



# Heartless (The Wicked Raves #1)

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**Category:** Horror

**Description:** NO PHONES. NO RULES. NO MERCY.

In a place where the heartless thrive, who will be the last one standing? And when the night ends, can they escape the darkness they've unleashed?

What happens in Heartless will never stay there.

**Total Pages (Source):** 22

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

Tokyo

The sounds of screams and crashing jerk me awake. The faint scent of stale smoke lingers in the air, and the flicker of a streetlight through the cracked blinds reminds me I'm still trapped here. I grumble, already pissed off that, once again, Mom and her deadbeat boyfriend are going at it. James's rough, gravelly voice booms through the walls like a shadow that never fades from my life. It's always the same—he cheats, he steals her drugs, they fight, he beats her, and then two days later she's right back with him like nothing happened. I usually put on my headphones and crank the music to drown it out, but tonight feels worse. Sometimes I wonder if it'd be so wrong to wish she'd just take too many pills one night and never wake up. It's not like she's ever really been a mom to me anyway. And hell, it's not like I have a dad either. But at least then I'd be free—free of this place and the guilt that keeps me trapped in this shitty two-bedroom apartment.

“WHORE!” James's voice bellows through the walls, followed by the sound of something shattering. I groan, grabbing my Hello Kitty pillow and pressing it over my ears, hoping to muffle the noise. They're louder than usual tonight. If I had somewhere to run, maybe a rave I could lose myself in, I'd already be gone. Their fighting is why I am never home. I'd much rather be out partying than being here during their fights, but I just didn't feel like going out tonight. And, of course, it was just my luck that they decided to fight tonight.

“FUCK YOU, JAMES!” Mom's voice screams back, louder and shriller, and then another crash echoes through the apartment, followed by the sounds of shuffling and more yelling. Then I hear it.

BAM!

That sound, without a doubt, is the sound of a gun going off. In a hurry, I toss my pillow to the side, pushing off my blanket and rolling out of bed. I swing open the door to my room and storm down the hall to my mother's room, her door is open, and there she is, sitting on top of James's stilled body. Blood drips from the side of his head. I watch as my mother turns to me slowly, feeling my presence. "I'm sorry, baby." she says before she turns the gun towards her head and pulls the trigger.

My mind goes blank. I don't scream. I don't cry. I don't move. I just stand there, frozen in the doorway, watching the scene before me unfold like it's happening to someone else.

Blood is everywhere. It stains the floor, her hair, her skin. Slowly, the pool around her head grows, the deep red seeping into the cracks of the wooden floor. The coppery smell hits my nose, sharp and metallic, making my stomach churn. My eyes catch on a single detail; her chipped red nail polish, smudged with blood. I can't do anything but watch. I'm too numb to even think.

Eventually, my legs begin to move on their own, carrying me toward the nightstand. My hands shake as I grab James's phone, my fingers fumbling with the buttons. I dial 911, my breath shallow, like I'm afraid to breathe too loudly.

"911, what's your emergency?" The operator's voice feels distant, like it's coming through a thick fog.

I try to answer, but my throat closes up. I take a shaky breath and try again. This time, the words come, but they're barely more than a whisper.

"M-my mom... she shot herself. And her boyfriend."

The operator keeps talking, asking questions, but I don't hear most of it. My eyes are glued to the bed, to their lifeless bodies. The blood is still dripping onto the floor, each drop echoing in my mind, drowning out everything else.

My knees give way, and I catch myself on the edge of the nightstand before sinking to the ground. I pull my knees to my chest, feeling my silver-blond hair fall around my face. I can't bring myself to move. My heart is pounding, but I feel nothing.

I wished for this. So many times, I'd imagined her gone. In those quiet moments of rage, I'd wished for an end to all the chaos, the yelling, the endless cycle of her bullshit. But now that she's gone, really gone, it doesn't feel anything like I thought it would. There's no relief, no peace. Just this crushing emptiness, a silence that's too loud. Even the sirens blaring in the distance feel muffled, like the world is holding its breath.

Then there is a knock at the door—sharp, insistent. I stumble to my feet, slipping on the blood that's still wet underfoot, and run to answer it.

When I open the door, the red and blue lights flash behind two cops and a pair of EMTs, their faces serious, their eyes heavy with the understanding of what's inside. I'm pulled out of the apartment, the place I've hated for so long, and everything just... blurs. There is blood, there are bodies, and I can't process any of it. The questions come at me fast, but I barely register them. I just keep telling them the same thing. I don't know. I don't know what happened, I don't know how things got so bad. I didn't hear enough to stop it.

But today's the kind of day that keeps on giving.

Hours later, I'm sitting in the police station, curled up in the stiff plastic chair, numb. The sterile walls, the smell of disinfectant, the buzz of fluorescent lights overhead—it's all too much. Everything feels slow, like I'm underwater, drowning in

something I can't name.

"We've called your father."

The words hit me like a slap, jolting me upright. I stare at the officer, confused. "My father?" The words taste strange, foreign. I never thought I'd hear that name attached to my life. He wasn't supposed to exist. Mom had made that clear—he was nothing more than a married asshole who didn't want us.

It's always been Riz and me. My mom and me, stuck in this shitty, toxic cycle. She wasn't perfect, not by a long shot, but she was mine. And now she's gone, and all I have left are the shattered pieces of the person she used to be. Maybe, in another life, she could've been a good mom. Maybe if things were different...

"Hey, kid." The officer interrupts my thoughts again, his voice softer this time. "Your big brother and father are coming to pick you up."

A brother? I nod without thinking, barely hearing him as he walks away. I look down at my hands, clean now, but I still see the blood, still feel it. No matter how many times I scrub, it's there, a reminder of everything I just watched happen.

"A brother... a father." I say it again, trying to make sense of it, but the words don't feel real. They feel like someone else's life, someone else's problem.

I should feel something—relief, hope. But all I feel is this deep, simmering anger. He had a family. He had a son. While I was stuck here, watching my mom fall apart, this man—this so-called father—was out there living his life. Raising his other kid. While I was here, alone, fighting to survive, and no one came for me.

And now they think they can just show up, swoop in like heroes, and take me away from all this? Like I'm supposed to be grateful?

I'm not. I'm angry. I hate them both.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter One

Kai

I hear my father muttering a string of curses, pacing around the garage like he's losing his damn mind. His hand goes to his salt-and-pepper hair, and though the years haven't been kind to his soul, he doesn't look a day past forty-five. The man is built like a dream—solid muscle, sharp features—but he's nothing but a nightmare of a father. The garage smells of oil and burnt rubber, and the fluorescent light flickers, casting an erratic shadow over his hulking frame.

As soon as the call ends, he drags a tattooed hand down his face before kicking the box in front of him. Over and over, he kicks it until the cardboard is nothing but scraps. It's nothing new to me but at least he's not taking it out on me. Not anymore. Not now that I'm six-foot-four, built like him, and nineteen. He doesn't try it with me like he used to when I was a kid. That doesn't mean I'm safe though. Just lucky. Still, the way he kicks that box, it's like a warning. His anger has to go somewhere.

“What's your problem?” The last thing I need is for his attention to snap back on me. Even if he doesn't throw punches anymore, he's still dangerous in other ways. My grip tightens around the wrench in my hand, ready just in case.

“Fucking whore,” he mutters under his breath, heading toward the mini fridge. He grabs a beer, popping the tab before turning his bloodshot eyes on me. “We gotta pick up the girl.”

My brow arches, my pierced eyebrow twitching with the movement. “The girl?” I

echo, trying to keep my voice steady. I already know where this is going, and I'm disgusted by it. The words linger in the air, heavy with implications that make my stomach churn. The man's got a sick fascination with girls, young ones. He never touched me, never laid a hand on me in that way, but when it came to them... it was different. He got off on watching them fall over me, then taking what was supposed to be mine. It made me sick to my stomach. The memory of their pleading eyes and his smug grin burns in my chest.

Yet here I am, still stuck in this hellhole. My mom's finally gone—died a month ago—and I'm just buying my time, scraping up cash from odd jobs and racing. Every dollar I save feels like a key, one step closer to unlocking the door out of this place. Maybe I'll kill him one day. Maybe that'll be my ticket out. I doubt anyone would miss him. The man has no real family, no one who gives a damn about him.

Oscar Hernandez. A violent, drunk asshole.

“You got a sister, boy,” he says, his lips curling in disgust, like the very thought of her sickens him. “Some stripper got knocked up about seventeen years ago. You were still young, your mom was already run down.”

The words hit me like a punch to the gut, and my grip tightens around the wrench in my hand. A sister? My chest tightens, my mind racing. I should kill him right here, right now. Whoever this girl is— my sister —she wouldn't be safe here, not with him. The way he talks about her, like she's some piece of meat we're picking up, it makes my blood boil. My sister. The asshole's own daughter, and he talks about her like she's nothing.

I take a breath, reeling in the rage I've learned to choke down over the years. Growing up in this house, watching him beat on my mom, I had to learn. I had to survive. Anger bubbles under my skin, but I shove it down, swallowing it like I always do. But inside, the fury is always there, clawing at me.



“Mom knew?” I fucking hope she didn’t. I hope she wasn’t carrying the weight of this secret too, on top of everything else. She had already endured so much, more than any person should have to.

Her face flashes in my mind, tired but still trying to smile through her pain. A drunk, abusive husband and a son too weak to stop him. That’s the life she was stuck with. I tried to protect her, but every time I stood up to him, he beat me within an inch of my life. I still remember the night I thought I’d die. My ribs shattered, blood in my mouth. She nursed me back to health after that, tears in her eyes as she made me promise to stay quiet. To wait it out. To survive until I turned eighteen, so I could get out. Leave her behind.

But I couldn’t. Not when she got sick. I couldn’t leave her.

The bastard never let her get help, so she wasted away. Died slowly, right in front of me, without me ever knowing what really killed her. The thought is like a blade twisting in my gut. Sometimes I think he poisoned her, but I could never prove it. All I know is she’s gone now, and the only chains that had kept me tied to him died with her. I’ve almost saved enough to leave. Tyler, my best friend, and I are planning to get an apartment. No college for me. Just getting out, finally tasting freedom.

But this changes everything. Freedom is close, but not if it means leaving her behind.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Two

Kai

I light the joint, walking back toward my room, but not before stopping outside her door. Her door hasn't moved in five years, but it still feels like she's just behind it. The faint smell of her perfume, mixed with the old wood, clings to the air, a ghost of her presence. I should've left this place, but after the old man died, I didn't feel the need. Truthfully, I expected her to return. I expected to hear her voice echo through these walls, or to find her in the kitchen, barefoot, teasing me like nothing ever happened. But, when weeks turn into months, and then into years, you kind of lose hope.

And yet, here I am. A dumbass standing outside her bedroom door, too afraid to open the fucking thing.

Closing my eyes, I lean into the door, the cool plywood biting into my skin. My fist hovers near the handle, like it has a hundred times before. I know it's just a room now, but it doesn't stop the ache in my chest.

"What are you doing?" She asks as I hover over her, my hands pinning her wrists to the bed.

Her big brown eyes focus on mine for a moment, then drift down to my lips. I shouldn't feel this way—not about her. Not about the half-sister I just found out existed. But the alcohol, the weed, and the gnawing need to be inside her, have consumed me.

“I don’t know,” I rasp.

She swallows hard, her legs shifting as she opens them, pulling me closer. Fuck, she can definitely feel my boner pressing against her now.

Tokyo bites her lip. “It’s okay if you want to.”

I snap back to the present with a sharp inhale, guilt and arousal twisting in my gut. Letting out a shaky breath, I press my forehead harder against the door, the wood grounding me as my mind spirals. She’s not here, Kai. Let it go.

Behind me, Stacy’s voice cuts through the fog like a blade. “What are you doing?” Her arms wrap around my waist, her body pressing into mine.

I don’t move. My forehead stays resting against Tokyo’s door as Stacy slips her hand inside my sweats.

“You’re insatiable tonight,” she giggles, her voice light and teasing. “How many rounds has it been?”

She thinks she’s the reason for this. Thinks it’s her touch, her body, her effort keeping me this hard. She has no idea. She doesn’t see that every time she touches me, I’m chasing a ghost.

Sex is the only thing that keeps her quiet, the only reason I keep her around. If I’m not on the streets, shifting gears and racing, I’m home smoking weed and getting my dick sucked.

It’s not about her. It’s about me. It’s about forgetting, even if it’s just for a second—a minute—anything to forget her. Anything to forget Tokyo.

Letting out a sigh, I turn around, my eyes meeting Stacy's. There's longing in them—real longing—but there's also ulterior motives. She wants something from me, and I know exactly what it is. Love. But all I can give her is sex.

When Stacy falls to her knees, her big blue eyes pleading like a good girl, I play my part. I smack her cheek lightly, and she opens up as I spit into her waiting mouth.

“Get to work,” I growl.

She doesn't hesitate, her lips wrapping around me. I close my eyes, letting the feeling numb me. But even as I lose myself in her mouth, the image of Tokyo's honey-brown eyes burns in my mind. I picture her there—on her knees, her lips where Stacy's are now—and the thought tears me apart. It's wrong. So fucking wrong. But it doesn't stop me. It never does.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

The knocking at the front door snaps me out of my haze.

“Who the fuck?” I drawl, pulling my cock out of Stacy's mouth.

“Clean it,” I whisper, watching her swollen lips gather the spit and precum from my cock into her mouth.

Thud .

“Who the fuck is that?” she asks, her eyes darting to the door.

I shrug, just as confused as her. No one shows up without calling. I'm never usually home. But it's raining, it's cold, and I'm not in the mood for anything today. Not today. Not on the fifth anniversary of her leaving.

She brought light into my world for three years before disappearing, making it seem like I'd done something wrong. Like she didn't want this as much as I did.

Thud.

"Hold the fuck up," I yell, tucking my cock back into my pants. Slowly, I walk to the door, unlock it, and pull it open.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

"Tokyo," I whisper, her name barely audible over the roar in my head.

And there she is, the rain plastering her platinum blonde hair to her face, streaks of pink running like watercolor. Her big, almond-shaped eyes are framed by mascara that streaks down her beautiful face. Even in the dim lighting, her light brown skin glows. Those perfectly shaped bleached brows and winged liner, sharp as a blade, accentuate her features. Wearing nothing but a tube top and overalls, holding a small Hello Kitty rolling carry-on bag. She's gotta be cold but I can't move.

Whoosh. Whoosh. Whoosh.

"Hi," she says softly.

We remain frozen, the weight of the last five years hanging between us like a noose. She looks older, sharper—less like the girl I knew and more like a stranger wearing her face. But then her lips curl into a familiar smirk, and I'm nineteen again, helpless and drowning in her orbit.

Then Stacy steps up behind me. Tokyo's eyes flick to her, sharp and assessing, before dropping to her thumb, twisting my ring like it's a lifeline.

“I didn’t know you had company,” she says, her voice steady, but her fingers twisting the ring—her tell, the one she never outgrew.

“She’s just leaving,” I snap, unwrapping Stacy’s hand from my waist and grabbing Tokyo’s wrist, pulling her inside.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Three

#### Tokyo

I can't keep my anxiety down sitting here in this house that reeks of leather, grease, and smoke—him. The scent clings to every inch of the room, suffocating and intoxicating all at once. I thought I was over this ridiculous crush on my big brother. Scoffing at myself, I kick my feet up on the battered black coffee table. Dust clouds puff up from the surface, disturbed by the impact. It's littered with the remnants of bad habits—a shattered ashtray, weed roaches crushed into the grooves. My heart pounds like a war drum, echoing in my chest before sinking into my stomach. I avoid his glare, though the weight of his stare is impossible to ignore.

“Hey, see you tomorrow then?” the blonde says in a soft, uncertain voice. She's trying to sound casual, like she's not embarrassed or hurt. But as a woman, I know that must've stung.

I shouldn't have come back here, but I didn't know where else to go. This place, this man, felt like a fortress where no one could find me—not him, not anyone. But who am I kidding?

“Sure,” Kai says, his voice low and even, soft in a way that feels foreign on him. But his eyes? They never leave me. I don't have to look his way to confirm it. I feel their heat, scorching, unapologetic.

“Okay, well... then, see you,” she says, trailing off like she's uncertain whether to wait for more. She doesn't, though. Instead, she closes the gap, wrapping her arms

around his neck in a bold move that twists something ugly inside me. Her lips brush his, staking her claim like she has the right.

I shouldn't care. I shouldn't care about this bimbo trying to mark my brother as hers, not after I left. But the bitterness rises and coolness fades the moment she tries to shove her tongue down his throat. It's a gut-punch of reality that tears down whatever pretense I was trying to hold up. I've been gone for five years, but fuck it—he's still mine.

The table groans as I shove it hard with my boot, making it skid noisily toward them. Both of their heads snap toward me, but I'm already sitting forward, elbows on my knees.

"I need to talk to my big brother. Leave."

Kai sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose before grabbing her hand. I watch as he leads her toward the door. She clings to him, shooting glances over her shoulder, testing her power, but I don't flinch.

When he opens the door, she steps over the threshold, pausing just long enough for her narrowed eyes to meet mine. I smile sweetly, tilting my head in mock innocence.

"Night night," I say with a little wave.

Kai doesn't wait for her to reply. The door slams shut, the lock clicking into place with finality.

He turns, and his stormy footsteps crash toward me, shaking the tension loose like a brewing storm.

"You in trouble or something?" Kai asks, his pierced nose flaring as his restraint



teeters on the edge. His whole body radiates tension, like he's seconds away from bending me over this couch and punishing me. My core warms at the thought, and I take him in—jaw clenched, brown skin, his hair longer and curlier now, dyed a navy blue.

“I like the new look,” I say, my voice light, teasing. “All tatted, longer hair... blue suits you.” I wink.

Kai rolls his eyes, brushing off the compliment as he sits on the coffee table in front of me. His voice sharpens. “Who did that to you?”

I scoff, rolling my eyes. “None of your business. It was a mistake to come back.”

His chuckle is low and dark, sending shivers up my spine. He leans forward, his nose flaring, his glare sharp enough to cut. Fury swirls in his expression, but so does something else—need, raw and primal. He's holding back, and I know why. This is my punishment.

“You leave for five years and then just show up,” he says, his tone biting, “with a fucking black eye and a busted lip. Knowing you... you're running. But from what? Or should I ask from who?”

Fuck me. He's asking all the right questions, and I'm about to give him all the wrong answers.

“I'm not running,” I lie, my voice steady despite the storm inside me. “Maybe I wanted to come back. Maybe I missed you.”

It slips out so easily, and it's not completely untrue. I did miss him, but not in the way he thinks. He's not the reason I came back—he's the reason I left. Being around him makes me feral, makes me sick, makes me want things I shouldn't. But when we met,

I had my demons and those demons had a strong hold on me, refusing to let go. Even coming back here, I'm sure it was a mistake; yet, I couldn't help myself.

Even though I didn't know he fucking existed, at first, those three years together meant everything. I was the center of his world, and he was mine. Then we had to cross that fucking line. My core tingles at the memory, the feel of him the first time, and I hate myself for it.

“Yo.” Kai snaps his fingers in front of my face, breaking the spell.

“This is your house as much as it's mine,” he says, leaning back. “I don't know what you're running from, but we're family. So, make yourself comfortable—or don't. Do what you want. But I'm not playing games with you, Tokyo.”

With that, he stands from the coffee table and walks away. Before I can say a word, I hear his bedroom door slam shut, shutting me out.

I sit on the couch a moment longer before finally getting up. My footsteps echo in the hallway as I stop in front of my old bedroom door. A smile tugs at my lips as I open it, taking in everything.

It's all the same. The pile of clothes on the floor, the pink sheets on the bed, the photo collage of pictures I took at the races. My vision blurs, and I whisper, “Fucking Kai,” as I close the door behind me.

Moving toward my desk, my fingers trace the last sketch I made—the image of Kai driving us to the beach to scatter his... well, his father's ashes. That day changed everything. We got drunk, we got high, and things got too intense. That intensity drove me away, the same intensity that led me back here. Maybe I was more afraid of love than I was of him .

I could've stayed away. I could've kept dancing, drinking, fucking my twisted feelings into oblivion. Keeping him safe and away from my demons. But I had to see him. Not that my life was all roses. My ex had a thing with anger, and sometimes, it got physical, but it was nothing I couldn't handle. Anyone was better than Alec, but I've come to understand there's no escaping a man like my ex. Not even my abusive piece of shit father came close. All of this felt like punishment for committing the ultimate sin.

Our last fight was the excuse I needed, the reason to run back here, back to this toxic house and the man who makes me sick with longing.

I unclip my overalls, letting the denim fall to the floor, when the door bursts open.

Kai freezes mid-step, his eyes scanning me. His gaze lingers on the new ink on my thighs, then on the way my body has changed. I'm thicker now, curvier.

"Like what you see, big brother?" I say, feigning innocence as I step out of the overalls, leaving them pooled near my feet. I stand in just my tube top and black cheeky boyshorts, daring him.

"I wanted to check on you," he says, his voice low and steady. "But I see you're making yourself at home."

"Anything else?" I ask with a teasing smile.

He steps closer, and for a second, I think he might kiss me. The tension is palpable, electric. But instead, he tucks a pink strand of my curtain bangs behind my pierced cartilage, his fingers lingering for a heartbeat.

"It's good to see you again, little sis," he says softly. "I like the pink."

And just like that, he turns and leaves.

With a sigh, I sit on the corner of my bed, leaning down to grab my phone from my overalls pocket. Logging into TheSpace dating app, I scroll until I find the name I've been itching to see.

Ghostfacepussykilla

Lovergirl666: Hey.

The typing bubbles appear instantly. My heart skips a beat as I kick my feet up, falling back onto the bed.

Ghostfacepussykilla: Hey.

Lovergirl666: Guess what?

Ghostfacepussykilla: Tell me.

Lovergirl666: I'm back.

The bubbles appear, then disappear. They come back, only to vanish again. No reply.

I clutch the phone to my chest, a smile tugging at my lips. It's okay. We have time. I'll keep playing our little game. I'm back for good, and I'll set things right.

But first, I need sleep.

### Chapter Four

Kai

I toss and turn, unable to sleep. My mind, my heart, and my dick can't seem to agree on who wants to torment me the most. I stare at the ceiling, my body restless, begging me to move—begging me to be close to her. But that would mean giving in, and I refuse. She doesn't get to come back and act like nothing happened, like she didn't ruin me for everyone else. Like she didn't rip my heart and soul out the day she abandoned me.

My eyes drift toward the door. I don't have to touch her. She doesn't even have to know. I can have my fix without giving in. After all, what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

If it were anyone else, maybe I'd see an issue with what I'm planning to do. But my little sister is as fucked up as they come, and her sickness has spread to me. There's no line we aren't willing to cross.

She's my sickness. My drug.

Throwing the blanket off, I slip out of bed and stand before my door. For a moment, I reconsider what I'm about to do. Just one look. That won't hurt, right? But the pounding in my ears and the trembling in my hands tell me otherwise. Pressing my forehead against the door, I exhale, my hand moving to the knob. Slowly, carefully, I turn it, wincing at the soft click it makes.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

My heart races as I step into the dark hallway, the air heavy with the scent of her lingering perfume. Her door is right there, just a few steps away. My inked hand hovers over the knob, my eyes fixating on the faint smiley-face tattoo she once drew on me—a stick-and-poke she insisted on giving me the night we first bonded. It wasn't sexual, not that time. It was something deeper, primal. Like our souls recognized each other.

Maybe I read too much into that night, but it was the beginning of my madness.

Taking a deep breath, I twist her doorknob with excruciating care, easing it open. The room is dark except for the soft moonlight spilling through the curtains. I listen for any sound—any sign she's awake. Nothing. She's asleep.

I step inside and take a seat on the floor across from her bed, my eyes drinking her in. Even now, she still smells like herself: vanilla and brown sugar. The scent drives me insane. I want to get closer, to kiss her, to be inside her. To show her how much I missed her. To prove she needs me just as much as I need her. But I can't go down that road again. I won't let her wreck me a second time.

My chest tightens as I lean my head back against the wall. Watching her sleep calms me, a temporary balm for my fucked-up soul. Her leg is bent at the perfect angle, one hand tucked under her pillow. Her soft snores fill the room, grounding me in a way nothing else ever has. She's real. She's home. My light, spilling into my darkness.

I crawl toward her nightstand, her phone sitting on its charger. Swiping up on the screen, I'm greeted by her lock screen. No surprise—it's passcode-protected. But her face is right here. Carefully, I tilt her head just enough to unlock it with Face ID.

What she won't tell me, I'll figure out on my own.

I go straight to her messages. My fingers hover over a thread named: CJ . The message is unopened, but the preview still says plenty:

CJ : Stop with your tantrum. Come home. Don't make me—

The message preview cuts off, but my jaw tightens. So, it was a man who made her run. That much tracks at least. But coming back here? Coming back to me? That doesn't. There's more to this. There has to be.

My gaze shifts to another name: Miko . That fucking asshole. I knew they kept in touch, no matter how many times I asked him—or punched him—he never never gave up any information...just constant 'I don't know' or 'why the fuck should I tell you' responses. That loyal little lap dog probably already knows she's back in town, too.

Leaving her messages, I check her recent calls. Miko's name pops up, along with a string of missed calls from an unknown number. Nothing groundbreaking. My finger hesitates before clicking open TheSpace.

What did I find? Oh, fuck me.

Nothing could've prepared me for this little bombshell she has tucked away on her app. My lips curl into a smirk as I exit out and place the phone back on her nightstand. I lean in closer to her, my mouth brushing hers for a second. Her scent overwhelms me. I graze my nose against hers, breathing her in.

"You and I are about to have so much fun," I whisper, before retreating to the door.

Tonight was worth it. That little piece of information? The revelation? Oh, I'm ready now.

Let the games begin, little sis.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Five

#### Tokyo

My eyes burn as sunlight filters into the room. “Fuck,” I groan, yanking the blanket over my head. I’m not ready to face him yet. Maybe I can pretend, just a little longer, that I’m not back home—that Kai isn’t just outside this door, awake and getting ready for his day. However, the clattering sounds from the kitchen make it impossible to ignore reality.

Clank. Clank.

God, he’s so fucking loud.

I slam a pillow over my head, squeezing my eyes shut in a desperate attempt to go back to sleep. But it’s pointless. With a defeated groan, I reach for my phone on the nightstand.

“Seven,” I mutter, glaring at the screen. It’s seven in the fucking morning, the sun is obnoxiously bright, and Kai is practically a one-man marching band.

My bladder wins the battle against my laziness, forcing me to roll out of bed. Quietly, I tiptoe out of my room and down the hall to the bathroom. The moment I step inside and close the door, I’m hit with the scent of Kai’s soap—cedarwood and sage. The steam still lingering in the small space tells me he showered recently.

I sit down, trying to rush through my morning routine. Once I’m done, I brush my



teeth and splash cold water on my face. My gaze drifts to the mirror, landing on the bruise beneath my eye.

The memory hits hard, uninvited.

“Who is he?” CJ’s voice echoes through the locked bathroom door, his fist pounding like thunder.

“Does it fucking matter? Aren’t you busy cheating?” I yell back. His rage intensifies, but I don’t care anymore. Not about him. Not about us.

My eyes lower to my phone, to the zoomed-in image on the screen. My heart clenches. It can’t be.

“Fucking whore. After all I’ve done for you,” CJ snarls, kicking the door in frustration.

I smile bitterly, my gaze locked on the small smiley-face tattoo in the picture. I close the app, slipping my phone into my back pocket as the pounding on the door grows louder. I barely have time to brace myself before I swing it open, and CJ greets me with a slap to the face.

Blood fills my mouth, and I gather it, spitting directly in his face just before his fist connects with my cheek. “Fucking whore,” he sneers.

But I smile through the pain, clutching my stinging cheek. “We’re done,” I spit back. “I’m done.”

He grabs my arm, yanking me closer. His voice drops, low and venomous. “Only in death are we done. I’ve invested too much in you. You’re mine,” he whispers, his breath hot against my skin.

I knew leaving him wouldn't be easy, but I had planned for this moment.

"Let the fuck go," I hiss, twisting in his grip before driving my knee into his groin. He stumbles back, roaring in pain, his fist slamming into the wall.

"You make it so fucking difficult to love you," he spits, glaring at me as I step away.

I pause, raising my hands in a mock surrender. "Then why the fuck keep me around?"

A knock on the door yanks me back to the present.

"You okay in there?" Kai's voice cuts through the fog of memory, grounding me.

"Yeah," I reply, stepping away from the mirror. I open the door to find him leaning against the wall, dressed in a black tee, grease-stained jeans, and his blue mechanic's shirt.

"Off to work?" I ask, brushing past him and heading for the kitchen. If I'm going to be awake this early, I need coffee—now. The rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee draws me in like a lifeline.

"Yeah," he answers, following me. "I'll be back around lunchtime. You gonna be here?"

I pause, biting my lip. "I'm back to stay, so yeah, I'll be around. But I'll probably go look for a job at the club where Miko DJs."

Kai's lips twitch, his jaw tightening as he takes a slow sip of his coffee. "Back to dancing?"

I shrug, suddenly aware of how little I'm wearing in front of him, but it's too late to

care now. “It’s what I’m good at. Plus, I like dancing—easy money and a little taste of the nightlife. A win is a win.”

“I guess,” he mutters, his eyes drifting to the window as he takes another sip. “Does Miko know you’re back?”

My fingers falter as I reach for a coffee mug. My stomach twists at the thought of Miko, at everything he endured to keep my secret. But those days are over.

I let out a slow breath. “Yeah, he knows.”

Kai exhales, the tension in his shoulders visible. “He kept his word to you. Whatever you asked him to do, he did. I couldn’t beat it out of him,” he admits, the words heavy with frustration. He looks at me then, his eyes sharp. “It was fucking shitty of you to leave that way. A goddamn note, Tokyo?”

“Kai,” I begin, but he holds up a hand, cutting me off.

“No. Listen. This is the last time I’m saying this. You don’t get to come back and act like the last five fucking years didn’t happen. You left me. You don’t get to bring your problems back to my doorstep, Tokyo.”

He places his empty mug in the sink and walks to the garage door. “Kai,” I try again, but he doesn’t stop, slamming the door behind him.

I guess I deserve it.

The memory hits me again, unrelenting.

“You sure about this, Tokyo?” Miko’s voice trembles through the phone. “Is he back?”

I watch Kai sleeping beside me, his chest rising and falling in the dim light. “Yes,” I whisper. “So you understand now.”

Miko sighs, the weight of my decision settling between us. “Okay. Meet me outside in twenty.”

I hung up and crawled back into bed to steal one last moment. My arms wrapped around Kai’s waist, my lips pressing a goodbye kiss to the scorpion tattoo on his back.

This is the only way, I told myself.

I pull myself back to the present, hearing Kai’s car pull out of the driveway. Pouring myself a mug of black coffee, I add two sugars and take a sip. The bitterness lingers, but it’s tolerable.

My phone vibrates.

Unknown Caller.

I sigh, ignoring it, but then a text pops up from CJ.

CJ : Stop playing games, Tokyo. Come home.

I scoff, setting the phone down. Fuck CJ. Fuck all of it.

But deep down, I know the true monster in my story isn’t CJ. It’s something far worse, something I know deep down I can’t escape, not for long.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Six

Kai

I lied. I didn't need to go to work—not today—but I couldn't stay in the same house as her any longer. My restraint has its limits, and my dick is raw from fucking my hand just to avoid sinking it inside her. This is going to be harder than I thought. The sickness is taking hold again, and I need to escape it before it consumes me. Before she consumes me. I can't let her destroy what little there is left of me. But if I'm going to make it through this, I need answers. That's what brought me here.

Bang. Bang.

My fist slams against the red door. Footsteps shuffle through the hall before a groggy voice calls out, "Who is it?" Miko. Sleepy, as always. I don't answer. I'm too pissed to care about politeness or anything else besides driving my fist into his face. I knew he always knew where she was—hell, he's her best friend now—but he was my friend first. They only know each other because of me. I understand his reason, though. It's the same one that's kept me chained to her for so long.

Love.

The door unlocks, and before it even opens fully, I kick it in, slamming Miko back. He crashes to the ground, groaning, "What the fuck?" as I tower over him. My fist connects with his face before he can get another word out.

"You knew all this time!" I bark, landing another blow. "You fucking lied to me!"

Miko's face twists in shock and pain as I keep pounding on him. He tries to say something, but I'm not listening. I'm too far gone, yelling at him as my anger spills out.

"You knew, and you didn't tell me!" I grab a fistful of his black hair, shaking him hard. "Why? What did she promise you? What the fuck made you keep quiet?"

His lips curl into a bloody smile, teeth stained crimson. "She's back. That's all that matters." Blood dribbles from his mouth as he spits onto the floor. "It wasn't my secret to share."

I let him go, shoving him to the ground. "That's bullshit, and you know it," I snarl, pointing a shaking finger at him. "Why did she leave? Why is she back? What the fuck is she running from?"

Miko slowly stands, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. His kitchen is only a few steps away in the cramped studio apartment. As he moves, my eyes flick to the bed—a naked woman is sitting up, green eyes wide with fear, her big tits barely covered by a sheet.

"Kai, back off," Miko drawls, grabbing a gallon of milk from the fridge. He chugs straight from it, his nonchalance only stoking my rage. "If you want her to stay, don't go getting yourself all worked up. Let her handle her shit, and keep doing what you've been doing."

"Is she in trouble?" I ask but the look in his eyes tells me I won't get straight answers from him, but I still have to try.

Miko shrugs, his gaze hardening as he sets the milk down. "Honestly, I don't know. She didn't say much. I know she left her abusive ex, but there's another guy. The one before him. What I've heard? Nothing good. He's bad news—loaded, too. Which

means worse news is coming. Just let her deal with it.”

I run my inked hands down my face, forcing myself to calm down. “If something happens to her because you kept shit from me,” I growl, stepping closer, “I’ll kill you with my bare hands.”

I storm out without waiting for a reply, slamming the door behind me as I head back to my car. Sliding into the driver’s seat, I turn the key, the engine roaring to life. The radio automatically kicks on to the news.

“Investigations are ongoing into the disappearance of rave-goers last fall. The couple was last seen entering the event—“

I groan, turning it down. “Great, more missing rave kids,” I mutter. It’s always the same story: drugs, bad decisions, and people vanishing like smoke. But this time, it’s not just one couple. It’s a pattern. Multiple people, all gone. I hate raves. Clubs, races—that’s my scene. Not these drug-fueled, underground shit shows.

Still, my stomach tightens. There’s one coming up soon. Tokyo might hear about it. Hell, she probably already has. I just hope she doesn’t have a way to get in.

Finally, my Bluetooth connects. I put on “Booker T” by Bad Bunny and let the beat drown out my thoughts as I head to the shop. Mondays are usually my day off, but with Tokyo at the house, I couldn’t stay cooped up. My phone vibrates, and my lips twitch into a grin when I see the name.

Lovergirl666

I open the message, and the first thing that greets me is a picture of pierced tits, her nipples shaped into hearts with inked designs framing them. Fucking beautiful.

Lovergirl666 : Good morning, Sunshine.

I smirk, my fingers hovering over the screen as I pull into the shop's lot. Another message comes through, and my cock stirs at the sight: her fingers coated with her juices.

Fuck. My little sister is one horny thing.

Last night, finding out Lovergirl666 is her? That changed everything. I was digging her before, and was even thinking about meeting her in person. But she always had an excuse not to—probably because she knew. But now? Now I know, and I'll take this over torturing myself trying to stay away from her.

Sliding my car into park, I type out a response.

Me : Playing with that pretty pussy?

Her reply is instant.

Lovergirl666 : Maybe. My big brother's gone, and I needed to relax.

I bite my lip, heat pooling low as I press my phone to my lips.

Me : Show me more.

Bubbles appear and then disappear.

Minutes later, a message pops up as I step out of the car. I open it, and I'm greeted by the unmistakable sound of wet flesh, fingers fucking her cunt, her breathy moans spilling out like a melody designed to destroy me. My cock hardens almost instantly. Her moans are my kryptonite. I'm weak.



Suddenly, my phone vibrates with an incoming call—Tokyo.

“Hey,” I answer, attempting to sound cool, casual.

“What the fuck did you do?” she snaps.

I roll my eyes, balancing the phone on my shoulder as I unlock the shop door. “I just needed to ask him a couple of questions.”

“With your fucking fist?”

I frown, annoyed. “He kept giving me stupid answers.”

“What the fuck, Kai? Why?”

Is this rhetorical? I swear I just explained why, but knowing Tokyo, it’s best not to push her. Sure, I might’ve gotten a little carried away today, but can you really blame me? I needed to know what made her run back to the very place she fled from five years ago.

“What the fuck did you need to know that you couldn’t ask me?” she whispers, her voice laced with something —anger? Fear? Both?

I exhale deeply, steadying myself. “Why?” I ask, cutting to the chase. Why she left, why she’s back, why she’s running. So many questions she won’t answer, and here I am, bracing for the guillotine to drop.

“Kai, seriously, I’m not running from anything, and you know why I left,” she says, her tone a practiced balance of half-truth and half-lie. I should know—I taught her. The night I found her hovering over our father’s body comes rushing back like a punch to the gut.

“What happened?” I demand, rushing to Tokyo’s side as she clutches her chest. Her ripped shirt exposes her breast—she’s not wearing a bra. I warned her not to dress provocatively around him. But she didn’t listen. She never does.

“He came at me, and I knocked him out,” she murmurs, pointing at the salt lamp shattered on the floor. The hit isn’t enough to kill him, but when he wakes up, he’ll finish what he started. That, I’m sure of.

“We need to stop it before it begins,” she says abruptly, storming past me into her room. “He needs to die.”

“How the fuck are you doing that?” I ask, trailing after her.

“Easy, with his own drugs,” she replies, heading straight to his bathroom. My eyes stay on her back, watching the way her body trembles—not with fear, but with rage. Her hands are clenched into fists, and I recognize that anger. I’ve seen it in her before. I’ve felt it.

She grabs a plastic container from the cabinet, pulling out bags of white powder. “If you have any objections, say them now, because the pig is dying today. I’m doing the world a favor by killing him.” Her words are chillingly smooth, delivered like she’s discussing a mundane errand.

I know she’s been through hell with her mom, but fuck, the woman’s completely desensitized. We are really talking about killing the old man. Yet, I can’t bring myself to stop her.

“We have to call the cops. Tell them the truth and half-lie,” I say, trying to pull her back from the edge.

She stops, turning to me with a confused expression. Her platinum locks cascade past

her shoulders, the neon green tips glowing under the harsh bathroom light. “He tried to rape me, and when he did, I knocked him over the head. He collapsed, and I locked myself in my room until my brother came home,” she says effortlessly, shocking me with how smoothly she crafts the lie.

“EARTH TO KAI. WHAT THE FUCK?” Tokyo’s voice snaps me back to reality. I’m no longer in that blood-stained living room seven years ago. I’m standing in front of the shop, phone in hand.

“Sorry, spaced out,” I mutter.

She sighs, frustration seeping through the line. “Please, Kai, stay out of it. If you need answers, ask me. Whatever you need.” Her voice softens before the call ends abruptly.

I finish unlocking the door, stepping inside. The darkness greets me like an old friend until I flick on the lights. My eyes immediately go to the screens in the back—the monitors Dad installed years ago. With a smirk, I power them on. The screens flicker to life, displaying various angles of my house.

The cameras are still functional. Perfect.

I sink into the chair in front of the monitors, my fingers grazing the keyboard. If I can’t get answers, I’ll have to play a little game.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Seven

Kai

I step into the dimly lit club, the air thick with cigarette smoke, weed, sex, and cheap perfume. The pulsing bass of the music vibrates through the floor beneath my boots as I make my way through the crowd, unnoticed behind my neon Ghostface mask. Black leather jacket, black cargo pants, hanging low on my hips, and the long-sleeved turtleneck clings to my frame, concealing every inch of skin. Even my hands are covered by black gloves.

It's been months since she came back, months of watching her slip back into our life, like she never left. And I've been waiting—waiting for the perfect moment to remind her who she belongs to. She's expecting Ghostfacepussykilla tonight, and that's exactly what she'll get—even if it pisses me off that she's willingly letting some masked stranger fuck her. You'd think our shared trauma would have made her the pure, good girl I should be protecting. But no, my little sister is a dirty fucking adrenaline junkie. And fuck, I love chasing that high just as much as she does. But she doesn't know. She can never know that it's her big brother's cum that'll be dripping out of her perfect pussy tonight.

My pussy.

The sickness twists inside me, but I don't fight it anymore. I've stopped pretending to be anything but what I am—a man who needs her more than I need air. She's mine, and tonight, she's going to feel it.

From the shadows, I watch her on stage. Her body moves like sin, bare except for white platform boots and a neon green thong bodysuit. The butterflies tattooed on her back and the words ‘Daddy’s Slut’ stamped across her ass make my blood boil. Tokyo looks irresistible—too damn tempting for anyone, even me, to resist.

Especially me.

Her hair’s pulled into two messy space buns, her face sparkling with glitter and neon eyeshadow. She’s a fucking masterpiece of filth, and every sway of her hips taunts me, challenging me. The strobe lights flicker, casting her in flashes of red and black as she spins with the music, lost in the rhythm. My fists clench in my jacket pockets, trying to restrain the urge to storm the stage, grab her, and claim what’s mine.

But not yet. Let her perform, let them watch, let them want what they’ll never fucking have.

She’s always been mine, even if she fights it. That blood bond between us only makes the pull darker, more twisted. I don’t give a fuck what society says. She’s my sister, and that just makes it all the sweeter. No one else deserves to have her. Especially that abusive asshole who beat on her, the one I’m sure kept her away from me. But she’s back now. Back in Cin City. Back where she belongs—with me. And she’s not leaving. I’ll make sure of it.

Her scars might have healed, but the damage runs deep. I see it in her eyes, in the way she dances like she’s trying to burn herself alive. She’s daring the world to hurt her again, but I won’t let it. If anyone’s going to break her, it’ll be me.

Her eyes scan the room, oblivious to my presence, and that’s exactly how I want it. The fantasy she’s selling is to be fucked by a masked stranger. My girl wants to be terrified, to be used. And fuck, if she wants to play, I’ll make all her dirty little fantasies come true. Call me Mr. Genie. I’m here to grant every twisted wish.

The song changes to “Pain” by Boy Harsher, the thumping beat making the crowd move like they’re in heat, bodies grinding and almost fucking on the dance floor. I lean back, waiting, watching as Tokyo finishes her set. Her hips sway and her ass jiggles as she walks offstage.

She thinks she’s in control. She’s wrong.

I make my move. As she opens the dressing room door, I slip up behind her, my gloved hand covering her mouth and nose in one swift, practiced motion. Her gasp is muffled as I press her into the bathroom, locking the door behind us. The dim lights buzz overhead, casting shadows over her shocked, wide-eyed reflection in the mirror.

She’s scared.

And I fucking love it.

Her breath comes out in heavy pants, eyes darting between me and our reflection. Her body tenses, unsure whether to fight or surrender. My grip tightens over her mouth, and my free hand slides down her body, stopping just above the heat between her legs. Her skin is burning through the thin fabric of her thong, wet already. I bite back a groan as I push the material aside, parting her slick lips with my fingers. She moans into my gloved hand, her body trembling, betraying her. I start slow, teasing her clit with just enough pressure to make her squirm, then plunge one gloved finger deep inside her.

Fuck, I wish I could feel her slickness, looking down at my finger as I pull it back, I see the glistening smear of her arousal before pushing it back in. Her pussy clamps down on me immediately, like it’s trying to swallow my finger whole. Her brown eyes lock onto mine in the mirror, wide with a mixture of fear and need. She’s terrified, but her body tells a different story—one that I know all too well. She rides my hand without thinking, desperate for the release I’m teasing just out of her reach. I

push in a second finger, curling them inside her, hitting that sweet spot that makes her moan again, louder this time. My cock is hard, pressing painfully against the fabric of my pants but I watch her face flush in the mirror. Waiting just for the right time.

She's close, her hips grinding down against my hand, but I pull my fingers out, leaving her on the edge. Her muffled cry of frustration only spurs me on as I push her forward, pressing her face into the dirty mirror.

"Look at yourself," I whisper, disguising my already deep voice with a low growl against her ear.

She whimpers as I tug her thong to the side, the fabric snapping against her thighs. With one hand, I free my cock from the confines of my pants while the other presses firmly against her lower back to keep her in place. My palm comes down hard on the side of her ass with a loud, sharp smack, the sound echoing in the small space. She barely has a moment to register the sting before I thrust into her, raw, because that's the only way I'll ever fuck what's mine.

Her body tenses for a split second before she arches her back, a choked moan escaping her lips and vibrating against the mirror in front of her. Her pussy clamps around me, tight, slick, and burning hot, taking every inch of me like she was made for this—for me. Every movement pulls me deeper, the sheer intensity of her grip driving me to the edge.

I thrust hard, my hips slamming into her as her ass jiggles with every stroke. She stares at our reflection, her lips parted, the neon eyeshadow and glitter on her face now smeared on the mirror. She's trying to keep it together, but the sounds spilling from her mouth tell me she's falling apart. Each slam of my hips drives her closer to an edge she can't pull herself back from.

The thought of how wrong this is—the fucked-up nature of us, of her —just makes

me harder. I pound into her, my fingers digging into her hips as I fuck her like I've dreamed about for years.

Mine.. so fucking mine.

The room fills with the wet, obscene sounds of her pussy, her moans cutting through the air like a melody only I can hear. When she finally comes, her body convulsing around my cock, my name spills from her lips—not that she knows it's me. And my name isn't God. But to her, I am, and will always be, her God. Her protector. Her tormentor.

Her body shakes, her walls tightening and gripping me, pulling me deeper, milking me for everything I've got. But I'm not done. Not yet. She wants me to fill her, to claim her, and she'll have to work for it. My hands grip her hips as I pull her back to meet my thrusts, watching the way her ass bounces with every movement.

"Fuck," she moans, her hand gripping the edge of the vanity for support. Her pussy tightens again, choking my cock, urging me on. Harder. Deeper. She comes again, trembling beneath me, her body unraveling. But I don't stop. My thrusts grow rougher, faster, until the tight coil in my stomach snaps.

With a guttural groan, I bury myself deep inside her, gripping her hips so tight I'll leave marks. She gasps, her eyes widening as she feels me filling her. Her body tries to pull away, but I hold her there, locked in place as I keep her full of me. I watch as her body softens, as she submits, and a dark satisfaction rolls through me.

She's mine. My cum belongs inside her. She can't run from that—not now, not ever.

Finally, I pull out, my cock already missing the warmth of her body. I leave her there, bent over the sink, her legs shaking, my cum seeping out of her. Without saying a word, I zip up my pants, fix my mask, and walk out.



I make a beeline for the exit, slipping back into the crowd as if nothing happened. The bass of the music vibrates against my chest, the lights casting neon streaks over the faces of strangers grinding against one another in oblivion. They're drunk, high, lost in their own worlds. None of them will ever know what just happened in the back.

Once I'm outside, the cool night air hits me, and I tug off the Ghostface mask, my chest heaving as I inhale deeply. As I make my way down the street, the smell of oil and exhaust from the nearby street mingles with the faint trace of her scent still clinging to my gloves. My hands itch to reach for her again, but for now, I settle for the memory. She's mine, and she doesn't even know it yet.

I hop into the neon blue Nissan Skyline parked down the street, the engine rumbling beneath me like a caged beast. My cock is still hard, my body still thrumming with the energy of her. I grip the wheel tight, my knuckles whitening as I let the car idle for a moment. My phone buzzes in the cupholder, and I pull it out with one hand, the other drumming against the steering wheel impatiently.

Lovergirl666: You weren't supposed to cum inside me.

I smirk, my fingers tapping out my response.

Ghostfacepuskykilla: My cum belongs inside you, little cum bucket. Let it drip.

Her reply comes almost instantly.

Lovergirl666: Fuck you.

Ghostfacepuskykilla: You already did now leave my cum dripping out of you. If you're a good girl, I'll visit you again.

I toss the phone on the passenger seat, not waiting for another reply. She's probably pacing in that dressing room, torn between being pissed and turned on. I can almost see it—her biting her lip, glaring at her phone like it holds the answers to the questions she's too afraid to ask. She'll think about me all night now, her body still throbbing from what I did to her.

I pull off my gloves and throw them in the backseat, replacing the turtleneck with a black V-neck cotton shirt that hugs my frame. The cargos are swapped for camo pants, but the boots stay. Tossing the discarded clothes into the back, I grab my other phone and send a quick text.

Me: Be there in five.

Tokyo: Okay, grab a beer or something.

Me: Can't. Gotta race.

Tokyo: Oh fuck yeah. On that note, hurry.

I smirk as I rev the engine, the roar of the Skyline drowning out the muffled thrum of the club behind me. For a moment, I pause, fingers gripping the shifter as the image of her bent over the sink flashes through my mind again. Her body trembling, my cum dripping out of her like a mark that can't be erased.

You can try to forget, Tokyo. But I'll make sure you never can.

I pull onto the street, the tires squealing against the pavement as the Skyline takes off, neon lights blurring in my peripheral vision. The city feels alive tonight, electric with the same pulsing energy that courses through me. Tokyo will never know it was me. But she'll feel me—dripping out of her for hours, seeping into her thoughts, until I'm all she can think about.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

### Chapter Eight

#### Tokyo

I place my phone back on the grimy bathroom sink and continue wiping off the cum dripping down my legs. A smirk tugs at my lips as I drag a finger up my thigh, collecting as much of it as I can before slipping it into my mouth. He thinks he's slick—thinks I'm just some dumb bitch desperate for any man's cock. But you never forget the feel of the first man you love.

Not ever.

Joke's on Kai, because I know it's him. I know the feel of his cock anywhere. The taste of him. I ran away from him because of this obsession.. This dark desire to possess, to own the man who's meant to be my big brother. I ran away because I'm sick and I need to keep my sickness from spreading to him.

But I like this game we're playing. Grabbing my phone from the sink, I quickly type out a message to him, a wicked smile curling my lips as I step out of the bathroom and into the dimly lit hallway. Smoke lingers in the air, thick and heavy, while strobe lights pulse, casting neon glows across my skin. I push open the door to the dressing room, grab my duffel bag, unzip it, and pull out my jean micro mini skirt. After slipping into it, I throw on a cropped leather jacket, then lean in toward the mirror. I touch up my makeup, adding more glitter and highlighter, and sharpening my cat eyeliner until it's as fierce as the blade I keep in my pocket.

Kai made a mess of me, and fuck, it was everything I've dreamed of for the last five

years since leaving Cin City. The music pounds through the club as I weave through neon-lit bodies grinding on each other. The rumble of an engine greets me as I step outside and spot Kai, leaning against the hood of his neon blue Nissan Skyline, a cigarette between his lips.

“You’re early,” I say, walking over to my big brother and plucking the menthol stick from his mouth, bringing it to my own lips.

“I told you, I have a race,” he drawls, stretching his arms, watching me... no, devouring me. It’s amusing that he tries to deny it. But I can feel it—that longing, that need I ran from all those years ago. It’s wrong, it’s sick, and yet, I want all of it. “You should put more clothes on. It’s cold.”

I laugh, inhaling another hit from the cigarette. “Cold? Do you see what I wear to dance?” I arch a pierced brow.

Kai shrugs and takes the cigarette back from me. “I’d rather not see my little sister’s bare ass.”

I smirk, walking toward the passenger side of his car. “I have a nice ass,” I say with a wink, watching him choke on the smoke he just inhaled. It makes me smile.

“Tokyo, get the fuck in the car. I need to go,” he mutters.

Slipping into the passenger seat, I adjust the seat to my liking and then change the music, putting on “Digital Versicolor” by Glass Candy. I watch as Kai slides into the driver’s seat, his black v-neck shirt stretched tight around his muscles, tattoos crawling up his arms. My favorite is the one on his forearm—the one with my eyes and name. He doesn’t bother with a seatbelt, stupid asshole. He must have a death wish, but I prefer him alive. I unbuckle my seatbelt and lean over to him as he shifts gears.

“Tokyo, the fuck are you doing?” he snaps.

I grab his seatbelt and pull it across his chest. “Safety first, moron,” I say, clicking it into place before settling back in my seat.

The wind whips through my hair as he picks up speed, the city turning into a blur of lights. With Kai driving, we make it to the car meet in less than thirty minutes. As soon as we park, he’s out of the car, lighting up another cigarette. His boys greet him with nods and grins, but then Stacy walks over. I can’t deny she’s beautiful—nice ass, nice tits—but Kai is mine. I don’t care what’s going on between them; it ends tonight.

She wraps her arms around his neck, melting into him, and the worst part? He’s letting her.

“Hi, stranger,” she purrs, literally.

Ugh.

I slam the car door and head over to Miko, one of my closest friends, who’s lounging next to his tricked-out Honda Civic. “Yo, mamas, how you been?” he calls out, two girls clinging to him.

“You got a joint or something?” I ask, ignoring his question as I approach, glancing at his car.

“Always,” he replies, pulling the blunt from behind his ear.

“You racing tonight?” I ask, eyeing his car.

“Nah, just watching tonight,” Miko says, lighting the joint and waving the girls off as

I lean into his car.

From a distance, I can see Stacy still all over Kai, and I can't help the jealousy that burns inside me. I left him, sure, and I couldn't expect him not to move on, but fuck, seeing her all over him makes my blood boil.

"You good, Tokyo?" Miko asks, noticing my gaze. He hands me the blunt as he follows my line of sight. "That chick's clingy as hell."

"Yeah, no shit. Are they together?" I ask, trying to sound indifferent, but I can't help the way my jaw clenches.

Miko shrugs. "It's complicated. You know Kai—he's closed off, and Stacy lets him do whatever he wants as long as she gets to suck him off."

I grimace, handing the blunt back to Miko, my eyes drifting down to my long black coffin nails, trying to focus on anything but Stacy clinging to Kai like she owns him. The sound of her laughter grates on my nerves, and my blood simmers with every second that passes.

"You sure you're okay, mamas?" Miko asks, his voice rasping as he chokes on the smoke.

I don't answer right away, my gaze still fixed on Stacy and Kai. A dangerous idea starts to form, sharp and clear in my mind. "You still keep a bat in your trunk?" I finally ask, my tone casual, but my pulse quickening.

Miko's grin widens, showing off his pearly white and silver fanged grills. "Always, doll."

A slow smirk tugs at my lips as I glance up at him, a plan already taking root.

“Wanna see something funny?” I ask, already moving toward his car as he pops the trunk. I grab the silver bat wrapped in barbed wire, a relic from the old days. Miko and this bat go way back—it’s painted red from all the heads he’s busted with it.

Miko watches as I drag the bat toward Kai and Stacy. “Hands off my brother, or it’s your face,” I say, pointing the bat directly at her.

Kai’s eyes darken, a hint of amusement flickering across his face, but Stacy doesn’t get it. Not yet.

I swing, but Kai intercepts, his hand wrapping around the bat. Even though the barbed wire must hurt, he doesn’t flinch. His eyes are locked on mine, full of that dark amusement.

“You crazy bitch,” Stacy snaps, finally catching on.

“Scram,” I growl, my voice low as I release the bat. Stacy looks at Kai, who silently dismisses her with a nod. And just like that, his attention is all on me.

I try not to notice the bulge in his pants or the heat pooling in my core as he steps closer, leaning down to whisper in my ear. “Jealous, little sis?”

I shove him back. “Fuck you. I just don’t like her,” I snap, stalking off toward Miko.

“I sure missed your crazy ass,” Miko teases, smirking.

“I got tired of her all over him. Plus, I like fucking with my big bro,” I say, quite literally.

The racers are lining up, and I can feel the adrenaline rushing through me. Nothing makes me wetter than the thrill of the race, especially when Kai’s behind the wheel. I

slip into the passenger seat before Stacy can get to him, flipping her the bird as she pouts. “Maybe next time, bitch!” I yell, laughing.

Kai shakes his head, revving the engine. The roar of the Skyline drowns out everything else as the racers rev their engines, ready to go. The countdown begins, and I scream out the window. “Fuck yes, baby!”

The car shoots forward, tail spinning as Kai shifts gears. My hand moves to cover his, and he smiles. My other arm stretches out the window, feeling the cool night breeze whip across my skin. No one races like Kai—he’s fast, reckless, perfect. I turn to watch him, his face alight with the thrill of the race. His hand drifts under mine, and I want those hands inside me, but not yet. My big brother needs to be punished. He wants to play games? I’ll show him how they’re played.

We cross the finish line, the car drifting sideways as he parks. I scream with excitement beside him, but before we can step out, both of our phones buzz with a message. The screen flashes red.

UNKNOWN: Welcome to the Valentine Rave... Ready or Not... Heartless is coming for you.

INVITE ONLY. NO PHONES ALLOWED. Get ready to eat your heart out.

My stomach flips. Being invited to this rave is like a dream come true. I glance at Kai as his thumb hovers over the screen, ready to delete the message.

“Oh hell no, we are so going,” I say, snatching the phone from his hand.

“You need a partner for this rave,” he drawls.

I give him a look. “Yeah, you and me. Duh. Or should I invite Ghostfacepussykill?”



I tease.

Kai groans, rolling his eyes. “That online weirdo? C’mon, T.” He opens the door, stepping out of the car.

By the looks of it, we weren’t the only ones who got the invite. The meet is buzzing with talk about the rave, and I’m more than ready for whatever Heartless has in store.

### Chapter Nine

Kai

I wake up to the smell of coffee, bacon, and “Titi Me Preguntó” by Bad Bunny blasting from outside my room. I groan, tossing the black cover over my face. “Tokyo.” My hand scans the empty spot of my bed, and when I find my phone, I bring it to my face to check the time. 2pm I knocked the fuck out once I got back in; the need to bury my cock into Tokyo was too overwhelming. Plus, I needed to sleep.

With Tokyo back home, we’re either always partying to avoid being alone, I’m at the shop pretending to be with Stacy, or she’s at the club working. But we don’t spend too much time alone. For the past three months, we’ve tried our best to pretend our hunger and our need doesn’t exist. That’s what Ghostfacepussykilla is for. But to be quite honest, I’m not sure if it’s made the need for her any better because it sure as hell hasn’t curbed it at all.

My hand moves down to my erection that still smells like her, I bet. I didn’t bother showering and didn’t bother with Stacy. Unlike what I make Tokyo believe, for the last three months, it’s only been her cunt I’ve been fucking. I can’t even fathom being inside Stacy when everything I’ve ever wanted is right here in the palm of my hand. But I don’t trust Tokyo. I don’t trust that she won’t run again, and to keep that from happening, I need to find out what she’s running from in the first place.

My eyes drift to the stick-and-poke tattoo. As I focus on the faded lines, the memory comes in hot.

“Stay still,” Tokyo says as she continues to poke the ink into my skin. The sting is nothing compared to the rush of being this close to her. I watch her, the way the pink curtain bangs fall to the sides, her platinum blonde hair in a messy bun, and the pink ends curling messily.

“Ta-da.”

I look down at the smiley face that matches her own and smile. “I dig it.”

“You better, because we’re matching now.”

I raise my eyebrows as I take her in. I shouldn’t feel this way. Not about her. But I couldn’t help it. Tokyo was not only beautiful, but her personality was everything. She was sarcastic, kind, but fuck, did she have the biggest issue with letting me in and accepting I’d be here for her. It’s been a year since she entered our lives.

“Wanna come to the meet tonight?” I ask her, watching as she bites the inside of her cheek, pretending to contemplate my invitation. But she smiles, her dimples deepening. “Duh.”

I smile, pushing her computer chair back to give her space to rise, which is a mistake. I watch as she stands, her black dress riding high on her thick thighs. Her scent—vanilla and sandalwood—drifts toward me, and it takes everything in me not to grab her. And just when things couldn’t be weirder, she notices and trips on her own feet as she tries to put distance between us.

But I catch her, right as she’s about to fall. “Told you I’d be here to catch you.”

Our eyes remain frozen on each other, and she gulps. “Thanks,” she manages to say, my hand lingering on her waist as I help steady her. I rise to my feet, not wanting to let her go but also needing to feel more. Standing next to her, I’m too close. Too

tempted.

“You good?”

She nods, and once again, we just remain frozen in place. We always have these small moments... so intimate... so full of longing and yet so fucking twisted.

The vibration of my phone pulls me out of the trance. I look at the screen. Stacy. A call I send to voicemail as I reluctantly get out of bed. Dragging my feet, I make it to the door, wearing nothing but my black basketball shorts. As I step into the hall and make my way to the living room, the smell of bacon and coffee hits me stronger, now mingling with her vanilla perfume.

That’s when I see her in the middle of the living room, a cup of coffee in hand, listening to “Half Mast” by Empire of the Sun. I lean against the wall, crossing my arms in front of my chest as I watch her move through the space. Her back is to me, her platinum-blond hair cascading down her back, the pink ends curling softly. She’s shuffling—quick, precise steps that glide across the floor, her feet moving in rapid patterns, creating an almost hypnotic rhythm. One leg lifts into an L position, her body shifting effortlessly, and then the other follows, the motions seamless and fluid.

The neon-pink tips of her hair glint in the sunlight streaming through the curtains, catching the light with every sway of her steps. Her movements are controlled, yet wild, like she’s channeling the music into her body and letting it take over. She moves like she owns the space, a queen ruling her chaos.

I smile, admiring her. She doesn’t notice me yet and that makes the moment even more intoxicating. My girl is in her element, dancing in nothing but booty shorts, a large band tee, and knee-high black socks. The music shifts, and she spins, finally spotting me standing there.

“You have a thing for watching,” she says, her voice teasing, but her eyes are sharp, like she’s trying to read my thoughts.

Cocking my head slightly, I lean the side of my head against the wall, letting a smirk play on my lips. “Can’t help it. It’s been a while since I’ve seen you dancing.” The truth slips out easily because there’s no need to deny it. It’s not weird for a brother to admire his sister doing something she loves, right? That’s all this is—just admiration. But I guess that would be the lie. Tokyo’s eyes widen, her thin bleached, pierced eyebrows furrowing. She looks surprised, like I’ve caught her off guard. She tilts her head, her mouth opening as if to respond, but then she closes it, too stunned to speak.

I push away from the wall, turning toward the bathroom. “There’s a meet tomorrow night, if you want to race. I’ll let you take Blue.” I say, referencing my car. She doesn’t say anything at first, but I can picture her standing there, her long acrylic nails twirling my ring that still sits on her thumb.

Just as I reach the bathroom and turn the doorknob, her voice cuts through the silence. “I have a shift, so depending on the time... I can show you how to actually drive that thing.”

A chuckle escapes me, and I turn to look at her. One hand rests on her waist while the other lifts her coffee cup to her lips. The casual confidence she carries makes my chest tighten. “Remember who taught you how to shift, little sister. You might be good at dancing, but the shift...” I tap my chest, grinning. “All me, baby.” I add a wink before stepping into the bathroom and closing the door behind me.

For a moment, I rest my back against the door, letting the cool surface ground me as my heart pounds. Her footsteps are light but deliberate as they approach, stopping just outside. The air feels heavy, as though she’s waiting for me to say something, to open the door, to give her a reason to stay. I want to. God, I want to. The urge to pour my heart out, to beg her not to run, overwhelms me.

But then the memory of her leaving floods back, the void she created when she walked away. That ache drowns out everything else. I cling to it, the pain like a second skin, bleeding from a wound that refuses to heal.

Dragging my feet, I step away from the door and turn on the faucet. The steam rises, fogging the mirror, as I strip down and step under the scalding spray. The water stings against my skin, but it's not enough to drown out the sound of her footsteps retreating down the hall.

And it's not enough to drown out the thought of how much I wish they'd turned back instead.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:21 pm*

## Chapter Ten

### Tokyo

I hold the silver bars of the cage as "Death is No More" by Blessed Mane blares through the speakers. The pulsing bass vibrates through my body, guiding every sultry move. Holding my knees together, I glide down the bars, snaking back up with precision, my eyes locked on the VIP section.

Kai sits there, sprawled in his usual commanding way, surrounded by his boys. The second my brother's gaze snaps up and locks on me, a jolt of satisfaction shoots through me. Stacy, wearing a barely-there silver dress, sashays toward him. Her blonde curls bounce as she climbs into his lap, draping herself over him like some overzealous house cat.

Kai's inked hand rests on her thigh while the other hangs lazily over the back of the booth. She looks smug, like a puppy who's finally been patted on the head. It grates on my nerves.

I continue my dance, but this time, I make sure it's for him. I spread my legs, sinking lower as the beat drops, my head arching back while my hands slide up, gripping the bars above me. Each move is deliberate, calculated, designed to taunt. My black leather shorts ride up further, exposing more of my ass and pussy lips, the friction only adding to my energy.

I smile, daring him to look away. Let him see what he's been depriving himself of. He hasn't come to me at night in weeks, leaving me starving, but little does he know

I've been watching him. Tonight, Stacy won't get to keep what's mine.

The boys in the VIP lounge laugh, puffing on hookah, their conversations drowned by the music. Their glasses clink as they sip on their Buchanans and Coke, the ice swirling lazily. Girls grind on their laps, the smoky haze blending with the flashing lights, but I know none of it matters. He's still watching me.

But this is Kai—he's punishing me. Punishing both of us for reasons I can't quite grasp.

The bubble machines roar to life, foam flooding the floor as smoke and bubbles swirl through the air. The song shifts to "Under Your Spell," the haunting melody casting an intoxicating spell over the crowd. Our cages begin to descend, giving us a break before the next girls take over. When the cage door opens, I step out, hips swaying as I make my way to the bar.

"Usual, Rico," I call out over the music, my voice steady despite the adrenaline coursing through me. He nods, his head bobbing to the rhythm, already reaching for the tequila and orange juice.

I shuffle in place, the movement keeping my energy high, when firm hands grab my waist. The touch is unfamiliar, uninvited. A low, raspy voice hisses in my ear, "Babydoll."

I stop, my body going rigid. Slowly, I glance over my shoulder, and sure enough, some random asshole has decided he's entitled to me. His hot breath ghosts over my skin; his grip is possessive and unwelcomed.

"Not interested," I snap, shifting forward to break free, but he tightens his hold.

Rico's back is turned, focused on pouring my tequila sunrise. I'm stuck, the man



behind me refusing to take the hint. My pulse spikes, irritation blending with unease.

With a sharp inhale, I lift my heel and stomp down hard on his foot. The satisfying crunch of contact is drowned out by his pained grunt.

“You fucking bitch!” he growls, stumbling back.

I spin to face him, my glare slicing through the dim light. Rico catches the commotion as he places my drink on the bar. His expression shifts, calm but calculating, as he steps toward me. “You good?”

"I'm good," I say, grabbing the yellow and red drink Rico slides toward me. I take a long sip, savoring the citrusy sweetness before tilting my head at the man still hovering too close. "You know, you should really learn to take a hint when someone says they're not interested."

The guy's glare sharpens, his nostrils flaring as he rakes a hand through his messy blonde hair. He's clearly not used to rejection. Just as he steps forward, aggression darkening his features, a blur of movement snatches him back.

He stumbles, landing hard on his ass, his eyes wide with shock. Kai stands over him, his hand slowly releasing the guy's collar. There's no need for words; the look on Kai's face says enough.

“We gotta hit the road,” Kai says casually, stepping past the man as if he's nothing more than an afterthought. He grabs my drink, finishing it off without hesitation.

“Welp, I guess no drinking for me,” I say with a playful smirk, placing the empty glass back on the counter. I nod at Rico, who's already busy prepping a round of shots for another customer. “Thanks, Rico. Tell Taz I'm done for the night.”

He gives me a quick nod, not missing a beat as he lines up the shots. Kai's hand finds mine, his grip firm but not forceful as he leads me toward the dance floor. The music shifts, the bass deepening, and my favorite song begins to play.

"Veil."

I stop in my tracks, pulling Kai toward me. My arms wrap around his neck as I press my body close to his. The rhythm flows through me, my hips moving instinctively to the beat. I can feel the tension radiating off him, the way his body stiffens, his hands hovering awkwardly at his sides.

Unlike before, his hands don't find my hips, and it throws us off sync. He's holding back, refusing to give in, and I don't blame him. But I'm selfish—I've always been. I press harder against him, my ass firm against his thighs as I grind into him. I want this. I want him to give me this moment.

But Kai is unyielding. He taps my arms lightly, motioning toward the VIP section where his boys are gathering their things. "We gotta go if you want to race, little sis," he says, his voice low but steady.

And just like that, the magic dies, replaced by the familiar rush of adrenaline. The need to speed overtakes everything else. "I'll meet you out front. Just grabbing my jacket and bag," I tell him.

He dips his chin in acknowledgment before turning away, leaving me to weave through the crowd toward the dressing room.

Once inside, I grab my neon pink fluffy crop top jacket and slip it on over my leather cutout crop top. My hands move to adjust my bustier, perking up my tits and tightening the straps around my abdomen. I smooth out the twisted fabric of my booty shorts, ensuring they sit just right.

Turning to the mirror, I check myself out, twisting to get a good look at my ass. The leather clings perfectly, highlighting every curve. My hair is half-up, with soft curls framing my face, and despite the sweat of the night, my makeup remains intact. A quick swipe of gloss is all I need to refresh my lips.

I kick off my heels, swapping them for my black and white Dunks. Sliding on a pair of black socks, then sliding into the sneakers and lacing them up, the comfort is a welcome change from the pinching stilettos. Grabbing my Hello Kitty duffle bag, I sling it over my shoulder, giving myself one last glance in the mirror.

Ready. Always ready.

I walk out of the club, the cool night air brushing against my skin as the bass from inside pulses faintly behind me. Sure enough, Blue is parked at the corner, gleaming under the streetlights like a predator waiting to strike. Around it, the usual suspects linger—decked-out cars, revving engines, and groups of racers exchanging bets. Miko's here too, leaning against his Civic, shamelessly macking on some girl who looks like she's already lost the plot.

But none of that holds my attention. My eyes find his instantly. Kai. He's leaning against Blue, lighting up a joint, the glow briefly illuminating his sharp features. The speakers of the Nissan thrum with "Classy 101" by Feid, the rhythm syncing with my pulse as I start toward him and the crew.

Just as I'm closing the distance, Stacy steps into view, her silver dress catching the light in all the wrong ways. She moves toward Kai like she owns him, her presence demanding attention. Kai doesn't even look at her at first, but when he does, a crooked smirk tugs at his lips—the one that makes my stomach twist in ways I'll never admit. It's my favorite.

The sight of her trying to claim even a scrap of his attention lights a fire in me, and

my steps quicken, determination burning in my chest. By the time I reach them, I've already decided—she's not getting this moment. Not tonight.

"Keys," I say, stepping right between them without sparing her a glance. My hand extends toward Kai, cutting through the haze of smoke that curls lazily around him. His narrowed eyes flick up to mine, the corner of his mouth twitching like he's fighting back a laugh.

"Ohh, little sister's racing tonight?" Chino's voice cuts through the moment, loud and cocky as always. He's sprawled on the hood of his car, his arm draped around the girl who's been clinging to him all night. "You sure she's good enough to go up against the big boys."

"She's better than good," Miko chimes in, strolling over with a chuckle that's equal parts amused and impressed. "You sure you're ready to lose your Subaru, Chino?"

I give Kai a single nod, and after a deliberate pause, he hands over the keys. The cold metal jingles in my hand like a challenge thrown. Stacy's narrowed eyes drill into me, but I don't even spare her a glance. This isn't about her. It never was.

"Big talk for someone about to choke," I say, my voice sharp as I glance over my shoulder at Chino. My words land like a slap, and the boys erupt in a chorus of oohs and laughs.

"She learned from the best," Kai says, passing the joint to Lalo. His smirk widens as he adds, "Just hand over the Subaru now."

Chino shakes his head, laughing it off. "Tell you what," he says, leaning forward with a grin that's all bravado. "If she wins, the Subaru's hers."

Kai lets out a low laugh, leaning back against Blue. "Get ready to give it up."

I glance at the Subaru and back at Chino, my confidence unwavering. “Better start saying your goodbyes.”

Kai’s approval flashes briefly in his expression, but it’s enough. I turn to him, tossing the keys lightly in my hand. “You riding with me?”

He doesn’t answer immediately. Instead, he takes one last pull from the joint, his smirk softening into something almost dangerous. Then, finally, he nods, stepping forward and sliding into the passenger seat.

The roar of Blue’s engine cuts through the night as I grip the wheel, my hands steady and sure. The bassline of “Toxic Waste” thrums through the speakers, syncing with the pulse in my veins. I glance at Kai, my voice low but firm. “Ready?”

He arches a brow, his smirk returning. “You sure you don’t need me to take over, like old times?”

“Not a chance,” I reply, my grip tightening. The stars above seem to wink in approval as the engine growls louder.

### Chapter Eleven

Kai

The hum of engines vibrates through the cool night air, a symphony of power and promise. Neon lights streak across the asphalt as Tokyo pulls up beside the other racers, her hands gripping the shifter with the confidence of someone who knows exactly what they're doing. She's glowing—lit by the moon, the stars, and the reckless thrill of the moment. I catch the grin tugging at her lips, her loose strands of hair whipping around her face in the night wind, and my chest tightens. Pride, maybe. Or something I'm not ready to name.

“You sure you haven't forgotten how to drive?” I tease, leaning against the console, my voice laced with a challenge.

She glances at me, her manicured hand resting lightly on the wheel, the other on the shifter. With a sly smirk, she gives me a light smack on the chest. “I got this. I didn't forget.”

“Good,” I say, letting my grin widen. “Because I bet everything on you tonight. All of it. Make your big brother proud.”

For a second, her smile falters, just barely—a flicker of something raw, something that cuts deeper than I meant it to. But just as quickly, it's gone, and she's back to her usual self, all fire and adrenaline.

“Buckle up, buttercup,” she says, revving the engine. The roar fills the car, vibrating

through my seat as the beat of “Nights Like This” pounds from the speakers.

Across the lot, Stacy raises the white flag, her grin wild under the flickering streetlights. Miko stands beside her, rattling off the rules like anyone here needs reminding. But my focus is locked on Tokyo. Her fingers tighten around the wheel, her eyes narrowing, the faintest sheen of sweat catching the moonlight on her temple. She’s in the zone, and I can’t look away.

The flags drop, and Tokyo slams the gas.

The car launches forward, the tires screeching as the engine roars to life. My body jerks back against the seat, but she’s steady—her movements precise, her hands dancing over the shifter and wheel like she’s conducting an orchestra. The city blurs around us, a kaleidoscope of neon and shadow. I grip the door handle as she cuts through the first turn, her laugh ringing out over the chaos.

“You’re fucking insane,” I shout over the music, grinning despite myself.

“And you love it,” she throws back, shifting gears with a flick of her wrist.

We blaze past the first two Supras, their headlights fading into the night. The street curves sharply, and Tokyo takes it without flinching, the tires hugging the asphalt like they were made for this. My pulse pounds in time with the music, and I steal a glance at her—her face lit by the stars, her lips curled in a determined grin. She looks unstoppable.

Then Chino pulls up.

His white Subaru slides into view, and he’s grinning, cocky as ever. He leans out his window as we race side by side, blowing her a mocking kiss before gunning it and pulling ahead.

“Fuck,” she hisses, slamming the wheel with her palm.

“Chill, you’ve got this,” I say, reaching over to the glove box. I pull out my cart, taking a quick hit as she grips the shifter, her jaw tightening.

Her voice is steady, but I catch the edge beneath it. “Don’t distract me.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” I blow out the smoke, watching as she locks onto Chino’s bumper like a predator stalking its prey.

The street twists again, a long, sweeping curve. Tokyo doesn’t ease off the gas, her hands steady as she threads through the turn like she’s on rails. Chino’s taillights loom closer, and I feel the car shudder as she pushes it harder.

“You still got it, Trouble,” I say, watching her confidence return. She glances at me, her grin sharp and wild.

“Trouble, huh? You still calling me that?” she asks, her voice laced with amusement.

“Always.”

She laughs, low and breathless, as she shifts gears again. The car jolts forward, the engine snarling. Chino glances back in his mirror, and I see the moment he realizes he’s fucked. Tokyo feints left, then cuts right, the movement so smooth it’s like the car’s reading her mind. With one final burst of speed, she surges past him, her laugh ringing out as we take the lead.

The finish line is a blur of cheering bodies and flickering lights. My heart hammers in my chest as we cross it first, the sound of the crowd swallowing us whole. Tokyo slams on the brakes, the car skidding to a stop in a cloud of smoke.



She looks at me, her chest rising and falling, her grin brighter than any neon light.  
“Told you I didn’t forget.”

“Damn right, you didn’t,” I say with a wink as I step out of the car.

“Ah, what the fuck,” Chino says, stepping out of his car and pulling a crumpled stack of cash from his pocket, his jaw tight with irritation.

“Pay up, pretty boy,” I say as I walk toward him. The other drivers start pulling in behind us. It was close, but it was a short race—that’s the only reason I let her run it. The next one coming up is mine. There’s no way I’m letting her go up against Beto and his crew—the fucking Cobras.

I spit on the ground, the taste of disgust sharp as I think about them. The Cobras have ruined what street racing is supposed to be; pure adrenaline and a little fun. They play dirty—ramming cars, boxing people out, running them off the road—and no one stops them. The Cobras have serious ties, so people let them do whatever the hell they want.

I’m only here for the cash and to have some lighthearted time with Tokyo. But sure enough, the sound of Kawasaki bikes and the rumble of supercharged Supras cut through the air. My stomach tightens when Beto’s red Challenger rolls into view, slow and smug. Fucking lame-ass car for a guy who calls himself a street racer.

“How much I owe you, bro?” Chino snaps me out of my thoughts.

“You bet a thousand. Pay up,” I say, holding my hand out.

Behind me, I can hear the guys congratulating Tokyo. They’re loud and animated, but I don’t look back. My head’s already on the next race, the one I know I can’t let her join.

“You racing next?” Her voice is soft but confident, coming from right behind me. I turn, and there she is, moving closer to my side. My gaze finds hers, and for a moment, everything else fades.

“Not this one,” I say, keeping my voice firm as she steps up to face me.

Tokyo tilts her head, one perfectly manicured hand on her hip. “Let me race again?” she asks, but before I can answer, her arms wrap around my neck. The sudden proximity sends heat rushing through me, and my pulse kicks up. Her face is so close now, her brown eyes locking onto mine with a mix of challenge and mischief. The urge to kiss her hits me hard, but I shove it down.

“Not this one,” I repeat, gritting my teeth against the temptation. “They race dirty.”

She pouts, sticking her bottom lip out like she knows exactly what it does to me. “Fine. I’m going with you, then.”

Without waiting for permission, she saunters over to my car and slides into the passenger seat like she owns it. I smirk, my hand still extended as Chino reluctantly counts out the money and slaps it into my palm.

“Fucking ridiculous,” Chino mutters, tossing his white jacket over his shoulder as we both turn to watch Beto roll up.

The Challenger crawls to a stop, and Beto steps out, his smirk as slimy as ever. “Got a new bitch?” he says, his gaze locked on Tokyo.

I glance toward her just in time to see her leaning out the window, middle finger raised high. A slow grin spreads across my face. Atta girl.

“Call my sister a bitch again, and I’ll make sure you get acquainted with a fucking

straw,” I hiss, my voice low and venomous as I storm past him toward my car.

Sliding into the driver’s seat, I slam the door. Tokyo looks at me with a raised brow.

“Who’s that?” she asks, nodding toward Beto.

“Beto,” I say, firing up the engine. The rumble feels like a pulse in my chest. “Our friendly neighborhood gang member and dealer.”

She makes a face, her nose wrinkling in disgust. “Scum of Cin City,” she mutters.

I nod, turning on the engine and pulling out my phone to play my racing beats. Tokyo studies him as he pulls away. The buzz and the light of her phone illuminate the dark space of the car. We both look at it at the same time, but all I make out is an unknown name before she snatches her phone, tucking it between her legs.

“Everything good?” I ask, hoping to get an answer from her, but she lies, and it pisses me off how easy it is for her to do so.

“Perfect,” she says with a smile, but her legs bounce, and her long pink tips twirl the ring on her thumb. She’s nervous and trying to play it off, but the race is beginning and I need to focus on that.

I downshift, pressing on the gas and moving into my spot between Lalo’s Mitsubishi and Beto’s Challenger. Looking over at my best friend, I smirk. “Don’t fall too far behind.”

Lalo flips me off, but something feels off. Something nags at the bottom of my stomach when I watch Chavo pull up next to him—Beto’s right-hand man.

I don’t like this shit. The race has more curves, and we’ll be going up mountains, out

of city limits. The rules are announced again, more smoke rises from the burning tires, then the white flags drop. My foot smashes the gas pedal, pushing our bodies back into the leather seats.

Tokyo lets out a scream, her legs rubbing together. I bet her pussy is wet, eager and excited. We used to fuck after every race—it was the best reward. The win and then the high of being inside her.

My hand moves, shifting gears as I catch a glimpse of her, half her body hanging out of the car, her arm and head loose as I take the curve, leaving Lalo behind me. I'm right between Chavo and Beto when suddenly I take the lead from Chavo, but then I feel the proximity...

I see him getting closer in the rearview mirror, and I try to move as I take the second curve that leads us up the mountain. It's a perfect night—no fog. Then I feel him trying to push us off the road.

“What the fuck?” Tokyo screams as I straighten out the wheel. I see Lalo's LED lights closing in when I feel Beto moving in on Tokyo's side, forcing me to swerve toward Lalo. Thankfully, he manages to maneuver out of my way.

“Fucking pig is playing dirty,” I mutter, gritting my teeth.

“What the fuck is wrong with him?” Tokyo slumps into the seat, adjusting her seatbelt, her eyes darting between the two cars trying to take us out of the race.

“This is how they race,” I say through gritted teeth as my grip tightens around the wheel.

Lalo is next to me now. I look over, and just as we hit the final curve, both Chavo and Beto cage us in. Panic surges through me because this is bad. I hit the back of Lalo's

car, causing him to swerve.

“Oh my god, what the fuck is he doing?” Tokyo yells as I floor it, trying to break free.

Lalo’s car is right beside me now. Chavo and Beto are closing in, their headlights shining bright in my mirrors. My heart’s racing, my palms are sweaty. I’m thinking, “This is it, we’re gonna crash.”

Lalo hits the brakes hard, and I react fast, swerving to avoid him. Tokyo’s eyes go wide, her hand shooting out to grab the door as I swerve off the road. They pass us both.

“You okay?” I ask, looking over at Tokyo, who’s staring down at her phone, her face solemn like she’s in a trance.

“You okay?” I repeat, turning off the Travis Scott rap blasting from the speakers. My hand moves to touch her, but she recoils, shifting closer to the door.

“I’m fine,” she lies, her voice clipped.

“Okay,” I say, turning my focus to Lalo, who sticks his thumb out the window to let me know he’s okay. We continue to move.

Once we get to the finish line, I don’t speak. I just act because I’m angry, and no one will risk her life. Tearing off my seatbelt, I don’t bother turning off the car as I put it in park. I open the door and walk straight to Beto, who’s already striding toward me, arms wide, that smug look plastered across his face.

My fist connects with his jaw, causing him to stumble back, shock flashing across his face at my violence.

“What the fuck, homie? Learn to take a loss,” he spits, rubbing his jaw.

I spit on the ground beside him. “Play with her life again, and it’ll be you on a fucking gurney next time,” I hiss, my voice low and full of venom.

I turn and storm off without waiting for his response. Tokyo is walking toward me.

“Get in the car,” I say, my voice sharp and final, leaving no room for argument.

### Chapter Twelve

#### Tokyo

After the race, Kai brings us to the local fritura spot to grab some chimis from the Dominican truck parked on the street. We park the car near the rocky shores of Cin City, the neon lights of the skyline reflecting off the waves in shimmering streaks.

“It’s so good, just like I remember,” I say with a mouthful of food.

Kai grunts in agreement, practically inhaling his chimi. “How long have those assholes been racing?” I ask between bites.

Swallowing, he shrugs. “About two years. They’ve been running the streets.”

“Damn, really? What a shame. It used to just be good fun.”

He nods, taking another bite, when my phone vibrates against the waistband of my shorts. I glance down, tension immediately crawling up my spine. Kai notices, even if I try to pretend he doesn’t. His warm hand moves to the back of my neck, soft but firm, anchoring me. “You know you can talk to me,” he says, his voice low. “What are you running from?”

Such a loaded question. One I wish I could answer. “Nothing, Kai. Really.”

But he doesn’t let go. His grip tightens, grounding me as he pulls me closer. “I’ve missed you, Trouble,” he whispers into my hair. “I love you. That’s never going to

change.”

The burn hits my eyes first, then my chest—an ache I can’t ignore. Pulling back slightly, I meet his gaze, my heart hammering so hard it feels like it might crack my ribs. “I missed you, too.” And it’s not a lie.

“Good.” That’s all he says before pulling me back into him. I settle between his legs, his arms wrapped around me as he lazily runs his fingers up and down my arm. The waves crash against the rocks, filling the silence between us. Our chimis sit abandoned beside us, forgotten.

Then the quiet is shattered. Both of our phones go off at once, a chilling alarm blaring through the night. I grab mine at the same time Kai does, my stomach twisting as the screen flashes red. A set of coordinates stares back at me, accompanied by a single message:

Unknown: Heartless is two days away. Location: Latitude: 33.4730° N Longitude: 115.8490° W

“It’s the location,” I whisper, my voice shaky as I sit up, pulling away from Kai’s warmth.

Kai pulls up the location on his phone, his brows furrowing. “Eden Valley,” he says, showing me the screen. The image of a barren wasteland stares back at us—a deserted stretch of land in Cin City’s outskirts. A no-man’s-land between the mountains and the desert, far from anything alive.

The urge to throw up rises suddenly, sharp and unexpected.

“You okay?” Kai asks, his worry unmistakable. I don’t deserve him. I never did.



“I am. Excited for the rave,” I say, forcing a smile. “Have you been to one since I introduced you to them?” I ask, hoping to steer his attention away from me.

He shakes his head slowly, his brown eyes drifting back to the sea. “I stopped going after you left. Just didn’t feel right.”

The silence stretches between us, but it doesn’t feel empty. The night breeze brushes against our skin, carrying the salty scent of the ocean. The waves crash against the rocks, relentless and steady.

“Let’s get home. It’s late,” Kai says after a moment, offering me his hand.

Kai places the car in park after pulling into the garage. “Open the console and hand me my joint, please,” he says.

I do as he asks, pulling the joint out of a plastic tube. I watch as he brings it to his lips, lighting it with practiced ease. My phone vibrates against my skin again, and I tense, hoping he doesn’t notice. But he’s focused on making sure his joint isn’t canoeing, pulling slow and steady to get it right.

The tension rolls off me the longer I watch him, my eyes tracing the sharp line of his jaw and the way his lips wrap around the joint. The urge to touch him becomes unbearable. Without thinking, I pluck the lit joint from his mouth and lean back, taking a pull of the herb.

“So, you and Stacy are serious?” I ask, my voice deliberately casual.

He scoffs. “You’re so random.”

“Seriously,” I press. “I need to know if I should start calling her sister-in-law. I was starting to think I should take someone else to Heartless.”

“You should,” he says, plucking the joint back from my fingers.

Hearing those words stings more than I expected. My chest tightens as I look at him, watching the way his jaw tenses. I don’t know if it’s the weed or the need, but my hand moves on its own, cupping the side of his face.

“I really missed you,” I whisper.

He stiffens at first but then relaxes into my touch, continuing to smoke. His next words hit me like a blow: “Why did you leave?” He passes the joint back, and I take it, but I can’t meet his eyes.

There’s no answer I can give that will ever be good enough for him. I know this, and so does he. “I had to,” I say, the words hollow even to me.

He turns to face me fully, his brown eyes locking onto mine. My heart pounds as I exhale the smoke, the marijuana invading my lungs and fogging my mind.

“You didn’t have to leave me, Tokyo,” he says, his voice quiet but firm. “Tell yourself whatever you need to feel better. But you didn’t have to leave me.”

But I did.

“Kai...” I start, but the words die in my throat as he takes the joint back, bringing it to his lips.

My hand moves again, sliding down from his face to his tattooed neck, tracing the outline of the spider web inked into his skin. My fingertips linger, feeling the tension in his muscles.

“Can we pretend,” I whisper, my voice trembling, “just for one night, like before?”

He freezes. His body tenses beneath my touch, and for a moment, I think I've gone too far. Slowly, his gaze shifts to meet mine, and the soft hum of Altitude plays through Blue's speakers. The beat feels like a pulse between us, low and steady, as if the song itself is holding its breath.

"I don't know what I'm doing, but I need this."

"Get out of the car, Tokyo," he growls, low and feral. I see the hunger in his eyes, but he still fights it. Slowly, I undo my seatbelt, my chest heaving. He doesn't look my way as I open the door, tears brimming in my eyes.

I walk inside the house, my steps heavy, and Kai doesn't follow. I've lost him.

Forcing myself to move, I make my way to my room, my hand gripping the handle when Kai storms inside. His black tee is already being yanked over his head, his blue curls falling messily over his forehead.

"Fucking, Trouble," he mutters, his voice rough and ragged.

I drop my bag on the floor, frozen as I watch him move closer. His hands cup my face, and his lips crash into mine. They're plump, soft, and demanding. We both groan, melting into each other as his teeth sink into my lower lip. His tongue probes, demanding access, and I open for him, letting him take what he wants.

His hand tangles in my hair, pulling me closer as the kiss deepens. "Fuck, why did you come back?" he breathes against my lips, his voice heavy with frustration and need.

My hand moves down his chest, trailing over the warmth of his skin, disappearing into the sharp V-cut of his abs. "I thought you wanted me back," I whisper, breathless, as he presses his bulge into my palm.

“It’s going to hurt like hell when you run again,” he says, his jaw tightening as the words leave his mouth. But before I can respond, he pulls me back into the kiss, his lips crashing into mine with renewed intensity.

Our tongues move slowly, massaging one another, the heat between us building. His hand leaves my hair to push open my bedroom door. Still kissing, we step inside.

I spin him around and push him onto my bed. I want him to watch me undress, to see him lose himself in me. Kai doesn’t disappoint—he props himself up on his elbows, his dark eyes drinking me in as I slip out of my booty shorts and shirt.

Naked, I stand before him, letting him take in everything. His smirk grows, and his gaze lingers on my pierced and tattooed nipples.

“Time has made you even more gorgeous,” he says, sitting up and grabbing my waist to pull me against him.

His warm tongue trails up my side until it finds my pierced nipple. Softly, he bites into the flesh, his tongue teasing the piercing as he sucks. I arch into him, my hands tangling in his curls as he nips and sucks, making me shiver.

His rough hand moves down to my ass, gripping and spreading me as he stands, lifting me off the ground. He tosses me onto the bed with ease.

“Play with your pussy, Tokyo,” he growls. “Show me how much you want your big brother’s cock.”

Fuck. My head falls back as I watch him slip off his jeans. His cock is already hard, the thick length straining against his boxers. There’s a wet spot on the fabric where he’s leaking. He palms himself, his eyes locked on me as my fingers slide between my wet folds.

He watches me touch myself, his hand stroking his cock through his boxers, just like old times—when we thought this could be enough. But suddenly, he grabs my ankles, sliding me down to the edge of the bed. Kneeling between my legs, his hands spread me open.

“Your pussy is the only one I’ve ever eaten,” he groans, his voice thick with lust. “And the only one I ever want to eat.”

His tongue flattens as he licks me from bottom to top, groaning into my flesh before pulling my clit into his mouth. His tongue circles it, flicking just right, and his hand moves to my nipples, playing with the piercings.

Kai devours me, his tongue fucking me in perfect rhythm, his hands teasing every sensitive spot. My hips buck against his face, and I can’t stop the moans spilling from my lips.

Suddenly, he pulls away, leaving me panting. He shoves his boxers down, his cock springing free, thick and velvety, already dripping. He grips my thighs, his fingers digging into my skin.

“Trouble, show me how much you missed me, while I show you how much I missed you,” he growls, his voice dark and commanding.

I nod, breathless, as he flips me over. My head hangs off the side of the bed, his cock dangling inches from my face while my soaked cunt is wide open for him. Picking me up and pushing me against the wall, he slams his body against mine, upside down, pushing his thick length into my mouth. His cock stretches my lips as he thrusts into me slowly, groaning as he continues to devour my pussy.

“Fuck,” Kai groans, his voice muffled against my flesh. His tongue moves in perfect rhythm with his hips, fucking my mouth and my pussy at the same time. My throat

tightens as he presses deeper, then pulls out, giving me just enough time to gasp for air before he's throwing me back onto the bed.

"Are you on birth control?" he asks, his voice rough.

I nod, my chest heaving.

"Good," he says, his eyes dark. "Because I'm going to fuck you raw and fill you up."

He uses his legs to spread mine apart, his cock brushing up and down my folds as he watches, mesmerized. Slowly, he presses into me, and I moan at the stretch. Leaning down, his arms slip under my armpits, holding me close as his teeth sink into my neck.

"Fuck, Tokyo," he groans, his voice shaking.

"I know," I breathe, arching into him as he begins to move. His strokes are slow and deep, every motion deliberate. Kai isn't just fucking me—he's pouring everything into this moment, giving me something I don't deserve.

"You fucking take me so well, Trouble," he says, his voice thick with desire.

And yes, I do. My walls adjust to his girth, gripping him perfectly as his movements pick up. His arms pull away, and my legs are thrown over his shoulders. His hands grip my hips as he begins to drill into me, his pace relentless.

"That's it, baby," he groans, his hips moving in a circular motion. "That's it."

My walls spasm around him, and he slows down, his eyes locked on my face as he brings me to the edge—then pulls me back. Over and over, he teases me, watching my frustration build.

“Fuck, Kai,” I beg, my voice breaking.

“I know,” he whispers, slamming back into me. His hands grip my hips, pulling me down to meet his thrusts as he drives me over the edge. My release hits hard, my toes curling as I scream his name.

“Kai!”

He smiles, breathless. “That’s it, Tokyo. Scream for me.”

Two more thrusts, and he groans, filling me up before pulling out. His warmth runs down my thighs as he grabs his clothes, his back turned to me.

“One time,” he says quietly, before walking out the door.

My chest tightens as I stare at the empty doorway, the ecstasy of moments ago ruined. My phone vibrates on the floor, the sound cutting through the silence.

I bend down, grabbing it, Kai’s cum still dripping down my thighs. The screen lights up with missed texts from an unknown number.

Unknown: Don’t forget what you’re supposed to be doing.

Unknown: I’m always watching.

My heart sinks at the last message. It’s accompanied by a photo of Kai and me at the race—my arms wrapped around his neck, his eyes looking at me like I’m his world. Like I’m something precious.

But I’m none of those things.

I'm trash. A deceiver. A runner.



### Chapter Thirteen

Kai

I don't know why I bothered coming into the shop today. Not only has it been slow, but with the rave happening tonight, I could have used the extra sleep. But I couldn't stay in the same house as her—not after what happened that night. Every corner of the house feels haunted by her presence, every glance at her unbearable. I look down at the screen.

lovergirl666: Got plans?

I stare at the screen, contemplating giving in to her little games. I thought I could play on even grounds, but who am I kidding? We were never even. I gave too much, and she gave too little. The truth is that she will run—that much I'm certain of—and I'm not sure I could handle her leaving, not again. I felt it that night, the moment our lips connected. Slowly, each brick I'd placed to protect myself crumbled, one by one. By the time we finished, the wall had completely collapsed, and all I could do at that point was retreat and hide.

I was no match for Tokyo. Running my hand over my curls, I let out a breath when I see the text bubbles appear.

lovergirl666: You been radio silent, everything okay?

My gaze shifts from the phone in my hand to the screen that shows me the cameras around the house. There she is, coffee in hand, sitting cross-legged in nothing but a

sports bra and shorts, her hair in a messy bun above her head. Her fingers absently biting the side of her nail as she stared down at the screen. She looked so at ease, like none of this was weighing on her.

But I don't respond. Instead, I exit the app and use my actual number.

Me: I'm taking Stacy to Heartless. Might not want to wait for me.

I see the surprise in her reaction from the screen. Bringing the phone closer to her face, she scoffs before she begins to type, but then she stops, opting to throw her phone on the ground instead. I wasn't really taking Stacy to the rave. Not only is the rave exclusive—invitation-only—but I just didn't want to deal with her. What I need is to put distance between us. Tokyo and I. Also, I need to figure out what made Tokyo come back after all these years. Why now?

I stare at the screen, noticing the phone illuminate on the ground. She shifts, her body slowly turning to the camera. Her body tenses, shoulders rising like she's bracing for something. "What's got you so spooked, little sister?" I ask quietly, leaning closer to the screen, desperate for a clue. But I get nothing. Her face turns emotionless, her lips thinning into a firm line as she rises to her feet.

She walks over to her phone and heads to the bathroom, disappearing behind the door with the phone pressed to her ear. My mind races. Who is she calling? What game is she playing at? Before I can think too hard, the bell to the shop door chimes, pulling me back to reality. I push out of the desk and walk towards the front. "I need a new tire. Mine keeps catching a flat," the man in front of me says as he pushes back the blonde locks falling in his face, his blue eyes scanning me like he's looking for something specific. It makes me feel uncomfortable. "We don't sell tires. Down the road—Tony's Tire."

He stands there for a moment before a smile curls on his lips, almost too slow, too

deliberate. Without another word, he opens the door stepping outside and walks over to his blue BMW, whistling like some creep. I watch him leave, my skin prickling. Something about him feels wrong, but I can't quite put my finger on it.

I pull into the garage of the house a little after four, of course, after I watch her leave. I wonder where she went—it seems like she left right after receiving some calls. Shutting off the Nissan, my body drags as I step out and head toward the house. My shoulders ache, the weight of exhaustion pressing down on me like gravity.

The smell of her envelopes me the moment I open the door connecting the garage to the house. For a moment, I just stand there, inhaling it. Her. Everything about her comes flooding back with the smell of her perfume—still using the same goddamn body spray that drives me mad. Sweet and sharp, it clings to the air, making it impossible to escape her even when she's not here.

Closing the door behind me, I move down the hall. Her room door is closed, the same as she left it. My hand moves over the handle, hesitation catching me for a second before I slowly turn it. The soft creak of the door feels louder in the silence, but I push forward, stepping inside.

Her scent overwhelms me again, filling my lungs like a drug. I'm not even sure what I'm looking for, but I know my sister. She was never one to put all her cards on the table. Trauma—and her mom—engraved that into her very DNA. Tokyo always thinks about herself before anybody else, and maybe that's what I struggle to understand. From the moment she came into my life, things inside me shifted. I wanted to protect her, love her.

I scoff a little, shaking my head. I guess I did do all those things, but none of it was enough to keep her from running the moment things got too real. I wanted something to hold onto, something to keep. Or maybe I've been looking at it all wrong. Maybe I expected too much.

I wish she would just open up to me, drop the mask for once. Stop with the secrets. There's nothing she could say that would scare me away. I'm already condemned to hell anyway. According to the Bible, I've committed the greatest sin of them all: falling in love with my sister.

Moving closer to the desk, my gaze falls on the Hello Kitty carry-on—the only thing she arrived with. It's propped against the desk like it's waiting for her next escape. Grabbing the pink, shiny suitcase, I lay it on her bed, fingers brushing against the cool surface. Slowly, I unzip it.

Nothing is organized—much like my baby sister. Her clothes are thrown in haphazardly, like she was in a rush to pack. My chest tightens. Why hasn't she unpacked yet? She's been here long enough, wearing some of her old things that stayed behind and whatever she's bought since. But nothing here screams permanence.

My hand brushes over a pink thong, its soft lace catching against my fingertips. Without thinking, I grab it and bring it to my face, inhaling deeply. Her scent hits me, sweet and heady, like a vice tightening around me. I breathe her in, the thin lace crumpling under my nose. It's intoxicating. Dangerous. Before I can stop myself, I shove the panties into my work jeans, my fingers trembling as I zip the suitcase back up.

I put it back exactly where I found it and step out of the room, careful to close the door softly behind me. The weight of her scent still lingers, clinging to my skin and filling my head. It follows me as I head down to my room. My phone vibrates in my pocket, snapping me out of my haze. Pulling it out, I see it's a call from Chino.

I press the green button and hold the phone to my ear.

“Yo, my man, you want in tonight?” he says, his voice rough over the thumping bass

of music and the unmistakable sound of skin slapping.

I scoff, realizing Chino's balls-deep into some chick. "You think you need to be on the phone with a man while you're balls deep in some pussy?"

He laughs at that, grunting between breaths. "Listen, it's five K for tonight. Winner takes all."

"Why so much?"

"Not sure. Some rich boys, part of some DMO sorority or some shit, want in?"

"You know, either way, you got this. And fuck, if you want out—well, I got this," he grunts. "Or Lalo."

I open the door to my room and sit on the edge of the bed, starting to unlace my work boots. "I guess I'm in. No Tokyo, though. Don't offer her any races."

"Bro, she has no car. Why would I?"

A smirk curls on my lips as I end the call. Kicking off my boots, I collapse onto my bed and close my eyes.

But sleep doesn't come. Her scent is still on me, clinging like a brand, a reminder of everything I can't have. My phone vibrates again, Chino's name flashing on the screen. I ignore it, letting the hum fade into the silence.

All I can think about is Tokyo—the suitcase she hasn't unpacked, the calls she's taken, the lies I can see in her eyes but can never prove. She's running again. I just don't know from what—or if this time, she'd take me with her.

### Chapter Fourteen

#### Tokyo

“Y ou know you can talk to me,” Miko says as he sips on his soda. I bring a french fry to my mouth, trying not to give too much thought to Kai’s text. It’s better this way, after all. I asked for one time, and I got it, but I’m selfish, and it’s getting to me.

“I know. I just don’t know what to say that you don’t already know.”

Miko lets out a breath, pushing back his food tray as he leans onto the table. His onyx eyes inspect me, searching for cracks. “I know you, T. Something has you on alert. If you don’t want Kai to help, why not just let me?”

I smile, dipping another fry into the small container of ketchup. “I just can’t. I don’t even know what he wants.”

My best friend tenses at the mention of he . He knows exactly who I’m referring to—the man who has tormented me since I was young enough to fuck and breed. A love that was as toxic as it was consuming. But all those feelings changed after I met Kai.

Not going to lie and say it was love at first sight. I hated my brother. Not because he did anything to me, but because he was his . He was the child he raised, and I was the one he abandoned... the one he let go. But the longer I spent around him and Oscar, the more I realized I was grateful to be raised by Riz.

Oscar was a violent, drunk creep. Given the cuts on Kai's body and his protectiveness over me, I pieced together that he probably had an even shittier childhood with him than I did with my mom.

"What is he forcing you to do now?" Miko interrupts my thoughts. I leave the french fry standing up straight in the container before sagging into my seat.

"I have no clue. I don't even know how he found me."

At that, Miko gives me an incredulous look.

"It doesn't take rocket science to figure out you'd return back home. Does he know about Kai?"

My stomach churns, and I swallow the lump rising in my throat. My hand moves to my neck, slowly massaging the area. On the table, my phone goes off—a message alert. From the corner of my eye, I see it. Unknown. My stomach tightens.

"Are you going to Heartless tonight?" I ask, trying to distract myself from the message and focus on Miko. He's the only real friend I've had since coming to Cin City, my kindred spirit. Our connection happened quick and easy—we just meshed together. Since that day, he's become more than a friend. He's the keeper of my secrets.

"Of course. Everybody is going to be there."

Thump. Thump.

I was excited about it, but the more I think about it, the more something about it just doesn't sit well with me. Something feels off—I just can't put my finger on it. Which is why I have to do this.

My phone vibrates again, and this time it's a location. Close by. Clearing my throat, I reach for my phone and place it in my jean jacket pocket. "Then I guess I'll see you tonight."

Miko cocks his head to the side, his eyebrows pulling together. "You're leaving? You don't have a ride. Where are you going?"

"Stop asking so many questions. See you tonight."

Miko shakes his head, disappointment—possibly fear—written all over his face as I bend down, placing a kiss on his cheek.

"I'll be okay."

"I'm worried about you, T."

My thumb caresses his cheek, the stubs of his hair slightly pricking my skin, but it doesn't bother me. "Don't be. Pick me up tonight, yeah?"

To which he nods. "Time?"

"I'd say nine."

"I'll be there."

I smile before letting my hand fall. Rising to my feet, I walk out of the pizza place and onto the street. The wind bites at my skin, but I barely notice it. My phone buzzes again in my pocket, and I know it's another message from the unknown number. Impatient fuck. My fingers curl into fists at my sides as I quicken my pace. Heartless is tonight. Whatever happens there, I have to be ready.



I walk to the alley and open the door to his car, slipping inside. The familiar chill of his presence makes the space feel smaller.

“Beautiful as always,” he purrs, his voice laced with sarcasm. His hand moves to touch my face, and I back away from his touch as if it would burn my skin. The asshole smiles.

“I told you to be a good girl, that you wouldn’t want to upset me.”

And he’s right. I wouldn’t—not when the asshole has the money to make people pay for his tantrums.

“What do you want?”

“I was just in town. Wanted to see you. Is that so hard to believe? That I miss the girl I’ve loved since I was a boy.”

I snicker, unable to hold it back. “You don’t love me or anyone that’s not you. Or DMO.”

His hand moves to the side of my neck, and I tense. “I need you to do good tonight. Really good.”

My stomach turns. “You’re going to be at the rave?” My eyebrows furrow as I look at him, his blue eyes cold and full of anger. “What are you planning?”

“Who do you think sponsors ‘The Wicked Raves’?” he says, motioning to me, his index finger moving up and down like I’m on display. “Who do you think invited you?” He brings two fingers up, pausing for effect. “You either buy your ticket in as one of the Cupids, or you’re invited.” Cupping my chin tightly, he leans in. “Now tell me, Princess, who do you think invited you?”

“So, you followed me here.” The grin on his face is enough to make my blood run cold as I realize his intentions. “Fuck, Alec. Why can’t you just let me go?”

Alec’s nails dig into my skin, his grip tightening. “I will—after you do something for me. But first, I need to see if I can trust you. Can I trust you, my little venomous snake?”

I pull away from his touch, giving him a glare sharp enough to cut. “Fuck you,” I spit. His words feel like a trap, coiling around me no matter how hard I try to shake them off. “What do I need to do for you so you will leave me alone?” I demand, trying to keep my voice steady despite the storm building inside me.

“You’ll find out soon enough. You can go.” He waves me off dismissively, his hand flicking through the air like I’m nothing more than an afterthought.

Quickly, my hand moves to the door. I open it, step out, and slam it shut with more force than I intended. Alec rolls down the window, his grin cutting through the dim light.

“And, Tokyo... make sure you stay alive tonight,” he says.

Before I can question him any further, he drives off. I watch his car disappear down the alleyway. The sun is beginning to set, and I wonder if Kai is home. Crossing my arms over my chest, I begin to walk, my gaze focused on my combat boots scuffing against the pavement. It’s cold out, and I really wish I had my car, but I left it behind with CJ. Fuck. My recent ex has been MIA, now I wonder if Alec found him. My guess would be that he did. I let out a sigh, at least I don’t have to worry about CJ now, but Alec is so much worse. “Fuck,” I mutter. How stupid am I, running back home.

I thought I was safe here.

Bringing my gaze to the sky, I realize what a terrible mistake it was to come back home.

### Chapter Fifteen

Kai

I listen to Tokyo hum softly as she gets ready in her room, the faint clinking of makeup brushes against a glass jar filling the quiet. My phone buzzes on the nightstand, breaking the moment. Rolling over, I grab it and squint at the screen. Missed calls from the guys and Stacy. One notification catches my eye—a message from Lovergirl666.

A grin spreads across my face as I slide the notification to the side, opening the app. It's a selfie.

She's dressed in a white mesh bodysuit corset, shimmery pink butterflies scattered like constellations over her skin. Her long hair is styled in perfect space buns, adorned with matching pink butterflies that sparkle under the light. Her white-winged eyeliner highlights the shimmer dusting her eyelids, the bridge of her nose, and the curve of her cupid's bow. She looks like magic personified.

Lovergirl666: Heartless tonight ;)

I glance at the clock—8:57 p.m.. Shit. Almost nine. Scrambling out of bed, I drop my phone, cursing under my breath. Before I can pick it up, faint footsteps approach my door, followed by a soft knock.

“Kai?”

My hand hovers over the doorknob as I glance down at myself—still dressed in yesterday’s work clothes. Deciding not to overthink it, I pull the door open.

The picture didn’t do her justice. She’s utterly breathtaking. The white of her bodysuit contrasts against her light brown skin, every pink butterfly shimmering like stardust under the hallway light. White fishnets wrap her legs, leading to fluffy white boots that complete the look. More pink glitter covers her exposed skin, trailing along the edges of her thong.

Her brown eyes, warm and rich like melted chocolate, catch mine, holding them for a beat before she speaks. “Are you still going to Heartless?”

I nod, leaning against the doorframe. “I got a race first. I’ll meet you there.”

She smiles, small but warm. “Okay, well, I’m about to head out with Miko. He should be here any minute now.”

“Sounds good. I’ll text you when I’m around.”

“Okay.” She turns to leave, but I call out before she gets too far.

“Hey, Trouble?”

She glances back, her eyes catching the light, glowing softly with a subtle hint of pink glitter dusted across her lids.

“You look magical. Fucking perfect. Be safe.”

Her cheeks tint pink under the shimmer as she gives me a timid smile and a small wave. I don’t watch her leave; instead, I shut the door and head to the bathroom. Stripping down, I step into the shower, letting the hot water wash away the day and

the image of her smile, though it clings stubbornly to the edges of my thoughts.

The drive to Eden Valley is a blur of dark desert roads and the hum of my car's engine. The faint glow of neon grows stronger as I get closer, pulsing like a heartbeat in the distance. By the time I pull into the meet-up spot, the air is electric with anticipation. A dome rises out of the desert like something from a dream—pink and red neon spilling across the barren landscape. Android bots designed to look like cute and seductive cupids dance around it, shooting arrows in choreographed waves toward the glowing structure. Each arrow lights up the sky, giving the illusion they're aimed at the crowd, and every time the beat drops, the crowd roars.

The techno music blasting from the dome echoes through the valley, heavy bass lines vibrating in my chest. The rave is already in full swing, its chaotic energy spilling over into the starting line.

But I'm not here for that. I'm here for one reason only, and that's for her.

The crowd at the starting line is just as alive as the rave. Neon lights flicker on rows of modified cars, and the smell of gasoline and burning rubber hangs heavy in the air. People mill around, shouting bets, throwing cash, and hyping up the racers. I pull up next to Chino, who's leaning against his car with no shirt, his inked chest on full display. His goggles sit on his shaved head, and he's rocking baggy jeans with a teddy crop jacket. Beside him, Lalo is smoking, dressed in a see-through black shirt, baggy cargo pants, and an arsenal of alternative jewelry chains hanging off his neck and wrists.

"Damn, you guys clean up nice," I say as I step out of my car, the cold desert air biting at my skin. My black long-sleeve shirt clings to me, ribs exposing flashes of skin. The gun holster slung across my chest is more for show than utility, but it works with the black cargo pants that sit low on my hips, showing off my v-cuts. The silver studs and chains on my belt catch the light, and my black circle shades complete the

look.

“Where’s Tokyo?” Lalo asks, looking around.

I shrug, scanning the crowd. I don’t see her. Not yet. For a moment, my gaze drifts to the dome and the cupid bots. Their mechanical movements are hypnotic, each arrow lighting up the air like streaks of fire. When the beat drops, they blow kisses to the crowd, sending more arrows flying. The crowd cheers, lost in the spectacle.

The races begin, engines roaring as some unknown white boys line up with Beto and his gang.

“I thought we were racing tonight?” I ask, my irritation bleeding into my voice.

Chino taps my shoulder, squeezing it. “You know the Cobras—they needed in. We’re sitting this one out.”

“That’s bullshit.”

Lalo nods, taking a drag from his cigarette. “But you know how the streets are,” he says, exhaling smoke.

I sigh, knowing they’re right. “No Stacy?”

I shake my head and reach into my cargo pocket, pulling out a tube with a pre-rolled joint. Bringing it to my lips, Lalo steps forward, flicking his Zippo to light it. I take a long pull, the burn settling into my lungs as I exhale slowly.

“Those assholes are ruining tonight for us,” Chino grumbles, watching the red Challenger line up with a decked-out Mitsubishi Eclipse. “I thought I’d walk out of here with five stacks in my pocket.”

I glance toward the crowd again, and from the corner of my eye, I catch a familiar shape. A movement. A silhouette I know too well. Tokyo. Her figure is unmistakable, even in the chaos. She's arguing with someone—a figure in a creepy porcelain doll mask, their body cloaked in shadows. My chest tightens.

Taking another pull from the joint, I absentmindedly pass it to Lalo, my focus locked on her. "I'll be back," I mutter to the guys, pulling my phone from my pocket. My feet move without thinking, heading toward her as she shoves the masked figure back, anger etched in every line of her body. Before I can reach her, she storms off into the crowd, vanishing in the sea of bodies.

My eyes dart across the crowd, searching for her. The pounding bass, flashing lights, and shifting shapes blur together, but then I spot her—standing by Miko's Honda.

"Tokyo!" I shout over the music, pushing through the crowd toward her. She's standing still, her shoulders tense, and as I approach, she slowly turns to face me. Her lips curve into a smile, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

"I'm all good," she says, her voice light, almost too casual. "You clean up nice."

"Tokyo, who was that?" I get straight to the point, but she waves me off with a scoff.

"Who was what?"

I step closer, my voice low. "Tokyo, don't play with me."

She rolls her eyes. "Jeez, it's a fucking rave. Have some fun, Kai," she says, brushing past me.

I watch as she opens the back door of Miko's car and pulls out a silver metal bat. She twirls it once, the grin on her face sharp and dangerous.



“What the fuck? Bringing a bat to a rave?” I ask, my tone sharper than I intended.

She shrugs, still twirling the bat as if it’s nothing. “Call it security.”

I step forward, pressing her body against the car, my hands shooting out to rest on the cool metal on each side of her head. Her body flushes against mine, and my voice comes low, rough, the words leaving no room for argument.

“No one will touch you if I’m around. I’m all the security you need.”

She tilts her chin up, her brown eyes narrowing slightly. “Where’s Stacy?”

“It doesn’t matter where she is. You are my sister. My baby.”

“Kai...”

Her voice falters, softening, and for a moment, it’s just the two of us. We stare into each other’s eyes, caught in something unspoken, something heavy that lingers in the space between us. Her perfume is intoxicating, sweet and sharp, and the tension feels like it could snap at any second.

The sudden screech of tires tears through the air, shattering the moment. Engines roar as the race begins, and she playfully pushes me away.

“Let’s go have fun. Loosen up,” she says, a teasing smile tugging at her lips.

I let out a breath I didn’t even realize I was holding, but the knot in my chest doesn’t ease. As she starts to walk away, I reach out, grabbing her wrist. The softness of her skin under my fingers is a stark contrast to the frustration boiling inside me.

I pull her back toward me, my grip firm. “You stay with me all night,” I order, the

words heavy with something I can't quite name.

She doesn't fight it. Her feet fall into step with mine as I guide her back to the guys. The closer we get, the harder my chest tightens. Lalo's whistle cuts through the chaos, his gaze locking on Tokyo, and I know exactly what's going through his head. It always is.

"Damn, mamas," Chino says, his grin wide and lazy. "You look better and sexier every time I see you."

Tokyo doesn't miss a beat. "Funny, you look thirstier and more desperate." Her bite is sharp, her words quick, and I can't help the laugh that escapes me.

Fireworks erupt overhead.

pop. pop. pop.

Hearts burst in the dark sky, illuminating the dome in a wash of pink and red. The crowd cheers, their voices rising in unison as the robot inside the dome takes center stage.

The cupid-like android moves with eerie precision, mechanical yet disturbingly human. She blows a kiss, her body twisting seductively before she draws back an arrow and fires into the air. Her blonde waves cascade over her naked form, the small angel wings on her back glinting in the light. Her voice, amplified and sultry, rings out over the chaos.

"Welcome to Heartless. Leave your heart at the door."

Her hand plunges into her chest, and with a wet, tearing sound, she rips out a glowing, pulsating heart. The crowd screams in delight and horror, the line between

the two blurring under the dome's neon glow.

“Yo, WHAT THE FUCK? THAT’S CRAZY!” Chino shouts, his voice almost lost in the cheers and pounding music.

Beside me, Lalo is already recording, his phone tilted upward to capture every second. The cupid android continues to dance, her movements smooth and seductive, as a hidden section of the dome hisses open. A new energy surges through the crowd, everyone jostling to be first in line.

“NO phones. NO rules. NO mercy,” the sign above the entrance flashes, the words a challenge as much as a promise. The roar of the crowd grows louder as they head to the entrance.

I glance down at Tokyo, her body still pressed into my side. She’s tense, her shoulders tight, and when I look closer, I see her hand tightening around the handle of the bat.

“You good?”

She nods, but her jaw is set, and I don’t miss the flicker of something dark in her eyes. Her grip on the bat doesn’t loosen.

And neither does mine on her.

### Chapter Sixteen

#### Tokyo

The crowd continues to dance and cheer, so fucking happy to be here. But I remain on alert. I thought tonight would be fun—being invited to the exclusive Heartless rave felt like a golden ticket. Yet something's off.

“Suicide” by Mascarpone blares through the night sky, the heavy bass rattling through my chest. Kai holds me close, his eyes locked on the naked android bots dancing outside the dome. They move with an unnatural grace, their mechanical limbs shimmering under the neon lights. My grip tightens on the bat, fingers digging into the handle as one of the androids pulls back an arrow and fires. The arrow strikes the ground with a hiss, and a burst of pink and red smoke explodes around us.

“Yo, what the fuck?” some dude yells beside us.

“SO FUCKING COOL!” his friend shouts, chugging his beer.

The entrance looms ahead, dark and shrouded in pink smoke. Masked figures sit on either side, dressed in black cloaks and wearing porcelain doll masks. They hold clear containers, collecting phones from every guest. The sight sends a chill down my spine, and the hairs on my skin stand tall as we get closer. The smoke clings to my lungs, its sweetness almost sickly. Something about those masks—so still, so blank—makes my stomach churn.

“You sure you're okay? You're hella tense, Trouble,” Kai whispers into my ear. His

voice is soft, warm, but it does little to ease the knot in my stomach. I glance up at him, my mouth opening to respond, but the words die on my tongue. I've done enough damage.

We reach the entrance, and one of the masked figures steps forward. His voice, distorted and inhuman, echoes through the night.

“NO phones. NO rules. NO mercy.”

Kai stiffens beside me, his hand slipping into his pocket to retrieve his phone. His movements are deliberate and tense as he tosses it into the container without a word.

“Phone, pretty lady,” the masked figure says, turning to me.

I look up at him, a small smirk tugging at my lips. “I don't have one,” I reply honestly. I wasn't dumb enough to bring it. I knew this would happen—I wasn't about to risk it getting lost, stolen, or destroyed. My eyes drift over the masked figures, a cold question settling in my mind. Which one of these assholes is he?

Once we've all dropped our phones into the clear bins, the masked figures step aside, allowing us in.

“Ayo, Tokyo, wait up!” Miko's voice cuts through the music behind me. I glance over my shoulder and see him jogging toward us, a smile plastered on his face.

“Hurry up!” I shout back over the pulsing bass, pulling away from Kai.

His hand moves to my hip, firm and grounding. “Don't go too far.”

I look up at him, meeting his dark eyes. “I'll be right behind you.”

Miko reaches the bins and drops his phone in, his grin never faltering. As he approaches me, his hands sink into the pockets of his neon green puffer jacket. I extend my free hand to him.

“Stay close.”

He takes my hand, giving it a little squeeze. His touch is warm, steady, and for a moment, it feels like everything might be okay.

Kai remains in the same spot with Lalo and Chino, all three scanning the inside of the dome. And it's truly unreal. The dome encloses around us, trapping us inside. There's so much room despite the mass of people, and every corner is filled with attractions. We move in awe, stepping deeper into the dome. The graphics are like we've entered an ethereal forest—naked androids lie across the screens, fucking in slow, deliberate movements. It's like a twisted Adam and Eve show on full display for us. Then there's the blonde naked cupid, her bow poised, her mechanical gaze scanning the crowd.

The only light comes from the dome's shifting graphics, casting pink and red hues over everything. Shadows stretch unnaturally across the ground, flickering with each pulse of light. The air feels heavier, almost claustrophobic, like the dome itself is alive and watching.

Miko releases my hand just as Kai's calloused, large hand clasps mine. “This is insane,” he mutters over the techno music blasting.

“Right... so fucking wicked.”

“Right. Stay by me,” he says, lifting our joined hands.

“Where else would I go?”

The deeper we move into the venue, the attractions come into view. To the right is the Lover's Maze, shrouded in smoke and lights. To the left, a grotesque heart-shaped chamber looms. Its surface is slick with what I hope is red paint, dripping slowly down the pulsating organ. The largest vessel stretches upward, almost touching the dome's ceiling. A faint, wet squelch echoes every time the "paint" bursts from the top, spraying the crowd below.

"That's some freaky shit. Rich people sure know how to party," Chino shouts over the music, fist-pumping as he slips into the crowd, heading toward the stage.

And fuck, is the stage phenomenal. It's like a Greek podium, blood leaking from faucets at its base. Naked women with long hair and wings dance in cages above the DJ booth. Beyond the stage, arena-style seats rise into the shadows. People in white cloaks with golden linings sit silently, their porcelain doll masks gleaming. But these masks are gilded, their design more intricate, their expressions eerily calm. They look down at us like cattle, and my stomach tightens.

Lalo moves closer. "Yo, I'ma find where the fuck I can get a drink. Coming?"

Kai nods, his grip on my hand tightening as we navigate through the crowd. I glance back for Miko, but he's gone. The knot in my stomach tightens. He wouldn't just disappear like this. Would he? My grip on the bat tightens instinctively as we move toward the end of the dome, closer to the maze.

We stumble into Cupid Pub, where the smoke is thicker and the music louder. The air feels suffocating, and the flashing lights disorient me. A chilling scream cuts through the noise, sharp and raw. It's the kind of scream that makes your blood run cold, primal and real. It bursts from the maze but is quickly overpowered by the sound of the android on the screen.

Her fists pound against the glass, her expression twisted in agony as another android

fucks her from behind. The blonde cupid appears behind them, drawing her bow. The arrow pierces through them both, and in a dazzling 3D effect, it shoots out toward the crowd. It slams into the screen, shattering it with a spray of blood that splatters everywhere. The sound of cracking glass echoes like a gunshot.

And then, everything goes dark. The music stops.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The organ begins to beat, faint at first but growing louder, echoing through the sudden silence. The soft glow of red becomes vivid, casting the room in bloody hues as the organ pulsates like a living thing. The beat picks back up, syncing perfectly with the heart's rhythm.

Another scream pierces the air, sharp and raw, making me stumble back into Kai. My breath catches, my eyes darting to Lalo, who stands still, his smirk now unsettling under the red light. He's completely enthralled by the spectacle, his eyes gleaming with something darker.

Kai's hand moves to my hip, grounding me, and I look up at him. He gives me a small smile, and I return it automatically, but in the corner of my eye, I catch Lalo's gaze. His smirk falters, his expression darkens, and for a moment, his lip curls—disgust? Hate? Then he turns away, ordering drinks like nothing happened.

I shake it off. I have to be tripping. There's no way Lalo would look at us like that. He's Kai's best friend. They're like brothers.

But the voice in my head whispers otherwise. Yeah, and he also used to be madly in love with you.

I ignore it. There's no way he would still hold a grudge on me.... he never knew about



what happened between us. That was our secret Kai's and I.

Lalo returns with drinks, handing Kai a beer. "Here you go."

He turns to me, holding out a glittery pink drink. "T, something fruity."

"Thank you," I shout over the music, bringing the drink to my lips. The taste of whiskey, cranberry juice, and grenadine floods my mouth. For the first time tonight, I let myself loosen up, sinking into Kai's warmth as the beat vibrates through my chest.

"You good?"

"Yeah." I nod, though my eyes drift toward the maze near the bar.

"Wanna check it out?" Lalo asks suddenly, his tone casual, but there's something in his eyes that makes my stomach twist.

Kai follows my gaze, but before he can answer, Lalo grabs my hand. His grip is firm, almost commanding, and the warmth of his touch sends a faint shiver down my spine.

"Let's go dance, T."

I hesitate, glancing back at Kai, who stiffens, his jaw tightening as he takes a long sip of his beer.

"It's just a dance."

He's right. I've danced with Lalo before, and I'm sure his teenage crush is long gone, but still—something gnaws at me. I saw the look of rage in his eyes. Reluctantly, I let him pull me toward the dance floor. The crowd swallows us, the lights pulsing overhead as the bass drops, drowning out my second thoughts.

“You look beautiful as always,” Lalo murmurs, his voice warm and low, brushing against my ear.

“Thank you. So do you.”

“So you think I’m beautiful?” I can hear the smile in his voice. The room is still dark, the androids continuing their mechanical fucking on the dome screen, but now the sky above is void except for the slow, rhythmic beating of the glowing heart.

“It’s good to have you back,” he says, his tone softer now.

“It’s nice to be back.” I take another sip of the fruity cocktail. “This shit is good.”

Lalo shrugs, sipping his beer. “The bartender said it’s Cupid’s Love Potion. Popular drink—also on the house.”

I pause mid-sip, debating whether I should drink more, but the warm buzz from the alcohol already has its hold on me. “On the house?”

Lalo tilts his head to the side, the dim red light casting shadows across his face, making his features appear sharp and almost sinister. His black hair falls over his forehead, but he brushes it back as his gaze locks on mine.

“Yeah, they offer free drinks. Relax, T.”

“But—“

“No buts, woman.” His voice is firm but playful as he steps closer. “Relax. Dance. C’mon.”

Letting out a shaky breath, I slowly start to move my feet, finding the rhythm as a

familiar warmth begins to creep through my veins. I raise my cup, holding my drink in one hand and keeping Lalo at arm's length with the other as we sway to the music. Despite the low lights, I feel his eyes on me, sharp and intense, but I also know Kai is watching. It feels like a pissing battle, one I want no part of.

Lalo's hands move up my arm, his touch lingering as he spins me around. My back presses against his chest, and from this angle, I see Kai across the room. His eyes are locked on us, his hand gripping the bat I let him hold, his knuckles white.

"Let go, T. Enjoy the night," Lalo whispers, his breath hot against my neck.

Our bodies move together, the music vibrating through me. My free arm lifts above my head, my hips swaying in time with the beat, but the heat inside me suddenly intensifies. It spreads from my stomach to my limbs, slow and deliberate, like molten lava, filling every nerve with an unnatural buzz. My thoughts grow hazy, the edges of the world softening as the bass pulses louder.

"What the fuck..." I mutter, but the words barely make it past my lips. My drink slips from my hand, shattering at our feet.

"Look at your big brother, T," Lalo whispers, his voice tinged with lust? Mockery?  
"Dance for him."

The warmth grows hotter, my skin prickling with an unnatural buzz. I try to speak, but my tongue feels heavy, useless. My body sways without thought, without control. Across the room, I see blonde curls emerge from the shadows near the maze. Stacy.

She moves like she owns the place, her red leather bodysuit clinging to her curves, knee-high black platform boots catching the dim light. Her devil horns flash in time with the music as she makes her way toward Kai, her every step calculated.

I try to pull away from Lalo, but his grip tightens. His fingers dig into my skin, his tone dropping into a low growl.

“Dance, T,” he commands. “Let them have their fun.”

My heart races as heat floods my cheeks. “What did—“ I try to ask, but my tongue feels heavier. My head falls back against Lalo’s chest, and I feel him press a kiss to my temple.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, beautiful.”

I smile faintly, the words registering in some distant, foggy corner of my mind. Valentine’s Day. Right. I forgot.

“Kai,” I breathe out as I keep moving, my body pressing harder into Lalo’s. His body feels rigid against mine, the heat between us impossible to ignore.

But all I can do is feel. Sway.

My knees feel weak, my limbs too heavy to fight back. My heart races as Stacy stops in front of Kai. Her eyes lock onto his, and his posture shifts, his body relaxing unnaturally as her hand presses against his chest. Her smile is sharp, predatory, and I see the moment his grip on the bat falters.

“You’re okay, T,” Lalo murmurs, his hand sliding up my neck, fingers grazing my jaw. “You’re just... feeling it. Let go.”

I want to scream, to shove him away, but the warmth burns hotter, dulling my thoughts, making everything else seem so far away.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I see Miko.

He's standing near the Cupid Pub, his neon green jacket glowing faintly under the red light. A drink is in his hand, his grin wide and unsettling while raising his glass in a mock toast.

My stomach churns, the warmth inside me twisting into something sharper, colder. What did you do?

The organ's beating grows louder, faster, erratic. The lights flash once, twice, then go completely dark.

And then the first scream tears through the air.

### Chapter Seventeen

Kai

“Why don’t you talk to me anymore?” Stacy pouts, stepping in front of me and blocking my view of Tokyo. I lean the bat against the wooden bar before releasing my grip on it.

Why the fuck is she dancing on him like that? And why the fuck is Lalo touching her like that? He’s like a brother to me, so I know him well enough to know he’s trying it. The asshole is really trying to spit game, and Tokyo isn’t pushing him away fast enough. My stomach churns, heat bubbling in my chest.

“Stacy, not now,” I snap, trying to step around her, but she moves to block me, her pout shifting into a glare.

“What is your deal, Kai? Ever since that bitch—“

I don’t think. My hand shoots out, wrapping around her neck—not tight, but enough to make her freeze. Her breath hitches as I lean in, my voice low and sharp.

“Call my sister a bitch again.”

Her lips tremble, but the fire in her eyes doesn’t waver. “And what?” she spits, yanking herself free. “Look at you. She’s changed you.”

Her words hit harder than I expected, and for a moment, I don’t know what to say.

My grip loosens, and she steps back, her big blue eyes glistening—not just with anger, but something else. Hurt .

“You used to be an asshole, sure,” she continues, her voice cracking, “but at least you never put your hands on me.”

The air between us feels heavy, thick with unspoken words. I open my mouth to respond, but before I can, another scream cuts through the music. This one’s louder, rawer, and it sends a chill up my spine. Smoke billows into the air, and the beat drops, shaking the ground beneath us.

“Stacy, wait!” I call as she turns on her heel and stalks toward the maze. My voice barely carries over the music, and I hesitate, torn between going after her and finding Tokyo.

The screams come again, closer this time. My chest tightens as I push through the crowd, the strobe lights and smoke disorienting me. Stacy’s silhouette disappears into the maze, swallowed by the darkness.

The maze swallows me whole. Smoke and strobe lights flicker erratically through the dark, casting fractured reflections on mirrored walls smeared with streaks of glowing paint. The smell of copper hangs thick in the air, sharp and metallic, mixing with the acrid bite of the smoke. It coats the back of my throat as I call out again.

“STACY!” My voice echoes off the mirrored surfaces, warping into distorted whispers that bounce back at me. “Stacy!”

No response. Just the pulsing red glow of the dome’s beating heart, casting eerie shadows that seem to move on their own.

Then, I hear it—a scream that cuts through the haze like a blade. Not the high-pitched

wail of a woman, but a deep, guttural roar. Raw. Agonizing. My heart thunders in my chest, the sound so visceral it feels like it's right behind me.

I press forward, deeper into the maze, my hands brushing against the cool, slick walls as I try to navigate through the disorienting smoke. A sudden rush of wind whips past me, too fast and precise to be natural. My breath catches, and I freeze, my eyes darting around wildly.

And then I see it.

A glowing neon heart tip—a fucking arrow—embedded in a nearby wall. The sharp point is slick with something dark, and it drips slowly onto the ground. My stomach twists as I step closer, the red glow illuminating the smudged mirrors around me.

“Shit,” I mutter, picking up my pace. My boots skid on something slick, nearly sending me sprawling. I glance down, squinting in the dim light. A puddle spreads across the floor, thick and viscous. Blood. My pulse races as I back away, the coppery stench burning in my nose.

Another scream erupts, this one high-pitched and frantic, coming from my left. I whip around just in time to see a woman clawing at her neck, her eyes wide with panic. An arrow protrudes from her back, glowing faintly as if mocking her. She stumbles forward, disoriented, and crashes into a mirror. Glass shatters around her as she collapses to the floor in a lifeless heap.

“What the fuck...” The words tumble out of me, barely audible over the music that's still pounding in the background. My legs move instinctively, carrying me backward as smoke swirls thicker, the air growing hotter and heavier.

The warmth floods me, creeping under my skin, making my thoughts feel hazy and disconnected. My reflection stares back at me from every angle, distorted and



multiplied in the mirrors. The sight makes my head spin. I lean against one of the mirrored walls, pressing my forehead against the cool surface to steady myself.

A scream rips through the air again, sharper this time, followed by muffled commotion. I push off the mirror and stumble forward, following the sound. The strobes disorient me, flashing in bursts that make it impossible to tell what's real and what's not.

A crowd of ravers have gathered in a small clearing of the maze, their faces lit with the pulsing red glow of the dome. They're cheering, their voices rising over the chaos as they watch a masked Cupid stride toward them, its golden bow raised. The figure moves with eerie precision, the reflection of its porcelain mask gleaming in the fractured mirrors.

The music cuts out, leaving only the heavy thud of the dome heart and the gasps of the crowd.

“Welcome to fucking Heartless!” a distorted voice booms from unseen speakers. “NO RULES. NO MERCY. GET READY TO TEAR YOUR HEARTS OUT.”

The masked cupid raises its bow, and the crowd erupts in cheers again, thinking it's some twisted performance. But then the arrows fly.

The first hits a man square in the chest, and his laughter morphs into a choking scream. His veins darken, bulging grotesquely under his skin as the arrow tip glows brighter. Blood sprays from his mouth as he collapses to his knees, his body convulsing before falling limp.

For a heartbeat, the crowd stands frozen, unsure if what they're seeing is real. Then the next arrow strikes, piercing a girl's throat. Her body jerks violently, a gurgling noise escaping her lips as blood pours down her chest.

Chaos erupts.

The music slams back to life, the bass syncing perfectly with the beating heart overhead. The masked figure fires again, its neon arrow raining down indiscriminately. Screams fill the maze, blending with the music in a macabre symphony. People push and shove, clawing at each other in desperation to escape, but the maze shifts, the walls narrowing and trapping them.

My chest tightens as I watch the carnage unfold. Blood spatters across the mirrored walls, dripping in crimson streaks. The once-cheering ravers now writhe on the ground, their bodies twisted and broken.

“Stacy!” I shout, but my voice is drowned out by the chaos. My legs feel heavy, my thoughts muddled by the heat crawling under my skin. My hand moves instinctively to the nearest wall, my reflection staring back at me with wide, panicked eyes.

I hear a laugh—a low, chilling sound—and whip around to see the masked figure reloading its bow. My breath catches as its blank mask tilts in my direction.

And then, it fires.

### Chapter Eighteen

#### Tokyo

My feet have almost crossed the threshold when I'm yanked backward into solid muscle, the familiar scent of weed and car oil wrapping around me like a protective shield.

"Kai."

"Shh, Trouble." Kai whispers as he pulls me into a hug, his arms tight and grounding. His hand brushes my arm—sticky, warm. Blood. I don't dare look. I can't. "La—" I try to speak, but the words catch in my throat. Kai doesn't let me finish, steering me out of the maze with deliberate urgency.

Unlike the twisting horror of the maze, the rave outside the maze looks deceptively normal. But it isn't. The dome pulses with an eerie red glow, casting the crowd in a wash of gore-soaked light. Streams of crimson drip from overhead, clinging to skin and clothes, pooling at their feet. The music pounds relentlessly, the bass line syncing with the frantic beat of my heart.

"What the fuck?" I mutter, stumbling out of Kai's arms. My head spins, the acrid, metallic scent of blood cutting through the haze in my mind. Am I tripping? My trembling hands rise to my face, smearing streaks of red across my cheeks as I bump into a group of party goers. Their laughter grates against my ears, too loud, too carefree, too... wrong.

Kai's gaze burns into me, sharp and questioning, as if he's trying to make sense of the same nightmare.

"Tokyo, loca, where you been?" Miko's voice cuts through the chaos, familiar yet somehow wrong in this moment. Slowly, I turn, meeting his gaze as he saunters toward me. A smug grin spreads across his face, and a woman clings to his arm. She's dressed in a white bra and booty shorts, angel wings perched on her back. Both of them are drenched in red, their movements too casual, too at ease amidst the chaos.

I don't answer. My bloodstained hands tremble as I bring them closer to my face. The sharp, metallic tang hits me again, and I know—it's real. This isn't paint. It's blood.

My eyes lift to the dome. Galaxies of shooting hearts spiral overhead, their neon trails casting faint shadows over the carnage below. At the center, the Cupid belly dances, her naked body curling and twisting like a snake, her movements unnervingly fluid. Her porcelain mask glints under the red light, and for a moment, it feels like her eyes are fixed on me.

"Fuck this," I mutter under my breath, stepping back from Miko's touch.

"Tokyo, you cool?" His voice is closer now, his hands gripping my arms. His fingers are so cold, they send a shiver through me.

I flinch, yanking myself free, and shove past him. My feet drag toward a cloaked figure standing at the edge of the crowd. The porcelain mask covering his face is cracked along one side, exposing a fragment of blue eye. My heart clenches, and my stomach twists. I know that eye. I know him.

My thoughts scream at me to stop, to turn back, but my body moves on instinct. I shove through the crowd, each step pulling me closer to him.

“TOKYO!” Kai’s voice rings out, sharp and desperate, cutting through the music like a blade. I hesitate, my heart hammering, but I don’t look back. My focus locks on the cloaked figure, on Alec.

Just as I cross the threshold into the heart chamber, a gloved hand clamps over my mouth, pulling me back into the shadows. The force is strong enough to make my knees buckle.

“Be a good girl,” Alec murmurs against my ear, his voice smooth, almost mocking. The warmth of his breath sends a shiver racing down my spine. “And you and your big brother walk out of here alive.”

My heart pounds violently against my ribs as I nod, the pressure of his hand suffocating. Slowly, he releases me, stepping back just enough to meet my gaze. His blue eye glints through the cracked mask, cold and calculated, a predator assessing his prey.

“I need you to do something for me,” he says, his tone almost casual, as if we were discussing the weather. But the weight of his words presses down on me like a vice. “A little trip.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I manage to whisper, though my voice wavers.

“Cedarvale,” he replies, tilting his head slightly as if daring me to argue.

I shake my head, confusion twisting my thoughts. “Your hometown? Why?”

His smile turns sharper, more menacing. “I need you to keep an eye on someone,” he says, his tone darkening. “But if you don’t agree, I’ll end him.” He gestures vaguely behind him, toward where Kai’s voice had come from moments ago. “Right here and

right now.”

My stomach drops. His words are ice in my veins.

Alec steps closer, his gloved hand gripping my chin with bruising force. “Say you’ll do it.”

I wrench my face away, “Fuck you.”

His lips curl into a chilling smile. “As you wish.”

He steps back, and smoke begins to fill the chamber, curling up from the floor and obscuring everything in a thick, cloying haze. The giant artery suspended above us begins to throb, its beat syncing with the music, louder and louder, until it feels like the whole chamber is alive.

“TOKYO!” Kai’s voice cuts through the chaos, sharp and urgent. I stumble toward the sound, my heart pounding in my chest. Through the smoke, I see his figure moving into the left chamber. Without thinking, I push past the swirling haze and wrap my arms around his waist from behind, clinging to him like an anchor.

He stiffens for a moment before his body relaxes, recognizing my touch. His hand moves instinctively to cover mine, his grip firm and grounding. But the brief moment of calm shatters as a scream rips through the air, sharper and more chilling than the others.

A girl falls from above, her body hitting the ground with a sickening thud. Even over the relentless music, I hear the crunch of bone, the dull sound of her collapse reverberating through the chamber. She lies sprawled in the center of the heart, a glowing pink arrow lodged in her chest. Blood pools around her, dark and glistening, spilling from her mouth and staining her blonde hair a deep crimson.

Kai pulls me closer, his voice trembling with urgency. “We have to get out of here, Tokyo.”

He turns, bending slightly as he grabs my hand, his eyes darting around the chamber. “Do you know where Lalo is?”

I bite back the sob rising in my throat, the words like shards of glass cutting their way out. Slowly, I pull my hand from his and cup his face, forcing him to look at me. My voice cracks. “He’s gone. An arrow.”

Kai’s eyes widen, disbelief and pain flashing across his face. He shakes his head as if refusing to let the truth settle. “No. When?”

“At the maze,” I whisper, my voice breaking as I press my forehead against his.

Another scream pierces the air, echoing from above, but I block it out. Despite the chaos, the carnage, I tilt my head up and press my lips to Kai’s. “I love you,” I say softly, the words trembling as they leave my mouth. Just in case this is it. Just in case this is the last chance I have to tell him.

Kai freezes for a heartbeat before his hand cups the back of my head, pulling me closer. His lips press against mine, not with hesitation but with the kind of urgency that holds desperation, love, and fear all at once. His tongue sweeps over my lip, seeking entrance, and I let him in, pouring every ounce of feeling I have into the kiss. His other hand moves to my neck, his grip firm but gentle, holding me as if I might disappear if he lets go. A single tear slips down my cheek, blending with the blood on my face.

Then, the sound of slow, deliberate clapping slices through the air behind us.

“Wouldn’t have thought you were fucking your sister,” a high-pitched, mocking

voice drawls. “I guess he was right?”

The kiss breaks abruptly. We both turn at the same time, the weight of her words crashing down on us. Stacy stands there, a twisted smile curling her lips, her golden bow raised and an arrow already nocked. The light catches her porcelain skin, now splattered with red streaks. Her blonde hair clings to her sweat-dampened face, and the fury in her eyes burns hotter than the glow of her weapon.

Kai steps in front of me without hesitation, his broad shoulders blocking her aim as if shielding me is the only thing that matters. His arm stretches back, guiding me further behind him, his stance protective and unyielding.

Stacy’s smile widens, her knuckles tightening around the bowstring. “Keeping her safe, huh? The big brother that fucks and protects.”



### Chapter Nineteen

#### Tokyo

As she fires the arrow, Kai uses his arm to shove me out of the way, slamming me into the wall. The impact knocks the breath from my lungs. “Run!” he yells, his voice sharp and commanding, but my feet refuse to move.

“Stacy, what the fuck is this about?” Kai demands, his voice cutting through the bass thundering around us.

She slips the mask over her face, her blue eyes wide and glassy. A single tear slides down her cheek, illuminated by the pulsing red lights. The contrast is almost haunting. “Revenge. Justice. Who fucking knows anymore?” Her voice cracks.

“The fuck are you talking about?” Kai steps closer, his hands raised slightly as if trying to calm her.

“Kai,” I whisper, trying to get his attention, but he motions behind him with his hand, signaling for me to leave. I grit my teeth, torn between running and helping him. My gaze shifts to the neon tip of an arrow glowing on the far side of the room. If I could get to it, I might have a chance to stop her. My focus darts between the arrow and Stacy, my heartbeat a drum in my ears.

“You never loved me,” she spits, her voice rising. “You only used me. But now I see why. You’re sick. A sick bastard who fucks his little sister.”

The music seems to drop, the bass holding its breath along with everyone else. The words hang in the air, cutting deeper than any arrow.

Pushing off the wall, I move quickly, grabbing the discarded arrow just as Stacy fires another in my direction. I duck behind one of the grotesque, pulsating vessels, not that I could tell the difference between them. My chest heaves, adrenaline flooding my veins as I grip the arrow tightly.

Through the smoke and flashing lights, I can barely make out their figures. Stacy reloads, her movements jerky as she searches for me. I can't hear the exact words of their argument, but I can feel the tension between them like a physical weight.

Then, something cold wraps around my ankle. I look down, my breath catching. A rave-goer lies sprawled on the floor, her mouth torn from ear to ear. Four arrows stick grotesquely from her back, her blood pooling around her. She opens her mouth, a wet gurgling sound escaping before her head slumps against the ground. Her grip on my ankle loosens, and I stumble over her, forcing myself to move.

No one hurts Kai.

No one.

My grip tightens on the arrow as I push forward, the world narrowing to Stacy and the bow in her hands. Her voice cuts through the pounding bass. "You love her," she accuses, her tone venomous.

"She's my sister," Kai shouts back, his voice raw, strained. "Of course I do."

The words sting more than they should, a dull ache settling in my chest. Love because I'm his sister? That's not why. It might have started that way but that's not what this is. Not anymore.

“NO!” Stacy screams, her voice cracking as she pulls back the arrow. “I saw you kiss her! You don’t love her, you want her.”

Kai raises his hands in surrender, his posture stiff, his mouth opening as if to respond, but no words come out. Even now, not even death could make him admit the truth out loud.

“But you won’t have her,” Stacy snarls, her voice trembling with rage. “And she won’t have you.”

Her fingers release the bowstring just as I leap forward, grabbing a fistful of her blonde curls. Her scream pierces the air as I yank her head back, but the arrow flies regardless. My gaze follows its glowing trajectory in slow motion, helpless as it pierces Kai.

He staggers, the impact forcing him backward. His body falls, blocking my view of where the arrow hit. My stomach drops, my pulse roaring in my ears.

“KAI!” I scream, my voice cracking as I grip the arrow in my hand tighter. Rage floods through me, boiling over as I pull Stacy backward, slamming her to the ground. Her eyes widen in shock, but I don’t hesitate. “KAI!” I scream, my voice cracking as the arrow in my hand lifts, trembling with the force of my grip. Without hesitation, I bring it down, the sharp tip piercing her neck with a sickening crunch. Stacy’s body collapses against mine, her weight dragging me down as warm blood gushes over my hands. The metallic tang fills the air, choking me.

“KAI!” I shout again, twisting the arrow deeper into her throat. Her eyes widen, her lips parting in a desperate, sputtering gasp. Her trembling hands claw at mine, nails digging into my skin, but her strength fades with each passing second. “KAI!” My voice is raw, the pounding of my heart drowning out the music.

His arm moves, his bloodied hand lifting weakly to give me a thumbs-up. The sight steadies me, pulling my focus back to him. I glance down at Stacy just as the light fades from her eyes, her head lolling forward. My breath catches as her hands slip away from me, her nails leaving stinging trails on my skin.

Then I feel it, Kai's large hand wrapping around mine, his grip firm and grounding. "Let go," he says softly, his voice steady despite the chaos around us. "It's done."

For a moment, I can't move, my grip frozen on the arrow buried in her throat. The weight of everything; Stacy's blood on my hands, the screams in the distance, Kai's injured but resolute figure—presses down on me. But his hand squeezes mine, and his calm pulls me back from the edge, just like he did that night. The night I killed our father.

"It's done," he repeats.

My fingers release the arrow, and Kai gently moves between us. Despite everything Stacy has done, I watch as he carefully pulls her body toward him. His hands, bloodstained and shaking, brush her blonde hair away from her face. He leans in, whispering something I can't hear, and tucks a strand behind her ear. Slowly, he lays her down on the blood-slicked ground, closing her eyes before pressing a soft kiss to her forehead.

It's such a Kai thing to do. Where I'm fire, all rage and destruction, he's calm, beautiful, with a ferocity that strikes only when it's needed. His heart is so much bigger than mine, even after everything we've been through. He remains kind and I, a selfish bitch.

I stand frozen, staring at my hands, sticky with Stacy's blood. I can't look at them for long. Kai rises, his towering frame filling my vision as he cups my face with both hands. His bloodied thumbs brush against my cheeks, smearing red across my skin,

but his touch is impossibly gentle.

“Come back to me,” he whispers, pressing his forehead against mine. His voice cracks at the edges. “You were protecting me. Protecting us.”

I nod, the words catching in my throat as I bite back the sob threatening to break free. I won’t cry. Not now. Not here. Not until he’s safe.

We stay like that for a moment, eyes locked, the world around us fading into the background. Then, slowly, my bloodied hands lift, trembling as they rest on his chest. Amongst the carnage, the chaos, my lips find his. Whatever happens tonight, I need him to know. I love him. So fucking much.

I want him.

Need him.

His comfort.

His love.

Call me reckless, stupid, selfish, irresponsible—call me all of it. None of it matters anymore. As my tongue brushes against his and my fingers tangle in his navy curls, I lose myself in him. The screams, the slaughter, the blood—all of it fades. If we’re going to die, dying together is the only way I’ll go.

Kai’s hands move down, his grip firm as he lifts me, his strong arms wrapping around my thighs and swinging my leg over his hip. My moan melts into his mouth as he presses me against the cold, blood-slicked wall. His hand moves between us, his touch both desperate and deliberate.

“I love you, Tokyo,” he breathes against my lips. His voice is raw, stripped bare of any hesitation. Just like the night I left him. He didn’t see it coming, I’ve always wondered if it would have changed our last night together. “If this is how I spend my last night on earth, I’d rather be with you.” His hand slides my bodysuit aside, parting my lips and his fingers slip inside, instantly igniting a warmth that spreads through me.

“And inside you,” he adds, his voice dipping lower, his forehead pressing against mine.

My head leans back against the wall as his lips trail down my neck, his teeth grazing my skin. The tension in my body gives way to the overwhelming need coursing through me. His fingers move faster, curling inside me with a desperation that matches the pounding in my chest. My acrylic nails dig into his shoulders as my hips grind against his hand, chasing the release I need.

“Tell me you’re mine,” he pleads, his eyes burning into mine. “Tell me I mean something to you. Tell me being away from me killed you as much as it did me.”

“Kai,” I gasp, my voice trembling. Words fail me. Nothing I could say would ever be enough to match what I feel for him. My body answers for me, arching into him, my legs trembling as warmth floods through me.

“More,” I whisper, my voice barely audible over the chaos around us.

“Anything you want.” His hand pulls away, and I whimper at the loss, but before I can say anything, he’s there. The world narrows to him and the way he fills me with one thrust. Deep inside me, he starts slow, savoring for a moment before the adrenaline and hunger takes over. His thrusts become deeper and harder, each desperate thrust pulling me further from reality and deeper into him.

The screams, the pounding bass, the bloodstained walls—it's all a blur. None of it matters. Only this. Only us.

“If we die,” I whisper, my voice catching as I cling to him, “we die together.”

“No other way ,” he replies, his breath hot against my ear. “With you to the end.”

He is desperate and demanding, his movements rough and urgent, seeking his release and dragging me with him. It isn't long—this isn't meant to be gentle or drawn out. I lift my hips to meet his, his nails digging into the mesh of my bodysuit, biting into my skin as he pulls me closer. The warmth coils deep inside me, each thrust unraveling me further as he continues his harsh rhythm, the sound of our bodies blending with the pounding techno music that vibrates through the air.

“Cum with me,” he breathes, his voice low and strained. His lips brush along my jaw, planting heated kisses that travel down my neck. When his teeth sink into my skin, sharp and possessive, my body obeys without hesitation. My walls pulsate around him, warmth rushing through me as I tumble over the edge, taking him with me.

“Mmm,” he groans, his breath shuddering as his movements still, his hips pressing deep into mine one last time. “Fu—“ His voice cracks, followed by another low moan as his body shudders, his release consuming him.

The bass drops hard, a deafening pulse of sound that shakes the walls. Neon lights flicker in erratic patterns, casting fractured shadows across the space. I lean back against the wall, my legs trembling as the aftershocks of him linger.

More commotion erupts behind us, pulling us out of the moment. A couple stumbles into view, the girl's skin-tight white outfit soaked in blood. Her long braid is yanked violently by a hand emerging from the entrance. The man with her falters, his grip on her slipping as she is dragged backward. My breath catches as I watch a knife plunge

into her chest, then her stomach. She jerks violently, her scream swallowed by the relentless pounding of the music. The man collapses to his knees, his hands trembling as he reaches out to stop the attacker, but it's futile.

"Shh," Kai murmurs, his voice steady despite the horror. Gently, he places me on the ground, my thighs trembling as his cum slips from me, sticky and warm. Pressing my legs together, I glance at him as he tucks himself back into his pants, his movements deliberate and calm. He steps away, moving toward Stacy's lifeless body, and grabs the bow and arrow she left behind.

With a sharp motion, he signals me to stay quiet and crouch down. My heart pounds, but I do as he instructs, pressing myself into the shadows.

We watch as a cloaked figure strides inside, their knife gleaming under the fractured neon light. They move with an eerie calm, their presence unsettling. The mask over their face shifts slightly as they crouch beside the man, tilting their head as if studying him. The man looks up, his sobs growing louder, his bloodied hands trembling. Whoever this figure is, they know each other.

The cloaked figure's voice carries faintly over the music, low and mocking, though the words are lost to the noise. The man shakes his head, his body wracked with sobs, trying to speak, to beg. The figure doesn't hesitate. With a swift motion, the knife slices across his throat.

Blood sprays in an arc, catching the light as the man collapses forward, clutching his neck. His body convulses, his eyes wide with terror, but his movements grow weaker and then still. The cloaked figure stands, giving the man's body a sharp kick, rolling it to the side. They linger for a moment, watching the blood pool beneath the lifeless man, before slipping back into the shadows, exiting through the entrance without a word.



Kai doesn't move immediately, his grip tightening on the bow as his eyes scan the room, ensuring the figure is truly gone. Once the sound of footsteps fades, he turns to me. His jaw is clenched, his expression grim but steady. I nod, crawling out of the shadows to stand beside him.

We step into the open together, and the rave is unrecognizable. The heart above pumps violently, spewing streams of thick liquid—paint or blood—onto the floor below. The dome's sky, once filled with color and light, is now a suffocating black void. Only a few faint neon lights flicker weakly, casting distorted shadows across the chaos.

"Do you know where to go?" Kai asks, his voice close and low, cutting through the oppressive atmosphere.

"The entrance," I reply, gripping his hand tightly. Lifting his hand, I press a kiss to the small smiley face tattooed between his index finger and thumb.

"Let's go."

### Chapter Twenty

Kai

“ T OKYO,” Miko’s voice cuts through the chaos as he pulls her into a hug. His busted lip and bloodied face are hard to miss, and for a fleeting moment, I almost forget about the constant ache in my arm from the arrow that grazed me; however, that ache dulls in comparison to the jealousy burning in my chest as I watch him wrap his arms around her. All this time, he’s been there—loving her, keeping her secrets, keeping her away from me.

I want to rip him away, throw him to the ground, and remind him exactly who she belongs to. But Tokyo wouldn’t like that. Instead, I swallow the bitterness, force myself to stay calm, and move toward her, my hand instinctively brushing against the wound on my arm.

The chaos around us is suffocating. Partygoers look possessed, out of their minds as the crimson substance rains down, thick and clinging to their skin like second flesh. Many dance in manic euphoria, oblivious to the carnage that surrounds them while others run from the cloaked cupids following them with arrows. My eyes land on the abandoned pink drinks scattered across the floor, and it all clicks. They’re being drugged. Those who don’t get high enough to be oblivious to their surroundings become prey.

“This isn’t a fucking rave,” I mutter, my gaze lifting to the DJ booth, then drifting to the arena-like seats high above. Smoke and shadows obscure the details, but I know they’re up there. Watching . Enjoying this.

We're their entertainment, their sport. My jaw tightens as I think about the kind of people who could orchestrate something this sick. To them, we're nothing but insects—cockroaches to crush under their boots in Cin City. They feast on our misery, our pain, and then they take even more.

“Kai, let's get going,” Tokyo's voice pulls me back. Her hand finds mine, grounding me for a moment. “Miko knows the way out.”

“This way,” Miko says, motioning toward a narrow path that leads deeper into the dome. The place feels endless, an intricate labyrinth designed to trap and disorient. I can only imagine the money it took to build this hellish arena.

I glance over my shoulder, my eyes drawn again to the DJ booth. The pigs. The vultures. My hatred for them churns in my gut.

Eat the rich . Burn them and their golden thrones to the ground.

As we follow Miko, the strobe lights catch the unholy amount of blood smeared across his clothes. Too much blood. My gut tightens. Something doesn't feel right. Distrust claws its way to the forefront of my mind.

“How do you know how to get out?”

Miko glances back over his shoulder, his face unreadable. “I saw someone come through this hallway. There has to be an exit.”

The explanation makes sense, but something about it feels... off. My grip tightens on Tokyo's hand, and she winces, casting me a look that asks what's wrong. I loosen my grip but don't let go. My gut is screaming now, and I've learned to trust it.

We make it to the back, where there's a line of porta-potties and a small trailer.

Fucking rich people—spending money on the most outrageous things. Whoever planned Heartless knew exactly what they were doing. This wasn't thrown together on a whim; this was deliberate and calculated. Tokyo halts when she realizes that beyond the trailer and porta-potties, there's nothing else. Instinct takes over. I grab her hand, pulling her behind me, positioning myself between her and Miko.

“Miko.” She whispers.

The trailer door creaks open. A masked figure steps out, his hands clapping slowly, mockingly. “You did well, beautiful.”

The voice rings familiar, but I can't place it. Tokyo stiffens, her grip on me tightening until it's almost painful. Miko looks over his shoulder. His hand disappears inside his coat, emerging with a gun. Flicking the safety off, steady as a rock, and points it at us. “Drop the bow.”

Reluctantly, I let it fall to the ground.

Tokyo steps forward, her posture rigid. Not fear—rage, protectiveness. Like a lioness protecting her mate. She places herself between us, standing tall. “Miko.” Her tone is a demand.

Miko tilts his head slightly, a crooked smirk on his face. “Should I fill her in, or do you?”

The masked figure leans against the trailer railing, then removes the mask. Recognition punches me in the gut. The man from the shop—the one looking for a tire.

“Alec.” She breathes his name, her voice barely audible.

Miko remains silent as Alec steps forward, his presence suffocating. “Miko here had one job,” Alec says smoothly, “deliver you both to me.”

Tokyo looks like she’s about to explode. Beneath the rage, though, I can see it—the heartbreak. “Why?”

“I have a job for the both of you.” Alec runs a hand through his blonde hair, pushing back the hood of his cloak. Speaking like this is just another deal, just business.

“Miko, why?”

Miko steps closer, the weight of his resentment written all over his face. He looks at her like she’s both a curse and a gift he can’t bear. I start to move, but Tokyo raises her hand, stopping me. She doesn’t look back. “Why?”

His smile warps, cruel now, as he raises the gun and traces the line of her jaw with the barrel.

“Because I hate you.”

Her eyes widen slightly. “What?”

“I’ve hated you since the moment I saw you on your knees for your brother.”

Behind him, Alec clicks his tongue, shaking his head as laughter bubbles out of him. “But here’s the thing,” Alec says, stepping forward, savoring the moment. “Kai here isn’t your brother, is he, sweetness?”

My heart pounds, echoing in my ears. The ground feels like it’s been ripped from under me.

“You knew about us?” Tokyo’s voice breaks, the words trembling with disbelief.

Miko leans closer to her, his voice dripping with bitterness. “I fell in love with you the moment I walked into the shop. And you played with me. Strung me along for years. Friend zoned me while I carried nothing but love for you.”

The gun wavers slightly, a fraction, and my body itches to move. My fist clenches, every nerve screaming to take him down. But Tokyo’s fingers flex—a signal. I don’t move.

“If you knew about us, then why pretend?”

Miko turns to Alec. “Your turn, boss.”

Alec claps his hands together, pushing off the railing and descending the steps with deliberate ease. “Ah, it’s simple. I found out where the cops stashed you after your mother decided to off herself,” he says, pointing at Miko. “And then there’s this one—found him with flowers, sitting outside your house, looking like he’d just seen a ghost.” He shakes his head, a mocking grin spreading across his face. “And my, my, what a show you put on for us.”

Tokyo glares at him, her voice steady despite the rage simmering beneath the surface. “What does that have to do with me? Or him?”

Alec shrugs, the movement casual, as though all of this is just a game to him. “Everything. You are mine, Tokyo. Mine. But when I saw you whoring yourself out—“ his tone hardens, venom dripping from his words, “I wanted to kill you. And him. But my brother was dead, and all I wanted was revenge.”

“So all of this is for revenge?”

“Yes,” Alec replies, his voice almost reverent. “And patience makes revenge so much sweeter.” His gaze shifts to Miko, a sly smile creeping across his face. “Don’t you think? Look at your friend here—your so-called hero. But the truth? He wasn’t protecting you. He was your keeper. He kept tabs on you, all while letting his hate for you fester.”

Alec chuckles, the sound low and chilling. “Come on, tell me this isn’t brilliant. That I’m not a genius. Everything, all of it, orchestrated so perfectly. Now, I get my revenge on everyone.”

He points a finger at Tokyo, his blue eyes gleaming with a twisted sense of triumph. “And you, sweetheart—you’ll help me.”

My stomach churns at the memory. I remember seeing a figure in the window, but I was too lost in her to confirm what I was seeing. Regret hits me hard, sharp and unrelenting. But the million-dollar question isn’t for them—it’s for her.

“Trouble?”

They all look at me, their eyes narrowing in anticipation. “What is he talking about? Us not being related?”

She offers me a small, broken smile, even with the gun still pressed to her jaw. “The night Oscar came after me, he confessed. Told me I wasn’t his. That fucking me would be his way of saying ‘fuck you’ to the whore who ruined his life.”

My knees buckle. My stomach churns violently, and my hands feel cold and clammy. “Is that why—“ The words won’t come. My throat is tight, my chest caving in. She dips her chin in a small, affirming nod.

Yes.

The word shatters something inside me. It's not just the fact that she isn't my sister. It's the anger. The betrayal. The sheer weight of knowing she kept this from me. That she knew, and still left me in the dark. Left me drowning in guilt and confusion.

"What a soap opera," Alec drawls, stepping closer with slow, deliberate movements. His voice is slick with amusement, feeding off our pain. "Don't stop now, lovebirds. This is just getting good."

Miko watches him, silent and tense. I see the resignation in Tokyo's face a second before her head snaps back, connecting with Miko's nose. The crack is sharp, sickening. He stumbles, and her hand moves fast, seizing the gun. I surge forward to help her, but Alec intercepts me with a cold precision that's almost surgical.

Pain erupts in my side, blinding and searing. The knife sinks deep, twisting as Alec drives it home.

"Oops," he mocks, his voice dripping with false innocence. The blade twists again, sending a fresh wave of agony through me. My knees give out, but I don't care about the blood pouring from my side. All I care about is her.

"Tokyo!" I gasp, the word torn from me like a desperate prayer. Through the haze of pain, I see her standing over Miko. The gun trembles in her grip as Miko clutches his stomach, staggering backward. Her aim steadies, but before she can fire again, Alec yanks the knife free and grabs a fistful of my hair, hauling me upright. The cold press of the blade kisses my neck.

"Such a badass, our girl is," Alec coos, his breath hot and mocking against my ear. He nicks the skin, drawing a thin line of blood. "I told you to behave. You had your fun. Now toss the gun."

Her chest heaves as she stares at him, her eyes flickering between me and Alec. I



shake my head weakly, silently begging her not to give in. But I see it in her face—she wouldn't risk me. Couldn't. Her shoulders slump in defeat, and the gun clatters to the ground.

“Good girl,” Alec purrs, his tone venomously sweet. His grip on my hair tightens as he watches her, triumphant.

More masked Cupids emerge from the shadows, their arrows drawn, closing in like wolves circling their prey. Their porcelain masks glint under the flickering lights, their silence more terrifying than any scream. Alec bends down slightly, his lips brushing against my ear, his voice a chilling whisper.

“Congratulations. You've survived Heartless... Too bad you lost your heart.”

Then, with a cruel shove, he throws me to the ground. The impact knocks the air from my lungs, and my vision swims. Blood streams from my side, pooling beneath me, but I barely feel it. The pain is drowned out by the sight of the Cupids grabbing Tokyo, their hands clamping onto her arms, lifting her like a trophy.

“Kai!” Her scream cuts through the pounding bass, raw and desperate.

I stretch out my hand, my fingers trembling, but my body won't obey. My vision blurs, darkness creeping in from the edges. The last thing I see before it claims me is her face—terrified, defiant, her eyes locking with mine. In that fleeting moment, I see it all. Love. Regret. And then she's gone, dragged into the shadows.

Alec follows behind her, a smug grin stretching across his face. As he passes, he glances down at me, a final dagger of mockery in his tone.

“Happy Valentine's Day, by the way.”

And then the darkness swallows me whole.

### Chapter Twenty One

#### Tokyo

I wrap my arms around his neck as we kiss, feeling him deep inside me. My legs curl around his waist as he goes deeper, his hips moving in slow, circular motions. “Mmm,” he moans, and fuck, I love it when he moans. “I fucking love you,” he breathes, his teeth grazing the line of my jaw as he pumps into me.

I wish I could say it back, give into the love blossoming inside my chest. But I was tainted... he had found me, and it's time to run again. It was stupid of me to think he wouldn't find me—the dead bird I found on the shop's doorstep was a giveaway. Then Oscar's words ring through my mind as his hand tightens around my neck. “You ain't my kid. I got snipped the day I found out my wife was pregnant with Kai.” His free hand cups my breast, and I knee him in the groin, causing him to slam my head into the wall.

“Kai,” I breathe, pulling him closer, tears slipping from my eyes as I drag myself out of the memory and focus on him.

He's all that matters. “Cum for me, Trouble,” he bites my neck, making my walls tighten around him. I love fucking him... who am I kidding, I love everything about him.

Sensing my sorrow, he pulls back, his brown eyes locking onto mine as he stills. “What's up?”

My nails trail down his back slowly, dragging along his muscled ass. “Nothing. Just thinking.”

“Thinking while I’m inside you?” he moves slowly, his gaze piercing mine.

“What you thinking?”

I squeeze his ass. “How much I like fucking my brother,” I tease, even as the guilt claws at my chest.

“Fuck, Tokyo, don’t say shit like that while my dick is inside you.”

I slap his ass, pressing him into me. “Come on, big brother. Show me how much you want to make your little sister cum.”

And that does it. He grips the headboard, plowing into me with deep, forceful thrusts until we both fall over the edge together.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The sound of my alarm rips me out of the dream and into my nightmare. Strong arms curl around me—arms I’ve grown to hate and despise.

“Get ready, sweetheart.” He kisses my shoulder, his free hand cupping my breast. “You got a job to do.” Disgust claws at me, but I have to keep him safe. This is the only way—doing what he wants.

My heels click on the sidewalk as I walk, looking down at the picture on my phone. Reminding myself why I’m doing this. But the moment I open the door, my stomach drops as I step into the diner. The faint hum of conversation and clinking dishes fades as I spot them in the far corner. I force a smile, slipping on the mask I’ve worn so well.

The Deceiver. The Liar.

I've been in Cedarvale for about a month now, doing exactly what Miko had done to me for years—watching, waiting, deceiving. “Tokyo, here,” Xena waves me over, her voice cutting through the chatter. Roman’s eyes narrow as I approach, his distrust as sharp as a blade, as it should be. Don’t trust me. The judas.

I slide into the booth, my stomach twisting as Xena turns her phone toward me, her eyes bright with excitement. “Remember how we were talking about the disappearances and the raves? Guess what?”

My eyes drop to the screen, and my blood runs cold. The invitation stares back at me, the words practically pulsing on the screen. My hands shake as I force myself to hold the phone steady.

This is why I’m here. To keep her alive. To make sure she goes. To deliver her to him.

“We’re going to Fright Night!” she exclaims, her grin wide, as if she has no idea what she’s walking into. She leans into Roman, nuzzling his shoulder like it’s just another casual day.

I exhale shakily, my fingers curling into my palm beneath the table. “Good thing I was also invited,” I manage, my voice a little too tight.

Xena beams, completely oblivious, her laughter ringing out like a death knell. “Then it’s settled. We’re about to find out what all the fuss is about.”

The words hang in the air, heavy and suffocating, as the room feels colder, darker. The hum of the diner fades around me, and for a brief moment, it’s just me and that invitation glowing on the screen.

They don't know what's waiting for them.

I glance out the window, my breath catching as my eyes lock on the figure across the street. Making sure I'm playing my part. A mask—porcelain, cracked, its painted smile mocking me from the shadows. My stomach twists.

Xena's voice pulls me back. She grins, raising her coffee cup in mock celebration. I swallow the lump in my throat and force a smile, leaning forward as my voice drops, just loud enough to be heard.

“Welcome to Fright Night.”