

KISSHEAVEN

CHARACTERS :

Caleb : 29 years old (he lost his parents 22 years ago when he was only 7 because of an extreme addiction to a powerful drug)

LP : 45 years old (billionaire who invested in the creation of a substance that do miracles on users life : kissheaven)

Group of 10 people gathered on the dark web : Caleb, Dex, Lio, Kiara, Vorn, ...

PROLOGUE :

In the bar, almost empty, sounded mechanical steps from robot waiters slipping from one table to another with an incredible precision. A place made to forget yourself. To drown yourself.

Caleb was starring at his glass, with an empty look. In front of him, a 50 y.o looking man was holding a small silver bottle. Slowly shaking it, and looking fascinated. There was a holographic tag, on it flashing the name "kissHeaven".

— "is that ... is that really it ?" asked the man with a shaking voice, a mix of hesitation and excitement. "My grandson says that it's safe. He says that it opens our minds and that we feel..... more alive."

Caleb didn't answer right after. He looked at him for a long time. Then, he looked up to the men's pupils, still clear, still human.

—"Do you have a family ?" he asked simply.

—"Yes... my Grandson. He was the one who told me to try. He says that it will help me understand what he's going through. That I will be closer to him."

Caleb smiled sadly

— "'I was seven when my parents started to take the substance", he whispered. "We didn't have much, but we lived. They had work, we were laughing every day. Then LP arrived with his promesses of power, awakening, immortality. Just a few drops. An illusion in each eye.'"

He interrupted himself, his look lost in the void.

— "I was coming home from school that day. The weather was good, I think. The sky was blue, clear like glass. And them, they were slumped on the sofa. Eyes open, empty. A frozen smile. They had already left for hours."

Surviving the future (T° D)

The man looked down, the bottle shaking slightly between his fingers.

-“They had nothing left. All was lost in this “Kissheaven”. Their money, their minds and finally their lives. Since that day I swore to myself I would stop him.”

A heavy silence fell between the two men, broken only by the distant sound of a cleaning drone.

— “Do You still believe that it brings you closer to anyone ?”Caleb asked softly. “No. It distances you from yourself. From everything. And one day, you might never wake up again.”

The man looked at the bottle for the last time. Then slowly put it back on the table without a word

Caleb stood up, leaving some crédits on the counter.

-“The real truth is to see the world without filters. Even if it hurts.”

He dissapeared In the darkness.

The robot waiter took back the abandoned bottle and threw it away.

INTRODUCTION :

Two hundred years after the sanitary crises of 2020, earth has evolved a lot. She has been transformed with technological, technical and scientific advances, humanity is immersed in a progress that has spared only the most important aspect : ethics. Cities are big, engines are intelligent, bodies are augmented and we live well. In this shining world of promess, a shadow looms, invisible but omnipresent distilled in the form of a few drops poured into the eyes : kissheaven.

-This substance, sold as a revolution, evolutionary leap, a bridge to immortality, has conquered the entire planet. Its effects are spectacular : some feel invincible, others claim to read minds or manipulate matter. For them, this is a new era of humanity, of superhumans.

-Behind this global évolution lies a single name : LP. An american billionaire hiding his real identity behind a mask and a pseudonym. It's him who invented The “kissheaven”, commonly known as KISS. A substance injected directly into the eyes in the form drops. He's the one who convinced the world that a few drops of this product would be enough to transcend the human condition. And now, everyone believes it and consumes it. Everyone except one..

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I- THE BEGINNING :

Caleb passed through the gates of LP Industries without a word. The main airlock, surrounded by scanners and cameras, beeped with approval, then slowly opened. A smell of disinfectant immediately assailed him. The factory stretched out before him, gigantic, silent, icy.

He had only a badge, a gray uniform; a temporary employee, assigned to maintain the hydraulic circuits on Level 3. Everything had been prepared on the dark web: the fake papers, the work history, the synthetic DNA fingerprint. A month of preparation for a single idea: enter this place.

He walked down the pale-walled corridors, passing other employees like him, their gazes blank, their steps steady. No one spoke here. It was the rule: Work. Don't ask questions. Close your eyes.

The lights flickered in places, as if even the artificial glare didn't dare fully impose itself. Patrol drones glided slowly along the tracks on the ceiling. They scanned faces, moves, heartbeats. Caleb avoided looking At them.

At the checkpoint, a robotic shift manager—a metal torso and a semi-human face, half-torn off by the years—quickly checked his assignment, then pointed him with a steel finger.

— "Line 17. Thermal Pipe Maintenance.
Floor -2. Limited authorized access. Active surveillance."

Caleb nodded. He mustn't let anything show.

The elevators went down silently. Around him, technicians, all dressed up like him, freezed in a hypnotic stupor, as if floating on the surface of something invisible. This was LP Industries: a machine where humans were merely cogs, dictated by obedience and fear.

On Floor -2, the air was thicker, hotter. Steam escaped from the ducts, the floor vibrated with a constant rumble. Here, the walls sweated with Kissheaven. This was where the drugs were born. In translucent tanks, liquids with iridescent reflections could be seen. All around, mechanical arms filled thousands of bottles, drop by drop.

Caleb inspected the machines, noted down numbers on a control pad. He was doing what was expected of him. No more, no less. He was waiting for the right moment.

That evening, in the cold room that served as his dormitory, he broadcast a message over a clandestine network.

"Day 1. I'm in. LP thinks no one would dare to come this far. But I'm here. I've seen the tanks. I've seen the bottles. And I've seen what they do to the workers. Some have red eyes, too red.

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They're already addicted. LP is testing KISS on his own employees. It's a closed-air laboratory. But I'll hold on. I'll find the room. The one where it all began. The one where he's hiding. He'll see my face. I swear it to him."

He cut the rec , with a beating Heart.

He was still invincible.

But for how much time ?

II. THE CONFRONTATION

Caleb entered the factory under a low sky, the dawn mist still lingering in the alleyways. His heart was pounding, his hands sweating on his latex gloves. Everything inside him burned with one idea: enter the heart of this world. This world where LP, the architect of chaos, was laying the foundations of humanity with his precious Kissheaven. This world he hated with every fiber of his being.

He hadn't thought. Not this time. After LP's public announcement yesterday that it was expanding its industry to Europe, he had made a decision. He simply wanted to see this man, this monster. Confront him. Make him pay. He had infiltrated Kissheaven's secret production facility, an underground complex where thousands of bottles were manufactured every day, shipped to the four corners of America. The temptation to strike, to destroy this system from the inside, obsessed him. But he was just one worker among thousands, and he had never imagined that his action would lead to such an absurd and dangerous moment.

In an isolated room deep in the factory, Caleb slipped inside, hiding behind rows of metal crates. There, he came across a deactivated terminal, an old, abandoned control panel, seemingly out of commission. He knew there were risks, but his mind was no longer rational. He began tapping on the screen, hacking into the systems. His hands were shaking, but rage silenced the fear.

Suddenly, a blue light filled the room. An hologram materialized before him. A perfect and flawless image. It was him. LP. Caleb felt a cold chill run through him.

The billionaire was there, in front of him, but he wasn't real. Just a projection. His smooth face, his impeccable hair, his controlled smile... LP seemed larger than life, but it was all an illusion. The hologram spoke in a calm, authoritative voice, which echoed like distant music.

"Who are you ? You are not supposed to be here... You little boy thought that you could pass me easily ?" Caleb felt overwhelmed by hate. He stepped forward, his breathing ragged, his fist clenched. "YOU DESTROYED MY FAMILY LP ! You destroyed millions of people's lives and you are still standing there passively ? My Mother, my father... They died because of your drug ! This illusion that you were selling to them, this promise of strength and immortality... All of this was just a lie ! So remember my name, because I will make you fall !"

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LP smiles slightly, an almost detached smile, as if he were merely a spectator of a play unfolding before his eyes.

"You don't understand, Caleb. Kissheaven... it was the only way out. Humanity could no longer survive any other way. They wanted it, they chose it. Their end was inevitable, and I simply gave people what they desired most: an escape. A promise of greatness. And you... you're here accusing me of killing them. But who, Caleb, who's going to blame those who chose?"

LP's words seemed to pierce Caleb like arrows. His heart pounded violently in his chest. He moved closer to the hologram, staring into LP's eyes, the vice of rage and grief tightening around him.

"I won't let you destroy lives, LP. Not for a minute longer. I'm going to do everything I can to make sure the world knows who you are, so you can no longer manipulate people like my parents, like all these lost souls."

LP tilted his head, a flash of amusement flashing through his cold eyes.

- "Are you threatening me Caleb ? (he paused, and a slight cynical smile played on his lips). Very well. Just so you know, Caleb, no one can stop me. It's already too late."

The hologram suddenly disappeared. The room was silent. Caleb stood there alone. His fists clenched, his face pumping with adrenaline, he suddenly realized it had all been a trap. A mere hologram to lure him into it. An illusion. And he'd seen it. He'd been fooled.

But it was already too late. His words had been heard. And somewhere along the way, he knew that revenge was no longer just an idea. It was underway.

III- CALEB'S HEAD

Information spread quickly. Just a few hours after the virtual confrontation, a picture of Caleb was projected on all the public screens. A blurry photo taken when he hacked the factory. A clear message : "traitor, terrorist, robber. Price on head. 10 million for his capture, dead or alive."

Anywhere, people started to whisper, to watch the screens, to hear the authoritarian voices of propaganda. Caleb was now the number one public enemy, a terrorist wanted by all the governments and the corporates who supported LP.

The hunt had begun.

IV- THE BITEHELLS

Very quickly, many people were trying to contact Caleb; some with the intention of joining him, others with the intention of claiming the reward.

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Caleb then had an idea. It was clear he could never reach LP alone, so the idea of creating a team came to his mind.

Of all the people who had contacted him or tried to contact him, he chose 10, whom he had already identified through the underground network he was writing about. From there, they gathered at the home of one of them who had a bunker and began to imagine a plan.

The bunker was dark, barely lit by the blue light of several sizzling screens. Canes were lying on the floor, LP Industries' infrastructure plans were dragging on the ground. Caleb was standing, hands placed flat on the central table, observing the Kissheaven factory map. Around him, 10 pairs of eyes stared at the plan. 10 faces, 10 stories, 10 reasons to want to see LP fall.

Kiara, a nervous, frowning figure, stood with her arms crossed in a corner. She wore a worn army jacket and nervously chewed on a piece of plastic cable.

- Okay, we need to get one thing straight, she said. We won't get there with weapons. Not frontally. He is a god for the population, a ghost for authority, an armored ghost. We must take him out of his world.

- We can force him to show himself, snapped Dex, a shaved-headed hacker and former cybersecurity engineer. We block the distribution of KISS. Not for long, just a few hours. Enough to send the upper echelons into a panic. He'll react. He's always had a fragile ego.

- "Or we force him out by threatening him," said Lio, a silent girl with red-blooded eyes, a former addict, now a data cleaner for the darknet. "We have the documents, the records, the child test sequences... LP can survive a war, but not the truth."

- "He'll survive as long as his factories are running," Caleb interrupted. "What we need is a two-pronged plan: physical attack and mental attack. On one side, we hit him. On the other hand, we hit the myth."

He pointed to two areas on the map.

- "This is the distribution sector. We sabotage the delivery modules, with Vorn's help." He turned his head toward a silent giant, a former factory worker.

—Then we send a decoy. A coded message, as if a rival band wants to buy or replicate KISS. LP hates competition. He'll want to intervene.

—And while he panics, Dex, Kiara, and I will infiltrate the central hub, said Lio. Where he keeps his backups, his main servers, his personal data. We leave a video. A manifesto.

—I can disable the camera networks in the targeted areas, added Kiara. But I'll have someone covering for me while I do that. If I get caught, it's over.

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—I'll take care of that, said Caleb.

—Can I suggest something? We need a team name, said Lio. I thought of BiteHell because it's the opposite of Kissheaven, what do you think?

- "If it makes you happy," Kiara said.

A silence fell over the room. Everyone knew this wasn't a comeback plan. It was a suicide mission, disguised as a revolution.

Kiara stared at Caleb for a long time.

- "You know that might not be enough to kill him?"

- "That's not what I want," he replied. "I want him to open his eyes. I want everyone to open their eyes. If that means I have to die... then it's over."

One by one, the group nodded. The pact was sealed.

Their destinies were no longer their own.

But for the first time in a long time... they were making something of it.

V- THE ASSAULT :

Place : exterior of a LP complex - dark night.

The wind was blowing hard. The great towers of the forbidden zone rose in the fog. Caleb, hood raised, observed the main doors of the large building.

Behind him, the BiteHells were there. Tired, armed, masked silhouettes for some, undercover faces for others. All have the same determination in their eyes.

They had completed their tasks, the delivery modules had been sabotaged, and the false message had been sent.

"It's tonight or never," Caleb murmured.

A murmur of approval. Then, the signal. Kiara turned off the cameras with her digital tablet, and they moved forward.

They slipped through the maintenance ducts. Narrow corridors, full of cables. Not a word. Just the sound of their footsteps and breathing.

Finally, they reached the heart of the machine: a white, circular room, without any rough edges. In the center, a seat... empty.

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Then, a click. And an image lit up. A hologram of LP.

"Hello, Caleb," LP said with an amused smile. "I missed you."

Caleb stepped forward, his fists clenched.

"Are you still hiding behind a screen?"

"I'm everywhere, Caleb. And you... you're always late. You think you've awakened spirits, but they're still sleeping bodies. They're not fighting for you, but to prove to themselves that they're not nothing, that they exist."

"You know my first name, but I only know your pseudonym. Tell me what your name is!"

- Oh but I'm going to tell you, you're going to die today anyway. My name is Patrick Loffron

Caleb pulled out a weapon. The hologram didn't move.

- "You can kill me here a million times, it will change nothing.

Before Caleb could answer, the walls suddenly opened. Armed drone appeared. Scream, detonations. His people fell one by one. An ambush. Another game controlled by LP.

- How did they know ? screamed Caleb

Then, he saw Kiara, who was heading toward the exit and nobody was pointing at her. So, he saw. She had betrayed them.

Caleb screamed, pulled, ran. But the light envelops him.

A sudden pain in his chest.

Black

VI- AWAKENING :

Slowly emerged, slumped on the landing of his apartment, in an old residential area marked by the times and eaten away by the centuries.

His body is heavy and trembling, his breathing heavy. His legs are tense, inert, and in his hand still trembles an empty micro-vial of kissheaven.

His eyes—two globes with dilated pupils—are worn down by overdoses of drugs injected directly under his eyelids. For two days, he lay there, immersed in an illusion born of his addiction. That of a vigilante committed to fighting this drug. But it was a fight that took place only in his head. He never left that landing.

And then he began to cry because in reality, he was just like the others.