

# King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 164

## Chapter One Hundred Sixty-Four

Sephie

I'd been working on trying to get control of my anger anytime I felt it take over. Viktor and Andrei had both told me that I could use my anger to my advantage, but I had to get control over it. Instead of seeing nothing but red, I was trying to focus on the person in front of me. Misha, in this case. Misha and Andrei both enjoyed making me angry when we sparred together. They said I was more of a challenge when I was angry. I didn't mind, as it helped me practice getting control of it.

I was starting to see what Viktor and Andrei had been telling me. It felt like I had a clear advantage when they pushed me to the point of anger. I felt stronger, somehow. I could read Misha easily, so I knew what his default counterattacks were. Like his paper, rock, scissors game, he was fairly predictable. I wasn't going to tell him yet that he was so predictable. I needed the practice for now. But eventually, I was going to have to tell him he needed to switch his game up.

We both stopped when he tripped. I was completely out of breath and so was he. He pulled his shirt off, telling me that he hadn't planned on working this hard this morning. I thought for a moment. I was sweating. It was hot in this long-sleeve shirt. I knew my cheeks were likely red at this point. Fuck it. I pulled my shirt off too and threw it beside his. They'd all seen me with my shirt off when we were at home. They'd all seen my scars. I kept them covered if there was a chance anyone else would be around, however.

Misha grinned at me, knowing that I wasn't done yet either. "Gazelle, you're getting better at focusing through your anger. I know you're still angry, but you're controlling it, which is making me have to work harder."

"Maybe later I'll thank you. You know, when I'm done kicking your ass," I said, smiling at him.

He was right. I was getting better. I always had fun when I sparred with them, once I got the basics, but there was a hint of nervousness in the beginning. I felt overwhelmed, trying to constantly fend them off. The first time Andrei pissed me off, all I could see was red. Now, I was beginning to learn how to use my anger to my advantage and I had to admit, it was fun. It was like they woke the beast, but I was learning to control the beast.

We hadn't been paying attention to the growing crowd that was now forming by the other guys. Armando and Giana had gotten up and come outside to find us. Trino and Martin had also gotten up and wandered to the beach when they noticed we were out there. A few of Trino's men were also making their way to the beach, as Misha and I continued.

I was starting to wear down and I knew Misha was too. He was starting to get slower. I had to pull a few punches so they wouldn't land, as he was too slow to dodge them. I didn't really want to hurt him. He rallied and managed to push me back a few steps. As he was coming at me, he said, "I think we should stop, gazelle. I'm hungry, anyway." I could see him smirk. He likely knew that telling me he was hungry was going to make my stomach join the party.

"You're just trying to wake my stomach up so she'll take over and you'll get a break," I said, dodging and blocking his hands.

"Maybe a little. But there's lots of people behind us now too. I don't know how much of a show you really want to give them," he said.

I slowed, remembering my shirt was somewhere on the beach at this point. "Solid point, my adorable Russian guardian." We were both out of breath. He reached out and pulled me in for a sweaty hug. "Eww gross, how did you get so sweaty?" I asked, laughing.

Adrik had walked over to us when he saw us stop. He pulled his shirt off and handed it to me, knowing I would want to cover up before going any closer to the rest of the people. I smiled at him, taking his shirt "See, this is why I love you," I said, pulling his oversize shirt over my head. He leaned in and whispered in my ear so Misha couldn't hear, "are you ready for a shower yet, solnishko?" He had that sexy smirk that I loved on his face, as he walked back toward everyone else. I was sure my cheeks got even redder, thinking about showering with him.

Giana walked up to us, leaving Armando talking with Trino and Martin. "Wow, Sephie, I had no idea you were such a badass," she said, her caramel eyes wide as saucers, as she tried not to stare at Misha's shirtless torso. Misha laughed, shaking his head as he jogged off to grab our shirts. "You guys missed a good party last night. Why didn't you guys stay?"

"Eh, it's not really my thing, but I'm glad you had a good time," I said to her. Misha walked up, handing me my shirt.

Giana continued, quietly saying, "why do you cover up, Sephie? Your body is amazing. You should show it off more. I would totally show it off if my body was like yours."

I laughed. "Some things are meant to only be seen by a very select group of people. And your body can also be like mine. You just have to work at it. I wasn't born this way. Just like Misha wasn't born looking like that either."

"Hey, you speak for yourself, gazelle. I came out incredibly handsome. My mom told me so," Misha said, laughing. He purposely left his shirt off, because he knew it was making Giana all hot and bothered. I grinned at him. I held up my shirt, asking him "do you mind so I can give Ghost his shirt back?" He nodded and stepped between me and Giana, providing a visual barrier so I could change back into my shirt.

Giana, still puzzled, asked, "are you like super religious or something? You act like my grandmother about some things."

I was about to answer as I walked from behind Misha, but instead he asked, "why is it so difficult to understand that she doesn't want everyone to see her body? You realize she's got way more to offer than just her body, right? Do you want men to only think about your body or would you prefer they respected your mind too?"

I leaned into Misha as he was talking. He just slung his arm across my shoulders as he continued asking Giana questions. Giana was flustered for a moment, not sure of how to respond.

I smiled at her. "Much like the party last night, showing off my body is not really my thing either. But I can talk to Andrei about finding you a trainer when we get back if you want yours to look like mine. It's not a bad idea for you to know how to defend yourself anyway, whether you stay with Armando or not."

She was quietly contemplating what I had said to her as Misha pulled me away, toward Adrik. He said, in Russian, as we walked away, "Ten bucks says she won't do it."

I cut my eyes up at him, "that's an unfair bet, my adorable Russian guardian. We both know that's the only outcome of that situation. There's only a very slim chance she's going to work that hard. If only she could get fit by shopping. If we could figure out a way to make that happen, we'd be rich!" I said, laughing.

We walked up to Adrik and the rest of the group. I traded Misha for Adrik, handing him his shirt back. Trino spoke when we walked up. "Ah, I'm glad to see you two don't really hate each other. It was difficult to tell earlier."

Misha chuckled. "that's not even possible."

Adrik pulled his shirt back on, then opened his arm for me to tuck myself into his side. He leaned his head down and kisses my forehead as I leaned against him. I looked up to notice Trino watching us. He had a serious look on his face, but his eyes were smiling, almost like he was lost in thought. Giana joined us, walking up to Armando, who grabbed her hand. They were still a new couple and unsure about showing affection in front of people. She shyly looked at him but stepped closer to him. If that moment hadn't been so awkward between them, it might've been sweet.

Adrik asked, in Russian, if I was ready for that shower yet. I grinned at him, nodding my head. He turned to everyone and excused us for a few while we showered and changed. He told Trino he had more business to discuss once he was fully awake later. The guys all came with us, as they needed showers as well after our morning Syrian workout on the beach. Once we were closer to our rooms, I motioned for them all to follow us into our room.