

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 248

## Chapter Two Hundred Forty-Eight

Sephie

When Stephen returned, Viktor, Ivan, and Misha were with him. Andrei joined us in the office as well.

“Why did you need Chen’s number?” Viktor asked Adrik.

“It was me. I needed it. I gave it to Anna so that the people who are organizing Vito’s area of the city against him can get in touch with Chen. I figured it was easier to just have one liaison for now,” I said.

“They’re starting to revolt in Vito’s area of the city now too?” Andrei asked.

“They’ve raised taxes so high that the businesses can’t keep up and now they’re smashing windows because nobody can afford to pay,” Adrik said.

“Papa Bear, can I borrow your phone pretty please?” I asked, making the “please” overly sweet on purpose. He took his phone from his pocket, dialing Chen’s number for me and putting it on speaker before handing me the phone. “You spoil me, my gigantic secretary,” I said.

“God help me, I hope this is Sephie,” Chen said when he answered the phone. It made me laugh.

“It’s me, Chen. Do you have a minute?” I asked.

“For you, my girl? I’ve got at least 5,” he said, laughing.

“You’re a generous public servant, Chen. So, I gave your number to someone from Vito’s area of the city. They’re trustworthy. They came to us to tell us that the same thing is happening there that’s happening in Sal’s area of the city. We’re trying to get in touch with as many of the leaders of this brewing revolt as we can. We want to make sure they know we’re on their side and want to help. We also want to make sure they don’t fu ck up our plans, if I’m being honest,” I said.

Chen laughed. “I heard that, my girl.”

“I also figured it would be easier if we had just one liaison right now, but if this gets to be too much for you, then we can like you an assistant or something. I’ll even see if I can find a cute one for you,” I said,

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“It’s all good, Sephie. I can handle it for now. I’m supposed to hear from DJ today about who’s running the resistance in Sal’s area of town,” he said. He made sure to pronounce “resistance” with an obnoxious French accent.

“Laissez le bon temps rouler, Chen,” I said, laughing.

He laughed loudly. “I can’t believe you remember that. I’ll let you know when these new people call me and what I hear from DJ later.”

“Thanks, Chen. You’re the best,” I said. I could still hear him laughing when I ended the call. I handed the phone back to Viktor.

“How many languages do you speak, gazelle?” Misha asked.

“I don’t actually speak French, so that one doesn’t count. Same for Spanish, I just know a few random words in both languages,” I said.

“What did you say to him?” Andrei asked, curious.

“Laissez le bon temps rouler means ‘let the good times roll.’ Chen is his surname and is short for Cheney. His family is French. He speaks it very poorly. Even worse than my Italian. But he told one of his girlfriends that he could speak French to try and impress her when they first started dating. He said he would speak gibberish to her in a French accent and then he’d always end with ‘laissez le bon temps rouler.’ I started laughing. “He told her it meant that she was beautiful. She believed him, too. His terrible French got him laid. It became a joke between us after he told me about it. I just told him he was beautiful, basically,” I said, still laughing. The guys all laughed with me at my si lly story. I hadn’t realized how stressed I was getting until we all had a moment’s relief. I loved these little moments when we could all have a reprieve, fleeting as they were, from everything piling on us right now.

“What did you guys find out downstairs?” I asked.

“Just as I suspected, princess. She’s very much a creature of habit. So is the guy she meets each time. It will be easy to get what we need,” Ivan said.

“Won’t she notice the missing product, though?” I asked. I was very curious about this whole process.

“You can take what you need as well as drop off a replacement at the same time, gazelle.” Misha said.

“But how do you know for sure you’re dropping off the same stuff? You guys aren’t planning on letting her snort something she thinks is her drug of choice that’s gonna ki ll her, are you?”

Ivan pointed to Viktor, “I told you it was a good idea!” His response caused another round of much-needed uncontrollable laughter.

“Are you guys going to get it from her or have someone else she doesn’t know do it?” I asked once we gained our composure once again.

“Oh, I’m definitely doing this one,” Misha said. He was clearly still very angry with Giana over this whole mess. Maybe even more so after this revelation about her. “I can use her inability to keep herself from staring at me to my advantage. You know how easy it is for me to make her all hot and bothered just by looking at her.”

I giggled. “I do know that. I’m embarrassed for her because of that. What about the guy she meets? Who gets to pick his pockets?”

“He’ll be easy. He’s just a punk kid. We can catch him on his way out of the building,” Ivan said.

I couldn’t help but grin. “It’s like an early Christmas!” I said, clapping my hands. “Although, this could be Armando’s unraveling, now that I think of it.”

“What do you mean, spider monkey?” Andrei asked.

“If she’s doing drugs, I don’t know how Armando is going to handle that news. He clearly loves her, but as more time goes by, I think we’re seeing the answer to the question of whether he’s going to pull her up or she’s going to pull him down. It might be too much for him at once, or it might be the wakeup call that he needs right now. I don’t know,” I said, chewing on my bottom lip.

“We should add it to the whiteboard,” Andrei said, grinning at me.