

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 198

Chapter One Hundred Ninety-Eight

Sephie

"Are you up for some company?" Adrik asked after I inhaled my sandwich.

"The guys are still worried?" I asked, smiling.

"All of them but Andrei. He's probably got a new training plan made out for you already, but he does want to make sure you're okay with everything before he starts it." He couldn't help but laugh.

"Bubba loves being my trainer. He's good at his job, too." I smiled to myself thinking about Andrei being excited for starting new things in my training. "Tell them they can come over. I don't want to be responsible for any of them sleeping poorly tonight."

It wasn't five minutes later and they all walked into the penthouse.

"You guys have been waiting for me to wake up, haven't you?" I asked as they walked into the kitchen.

"Maybe," Stephen said, wrapping his arms around my shoulders from behind. He squeezed my shoulders, surprising me by kissing my cheek. Stephen was the least affectionate of the guys, normally. He took a while to warm up to me, but it seems like since he was able to tell the guys what's he's been holding back all this time, he's gotten more comfortable in his own skin. I was happy to see it.

"Did you eat yet, spider monkey?" Andrei asked.

"If by eat, you mean inhale, then yes. Yes, I did. My soul is now returning to my body," I said, laughing. "I can already tell I'm going to be hungry again in like an hour."

Adrik looked at me, smirking. "Told you you'd want to eat a house."

"It's a real thing," Ivan said. "We've all been there."

Viktor's phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket, looking at the number. He clearly didn't recognize the number, so he stepped away to answer the phone.

"Super Squish, we should do your bandage while I'm awake and not eating. It's a very small window today, we should take advantage," I said. He nodded, laughing. He walked to the door to go get the bandage supplies from downstairs.

Viktor walked back toward where I was sitting, handing me the phone. "It's Chen," he said.

"Oh!" I took his phone and put it on speaker so they could all hear. "Chen, what's going on, man?"

"Hey my girl. Sorry I didn't call yesterday like I said I would. I didn't get done until super late and forgive me for not wanting to disturb your giant secretary at like 2 am."

"No worries, Chen. He appreciates that. What did you find out?" I asked.

He sighed. "It's Interesting." He paused, which made me look up at all the guys. "You know I told you one of my dealers works for Vito, right? Well, he didn't know anything about it. He was also pissed off to find out they're planning on trying to replace the entire supply with that sh it. He won't touch it either. That fool is hot-headed, too. He was ready to shoot somebody when I talked to him last night. That's partly why I got done so late. I was calming him down."

"Thank you for not allowing him to shoot anyone last night. The public thanks you for your service, Chen," I said, trying not to laugh.

He laughed on the other end. "I'm a public servant, Sephie. We know this." More laughter. "So, then I go to my guy that works for Sal. I'm careful with both of them, like you can't just come out and ask them what they know like you did with me, I hint around, trying to find out if he knows anything about brawn and that motherfucker thinks I know about the plan and he proceeds to talk about how fucked up the entire deal is."

"So, the guy that works for Sal knows everything, but the guy that works for Vito doesn't?" I asked.

"Right. The guy that works for Sal not only knows everything, but they're getting a heads up when it's going down, so they know not to sell in Sal's area of the city. He said they're supposed to lay low for the weekend when it happens. Sal is paying them all to stay off the streets when it happens."

"Does he know when it's going to happen?" I asked. I glanced up to see if any of the guys had anything to add, only to find a sea of clenched jaws.

"He didn't know. He just said they'll get the word and then the next weekend they're supposed to stay off the streets in Sal's part of town. No selling anything in that part of town that weekend."

"How good of a relationship do you have with this guy? Like, do you think he would tell you when he gets the word?"

"I mean, he already thinks I know about everything to begin with, so probably."

I was quiet for a minute. "What about the guy that works for Vito and your other guy that works for the Colombian? Do you know how connected they are to other dealers in the city?"

He was quiet for a minute, exhaling loudly. "The guy that works for the Colombian is pretty high up. He likely knows a lot of other dealers. The guy that works for Vito, I don't know. Like I said, he's really hot-headed, so I keep my time with that guy short, if you catch my meaning."

"You're good with the guy that works for the Colombian?" I asked. If he could get word to Trino's people, that was a large portion of the dealers in the city.

"Yeah, that dude is cool. Super laid-back as long as you play by his rules. Break one of his rules, he breaks you," he said.

I laughed. "That's not him, that's his boss." I looked at Adrik, who nodded in agreement.

"I still want to know how you know that, and yet, I don't want to know how you know that," Chen said.

"Chen, do you think there are enough dealers that are against selling brawn that would also be willing to help us try to stop this plan?" I asked.

"Hmmm. I don't know. I can put feelers out. The guy that works for Vito is down to kill some people, but I don't know how helpful that will actually be to your cause. I'm not vouching for his aim, in other words. The other two, I don't know about. He'll, you seem to know more about the guy that works for the Colombian than I do," he said, laughing.

I was still looking at Adrik, who quietly said, "Trino's guys will help us."

"Yeah, that guy will help. What about Sal's guy? What were his thoughts on the plan?"

He sighed again. "I couldn't get a good read on him. It was like he was excited about it, but I think he was more excited for getting paid to do Jack sh it over one weekend. I don't know what his thoughts are on selling brawn in general."

"Chen, I hate to ask more of you, but can you find out how many more dealers would be against this? Any of the dealers that work for the Colombians will be against it and should be helpful to you. Tell them you know Trino, if they give you sh it. If it goes any farther than that, drop my name and have them check with Trino. You'll be fine when it comes to them. If they're working for Armando, you'll be fine. If they're working for any of the other bosses, do not under any circumstances say my name. Got it?"

"My girl. What the fuck are you into now," Chen said, seriously.

"Eh, we don't have that kind of time. I'll explain one day. Just remember, Colombians are fine, Armando is fine, anyone else means you don't know me. Call this number if you get in trouble. Okay?"

"Got it. I'll call you in a couple days once I have time to talk to more people."

"Be careful, Chen."

"Always, my girl." He ended the call. I got up, handing Viktor his phone. Ivan had come back in during my conversation with Chen. I grabbed the bandage supplies from him and pulled him toward a vacant spot on the kitchen counter. I took his sling off and started to cut his bandage off, thinking about everything that Chen had said.

"I can tell Trino to let his dealers know that Chen is a friendly. I'm more worried about him saying your name around one of the other dealers than any of Trino's guys," Adrik said.

"Chen is smart. He knows I wouldn't have said anything if it wasn't important. It also took Chen a solid year before he would even tell me his name. I told him about his cheating girlfriend before he had told me his name. I think that's why he eventually told me his name. He knows the importance of being anonymous," I said, inspecting Ivan's stitches.

I looked at Ivan. "Want to let them air for a bit? That bandage has to be getting old by now."

"You are not kidding," he said. He stretched his arm gingerly.

"We should make you an appointment for an x-ray this week to see how healed you are. The stitches look really good. Those might be able to come out at the same time," I said, watching him to make sure he didn't accidentally use his arm too much.

"We thought you might want to go to the house this week, gazelle. You said you were missing the gardens the other day," Misha said.

"I did say that," I said, smiling at him. They surprised me sometimes with how much they could remember about what I said and did. "When were we planning on going to the house?"

"After tomorrow, we can go. Since I pushed everything from today to tomorrow, I have a long day. But we can go Wednesday and stay through the weekend, if you like," Adrik said.

I walked to him, feeling guilty for keeping him trapped underneath me on the couch for the afternoon, since it meant his day would be even longer tomorrow. "Totally my fault. I wasn't planning on trapping you on the couch," I said, as I tucked myself into his side.

He looked down at me, holding me close. "I could think of much worse ways to spend the afternoon, solnishko." He smiled at me, as I looked up at him.

I looked to Ivan, "we should get you x-rayed tomorrow then. Make it easy while we're still here. I hate to take advantage of the trauma that pool hospital is likely still experiencing, but I think we can convince them, nicely, to work you in tomorrow."

Adrik said, "that hospital gets very large donations from one of my companies. They'll do whatever you need, solnishko,"

"I love it when a plan comes together," I said, smiling up at him.