

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 478

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Sephie

"You can crush souls now?" I asked, barely above a whisper. I know my eyes were as wide as they could possibly go.

He laughed. "Not crush them literally, no. But I can condemn them to Hell now."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Don't worry, it was difficult for me to comprehend as well. Your dad told me that my demon is getting more powerful, which means so am I. When I helped Stephen break Armando and I went full nuclear but was able to just switch it off, apparently that proved that I could handle more. I'm still in complete control of my demon. There are going to be times when even Stephen will be ineffectual, like with Ricardo and Martin. Their deals really are eternal, apparently. Even if Stephen breaks them, those souls still belong to those two demons. They would come back and still make the same mistakes each time because they're always going to be tied to their demons. The opposite of us, I guess. Instead of that happening, I break the cycle by sending them all back to Hell."

"What happens then? They stay there forever?" I asked. I could feel the goosebumps coming up over my entire body. I saw the look on Adrik's face that meant my eyes had changed. I was guessing purple, but I was too curious about what he was telling me to ask.

"Your dad said I'm the only one that can grant them reprieve once I've condemned them to Hell. I'm still not sure what that means," up to twirl one of my curls around his fingers.

he said, reaching

"It means you really are the King of the Underworld," I said, watching his reaction. I knew I had goosebumps, but I could actually feel his spreading over his body when I said it. He was completely focused on my eyes, though.

"Sephie, say that again," he said as he watched my eyes.

I repeated the phrase, then asked, "why? What are they doing?"

"They were purple as I was telling you everything, but when you said I really was the King of the Underworld, they started to change to a new color. It didn't last very long, but I swear it was red," he said.

I giggled. "Shut up."

"No, it's true. It happened when you said it the second time, too."

"Stephen is going to be so happy," I said, hiding my face in his shoulder. I was just happy he was awake and responsive again. I sighed. "I understand why it freaks you out so much when you can't wake me up now."

He chuckled. "Yeah, it's not ideal. I understand why it needs to happen, but I never like it when it happens. How much did you get rapped when I got

zapped?"

"I don't know. I called Ivan up here when it first happened. The glowing part kind of freaked me out. I could also feel your emotions, one by one, incredibly strongly. They all did too, Ivan thought it was me, so he checked on me and that's when I asked him to come up here because I still couldn't get you to respond. I tried looking in your head, but all I saw was black. It worried me."

He wrapped his arms around me, holding me tightly. "I'm sorry I worried you. Your dad said you'd be able to see whatever it was he did to me."

"It was like Viktor was touching you. But a thousand times brighter. It lit up the entire room. That was after your emotions went crazy. Ivan said you likely were talking to someone. We thought your mom or Kostya. Then Bubba came upstairs and said Kostya had told Viktor you were fine. They offered to bring me breakfast, but I was suddenly really tired, so I just went back to sleep with you."

His hands were roaming lightly over my body as we talked. "I'm glad you got extra sleep. You're going to get benefit from this too. Your dad said because we're so connected, your demon is going to grow stronger with mine. Ivan will get a boost through you, but you'll get the most. The other three are also going to become connected to their demons very quickly," he said. He felt me stiffen as I worried about Viktor. "Don't worry, I asked about Viktor. He'll be able to handle it. He needs Stephen to help him one more time and then he'll be good."

I let out the breath I was holding, making him laugh softly. I was quiet, thinking about everything he'd just told me. "I think we should stay one more night, then. Dario can wait until tomorrow, I think. We can ask Misha to be sure, but I think staying here another night is best," I said.

"I will not argue with you on that one. I wouldn't mind another night here either. If we go back, I'm going to feel the need to go to my office and I don't want to just yet. I do, however, want to send someone for Vinny's. I'm starving," he said as he flipped me onto my back. I could hear his stomach grumbling as he did it.

"It's like you love me or something," I said, laughing.

He was smiling at me, but he stopped to think about something and his face turned serious for a moment. "I do love you. I always have. But as it turns out, my demon loves you as well," he said, unable to stop the sly grin that was appearing on his face.

"Shut up."

"No, he does. He very much does. I've never felt anything so clearly from him before."

I laughed. "As it turns out, I love him too." I could feel the happiness exuding from him when I said that, which made me laugh louder, "I just made him extra happy, didn't I?"

"Yeah, like 12 year old boy who just saw a boob for the first time happy," he said as he sat up to pull me up. I pulled my shirt up, flashing him my boobs, just for fun.

"So much happiness he's not going to be able to take it!" I said, laughing

He stood up, pulling me off the bed with him. His handsome smile was stretched across his face as we laughed together. "I love hearing your laugh. He does too. You're much lighter lately. It's infectious.

"I could say the same for you, you know. I think as everything gets even weirder, you, me, and Ivan have become anchors for the other three. There's a quiet calm to you now, where before you always felt like your anger was always present just under the surface, threatening to burn anything in your way. That's still there, but it's quieter and more in control. It's scarier, if I'm being honest," I said.

He stopped walking to the closet and turned back toward me, surprise on his face. "It scares you?" he asked. The surprise on his face was quickly replaced with concern.

I put my hand on his cheek, loving his constant concern for me. "No, love. I don't think it's possible for you to scare me. I meant it's scarier for anyone else outside of our little weird family. You make people nervous on a good day, but it's to a new level now. Even Neal has noticed it. He's tried to hide it, but he has to constantly remind himself that he hasn't done anything to incur your wrath every time he talks to you now."

He was thoughtful for a minute. "I don't even feel bad about that."

I laughed loudly. "You shouldn't. You don't need to change a thing, either. People aren't necessarily scared of you; they're scared you can see something in them that they don't want you to see. Even without knowing what's happening, you've learned to shine your light on their darkest places. People don't like that."

"I learned it from watching you," he said, leaning down and pressing his lips to mine. I reached up and pulled him closer to me.

How is it possible to love this man so much?