

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 393

393

Sephie

I watched Stephen look at the message that just came through on his phone. His face went white. I think he might've forgotten to breathe even. Whatever news he just got was not good news.

"Yoden?" I asked quietly, trying to snap him out of it. "What's wrong?"

He was staring at his phone, but he slowly raised his gaze to look at me. His eyes were wide, not in shock. He was afraid. I dropped what I was doing and went to him. "Stephen? What happened? What's going on? Talk to me," I said, reaching out for his arm. When I touched his arm, I got hit with his memories. All of them. Every dark detail he never wanted me to know. Every time his sisters abused him and tortured him in the worst way possible, humiliating him for the sheer joy of it. I saw everything. I felt everything.

I didn't mean to. I'd never had it happen like that before. I wasn't actively searching his mind. I was trying to comfort him. I felt tears burning my eyes as I went to move my hand from his arm, apologizing. I wasn't sure if he knew that I'd just seen everything he never wanted me to see. He caught my hand, holding it in place, but still not yet meeting my gaze.

"They're coming to the city. I never thought they would actually come here, but they'll be here in two days. They want to see me. I haven't seen them in years. I don't know if I can face them," he said. He still hadn't looked at me, but he wouldn't let go of me either.

I sat down next to him, putting my other hand on top of his, resting my head on his shoulder. "You don't have to see them. You can tell them to f**k off. You don't owe them anything," I said.

He was quiet for a moment, contemplating like he always did. "I think about what I'll say to them when I'm forced to see them again. Each time I think about telling them off. Each time I think about pulling all of their demons out and putting them on full display for everyone to see. I think about breaking their minds the same way they tried to break mine." He sighed. "And every time I can't do it. I go back to that quiet kid that was terrified of his sisters."

I rested my chin on his shoulder, looking at him, fighting his memories. "I'll be with you the whole time. You don't even have to say anything. I'll happily say it for you. I'd love nothing more than to destroy them so completely they never want to see you again and they leave questioning their entire existence."

He chuckled. "I might pay to see that."

"I will happily do it," I said, my anger oozing out. I didn't have my contacts in, so he saw my eyes go dark when he glanced at me.

"Huh. I didn't think I'd miss seeing your eyes change, but I kinda miss your demon eyes. That's such weird thing to say, now that I say it out loud."

I smiled at him, chewing on my bottom lip. I was trying to calm down so the other guys wouldn't come rushing in. I wanted a few more minutes alone with Stephen.

"Yoden, I don't want to freak you out, but when I touched your arm, I got a full view into your head. I didn't mean to. I wasn't trying to, it just happened. I saw everything," I said, tentatively.

"I know you did. I wanted you to. It's easier than me having to tell you. I've found having to say the words is harder than anything," he said. "I wasn't sure it would work, but clearly it did."

My heart just broke for him. He'd been carrying this around with him for so long with no one to talk to about it. His sisters were truly well, "de parents know?" I asked quietly,

Talithfully

"I have thought about that, as well. It makes me wonder if that's why I ended up in the career path I'm in. Maybe I would've been an accountant otherwise," he said, finally looking at me. A sly grin on his face.

"An accountant that murders numbers," I said, unable to contain my laughter at my corny joke. He laughed quietly, but he was still struggling to get a handle on his emotions.

"What do they want while they're here? Like do you just have to suffer through dinner with them? What's the plan and how can we make this the most uncomfortable visit to the city they've ever had?" I asked.

"They'll want to spend time with me while they're here, I'm sure. I don't think I'll get by with just a dinner."

"I'll be there every time you have to see them," I said. He looked at me, somewhat surprised, which made me laugh. "Don't be surprised. There's no way I'm letting you face them on your own. Pinky swear, even."

His look of surprise only grew on his face, "What's that?"

I grinned. "You're in for a treat, Yoden. The pinky swear is the holiest of holy swears there is. All the gods, goddesses, demi-gods, and holy men were polled on what the holiest swear is and 7 out of 10 agree that the pinky swear is where it's at. The other three were promptly thrown into the pits of Hell for disagreeing, but that's neither here nor there."

He finally laughed. "Okay, so how does one go about making this holiest of holy swears?"

I put my pinky out in front of him. "Give me your pinky," I said. I hooked my pinky around his once he put it out in front of him. "I pinky swear that you will never have to face the demons of your past, present, and future alone ever again."

He smiled as he looked at our pinkies, still hooked together. "And I pinky swear you'll never have to face your demons alone ever again too."

I grinned at him, loving that he indulged me, but also knowing this was the first step to getting him to realize his full potential. I leaned my head over to his shoulder once more. "You're my favorite. Don't tell the others."