

lemonzsauce

... 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 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. scriptease

DISCLAIMER

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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)

CHAPTER 3



FICTION
MA
18+ UNVERIFIED

CONTAINS EXPLICIT CONTENT
FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

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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. scriptease

Chapter 3 – Tea and Scones

Hwoarang was fastening his belt when the umpteenth bang rattled the door. It was just like Fox to bust early and ruin the fun for everyone else. The impatient Englishman punched down the door. A semi-nude Asuka shrieked and took cover behind the bed.

“The hell, man?” Hwoarang raised his arms in protest.

Fox barged in regardless. “Oy dimwit, get your cock out your ear and check your bloody phone.”

“Heh. And here I thought your mom lost my number.”

“Piss off. Now’s not the time for fucking wisecracks.”

“Alright, bitch. Don’t get your panties in a bunch,” said Hwoarang, raising his voice to match Fox’s hysteria. “What the fuck you pacing for anyway? Still didn’t get any, did you?” A wry grin crossed his lips. “Alone in a room with a bangin’ broad – wrists tied up – and you still couldn’t get the job done?” Hwoarang shook his head, half disappointed, half amused. “What’s the matter, Fox? Forgot where it goes?”

“Keep opening your trap and I’ll show you exactly where it goes,” said the fiery blond, pointing an angry finger at his mouth.

Hwoarang blew him off and fished the disposable phone from his pocket. Horror swept over his features as he scanned through the missed calls. “The Boss? Fuck.” He gulped.

“Get your shit together.” Steve hurled the vest at its shirtless owner. “We got less than 15 minutes to finish the job.”

“15 what?! That’s never gonna happen.” Hwoarang paced, joining Fox in hysteria, grunting and ruffling his hair. Five minutes blew past while they contemplated their options. “Wait,” said Hwoarang. “Why can’t we just run? Osaka’s a big fucking country. If The Boss could find us that easily, he’d be pegging us right now.”

“First off, Osaka’s not a country, dumbass. Secondly, are you bloody mental?”

“What? They’ll never find us.”

Screeching tires cut through their debate.

Asuka spied through a gap in the curtains. “Uh, guys...”

Hwoarang shot his partner a nervous glance and Steve returned it. They nearly tripped over their feet rushing to the window.

Half a dozen shoddy sedans and pickup trucks pulled up on the lawn. The small army of vehicles blocked the way out the front door. Tattooed thugs in checked shirts and bandanas poured out of the cars and jumped out of the trucks, armed to the teeth: bats, knives, a chainsaw, guns. More guns. Lots of guns.

“Looks like we got company.” Steve whistled. “And something tells me they’re not here for tea and scones.”

“No shit, blondie,” said Hwoarang. “You’re not in Britain anymore – no one’s out here for tea and fucking scones.”

Asuka thought Hwoarang’s handgun looked lonesome up against the dozens of gangsters out there. “You mean that’s all you’re packing?”

Steve grinned. “If I had a quid every time a woman told him that.”

Hwoarang pointed the gun at Steve’s crotch. “Sorry, I didn’t quite get that. What did you say?”

Steve cocked his own pistol and aimed it at Hwoarang’s crotch. “You really want to do this? I’m good at hitting small targets, mate.”

Lili burst into the room panicking. She suddenly stopped and tilted her head at the two supposed partners pointing weapons at each other's private parts. "Er... I hate to interrupt your little moment, but please could someone unlock my cuffs?"

Hwoarang shrugged. Might as well. As far as he could tell, they were all sitting in the same boat, soon to be sunk, fake cops and haughty schoolgirls alike. They'd had their way with the broads – at least he had – and the need to play Brock Hardy and Steve Cox had run its course.

He'd already freed the big-titty brunette, albeit with messy hair and a dishevelled school uniform. Having popped her buttons off, she was forced to wear the shirt open, exposing glimpses of her bra and the treasures it bestowed. The dishevelment added a fierce and gritty edge to her appearance. The more he stared, the more his pants tightened, amazing considering how much they'd already fucked.

She was quite possibly the best lay he'd ever had, certainly the best he remembered. The way she glared while he ogled only added fuel to his burning lust.

Steve unlocked Lili's cuffs. "Thank you." She shook her wrists with a sigh of relief. That solved one problem, but they all had much bigger ones waiting for them outside. "What are those frightening hooligans after?"

"Probably our heads," said Hwoarang nonchalantly.

"And that bloody box," Steve added.

"Box?" Asuka furrowed her brow, counting the heavily armed thugs gathered on the lawn. "All this fuss over some box? Knowing you two, you probably stole it. Why not just give it back?"

Hwoarang and Steve scoffed in unison. It was the most ludicrous idea they'd heard all day.

"The Boss is gonna have our heads himself if we show up empty handed." Hwoarang groaned. "Fucked if we do, fucked if we don't."

Lili shook her head at a loss. "So, what now?"

“Now,” said Steve. “You birds are going to sit pretty while me and this dickwad handle the situation.”

Hwoarang grunted but otherwise ignored the insult. He pulled a second pistol from his ankle strap.

“So you intend to just leave us here?” asked Lili, shuffling close to Asuka.

The brunette brushed her aside with a shrug of her shoulder. “At least leave us a gun.”

Hwoarang laughed. “You must be out of your mind. You seen what we up against? Every bullet counts. I ain’t about to waste ammo on someone who can’t shoot.”

“But I’ve –”

“*Duck Hunt* doesn’t count, bitch. Sit tight. Fox, let’s go.”

...

Hwoarang peeked outside the living room window, using his gun to slide the curtain just wide enough for an eyeball. Through the narrow slit, he counted at least seven thugs crouched behind vehicles, heads and guns poking over the bonnets.

How the hell did these scumbags find them?

Could it be The Boss’s handymen? Their timing was awfully suspicious. Couldn’t be though – if The Boss knew where to find them all this time, why hadn’t he dispatched a squad to pick up them up ages ago?

Nah. These punks must’ve been after the box for their own selfish reasons. Whatever their agenda, it didn’t matter. Staying alive was all he cared about at this point.

One man stood above the others in stature and in boldness. Close to seven feet tall, the shaggy-haired brawler led the line of misfits, poised in front of the barricade of parked vehicles. He looked like a seasoned fighter, clad in cargo pants and an open t-shirt revealing bulging pectoral and abdominal muscles. Apparently he didn’t need a bulletproof vest. He carried no weapons ether, aside from the large fists cracking in fingerless gloves.

“Don’t be shy,” he said with a Spanish tongue. There was a hint of menace simmering beneath the calmness he projected. “We know you’re in there. Here’s your opportunity to come out and settle this like gentlemen.”

Hwoarang looked at Steve who was peering from a window across the room.

“Really think he’s open to talking this out?” asked Steve, wary of the alternative.

“I don’t see why not.” Hwoarang shrugged. “I’m sure all those gats and chainsaws are just for show. And all those slobbering ink-heads waiting to pounce are up for calm, intellectual conversations. See that motherfucker with the crazy look in his eyes – no, not the one that looks like he just murdered an entire school – the one next to him, with the grilled teeth and axes tattooed on his throat – yeah, he seems like a perfectly decent human being to me, ready to sit down have a nice chat about the weather over tea and scones.”

“Shut your fucking hole, mate. You’ve made your point.”

“Really? Have I? Fucking moron.”

The leader stood his ground cracking his knuckles, his hounds on a leash anticipating a signal. Hwoarang might’ve taken him on under better circumstances. Not a fucking chance with those goons frothing at the chops. He was happy to cower behind the curtains safe and sound.

For how long though?

Seeing as the standoff hadn’t descended into chaos yet, Hwoarang wondered if there wasn’t something he could bargain for his safety.

“I don’t know what this is about,” he shouted from the corner of the window. “But I’ve got two hot broads here – I’m talking top of the line, fresh outta school poontang. Man, you need to check out the melons on these bitches. You look like a manly man to me.” Cosying up to the leader might help. “You must be in to all that right? Tell you what – let me and my partner walk and you get ‘em both. Right now. No strings attached. I sampled the goods myself, trust me, you don’t wanna miss out. Think of all the shit you could do, man.”

“What are you doing?” hissed Steve.

“What does it look like?” he muttered back. “Trying to save our asses.”

Steve rolled his eyes.

“What?” said Hwoarang. “Don’t tell me you got attached.”

“You’re really fucked up, you know that?”

“Holy fuck. You did get attached. Fucking pussy.” Hwoarang turned back to the window. “Make that three broads.”

Steve facepalmed.

The leader hmphed. “You invaded our territory, stole from our stash, and think you can buy us off with cheap whores?”

“Whoa! That’s harsh,” Steve snapped back.

“Yeah!” shouted Hwoarang. “They might be whores but they ain’t cheap. Shit, one of them talks like she wipes her ass with silk.”

Wait a minute... *stole?*

Hwoarang had pinched many luxuries in his life, but the owners either failed to pin it on him or never lived long enough to try. The only thing he recalled stealing in the last few hours was a packet of Skittles and that stupid box.

“So it is about that after all,” he said out loud.

“You disrespect Miguel, breaking into my home,” said the brutish leader. “You disrespect la familia. You take what’s not yours. You take my men’s lives. So, no...” He cracked his neck. “It’s not *just* about the box anymore. What I want is resting on your shoulders.” The rev of a chainsaw punctuated his words.

Hwoarang turned to Steve and saw the word thumping in his head, the same word thumping in his own. Fuck.

As the redhead glanced around for an escape route, Lili came hurrying down the staircase. Hwoarang and Steve panicked, bewildered, asking her what the hell she was doing, ordering her to run back upstairs.

The blonde princess was so confident the thugs wanted nothing to do with her that she made a beeline for the front door. Before they could stop her, she burst onto the doorstep waving and yelling, "Help me! Help me! I've been kidnapped!"

Shots went off.

One yelp and one second later, she jumped back into the house and covered her ears in a crouch.

"What the hell was that?" asked Steve, enraged.

"I-I'm sorry, I just want to go home." Nervous breaths interrupted her words. She plucked off her dazzling, quartz earrings and tucked them down her shirt.

Hwoarang was dumbfounded. "You nearly got your ass blown off and you're worried about earrings? Tch, spoiled brats."

Lili fumed. "They're an irreplaceable gift from my father. A bastard like you wouldn't understand."

"What the fuck did you just –"

Steve pointed a gun at the hothead, stopping him in his tracks. "She's not the fucking enemy, you git." He jerked his head towards the window reminding where the real threat lay. "Besides, she's right. You're a fucking bastard."

Hwoarang didn't have time to retort as a heavy sigh from outside caught their attention.

Miguel lost hope of drawing them out. "What a pain." He whistled. That was the signal his men were waiting for. A barrage of bullets peppered the house.

"Shit!" Hwoarang barely heard his own curse over the gunfire.

Lili froze a few feet behind the door, petrified as bullets rattled the wooden barrier saving her from a dozen puncture wounds. That door wasn't going to hold up for much longer though.

Hwoarang shouted at her to move. Her trembling legs remained rooted in shock. What the hell was she doing?! Was she trying to get herself killed?

Groaning, Hwoarang yanked her by the forearm. He dragged her behind the same wall shielding him, a much thicker barrier. Live ammo seared through the door only seconds later, a scatter of bullet holes spreading in breadth and number.

He ducked down cradling her head as glass exploded from the window next to them, shards and bullets whizzing through the curtains. Her panicked screams were lost in the deadly hail.

On the other side of the room, Steve lowered his head beneath a window too as glass fragments showered the back of his head.

Hwoarang felt the wall he was leaning against vibrate from the hail of bullets. If the barrier had been any thinner, he'd probably be a paraplegic a dozen times over, if not dead. But if these bastards thought this was his first rodeo, they had another thing coming.

The longer he and Steve cowered without retort, the more emboldened the army of hoodlums would become. They'd start approaching the house. "Fuck!" Hwoarang couldn't let that happen. Or at least delay it for as long as possible. The schoolgirl huddled in his arms presented another complication he had to account for.

"Hey, girl!" he shouted at Lili, despite her ear only a few millimetres away. "Listen the fuck up. When I give you the signal you make a break for it, alright?"

"Wha-what? You don't expect me to -"

"You rather get your ass filled with more holes than swiss cheese?!" he yelled over the gunfire. "Didn't fucking think so! You run straight to the kitchen." He pointed in a direction that would require her to cross a square gap in the wall where a window had been blasted through less than a minute ago, a square gap still welcoming ammunition as he spoke. "Move fast and keep low! Got it?"

Lili stammered. "But what if -"

"Ready?"

"Wait!"

Hwoarang didn't care for her hesitance. While she mumbled her fears, he and Steve studied each other's calculative expressions, waiting to pick the right moment. When it finally came after a dip in enemy fire, they nodded in unison.

"Go!" he shouted at Lili.

Ready or not, Hwoarang and Steve aimed outside their respective windows and returned fire. The loud bang of Hwoarang's gun jolted a shit-scared Lili into action.

She scampered with a squeal, hands covering ears. The little chica didn't keep low like he'd warned. Oh well, it would be her funeral.

By dumb luck, and with the aid of Hwoarang and Steve's cover fire, she made it around the corner without eating a bullet.

Hwoarang aimed at a thug's forehead poking over the boot of a sedan. Pulled the trigger. The bullseye shot threw the thug's head back, gun clattering over the hood as he slumped to his death behind the vehicle.

Hwoarang slipped back inside immediately, expecting retaliatory fire, which came even quicker than he'd expected. Bullets whizzed by the corner of the window, nearly grazing his cheek en route to filling holes in the sofa.

While they'd turned their firearms towards him, Steve poked his head out of his hiding spot, gunned down a hooligan through the side of his neck, and hit another one three times in the torso. The stricken man keeled onto his stomach after the third shot. A pool of blood seeped into the lawn from under him, his finger falling limp at the trigger.

Hwoarang and Steve's divide and conquer strategy bamboozled the dim-witted grunts who shot with more panic than accuracy. Miguel must've picked up every random hobo he came across on the street and thrust a gun in their hands. Hwoarang and Steve could drop all of these rent-a-gangsters without giving up their position; at least that's what the redhead thought before he pulled the trigger and his gun clicked harmlessly.

He ducked and checked the magazine. "Shit!"

"What?" Steve retreated too after losing his partner's cover. "Blown your load already?"

“Fuck off.” Hwoarang tossed the empty gun then checked his second pistol.
“Goddamn it! Two rounds, man.”

“Fuck me,” said Steve, amazed. “What kind of wanker carries a gun with no ammo?”

“I still got two fucking bullets in here, fuckface.” Hwoarang aimed the gun at him.
“Open your mouth again and I’ll fill it with a hot load.”

Steve quirked an eyebrow.

“Try me, bitch,” said Hwoarang. “Fucking try me.”

Steve aimed right back at the hothead. “Think I’m afraid of you, cunt? Think I like having your whiny ass fucking up my day? I’ll waste you right here and take out all these fuckers on my own, useless git.”

They swore at each other over the storm of bullets.

“Damn it!” spat Hwoarang. “How was I supposed to know we’d get jumped by a bunch of tattooed freaks?” He wished he’d pocketed all the ammo he left in his glove compartment. Too late now. No way in hell he’d survive a desperate sprint through this crowd of trigger-happy grunts.

Steve couldn’t hold them off on his own. Every attempt to peek out and retaliate was dashed by a flurry of bullets flying his way, forcing him back into hiding as the searing projectiles chipped away at the window sill.

Miguel noticed the halt in return fire and commanded his gang to press forward.

Hwoarang and Steve had no option but to retreat into the house, taking off in different directions while the bulk of the army reloaded.

The redhead fled around a corner seconds before the front door was kicked in and armed men filtered into the living room holding their guns up and scanning the area cautiously. More cronies swung bats at what was left of the shattered windows and jumped in, howling taunts and threats.

Hwoarang steadied his breath. Waited around the corner. He savoured the small advantage of the mob not knowing where he and Steve had scurried off to.

Despite their numbers, the gang was equally as cautious about a sudden confrontation, approaching in slow and vigilant steps.

Hwoarang waited. Listened to the crunch of shoes on glass growing louder.

The barrel of a probing gun crept into view. He sprung immediately, pulling in the wielder by his forearm then smashing his face with the back of an elbow. The blow knocked him backwards clutching a broken nose but not before Hwoarang nicked the gun and turned it on him. His anguished cry stirred a commotion, a rush of footsteps clambering to his aid.

Hwoarang thought twice about blasting him between the eyes. Instead, he pulled him into a one-armed chokehold and used him like a shield. Five or six of his buddies came stampeding around the corner.

What awaited them caught them flatfooted, guns poised but hesitant to fire.

Not Hwoarang. With half his face poking out from behind his captive, he aimed for their heads and dropped them one at time. Three went down before two others, deciding their friend's life was not worth preserving as much as their own, fired back; if they couldn't go around him to get Hwoarang then they'd go through him, flooding his chest and abdomen with bullets in a desperate barrage.

Hwoarang's human shield sputtered blood on his forearm after every puncturing impact. He shot back blindly as it became increasingly awkward to keep his body protected behind the crumpling man. Despite his aim veering off target, one of the grunts screamed a death cry then dropped with a heavy thud.

Confused, the other whipped around, turning his back on Hwoarang just in time to swallow two slugs from the other end of the hallway.

Steve nodded at Hwoarang before his timely intervention was recognised by a group of enemies. He turned round the corner and ran as the mobsters chased after him with knives and brass knuckles, bats clanking as they were dragged against the walls, the howls of a herd of coked-up animals.

Thank fuck for the distraction. Hwoarang dropped his human shield after it had become more dead weight than useful. He seized the opportunity find a better vantage point

but, as soon as he stepped out from the corner, a bullet grazed past his ear, startling him into a duck as it pierced the wall he'd been moving in front of a split-second earlier.

Hwoarang turned on the balls of his feet and fired back while running sideways, clutching his gun at a slanted angle. He didn't land a single shot but deterred his assaulter from shooting back, at least until he'd reached the dining room, where another nasty surprise awaited him.

Hwoarang hadn't seen the bat swinging until it cracked him in the ribs. His gun fell with a clatter as he doubled over, grunting in agony. The sneaky fucker wasn't done yet. Hwoarang's head must've looked like a baseball because the thug decided to go for a homerun.

Hwoarang rolled out of the bat's path, wind swooshing past his head – then a loud *CRACK!*

The wood snapped in two against the corner of the wall behind him. Clueless without a weapon, the thug teetered off balance as Hwoarang got to his feet and clutched his wrist in a tight fist. Tugging, he drove his foot into the man's side with enough force to crack his ribs. A favour for a favour. Hwoarang followed up by smearing the sole of his boot into the thug's cheek, then pushed quick and hard, snapping his neck in an instant.

The man slumped into in a lifeless pile.

While Hwoarang salvaged the gun at the dead thug's hip, three more hoodlums burst onto the scene, stunned still and silent. Their shock quickly festered into rage and a thirst for revenge.

Hwoarang turned as they raised their guns.

He dove over the dining room table, dragging it down with him while narrowly escaping hot slugs. The fallen piece of furniture provided resistance against their ammunition. Crouched against the barrier, he kept low while shooting blindly over the top, hitting at least one goon if the agonising groan was anything to go by.

“Y'all should've taken the pussy, man!” he taunted from behind the table, clutching what felt like bruised ribs. Aiming over his makeshift barricade, he pulled the trigger again.

Click.

He cursed under his breath. Threw away the empty gun.

A heavy barrage peppered the table, loud against his ears, spewing shrapnel across the room. He could count his lucky stars none of the bullets had penetrated the counter yet.

Fuck, what now?

Only two bullets in his original chamber. He couldn't afford to waste them shooting over the top blindly again. There had to be another way. Somewhere he could run. Exit?

His gaze darted about and spotted a narrow door nestled in the corner of the room.

There!

He pointed his gun over the table more for visual effect than anything. It stalled the gunfire, tricking his enemies into taking cover. Hwoarang shot once to give them the impression he was still loaded but, more importantly, to buy himself a few seconds. Grunting in pain, he got up and broke into a sprint.

He barged through the door shoulder-first before his pursuers could put two and two together. The room he'd bundled into turned out to be the kitchen. A quick scan revealed the toes of a white boot peering out from the shadows of the broom cupboard.

The princess girl?

Her eyes floated in the darkness, quivering, afraid. He couldn't blame her. She was safer in there.

Hwoarang hadn't forgotten he was in hot pursuit. His mere presence in the kitchen was putting her at risk. But he couldn't exactly run back from the danger he'd just escaped either.

There was a third option. The backdoor. If he made a break for it now, he could get outside, dive in his car and save his own ass while Miguel and his goons were preoccupied hunting down Steve and the others.

And why shouldn't he? Hwoarang had no duty risking his skin to save a spoiled brat who'd lived twice the life he had in half the time. Not one rich bastard had ever done anything for him.

And Fox? Fuck Fox. He could take care of himself.

Hwoarang had already made the decision in his heart but his feet wouldn't move. That split second hesitation was all the time a trio of hooligans needed to come piling in from the dining room.

"Fuck!"

Hwoarang pulled a steak knife out of its stand. A thug came at him with a short blade of his own. Apparently he wasn't the only one running low on ammo.

Hwoarang wasn't as skilled with his hands as he was with his feet, but the knife-wielding goon wasn't skilled at anything but bad breath and blind rage. He lunged at Hwoarang with a horizontal slice, but missed his swaying target by a mile, then tried again with a wild back swipe. Hwoarang raised his forearm with expert timing, stopping the attacker's wrist mid-swing. The block left an opening at the opponent's neck and Hwoarang exploited it with a jab of his knife.

He stabbed the man five more times in quick succession, crimson spraying the drawers and ceiling from his severed jugular. The wounded thug dropped his knife in favour of grasping his bloodied neck, soaked hands trembling, fumbling desperately to plug the gushing wounds, eyes wide with terror. As his dying form stumbled onto the kitchen table, another thug pushed him aside and began raising his pistol at Hwoarang.

He didn't get the chance to take aim before his target chucked a knife his way. The blade flipped through the air then impaled him in the heart. He went down with flailing arms, pressing the trigger carelessly. A stray shot pierced the next goon through the chin, stopping him from pouncing on Hwoarang as he'd intended.

Hwoarang sniggered. "Dumbasses."

"Watch out!" cried Lili from the cupboard.

The shrill warning startled him before the vroom of a chainsaw grazed his ear. He spun round, adrenaline spiking.

A tall, gangly hooligan bearing horrible teeth and sleeve tattoos cut through the air with a live chainsaw aimed at his neck. Hwoarang slipped on blood and landed on his ass, avoiding decapitation in his clumsy panic.

“The fuck is wrong with you people?!” he barked over the rumbling chainsaw.

The crazy fucker offered no words, only persisted with trying to mow him down, forcing Hwoarang to twist, turn and sway from the bloodthirsty, rotating teeth. Kitchen tops suffered the brunt of missed attempts. The mad saw gnawed through wood and laminate to grating effect. Hwoarang turned the kitchen table into an obstacle distancing him from the psycho, but even that got sawed down the middle in frustration.

He retreated till his back hit a wall. The madman revved the chainsaw and charged him head-on. Hwoarang jumped out the way. The chainsaw drilled into the wall and got lodged halfway in. Its wielder heaved and pulled, struggled to extract the murderous tool. Hwoarang bolted while he could.

He was racing towards the front door when another unforeseen thug popped up out of nowhere shooting. “Shit!” How many of these fuckers were there?! Skidding to a halt, Hwoarang dodged bullets as he changed course, only to be met with the psycho who’d managed to saw his weapon free. “Shit!”

Between the two of them, they blocked all avenues of escape, leaving him only the staircase. Hwoarang scampered up.

He reached the first landing when a skinhead coming down intercepted him with a rib-crunching tackle. Pain exploded in his abdomen. They slammed into a corner of the walls. He crumbled under the weight of his aggressor whose gun fumbled free in the collision. But he decided he wouldn’t need it.

The big man mounted Hwoarang and rained ham-sized fists on him. Pinned down on the steps, Hwoarang could only raise his forearms to guard his head, shimmying to avoid having his face hammered in. He might’ve parried all the punches thus far but his ulnas felt closer to breaking every time he did. Glimpsing out the corner of his eye, he spotted the scattered gun two steps away from them.

It was his only hope.

The big man had gotten so used to pounding on him he hadn’t expected Hwoarang to launch a counterattack, thrusting his elbow up, catching the side of his eye socket. He reached for the gun while the man rubbed his face. So close, yet so far. Hwoarang extended his arm and stretched his fingers to their limits...

His attacker shook off the blinding pain. He grew wise to Hwoarang's intent and reached for the gun himself.

But neither of them would be the one to retrieve it.

Another hand from up the staircase picked up the gun.

They both stared in shock.

BANG! BANG!

The skinhead suddenly collapsed on top of Hwoarang, blood oozing from the two holes placed above his ear. Hwoarang hauled off the dead weight with considerable effort, only to find himself staring up the barrel of the same gun.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" He threw his hands up and waved frantically. "You don't wanna do that. Trust me!"

"Oh yeah? Why not?" A certain brunette schoolgirl held the pistol steady at his forehead. "You fucking kidnapping prick! You're a criminal just like the rest of them."

"Like fuck I am!" Actually, she was a lot closer to the truth than he was willing to admit. "Look, how you gonna get outta here without me, huh? You shoot me, you might as well shoot yourself, too."

"Hmph."

"Besides," he added coolly. "Didn't we sort of have a thing going?" He winked at her, but the look of disgust contorting her features was not the effect he'd played towards.

"Ugh. I did what I had to for survival." She threw the flaps of her shirt closed after noticing him ogling her chest again. "I think I'm better off taking my chances."

Hwoarang let loose an impatient growl. "You fucking bitch. We ain't got time for this. Just give me the –"

She pulled the trigger.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Hwoarang blinked with every shot. And his eyes stayed shut after the last one.

Silence gripped the scene.

Hands still frozen in the air, he slowly turned around from his crouching position, ears still ringing, and saw the chainsaw psycho and two other pursuers laid to waste.

“Holy fuck.” He regarded Asuka as though she were a different person to the schoolgirl he’d kidnapped just hours ago. “Not bad. For a second there I really thought you were trying to blow my head off.”

Asuka shrugged. “Maybe I just have really bad aim.”

Hwoarang chuckled. She didn’t crack a smile. All the colour drained from his face. “W-wait, you serious? You were gonna fucking kill me?”

And was that stuff about doing what she had to to survive really true?

...

Steve swung a fierce haymaker twisting the thug’s neck the wrong way round. He hit the grass hard adding to the heap of unconscious bodies. *That should do it.* Steve didn’t see anymore hoodlums chasing him around the house.

Was Lili alright?

He entered through the kitchen door, heart beating out of his chest, surveying all the death and destruction. Corpses littered the bloodied floor and slumped on stained furniture, arms and legs dangling off tables and surfaces.

“Bloody hell,” he muttered. This was usually the part he felt most grateful to still be alive. But today, someone else shared in his concern. He walked over the dead bodies hoping he didn’t recognise a blonde schoolgirl amongst them. His search was interrupted when the frame of a bulking man strode through the front door.

Still one left. The biggest one at that. Steve sighed and put his fists up.

“So hard to find good help these days,” said Miguel, his callous eyes sweeping over the bodies strewn throughout the place. He spat on one of his dead cronies. “Oh well.” Then he

fixed an intense glare on Steve. “Unfortunately for you,” he said, cracking his knuckles. “I’m having a really bad day.”

He closed the distance with frightening speed for a man his size then took a manic swing at Steve. The seasoned boxer saw it coming a mile away and ducked. He landed a quick combination of jabs to the midriff, twice as many as what had ended countless championship fights.

Miguel grunted in annoyance.

He crashed his thick skull against Steve’s. The blond stumbled back from the dizzying blow, crimson leaking down his face from the point of impact. Before he could steady the spinning room, a huge fist soared from under his chin and slammed his jaw shut, launching him several feet into the air.

Steve landed on his spine and wheezed in pain. The man’s slow, heavy footsteps wouldn’t allow him a breath to recover, let alone the ten uninterrupted seconds granted in the ring. He rolled onto his side then hauled himself back to his feet, stumbling towards the kitchen’s entrance.

A shake of his head did little to rectify Miguel appearing twice, blood obscuring his focus in one eye. Of all the towering men and monsters he’d challenged in the ring, none had brought him down quite this hard or quickly. It was only then Steve realised how much he missed the thrill of competition. He smirked, imagining a ruckus crowd spurring him on to continue. Balling his fists, he wouldn’t disappoint them.

Miguel charged with a roar. His shoulder speared Steve’s gut, winding and lifting him off the ground, the momentum carrying him right against the fridge door with a cracking thump.

This was no sanctioned boxing match, no referee appointed to separate an overzealous opponent. A pity. It would’ve made for one hell of a main event.

Well, two could play dirty.

Pinned between the fridge and a bulky man seemingly made of granite, Steve rained fists and elbows on the man’s back. Miguel recoiled when a pointed strike caught his spine. Enraged, he pulled back then threw his entire weight into a furious punch.

Steve slipped out of the way by a whisker. The strike went on to punch a huge crater in the fridge door.

Steve's speed advantage allowed him to dance around his opponent's follow-up attacks. He threw in quick lefts catching Miguel under the eye. While they lacked the force to knock out the gang leader, they succeeded at riling him up. Steve swayed back avoiding another furious swing but he hadn't accounted for the carcass laying at his feet.

He nearly tripped, catching himself at the last moment. Miguel seized the opportunity to tackle him again, this time taking him to the floor. Steve wriggled under the weight of the man and his ferocious punches.

A shriek cracked through the air, then suddenly, Lili was clinging onto Miguel's back and shoulders, frustrating his murderous intent.

Boy, was she ever a sight for sore eyes.

While Miguel struggled to get the monkey off his back, Steve's knuckles caught him flush in the jaw, knocking him to the side. Steve manoeuvred out from under the stricken man and Lili rolled off his back. They stood together side by side while Miguel nursed his jacked jaw.

"Right. I appreciate the grand entrance and all," said Steve. But why wasn't she running? "I got it from here, love."

"Ha." Lili flung her hair back. "That handsome face would be ground beef if I hadn't stepped in. Allow me to handle this rhythm-less buffoon."

"Er, excuse me, weren't you the one hiding in a cupboard a second ago?"

"Well, guns, bats, knives, chainsaws against a defenceless schoolgirl – hardly a fair fight was it? But this," said Lili, measuring Miguel with her eyes. "Mano-a-mano, I can handle."

Steve couldn't believe she had the balls to say that to Miguel's face, a man who looked capable of eating her for breakfast and having room to spare.

The Spaniard hmphed. "I'm too much of a gentleman to lay hands on a lady, but you senorita, are no lady." He cracked his neck left and right. "If you insist, I'll crush you both."

He sought to make good on his threat, but Lili's quick and tricky feet were hard to follow, even for Steve. She danced around the big brute who appeared sluggish in comparison, a ballerina twirling and somersaulting away from punches and kicks.

Steve and Lili synchronised their offense, her roundhouse kicks thrusting Miguel's face to the left, right into the path of Steve's haymakers. But it was like hitting a bag of cement.

Miguel shook off their combined attacks, and punched and headbutted his way through walls trying to end them. The fight spilt into the living room where Miguel eventually scored a front thrust kick sending Steve flying through the window and rolling across the lawn.

Lili squealed in horror and chased after him.

Miguel followed them outside in a slow, confident stride, showing no effects of the busted lip or red swelling above his eye.

Cradling an injured Steve in her arms, Lili held up a hand to Miguel imploring him to stop. "What is it you seek? If it's money, I assure you –"

"Pah!" Miguel spat on the grass. "I don't need money from you. What I want is what your boyfriend over there stole from me. My hatred is for him and his hombre. What I want is to restore the pride of my family, avenge my faithful soldiers. What I want is his head. Step away now, little girl, and I may just forgive you."

Lili scowled at the barbarian. She refused to turn her back on Steve, even as the boxer himself encouraged her to do so. They didn't stand a chance against the muscled brute, alone or together.

Miguel sighed. "So you insist..." He took one step forward before a flying kick struck the side of his face, knocking him to the ground.

"Always gotta save your ass," said Hwoarang, joining Steve and Lili.

"About time you paid me back for the million times you owe me," said Steve.

"I'll give you a million nuts, how's that?"

"Fuck off. You don't have two to spare, wanker."

“That’s not what your mom sa-”

“Guys!” exclaimed Lili. “Must you do this now? Look!” She pointed behind Hwoarang’s shoulder.

Miguel had gotten back up and didn’t look in the least bit pleased about the footprint stamped across his face. Seething, his shoulders rose and fell, fumes flaring out his nostrils.

The son of a bitch refused to stay down.

Hwoarang, Steve and Lili braced themselves for round three, hoping their numbers advantage would pan out.

The grumble of an engine cut through the tense standoff. Then Hwoarang’s banged-up car pulled out of the driveway.

“What the fuck?” he screamed as Asuka drove past them and away from the scene. “Fuck’s sake, that’s my ride! Someone stop that bitch.” Hwoarang ditched them and chased after the getaway car. “The fucking box is still in the trunk!”

“The box?” Miguel perked up. He, too, ditched the fight and jumped into the pickup truck he’d arrived in. The mob leader swerved onto the road and raced after Asuka, nearly running over Hwoarang along the way, forcing him to dive onto the pavement.

“Crazy fucker,” said Steve.

Hwoarang dragged his feet back after his short-sighted attempt to pursue the box on foot. “Fuck it. You know what? Fuck The Boss,” he said. “Let’s get the fuck outta Dodge before the cops pull up. I’m rage quitting this damn city.”

No sooner had the words left his lips than a platoon of unmarked vehicles rolled up to the premises. Before any of them could ask what the hell was going on, several black clad men jumped out, threw bags over Hwoarang and Steve’s heads then tossed them into a van.

Lili was dragged off into another car shrieking.

Police sirens arrived at the scene minutes later. Minutes too late to find anything but absolute carnage.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.