

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 192

Chapter One Hundred Ninety-Two

Adrik

Mike, Chris, and Keith were on time to the gym, which was a good sign. It was obvious that Mike didn't think he needed to be there, however. Chris and Keith seemed happy enough to be there. Keith even more so when he caught Stephen's eye. I couldn't help but smile to myself as I watched those two be awkward with each other.

Viktor informed them that they needed to have their skills assessed so he could see where their training needed to start.

"I told you the training I had, Viktor. You already know this," Mike said, a slight edge to his voice.

Sephie folded her arms across her chest, raising an eyebrow. Her hackles would go up anytime anyone was the slightest bit rude to one of us. It was, in fact, adorable.

"And I could tell you that I'm the Queen of England. Doesn't necessarily make it true," Sephie said. We all heard her tone of voice. We all instinctively took a step back from her.

Mike glared at her for a moment, but realized a second too late what he was doing. I stepped behind her, my gaze fixed on him. He quickly looked down.

Ivan, who was really enjoying this exchange, said, "make you a deal, Mike. If you can pass the test today, you don't have to continue with the training. If you can't, you get to start at the beginning."

While Chris and Keith knew that something felt a little off about Ivan's offer, Mike jumped at the chance. "Deal. This should be easy," he said.

Keith looked at him, surprised. "You don't even know what the test is yet, Mike."

"I don't need to. I'm sure I can pass it," he said with as much bravado as one man can have..

Sephie looked at Stephen. I couldn't see her expression, but he was smiling at her. They both said, "King Turd" in Russian, making each other laugh.

Viktor said, "if you can best Sephie in the ring, you can skip training, Mike. If you can't, then I don't want to hear another word out of you about training. Understood?" We all glanced at Viktor somewhat surprised. He rarely lost his cool, but we could hear the anger in his voice, even.

Mike laughed loudly. "You're not serious, right? You're really going to sacrifice your precious woman?"

Ivan looked at Mike, threateningly. "We're sacrificing you, you du mb fu ck."

That made Sephie laugh. She said, in Russian, "Super Squish, I kind of love you right now."

Mike still thought he had the clear advantage. He climbed into the ring, "alright, let's get this over with, but don't be mad at me when I mess up her pretty face and she's got nothing else going for her. I can't believe you guys are du mb enough to let me wreck her face."

We all saw it. The switch flipped. We knew that look. Mike was in trouble and didn't even know it. Even Chris and Keith saw it. Their eyes went wide as they watched her climb into the ring with Mike, I glanced at all the guys, who had stepped closer to the ring. They were all angry as well. Whatever happened, this was not going to end well for Mike today. It might be Mike's last day.

Viktor stepped in the ring, explained the rules to Mike, then moved to a corner to be out of the way. He stayed in to be able to pull her off Mike when needed, because we all knew that was coming.

Mike, still cocky as ever, walked toward Sephie. He thought his size was a clear advantage over her, which meant this was likely going to be over with quickly. She waited for him to throw the first punch, which she dodged easily. She didn't return a punch either. He threw another, she dodged it, but waited. She's playing with him. My heart might've swelled in my chest a little as I felt pride watching her.

The third time Mike threw a punch, she dodged it, then returned a quick hit to his ribs. She was controlling her anger better than we'd ever seen her. Mike coughed once, but tried to play it off. "Is that all you got, sweetheart? It's going to take a lot more than a cheap shot to my ribs to take me down."

"Careful what you wish for, mo therfucker," Sephie said.

Her comeback only served to make him angrier. We watched as he lost control of it and his true side came out. He went on the offense once again, but she easily dodged most of his punches, never letting him land a square punch, making him even angrier that he couldn't get to her. She was still playing defense, but I got the sense that she was learning his moves and what to expect from him. She allowed him to think he was getting to her, testing his strength, but on her terms instead of his. She would let his punches land, but would deflect them enough that she really wasn't hurting from them.

"You seem to do a lot of running, little girl. This isn't really that much of a challenge," Mike said. While he said it wasn't a challenge, he was breathing heavier than she was. She wasn't even making a real effort yet. "You seem to think you can hang with the big boys, so why don't you fight like one?" he said, moving closer to her to begin his next assault.

She didn't give him time to comprehend what was happening. She switched to offense so quickly that it was hard to keep track of her movements, even for those of us watching. She landed so many hits in such a short amount of time that he was stumbling backward before he knew what was happening. He did manage to gain his footing and tried to stand his ground. He threw a punch that I thought for a split second was going to land squarely on her jaw. She moved at the last second, grabbing his arm, using it as leverage to lift herself higher. She landed a kick on his thigh, effectively taking his knee out from under him. She still had a hold of his arm as he went down. She bent his arm backward behind his back, making it almost impossible for him to get out of her hold. Any normal man would've realized he was beaten, but this was Mike and his ego couldn't let go yet.

His adrenaline kicked in, giving him a surge of energy. He jumped to his feet. Sephie let go of him as he jumped up, a smile on her face. Her cheeks were flushed, her breathing coming faster now. She walked to Viktor, pulling her shirt off and handing it to him. We saw Viktor say something quietly to her as he took her shirt. She simply nodded her head and walked back toward

Mike.

Misha said, loud enough for Mike to hear him, "you better be careful, Mike. She'll fu ck you up if you don't tap out next time."

Mike just glared at Misha, but said nothing. I glanced at Chris and Keith. Their jaws dropped when they saw Sephie's scars. I knew Mike had brought all her anger to the surface, if she was willing to show them her scars. I was glad to see it. She needed to know that her scars made her stronger, not weaker.

Mike looked at Sephie, now just in a sports bra. He was sweating, his breathing was heavy. He was clearly struggling more than she was. "You're taking your shirt off now to try and distract me? You can't spread your legs and use your sexual charms to get me to do your bidding like you do the rest of these guys. Unlike your harem of men, I don't want to take a ride on the village bike, little whore."