

King of the Underworld by RJ Kane

Chapter 369

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Sephle

Andrei's opponent took advantage of his momentary lack of focus when he was worried about me to launch his first attack. Rude. He landed the first hit, which Andrei took like a pro. I could feel that he almost enjoyed it. He was calm, like he was feeling out the other guy's skills first.

Andrei might've been calm, but my anger was coming to the surface watching the other guy in the ring with him. He was so f**king smug it was irritating. I found myself wishing I could give Andrei some of my anger. Since I'd learned how to control it better, it was quite useful, especially when sparring. It amped up the intensity for me. I felt stronger and faster when I was using my anger.

Andrei pushed as shole #1 back, then I caught him looking at me, a look of surprise on his face. I saw it, but it didn't quite register as I was still busy thinking about how I wanted to share my anger with him.

We watched as Andrei played it safe with his opponent for a few more minutes, but then we all saw it happen. It looked exactly like what they'd been telling me happened when my switch flipped. Andrei's switch flipped and he went from defense to offense in a split second.

"Holy shi t, who knew he had a switch too," Misha said behind me.

Once he switched, I could feel Andrei's anger just as clearly as Adrik and Ivan. I could also clearly feel that his was feeding into mine, the same way the other two did. There was a difference to him, too. While both Adrik and Ivan felt like chaos personified, Andrei's anger was quiet. Controlled, but no less deadly. I found myself happy to feel it.

I wanted to tell the guys what I was feeling, but I didn't want to interrupt Andrei's focus, so I waited. While as shole #1 had started the match thinking that he had the upper hand, it was very obvious that he was sadly mistaken. Andrei was on the attack and that guy couldn't do anything but try to defend himself as best he could. He kept trying to position himself against the ropes, but each time Andrei would push him away from the ropes. They knew if someone got caught on the ropes, the match was essentially done. He was trying to end the match without an obvious surrender and Andrei wouldn't give it to him. I was so proud of him in that moment.

As shole #1 gave out before he could get the match ended. His legs gave out on him and he tripped trying to step away from Andrei. He landed hard on the mat and stayed down long enough that we all knew he was done for. We watched him tap the mat twice, indicating that he gave up and was clearly admitting defeat. Andrei simply turned away from him, wulking back toward us. Once he was facing away from the others, we saw him smile. My heart might've swelled watching him take pride in what had just happened.

He climbed out of the ring, wiping the sweat from his face. He caught my eye and I knew he had something he wanted to talk about, but he stayed quiet as it was Misha's turn. Once Misha climbed into the ring, Andrei took his spot behind me. He leaned forward, quietly saying, "whatever you just did for me, do the same for him. It helped."

Adrik and Ivan both heard him as well. They turned to look at me and then him. I looked back at Andrei, somewhat surprised. "I don't know what I just did though."

"Whatever you were thinking about, think the same with Misha. You'll see," he said.

Misha pulled his shirt off, tossing it back toward us. He felt nervous, too. The same as Andrei did when his match first started. I watched as shole #7 climb into the ring. He had a little less bravado than his buddy, but he was still more smug than I would've liked. It suddenly hit me. I could push my anger to Andrei. It wasn't his switch; it was my switch that flipped.

I heard him chuckle quietly behind me. "Do it again," was all he said.

I started to think about the same things with Misha as I had for Andrei. I wanted to push my anger to him to give him even more of an advantage. It was clear with Bubba that he didn't need my help, but I wanted an extra "f**k you" to those two as sholes. Misha was holding his own with his opponent, learning his moves just as Andrei had done. I concentrated on my anger, noticing that both Ivan and Adrik felt it this time, looking down at

PE.

They looked back at Misha just in time to see the switch flip with him just as it had with Andrei. He switched to offense in the blink of an eye. He was faster than Andrei, as Misha was a little leaner than the other guys. He was similar to Adrik's build. He probably had an easier time finding suits than the other four guys. But he was just as strong. Combined with his speed, it meant the other guy never had a chance.

Like Andrei, I could now feel Misha's anger. I wasn't surprised at all to find out that there was a feeling of f**kery in his anger. He was working to figure out how best to embarrass that guy in front of everyone, for maximum humor and maximum embarrassment. I fully supported it.

While Andrei drug out his match, emasculating his opponent by exhausting him in front of everyone, Misha made quick work of as shole #2. He took his legs out from under him, sending him to the mat hard and fast. It knocked the wind out of the guy. He almost lost consciousness, but managed to hang on. He was smart enough to tap out though. He didn't want a repeat of that fall. Misha stood over him for a moment while the guy tried to catch his breath. He didn't say a word, he just stared him down as he watched him struggle to breathe for a moment. I don't think those two are going to be a problem anymore.

When Misha climbed out of the ring, he looked straight at me, his eyes wide. "How did you do that?" he asked quietly.

Adrik noticed the looks from some of the other guys. He said quietly, "not now. Not here."

We all nodded. Viktor and Stephen walked up, congratulating Misha and Andrei. They picked up on something, but didn't ask about it while we were still with everyone else. Aleksei walked over, clearly amused at what had just happened. "I'm going to get enjoyment out of this for a very long time," he said. The other guys that had been with Vitaliy for years were also clearly enjoying it.

Vitaliy walked up, a small smile on his face. "You've given me a treat this morning," he said before walking back into the gym to complete his own workout with Aleksei.

Adrik, smirking, told the guys to come to the penthouse before getting cleaned up so we could take advantage of having the penthouse to ourselves for a few minutes before Vitaliy and Aleksei got done.

Once upstairs, Viktor and Stephen were curious about what happened, as they weren't close enough to hear Andrei after his match. Andrei said, "I don't know how, but she managed to push her anger to me. It was like an in sane power boost for me." He looked to Misha. "You felt it too, right?"

"Yeah, it was like Mario eating one of those magic mushrooms," he said, his wide smile stretching across his face.

Adrik looked at me, surprised. He'd been feeling me pushing things to him for a while now, but neither of us knew I'd be able to do it with anyone else. "Is it the same with them?" he asked, curious.

"I don't think so. It was more difficult. They feel different, too," I said.

"Your anger levels were off the charts, princess. I could feel that," Ivan said.

"I think I had to get to that level to be able to push it to them. I can do it much easier with you and easier still with Adrik."

"You guys saw the switch flip, right?" Andrei asked. Everyone nodded. "It wasn't my switch. I don't have a switch. Neither does Misha. It was her

switch."

"It was exactly like watching Sephie when hers flips," Stephen said. "It was clear when it happened. I think everyone saw it, even."

"It was impressive. I don't think I've ever seen you two look that good in a practice match. When your life is really on the line, sure, but not when you know it's a practice match," Viktor said.

"They feel different to you?" Ivan asked.

"Yeah. You and Adrik are similar in that you're both very chaotic with your anger. It's controlled, but barely. Although, it's becoming more so lately. Andrei is quiet and very controlled, but just as deadly. Misha's might be my favorite, just because he delights in it. I can feel the f**kery increase with his anger," I said, laughing.

Misha laughed loudly. "You knew I was trying to find a way to embarrass him as much as possible."

"Yep. You both did, just in different ways. I've never been more proud," I said.

Viktor, ever the proud older brother, said, "I don't think those two will be a problem moving forward. They might quit after today." His deep belly laugh filled the kitchen.