

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 490

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“I think I might be, yes. It’s hard to tell, because you’re all still normal to me, but I’m thinking that’s why I brought Dario up. I think I knew about Sal’s deal, without knowing about Sal’s deal,” he said.

“Is that why something feels off to you about the Mexicans as well?” I asked.

He thought for a moment. “Maybe. It’s a different feeling with them.”

“Misha, do you think you can find any clarity for that?” Adrik asked.

“I can try.” Misha said. He looked to me expecting me to help, but Adrik vetoed the idea, surprising everyone.

“Misha, now that you’re connected to your demon, you can use it as your battery source. If you still need an extra boost now and then, you can use Sephie and Andrei, but you can do this on your own now,” Adrik said. His tone was soft enough that Misha knew he was encouraging him, but firm enough that Misha knew better than to not at least try it on his own before asking for more help.

Because he was much more discreet about using his gift now, he no longer got the faraway look in his eye. However, since he was relying on his demon as an extra battery source, his eyes turned black while he was trying to find the answer. When he came back to the present, he was surprised to see all of our black eyes staring back at him.

I laughed. “Your eyes turn black because you’re using your demon as a power source. Ours are just here for emotional support”

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He laughed, his eyes changing back to their normal green. “I didn’t see any deals being made, but there is some kind of black magic

OF something like it being used by the Mexicans. Mostly against Martin, from what I could tell. I’ve really gotta learn Spanish if we’re going to keep spying on these people.”

Adrik didn’t even need to look at me for me to know what he was thinking. “Show me, Misha. Maybe I can pick up a few words,” I said, extending hand to him. Adrik just smirked at me, loving that I read his mind.

Misha showed me what he found. The entire time I watched what he’d found, I didn’t feel his nausea once. When the movie was over, I looked at him,

somewhat confused. “No nausea?” I asked.

He looked surprised. He hadn’t thought about it. “No, now that you mention it. No nausea.”

“What if what they’re doing isn’t black magic, but why te? What if they somehow know of Martin’s deal and they’re trying to protect themselves? I caught a few words but not enough to know for sure. What you saw, though, was them praying to Santa Muerte, or the Saint of Death. She’s a well-known saint for drug cartels, especially in Mexico. They pray to her to avoid authorities. Maybe they’re praying to her to avoid Martin?” I said.

“I’m sure Trino would know,” Adrik said. “You can show him and see what they’re saying.”

“I do think learning Spanish should be higher on my priority list,” I said. “But that somewhat explains why Misha didn’t feel any nausea when he saw it happening.”

“Yeah, I didn’t even notice that and it’s my own warning system,” Misha said, slightly embarrassed.

I laughed. “Don’t feel bad. You were understandably excited that it worked to use your demon as a battery source. You were distracted.”

His wide smile stretched across his face. “I was excited. Not gonna lie.”

“It was just as clear as when you use Sephie and Andrei?” Adrik asked.

Misha nodded. “Yeah, it was like having one of them help me.”

“It’ll get easier as you do it more often and it’ll get clearer too. The more you rely on your demon and let it help you, the stronger the connection will get,” Adrik said.

“Quick question: does that also mean it’s going to want more pancakes? If so, I’m going to need to start running more to compensate,” Misha said, somehow managing to keep a straight face through that entire sentence.

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