



Streets of Rage: Bare Struggle – Level 3 – Beyo

Beyo wasn't sure what had happened to her sister.

That was how she thought of Diva and Riha now. It had been years since the fall of the Syndicate, and she and her sisters played the game, were the head of the scariest criminal power in Wood Oak City. Diva was their face, Riha handled their money, and when either of them needed someone to die they found Beyo and gave her a name.

Beyo was a legend in the back alleys, a ghost that caused fear among the police the gangs alike. People came to Diva for information but they never arrested her, never tried to attack her, because the threat of Beyo was there looming over her every interaction.

She'd heard the stories – faster than knives with shadows in her hair, her touch full of poison, the land sickening where she walked in silent heels. The stories kept their enemies scared long before she got to them and killed them, and her kill count just made the stories grow more fantastic.

She was magic.

She was unstoppable.

The Coven could not be fucked with.

But it had been two weeks now and Diva was missing and neither she or Riha had been able to find the woman that had made them what they were. Her friend's little warehouse, the weird doctor that Mr. X had hated so much, had burned to the ground with the doctor inside of it. Riha was good with fire and sifted through the ashes but there was only one body – the doctor's – inside.

“Where the fuck is Diva?” Beyo asked.

“I have no idea,” Riha said. “How can I help you find her?”

Friends, Diva had called them. They hadn't been. Back in the days of the Syndicate, Beyo didn't think she needed friends, but the past few years had been good... *kind...* in a way she hadn't thought was real. All three members of the Coven brought something unique to the whole: Diva was good with people, Riha was good with money, and Beyo...

“You can't,” said Beyo, hugging Riha tightly. “Keep your head down and stay safe.”

Beyo slipped into the alleys where she felt safest.



Beyo had grown up in the slums and run down tenements of the city streets, the worst parts of Wood Oak City at the height of the Syndicate's power. She'd been another street rat, a victim of parents forced into absenteeism by for-profit prisons that paid police to fill a quota rather than enforce the law.

Even among the hundreds of rats like her, though, she stood out. Tall, spindly, and female, puberty had hit early and there were far too many predators looking to prey on pretty young things. She'd been taken and she'd been hurt and she'd been left on the streets to die. She knew better than to

resist. There was no one to comfort her, no one to tuck her in at night, no one to tell her not to seek revenge.

So she did.

Beyo learned to keep to the dark, to walk in the dark. It was safer in the darkness, where she was just one predator among many. She followed her abusers to their homes. Some of them she ambushed, using glass or rocks to cut them, pound them, hurt them, kill them. Some of those kids were from wealthy families, better off than her, so their parents called on the police and she had to hide until the police were gone.

She was lucky.

She was so lucky.

The parents and the kids all had to go at once, she decided, because the police in Wood Oak City didn't care about people that were already dead if no living people were there to complain about it. The answer seemed simple – she found where people lived, pretended to break in while everyone was out, and put rat poison in everyone's food.

Sometimes, she would stay to watch them die.

Beyo went after the abusers of other kids, too, not just her own but everyone else's. She never explained what she was doing but the smarter kids figured it out – if you fucked with any of the rats on the street, someone was going to come and kill you and your family.

No one knew it was her, she thought. She was just one more shadow moving through the dark, one more killer in a city full of them, beneath notice.

And then, in her late teens, she'd been grabbed and thrown into the back of a limousine.



“You know who I am?”

She nodded. She did. She had never seen him before but that didn't matter.

How could anyone not know who Mr. X was?

“Do you have a name?”

“Beyo?” she guessed. Her parents had died in prison waiting for their trails and they were the only ones who might have known. Beyo sounded right. It was what she half-remembered them calling her.

“You high, Beyo?”

She shook her head, no.

“You're going to be.”



He stripped her, fucked her, tied her down, injected her with things.

Every poison he could think of was shot into her veins, burning through her body, a thousand different fevers working their way through her. He made her suffer, made her prey, made her pray for death.

“You're never going to die.”

He thrust into her and her hips pushed back, enveloping him. He was too thick for her thin body, bigger than she was tall. He filled her and never seemed to cum, forcing pleasure on her but never seeming satisfied himself. He was a monster, a nightmare, a giant, a god.

She worshipped him with her pain.

“hhhhhurts,” she whimpered.

He shushed her.

That was the worst part. This giant of a man and his machine gun, washing her hair, washing her body, reading her bedtime stories, tucking her in at night. He injected her with death and then did the same thing to himself.

She screamed, cried, begged for death.

He took the same pain and shrugged it off.

“You interest me. You killed whole families, entire bloodlines. Did you know that?”

She didn't. She had no idea. But she told him anything he wanted to know.

He laughed at her struggles, approved of her murders.

“I have a place for you.”



The dosages of poison stayed the same but the pain faded, lessened, was gone. Mr. X released her, helped her stand on unsteady legs, led her to a table and helped her sit.

There was food, hot food, freshly made. Her mouth watered. Her stomach ached and rumbled. She was devouring it long before she noticed the rat poison. She stared at it, at him, in horror.

“Don't worry. I've made you immune.”



She didn't understand what he'd done to her, not really. Poison didn't touch her. Disease washed over her. She learned he'd tried to do this dozens of times before but there had only ever been a handful of people that had gained the immunity he had been trying to give them.

"You want to keep doing what you were doing, you can. I'll even pay you to do it."

She nodded. He's given her clothes, an apartment with a working bathroom, a kitchen with clean running water, luxuries the likes of which she never could have imagined as a rat on the streets.

"The deal is, I give you a name, you make that person suffer. You make that person die. Deal?"

She nodded. What else could she do? She nodded.

Mr. X was the biggest predator of all.



Mr. X gave her names and she tracked them down.

She had a knack for it. People went to ground and tried to hide from him and she found them, slipped closer to them, poisoned them and their families. She had a kill count that sat comfortably in the mid-to-high hundreds.

People talked about the violence of the Syndicate, of the colorful killers that led the gangs of Wood Oak City in Mr. X's name, but no one spoke of her. She was a rumor, a whisper, a ghost story used to frighten people that might have preyed on the gutter rats like she used to be.

She didn't get all of the ones that preyed on the rats, but not for lack of trying.

Mr. X would host her for dinner once a season and they would eat poisons together.



And then Mr. X died and the Syndicate fell apart.

So she went back to Diva's home and searched it. She found evidence of violence. Gunfire leaving dents in the walls, the ash marks of small explosives on the floor, the deep careful cuts of a sword at play.

Beyo frowned.

"Who the fuck uses a sword?" she mused.

"I do."

A slip of a girl was sitting by the window. Beyo was surprised; it had been years since anyone other than Shiva had been able to sneak up on her. Beyo narrowed her eyes, letting her snake creep across her shoulders and down one arm. The girl wasn't alone. Another girl – no, a boy, she was pretty sure the one holding the gun was a boy – was sitting on Diva's couch, looking at her

with an easy malicious grin.

"Beyo, babe," the boy said. "We've wanted this meeting for a while."

"Be a good girl and come with us," the girl said, "and we will let you keep playing with your friends. It is the least we can do."

"Least we can do," the boy echoed, chuckling. She stood, feeling safe in her power.

"Where's Diva?" Beyo asked. She was taller than them, stronger, and she had the poison. She walked towards the boy, snake snapping alongside her hand.

"Well, if you're going to be rude about it..."

He didn't have time to move before the snake snapped forward, a coiled spring, biting him, injecting him. He looked at her and smiled, sat and knocked her snake on the head.

"Father told you a handful of people survived the treatment," the girl said, hopping down from the ledge. She had a sword in hand, brought it up in a polite salute.

"Wait," Beyo said, panic in the word as she knew them.

"Naw," the boy said, grinning.



They hurt her.

She was quick as knives but they were faster. She had her poison but they shared her immunity. There was nothing she could do to keep them from beating her down, cutting the clothes from her body, standing over, ruling her like the god that had sired them. She stopped resisting. She cried as she let them use her like the rat she had been, the rat she always would be.

Unlike their father, they enjoyed using her. They took glee in riding her hips, her face, her backside. They took joy in the shallow cuts they left along her arms and tits and inner thighs. They laughed while they screamed, toying with her, two alley cats torturing a rat to death.

She cried.. She sobbed. She couldn't help it.

She felt like a child.

"You're never going to die," Mr. X's son said, kissing her forehead.

"You are family, of a sort," Mr. X's daughter said, brushing the tears from her eyes, the sweat and blood from her body. "We're going to take care of you."

Beyo whimpered and the twins laughed, giggled, touching her.

She knew better than to resist.



"It was a terrible tragedy, simply terrible," the Commissioner said. "The laboratory of Dr. Gilbert Zan was recently consumed in a fire that originated in the lab itself. Dr. Zan is most noted for the invention of the explosives that threatened Wood Oak City almost a decade ago, and so we must assume that whatever he was working on simply got out of hand. He'll be remembered for his efforts in prosthetic limbs, mechanical augmentation, and explosives. He has no known family, but a public ceremony will be held in three days at Wood Oak Cemetery."

Floyd watched as the Commissioner opened the floor to questions and the press asked nothing important, as bought and paid for as the rest of the what ran this city. He caught the Commissioner's eye before he turned and left, lumbering away before his arms gave out.

He'd lost his arms in an accident and Dr. Zan had replaced them for free, giving him cutting edge prosthetics, but without the doctor to maintain them they were beginning to glitch. Still, Dr. Zan had suspected something was turning sour in the city, and Floyd was determined to find out what it was.

"Floyd Lawson?"

The voice tore him from his thoughts. There were cops all around him.

"What?" he asked.

"We're here to arrest on suspicion of the murder of Dr. Zan," one officer said.

"You can't arrest someone on suspicion," Floyd said, turning to look down on the man. "Look, if you want me to answer any questions, I'm happy to-"

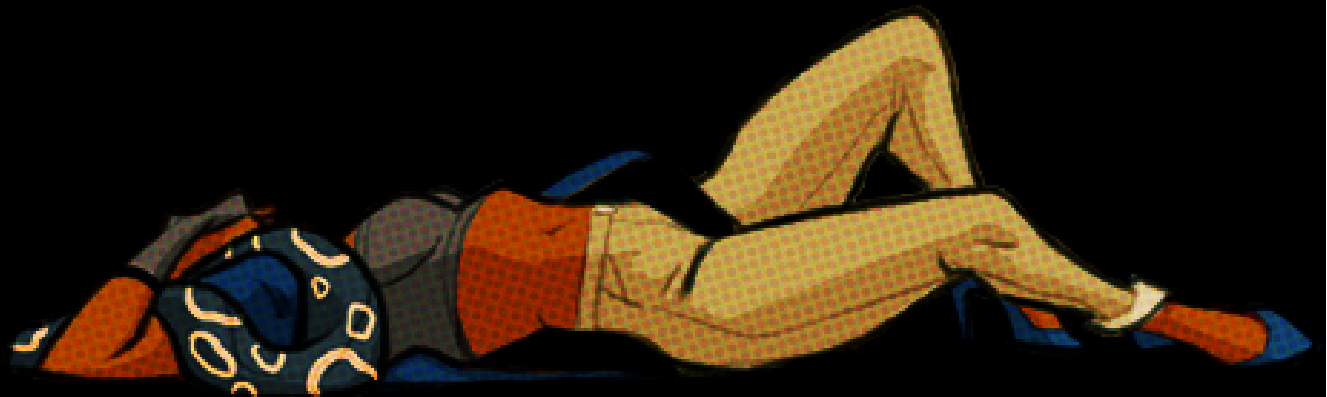
"He's resisting!" one of the cops screamed, attacking him.

They came in waves, which was unfortunate for them. He'd been an MMA champion before the accident, and the mechanical arms only made him more dangerous. He slammed cops into cops, beating down officers left and right, punches and suplexes knocking them to the ground until his arms began to glitch.

Weeks of no maintenance and the taser attacks of the cops weakened his arms, made them glitch and twitch out of control. The riot cops arrived just before the press. He tried to surrender but couldn't, tased and beat down, surrounded and beat down, trampled and beat down.

Through the boot and the batons and the tasers, he caught the eye of the Commissioner.

The man nodded, then turned his back and walked away.



STREETS OF RAGE: BARE STRUGGLE
LEVEL 2 - BEYO
- COMPLETE -