

## Prologue

“The strange world of monsters and the strange Tv program.”

The memories remained very confusing, but still clear within the mind of a young woman who had arrived at a dark room. It had no decorations, just four dark walls, a big bed which was exactly in the middle of the room and where the woman was laying on. But there was also a strange and old Tv which looked kind of broken, a fact that accompanied the weird ambient in the room. However, even with all of that, the unusual serenity the young woman was showing was equally scaring, or maybe likeable.

The young woman, no older than 20, had an exotic and attractive appearance to everyone's eyes. Her long orangette hair resembled steady flaming fire with an ample bang that covered one of her deep scarlet shining eyes. Her outfit consisted of a simple shirt which seemed to be the only thing covering her endowed round bust, a large military styled jacket and finally, very tight pants torn in various spots, all of it just to display the rebel personality of this young woman.

“2112, 2113, 2114, 2115...” - A count came out the young woman's lips, who didn't take her eyes off the dark ceiling that was slowly getting cloudy because of a strange creature which hopped along the count.

A few creatures that without any doubt were ships, but with the morbid detail that they only had one eye on their skulls, hopped onto the young woman's bed and above her.

“2116, 2117... buaaaa.” - A snore interrupted her count and her attitude slowly changed, from a relaxed one, to a very aggressive one.

“This doesn't work! How long must I keep waiting here?! It is not possible that I lost in the first round!” - The flame-like haired woman shouted in great anger.

The loud shout and sudden furious reaction put an end to the constant hopping on the bed of the poor one-eyed ships. They shivered while looking at how the strange woman was now seated on the edge of the bed, so angry she seemed to be about to burst fire from her body.

“They cheated! Yes, there's no other way to explain it! Damn it! I have to talk with the host! He can get me out of here for sure! Yeah!”

With great enthusiasm, accompanied by some frustration, the orange-haired young woman approached the door. She grabbed the knob and pulled it strong and furiously, just to find out it was unlocked all the time.

“Wait. I'm not locked! Damn it, I was waiting in vain!”

When looking side to side out of her dark room, she found a big hallway that seemed to have no end, but there was something sure, it led to the 'Host', the person she had to look for to expose her strange case.

“This place is huge. They should place a Location Board somewhere.” - She muttered for herself.

Never stopping her complaints and being followed by the ‘cyclop ships’ as if she was a pastor, her way had started to show its true form finally. It was some kind of studio, to be accurate, a Tv studio, with plenty of cams everywhere that showed a macabre smile instead of the lens that should be in its place for transmission. Large lines of cables that looked like they were throbbing like veins, and finally, what the young angry woman was looking for.

An information desk.

“It was time already!

Behind the desk, was seated a weird being, it lacked any trace of human being and only possessed a head with the shape of a cam that jutted up from its body a few inches more than it should.

“I want to talk with the host right now! I was eliminated quite unfairly!”

Despite she tried to contain her wish to shout and behave properly, the orange-haired woman failed and to add more discomfort, she got no reply from the receptionist. It just stared at her spinning its head-cam side to side in an analytic way, moving the lens back and forth without making the lowest of the sounds.

“You... heard me, right?”

The cam-headed man remained silent and continued analyzing her, to add more discomfort to her already angry attitude.

“Look, dude! I can’t lose like this! Fame and money wait for me, as well as a new life! I worked really long and hard for this moment!”

With a strong burst which resembled an intense fire, as well as displaying a menacing behavior given for not accepting her defeat, the orange-haired woman was fixed and willing to vent her feelings on the receptionist, who, even before that, didn’t react to her threats and complaints. The same went for a mysterious person. Someone who approached her from the shadows to the place where the infuriated ex-contestant was.

“And you lost that moment, miss Kat.” - Said the mysterious voice, but with a certain touch of authority as well as extravagant theatricality.

The man was of considerable height, wearing a trench-coat abnormally black and buttoned down to the feet and a very elegant scarf around his neck, complemented with long and dark hair, tied with a thin thread. All of those were things that gave an imponent appearance to this person, The Host.

“The rules for disqualification of my game are exactly the same for every single contestant. And I am sure, dear, that you accepted the conditions written in the contract.” - He explained with a paused and sharp voice.

“But... - The young woman, called Kat, tried to protest. However, her tone changed to that of a spoiled kid being scolded by an adult.

“Which means, once you are disqualified, all of your privileges are taken from you, including the cancellation of the contract between you and your teammate.” - The host explained with even bothering to place his eyes on the furious contestant.

“BUT IT WAS HIM WHO DISQUALIFIED ME! BESIDES, YOU CHOSE HIM, NOT ME!” - Kat shouted really enraged while she continued increasing a kind of fire aura around her, which she planned to unleash in the whole place.

“I’m almost sure it wasn’t like that, my Daaaarling. That was your job.” - Smiling broadly that seemed to show lame for the ex contestant, the host, made his way out of there. - “Maybe the next time, miss Kat, Ciao.”

Seeing that her elimination of the competition was irrefutable, Kat started to accumulate a great amount of fire on her hands, where various creatures similar to centipedes started to emerge. They launched towards the host, this was possible thanks to the fact that Kat, was a wizard that was capable of controlling the fire to certain extent. But her specialty was summoning fire servants, like the one-eyed sheeps that followed her, they were products of said ability.

“DAMN IT, I WAS SUPPOSED TO LEAVE MY DAMN SHITTY LIFE BEHIND! MONEY, FAME, A LUXURIOUS AND COMFORTABLE LIFE AWAITED ME! AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, KILLING THOSE BASTARDS WHO MOCKED AND LAUGHED ON ME!” - Exploding in rage and with tears in her eyes, whose surge seemed to be the frustration and sadness growing in her for having to abandon her dream, Kat made her mind up and tried to vent her rage on the game’s boss, instead of the poor receptionist. Much to the surprise of the few in the room, not even a single one of Kay’s spells hit their objective.

Kat was, in fact, an awful wizard.

Watching her with a surprised expression, or maybe cringe, given that Kat’s attacks didn’t reach a single target, the host began his way back to his lodging, until the sound of a cell phone in his pocket made him stop.

“Oh, the stadistics of tonight’s audience must be out already. If you excuse me.” - Even with the many attacks passing by a few feet from him and exploding nearby, the host walked towards a digital screen which was the approval board. The numbers of the recent ‘games’ were also in there, displaying some unexpected results.

**Kat The Flame: 89% of approval from the audience.**

“Uh? Who would have even imagined this. It seems the people know what they want, very well, I can't let this great promise slip from my hands.” - He said between the explosions around him.

Turning around to go back to the ex contestant, with the attacks ceased as soon as he spun, the host's eyes met Kat, now crying on her knees for her bad luck.

“THIS IS SO UNFAIR! UNFAIR! IT'S ALL THAT BASTARD'S WITH CHAINS AND HUGE CLAWS FAULT! MY DREAM HAVE ENDED! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ANYMORE!” - Crying inconsolably, KAt didn't realize the host was about a foot from her, leaning his body upon her yo look at the young failure of a wizard's face.

Coughing slightly to put an extravagant voice to match his behavior, so good it may turn an actress with a 'diva complex' jealous, the host gave Kat great good news.

“My beautiful and dear Katherine, this demonstration of wizardry has not only captivated me but also the whole audience who watched your performance on the battlefield. I can't allow myself to let such a great and magnificent talent like yours go to waste.”

“What? - A confused and perplexed expression suddenly appeared on Kat's face.

“I should offer you an apology as well. My mind has been failing lately, maybe having paired you up with Heisenberg was too much and I am willing to fix that.”

“What?” - Kat repeated without changing that kind of comical face she put on.

“Kat, my dear! You are back into my television carnage!”

“MONSTERS AT THE GATE!” - Shouting loud with a voice filled with joy and glee, the host welcomed back into the dark survival and murdering game to the failure of a fire wizard, Kat.

“Really?! Thank you very much!” - Now bursting with happiness and thankfulness, Kat hugged and lifted the boss of the dark program, who didn't seem to show displeasure to that gesture. He was focused on finishing his speech though.

“However, we must solve a certain problem.” - He emphasized.

“Uh? What now? I am back already, am I not? Or are you trying to disappoint your audience and leave them without their main star.?” - Kat's attitude took a 180 degree turn, she got very arrogant while crossing her arms and forcing an annoyed face.

“I don't believe they want to see a star with a hole in her chest and coated in her own blood.”

“Eh? What do you mean?”

As soon the host's words reached her ears, Kat looked down to the spot the dark man mentioned, finally noticing a big hole where her heart was supposed to be. This had been torn off her chest in a brutal way, even parts of her ribs were exposed.

“W-what is this? Then, was I really killed?” - She murmured as blood started to leak from the corners of her mouth.

Kat’s mind was clouded with a sudden memory at that very moment. A memory of something that happened barely a few hours ago, before arriving in the dark room. Only one image set on her mind, above a pile of rumbles and corpses, a weird child with huge claws and chains in both his hands and his neck extracted in a grotesque way her heart from the young woman’s chest, killing her instantly.

A terrified and hurt expression and feeling invaded Kat. From her mouth, the blood started to erupt strongly as she finally gave in and fell face up on the floor, looking up at the dim lights of the cams that didn’t stop filming her.

‘I... remember now... all of this wasn’t a dream... the contract was real.’ - She thought in disbelief.

Kat’s body began to be bombarded with indescribable pains for having her rib cage wide open and her body covered in her blood, for a reason even she didn’t know. Kat didn’t understand how she had never felt anything until that moment nor saw a single drop of blood in her body or the way to that room.

“I believe you two really didn’t get along well, we must solve that. A few hours with our best make-up artist can fix that.” - Looking at the contestant with a thinking expression and posture as she laid on the floor almost drowning with her own blood, the host pulled out a new contract from his trench-coat for Kat.

“You won’t die my dear, unless I say so, that’s how the ‘magic’ of the Tv works. Here, only my word has worth, as well as this contract.” - With those words said, every pain and bad feeling in Kat’s body vanished completely, leaving her with a relieved expression, as well as a surprised face that reacted along her body since with just a little jump, she managed to get on her feet again. She stood beside the host right away.

“I CAN’T REMAIN LIKE THIS! WHAT SHOULD I DO?!” - Kat shouted desperately inches from the host’s face, because that important part of her body continued to be torn apart.

“Complaints, complaints and more complaints, I only hear that. If you want to recover your body to its previous healthy natural form, you should go meet the one that left you like this.” - He said calmly but shaking his head for Kat’s constant shouts.

“It is a joke, right?” - She exclaimed in disbelief with a scared face, just the image of her being separated from a vital organ was enough to frighten that tough-looking woman. Her eyes shook and lips trembled by just knowing she would see him again.

“It is possible he’s still got your heart in his hands.” - The host took a posture and tone of voice quite more dramatic for the situation and moment Kat was going through. - “Now, go to claim back your heart, which was claimed for that man.”

Giving her a little push, proper of a choreography, the dark man sent Kat into a door that appeared out of nowhere. A door that took her to meet back the monstrous child who robbed her heart grotesquely, the being called Heisenberg.

“I think it is time to start the next stage of our competition. Don’t you think so, my dear Shade?”

From within the very same host of ‘Monsters at the gate’s shadow, a second shadow with a feminine figure of deep blue color emerged. With a defined frame, no features beside the eyes and hair formed by light-blue flames, the owner of the crazy spectacle about serial killers’s personal assistant made her apparition.

“When you give the order mister Ras, the contestants will soon face the new stage of our competition! Also, we haven’t stopped getting letters and gifts to congratulate you for this new spectacle of yours! To put it even higher, the rumors about it becoming the new star program on Tv have started to spread quickly!”

With great enthusiasm and admiration, Shade held a laptop, showing the screen that displayed the statistics of ‘Monsters at the Gate’, comparing it to other programs and reflecting the undeniable success it has become in the mere hours passed after being on air.

“Oh my dear Shade, the world loves drama and blood, that’s the perfect combo like in every good movie. And the world is the best stage where those two stars dance to the beat of shouts and claps.” - Ras began to take short foot-steps that resembled those of a dance as he followed the beat of his own capping. - “Now, they are the dancers on the blood stage, they’d be loved for that and be asked for more and more.” - He walked slowly, accompanied by his assistant who never stopped staring at him and listening to him with great devotion, admiration, and maybe even obsession.

“Oh mister Ras, your words contain so much poetry of death and blood waiting to rise up! My body feels the shivers.” - Shade hugged her laptop tightly, trying to hold her wish to throw herself onto her boss.

Both of them arrived at a peculiar big double door, which would set the beginning of the next episode of the new most valued tv program of the season. But also, the beginning of a new deadly carnage on air.

“Very well!”

Using both hands to push the door and all the cameras turned on in every and each direction of that twisted world, the new episode started.

MONSTERS AT THE GATE.

“You’ve got to bleed for the dancers.” - Ras words set the start of the spectacle...