

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Tommy had convinced Griff and the others of a Russian connection. Ralph, on the other hand, wasn't entirely receptive to the idea and had demanded proof. The solution came when Tommy suggested that the two of them tap into the NAPCO phone lines together. Dressed like phone company employees, they entered the narrow basement corridor that housed the telephone equipment and got to work.

"Not that one, Ralph, I told you, put the clip on the red wire," Tommy whispered, with a pained expression.

"Sod off, oi 'eard you the first time," Ralph growled.

"Anything? do you hear anything?"

"Shush," Ralph whispered, as he listened intently over the now connected orange receiver."

"But ..."

"Shut yah trap."

Tommy scanned the narrow corridor while periodically gazing at his wristwatch. "Hurry up, Ralph," he whispered, "I told the security guys we wouldn't be long."

"Sod off, oi'm listenin'."

"They're gonna get suspicious when they can't see anything from that camera over your head."

"Then turn off the flashlight. Oi told yah not to aim it at the bloody camera."

"How else were we gonna stop them from getting curious?"

"Alright, just a few more minutes."

Tommy turned off the light that had been aimed at the camera's lens and stood by Ralph's side, nervously cracking his knuckles.

"Stop that shit," Ralph ordered, "oi can't 'ear."

"C'mon, man," Tommy replied, nervously, "we haven't got all day. You said you just wanted to be sure about the Russian shits."

"Right," Ralph said, while disconnecting the clips, "oi ain't no expert but sounds like fuckin' Russian to me. You did good, mate."

"Now what?"

"Let's get outta 'ere."

Once past the security desk and beyond the electrically controlled front door, they walked side by side at a slow pace.

"What are you thinkin', man?" Tommy asked, as Ralph rubbed his chin in silence.

"Tryin' to put it all together," he said.

"So?"

"Them flowers couldn't hold that much coke and we didn't bring in enough cash to pay for that frickin' glass monument of a buildin'," Ralph remarked, as he turned and pointed towards the structure that they had just left.

"We were workin' for a cult, dude, maybe they got others around the country?"

"Yeah, maybe, but oi still don't get it. Oi think they had bigger plans for us, we just didn't hang around long enough to see 'em."

"Well, it ain't about figurin' out their shit, man, we're supposed to makin' Kerberos pay for fuckin' up our lives."

'Ain't you got no curiosity?"

"Not enough to get me iced."

"There's more to the *K* man than meets the eye, mate, an' oi ain't gonna quit until oi finds out."

"So, what if the bank guys use the *K* dude to sell some drugs, big deal. I'll bet the banks have been fuckin' us more ways than that."

Ralph stopped in his tracks, their bus stop still a distance away, and gazed back at the NAPCO building. "No, mate," he said, "Russians or not, there's somethin' else goin' on ... the drugs ain't it."