

Tattooed 445

Chapter 445

The old man squinted at me before recognition spread across his face. "The fuck do you want?" He asked before sitting down. With no coffee to hold, his hands kept fidgeting around.

"Just wanted to have a little chat with you."

"Last time you wanted to chat, your hands cut off my air supply." He grumbled a few thing that I didn't catch but I could assume what the gist of it was.

"You can understand someone in my position might need to use.... unfavorable tactics to achieve a certain outcome."

"Go blow your shit up someone else's ass." He waved me off as he got up and limped to his cabinets. Pulling out a tee bag, he filled a dirty mug with some brown water before putting the tea bag in it. His immune system must be strong.

"It has been brought to my attention that you are running out of money. Vin isn't supplying you anymore and now you are feeling it."

To give the old man credit, he barely even flinched but his eyes gave him away. "Rumors."

"Just because they are rumors, doesn't make it false." Leaning forward, I pulled out my wallet. Grabbing a hundred, I tossed it over to him. "There is more where that came from."

"Why the fuck do I want your money?" His eyes lingered on it but he just sat back and didn't touch it.

"You need it. This place is going out of business and by the looks of it, you don't even have electricity."

He grumbled and huffed. "How do you even know that?" He asked like it wasn't obvious.

“Is that a serious question? Your light switches are all on. You heated up your coffee over an open flame and now you are drinking cold tea. Probably since that is a caffeine tea, you will be struggling today. Let’s have a serious discussion.”

“What do you want?”

“Information.”

The old man leaned back and tried to put his bad leg over his good leg but winced and put it back down. Then he moved so he was sitting more upright but decided against it and sat back again. “What kind of information?”

“Have you ever heard of the phrase, ‘the enemy of my enemy is my friend’?” I asked.

“Who’s our enemy?” He asked, glancing over at me.

“Vin.” I looked at him like he was stupid. “We both know I want Vin fucking dead yesterday. Since Rip died, you haven’t been getting paid. Knowing Vin and by the looks of things, you aren’t getting paid. I think we both would benefit if Vin was removed from the equation. My family is safe and you can continue to do whatever it is your heart desires.”

“I don’t have information on Vin.”

It was the old man’s turn to look at me like I was stupid. “You’re lying.” I said simply.

“How so?” Slamming his cup down, cold tea spilled everywhere but neither of us flinched. For starters, it was cold tea and second, neither of us cared.

“You know Gunther. Gunther is his right hand man. I’m sure he has told you something and I’m sure there has been talk. Someone like you doesn’t close his ears to the noise around him.”

“You want me to double dip.”

“Call it what you want but I only want Vin. My soul purpose is to kill him, otherwise I wouldn’t be here. Now, I can do that with or without your help. If I do it without, I’ll take this place down with him. If you don’t believe me, ask Rip what I am capable of. If you work with me, you get to keep this hell whole and make some money off it.”

“What about after?”

“After what?”

He stood up and limped over to the windows and looked out. The sun was starting to peak through the trees and my time was running out. “The offer is not an outstanding thing. You either accept it or don’t.”

“You are putting me at a very difficult position.” He kept looking through the window like he was looking for something... or someone.

“I’ll see you tonight.” I said before I stood up. My body towered over him as I reached for the door.

“Tonight?” Looking back, he was gauging my reaction.

“I’ll be watching. You won’t see me, hear me or even feel me but I’ll always be watching your every move. Especially, if you decline my offer.”

Not giving him a chance to respond, I opened the door and ran out of the house. Everything in me told me it was time to go. My extra sense was ringing and that was something I didn’t listen to. Even my wolf was feeling agitated. From the corner of my eye, I saw some movement.

Pausing... another flash of something small and brown ran past the trees. It wasn’t until a small brown wolf stopped and made eye contact with me did I realize what it was. Blake. They made it to the show.

As I reached Alec, he was getting down from the tree. “Some players just showed up. You got out right in the nick of time. I about had Blake get you out.”