Negatory, good buddy."

"Today is your lucky day, princess. We're getting you out of here and marking that off your bucket list." He unlatched the back door, but held it so it wouldn't raise all the way. He checked the surroundings, making sure there was no one visible, before jumping quickly to the ground. Still holding the door, he checked again and then nodded for me to jump down.

As soon as we were out of the vehicle, he closed the back door. One hand on me, the other on his gun, he kept us both as low as possible to avoid attention. The gunfire was still steady behind us as we quickly ran down the street, using each parked car as cover.

"What kind of car are we looking to steal today, Squishy? I mean, do I get to pick?" We ran to the next car, ducking behind it and waiting. As we ran to the next car, he saw a bike parked two more car lengths away.

"As it turns out, we aren't stealing a car today. We're stealing that," he pointed to the bike. "Easier to hotwire. Faster too."

"I like these options. I approve these options." I noticed him breathing heavier before we made a run for the next car. "Ivan, look at me. You might not be feeling pain, but you're hurt. You have to tell me what else is going on in your body. You've already lost a lot of blood."

"I'm okay. I've been here before. We need to get out of here quickly, though," he said, making a run for the next car. The bike was in front of us. He pointed back in the direction we just came from. "Point your gun in that direction and if you see anyone coming this way, shoot."

"Got it," I said, turning to watch the street while he hotwired the bike. In seemingly under a minute, I heard the bike's engine turnover. He climbed on the bike, whistling once. I ran to jump on the bike behind him. We sped away down the street.