



KILL KAI

STORY BY GOATCVLT

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XXX

ADULTS ONLY

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I: Puke

Kai gags herself with the seven-inch cybergoth's cock while beating off his two brothers in the men's restroom handicap stall of Dante's, an underground leather club during New Year's Eve rave night, the last Friday of the year.

Drool spills from Kai's lips which are firmly sucked around a thick Scandinavian cock. All three brothers are tall, fit, and androgynous, each with different colored hair: Red, Blue, and Green.

Kai accosted the brothers (aggressively) who were dancing awkwardly in a dead corner of Dante's. She could smell their sexual desperation, felt warmth from their virginal innocence.

Queen Kai sits monstrously upon a graffitied piss-stained porcelain throne with her ripped fishnet covered legs spread apart. She's 6'4" 180 pounds with 4% body fat. Her pierced nipples cut through a thin white sports bra under a black leather jacket, and her sweaty abs are pulsating like steel flesh.

She forces Blue's meat into the back of her throat, forcing his eyes to roll back. Red and Green are throbbing with their mouths open while she firmly strokes their pink swollen cocks in rhythm to muffled bass that's permeating the restroom walls.

The handicap stall door is open. Several ravers have gathered in the entryway, some stroking the hard outline of their cocks through cheap denim skinny jeans; other onlookers

have whipped out their dicks and are masturbating shamelessly. The rave goths are hypnotized by Kai.

“Ugmm...” Blue starts trembling.

Kai unsucks her mouth from Blue’s member. Drool spills to the floor.

“Hold hands”, she says firmly.

“What?” Green is tingling.

Kai slaps Green in the face. His eyes widen while his cock pulsates in her tightly wound hand.

“Hold hands or I’ll gut you.”

The three genderless brothers look at each other, boned up and scared. Like gay protestants before dinner, they hold hands, interlacing their fingers.

“Good boys.” Kai blushes, then deep throats Blue, gagging back and forth while masturbating his brothers even harder. The spectators also blush, violating themselves vigorously.

“F-Fuck!” Blue shuts his eyes and squeezes his brothers’ hands, ejaculating hot cum down Kai’s throat. She tilts Red and Green’s cocks upwards towards Blue and they unload their white jizz all over his face. The onlookers jack off harder, exhilarated by the incestuous spectacle.

“I-I’m sorry, bro!” Green gasps.

“Oh my god...” Red averts his eyes. His face turns red.

Blue drops to his knees, shaking. He’s completely soaked in his brothers’ spunk.

The onlookers unload hot sperm on themselves.

Kai stands up, puts both hands on the back of Blue’s head, and vomits his own cum into his mouth.

“Drink, *puppy!*” Kai laughs evilly.

A few of the goths puke.

SLAM!

Five Russian security guards barge into the restroom. They see several men covered in puke and cum.

“*Move, faggots!*” The head guard pushes past the ravers as they scramble to buckle their pants. He rounds the corner into the handicap stall to see three brothers, quivering and depleted, then he sees Her.

“You’re coming with us, Kai. Dante wants to see you. *Now.*”

Still holding the back of his head, Kai whips Blue’s face down into the hard brim of the toilet, breaking his nose. She leaps up and drives her knee up into the security guard’s chin, shattering his teeth which scatter into pools of vomit on the floor. The force of her knee sends him reeling backwards and slips on a raver’s cum. His head whips back, splitting on the sink counter. Blood and skull fragments paint the faces of goths and guards.

“FUCKING *KILL HER!*”

Four Russian meatheads whip open their retractable electric batons.

“Who’s ready to fucking *die tonight!?*”, screams a DJ over the PA system. The ravers outside roar violently while thick wobbly bass shakes the floors.

One of the guards lunges towards Kai with an overhead swipe of his baton. She rotates her body, dodging the attack. In an effortlessly fluid motion, she grabs the guard’s arm and shoots her hips back, using his momentum to send him flying through the air. The 200-pound Russian’s body crushes a skinny goth into the dirty bathroom wall.

A third guard swings horizontally. Kai ducks, her pink pigtails grazing the baton. She throws a right cross punch - equipped with spiked golden rings on her fist - square into the meathead’s eye. Blood gushes from his eye socket and he screams while colliding backwards into another guard. He drops his baton.

The fourth guard, distracted by the collision, doesn’t notice Kai pick up the loose baton. Just as he turns to face her, she drives the electric stick into the back of his throat and presses a button that reads: “SHOCK”.

100,000 volts of electricity burn through his throat. A steaming fissure forms at the back of his head. The skin bubbles, burns, then *pop!*

His brain matter explodes into the face of the fifth and final guard, who had just recovered from the collision with his gouge-eyed associate.

“P-Please...” He drops his baton, his hands shaking, face painted red with the other guard’s brains. The rave goths are cowering in the corner of the restroom, pissing themselves. The guard with the gouged eye is squirming on the floor.

Kai drills her black cat custom steel-toe Doc Marten’s into the fifth guard’s groin, kicking his testicles up into his stomach. He drops to his knees while letting out a blood-curdling squeal.

Kai walks right up to the Russian, towering over him, unzips her tight ripped jean shorts, and presses her bare pussy lips into his mouth (she’s not wearing panties).

“Drink.” She glares down into the meathead’s sobbing eyes.

He fearfully tongues her sweet pussy. Fluids gush from Kai’s quivering slit, filling the guard’s mouth with piss.

“*DRINK!*” He swallows her pussy juice while tears flow from his eyes.

“Спокойной ночи, сука.” Kai cackles creepily.

The Russian’s eyes widen as Kai drives her thumbs into them.

“Everybody fucking *scream!*”

The ravers scream.

II: Red Dragon

Kai kicks open the restroom door. A sea of ravers bounce chaotically under strobing neon lights, unperturbed by the carnage in the restroom. Sweat and pheromones fill Kai's lungs. An orgy of cybergoths and leather freaks are slithering into each other like worms, pulsating and grinding each other's genitals, their feet kicking around empty beer cans and party balloons. The hard Slavic techno is booming so loud, Kai can see warehouse dust dancing in the air, shuffling to the rhythm of the bass. Kai walks to the bar. A pretty black-haired dyke with face piercings and a leather crop top stands behind the counter. She has a cute bob with micro bangs, a dangerously short leather skirt, black lipstick, and a spiked choker.

“What can I get you, killer?”

“Vodka and Marlboro Reds.” Kai leers at the bartender's exposed stomach. There's a scar running diagonally across her bellybutton, about a foot in length.

The bartender pours a shot and places a pack of Reds vertically next to the glass. “Bottoms up.” She winks and smiles.

Kai slams the vodka and lights a stogie, dragging it and blowing smoke into the air while overlooking the sea of dancing worms. The bartender has piercing blue eyes – she scans Kai's impressive figure. Kai notices her looking. She turns to face her.

“How much I owe you?”

“It’s on the house.” The bartender doesn’t break eye contact.

Kai salivates, then asks, “You got anything *stronger?*”

“Sure.” The black-haired beauty reaches into the waistband of her leather skirt and pulls out a red vial. It has a spray nozzle, and a Dragon printed on its side. She hands the vial to Kai discreetly.

“Be careful with that”, the bartender warns. “One hit will fuck you up. Two will kill you.”

Kai drags her cigarette, reaches across the bar, and pulls the black-haired beauty by the choker. She presses their lips together. Kai slides in her tongue.

“Ow!” Kai reels back, bewildered. Blood drips from her mouth.

The bartender smiles and blows the smoke back into Kai’s face.

“Meet me at Heaven’s Gate. Midnight.” The black-haired beauty says coyly.

“Six shots of Jager! Over here! *Hello?*” Some drunk shlub yells from the side of the bar. The black-haired beauty tends to the customer. Kai blushes.

“Make some noise if you’re trying to get *fucked* tonight!”, the DJ screams. The worms cheer and bounce violently.

Some commotion is happening by the restrooms. Kai doesn’t notice. She looks at the Dragon vial, holds it above her eye, and sprays.

III: Vision

The sea of worms turn pitch black. Kai's hearing becomes muffled, the electro bass becomes faint and distant. Every person in the room is a faceless silhouette. Her senses are damp and tingling. Kai stumbles away from the bar counter and towards the herd of black worms. She can feel the floor vibrating - it's keeping her tethered to the earth.

"I'm going to die." Kai whispers to herself.

A prism of white light erupts from the center of the dance floor and pierces the Heavens. It parts the sea of black worms, creating a path like Moses leading directly to Kai. A chorus of angels sing *Hallelujah* by Georg Friederich Händel, their voices echoing off the concrete walls. The faceless silhouettes all turn towards Kai and begin cheering:

"Way to go, Kai!"

"You're the best, Kai!"

"We love you, Kai!"

"Congratulations, Kai!"

"Comes join us, Kai!"

The silhouettes are all clapping. Kai walks towards the white prism - it intensifies with each step. She can hear its energy pouring out of the floor. She wants it. She wants to step into the white light and be consumed by raw power. She wants to be obliterated into atoms and impregnate a million mothers with her fury. She wants The Sun to eat her and

make her whole. She wants time to fold in on itself and split the universe wide open, fucking every being of reality in front of God and His Disciples. She wants to tie God to a chair and make him watch - make him watch Her devour his existence.

Several Russians with black cross tattoos on their eyes appear at the warehouse exists. Then several more. They're wearing earpieces. They're Dante's Dogs.

Kai steps up to the prism of white light.

"Don't be afraid." The prism says calmly.

Tears flow from Kai's eyes. She smiles, then steps into the light.

Kai's vision shifts - the world turns red, and she can see all the worms dancing around her. She's back to reality, only enhanced. Her hearing is also back, only louder. She can hear her heart pounding to the rhythm of the bass. She sees the Dogs. Amongst them is hairy man in a white suit. His ears are clipped and he's missing an eye (no patch). It's Boris "Pitbull" Dragunov - Dante's second-in-command. Boris sees Kai in the sea of worms. He puts a finger to his earpiece and speaks:

"We see her." And points her out to The Dogs. The Dogs begin clawing their way through the crowd.

Kai shuts her eyes.

She breathes in.

She breathes out.

A gun presses into the back of her head.

“Come with us, Miss Kai.” Says the Russian Dog.

Time slows down. The Dragon courses through Kai’s veins - one spray triggers an adrenaline rush of up to 300% a person’s average fight-or-flight response. It’s a volatile cocktail of coke, meth, and steroids the lab beneath Dante’s warehouse cooked up for distribution throughout the city, but only for hardcore junkies. It’s far too powerful for your average rave worm - most of them are dancing on Molly. Two sprays could kill a small whale, hence the warning from the black-haired beauty.

Kai crouches down to the floor, putting her hands on her head.

“That’s enough, Miss.” The Dog reaches down to grab her.

Kai tilts her head back, digs her feet into the floor, and springs up full force. The hard spot on the back of her skull crushes into the Dog’s face, collapsing his facial cavity, pushing his nose past the depth of his eyeballs. Blood explodes out of his face, soaking Kai’s pigtails. He drops his gun, a .50-caliber Desert Eagle - Kai catches it. She hears radio chatter erupt from the Dog’s earpiece:

“Fuck!”

“She hit him! Shoot her now!”

A bullet whizzes past Kai’s head, grazing her cheek. Behind her, a worm’s face explodes, painting ravers with blood. They scream.

“I missed! Застрелите эту ебаную суку!”

Kai turns her head and sees a Dog standing by an upstairs exit of the warehouse - he’s holding a rifle. He cocks back the bolt, ejecting a shell from the chamber. Kai lines up the Desert Eagle with both hands and squeezes the trigger. The Dog’s jaw turns into pink mist, sending the rest of his head out a nearby window.

The sea of worms scatter, screaming frantically and falling over each other. The DJ is unperturbed, bouncing feverishly to loud techno. Kai sprints for the main exit located on the bottom floor, but the mob of worms have clogged the doorway, making it impenetrable.

RA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA

A 9mm Uzi machine gun unloads into the herd, narrowly missing Kai. Several ravers fall to the floor.

“DON’T SHOOT AT THE FUCKING CROWD!”

Kai hears Boris screaming at his Dogs. She scans the room and sees another door with a neon sign hanging above it: “VIP”. The Uzi Dog is crouched on a stairwell just above it, frantically reloading his gun. Kai fires two shots, severing his hands. He flails and tumbles down the stairs, shrieking.

More shots are fired at Kai as she sprints for the VIP door. Red mist sprays erupt from panicky ravers running in every direction, shielding Kai with their sacrificial bodies. A guard at the door sees Kai rushing towards him. He reaches for something tucked in his

rear waistband. Kai shoots him in the face. Taking no chances, she shoots out the lock, kicks open the door and dives in - a trail of bullets ricochet off the walls around her. Just past the door leads to a stairwell covered in velvet carpet. Kai tumbles down the stairs, battered by the fall, but unscathed from the bullets.

IV: Demon

Kai ejects the magazine from the Deagle - two bullets left (one in the mag, one in the chamber). Dogs are heard scurrying towards the VIP entrance. Kai slaps the magazine back into the gun and squares up, aiming the barrel upstairs.

“Граната!”

“Shit.” Kai spins around and hightails it down the hallway. There’s several unmarked doors on either side with red lightbulbs hung above them. One of the red lights shuts off and an obese naked boomer walks out into the hallway, holding a white towel loosely in front of his genitals.

“What the fuck is going on?”, he says groggily.

Kai kicks him in the nuts and takes his backside, then kicks the back of his legs. His knees buckle and he falls to the floor, but not before she grabs his towel and quickly wraps it around his head. She kneels down and pulls the towel, snapping his neck back and creating a shield using his fat pale body. She hears the sound of a grenade bounce down the stairs in front of them.

BOOM

The grenade detonates and the nude boomer takes the brunt of the concussive blast. His blood and guts paint the hallway walls. Kai goes deaf, her ears ringing painfully.

Her meat shield goes limp and slumps to the ground. A young Asian woman from the boomer's room is screaming. Kai doesn't hear her.

The Dragon pulsates in Kai's brain. The hallway walls bend and wobble. Her vision is bright red and sharp. Her heart is slapping against her chest. The angels sing while blood leaks from her ears. Her pussy is soaking wet.

All of the red lightbulbs shut off. Old men and naked whores pour out into the hallway, screaming, their tits and dicks flailing about. Kai stands up, covered in blood. The crowd moves around her in fear, parting like the Red Sea. The blood-soaked giantess slaps a cute blonde on the ass - she yelps and trips over the old man's pulpy corpse.

Kai walks further down the hallway as the herd of jagoffs thin out. The hallway ends with a door marked: "KITCHEN". She turns the handle and pushes - it's locked. She points her Deagle at the handle, with only two bullets left. She fires, blowing out the lock, kicks opens the door and enters the room.

Kai's vision goes white. She's blind. After a moment, her vision returns. Bright fluorescent lights line the ceiling. Dozens of naked women with surgical masks are staring at her, silently. It's Dante's cocaine assembly line. When his prostitutes aren't working the Red Rooms, they're packaging cocaine bricks for distribution. He calls them "Cooks".

The Cook nearest Kai is holding a brick - she's a pretty little slope with a fine ass. Kai walks over to her, cuts the brick with her gold rings, and sticks her nose in the bag.

SNIIIIIIIIIIFFFFFFFFFFF

“YOWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!”

Kai startles the Cooks, trilling her voice and slapping her tits.

“Come here, *baby!*”

Kai pulls the Cook by the waist and dips her over, kissing her through the mask.

CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK

Bullet holes erupt from the walls and table, narrowly missing Kai while she waterboards the Cook with her mouth. Opposite the 50-foot long metal assembly table is a Russian operator wearing a gas mask and wielding a Kalashnikov 74', a gas-operated Soviet rifle chambered for 5.45×39mm rounds. Cocaine powder clouds the air. All the Cooks duck and crouch into fetal positions - completely still. The Operator crouches and slowly walks along the side of the table, his barrel locked in Kai's direction. The room is silent.

The Operator moves forward, eyes trained to the Kitchen entryway. He ducks down and looks under the table - he sees dozens of pussies: shaved, hairy, big, small, brown, white, smelly, wet and shiny. The Cooks remain still with their asses to the floor, heads tucked down in unison, as if they've been trained for this. One of the pussies is shinier than the others - a glimmer of silver light. Kai is pointing the Deagle between one of the Cook's legs directly at the Operator. She fires.

CRACK!

The side of Operator's gas mask shatters - the bullet just missed his face. Temporarily blinded, he hears footsteps pounding against the metal table, fast. He rips off

his mask and raises the AK-74. Kai stomps the gun barrel into the metal table and sticks the Deagle in his face. She's grinning ear to ear, face caked in cocaine powder, eyes bloodshot like Satan.

“Демон.”, Operator says calmly.

Kai pulls the trigger.

V: Judoka

The phone rings.

A beautiful man with long white hair answers.

Dante: Yes?

Boris: It's bad.

Dante: ...

Boris: She made a mess in the bathroom.

Dante: I see.

Boris: The club was shot up.

Dante: What of your precious Dogs?

Boris: Five dead. Several more at the hospital. One of my guys is missing his hands.

He's not going to make it.

Dante: Civilians?

Boris: It's a mess. We'll have to torch the warehouse.

Dante: ...

Boris: She went underground. VIP.

Dante: The Kitchen?

Boris: Yes, sir. My dogs are headed there now.

Dante: Don't bother. Torch the place.

Boris: Yes, sir.

Dante: She's trapped. No way out.

Boris: ...

Dante: No way out, right?

Boris: Um, yes. Unless she finds the exit...

Dante: Exit?

Boris: It's nothing, sir. The Chemist will take care of Her.

Dante: I'm sure he will.

The beautiful man waves his hand. A bald woman with missing eyebrows removes her mouth from his cock. She stands up and wipes saliva from her lips.

She's wearing a gold dress.

Boris: Sir?

Dante: My daughter. Is she alive?

Boris: Yes, sir. She left when I entered the club.

Dante: Good.

Boris: What should we do next?

Dante: Come to Heaven's Gate. Let's discuss your promotion.

Boris: Y-Yes, sir!

Dante hangs up the phone.

Goldie: She's coming here, isn't she?

Dante nods.

Dante: The giantess from Hell. Satan's Daughter. You'll finally get to meet her.

Goldie squeals excitedly.

Goldie: Is it true what they say? She's a master judoka?

Dante: Red belt. Youngest in the world. She's a prodigy.

Goldie claps her hands childishly.

Goldie: We're going to have so much *fun!*

Goldie reaches for Dante's groin. He stops her.

Dante: Open your gift.

Dante nods to a large metal crate on the table. Goldie smiles and opens the crate.

Her eyes widen.

Goldie: Oh my gah! :3

Dante: Go downstairs. Enjoy the show. Bring your new toy.

Goldie squeals gleefully and lifts her toy out of the crate. It's heavy.

Goldie: Kai trained with that renowned judo instructor. Sensei... something.

Boris said the Triads killed him. That's why she's psychotic.

Dante: Boris got that part wrong.

Goldie: Eh?

Dante: The Triads didn't kill Kai's mentor. *She* did.

VI: The Chemist

Operator's faceless hole oozes onto the floor. Kai places the now empty Deagle on the metal table, and picks up Operator's AK-74. The Cooks remain crouched and silent.

Kai smells smoke.

"Everyone out!"

The naked Cooks all stand simultaneously, turn in formation, and exit the Kitchen. Kai steps over Operator's body and walks further into the room, which is more of a large corridor. At the end of the long metal table is a small flight of stairs that lead up to a massive metal bank vault door. There's spray painted on the door in big letters:

LABORATORY

Kai pulls the vault lever. To her surprise, the gears of the vault door start moving - it's unlocked. A loud mechanical alarm buzzes and a lightbulb above the door blinks from red to green. The gears spin on their own, whirring and whizzing. The large metal door moves slowly, taking about 30 seconds to open completely. The door clangs against the wall, then silence. The room is dark inside, even to Kai, with her enhanced vision.

A putrid smell hits Kai's nostrils. Death. It smells like rotten flesh and chemicals. Curdled milk. Sour eggs and vomit. Kai's eyes sting, and the hairs on her neck stand up. She turns and looks at the Kitchen exit, considering turning back. Not possible - it's a single entrance hawked by Dogs waiting with Uzis and grenades. She has no choice but to

ground. She hears the clattering of chains. Then a tug. She looks down at her feet and sees the Chemist pulling the chain wrapped around her ankle. He yanks it, sliding her across the floor to his feet. He punches Kai in the face with his left hand, breaking her nose. Blood shoots out of Kai's nostrils all over her perky tits. The monster raises his right hand with the cleaver and swings down. She quickly rolls sideways - the cleaver cuts through one of her pigtails, sending strands of pink hair in the air. She punches the Chemist's right wrist with her spiked rings - blood spurts out, but he's unphased. He grabs her by the ankle and lifts up high, gazing upon his meal.

The monster sets his cleaver on the table, then lifts his apron with his free hand, still holding Kai with the other. He reveals his massive pulsating horse cock and jams it into Kai's mouth, hitting the back of her throat. He grabs the back of her head, still upside down, and mouthfucks Kai, drool and blood seeping out of her lips to the floor. Kai's face turns red and piss leaks from her pussy down her stomach and into her mouth, lubricating the monster's cock. He fucks her mouth harder, his member sliding in and out of her throat, making squishy sounds with her drool and pussy juice. The Chemist starts moaning and his legs begin to shake. His cock swells red and his testicles clench. Hot sperm erupts out of his 3-foot cock deep into Kai's throat, filling her stomach with cum.

Kai tightly grabs the monster's cock with both hands and pulls, moving its member deeper into her mouth and curving down into her throat, bringing her closer to his body. Gripping the base of his cock with her left hand, Kai pulls back her right fist then punches the Chemist at the top of his scrotum. Her spiked rings tear into his sack - she yanks back,

ripping the meaty ridge along the bottom of his member. The monster's cock splits open from the bottom; blood and cum pour out onto the floor. The monster howls and lets go of Kai's ankle. She falls to the floor while the Chemist keels over in pain. She unwraps the chain from her ankle and scans the room. There's a round outline in the ceiling by one of the vents with steel rebar stapled into the wall leading up to it. She stumbles over to the wall and shakily pulls herself up the makeshift rebar ladder. She gets to the top and realizes the circular outline is a manhole. She pushes upwards with her hands - it doesn't budge.

One hit will fuck you up. Two will kill you.

"Fuck it." Kai pulls the Dragon vial from her leather jacket pocket and sprays it into her broken cocaine-caked bloody nostril. Every muscle in her body swells up, brimming with dark veins. She hunches over and presses the flat of her back against the manhole. She digs her Doc Marten's into rebar and screams, pushing upwards. The rebar under her boots bend while the manhole lifts up slightly to one side, her body quaking furiously. She shoots her hands up, gripping the side of the manhole. She presses upwards with the entire force of her body, toppling the manhole over and gaining passage to the street above. She pokes her head through the hole and is blinded by two headlights. She ducks down, barely dodging a semitruck as it screeches overhead.

Kai feels a tug. She looks down - the monster is hanging from the rebar ladder, holding her ankle with one hand. She kicks downwards, smashing its knuckles with her steel toe boots. The Chemist screams and lets go. She reaches up and hoists herself out of

the manhole. Another set of headlights barrel down on her. Kai dodge rolls to the side just as the monster pokes its head up.

WHACK!

A white sports car clips the back of the Chemist's head. The monster falls to the floor of its lab. The car screeches, slams its brakes and skids to a stop. Kai weakly stands up and walks towards the car, dripping with cum and blood. A tan man exits the vehicle and walks towards Kai with a shocked look on his face. Kai's knees buckle and she collapses forward into the driver. He puts his arms out and catches her, nearly falling over from Kai's weight.

"You smell like cigarettes." Kai blacks out.

Dark smoke emerges from the manhole.

VII: Driver

“Miss? Wake up!” The Driver shakes Kai. She’s bleeding all over his seats.

CRACK!

The rear window of Driver’s RX-7 shatters. He downshifts to third gear and slams the accelerator. Kai’s body whiplashes from the sudden force of speed. Her head bounces off the roof of the car. She’s still unconscious.

RA-TA-TA-TA-TA

Driver flicks the clutch and hits the gas while whipping the steering wheel, sending the car screeching into a high-speed drift. A volley of bullets ping off the rear of the car. Two S-Class Mercedes’s and a black motorcycle are hot on their tail. The motorcyclist is holding an Uzi.

“WAKE THE FUCK UP!”

Driver slaps Kai on her pieced, bloody tits. She jolts awake gasping and grabs Driver by the neck. She makes a fist with her other hand, holding spiked rings up to his eyes.

“ACK - We’re being shot at you crazy bitch!” Driver says, struggling to get the words out from under Kai’s grip. The car skids violently through another turn. The rear of the car clips a food cart, sending a barrage of hot dogs flying into one of the Mercedes’ windshield.

CLACK! CRACK!

The passenger window shatters. Kai looks back and sees a Dog leaning out a Mercedes, pointing a pistol at them.

“Oh.” Kai lets go of Driver’s neck. He shifts the car and floors it.

“Glovebox!” He yells, eyes locked on the road.

Kai punches the glovebox and it opens. A Glock 48 sits among a pile of papers. She grabs the gun and racks a round into the chamber. She rotates her body, knee on the seat, and forces her fists through the RX-7’s sunroof, breaking it. The sunroof glass whips into the air and collides with the motorcyclist’s helmet. He reels and falls off his bike, tumbling underneath the tires of the Mercedes trailing them. There’s a distinct crunching sound.

More shots are fired as Kai peaks her head through the sunroof; bullets bounce off the roof of the car, whizzing past her head. She lines up the Glock 48 with the Dog and fires a single shot. The Dog’s head whips back with red mist – his body goes limp, dangling from the Mercedes.

Driver drifts the vehicle through another turn. Kai’s body slides into the side of the sunroof – bits of glass from the previous fight crunch deeper into the side of her stomach.

“WATCH IT!” Kai yells demonically.

Kai fires two shots at the Mercedes’ windshield. Blood paints the car’s glass from the inside – the car veers sideways and slams into a concrete divider. The second Mercedes speeds up. A Dog emerges from its sunroof with an ArmaLite 15. Kai ducks back down into her seat as shots are fired over the sunroof.

Kai winces painfully. Driver diverts the car onto the city bridge. There's construction up ahead. Traffic cones and signs are posted by a gap in the bridge's wall. Driver shifts into fifth gear. They're going 100 miles per hour. The Mercedes is closing distance.

"Get ready." Driver says calmly.

Kai looks at Driver curiously.

The Dog fires a few more rounds, shattering the rear view mirror. Kai can barely duck - her 6'4" figure is massive for the Japanese coupe. Driver rolls down his window. They're going 120 miles per hour. The bridge construction is coming up.

"TAKE THE WHEEL!" Driver screams, palming the Glock 48 from Kai's hands. She relieves the gun to his possession and grabs the steering wheel. Driver leans out his window and lines up the shot. He pulls the trigger.

The Mercedes' right tire explodes. The car swerves abruptly and launches through the gap in the bridge's wall. The Dogs free fall 400 feet through the air and collide with a 76 gas station below. The car explodes.

"Jeez." Driver slumps back into his seat. "I don't know what you're wrapped up in, Miss. But I'm a part of it now." Kai picks bits of glass out of her belly.

"My day was *already* crazy before I almost ran over your ass. I was supposed to pick up this chick. A girl I met on Hinge. She texts me, '*Pick me up from the club*', right? I get

to the club, and the whole building's on fire. People are running and screaming. Cars are speeding off. The girl wasn't answering her phone, so I took off. It was a bad scene."

There's a Slim Jim in the glovebox. Kai tears it open and scarfs it down.

"Sure, help yourself. Anyways, we're supposed to go to this show: FLESH RAPIST. Crazy death metal band from Canada. Their tour ends here, in Rose City. If that girl made it out the club alive, I figure she'll be at the show. That's where I'm driving to."

Kai sees a flyer amongst the papers in the glovebox. She picks it up. It reads:

New Year's Party! feat.

FLESH RAPIST live at Heaven's Gate.

"Heaven's Gate?" The cut on Kai's tongue stings.

"That's the venue. Big showroom 100 floors up. It's in one of those crazy high rise buildings. I heard some gangster owns it." Driver takes an exit off the bridge.

"I'm supposed to meet someone there." Kai hacks up a cum loogie and spits it out the shattered window.

"Then you're my plus one." Driver says wearily. "But first, let's get you cleaned up."

The RX-7 is riddled with bullet holes and broken glass.

They park in front of CVS.

VIII: Elevator

Kai and Driver run out of CVS – a security alarm is blaring and people are heard screaming from inside the store. They jump in the RX-7 and speed off. Kai is covered in bloody bandages. She opens a small bottle of painkillers and consumes them all.

“You crazy bitch. I would’ve *paid* for those!” Driver yells, annoyed.

“No time. It’s almost midnight.” Kai glances at the car’s clock, which has a bullet hole in it. She fumbles with a large syringe, then tucks it into her waistband.

“What’s that?” Driver asks.

“Little pick-me-up.” Kai lights two cigarettes and puts one of them in Driver’s mouth. He blushes and takes a drag.

“Thanks.” *This girl is strange.*

They pull up in front of a high rise building. It towers over them, seemingly forever. There’s a large group of crusty metalheads – long hair, dirty jeans, combat boots, ugly tattoos, spiked leather vests covered in patches – gathered around the lobby entrance. There seems to be a commotion. Some of them are throwing beer cans at the staff. There’s a tall sign posted behind security:

“SOLD OUT.”

“Shit. I forgot to get tickets.” Driver sighs.

“Go around back. Where the bands enter.” Kai points to a dark alleyway on the side of the building.

“You’re kidding. What’s your plan?”

Kai stares at Driver and smiles creepily. Driver sighs, then pulls the RX-7 into the alley. It takes several minutes to drive along the enormous length of the high rise. They turn a corner at the end of the alley and see a tour bus parked by a double door. In front of the door stands a big dude wearing a black shirt with yellow text: “SECURITY”

The security guard furrows his eyebrows as the RX-7 pulls up. Smoke is billowing from its bullet holes. The bloody giantess emerges from the car, clothes tattered, body covered in bruises and bandages – one of her pigtails is missing. Driver steps out to follow her and whispers:

“What are you going to say?”

“I’m gonna kick him in the nuts.” Kai squares up her Doc Marten’s.

“You’re *late*.” The guard says.

Kai and Driver look at each other.

“You’re the stand-in bassist, right? We’re behind schedule. Who’s he?” The guard points to Driver.

“He’s my tech. Fixes amps and stuff.” Kai replies coolly.

“Whatever. Hurry up - the band is waiting.” The guard beeps the door with a keycard and opens it. Kai and Driver walk inside. Another guard looks at them and nods, motioning his hands towards the elevator.

“Thanks.” Driver smirks. They step into the elevator. There’s four buttons:

HEAVEN

STAGE

BAR

★F

Kai presses the HEAVEN button, smearing blood on it. The elevator is about to close when a sparkly gold boot wedges between the doors. The doors reopen and a women in a gold dress stands in front of them. She’s missing eyebrows.

“Hi! :3” Goldie steps into the elevator between Kai and Driver.

The trio remain silent for a moment. The elevator closes and starts moving up.

“Are you with the band?” Goldie stares at Kai, not blinking.

“Yeah.” Kai replies, emotionless.

Goldie squeals and claps her hands.

“Ohhhh, *goodie!* It’s gonna be a fun show. I *love* FLESH RAPIST. I own all their albums on vinyl.”

“That’s great.” *Who is this chick?*

“It’s too bad about Stella, right?” Goldie stares.

“Uh, right.”

“You know, the bassist for FLESH RAPIST? She quit the band mid-tour. No one knows why. There’s a rumor she got mixed up with shady people. I heard she works at some bar now...”

There’s an LED screen in the elevator. It blinks from FLOOR 32 to FLOOR 33.

“...But it’s lucky they got you! FLESH has that deep and heavy tone. I think bassists in metal are underrated. You can really feel the chug when a good bassist is involved, y’know?”

Kai nods.

“...I’m a little surprised though. I read FLESH hired the guy from Cannibal Corpse to be their stand-in. What band are you from?”

Kai twitches, then replies: “Meat Grinder.”

“Meat Grinder! Sounds cool. I’ve never heard of them - no disrespect. I’ll have to check you guys out. And what is *your* name?”

“Kai.”

Goldie’s eyes widen scarily.

“Kai... What a pretty name.”

The hairs on Kai's neck stand up.

She clenches her fist. Driver gulps.

Goldie notices the HEAVEN button is illuminated.

“Wrong floor, sweetheart!” Goldie punches the STAGE button. Driver flinches.

The elevator screen blinks FLOOR 86 to FLOOR 87.

“You don't wanna disturb my boss. He owns the building, and he's in a *real* crabby mood. But if you play well, I'll convince him to invite you upstairs!” Goldie winks.

“What's your boss's name?” Kai thinks about her mentor.

“Dante. His name is Dante.”

DING!

The elevator doors open. Goldie slaps Kai and Driver on the back and pushes them out of the elevator. They look at Goldie:

“Break a leg out there! :3”

Goldie raises a hand and makes a gun gesture at Kai's head.

She pulls the trigger.

IX: Flesh Rapist

The elevator doors close. Kai and Driver look at each other, then turn to see a small hallway that leads to a dark wooden door. There's a sign on the wall next to it:

“Green Room”.

Kai opens the door and they walk in.

“Who are you?”

Four confused Canadians are sitting comfortably on leather couches, smoking a joint. They're covered in bandages and fake blood. One of them stands up and walks over to Kai. They have stylish black hair and are wearing cheetah print leggings.

“Whoa. Your cuts look *real*. Who did your makeup?”

“Uhh, this guy.” Kai points to Driver. Driver smiles awkwardly.

“Where's your bass?”

“I forgot it.” Kai blushes.

“That's okay. You can use Stella's - we brought it with us.”

“I thought Alex was coming?” One of the other flesh rapists inquires, coughing on a joint.

“His flight got delayed. But I didn't know they sent someone else. What's your name?”

“Kai.” Her face turns red.

“Good to met you Kai. I’m Cabbage. Not my real name, obviously. The band calls me that.”

He’s cute. Kai thinks to herself.

The door on the opposite side of the green room opens. A man walks in with a headset and clipboard.

“Oh, good. She’s here. Let’s get going guys - the crowd is waiting.”

“Here”, Cabbage hands Kai a crimson Schecter five-string bass guitar.

Kai looks at Driver. He gives her the thumbs up, nervously.

Kai and the flesh rapists follow the clipboard man down a long hallway, up a flight of stairs, and onto the backstage behind a massive red curtain. People are heard talking on the other side. Cabbage looks at the guitar rack and grabs a sea foam Fender Stratocaster. They put a hand on Kai’s shoulder:

“Don’t be nervous. You’ll do great.”

Kai pees a little.

FLESH RAPIST steps out onto the stage. It’s dark, but the crowd starts wooing. The band takes their positions - Kai looks around cluelessly. Driver runs up to her, instrument cable in hand.

“Dude, here.” He plugs the cable into the Schecter, puts the strap over Kai’s neck, and turns up the volume knob. “Just play open notes in time with the band. Good luck!” Driver skitters off stage. Sweat is pooling out of Kai’s nose. Suddenly, a chorus of angels blares out of the speakers. The crowd erupts into a roar of cheers; at least two thousand people. Hellish red light illuminates the stage. The angels’ chorus pitch shifts into brooding demonic voices. The band nods at each other – Cabbage looks at Kai, smiling.

The drummer blasts his snare while Cabbage and the other guitarist ring feedback with their guitars. This is it. It’s starting. Kai removes the syringe from her waistband: EPINEPHRINE. She stabs it into her neck and presses the plunger, unloading the entire adrenaline shot into her bloodstream. Her heartrate shoots up.

“YOWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!”

Kai screams and begins flicking the strings of Stella’s bass guitar. The drummer crashes his symbols and kicks the bass pedals furiously. The guitarists start ripping and banging their heads. The vocalist growls into the mic angrily. The stage lights strobe rapidly and the crowd goes wild, kicking and punching each other.

High above the crowd is a metal truss walkway near the ceiling.

A pair of gold boots sparkle.

X: Goldie

Security guards struggle to hold Kai back as she leans forward off the stage with her foot propped up on the crowd's shoulders. She grinds her pussy on the bass while whipping her single pink pigtail in violent circles - two drunk metalheads holding her foot are gazing up at Kai, grinning happily.

The rest of the band look at each other, bewildered.

What the fuck is she playing?!

This bitch is wild!

She's going to get us sued.

The crowd LOVES her.

The entire sea of metalheads are swarming, feeding off of Kai's infectious energy. Only the music snobs notice how terribly she's playing bass - everyone else is moshing too hard to notice. Hundreds of beer cans are crushed by combat boots. Several people in the pit get knocked out. Dozens of tatty baddies flash their tits at Kai. One guy pulls his dick out and a big dyke kicks him in the face, breaking his septum. Some of the security guards quit on the spot and join the mosh pit. People are jumping out of the nosebleeds to get closer to the stage. A journalist fled the venue and would later cite the show as:

"A catastrophic danger to public safety."

Goldie watches from the rafters, smiling.

“*Yooooooooouuuuu* heard em’, Kai! **THE SHOW MUST GO ON!**” Goldie cackles scarily. Another spotlight flips on and reveals Goldie, standing high up on the metal truss. She’s wearing a headset microphone and is holding an M202 FLASH incendiary rocket launcher on her shoulder. She smiles and points the launcher at the stage.

Kai’s eyes widen. She screams at Cabbage:

“**RUN!**”

Goldie fires a rocket. Kai grips Stella’s bass by the neck and spins her body 360 degrees, using her momentum to launch the bass into the air. An explosion erupts fifty feet above the stage, reigning fire down on the crowd. Their cheers turn into screams. Goldie laughs maniacally, echoing throughout Heaven’s Gate.

“**THAT’S MY GIRL! I FUCKING *LOVE YOU!!***”

A gun fires from backstage. Kai turns and sees Driver with his pistol pointed at the rafters. He takes several shots, missing – she’s too high up. Goldie lines up her M202 and shoots. Kai throws a cymbal stand in the air – it clips the rocket, tilting its trajectory. It explodes behind Driver, shattering the floor beneath him. He falls out of sight.

The crowd rushes for the exits, screaming.

“**DON’T WALK OUT ON ME! IM. NOT. *FINISHED!!***”

Goldie fires a third rocket at one of the exits. Fire engulfs a hundred metalheads. Cabbage is still on the stage, crouched and petrified. Kai runs over and scoops her up, then

carries him to look in the hole Driver fell in - he's sprawled out on a poker table, unconscious. There's a hidden bar underneath the stage.

“LAST SHOT, JUDOKA!

DANCE FOR ME!

DANCE LIKE YOU DID FOR FLESH RAPIST!!”

Goldie fires her last rocket. Kai jumps in the hole with Cabbage in her arms. Fire erupts above their heads, torching the stage. She sets Cabbage down and puts two fingers on Driver's neck. He's alive. A shard of wood is sticking out of his thigh.

“Help him.” Kai says to Cabbage.

Kai grabs a rag from the bar. She pulls out the wooden shard - blood spurts from Driver's thigh. Kai wraps the rag around his wound, securing a tourniquet.

“Keep pressure on the wound. Make sure he wakes up.”

Cabbage nods, shaking.

Kai notices a window in the bar that overlooks the crowd. She runs over and peers through. A hundred burnt corpses are flaming by the exit. FLESH RAPIST fans are screaming and running in all directions. Kai looks up at the rafters - Goldie is gone.

Kai scans the bar. There's a wooden door by the poker table - Driver's Glock is on the ground next to it. Kai picks up the gun and checks the mag - 2 bullets left, including the chamber. She slaps the mag back into the gun and opens the wooden door.

“Where are you going?” Cabbage keeps pressure on Driver’s bloody leg.

Kai looks at Cabbage with demon eyes. Then smiles.

“When he wakes up, exit the building.” Kai winks and walks through the door to an empty corridor. Red Dragon and adrenaline are searing through her veins.

I’m gonna kill this fucking bitch.

Kai gets to the elevator at the end of the corridor. She presses the button. Several minutes go by – her ears are ringing. She thinks about her life. Her orphan upbringing. She thinks about the master judoka – the sensei who took her in and raised her like his own child. She remembers when his wife died. Kai’s stepmother. Sensei couldn’t bear his sorrow. He started drinking. Became violent. His violence became Kai’s training. Molded her into a killing machine. His malevolence became her ethos. “*Kill or be killed.*”, he used to say. His training was grueling and relentless. He would bring Kai to judo schools across the country, then challenge the head judoka. Kai tore through everyone. She crippled the other judoka. Broke their limbs, damaged their bodies, and caused career-ending injuries. This earned her the nickname, “Bloody Giantess”. They were disgraced from the sport. Banned in every prefecture. The Japan Judo Federation stripped Kai and her mentor of their belts, making it illegal for them to compete under any circumstance. They were fined and banished. They left Japan. Moved to America – Rose City. Things got worse. Sensei turned to drugs. He found a plug through the Triads. To make money, he made Kai compete in underground cage fights. It was painful, but Kai still loved her surrogate father. But the more she fought for him, the worse his condition got. He started taking harder

drugs. Experimental stuff. It made him psychotic. Paranoid, more violent. He was convinced Kai were a demon. One day, sensei tried to kill her - but he had trained Kai too well. She snapped his neck in under a second. Her mentor. Her father. This broke her. Broke her humanity. Even she began viewing herself as a demon. She went after the Triads. Infiltrated their organization. Snapped every neck and spine of every Triad mobster in the city, looking for who made the experimental drugs.

She remembers Mr. Chang, the last Triad boss she ever spoke to. She held him by the neck, her fist equipped with his own gold rings, blood pooling from his eyes. She remembers the last word he spoke with his dying breath:

“Dante.”

DING!

The elevator doors open. Goldie is revealed, holding a fireman’s axe.

“DANCE WITH ME, JUDOKA! LET’S DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY!”

Kai shoots Goldie in the face. Twice.

XI: Heaven's Gate

Smoke emerges from Goldie's eye holes. Her brain bits slide down the elevator walls. Kai picks up the fireman's axe and presses the button: HEAVEN

Boris stands nervously in front of Dante, who is sitting behind a desk.

"I heard explosions. Should I go down there?" Boris asks.

"Goldie and her toys. You know how she gets."

"Uh, right. About the warehouse. It's done."

"And the Chemist?"

"We... don't know."

"Hmm. No matter. About your promotion..."

"Y-Yes, sir?"

"I'm opening another club on the south side. I want you to run it. Think you can handle it?"

"Absolutely, sir!"

"Wonderful. You and your Dogs can manage the whole operation. All I ask is that you stay profitable."

"Not a problem, sir. I won't let you down."

Dante stands up and walks around the desk. His long curly hair billows with the wind. The terrace doors are open.

“Good. Let me walk you to the elevator.”

Dante puts his hand on Boris’ back, guiding him.

“That troublemaker at the club. The Bloody Giantess. What happened to her?”

“Trapped with the Chemist, sir. In his lab.”

“And?”

“She’s *dead*, sir. No way out, like you said.”

“That’s right. I said that, didn’t I?”

Dante and Boris stand in front of the elevator, then face each other.

“I’m proud of you, Boris. You’ve been a good soldier.”

“T-Thank you, sir!”

A flash of silver light. Red paints the elevator doors.

Blood pools out of Boris’ mouth.

He slumps to the ground, lifeless.

DING!

The elevator doors open.

CLANG!

The fireman's axe collides with Dante's samurai sword, blocking it. Kai stares into his eyes, snarling. Their weapons are locked in place, shaking with tension. Dante smiles.

"Happy New Year, *Kai*."

Kai lunges a boot at Dante. He springs back, evading her kick effortlessly.

"It's 11:57. There's still time for a *kiss!*" Kai charges towards Dante, swinging the axe wildly. Dante dodges her attacks, dancing around the bloody giantess. He cracks her in the jaw with the butt of his sword. A few of her teeth fall to the floor.

"You disappoint me, Kai. I expected more with your reputation: bastard daughter of the famous judoka. Judging from your bloodshot eyes, it seems the apple doesn't fall far from the tree-"

WHOOSH!

Dante ducks as the fire axe flies above his head, sticking into the wall.

"Sloppy." Dante walks towards Kai, who is now weaponless. She backpedals onto the terrace. They're 200 floors above the city streets. A couple fireworks crackle in the sky. Blood drips from Kai's lips.

"I was impressed, how you handled the Triads. I should pay you to take out the competition. Come work for me. There's a position for you at Heaven's Gate."

Kai looks at Boris' flayed corpse near the elevator.

"No thanks, faggot." Kai pulls out the vial of Red Dragon.

Dante sighs. “Last chance, Kai. I forgive your sins. Be with *me*.”

Kai puts the vial in her mouth and bites down, cracking the glass.

Dante laughs. “You really *are* psychotic. Useless bitch! What a waste...”

Dante lunges with his blade, stabbing Kai through the chest.

Kai spits blood, Red Dragon, and broken glass into Dante’s eyes. He shrieks.

She grabs his beautiful white locks with both hands, pulls herself further into the blade, and head butts his face, caving his nose into his glassy eyes.

“W-Wait... S-S-Stop...” Dante gurgles.

Kai opens her mouth wide and bites Dante’s lips sideways. She clenches her jaw and whips her head back, tearing his lips off. Blood spews into her face. Kai laughs and hugs Dante, pulling him towards the edge of the terrace. She bends her knees and crouches down, holding him tight. She whispers in his ear:

“New Year, New Me.”

Kai digs her Doc Marten’s into the floor and jumps backwards off the terrace with Dante in her arms.

The RX-7 pulls out of the alleyway, making an ugly mechanical grinding noise.

BZZZZZZZ KRRRTT!

“Dammit, dude. Have you *never* driven a stick before?!” Drivers yells.

Cabbage struggles with the car’s controls, kicking the clutch and forcing the shifter awkwardly.

“No one drives a manual anymore you *old fuck!*”

She slaps Driver on his bloody thigh. He yelps.

The RX-7 stalls out in the middle of the road. Driver exhales through his nose.

“We should go back for her.” Driver sighs.

“She told us to escape.” Cabbage also sighs.

The sound of fireworks erupt overhead. A crowd of metalheads gather near the car. Some of them are pointing to the sky.

“Think she’s okay?” Cabbage asks.

“That woman is *not* okay.” Driver laughs.

Two bodies explode on the hood of the RX-7. The windshield turns red. Cabbage and Driver exit the car – a barrage of blood, bones, teeth, entrails, ripped skin, and a smoothie of white and pink hair are contorted grotesquely in the Mazda’s Wankel rotary engine. The crowd of metalheads are gawking. One of them walks over to the car, their eyes wide with terror. She’s wearing a short leather skirt.

Cabbage and Driver both recognize her.

“Stella?”

Stella screams.

END

A message from Goatcvlt:

KILL KAI is my love letter to all the action movies, video games, anime and hentai I've consumed over the years. Stuff like John Wick, Old Boy, Max Payne, Diablo, Berserk, Ghost In The Shell, Mezzo Forte, etc. Thank you Josh for lending me your high school RX-7 for this story (even though I didn't ask). I wrote KILL KAI coming off the creative momentum from making my first story, Catboy. I didn't expect to have this much fun yes-and'ing my absurd ideas. I'm 23 days sober and I suppose this is a better use of my time than drinking myself to death.

To Kelly: Thanks for helping me through the hard times. <3

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