

Rai was glancing outside the window to the neon lights of Starlight city while drinking a tall glass of red wine. Bright blues, pinks, and purples colored the scene below like a perfect complementary arrangement of aesthetic decorations. The Suit rose his glass to toast to that analogy in an appreciative silence. He enjoyed all things artistic, beautiful, and creative. Such is the domain of the Clubs Suit, after all.

At least, that's how Rai saw it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" He asks his guest cheerfully, giggling in delight for a moment before taking a sip of wine from the Magnolia Estate Winery. A beautiful balance of sweet and sour. Just how he liked it.

The guest said nothing to his question.

As expected.

"A cityscape decorated in its fantastical lights, shining like a star in the sky! One of the brightest places one can see; a brilliant light that shines in a cruel, cruel world!" He announced in glee, an amused tone lacing every word. The blue haired man then glanced at his guest, still sitting on the chair. "And yet..."

He walked over to the tied up and gagged man, purposefully emphasizing the clacking of his heels as he did. He carefully set his club-shaped shades on the nightstand as he passed it. Now without the obscuring of his eyes, he dropped the playful pretense, his expression falling with it.

Unamused. Piercing. Dangerous.

A snake locked onto its prey just before it strikes.

"...It seems you were tempted towards the shadows." There was no humor in his voice now. A dangerous thing, really. The Suit usually preferred to keep things light and casual, as a way to enjoy and appreciate the finer things in life.

However...

However.

Some people can't mind their *god damn business*.

It really puts a damper on the mood, really.

Rai stopped in front of the man before slowly running a finger down the man's cheek, neck, and nape, his nail scraping close to a vein while staring indifferently at the other's terrified gaze. It's a shame, this guy had really pretty eyes. But alas... "I know you're a spy."

His finger reacted from the other's nape in favor of pulling his hair back.

Hard.

The man *screamed*.

Well, as much as he could when he was gagged.

But it was still a *delicious* sound.

Rai loved it.

The Suit loved to watch the pretty spy strain against his bindings with all he had, but to no avail.

He loved to watch his prey squirm.

"So, you can either tell me who you're working for," He pulled harder as he grins in delight from the louder scream, "*or I could force you to tell me myself.* Which would you prefer?"

What he didn't say is that even if the spy did confess, the Suit wouldn't let him go that easily. After all, men this pretty were *so fun* to play with and decorate, and Rai did *oh so love* to play and decorate. Messing around with his guest before pinning his corpse onto an alley wall with some graffiti courtesy of Mr. Mansour himself will do *just nicely*.

Rai smiled and giggled with delight at the thought while he played around with his temporary toy until the crack of dawn.

News of the display in the alley was the subject of gossip for weeks. While a dead man tied up like a present with an eye drawn behind him with spray paint was eye-catching on its own, the people were more interested in what was drawn on the man himself.

A Clubs symbol.

In Rai's signature cyan blue.

With a neon pink R and a neon yellow M in the middle for good measure.

The people in Starlight City knew this was a threat of some kind, and rumors spread across the city for *days* about its meaning.

It was amusing, but their frivolous banter doesn't matter. All that matters is that Rai is making sure that those who sent the spy knows that the Clubs Suit is aware of them. It's a shame that all the fun from the night before didn't lead to any leads, but the blue-haired man isn't really concerned.

Best case scenario is that whoever sent the spy is scared shitless, and running for the hills. However, if the worst comes to worst...

Well, Rai can probably handle that himself.