

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 193

Chapter One Hundred Ninety-Three

Adrik

I felt my anger coming to the surface now. I made a move toward the ring. I don't know how Sephie knew, because she couldn't see me, but she looked to me immediately and put her hand up, signaling she was fine. I glanced to Ivan, who was just as angry as I was. This was going to be Mike's last day, regardless of how this turned out.

Misha, always the instigator, said to Sephie in Russian, "I warned him, gazelle. If you don't end him, we will." She turned to look at Misha. One side of her mouth curled up into a half-smile and she winked at him. She was in total control.

Mike used her momentary lack of focus to launch his next attack. He rushed her, grabbing her, trying to take her to the ground. She used his momentum to flip him over and off her. He scrambled to his feet quickly, looking somewhat surprised. She didn't give him time to get his bearings. She was a flurry of hits and kicks, pushing him back toward the ropes. She landed every single punch and every single kick on him. His nose was likely broken at this point. He was going to have at least one black eye, maybe two. She landed one kick on his ribs and we all heard the crack. She heard it too and she focused on that area, landing multiple kicks, inflicting the maximum amount of pain. At this point, he could barely see. He could only try to protect his head and his torso as best he could. He still wouldn't give up, though.

She took out his knee again, causing him to go down once more. She paused, asking him, "wanna reconsider your opinion of me yet?"

He spit out blood toward her. "Fuck you, whore." He mumbled something after that I didn't quite catch, but Sephie clearly did.

She delivered a kick straight to his head, causing him to crash to the mat as he lost consciousness. He might've been dead. I found myself not caring. Viktor walked to her with a towel to wipe Mike's blood off her with and handed her shirt back to her. I walked into the ring, standing next to her, looking down at Mike. I looked to Viktor, "he's done here. If he wakes up, make sure he understands he won't next time if I ever see him in this city again," I said.

Sephie looked at me. I could still see the anger in her eyes. It was almost like they had changed color. The brown in her eyes was more prominent and darker. The soft green and blue rings were almost non-existent. She looked intimidating. I found myself completely turned on by it. She looked to Viktor, then back at me. She said, in Russian, "he's done on this earth. He's not going to let this go, ever. He'll either spend the rest of his life trying to get to me or he'll run to Sal to tell him everything he knows about us. Or both. He can't walk out of this building."

Viktor looked at her, the look of a proud older brother on his face. "You both are assuming he's going to wake up. Ten bucks says he's already dead."

Chris and Keith walked into the ring. Chris went to check Mike's vitals as we were still standing over him. Keith looked at Sephie, saying, "I had no idea he had that much hatred for you, Sephie. He's always been a dick to women, but this was a new level, even for him. He deserved every bit of that. He never would've stopped."

Chris looked at Sephie. "I hated that guy."

She raised an eyebrow. "Hated? As in past tense?"

He nodded his head. "No pulse. I think that last kick to the head did him in."

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She stood frozen for a moment. Her expression was blank. She then looked at Viktor, saying in English, "I guess I owe you ten bucks, Papa Bear."

Ivan, Andrel, Stephen, and Misha stepped into the ring as well. While they were trying to be somber, as they weren't sure how Sephie was going to handle knowing she just killed a guy, I could clearly see the pride on all their faces. She looked at them, still in shock.

Ivan, ever the wise one, said, "Sephie, he sealed his fate the second he called you a whore. If you hadn't ended him, we would have. There was no walking out of here alive for him today. You just delivered his sentence, Princess." His face softened when he said that last sentence. It was exactly what she needed to hear as we watched the switch flip back. She walked quickly to him, wrapping her arms around his waist, burying her face in his good shoulder. He held her against him tightly with his good arm, whispering something to her that only she could hear. She took a deep breath and nodded her head, but kept her face in his shoulder. He had a small smile on his face as he said one more thing to her quietly that made her laugh. She looked up at him, tears in her eyes, but smiling. She reached up and kissed his cheek.

"Oh God I'm using my sexual charms again!" she said, dramatically. "Somebody please stop me."

We all erupted in laughter as we stood over Mike's body. A strange scene, for sure.

Misha caught her as she was walking back to me. He wrapped his arms around her, picking her up. "Please never stop, Gazelle. Never ever," he said. She giggled, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I promise, my adorable Russian guardian," she said as he set her down.

I took Sephie upstairs while they guys dealt with everything in the gym. I took her straight to the shower, knowing she would want to get any and all traces of him off her as quickly as possible. She was quiet. I pulled her to me, the warm water running over both of us. I looked at her, trying to figure out what she was thinking. She looked at me, a questioning look in her eye. "What does it mean that I don't feel bad for what just happened? I felt the same standing over Mike as I did standing over my uncle. Completely void," she said. I could see the hint of fear in her eyes as she contemplated what she was capable of.

"Ivan was right, Sephie. He sealed his fate with me when he said your pretty face was all you had going for you. Ivan too. It just kept getting worse as he got angrier. Do you believe me now that what's said in anger is someone's true feelings?" I asked, running my fingers through her wet hair.

She smiled sweetly at me, nodding her head. "He really didn't know when to shut up," she said. She turned around, leaning back against me. She held her hands up, looking at the bruises that were already becoming visible. I massaged her shoulders, running my hands down her arms to grab her hands. I looked them over. The skin on her knuckles was broken in a few places and they were starting to swell and change colors as the bruising settled in.

"I have a trick to help this," I said, holding her hands gently in mine.

"From all those punching bags you used to break?" she asked, looking up at me.

I raised an eyebrow at her. "How do you know about that?"

"Tori told me about it. She said they thought you had anger issues because you were constantly breaking punching bags. That one was hard for me to believe, honestly," she said. She pulled my arms around her waist, leaning her head back against my shoulder.

"She was right. They used to have to keep an extra supply of bags because I went through them so quickly. I think I've only broken one bag since I met you, though." She looked up at me again, surprised. I smiled at her. "I told you, solnishko. You made that side of me go to sleep."

She chuckled. "Not entirely, though, I could feel your anger when Mike made the comment about my sexual charms,

I looked at her, now surprised. "Seriously? I did wonder how you knew I had made a move toward the ring

noticed it the other night when we were talking to Andy about the kidnapping attempt. It's like your anger feeds mine. 1

don't know how to describe it, but I could feel it then and I could feel it today." She turned to face me again, her eyes searching, worried I was going to think she was crazy for saying it out loud.

"You do read my mind already. I don't know why it would be any different that you can feel what I feel," I said, smiling at her. "It's one of the many things I love about you."