

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 148

Chapter One Hundred Forty-Eight

Ivan

The last thing I remember was seeing tears streaming down Sephie's face as we stood by the front door of the house. I pulled her to me, trying to comfort her. Everything started to go black, but I could still hear her voice. I felt calm when I heard her voice. This has never happened before.

I knew I was hurt badly. I couldn't feel anything, but I knew enough to know that it never turned out well when my heart was racing that much or when it was that difficult to catch my breath. I knew I was going to end up in the hospital. Fuck.

I lost her voice. I started to panic. I knew what was coming. I knew what I was going to have to live through again. I'm so tired. I don't know if I have the strength to go through it again.

Just when I start to vaguely see the outline of the asshole doctor that used to torture me, I hear her voice again and he disappears. She's talking to me like I'm there with her, but I can't see anything but darkness around me. Better that than the asshole doctor.

I can feel her hands trying to move me, then she laughs. I want to laugh with her. She has no idea what her laugh does for me. Her laugh is a reminder to keep going. It seems silly. It's such a small thing, but she literally radiates joy when she smiles. Even though she's been through more than most. Her laugh is what gives me the strength to keep going. If for no other reason than to make sure she's always safe enough to keep smiling. Keep laughing.

I can hear another voice talking to her. She sounds upset now, but the other voice is one I vaguely recognize. She's worried for me. This must be worse than I thought. I can feel movement. I lose her for a minute, but then she's back, talking again. As long as I can hear her voice, she keeps the doctor away.

She's telling me they're taking me to the hospital, but she promises she won't leave me. More movement, more voices. Some familiar, some not. I can feel her next to me. She's raising her voice, she sounds frantic. Suddenly she's gone. I can't hear her. I can't feel her. She's gone.

I start to see the outline of the asshole doctor coming into view. He always looked like he enjoyed seeing me suffer. It didn't matter how long he kept me from eating, how long he left me in complete darkness, he would always look happy to see me miserable. Fuck. I can see him leaning down to get a closer look at me. I grab his throat, but my arm doesn't work right. That must be the one I hurt. I make a mental note to use the other one next time.

He keeps coming back. I keep trying to get to him. It never seems to matter how many times I try to kill him, he keeps coming back. I fear I'll never be rid of him. They try to tie me to the bed, but I'm stronger now. They must've made the mistake of letting me eat. It makes me stronger. It makes me dangerous. I like being dangerous. I feel myself wanting to take pleasure in watching the doctor fight for his life in my hands.

I can see the doors open and I can see the outline of a woman. I can't see the details of her face, but I can clearly see that she has red hair. The doctor yells at her, telling her to get out. I don't remember a redheaded nurse. She's not safe here. They'll experiment on her too. Redheads are special too.

She sounds angry. I recognize that anger. That doctor better cover his nose.

I feel hands on my chest. Her hands. It's her. She's here.

"Hi, Super Squishy. These fucking morons wouldn't let me come in with you, but they've learned their lesson. I'm not leaving you again. Promise. They need to work on your arm. It's broken. You've lost a lot of blood. I'm going to be here the whole time. I won't leave you."

She came back. She didn't leave me. She came back.

Everything went back to black in front of me. I could hear her voice. It made me feel calm. I hear her tell the doctor that I won't resist. She keeps talking to me, telling me that they need to fix my arm and that I need to hold still.

I can feel her hand on my chest. I reach up with the arm that apparently works and put my hand over hers. I want to make sure that she stays with me this time. I hear the doctor yell and hear a commotion.

She tells them that I've been awake the whole time and to hurry up before I lose my patience. That doctor's nose is still in danger. I squeeze her hand again, this time hoping to keep her from breaking anyone's nose.

She talks to me the whole time, keeping the doctor away. The darkness is peaceful. It's quiet here. I like it when I'm here. I've never spent this much time here before. Her voice keeps me here, Her voice brings me peace. She quiets my demons.

By the time they're done with whatever it is they're doing to my arm, the drugs they tried to sedate me with wear off enough and I can see clearly now. I'm in a room for surgery. I've been in plenty of these rooms in my life. They're all the same. They all stink. They're all cold. They all have the same fluorescent lighting overhead.

I see a nurse walk up and tell Sephie she isn't needed anymore. Just as I start to panic, Sephie tells the nurse in her very direct but funny way that she's not leaving me. She leaned down to me, whispering, "told you I wasn't going to leave you again.

These people are nuts anyway." I tried to laugh, but it came out more like a cough. I heard her laugh softly. There it is. I have to keep going.