

## Chapter 213

### Joseph's POV

I've been in this hell for a month! How did things go so wrong? I had a perfect plan! I stole millions from that company for years, but when it was time for the final blow, everything fell apart. It was all because of that little woman. Catherine got in my way the night Alexander's parents died. He was supposed to die too, but he was with that clueless girl. Everything started going wrong since that night.


I was here, thrown into this filthy, stinking hell. And I couldn't even kill that idiot Alexander. I shot him, and before I could pull the trigger the second time, I got hit in the leg. At the hospital, the doctor explained that the bullet fragmented and destroyed the nerve endings and blood vessels in the area. Reconstruction would be impossible, so they amputated my entire leg, almost at the groin – making it impossible to fit a prosthetic. So I depended on these damn crutches to walk.

After they cut off my leg, they transferred me from the hospital to the infirmary of this horrific prison. As soon as I was a bit better, they threw me into that filthy cell with three other more than sketchy men.

I never thought I'd go through so much in this place. On my first night in the cell, one of the men came to provoke me, and I told him to mind his own business and leave me alone, that he was nothing but a poor bastard. He raped me while the other two held me down, and after that, I became the cell's bitch. They took turns raping me at night and offered my ass to other inmates as payment for anything. It was a month of torture being violated every day. After begging the warden repeatedly, he finally transferred me to another wing.

I arrived at the new wing yesterday. I was sharing a filthy cell with three

strange men, but at least these ones hadn't raped me or even came near me, which was a relief. I went out for yard time and leaned against the wall, looking around at the place full of bars and barbed wire. The guards weren't inside the yard but were watching from around the fence.

"Well, look, who's honored us with their presence!" I heard a familiar voice and turned to look. Claude was standing near me, with Gus and Kai beside him. 

"Boys! Finally, some familiar faces!" I said, feeling relieved that I'd have someone to help me in this hell.

"Oh, Evil One, what happened? Looking a bit down, missing that leg. You look like a faded one-legged ghost!" Kai spoke in that idiotic tone of his.

"Things didn't go very well," I lamented.

"Yeah, we heard about that!" Gus opened a mocking little smile.

"I told you, Evil One, that I could get some guys to help, but you wanted to do it alone, and look what happened." Kai reminded me that he had indeed offered to find some guys for the dirty work, but I hadn't trusted him.

"You see, little Joseph, and you know what's worse? You left your buddies hanging while you were out there. That's not cool, my friend!" Claude had a diabolical gleam in his eyes.

Suddenly, other inmates started gathering around, forming a circle around us. None of the guards made any move to disperse them, and that set off an alarm in my head.

"Come on, Claude, things were rough out there. I had to hide," I tried to justify myself.

"Yeah, I heard! But you could have helped us out, right, Joseph?" Claude spoke in a casual tone. "I heard you even abandoned your daughter. What a worthless father you are!"

"Don't talk to me in that tone, Claude," I warned him. "You know me very well, you know what I'm capable of." I tried to threaten him, but it was in vain.

"Yes, I do know you, Joseph, I know very well what a dirty rat you are. But let me tell you something new, things are different here. And you're not the Joseph of old anymore. Here, you're just another poor devil." Claude smiled and moved closer, signaling to someone I hadn't seen.

My crutches were kicked away, I lost my balance and fell on my butt, catching myself with my hands. When I looked around, I saw the brothers Dennis and Daniel, one on each side, each holding one of my crutches with faces distorted by radiating anger. Claude took another step forward, crouched down, and with that cynical smile on his face, said,

"Like I said, here you're just another poor devil. But me, my friend," Claude stood up and spread his arms, "I'm the king of hell! Have fun, boys."

Claude turned his back and walked away. The horde of men closed in on me, and I was beaten by those animals until I passed out on the ground. I kept wondering if those worthless cops weren't going to do anything.

I woke up in the infirmary, dying in pain, my eyes barely opening from being so swollen. The doctor approached and spoke with disdain,

"One arm, three ribs, and four teeth broken, multiple bruises, several sutured cuts all over your body. You'll spend a week here in the infirmary

before returning to the pavilion. Oh, and we have limited resources, so the only painkiller we have is acetaminophen, it won't help much with the pain. But that's what we've got." The doctor spoke as if he couldn't care less.

"So, Mr. Joseph Charles Johnson, you're nothing but trouble." I saw the prison warden standing beside me. "In a week, I have to take you back to the pavilion, so, since I'm such a nice guy, I'll let you choose – do you want to go back where you were, return to your old cell, or go to solitary?"

"S-sol-solitary, please!" I could barely speak, but solitary had to be better than the pavilions.

"Perfect, I'll do that for you. But don't complain later." The warden started leaving. "Oh, I almost forgot, you know how it is, the state has limited resources, and we don't have a dentist here in our wonderful hotel, so we can't offer you dental treatment. You'll be toothless!" The warden left laughing.

A week later, I was discharged from the infirmary and taken to solitary. The cell was like a corridor, with a tiny concrete bed with a thin mattress and a hole in the ground at the back where I did my business, and I had to stand to wash myself minimally with the little water I received in plastic bottles for drinking and hygiene. The door wasn't barred; it was a thick iron plate with a small window that opened from the outside only at mealtimes, and the only natural light came from a small hole high up on the wall. Those in solitary didn't get yard time and had no contact with other human beings. 1

I really was locked up in hell! And according to the public defender, there wasn't the slightest chance of me getting out of there in less than forty years. But by then, I'd already be dead!

Each day I spent there, I hated the Millers even more. Nothing was supposed to go wrong, but that good-for-nothing Catherine had to cross my path. I would hate that family until death.

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