

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 190

## Chapter One Hundred Ninety

Adrik

I watched Sephie's reaction at Stephen's solution to the Mike problem. She thought for a minute, clearly unsure about it.

"I don't know how I feel about this," I said. "It's one thing for you guys to spar with her. I know you guys won't hurt her. I don't know that I can say the same for Mike. If he hurts her, he's a dead man."

She leaned into me, smiling sweetly at me. She had that spark in her eyes that only I could see. I felt my heart jump in my chest as I looked at her.

"Mike doesn't have the same training as Sephie does now," Viktor said. "This could actually work out really well. I was going to have them start training with us starting Monday anyway."

"Sephie can be his first test. I heard him trying to convince you that he didn't need any training. Tell him if he can best her, then he can skip it," Ivan said, a sly smile stretched across his face.

"But what if he really can best me?" Sephie asked.

Misha and Andrei looked at each other, laughing loudly. "Gazelle, you don't need to worry about him besting you. We need to worry about being able to pull you off him, so you don't seriously injure him."

"But he's not you and Bubba. He's not going to know what to say to piss me off. I don't know how to just summon the anger," she said. She still had a worried look on her face.

"That's what we're for," Andrei said. "We'll get you to see red and throw you in there with him."

Stephen had been quietly contemplating this plan, as he wanted to do. He looked at Sephie, "from the impression I got from talking to Keith, Mike is more talk than anything. He likely did well on the force in the small town, but it's not saying much when you're King Turd on a pile of shit."

"Okay, one, it's going to be extremely difficult for me to not call him that to his face from now on, so thank you for that. And two, he's still a dude and bigger and stronger than I am. Biology can't be ignored," she said.

"He's bigger and stronger, but you're lighter and faster. That's always your advantage, spider monkey. That's how you keep all of us on our toes. We have brute force, sure. But it's harder to move that much mass as quickly as you can move your lighter, smaller body. And when you're angry?" He scoffed, "you're like lightning fast. That's why me and Misha enjoy pissing you off so much. You're a serious challenge when you're angry," Andrei said.

"If you fight him like you did Misha on the beach, Mike won't know what hit him. That's the best I've seen you look, princess," Ivan said. "If Keith is right and Mike never really took his training seriously, it's going to be painfully obvious very quickly. And something tells me that you don't need to worry about being able to summon your anger with him. I don't even think you'll need Andrei and Misha as backup to make you angry. I'm fairly certain Mike is going to inevitably say something to piss you off,

even more than we're able to."

Stephen said, "I feel like this definitely needs to make it to the white board. Both for how long it takes her to take him down and for how long it takes him to say something that will unleash the fire we all know is in there."

They all ended up looking at me, as they knew it wouldn't happen if I didn't want it to. I looked to Sephie. "This only happens if you're okay with it and want to do it. I have zero doubts that you'll be able to handle him. He does strike me as more bark than bite, but we don't know that for sure either."

She looked at me for a moment. I could still see the uncertainty in her eyes. She then looked at each of the guys. "You'll all be there?" Everyone nodded. She looked down, her hands fidgeting in her lap. She took a deep breath, then said, "I'll do it."

The guys all erupted in elated yells. I couldn't help but laugh. I knew Sephie would be able to handle herself. My guys were trained by the best and they trained her. I'd seen what she could do and I knew she was still holding back. This might even be good for her.

I was worried, however, about controlling my own temper in the event she got hurt. It would take all five of the guys to pull me off Mike and Ivan still only had the use of one arm. The odds were in my favor and I knew it. That didn't bode well for Mike, if it came down to that.

Sephie couldn't help but smile at the guys' reactions to her agreeing to this. The more I thought about it, the more I thought it could be good for her. She was holding back, but only because she didn't believe in her abilities 100%. Facing someone she knew nothing about could be a major confidence boost for her.

I called Trino the next afternoon. I waited until after noon, to give him time to recover from his night of partying that I assumed happened. When he answered his phone, he sounded like he had just woken up.

"Jefe, que pasa, amigo?" he said, the sleep still evident in his voice.

"Trino, I have more information that you're going to want to hear," I said. I filled him in on what we'd found out about Dario and Massimo, as well as what Salvadori, Anthony, and Lorenzo had been planning. When I got to the part about them negotiating with the Mexican cartels, Trino's anger erupted over the phone.

"THEY DID WHAT??" he yelled into the phone. I could hear him move the phone away from his face, cursing loudly. He gained control, but he was still cursing in Spanish as he said, "do those pendejos not know that I supply the Mexican cartels? I do. ME. There's no bypassing me."

I had to laugh. "Sephie is actually the one that informed everyone else of that fact. Mando didn't even know that, nor did his guys, or Sal's guy that's giving us this information."

"If you don't marry her, I'm going to steal her, Jefe. I respect you, but I'm telling you right now, I will risk it all to get her. She can learn to love Colombian men," he said, laughing.

"I might actually like to see you try, if I'm being honest," I said.

"That hurts, Jefe. I'm a sensitive man," he said, still laughing.

"We're working on getting more information on the warehouse where they're manufacturing the brawn. We'd like to have New Year's fireworks early. How much longer do you think you can keep Anthony and Lorenzo down there?" I asked.

He exhaled. "I can keep them as long as I possibly can if it's helping you out. I'm enjoying toying with them. It might be concerning how much I'm enjoying toying with them. They still don't know that Dario and Massimo are down here. I've kept them separate from each other. I can let that slip and watch them fight each other for at least two weeks. It'll give Massimo hope that I'm going to let him live. Makes it that much sweeter when I throw him off that cliff."

I laughed. "Have you picked out which cliff? I vote for the highest one you can find. Draw it out as long as possible. He's truly a slek fuck, Trino. He killed Dario's parents when he was just 12 years old. Then he convinced Dario that he did him a favor by killing them."

There was silence for a moment on the other end. "That's evil, Jefe. That's true evil. I mean, you and I are 'no saints, but we've got rules."

"If you were wavering at all about ending him, there's your motivation to stick with your original plan. You're doing the world a favor," I said.

I could hear him cursing in Spanish. "What about the warehouse? Do you need help with that? My dealers weren't too happy to find out they were trying to replace their supply without telling them. None of them want to sell brawn. That's going to kill at least half their customer base. That's a terrible business decision."

"That's what we're finding on our end, too. When brawn originally surfaced, the story was that the bosses were the ones that forbade the dealers from making it and selling it, but I'm not sure I believe that story anymore. Something else went on. Or the city has entirely new dealers, which isn't likely." While this wasn't a priority, I was curious to find out what really happened when brawn had originally appeared in the city. Somehow the story wasn't adding up now.

"I can have my dealers get in touch with your guys. A few of them already offered to help. The rest of them will help if I tell them to. La zy cabrons..." he said, trailing off.

"That would be great, Trino. We're gathering information right now to find out the best course of action. The warehouse is in an abandoned area, so we're going to try to set up a fake warehouse next to it to gather intel. Gives us a reason to be there without arousing suspicion," I said.

"Good plan. But as every good Colombian knows, a car bomb will work in a pinch," he said.

I chuckled. "I'll keep that in mind, Trino."

"I'll keep you posted on the morons down here. If you hear anything more about the Mexican cartels, I would appreciate a heads up. Our relationship is strained, at best."

"Will do, Trino. I'm trying to avoid a war between you and them. I'll keep you informed. And on the off chance you talk to Armando, he doesn't know of our plan for the warehouse yet. We're still unsure of one of his security guys, so I haven't brought him in on the plan yet."

"You have my word, Jefe."