



## Streets of Rage: Bare Struggle – Level 4 – Riha

The gallery was a massive tribute to the culture and creativity of Wood Oak City. It was a celebration of a city pulling itself out of the ashes, a showcase of the talent hidden among the derelict and forgotten. It was all this and a massive means of laundering money for one of the most powerful gangs in town, made possible by the artist-in-charge.

Riha was a striking figure, tall like a model and built like a kick-boxer, dark skin and golden hair, dressed in bright colors and carrying a snake as an anxiety animal or fashion accessory or conversation piece or all three. The news media loved to interview her. Her insta and tiktok follower count was in the cool low millions, she talking art, snake care, city history. It wasn't just that her thumb was firmly on the pulse of everything cool in Wood Oak City, she *was everything cool* in Wood Oak City.

The fact that she was also one third of the most feared gang in the city was more rumor than anything known, but that just added to her appeal. This statuesque gold-haired black-skinned creative genius was impossible not to watch. She was beautiful like a forest fire and twice as warm. She even danced poi to stay in shape, and taught others how to do it.

Flash dances took on a whole new meaning when everyone was spinning poi.

Her sisters at the head of the Cronos were both victims of tragedy, but Riha had grown up rich and kept being rich. She'd gotten involved in crime for the thrill and for the drugs, but she'd never met Mr. X and thrilled when her sisters spoke of the now-dead tyrant.

She didn't really believe that he was a giant.

She didn't really believe in his violence.

She didn't really believe in his poison.

She had never seen the true face of Wood Oak City.

And so she wasn't really worried when Diva and Beyo went missing. Stuff happened, and she'd talk with them when they got back. Diva was doing whatever weirdness she did, and Beyo was probably on some kind of hunt again; Riha had a sneaking suspicion that Beyo was a serial killer, but she didn't want to believe it, not of Beyo.

Riha managed the art, managed the money, managed her social media accounts. She was happy. She bought a collection and put it on display. She arranged for a month's worth of concerts at Wood Oak City's brand new state-of-the-art stadium (*Go Stabbers~!!*), bringing in pop acts, rock acts, the thrilling electronic explosions of DJ Washi.

Everything was awesome and beautiful and perfect.

And then the Y Twins showed her the true face of the city.



“You're her, right?”

The boy was younger, younger than Riha. He dressed casual rich, old money in modern style, his hands in his pockets, the smile predatory. She knew his type, the rich kid brats from the same country clubs

she'd gone to, the ones too rich to ever have to worry about anything as silly as a consequence.

"I am Riha, yes," she said, striding over to him, offering him a hand. He grinned, took it, kissed her knuckles and ignored her snake as he did. Fearless, this one. Fearless or stupid. "What can I do for you?"

"This Crone thing you have going on," he said, paused, stared at her. "We want it. You work for us."

She couldn't help it.

She laughed.

"And who do you think you are?"

"I am Mr. Y," he said, taking his hands out of his pockets and throwing them wide. "You should know me. My sister's around here somewhere."

"I am admiring the art."

Riha turned to find the sister standing, hands clasped over her pert little bum. The resemblance was easy to see – the skin tone, the cheekbones, the white hair, the contempt.

"Did you find anything you like?" Riha asked.

"Quite," Ms. Y answered, turning to face her with a sword in her hand. Riha did not see where the sword had come from and could not imagine the girl hiding it in her oversized shirt she was wearing and the nothing else she had on. "I would regret destroying your collection, perhaps for so long as minutes. From one art lover to another, surrender everything you are to us."

"Not a single chance in all the fires of hell," Riha said, reaching down and touching the floor. The fires burned out and around her and she stood among the flames, untouched as the world threatened to burn.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yeah, you're her," Mr. Y said. There was a gun in his hand. "Riha, least of the Croners, burning slow and steady." He raised the gun and shot her, once, twice, three times. The fire went out and he stood over her, still shooting, his expression and body language casual as rubber bullets slammed into her belly, her legs, her shoulders. Her snake tried to slither away but the sister caught it, lifted it, threw it away as she stomped over top of her.

"You stupid cow," Ms. Y snarled. "I told you you'd suffer if anything got damaged and so you lit a fire? In here? You lit a fire?"

Ms. Y leaned down and slammed the pommel of the sword against Riha's head.



Riha groaned into consciousness, her head an aching canker. She was on the ground, her jacket gone. She tried to sit up and pain shot through her, the strain bringing fresh agony but no movement.

"You can't move." Ms. Y was sitting cross-legged nearby. "Which is a shame."

Riha roared and tried to use her fire, but the technology was gone and she could only just roll over. Pain echoed through her whole body when she did, the roar choking into sobs in her throat before she'd even



rolled over from her back to her belly.

“Oh, boo-hoo, I'm in so much pain,” Mr. Y taunted, walking into her field of vision. He had a contract in his hand, a piece of paper that she saw detailed everything she owned and authorized a transfer of ownership to the Y twins. She stared at it, spit blood at it, but Mr. Y only smiled, then stood and laughed, leaving the bloody paper in front of her. “Do what you like. We have copies.”

“Father said that the best way to do business was above board whenever possible,” Ms. Y said. “And this is business, just business.”

“It,” Riha swallowed. “It feels personal.”

“That's not our problem,” Mr. Y said.

“And it is not as though you could sign anything at this moment,” Ms. Y added, pulling more screams and cried from Riha, flipping her back over, showing Riha her swollen fingers.

“Aw, does the big bad art witch's body not work properly?” Mr. Y smirked.

“I used this,” Ms. Y said, tolding up a taser. “I pressed it on every single one of your tendons, where they connect to the bone and one another.”

“She even did it in alphabetical order,” Mr. Y added.

“I do not think she remembers, brother.”

“She's passed out a bunch every time you've done it so far.”

“Riha,” Ms. Y said, tapping the limp girl's face with the taser, letting her finger play along the switch that would send 50 thousand volts directly into Riha's cheek. “We are going to play a game. We have been playing this game for several days now and I am not yet tired of it.”

“My sister's going to shock you,” Mr. Y continued, grinning at her. He knelt down, casually grabbed one of her breasts, smiling at her inability to stop him. “She's gonna keep doing it, all your tendons, all their connections in alphabetical order. You remember this, right?”

And she did.

She remembered being taken here, waking up without her snake or her fire. She remembered how fast Ms. Y was, leaping from so far away and driving the taster into her, again and again, driving her to the ground and tazing her, tazing her while she screamed, tazing her unconscious, tazing her while she was unconscious.

She remembered how slow she was when she'd been awakened and forced to live through the whole ordeal again, and again, and again. How many times has Ms. Y beat her down? Every time she awoke she was weaker and Ms. Y just looked stronger, faster, radiant with the glee of sadism.

“She remembers,” Ms. Y said, smiling down at her. “All you have to do is stay conscious until I'm done. Are you ready?”

Riha screamed, tried to move, sobbed. She was not ready, but that didn't matter.

Ms. Y came anyway.



The next time Riha awoke she failed to curl in on herself and sobbed.

She hadn't managed to stay conscious, not once. She thought she might have been able to, flailing uselessly at Ms. Y and trying to knock her away, but the barely dressed monster had let Riha hit her, nuzzled into Riha's pathetic attempt to defend herself. Ms. Y hummed to herself, straddling Riha, lying down beside her, moving around and always looking deep into Riha's eyes, soft flesh and hard muscle and an angelic face marred by eyes the glittered with sadism.

“You are so much more and less than your little friends,” Ms. Y hummed, running the taser down Riha's belly, down her hip, down between her legs. “But then, you never knew our father.”

Riha pleaded. She begged. She would have done anything, signed anything to make the pain stop.

Ms. Y even gave her a pen and let her try but her fingers wouldn't work, couldn't work.

She cried.

“I appreciate your efforts and your understanding,” Ms. Y cooed, stroking her hair. “You're a good girl. Our good girl, yes?”

“Thank you,” sobbed Riha. “Thank you.”

“You are our good girl,” Ms. Y hummed, still stroking her hair, eyes narrowing, voice a hiss, “*but you should have been from the start.*”

Ms. Y activated the taser, pressing it right over Riha's clit, holding it.

Riha screamed until she lost consciousness.



There was a tugging on her leg, on her ankles.

Her eyes fluttered.

*What now?* she thought.

She was in a throne room, she saw that, an actual throne room with suits of armor. Sunlight beamed into the room from stained glass windows, giving two throned figures halos they did not deserve.

The Y Twins, looking angelic, looking like goods, both of them leaning forward.

Between them, hands bound behind her back, was a brunette that Riha vaguely recognized – a dance instructor maybe? Blaze something? She looked doused. Her cheeks and eyes were puffy from crying. Her cunt and tits were swollen from mauling. She was collared and chained and on her knees, chain-leashes extending to the twins on either side of her.

The pity Riha felt surprised her; with the pain she felt, she did not think she could feel pity for anyone else.

Another tug on her ankles and her legs were pulled up off the floor. She looked – her ankles were tied

together. Her wrists were tied together. A tug on the rope and she was dragged away from the carpet, away from the world, up and into the air. She dangled and saw her sisters, Diva and Beyo, pulling the rope up, tying it in place.

Both of them were naked, their eyes haunted, their cheeks swollen and eyes red.

“Diva?” cried Riha, and the woman flinched at the sound of her own name, saying nothing. She dropped her head, shaking as she walked towards Riha, hand-in-hand with Beyo. “Beyo?”



“They know better than to speak in this holy place,” Ms. Y said, yanking the chain. The brunette fell to the side, landing on her shoulder and looking up at Ms. Y. The gang lord shoved a foot into the captive woman's face.

“Yeah, they remembered their place, but you,” Mr. Y shook his head and laughed, leering at her, “You still gotta learn.”

Her sisters came to her with knives, cutting the clothing from her body, stripping her down to nothing except her pink panties.

“I'm so sorry,” Diva whispered, yanking her hair, grabbing a tit, forcing Riha's face between her legs.

Beyo was playing with her panties, sawing them between her legs, slapping her ass, tickling her inner thighs. Her muscles were still beaten into paste and every touch hurt, her screams and whimpers finding a home in Diva's oily sticky folds.

The worst of it wasn't the pain, although the pain was horrible. The worst of it wasn't the pleasure, despite not wanting to feel it. The worst of it wasn't that this was being done by her friends, her sisters,

two people she had thought of as family, two people that she had thought were invincible. The worst of it wasn't her nipples being tweaked or her panties being pulled up and her cunt filled with Beyo's talented fingers or being made to cum while she screamed and begged between her friend's legs.

No, the worst of it was the pleasure and the indifference of the twins as they watched it all, entertained by forcing the best people Riha had ever known to do this to her again and again, savaging another orgasm out of her, another orgasm out of her, pleasure a lifeline through the pain and the humiliation.

Part of her was dying from this, she knew. Part of her would never recover, part of her love for her friends would be changed and wither away. They would remain close because of shared trauma but nothing could ever be the same.

How could it be?

How could she look her sisters in the eye after the twins had raped them all like this?

And through it all, Riha's eyes lingered on the brunette as she was pulled back and forth, as the uses she was put to were somehow even worse.

*You should have saved us, she thought, though she didn't know why. You would have beaten us down and it would have been better than this.*

But the brunette was living her own nightmare.

And Riha knew she would do anything to never have to live anything like what that Blaze girl suffered.



S T R E E T S   O F   R A G E :   B A R E   S T R U G G L E  
L E V E L   4   -   R I H A  
-   -   C O M P L E T E   -

Ms. Y liked to bathe her, fix her hair.

Mr. Y liked to cook for her, feed her.

She was rarely out of their sight. The collar around her neck had a taser function that either twin could activate by remote, or by pulling her chain leash taut. She learned to watch them, watch their hands, their arms. The whole of her being became about anticipating where they were going, what they were doing, what they might want from her.

Mostly, they wanted her tongue.

Ms. Y sometimes scissored her, enjoying her strong legs and hard belly.

Mr. Y liked to bend her over and fuck her ass, pulling at her hair, groping her.

The twins took turns keeping her in their rooms, leashed to their beds. A buzz from the collar would wake her up so that she could creep into their blankets and wake them up just how they wanted. Ms. Y liked slow kisses up her calves and thighs, a quick suckling cum on the crest of waking, and then to cuddle afterwards. Mr. Y liked her to use her mouth to swallow him whole, bringing him to hardness, and then to have her ride him until he was ready to ride her.

“Hey, Blaze,” he would say, and she knew better than to speak, better than to respond to her name, but she still hated when he said that, hated the smug certainty of it. “Cum shot.”

He felt like a sickness inside her.

They didn't want her hard body to waste away, so they came up with ways to exercise her – leashing her to the back of a car and making her run, leashing her to a treadmill and making her run, leashing her to a weight machine and making her lift weights quickly and descend slowly to avoid being shocked. The latter was the only time her hands were free.

She did squats, planks, her every waking moment spent working out or getting fucked or being tortured or shown off or cleaned out. The gang members that used to fear her, used to respect her, that still told stories about how she and her friends had killed Mr. X lost their fear of her between one gang bang and the next. She had no choices, no agency, nothing to look forward to except those quiet lonely moments where one twin or the other pretended to care about her.

They never, ever, ever let her cum.

Not once.

Not when they had her fucked, not when they were riding her, not during any of the gang bangs. They kept her hot and ready, kept it so that every touch felt sensual, kept her in a constant state of need that would never be fulfilled. It had only been weeks but it felt like lifetimes and she was stunned – *stunned* – that they had reduced her to this so quickly.

“Oh, Blaze,” Ms. Y cooed, “I can see it in your eyes. You think you are broken, but you have so much further to fall.”

Blaze looked at the floor and whimpered.

She knew better than to speak.

She knew better than to acknowledge her name.

They made her watch what they did to the Crones, pulling her back and forth between them as the Crones fucked one another senseless. They made Blaze lick them, kiss them, ride them, and then they tossed her aside and descended on the Crones like ravenous cannibals, biting and fucking, a horror show that left all three women shaking on the ground, sobbing as they held one another, and still the



twins weren't sated, still they looked at her with a horrifying gleam in their eyes.

“Hey, Blaze,” Mr. Y said.

“Come and lie with us,” Ms Y demanded.

And Blaze tried to crawl to them but the leash wasn't long enough. She cried, caught between obedience and punishment, and they laughed at her, mocking what they had done to her. When they finally untied her leash and brought her into the cooling pools of cum, sweat, and blood, they held her, cooing into her ears, rocking her back and forth, playing with her hair, touching her, touching her.

“Should we let our little pet cum?” Ms. Y said, her fingers drumming along Blaze's inner thighs.

“Naw,” Mr. Y answered. “She's primed for it, not that either of us care. There's still so much work to be done.”

Blaze simpered, mewed, whimpered. She let them use her.

There was nothing else she could do.



STREETS OF RAGE: BARE STRUGGLE  
LEVEL 4 EPILOGUE - BLAZE FIELDING  
- COMPLETE -