

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... 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 [lemonzsaauce.com](http://lemonzsaauce.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 [lemonzsaauce.com/donate](http://lemonzsaauce.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

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## DISCLAIMER

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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Tekken universe, which is trademarked by BANDAI NAMCO. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.*

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**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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

(A Tekken FanFic)

**PART 1**



**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*

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## Part 1 – Breaking and Entering

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Hwoarang's battered sedan jerked and sputtered into a dingy alleyway. As soon as he turned off the engine, Steve hopped out of the passenger seat and surveyed their surroundings, keeping one hand on the pistol tucked behind his back.

He peeked around the corner for any suspicious vehicles that might've followed them. The coast looked clear. He gave Hwoarang the thumbs-up before throwing his shirt over the gun.

The redhead popped the trunk open and the two men peered inside.

A square, black package stared back at them. No names, no markings. They knew nothing about the parcel aside from it being square-shaped - if the box containing it was anything to go by.

Less than an hour ago, when Hwoarang had made a mad dash for their getaway car while dodging bullets with the package under his arm like a football, he got a brief measure of its weight; it was heavy enough to contain metal components yet light enough to be hollow on the inside. Some sort of midget microwave? They could only speculate.

There was nothing extraordinary about the box's appearance yet standing in its sights roused a sense of wonder, mystic, maybe even power. Hwoarang never believed in that spiritual mumbo-jumbo, voodoo crap. None of that magic shit. The box just gave him the creeps, plain and simple.

Looking at it now, that might've been the reason no one else wanted this mission. Oh well. Here they were. The instructions were clear: no opening, no tampering, no gazing, no

fucking around. Hell, they weren't even allowed to touch it beyond what was necessary for transportation.

Step one: retrieve the creepazoid box from a gang of chainsaw murderers – clear. Step two: move said creepazoid box to aptly named 'Point B' – underway.

*Fuck my life*, thought Hwoarang. He slammed the trunk shut.

A lot of people hated their boss but it was a little understandable when they happened to be a remorseless murderer. Needless to say, failed assignments ended in a different kind of termination. The pressure boiled on Hwoarang's nerves. He slammed his hand on the steering wheel, blasting his horn for the fuck of it.

"Would you calm the hell down?" said Steve, hoping to prevent a full-scale honking war. Osaka was the last place you wanted to get stuck in one of those. "We don't need to be attracting any unwanted attention. Keep a cool head, mate."

"Don't tell me to calm down right now, okay? If we don't deliver this stupid package to this stupid address in this stupid stuck-up town within the next two hours, then guess what? We're not gonna have any heads left to keep cool! Do you get that, huh?"

"Well, I have a suggestion. How about next time you don't fucking get us lost? You stupid git."

"Man, shut the fuck up!" Hwoarang groaned. "At least I'm trying to get us out of this shit. All you do is bitch like a little bitch. Fuck you and your stupid accent. British my ass. More like *Bitchish*."

"Oh you're a clever boy, aren't cha? Fucking wanker."

They operated under strict instructions to limit communication to burner phones during active assignments, mostly because their shadowy employers refused to risk anything getting traced backed to them. The barebone devices lacked GPS capabilities, which meant Hwoarang and Steve had to rely on their noggins to navigate the mission. Or did they?

Steve rummaged through the glove compartment hoping to stumble upon a physical map. Old crumpled papers, a can of deodorant, broken CDs and empty cigarette boxes littered the space. Not a map in sight or anything that didn't belong in the garbage for that

matter. Curious, Steve extracted a bag full of badges and handcuffs from the clutter. “Uh, what are you doing with all these?”

“Trophies,” said Hwoarang.

Run-ins with authorities came as often as breakfast for a punk like him. He took pride in his rebellion against a corrupt system that kissed rich asses and shat on everyone else. Hell, like it was his fault he was born an orphan without a penny to his name. All those people in their cosy houses and expensive fur never knew what it meant to live in the real world, to wake up every morning not knowing if you’d scrape a bite before the sun went down.

So, when cops tried to deny him his hard-earned spoils, he had more than a few things to say about it – and his feet were quite the conversationalists. “I didn’t learn taekwondo to bend over for those cocksuckers.”

“I hear you, mate. You almost have as many badges in here as I got world titles.” Hwoarang rolled his eyes. Steve added, “I’m just saying.”

“Fox, as much as I’d just *loooove* to argue about who the better fighter is for the millionth, freaking time, one of us has to figure out where the fuck we going.”

Something had warned Hwoarang accepting the job would be a bad idea. He’d never frequented these parts of the city, hated how all the big-for-nothing skyscrapers looked alike, hated how the stench of corporate snobs clogged his windpipes, hated how no one sat down and chilled the fuck out for a second.

Yet, when management posted the mission brief, his desperate need for a buck got the better of his senses. *Drop off this little old box at the specified address*, was all he’d read. Even a grandma could pull that off.

What could go wrong?

Hwoarang had learned about *The MIZU Zaibatsu* by complete accident. It was an underground syndicate that just so happened to hire grunts like him to carry out their dirty work. MIZU perpetuated another dog-eat-dog world; for any job Hwoarang didn’t take, he’d bet his ass there were a hundred guys behind him chomping at the bit. One thing the world would never run short of was lowlifes and opportunists. Hwoarang liked to think of himself as the latter.

Once he got over the fact he was working for a ‘company’ without a name and a boss without a face, he could admit the gigs offered decent perks, namely – cash money.

The Head of MIZU loved his dough more than anyone else; there was a reason no one ever heard from guys who screwed up a job again...

Hwoarang wiped the sweat from his brow and checked his wristwatch. One hour, forty-seven minutes left. Still time, he tried to convince himself. Still time. He brandished his cigarette box – empty – and chucked it at the windscreen. “Fuck! I need my smokes, man. You know how stressed I get without my smokes!”

“The hell you yelling at me for? I look like a fag vending machine over here?”

“No, Fox, you just look like a fag.” He pulled over to the side of the road.

“Now what are you doing?”

“I’m taking a piss. Is that okay with you, ‘mate’? Wanna come hold my cock for me, is that it?” Hwoarang grabbed his crotch in a vulgar manner. “Wanna know how it feels like to have one, huh?”

“Piss off,” said Steve. “And try not to get lost again on your way to the ladies’ room, plonker.”

Hwoarang flashed a middle finger as he walked towards the closest bush. He whipped out his tool and admired himself. Relief flowed from his lips as he watered the plants with his own special formula. No matter how bad his day was going, a good piss could always transport him right back to heaven.

But a sudden cry broke his serenity.

He stopped peeing to listen.

From the distance came angry shouts, taunts and thwacks. It sounded like a scuffle; he’d participated in enough to know. Usually he’d avoid sticking his nose where it didn’t belong but something tugged hard on his curiosity right then. Perhaps his psyche needed a distraction from the calamity that was his current mission.

Hwoarang crept into the bushes and peeped through a hedge intertwined with chain-link fencing. His eyes grew wide at the spectacle before him. It was a scuffle alright, but

nothing like he'd seen in his lifetime. Nearly tripping over himself, he rushed back to Steve without zipping up his pants.

"Yo, you gotta come see this!"

"Fuck's sake!" Steve recoiled. "Don't touch me with your pee-pee hands."

"Hey, I'm serious, you gotta... 'pee-pee hands'...?" Hwoarang shook his head at the ridiculous man-child. "Whatever dude, just get your ass out here, quick!"

"This better not be another one of your –"

"You really think I'd fuck around in the middle of a job if it wasn't important?"

Steve couldn't argue with that.

Hwoarang led him back to the bushes and pointed out what he saw earlier. Steve gawked, astounded. "Blimey..."

An all-out catfight raged on at the back of a nearby high school. Whatever the two girls had to settle they'd decided to do it with their hands and feet after academic hours. It wasn't your run of the mill hair-pulling, eye-scratching skirmish either; these girls executed punches, kicks and grapples only trained martial artists could perform. Definitely skilled, despite the age range suggested by their school uniforms.

One boasted blond locks that flowed beautifully down her back, and trimmed bangs tidying a cute, porcelain face. The flexibility of a gymnast, the elegance of a ballerina, the prowess of a fighter – all rolled into her lithe frame. How sexy was that?

She wore a white, long-sleeved dress and matching boots, revealing a set of slender, creamy legs that made him wonder where and how they ended.

Her competitor was no slouch either. The brunette had shoulder length hair and wore an intense expression, both frightening and mesmerising to the peeping toms. A blue, plaid skirt barely covered her rear, showcasing every last bit of her shapely thighs. Despite looking physically stronger and more athletic than her blonde counterpart, the pair appeared to be equally matched.

But the peeping toms paid less and less attention to her technique and more on her yellow sweater vest, which outlined the biggest pair of tits they'd seen on a Japanese girl.

Hwoarang could barely look and breathe at the same time. “I spy with my little eye something that begins with T... as in, ‘I need to bust me some frigging nuts, man!’” he exclaimed, goading at his crotch. “Goddamn. Check out the Ganryus on the brunette.”

Steve gaped. “Holy Bosconovitch –”

“Dude, mind your language.”

“Fuckin’ hell, mate. What are they? Double G’s?”

“Fuck the alphabet. Those are some alpha-tits, bruh.”

The action glued Hwoarang and Steve to the spot. Hwoarang’s gaze hovered around the hems of their skirts, stalking, waiting, anticipating every high kick and frothing at the panty shots to come.

The blonde showed glimpses of sky blue, and the brunette, pearly white. Amazing how much effect a piece of cloth had on his cognisance. The girls could care less how all the hustle and bustle reworked their panties into lopsided thongs, revealing cheeky bits of flesh with every unintended flash.

Excitement had grown in Hwoarang’s eyes, but that wasn’t the only place. His hand descended on its own accord and, as his fingers dipped below the beltline, an elbow to the ribs knocked him back to his senses.

“Are you mental?” Steve hissed. “You can’t do that here, bloody tosser.”

Hwoarang groaned, embarrassed. “You don’t get it, man. It’s been weeks.”

“I don’t give a shit if it’s been years. Only time a man chokes the chicken in front of me is if it’s an actual chicken.”

“Fuck it.” Hwoarang started climbing the fence before Steve yanked him back down.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going, cuntface?”

“To screw the living daily lights out of those broads? Duh. You coming? Or you just gonna sit around here like a fag?”

“What have you got against fags, faggot? Need I remind you we’ve got a job to do? We don’t have time to run around chasing our cocks.”



“But Steve...” Calling his partner by the first name usually signified something of great importance. “C’mon... just look at them...”

Steve hazarded a glance and wound up hypnotized by the brunette’s bouncy chest. “Bird’s got some tits on her, I’ll give her that.”

Truth was, he wouldn’t have minded getting a load off any less than his red-blooded partner. Women were a weakness they shared. Furthermore, Hwoarang never functioned well under stress, and only two things could alleviate his state of mind – unfortunately, he was fresh out of cigarettes.

Steve convinced himself it was a legitimate reason to pursue the excursion. Technically speaking, they had an hour to spare, long enough to snag these birds and get back on track fully focused. All they needed was a plan – climbing over the fence all gung-ho would only scare their prey.

“I got an idea.” Hwoarang lit up. “Quick! Follow me to the ride.” As usual, the redhead dragged him along without bothering to elaborate.

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Sweaty and swore, Asuka panted as the fight reached a standstill. Her opponent maintained a safe distance, showing her fatigue. Neither was willing to stop however, not until the other was knocked unconscious.

That was just fine by Asuka. The stuck-up, little brat had worn on her nerves for too long. Emilie Rochefort thought the world owed her everything but this high school was Asuka’s jurisdiction and the blonde princess couldn’t take that.

If there was one compliment due to her, it would be the tenacity to put her money where her mouth was. She wasn’t as precious as she looked, matching Asuka stride for stride, blow for blow, stubbornness for stubbornness. She gave it a good run, and that was all it would be – a good run.

Balling her fists, Asuka expected to end the fight with her next strike. Lili readied herself to do the exact same thing but on her terms.

Asuka charged with a war cry and Lili set off to meet her halfway. The girls rushed head-on to an explosive finale. The closer they charged towards a collision, the faster their hearts beat, the fiercer their glares burned, the louder their war cries boomed. Closer and closer and –

“Freeze!”

Both girls stopped in their tracks, shoes skidding across the court. Asuka’s heart leapt, fearing a teacher had caught them again. She couldn’t afford to be suspended this close to the end of the semester.

To her relief, she didn’t recognize either of the gate-crashers. The blond man wore red trousers and a loose shirt, and the man besides him was clad in jeans and chaps, his carrot hair slicked back and spiky like a porcupine. What an odd-looking pair of human beings.

She wondered where they’d come from and what business they had at the high school; they looked totally out of place, too old to be students and way too young to be parents. The redhead flashed a badge upside-down before his partner nudged him to correct it. The blond man pulled up his shirt, revealing a badge clipped to his waist and a holster on the other side. Of course they had to be the one thing worse than teachers.

Cops.

Not that Asuka had issues with law enforcement. A vigilante of sorts, she often found herself fighting on their side, even worked with them on one occasion.

But things felt different on the other side of the badge, a fear of having broken some obscure law and not understanding the severity of it. Hopefully nothing major. She liked to think the cops had more serious matters to attend to than breaking up petty classroom squabbles.

The look on Lili’s face was pure gold: she turned whiter than a ghost, petrified, lips trembling without a word. Asuka had to look away to avoid breaking into laughter.

The brunette sucked at being sweet and charming like most girls but she cleared her throat and put on her best smile. “Can I help you officers?”

“Uh, yes. I’m officer Brock Hardy,” said the redhead. “And this is my partner here, Steve Cox.”

The blond shot him a quizzical side glare. “Uh... yeah, that’s right... Look, ladies, we’re going to have to ask you two to come with us,” he said, with a rather dodgy English accent.

Asuka fretted. “Could I ask what for, officers?”

The men glanced at each other uncertainly. The blond finally piped up. “Er, for public displays of violence and, er, disturbing the peace.”

“What? Did someone complain?” Asuka looked around, wondering what douche would’ve alerted the police.

“Listen, girl,” said Hardy. “We ask all the questions around here, got it?”

Girl? Asuka huffed. His badge just saved him from a severe tongue lashing. As the exchange dragged on, her tolerance for the pair diminished. Something about them put her off; their attitude, their demeanour... their attire. What kind of officers wore red pants and flight goggles? Scratch that, who on Earth wore red pants and flight goggles? “Nice uniforms.”

“We’re not on duty, smarty pants,” said Cox.

“Then why are you here?”

“Coz we spotted a disturbance,” said Hardy.

He needed to look no further than the mirror to spot a disturbance, thought Asuka. “Is stalking schoolgirls part of standard procedure?”

The redhead flared up. “What did you say?”

“I said –”

“Asuka,” Lili suddenly interrupted. “Let us do as they please. Defiance will only make matters worse.”

Cox nodded. "Now there's a smart kid."

Asuka stifled a laugh. Granted, she identified with Lili's urge for a speedy, uneventful process. The problem was she didn't share Lili's patience or naivety. Asuka attributed her fighting success to trusting her instincts. It was a tactic she carried over to all aspects of her life. And her instincts screamed not to trust these two goofs. On the off chance they turned out to be real cops however, she decided it was best to cooperate.

The officers hauled them to a beaten-up sedan that looked nothing like a police car. A waning paint job, rimless tires, dents, scratches, cracked windscreen, and... were those bullet holes on the side?

She shuddered to think what defects lay under the hood. The ride was on its final wheels, nothing close to being roadworthy. Quizzing them about the car tempted her but she bit her tongue. They'd probably claim it was an undercover vehicle or something anyway.

The men ordered them to put their hands on the car's roof. Lili glanced at Asuka nervously as Cox patted her down.

"State your full name, please," said the officer.

"E-Emilie Rochefort..."

Asuka had Porcupine Head, the repulsive one. Just great.

He started at her shoulders, forcing her to cringe.

His breath assaulted her ear. "And what's your name, girl?" He reeked of cigarette smoke and gasoline, a concoction that upset her stomach.

"Asuka Kazama," she answered quickly, paranoid his stink would invade her mouth.

"Asuka, huh? Pretty name for a pretty girl." Ugh, was this douchebag seriously hitting on her? It was revolting. She was pretty sure the compliment fell far from professionalism. His overwhelming presence felt uncomfortable as he patted her upper arms. "Tell me, Asuka. What's a pretty, little dame like you getting mixed up in street fights for?"

*None of your business. Just shut up and do your job,* she thought, reserving the right to remain silent.

“Quiet all of a sudden, huh?” He sounded disappointed. “That’s alright. Got any weapons on you, girl?” *Of course not*, she shook her head, and of course he wouldn’t leave it at that. “I’m gonna go ahead and confirm that then. Hold still.”

He checked her armpits then patted down her sides. As stomach-churning as it was, she let him get on with it, tried to respect the process. However, he took advantage of her leniency when his hands reached for her bosom.

She asked what he was doing, to which he claimed it was a favourite hiding spot for female suspects, and he had to be thorough. Asuka didn’t like it although it wasn’t hard to believe that might’ve been true. Still, he couldn’t just touch her like that could he? She swallowed her pride and let him continue.

Apparently a few gentle pats weren’t sufficient to locate smuggled items; he had to grope her sweater in suspicious ways. A little too thorough for her liking. She could’ve sworn she heard a purr. Was the sicko getting off on this? She felt so dirty and violated.

Leaving her chest in peace, he rested his hands on her waist. “Spread those legs,” he murmured in her ear.

“What?” Why did that sound so much dirtier than he meant?

“Spread your legs,” he repeated. “Or I’ll spread them for you.” Asuka complied timidly, but he wasn’t satisfied. “Wider.” She exhaled, losing her patience, but obeyed nonetheless.

The weight of his presence disappeared from her back as he knelt down and groped her ankles. He squeezed her socks for an awfully long time. There were only so many places she could smuggle things in her shoes; why was it taking him so long?

Then it hit her – a sudden breath of wind grazing the back of her thighs. Her skirt fluttered while she stared at her flushed reflection on the hood. She realised all he had to do was look up and he’d be privy to her underwear.

Paranoid, perhaps, she pressed down on the back of her skirt.

“Both hands on the car!” he spat. She reluctantly obeyed, allowing the frisk to continue. He pinched her calves one time too many, as if he was impressed with their tone

and texture. A chill caught in her throat as his paws climbed over her knees and squeezed the back of her thighs. What the hell? Did he think she was smuggling a bomb inside her skin?

Incredulously, his 'search' continued. Asuka shivered as his touch invaded her skirt. When the bastard groped her ass without warning, she retaliated on instinct, knocking him back with an elbow to the face. He was lucky she couldn't reach his balls.

"Pervert!" Cop or not, Asuka wasn't about to let anyone feel her up like that.

Porcupine Head massaged the bridge of his nose. "Congratulations, bitch. You just assaulted a police officer. You're in deep shit now." He jerked her arms behind her back, slammed her against the car and then cuffed her wrists. "I am *not* having a good day!" His breath was hot down the back of her neck. "You don't wanna piss me off, alright?"

"Oy!" exclaimed his partner. "Easy on the suspects, mate."

"Shut your fucking mouth, Cox! This is my suspect, alright? I'll treat her however the fuck I want. Mind your own damn business and stop telling me how to do my job."

"I'll stop when you stop being a fucking dickhead."

"Whatever, you cum-gurgling, fruitcake. At least I got one." He opened the back door and shoved Asuka inside the car.

In contrast, Cox lowered Lili into the backseat gently. "You ladies sit tight while I have a word with my knobhead of a partner, alright?"

"Not like we have a choice," muttered Asuka, struggling to wriggle free of the handcuffs. She and Lili kept their eyes on the rear-view mirror, watching the soundless conversation between the would-be officers.

...

"Cox?" said Steve. "Really? *Cocks?*" He shook his head in disbelief. "That's it. I'm choosing my own pretend name next time."

Hwoarang sniggered, pleased with himself. “Quit your bellyaching, tightwad. It worked, didn’t it? I always think up smart shit sometimes.”

“Think they bought it?”

“Hell yeah. I deserve an Emmy nomination for that shit, bruh.”

“You deserve castration, you sick fuck.”

Hwoarang scoffed. “Can’t stop talking about my dick, can ya?”

“What dick?”

“Fuck you.”

“Fuck you too, mate.” Steve glanced back at the car, checking on the two heads hovering in the back window. “Well then. Now that that’s sorted, only one thing left to be decided really.”

Silence.

Then suddenly –

“Dibs on the brunette!” they exclaimed at the same time.

“Oh do fuck off,” said Steve. “Why do you get the big tits?”

“Because I saw them first? Because this whole thing was my idea? Because I got a bigger cock than you? I dunno, Fox – take your fucking pick.”

Steve chuckled. “You might be a bigger cock than me but you certainly haven’t got a bigger cock than me.”

“Yeah, I fucking do.”

“No, you don’t. Quit dreaming.”

Hwoarang furrowed his brow. “Why would I dream about your cock?”

“You tell me, cuntbag.”

“Do one.”

“I’ll do one all over your face if you don’t shut your fanny-mouthed mug.”

“Whatever,” said Hwoarang, perplexed by the insult. “My dick’s still bigger than yours.”

“No, it ain’t.”

They argued all the way back to the ride.

...

Hwoarang drove with one eye on the road and the other in the rear-view mirror, ogling the brunette in the back seat. She hadn’t stopped staring out her window since they left, probably trying to work out where they were and where they were going. Not even he, the driver, knew that much. Hwoarang must’ve circled the same block four times now. It was hard to concentrate with the brunette in his sights, an arm’s reach away.

Little did she know, he was studying her body with the same diligence she studied the streets. Her sweater vest grabbed hold of his gaze. The biggest mountains he’d seen in Osaka; they made his fingers want to go hiking.

She kept her knees shut, frustrating his prying eyes, but her skirt had rolled up her thighs and prodded his imagination just enough. His mind placed him in the back seat beside her, romancing her gorgeous lips, nursing the big ol’ titties beneath that sweater, sneaking a hand between her toned thighs, snaking up her little plaid skirt, touching her –

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

Steve grabbed the wheel and swerved from an oncoming car. “Eyes on the fucking road, you twat!”

“My bad.” Hwoarang shook his head, humbled and embarrassed. He really needed to get laid.

“We’re not really going to the police station, are we?” asked Asuka, suspicious.

“Quiet.”



“Are we even under arrest? Where are you taking us? You know this is considered kidnapping, right?”

“Hey, bitch. I said shut the fuck up.” He glared at the rear-view mirror where her chestnut eyes burned as fiercely as his. “Can’t hear myself think. You speak only when I ask you a question, girl. Are we clear?”

“Calm the fuck down,” said Steve. “Excuse my partner, ladies. He’s got some serious mommy issues.”

Hwoarang raised his brows, taken aback. “Oh? You wanna talk about mommy issues, huh?”

“Don’t go there, prick.”

“Too late, fuckface. You already went there.” Hwoarang twisted the knob on his voice to full blast, ensuring the passengers heard every decibel, drowning out Steve’s protests in the backdrop. “Let me tell you something about my ‘partner’ over here,” he said. “You may look at him and think he’s a ‘nice guy’, but –”

Steve cut in, “I told you never to bring that up again –”

“But what kind of nice guy –”

“Douchebag, I’m warning you –”

“What kind of nice guy bangs his own damn mom?!”

Steve hung his head, massaging his temple, trying to scrub the memory away.

“Yeah, that’s right.” Hwoarang showed no sympathy for casting out one of his partner’s skeletons. He shouldn’t have started it. “What’s the matter, Cox? Are you going to deny it, *motherfucker*?”

“Look, I was wasted, okay? And the bitch’s three years older than me – how the fuck was I supposed to know she’s my mom?!”

Hwoarang laughed uncontrollably, banging on the steering wheel. “Oh, man. You have no idea how much I wish you came in the bitch.”

“Mate, shut the fuck up. I told you I don’t like fucking talking about it.”

“Could’ve had a new son and a brother at the time!”

Steve pulled his gun on Hwoarang as the back seat gasped. “I’ll blow your fucking brains out, I swear.”

“Heh.” Hwoarang leaned his head against the barrel, unafraid. “Is that what your mom said before she grabbed your cock?”

“That’s it.”

Steve smacked him over the head with the pistol then slammed his face into the steering wheel repeatedly.

A chorus of honks puzzled nearby vehicles as the car swerved left and right. The turbulence threw the schoolgirls on top of each other screaming for dear life. Instead of seizing control of the vehicle, Hwoarang dove from the driver’s seat altogether, lunging at his attacker.

The car drifted off the road and crashed into a street lamp. Not even that put a stop to the wrestling match. The scuffle burst the passenger door open and the men tumbled onto the sidewalk, rolling about in a flurry of punches, head-butts and insults.

Asuka and Lili looked at each other, astonished. “And I thought *we* were the bickering schoolgirls.”

After what felt like years of trading blows, the exhausted men stood up, dusted themselves off and reclaimed their seats in the car. Hwoarang started the engine as if nothing had happened. Asuka couldn’t help smirk. “Have you two ever considered marriage counselling?”

“Shut the fuck up!” they barked in union.

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Apparently the goofs gave up pretending to look for a police station. Sergeant Lieutenant Porcupine Head parked in a nearby suburb, settling for an abandoned house with a ‘For Sale’ sign on the front lawn.

He peeped through the curtained windows while Cox kept watch for any passers-by. Satisfied with his observation, Porcupine Head picked the lock like a professional felon and ordered them to get inside.

Asuka wondered if they were still pretending to be cops. "Isn't this breaking and entering?" she asked, cheekily.

"You know, I'm getting really tired of your smart mouth. And if you don't can it..." he leaned into her ear and whispered, "You're the one I'm going to be breaking and entering into." To really drive his point home, he smacked her ass hard and gave it a rough squeeze. She gasped in outrage but he pushed her through the doorway all the same. "Get in, bitch."

Asuka growled. The stupid handcuffs thwarted her physical retort. "Fucking lowlife! Why don't you try that when my hands aren't tied behind my back?"

"Shut up and take a fucking seat." He shoved her onto the couch where Lili soon joined her. "Now you two little girls better stay put. You're already in enough trouble with the law as it is. I'm going to be standing right outside having a little chat with my partner. If you even think about trying anything funny, we'll know." He thrust his face within an inch of Asuka's, but if he expected her to flinch, he'd have to wait forever; she didn't even blink.

He half-smiled, rather impressed. "Remember, darlings, bad things happen to bad girls. So be good."

And with that, he disappeared out the front door, sure to stand on the porch where the girls could see the men's silhouettes through the front window, a not-so-subtle reminder of their proximity.

"Unbelievable." Asuka huffed.

"I know," said Lili. "The amount of profanity I've heard today is absolutely diabolical. Is all that cursing really necessary?"

"Wait, you mean to tell me, after everything these bastards did to us, and probably still want to do, the cussing is what offends you the most?"

"Well, I mean, it is *quite* rude."

“I seriously don’t get you sometimes.” Asuka wiggled left, right, and all around, but the handcuffs were married to her wrists. “Ugh! Come on!” Her rival, and fellow inmate, sat peacefully, not even trying.

When questioned why, Lili broke down, admitting she feared the ‘cops’ would call her father. He’d placed a strict ban on fighting and if he learned of her and Asuka’s extracurricular activities he would be dreadfully disappointed.

Asuka sympathised with the pressure not to disappoint her father; being a substitute teacher at the Kazama dojo, she was expected to lead by example, which meant not abusing her martial arts talent on petty squabbles.

Still, she had no intention of bowing down to these scumbags. Frankly she expected Emilie Rochefort, of all people, to have more pride than that.

“You may not know this about me,” said Lili. “But I’ve been kidnapped before.”

“What? Really?”

She nodded. “I discovered what works best is to play to your captors’ wishes. Remain polite and civil long enough and you may just convince them that you’re friends. Once that happens, their defences are at their lowest. Then it becomes a matter of picking the right moment. You’ll be surprised how far simple conversation can take you.”

Asuka had to admit, at least to herself, the blonde might’ve been on to something. Nonetheless, she shivered at the thought of that would-be cowboy putting his filthy hands on her again. “I don’t know if I can follow through with it. Every time he calls me ‘girl’, I feel like putting my fist through his teeth. Ugh.”

“Ever the brute, aren’t you? It’s painfully obvious the redhead has taken a liking to you.” Lili giggled. “You’d do well to spin it in your favour. Besides, let’s be candid, he’s not the worst looking guy you’ve ever seen, is he?”

“Ew! Lili, can it,” said Asuka. “What do looks have to do with anything? A creep’s a creep.”

Lili smiled. “If you insist...”

...

Hwoarang and Steve shared a silent moment on the porch, fixing a far-off gaze on the busted car, the latest imprint a dent from the streetlamp collision. The vehicle was a nagging reminder that they were on a mission. For Hwoarang, staring at it was like staring at his own life – a battered, run-down mess going nowhere fast.

All he did was serve the next pay check, risk his life so some anonymous bogeyman could get their box of toys. Maybe it was the stress talking, or the drought of cigarettes, or the sexual frustration, or all the shit mounting in his pitiful life, but Hwoarang had enough of being a glorified errand boy. In his three years of service to MIZU, he'd never condoned their practices anyway, a paradoxical thing to admit. When he looked at the car, he thought, 'no more'.

When Steve looked at the car, he thought, "Bloody hell. Where'd you steal it from? The scrapyard? Looks like something that fell out of Optimus Prime's arse."

"Fox, until you get your own fucking ride, I don't wanna hear you shitting all over mine."

"Suit yourself, mate, but don't expect me to be riding shotgun in that death-trap next mission."

"There won't be a next mission," said Hwoarang, still fixated on the car.

Steve hesitated. "What you on about?"

"I'm done, Steve." Just hearing himself speak the words lifted the dark cloud over his head. "I don't need this stress in my life. I'm taking it back. I'm taking my life back."

"Well, The Boss –"

"Fuck The Boss!" The conviction in his fiery eyes shocked Steve silent. "No one even knows who he is. 'The Boss' isn't a real name. He's got no goddamn face – how the hell do we even know he exists? If he wants his box, he can come fetch it his damn self. I'm done."

"You're serious," said Steve, solemnly. "You crazy fucker."

“Call me whatever you want.” Hwoarang threw his arms in the air. “All I know is I’m walking back in that house, fucking the absolute shit out of that big-titted broad, then walking outta here a free man.” And so he headed for the front door.

Steve lingered for a moment, troubled, perplexed and inspired, then followed the redhead inside.

...

“We’ll do anything you want,” said Lili. “Please don’t call daddy.”

The men turned to each other and shrugged. No need to pretend anymore.

Steve hoisted Lili over his shoulder, legs dangling over his chest. He lifted her skirt for a peek and mouthed ‘wow’. “Right. Off we go then,” he said, smacking her ass on the way upstairs.

When Hwoarang tried to lift Asuka by the arm, she pushed him off with her shoulder. “I know how to walk on my own.”

“Whatever.” He guided her upstairs by the shoulders, leading her to the room adjacent to where Steve took Lili. His patience with Asuka had all but dissipated. He kicked the door open and jostled her inside.

“Hey, don’t –”

“Oh, shut up already.” He pushed her onto the edge of the bed and started unfastening his belt.

Asuka tried to swallow her nerves. If he had his way, it wouldn’t be the only thing she’d be swallowing. It frightened her, the thought of sharing her first intimate experience with a no-good thug, and she only had until he finished undoing his pants to psych herself up for it.

Her gaze followed his jeans as they slunk to the floor, partly to avoid looking at his junk, but mostly because she remembered the keys going into his back pocket. He lifted her

chin, levelling her lips with the head of his cock. The mushroom-like cap stared at her through a minute hole, harbouring some clear, pungent substance.

The felt cold steel against her head and heard the sudden click of a firearm.

“If I even feel your teeth, you’re gonna get it bad, and not in a good way, capeesh?” he warned.

Asuka scrunched up her nose as the taste of cock soured her mouth. The utter disgust spread across her features amused him. She rocked back and forth at his command. Faster, he ordered. Faster. Faster. To the point he grabbed her head and imposed his pace first-hand. With her wrists bound and useless, Asuka could only groan her discontent as he rammed the inside of her cheek.

“Oh shit,” he moaned, eyes half-closed. “Ah! Finally putting that smart mouth of yours to good use.”

The fucking bastard didn’t give her a second to breathe. She’d been stuffed with so much cock for so long, saliva dropped out the corners of her mouth to escape.

When he finally relinquished her tresses, she coughed and sputtered, retreating further up the bed. He stepped out of his jeans completely, like she’d expected him to, and climbed on to the mattress after her.

She lay still to lure him on. While he crawled over her body, eager to violate her, she positioned her knee beneath his crotch...

He never saw it coming.

She made it quick, and hard.

A roar of agony shook the walls.

He keeled over the side of the bed and Asuka scooted towards his trousers in a hurry. It was hard enough manoeuvring without arms; she still had to grab the key and unlock the handcuffs, all before he recovered from her sneak attack.

She kept glancing towards the bed as she fumbled to free herself. Cursing, sweating, and spitting the aftertaste on her tongue, she succeeded at long last. She sprinted and made it as far as the door when his hand clutched her ankle.

The grasp took her down.

Her head bounced off the floor as a loud thud reverberated in her cranium. She heard him cursing profusely as her consciousness started to slip. Her body stiffened. His voice faded, waned. Her eyes fell dimmer, and dimmer, until all she could see was black, and all she could hear was nothing.

## END OF PART 1

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*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*