

SIN TO WIN

A Yuugen Production



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EPILOGUE

Tori Yamato After being drugged with tranquilizers off and on for the last few days (some longer than others), everyone gathered here in this room would finally start feeling free of their sedation. Emily, Daiyu, Josh, Em, Bentley and Jordan would come to slowly.

With the sedation wearing off, hunger pains and thirst would be more than a little evident. The more they became aware and alert, they would notice that their hands and feet were bound to whatever they were sitting on. It would feel hard and rough, the room cold with a musty smell. Once their eyes would open, they would see each other, each strapped to an electric chair.

The hum around them coming from the generator would make it quite clear that there was an active flow of electricity within the room. Near the generator would be sitting five protein bars and four waters. They might also notice that each person had a collar around their neck and feel one around their own. Heavy and no visible locks, the little metal pins on the inside would prick and point at their skin. Yeah, they were fucked, but the game was just starting.

After a few moments to allow for them to orient themselves, the speakers connected to the intercom would crackle a moment, a slight buzzing coming through, finally followed by a voice. "Time to wake up and start the fun. The six of you were selected for a very important social experiment. All of you were chosen because of the little light of morality that burns so clearly in how you speak, act and deal with others. The goal of this game is to wake you up to the truth of human nature. Though you can choose to deny that nature and hold onto your naive tendencies, but make no mistake... You can die in this game. If you don't play by the rules, we will kill you and focus on who is left. So! Let's start off with the rules."

There would be some incoherent chattering heard from the intercom, before the voice would speak up again. "From here on out, you will not be allowed to use your own names. You will each be known as a number. The tall ex cop will be One. The blonde girl in plaid will be known as Two. The short guy will be Three. Blue haired boy is Four. The scrawny girl with the burn is Five. And finally, The blonde in black is Six. You will refer to yourself and the others by these numbers. Refuse and there will be punishment. Though not on the individual who dares to use someone's name. No, instead whoever's name you say will be given the punishment, let me show you what we mean."

Suddenly all six of them would feel a sudden shock coming in from the collars. Though the collars were not like a normal pet collar that gave a mild shock or vibration. This would be a full on jolt of an electric current that steadily got worse the longer it went on. Ever been tasered by a cop? The effect, if left longer than a few seconds, would be very similar. This test shock would only go on for two seconds, before it stopped and the voice came through the intercom again. "Unpleasant right? Just remember that being stubborn and using your fellow players' names will result in them receiving a nice shock. So unless your intention is to hurt them, remember their new designation. Now! Any questions? No? Good! Onto the fun shit."

A few clicks sounds and a few seconds later, players one through six would notice the panel near the generator coming on to life, remotely controlled from somewhere else in the building. There were a few cameras on the walls, moving to focus in on the participants of the game. What wouldn't be said was the fact that this was being aired live online and at the local theater. Smile! This was live tv! Once again, the voice would come through the old speakers. "Here is the challenge for this room. Each of you will notice a button on the end of the right armrest of your chairs. That button will control a shock to one of your other players! Each of you will have to press your button down three times in order to get those locks binding you to open. But pushing that button will shock another one of your fellow players. Now, you can choose to be selfish and shock them before they have a chance to shock you back. Or, you can choose to work together. The linked pair of chairs can deliver a far, far less intense jolt if you both press your buttons at the same time. But if your linked mate decides to be selfish and press that button without you, well, you're in for a world of hurt. So, let the game begin! Once you're all free, you can move on to the next room."

CHAPTER ONE

Room One: Shocking Discoveries

JO HUA had woken, and taken in all of the rambling over the intercom. In his dazed state, none of it made much sense. All he remembered was fighting Mu within the Clam and now he was here and confined? That was, until he felt that deathly shock. A shock that he had been known to give a few times to a few dozen people within the streets of Hathian.

It was crippling, almost as crippling as the smell of the horrid place. That dazed look in his eyes glanced at each person, recognizing a few faces. What was harder, in his hungered state, was recalling the numbers they were meant to use. "Some sick movie shit..." He grumbled under his breath. Staying still until his fingertips trace over that button, but he did /not/ press it. "All at the same time?" He hesitantly offered. Why couldn't his friends be here?

Emily was rousing from the drug induced haze slowly enough. Opening her eyes and blinking rapidly at the harsh light. Wanting to shield her eyes from it, the blonde tried to move her arm... only to feel it halt against the metal plate binding it to the chair. Another jerk of her arm given and then trying the other. Then her legs would jerk in trying to also free themselves. No use.

She quietly whimpered and tried to hold back tears while the voice droned on the directions for the game. Her growling stomach turned in realizing this was exactly the fear she had before in the cells. This was like Saw. But this wasn't a movie. It wasn't fake...

The next thing she knew there was a lightning-like shock jolting throughout her body and her mouth held open in a strangled sort of scream, the beginning having been sharp before the electricity took hold and effectively choked the rest of the scream to silence.

After the pain was over she quietly sobbed but took a deep breath. Trying to remember numbers. Trying to look over at who made the first suggestion she would slightly nod in agreement. Her voice cracking from her throat being dry. "May... maybe it'll override everything at once...?"

BENTLEY the days since he'd taken that brick to the head had been a blur, he was no long sure whether or not it was day, or night as his eyes flickered open. "Where am I?" he asked as the room began to come clearer the longer he was awake, his eyes scanned the room quickly for any signs of someone he might know.

They briefly settled upon Five, the last time he had seen her she was being pretty much tortured, what were they both doing here? He didn't have much time to figure it out as the sound of a voice echoed through the room, who was that? A low growl emitting as a shock from the device he only just realized was around his neck coursed his body, "Fuck!" he growled as his body stiffened for several long moments before relaxing once more.

He drew in multiple deep breaths trying to steel himself as he looked around hearing another voice from someone in the room, "Ya, alright let's give it a try." he murmured

Jordan had been lost in a dream, one where he was just sitting at home in front of the TV with a baby on each side as he sat through a binge of Spongebob. Yeah, he was getting his kids into the little yellow sponge at a super young age. It was quite possibly the lamest dream one could ever have. Normal everyday activities. No flying, magic, unicorns, or anything of the sort. But that was how dreams worked right? You often dreamt of the things you really wanted. Desired. And right now, he desired nothing more than to just be home.

He had been one of the few, if not the only one that willingly walked into this situation. In fact he was never going to let himself live down. He didn't have to fight, nor was he drugged. Unless the food delivered to them this morning was spiked with something. Either way, he'd be just as groggy as he came out of his sleep, the voice from the speaker forcing his brow to knit as he tried to understand what was going on.

Wasn't for that jolt of pain that had him sitting upright as his limbs went stiff. Once it was over, it was then that he'd look around the room to see the other faces. Some he knew, some he didn't. But he'd let his orbs finally land on Em. He wanted to call out to her to ask if she was ok, his body shifting left to right in a futile attempt to get free from his straps.

He almost called her name, but he wouldn't, biting his tongue just for the attempt. He was hopeful, optimistic, moral and pure sure...but he also wasn't stupid. Em wasn't going to get hurt

because of him. "Why do we have to do anything? What if we all just refuse. They won't kill us all."

Daiyu had not been having a good week. The fight with Tori, or rather Mu and Chastity had been on... what was it, she tried to think. Tuesday... Tuesday... and today was maybe Friday? She blinked hard, trying to clear whatever was in her system and not finding it that easy to keep her head level.

Voices from somewhere sounded tinny and metallic and she frowned, wondering if the gunshots near her head had done something permanent as the words slipped through her skull and didn't sink in fully. Her lips were dry and eventually as she steadied her head, she licked them and looked around the room, seeing another Hathian dungeon. How she hated them.

How she wanted to write, expose, destroy them all brick by brick.. She recognised the others, having either met them, worked with them, or at least written about them in the case of Emily.. The last week had been horrible and this just seemed like a nightmare.

She tried to focus on the voice... names? Numbers... Then suddenly there was a shock, a nasty shock... She had avoided being tasered for nearly all of her time in Hathian, so this was hard and although the last week of Mu's torture had been worse she let out a sobbing scream as the shock was delivered and when she could breath again, cursed quietly in mandarin under her breath while trying to remember what paired chairs and electric shocks buttons had meant.

She'd attended the CU courses on Milgram and his study of obedience and the ever increasing shocks that ordinary people had given to a test subject when 'ordered' to do so, it felt like this.

She blinked back the start of more tears and tried to focus... before speaking after Josh, "They're sick... they abused me..." she doesn't go into it more as Josh.. or rather number one speaks. "Either that or we try to get out without doing it at all?" She looked around nervously, these were good people. "We can win... for the people who care about us and to prove we can be more than they'll ever be..." she looked over to Josh, then to Jordan who suggested refusal... "Refusal... I... think they might kill us? But... as long as we don't hurt each other selfishly.... we win... maybe we should do what..." she'd almost said, Josh.

"Number one says and just get out so we can fight back?" She looked at Josh and nodded, "You're the number one ex-cop... you decide... it might work.." she fidgeted nervously, all her senses firing wrong after weeks of trauma.

Em It was like waking up from a dreamless sleep that was anything but restful. her body was aching and rigid. When she opened her eyes, it took a moment for her vision to stop blurring.

The dream sand in her eyes rubbed against her mucous membranes like a grater. Her body was shaking even before Em's mind understood the whole situation. Her throat was dry and her

stomach growled, she felt weak. The smell was an insult to say the least. She was scared, but glad not to be alone.

The brief positive thought was interrupted by a jolt of electricity coursing through her petite body. "Help" came softly from her lips. The voice that came out of the loudspeaker had clear instructions. But was Em already able to understand what was said? "let us out of here!!!!" was heard in panic, the button remained untouched.

Tori Of course the group in the control rooms was listening. Already Josh was suggesting they all push the buttons together. Asshole. but if they decided to do this, a lower jolt would be given to each person.

The chairs were paired off. Josh's connected to Emily's. Jordan's connected to Em Bundy's. Which left Bentley and Daiyu's chairs connected. Of course, this wouldn't be known unless people started to play with the buttons.

For now, as no buttons were pushed, the only one who would get a shock would be player two (Emily). And it would happen right after Jordan suggested they do nothing.

Through the intercom would come the voice again. "Don't count on it." Without warning, Emily's collar would go off two more times, the voice growling. "Hey. Stop playing with that!" right before another voice came through saying. "Sorry senpai, I dropped my drink on it..." Yeah, cause anyone would believe that.

The same voice came again. "Obviously you choose to do nothing, we'll just sit here and play with your collars. So make a decision and get to it. You have Sixty seconds." And with that, a mechanic voice would begin a countdown from 60. 59. 58...

JO HUA was going to take the point as leader on this if he needed to. He noted the man across from him, Three, was in uniform. His lip pulled upwards in a sort of a snarl.

The increasing hatred towards the HPD as a whole never seemed to calm down. "The fuck you doing in that uniform, kid?" He growled across the room. The hunger makes him all the more angry. Hangry, anyone? But that was quickly drowned out by the rest of everyone's input on the matter.

He looked towards Daiyu who was speaking to him, his eyebrow swollen but lifting ever so slightly. "Don't call me a fucking cop." He hated being even associated with the HPD any longer. A strong hiss escaping his lips as he felt the after effects of a heavy daze of the shock. Head foggy and all as he glanced towards each person as they spoke. "Crying.... screaming... isn't going to do shit" He snapped openly towards everyone.

He looked towards Emily, number two, and nodded. "Same time..." He jutted his chin upwards, indicating her button. His eyes widen as the ticking timer begins to count down. "Everyone,

Same time!" he echoed his own words as his own fingertip curled against the button as the shock of Emily's collar went off again. "On your mark, Two!!..." He was ready to apply pressure to the button on her call - if she chose to trust him.

Emily would look across to Jordan for a moment, her features reflecting both fear and apology. Of course she would still be blaming herself for him getting into this mess. Maybe it was arrogant to assume he had tried to find her and got caught in the process. But why else would he be there otherwise? She would have assumed the Rize group would have nailed his feet to the floor to keep him from doing anything while a more strategic plan was hatched.

Shaking her head a little at Jordan's suggestion of doing nothing she quietly let out a breath of a sob. "They're not going to let us do that..." They wanted their game. The blonde knew this was all a game to them and if the players didn't play then it was game over. And not in some win. She glanced around to the others who all also began to agree otherwise that the buttons should be pressed at the same time. For a moment she felt a sense of relief. Like they really were all in this together...

And then she was shocked.

Another strangled pained scream escaped her when her body went rigid with the electrical current running through her. Making all her muscles tighten up before the current hold was taken off as the shock ended. She sank against the chair for a moment, quietly panting and nearly dry heaving. Only for it to happen two more times. Each time she screamed and at the last she sobbed, "Please!... Please stop!..." Another sob and her voice sounded small. "It hurts... please stop..."

But she would be at least conscious still afterwards and when there was the countdown and then another to press their buttons at the same time, the blonde would weakly nod and hold her finger over her button. Waiting for the count of three to press it with everyone else.

BENTLEY His eyes moved to the place the button sat as he listened to the suggestion of each person who sat in a shocky chair of their own, he frowned a bit at the suggestion they refuse, though he did wonder if simply sitting there doing nothing would benefit them as they would at that point not need to choose to hurt someone else or be hurt themselves.

"Fighting back no, working together yes. Not sure who any of you pissed off or didn't piss off to land here, but there's always a motive, what's theirs?" he wasn't sure who those controlling the sick game were exactly but it did seem to him like they had a motive beyond what he was currently capable of understanding. "I vote for all at once, ain't looking to be shocked but as long as we are all in these chairs we have no control over our movements, we can't defend anyone else much less ourselves so I move to press the buttons." he mutters as his head moved around once more searching for where that voice was coming from.

As he heard One speak up he furrowed a brow, "Yelling at them isn't going to help either," he remarked at one, "What's it to you?" he asked in regards to his uniform, "We all in the same shit whole right now, and you want to ask why I'm dressed a certain way, FOCUS!" he ground out, the shock sent to two as he winced for the girl would cause his finger moved to his button now prepared to press if everyone else was as well, only proving his point about the longer they sat there doing nothing the longer they would be unable to do anything to help themselves or anyone else, "what is that?" he mouthed as a ticking began to echo through the room.

Jordan looked around the room as everyone took turns speaking, that soft 'help' from Em making his arms struggle just a bit more in a strong desire to do just that...help her. But he couldn't. At least not like this, and he knew that. Tori had a plan for her game, that much he knew, so there was a good chance that everyone in the room with him now were at least of the same mindset.

No one here wanted to hurt anyone, unless Tori was smart enough to toss in a mole to trip them up. But he didn't peg her smart enough to do that. So, as it seemed the plan was to just push the buttons all at the same time, he was trusting that they all would. Maybe that trust was a mistake, but that was who he was. Trusting to a fault. He saw that look on Emily's face and actually managed a small smile as he shook his head. He didn't blame her, and he sure as hell wasn't going to let her blame herself.

As Emily's collar went off not once but two times, his eyes would go wide as he yelled out. "Stop it! Just fucking stop it! Leave her alone!" Was that because of him? Did Emily just get hurt because he was preaching defiance? He'd sit back in his chair quietly and think that one over for a while, his eyes now on Joshua as he took the lead to rally everyone to push the button at the same time.

The Brit was going to be ready. "We can do this. As long as we work together and not fight amongst ourselves. Their plan is to change us. Let's not let them." His hand was actually trembling, like the first night he was ever on stage in front of a large crowd. But just like then, as soon as it was time to perform, he was ready. And he'd be ready now as he waited for the count to press the button.

Daiyu almost wrenched her arm as the sudden shock to Emily caused her to twist to watch, "Shit" she said, glaring in concern at Emily, while also looking at Jordan... How come she knew more than he did, was he really that innocent that Tori wouldn't kill them? She'd seen the way Mu looked at her, or Chastity... they would kill. "Don't fuck about on wishful thinking" she said to him, then understood that what they said could be heard.

She bit her lip and looked over at Em and forgot her hands were tied when she tried to reach out to comfort her. "Hey, hey... it's going to be ok...." She was surprised that Em, who hung around the Koga had that tinge of panic in her voice, she looked up to the woman, making her own way in the harder world of gang life. "It'll be ok" she placated before waiting for Josh to decide for their group, or at least that's who she hoped would decide.

She looked at him as he decided to go with the plan, but bridled slightly as he took offense to being remembered as a good cop, at least the way she remembered it.

As he then told two to give the signal, her finger hovered over the button "C'mon before these fuckers reach the end of their count... One time, then pause, then repeat?" she licked her lips, not trusting Tori or whomever was behind the speaker that the shocks would be small, no matter what they did. But she wanted the six of them out, out to be able to fight back; she didn't see any other way they would survive unless they turned the tables. Her good fingers on her right hand hovered over the button ready to press at the same time. "Suck a Dick Tori" she muttered waiting to press.

[14:37] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Em hardly knew anyone in the room, of course here and there, faces seemed familiar to her. Be it from the newspaper or if they had met on the street by chance. The only one she really knew was Daiyu, her work colleague.

Em's eyes would linger on her face, trying to calm down with something familiar. She was not yet able to make a decision or even think clearly, the fear paralyzed her and the pressure of the count-down did not help her think rationally. She would simply obey the order like a soulless robot.

Number one seemed to take the lead. So she rested her hand over the button and would hopefully press at the right moment...but who knows if she would catch the right moment. Of course, Emily's cries of pain increased her own inner pressure considerably. She was an empath and felt for her. The nervousness took over and she slid her butt cheeks restlessly back and forth on the chair "do what number one says" it suddenly came out of her as if shot out of her. Em felt like she was screaming, but her self-perception had betrayed her so many times before. She had probably spoken very quietly, barely audible.

[14:42] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As they all press the buttons, on Emily's cue, they would all feel another shock. However, true to the rules, the shock was only a third of how it felt before. Far less intense. Each person pressing it would spar someone else connected to their buttons. Once they did this twice more, the cuffs at wrists and ankles on all the chairs would click and open, releasing them. however, the shock collars remained, those suckers not going anywhere. They would be free to move about the room, though the other door would be locked. Still, they have five protein bars and four waters to divvy up however they see fit. The voice on the intercom is silent for now.

[14:45] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was trying to keep himself as composed as possible, each passing tick of the clock he was noting in his mind. The time was becoming shorter. He held no loyalty to anyone in this room, yet that 'good side' that he was known to have, was keeping him from selfishly pressing that button right then and there. He knew Tori had something to do with this, and that growing anger for the woman was in the back of his mind. From being in a cell together, to this. How things change! And as bad as he felt for the woman being repeatedly

shocked, there was not much he could do being bond to the chair. "Never trust the fucking cops..." He mumbled, mostly to himself, about the uniforms. He had been turned on by the HPD more times than he could even remember. And to say he didn't trust a single one of them anymore, was putting it lightly. But the man was right, they needed out of here and the instructions were clear. He had no idea that all the chairs were rigged up in various ways. "I'm counting down..." He listened to the ticking time shock waiting to happen and finally spoke out again, with a hint of confidence in his tone as each tick he would state a number. "One.... Two...." He looked right across at Emily, who was being shockingly bullied "THREE!" He stated louder as he mashed the button down - at the same time as Emily. And mashed it per the game's instructions three lingering times. Not taking anything to chance. Those shocks were instantly felt, and his neck tensed up. Gritting his teeth down tightly as his body shook with the electricity. Though weakened, in his weakened state, it felt just as bad. Shocks fucking blew. He let out a sigh of relief as it stopped and slumped his head back against the chair to regain himself.

[14:58] Emily Rose (02persocom) had hit her button in sync with hopefully everyone else. It seemed to have at least worked between herself and Josh with the shocks being less than what the shock collars provided. Still, with every subsequent shock after the... what, three shock collar ones!? She was left sobbing and weak. Every muscle in her being ached already from the intermittent shocks tightening them up painfully and then releasing them. Only for it to happen those three more times. Even if they were lesser... she almost hesitated.

Almost.

But somehow the blonde grit her teeth and kept pressing the button when she needed to. She didn't want to anymore. And it was a small relief when it was over and the restraints clicked open. She only managed to lift her wrists slightly enough to get the restraints off of them but they gently thumped back down onto the wood (not the button again) as they felt heavier than led. The same went for her ankles. She just barely shook the restraints off but remained sitting and twitching and shaking in her seat.

She was silent then. Screaming had already torn up her throat a bit along with how dry it was. The only thing left were tears and she wished those would stop streaming down her face if only to conserve what little hydration was left in her.

[15:04] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) the pained screams emitting from Emily would send his head turning in her direction with concern etched across his face as he felt helpless to do anything to help her. Women weren't supposed to be tortured, why were they torturing her, it didn't make sense to him, "We need to do this now!" he said in a panic as he watched Emily's body limp forward as the shocks seemed to come to a halt.

Would they really kill one or all of them? Why? What was so wrong with letting some shed a bit of light in a dark corner of the world like Hathian. He nodded in agreement to proving they could remain try to who they were.

He shook his head at Josh, only catching cops uttered, he assumed he was complaining about them but by now he knew there was no point to defending who he was, he was fairly used to people assuming he was just another abusive cop by now, but it still grated his nerves, the hunger pains, and lingering effects of the drugs they'd had him under likely not helping that. "Ya alright then." he said, he wasn't one who cared for taking the directions of others, especially those he didn't know but this wasn't the time to be obstinate.

His finger pressing down on three the required amount of times would cause him to let out a strangled yelp as electricity coursed through his body each time, thankfully they weren't as bad as the previous one they'd endured but still shook his core that had not much to give in its current state, as the shocks eventually subsided he'd let his body limp in the seat as he looked around the room and ask in a strangled tone, "Everyone alright?" couldn't help but check on those he was trapped with, even with the sound of the metal moving to release him, he made no immediate movements and simply tried to recover for the time being.

[15:05] Jordan Rizzo had never paid closer attention to a thing the way he was paying attention to Joshua right now. He didn't know Joshua, at least that he could remember, but it was like Joshua was president of the united fucking states right now. The most powerful man on the planet! So, right on queue he would hit that button as many times as needed, his teeth clenching with each shock.

They were tame in pain levels, but it was enough to make him feel uncomfortable. Mostly because it was someone else doing it to him and out of his control. Once it was said and done, and they were released from their shackles, he'd damn near jump from his chair, only a step or two taken before he was stumbling to the side. Apparently, those jolts, though small, had quite the effect on his limbs. Luckily, the wall was there to catch him, and after a moment to compose himself, he'd b-line it right towards Emily. "Are...are you ok?"

He wasn't going to say her name, but he sure as hell wasn't going to call her number two. "Come on..try to get up. I'll carry you." He didn't want to see her in that chair anymore. He didn't want to see anyone in their chairs anymore. If Emily let him help her from the chair, he'd slide his arm around her waist to help support her weight. If not, he'd stand there waiting, hands extended to help. But either way, his eyes would start examining the room. "What the hell are we supposed to do now?"

[15:07] Daiyu (faithtang) watched Emily's finger and pressed down her two good ones at the same time, not knowing that she was connected to Bentley. Because the shocks were lower she was able to repeat them as instructed, but God, it hurt and having metal plates in her jaw hardly made things better.

She ached from the shocks and ached from talking and not having proper rest for a week. It certainly wasn't helping the healing process. She tried to speak, but just as the cuffs released,

she couldn't and slumped down onto the dirty floor, away from the hated chairs and tried to recover her breath and senses.

She glanced at Josh, his idea had worked. Maybe he could lead them to safety as Jordan seemed naive to the dangers here, the little cop Bentley seemed oblivious to who had them captured, "It's Tori and her cronies" she said addressing him, "You should know that the only motive they need is attention and a sociopathic need to set humans against each other for 'proving' how we're all animals at heart...." She sighed, trying to control her breathing.

Getting up unsteadily went over to Em B. "Hey... six..." she would help to get her out of the chair if she could, seeing floaters criss-cross her vision as she moved and trying to blink them away, "See... made it a... step forward... we'll get you back outside the pawn shop before," she coughed a dry painful cough, "you know it..." Slumping again on the floor after this help was administered, she needed rest, love, medical care and water, and more, much of which she knew she probably wouldn't get here.

As those around her started to talk or move she felt a small sense of relief, they would do this, they could do this. As Bentley spoke, she nodded from down on the floor, "Better when we smash out of here" she said, tilting her head as the ringing in one ear came back.

She watched Jordan help the violinist and entertainer Emily. At least people cared, although as she tried to help Em, and Jordan helped Emily, would Josh and the small cop carry each other. The inappropriate thought flashed through her mind and she giggled for a second before covering her mouth.

[15:13] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Pressed hopefully at the same moment as Josh and Emily and all others, directly she felt the surge glide through her body in an ungentle way. But this time it was bearable and she was prepared that it would start and not grill her out of surprise like before. But her body was weak from the days before when she was sedated and every jolt tore at her strength, still her gaze lingering on Daiyu "twice still right?" she was heard saying nervously.

Her heart was racing and she felt as if every single heartbeat could be heard. The redeeming sound as they loosened the shackles as if by magic, Em thought of what was probably the most beautiful sound she had ever heard. Number one was definitely hearing her dog dreaming...but that sound of the shackles coming off with a hint of hope was definitely close.

When Bentley asked if they were all well: "I have to go to the restroom urgently". Em squeezed her thighs together to delay what was possible. Em let Daiyu help her out of the chair, she was so grateful.

Her legs were as soft as rubber and it felt nice to feel someone familiar. she would sit on the floor with her and slide Daiyu's strand of hair behind her ear if she could. "I'm so glad you're

here, even though I never would have wished you to be in a place like this. I swear when I get out of this place, I'll never procrastinate a video for the observer again pinky promise."

[15:15] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Silence for now, no snarky remarks from the intercom. The mechanical time would stop and they would have a short moment to rest. There would be a metallic clicking sound and the lock on the door would click open, allowing them to leave the room. After a few moments, the voice would say. "Time to head into your next challenge."

[15:18] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) felt the restraints loosen and didn't waste any time in freeing himself from them. Though he remained in his chair, he didn't move. Just enough to get out of their grasp as he looked to see the state everyone else was in.

As everyone made moves to help one another, it became more apparent in his mind that he was 'alone' here. "Shut the fuck up." He grumbled over Daiyu's speech. "Talk like that when you do nothing but spread lies and slander in your columns. And you likely wonder why you're in the state that you're in?" He hummed to himself as he finally muscled enough energy to push himself up from his chair and began to make his way towards the generator where the water and food was.

His steps were unsteady and slow. "We all put people against each other... you do in articles. He does by wearing a badge..." He gestured towards Bentley and looked towards Bundy. "She does by association with the gangs." he shrugged the matters off. It was quite clear it was 'kill or be killed' a lot sooner than he imagined. But at the giggle it only enraged the hangry bastard more. "The fucks so funny?" He snapped towards Hathian's beloved journalist.

He snapped his wrist towards the bottle of water and chucked it towards Rizzo. "She needs water" He gestured towards Emily, leaving it for them to share. Then attempting to toss another towards Em and Daiyu then finally one towards Bentley. Selfishly, he kept one for himself. Along with the food - unless someone stopped him. Who knew when they would need snacks after all!

He heard the click of the door and curiously, and cautiously approached it. "Think we go this way..." he guided before finally pushing through and taking in the sight with disgust but not speaking on it quite yet.

[15:32] Emily Rose (02persocom) felt heavily dazed and in pain still. Her heart was pounding as if she had run a marathon instead of sitting in a chair but that was the problem.

The numerous shocks would be messing with her in that way. But at least there were no further shocks to put her into some sort of cardiac arrest before the game continued. Her heart would eventually slow down again to a manageable and normal beating and her breathing would calm down as well.

When asked by JJordan if she was okay, her head just sort of... shook slightly, and then nodded. Like her head was more on a bobblehead spring instead of her own neck.

"I-I'm fine..." The purest lie to ever come out of her lips. But it sounded familiar to those that knew her. Might even call into light... if she could lie about this, if she could lie about being okay throughout all the shocks so far and the pain and the fear... what other minor things had she covered up with that mask of a smile and simple words before? She wouldn't refuse the help out of the chair. She didn't want to be in it any more than anyone else.

But her limbs did not want to cooperate for a moment and when he tried to stand her legs wanted to give out from under her immediately. Instead she clung onto Jordan and was thankful for the arm around her waist keeping her from going face first into the cement floor. She'd likely feel like a stone statue in his arms.

"Go... in the corner, maybe...? No one is going to... to judge you for it here." She'd murmur towards Em B through taking deep breaths when she mentioned needing to pee. And she was being truthful with her words. She wouldn't judge. And blue eyes would lift from the floor to look at everyone else in turn as if daring them to judge the other girl for something like that.

Her gaze landing on Josh for a moment and shaking her head slightly. "I'll say it here... and now... I don't care what anyone has done. I don't care... about my career. I don't care about past deeds. I care... about now. And getting out. Now. No one deserves this..."

But she went silent again as the water bottles were passed around though she was hesitant to bother with any of it. Instead just slightly shaking her head again if the water was offered to her. "Maybe save it... we don't know if we'll need it later, right?" Of course she was thirsty and her throat sounded raw and dry and scratched like beef jerky. And when they made their way towards the unlocked door she would be hobbling along as well.

Though her movements were still shaky at best and she moved like her legs were lead, all zombie akimbo shuffled.

[15:33] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) After several long moments he slide to the edge of the chair grimacing as he stood and stretched a bit, he'd nod slightly as they said they were alright. he frowned a bit at the explanation of who was behind this and what their purpose may be, "Great so were all experiment monkeys."

He sighed a bit as he looked over the others, none seemed too bad off though he was worried how much they may be able to take if they too had been drugged and underfed, he wasn't even sure how long any of them had been there.

As Jordan and Daiyu moved to help Em and Emily he looked to Josh, his eyes rolling a bit at the mans hardness, "You know its that sort of mindset that causes the hatred this fucking town has in the first place, just because I wear a badge doesn't mean I pit anyone against someone else, and quite frankly I think you're a moron for making the assumption." he juggled the bottle tossed

in his direction as he was too worn out to actually catch it he'd watch it drop with an annoyed growl.

He listened once more as the voice echoed through the room again, "Oh you've gotta be shitting me." he murmured as he bent down to pick up the water bottle just holding it for the moment, it didn't seem smart to drink it now if he didn't need to, since it appeared there was more ahead it seemed wise to save some of the rations they'd put out that already lacked to be enough for everyone, he looked to the girls, and would offer an arm to anyone who may have needed assistance as they moved to the next room, this already sucked exponentially.

[15:43] Jordan Rizzo felt the frustration from Joshua. One the one hand, he could understand it. He didn't blame the guy for being angry, especially with the situation they were all in. But on the other hand, it made him a bit nervous.

The last thing any of them needed was one of them getting pissed at the others and likely being more willing to say fuck everyone just so they could like. That would make Tori the winner in all of this. So, he'd try his best to try and keep the peace. "Thank you." He'd say towards Joshua as he watched the man move across the floor. "You got us out of this one at least." He wanted to let Joshua know he was appreciated. Because he really was.

He'd lock his legs to make sure he could keep Emily upright, even if she was like a rock against his frame. "I'll move slow. If you need me to stop, just say so." Hearing Em had to pee and hearing Emily's suggestion, he'd quickly nod. "She's right. Go in the corner. We won't watch, or Judge." He didn't know what Daiyu was finding funny. Maybe she was over the edge of sanity.

He couldn't blame her. He had been here the least amount of time. And he had no idea what anyone else had gone through. So, if she was going crazy and Joshua was pissed...it all made sense to him. When the water bottle was passed to him, he'd catch it, but nod his agreement to save it for later.

He wasn't as hungry or thirsty as the others, so he' just grip the bottle tight as he made his way towards the door, toting Emily with him. As he moved closer to Bentley, he'd offer a slight shrug of his shoulders. "I haven't lost faith in the HPD. Not all of them at least. As far as I'm concerned...if you're here, it's because you're one of the good guys." He'd say looking towards everyone still in the room.

"Let's just try to remember that. We're all one of the good guys. Otherwise Tori never would have bothered to take us. So...whatever happened in the past, let's leave it there. We have a common enemy, and they're not in here. We also have a common goal. So let's get out of here alive. All of us." If not stopped, he'd move closer to the door letting Emily pull it open so he could cart her through it.

[15:45] Daiyu (faithtang) coughed again and licked a trace of blood from inside her lips where the brace wasn't right again. She was glad that they had allowed a bucket in the cell she had

been in for a while, dignity removed, but at least better than feeling the need now. "If you need it, maybe just do it here when we go into the next room, I can stay for safety if you want."

She offered a small shrug, what dignity was there in this kind of 'game' anyway, peeing in a corner of someone's dungeon made little difference. "I take the meaning, even if I wish we were all.. somewhere else." Another cough and she stared at Josh's rant at her.... "What, pissed that I at least take a stand and haven't quit trying to take the shit in this town into the light?" She scowls, "When you quit? Couldn't change it from the inside so I gave up and want to preach? Drop the attitude and put some of your old training to good use with him," She jerked a damaged finger, encased in the splint, towards Bentley.

"Funny? Fuck, any number of things are funny if it helps me get through the day..." Mu and Chastity had injected her earlier in the week with some kind of heroin and cocaine mix and having no experience of drugs, her system was not adjusting well, every nerve taut, fighting, pulling and complaining. She tried to catch the bottle, but instead let it bounce off her chest and roll down, her hands no good for catching. "Shit" she muttered before picking it up carefully and handing it to Em, "You don't want to wait for me to try and open a screw cap with less than half a working hand... you go for it, leave me some please and don't worry about the video, when we get out of here... we'll have a whole new story to tell..."

She stood up shakily, licked her dry lips and waited for Em to either drink and follow into the next room, or take a toilet break; in which case she would lounge in the doorway, looking away and into the new room to give her privacy after ushering at least the guys out if she could. She nodded at Emily's suggestion, "Exactly, less judging of us, more of the fucks who put us here."

Bentley also said something similar, "Agreed, less hate, more care and wearing a badge or not, doesn't change if you are good underneath..." She coughed, wiped a trace of blood against the torn clothing she had been given and waited for Em B. "We're the good guys and girls" she repeated as Jordan went past, "Suck a dick Tori..." she said to the camera as she waited for Em, glad that everyone, bar a rather irritable Josh, was working together and as long as he led them and didn't screw them over, that was ok by her.

[15:51] Em Bundy (sugarninja) "well done number one" she praised Josh for managing to keep a cool head and come up with a strategy to get them all free. at least free to move around in this room, but when she heard his sharp words against Daiyu...and Em was known to be her number one fangirl. She would defend that title to the death, she said all upset "hey dude she's just doing her job, leave her alone she's trapped here just like you!" but then she politely thanked him for the water bottle, it was just against her nature to be rude.

She would share it with Dai and leave her at least two more sips of water than for herself. When it was suggested to save and ration the water, Em, who was sipping from the water bottle, let the water run back in "sorry" she can be heard saying embarrassingly to Dai.

Em gave Emily a grateful look as she suggested she simply just go into a corner...she would do that, who knows what would be waiting for them in the next room and if she would even have control over her urination. she would wait until everyone was in the next room and then crouch down in one of the corners and pee in shame. "How are you number two?" she said to Emily...she was worried about her after all she had received the most electric shocks.

Em would not take Bentley's arm as she waited for everyone to leave the room. but she also of course politely thanked him "thank you officer!" Em was also very grateful to Jordan for his supportive words and help. "Good speech, the man is right, we should all listen to him!" she would say while trying to get up.

She gave Dai a sign that she could wait, as polite as Dai was she went out of sight anyway. Then Em would do what was inevitable and follow them into the next room.

CHAPTER TWO

Room Two: Burning Ambition

[15:55] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As the players filtered into the next room, they would notice that there was a checkered pattern to the grates on the floor. Though hearing Daiyu tell Tori to suck a dick, a sudden shock would be sent through her collar, lasting longer than it should have. The voice said. "My Yang, that wasn't necessary." Followed by another voice that was much deeper said. "Sure it was." And another that said "she's a bad puppy." And finally yet another that said. "Does it go up higher, senpai? Oh shit, is she pissing, zoom in!" Another long sigh would be heard again followed by the deep voice saying, "No fucking way, dude, that's sick." Though I wish there was more humor in it. The players however, if they were looking around would see another generator was running in the center of the room and the cameras within would turn toward the players coming through the door. However, if any of them would try to move past the first set of grates, that person would feel a shock being emitted through their collar.

Obviously they were not allowed to move until the game started. They could risk it, but they would be tasered by the collar and would continue and drop them to the ground.

Once they were all in the room, an intercom from across the room would crackle. "You all think you're pretty smart, right? But that's okay, it will continue to be boring. Let's see how long that teamwork of yours lasts the more intense these mini games get," a pause and the voice sounding like it was talking to someone else in the room as it became more hush. "Oh knock that off. I don't need to see that."

There would be laughing in the distance and calls of "But this is getting me amped up!" A heavy sigh before the voice returned, speaking into the intercom. "Next room! Across the way you have likely taken note of the red and green light. You guessed it. This is going to be a game of red light, green light. But with a catch. Had any of you thought for yourself and not decided to play as a team, you could have had an advantage of bypassing this room and controlling the lights for the others. But, since none of you wants that advantage, we are going to control it now... Not yet!"

More muttering from the intercom before the voice continued. "When that green light comes on, you better move. If you refuse to move, everyone else's collars will activate. If you move while the red light is on, everyone else's collars will activate. Simple enough right? Just make it across the room. Cheating will result in you getting across the room faster... but at everyone else's expense. Still want to work as a team? Go right a-fucking-head. Goodluck. And may the odds be ever in your favor!"

((Ooc, when I say green light, you are able to move one square in your post. However, if you choose to move on a red light, you can move two squares in your post. Keep these particular posts short to your reaction and your movement. Remember, when the green light is on, if anyone doesn't move, everyone gets shocked but that person who didn't move. If the light is red and someone moves, everyone else gets shocked but that one person and they can move up two squares. If everyone tries to run together on red, all the collars go off. If the collars are on for more than five seconds, like a cop taser they will drop you. So if everyone tries to cheat at once, you get one square before you drop. For this game I will post in between each of your posts to say how far you have gotten or I may ask you to roll for... surprise damage from the hidden consequences of this room!))

Before they might even have all been ready after the explanation, green light across the way and a bunch of voices in unison calling, "Green light!" Though as the word green light was said, fire would shoot up through random grates. The metal would start to heat up, not ideal for bare feet!

[16:02] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) that darkened green gaze glared towards Bentley as the man spoke to him. Though after a few moments, he let out a genuine laugh. "I remember being just like you. Naive. Believing in that..." He pointed towards the man's uniform. "Standing against all this..." He held his arms outwards towards the walls that confined them. "And you know what I got back from them..."

He pointed back towards the man's shirt again as if he was speaking about a person. "Nothing. I got left behind in alleys while my colleagues fucked inmates in the showers. I got ridiculed while Frye got to rape women. I was shot at while protecting my pregnant girlfriend at the time, by Lizette." He let the truth linger in the air. "So while you all pretend to be morally good. I don't buy it. Cops will be the first to turn, especially on their own. So go on ladies. Believe this nonsense..." he scuffed and laid it all out for the guy as he was beginning to stuff the bottled water into the back of his jean pocket like a true redneck. Rationing seemed reasonable.

As more preaching came from the group he just let subtle laughs escape. Mostly towards Daiyu. "Sure. Whatever you say. And this is exactly why people don't trust you and you end up with your jaw wired shut" He rolled his eyes in a dramatic manner. "People give you facts, and because it goes against what you think, you don't want to publish it. Maybe she will be better" He jutted his chin upwards towards Em B, who he hardly even knew. But by working together they worked with one another.

He gave Jordan a cordial nod. He hardly knew the guy, having only dealt with him back in the days when he was an Officer. But he seemed likable enough. "No ones good. Or else we'd all be out of here..." He shrugged it off. Now, more than ever, questioning why he came back to Hathian in the first place. Why did his sister always lure him here?

He was slowly losing his mind over this 'good guy' talk. He had worked his ass off for his reputation, only for it to be constantly ruined. And to say that was a thought in the back of his mind, was an understatement. So many thought poorly of him, and he had fallen into the shadows because of it. And yet, now, without him, they would likely be in the room still together.

Hearing the intercom cackle once more his eyes were glued onto the camera. Red light, green light, was simple enough. He looked towards the group, and even though his angered outbursts, he took the lead with that confidence. "You guys know how to play this shit...Can't be that hard. All together again." he hoped so at least. But he was already ready to bolt it.

Taking account of all the various voices he heard, he attempted to move one square through the heat. Wincing in a whistling pain through his teeth as he felt the burning sensation long his feet.

[16:05] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Josh, roll a d10))

[16:05] d10: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d10):

[16:05] d10: 3

[16:06] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You can move up half a square, but your pant leg catches fire as you come too close to the randomized flames. For your next post))))

[16:09] Emily Rose (02persocom) would give a faint smile in passing to Bentley as they all began to trudge through the doors to the next horror that awaited them. "Don't mind him..." She murmured quietly but not hiding her vice as she would slightly nod towards Josh. "I think some of us forget... that people have good intentions, when first going into the HPD. It just usually doesn't last long... but, that's why people get back out sometimes. Right?"

The last little question was directed to Josh since others had called him an ex-cop. Of course, she wasn't expecting an answer. Instead she just kept moving along with Jordan and over time her legs started to at least behave a little more normally and she could begin to hold her own weight up. It just took a while. But in her mind at least that meant no permanent damage.

"Thank you..." She'd murmur up to Jordan and lightly bump the side of her head against his arm. "I'll be okay." And true to her word while functionality was getting gradually better with her legs she would loosen her grip on him and eventually not entirely need to lean into his support anymore.

Looking at Daiyu she would faintly smile again hearing the muttered 'suck a dick' under her breath. "I think we all have the same sentiment." Nodding in agreement between everyone telling everyone else to just... chill. That they were all the good guys, so to speak. In her mind, even if any of them weren't, she didn't care. There was a reason why all of them were in the same boat and it would take them all in the same boat to get to the shore.

When Em asked how she was she would put on that mask of a smile of hers. Something with a hint of encouragement, to not worry. "I'm okay now. Thank you..."

After everything in the room was explained and fire was going off she would look around quickly. The gears in her head turned quickly.

"Jordan, give me the water bottle? And, I'm sorry for your shirt..." She'd mutter while trying to quickly rip the sleeves off of the shirt he had given her. But only the sleeves.

She preferred to still be covered up! If she was handed the water bottle, she'd quickly wrap her feet up in the sleeve remnants, pour half the bottle of water onto the bottoms of the cloth 'shoes'... hand the bottle back to Jordan... and then attempt to move forward along the grates during the green light.

The water would help prevent her feet from burning if she touched a hot grate but that wouldn't last for long at all. She just hoped it would be long enough.

[16:10] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Emily, roll a d6))

[16:10] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Plus +2 for the water shoes lol))

[16:11] d6: 02Persocom Resident rolls are (d6):

[16:11] d6: 3

[16:12] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((you can move one square, with the +2 for the water shoes for this round. Go ahead and move up a the whole square))

[16:13] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) he'd offer a heavy sigh as he listened to Jordan, the guy was right, they were all here in this room, the enemies were amongst them, well they likely were but at least not in that very room with them.

"Ya alright, ain't got nothing against him, just think he oughta be realizing being hostile with those he likely might need the help of is like gnawing on his own arm and expecting it not to betray him and fall off, we die because he thinks he knows better than the rest of us he got no help to find his way out," he offered Em a kind smile "No problem." he murmured before he fell silent as he moved to the next room with the rest of them.

He'd give a quick look around, "Well at least there's no electric chairs in here." he said with a bit of optimism, likely more than he was feeling then. no sooner had he spoke did the voice come back over the intercom, "What sort of sick twisted shit is that!" he shouted at the intercom as if it mattered, so they were going to try to force them to work against each other to save themselves, he was formulating a plan that seemed it might work when the floor lit up, "Holy hell! I thought this was the hunger games not satans personal torture game." he said sweating a bit, again his mind quickly calculated a plan.

"Remember that water I suggested we save?" he quickly set it down before he removed his shirt, ripping it into six parts, he'd layer those parts on top of one another before picking the water back up as he bit the cap off and spit it across the room. "I'm going to use this one bottle and wet this shirt, use your square to wrap your feet, it'll help but you'll need to jump to avoid losing the shirt when you move, like that potato sack race they did on field days." he would then douse the clothes he was holding and pass one to each person should they take it, tossing it to those he couldn't reach and prayed they caught it before securing a wet wrap to his own feet doing his best to tie it over them.

It seemed emily had the same idea he'd had but he'd still offer her an extra piece so she could recover herself if she wanted, "Just in case you want to remain clothed," he preferred women felt their autonomy was respected so it only felt right to offer her to put hers back on rather than selfishly keep her piece to protect himself.

[16:16] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Bentley roll a d10 and a d6))

[16:16] Wayne Blackwood (wayne.blackwood) is online.

[16:17] d10: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d10):

[16:17] d10: 5

[16:17] d6: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d6):

[16:17] d6: 1

[16:18] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You can make it a full square like Emily, but your water trick will only work for one other person beside yourself. So choose who you help. As in you have enough water for yourself and one other person))

[16:18] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt): ((Josh))

[16:18] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex): D'awww ♥))

[16:19] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((So Bentley's water is used for him and Josh unless josh passes it up to someone else))

[16:27] Jordan Rizzo was going to keep to his word and not look back as Em B relieved herself. He was sure they'd likely all take turns having a piss depending how long they were in there. Once Emily was standing more on her own, he'd slide his arm free from her waist. "You need me, just say the word." He'd say smiling.

His smile was as genuine as he could make it. He didn't want to be here, but watching her get stronger was a good thing. He'd listen as everyone spoke, hoping like hell Bentley's words

weren't going to spark anything in Joshua. If Joshua decided to go rogue, they were all fucked. He knew that much.

Once in the next room, he'd look around at the floor and the fire coming up through the crates. "It's like fucking Dante's Inferno. How many levels was that?" He'd ask the room wondering if they were going to have a similar fate.

When Emily asked for the bottle, of course he gave it to her, watching as she moved to wrap her feet. "Brilliant." He'd mutter softly. Unfortunately...he loved that shirt. But he kinda cared more for her feet. He would have copied her idea with however much water she had left in the bottle. But, he didn't have any sleeves on his shirt. So, when Bentley made the same move, only his actions were to distribute them to everyone, it was almost like harp music started playing, but to the Britt's dismay, there wasn't enough fabric to go around.

Emily had left him at least some water left in his bottle, so maybe it would help him later. "If my feet get too hot...I'll pour water on them." He'd say with a shrug. As the green light command came faster than he expected, he'd try to move up a square, avoiding the edges and the heat that came with them.

[16:28] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Jordan roll a d10))

[16:32] d6: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d8):

[16:32] d6: 4

[16:33] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((d10 J))

[16:33] d10: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d10):

[16:33] d10: 5

[16:33] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You get half a square))

[16:32] Daiyu (faithtang) dropped to her knees, scraping them on the ground as she was shocked for insulting Tori, a small part of her mind didn't care, it was worth it. She had sipped some of the water, needing it, badly needing it but when Em had stopped, she had as well.

Rationing might be a good idea. Her body really wanted more though. The rest of her mind though, including the bit that was still trying to protect her core shuddered as the pain of the shock caused her to let out a cry. She had started at the back of the group, waiting for Em and didn't quite hear the rules as her collar shocked her. She instead looked at the others to see what they would do and then there was fire.

Fire was not her friend, the Rejects had seen to that, burning her for calling them out for what they thought they were. The square she was on seemed safe, not flaming. "I publish everything!" she said, half to herself, "that's why..." and she gestured to her face, before she trails off, looking at the fire and then the generator. "Can't we turn the flames off?" she asked from the back, "Water over the generator or something?" She had no idea, although for a moment she thought maybe they should carry each other, or maybe those pipes on the ceiling?

If her fingers weren't fucked, she would have tried to get a boost up... God she just didn't want to be burnt more.

She stood there, would they get shocked if she didn't move? That didn't help them, it didn't help her... fuck. She watched as Emily had what was probably a genius idea and then Bentley followed and offered them all a cloth, helping. Numbly she took it, "Thanks" although it appeared the cloth was too dry. Fuck.

She motioned to Em, "You maybe think you can shimmy across up there if I give you a boost? They didn't say we had to be on the floor..." She wished she could follow her own idea, if she wasn't injured she'd have been along those pipes like a rat, away from the flames. "Fuck." If Em wanted a boost, she would help her up onto her shoulders to then grab the pipe and hopefully get onto them.

It looked like she could take it all the way to the corner near the door and perhaps make it without even touching the ground. If she didn't take the offer, then Dai wondered if they should use their water to do it. It was fair to say she was freaking out. In either case, after helping Em up to the pipes or not, Dai would go for it, shuddering to a halt on the red light, not yet willing to hurt people to get out of the flames; but she was starting to panic now, even if in reality they were not *huge* flames, she had seen Josh's trousers go up in smoke as he crossed some stray flame and it was hot and reminded her viscerally of the fire she had almost died in. She tried to carefully go where there wasn't fire, sweat sheening her brow and tears falling in fright.

[16:35] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((d10 Dai))

[16:35] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):

[16:35] d10: 1

[16:36] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You try to avoid the flames, but get your feet singed, taking a -2 on your next movement roll.))

[16:37] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Getting singed you took a jump back, you don't get to move this round!))

[16:41] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Em's mouth dropped open when she heard Josh's words about how evil the police are. Yes, she knew that all cops were ACAB, but that they were so bad was upsetting to Em. "oh mon dieu," her native language always came out when she was in a stressful situation.

Her gaze lingered on Jordan's blue hair. She knew right away that the man looked familiar, "fuck are you THAT Jordan with the band?" Em's cheeks immediately turned pure red, it could be that she had thrown her bra on stage at one of his concerts and drunkenly yelled - I want to have a baby with you!- she turned her head towards the wall just to make sure that at least now he wouldn't get the chance to recognize her, if he would even notice one among thousands of screaming hysterical groupies.

But then the horrible voice from the loudspeaker spoke again with new instructions. Em was forced to focus her concentration on the room. She slapped her hands together in front of her face as Dai was tortured with her collar "You are sadists! The Kogas will come and hurt each and every one of you" Em was not yet a regular member of the gang, her marriage to mr.insanity had rather brought her into it, as she was not normally a criminal.

Em almost lost her nerves again when the fire shot up through the metal cracks. She watched the strategies of the others, but Em didn't have a big T-shirt to splash water on. In desperation, because she couldn't think of any ideas herself, she bit her fingernails. But thank God Dayiu, her new bff, was there with a great idea. Em would try with her last strength to climb onto her shoulder and let dai give her a push upwards to cling to the pipes.

[16:44] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Em, roll a d20))

[16:44] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Jordan, also roll a d6))

[16:46] d20: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:46] d20: 20

[16:46] d6: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d6):

[16:46] d6: 5

[16:47] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Em you make it onto the pipes and get two spaces like a damn spider moneky, moving forward before Daiyu's failure to move zaps you off of it. Jordan, she said your name, but you only get a warning zap from the control room for it))

[16:47] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Everyone else, Roll a d20))

[16:48] d20: 02Persocom Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:48] d20: 15

[16:48] d20: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:48] d20: 16

[16:48] d20: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:48] d20: 8

[16:48] d20: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:48] d20: 14

[16:48] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Jordan and Em too. once more. A d20, this is for the fire movement >=)))

[16:49] d20: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d20):

[16:49] d20: 10

[16:51] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Why Em rolls I'll set this up real quick))

[16:56] d20: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d20):

[16:56] d20: 7

[16:56] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As the green light clicked on and clicked off to red, everyone would feel a shock come through their collars, dropping them for a moment as Daiyu failed to move. This of course meant that poor Em would fall from the pipes, but not before making it half way across the room.

As the voices call out again "Green light!" It clicks on once more, though the flames, that had died out during the red light, flare to life again, Erupting from Josh's vent and half of Jordan's. Hopefully they were able to get up in time after Daiyu's punishment shock, which she wouldn't feel as she was the only one spared as she was the one who hadn't moved.

Emily would also find the vents in front of her blocked off. Flames also rise up on Em's vent!

[17:02] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was clearly not the brightest egg in the room when it came to this game. He hadn't thought to use the water tucked in his pocket. Along with the rationed food he had shoved into his other pockets. People were going to leave those behind!? He thought he had a big brain, he doesn't.

His pant leg caught fire in the flames and he quickly came to a halt. All the talk behind him was falling on deaf ears for the giant. He shook his leg out and eventually the flame would subside. All before he was slapped right in the face with wet cloth from Bentley. He clearly was not expecting it.

He looked at the cloth and then the group. He felt he was able bodied enough, and seeing as Daiyu got nowhere, he attempted to toss the damp cloth back towards her. "Use it. Lets fucking go!" He didn't want to chance being crippled and left to burn to a crisp.

His eyes were surveying everything ahead of him and watching as Em went down. He was going to go and try and get her out of there, but was quickly crippled by that shock. Sending him down to his knee as he felt the electricity rush over him. On top of the metal grate, not making it any more pleasant. His entire body tensed and shook but finally came back to its own.

The shouting of green light, had the flames erupting right beneath him, scorching the bottom of his feet to a nice light char. He would be feeling that soon after. Quickly, he jumped and found himself hanging from the light fixture above him. That quickly becomes a bad idea as he thinks as quickly as he could and attempts to launch himself behind Em B.

[17:04] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Roll a d20))

[17:04] d20: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d20):

[17:04] d20: 11

[17:05] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You get half way between where she is and you are, but not on the fire))

[17:14] Emily Rose (02persocom) would not have realized that Jordan was left without something to cover his feet with but the half bottle of water. It wasn't that she didn't care, it was just that she didn't think about it. And the rest of the shirt was a barrier between her skin being exposed. From near nudity, to holding the leather lingerie she had been forced into, to hide her shame, and to be a barrier between herself and the flames... even if it was stiflingly hot in flannel.

"I'll make sure to buy you ten more when... when we get out of here." She called over to Jordan, knowing his particular fondness for his wardrobe. She also had to force herself to say 'when'... not 'if' they got out of there. But when he got shocked due to Em saying his name, all she could do was cry out, but was not able to move towards him because of the flames.

The next moment they were all down because someone hadn't moved. The blonde hadn't paid attention to who that had been. But the shock went through her system that would never be accustomed to the feeling and down to the grates she went. Her muscles are twitching and jerking and aching again. Well... there was some progress.

She tried lifting herself up just as the light turned green again but a rush of fire nearly in her face caught her by surprise. So she screamed and scrambled back just enough to not be set on fire. Quickly looking around her she realized... she was surrounded. At least mostly to move forward. And the game was to move forward.

Shakily standing and using the wall as support she kept looking around but unable to see if she could even make any sort of jump to a free space where she wouldn't get lit up like some rotisserie chicken.

"I can't... I can't move...!" Her voice was clearly panicking. "I'm sorry...! I can't...!" It was also clear that she WANTED to move. And now she was going to regret not being brave enough to just blindly jump through the spaces and hope to find safety. She'd feel guilty for not moving even if it really wasn't her fault.

[17:17] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Everyone else but Emily, roll a d10))

[17:17] d10: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d10):

[17:17] d10: 3

[17:17] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):

[17:17] d10: 7

[17:18] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Bentley, Jordan and Em. D10 please!))

[17:18] d10: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d10):

[17:18] d10: 10

[17:19] d10: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d10):

[17:19] d10: 5

[17:20] d6: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d8):

[17:20] d6: 3

[17:21] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Em, Josh and Jordan will get a -2 to their next rolls. Everyone but Emily gets shocked because she wouldn't move.))

[17:24] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): A shock went through the players as Emily wasn't able to move. Some laughing could be heard from over the intercom before the voice said, in a tone that suggested there was a grin on their face.

"Remember! Have to move on a green light. Though I mean, we never said you had to move forward. Try to be smarter than the game!

[17:32] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) slight disappointment crossed his face as he realized he did not have enough water to help everyone, he offered an apologetic look to them all as he offered the other cloth to Joshua taking notice his pants were on fire he seemed the most in need at that moment, "Here man, use this to beat the fire off your pants, the rest try to use under your feet to help with the heat." he said tossing it.

He was one of the bigger ones amongst them, it would be bad for them to lose him if he couldn't walk from the burns which is why he'd chosen him, he smirked a bit as he chose to help another rather than himself, he approved but wouldn't say so.

As he prepared to move to his square he would turn to Daiyu as the smell of burning flash filled his nose, "Oh shit." he spat out as he considered abandoning his square to help the shocked and now shinged women behind him. If they moved forward on red they were shocked no one had said anything about going backwards had they?

He wondered to himself. He wouldn't have much time to think about it as electricity would course through his body once again a pain cry emitting as he too dropped to his knees. "Dammit" he ground out breathing heavily, he took several long moments to just kneel there as the waves continued before coming back to a manageable level, "We have to get out of this room before we're all too burnt to make it." he says in a breathy voice.

Once composed he'd get back up to his feet waiting for green before pushing off with his feet, hands out to propel himself upwards (since he was short) using Josh's back to help him reach the pipes he'd hold onto them and hand there. "Someone help Daiyu up, I will swing over the radiator or as close as I can over it if it works may be able to get closer and lift the others from one to the other to get them across this god forsaken room" fuck if he knew what was on the other side but maybe getting just one of them over there would help them out a little.

He'd begin swinging and building momentum to propel himself forward as he heard Emily panic, he looked over his shoulder launching himself forward as he said, "Come on man you got this, we ain't..." his words were cut short as another coursed through his body causing him to let go of the pipe mid swing as his entire body spasmed, no idea how far he'd made it before he was taken down with that damn shock, he'd just lay there now twitching and whimpering as pain coursed through his right shoulder which took the force of the fall from the pipes.

[17:35] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Bentley roll a d20))

[17:35] d20: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d20):

[17:35] d20: 7

[17:35] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You only make it to the end of your square. And yes indeed, fell right on your shoulder!))

[17:38] Jordan Rizzo Clenching his jaws, he'd try his best to ride out the shock, which he could feel painfully thrashing its way through every inch of his form. And when it was over, and he'd

have just a moment to exhale and fight through the residual tingles, he'd manage to twist that cap back onto the water right as that light was flickering green again. He'd feel the heat growing as the flames came back to life.

Unfortunately, he was still rocking a shirt. Maybe, had he gone topless like the other men, he'd just have singed skin to butter down later. But in his case, as soon as the flames licked at the cotton would twist the top of his bottle off, wanting to be on the ready to pour water on his feet if need be. Hopefully it was enough to cool his feet off if they got licked by any flames. Moving at least half a square, he'd try to keep his eyes on Emily. He didn't want anyone in the room to get hurt, whether he knew them well or not. But he felt a special duty to keep Emily safe.

As she seemed to move ahead farther than some, he'd silently be rooting her on. See, there was hope for all of them. And then, he'd hear Em calling his name. Normally, if he was out in the streets, he'd be happy if someone called his name. But here? Not here. He remembered the rules. So there would be a bit of panic in his eyes as he looked back to Em.

"Don't...say...names..." He'd manage to say before the collar was shocking him again. Only this time, it was because of Daiyu's failure to move. He wasn't going to blame her. This was a scary situation, and he knew they all wanted out. It wasn't going to be easy though. With his eyes closed tight, squeezing out a few tears, he'd feel as his body hit the floor hard, the bottle tilting enough to spill out some of its contents.

He knew her face, and maybe if they got out of this alive, he'd remember her from the concert, but now, his mind was racing too much on what was going to happen to him because of the slip of her tongue. At first, he wondered if maybe Tori was going soft, as the shock from his collar wasn't nearly as bad as he was expecting. Did it feel good? Not at all, and it would have him bending over a bit as his hands clamped onto his thighs, but it was soon over. Of his shirt, and he saw the smoke starting to rise from the fabric, his body would start to flip and flop like a fish out of water as he lay on the floor.

Now, in the UK, just like everywhere else in the world, he was taught as a kid to stop drop and roll. Well, he was already stopped, and thanks to Daiyu he had already dropped, so on pure instinct alone he'd start to roll as he quickly reached to try and pull his shirt off before it completely caught flames.

He was probably breaking the hell out of the rules, but clearly not on purpose. The rocker was just trying to not become a toasted rocker. So his body would just keep rolling forward, stopping only as he'd try to perch himself on his knees to pull the shirt over his head. But that would prove rather pointless as Em's decision to not move...even though she really wanted to...just had another jolt coursing through him. "muth....fu....bit....keel...*incoherent shit*" was all that would be forced through clenched teeth. He needed help, and he needed help badly. Thanks to the shock, he couldn't really move, and his shirt was slowly but surely coming to life with flames. His only glimmer of hope was that maybe in his rolling panic, he managed to move a few squares forward. Or maybe, he was so distraught that he rolled in the wrong damn direction. He

wouldn't know for now as he waited out the shock. He couldn't even bring himself to see what anyone else was doing in the room. Only hearing grunts of pain.

[17:43] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Jordan, roll a d20, and subtract 2 from your roll lol))

[17:45] d20: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d20):

[17:45] d20: 17

[17:45] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Nice, you make it to Josh)))

[17:45] Daiyu (faithtang) was sent reeling back by the flames, petrified as she felt the heat on her feet. Getting back to the doorway she looked at her feet in panic, but it didn't look too bad yet, but even as she saw this, the burn made pressure for a little hard, fuck. Now she couldn't even move as fast.

Wiping tears from her eyes she looked left and right to try and work out what to do next, but at least the shove she had given Em up to the pipes had worked. Her friend appeared out of the danger now and could move ahead, which she did quite far. Suddenly everyone was shocked, although she hadn't been.

She saw Em fall and shouted out for her colleague in fear as she seemed to fall into fire! "Fuck you Tori!" she shouted through the panic, she had tried to move, she hadn't wanted to shock anyone! It felt to her that all around were flames, she couldn't understand how they were all coping even as some of them moved through the heat or managed to beat their way through it.

Josh tried to throw her the cloth and she caught it on her outstretched splints, finding for once them useful. She was going to try once more to move on the green light. "Thank you" she called, her British accented voice heavily laced with panic as she put the cloth to her feet and went forward.

Bentley called to her to swing up to the pipes, but she just looked at her hands and lifted them up for him to see. She had two thumbs and two fingers, the rest were splinted, broken and healing. Her jaw was also mending and if she fell from there she could easily shatter it or knock herself out, she shook her head, "Thanks, I gotta try along the side, it's less hot here"... She then went to press her back, squishing her butt against the wall on the left, doing anything to have the least amount of feet on the center of the grill where she assumed it was hottest.

Just as she was about to start she screamed as her collar shocked her and that nearly caused her to snap and run for it, panting in fear and only controlling it with the thought of Daria and home. She looked between them the sight of Em that further stopped her just running, the woman had fallen, might be hurt, Dai couldn't cause her to be hurt again by cheating. She cried and inched her way along the wall on the left, her eyes stinging with the heat seeing the other Emily there stuck, "C'mon" she said and pulled the woman forward with her, putting herself in front and yanking hard, even as her hand hurt, "Together!"

[17:47] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Roll a d10))

[17:48] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):

[17:48] d10: 7

[17:49] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You're good, you make it all the way to Emily))

[17:52] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Dai's plan was great, and the petite Dai had more strength than Em had given her credit for. Em was impressed. She shimmied along the pipes and then fell down as jolts of electricity coursed through her collar again. Struggling like a fish on land, Em landed on the hot grates. She felt as if skin was being burned and heard a real hiss.

Em screamed loudly and tried to pull herself up by the generator and climb onto it. It was hard to stand with bare feet on the hot grid floor. Poor Josh, who was trying to help her, was suffering himself. Em gave him a pitying look ... she wanted to help him too, if she could, and would reach out to him so that maybe he could make it onto the generator with her. Together they might be able to destroy the thing and possibly put out the flames.

Meanwhile, she got the next electric shock when Emily was unable to move. Hate grew in Em pure hate, she heard a laugh coming through the speakers while she was still writhing in pain on the generator. She would at least try to stick her foot out in Josh's direction so he could pull himself towards her, the hand had unfortunately not worked due to the electric shock. "Hold on guys, if we can turn this thing off somehow, they can't shoot fire through the floor anymore. "When Em saw Bentley trying to get on the generator too, she called out encouraging words to him "you can do it number three!!!" but unfortunately he didn't make it. "fuck" Em didn't see the full consequences of her failure to mention Jordan's name.

The stressful situation made it difficult to keep an overview of the whole room. she whimpered "I'm so sorry number four, sooo soo sorry number 4" she said over and over. She heard the girl behind the lens start to cry. She couldn't bear it. She covered her ears, feeling powerless not to be able to help.

[17:55] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Em roll a d10, we will subtract 2 from it. And then roll a d20))

[17:55] d6: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d8):

[17:55] d6: 2

[17:55] d20: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d20):

[17:55] d20: 12

[17:56] Em Bundy (sugarninja): oh

[17:56] d6: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d8):

[17:56] d6: 1

[17:56] d6: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d8):

[17:56] d6: 8

[17:56] d20: sugarninja Resident rolls are (d20):

[17:56] d20: 13

[17:59] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Emily makes it onto the generator and away from the flames. But she is not able to HElp josh to it))

[18:00] d6: Hitori Skyther rolls are (d6):

[18:00] d6: 5

[18:01] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Another shout of "Green light!" Comes through the intercom. Only this time, fire springs up everywhere anyone is standing. The only person spared from it was the girl on the generator!

[18:04] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) felt Bentley using his back like it was some obstacle course. It was respected. If there was another big fucker here, he would likely be doing the same thing. But to see the man going crashing down had him even wincing in pain. But the halt of Emily had him looking over there. "LETS GO!" He demanded with lack of emotion in his voice.

Last thing he needed was another gut wrenching shock to send him into the flames again. He could feel the bottoms of his feet beginning to splinter. This only caused him to shift his weight, now standing on his tiptoes as if that would negate some of the pain.

He saw Em attempting to help him. And would actually reach out to her hand, but that all came to a halt as he felt the zap from Emily failing to move. Crippling, he gasped out for air. The shocks increasingly got worse the more his body reacted to it.

The skin along his neck was flaring a bright red from it all. "FUCK! Lets fucking move!" He grew increasingly impatient. He reached down to Bentley, knowing the man was feeling it after taking the fall. And he attempts to lift the man up and toss him towards the generator where Em landed.

Before the next green light, his feet became increasingly hot. And he was done burning. He hated fire. So, immoral of him, he bolts it during the RED LIGHT, attempting to make it towards the door before the next sound of green light happens.

Selfishly, he didn't even look back to the group for those seconds. His feet were fucked from being burnt before and there was no way he was risking withstanding it further.

[18:06] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Josh Roll 2 d10s))

[18:07] d10: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:07] d10: 2

[18:07] d10: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:07] d10: 10

[18:07] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Great you make it to the door. Now roll a d20 for perception check lol))

[18:07] d20: xFortvnex Resident rolls are (d20):

[18:07] d20: 6

[18:08] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You make it to the door and make it in, but don't notice the controls yet lol))

[18:08] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Everyone else, got shocked as he cheated!))

[18:25] Emily Rose (02persocom) jumped a bit, startled, when Daiyu came over to grab her and pull her forward. So without thought, Emily went with her! It looked like they were about to have to go through flames but then the light changed from red to green again and the spots of fire switched. So as Daiyu pulled her forward and the flames were down... the flames erupted beneath them instead just as they went running forward.

The emerging flames caught at the nearly dried fabric of her makeshift shoes and made them stick to the metal grating. But she wouldn't look back. Especially with hearing Josh yell at her to get her ass going.

Instead she powered through with the other girl while both seemed to pull each other along.

Hopefully making it to the next square or two. Preferably the second since it would have had less fire on it for as long. But in the meantime, her feet would still have to go through the heated grating in front of them. Which she would cry out about but push through the literal searing pain. Just hopefully that... another shock. And down she went again with another scream to nearly curl up on the heated grate beneath her.

Her feet would already be burned and now her legs would get lightly seared as well before she could manage to shake the shock and force herself to her feet as quickly as possible. they would have gotten far enough to be on the somewhat cooler one!

She couldn't even focus enough to see how the others were doing or how they got where they were. But even if she wanted to get to the next square up she did suddenly stop when hearing Jordan yelling out and rolling around on the floor trying to get his shirt off from being lit on fire.

"Four! The water bottle! USE IT!" She screamed at him and then looked to Josh ahead. "You still have water! Throw it! Please!" Her voice filled with panic of course as she twisted and turned and tried to get to the very edge of whatever space they had made it on to reach out and yank at Jordan to try and drag him up too. Not that she could pick the man up but she could sure as hell use some adrenaline to drag him by whatever she could grab.

Hopefully that grab was on his shirt and not his hair. Though it was likely she was yanking on his shirt both to help drag him along out of the flames and get the lit shirt off him too.

[18:25] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:25] d10: 4

[18:25] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:25] d10: 4

[18:29] d10: 02Persocom Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:29] d10: 2

[18:29] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You get out of the fire, but you get nooooo where))

[18:29] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) as the shock eventually subsided the pain to his shoulder taking its place he just lay there watching the flames flicker on the heated grates, as his body began to feel the heat from the grates he'd place his right hand down and push himself up slowly but felt weak, he was prepared to simply stay there where he was when he felt an arm hoist him up and attempt to throw him towards the radiator.

He'd grab hold as tight as he could to the circle thing on it that was in his reach and try to steady himself, "Might be digging some shallow graves after this." he murmured as he looked around the room at everyone, at least one had made it out of the fire the rest didn't seem too bad off, he held his breath as Josh made a run for it, the shock he was willing to take if it somehow got them out of the flames because he was able to find a switch or something.

He was preparing to move again when that blasted collar went off once more mid step onto the white square that was just outside the flames, as he once more crumpled to the ground, screaming briefly before the intensity of the shock took his breath away, his eyes now sealed tightly as his body was racked with the shakes from repeated shocks.

Shit if they didn't kill them by burning them alive they would forever be forces of electrical current shocking anything they touched or simply fry from the inside out, the fuckery of it all gave him just enough ambition to roll on his side to send the hardest kick he could muster in the direction of number fours back hoping to send him staggering forward out of the flames as the attempt to pull him up on the radiator seemed to fail he was likely in front of him at that point just not on it(?) he at least had to try, no man or women left behind he hoped

[18:31] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Roll d10 and d4))

[18:32] d10: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d10):

[18:32] d10: 9

[18:32] d4: WeeBraveheartt Resident rolls are (d4):

[18:32] d4: 1

[18:33] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Bentley gets up onto the Generator too, trying to help Jordan, he offers him a +1 to his roll. So instead of having a -2 to Jordan's movement roll, he only has a -1))

[18:40] Jordan Rizzo was actually starting to just disconnect from the situation. Maybe it was to help not feel the pain, or maybe he was just losing his fucking mind. Either way, he was drifting, Emily's voice just a muffle as she tried to encourage him to pour water on himself. It was a good idea too. Sucks he didn't think of it.

For now he was just content sizzling and mentally going to his happy place, which for some odd reason was a beach...a really really hot beach. Emily's tug on his shirt was the first thing to stir him back to reality, coupled with that kick to his back from the cop. Tomorrow...that kick to the back is going to hurt a lot more than the blisters from his burns. But he was thankful for the kick nonetheless. Not only because it snapped him out of his daze, but it helped move him forward towards the generator some were finding as refuge.

Was there even enough space for him up there? He'd try for it anyway, temporarily stopped from the shocks courtesy Joshua's cheating. And yet, to him, Joshua was a fucking hero for doing it. At this rate, they likely would have all burned to death. Someone had to balls up and go for it. It never would have been the Britt. So better Joshua than no one.

After the shock finished, his ears ringing and everywhere a piercing. His face was now red and throbbing, he'd try to fling his shirt off before attempting to climb up to join Bentley on the generator. "Holy fuck shit." He'd say through a series of exhales and grunts. He felt like a lobster right out of a pot of boiling water.

[18:42] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Roll a d10 J))

[18:43] d10: Jordan Rizzo rolls are (d10):

[18:43] d10: 2

[18:44] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((You make it out of the flames, but as you move to climb the generator, you fall onto your ass))

[18:22] Daiyu had made it to Emily, hugging the wall and then attempting to bring the woman with her, but then the flames started where they were. Panic. Over the flames she saw Josh then starting to run and her heart broke. He was going to leave them, leave them shocked in the flames.

She couldn't even claw at the collar as her fingers were mostly useless and it sent her to her knees where with a hiss they scorched. Snapping, memories of the fire at the Observer filling her mind, she grabbed at Emily and using what little strength she had, hopefully supplemented by the other woman, ran for it, green light, red light. She didn't care. She didn't want to hurt them, but better the two of them cross together than they both burn to death here because of Josh shocking them when still in fire.

The red flesh on her knees was a testament to the damage being shocked had caused and to her, that was on Josh... Now she was risking Bentley and the others with her and ideally Emily's dash towards freedom ahead. "Fucking run all of you!" she screamed. If she'd been more rational it might not have been a bad idea, could Tori really all shock them at the same time and she'd rather be shocked and out of the fire than burning to death. "Run!" That would have been, assuming Emily, Bentley and Rizzo don't do anything directly that helps her.

[18:25] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):4

[18:25] d10: FaithTang Resident rolls are (d10):4

[18:46] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): ((Daiyu makes out out of the flames and half way through the door. She had been shocked from the red light cheat by Josh, but the moment she cheated too, The shock for her ended up sent another one through everyone in the room.))

[18:54] Em Bundy (sugarninja) She saw the whole room go up in flames and she was the only one who wasn't fried by the flames, "oh mon dieu" she was heard screaming in a shrill tone of anxiety.

She saw how Josh just shit on everything and ran to the end of the room. At first she was happy about it, it meant a chance to put out the flames, but the next moment when the electric shock hit her body as a punishment for what he had done, she also felt hatred for Josh, because of the pain. But maybe they were all too cerebral and thought too complicated and Josh had done everything right?

Em watched Bentley try to escape the flames, she felt for him, the poor guy had a hard time. She immediately made room for him at the generator and gently patted him on the shoulder, "You did it number three, come help me destroy this thing!" Then Jordan tried to get on the generator as well.

Em would of course try to help Jordan if she could. but fate was not kind to Jordan, he fell to the ground. this only spurred Em on to hit the fucking machine even harder. She hoped that she or Josh would be able to get these fucking flames to go out. She wouldn't dream of jumping off the generator to face the flames again. "This has to work somehow!"

[19:04] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The intercom would spark to life, the voice in it going "Shit. that's got to hurt." Cackling heard from the other side as the red light lit up and the flames died off. But as Em did not make any moves, more shocks would be emitted through the collars.

At this point, everyone would be tasered, except for Em, Josh and Daiyu, who all had chosen to either refuse to move or cheat! So at that moment Jordan, Emily and Bentley are rendered immobile. And the intercom came to life again. "Uh oh, Green light!" And as this was said, flames would start at one end of the room and slowly spark through one grate and then the next, making its way to both Jordan and Emily, who were unfortunately, right in its path.

Daiyu was up, but the flames were heading her way and only Josh had made it to the door, which was unlocked!

JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) He had gotten out of the flames and he was not hesitating looking back. The smell of burnt flesh alone was sickening enough, and he couldn't look back to see who would have followed. He almost hoped they all had, because it was making no sense staying there any longer.

If they could just hold on for a few seconds, he was not leaving them. He was going to find a way to cut this 'game' off. "I'm coming back!" He shouted as he rushed with pure adrenaline.

He passed through the doors, and those few seconds might have felt like hours to the rest of them, but he was working as quickly as he could. Coming to a quick halt right at the board, he looked at the dashboard in front of him. It seemed simple enough, but he wasted no time

attempting to cut the fire and light up the solid 'green light' without the fire being present.
"Fucking work, c'mon!"

He muttered to himself repeatedly. He hadn't even looked at the rest of the room behind him. His sole focus was cutting the fire out.

[19:14] **Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther)**: The control panel in the next room would be extremely easy to use. A monkey could have probably done it. Maybe even a smart dog. Once Josh figured it out, removing the controls from the people over the intercom was simple. And obviously meant to happen.

Once Josh figured out how they worked, the flames would immediately die out in the room. The light at the end of the room would turn green and stay green. The shocks to the collars would end completely.

Now everyone could move freely about the room, no fear of flame or consequence. In the next room, they would find plenty in there. But Josh making it in first would get a good look around.

There were medical supplies, creams to treat burns. But like all things, not even and there for everyone. Only two of the six would be able to treat their injuries.

The intercom would flare to life again, the same and likely tiresome by now voice heard. "That was fucking intense. Had one of you cheated from the damn get go, you could have ended this game at the start! But congrats on surviving. You all can get a half hour to rest up. We'll continue then."

[19:27] **Emily Rose (02persocom)** had nearly been dragged along by Daiyu making a full on run for the end of the room but the idiot blonde would stall only to look back at the others. Just to make sure everyone else was at least safe. And in a sense, they were perched up on the generator!

There was a fleeting hopeful moment where she thought maybe they would be able to yank out wires or something to turn the flames off. But the red light green light had switched again and while Daiyu had tried to pull her along, their arms outstretched, flames had burst between them... made the blonde recoil instinctively from the flames and let go of the other woman's hand with a startled scream.

The next thing she knew there was another intense shock from the collar dropping her back to the grates. Her hands moved out instinctively to protect her face. As soon as they hit the heated grate they hissed and burned just as her legs did as well while stunned and sprawled out on the grated floor from the shocking.

Once again jerking and twitching as muscles contracted sharply and stayed that way for longer than they were meant to.

Unknowing what happened all she could do was lay on the floor for the moment, unable to move. Even when more fire had briefly erupted in front of her just near the other end of the room... but growing closer and closer. Threatening to finally reach her and cook her alive. And for a moment she thought... this was it. Her last moment. Maybe in some way it would finally be a release from pain. The fire would surely quickly burn away her nervous system, right...?

Even that fleeting thought had her panicked. But unable to perform either fight or flight, all she could do was scream in fear as the fire got closer. And then suddenly. Poof. It was gone. As was the rest of the flames. The heat began to die down. And the room was eerily quiet without whatever burners had been working beneath the grates ceasing to function. In her shock and pain she just lay there, trying to lift herself up after the shock released, but she could barely manage to do that.

Her hands seared. Her legs seared. Leaving behind harsh dark pinkish red lines like grill marks on her exposed skin, legs, hands, her wrists and the bottom of her feet. She just... sobbed... Unsure if it was from pain, fear, or relief it seemed to be over. For now.

[19:31] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) a sigh of relief as he finally made it out of the flames and on to the radiator, his eyes moving to the others, no sooner had he found some relief from the flames had he been hit with one hell of a shock from those who had cheated as well as those who chose not to move, while he wanted to be angry about it he simply wasn't how was anyone supposed to know what the right move was in this twisted game they were playing? So he would simply eat the shocks, unable to move much less hold his own drool for quite some time, but it seemed no sooner had it started it stopped.

"Am I dead?" he'd accidentally ask out loud though very garbled as he did, it would take several moments longer for the room to come back into focus, no he wasn't dead and the fire seemed to disappear, he was wiped and ready to sleep right there, but alas they were still in that fiery room and he didn't know if it would decide to unleash dragon breath again so with a lot of struggle he would finally force himself to roll off the radiator his knees hitting the floor with a loud growl before he'd get back up.

"Ya shallow graves, definitely shallow graves being dug." he nodded his head as if it was written in stone, what that meant exactly, who knew considering he was for the most part a pacifist, but you know who isn't Miss Graves, the thought of her bringing him justice reigniting some of that fire he needed to get out of that damn room. "Come on, let's go while we have the chance." he said to the others tiredly.

He'd hold his left arm out for Jordan to assist in hoisting him up again, "Come on I got you." he assumed he'd help Em, provided they all moved he'd head into the next room before sliding down the wall to sit wincing as he did, "i wish I had a few less morals right now," with that he let his eyes close for however long they would let them rest if they even did.

[19:37] Jordan Rizzo was having the most unlucky day ever. Minus the day that got him here. As his ass hit the floor and he went through a couple of more shocks, he'd just lay there for a moment, contemplating things out loud. "If we started off all running...no one would have gotten shocked." Because that was the rules right? The one cheating didn't get hurt.

OK, now he is pissed. Almost at himself as much as he was Tori. He would accept the help from Bentley with a soft spoken "Thanks, mate." Before he was upright again. "You're not dead...nor will you die. Because we're getting out of this shit hole alive." He would nod with the promise of shallow graves.

He himself was actually a lover and not a fighter, so he wouldn't be there to help dig any shallow graves. But he might be willing to turn a blind eye to them. Maybe. Fucking morals! The room felt colder with the flames now gone, and he slowly limped his way into the next room, his eyes seeking Emily as moved to where she stood. "Please don't cry. Don't let them see it. We'll be ok." He'd say, sounding as if he truly believed it. "We just have to be smarter about this." Looking to Joshua, he had to offer the man another "Thank you." Maybe Joshua's way of thinking was really what was going to get them out of this faster.

[12:55] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) had cheated for the group, in his mind he was telling himself that. Maybe he would believe it if he convinced himself of it. But really, he ran because he could not withstand the tip-toeing around the area. Not with how scared people were acting around the room. So he had bolted it. He looked around the room as he was the first one in, he saw the limited medical equipment. Hopefully, he was quick enough as he walked on the balls of his feet to gather it. "Who's the worst?" He called out to the group. Selfishly, he was going to apply some to himself. But he waited to see everyone's reactions with him running. He did not know Daiyu also 'cheated' as well!

[13:04] Emily Rose (02persocom) had managed to pick herself up from the floor after the flames had finally been put out. Even when Jordan had pleaded with her not to cry, she did try to stop, but there was still some quiet sobs and sniffing. It wasn't until they shuffled into the next room and were told they had a short break that she managed to stop as she moved into a corner of the room and sank down into a ball to the floor.

Her muscles ached from all the shocks... Her feet were burned but not terribly for her idea with the makeshift wet cloth shoes but they had been singed off with a burst of fire. She had grill marks on her legs and arms where she had tried catching herself on the hot grates when the blonde was dropped from each and every painful shock from the collar. For a long moment, she looked done. Just utterly done. Curled, and quiet, and immobile in the corner. Barely registering that anyone else might have been talking amongst themselves or rationing out any healing supplies. The blonde just didn't open her mouth to even ask for anything.

[13:10] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) Though he would have never made the decision to cheat, he couldn't help but feel somewhat grateful that number one had, as they all

fell into the next room he looked around from the spot he'd slumped down, "What could possibly go wrong in here." he murmured to himself more than anyone in particular.

He was exhausted, just exhausted every part of his being throbbed and aching, he wasn't sure how many more shocks he could take much less anything else, the room of fire having been hell on earth. "I'm going to opt for not taking medical treatment, the worst of the girls should get the supplies," he murmured tiredly.

It was sick to only allow two of them to heal up, but that was just it right, keep some of them too weak to think clearly and possibly fuck the others over, or make them act selfishly and screw someone who needed it more over, either way he would not play their games he'd simply deal with the pain from the burns and rest while he could.

"If we have any water or food left, it might be the time to divide it up, if this room is anything like the last we'll need at least something to keep going." he again spoke exhaustedly before he lay on the cool ground content on napping there.

[13:12] Daiyu (faithtang) had stumbled into the room in tears, having 'cheated' at the end as the flames had started to burn her. She'd tried to get Emily along with her, but the girl had let go of her hand and she hadn't the courage to stop; to her the flames were all consuming and after having fallen to the ground and felt her knees sizzle all she could do was flee to the door after the others.

Her feet hurt and stumbling forward she didn't see medicine or much else, other than a sink with a tap. Hopping up onto it she tried the tap, wanting to bathe her feet under the water if it was there. If cold water came out, she'd run her knees and feet under the water but decline medicine, "This will do..." she added in a small voice, "Save it for someone worse..." but if there was no water, then of course she would look at Josh, he had cheated, she had seen it.

Purposefully.

She.. she had just lost it after trying to help Em and Emily, it was different, at least to her and she looked at him as he asked who was hurt but chose not to say anything. She was weak physically, especially after weeks of abuse and what good would fighting do other than enrich Tori's sense of 'rightness'. She sighed, tucked her knees to her chest and hugged herself while perched on the counter.

The mention of food or water caused her to look at EmB... Had the girl kept the bottle? That was unless the tap was working in which case water wouldn't be a problem. "Emily's the actress, maybe she should have some of the medicine?" she offered, "The rest of us don't earn our living partly with how we look..." she went back into her tight hug of her knees after that.

[13:18] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Em was still beating the generator with her fists. But it didn't help much she just had.. if we're honest a bicep that was soft as a pudding. When suddenly again

electric shocks went through the collar. Em doubled over in pain, no longer in control of her body. She rolled off the generator and landed ungently on the hot grate. she squeezed her eyes tightly shut and waited for the flames to grill her flesh like a chicken. but nothing happened. she cautiously opened her eyes.

The fire was out. She didn't trust the whole thing and ran to the door after she saw that the others were helping each other. When she arrived in the next room, she first sat down on the chair. She first had to clear her head and process what had happened. she watched the others, she didn't know what to do and Josh already had the medicine in his hand, she now watched him most closely, "another just for your own, like in the first room the water bottle, big one?" she shook her head when Bentley said that the ladies should get the medicine first. "I was lucky I was on the pipes or the generator most of the time, it hit others more badly."

She looked worriedly at Dai, Em still had the water bottle with her, not used for her feet or to wet her shirt like the others. "hey dai catch" and the water bottle flew through the air. She didn't want to get up because the soles of her feet were burned and it hurt a lot to touch the ground.

CHAPTER THREE

Room Three: Truth or Dare

[13:19] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): After the six were given enough time to recover from the exertion of the last game, the crackling of the intercom within the room could be heard before the voice came through the speakers once more. "Hope you're all well rested. Don't get up, continue sitting if you would like. Either way, it's time to start your next challenge. This one will be so much simpler compared to the last room. We're going to play a game of true or dare. However, do not think you can choose truth and refuse to answer or lie to us. If we feel you are lying, there will be punishment to follow!"

The door that had led to the last room would suddenly lock, the click of the automatic door locks could be heard in the tiny room the players filled. The voice would speak up again. "Here is how this is going to go. If you choose dare, you will only have to perform one task. Points if you are brave enough! If you take the easier path and choose truth, you will have to answer two questions and make us believe in your honesty. Once you choose your path, you cannot take it back or choose the other option. So be sure before you decide on whether you'll tell a truth or accept a dare." A pause before the voice came again. "So, what do each of you choose?"

[13:24] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) grabbed the two things of burn treatment. He looked over at each person as they entered the room. Surveying their injuries much like he did back when he was on duty and tending to his colleagues. Bentley looked rough, but as he even expected

the man denied medical treatment. Instead he looked towards Emily as she came in and was quiet. "We can't have you clamming up like that again. Come on..."

He coughed a bit through the dryness of his own throat but offered her one of the burn creams. But who looked worse, was Jordan beside her. "I'd try and split that between the two of you..." He shrugged. If the rooms got worse, he was afraid of what might be ahead. The fire was what broke people, and that was a normal occurrence in Hathian. He winced as he looked down at his own feet, which had blistered after bolting. "If everyone is going to pass on it..."

He wasted no time leaning back against the wall and showing the pain in his face as he attempted to apply some of the ointment on his right foot. He pulled the water bottle that he had tucked in his jean pocket out and took a gulp of it before sitting it openly on the table for anyone to take, along with the crumbled up snacks now. Depending on what they were, they were likely nice and melted and crushed to shit. But food was food. "That's all I could hold..." he left it out there for everyone.

Soon the voices were heard again, his eyebrows tightening together closely as he snarled his lip. "Fucking hell..." He muttered to himself before slamming his fist down against the wooden table. Looking at the group, he didn't know if they could make it through another long game. "We do dares. Get this shit done with. We've all survived in Hathian this long..." He didn't even finish his sentence. "Get this shit done. C'mon..." He tried to rally the troops. And without hesitation he looked up towards the speaker and shouted. "DARE!"

[13:39] Emily Rose (02persocom) would have heard her name said by Daiyu and looked up with a somewhat distant, exhausted, but confused expression. Something akin to deer in headlights... after the fact of getting hit and dragged for a good mile beneath the truck. "Musician." The blonde managed to croak out dryly. "I haven't acted much... just some small parts. I'm more of a musician... Violin and piano..."

She gave a withered half smile and shook her head. "My looks haven't gotten me anywhere so far... I don't think they will now." She really tried to joke to the best of her ability. Get her head back into the present. When Josh addressed her though she visibly flinched and of course looked ashamed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... I just... I couldn't move. I couldn't jump through. I would have just landed in more fire..."

And she really was sorry. Even if it shouldn't have been her fault. Still, when the medicine was given to her and Jordan she would nod slightly. Of course she would be intent on sharing. Only using a small bit on the worst of the burns on her feet before using the rest on Jordan. He was the one that likely got burnt from his shirt being on fire for awhile and rolling through more flames. She wouldn't take no for an answer. "I have more burn cream at home... That a friend gave me. It's okay. This isn't... it isn't the first time I've been burned..."

She tried to sound as reassuring as possible. After the medicine was used up she would go quiet again and look up slightly when the intercom came back on. Truth or Dare? Her stomach turned. What sick challenges did they have for everyone...? At first her mind immediately went

to Truth. She could tell the truth. That was easy for her. But then she realized the part of 'proving' to them the truth. How could someone PROVE the truth? The truth just... was. Wasn't it...? And what punishment would there be if someone couldn't prove their truth?

"D-Dare..." She finally decided hesitantly, cringing as it came out of her lips. She didn't want to do either of course. But... actions spoke louder than words... right...?

[13:40] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) simply shook his head, "Nah I'm alright, maybe we save it like the rations incase something worse happens and we need it at that time." he suggested as the crackling of the intercom echoed again.

His brows furrowed as he listened to the voice, "Fuck you." he spat out, it was getting harder to think as time ticked on in this hell, he was hungry, he was hurt and he was exhausted despite the drugged up state he'd been in for days, it hadn't been a peaceful venture where one could be well rested, he groaned as he sat up to look around the others wrapping his arms tightly around his pulled up legs as winced and hissed from the agitation to the burns on his chest scrapping against his pants.

He approved of Josh's choice of who should get medical attention and offered nothing more in regards to it. As the voice went on he simply glared up at the camera waiting for the voice to finish before mumbling under his breath, "Fucking child's play," he looked at Josh, "Why would we choose dare? Dare is an action, are you so desperate to get out of here you'd be willing to cut off the limb of one of us? you'd kill one of us to save yourself, you have no idea what actions they might choose and so fucking far, the objectives aint ones that wont cause a person bodily harm." he ground out.

Resting his chin on his knees, his eyes closing to think about what the best option was, after some time he opened one eye and looked up at the camera, "I choose neither!" he shouted. "If I say dare it is likely you will force me to do something that would be morally wrong, so no I refuse that option, if I choose truth it will likely be something you hope we say that will create chaos amongst us and you are the one deciding you will still likely find it a lie thus cause punishment, but so far your punishments have been to my fellow comrades, in the event it is to myself this time, its likely it would still morally be wrong, so to you, I say fuck off, I choose neither!" he let the eye close again whether or not he had made the right call only time would tell.

[13:45] Daiyu (faithtang) caught the water bottle from EmB by letting it hit her and then using her arms to cradle it into her lap, "Thanks," she said before taking half, no more, and putting it back towards EmB. "Please, make sure you drink..." Since it appeared the tap didn't work she tried not to care that Josh had left her knees and feet untreated. It was what it was, injury on top of injury.

Then the voice came from the speakers and she tilted her head, confused. She tried to always tell the truth, what was there for these people to know about her that she would mind sharing now, in a moment of life and death. She couldn't think of anything. Then Josh shouted, claiming

a 'Dare' and she winced, drawing her knees up tighter. "What if your bullshit testosterone has condemned one of us to be hurt at your hands? What if your 'dare' turns out to be that huh and it's not like you'll refuse will you?!" she was frustrated at him.

Surely there was a way to beat Tori at her own game that didn't involve running headlong into this shit. "What kind of secrets can any of us have that we don't want others to know about if our life is on the line!?" she looked around, surely that was logical... "Why does doing a dare mean it's any quicker than answering questions! For all you know a Dare could take ages!" She wasn't sure questions didn't have a downside, but she also knew there were lots of things she couldn't do, lots of mean things Tori could ask of a woman with a fractured jaw, splinted fingers and a height, weight and strength disadvantage to perhaps nearly everyone in the room.

Emily followed Josh's lead and choose a dare and she shook her head sadly and then Bentley had a different idea, not choosing anything, "C'mon... if we all did that I'd get it... but if you go alone then they'll probably put all the dares on you, choose one... you can't carry the faith for all of us," She was split now, two dares, one... no choice and what would she do... "I choose Truth," she says quietly, "Some of you call me a shit journalist, but I'm not. I try hard and I don't like like most of Hathian does without blinking, so truth..." she wished they'd all reached the same answer, but she was more convinced than not that Josh was wrong and now that he had chosen, they couldn't all try Bentley's way.

She looked at the young officer, not knowing much about him. "Brave..." she said quietly, "We won't let you carry all our work..." had just finished giving Bentley what little support words could give, when it appeared his choice condemned them all to a shock, a horrible shock. She had not been tasered like this and it jolted through her, locking her up so she crashed backwards into the sink, creating a gash to her head, before she rolled off onto the floor where she lay, shaking.

[13:46] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): There would be a sudden interruption and everyone in the room, except Bentley's, collar went off. The time in which they were left on would be enough to nearly cop taser them. "Sorry. Didn't quite hear that Bentley. Want to try again?"

[13:59] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When she saw that Josh had put down the snack, she stood up, the hunger was too big and she took a bite and then put the rest back. "No one is disgusted right, are you? we have other problems!" She can be heard speaking with her mouth full.

When again the voice sounded through the loudspeakers. Em didn't need to be electrocuted at all, as soon as she heard the voice it was as if electricity was flowing through her body. she would gladly let Josh aka superman for the poor go ahead and watch what kind of tasks he would have to do, as well as Emily who was surprisingly brave after the hell room, but Em certainly wouldn't let herself be exposed to the lunatics and their games voluntarily.

What could be bad if she had to answer two questions? "Number 6 chooses truth" she said, raising her hand like she did in school. Em had to pick up the water bottle from the floor, of course she had tried to catch the bottle with one hand, but she was unsuccessful.

Em bit her hand in excitement as Bentley refused to let the voice on the loudspeaker make a decision. "oh mon dieu what's going to happen to nice number three now?" she hastily glanced around the room waiting to see if a trap would be triggered somewhere. She listened to Dai's speech and was literally thrilled by her words. Em applauded in full agreement when a violent surge of electricity literally grilled her and she fell over like a wet sack.

[14:02] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was hearing everyone's reasons. Which had him looking towards Emily once more since she followed his guidance on dare. Giving her a reassuring nod. "It's going to be okay!" he tried to encourage her. He knew it wasn't. But as long as they kept in moral high hopes, he prayed they would make it out alive.

He looked at the rest of the group, waiting for their answers. He shook his head at Em B as she grabbed a snack. "Nah. Seen worse shit than this..." he shrugged it off, but he was far from disgusted at this moment in time. But the heroic nature Bentley was showing had him instantly shaking his head, along with Daiyu's words. "I chose dare because we need to get the fuck out of here!" He gestured around the room openly. "You guys think sitting here trying to prove a truth is going to get you anywhere? They want /their/ truth, not yours. You guys would have to convince them..." He pointed directly at the camera and laughed softly. "And I'm sorry. None of you have that ability. Not after what I've witnessed."

Before he could even get a gasp of air after his speech, he was crippled down to the ground due to Bentley's punishment shock. His body twitching on the floor through the long duration of it. And he even peed a little bit. Shock after shock was wearing his body down.

His bloodshot eyes casted a glare towards Bentley. "ANSWER!" He snapped with a low growl escaping his throat. As much as he respected Bentley's moral approach to the rooms, he was putting together vastly that that was not how things worked here.

[14:03] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The people in the control room would wait for the others to recover. But despite that they gave Bentley the chance to change his answer, the voice came again. "Player Two. You chose dare. So let's start with you. Here it is. Punish Player Three in any way you choose to give him a little incentive to do as we ask. And Player Three, if you don't give us a proper answer... It will get worse. For everyone in the room. Will you let your fellow players pay the price for your pride? Oh we hope you do. Oh please, refuse a path again."

[14:15] Emily Rose (02persocom) remained silent even when Josh tried to encourage her that she made the right decision. She didn't smile. Just looked dolefully up at him for a moment before looking off into empty space. The blonde knew well enough that she didn't. There was no right choice. And she winced at the others saying to choose Truth. That the Dare's would likely be to hurt others. She hadn't entirely thought of that. Nor had she looked around the room to actually see what was there. She had been tucked into her little corner like some discarded marionette.

The only time she moved again was nodding in agreement with Josh though, when he said their kidnappers wanted *their* truth. Not the real truth from the players and that is exactly what she had been thinking. She hoped the others would understand. Her voice came out small and quiet in the dim room. "What if they don't believe us? No matter what we say...? How would they punish us then...?"

Before she could say anything else there was another shock and her hands flew up to the collar around her throat as another strangled scream erupted from her. At least she was propped in the corner and sitting already so all she did after was slump over until the pain passed. Her limbs gently shook. Then she heard her number over the intercom and she looked up in dismay at the command, she cried out. "Why me!?"

Brimming with tears again she looked over at Bentley and shook her head slightly. She didn't want to hurt him or punish him in any way. Though after a short moment she would shakily stand, using the walls for support. Looking around the room at what things were there. In all honesty... she could just slap him, right? Jordan could attest she could have a nasty sting to it. Maybe not so much in her weakened state... But she was clearly looking for something that would likely do the least amount of damage as the gears in her head whirled quickly for some solution.

[14:16] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) he wasn't sure that what he'd chosen was right, all he knew was he wanted no part of the twisted game there was no way to win it so why play it?

He did not need to wait long to see the consequences of his actions as everyone else around him was shocked, his eyes opening in alarm as he watched them helplessly, "stop it! just stop!" he shouted in a panic as he bolted over to Daiyu, looking up at the camera, "STOP IT!" he repeated pleadingly as he tried to roll the girl over now looking down at her, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." he said over and over again before looking around at the others then back to the camera as he sat the silently for several long moments as hot angry tears filled his eyes as the voice echoed again with instructions for the first person who had chosen dare.

The taunt at choosing to not engage in the game caused his fist to ball, the shouting of Josh telling him to answer them all twitching on the floor, what was he supposed to do, no matter which option he chose somehow they would find a reason to punish them, "You only care that I refuse because it gives you reason to cause harm that you hadn't anticipated being able to cause, you thought that we would all rally again and choose what we thought was easy, while they did it seems go the the route easiest for them as individuals, there is no easy choice here is there?" he was not looking for an answer he didn't care he knew better than to believe that it mattered to the voice behind the mic.

He drew in a long breath before he let it out, he could not let them suffer because he preferred not to play and would not, had he known they would be punished for not choosing he likely would have chosen despite very strongly feeling both options were a mistake, "Dare." he finally

mumbled as his head dropped defeated as the rigors of the game would creep in, in that moment threatening his resolve, as he struggled to cope with having be the reason the others experienced pain, a small head shake as he mumbled, "I'm sorry." the welled tears then fell down his bruised and tired face.

[14:21] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Bentley had finally given his choice, followed by Jordan who had not answered while he had been recovering from the taser. But now that those decisions were made, the voice came through the intercoms again. "Alright. Let's see if you all were as serious as Player Two was with her... choice. Let's mix it up. Player Four, you're next. You chose truth. Here are your two questions. First, if you had to pick someone in this room to leave behind, who would it be?" The voice would let that sink in before saying. "And second, if you could only spare three people in this room, including yourself if you chose, which three would live?"

[20:08] Jordan Rizzo would let his eyes wander around the room as he tried to see if maybe there was a way out he was missing. Something super simple he could figure out. He hadn't done those fun escape room nights to not have them paying off now. Sure, they failed him the first two rooms, but now that he was getting the hang of what was going down, maybe he could think more clearly.

When the options were given to him to choose 2 truths or a dare, he'd be quick to respond with "Truths!" He was an honest guy. Maybe not when it came to his emotions and telling people how he was feeling, but outside of that, honesty came easy for him. So, it was a simple answer. Right? Maybe not so much.

When the first question was given, he'd visibly swallow hard, his cheeks already starting to tint as he looked from one face to the next. He was here because of his morals, and it was those morals that were currently making this a hard question to answer. It was pretty safe to say he'd never leave one of the women behind. He was a true gentleman at heart and was definitely a women and children first kinda guy. He'd never even fight a woman... even when one pulled a knife... or gun... or just beat the shit out of him in the streets. If he couldn't run, he was in a fetal position curling motherfucker. So, his eyes were just going between Bentley and Joshua. "As much as I would love to say the ex-cop... "because he sure as hell wasn't going to call anyone by the numbers they were assigned. "...because I'm sure he's strong enough to get himself out of here alive. He's shown us that much already. I'd rather say myself. For the same reason. If people are going to get out of here alive... it'll be with his leadership. So... I'd leave myself behind. Doesn't mean I'm giving up. Or saying I'd be left here to die. But I'll stay behind to get past whatever the hell it is you have planned that you THINK is going to break me." He'd say putting extra emphasis on the word think.

She wasn't going to break him. No matter how hard she tried. He had already been forced to kill someone to live once. A fact he would never tell a single soul. And he'd still managed to push past it and keep his morals. Jordan wasted no time when the second question was asked. He'd

answer it even faster, his hand lifting to motion towards the women. "The reporters and the violinist. They would be spared if it was up to me. But it's not up to me right? Whatever I say doesn't even matter right? This is just another fucking test you're trying to give me right? There is no right answer. No matter what I said, you'd find a way to make it wrong. A reason to punish someone. I think that's the real game here. You're not trying to see if you can break our morals. Because you know you can't. You're just trying to see how long you can get someone to play with you in the sandbox!" OK, he was getting a little pissed. Maybe more than a little pissed as he looked around the room. "Because, at the end of the day... Whatever we do here doesn't define us. It won't define us. And I know you're smart enough to know this. You're not simulating the real world. You're making your own fucked up twisted world and trying to pretend that the rules that exist here exist out there. But they don't. And they never will. When this is all over... the people we were before we came in here, are the exact same fucking people we'll be when we leave!" He was likely setting himself up for another shock. Maybe he was setting someone else up for another shock. But his words were true, and he wanted to speak them. And hopefully... Everyone around him would agree. At least enough to not hate him if they got shocked!

[14:22] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): There would be a pause after Jordan's sincere and heartfelt answer, choosing to leave himself behind in order for everyone else to get out and spare the women. The intercom was quiet for a few moments, before it came back on. "You would leave yourself behind? To save everyone else? And the chivalrous answer of sparing the women, and Daiyu, first? How... damn noble of you. Good answer. Very moral. Now let's see how sincere you are about that." And suddenly everyone's collar except Jordan's would flare to life and tase them, long enough to put each of them down.

The door to the unknown room would click and then open, two metallic canisters rolling within the room and then BOOM! A flash of light and smoke filled the room. Four bodies would come in, the players who might recover their eyesight long enough to see what was happening might notice they were all wearing black and hooded, masks of odd shapes and makes. Or was that the smoke and blinding light distorting things?

One of the taller of the four masked figures went to pick up and take hold of Jordan from behind, while another short and skinnier figure moved to put a sack over his head. The largest of the figures in black would approach Jordan, who was struggling to get free and blinded by the sack over his head. The large figure standing before him would raise a gun to aim at Jordan's head. And then POP, the gun went off, reverberating off the walls of the small room.

Blood formed from the center of the sack and spread, dripping droplets onto the floor. Before anyone was likely able to recover, Jordan's body was dragged from the room before the smoke even cleared, the locks to the doors giving off a click. And just like that, the four masked figures in black and Jordan Rizzo were gone.

And then the voice came through the intercom again. "Well. Who'd like to go next? How Player Five, you chose truth. Here are your two questions. Remember, be honest! First, what..." There

would be a pause and some mumbling from the intercom and pause. "Okay. Daiyu, share with the class what was done to you the night after you were taken. And second, if you had to choose one of the players to experience what you had that night, who would you choose? You may not choose yourself."

[14:39] Daiyu (faithtang) couldn't pay attention to anyone else as they were shocked. Josh's little speech had her shaking her head before she felt, dares, truths, she didn't think any of them was quicker than the other and one could be to hurt someone. Just like it turned out. Groaning on the floor, she was helped to roll over. Not able to do much other than try to take deep breaths she looked at him and offered a small smile, "Not your fault, it's only ever theirs... suck a dick all of them..."

She leveraged herself up with his help, wiped a smear of blood from the cut above her eye and shuffled backwards to under the sink her back against a vent. She listened from under there as Bentley chose a dare and then Emily advanced on him. She doubted the woman would do anything hard, but then Jordan piped up and with her knees tucked into her chest she shook her head at him, he was answering, not evading the question and she felt a momentary pulse of gratitude as he chose to save Em, Emily and her.

She was about to give him a nod; he had presumably told the truth as he saw it, meeting Tori's sick games, but then he was saying about how what he said didn't matter, which were her thoughts. Would someone get out? Maybe... would answering these questions help... she wasn't sure. But then as she was sitting there, they shocked them again and she fell again, perhaps even losing bladder control for a bit this time and certainly in hell as her raw knees and other injuries played with concrete again.

She lay on the ground and then there were flashes, bangs... she had no idea what was going on, until a pair of boots came into her view. Looking up, brushing matted hair from her eyes she watched in shock as Jordan appeared to be executed. She dry retched against the wall, not enough food to come up, but dribbles of the water she'd partaken in being coughed against the wall.

For a long time she lay there, having heard the request, but not coming to terms with it. "Fuck you" she whispered as she leveraged herself up onto one arm again. "Fuck you.." her breath heaved. "Your sick friend Mu couldn't handle me, couldn't handle being told he was a loser with no prospects, unlike us here. So he lost it, did what all men do when women talk back, and hurt me." She slumped back against the wall, "Not your rules, not your so called society, just some shit, that shit people do when they can't earn what they want..." she glowered from under the sink, "You put drugs in me, fuck knows what, and then Mu brutalized me with a gun, probably because he can't get it up unless that weird bitch is slicing him or something. Oh then you called me animal names and shoved me back in a cage naked. Dax he isn't!". She spits blood onto the floor, "And you know what, have it done to yourself, you're playing this game, our little 'games-master' counts, so fuck a gun or suck a dick or whatever." She got unsteadily to her feet. "That enough truth for you?" she sways on her feet before holding onto the sink with one hand.

[14:48] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): There would be silence as Daiyu's answer was given. And then laughter from a few voices came through the intercom. Obviously her answer amused the people in the control room. And while they laughed, Daiyu's collar would spark to life, a much longer shock this time. "You're cheating. We're not players in this game. But since you're so cheeky, we'll accept your answers. This time. But be careful. We still have two more dares in the room, both men. Tell us to suck a dick again, and we'll have them shover theirs down your throat." The shock to Daiyu's collar would stop before the laughter in the background died down. "Em. You also chose truth. Here are your questions. "First, if you had to choose a lucky number from between 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6, what would it be? And second, which one of your fellow players do you dislike the most and why. You may not choose the gamer masters or yourself."

[14:59] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When Em came back to her senses, the horrible voice sounded from the loudspeaker again. "omg guys, what did you think would happen if you refused or chose dare?" she said while her body was still twitching from the electric shocks.

Her eyes fell on Josh's pants, Em was like seeing a wet spot in his crotch. It could have been her if she hadn't peed in the corner in the first room. "it's ok number one, what do heroes do when they fall? Exactly, they get back up!" she tried to cheer him up in all this fucked up chaos. "Number two, yeah it's really stupid to have to hit the nice three, but it could have been a lot worse. He can take it! Or what would you all have thought would come at dare? like back in school that you just have to kiss someone?" Then Jordan already has to choose.

She listens carefully to his detailed heartfelt speech. The way he chose, he wouldn't be ashamed if they ever got out of here alive, and it warmed Em's heart to hear that he was going to stay behind, so the others could get out. "and this is coming from a rock star, he's so selfless, no wonder his fans glorify him so!" In the next moment, the room filled with smoke and an electric shock immobilized Em again. She was terrified as Jordan was dragged away from them. "What else do you bastards come up with for sick games? what's the point of it all anyway? is this a perversion or what?" her words were interrupted by coughing. When Dai started to tell her the truth, Em covered her ears and rocked back and forth, it was more than she could bear.

She didn't even hear the loudspeaker turn on again as poor dai was being laughed at. She removed her fingers from her ears as she saw Dai being shocked again and crawled over to her. "omg leave her alone she's had enough already!" full of emotion and upset about the situation Em didn't really weigh her decision anymore. The voice said choose a lucky one, and it came out of Em's mouth immediately "dai" of course, if she had had more time to think about it, she would have weighed all the pros and cons, but maybe dai was really lucky, this one time. "she should get out, can't you see she's already spitting blood!" she looked around the room, she hardly knew the others. "I don't have any feelings for the other players, I don't know them, but due to the same fact that number 5 has already chosen number one, I do too. He's the strongest and maybe the most unsympathetic because he acted the most selfishly. not that his actions were bad, what you're doing to us is bad..we're just reacting to this childish game!"

[15:15] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As Emily said Dai's name, Dai's collar would deliver another shock to her. "Errr. Can't say the name. Besides, we asked for a lucky number and not a lucky person. But that's okay. We'll accept your answer as five. That's a very good number. Now, Player One is the person you dislike the most? Fair. Though I'll admit, he's my favorite."

A slight pause and a tone that suggested a grin. "Now, Player One. You still have your dare. And as you are Player Six's least favorite, you now have a choice for your dare. Your dare is to hurt another player. But you have a choice between Player Six... or her favorite of Player Five. Have fun. Make it good, or we will not count it."

[15:25] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was just beginning to gather himself after the defeating shock of Bentley's punishment, but before he was even able to gather himself back. He was shocked again, after Jordan's heartfelt speech. It was a speech that even he might have gotten behind, but he knew that was exactly the wrong thing to say. The veins along his neck were tense as his hands reached up to the collar through the shock. "Stop..." He mumbled in a defeated tone.

Every bit of his body was beginning to tingle. But then there was gas and he squeezed his eyes shut. He had been through too much training to know what that was. He even attempted to mask his face with his arm. So no, he didn't see anything that happened with the masked figures hauling Jordan off. What was unmistakable. The ringing in his ears had him blinking and looking through the haze of the room. "WHAT THE FUCK" he said, his own words coming out in a shout as he as he had no hearing for the moment. "Is everyone okay?" He questioned as he gained his senses slowly only to see Rizzo gone.

Wide eyed he slowly, with the support of the table, got back to his feet. But when he saw the blood on the floor. He fell silent for a moment and hung his head. No words were spoken as he listened to Daiyu's answer. He truthfully felt like she was going to throw him under the bus, it was the easy thing to do. And seemed to be what people did. His entire body tensed up until she answered the game master's name.

His eyes lifted to look at her with a thankful gaze behind them. He was the first person to 'cheat' but it got them out of being burnt alive. That bloodshot green gaze looked at Em as her answer was given. And his bruised eyebrow lifted. "Got us here, didn't it?" It was not a popularity game, clearly. And he knew his name being stated all across the board likely was not the best thing. He braced himself and grabbed at the collar, expecting a shock and was trying to pull it, as if it was going to go anywhere. But to hear the intercom once again he stopped and glanced around the area. He had plenty of 'tools' to work with and a choice to make. "Fuck..." He figured it would be something like this, but to be faced with it was a reality shock. Taking a deep breath he made his way towards the knives.

For a moment, there was a darkened gaze to his eyes as he pondered in thought. Looking between both Em B and Daiyu. Daiyu had risked the life of someone close to him with an article. He tightened his jaw as he grabbed the bladed knife. "Ladies..." there was an apologetic tone in

his voice. As much as he wanted to lay it right into Daiyu, the woman had suffered so much. Like a flash within a second, he attempted to stab Em B right beside her right armpit. He knew this was a safe space and it would heal with minimum injury. And hoped the 'observers' did not know that, as he without hesitation attempted to complete his dare.

[15:33] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The game masters knew that Emily would likely be reeling from what they had done to Jordan. (Future sight!) As Emily screamed and pounded on the door, it would not budge.

Josh went about his dare and the merciless game masters moved on, the intercom crackled and the voice spoke again. "It is useless Player Two. You have a dare to perform. Punish Player Three and motivate him to perform his dare next. Or we will do the same thing to him as we did to your precious Player Four. Clocks ticking. Now."

Josh's stabbing, whether lethal or not, had not been the point of his dare. So once it was done, the voice would say. "Player Five, feel free to tend to Player Six. Player One, step back."

[16:03] Emily Rose (02persocom) had been standing still looking around the room and thinking how to supposedly punish Bentley as her Dare before suddenly being dropped again with a shock as Jordan had given his decision. To which she would be quietly uttering under her breath at him, 'stop, stop, stop...' Knowing he was getting passionate and it would likely not be received well to those in control. But she also knew she couldn't stop him.

After being dropped in that shock though her vision remained blurry for a moment. Wishing maybe she had taken more time to sit in the corner than stand. Why did they have to wait until she was standing...? Her knees were going to be terribly bruised sooner rather than later. There was the flash bang going off and smoke filling the room... then the horrible scene to follow. The masked individuals coming in... dragging Jordan up and putting a hood over his head... pointing a gun at him...

"No... No, no, stop, please stop..." The blonde managed to choke out despite her jaw aching from gritting with the shock that was still coursing through her body but ebbing away. Then there was that earth shattering BANG. And blood... And she screamed. Not something from physical pain or fear. She just saw her boss, her coworker, one of her best friends she's known for years and years, gone. So that scream came from the pit of her soul and with everything in her being. They dragged him out and she continued screaming like a banshee, 'NO!' long and loud until her body would move again.

But by the time her body could move again they were already gone out of the room. She didn't care to hear what Daiyu went through. Instead she struggled to her feet and launched herself at the door Jordan had been dragged out of. Throwing herself against it, screaming. Her small fists pounding against the door while screaming obscenities for once. "YOU BASTARDS! YOU BASTARDS! BRING HIM BACK! BRING HIM BACK!"

Emily dissolved into more tears. Sobbing and banging on the door until her hands were bruised and her arms felt weak. Then her legs gave out from beneath her and she crumpled to the floor against the door. Her fist hitting the door pathetically as her head leaned against it, burying her face there as tears streamed down her face, she just cried. She paid no attention to anything else. Not Daiyu's admittance to what the kidnappers had put her through before. What Em B decided with her response to the game. She didn't even realize what Josh would do. Or at least, it didn't register at the moment. She could hear it all but there was no reaction from the blonde towards it yet.

But then the voice over the intercom spoke directly to her again to urge her to complete her Dare. That banging on the door was useless. She knew it was useless even as she lay against it clearly wishing she could just phase through the solid object at will. Instead she just slowly stood back up, using the door as support as every fiber in her being shook with sorrow and rage. Tears still streamed down her face but she was eerily silent for a moment. Pushing purposefully away from the door she would stalk over to the wall where knives hung and took one down before moving to stand in front of Bentley.

"Give me your hand." There was an almost soulless quality to her tone then. Leaving no room for arguments. So even if he refused to do it she would make to grab for his hand and yank it up. Turning it over by the wrist so his palm was up. She shoved the handle of the knife into his hand and clamped her own hand down on it hard so it would stay steady.

"This is your fault..." She ground out through her teeth. She looked at him focused even as her eyes swam with tears and she whispered then. "...but it's okay." Probably the softest she had sounded yet and just as sincere as ever. But then she forced his hand up with the knife to deeply draw the tip of it along her own body. From her right collar bone down across her heart to the opposite side of her chest. She didn't make the knife go too deep but she hoped it was deep enough to satisfy their captors.

She tried not to cry out with that but after it was done she would loosen her grip on Bentley's hand and let the knife drop if he wanted it too. Then she just stumbled back and sank to sit on the table nearby. Letting the small rivulet of blood drip down from the gash. "THERE!" She screamed at the ceiling. "You wanted him punished! Now he gets to live with the regret that he caused this!"

[16:11] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As Emily punished Bentley with her own body, there would be silence in the room. Then the voice came through. "Clever girl. Punishing him by making him punish you. Good plan. But... is it enough? Not what we asked and we think you know it. No matter. Accepted."

After a pause, the voice would address the final player. "Player Three. Now you see what comes of trying to defy the game or playing the good guy. Player Four was perhaps the most chivalrous of you lot, where did that get him? No fucking where. I hope he proves how serious we fucking are. So now here is your dare. As five is Player Six's special number, and as Player Two thought

she was outsmarted the game. Let's show her differently. You will break five of Player Two's fingers. Let us make this clear. You /do not/ have a choice. If you refuse to comply, she will suffer the same as Player Four. So get to it. Once you do, you will all be a step closer to home."

[16:21] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) as they all seemed to settle once more he looked at Daiyu who offered a smile and the words of it not being his fault, somewhere deep down he likely knew that but in here there actions punished others it was a difficult thing to understand and not relate to being ones own fault when they failed to please the fucks behind the game. he sighed a bit as he wiped at his face, his gaze then following the movements of Emily, would she do it? He didn't see her as one to truly hurt another but maybe she would offer a slight something to appease the game masters as Daiyu so boldly called them.

He didn't have much time to ponder things when another shock was issued to their collars, this one sending him reeling to the ground as he twitched, there were loud noises, hazy fields and what sounded like a scuffle around him, he just lay there as the twitching continued, he couldn't even get a sound out as his body shook vigorously before slowly stopping, he had no idea what the fuck had just happened and would not know until the air cleared again if he was alone or the others were still there. "hello?" he called out in a pained voice waiting for the room to clear, when it did he would note the others also seeming to fight to recover from shocks. He made no effort to move as he wondered if this set of shocks had also been his fault.

He listened as Daiyu spoke, and they thought he was the brave one, he felt proud to be in here with her now, as she threw it back at them, he approved. He stayed silent as the next instructions were given, he no longer looked at the camera when the voice came on he simply lay where he was hoping the floor swallowed him up before it was his turn to choose. his eyes would move to Em as she answered her own truths, his heart hurting for all of them, they were trying to do the best they could with a world that literally made it its job to fuck them over and now they were in someones personal world being submitted to hell, how were any of them supposed to know what choice to make, when every choice seemed to fuck someone else over.

His head shook at the result of the answers given by Em caused Daiyu to suffer further shocks and be an optional target for number one, "Knock it off!" he shouted, his head still shaking, "you're going to kill her! Who made you fucking God?!" he continued all the while his head still shaking, "You are no God, you aren't even the devil, that would be a compliment and you deserve fucking nothing!" he roared out "Leave them be, leave everyone be, enough..." he trailed off as his head stilled once more. He was over it.

He knew it mattered not if he yelled and shouted for them to stop they wouldn't but he couldn't sit by doing and saying nothing. his eyes moved with Emily as she moved forward having taken a knife after being told to complete the task, he had said it would be alright, he knew she was only following the orders given to them to get them out of there and not make things worse, as she told him to put his hand out, he would instinctively do so. He had expected for the blade to cut his skin or impale it, he looked at her confused when she placed the handle in his hand closing his hand around it, "What are you doing?" he asked the confusion on his face very

evident, though a pained expression replacing it as she said it was his own fault, "I can't let them win." he mouthed before she moved bringing the knife towards herself he tried to resist and pull back screaming loudly "NO! NO! NO! STOP!" as fear, shock and utter distress took hold of him, "WHY? NO, PLEASE NO!" he screamed as tears began to pour without warning as she brought the knife down blood droplets starting to push out of the fresh wound, "WHAT DID YOU DO?" he asked letting the knife fall to the ground his hands going to his head as he dropped to a fetal position on the the floor, "why, why, why, why..." was all he could say as he rocked back and forth there, he had been forced to hurt her and it was more than he could bare, his mind was overwhelmed and overloaded, his very existence no longer making sense, "what did you do? What did I do? What have we done?" the words came out in choked sobs, he was too distraught to register the voice over the intercom as he came in once more.

[16:31] Daiyu (faithtang) was still laid out on the floor, breathing in shallow short breaths, humiliated by the shocks and in a world of pain that didn't seem to end, but the part of her, the spunky part, was glad. She'd said the truth and not wished what had been done to her to anyone other than those who had started it; Mu and Tori and Mu's butcher girlfriend.

She heard EmB come over to her and opened her eyes slowly, seeing floaters across her vision as her head, beaten by the Rejects, rebelled against wanting to even lift her neck. She compromised and turned it towards EmB, "No..." she pitifully cried out as Em uttered her name and her brain fired a warning just before the collar did, causing her to convulse. She knew EmB hadn't meant it, but that didn't stop things hurting, draining her. She heard that she was the 'favorite' and she didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing, but would've better more on the 'bad' and as it was thought, so it was proven as Josh was given a task to hurt one of them. She propped herself up and tried to move back, pulling EmB with her, "Think this through! You don't have to be physical to hurt someone... tell me I'm a shit journalist or that Daria doesn't love me... tell Em that Charlie is cheating on her... those things hurt!" but it was too late, her weak voice and will didn't dissuade Josh who picked up a knife, "No!" She tried to get in his way, but it was too late.

She heard the voice from above and had no idea if Josh had hurt Em badly or not, there was likely blood but she wasn't an expert. "How, what do I do?" Her clothes were dirty after being a prisoner for a while, so she scrambled over to a present next to the dirty mattress and pulled the gift wrap bow off, it was red and quite wide and long so she would return and hoping that Em was conscious enough to help try and use that to staunch the flow of any blood and tie it tight round her, like some kinda Christmas present. It was either that, or the tube top and Dai wasn't going to make someone go naked. "Get out of my way" she spluttered at Josh, "If you'd just stop rushing and think! Just THINK! Hurt doesn't always mean this..."

She knelt next to Em and swayed, trying to concentrate on helping her and trying for just a moment to get her breath under control and sanity in check. "You're going to be ok..." she had heard the riot that Emily was having with the door and she was angry, angry at Tori, angry at this stupid game because it seemed they were all destined to lose, but if they admitted that they just

got shocked. She was sure there must be a way to cheat and win... had Josh done that with his stabbing, it didn't seem so bad if the bandage held...

"Fuck!" she only managed to get to her knees as Emily finished the self-mutilation, "Christ..." she wondered if it would work, but it was brave, very brave of Emily to do; or perhaps like Dai she was not quite right now, not quite all in one piece... she wondered how close Emily and Jordan had been and if Jordan was in fact dead, her memory of the newspaper was of fake and blood, could it have been a ruse? Why... why would it have been... she tried to think, Jordan had no link to this, but she doubted she remembered half of what she knew here... it was all fuzzy, her memories patchy.

Discarding Jordan for now she got up unsteadily to her feet and looked around, not seeing any way out of this or hearing any more instructions. As Emily screamed out from her own self-inflicted wound (at least how Dai saw it) she watched as Bentley seemed to fall apart as well. "You've not done anything wrong... they're making us crazy. Stop... just think" that was so easy to say, (well not really) but the actual thinking of how to get out... who knew, but maybe a knife in the lock of the next door? That's where she'd head next if she got a chance.

[16:42] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Listened to the voice again, its croaked sound flowing through the room. Em squinted when she heard what the voice was saying. She didn't want to see what Josh was choosing. Hopefully nothing blunt, she thought to herself. She crept a little closer to Dai to demonstratively protect her. Maybe Josh got the hint or maybe he didn't, who knows. But then, Dai stood up and pulled Em with her, and even wanted to try to stand in front of Em to protect her.

Em was speechless, her idol that she adored so much as fangirl number one was so supportive of her...she Em Bundy who worked in the Pawn Shop as a clerk, she was nothing at least nothing special. but the next moment she felt him grab her arm and insert a sharp blade under her armpit. It was a terrible pain so close to the ribs. Em had never had a stab wound before in her life, the broken arm was the worst she had ever had. her eyes filled immediately with tears and finally ran down her cheeks. The blood also started to come out of the stab wound right away.

Em instinctively reached for the wound and her left hand and cast were covered in blood. In shock, although she knew the attack had come from Josh, she turned her head back to him and looked at him as if a monster was standing right above her. She heard Dai's words that one could cause pain in a different way, but men did not think that far or not often. she shivered and let Dai bandage her wound without a word. It would take a little while before the shock would fade. she was as pale as a ghost in the face.

She was hardly aware of what Emily, her namesake, was going through and of course Bentley too. she was too much in shock, her body had just reacted differently than Em thought it would. she saw herself fearlessly in her dreams but those were just dreams. Even when the

loudspeakers sounded again, Em hardly noticed what was being said. she only looked back and forth in the room and then again at her blood or in dai's eyes.

[16:45] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): When it became obvious that the first had broken and wouldn't be able to perform his dare, the voice would sigh and the intercom crackled. "Let us make this clear. You all chose a path. If you cannot perform a dare, you could have chosen truth. We said there is no going back or changing your answer." Not that Bentley was changing. He was simply a little broken. Maybe a lot broken. "So until the dare is performed and the violinist has five fingers broken, you can all rot in that room."

[16:51] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) heard the intercom instruct him to back away. He pulled the knife away from Em B and dropped the blood stained metal to the floor. But, there was no remorse in his eyes. He knew they had to do something to get out of here. In his mind, they could be mad at him later on. It was Hathian, there surely was no way there were that many more rooms to go through. And all he was thinking about was the end game. He backed away ever so slowly and looked between the rest of the group. Now, the 'leader' had fallen silent. Perhaps, they would all follow suit. In their position, he would. But who would know.

As Daiyu had tried to plead with him to not hurt Em B, it was far too late. He noticed that look from Em B and there was a stoic look upon his features. Even with the blade not in his hand, he might have felt bad. But the last thing he could do was say sorry out loud. He wasn't sorry, it would have been a lie anyways. Selfishly, he wanted out of this hell hole.

His darkened gaze simply looked at the young Journalist and looked towards Emily and Bentley now. Who was in the fetal position and failing his task. "You're all hopeless..." He whispered out as he grew rather impatient with the entire ordeal. He was backing away from the women, and grabbed the mallet from the table now. Bentley seemed content on taking a tearful nap, and he looked towards the blond violinist who had a lack of emotion in her tone now. The game was beginning to wear on her, just like it was with him. The speaker had made the instructions clear. He made his move towards Emily, and with his free hand he reached out and attempted to grab her wrist. A death grip type would be clamped around her as he then swung the mallet towards her hand. It was not near all of his force, but surely enough to break some fingers.

He was not going to break the girls full hand though. And if he could manage, he would attempt the same maneuver on her opposite hand. Perhaps that was him being generous and sparing her. Others might think he was being merciless. But he told the group from the start they were in this together. For better or worse, he was trying to get them out of there. One broken finger and stab wound at a time. If he succeeded, he would drop the mallet to the ground and look to be in a complete daze. Out of body experience as he just approached the next door, hoping it was sunlight and out of this bunker of hell.

[17:11] Emily Rose (02persocom) continued to quietly murmur towards Bentley even through quiet crying keening sounds that escaped her, the sound akin to an injured bird, little more than high pitched scratchy chords clawing their way out of her throat. "It's okay... It's okay..." She

was trying to reassure him. While normally that would also have come with physical comfort from the blonde... a gentle hug or touch on his shoulder or something just as significant yet mundane... she remained sitting on the table there.

Unmoving.

Like a doll put up on the shelf after it had been played with.

The intercom crackling to life again still got little to no reaction out of her. Not a lift of her head and barely even a blink. More instructions... For Number Three's Dare to be performed. She was listening but didn't even appear to flinch when it was her number also named. Of course she would be punished for her creative defiance. But the mention of her fingers being broken... got a little minute widening of her watery blue eyes.

She was a musician. A violinist, mainly. Piano, secondary. It was her sole passion in life to create music. It was her one unwavering love. But broken fingers...!? How would she be able to play? It was her career, her hobby, her life...! So for a moment her heart felt like it stopped beating all together. It sank and drowned in the pit of her stomach. Even her eyes glazed over for a moment.

"Do it..." She would softly murmur, defeatedly. And after a moment's pause she would actually yell at Bentley without even turning her head towards him, so it bounced off the floor instead. "JUST DO IT!" Even the yell sounded raw from her throat as she tried to swallow and quietly, breathlessly sobbed, and weakly lifted up a shaking hand. Slowly but barely shaking her head. "I don't care anymore... I don't care..."

But as Bentley didn't move she felt her body tense in anticipation for a shock of punishment. Instead, she looked up a bit more when Josh grabbed the mallet from the wall and approached her. Tears filled her eyes while looking up at him helplessly but she would give a little nod, her voice wavering with fear and the impending threat of pain. "It's okay... I forgive you... it's okay..."

When he grabbed her wrist she didn't struggle. Just had her hand lay flat against the table while her eyes shut tightly. She didn't want to see what she knew was going to happen. And of course it did happen. The mallet struck her hand and she let out another blood curdling scream of pain as bones were shattered. She wouldn't know just how many. The blonde wasn't a doctor. But the same happened to her other hand and again she screamed. Again, she cried in pain. All of her fingers immediately turned a deep ugly black and blue and purple. Some were worse than others. Surely at least five of them were broken, if not more, just by looking at them and how some were angled or hanging uselessly.

When she could she drew them a bit closer to her chest but she couldn't move her fingers. Her hands were shaking so terribly it would be easily visible. How she had any tears left was a mystery but at least she was trying to stifle herself from further screaming. Pained whimpers only as she tried to shakily stand up without using her hands to help her off the table.

[17:13] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Nothing comes through on the intercom, but the sound of the door clicking as it unlocks can be heard.

[17:27] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) He was completely unaware of the things happening around him as he was absorbed in his distress over what Emily had made him do, how could she do that, why would she do that, he tried desperately to understand it, nothing made sense anymore, what were they doing to one another, why were they doing it? As the voice came over the com again he shuttered, he couldn't do it, he wouldn't do it.

Emily's voice breaking through his mind as she tried to reassure him before she demanded that he break them, "No, I won't do it." he said in a choked voice shaking his head.

Even if he somehow managed to get past the incident it no longer mattered as Josh once more took the lead and went ham on poor Emily. The voice had no longer specified it had to be him only that 5 broken fingers were required. He had no idea how many were broken or if any had broken. He let out another sob as the girl's hands were crushed by the mallet, he felt helpless and defeated. He didn't need to be the one to hurt her for it to hurt him, he'd chosen dare which is why she had to be hurt, he had been unable to hurt her which is why Josh was now taking the hit to whatever morals he had and hurting her, all of it hurt him all of it.

His head tilted slightly to look in the direction of Emily as he willed himself once more to get the fuck up, with a finally sob he pushed himself off the floor though very subdued. it was several moments before he spoke to them all, "I am not weak, I am human, these people are not and we are following their orders like they are Gods." his tone broken but firm, "This is how people like Hitler came to be, because a few people too afraid to say fuck you, we stand on our own feet, our own beliefs and our own values decided to follow a person like Hitler and like Tori!" he finally spat out, as renewed tears fell though they were no longer broken they were angry.

His eyes moved to Josh with a glare, "You're no hero, you're a coward, for not standing on whatever morals you have." his shoulders would rise and fall as his breathing picked up, "Following orders that hurt another person makes you just as bad as the next! I would rather die knowing I was myself to the end, then live and get out of here becoming the person they hope I become," his words like a knife as they came out sharp and targeted, "You are no less a monster than they are," he spat out in a hostile tone.

His eyes moved to Emily, he had no hard feelings for her, she could have hurt him physically but she took the physical pain on herself, was the physical worse then the pain he was suffering mentally and emotionally he had no idea, but he could not hate her for trying to save him from the other hurt, though perhaps she had known it would break him to do it, either way she was being punished far worse for his inability to follow through on his own tasks, he could not help it as he looked away as her screams filled the room.

Somehow even through her screams he heard the door click, a surprised look crossing his features as he assumed since it hadn't been him they would all fail, he would not think too long on it as he moved to Emily offering an apologetic look as he offered to help her to the next room, though she had assisted in breaking him she was now broken as well and he still felt obligated to help her through this as much as he hated giving in to the game.

No words would be uttered he had wasted enough energy time and breath, he was trying to regain some resolve to figure out how to win this fucking game and that took thought not speeches. So quietly he moved on.

[17:32] Daiyu (faithtang) spun around with the cleaver in hand. "We have time to think!" she screamed at Josh as she tried to rush unsteadily back to defend Emily. It appeared it was too late and the girl had lost the will to fight and had just accepted punishment that she didn't deserve.

Wheeling on Josh as he returned after maiming Emily, she spat out, "You're a fucking fool! You'll break bits of us at every request from that mentally unstable bitch just to win what, a promise from her of freedom? Wake-the-fuck-up, it's getting worse! We've got to use our heads and hearts, not fists to solve things unless we *MUST*!" She pointed the cleaver at him, "Or do you just think because you're the big guy you can hurt us now because it might help you later? Fucking NEWSFLASH... you're doing just what she wants if that's the way you think! Maybe some hurt in life can't be avoided, but you're hardly even thinking! Don't rush until we have to! What about trying to force the door? What about all these medical instruments lying around for lock-picking," she might have been clutching at straws, but 'rotting' for a bit while they thought seemed better than breaking Emily's fingers.

Dai was a concert pianist, her fingers writing, typing or playing were everything to her and they were broken and now Josh had done it to Emily, who had played so well at the talent show. It would be like the loss of a life-long friend, maybe never to come back the same. She stood her ground, swaying, her jaw on fire from the talking, shocks and falls. "Stop being led by your dick, lead us as a team! We have to agree... work together!" she was half pleading, a quarter raving and a quarter angrier than she'd nearly ever been.

Emily's wound at the hands of their own 'team' had scared and shocked her and the woman's acceptance of being injured just so they could go and get further injured. There were weapons in the room, if they'd managed to break out maybe they could have got Tori and her group, now one of their own couldn't likely even hold a weapon and Dai herself wasn't exactly a role model in weapons either right now with her own healing fingers. "Fuck! How can she fight them if you break her fingers!"

She didn't want to go into the next room, this capitulation to stupidity and rushing, in her view, had to stop before they got hurt worse in the next place. Sure, she couldn't stop them all barging past her if they wanted, but after her rant at Josh, depending what he did, she would make sure EmB got up and followed, helping her as needed as she saw Bentley helping Emily after Josh

had left her damaged. Bentley had said things she agreed with... not that Josh was a coward, perhaps it took bravery to do what he thought was right... but it was still stupid, stupid, stupid. If nothing happened, she would leave with EmB to the next room, otherwise if Josh started at her or Bentley... well shit.

[17:37] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Em was still in shock, all the bad things that happened around her made it almost impossible to recover. At least today it won't be possible. Em slowly found to lose her nerves and her mind. What means slowly... she was already past the point. her trembling was getting worse and worse and she was having trouble staying on her feet. she was getting more and more dizzy.

She was only vaguely aware of the world around her. everything was muffled and as if she were simply watching others and herself, as if she were watching a movie. Her body reacted when she heard the sound of Emily's fingers breaking and Dai going crazy with josh.

More and more Em's sane state of mind was fading away. She just stood in a corner and quietly talked to herself. she would follow the others into the next room if they would do it.

CHAPTER FOUR

Room Four: A Life for A Life

[17:48] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The room was open and only after everyone filtered in, the door they had just come through would automatically close and lock. Lockpicking would prove hard, with them being automated! A moment would be given for them to look around. Several things would stand out. There would be a table in the center, six seats around it. In the center of the table lay a single gun.

What was worse, around the room they might notice several pipe bombs, oxygen tanks and pipes with flammable warnings on them, maybe hinting that gas flowed through them. Once again, the voice on the intercom in that room would speak. "You all continue to hang onto those morals, but let's see you hang on to them this time. In this room you will find a gun, though I wouldn't advise shooting it off at the doors or in the room, the ricochet might prove deadly. And if it doesn't, we'll remotely set them off for you! This game is simple. Russian roulette. Each of you will have one turn, starting with Player One. You will go around in a circle by your number. Each of you will have to make a choice here. Point the gun at yourself and pull the trigger... or, do the smart thing and point it at one of your fellow players and pull the trigger instead. Now, we know you're already down one player... hardly seems fair. So, we are giving you a replacement!"

If they hadn't noticed the new person in the room bound to the pipe, they might now. "You have one more choice to make. Will you let her play too and have a turn at the gun, or leave her

bound to the pipe and skip her turn. You decide! But from here on out, she is playing number four. There are two bullets in that gun. Have fun!" the intercom voice would add. "Don't try to refuse to shoot. Anyone does that... and we blow the room and you all die."

[17:55] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) heard Emily's cries and through those, those pale green eyes of his fell shut. It was easier to perform the task by not looking her directly in the eyes. Still, he did not speak. But the lack of words being said, from him, is a rarity. Normally, the ex-cop was lively. And now he was silent. "Lets go..." was all that he would say as he marched towards the door. He had no idea the woman was a musician. Often, he lacked paying attention to details. It was why he didn't even attempt to refer to people as numbers.

The only perk in the position he was in, was he had no ties to any of these people. While the rest seemed to be coupled off together or noble, he was alone in this. And at the end of the day, all he wanted was to get out. As Bentley targeted him, his words once upon a time might have hurt. But his own shoulders rose and fell all the same. "No one's a hero," He admitted.

He might have tried to be many moons ago. "Don't matter who you're fighting against. You can say I'm as bad as they are. But look at where we are!" He snapped his gaze towards the man. "You want to tackle that door down, go right ahead. You want to put the flames out? I didn't see you doing that. You want to wither up and cry. Be stronger. Be smarter." He tried to offer his own arrogant advice to him. Truthfully, he lacked all the morals he had once had. Hathian had gotten to him.

The Koga had tortured him for a week. His sister was shot in the head whilst on duty, and no one spoke a word of it. He was turned on by the HPD more times than he could count. And while he tried to remain strong through all of it, the reality of the situation was more apparent. "This is not a game. This is our life. You can stay here and rot, alone. Or we can work /together/ and fucking get through this. I'll take a few broken bones, a few stabs, and whatever else they want to throw at us to get the fuck out of here."

Finally he looked back towards Emily, who seemed to be the only person in the room who was grasping it like he was. "She understands..." he muttered openly. Seeing her best friend killed, he could only imagine. Knowing what it felt like all the same. He shook his head and like that the click of the door was heard. "C'mon, two. At this rate they'll rely on us to get out of here" He was taken back to hear Daiyu coming at him too. And also pointing that lovely sharp object in his direction. Though, fearlessly, he did not move.

Instead he turned to look her directly in the eyes and shook his head. "You don't see it either. She tried to get out..." he referred to Emily. "Didn't get her no where. Those are state of the art doors. We're being filmed. They would see our every move. So go ahead, reporter. Keep being noble..." He looked her over to see all the injuries she was in. "When I get us through another room, rethink pointing that at me" he scuffed and shoved his way past her and entered through the door to see the next room finally.

Taking a look around the room he already knew what was in front of him. He looked at the gun and his lip pulled upwards in a snarl. But still, he fell back to his silent self. He took his seat and grabbed the gun as the intercom stated. Looking at the pipe bombs and even the helpless girl that was bound.

His jaw tightening in thought. But he took the gun in his hand and let his gaze look between everyone for a moment. He knew he could shoot someone in the shoulder and they would be fine. Without even hesitating, he pointed the gun towards Daiyu's shoulder and pulled the trigger. "For Kay..." he spoke simultaneously as he pulled the trigger. If it was a live round or not, was to be seen.

[17:56] Fiona Roselia (fionaroselia) was bound to the pipe in the corner of the room with a heavy rope, the same shock collar around her neck as was around the neck of the other 6 that had been down here.

She was unconscious. Slumped forward in what was no doubt a painful position. A heavy bruise blossoming along her right temple. She would not stir as the others began to pile into the room. But closer inspection would reveal that she was breathing faintly.

[17:57] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As Josh pulled the trigger, no bullet was fired. All there was was a clicking sound, the chamber empty.

[18:08] Emily Rose (02persocom) would just stand there awkwardly. She looked like if a strong gust of wind came she would just keel over. Even as Bentley and Daiyu started yelling at Josh she would just almost mechanically shake her head despite it being more tilted towards the floor where her eyes remained glued. "...it's fine... it's fine, please stop..." She would murmur that repeatedly as if still trying to reassure the others she was absolutely fine. As if the pleading in her voice was begging them to just not fight among themselves.

When Bentley moved to her with that apologetic look she would try and focus her eyes on him a bit more. She couldn't bring herself to give a reassuring smile but she did slightly manage to nod her head and softly blink her eyes instead. Trying to show she understood. She was sorry too.

When Josh referred to her she only slightly tilted her head and once again looked like a deer in headlights. Rely on her? HER!? No one should be relying on her! So far all she could think of is that she hadn't done a single thing right yet. She might have been a bit clever in the previous room with water on cloth shoes but that was about it. The first room she might have had the same idea to all press the button at the same time, but that didn't mean much, now did it? And in this room, she tried to avoid hurting anyone but herself... and it got her even more injured and likely scarred poor Bentley, which she hadn't meant to do by the slightest iota.

As everyone began shuffling through the door she glanced around the room carefully. Seeing the caskets and canisters of god knew what that would explode on impact. But then her eyes

turned towards the gun in the center of the table and her heart managed to sink even further. The movement in the room and intercom stating there was a new player, she looked over, and just shook her head slightly.

"I'm not... I'm not bringing someone else into this..." There was pleading in her voice to the others. Let the other girl stay out and safe. Or, at least she thought maybe it would keep her safe to not play the game. Numbly she'd sit down at the table as well. Taking a deep breath and holding it in for a moment. "Point it at me. Just... just point it at me. I don't care anymore..."

But people had their own ideas. And she would just sit there silently. She wouldn't argue with anyone. But when it came to her turn to pull the trigger she would have to try and maneuver both her injured hands awkwardly around the gun. With one relatively good finger... and by 'good', it was somewhat mobile, she pointed the gun at herself. She didn't know what was a 'good' spot to aim and they hadn't mentioned it had to be to the head. So she would point it near to her shoulder where she rested the end of the gun... and pulled the trigger.

[18:10] **Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther)**: Another click of the gun, the chamber empty. No bullet for Emily!

[18:13] **BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt)** He'd make his way to the door waiting as the others joined him, though it seemed that Daiyu also had a bone to pick with Josh, he rose a brow as he watched the interaction between the two trying to gauge what direction this would go. When Josh spoke up in response to what he'd said and gave a oh well shrug he shook his head. "The world doesn't need hero's just people who give a fuck which clearly you do not!"

He shook his head in disgust as Josh had the gall to shoot at Daiyu, "You are no better than our hosts, you're nothing more than a swine!" he spat out.

He didn't have the words to offer to Emily but he returned the nod, he wasn't mad at her, she was simply playing the game and trying to do the best she could to stay true to herself. He sighed heavily.

He said no more as he moved through the door and looked around, Great he thought to himself as once more it seemed like they might sustain burns, everything in this room was combustible and a gun lay in it to add to the already fucked up scenario. "How creative of you. you do realize most with any sort of moral will choose shooting themselves over another, you failed to mention where to shoot! You want control that fucking much and to force us to break that much make sure you state where to aim you nit wit!" He looked to the girl tied up, he agreed, it was best not to have any other lives that would be risked for now as long as she was tied up she was safe from having to shoot herself or someone else, "I move to untie her once we clear the room."

As the words came out he took his turn at the gun, he clearly would not shoot another person, this choice was simple and he had a 50/50 chance of not actually being shot by his own hand

anyways. He drew in a deep breath as he aimed the barrel of the gun at his thigh, "Dasvidaniya Bitch." he said looking at the camera as he pulled the trigger. This was easy for him as he was not required to hurt anyone else he could simply hurt himself.

[18:14] Fiona Roselia (fionaroselia) came too slowly, confused. voices and unfamiliar faces in the room. Her eyes open wide. Looking around and trying to figure out what was going on. There seemed to be some twisted sort of game being played here.

However noone had filled her in on what was going on and from her viewpoint it was a borderline psychotic suicide pact so she'd just whimper in fear and press back against the metal of the pole. Trying to be as invisible as possible.

[18:20] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As Bentley pointed the gun at his thigh, and pulled that trigger... this time it would be a live round. The gun went off and the bullet hit flesh. Yeah, it was real. The intercom would come to life, an amused voice saying. "There goes one, which leaves one other. Three people left but only two are required to pull the trigger. Will you let the Four play or skip to Five?"

[18:30] Daiyu (faithtang) was shoved out of the way by Josh, too weak to stop him and not wanting to use the weapon on him, it had just been what she intended to try and break the door down with. She saw EmB in the corner and lowering the cleaver went to get her, hoping to help her through.

The new room with a new girl strapped to the wall was like the last, awful and she stumbled into it with EmB before she'd even had a chance to understand the rules. She went over to the girl on the wall, and sat down heavily next to her. "Hey, hey?" she gently shook her and seeing she was unconscious she turned back to the table to see Josh pointing a gun at her. "Fuck you... just out for yourself" she snarled at him, putting her hands up to cover her face in a futile gesture if it went off, but other than that staying slumped on the ground next to the other girl. "Fuck you Josh" she called out when it became apparent the gun hadn't fired and while Bentley had said to leave the girl's ropes until later she used the cleaver she'd brought with her to cut at the rope just as she appeared to wake up.

Once done, she helped the girl on the floor and went to take the gun from Bentley assuming it wouldn't be a live round; but it was and the bullet went into his thigh. "Christ!" she flinched and did dry heave this time. Bentley had had the right idea... shooting themselves over others was the *right* thing to do... she could shoot a finger maybe... They were already damaged, although the thought made her feel like heaving again as she saw all the blood and Bentley crying out in pain; she wanted to play the piano again, wanted to be healed.

It would be easy to point the gun at Josh and pull the trigger. The man simple gave no fucks so why should she. "She doesn't play," she said, taking the gun and looking at it. All the time she'd said to be careful, to listen and to not rush. Josh had rushed and risked her life, Emily had

wanted to self-harm and been lucky and now Bentley hadn't been lucky. She thought back to the poster in the Observer office she had put up, 'Fuck around and find out' ((Really there!)).

Would Tori blow them all up if she got pissed her rules were open to interpretation... Dai gambled... At worst she was fucked, at best she was smart; the others had nothing to do with it. She took the gun and found the catch for the revolver's drum, opened it and tipped whatever contents out to plink onto the floor. She'd been hung up from the bridge in Hathian near death, tortured by anyone who disliked what she wrote; her life to them was trash, cheap...

So with the bullets removed she refitted the drum and pointed the now empty gun at herself, before firing it at her foot and then again at the other foot, the hammer not finding anything to shoot she hoped as it clicked. Assuming she had managed to do that, she sat down again by the wall, apart from the others, having freed the other girl and with her good middle finger raised it at the camera before turning the same middle finger to Josh. She refrained from using his name again.

[18:39] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As Josh's name was said, his collar would emit a shock to him and last for a couple of seconds before ceasing. This of course would happen right after the words left Daiyu's mouth. When Daiyu then started to mess with the gun, nothing happened. No warning to cease. No attempts to stop her. The bullet would be removed and the gun rendered useless... Nothing happened.

It wasn't until Daiyu raised her hand and gave the camera the finger that there would be a noise in the room. Several beeps would come from the different pipe bombs set in the room. The LED screens lit up and a countdown started, the timer showering 3:00 minutes. 2:59. 2:58.

[18:45] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When the door lock was heard and the others went through the door, and dai got her out of the corner, Em ran after her like a puppy after his mother. The new room looked just as horrible as the other rooms. She was caught in a horror movie that would not end. Em, who had lost her nerves and her mind was going crazy, just stood there shaking. She was aware of the gun and heard the rules about what to do, but whether she had fully understood them was doubtful given her mental state. she would probably just copy the others like a mirror. She looked at the woman who was tied up.

Normally, Em would have immediately run over to her in civil courage and helped the woman. but now, after all the terrible things, Em saw her only as a soulless shell. like a mannequin. Even though she hardly knew the others except Dai, she had grown together with them through these horrific events and felt connected to them. She had no feelings for the unknown woman, or was it pure self-protection that her brain had now activated. Josh aimed at Dai. Em held her hands together in front of her head, she couldn't bear to look, would he kill dai or not? But when she heard Dai still talking and no bang, she knew there was no bullet in the gun, at least for this shot. Carefully she spread her fingers and looked through the slits, exactly at the moment when Emily aimed at herself and pulled the trigger.

Em screamed out loud "aaaaah" but no blood spurted. Em began to hyperventilate, her rapid short breathing clearly audible. she was definitely breathing too fast and for a fraction of a second her eyes went black. probably only a fraction of a second because the next moment the gun Bentley was aiming at himself actually fired. "i wanna go hooooome" Em could be heard crying in a tearful tone, at least she had found her voice again.

As Dai walked over to the woman and intelligently removed the bullets from the gun, Em felt a sense of what would be described as relief for the first time since the game had begun, although of course it was in an extremely subdued form in this situation. Because Em would probably have shot Fiona without hesitation in her current mental state. When the LED screens went on and the countdown started, Em sprinted to Dai to fire the gun again, purely pro forma. After all, it had been the rule and she wanted to be on the safe side. this time, however, focused on herself knowing that there was no bullet left in it.

[18:51] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The gun was harmless as Em used it. No harm now foul. The intercom finally came to life. "Brilliant. Players Two and Three noticed that there was no rule that said it had to be a headshot. We're impressed. And kudos to Player Five. She thought she was clever too. Though we have decided that she cheated. Now you all die! Unless... One of you picks up that bullet, reloads that gun and kills the new Player Four. What's it going to be? One death, or six. You guys get to decide! Clocks ticking." 2:18. 2:19. 2:20.

[18:59] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) heard the click of the gun, but no bullet coming from it. It was blank, which forced him to glare right at Daiyu. His message was clear though, as much as she hated him - he too held little respect for her. Though, they were locked in this hell torture chamber together. Grinding his teeth together as he fell silent now and that scowl was on his features. Lack of emotion behind his eyes as he watched the others so gracefully take the bullets themselves. He was the only one to shoot /at/ someone else. And in that moment, he didn't even feel remorseful for it.

The woman in the corner was all but forgotten for him at that moment. That was until he heard the ringing sound in his ears. The bullet going right into Bentley's thigh and his eyes flashed with a bit of life again. "Put pressure on it!" he shouted, due to him not being able to hear. He looked around the room in a dazed state of confusion. He had saved many lives back while on duty by treating gunshot wounds. Della did call him her hero, after all!

Before he could even react properly, he was feeling that tensing shock in his collar. Which had his hands instinctively going to his neck. His eyes tightening shut as his body slumped off of the barrel. Breathlessly, he laid there for a moment. "FUCK YOU, DAIYU AND EVERYTHING YOU FUCKING STAND FOR" he snapped finally. "You brain dead. Fucking moron! You know what that's going to do... YOU'RE going to get us ALL killed! Report that!" He yelled now. As he struggled to push himself back up.

But the sound of the clock going was like nails on the chalkboard to him. Daiyu had thought she outsmarted the game and he just glared at her. And just like he thought, the bombs were armed.

He stumbled, on his charred feet and newly tazed ass, towards the gun. Attempting to snatch it and once again save the day. Bentley was in no condition to. Emily would likely shoot herself again. Em B and him felt one in the same here.

Taking the bullet off of the ground, he flicked the chamber back and reloaded it. Looking down to the poor woman at the pipe. There was a coldness to his eyes. "I told you guys we'd get out of here, together...." he spoke as if he was possessed. There was not his normal charisma in his tone any longer. Instead he was simply robotic. "She's not one of us..." he had never seen her before. Without much of a second though, he took aim of the gun and let his finger curl around the trigger. If he wasn't stopped, the trigger was pulled once again. Aimed right at the woman's head.

[19:05] Fiona Roselia (fionaroselia) was even more terrified as the gun actually went off. the sound deafening in that enclosed space she cries out involuntarily at the noise. Betraying her *hide until this all goes away* strategy she'd previously been employing. Fear stark on her features.

Tears start to cascade down her cheeks. She had no idea what any of this meant. As Daiyu cut her free She'd slump forward weakly onto the floor. Curling her arms around her knees as she continues to sob. She didn't know what was going on. Looking up in time to see the woman grabbing the gun, the one that had just fired. Then the bullets dropped to the floor. A timer counting down. Her confusion only grew "What's going on?" she asks. Confusion winning out over fear. It had something to do with the gun. Maybe? The others were grabbing for the gun. But the bullet was still on the floor. And then that announcement and she panics, Hands coming up to cover her face.

A wedding ring glinting on her finger. "Please. I have a family." She sniffles. She wouldn't fight back. Wouldn't try to hide or run as Josh pointed the gun at her head. Her eyes closing tightly. Maybe this was all a dream. Just some terrible terrible nightmare. "Ple-" she starts. The gun pointed at her head. The trigger pulled. It went off. A live round. Straight through the center of her forehead. Whoever she was. She was no longer that person.

Blood and bits of skull and brain matter spraying out of where the back of her head used to be. Coloring the pipe and the wall behind her. Her body stays upright for just a second, her muscles not yet realizing what had happened and then. She drops face forward onto the concrete with a sickening thud. Indisputably dead.

[19:06] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The girl was dead, Josh had saved the group! Or had her. Instead of stopping, the LED timers on the pipe bombs flickered. And now there was only 10 seconds left. 9. 8. 7...

[19:15] Emily Rose (02persocom) would have nearly jumped out of her skin with a little scream if she had had the energy to do so, as the gun went off and the bullet went through Bentley's thigh. From Daiyu going over to the tied up woman and releasing her, and then taking the

bullets out of the gun to purposely shoot blanks, to EmB following suit. When Josh's name was said though she flinched as he was shocked but in a moment of clarity she jumped up to move over to him as he twitched.

"S...Sorry..." She mumbled while her broken fingers, some uselessly swinging into her palm, while only a few that did manage to work were trying to get his belt off. NO, perverts. Not for any reason like that. But she would be taking his belt while he twitched and could do nothing about it. Only to move back as quickly as she could manage to Bentley and she tried to maneuver the belt around his thigh where the bullet had gone. Only... she couldn't quite tie it herself.

"Wrap it around, pull it tight!" She urged him quietly before giving up trying to do it herself. The blonde quietly whimpered from her fingers and looked around at the LED screens flashing to life. A countdown. She just shook her head and as if to ignore reality she went about trying to straighten her own fingers. At least the ones that were crookedly broken. And try to realign them herself with continued small cries of pain she tried to keep muffled by biting down on her lip.

But then Josh was back up and scrambling for the gun. The command finally registered in her head and she shook her head in alarm. "What are you doing!? Don't!" But of course her words were useless. She couldn't get up fast enough to stop him even though she did try to get back to her feet again. Barely able to take two steps in his direction before the gun went off. And the woman was dead... This time seeing it was different from Jordan. That, they had been spared the scene.

Now, there was blood, and brain, and bone... and Emily had to turn away and stumble into the corner. At first to dry heave before throwing up what little contents had been left in her stomach. Mostly bile burned her already raw throat. And the screens kept ticking on... but she didn't care anymore.

[19:20] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt): as he pulled the trigger it took no time at all to send him to the ground as a heart wrenching scream left his lips, he leg now pooling blood around him on the ground as he simply screamed and withered as pain consumed his body, the burns, the head wounds from the brick, the tases over and over, not comparing to the shot to the thigh as it had been so close range.

He could get no words out, the gun would have fallen haphazardly to the floor as he let go in his moment of agony, he never saw Daiyu pick the gun up, he never saw her empty it or point it. All he saw was haze through the tears in his eyes as he continued screaming. it was one of those cries that tore at persons very being and made you question if death was truly that painful, that rendered many immobile as they tried to figure out what to do for the person, that scream that never left the nightmares and played on repeat in the mind like a catchy toddler song, perhaps like baby shark without the cute animations and annoying voices but no less overbearing.

He was not able to hear anything around him as he held his leg and began to roll back and forth finding nothing that simulated comfort to help him through it, he said nothing, he did not get up, he simply screamed until he could no more.

When he could no longer scream he lay there spread eagle like staring up at the ceiling as a solitary tear ran down his face, maybe his parents had been right and he could not survive in a town like Hathian he was too kind, too soft and too gentle, maybe everyone on the force was right, to survive he would need to learn to be soulless and harm without thought, after all the pain he continuously endured was his own doing as he refused to harm anyone else. They were all right he was the one that was the problem not the aggressors, he blinked and another tear slid down his face. "Fuck you Tori." he said weakly.

He was barely able to register the orders that came from Josh, a slight twinge of guilt for feeling so much hatred for the man as it appeared he would try to help him, but before he could the man was crippled by a shock, he groaned as it seemed he would need to save himself, he was not longer screaming as he tried to think about a plan of action.

Once he fell quiet the sound of the ticking pierced his ears, he had done as they asked why were they going to blow the room up? he had missed what the others had chosen but perhaps one of them had refused, he didn't know all he knew was he wasn't ready to die here, and the only way not to was to get out of that room. With that he let out another scream as he rolled to his stomach and used both arms including the one with a broken shoulder after being tased down from the pipes to try and arm crawl to the next door. Blood curdling screams every so often piercing the room.

As another shot echoed through the room he threw his hands over his head screaming, he would stay that way for several moments before he realized he was not the one who had been shot this time, a sigh of relief escaping only to let out another shrill scream as he looked back at the girl who had been tied to the radiator, "Oh my god." he said as he again heard the timer and made to army crawl again with far more effort, he had to escape the combustible room, the only thought on his mind, his Family and of Layli Graves.

[19:25] Daiyu (faithtang) had slumped down against the wall. She'd done what she could to not follow the rules while still trying to help. Maybe her swearing at Tori wasn't as smart as emptying the chamber, but it was all that woman's fault and any little victory had already come at so much cost.

As the counter started and Josh took a shock of electricity she would try and struggle to her feet to go towards the pipe bombs. Maybe they could be stopped, maybe... she had no idea how damaging they would be and would have tried to organize people into a corner with the bombs shoved into the body bag or anything, but it was too late. The speaker fired to life and gave instructions and she turned to protect the woman; they mustn't become instruments of Tori's sickness... it was too late again, she stumbled towards Josh, then was brought to her knees as

he used her name and crawling on her broken hands she was just screaming as he shot the woman.

She kept crawling, there was nothing left to throw up and so she ended up in the bloody mess of what had been someone with hopes and dreams, "You fucking fool!" she screamed at Josh, "You've made her win... oh oh oh..." she dissolved in tears as she ran her hands through the mess of the woman, "Oh oh... you poor..." but even as she tried to comfort the corpse, the countdown changed. Seconds, instead of minutes.

She hugged the corpse, sharing a last moment of compassion for someone with dreams before all dreams, love and life for all of them were apparently about to be ended. "You let her win Josh..." and then buried in the hug she waited for death.

[19:29] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When Em saw Josh grab the gun and the bullets lying on the floor, she thought he was going to shoot her with it. She looked up fearfully at the 3 meter man and felt like a dwarf next to him. She was already raising her cast hand intuitively to protect herself when BOOOM was heard.

She flinched and waited for the very last movie trailer of her life to play in front of her inner eyes. But no pain was to be felt, she thought at first he had missed by mistake. But then when she put her hand down and saw the blood and brain mass of the unknown woman spread on the pipes and on the ground, she jumped back as if bitten by a tarantula.

This was now reality and no longer a fucking mind game, a human being had died. she was ashamed of the thoughts she had earlier had of wanting to kill the woman herself. but she only did so now out of a misguided morality because it wasn't herself who shot her, but Josh. it's always easy to point the finger at others. with trembling lips she said "you did it for us josh" because the poor man would surely feel terrible too and the burden of having taken a human life would surely rest heavy as lead on his shoulders.

She didn't really realize what was going on behind her back, how Emily was doing and Bentley, who was also shot. Except for the noises they were making, especially Bentley, but she was too focused on the scene in front of her.

Then she remembered the countdown and started to look at the LED lights, but to her horror she realized that the countdown was still counting down. Em ran to the other side of the door and pounded wildly on the door in panic. "Let me out of here! Please, please, please..." she screamed.

[12:27] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As the pipebomb LEDs in the room kept beeping, the time ticked down at an accelerated rate and making noises as if it might blow at any moment, it would appear like all was about to be over. The new replacement Player Four was dead, her life taken by Josh to save himself and the others. But the timers were not stopped and before long it was over. 3. 2. 1... And... Nothing. A mechanical laugh came from the devices in a very DC joker

before the tops popped off and glitter and confetti sprayed in the room. After a moment to let that sink in, the voice came back over the intercom. "Wow. Didn't think any of you would actually do it. But good on Player One for taking the initiative to save all your asses. This was just a warning shot to you all. We will kill you if we have to and it won't be on us if we do, but the rest of you. You want to survive this? Then choose to survive. In the meantime, take a break. Though we are down a Player Four again... Bummer. We'll have to remedy that." And the intercom would crackle and go out once more.

[12:30] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) had stared down at the helpless woman for a few moments. He had taken lives before, but never was it done mercilessly. But behind his eyes there was a lack of emotion as his grip was tight as hell around that firearm. He heard Em Bundy say that he did it for them and he didn't even budge. Finally, he would lower his aim to his side before tossing the firearm away. He was covered in brain matter, bone fragments and everything else that sprayed everywhere. The only thing that snapped him out of that state was Em beating against the door.

His gaze lifted to the timer, seeing the mere seconds that were ticking down. "Fuck!" He finally spoke. Bentley was down and out for the count. He was without a belt now. "TORI!" He growled out as he stared at the camera. "CUT THE BOMB!" He demanded. He had done everything that was asked, thus far. And if he was going to be punished for Daiyu's defiance he was going to haunt every person that was involved with this ordeal.

He rushed over towards Bentley and attempted to pick the man up and toss him over his shoulder. Size mattered. Grimacing in pain as he did so, but he carried him over towards the door where Em was beating. The soles of his feet were nearly raw after being burnt. All he had at this point was a prayer for a miracle that the door would open.

[12:38] Emily Rose (02persocom) had basically just finished in the corner throwing up what little contents had been left in her stomach. Mostly bile that had burned her already raw throat on the way out. She couldn't look at the now bloody corpse of the woman who had once existed. Physically, she still existed... but spiritually? Long gone now. Her forehead pressed against the cool cement wall for the little comfort it provided.

"She wasn't supposed to be a part of this..." The blonde murmured helplessly. She could hear Daiyu and barely glanced over to her hugging the poor dead woman. The sight alone had Emily tearing up again but tears just couldn't fall. Maybe she was finally out of them and would succumb to dehydration.

The gas canisters and other things exploded on the wall but they just... showered confetti. It took the blonde a moment to register that fact. Confetti? She blinked. Did she finally snap? Because something so bright and cheerful should not exist in this world they were all thrown into. This room of death. Confetti was supposed to be celebratory. Death wasn't celebrated. Not like this.

"Burn in HELL!" She ground out deeply through grit teeth at the camera that was in the room. Turning to see Josh pick up Bentley and head for the door she would push herself away from the corner and start to follow.

[12:40] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) No he would not die here, the thought was repeated over and over again in his mind as he continued his efforts to army crawl from the room. The sound of Josh practically pleading with Tori to cut the bomb drawing his attention for a moment, "You really think she'd do that? This is the same person who just told you to put a bullet through someones head, she gives no fucks!" he spat out before grimacing as pain racked his body.

He let his head rest on the cool ground as he tried to find some sort of strength, the blood loss proving difficult for him to deal with as the room began to spin, "We've got this." the words soft and drained as he tried to push himself up again.

He was startled by the arm of someone picking him up, but he made no complaints about being hoisted up, it had to be better than dragging his body along in his own pool of blood. He murmured softly, "thanks." before letting his head lazily fall forward fighting to hold onto

[12:46] Jordan Rizzo wasn't quite sure what was going on anymore. He was asked a couple of questions...which he had answered to the best of his abilities, and at the fault of his noble moralities, and from there, everything just went...dark. There have been screams, the sounds of bodies falling, feet scrambling, explosions, darkness and then a loud bang.

Now, this hadn't been his first near death experience, and they usually came with some life flashes, visions of empty fields and then some form of bright light shining at him to come hither. But this time, it was nothing. Just darkness, and the pain of discomfort.

Had it not been for the muffled sounds from another room followed by another loud bang, he would have just assumed that he was in the most fucked up heaven ever. Because yes...he did assume he was still going through the pearly gates.

When muffled sounds become louder sounds and voices, slowly pulling him from his unconscious state, courtesy the tranquilizers gifted to him by Tori, part of him wanted to just stay quiet. He wouldn't know who it was, or what they were coming to do to him, so it might be in his best interest to just stay quiet and pretend to be dead. But then again, maybe the good guys had come bursting in to save the day. Maybe that's what the gunshot was. HPD rollin' up and drops the long arm of the law on Tori and her gang. Unsure, he'd opt to stay silent, that was until that discomfort pain would take over in the form of a muscle in his leg starting to spasm, which would force him to shift and groan.

[12:50] Daiyu (faithtang): working fingers. Her brief time with Delina at the mortuary and her relationship with Daria made her respectful of the dead, even more so when the dead had died for them, even though some of them like Emily had appeared to give up. Covered in blood she

stood, swayed as her pounding headache tried to send her back to the floor and still grasping the cleaver took the empty gun and stuck it in the elastic of her thong.

After Josh had broken Emily's hands and with her own a wreck she was keeping it for EmB, the only one of them she knew enough to trust, a colleague and a friendly face in town. A mini armory on her person, she stood there silently and then with a final look at the corpse of Fiona she placed a bloody foot one step in front of the other and advanced after Josh and the group.

Stayed with the corpse of the woman, hearing the voice over the intercom and hating, hating, hating. Josh had ignored her in their apparent final moments, but she had chosen to remain with the body, providing her with company in what she thought were their final moments.

When she understood through the swirling pain and misery that they had been blown up and that the air was filled with confetti she let out a strangled laugh, looking down at herself covered in blood from Fiona before gently taking the dead woman's hand and slipping the wedding ring, lubricated by blood from her finger and onto her own.

She'd give it back to family if she got out, or keep it as a bloody memento of Tori's cruelty and Josh's inhumanity and refusal to listen to anything other than what she saw as primal urges. As they all started to troop out, she laid the body down gently next to the other body shaped bag, not knowing if that one was real or not. After retching again she closed the eyes on the ruined face with her two

[12:56] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Still hammering furiously against the door, to a certain point she just resigned and waited for them all to be torn to shreds. In a fraction of a second her thoughts shot through her head, how much pain one would probably feel when being torn to shreds. Hopefully not much, but if only your limbs were torn off, you would surely survive for some time before bleeding out. Horrible thoughts whose effects of fear could not be described. but..then nothing happened.. No bomb no fire..CONFETTI!!!!

Em sank down on the floor, putting her face in her hands, stunned saying "all this for nothing? a human life taken for confetti? We are like sheeps, we do what the shepherd says or where the shepherd dog chases us "Her eyes filled with tears again and she looked at Dai who had done everything she could and always had the smartest ideas, unfortunately this psycho game didn't allow her intelligence to be the key to escape "they just want to fool us badly!" Then she felt sick and threw up right next to the door.

CHAPTER FIVE

Room 5: Inject or Ingest

[13:05] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The door to the next room would click open, inside would just be a large mostly empty room. As it opened, another hidden pipebomb came to life, a soft ticking instead of a countdown signaling it. It wasn't obvious, but it was there and out of sight.

There was the door leading in and the door out, though that one was locked. Once everyone was into the room, the door to the room previous, would snap shut and lock. If the Players looked around, they would see nothing within the room but a single table, two injections sitting on the table. After a few moments, the intercom within this room would crackle to life. "We test your willingness to kill in order to survive in the last room, only one of you able to make that choice. Now you will all have another difficult choice to make."

As this was said, the real bomb left in the other room would go off, shaking the building as the tank in the corner of the room where the body was left exploded. Not a massive explosion, but enough to show that the joke had not actually been a complete joke. There had been active pipe bombs in the room. "This game might have its fun... well, fun for us, but it is also very real and your decisions will impact yourself and you other players." The voice would let that sink in for now, reading the next task.

[13:10] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was still preparing for all hell to break loose and the end of the world to come. But when it was just confetti released and sprayed everywhere, as if it was some celebration he just let that darkened gaze stare right into the camera. Again, he fell silent as his expression alone showed all the thoughts he was having. He was enraged. And now, he was over it entirely. Mentally drained, so to speak.

He had Bentley hoisted up and tried to make the trek as harmless as possible. "Told you guys, /we/ are all getting out of here." He was going to keep telling himself that, that it justified killing that woman. But now there was that heartache that he didn't /have/ to do such a thing. "All of /us/" he was trying to emphasize the specific words that mattered to him at that moment.

When he heard the groans from the body bag off in the corner, his eyebrow lifted curiously to look in that direction. Where Daiyu had just dumped the body. Perhaps, he did not kill Fiona. And there was a chance for her survival now, too. "She's alive!" He hollered out openly. "Someone check her!" It didn't even register in his mind that the groans were more masculine. Perhaps, that was what happened after being shot in the forehead?

He was in such a daze, and out of body and mental experience to even register that Daiyu was trying to reason with him. Instead, he was on his motion to get through this hell house. He was going to convince himself with everything inside of him, that he was the reason they were not all dead yet. But, he could not bare to see the woman again. Not in the state he had left her. Instead, he trekked through the door. Hopefully, with Bentley in tow on his shoulder.

Hearing the intercom come to life again he just fell silent. The inner rage on his face. He did /not/ hear the pipe bombs to begin with. As his senses were all jumbled for the moment. If able, he would set Bentley down in the corner while the instructions were going off. His belt was

around the man's thigh, courtesy of Emily earlier. And he attempted to tighten that above the man's gunshot wound. He didn't speak, instead, just tried to do what he could to help at this point. That was, until the bomb shook the building. A snarl as he stumbled off balance. He was exhausted. Needless to say.

[13:22] Emily Rose (02persocom) had already begun to feel numb. The absurdity of confetti fluttering around was just... she couldn't even wrap her head around it. Though it was likely to stick to the bottoms of her burnt feet as she took the few hobbling steps to follow towards the door and likely another horror waiting beyond it. She paused to look at Daiyu and EmB though with an unreadable, almost blank, expression. Maybe she was wondering if they would get up and follow too. Was she trying to make sure? Or make sure that they were at least -relatively-okay?

The groan and shift of movement that came from the body bag that had been in the room with them the whole time had her nearly jumping out of her skin. Followed by Josh's bellow that she instantly whirled on to yell back. "IT ISN'T HER!" But of course that left question... who the hell was it? She couldn't bear the thought of yet another person having to join in these sick games as a pawn. But she also couldn't justify just leaving this unknown person tied up there.

"Help me?" Looking to the other two girls before going over to the body bag and trying to find a spot to kneel down where it wasn't in bone fragments or blood. Well, blood would likely be unable to be avoided... a lot of blood was in a person. And it had probably spread from the woman's body by now from the gunshot that had wiped out the back of her skull. The blonde tried not to look at it and instead focus on the bag in front of her. What few working fingers she had she tried to pick at the ties to at the very least, loosen them.

Eventually when the bag was opened and she saw who it was? Emily SCREAMED. In pure terror. Before jumping up again and backing away. Because as far as she knew she had witnessed Jordan's death before and now he was laying there... and for all she could realize in that instant, was that he may have very well been a corpse. A corpse just tied up there to mess with them all in the reveal. Because maybe she had heard that groan in her head? Maybe the movement was all in her head too. She had just seen things. That was all. She must be slipping...

[13:24] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) He watched his arms sway lazily as Josh hauled him to their next room, "Was it worth it to shoot that women in the head?" he asked in that same drained voice. "While I wish you no harm, and appreciate to some degree your desire to steadfast up out of here..." he paused a moment considering his words, "I hope what you did just then haunts your dreams for eternity, every time your eyes close you see that scared woman's face, hear her voice pleasing as she tried to get you to understand she was a person too, told you she had a family who loved and cared for her.." he paused again, "I hope the screams of the women in this room with us, the expressions on their faces haunts you for the rest of your days." he finally finished say as he let his eyes close for several long minutes before flickering open again.

Can't sleep, must stay awake he told himself inwardly. as he was placed in the corner and a belt secured around the would he stay silent for several long moments, "We have to beat them, we have to all make it out." he knew he was now the one threatening the ability to all make it out but he would fight, he had more to live for then dying in this shit hole! As he watched Josh carefully he murmured "I don't hate you, I just think you've let the world fuck you, shitty things happen to good people, but becoming a shitty person doesn't just happen that is something you choose, courage isn't courage at the expense of another humans life. I think you've lost who you are and feel sorry for you..." he paused for speaking again, "But I don't hate you." he repeated one more time before falling silent.

He'd slowly and painfully move himself up against a wall into a sitting position, no amount of curse words spared in the process as pain threatened to take him out of existence. Once he was settled up against the wall he looked around tiredly, not much time given to take it in as the building shook.

A pained, terrified scream came from him as he tried to hold onto something but there was nothing. He just sat there waiting for the shaking to subside, when it finally stopped he simply slumped against the wall exhausted not even hearing the com voice or the grunts from the bag, not even Emily's scream registered at that time. though his head did fall towards it as a single tear would fall for the lives lost here so far.

[13:34] Jordan Rizzo let his lids flutter a few times inside that body bag as he tried to force himself to wake up and snap back into reality faster. Recognizing the voices around him was actually helping. He could feel something drop next to him, partly on him with a thump. It was heavy, and...wet?

He didn't think for a moment that it was a body. If he had, he would have started to wiggle and fight more to get free. As people hit fists against doors and cursed Tori, he was pressed even more to try and get free. Luckily, his subtle movements hadn't gone completely unnoticed, and once the bag was unzipped as whatever little light was in the room came flooding in, he was filled with relief. Relief that wouldn't last long as he was met with Emily's scream.

She screamed like she saw a ghost, so...on pure instincts alone, he'd scream too. Just as loud and maybe just as feminine. He was in pain from laying on the floor for so long, and his head was woosy. Not from a gunshot, since he hadn't actually been shot in the head, but from the drugs that kept him out like a light during all the commotion. But, dizzy or not, it wouldn't stop him from trying to jump to his feet, a movement that fell futile really fast as he was soon slipping on blood and brain matter. His scream was gone now, just a soft choking noise as he looked at the dead body of an unknown woman.

He'd seen a dead body up close before, but it still didn't prepare him to see another one again. Shaking his head, he'd just scurry backwards on his hands and knees towards the door, finally

managing to stand when he was halfway to his destination, his hand motioning for Emily to follow. Assuming she wasn't still screaming. "Lets...lets go!"

He didn't know what happened, but he was sure it needed to be done. They were all still alive..minus the stranger. So it needed to be done. Once he was hunkered in the next room, that sudden explosion would have him crouching to cover his hands over his head as if waiting for falling debris. When none came, he'd look up to the group. "Wh...what the hell happened?!" Clearly, some anger was being sent towards Joshua, but as far as the Rocker was concerned...the ex-cop was keeping them alive.

[13:39] Daiyu (faithtang) knew that Fiona wasn't alive, head shots do that to people and she wondered what alternative reality Josh was now in. If it contained a measure of her hell of pain that her body was giving her it would only be in partial payment for the debt they owed Fiona. Never-the-less, she turned back and saw the body-bag twitching and in a daze stepped back, cleaver in hand to cut at the bindings or fabric.

EmB said something about fooling them but Dai wasn't going to leave someone else here and it appeared that Emily agreed and together they started work, silently in the blood, picking and cutting at the bag. It was Emily who freed Jordan first, but the shock sent her backwards with a scream.

Dai instinctively raised the cleaver ready to bring it down on a threat, but her grasp was weak and as a second went past she saw it was Jordan as well... She moved to help him, offering what little strength she had left to free him from the bindings and as he bounded up and past her she shook her head slowly.

These fucking mind-games. She watched at the rush to leave and taking a moment to wipe the blood from her hands against her already sodden clothing made her way into the other room, beckoning Em B. to follow. She had the cleaver, she had the empty gun, there was nothing else to take for an advantage.

As she passed under the camera she didn't swear at it, didn't even look at it. Her focus was now on Josh and what she saw as a duty to protect the rest of them from Josh's desire to rush, rush, rush through everything at the expense of everyone, except, she thought... himself. Rightly or wrongly the little British Chinese reporter was nearly as scared of his compartmentalization of morals as she was with Tori, Mu and the psychos. They were bad... They had their excuses. What was Josh's?

[13:46] Em Bundy (sugarninja) Looked stunned at Josh as he thought the unknown woman whose brain mass was spread on the floor and pipes might still be alive. "She's dead number one, she's dead!" Em kept saying while one could still hear her regurgitating vomit up her throat. She also saw the wrapped body and thought more of the next trap the maniacs had laid than it could be Jordan.

Em looked at Emily who, despite all the terror in here, still seemed to have her good nature and willingness to help. Em wanted to help her and go with her to the wrapped body, but ... again she could be heard wincing and another gush of her already almost empty stomach emptied next to the door.

Meanwhile, she heard Bentley addressing Josh. He was telling the truth and yet she felt for Josh, he had made a decision to save us all without knowing that these maniacs were raining confetti. It doesn't justify murder but ..em mumbles quietly to herself "fear makes people do the worst things, history shows us so many examples" One moment Em was looking into her vomit and the next she saw the rockstar she thought dead rising from the underworld.

Em rubbed her eyes several times to make sure her perception was not deceiving her. "oh mon dieu number 1 you're alive?!" the game shattered her mind! she followed Dai wordlessly into the new room. she just wanted to get away from the corpse in that room. Em saw too many walking dead anyway and knew she didn't have long before the corpse would wake up and a zombie with a huge appetite would attack her.

[13:52] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As the room that they all filtered in was lock, no damage thankfully from the real pipe bomb that did end up going off once they were all out of the room. Now that they had time to let things sink in and reunite with Player Four, Jordan Rizzo, the voice came through the intercoms again.

"Alright. This next room is simple. On the table you will see two injections. These injections are an antidote to a deadly nerve gas... See where this is going." As this was being said, the Players might notice smoke starting to come in through the vents and the ceilings.

"There are four of you and two inoculations. Who gets them? You all get to decide. Be quick. There is a chance you might survive the gas... but there is a chance you won't. Time is ticking."

[13:55] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) couldn't bare the thought, it already was haunting him. As Bentley began his lecture to remind him of all the cruel acts he had done while being locked in here, he listened. Luckily for Bentley, he had the sliver of 'good' left in him. Or else he might have been dropped right on his forehead - or left behind.

"I don't need to hear your lectures." He finally spoke after letting the guy finish. Not once did he cut him off. "SHUT UP!" he snapped the further the guy pushed him. If he was them, he would hate him too. But after the fact. "I've got us this far! You see what you're doing! All noble and shit. There's no getting out of here without making sacrifices! OPEN YOUR EYES!" He could look at the guy and tell he was young.

But his patience was wearing thin. For his entire life he stood by his morals, and this was the one time they were being challenged. "You don't know the first thing about me. You don't know what I've gone through. And still I've gotten all of us through this!" He kept trying to convince himself that, as much as them.

Pushing away from the guy with the support of the wall, he looked around the empty room. His hands lifting to his head and running through his hair. Pushing the greasy black mess out of his eyes. He desperately needed a shower. Between the mess of dirt, he was now covered in brain matter. And that was something he was trying his hardest to phase out.

He didn't even turn to look at the people filtering in behind him. But he heard their words. And those words were echoing through his fragile mind. 'What happened'. In his mind, he did what was necessary to get them through this. "Saved us..." He spoke weakly, and truthfully. The rattling on the building only proved that to him.

Dayiu was smart to keep a close eye on him, and clear headed he would not blame her for it either. He was doing his best to keep his sanity now, and much like the pipe bombs that laced the room - he was ticking too. He looked at the syringes on the table across the room and slowly approached it. The gas was lacing over his feet and he eyed the group. He didn't start this one, if they wanted to lead now, he was going to see their rationality. But he was the closest to the table as it stood

[14:21] Emily Rose (02persocom) felt like she did see a ghost and did scream like she had encountered Jordans corpse. But when he screamed back in her face before she had jumped up, and nearly fell over tripping back on the metal cans in the room, she still couldn't believe it was him. Even when he scrambled towards the door to get out and follow the others into the next room, beckoning for the rest of them to follow. For a moment she stared after him with eyes as big as saucers. Then looked at Daiyu and EmB as if asking them silently, 'ARE YOU SEEING THIS!?!'. Along with the classic, 'AM I CRAZY!?!'

She then followed into the next room and barely registered Josh and Bentley for a moment. Instead she was still looking at Jordan when he asked what happened. All the blonde could do was let out a relieved sounding sob and practically tackle him in a hug. Albeit, a very awkward hug where she avoided her hands touching anything, and her arms were stiff. But she was quietly laughing and crying all at once. "We thought you were dead! You were dead, you were shot, how are you here...? Oh god, you're here..."

She backed off the hug and went to touch his cheek but recoiled back instead. She wouldn't have been able to without pain shooting through her broken and bruised fingers that looked nearly blackened by then. So instead she just took a few little shuffling steps back and looked him over for any further injury he might have gotten when he disappeared from the other room. Especially a look at his forehead. No bullet wound. "You're not a ghost..." She murmured quietly in relief.

The moment of elation was shattered when hearing Bentley scream in pain and some explosions go off elsewhere. Shaking her on her feet and she slammed against the wall for support. When the tremor was over and the intercom came back on to explain the rules of this

new horror she remained silent. So much for the little shred of happiness. They were still in this hell. Only two inoculation shots and there were six of them...

"You're going to take one, aren't you?" She looked at Josh. "If you get compromised, I don't think anyone here could carry you." As for who else she thought should take the other shot she couldn't say and just shook her head slightly. As the smoke started to rise she would look fearfully around the floor and try to pull the collar of the shirt she had on up over her mouth and nose. Her hands shook and she couldn't quite grasp it firmly as it kept slipping through her broken fingers.

[14:22] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) Another scream in the room brought him out of the haze he was in as he took in the sight before him. "what the..." was all he could get out as he stated confusion evident on his face. "You're alive? But we saw..." he hadn't seen anything but his body gone, "I mean we heard.. but... that shot... the scuffle.. you were..de..." he was clearly struggling to make sense of it.

"We see dead people?" this was a sick mind game they were playing, maybe they had cut off Jordan's face and plastered it on another body, maybe they had just recorded his voice, what was going on? He just watched as the guy came back from what he assumed was dead. This is some trippy shit he thought to himself.

As Daiyu moved in on Josh he groaned, "Number Five! Stop! it's not worth it!" he said as loudly as he could, trying to break through whatever thoughts the girl was having, "His time will come, he will have to live with the choices he made, good or bad as we all will live with what we've done in here, just don't." he said before falling silent again.

As Josh spoke he just shook his head "You sit on your throne of lies you tell yourself to sleep better at night, you are no better, making excuses for bad choices doesn't make it better, she was a person, you and killed her in cold blood! That's on you! Don't sit here telling me that I am the one with the shades pulled over, whether or not you were good once, you are no more." he spat out angrily "I stand by what I said, I hope this haunts you." his head shook again as the com came back on.

"I don't want it." by now this should have just been what everyone expected him to say and do. "I said it before and will say it again, I would rather die in here then make it out because I lost who I was as a person, I am not simply fighting to prove I am good, but to give hope to a world lost in darkness, as shitty as this is there is hope, you let them win then that's on you, you live with it." his eyes closed once more, losing consciousness as he continued to fight to make it out of there, though it seemed the gas was likely going to make that harder now.

[14:35] Jordan Rizzo saw the shock in everyone's face. Wait...had he died? WAS HE DEAD?! He'd wonder that to himself for a moment as his hands moved closer to his face to aid his fingers in pressing indents to his cheeks and then down to his chest. "I...I'm not dead. I don't

know what happened. Everything went dark and the next thing I knew I was waking up in a bag hearing voices.

Maybe they were all dead and this was just the after life. If that was the case..well fuck you mr. man in heaven. He was trying to piece together what Bentley was scolding Josh about, his eyes moving back to the door of the room they had just come from and the body he knew was inside there.

Parting his lips to respond, he wouldn't get to say much before he was tackled by Emily, wasting no time in moving his arms to hug her. He knew she had been scared, and the least or maybe even the most he could do to comfort her now was to hug her, touch her, let her know in some physical way that he was indeed there, alive, and not a ghost. Leaning in, he'd press his lips to her cheek kissing softly as he whispered. "I'm OK." He'd mouth her name, not wanting to speak it out loud, but wanting her to have some sense of herself. "You guys are looking at this the wrong way...or at least some of you are." He'd say trying to stand from that tackle hug as he looked around the room.

"Right now, Tori's biggest mistake was putting us all in the same room. If we were by ourselves going through this...we'd be dead by now for sure. Because there's a good chance we'd all be willing to die for the greater good. That's why we're here. Because we fucking think like that!" He'd say lifting a finger to tap it to the side of his head as he visually made his point. "By putting us together...it's not just about us alone. My decisions don't just affect me. That's the easy part. When they just affect me. When they affect others, then different choices have to be made. He made a choice." He'd say pointing towards Josh.

"Would none of you really kill one...to save many? Morals don't tell us to just let the world lay down and die. Morals are what make us do things to save others. If no one is being saved, or helped...is it really morals." He'd pause as he looked around the room. "They've made it clear that they are willing to kill us all. So, maybe, going forward, we don't think about just our lives when we make decisions, but all of us in this room right now."

As Tori's voice came to life over the speaker, he'd quiet down as she gave the instructions. When it went silent and they had to make a choice, he'd give a shrug of his shoulders. "I can hold my breath for a while. Maybe I don't need it. But, who's to say there isn't enough in one syringe for multiple people?"

Daiyu (faithtang) came through the door slowly; skin moist with the sweat of fear and the gore from Fiona mixed with her own blood and wounds.

She heard little of what Josh said to Bentley, but did hear his weak 'saved us' and she almost exploded even as gas started to fill the room. Gas or smoke was no good; her lungs were already hurting from all the stress, amplified by the fire damage from a few months ago when the Observer had burnt down with her nearly caught inside. She had been on Oxygen for a while after and this was surely not good now.

She moved forward, hearing Bentley caution her. She wasn't going to fight Josh, that sounded as impossible right now as anything. Also she didn't want him to lose the game, she just didn't want him to make choices for the others anymore. She looked around as Josh seemed to hover near the medicine that they were told would guarantee survival. Emily was maimed but would live... EmB had been stabbed, but whether it was a shallow wound or the binding had been good seemed ok. Bentley looked semi-broken, but she didn't know the extent of any injuries he had. Jordan had come back from the 'dead'; was he injured beyond burns from the second room? She didn't know. That left Josh and her... she knew with her lungs and general state that things were bad. She could really use the medicine; she really wanted it so she could see Daria again. But would she really? Tori was dragging Dai's broken body and cracked psyche through room after room after room. She knew she was kidding herself if she said there was much left in her. She should use what was for better choices.

As Jordan tried to convince her that morals weren't about lying down, she let out a laugh. She couldn't help it. "Her biggest mistake wasn't putting us in the same room, she chose to do that. Her biggest mistake is thinking I want to be like her." Sadly she shook her head, "Bullshit... killing one to save many is the hardest choice, not one to rush into like he has on every decision... down that path is only the sacrifice of more and more until it becomes 'kill one to save myself'...." She wiped snot from her nose, everything fucked.

Daria would have wanted her to fight... fight like hell and fuck like heaven. That thought made her laugh, another ugly one. She knew she was losing this game; giving up would hurt Daria so she tilted her head, almost hearing Daria now and for a moment appeared to be lost in a conversation with herself.

In a moment her gaze turned to Josh who seemed to be mostly uninjured; he probably had the best chance to get out and maybe make Tori pay... but she was scared, would he? She thought back over the last few rooms and made a judgment, perhaps a poor one, but her choice none-the-less; Josh would get out and then that would be it. He'd meld away into Hathian with a big 'fuck you' about punishing Tori or avenging anyone.

"Bentley should get one" she said, suppressing a cough, "He's HPD and he can bring that world of pain and justice back on these people." She also thought he had been nice and felt that he cared, in some ways the way she did. She pointed at Josh, "You quit HPD I don't have a gang backing me up... Emily and Jordan are entertainers, but young and fit... I don't trust you that you'd have any compulsion to get justice for this. You'd just fuck off for yourself, like you've already done here. You're probably only two steps away from joining Tori or something like her, ends justifying the means... sounds good doesn't it.. that's every shit person who bullied me or hurt me..."

She coughed now, feeling that time in the gas was short, "The other one should go to Em Bundy. She has the Koga behind her, they will make Tori pay before or after the HPD... Brandie

won't let Tori go for this, it'll be beautiful... She's also not hurt badly; she and Bentley can team out of here."

With that said, the little reporter stepped forward toward the tray. "Step away, you've done enough... we'll have to take our chances, you're big, strong... blockheaded, nerve gas won't be the end of you. Give someone else the chance..." and with that she slumped down by the wall, her plan perfect except for the fact that Bentley had fallen unconscious so couldn't self-administer. It was too hard to get up now to try and help... fuck. Maybe she should have waited to see what he did, but she'd seen the water and food and rightly or wrongly she knew he was there for himself first and everything else second. What an awful world, what an awful world...

She closed her eyes, tried to control her breathing through her nose and retreated into memories of Daria, Saedi, Noah and her friends and family before opening them, looking at Josh and saying as loudly as she could. "Give Bentley and yourself the injections Em... Now!" Then she looked at the camera, and repeated, "Suck a dick Josh... Josh... Josh" smiling as her eyes shut as she said his name on repeat, hopefully giving time to Em B and the others to get the injections and do with them as they saw fit while Josh was on a shock cycle (or four). Daria had said fight, sometimes that didn't mean for yourself and that made her happy as she slid beneath the swirling gas, thinking that the best chance for revenge and the nicer people would hopefully get out from here. She remembered Daria's bite and the memory was good.

[15:03] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The control room was listening as always and everyone's collars started to come to life and shock everyone in the room... Except Daiyu and Josh!

[15:05] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When they were in the next room, the door closed behind them and immediately an explosion was heard and the vibration from the bomb that had gone off was felt. Em wanted to huddle in a corner again and just hide and pretend that this was none of her business.

When the voice spoke up again and gas poured into the room. "this is just like in the third Reich! Don't you have any shame? so many Jews were killed like that!" She tried to stand on her tiptoes to keep her head above the gas as long as possible. Seeing Josh already standing so close to the syringe, clearly the man would act again before democratically letting the group vote, even if she was sometimes of his views, he was not to be trusted.

"Stop him" she would shout if no one else made an effort to stop him from taking the syringes. then the room was heard to be filled with hands clapping. Em applauds at Jordan's speech. "we should leave no one behind, if we die, then all, if we survive, then all!? Try it out, if the injections are enough for all of us! it's worth a try, otherwise fuck it. if we let others die or kill and there is a god after all then you get a ticket straight to hell for murder and suffer eternal agony. I'm not religious, but I don't want to risk that either! Number four you mentioned Dante in the second room and asked how many levels there are to the bottom...there are nine circles that form hell and I don't feel like seeing just one of the circles!" She pauses for a moment and takes a breath.

"But the good thing is that there is hope, Dante also imagined that there are nine circles going up to heaven!" When Em heard what Dai said, she exhaled heavily full of sadness. She was touched that her idol wanted to save her again, but Em also wanted to save Dai! "Dai that is out of the question that I take a syringe, let's divide the syringes, let's try if the effect is enough for all of us! and then together we can let all hell rain down on Tori and show her each of the nine circles of Dante Alighieri, all of us together, with the help of the concentrated power that Hathian gives us" she would quickly run over to Dai when she realized that Dai is not feeling too well anymore.

"Here, take the last sip from the water bottle and don't talk back, don't even think about it!" then she would stare back at Josh ready to jump on him if he took the syringes.

[15:07] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Daiyu's collar now starts to emit a shock as well, as Em said her name. Everyone would now be floored! Except Josh.

[15:12] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) he began to survey the table and take as few breaths as possible as the gas filled the room. The possibilities were endless, and he was taking in the options. Sure, the selfish part of him wanted to take it and be 'safe' from whatever gas was filling the room. But he also knew this was a sick game. He reached to the table and grabbed one of the needles. He did not use it yet.

Instead, that darkened gaze of his looked to Emily as she addressed him. "No." He answered simply. He was not going to be the one to take the shot first. Instead, he looked to Bentley as he scolded him further. A deranged laugh escaped his lips as he hung his head. "I stopped claiming to be good a long time ago, kid." He admitted. Hathian had eaten at his mind, for far too long. And while he made it longer than most on cracking, he was at his wits end.

He looked up to see Rizzo, alive and in human form. The man might notice the drained look upon his features as he sat there and listened to another heartfelt speech from him. He shook his head. "They don't get it..." Everything Jordan said was true. He was trying to get the core group out, and by doing that some sacrifices needed to be made. Emily's fingers, Em B's been stabbed, the burning that they're all laced with. The list was endless. And could not be concluded with the poor woman's life he had taken. The woman with a family. Something he had. His gaze dropped down towards the gas filled floor for a moment as he let that thought linger in his mind.

He quickly looked at Daiyu as she came forward with her speech. His eyes narrowed on her. Eyes that held no more sympathy for the woman as she went as far as using everyone's name. "And you call me selfish..." He got out before any shocks could take place. Possibly making the point that everything he had done was for the group, and not to self justify some speech and cripple everyone in the room. But when he saw everyone else going down to their shocks, he wasted no time going after the young journalist. He didn't trust the 'medicine' at all. And he needed to see the effects it had upon someone else before himself.

"The HPD isn't here yet, are they?" He pointed directly at the camera. Knowing full well if this was streamed it likely would be traced. "Such high praise for a department that has done nothing but fail you, repeatedly." He did glance towards Em B for a moment. He and Brandie were not at ends with one another, but he lacked faith in the Koga too. He had far better connections in his mind. Knowing Izzy and Eva were likely losing their shit and burning the world down around them.

As the collars were going off and people were dropping, he took that syringe that was in his hand. And chased after Daiyu. Whether she was scooting on the floor, rolling, running. It didn't matter. He was chasing her ass like a dog going after a bone. "Enough of your shit..." He mumbled as he mentally lost it for the young reporter now. He held the syringe high and attempted to lodge it directly into the woman's side anywhere. And if manageable, he would press the entire 'vaccine' into her. Before scurrying backwards on his roasted feet and getting back to the table. He had no hard feelings for anyone else in the room, quite yet.

[15:22] Emily Rose (02persocom) would smile softly even as Jordan mouthed her name and it warmed her up from feeling like some cold dead thing trudging along through these rooms. It made her feel a little more human again. In turn she tried to hop up on her toes to kiss his forehead before then looking around at the others. Listening to them carefully...

"Wait...!" She finally spoke up a bit. Even holding up a mangled hand while quickly looking around. Fear rising slowly just as the smoke was also rising. "...What if it's not poisonous?" Letting that sink in for everyone to think about before continuing. "The last room she said it would explode if we didn't do anything. She lied. It was... confetti." Which, in that moment she plucked a piece from her hair, and blew it aside with a look of mild disgust.

"What if this gas is a lie too?" Gesturing to the floor with both blackened hands. "But... maybe... the only way to find out is... if someone lies down and breathes it in first. Then, if it is, they can get the shot to cure them. But... that leaves just one other shot to maybe be shared between everyone else...? Or if the person who breathes it in starts feeling sick, they get some of a shot and not all of it, so it can still be shared...?"

"Even if they're poisoned instead, they can be shared..." She got out just before the collars went off again. Yet another strangled scream escaped her but it was far weaker than they ever had been in the other rooms. As they progressed her lungs and throat could barely process the action, less and less. The blonde dropped to the floor and on instinct put her hands out to try and catch herself... big mistake.

Her broken fingers shifted with their shattered bones and the pooled blood beneath the skin. Their muscles screamed sharply and crippled tendons painfully twitched and tightened. She let out another much quieter scream before heaving out sobs that also sounded frustrated. She tried putting more pressure on her palms instead but those were also damaged.

She rolled a bit onto her side to use her elbow instead to prop herself up. Seeing Josh go after Daiyu with the syringe like he would stab her through with it, she openly yelled at him. Yet another rare time where she actually raised her voice as best she could through the dehydration and rawness. Even trying to crawl forward a bit towards Daiyu, the blonde would have tried to get in the way. Whether that worked, who knew. She wasn't fast. But she still tried to drop him in the only way she knew was in her power... maybe. "STOP IT, JOSH!"

[15:24] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) would remain in his unconscious state for several minutes, unclear whether or not he was going to wake once more, his heart still beating and air still escaping his slightly parted lips as he rested against that wall. come on man time to wake up, you still have fight left, lets go, he chastised himself. Several more minutes passed as his eyes once more flickered open.

He blinked rapidly several times trying to clear his vision made much harder as the gas filled room threatened to choke them all out. He listened as Josh was lectured over and over again by the others in the room. He doubted it would make much difference as the guy seemed to have decided he did not care what anyone else thought about him or how they felt about him, he was a guy who would see the survival of himself first. He shook his head.

"I said I don't want it." he repeated as a coughing fit took hold. The ground was likely the worst place to be seated at the moment but he had no energy left when it came to getting up off the ground. His eyes widened as he heard his name mentioned once, twice, and a third time. "number five, what have you done?" he asked as he listened to the names be used several times over.

As Josh laughed he looked at him, "That's plain to see, no need to state the obvious." he gave a nod to the table, "Then go on, play hero and save us all from choking to death, take them both big boy." he challenged as he glared at the man. "You make me sick, which is saying something considering what we've been through, you act tough and brave but really you're weaker than any of us." he meant that, the man had time and time again taken the way out that was easy, it was easy to obey, it was harder to stand by what you believed in and thought right. "Fuck off will you." he finished looking away from the guy no longer wishing to speak to him much less look at him.

There was nothing he could do even if he wanted to, the shock would come no matter what he did or didn't do. So he simply closed his eyes once more in wait. "As tired, and beat down, starved and more as we are, punishing each other is still letting them win." there really was no use in talking further, they were all defeated and all broken at this point in various ways. Even as he sat there he was still determined not to die there, but he would not give into the game taking something that could save another for himself.

"Anyone considered no..." the words would never come out as his body collapsed in a heap in the bellowing gas cloud, ever part of his being twitching and shaking, whether it was from shock of his injury of shock from the collar he was down, and the likelihood he'd get back up not

evident. The body could only take so much, even if the mind was strong. No screams fell from his lips, no grunts or groans, just silence as his body trembled on.

[15:27] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): As the gas continued to filter into the room, slowly, the Players might start to realize that it was not having the painful effects that a nerve gas might have. Instead, it would only make the giddy, almost happy.

However, the syringe being stabbed into Daiyu, if successful, would make the girl start to feel a scratch, that scratch became an itch and finally, the itch became a pain like fire. While the gas was nothing more than a harmless drug that would make them feel high and good, the injections were actually the opposite effect.

At this point, the collars would stop shocking everyone in the room and the door leading out would click. Though, only one lock was removed, leaving one left as this door had a double lock.

[15:56] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) pulled the syringe away quickly as he unloaded it into Daiyu. Without hesitation, he tossed it across the room. Letting it be heard as it rolled away. His eyes went wide as he saw the effects it was having on the woman. Quickly, his gaze looked at everyone in the room at what he had done. But still, he pointed down to Daiyu as she was on the ground. "And she wanted to give you guys that." He shook his head as he grabbed the second syringe. After hearing the first lock, he knew this meant the other one had to be used to.

He rolled his head around the collar, having not been shocked he was in a much better state than the others. And he considered his options. As Em B knocked herself out, it would have been easy to just use it on her. He looked at Rizzo, who seemed to find this situation hilarious? He was beyond confused. Maybe they all were beginning to mentally break. He didn't speak again. As the intercom came on further, his eyebrow lifted. He hated the number, but at least he was number one. In his mind, that made him most important. Okay, maybe the gas was getting to his ego. He felt as if he was succeeding in this game of choice.

"Hate me later..." He finally spoke. Kneeling down with the second syringe in his hand, he attempted to plant it into Daiyu. She was already feeling the effects, and was the one who had been scolding him the most throughout the game. "It's for the group, remember that. I'm glad someone else was able to step up and make a sacrifice" He spoke with lack of emotion down to Daiyu. Making it clear, he thought he was the /only/ reason they had made it this far.

If the door unlocked, he would begin to walk away, unless he was stopped. Or stabbed. Or killed. Or who knows. Everyone in the room, he believed, was beginning to lose their mind. And he should know better than turning his back on a single soul.

[16:12] Emily Rose (02persocom) couldn't make it over to Daiyu in time to get in the way of Josh so she just turned her head away and cringed, closing her eyes tightly. Not wanting to see a needle go into anyone like that. She wouldn't even look at needles go in when at the doctors!

Let alone them being stabbed into someone else by someone who was also clearly not a professional... nor were they trying to be.

She was half expecting at least a shock to come Josh's way from shouting his name but it never came. The announcement over the intercom saying he earned his name back. She shook her head while flinching away as Daiyu screamed in pain and Josh commented on why it was justified. "SHE DIDN'T KNOW YOU ASS!" With her screaming at him she panted in breathing. Still trying to hold herself up on her elbows. "We could have shared the pain!"

"We could have...!---" The blonde stopped speaking amid her labored breathing. Suddenly even she wanted to giggle but the feeling was swallowed down as a different feeling overrode even that. A horror and confusion at why THAT suddenly wanted to get out of her. This wasn't herself. "What is this...?" Again, she was trying not to giggle or laugh but it did dance in her confused words. Blue eyes looking around wildly at the fog on the floor before she was quickly trying to lift up on her arms enough to get her legs beneath her and stand without using her hands to push herself up again.

She swayed a bit on her feet. The feeling of being high is relatively new to her. There had maybe been ONE time before... back in college at CU all those years ago, that she had been drugged at a forest party. Combine that with half a beer at the time... Well, she had kissed a guy she had a crush on. But that was about the extent of her memory of this otherwise foreign feeling. So she knew something was wrong. Though she did have a far distant appreciation for it lessening the pain...

After the initial shock (not literal one) and confusion she would register that both needles had been used on Daiyu EmB was out for the count. And while Josh started walking away she yelled after him. "Come PICK UP YOUR MESS!" Which was followed by further panting of breath mixed with breathless sounding half giggles she was trying to keep out of her voice. The blonde stumbled over to Daiyu and EmB, trying to shake one and then the other gently, and if Daiyu was still convulsing on the floor she would try to hold onto the woman carefully until it was over.

[16:16] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) The tremors would eventually subside leaving him there on the ground in the thick gas cloud, his eyes remained closed as he fought an internal battle of wills. That friend in his mind creeping out of the shadows to sit beside his burnt, beaten, gun shot, and tased body, "hey kid." the voice said, "Been awhile." The figure offered a kind smile. He looked up at the guy, it had been awhile, and if he was here now it meant he was either dying or dead and needed something more to push forward once more, "Which is it?" he asked tiredly.

The figure was quiet for a long time before he spoke, "I don't think it's either, you're tired and worn out, but not dead, or dying." he scuffed at the guy, "How can you say that? I've been bashed with bricks, kicked in the side of the head, drugged, starved, electrocuted in a chair and with tasers again and again, I've been burnt, fallen from pipes, forced to do harm and then shot

myself in the leg," he spat out at the figure, "Death likely easier than any of that." and yet here he was pulling the consciousness inside him as he had done previously when he needed a little more strength to survive. "Why are you here?" he asked the figure beside him.

Again the man was quiet as he sat there looking off into the black abyss of his mind, "To protect you, you are not looking anymore at what you still have as you lay there in that room are you ready to die?" the figure asked, "Are you giving up?" he continued, "You have told them if they succumb to the deeds asked of them then they let them win, is it different if you die? After all that wouldn't bother the game masters would it?" the man fell silent again.

He growled lowly at the man beside him as he pointed out he was also giving way if he continued to lay there and give up fighting, but what could he do, he was in fact badly injured at this point, he was hungry, dehydrated and so exhausted, "What am I supposed to do? I have fought tirelessly, we all have and for what? Why has no one found us yet? Why are we suffering so much because we want better? What kind of world let's good people die, for the sins of others?" he hammered out the questions right back to the man in his mind.

"You tell me what sort of life this is, why I should keep fighting to live it when there is nothing but darkness at every turn! I am a good person, who wants nothing more but the best for this world that shits on me every chance it gets! I have no interest in continuing to suffer at the hands of monsters." he would fall silent as his own words replayed in his mind. He had given up that is what he'd done, and in turn the voice was right he was letting Tori and everyone else who wanted to break him win in the end. He shook his head trying to justify once more. "I am not the one who has lost, I die with my dignity and my morals."

The voice came sharp and uncaring, "THERE IS NO DIGNITY IN DEATH! THERE ARE NO LONGER MORALS TO PROTECT, TO INSTILL IF YOU ARE DEAD! WAKE UP BENTLEY! YOU DYING DOES NOTHING FOR ANYONE NO JUSTICE IS SERVED BECAUSE YOU DIE, IF YOU WANT TO BE A HERO AND FIGHT FOR WHAT YOU THINK IS RIGHT THEN WAKE THE FUCK UP!" the words like a knife to the gut as they pierced his mind. He knew it was true, dying was a coward's way out.

There was silence for a while as he considered the words of the figure, a sigh would escape as he closed his eyes in his mind, "Fuck you Bentley." With that his eyes opened once more to the room he was in, he coughed and groaned as he looked around the room trying to figure out what had happened in his time down fighting with himself in his mind. The figure he had been speaking to was created to protect his mind when he was tortured in the isolation cells by officer Greyson.

"I am still here, we are all still here, now lets get the fuck out." he said with a hint of renewed strength as he would once again try to push himself up off that floor catching the tail end of Josh stabbing Daiyu. "Coward." he spat out as he tried to figure out a way to get everyone out of that room.

[16:22] Jordan Rizzo couldn't help but laugh as he watched that chase, well, it was more like Josh storming towards Daiyu, and Dai going almost into a helpless pose much like he would if he ever got into a street fight. Just lift his arms and hope for the best. But watching as she actually got injected, his laugh would come to a choking halt. He was still finding something pretty funny, but it definitely wasn't the sight before his eyes. Joshua was right, Dai had wanted others to get the injection, but the Brit knew that it was because she wanted to save people, not hurt them.

As he went to inject her again, he'd extend his hand managing a quick "No!" But it was too late. She was getting injected again. It wasn't helping her at all, he could see the pain in her eyes. Besides, he had inhaled quite a bit of the gas by now and had come to the conclusion that it wasn't deadly. Unless you counted laughing to death. Which was technically possible. But would Tori be THAT demented? To tickle someone to death? Maybe he was wrong about Josh, at least it was starting to feel that way as he watched him stepping away from Dai who was in pain. His eyes would narrow as he tried to find everyone through the thick veil of gas.

Em B. was out like a light, or so it would seem as he would barely see the signs of her body on the ground. Emily had made her presence very known as she had dove in to try and save Dai, but without much luck. He'd canted his head to the side as he heard that giggle from Emily. He wouldn't blame her for it, or assume she was going crazy. If they were both laughing, it had to be the gas. As she tried to help Em and Daiyu, he'd press his hands to the ground as he managed to stand slowly. "Wait!" He'd pause fighting back his desire to laugh. "It's...it's just laughing gas." He'd say motioning his arms around as another chuckle managed to escape his lungs right on queue as if to prove his point. "It's not dangerous."

He was tired, weak, hungry, and he never took his turn to take a piss in the corner. So a whole host of things were wrong with him. But, he'd clench his jaws as he'd try to stand more upright. "Joshua..." He'd say only because it was obvious the man had been rewarded with his name, and saying it wouldn't give him a shock. "I...I can't move them by myself. Please...help me get them to the next room."

He didn't know Bentley was over there having an after life experience! He had actually counted the man out for now. But as he stood, quick to spit cowardly towards Joshua...for the first time since this experiment started, the rocker had no defending words for the ex-cop. He'd simply look towards Joshua, whether he was still walking away or not, as he called out. "Help us!" Whatever Joshua did now, would be the defining moment as far as he was concerned.

He wanted to still believe Joshua had been doing all of this to save them. He had to believe it. Otherwise...Tori's game made no sense. Clearly not everyone here was pure. So he'd move towards Emily, lowering himself to help pick up Daiyu or Em, whoever needed it the most as he looked towards Bentley. "Are you ok?"

[16:26] Daiyu (faithtang) had only been trying in life to do the right things. Find the wrongs, right (write) the wrongs and be loved for who she was and if she was honest with herself, be

recognised by people and praised. She'd started by thinking it would be easy, the Observer's style and journalistic credentials neither impressive nor hard to exceed in her mind. Finally something that years of expensive secondary school in the UK could be used for. But nothing had prepared her for Hathian... the brutality, the hate and the fear. Surely it was true there was also love and it WAS true that she was deeply in love with Daria; but the darkness outside the window of their little rundown cottage was ever-present and manifested in the eyes and actions of some of Hathian.

Em tried to protect Dai, but it wasn't possible. Josh was imbued with the strength of genetics and neither Dai nor Em had been able to prevent first one, then a second injection. None of the effects of the first had lessened by the time Josh stood over her screaming form and jabbed her again.

'I will not be subject to Criminal Abuse'; the words of Sonmi-451 were strong in Cloud Atlas but alas had no weight here against Tori or Josh or anything. Words were only a shield when people played by rules and without rules, that foundation and framework Dai had challenged Tori on, there was only 'might' meaning 'right'.

She'd held onto the empty gun and the cleaver and it had done her and the others no good. Josh, elevated above the rest, had his name back for playing the game, while those that hadn't, or had tried to be too smart were punished.

She spasmed and then the grand mal seizure took her and her muscles contracted as the fire in her veins burnt, scorched and hollowed out her body until it snapped and she lost consciousness, her muscles violently starting the clonic phase of relaxing then tightening. Her crying and screaming had stopped as she lay there in the spasms, but the blood continued to trickle from her many cuts and wounds while off to her side the weapons she'd hoped to save where they lay scattered.

After a few minutes, if nothing else happens to her, they would be able to carry her as before, though the seizure would make it very difficult. Once the muscle spasms had ceased, then it would still take another few minutes until she awoke from unconsciousness; the pain there, but like an all-body migraine as the drug wore-off. She wouldn't be able to do much more than choke in air like a stranded fish. If they left her then she'd be in this room with anyone else who stayed but would much the same the seizure would stop and after a few more minutes of unconsciousness she would awake. Jordan, Emily and others who had said kind words or tried to help here would have been appreciated, but she simply wasn't there.

[16:36] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When Em slowly regained consciousness, as Emily shook her, she saw almost nothing because blood had clotted over her eyes. She tried to remove the blood, but the vision of one eye was currently no longer existent.

Only now she realized that Dai was also lying on the ground, Em had no idea what had just happened and what Josh had done. She only noticed that he was no longer in the room, and

that probably meant that he had saved his own skin again. "Where's our wannabe hero for the poor?" she said sarcastically and then joined in the others' chorus, giggling and feeling like she could embrace the whole world.

"You guys are the best friends a girl could ask for, I want us all to be blood brothers," she said in confusion brought on by the drug. As Bentley and Jordan tried to help her get out of the room, Em would babble nonsense like: "where's my car? or hey we have a game corner at the Pawn Shop now" then she would hold onto Jordan's arm if possible and giggle the whole time. Until she would say " do you wanna be my daddy now because then I'll be your baby girl".

CHAPTER SIX

Room Six: Moral To The End and Or Corrupted By Chaos

[16:45] **Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther)**: After the second injection was given, the second lock came open. The door was open for them to get out of the room with the laughing gas. Though Daiyu seemed worse for wear and some of them would need to be carried. In the next room the Players would see many tools and weapons, obviously used for torture as a lot of them were rusted and bloody.

Another door stood locked and the security camera moved on them. Another thing that they might notice was what looked to be another body in the room, though like with Room 3, it was only a cadaver taken from a morgue and not poor Fiona who was actually dead dead and would not be coming back like Jordan had.

Once they were all in and people were moved, the door would close and lock. On one of the tables there would be some actual medical supplies, enough for everyone. Were the game masters generous? Nope! The intercom came on. "Congratulations to all of you for making it this far. This is the final room, you're nearly done. Only one of you has earned your name back. And because Josh has been such a good sport in carrying all your asses throughout the game, we decided to change it up a bit. In this room the intention was for each of you to choose someone in the group to harm. Before that last door opens, everyone must harm another Player in any way you see fit. Buuuutt. Instead of letting you choose, we decided only three of you get to choose. Which three get the choice to choose will be decided by Josh. And then the other three who get no choice? Who they have to hurt will also be decided by Josh. Tend to your wounds and let's see if your big bad savior will continue to save your asses or hold a couple of grudges."

[16:58] **JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex)** was content on his journey out of the room alone. He figured everyone behind would likely judge him for it. But when he heard the slander coming from all sorts of angles. He just stopped dead in his tracks. Now, for once, he turned to face the

crowd. Looking at them all as they were all losing their minds. "Hate me later. I am the ONLY reason you all are going to get out of here. Do not make me repeat it again. You all are too weak minded. This is not a game of who can outsmart them. This is a game of selfishness. And I am getting you fucking through it!" He finally snapped. Though, there were a few coughs in the midst of it. His own throat was beyond dry and he was straining himself arguing. "You all can sit here and blame me some more. Make me out to be the bad guy. But when WE get out of here, and we see that horrific Hathian sunlight again, you'll thank me.... one day." He lifted his shoulders in the form of a shrug.

They should likely stop and think at what all he had sacrificed himself to get here. While he often sat in the gray area of morality, he had crossed many lines since coming in this torture chamber. It was a mind fuck. And something he would never forget. If he only knew Bentley was assaulted by Brooks, he would sympathize with the guy. He hated Brooks. But at the end of the day, there was not much he could do.

He stopped his rampage to look at the damage on the ground. With Daiyu seizing, he just stared at her. Knowing it was far worse to move someone while in that state. So, while he might be considered heartless. He moved back towards the group. Once she was stable enough, Josh would lift Daiyu up like a sack of EMO POTATOES in tribute to Jade. And carry her to the next room. Without much remorse as he laid her off on the ground and not somewhere more comfortable. But hey! At least if she seized again, she wouldn't fall off of anything high.

But hearing the com he would listen. If anyone paid attention, they might see a sickening smirk on his face. Eying the group as the instructions were clear. It would only be a matter of seconds before he decided their fate. "Myself..." He started adamantly. No way was he leaving that to chance. He then pointed to Rizzo. "Four." Since Rizzo had been nothing but kind to him throughout this. At the end of the day, he was a petty fucker. "And... Six" He would also let Em decide who she would hurt. Looking upon the others in the room. "Daiyu has to hurt... Six" Since the two had a nice bond, and he purposely used her name as a retaliation. "Three has to hurt four" he was being generous there but had other plans as well. But he knew Bentley would not harm the women after his speeches. "Two has to hurt five" he couldn't help but to smirk a bit as Daiyu had irked ever last nerve in his body

[17:13] **Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther)**: Daiyu's collar would emit a shock, no mercy. But a mild one.

[17:23] **Emily Rose (02persocom)** would continue to hold onto Daiyu as she seized, turning her briefly onto her side until it subsided. All the while murmuring quietly that it would be okay and everything would be over soon. Which may or may not have been taken the right way. For all she knew the woman would end up dying from the two injections. But maybe knowing death was close was a comfort? She wouldn't know. When the seizing stopped she shook a bit with fear that Daiyu really DID die and she would lightly press her fingers to the woman's artery at her neck to feel for a pulse.

At least EmB seemed to wake up and that had the blonde take a deep breath in and hold it before sighing it out in relief. A little half giggle escaped her, remaining from the fog that finally seemed to filter back out of the room, as she saw the other woman hanging onto Jordan and say something about Daddy and Babygirl. Which only had her barely manage to hide a laugh behind her hand and the fact her face just turned a few shades of red. Second hand embarrassment, maybe? Regardless, she'd keep her mouth shut again. Even as Josh came back and seemingly aiming for Daiyu again.

Which had the violinist tense and sort of crouch over her a bit like a protective wildcat. Which of course would prove to do little to nothing in regards to Josh being able to easily swoop in and toss Daiyu over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. She let out another breath she didn't know she had held in. Getting to her own feet was a struggle but managed. Since it looked like Jordan and EmB covered, she hobbled over to Bentley.

"Here, use my shoulder as a crutch..." A weak little smile offered to him as she crouched down enough for it to be possible before straightening back to standing again. She couldn't carry anyone, that was for certain. Not with her mangled hands at least. And even with that, dragging someone didn't seem to be an option. If he accepted the help she'd look over her shoulder to Jordan and EmB before nodding slightly and heading into the next room.

Of course in the next room it was just further horrifying. She didn't even want to look around. Instead just try and focus on the others and the instructions. Shaking her head when Josh made his decisions. "No... change it." She urged him with a shake of her head again. "I don't care if anyone uses me as a pincushion at this point... Just, do that. I don't want to hurt anyone. And I'm asking for it. Because at the end of all of this, I know I can forgive everyone... Every. Single. One. Can anyone else say the same...?"

[17:25] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) would finally manage to push himself into a seated position with a few tasteful words being tossed about. He looked to Jordan "Ya man, I'm alright." he wasn't entirely sure he was but at least some fight had returned which indicated he was as Okay as he could be given the circumstances. As the room cleared once more taking the gas away he inhaled and exhaled heavily.

"Oh shut the Fuck JOSH!" it mattered not if he said the man's name which that alone grated his nerves, by being a spineless prick he was once more a person, how nauseating. "I will never thank you again, sure I have once in here but even that was a mistake, you are not a person, shit you're not even a monster, you're simply nothing." he ground out disgustedly.

Since walking was long since off the table for him he used his arms to move himself around the room, he would sit slightly off course from where he'd previously been "Sorry I can't assist to much with helping anyone else move," a hint of disappointment in his tone as he then began pushing himself backwards towards to the door of the next room.

As he entered he'd find a new wall to settle up against as he listened to the voice on the com kick back on, "Seems the game was decided the moment Josh here entered the game, you are person to them only because you are as twisted as them, no need to continue to try and keep spouting off nonsense own the bastard person you are." he huffed as he let his head rest on the wall a moment.

As Josh considered who he would pick, his head moved to the others, though they weren't looking much better than he was. They were all in the last room and not in a body bag, that counted for a little right? "Two, Four, Five, Six, y'all alright?" he asked, fairly certain that Five was unlikely to respond to him.

The effects of the laughing gas had helped with the leg trauma, but he was still weak, and exhausted. It did not give him more blood, water or food in his body, simply helped with the pain for a bit, he said as the dull ache occasionally sent a sharper one through him.

When Josh finally gave the orders for the new game, he simply shook his head, "I will not hurt anyone." he said matter of fact. Then once more resting his head back against the wall. "You're the one with no conscience, hurt yourself 6 times for the rest of us." he let his eyes close again as exhaustion was taking hold, he was conscious just resting for the time being.

[17:37] Jordan Rizzo his heart actually broke for Daiyu as he watched her writhing on the floor. Moving her wasn't going to be easy at all, so, regardless of if he was now starting to doubt Josh, he was happy to see the ex-cop coming back to help. There was a glimmer of hope after all. He'd nod to Bentley as the man said he was OK.

He didn't quite believe it, especially as he watched the cop use a wall as a crutch to get into the next room, but he wouldn't steal this moment from him. He had been down for the count and managed to fight his way back. That alone earned him a medal. And while the Brit didn't have one to physically give, he'd at least symbolically give one by letting Bentley see that he trusted him to be ok to get into the next room alone.

That left his attention for Emily and Em., so he'd happily take all of Em. B.s weight as she seemed to cling on and he moved into the next room. With the question, he couldn't help but laugh. "Yes...I'll be your daddy." He'd giggle. Now, granted, he still adored the hell out of Poppy. This was clearly the effects of the gas. Right? Not like anyone heard him say it anyway! Because he had no idea this was being broadcasted to the world.

Once in the next room, looking back to make sure Emily made it through OK, his eyes were once again on the man of the hour, Joshua. Their leader, it seemed. At least here. As numbers and a name were called out, he'd knit his forehead in a small wrinkle as he looked around the room. "I choose to hurt you then." He'd say looking back at Joshua.

This wasn't him finally losing faith in the man. Nor was it him trying to get some revenge for Daiyu or the unknown corpse he saw in the next room. This was just logic. "I'm not even half

your size, so I can't possibly do much damage to you. Not as weak as I am. And you're the strongest one left out of all of us. You've already shown a willingness to sacrifice for the group." Maybe he was tossing a bit of Josh's logic back in his face as a way for him to actually prove that all those words he was barking about wanting to get everyone out alive...was true. "So...I'll hurt you. I have no ill will towards you. Nor any intention to kill you. So, this is the best choice."

[17:42] Daiyu (faithtang) would have taken great relief in Emily being protective, but even with the best will in the world it still appeared might was right and that was one of the ways that the world sucked. Nomatter Emily's brave defense, Dai was still carried like an EMO Garden Gnome, fragile, ugly with her wounds and well, just Emo...

This is what she was as she was and laid (dropped) down by a wall. She would start to slowly regain consciousness with the fire still in her veins but 'burning' at a just about bearable 'temperature' and getting better little by little. Back against the wall when she managed to come to, she found she could hardly focus on anything.

Her eyes, swarmed by floaters took what seemed an age to clear and the nausea inside from the chemicals and other stuff made her feel like she would pass out again. She'd not heard the rules properly but the shock caused her to teeter and almost appear to pass unconscious again, her eyes rapidly moving under the lids as her chest heaved in air that didn't contain gas.

Bentley had been right, she didn't hear enough to confirm if she was ok or not and because of that as she came round she just caught Emily saying something about being a pin cushion. Her eyes fluttered as they stared at Josh, why was he getting to set anything; then she remembered, he appeared to be in league with Tori.

Her hands pushed up, fingers burning, but she couldn't get more than a few inches off the floor before falling back on her butt. She needed more time... water... medical care. It didn't matter if there was stuff in the room, she couldn't apply it and who had the training other than probably Josh and Bentley; one of who was surely not going to and the other shot and weak himself.

She sat there, under the tools and tilted her head towards Em once she came in. There wasn't any way she would be able to hurt the woman even if she wanted to. She was exhausted and wasn't yet able to stand so how could she hurt anyone and she'd even forgotten her earlier 'trick' to consider hurting meaning verbally, rather than physically.

When Jordan announced he would hurt Josh, she listened to his logic and found it correct. Josh had stayed the least injured and was the most likely to get out. She'd said it all along and now Jordan had flung the rude health card back at Josh...

She shook her head, Em wasn't getting hurt by her today or any day and she just spat bloody saliva on the ground, clearing her mouth as more blood trickled in from her wounds. She felt like death, so had no desire to spread that feeling to anyone.

[17:54] Em Bundy (sugarninja) She snuggled into Jordan's arm as he walked her into the other room and rubbed her cheek against his arm, "thank you daddy". Em was still giggling because of the effects of the gas. "oh what a surprise! a new horror room! boring, uncreative, repetitive, I would give the worst grade in school for this!" Thankfully the nitrous oxide was making her see the world a little more colorful and cheerful right now, who knows how long it would last. When Josh selected her she got to pick someone "oh oh oh number one you bad bad bad naughty rascal you, guess what who I pick wait wait wait... it's coming... it's legendary.... YOU! Karma is a bitch!" she giggled amused and threw him a kiss hand.

She went to the table with all the toys on it. She walked all the way around the table, sliding her fingers along the side of the table. "oh so many great things, how could I ever choose the best for our anti hero" again a giggle was heard. She raised the tip chisel in the air and held it like the holy grail "Josh" she said his name knowingly hoping his collar would grill him like he had Dai grilled. "how about a lobotomy today, a special offer free for a limited time only! With that you would always stay in the state of laughing gas, the world would be a better place for you, I swear!" but again she had to giggle, but the laughing gas slowly lost its effect.

Still, surprisingly, Em felt something like pleasure at being able to torture Josh right away. "You know what, I'm not going to tell you what I'm going to do to you. You have to trust me. Please lie face up on the floor and close your eyes while I'm doing it. You don't want the surprise to be spoiled, do you? And just as a tip for you... because I am a friend, don't move if possible, otherwise it will hurt more and look terrible. So I don't care, but hey I'm just a good person and I'll give you this tip!..ready when you are my dear" Then she looked at Dai "don't worry, I'll bear it and I know you're the brightest candle here in the chandelier, you'll find the best way to hurt a friend. Nothing you have to do I will blame you for!" Em had not yet fully understood in her delusion how miserable Dai seemed to be in the meantime.

[17:57] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The voice comes through the intercoms. "How selfish can you be? You were given your instructions and your target, now /do/ it. That door will not open until you do. Your pride and defiance does not benefit your fellows. You trap them." There would be a pause and then a sigh.

"How about I make this easy for you. Do what you're told. Refuse, and we turn on the collar of the person you refuse to hurt. And leave it on. Will you hurt them to spare them more pain? Or continue to hold onto your misplaced morals? You decide. You have 3 minutes."

[18:03] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was going to shorten his posts for the sake of the EU players. He listened to Rizzo's claim on things. And shockingly he agreed. He held his arms out for the guy. "I don't disagree, bring it..." He offered the guy a free reign to lay into him if he so chose. But it wasn't until Daiyu was yet again not learning. He looked over towards her against the wall and slammed his fists back against the table behind him. "Do you not understand! Look at where we are. This is just like room fucking 2!" He snapped at her. "We've all sacrificed something here. FINISH IT!" He shouted as he began to lose it further. He could only hope they were nearing the end.

He glared towards Em B as she defied him. A low growl escaped his lips as he thought he was sparing her. And quickly, he regretted his decision. "This is how you thank someone.... I've done nothing but protect you... Stabbed you where you could quickly heal. Carried you through this hell. Made sure you didn't blow up..." he let out a sickening laugh and his eyes scanned the crowd. They were right, he was in the best shape of them all. And the last thing he was going to allow was the band of them to gang up against him. He took a step back and glared at the young clerk. "Make it quick. Not playing your Koga fucking barbie games." His own hand grasping the machete for his own defense. But he made it pretty clear, he was not laying on the ground so willingly.

The intercom had his ears peeling back as he kept a close eye on Bundy. "You saw what Two did earlier. And you want to play a sick game...." He looked around the room, for once there was a bit of fear in his eyes. "And they say I'm far off. Just fucking stab me!" He shouted again as he grasped the machete handle until the whites of his knuckle showed.

[18:23] Emily Rose (02persocom) would quietly sigh at Bentley. "Stop antagonizing him!" She hissed just as quietly at him when he kept snapping insults and angry rhetoric towards Josh. She could understand why but it also didn't help any of them at all in doing so. Moving to somewhere in the room where she figured he could sit or lean on something with more comfort she would have left him to do that before looking back to the room.

She wouldn't deny Jordan's logic nor endorse it. Instead she would be looking around the room at the medical supplies. If there were burn creams, she would test a little bit of them on herself before giving it to someone else who would need it. She could only sniff at bottles of medicine or look closely at pill bottles before cautiously handing those to who would need it. Especially Daiyu who looked ready to keel over closer to death than the rest of them at the moment. But she would murmur a warning that she wasn't sure if they were even legit.

Bandages were easier to test and see if they were real and not tampered with. Finding a roll of gauze and what she could smell as antiseptic she then went back over to Bentley. "This is going to sting..." She muttered an apology before trying to gently move the pieces of his pant leg away from the bullet wound. Granted she was not about to pull a bullet out since she was not a physician in the least. But she could at least pour some antiseptic on it, clean the wound a bit, and try wrapping it up in fresh gauze.

"And what did I do, huh!?" She snapped her head to look over her shoulder and mildly glare at Josh. "Yes, I made the decision to have Three hurt me instead of myself having to hurt him! So he didn't have to feel pain! And then what?! I was punished more for it! And I ACCEPT THAT! But the pain was all on ME instead of OTHER people here!" She took a deep breath and shook her head slightly. "And what did YOU do back there, huh!? Instead of us figuring it out TOGETHER... YOU made the decision to stab Five with BOTH of those things! We could have ALL SHARED the pain and would have been LESS for all of us like in the first room. But no...

You had to let your hatred get in the way. So you hurt someone IMMENSELY so it was a balm on your ego!"

She was angry, of course. But the anger soon drained right out of her. "You mean well with your decisions. You have been doing what you think is right. But not every decision has been right or the least amount of pain for everyone. You're not a leader. No one here should be. We need to all do this together. Doing it faster isn't helping. We don't even know how many rooms there are..." adds in quickly. "We ALL need to just... calm down. And put the anger and hatred aside. So please, Six, calm down... before you do anything you'll regret." She would look to EmB before going back to trying to bandage up Bentley.

[18:32] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) he just shook his head over and over again as the others determined whether or not they would fall in line or march to the beat of their own drum, he could not and would not hurt another person. He stood there silently as Em went on about lobotomies, Daiyu was basically out for the count, and Josh was like ya let's do this shit I got big balls wanna see em, just stab me. "Idiot." he grumbled as he tried to think of the best solution to the current problem, something Josh may want to try.

He looked to Emily as she practically scolded him, he scuffed a bit, but the likelihood she was right was evident so he'd nod with a heavy sigh, he wasn't one to hate anyone, but surely cared not for Josh or his tactics, all he saw was excuses for being an idiot. He watched as she tended to his wound, he mulled over the things she'd said to the man, it wouldn't matter Josh did not think that way, and even now he doubted there was ever a time he thought that way, but he had no idea, and it wasn't his right to judge the man, his time would come. He waited patiently for the wound to be tended, saying no more for the time being.

His mind however continued to rack his brain as the voice, that shrill voice broke in the room again, "Oh shut the fuck up Tori! You want shit done, how can we think with your voice constantly breaking in, I have no ill will for these people even the bastard josh, you however, well..." he trailed off as a light-bulb moment seemed to strike him.

His eyes moved in the direction of Jordan, he rose a finger instructing the man to come closer before he'd whisper, "I will not harm you, but we are at least going to make it look real hmm?" he continued to whisper in a tone that only the two of them could hear, "Here's the plan, I am going to use your shoulders to steady myself before bringing up my good knee as if kneeling you in the sack, I won't make contact, but you sure as hell are going to act as if I did, got it?" his tone serious, but gentle as he really did not want to hurt this man who was so much like him even if somewhat different. "Make sure they believe it." he would give a nod to the guy as he brought his hands up to his shoulders to steady himself, "Ready?" he asked, literally willing the man to be a good actress.

Even if the others believed it real for him it was a middle ground that let him keep his desires not to harm the man intact, he was alright if only he and Jordan knew he had not been hurt, it was after all the only way to move forward. A small smirk played on the corner of his lips as he would

then bring his knee up making damn sure it looked hard only to stop just before the man easing up the short distance that would be difficult to notice so it appeared he made that connection. After a moment he would let his knee drop and release the man's shoulders as he leaned haphazardly back up against the wall waiting and watching Jordan.

Though still very much in pain he was extraordinarily grateful to Emily for the patching she had done, it made it more tolerable to be up. He looked to her as he waited and gave a curt nod, "Miss, I owe you one." The words are brief but carrying a heavy bit of gratitude for not leaving him to get infected or something worse. Even if she wasn't a doctor he would dub her one here and now.

[18:35] Jordan Rizzo was starting to tune everyone out. Plus it helped make for a faster post! It was all the same anyway. Everyone turned on Joshua. Joshua turned on everyone else. Things are going nowhere. At least Emily had the decency to think to tend to someone's wounds. Even if he wished she was tending to her own. He wasn't surprised that Josh agreed with him. It was really the logical choice. Once he was given the green light, and with Em doing a good job standing on her own now, He'd take a step towards the tall ex-cop that really did tower the fuck over him. "When we get out of here, I may look back and realize that maybe not everything you did was the right thing. I don't know. But for now, the last thing I'm going to do is turn against you...or anyone else inside this room. I'm saving all that energy for Tori and her lap dogs." He'd say looking towards the table of some used and rusty weapons.

After just a moment, he'd ball his fist as tight as he could before giving a full forced swing towards Joshua's face. If the tall brute didn't move, it would connect with that crack, sending a rush of heat through the rocker's knuckles and hopefully through Joshua's jaw as well. "Fuckin' A!" He'd yell as he jumped back a few steps giving a few shakes of his hand to chase the pain away. Really...his right hand was his money maker. Well, that and his voice...and face! So he was hoping like hell he hadn't broken anything on Josh's jaw. It did look like with was made of fucking steel. "Rules never said we had to use a weapon." He'd say grunting through the pain and giving a few more hops...as if that helped. "It said however we choose...so there...fat lip courtesy of the best string plucker in the fucking city." He wasn't really that cocky, it was just residual effects from the laughing gas. Yeah...that's it. "Hell, you could probably get away with just calling someone's mum a twit. And hurt their feelings." He'd say letting his London accent get deeper the more pain he was feeling coursing through his digits.

Bentley ranting at Tori would have Rizzo looking up towards the camera, as if he was trying to picture Tori's face getting annoyed. But maybe she wasn't annoyed. Maybe she was just cracking the hell up happy with what she had managed to get a group of six to do. He wouldn't put it past her. As the cop called him over, he would go, his steps a little cautious as he got closer. He wanted to get out of here, but he also wasn't looking forward to getting hurt. As Bentley spoke in a soft private tone, he'd go from looking cautious to looking outright horrified. If it was one thing he could do...it was act. He'd been in front of the camera more than enough times. It came natural to him by this point. So, when Bentley tugged on his shoulder to bring him closer, he'd actually try to fight back, but obviously he was weak, and injured so when he

stumbled forward, it wouldn't even come close to looking fake because, well it wasn't. He was hurt! And weak!

And when that knee came up just a hair shy of his groin, he'd give a fucking Academy award winning performance, parting his lips to let a half grunt, half scream, half squeak like he was falling backwards ass first into puberty. His hands would be quick to reach down to grip a handful of his bulge before simply dropping to his knees with a thud and a gasp. From there, he'd simply curl into the fetal position as he made soft gasps for air and whines. Yeah...he looked like it was a really good thing he already managed to have kids. Otherwise...the factory was now closed. Permanently.

[18:43] Daiyu (faithtang) listened to Em; listened to her seeming to be under the effect of laughing gas as she joked on how she would hurt Josh, it came across scarily and even as her head lolled forward for a moment she felt worry for Em. Irrespective of whether Josh would comply fully, he did seem to want to allow both Jordan and Em to take a shot at him.

Emily tried to pass out medicine and while it was appreciated, Dai had no idea what she needed for the drugs from the earlier room that were still burning her inside. She nodded gently, a sign of thanks, but would leave stuff for now.

Turning to Josh she spoke, "You..." she started, chin resting on her chest, "Finish it? When you choose a friend for me to hurt? Vindictive asshole..." She raised her head and pushed her hair which was matted with blood from her eyes before looking at Em. "I..." she tried to think of something that would satisfy the rules which didn't mean doing something she wasn't confident or capable of; she could hardly get up. The bloodied wedding band from Fiona was still on her finger and it was a cold, hard, dead reminder of how stupid decisions could lead to awful consequences. Em's trust in her was hard, she was at a loss, almost unable to do anything except sit there and now asked to somehow hurt her... then... then... she had an idea... she spat out more blood tinged saliva onto the floor and then turned her head to Em, "Listen to me, you're a good person from what I've seen and you try and that's all that anyone can ask of you. Thank you for trying..." she paused for a cough, "Thank you for helping me ... I am sorry".

She wished she had been more clever, but this was the best she could do and she hoped it would work. For a while she'd focused on 'harm' in the sense of something other than physical violence and now she had the idea... "We'll buy each other a drink when we're out of here number six" and with that she pushed herself to her feet and staggered over before claspng her hand around the woman's and then if allowed removing an engagement ring, a gold ring with white diamonds.

She knew it would be from Charlie, it was very sparkly and she knew that something that had both financial value and sentimental value; treasured memories. Taking her prize and before ideally Em could do anything she would place it on the counter then strike the ring with the machete just nearby, even as her fingers screamed at her.

The ring would break, band being almost cut as the softer gold was hit, while the diamond setting scattered into pieces as the mount failed. She swayed on her feet, the effort almost too much, "You said to choose how I harm her... harm can just as often be mental..." and falling to her knees she fainted, having done what she could to harm Em, without physically harming her. Dai had sentimental or expensive items and the loss of them would truly be harmful.

Having thrown her last dice, she collapsed slowly sliding to the floor again as her head injury from a few weeks previous interacted with the other trauma to leave her at the mercy of everyone until she recovered.

[19:00] Em Bundy (sugarninja): Em acted like she had to yawn at Josh's speech "sure big, I get it you're our favorite hero you get to keep the title. I'm not cutting off your balls, just relax and don't act like a baby. you just told Dai yourself she has to do it to end all this shit, so stick to your own words and let me choose what i will do like the rules said! and at least sit down, not everyone ate so much spinach in their childhood that they get as big as you! I just need to get to your head, and believe me, I could think of a lot worse. that's still pretty gracious, which I'm about to do!" she whistles like a construction worker when a beautiful woman walks by at Emily's speech to Josh.

"Hey number 4 is totally right at least about the beginning and middle part of her speech, I don't like the end. Number 4 it's inevitable what's about to happen and I have no moral qualms about it, it's even Christian what I'm about to do!" She would wait a moment for Jordan to finish with Josh and give him a brief pause for breath.

When all of a sudden the half-dead Dai trotted up and slipped her wedding ring off her finger. Em didn't really notice what Dai was doing at first, she was just amazed that Dai could even stand the way she looked. Dumbfounded, she watched Dai do what she did, more like watching someone explain something to you at school. Em stood there still, putting her hand on her chin and pondering. When she destroyed the ring, Dai slumped to the floor. Em took the ring in both hands, one half in one hand and the other half in the other hand. Looked at the splinters. A tear ran down her cheek. What if she never saw Charlie again? But..what were these materialistic things, Dai was in bad shape and she would take care of her as soon as she was done with Josh.

If Josh was sitting, kneeling whatever, she would close his eyelids with her fingers and then take a knife and chew on her lower lip, very concentrated. She would start to cut his true name on his forehead... In the meantime, you would hear a pleasurable giggle..like the lady in pink who had taken over the principal's position in Harry Potter for a very short time. "tadaaa" done. Show our friends your new look JOSH.

[19:10] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The control room was silent, nothing sparking out from the intercoms. Was it because Josh and Emily still had yet to perform their harms? Or was Jordan right and they were just annoyed? Though after a moment the intercom would crackle as if by accident as nothing came through for a moment... except the sounds of what might be

background noise, or two people making out. That after another few moments there would be a quiet "What? Shit..." And then the voice was back. "You still got one minute left. Two of you still haven't--" Another voice interrupted. "Oh shit, looking what Charlie's bitch did to him!" Then there would be what sounded like a snorted laugh before the intercom went dead again. Were those up in the control room now even really watching? Maybe. Maybe not...

[19:11] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) was keeping a close eye on Em Bundy, who seemed to actually lose her mind throughout all of this. How no one else was seeing this, and the lengths she was about to go through, was beyond him. "If you guys are going to judge me, I hope the same is said for her." He pointed that unarmed hand towards Em B to make his point more clear. She had threatened a lobotomy after all as if she was Jeffery Dahmer.

He felt the strike from Rizzo and his entire balance was knocked off. Quickly he stumbled towards the covered body off in the corner. As he felt the aftershocks of that, his skin heating against his jaw that hung off towards the side. He could take a punch, and the swelling behind his eyes still showed. His hand instinctively came up towards his jaw as he rubbed against it. Giving the man a nod of approval before Bentley took him down with the nut job of the century. He had missed anyone whispering. He had a serial killer to worry about.

He was hoping Daiyu would have distracted her enough with the whole wedding band ordeal. But in the back of his mind, he knew this was more of a test than anything. The smallest things had satisfied the game masters, thus far. And all of that was tucked into the back of his mind. Despite his drastic actions without properly thinking.

But after her speech, he caved in and he did kneel down. Though, he kept a cautious guard about him. But little did the poor girl know, foreheads bled like a mother fucker. So, as she carved into his skin, he would end up looking like Carrie reincarnated. From hell. Or Tori's dungeon, whatever your fancy is. His purdy face was now a victim in all of this madness. Now, he hoped his people knew someone who could fix this and fix it fast. But, not to worry, his normally inflated ego had left the room a long time ago. He was in pure survival mode.

But, he too, knew he needed to complete this task. Through bloodshot eyes, from his own blood, he rushed at the young clerk. Or gangbanger, as Tori dubbed Em. And he lifted her up, if he could.

Without even hesitating, he attempted to toss her smol booty right into the bear trap behind her. Who knew what part of the body would possibly land there, but he figured that would suffice for his 'task' and now, he had no plans on helping the woman out of it should she get caught.

[19:29] Emily Rose (02persocom) would figure that there were quite a few people who could attest she had a particular scolding nature about her that could be somewhat motherly despite her own age. How she kept it throughout the torture rooms would be anyone's guess. Even she didn't realize it. But as she was bandaging Bentley up she would keep her focus on it... despite also listening in on his whispering to Jordan. She wouldn't let any reaction reach her features

that she kept remaining focused on what her blacked fingers attempted to do. Her hands continued to shake... her movements clumsy even with the bandages. She had managed to get that bottle of antiseptic open but also managed to slosh more onto the floor than she meant to. The bandages were likely too loose on the first few passes and then too tight on the last as if she was trying to make up for the fact of the loose ones, so tie them all together that way!

A physician, she was not...

The blonde also couldn't really attend to her own wounds. Maybe the burns with some ointment at some point but she couldn't put pressure on her hands. Let alone her individual fingers that she tried not to look at. Some were twisted horribly and it made her sick to her stomach to even get a glance at them. It was so unnatural. And it was going to be a reminder of what else she lost. Or what she assumed would be lost. Her ability to ever play music again. And if she thought about that too long it would break her heart. Let it break later, she vehemently scolded herself mentally. Focus elsewhere for now.

When Bentley got up to go hurt Jordan she played along. "No, don't!" She cried out and moved as if she was too slow to lunge forward to stop it. Instead she turned away with a cringe, covering her face with her palms a few centimeters from her face to keep from touching it and putting pressure on her hands. Only turning back to finally see if Jordan was okay, which, of course he was. But she would pull out all of her own acting ability to feign she knew otherwise.

"You don't owe me anything..." She feigned being angry and growled at Bentley as she moved over to Jordan. "Are you okay...?" Murmuring gently to him and, as much as she wanted to pet his head to pretend to comfort him... she couldn't even do that. So her shaking hand would just sort of hover over his head before pulling back away.

Then looking over her shoulder to Daiyu smashing something that belonged to EmB. And for a moment she didn't know what it had been since she hadn't been looking before. But the way the other woman picked the pieces of the ring back up and looked more than just a little on the verge of tears, her heart went out for the woman, as she could only imagine what that had felt like. Even her eyes watered in sympathy.

Then when the woman went to go at Josh she could just try and utter out, 'Wait, wait, wait...!' to deaf ears. Cringing and looking away before realizing that maybe it was the best time to also do some acting. Inching back away from Jordan and managing to get back on her feet by pressing up on the heels of her palms... still painful, but better than nothing, she would turn and head over to Daiyu whom she was supposed to hurt. The blonde's movements were quick as if she were panicking but that was a show for the camera while her back was mostly to it.

"Scream. Loudly." She mouthed to Daiyu with a hint in her eyes. And hopefully while those behind the intercom sounded likely distracted with whatever they were doing, she kept her back to the camera. But she would make to hold at Daiyu's hand. "What's one more broken finger, huh!?" The blonde yelled out in a hysterical tone. There would be a sickening CRACK sound...

as she rebroke one of her own fingers. Since her back was to the camera, they wouldn't see how hard she was biting down on her own bottom lip to keep from screaming herself. Her teeth scraped the inside of it and drew blood into her mouth with how hard she was biting down but that was it.

She managed not to make a sound. Tears would still manage to well and fall down her cheeks but that could easily be mistaken for the blonde being... well, herself, and empathetic to what was happening. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." She would whimper painfully and keep apologizing as if she really had broken Daiyu's finger instead.

[19:33] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) His gaze stayed trained on Jordan as he leaned up against the wall embracing whatever little support it gave, when the man's face contorted like that of a deformed born baby he took all he had to suppress a laugh, the man was in fact a good actor, he gave a nod of approval as he trained his own expression to indicate one of regret and remorse sense it was only Bentley like not to want to hurt another person. Though he hadn't he knew for everyone's sake he would at least need to portray it like he had.

As Jordan fell to a heap on the floor in the fetal position, he quickly knelt down throwing out a slur of apologies, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't... I didn't mean to do it." He looked as distraught as if he had actually done it as he tried to offer a hand out to the man to help him up. If the man took his hand he would give it a small squeeze of appreciation.

He looked to Emily as he blushed slightly catching the subtle I know what you did expression before she too helped seal the acting skills himself and Jordan were doing, he gave a subtle nod as he mouthed "thank you."

When some time passed and it did not seem the com was going to challenge whether or not it was real relief washed over him as he once more stood leaned against the wall as the others took their turns to hurt another person. The whole thing made him sick, but it seemed morals were waning as most seemed eager if anything to harm the next person or at least they didn't seem to hesitate in doing so.

Regardless of the things happening he passed no judgment, they had all been through hell at this point so it was unreasonable to expect that all would be able to hold true to their morals. As the last of them would inflict harm he looked up at the camera, "You wet enough now Tori?" he asked "Can we go home now?"

[19:41] Jordan Rizzo couldn't really pay attention to what was going on with anyone else in the room. He wanted to, especially when he heard grunts of pain, or what sounded like ripped flesh. And he would surely have wanted to know what happened when and if he heard the sound of a bear trap slamming its jaws closed. But, he couldn't. He was playing the part of a man who just got kneed in the groin. And if it's one thing men could give a shit about after getting kneed in the groin is...well everything.

Not a damn thing in the world matters until the throbbing stopped. If he paid attention to anything else, he knew Tori would be able to call his bluff. So, he let the tasks play out around him. When Bentley finally offered him a hand, he'd take it, only moving slowly as if he was for sure injured. It was easy to act it out because his body had had enough. "My name...is Jordan Rizzo." He'd say looking up to the camera. "And just in case his tone started off too weak, he'd yell it a second time. "You hear that Tori?! My name....is

And all of my fucking friends just call me Rizzo! And right now, I'm the same fucking Rizzo that I was before I came in here. And there isn't SHIT you can do about it. You fail, you piece of shit! You won't break me. Or change me. Or any of us here. Because all of this...doesn't define us. It defines you. And you alone. You're a monster. A monster who wishes to be human. And because you can't be, you try to turn everyone else into monsters like you. But it doesn't work that way, you sick twisted fuck tard!" He'd grit his teeth as he pointed towards the camera.

"We're all going to be the same when we leave. We may hurt for a bit...but we'll heal. And then we'll go back to being everything you wish you could be. So, just remember that when you try to sleep tonight." He was pretty sure a shock would be coming his way for saying his own name. He wouldn't even care. If anything, if it would just help put him to sleep on the off chance Tori was never going to let them free anyway. He could sleep the night off.

[19:50] Em Bundy (sugarninja) When Em was done with her masterpiece and looked at it, she was quite, quite proud. "WOW and I thought I wasn't an artist" she shook her head "no life has done me wrong, I'm a born artist..look at this!!!" she turned once in a circle and looked once into all the pairs of eyes of the present people. When Josh grabbed her all of a sudden. Em fidgeted wildly in the air "what are you doiiaaiing?" In the next moment, she flew through the air and landed in the bear trap with her ass and because she had wanted to support herself out of reflex, her cast hand was caught between the ass cheeks and the bear trap.

The metal teeth of the bear trap bored deep into Em's ass and also into her cast hand. Because Em pressed with her full weight, quasi with her ass on the hand, at some point the still not properly healed hand broke . You can imagine what a scream was heard in the room. Em doesn't even stop screaming in pain and she was caught in the bear trap. Her leggings were soaking up the blood and the more Em wriggled n pain the deeper the metal teeth bored into her flesh. and oh surprise, because Em was so good at enduring pain she knocked out again.

[19:56] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): The tasks were done, the game masters not seeming to notice that two of the six harms were faked. Though now everyone seemed to be snapping or going a little crazy. The intercom was turned on then, but before anything could be said, the Players started to run their mouths. Jordan's collar would activate, giving him a round of shocks for saying his own name. But as Bentley spoke up, a voice much deeper than the normal voice spoke up. "If she is wet, it's because of me. You think the little amount of pain you useless fucks went through was enough to get MY girl wet? Here. You want to see her get wet? Heh." Suddenly there was a crank to turn the voltage on the shock collar up as far as it would go before holding the button down "How's that for getting her wet?" When that same deep voice

spoke again, there might be a hint of a cruel grin in that tone. "Beg for me to stop before you die and I'll let you go. Otherwise, we'll continue until she drips."

The voltage would continue for a little longer, before the voice says "You're going to kill him, my Yang. Enough." The voltage would suddenly stop and there was the sound of a few people snickering from the intercom. "Enough of this." The normal voice said. "Game's over. Well done all of you. Fuck, some of you even went to extremes when all you have to do was to what Number Four did. We never said you had to maim each other. Fuck. Congratulations on making it through. Time to sleep." And a new gas would start to fill the room, the one meant to knock them unconscious.

[20:06] JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex) had tried to be merciful towards Em B. But as she chose to harm him in such a vile manner, he thought without warrant and sent her launching through the air. His darkened gaze latched onto her. And when he saw her connect with the bear trap, and hearing that audible sound of her arm snapping a twisted grin came upon his lips. Maybe he had truly lost it. "Oooooops. Not so cute now..." he mimicked her tone that she had been using. He started to walk over towards the woman, as if he was going to help her. "And to think I was trying to help you... take advantage of such things. Would've thought Brandie taught you better" He lifted his shoulders in a weak shrug.

Whatever was happening, and the literal Tom Foolery, was lost upon him. He was holding his grudge with the women now. Something he had not done before in the past. Once upon a time he was much like Rizzo and Bentley. Still, with his new Em B classic art on his forehead, he seemed to be wearing better than the rest of the group. And for that, he felt good enough about it. It wasn't too long before the shocks were coming back.

Instinctively, his hands latched up to his collar out of pure PTSD. But, by now, he should know he was not being punished. Instead he looked to see Bentley being worn down by Elben himself. He didn't even speak up to stop it. Bentley had shown his choice of words for himself numerous times, and tucked into the back of his mind he felt the cop deserved it for still trying to defy the rules.

But when the game masters stated that the game was over. His eyes flushed with life again as he stared at the camera. All he wanted was to go home to his wife. That was his end game from the start, and likely the driving factor to the majority of his foul decisions. But before he could get a word out, he would sub-come to the gas that filled the room and drop down like a EMO SACK OF POTATOES (Shoutout Jade) and be lights out. Nini Joshy 'Judas' Kaufman

[20:29] Emily Rose (02persocom) was barely able to cradle her rebroken hand against her chest. More like her wrists were cautiously crossed in some awkward fashion as they violently shook, the rest of her arms pulled in tight against herself, elbows nearly digging into her ribcage. Looking on in horror as Josh launched the other Em through the air and there was the sickening metallic snap of the bear trap shutting on her. At least it was mostly on her ass, right? Thank god for small favors as it wasn't her head to get snapped in there by accident.

"Hurry... help..." The blonde would mutter to Daiyu quietly as she saw Josh move towards Em B but then stop instead of helping her. It was likely Daiyu would want to help her friend anyway. So the blonde would rush over and quickly look at the trap. Those things were on a spring mechanism so she indicated that to Daiyu with a tilt of her chin to one side of the trap. There were two small metal foot pedals on each side. "We'll step on that together..."

"One, two..." And on three they would step on either foot pedal to pry the trap back open. Both of them being useless with their hands, so foot work would have to be done. Afterwards, the blonde would stumble back, jolted in surprise when both Bentley and Jordan's collars went off.

"STOP IT! We've played your game! Let us GO!" She screamed at the camera. Dry sobs escaped her but there were no more tears left in her to shed. Just frustrated cries and another just as angry and frustrated scream was directed at the cameras. Then yet another as she moved to the door that seemed to still be locked. But she uselessly threw her weight against it with her shoulder. Repeatedly. "Let! Us! OUT!"

Finding that utterly useless she returned a few steps back into the room and let out a small cry of dismay. Of giving up. Pure defeat. "We're never getting out of here..." Her voice hitched up like a scared child. Then those on the other side of the intercom said it was time to sleep and all she could do was shake her head. Devolving into a childish sounding begging. "No, no, no... I don't want to sleep...!" Because in her head, sleep meant death. But it didn't matter. She soon crumbled to the floor as the noxious fumes sent her into the dark.

[20:29] BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt) He would just lean there casually now waiting for the others to finish, he was exhausted and his adrenaline now dying down. He looked over to Jordan who was once more giving a speech for the ages, he didn't have anything more to offer at this point as to him they had all fallen from grace except Emily, but he remained unaware that she had broken her own finger.

He looked back up at the camera as the voice returned, "finally." he murmured softly before a new voice came out over the com, he knew that voice, that was the fuck who took his foot to the side of his head the day he was kidnapped, "I doubt any of us actually want to be like you much less make the bitch wet by giving pain, if she's too dry I suggest Edward scissor handing that cunt of hers." he shrugged a bit pushing off the wall with a groan, "Oh and b..." the rest of the sentence cut short as a volt of electricity hit with vengeance.

This was not the same shock they'd been experiencing the entire time this was different, perhaps more meaningful, with purpose, his eyes widened as his body stiffened before it collapsed to the ground, he had no ability to stop the fall or protect himself as he went down. It was likely he looked like a possessed seal as his body contorted in various ways, one may have thought he was doing the worm at points, while another thought he was practicing his fish flop for some country festival, on the other hand he simply looked helpless.

The man couldn't get a word out even if he tried as his body continued to convulse, every cell inside him on fire as electricity continued to course through him, so they couldn't break him because he used his brain so to break him they fry his brain? What vegetable followed rules and directions? He likely would have been asking or at least thinking such had he not been trying to fight off the shock that just wouldn't let up. His bowls and fluids released as he lost all control over his body.

Eventually the pulse stopped but his body did not stop convulsing it trucked on like the little engine that thought it could. Stupid engine! He would never be awake to hear anything further or that they were done, he never even saw the room fill with gas again as his body just stopped, his eyes were closed, his body limp, no sound, no movement just a body was left, the real question being was he breathing and was that heart still beating...

[20:29] Jordan Rizzo was out of things to say. His mind would just go blank when he wanted Em to land on the bear trap. Normal version of him would have screamed and likely ran to help her. But tired, worn out and tortured he just found himself motionless. At least until he felt the shock of his collar. Down he'd go without so much as a fight to keep standing. So, when that nite nite gas came in to put them all to sleep, he was already halfway there. So out like a light he would go.

[20:31] Tori Yamato (hitori.skyther): Once all the Players were down, the room would remain silent for a few minutes, until finally the final door would open. Six people would walk into the room, wearing gas masks so as not to breathe in the knockout gas that was nor being aired out of the room. Elben Sandusky, Mu Yheng, Tori Yamato, Chasity Adachi, Lidia Daughtery and Jayden Jones all stepped into the room.

They were plain to make out and recognize, even if the lower halves of their faces were covered to protect themselves from the remnants of the gas. All six raised their middle fingers to flip off the cameras, snickers and some with laughing wrinkles around their eyes clear as day. Elben would step forward and speak. "We know some of you watching at home will be coming for us. Good. We really could care less. Looking forward to the chase, bitches!" And with that, the livestream would suddenly cut off.

MEET THE PLAYERS

Number one played by: JO HUA KAU MAN (xfortvnex)

Number two played by: Emily Rose (02persocom)

Number three played by: BENTLEY SCOUT BRAVEHEART (weebraveheartt)

Number four played by: Jordan Rizzo

Number five played by: Daiyu (faithtang)

Number six played by: Em Bundy (sugarninja)

