

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 227

## Chapter Two Hundred Twenty-Seven

Adrik

I looked to Chen. “Chucky will not be joining us tonight, but tell me about the other two.”

His eyes went wide. “I mean, I just said he’s a little off. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“No, Chen. I know Chucky. I’ve known Chucky since I was 16. He was friends with my uncle. Chucky is not to be trusted,” Sephie said.

Chen looked at Sephie like he suddenly understood a little more. I didn’t know how much Chen knew about Sephie, but her explanation was all he needed to hear. “If you say he’s not to be trusted, then he’s not to be trusted,” he said. Chen looked at me, saying. “DJ works for Armando. He’s got a girl and two kids. He’s worried about keeping them safe, should the entire city get a hold of brawn. He’s kind of like me. The dealing helps fill in the gaps. He’s got a regular job, but dealing helps him make ends meet. Smith works for Massimo. I think he’s okay, but he’s really quiet. Like serial killer quiet, so I can’t get a good read on him.”

We heard Stephen say, “someone is here.” Ivan stayed with Sephie while Andrei and Viktor moved to the door.

I looked at Chen, confirming, “you told them to come alone?” He nodded his head. “I told them multiple times to come alone. It’s not my fault if they’re too stupid to listen.”

We waited for Stephen to give us more information. “One male, alone. Not Chucky,” he said. Viktor and Andrei stepped outside, closing the door behind them. Misha moved to the door, as backup should they need it. We heard them talking outside the door, then one knock on the door. Misha opened it, revealing one nervous man with Andrei and Viktor.

He walked into the apartment. I looked to Chen, hoping he would address this person. He caught on quickly. “DI. good to see you, man,” he said, walking up to him. They shook hands, then Chen stepped back. Ivan and I were on either side of Sephie. standing just in front of her, mostly shielding her from view. DJ looked at us, nervously. I took a step toward him. “DI, thank you for coming,” I said. I stepped back even with Ivan, partially in front of Sephie once more. I felt her hand in mine. I knew she was struggling with the revelation that someone else from her past was involved in this. I laced her fingers through mine, holding her hand firmly. I heard her sigh quietly behind me.

“Next,” Stephen said. We waited to hear more details. “Two, actually,” he said. “Neither is Chucky. Promptness is not his strong suit,” he said.

Viktor and Andrei stepped out once more. Chen looked past me and Ivan to Sephie, “how do they do that? Do they have bionic hearing and can hear when people get here?” he asked.

Sephie laughed. “Something like that,” she said.

Smith and Gus walked into the apartment moments later. I greeted both the same as DJ. Gus looked at Sephie, a small smile on his face. He looked to me, then said, “I mean no disrespect, sir, but Trino has talked very highly of her. I can now see why.”

“Tell Trino I love him, but he still has no chance,” Sephle said, smiling shyly.

Gus laughed loudly. “If you don’t mind, I’ll skip telling him that. But he thinks very highly of you, Sephie.”

She had put her hand in mine once again after I shook hands with Gus and Smith. I squeezed her hand, nry thumb tracing circles on hers.

“He’s here. I’ve got a clean shot,” Stephen said. Both Ivan and I looked down at Sephie. She looked up at both of us, the fear was evident on her face.

Ivan said, “take the shot,” in Russian. Silence for a moment, then “done. Guys are moving in to get him out of the way. All

clear.”

Sephie quietly said, “thank you.” I looked to Ivan, who understood immediately. He put his arm around her shoulders, pulling her to him as I looked to the three dealers. “Gentlemen, let’s begin,” I said.

“There’s still one other guy, sir. He should be here soon,” Smith said.

“He will not be joining us,” I said firmly. The dealers all looked at Chen, like he had something to do with it. “It was my decision. Chen had nothing to do with it. Chucky was not to be trusted,” I stated, flatly. I did not like to be questioned, but I entertained this one. I needed them to trust me.

“How did you know he couldn’t be trusted? You didn’t even meet him,” Smith said. He was nervous, but he struck me as the type to not back down from a fight, no matter how outgunned he was. His type was useful, given he could control his temper. It was evident that he was not happy with this situation, even without knowing what happened to Chucky yet. His tone was short. A little too short.

I felt Sephie step beside me. Just like she had told me that she could feel my anger before, I could now feel hers even before she was beside me. I didn’t need to look at her to know that she was seething at Smith’s tone. “He didn’t need to meet him. I’ve known Chucky for years. I’m the one that decides who we trust and who we don’t, so if you’re smart, you’ll watch your tone when addressing Ghost because I do not care for it and I’d hate to see you meet the same fate as your pal Chucky.” She had crossed her arms across her chest as she began talking to him. She had taken a few steps closer to him as she noticed him. shrink back slightly, which meant that every single one of us had also taken steps closer to him as she did. It didn’t matter what she did, she knew we were always standing behind her. It gave her confidence. I was proud to see her stand up and fully realize her power. She’d faced demons much worse than this punk and she was becoming aware of just how strong she really was. She knew we would always be with her.

Just to get her point across with an extra exclamation point behind it, I stood directly behind her and stared down Smith until he dropped his gaze. As soon as he did, she simply said, “smart man,” and walked back to stand next to Ivan. She glanced at me. as she turned, her eyes were dark again. Like they were the day she fought Mike. I was thankful for just a brief glimpse of them It was an unexpected turn on the last time I saw her eyes go dark. I didn’t need to deal with that on top of everything else right

now.

We all heard Stephen say quietly, “if I wasn’t gay, that probably would’ve been super hot.”

I had to clear my throat to keep from laughing at him. I don’t know how the other guys and Sephie managed to not laugh, but I

didn’t hear a peep out of them.

Gus caught my eye, then glanced quickly to Smith then back to me. He shook his head discreetly. Sephie caught it too. She said quietly, in Russian, “let it play out. I want to know why he doesn’t trust him.”

“Sir, if I may, on behalf of all the dealers we’ve talked with, we want you to know that we’re not down with this plan to replace the city’s supply with brawn. Most of us remember the last time brawn was in the city. I know that the bosses took the credit for stopping it the last time, but it was us. We all refused to sell it, so the bosses had no choice but to stop pushing it. We’re not down with selling it again and we’ll do whatever it takes to make sure it doesn’t happen,” DJ said.

“Tell me what you know of the plot and what you’ve found so far,” I said, looking between all three of them.

Smith was quick to object. “We’ll tell you what we know after you tell us what you know.”

We heard Stephen chuckle. “Ivan, Sephie, take one step to your left. Boss, take one step to your right.” We immediately did as

he said. As soon as we were out of the way, a very obvious red dot appeared on Smith’s forehead.

Ivan said, “you talk a big game for someone who’s squarely in the cross hairs.”