

Presentation

In different parts of the world, millions of people are losing money, time, relationships, and their sense of self — without anyone noticing. Not in glamorous casinos or backroom dens, but in intimate, silent places — bedrooms, bathrooms, cars — staring at a screen that fits in the palm of a hand.

In the Tiger's Grip: The Dawn of Chaos is born from that global silence.

At 3:14 a.m., André is sitting on his bathroom floor, phone in hand, his body pressed against cold tile. The scene is ordinary. The experience is, too. What began as curiosity became routine. What felt like control became urgency. What promised a way out turned into confinement.

This book isn't only about betting. It's about how digital systems can hijack human hope.

The story lays bare the psychological machinery behind platforms engineered never to lose: algorithms that turn frustration into repetition, guilt into persistence, and adrenaline into emotional guidance. Here, time isn't measured in hours, but

in cycles — and every cycle demands a higher price than the one before it.

With visceral, deeply human prose, the novel draws the reader into the mind of someone who thinks he's playing, when in truth he's already been taken. Addiction appears not as an exception or a moral failing, but as a quiet process that cuts across cultures, social classes, and borders — corroding relationships, distorting choices, and isolating the people who most need support.

Though set in Brazil, this is a story that could happen anywhere. Because the mechanism is global. The promise is universal. And so is the fall.

In the Tiger's Grip: The Dawn of Chaos is an intense, unsettling, necessary read. Not to shock — but to reveal.

After the final page, it becomes impossible to look at easy money, at digital games — and at the very idea of control — in the same way.

Enjoy Reading!

Book I: THE EASY-MONEY TRAP

— CHAPTER 1 —

THE SILENCE OF THE

HOUSE

Part 1: The Decompression Chamber (3:14 a.m.)

André’s universe had been reduced to a six-inch rectangle of light.

It was 3:14 a.m., but time inside that bathroom — lined with white tiles yellowed and stained by years — didn’t obey the laws of physics.

Time in there was measured in spins, in pulses, in the split-second between hope and ruin.

The only light came from his phone screen: a spectral, surgical-blue glow that threw long, warped shadows across the shower stall.

It turned the hand towel hanging on the rack into a silhouette that seemed to judge the man sitting on the toilet.

André couldn't feel his legs. The tingling had started in his toes thirty minutes ago, and now it was crawling up his calves like thousands of invisible needles. Blood was trapped by the pressure of his thighs against the cold porcelain seat. He knew he needed to stand.

He knew that if he tried to walk now, he could fall. The command was clear in his mind, but his body refused to obey.

André's brain had been taken hostage — caught in a chemical loop of shock and denial — unable to process anything except the frozen image in front of his eyes.

The app's interface was a masterpiece of predatory design. There were no clocks on the game screen — an old tactic from physical casinos.

Now digitized to ensure the user lost track of day and night. The colors were vibrant, saturated.

An explosion of gold, red, and purple, made to excite the retina and widen the pupil.

At the center of the screen, the platform's mascot — a stylized tiger in sunglasses with a cocky grin — remained perfectly still.

Frozen in a celebratory pose that, in that moment, felt like the cruelest mockery in the world.

Beneath the tiger's paws, the number glowed in clean, pitiless white.

Available balance: R\$ 0.42.

Ten days. It had taken only ten days of January for the house of cards to be pulverized. Ten days since he'd watched the fireworks' glow reflected in the hospital window as his mother slipped away.

January 1st had promised a fresh start; the 10th — a Saturday with overdue rent — delivered the final verdict.

André stared at the bathroom's grimy grout and understood the irony: he'd started the year in white, burying the past, and would end that dawn in darkness, burying what was left of his future.

André blinked, and the dryness of his eyes scraped his lids. Forty-two cents. It wasn't money. It was digital dust.

Less than the change for a piece of candy. His mind, in a desperate defense mechanism, tried to rewind the tape.

Tried to go back fifteen minutes — maybe twenty. He could picture the moment with hallucinatory clarity.

He could smell the cheap lavender soap his wife used while his sweaty fingers touched the screen in that last fatal round.

He had R\$ 3,200.00. The number had been there. He had seen it. Solid. Real. That amount solved everything.

It paid for the car's cylinder-head repair, covered Lucas's overdue school fees, and still left enough to fill the tank and buy groceries for the month.

He had won. The system had glitched and given him the money. He was the winner. He was the provider.

He was the genius who had hacked luck. And then, the voice. Not a real voice, not something he heard.

But then — the voice. Not a real voice, not something you can hear, whispered by dopamine into its neural receptors: ancient, reptilian, living at the base of every human skull.