

To my surprise, the trip back to the yard's entrance was rather uneventful. Sure, there are more corpses on the streets, and you can hear the growls of Fenriromorphs accompanied by the pained screams of prisoners, but those cries are all inside the buildings. Traveling the hallway, we enter the Yard proper and are met with more bodies, including the corpses of several Fenriromorphs.

"They put up a fight." Cillian exclaims in surprise. "Maybe we can actually fight them off."

"It would be possible if not for the fact these Fenriromorphs can reproduce from a scratch."

Cillian glances at the injury on my arm worryingly.

"Are you..."

"I'll be fine so long as we get out of this dungeon."

Cillian grimaces at my answer, but nods the same.

"Good. Let's stay quiet and head to the center. I want to avoid using anything that could attract attention."

We pass through the streets of the yard, seemingly following a line of corpses that leads towards the center. While we travel, we hear the sound of fighting in the distance. Roars of Fenriromorphs and screams of humans tell us which directions to avoid. Where it took me only twenty minutes to get to the arena before, now it takes us nearly an hour.

When we arrive at the pits, we are met with the same endless corpses, but with no Fenriromorph in sight.

"Why haven't we seen any of them?" Cillian breaks the silence..Both Boriss and I glare at him to shut up.

"But.."

I put a finger to my lips. I walk close to Cillian and then whisper into his ear.

"These monsters seem to hunt in packs. If we even see one of the things, then a whole group is probably nearby. Understood?"

He nods.

"Good."

I glance at Boriss and gesture for him to lead the way.

The Russian salutes and takes point.

After walking for a minute, I release a growl and fall to my knees. My left hand grabs my right. Intense pain radiates up from my arm and down my body. Simultaneously, the pressure on my psych ramps up.

SUBMIT!

SUBMIT!

SUBMIT!

The pain and pressure come in a constant thrum that escalates to mind-breaking torture. Agony courses through every nerve in my body and in the midst of the pain the voice echoes in my head, promising release and comfort if only I...

SUBMIT!

Then, just like before, the pain subsides to a manageable level. I release a breath and then glance up, into the barrel of a makeshift shotgun.

"I'm fine," I stand back up. "We should keep moving."

Boriss lowers the weapon and nods. We eventually arrive at the central building. We stand before the entrance, a large, thick metal door with small, reinforced glass windows and a monitor on the right side.

"Huh." I place my hand on the door. "I was expecting something to go wrong."

As soon as the words leave my lips, a Fenriromorph slams its face against the inside of one glass window. Its claws clatter and scrape against the door.

We all jump away from the door in surprise. The monster slams into it several more times before it disappears from view..

For a moment, all is quiet, then

HHHHOOOOOOOWWWWWWLLLLLL

A howl emanates from the Fenriromorph so loudly that I feel it resonate in my skull.

Not a moment after the howl ends, I hear the howls of distant Fenriromorphs in every direction from our location.

“Shit! Cillian, get that door open now! Boriss, shotguns and bombs out. We’re going to have company.”

“But,” Cillian glances at the seemingly smug face of Fenriromorph again peering through the window.

“There's one Fenrirmorph in there and there's about to be a dozen out here. Open The Door!”

Just as I finish speaking, the first Fenrirmorph hoves into view..

I quickly unlatch my zip-rifle and take aim. The Fenriromorph slows to a stop.

I pull the trigger and my bullet rips through its skull. I quickly reload and snap the breach shut just as two more arrive.

I hear Cillian unwrap Herman’s arm.

The two new Fenriromorphs are slightly different from the first. They look slightly larger, more muscular. Then I notice the black bands digging into their legs.

Unlike the first one, these two Fenriromorphs don't stop to pounce. Instead, they rush towards us.

“Boriss, take out the one on the right.” I order.

As they get near, I pull the trigger. My bullet misses the head and instead strikes the neck. Thankfully, it manages to pierce the spine and the Fenriromorph falls to the floor.

The other Fenriromorph only makes it ten feet before Boriss's shotgun goes off and dismembers the Fenriromorph's head. He throws the used pipe shotgun to the side and retrieves another from his bag.

"Hand me one of the shotguns. The accuracy of my gun is going to shit faster than I'd expected."

He throws me a shotgun at the same time as three more show up.

"Cillian, what's taking so long?"

"Feckin hang on."

I hear him smack the limb on the scanner.

"Hand erkannt. Scannen aller Fingerabdrücke. Bitte warten."

I hear the scanner say in a woman's voice.

"It's scannin now!" he yells.

"It's taking too fucking long," I curse as seven more Fenriromorphs arrive. Then another ten. Then another thirty.

"Fuck me," I curse again at the swarm.

"Comrade Qua-

"Boriss, get the napalm out and light it." I interrupt him.

"How many?"

"Ten!"

He quickly reaches into the pack and starts retrieving the bottles. I take out a light and start lighting all of the fuses.

By the time the last fuse is lit, the Fenriromorphs are sprinting at us.

“Create a wall of fire. We need to keep them back.”

Me and Boriss begin throwing the napalm and igniting everything outside. The Fenriromorphs rush into the flames without fear. Then they scream as flames burn their fur and flesh. They howl in agony, anger, and confusion.

“Scan abgeschlossen. Tür öffnet.”

“The door’s opening!” Cillian yells.

At his words, I grab my rifle, spin around, aim, and shoot through the halfway open doors.

At point-blank range, accuracy means nothing as my bullet enters the Fenriromorph’s open mouth and turns the monster’s brainstem into slush.

“Get inside. Those flames aren’t going to last forever.”

We rush inside and I turn to the door controls to close the door.

But the screen to control the door looks to have been clawed by the recently deceased Fenriromorph.

“Shit. Elevator, now!”

We rush down the hallway and enter the elevator room where Guard and animal corpses line the entire area. Even the corpse of a bear lies dead in its cage.

Cillian sprints to the elevator control panel and finds the screen lacking power.

“The controls aren’t working!”

“We’re not using the elevator, we’re climbing the shaft,” I point at the top of the elevator. “Boriss, give me a lift.”

Boriss rushes to me and kneels with his palms forward. With a single heave, I reach the ceiling of the elevator and gain access to the chain.

“Cillian, you’re next.”

He looks up at me and the chain with surprise.

“Are we actually climbing all the way up there?”

“No fucking time. Get up here or die.”

We hear the howl of Fenriromorphs outside.

“Feck me.”

He rushes to Boriss. Boriss lifts Cillian and I help pull him up. Then I lean down and extend my hand.

Boriss jumps and grabs my arm. With a strength born of someone in peak physical condition, the Russian lifts himself up on his own.

I hear the sound of claws clicking metal as the swarm enters the hallways.

“We climb, now!”

“But, I can-,” Cillian doesn't get to finish as Boriss picks up the Scot and places him on top of his back.

“Hold tight.” he orders and starts to climb one of the four chains. I take another and we ascend. By the time the Fenriromorphs arrive, we've scaled ten meters.

They quickly find our location and swarm the top of the elevator. Several attempt to climb, but fail.

Then I notice them. Fenriromorphs with another set of horns alongside bright orange fur. They glare directly at us. One of them opens their mouth in our direction.

Then I watch as a bright red flame sprouts upward nearly thirty feet- barely out of range. Though the fire doesn't reach us, the heat and fumes do. Several more Fenriromorphs join the first. They breath fire in our direction, but lack the range to hit.

“Alright, looks like they can't follow us. Let's climb to the top.”

“Potato heavy,” Boriss grunts.

It takes us a good ten minutes to finally reach the top, where the elevator door is already open. At the entrance to the elevator is Irmgard Von Braun carrying an officer sword covered in red and green blood.