

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 183

Chapter One Hundred Eighty-Three

Sephie

“Sooo...you haven’t heard anything, then?” I asked. I was relieved that he wouldn’t sell it, if he knew that’s what his supply was. The problem was that it was shaping up to look like they weren’t going to tell the dealers they were switching out the supply. He thought for a moment. “I haven’t heard anything about it. I can talk to the other dealers I know and see if they’ve heard anything. Why are you asking? Are you dealing now? Is that why you have quite possibly the biggest security force I’ve ever seen behind you?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Not dealing. But the biggest security force is with me all the time now. What boss do you deal for, Chen? I never asked you that.”

“None of them. This is kind of like no man’s land. I’m small time, anyway. This is just a side hustle to help fund my legit business I’m starting. I’ve been contracting for a few years now, trying to build a customer base for that. I have a couple guys working for me now. The dealing helps pay for that.”

“Chen, you never told me that. I knew you had a real job somewhere, but I didn’t know you had your own business. That’s awesome, man. I’m proud of you,” I said, giving him a high-five.

He smiled at me, like he’d never had anyone tell him they were proud of him before. His eyes lit up as he said, “wait, hold on. I have a business card. Wait here.” He ran back into the apartment and came back with a card. He handed it to me like it was a prized possession. “If you ever need anything, you call me. I got my contractor’s license and everything. It’s totally legit. My guys do great work too. If you need anything, I’ll hook you up. I still owe you for all the cheap food you used to hook me up with and for preventing me from making the biggest mistake of my life,” His face got dark for a second, as he remembered his ex-girlfriend.

“I’ll keep you in mind, for sure. Would you mind asking the other dealers you know? Do you know what bosses they work for, by chance?” I asked.

“Uh, one of them works for that Vito. One for Sal. And the third guy is loyal to some guy in Colombia. I still haven’t figured out how there’s a Colombian running things in the city, but whatever, I guess he is.”

I laughed. “You can leave the dealer that works for the Colombian out. He’s already been talked to by his boss. He’s a nice guy, for the record.”

Chen’s eyes went wide again. “How do you know that?”

“It’s probably best that you don’t know. There are some very bad people that are trying to replace the entire drug supply with brawn. That’s what’s important. We need to know what they’re planning so we can stop them. How often do you talk to the other dealers?”

“I’ll see them all on Sunday. I get my supply from them, so I pay them on Sunday when I’m sold out. I’ll ask them both If they know anything. How can I get in touch with you?” His question actually stumped me. I hadn’t had a cell phone for months. I never needed it. I had six of them at my disposal, so I just never bothered carrying mine. Since Max had started dating Tori, he’d fallen off the face of the earth and he was the only one I ever talked to outside the building.

Viktor handed Chen a card. “Call this number.” Chen looked skeptical as he took the card from Viktor.

“Don’t worry, they’re always with me. Just think of him like my very glant secretary if that makes it easier,” I said grinning at him.

“I promise I’ll call on Sunday. I want to know what’s going on. I’m not selling brawn, that sh it is fu cked up. I won’t touch it. And if someone is trying to fu ck with my side hustle, I want to know about it. I bet the other dealers will be pi ssed too. I don’t think I know any of them that will sell that sh it. It’s too risky. That’s bad business,” he said. He was clearly angry at the thought. of being given brawn instead of his normal supply.

“We’re trying to stop it, Chen, but it’s good to know that the other dealers that you know won’t be happy to know what they’re trying to pull. That gives us an advantage,” I said.

“Yeah, I’ll see what I can find out and I’ll call your giant secretary,” he said, looking over my shoulder as another car pulled into the parking lot.

“We’ll get out of here, so we don’t scare your customers. Thank you for your help, Chen. I’m glad you’re doing well still. And thank you for the card. I’ll pass along your info to anyone that needs it,” I said, raising my hand first for him to grab. He grabbed it, pulling me in once again for a hug.

“Sephie, you look great, as always. I’m glad you stopped by, my girl. Whatever you’re doing looks good on you,” he said, smiling. We heard the car door open on the car that had pulled into the parking lot, so we made a quick exit. I’m sure Viktor and Misha weren’t exactly the type of marketing Chen was looking for with his clientele.

As we dr ove back to the penthouse, my mind was racing about what Chen had said about Max. Instead of thinking about him, I tried to distract myself by asking Misha and Ivan questions.

“Doesn’t it sound like they’re going to replace the supply without telling the dealers anything?” I asked from the backseat. They both nodded.

Misha said, “I didn’t know that the dealers were so against it. Either new dealers or there weren’t as many selling it before as we thought. Or that whole story is incorrect.”

“When does Andy come to the building? Maybe he knows more?” I asked.

“We were talking about getting him tonight, after we get back. Team America can go fetch him and bring him back,” Ivan said.

“You trust them to get him by themselves?” I asked, somewhat surprised.

He laughed. “No. No I do not. I meant Team America could go with Viktor, Misha, and Stephen again.”

I exhaled loudly. “Oh, thank God. That was totally going to mess up the wh ite board bet pool. We have the integrity of the data to consider now, boys.”

They were still both laughing as we pulled into the parking garage beneath the building.