



The Price You Pay

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In this audacious, lightning-paced thriller, a smart-mouthed, white-collar drug dealer--a hilariously irreverent antihero--seeks revenge when an unknown enemy takes out a contract on him.

All is good in the life of Jack Price. His drug operation is the Amazon of cocaine trafficking, and no one can breach his complex security system. But then: His downstairs neighbor is professionally executed. That the murder is a sign for Jack becomes perfectly clear a few days later when he arrives home and is beaten to a bloody pulp by a squad of enforcers. Now revenge is on his mind, and he reaches out to his ex-Soviet associate. Unfortunately, she's just taken a gig with the Seven Demons, the most feared underground assassination squad in the world--and Jack is their next target. Anyone else would disappear as soon as they learned they were being targeted by the Seven Demons. But Jack Price cannot abide a betrayal. With the help of his contacts in a deep web network called Poltergeist, he fakes a getaway and begins scouting the Demons. He intends to take them out one by one...

The Price You Pay Details

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From Reader Review The Price You Pay for online ebook

Adam says

Reading this novel was truly an experience. The protagonist of The Price You Pay has a voice like no character I can think of other than really Patrick Bateman from American Psycho. But while that novel had a tendency to get bogged down in minutiae, this novel is completely propulsive and engrossing.

Some readers I'm sure will wince at some of the violence, pitch black humor, and "rooting" for a drug-dealing sociopath, but for me it all worked perfectly. To truly enjoy this, you must suspend disbelief and let Aidan Truhen (supposedly actually Nick Harkaway) take you wherever he wants. You won't regret it.

Faith says

If profanity bothers you, this is not the book for you. It's also likely that the book's loose, gonzo style will turn some readers off, but I thought this book was hilarious. Jack Price has a voice you don't hear everyday. He's a cocaine entrepreneur in an unnamed American city. His elderly neighbor Didi is murdered and he asks too many questions about it. "Someone is dead in my building. Someone is dead in my building right under my apartment. Someone is dead in my building right under my apartment in such a way that there are all the cops in the universe plus also Leo and that means they got dead violently and with malice in my building right under my apartment and you just have to take notice of that kind of happening."

Jack's questioning earns him a severe beating. When he tries to hire his friend Karenina for muscle she is forced to decline because she is now working for a group of assassins called the Seven Demons and, unfortunately, Jack is their next target. Jack's beating sets off a chain of retribution and there is an extremely high body count. "The whole order of things in the universe has been uprooted and unless that order can be restored there will be a vortex of destruction: rains of fish, snitches in the hedgerows and a plague of cops." He proceeds to kill the Seven Demons in creative and extremely violent ways. They in turn set out to take all of his money, destroy his business and threaten everyone close to him.

The attitude of this book was similar to "The Intern's Handbook" by Shane Kuhn which I also enjoyed. There are a lot of loose ends left in this book, but the ending definitely leaves room for a sequel. I look forward to it.

I received a free copy of this book from the publisher.

Kendall Grey says

John Wick walks into Shits & Shingles Gentlemen's Club and sidles up to Quentin Tarantino, who's sucking down Golden Grain by the beer Stein at the diesel-and-snot-crusted bar. They fuck each other all the hell up, without lube, taking turns bending each other over stools, throwing down on the whisky-and-piss soaked floor, against the bullet-ridden walls, breaking window panes with their cocks, taking glass splinters up their asses and slapping balls as they bang. One of them (I'm not sure which) gets knocked up and births the sickest, most insane, brilliant son of a bitch to ever live. They name baby THE PRICE YOU PAY and leave

it on the sweat-and-ass-streaked bar as payment for their drinks.

Hands up, who wants to babysit?

???????????

Bouncing on balls of feet and flailing arms

Fucking hell, pick me! For fuck's sake, pick me!

Ahem.

So, I'm not sure if you worked it out, but I loved this book. Like, I want to impale it with a foot-long dagger and pin it to my pillow so it will sleep beside me every night and never leave me.

Jack Price is the (anti-)hero of our story. He deals in cocaine, but he's a nice coke dealer who prefers to take a hands-off approach to his business:

“I am Uber for illegal drugs. I have everyone from executives in Beemers to old codgers with Z frames running cocaine for me.”

Jack keeps to himself, has few friends, doesn't make trouble. Then the old bitch who lives below his penthouse turns up executed. And then some dudes from the Seven Demons hit squad come and fuck him up real bad:

“What you have here is basically indestructible: an idea of a gang of seven that restores its losses and never stops. It is defined by a complete lack of compunction, by being more fucking terrifying than the gold standard of contemporary fucking terrifyingness.”

And that's when Jack gets pissed.

Jack unleashes his vengeance on the Seven Demons in much the same way a fire-breathing dragon might wipe the ass of a fledgling turtle suffering from anal leakage as it breaks for the sea amid an LSD-powered rave on the beach.

Actual explosives may be methods of mayhem that leave holes in people and places the story, but there are also word bombs galore (this is a good thing, trust me), and they're fucking delicacies of the highest order. I had to stop, bend down, and smell the aromas so many times, I lost track. Lucky for me, I abused the highlight function on my reader to the point where it quit begging me for mercy and just jizzed itself to death. Pretty much the entire book is now piss-colored yellow, ejaculated from someone who pulled an all-nighter with a barrel of plutonium-238 for a drinking buddy and peed it out on a swath of dried electronic ink.

This book was so mind-blowingly awesome that I'm afraid to pick up another book. Nothing compares to the

braingasms I have endured over the last few days, and I fear nothing else ever will. I loved it so much, I'm breaking my self-imposed NO STARS rule and giving it 5-stars. Don't believe me? Go look at the rest of the books I've read. This is the only one I've rated. I loved it THAT much.

Fair warning—and this is my only (minor) beef with the story: the author doesn't use quotation marks a single time in the entire book. He seems a bit allergic to commas and other punctuation as well. If you're a grammar freak like me, hold your nose and jump in with the expectation that the water will be very dirty until you get used to Truhen's unique stylistic choices. Normally, something like this will put me off a book from the get-go, but in this instance, it works. Just takes some getting used to.

Please, for the love of all that is holy, PLEASE, Mr. Truhen, invite Quentin and John over for tea with the expectation that once all pinkie fingers have been lowered, they'll fuck each other up again and have another love child for me to cuddle and dangle out of a 50-story window. The door is wide open. This can—and should—totally happen. The sooner, the better, Mr. Truhen. Get those horny fuckers in a room stat!

THE PRICE YOU PAY is currently sitting pretty at the top of my 2018 Reads List, waiting for some asshole to come and (try to) knock it off its perch.

Authors, I triple-dick-dare you.

I recommend this book to non-pussies who enjoy ultra-violence, absolutely SICK (I mean that in both of the good ways) writing, and heads lobbed as weapons.

Liz Barnsley says

Not your Grandma's crime novelist. I have no clue who hides behind the pseudonym of Adrian Truhen but whoever it is buy that writer a drink or several because my weekend was just stolen by their creation, the indomitable Jack Price.

This book is cracking. From the opening to the closing it is brilliantly witty, indelibly violently funny and I don't think I've inappropriately giggled and indeed laughed out loud at so many twisted, dark and horrible things as I have whilst reading this book. Ever.

Meet Jack Price. He's actually quite a lovely drug dealing type. He doesn't hook children, or use mules, he pays well, earns well and pretty much minds his own business. Then his downstairs neighbour is brutally killed. Jack is vaguely annoyed by this, asks a couple of questions, finds himself the subject of a contract and well, then he gets REALLY pissed off and chaos ensues...

In a nutshell this book is it's subject matter. Told entirely by Jack, a thinking man's psychopath, you are entirely dragged along in his wake as he sets out to take down those who seek to destroy him. He doesn't care who they kill to get to him, he occasionally has a vaguely thoughtful moral moment but soon blows that off and his ingenious and extraordinarily ghastly plans come to fruition in a horrifying yet really really entertaining way. So sue me I laughed at severed heads and fist pumped the air at random blood, death and violence – I just simply could not help it.

From his opinion on Finding Nemo – “the darkest most f***** up thing I have ever seen in my life” – to his admittance that “everyone's the morally conflicted hero of their own narrative” to his internal ironic snigger

at "I'm Jack Price – that's the Price you pay" he is one of the most amusing, captivating and downright engaging anti-heroes ever. The plot fairly rocks along, there's no time to take stock, what I loved was he wasn't infallible by any means, so it's not at all predictable and things just get darker as you go.

The Price You Pay is simply intoxicating, I almost did feel a little inebriated after reading it. This is one of those books that is exhilarating for all the wrong reasons which of course make them all the right literary reasons and I loved every single last word of it. Bring on more.

All I can shout now is "LUCILLE!"

You'll see. This one is not to be missed for those that like their crime drama dark and twisted as all hell.

Get Mad. Get Even. Get Paid (What type of loser stops at getting even...)

HIGHLY Recommended.

Dani says

Insane but really entertaining

Cheryl says

I was looking forward to this book. I was ready for the snarkiness. There was some in the beginning mixed with a bit of humor. However, there was not enough. This book for me suffered also from my lack of connection with the characters or the story. Without the connection, I struggled to find anything interesting about the story. In fact, the use of the "f" bomb was about the only thing that kept this book somewhat interesting. I tried and tried to stick with this book but after getting almost to the half way mark with little improvement, I could not read any further.

Travis Fortney says

This was great. Very voicy and took a while to get into, but once it gets rolling there's a nice grown-up-coke-dealing-psycho-killer-assassin Catcher in the Rye thing going, mixed with a bit of Elmore Leonard and a dash of Carl Hiaasen. All good things, and a propulsive if dirty-feeling plot. Four stars because by the end it all feels less fresh and gets too talky to be fully satisfying.

Aengus says

When a local businessman discovers his unpleasant neighbor (a nosy mean spirited old woman) has been has been murdered, he looks into it, drawing the attention of a shadowy cabal of elite assassins. Unfortunately for the shadowy cabal, the businessman is a nihilistic psychopath. "The Price You Pay" is a gleefully over

the top revenge fantasy with preposterous ultra violence and a narrator whose voice is a cross between Phillip Larkin and a Spiderman comic.

Schurkenblog says

Tja, es gibt so Bücher, die werden überall gelobt. Nur hier bei mir nicht. Mich hat "Fuck you very much" sehr enttäuscht, vielleicht auch, weil die Erwartungen aufgrund der tollen Aufmachung zu hoch angesetzt waren.

Jack Price ist ein New Yorker Drogendealer. Als die Frau unter seinem Stockwerk getötet wird, stellt er Fragen. Blöd gelaufen für Price, denn nun gerät er ins Visier der Seven Demons und die sind Auftragskiller und Price ihr Ziel.

Mit einem sehr eigenen gangstermäßig rauen und fluchenden Erzählstil verfolgt der Leser an der Seite von Price diese Jagd-Gejagter-Story in der Unterwelt. Auch wenn die Sprache derb, Price selbst sarkastisch überkommt, ist das das große Plus des Buches.

Nur leider sind die Verbindungen im Plot sehr schwach, und von Glaubwürdigkeit keine Spur. Price kämpft gegen eine scheinbar übermächtige Bande und das erinnert dann doch zu viel an Superman gegen den Rest der Welt. Und auch die Überspitzungen (z. B. elektrisierender Sex) sind für mich des vermeintlich Guten zu viel.

Für mich eine schöne Idee, aber mehr auch nicht. Schade.

Krista says

Crazy Jack Price.

There's a line I've always joked about in my head. Standing on top of a bar with a broken bottle like fucking old skool is what:

MY NAME'S JACK. YOU DO WHAT I SAY, OR I'M THE PRICE YOU PAY!

I have noted before that I have a special affinity for transgressive crime fiction; in particular, books with philosophising sociopaths for main characters – Alex in A Clockwork Orange, Tyler Durden in Fight Club, everyone around Renton in Trainspotting – books that appear on the surface to be about isolated underworlds but which, as one reads on, reveal themselves to be perceptive revelations of the fundamental ills of the societies in which they're set. If these books also have challenging language and offrule syntax – if I need to slow down and almost translate the writing into ordinary English – so much the better. At first I thought The Price You Pay was exactly this kind of book – philosophising sociopathic main character (check), more cursing and violence than I would expect to encounter in real life (check), a winking disregard for formal grammar rules (check), the skewering of a societal malaise (check?) – but as the plot unspools and the details focus more on the gore than any attempt at a deeper meaning, I needed to downgrade my experience from, "This is great!" to, "This is fun." And while I may have needed to lower my expectations of this book's

literary merits as I went along, I do like to have fun, too. (Note: I read an ARC and quotes may not be in their final forms.)

I have a name. I have a name and a thin hard face with purple bootprints on it. I have thin lips split in three places and when I smile the teeth are like a quilt or maybe like geology. I have brown bedroom eyes that are swollen half shut, and my nose, my goddam nose, now is like a little bit of history repeating, like I should let my hair grow in Saigon and lose my job on the twenty-second floor and make a bad investment on a horse called Crossroad Guitar. Screw heredity and screw history and most of all screw you I have opinions. I have views. I am going to sit in the share chair and tell you a story.

When Jack Price wakes up one morning, he is dismayed to discover that the old woman who lived in the apartment below his has been killed – dismayed because, as a high-tech drug dealer who believes he has no traceable presence in the real world, he has to wonder if someone meant the assassin-style murder as a message to him. He asks a few questions of the investigating officers, and next thing you know, a couple of goons in party masks are stomping on his kidneys. Jack asks a few more questions, and when he discovers that an international assassination squad has been hired to take him down, he goes all dark web and only surfaces to confront the assassins one-by-one in a game of get-them-before-they-get-you. Jack's schemes are cartoonishly convoluted, involve increasingly bizarre levels of gore and violence, and are embarrassingly entertaining.

Wall Street money is pirate money, loud and stupid and drunk, gets mugged in an alleyway and wakes up in the navy. My money is ninja money, strikes from the darkness, appears and disappears. Where do you keep your money Jack? Stuxnet baby. I keep my money in a digitally mobile distributed illegal wallet construct part-created by the NSA and stolen by @LuciferousYestergirl who is either a German anarchist or a Japanese-Nordic postdoc. When I want cash I push buttons and there is cash in a briefcase because I pay for it to happen. No one in the chain knows what they're handling or where it is going, just like my coke. The whole thing happens because water flows downhill. It happens the way an egg comes out of a chicken's vajayjay.

Well that image is gonna stay with me.

There are plenty of laughs along the way, and even though Jack is a nasty piece of work, you can't help but be on his side; this is an underdog, antihero tale of revenge – *Pulp Fiction* meets *The Count of Monte Cristo* – and it's a page-turner. As for its depth: Early on, Jack explains that he used to be a coffee importer (and apparently, the switch from coffee to coke didn't make a big difference in his professional world), until an acquaintance's death on 9/11 turned coffee "to ash" in his mouth. With a sporadic thread about the aftereffects of the trauma, and Jack explaining Osama bin Laden and al Qaeda's "understanding of theatrics" while planning some of his own, I thought that author Aiden Truhen (a pseudonym) might have had something important to say about where we find ourselves in a post-9/11 world – but other than the obvious effects it had on Jack's own psyche, there really isn't anything deeper or universal here. Still a fun read for people with a strong stomach – if this is the beginning of a series, sign me up. Three and a half stars that I am generously rounding up because pomelo cannon.

jules.bookshelves says

Absolut empfehlenswertes Buch!

Wir haben hier einen Drogendealer, Jack Price, dessen Nachbarin scheinbar grundlos ermordet wird. Schnell erkennt Price, dass es um mehr geht. Das Killerkommando „Seven Demons“ ist auf ihn angesetzt. Und so nimmt die Story auf einmal ganz andere Ausmaße an.

Das Buch ist in der Ich-Perspektive geschrieben, wörtliche Rede erscheint im gesamten Buch ohne ein einziges Anführungsszeichen. Das macht das Lesen anfangs ziemlich anstrengend und bremst. Gleichzeitig lockert es den Schreibstil aber auch auf und im Verlauf gewöhnt man sich dran.

Jack ist ein super sympathischer Protagonist. Ein scheinbar anständiger Drogendealer, der keine Kinder beschäftigt und anständig bezahlt etc. Er hat seine Grundprinzipien.

Er flucht verdammt viel, eigentlich ununterbrochen und ist super witzig. Ich habe seehr oft lauthals lachen müssen!!!

Im Grunde ist er aber dennoch ein Psychopath (oder ist er nun doch ein Soziopath?), er ist manipulativ, hochintelligent, geschickt, ehrlich, vorausschauend, humorvoll.. er ist einfach der perfekte Kriminelle.

Insgesamt eine Geschichte, die vor Sarkasmus und Brutalität nur so trieft. Ein Psychothriller der ganz anders ist, als die meisten anderen seiner Art.

Ein Buch, welches ich durchaus weiterempfehle, allerdings nur, wenn man mit solch einem Schreibstil zurecht kommt, daher auch ein Stern Abzug.

Und zum Abschluss einmal ganz laut und kräftig: LUCIIILLEEE!! ?

KeithBookReviewing24/7** says**

I received a free copy through NetGalley in exchange for an honest review

Definitely one of the most ridiculously hilarious over the top books I've read in ages. But Jack Price is by far one of the most interesting characters I've read this year.

Not only is he funny but he makes for an interesting narrator.

I do hope there's a sequel in the works..

Inigomontoya says

Jack Price isn't your average anti-hero. He's a drug dealer, sure, but very white collar. In fact, he has his own little empire, complete with his own brand of cocaine. It's next to impossible for the police to trace any crimes to him, so he lives a relatively peaceful life running his...business.

Until his neighbor, an elderly woman named Didi, is murdered.

Naturally, Jack being Jack, he asks too many questions and earns himself a beating. When he tries to hire his friend for help, he learns that 1) she can't help him because she's joined a group of assassins called the Seven Demons and 2) he's their next target. He's pissed, and instead of running like any sane person would do, he instead decides to take out the Seven Demons one by one and destroy the organization altogether. In extremely creative and gruesome ways.

Look, this book is one heck of a trip. If swearing isn't your thing, or if you're really big on proper grammar, this book may not be the one for you. The stylistic choice (I'm assuming that's what it is) of no quotation marks, run-on sentences, and almost no commas was definitely one I haven't seen before, and it took a bit to get used to it. It fit the tone of the novel very well, though- kind of quirky, kind of confusing, but incredibly interesting to read. Another thing- if you can't stomach violence, then you might want to skip this book. I'm serious- there's some nasty imagery in here.

However, if you can take violence and you don't mind the swearing and the odd style, then I say this book is absolutely worth a read. It's a great novel about terrible people, but you can't help but like them. It's sarcastic, irreverent, and you will find yourself laughing at things you definitely shouldn't be laughing at. You might even find yourself shouting "LUCILLE!" It's a bit open-ended, but leaves room for a possible sequel, but the ending is still satisfying and I look forward to reading more from this author.

Favorite Quotes (because I think I actually highlighted half the book):

"I am all kinds of reflective. I am deeply contemplative of the universe. I am fucking retrospect is what."

"LUCCCCIIIILLLLLLLE."

"Smack smacksmack fuck you smacksmacksmack fucking miserable smack bastard."

"Money never sleeps, and I'm the Price you pay."

"We hug. And then I shoot him in the face. Small caliber goes phht and one of his eyes goes red and that's it. Sorry not sorry."

"So I'm just going to cry a little bit for lost possibilities. Because I'm secure in my masculinity and it's sad when someone you know gets murdered. You should cry. You should cry even if all you really talked about was what a really scary fucking place he most recently put his erection. You cry so I do. And then you get up and get on with your life because they may have left but the party is still going. I got things in motion, man. Cocktails to mix and playlists to cue.

I got bills due."

"Finland leaned on a fucking giant stuffed polar bear and picked its teeth with a bolt action and was like: Yeah Joe was there something you wanted to say? I'm sorry pencildick I can't hear you over the sound of the arctic wind."

"Chikusho fuck a duck."

(There were more, but it got kind of spoilery after that.)

This review, and others, can be found on my blog.

Roy says

I read this all night and finished it this morning. What a violent but witty funny ride. The writing style is unique and if it doesn't grab you by the first 30 pages I'd probably put it down. It can be quite weird at times.

The humour is amazing, I haven't laughed like that for a long time. Some of the action scenes are super violent. Ears being bitten off, heads exploding through fruit!! Sometimes the pacing didn't take off and I think that held it back for me from being a 5 star novel. I got this weird pulp fiction get shorty vibe with a jg ballard style novel. Reccomend this for people who like their crime dark twisted funny and and ultra violent.

Kelsie says

I could not get into this book. I almost didn't finish it, which is not something that I do. There was some humor, but I just couldn't get past the author's writing style. Thought I was going to enjoy this one, unfortunately I was wrong. I was chosen to read an advance copy of this book as part of Penguin's First to Read program. However, the opinions expressed in this review are 100% mine and mine alone.
