

lemonzsaucce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaucce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies - like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaucce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

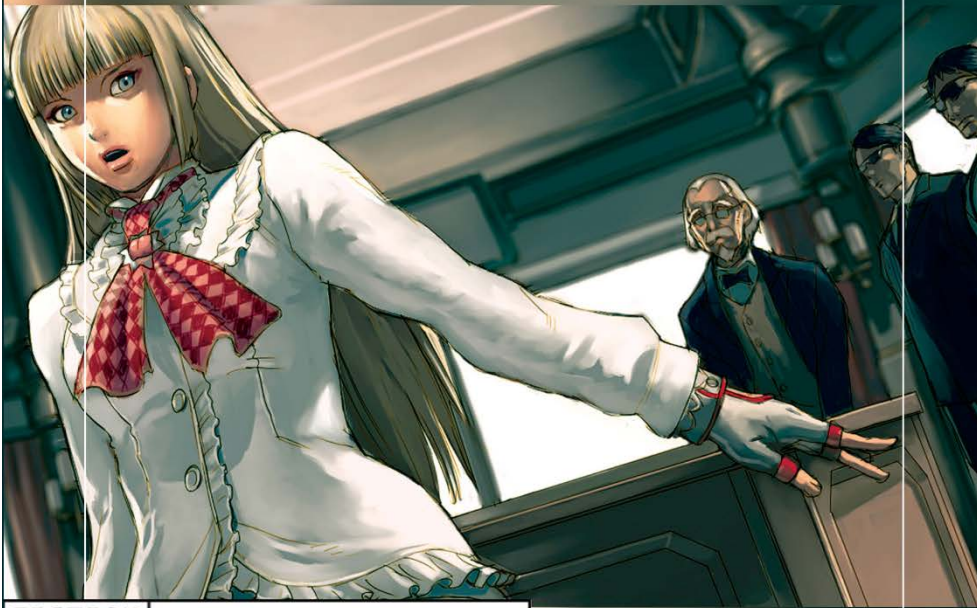
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J. J. SCRIPTease

**DEVILS, MONSTERS AND
THE LITTLE OLD BOX**

(A Tekken Fanfic)

CHAPTER 5



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Synopsis

Hwoarang and Steve, a couple of no-good, thug mercenaries, have their pitiful lives turn even more pitiful after getting mixed up with a pair of seemingly frivolous schoolgirls.

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Devils, Monsters and the Little Old Box

A Tekken fanfic by j.j. scripture

Chapter 5 – Secrets

Lili kicked and screamed. The rigid arms roped around her chest wouldn't come loose. She tried to thrust the back of her head into the hooligan's face but her attempts fell short of his chin. Despite her flailing resistance, she was carried off to wherever her captor pleased, her heels snapping at his shins to little effect. "Unhand me, you overgrown ape!"

It didn't matter how much she screamed. The bag muffled her pleas and she heard no signs of help arriving. If this was to be the end, she'd go down loud and kicking. It was all she had left.

He dumped her in a chair. An unexpected calm came over her, a scarce moment of acceptance. Everything went quiet.

When the bag was lifted off Lili's head, the last face she expected to see was her butler's.

"Sebastian?" Her eyes grew wide, heart restarting. "What is the meaning of all this?"

The bespectacled, old man looked bamboozled by the question, almost as if he wondered the same thing. A figure dressed in black stepped away from the back of her and stood behind Sebastian's chair. The mask he wore revealed nothing of his identity, just anonymous eyes and a slit for a mouth. Even after he pulled off the veil, Lili failed to recognise the chiselled features beneath his military cut.

"Who on Earth are you?"

“My name is Bayard.” He bowed to her, not unlike Sebastian when he felt extra polite. “I, too, work for your father.”

“Bullshit,” Lili blurted.

Horror flashed across Sebastian’s features. “That is no way for a young lady to speak.”

Although the situation weighed heavier than any flippant remark she could make, she found Sebastian’s stern eyes and furrowed brow impossible to ignore, an expression she’d associated with being scolded since she was a child, and one that always evoked an automatic apology. “I’m sorry.” She didn’t know where it had come from. Granted, spending all that time around profanity might’ve had something to do with it. She cleaned up her tone and tried again. “I refuse to believe my father would have had this done to me,” Lili said, glowering at the bag in Bayard’s hand.

“My apologies if I was too rough,” Bayard said. “I meant no harm. Neither did your father. He merely wanted to protect you from observing the roads leading to this place.”

“This place?” Lili thought out loud. She surveyed her surroundings, keen to unearth what was so special about ‘this place’.

It looked like a control room of sorts. On one side, long white desks extended from the walls, providing a platform for an exhaustive range of buttons – whether big, small, square-shaped or round, Lili couldn’t presume the purpose of any of them. She’d be impressed if anyone could remember what half of them did.

To further complicate matters, switches and levers sat amidst the keys, tiny lights flashed different colours, and big red buttons gave a dangerous gleam, the kind of buttons she’d imagine would launch rockets or initiate some self-destruct sequence. Monitors displayed charts and graphs beyond her knowledge while others rendered three-dimensional terrains. A conservative library filled out the other side of the room. Book shelves lined the back wall and flanked a round table at the centre. Nothing looked apt for light reading.

“What is this place?”

“Many things,” Bayard said. “It started out as a mining site then turned into a testing centre after most of its resources were depleted. Your father since purchased this property and refurbished certain areas to suit his needs.”

Strange. Father had never had qualms about divulging details of the family business. He'd even taken her on excursions to the many fossil-fuel plants he owned shares in. Yet, he neglected to mention *this place* existed, let alone what kind of business was conducted here. "And what kind of needs would be suited to a place like this?"

Bayard fell silent. He turned to Sebastian with uncertainty in his eyes, looking to manoeuvre around the question with the butler's help. When no assistance came, Bayard was forced to pick his words carefully. "Research, mostly."

Lili found it difficult to take his word at face value. The sturdy man stood before her, hands together at his waist, shoulders straight, head bowed lightly, a respectful demeanour if she'd ever seen one. He certainly had the stature of one of her father's employees. But when she thought back to him wearing that mask, it made her skin shiver with memories, even though in retrospect he'd done nothing to harm her physically.

She didn't know her dad to employ such tactics. And though she'd yet to find fault in anything Bayard claimed, her trust towards him was restrained at best. If not for Sebastian's state of comfort, she might've sought a moment to knock out the brute and make off with her life. You couldn't blame her for being paranoid after she'd been forced to scurry from a hailstorm of bullets.

As she soaked the warm, familiar presence of Sebastian, panic evaporated from her heart and mind, leaving room for questions to form, one in particular she'd been dying to ask since her bag came off and Steve was nowhere in sight. "Where are the others?"

Sebastian started. "The others, Miss Lili?"

"You're referring to the men who abducted you?" Bayard asked.

She'd all but forgotten that factoid after they saved her life. "Yes."

"Your father is dealing with them as we speak."

"Dealing with them?" It had a rather nasty implication to it. Her father abhorred violence, and since he couldn't ground two grown men, she wondered what 'dealing with them' entailed. "How did Father find us anyway?"

Bayard shrugged. "He has his ways."

Just how many secrets was Father keeping from her? Though safety brought a certain stillness to her nerves, something still felt off, an unresolved danger lurking around the corner. Research, Lili mused, scanning the room once again. “What kind of research did you say was conducted here?” She took a slow walk beside the controls, running a finger along the edge of the surface.

“I don’t know,” Bayard said. “I’m not privy to that level of information. My duties concern security.”

“I see.”

Bayard received a call on his phone and walked out of earshot to take it. She wondered if it was her father and what possible instructions he might have to relay. Sebastian noted her concerns. “Miss Lili, you need not fear anything. Your father requested you be brought here and kept safe under Master Bayard’s guard.”

“If my father’s so concerned for my safety, why not have them take me home? Why bring me here, by all appearances, a place he didn’t want me to know existed?”

“I can only presume his fear of having lost you encourages him to keep you close. He’s an awfully troubled man right now, your father. He is not of the best mind but your safety will always be his main concern.”

As Lili approached a tinted window, she regarded Sebastian’s reflection behind her, a troubled man himself. Peering through the glass, she saw nothing but barren land for miles, the closest city far on the horizon. She had to be at least a dozen storeys up.

Bayard snapped his phone shut. “We are to remain here until further notice.” He stationed himself at the door, half guarding her, half preventing her from escaping.

“I was afraid you’d say that.” She dropped onto the swivel chair behind a set of controls, spinning left and right out of boredom. The buttons intrigued her but she couldn't risk pressing any. Instead, she pulled open a drawer of files and skimmed through the titles, looking for anything remotely interesting. Even those turned out to be boring however. Except for one:

Cryosleep and Memory Modification Program.

Pages detailed many failed experiments until a subject by the name of Nina Williams was brought into the fold. Her profile divulged the existence of a son while excluding any mention of the father's identity. Reading on, Lili stumbled upon the boy's name, one Steve Fox. Shock slapped her in the face at the exact moment a bang echoed through the building.

"What was that?" Sebastian looked everywhere at once.

Lili had been surrounded by enough guns in the past 24 hours to know what it was. "What's going on?" she asked Bayard.

Apart from a slight raise of his eyebrow, he remained unfazed. "If it concerned us, I'd have been notified. Please sit still and try not to worry."

Lili would've been up in arms about such a suggestion if she hadn't unearthed remarkable material to keep her distracted. She burrowed through the drawer and didn't stop until she found a file on Steve.

It said little more about the man than what his mother's profile disclosed. The only new details she uncovered included his apparent disappearance three years ago. It seemed like whoever compiled this document had been observing him in secret since he could walk, like a specimen of some sort, galleries of pictures taken without his knowledge.

How despicable.

The text connected Steve's disappearance with a threat from the mafia. Lili was convinced there was more to it though. Two full pages analysed the scar on Steve's arm with aid from depictions and scientific jargon she could never hope to understand. However, what stood clear was the scar originated from some synthetic process.

Who put it there and why? She needed to know. Steve needed to know.

She turned the page and reached the back of the folder. Desperate and frantic, she flipped through the report back to front then front to back again, hoping there was something she'd missed.

Gunshots rocked the air. Six in quick succession. Six too many for Bayard to ignore. He ordered them to stay put, warning Sebastian not to let her out of his sights, then swiped a key card at the door on his way to investigate.

Lili rushed to follow him out of the room but ultimately ended up locked inside. Fear clutched at her chest as she struggled to pull the door open. It was no use without a key card. She feared for Steve, for not being able to tell him what she'd discovered.

The thought of her father using violence never held credence in her mind until she read those reports, her suspicions and paranoia punctuated by the round of gunshots. Hiring masked men, tracking down her location with satellite precision, operating secret facilities, spearheading questionable experiments, spying on people all their lives...

Father, who are you?

"Miss Lili, please keep away from the door." Sebastian beckoned her over.

She stayed put. "Sebastian, do you have a key card?"

"The instructions were clear. We are not to leave this room. Your father's orders. Do you wish to disobey him?"

She didn't know what she wished. Steve could be in danger. Her father could be in danger. It surprised her that she'd only acknowledged the latter after considering a stranger's wellbeing. Whatever the case, she couldn't do anything about it in this room. After Sebastian ignored her question, she was convinced he had a key card. She feigned a sigh. "You're right. I'm not sure what has come over me. I only want to ensure everyone is alright."

"That's understandable, Miss Lili," Sebastian said. "However, your father is in good hands. By the sounds of things, it could be dangerous out there, and you'd only be a detriment. Our wisest course of action would be to remain here until Master Bayard returns."

"Yes." She stepped away from the door. As soon as Sebastian turned his back, she kicked him in a precise spot around the head, careful not to inflict any prolonged damage, yet deft enough to incapacitate him. He dropped with a thud. She ransacked his pockets for a key card. Her suspicions proved right when she felt a smooth, rectangular object. "Please forgive me, Sebastian," she muttered in his ear, unsure of his consciousness. She petted his hair before dashing out of the room in a sprint.

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Steve pointed everyone in the direction of another exit. Hwoarang and Christie led the pack while he and Marduk covered their backs, gunning down anything and everyone on their tails. The goons dropped like flies, but more and more arrived to make up for the fallen numbers. It looked to be a race between how much ammo they had left and how many more henchman The Boss could spare.

Steve didn't like their odds, tossing his right handgun away as its chamber emptied. "How long does it take to open a fucking door?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"It's not fucking budging," Hwoarang growled back. He kicked and kicked to no avail. "Fuck!"

Marduk's shotgun took out two goons with one blast, piercing through one body to hit the other. "As much as I'd hate to agree with pencil-neck blondie here, we're running low, and these motherfuckers are coming at us hot." He blasted another pair and another. "That's the third exit you haven't been able to open, Boss."

"They must've put this place on lockdown," Christie said. She fired at the card scanner, dismantling it in a small explosion of sparks and circuitry. The door remained immovable however, and permanently so.

"For fuck's sake," Hwoarang spat. "Marduk, get your big ass over here and break this down with that thick skull of yours."

"I'll take over here." Christie wheeled round to join Steve's side. "Got your back."

As Marduk turned to confront the door, he copped a sly glimpse of Christie's ass. "I'd love to have *your* back some day."

"Still dreaming, huh?" Christie said.

"Focus," Steve snapped. He shot another masked man charging at them like a lunatic. "Your dinosaur brain wasn't built for multi-tasking, mate."

Marduk snarled without comment. Hwoarang stepped aside to make way for the goliath. The whole place shook when he threw his giant shoulder against the door. Again. And again. For all the muscle and growling he put behind his tackles, Marduk was no closer to paving an escape route for them. Things worsened when a precarious, little green object rolled and clinked towards their feet.

“Shit! Grenade!”

Hwoarang and Marduk surrendered all efforts to mow down the exit and dove into the room on their left while Steve and Christie rolled into the room on the right. The explosion blew away parts of the walls and ceiling, shrapnel flying every which way as an earthquake rocked the building. With the aftermath of the blast ringing in his ears, Steve found himself trapped under a chunk of fallen ceiling. Christie pinpointed his location from a coughing fit.

She dragged him behind a desk of what was now a half blown-up office. “You okay?” she asked, concern in her eyes.

“I’ve been better.” He grimaced, forcing himself to sit up against the only piece of cover they had in the room. “You don’t look so hot yourself.” Her face was blackened and dusty from the explosion, but her eyes remained untouched, gleaming with a silvery tenacity she never gave up. “Okay, maybe you’re still a little hot.”

She put on a playful smile as she cupped his bloodied face. “You really had me worried, you know?”

Steve was taken aback by her affection, almost tempted to recoil, something he’d never done before. “Er, Christie, I don’t think now’s the best time to have this conversation.” He coughed up dust. “We’re sort of in the middle of a war in case you haven’t noticed.”

“Which makes it the perfect time,” she said. “We might not make it out of here alive in case you haven’t noticed.”

Her defeatist attitude disappointed him. She never gave up, not Christie. He supposed it showed how dire their predicament was. “We can’t let these fucktards win. Maybe we can still –”

“Steve,” she cut him off. “We’ve been running in circles in this entire building. All the exits have been barred shut and no matter how many of those bastards we take out, more and more keep coming. Nothing short of a miracle is going to get us out of here.” She paused, letting the sinking feeling sink that much deeper. “Which is why I have to tell you –”

A clunk of boots approached the door. “Hold that thought,” Steve said. He reloaded his pistol, rose from his cover position and gunned down a trio of masked goons. “It’s never

over till it's over, right?" He clasped her hand, and after a long silence of doubt, she clasped his back and managed half a smile.

"Right." She replenished their ammo from her belt pouches. They equipped themselves, fully loaded and ready to go on a tear, perhaps their last, when a door in front of them opened unexpectedly. Guns aimed at the entrant, they breathed heavy with fret and trepidation. It was not another masked murderer however, but a mere schoolgirl who shrieked at the weapons targeting her.

Steve lowered his gun and assured Christie she could do the same. "It's okay. We can trust her."

"Who is she?"

"The Boss's daughter."

Christie scanned her top to bottom and assessed her as a non-threat, physically at least. She still had her doubts about the girl's allegiance. Why would the daughter of the man trying to kill them go against her father?

Lili presented the key card in her possession. "I can help you escape. Follow me."

Steve was halfway off his arse when Christie grabbed him by the wrist. "You sure about this?" she whispered. "We could always take her out and nab the key card."

"I'm sure," Steve said, impressed and disgusted by her suggestion.

"Wait here." Lili had them stand behind the door while she made sure the coast was clear. "Come on!" She waved them over as she stepped out. However, Steve and Christie didn't make it through the doorway before a pair of goons emerged at the end of the hall aiming at Lili. She shrieked and threw her arms up. "Please don't shoot."

"What the hell?" said one of the masked men. "What are you doing outside the control room?"

"The Boss will have our heads," said the other. "Come, we have to take you back to your father before you get hurt."

As soon as they lowered their weapons, Steve and Christie popped out of the room with precise timing, each taking out a goon with a headshot.

Lili squealed, surprised, but composed herself soon after realising what had just happened. She stepped over the bodies as she led them down the halls.

Steve and Christie did all the body dropping while Lili's position at the forefront caused a dilemma for the enemies. Most were too afraid to shoot, and those that did, veered way off target. They advanced through the building with little issue until Mr. Rochefort himself popped around the corner, flanked by two goons. Steve and Christie took out his bodyguards then turned their weapons on him.

"You..." Disgust grated his voice as he levelled a resentful leer at Steve. "You're an abomination."

"And you're not very good at begging for your life." Steve cocked his gun.

"No! Don't!" Lili cried, throwing her body in front of him. "Please don't shoot him. Please. He's my father."

Steve fought every fibre in his being not to pull the trigger. The gun trembled in his grasp. He could end it all now. All the pain and hatred and terror the man cast upon the world. Lili's body as a shield was only as good as her height, and standing this close to his target, Steve had no reservations he could put a bullet between the man's eyes without harming a hair on his daughter's head.

But... how could he? With Lili standing right there already on the brink of tears?

"Want me to do it?" Christie asked. Unlike Steve, her hand was cool and steady, and she was just as good a shot as he was, if not better.

Steve shook his head. "Not like this." He lowered his gun and pushed Mr. Rochefort into the room behind him instead. He then ordered Lili to lock it with her key card. The Boss pleaded for them not to take his daughter, fearful of what they'd do to her after the torture he'd subjected them to.

He didn't need to worry though. Beyond helping them escape, Steve had no intentions of doing anything to or with his daughter.

Lili wiped away a tear hearing her father pound on the door and weep as she continued to lead Steve and Christie to the nearest exit.

Hwoarang and Marduk appeared out of nowhere, taking out several enemies before they joined the rest of the party. While Steve and Christie were grateful for the extra fire power, they did not appreciate the thick tail of goons the pair brought along with them.

The five fugitives sprinted to an exit Lili identified across the hall. Bullets hailed all around them, hitting walls, floors, ceilings, anything remotely close to them. Hwoarang and Steve provided cover fire for the rear, while Marduk took the left and Christie watched over the right, leaving Lili focus on the door. Within seconds, a chime granted them access, and the four of them escaped the building, breathing air they never thought they'd breathe again.

It surprised everyone when Lili walked out the exit too.

"What are you doing?" Steve barked. "You ought to go back to your father. He'll be worried sick."

"No, I can't." Lili looked extremely fatigued all of a sudden. Not a surprise considering she lacked the stamina the rest of them built through experience. "We can sit here and argue all day, but keep in mind, I'm not the only one with a key card. If we don't escape now, we may not be granted the opportunity again."

Everyone else seemed to have grasped that concept already, leaving only Steve and Lili at the exit, arguing over the best course of action. Christie called back to Steve as Marduk jumped into the driver seat of their getaway jeep. Hwoarang pulled his motorcycle out of the back of the large vehicle and sped away without looking back. Steve reckoned Marduk would've done the same if Christie hadn't convinced him to swerve around to get him.

The conflicted boxer heard the exit door opening and leapt into the backseat, unable to prevent Lili from doing the same. They ducked as Marduk stomped his foot on the gas. Bullets seared around the jeep, testing its reinforced body and bulletproof windows.

Once they'd travelled far enough to drown out the ruckus of gunfire, Steve sat up in the backseat and helped Lili do the same. However, her fatigue seemed to have gotten worse, her eyes losing their porcelain sparkle.

"Steve," she said. "There's something... there's something I have to tell you..."

Hearing the faintness of her voice and seeing the pallor of her skin, Steve suspected she'd been impaired by more than fatigue. He noticed the hand on her abdomen was

drenched in crimson and a blotch had spread around a puncture wound, drenching her pearly white dress in gore.

Steve slapped Marduk on the back of the head, the smack echoing on his baldness. “Step on it, bitch! She’s been hit. Come on!”

“Steve,” Lili tried again, weaker still. “You have to know... your... your father...”

Steve shushed her, begging her not to talk and save her strength. He called Marduk all sorts of degrading names to get him to drive faster and faster. As Steve grasped Lili’s hand tightly and laid his chin on her head, consciousness faded from her eyes.

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Dusk bled red that evening, spilling dark reminiscence over the horizon, tainting the blue skies purple, dipping the marshmallow clouds in blood.

Chills swept past Hwoarang and Steve as they sat on the porch’s railing. Shirtless, bandaged ribs and arms, countless bruises, swollen faces and injured pride, enough to let the silence between them stretch for however long it needed to.

It was the longest they’d gone without saying a word to each other. Yet, it felt appropriate, a moment of mourning.

Many men died today on account of them. No doubt the majority of them deserved it. They weren’t the reason Hwoarang felt dejected. Truth be told, he wasn’t sure what was. He must’ve been sitting there for close to an hour, puffing rings into the air, no closer to inventing some philosophical interpretation of why his life had to be so fucked up. Meh, he’d never been one for thinking anyway. He’d always been a talker.

Hwoarang broke the silence with a dry laugh. “Fucked up, isn’t it?” Steve looked at him with no mirth left in his eyes. “How do those fuckers miss a big ass, elephant-eating, Neanderthal-looking motherfucker like Marduk and hit the smallest one in our group?” Hwoarang shook his head, another humourless chuckle. “Fucking amazing. They’d all be out of jobs if I was The Boss, tell you that much.”

“Lady Life,” Steve said, his voice vague and distant, “can be cruel.”

“Lady Life’s a fucking bitch.” Hwoarang sucked hard on his cigarette before releasing the tension into the cold. “How’s she doing anyway?”

“Christie managed to get the bullet out and patch her up the best she could, but she reckons she’s not gonna make it unless we get her to a hospital ASAP.” She and Marduk continued tending to Lili inside the hideout.

“Then let’s get her to a fucking hospital?” Hwoarang said.

The suggestion caught Steve off guard. He wanted to be hopeful about it but reality stopped him. “We’d have a lot of explaining to do. Not just to the hospital staff, but the coppers. Nevermind The Boss finding us and sending his cronies to finish the job.”

“Who said we’d have to stick around?” The look on Steve’s face begged for an elaboration. Hwoarang indulged him. “We leave her at the front door and bounce. Emergency staff will take her in.”

“Leave and go where?”

“I don’t fucking know. Anywhere that’s not here? The further away the better.”

“So you want to run.”

Hwoarang scoffed, refusing to be offended. “You see any other way out of this? I told you, man. I’m done being someone else’s lapdog.”

“Selfish cunt.” Steve turned away from the sight of him. “Should’ve expected as much. If it wasn’t for her, we’d all be Swiss cheese right now.”

“Wait, what? Call me a fucking cunt all you want, but selfish?” Hwoarang couldn’t believe his ears. “You know how many times I risked my fucking life to save little Miss Barbie, too? To save her friend? To save your dumbass? I could’ve split back at the house when Miguel and his posse were on top of us, but I stayed and fought for you fuckers. I risked getting a bullet in my ass for ungrateful little bitches like you. I gotta be honest with you, Steve. I expected that bullshit from them, but not you.”

“Please. You stayed because it was your best shot at survival,” Steve said. “You started this. The only little bitches around here are those who can’t finish what they start.”

“Is that right, fuck? Tell me then, what’s your grand master plan to get us out of this mess, huh?”

“Simple. Find the box. Deliver it to The Boss along with his daughter. Move on with our lives.”

It sounded so ridiculous Hwoarang couldn’t help laugh. “What fucking dream world do you live in? Did you not see what The fucking Boss did to us back there? Have you forgotten the torture he put us through? And here little Stevie thinks he can waltz back into The Boss’s home, hand him his little box all wrapped up like a Christmas gift, let him have his daughter back – who, by the fucking way, we just kidnapped twice –”

“Kidnapped? Please,” Steve said, waving him off. “She came of her free will. You know that as well as I do.”

“You think The Boss knows that? You think he’s a reasonable cunt that always plays by the rules, huh? The guy who almost fucking slit our throats when we barely even touched his daughter? And how the fuck do you think he’s gonna react when he finds out she was shot on our watch? And that’s if the bitch makes it till the morning! You’re not thinking this through, man.” Hwoarang shook his head at a loss. “We don’t even know where to start looking for that damned box. Assuming by some miracle we find it before he finds *us*, you think all is gonna be forgiven, bygones be bygones, all that fairy rainbow shit? We fucking took out half his army. He’ll pop us the minute he gets what he wants from us. We’re as good as dead, box or not. Gotta make a run for it. It’s our only bet.”

“And how long do you think we’ll fucking make it until he catches up to us?” Steve said, indignation seeping into his voice. “He’s fucking Mr. Rochefort. He owns half this fucking town, probably half the world. It would only be a matter of time before he sniffs us out whatever hellhole we crawl into. You want to live your life looking over your shoulder every time you take a shit? The only way to get him off our backs is to give him what he wants. He might let us walk if Lili speaks on our behalf.”

Hwoarang regarded him with disbelief. “You’re really serious about this. Sorry, but I’m done risking my ass doing the bidding of bastard criminals. If I’m gonna go out, it sure as hell won’t be in the service of a murderous scumbag like him. And I’m sure as hell not dodging any more bullets just so ‘good guy Steve’ can impress The Boss’s daughter and get a little nookie.”

Steve's fist moved quickly. Hwoarang felt it on his jaw before he saw it. The punch knocked him off the railing, sprawling his broken body onto the veranda, cigarette rolling away from his busted lip. He got up in a huff and lifted his leg, ready to extend it into Steve's mug, but he stopped, shook his head, and grounded his foot. "You know what? Fuck it." He smeared the fallen cigarette with the bottom of his boot. "You wanna risk your life on a suicide mission? Be my fucking guess. I'm done," he said, swinging a coat over his bandaged torso. "I'm done with all this shit."

As he walked towards his motorcycle, he waved farewell to Steve with a single finger. "See you in hell, bitch."

He rode off into the sunset and never looked back.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.