

lemonzsaUCE

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scripture 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 lemonzsaUCE.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 lemonzsaUCE.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. scripture

* * *

DISCLAIMER

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

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.

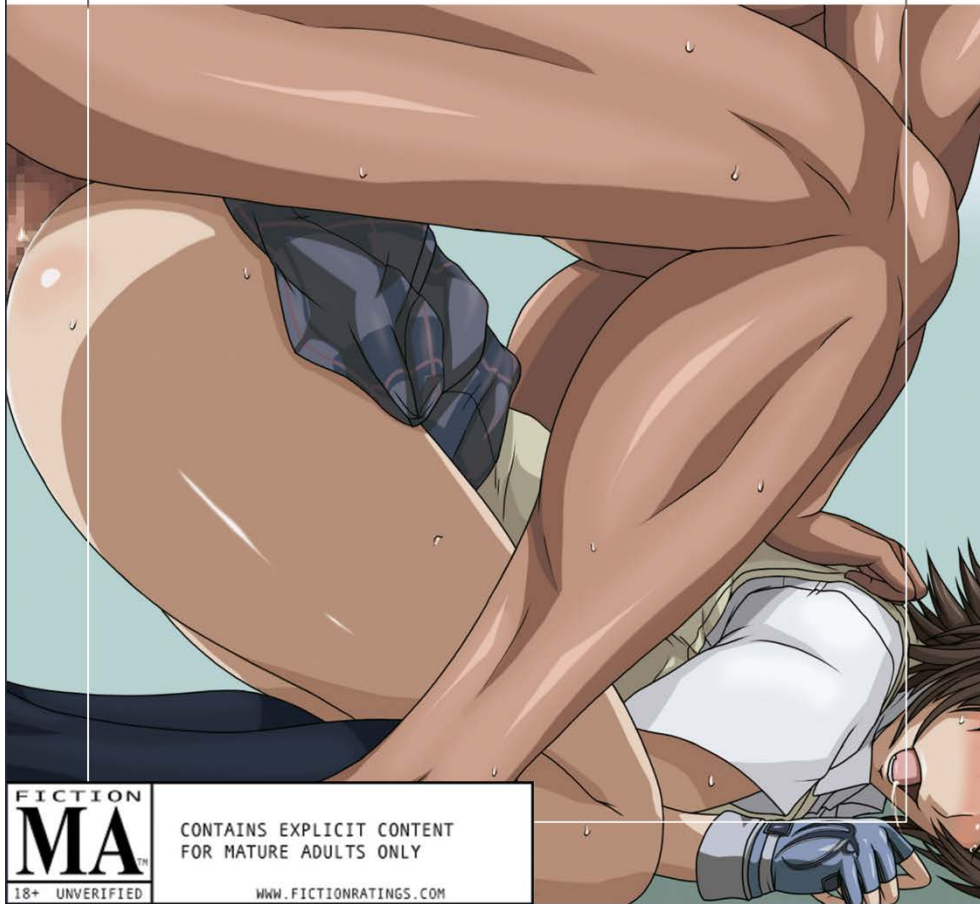
* * *

J. J. SCRIPTease

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

(A Tekken Fanfic)

PART 2



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.

...

Devils, Monsters and the Little Old Box

A Tekken fanfic by j.j. scripture

Part 2 – Kcufd

Asuka snuck into the rose garden when no one was looking.

Teacher made it clear this area was off limits. The roses looked pretty but they all seemed lonely by themselves, nothing like the giddy flowers on her dress smiling and swimming through the clouds.

She was fascinated at how rose petals could be so crimson. The fine red pulsated with vivacity while the world around her wilted to grayscale. There was something special about roses. Why else would grown-ups gift them to each other?

Little Asuka decided she liked roses. She didn't know why. They looked pretty. They smelt nice. They were almost the same colour as *his* hair.

She plucked one from the bush and hid it in her dress. Hopefully he'd like it as much as she did.

Asuka scuttled back to the playground enthralled with the idea of sacrificing the treasure she'd risked punishment for, not a clue what the gesture meant or what response it would garner.

He wasn't at the swing beam where they usually played. Not at the monkey bars either. Hmm... strange.

Her gaze swirled about the pool of toddlers as worry began to haunt her little head. She felt lost in the haze of noisy, little pipsqueaks. A deep breath. She calmed down and remembered his fiery-red hair, one of a kind amongst this ordinary crowd. With a little more scrutiny she caught his head bobbing up and down the seesaw. Asuka broke into a sprint.

Then she stopped dead in her tracks. There was a girl with pigtails on the other end of the seesaw.

He and the girl were eating ice cream. Both laughing. Both happy. Both crimson while she faded to black and white.

Asuka searched for the rose inside her dress but it pricked her index finger. She hissed in pain. The flower fell to the ground.

Stupid rose. Stupid dress. A drop of crimson from her digit splashed next to the fallen rose. And then another drop, and another.

Then a tear.

Asuka felt droplets landing on top of her head. She looked up perplexed as her own salty tears pelted her face from above. How was that possible?

Amid the downpour of little drops, a big load of water suddenly splashed across her face.

...

Asuka jolted back to the present and heard an agitated man exclaim, "Rise and shine, ya little minx!"

Her face was drenched in cold water and her body felt like a sack of potatoes. A dull pain thumped around her right ear where she remembered hitting the ground. When she raised a hand to nurse her head, her wrist jammed and rattled against a steel rim.

Huh?

Her gaze followed her outstretched arm all the way to the handcuff binding it to a bedpost. *What the?* Her other arm was chained to the opposite bedpost. She tried to kick out in panic but that was futile too; her legs were parted with her ankles shackled to the wooden posts below.

Turning to her right, she saw her sweater vest folded on a chair and her shoes placed underneath it. She looked down and thanked God her school uniform and socks were still intact. But... for how long?

Porcupine Head slithered into view holding a large, empty cup. She surmised all its content was what drenched her face and upper torso. The phony cop circled the bed in his boxers, a vulture ogling every inch of its prey, a coward afraid of getting the shit kicked out of him by a schoolgirl.

He had a slight limp in his step thanks to her last-ditch ploy to escape. Asuka smirked, appeased.

She hid any trepidation well. "Hey douchebag, uncuff me now and maybe I won't hurt you some more."

He broke out into laughter. "You must be mistaking me for my dumbass partner. I ain't got no problem treating bad bitches the way they deserve to be. And you've been really bad, haven't you?" He half-smirked.

She retorted with a gagging noise. "Spoken like a true sicko."

"Tch." She braced herself as he sank his weight on the edge of the bed. He clutched her jaw and squeezed the sides of her mouth inwards. "I like ya better like this. With your trap shut." All she could do was wriggle against her restraints hopelessly. He seemed to get off on it, his grin broadening. "A little antsy, aren't we? Luckily for you I got just the thing the take the edge off." He rubbed his crotch suggestively.

Her taste buds shuddered at the harsh reminder. "Don't touch me." She jerked her head free.

He chuckled. "This is gonna happen the easy way or the hard way – but it *is* gonna happen," he declared. "*How* it happens? All down to you, toots." He winked.

Ugh. 'Toots' was even worse than 'girl'. "If it was up to me you'd already be dead."

"Heh. Feisty." Despite warning him not to put his hands on her again, the nonchalant redhead gently tilted her head to the side. "You know, if you didn't have a scowl on your face all the damn time you might actually look pretty."

She stifled a laugh. What did he expect her to say, 'thank you'? Thank you for abducting her from school, throwing her in the back of a crummy car, nearly killing them all in a road rage incident, knocking her unconscious then handcuffing her to a bed? *Yeah thanks a lot, douchebag!*

It would take a lot more than implying her prettiness to avoid another knee to the nuts. Heck, she didn't even consider 'pretty' a compliment. He must've been mistaking her for Emilie Rochefort.

The slimeball ran his fingers down her jawline. "Mmm... great bone structure too." Her skin crawled at his touch. She felt particularly uncomfortable when his eyes descended upon her body. He all but drooled while ogling her chest shamelessly.

Having had her sweater stripped off, Asuka felt bare despite her buttoned-up shirt still in place. Her bosom stretched the fabric to its limits, threatening to pop a button if she heaved too hard.

Frankly she was surprised a creep like him hadn't taken more liberties while she'd been out cold. It was a miracle she hadn't come to completely naked with him panting heavily on top of her. Maybe he did harbour a speckle of decency somewhere deep down his black heart.

"What are you so angry about anyway?" he asked with genuine curiosity.

She contorted her features in bemusement then glared at the handcuffs on her wrists and ankles to give him a fucking clue. "Oh gee, I don't know. What could I possibly have to be angry about?"

He chuckled at her sarcasm. "I ain't talking about all this. I'm talking about you. You come across like a fucking hothead."

"What are you talking about?" Why did he even care? "What, you're my psychiatrist now?"

"Is that what you want?"

"Fuck no."

"Heh. Didn't think so. You remind me of me sometimes, ya know that?"

What the hell was going on? Asuka didn't get it. Was he trying to get into her panties or into her head? "Are you some sort of idiot? Quit wasting my time. I knew what you were after the second I saw your stupid face." She laid her head back and eased her muscles. "Get it over with already. Anything would beat another second of this pitiful psychoanalysis."

He nodded with a frown. Somehow Asuka thought he would've been more pissed about her little stunt earlier. Clearly she'd have to strike him twice as hard next time.

"I do shit at my own pace," said Porcupine Head, cool as ever. He stroked the side of her neck, slowly moving towards her chest. "It must get really tiring keeping up the 'tough guy' act whenever ya want people to respect you. That might work on the little boys and girls at school but you don't scare me." He traced along the collar of her t-shirt. "You got no idea the kind of monsters I gotta deal with on a daily basis. This... you, you're nothing special. So you can stop pretending now."

Asuka didn't know how to take his nonchalance. It was true – a mean face and stern warning was usually all it took to get unruly students back in line. But not this hardened criminal.

He cut through her bravado like no one else she'd come across. His sly, persistent smirk slowly chipped away at her confidence. What she wouldn't give to have one hand free to punch it down his throat for good.

All she could do was watch him watch her, his hungry eyes clinging to her bosom, another thing she wasn't accustomed to letting pervs get away with.

"I bet these fat jugs get you a lot of attention, huh?" He cupped the outsides of her breasts.

She shivered. "I bet this is the only way you can get a girl in bed."

"Are you shitting me? Have you seen how beautiful I am?" He ran both hands through his carrot hair and wiped down both his eyebrows. "Oh yes, I fucking am. Not as beautiful as these tits though..."

He pushed them together, watching them puff up and stretch her shirt even more. His eyes bulged like a prepubescent boy seeing his first pair.

Spitting slurs like ‘creep’ and ‘pervert’ didn’t slow him down. She could only lie back and watch him grope her assets to his lust’s content.

Asuka had grown used to attracting unwanted attention for her ample proportions. She always made sure goggling from a distance was the closest anyone got. The only time a boy had ever touched her breasts was by accident and the beating she delivered put him off tits for life. She wasn’t used to being this vulnerable and toothless.

He began unfastening the buttons on her shirt from bottom to top despite her fidgeting. As each button came undone, more of her abdomen peeked out. The pervert wouldn’t quit until she was topless. Or so she thought, before he stopped unbuttoning at her diaphragm.

But it wasn’t because he suddenly grew a conscience. He simply couldn’t wait to sneak a hand under the rest of her shirt and unclip her bra. She felt the fabric loosen from her chest. When his hand re-emerged, it was with massive cups in tow. A trail of sweat ran down her brow from the sight of her brassiere in grasp.

“Damn, what do they feed you?” He stretched out her bra, amazed at its full width.

“Sh-shut up,” said Asuka, cheeks burning. “You’re pitiful.”

“Shut your trap, girl. You got no idea what kind of man I fucking am.”

“You’re right. I’m not sure you’re a man at all.” She raised her head as far as her binds would allow and muttered with spite, “When I hit you, I didn’t feel a damn thing down there.”

His grin disappeared.

Rage flashed in his eyes, but he didn’t give into it. He plotted a different way to get back at her. His gaze turned wily. “You know,” he said, stroking her left ankle. “You have a lot of balls...” His finger traced up her shin. Up her thigh. “For someone who doesn’t have any.”

Breath hitched in her throat as his digit climbed under her skirt. She quivered, his touch tingling her inner thigh. “Don’t...” No one had ever touched her there before.

Looming at her side, he leaned closer to her face, savouring the moment her expression changed from cocky to worry.

Asuka turned away. His proximity was claustrophobic, his presence pinning her down, his breath tainting her limited air supply. The stench of sweat and cigarette smoke clogged her lungs. He tried to get her to look at him but she squirmed in defiance.

She cringed as his tongue scraped the side of her face. He complimented the taste of fear on her skin. Then his entire hand vanished under her plaid skirt.

He rubbed her crotch area over the panties. "You're a virgin, aren't you?" Her trembling eyes gave it away. He lit up at the prospect of being her first. "Don't worry, you're in good hands." Gave her an obnoxious wink. "Let's find out what you're working with."

His hand plunged into her cotton panties despite her opposing groans. "Oh, not a big fan of the razor, are we? Then again, I get the impression you weren't expecting visitors anytime soon. Surprise, bitch." She tried to headbutt him but he swayed back and the cuffs restrained her with a violent jerk. "Phew," he said, chuckling. "Now, where were we?" He resumed thumbing through her unkempt pubic hair, grazed the set of lips hidden in the maze. "Dry as the Sahara. That's no fun. Let's can fix that, huh?"

He mouthed her right breast, sucking in her shirt and flesh together. She pulled a strained expression, a cross between discomfort and reluctant pleasure.

One reason she hated anyone touching her chest was how embarrassingly sensitive it could be. Accidentally brushing against things had often been enough to turn her on. So, while he groped the sizeable meat of her breast and sucked it through the thin shirt, her fidgety body reacted in ways she couldn't control.

His famished mouth alternated between her bra-less tits, leaving wet blotches on the fabric covering her areolae. Stimulated nipples rose to form peaks. Her body's response wasn't limited to her breasts; the heat began to spread to her nether regions.

"That's more like it," he murmured, as the hand tucked in her panties gathered lubricant. "Attagirl, get that beaver nice and wet for me."

Grimacing, she played into his hands, quite literally. She didn't have a chance, not with the way he gorged himself on her tender breasts, the way he fondled her young, untamed pussy, matting her pubic hair with her own juices.

"Hnggg..." she bit back a moan.

The unintended noise sounded husky, sensual even, and only encouraged him to up the tempo, his hand rummaging frantically in her panties, knuckles shuffling against the cotton. Her breath quickened as if to match his frenzied groping.

"Mhmmmm," he poured into her ear, low and deep. "That's it... nice and wet," he kept whispering. "Gonna turn this bush into a fucking rainforest."

Embarrassingly, he wasn't far off; Asuka could feel her own wetness on his fingers. Her virgin pussy had been teased, seduced, massaged into cooperation, readied for him to explore.

And explore he did – one digit at a time peeked inside her uncharted territory.

How could she have allowed to maniac to get this far? It felt dirty. Who knew where else his hands had been? And yet, ashamedly, it wasn't an entirely unpleasant sensation either.

She'd fingered herself before, but a completely new hand felt like a completely new experience. Maybe if she shut her eyes and ignored his stench, she could trick herself into thinking it was alright?

She granted herself permission to relax. At least until an opportunity to kick him in the nuts presented itself. She never knew she possessed this level of patience; her sensei would be proud, often berating her for lacking patience in her fighting. The circumstances might've been beyond her power to prevent, but she still had the power to interpret, and this experience was about growth, she decided, about discovering facets of her inner self.

All whilst he discovered different facets of her 'inner self' too, wedging two fingers through her tight entrance.

"Unh!" she let out, as the digits found depths she could never reach with her smaller hands, depths she never imagined, depths that made her heart skip and her thighs tremble. Asuka didn't know what faces she was making, but whatever they were put a smug grin on

his, satisfied at having turned her into a sopping wet mess, her pussy slobbering over his fingers as they pumped juices in and out of her.

“Unh... ooh... why... oooohhh... don’t... unh!!”

Asuka was amazed at the buckets of lubricant she’d built up; for the people in the next room, it must’ve sounded like he was mixing something, squelches pattering fast and loud over her grunts. If not for the panties containing her excitement, she would be spraying lust all over the place.

He extracted his hand and lifted it to show her the desire dripping from the tips of his index and middle fingers. Red-faced, she couldn’t bear to look at his stupid mug.

“Heh, horny little thing, aren’t you?”

“No,” she chirped out the side of her mouth, still not looking.

“Yeah, you fucking are. It’s all that pent-up rage. Need to let it out. I’m telling ya.”

“Shut it.”

He laughed. “Still with the bad attitude, huh? That’s okay. It’s gonna be fun banging it right out of you.”

“Pfft...” was all she could muster. His threat didn’t scare her as much as it might’ve a few minutes ago. If anything, it made her feel even more... weird. Instead of pleading with him not to, she fought the urge to dare him to try, her competitive side creeping up perhaps.

Or, maybe, it was the fact her pussy had been aching since he vacated her premises. A dare would’ve been one way to push him into action without copping to her cravings.

Porcupine Head needed no encouragement to skulk to the foot of the bed. He plopped onto the bare mattress in the space between her outstretched legs. The handcuffs on her ankles kept them spread and secure.

Lying on his stomach, he flung the top of her little school skirt over her belly, then pulled her lust-stained panties to the side. He aligned his sights with her vulva, wisps of jet-black hair flanking her pussy lips, juices coating her engorged labia and leaking down her taint. Yeah, this bitch wanted it bad. *Needed* it bad. He could smell her desperation.

And needed to taste it too.

He made an open-mouthed lunge at her pussy.

Asuka gasped when his lips touched hers. She could only lift her head high enough to glance over her breasts, where she made out red, spiky hair bobbing over her abdomen. He was *licking* her. Oh God, he was licking her *down there!* Pervert! He was – “Ooo-aaah!”

He munched her carpet indiscriminately. His tongue didn't shy from her wild pubes, nor her stured folds, and certainly not her clit.

“Aaahhh!”

Her wrists clanged against their restraints.

He slurped as though he enjoyed the taste of her, full bush and all. *Dirty fucking bastard.* Her face broke out in a hot, clammy sweat, moans pouring from her slackened jaw.

His tongue mowed her mons pubis, flattening the hair in long, sticky strides. He was strong and rough on her outer sex, yet as deft and delicate as a feather on her pink, little nub.

“Ooh my – holy... fuck...” she struggled to breathe, panting harder and harder, chest heaving. Something immense was building inside her, threatening to erupt. Metal clanged against bedpost as she struggled to force her body still. What the fuck was he doing to her?

He feasted on that wet, hairy minge like a scavenger, not letting up even as her uncontrolled tremors tipped the skirt over his lower face. With a shake of his head, he brushed it off, and they abruptly made eye contact.

Asuka saw something in the eyes of the carnivore that flipped her senses upside-down; not that her senses were particularly acute in the moment.

But... the red hair.

She'd thought that there was something curious about it when they'd first met. Why had it taken her this long to make the connection? Those eyes. *His* eyes.

Could he be...?

No.

It must've been her imagination. She'd always associated good things with the past, nostalgia. The intense pleasure racking her body, the fact he was giving it to her, the coincidence of his hair colour – it all must've colluded with her senses to fabricate a prettier scenario than what was actually happening.

A coping mechanism. Yeah, that had to be it, right?

Asuka bore into his eyes, searching for answers, and he stared back, giving none. She didn't give up, didn't look away, even as the mounting pressure reached her cusp. With their eyes locked, a powerful orgasm overcame the schoolgirl –

Eyes shut, head lolled back, her cuffed hands balled into fists, her back arched off the bed, and her thoughts merged past and present into one.

As she floated down from the enormous high, laboured breaths, drenched in sweat, Porcupine Head was already making strides towards what was to come next.

He kicked off his boxers and straddled her waist. She was too out of it to decipher his intent or even attempt to slow him down. He grasped at her shirt then ripped it open, buttons flying across the room.

Breathing excitedly, he slapped his erection on her naked breasts, making smacking noises as it bounced off the fatty tissue. Once he tired of beating her luscious drums, he squished them together around his dick and moved back and forth, jiggling the plump mounds of flesh with his rocking motions.

“Good God,” he purred, “I've been dying to fuck these big ol' titties since I first laid eyes on them.”

“Really? I never noticed.”

He was too consumed by her breasts to think up a comeback. She still didn't get why men loved them so much, or even boys her age, or even younger boys she'd caught ogling that should've had video games on their minds instead.

Still, obsessed he was. The bulbous head of his dick poked in and out of her fleshy cleavage. It came close to jabbing her chin on occasion. He moaned dramatically at the thrill of titty-fucking her, clasping her breasts together so they wouldn't wobble out of place.

Something about seeing and feeling his desperation stroked her self-esteem, the notion of being so sexy he couldn't help put his hands all over her. No boy had openly admitted to liking her in that way; and here, this lust-filled stranger was doing more than just telling her. He *showed* her his desire, even attempted to understand her where others would've run at the first swish of her temper.

She didn't scare him so easily, which was insanely frustrating, at least in the beginning, but now, having met her match in stubbornness, it was kind of... interesting?

Interesting enough not to spit in his face when he lowered it towards hers, a warmth building in her chest as his breath touched her skin.

Interesting enough to part her lips and let him claim her first kiss.

Asuka didn't know what a kiss was supposed to feel like, but this didn't feel like a first, their mouths sparking an instant flame, lips massaging lips with practiced caresses, tongues tied in an embrace fitting of lovers, not captor and captive.

Buried under his passion, she tasted the cigarette smoke on his breath and it hardly fazed her, a little pleasant if anything, surprisingly. The weight of chest pancaked her breasts, stirring her sensitive nipples as he bustled on top of her shoving his tongue down her throat. His dick rubbed against her inner thigh, eager to claim another one of her firsts.

"I'm gonna fuck the bad out of you," he promised while romancing the side of her face. "And you're gonna lie there and take it like a good little girl, you hear me?"

Her loins flared at the thought. What a scumbag. A devastatingly persuasive scumbag. Who did he think he was? Did he think he could just... just...

"I said, did you hear me, girl?"

She made a low humming noise, neither here nor there, yes nor no.

Asuka had spent all her life in charge of her own business, and other people's – whether it was teaching students at her father's dojo or breaking up scuffles on the streets, she thrived in positions of power. Letting go of responsibility didn't hurt as much as she thought it would. Vulnerability was to be appreciated not feared. She found freedom in shackles, handcuffs becoming her ultimate liberators.

“You don’ scare me,” she said, flatly.

“This dick should.”

“Please. That little thing?”

He slapped the side of her face, more to shock than harm her. “What?” he said, innocently. “You needed a reminder of your fucking place.”

She sneered. “Is that all you got? I’ve fought teenage girls that hit harder than that.”

He was taken aback. He slapped her again, harder this time.

Asuka didn’t know how, or why, but the sting of his smacks didn’t hurt nearly as much as they made her pussy drip with need. “And you call yourself a man?”

SLAP!

She scoffed. “You pussy –”

SMACK!

“Little di-”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She growled a strange sound, laying on the ‘fuck me’ eyes real thick.

“Wow,” he said. “You’re one of those. Should’ve guessed from the start. You get off on fighting, is that it?”

“Shut up,” she said, breathless. The next words jumped out of her mouth before she could stop them. “Shut up and fuck me.”

His dick throbbed at the sound of that. He discarded his vest in a hurry.

Asuka had fought a lot of toned men in her time but she’d never ogled their chests in this context. Broad, powerful, sculpted in concrete and beauty. She bit her bottom lip, the urge to touch and taste his pectorals suddenly overwhelming.

He uncuffed her ankles and raised her sock-covered feet onto his shoulders.

Asuka didn't fear penetration for the same reason other virgins might've. Between advanced martial arts classes, competitions and street fights, her hymen hadn't stood a chance. And if none of that had torn it, her dildo probably would've.

She thought she knew what to expect as his cock sidestepped her panties. The difference between silicone and living, throbbing manhood struck her immediately.

His dick felt like hot steel, yet soft and smooth at the same time. Life and lust pulsated through its veins, outdoing her favourite toy in the carnal department. He pumped into her with more grit and ferocity than she'd ever simulated on her own. She quickly made up her mind on which she preferred.

He was a rowdy lover, grunting, cursing and vocalising everything he loved about fucking her body, exclaiming at her virgin tightness. His overzealous thrusting gave her the distinct impression he enjoyed making her glorious breasts jump and jiggle, basked in hearing her cry over the squeaky bed.

"Urgggh yeaahhhh," he growled mid-thrust, "Told you I'd pound that little pussy good, didn't I? Say something smart now, I dare ya." He slapped her across the face. "C'mon, bitch." He slapped her again. "What's the matter? Cat caught your pussy?" Every time she opened her mouth to retort, he deliberately rammed his entire cock into her, twisting her attempt at words into high-pitched moans. "Yeah, thought so. I'm done warming up. Ready to get started?"

That was a warmup?

Asuka thought he was posturing, until he hugged her legs against his chest and proceeded to swing his hips at lightning pace. His powerful thighs thundered against her softer pair, loud slaps reverberating in quick succession.

PLAT-PLAT-PLAT-PLAT-PLAT!

Faster than she could ever moan. She barely heard her own cries of pleasure over the machine-gun prattling of flesh on flesh. Sweating buckets of heat, she watched the ceiling rock as her skull knocked on the headboard, her world spinning while everything around her seemed to be shaking.

He leaned over her body, a face in pink clouds, sodden with musk, precipitating. She looked in his eyes and saw that boy again, a man now, red-blooded and full of zest. He exploited her flexibility to its full extent, pushing down her separated legs till her feet floated at the sides of her panting face.

The adjustment allowed for deeper penetration. He plunged his cock to the bottom of her tight well, her pussy spluttering as his hips crashed into her, rough and relentless.

Bound, and folded in half, the schoolgirl felt as though she was being fucked in the midst of an earthquake. The intensity of his pounding sunk their bodies through the mattress, bed springs squeaking, their foundation close to collapsing beneath them.

Even that probably wouldn't have stopped him. His cell rang but he didn't slow down to acknowledge it, let alone pick up. He wrapped a hand around her throat instead and peppered the relentless pounding with slaps across her face.

Asuka grinned through the asphyxiation and sizzling swipes, proving she could take all the pounding he could dish out. Her pussy grew wetter from his passionate aggression. The stabbing thrusts blended pain and pleasure to scream-inducing effect.

Sweat dripped off his puffing face and she licked it off hers. His cock twitched inside her, and suddenly, his features froze in ecstasy. He pulled out seconds before a hot burst pushed him over the edge.

He was street smart enough to avoid risking pregnancy or, perhaps, just wanted to see her doused in cum. Spurt after spurt of white gunk shot across her bare chest and landed everywhere from her tits to her face.

He collapsed beside her, spent. Their chests rose and fell as if they were racing against one another.

"Wow." Porcupine Head wiped his face. "Sure can take a lot of dick for a fucking schoolgirl. You done this before?"

Asuka shook her head panting, struggling to work up the energy for a retort. "Hey, what's your name?"

The question came out of left field. "That's a weird fucking thing to ask right now, don't you think?"

“I know it’s not Brock Hardy. Or do you want me to keep calling you Porcupine Head?”

He chuckled. “It’s Hwoarang.”

“Last name?”

“I don’t have one.”

She gave him a look.

“No, really. I don’t have one.”

Whatever that meant, thought Asuka. “You know what? I’m gonna stick to Porcupine Head.”

“Bitch.”

She snickered. “Can you take these off?” She shook her cuffed wrists. “Now that it’s over.”

“Alright.” He released her binds from the bedposts. “But who said it’s over?” He grinned.

Within seconds of freeing her, he flipped her onto her chest, hauled her ass up, threw her skirt back and pulled her panties down to her knees. A loud smack bounced off her big, taut butt, branding a red handprint on her pale tush.

He squatted behind her bent-over form and reintroduced his dick. The familiar stretch of her nether lips shot pleasure up her spine. He pushed down on her back, forcing the side of her face into the mattress, and proceeded to hump her like a bitch in heat, tearing the cries from her throat.

Her plump ass cushioned the rampage, her pussy taking the brunt of his dick and ball-slapping rhythm. Getting pounded from behind thrilled her g-spot as he made good on his promise to payback her insolence. He called her filthy things, belittling names while asserting his dominance, and Asuka was too overwhelmed with ecstasy to fight back. She’d never been put in her place so thoroughly.

Strong, sweaty hands clenched her waist, then he slammed his hips against her ass, forcing her hanging breasts to jerk forward. The big, cum-drenched tits swung wildly from her open shirt. She whimpered as another sizzling smack peppered her ass cheek. Then another. She squealed. Left and right, his slaps alternated between her butt cheeks, leaving her rosy and wonderfully sore.

She yelped as he suddenly dragged her off the bed.

He shoved her chest-first against the wall, pulled aside her short locks and bit into her nape while fondling her between the thighs. Electricity surged through her body. She was so helplessly defenceless against this marvellous brute.

After spanking her some more, Hwoarang turned her around and lifted her left leg.

“Unh! Unh! Unh!”

She moaned in tune with the thumps against the wall, panties dangling around her ankle. Her body soon jerked and became rigid. She came all over his embedded cock. He'd stopped only to allow her to savour the moment, then continued pumping heaven and hell out of her sweet, little cunt.

Hwoarang vacated the ravaged schoolgirl with a grunt, seconds before hot cum shot up to splash the undersides of her enormous breasts.

She slumped to the floor, breathing through her mouth and nose. “Over now?”

Hwoarang looked down on her, racked with fatigue. “Not a chance.”

They both grinned.

...

Steve banged on the wall to the neighbouring room. “Oy! Keep it down in there. Fucking jackrabbits.”

“Must you swear?” said Lili, sat across the bed, fully dressed, as was he.

Steve didn't know how to take being scolded by a teenage girl. "I'm just saying, they could be a little more civilised."

"Certainly. I can't believe they're actually..." She couldn't bring herself to say the words. "That's supposed to be fun? Sounds more like a warzone."

Steve laughed. "Love can be a warzone too, you know?"

"You think they're in love?"

"Love? Nah." He was only trying to sound poetic. "That selfish prick couldn't love anyone more than himself."

Lili hummed thoughtfully. "I must be honest, I cannot fathom Asuka caving in to any emotion either, other than rage of course."

"Of course. Two peas in a fu-," he caught himself, "...in a pod."

When Steve had carried Lili into this room, he had every intention of doing to her what Hwoarang was doing to that poor girl – except he was much better at making love than his dim-witted partner, of course. As it were, conversation started between Steve and Lili, and well, it just kept going.

She was a good listener and seemed genuinely interested in his life, the tale of a renowned boxing champion turned penniless mercenary. He went from fighting for world titles to fighting for the next buck. Not even he was sure how that happened.

In his line of business, opportunities for social conversations were far and few between, to the point talking to a high school girl felt therapeutic. Sure, he could've easily fucked her brains out, but surprisingly, this felt so much better.

"May I see it?" asked Lili.

"Not sure that's a good idea," said Steve. "It's not for the faint at heart, love."

"Oh, come on. I'm not as sheltered as you presume."

"Well, alright then." He rolled up his left sleeve, revealing the horrid scar coiling up his arm and diverging like tree branches; it looked like a bulging scab and burn mark fused

together, consuming half his limb. He expected her to shriek at any second. But it never came.

“Whoa... that’s amazing.” She gawked. “Can I touch it?”

He threw his arms up at a loss. “Why not?”

As she moved her cuffed hands over the scar and traced it with her fingers, he couldn’t help notice something strange about this little one. Her shiny quartz earrings spoke to how spoiled she must’ve been. She looked like a princess, acted like one too, but there was something dark about her, something sinister hidden beneath those sweet, porcelain eyes.

An abrupt thump against the wall made them jump at the same time. Then the wet sounds of kissing and God-knows-what-else permeated the thin barrier. They heard bodies shifting and groping on the other side. Moans and groans. Their randy neighbours began going at it against the wall.

Lili scrunched her face in disgust. “Heavens, those two...”

Steve chuckled at her innocence. He felt his pocket vibrate and pulled out the disposable cell phone. The caller ID flashing on the screen jolted Steve upright.

The Boss.

In all the missions he’d undertaken for the MIZU Zaibatsu, he’d never once received a direct call from The Boss. Lili looked puzzled at his grim face.

This was serious.

He picked up.

“Are you Agent KH9 on mission PB037?” The smooth voice crackling through the receiver was blatantly distorted.

“Er, that’s right, sir.”

“Are you currently with Agent KH17?”

Steve glanced at the wall and rolled his eyes at the moans. “Yes.”

“We understand you intercepted the package successively. However, you’ve failed to deliver it in the allotted time. The contents of that package are irreplaceable and crucial to my business endeavours. I’m granting you an additional 15 minutes to deliver the box intact. Otherwise, we will be forced to consider this mission a failure and terminate all parties involved. Understood?”

Steve screwed his eyes shut as if the words pained him. “Understood.”

The Boss hung up.

The time for dawdling and discussion was over.

“What is it?” asked Lili, concerned by his concern.

He snapped the flip phone shut. “We’re kcu’ d.”

...

Mr Rochefort just got off the phone in his office when a subordinate barged into his room hastily. He was already in a foul mood and this imbecile’s lack of decorum just earned him a trip through his thirty-storey high window. The order sat on the brink of his tongue until he heard what the man had to say.

“M-M-Mr Rochefort, sir. Something terrible has happened.”

“Something terrible is about to happen to you.”

“Sir, with all due apologies, this concerns your daughter.”

Mr Rochefort froze, every thought in his brain suspended, as if someone just hit pause on the universe. “Where’s Emilie?”

“We believe s-she’s been k-k-kidnapped, sir.”

“What!?” The chair screeched as he rose from his throne.

“The limousine was dispatched to pick her up from school but the driver reported she was nowhere to be found. He investigated, asked teachers, staff, classmates and students alike. N-none of them could pinpoint her location. She was last seen in her final lesson. We

found her belongings in one of the school's neighbouring tennis courts. Her phone was in the bag too. No sign of her, sir. I'm... I'm sorry." He bowed his head admitting failure.

"Don't be sorry. Find my daughter!" The Boss punched his desk. "And when you do, I want you to bring whoever took her here so I can skin them alive myself. Go!"

The man tripped over himself rushing out of the room.

Mr Rochefort ripped the phone out the wall and hurled it through the window, glass exploding on impact. He drooped in his chair, no longer a leader, nor powerful, nor wealthy, nor The Boss. Just a man in a suit, slumped over with his face in his palm.

"Please. No. Not again. Not my Emilie..."

He wept alone in the cold, dark office.

... 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.

If you enjoyed this fic and would like to read more like it, please consider [subscribing](#) to my mailing list for free (lemonzsauce.com/subscribe) and get email notifications whenever a new story is posted on the website.

If you'd like to show your appreciation in the form of a donation, please free to do so here: lemonzsauce.com/donate

...

Special credit goes to *gureko rouman* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

https://gelbooru.com/index.php?page=post&s=list&tags=gureko_rouman

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.