

My Werewolf System

Chapter 15: Top Dog

'A horrible situation.' Was Tom's thought.

"I told you, no one looks at me that way and gets away with it!" The one in front told him, while the ones behind him were looking forward to a good show.

'This sh*tty neighborhood! I didn't even do anything to you! I may have thought you were a scum of society, but it's not like I told you that to your face! I never spoke those words out to you!' Tom gulped down hard. Outrunning someone on a bike was impossible for someone like him.

There were four of them, all with a black band around a part of their body showing their affiliation to a colour gang. Tom was considering what to do, but he was afraid resisting or fighting back would just worsen his situation.

'Looks like there is no way around a beating. I just hope after a few punches he'll get bored and they'll leave.'

The one Tom had 'offended' hopped off his bike, while the rest stayed on theirs, likely to catch up to him if he tried to make a run for it. Tom had resolved himself to his inevitable fate, so he gritted his teeth, clenched his hands and closed his eyes as he waited for the impact from the fist that had just been thrown.

Instead, he heard a scream from the boy.

"My arm! You sh*tthead, this had nothing to do with you! Who the hell are you?!"

Opening his eyes, Tom saw the boy down on the floor, holding his elbow which appeared to have been broken. He was addressing a man completely dressed in black with a large trench coat, who had suddenly appeared in front of Tom.

"Me? I'm just someone who happened to pass by. This world has enough dangers that we humans don't have the need to be fighting amongst each other, yet here you are ganging up on a defenseless kid. You scum are the worst." The man answered.

Since he was in front of him, Tom could only see that the man had long flowing hair and a solid body. Calling him tall would be an understatement, Tom estimated him to be well over eight feet. As he turned around, Tom got a good look at his face. His savior had a scruffy beard, but overall good looks. It was as if he was staring at an older version of Blake.

The other students who hadn't gotten hurt, got off their bikes and started to pull out weapons, with the one on the floor taking out a pocket knife.

"Don't worry about me, I deal with things a lot worse than these small time trashes on a daily basis," the man smiled at Tom, as he ran forward to one of the students with a bike chain.

The boy panicked and lashed it out, but stepping away, the man avoided it and grabbed it. He then ripped the bike chain out of the other's hands, and swung it at the attacker's legs. Tom found it a bit ironic that the man seemed to have better mastery over the boy's weapon.

Without taking a break, the man easily dispatched the other's one by one. Without breaking a sweat he had simply knocked the pocket knife from the first boy's hand, before kneeing him in the face.

Tom had to pinch himself, to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He even took a look around to check for some hidden cameras, but of course there were none. There was no one else to witness the six of them. It didn't take long and the man had taken out all four of them carefully.

"Go home kid, there are a lot more dangerous things in the middle of the night and you won't always be lucky enough for a good samaritan to help you out," the man advised as he started to walk away.

'Who was that?' Tom wondered.

There was one more person who had snuck out from home, only in Gary's case it was a lot harder to do so. At least it should have been, however this time, he found it a lot easier to escape their apartment on the top floor. There was a lot more strength in his fingers as he grabbed onto the window ledges, and slowly went down until he reached the bottom floor. Even landing on the floor from his height didn't result in any pain to his feet or knees.

'Hehe.' Gary smirked to himself. 'Maybe this whole werewolf thing does have more perks than I initially thought.'

The meeting place set by Kai was in front of the school. He would have usually changed into his normal black and red tracksuit when out, but that was also the uniform given to him by his gang. There was no reason to run around with a target on his back, instead Gary had grabbed some plain clothing, just a white top, and some black trousers.

When Gary finally arrived, he could see Kai, standing there, staring off into the distance just as he had done on the rooftop. The only thing missing was the wind to make his

hair flutter. From a distance, Gary noticed the other one still wearing his black and gold Bolex watch, which just annoyed him even more, but also reminded him why he was here.

"I'm here just like you asked, so what's the job?" Gary asked, getting straight to the point.

Kai looked Gary up and down, and scoffed a little at what he was wearing.

"You got here a lot faster than I expected, seeing as I only texted you a short while ago. Did you already happen to be in the area?" Kai questioned back and Gary just scratched his head nervously and nodded. "Well, it seems to be a good thing, considering your current outfit. There's no way in hell, I'm letting you go like that. Here!"

Kai threw a sports bag over to Gary.

"What's this?" Gary asked. Opening it up, he found some clothing inside waiting for him. He was surprised to see that it was just his size, even though he had never told Kai that information.

"Have you already forgotten what I told you? We'll be making a new gang and today you'll be the one to represent us. I don't want us to be one of those poor gangs who wear hoodies and tracksuits and harass people. The first impression counts and since this will be our debut, you'll need to make yourself look a little nice."

Gary looked around, looking for somewhere to change but the school was already closed and there was nowhere else. Seeing him hesitate, Kai pointed at the floor.

"It's nearly the middle of the night, so there's nobody to see you anyway." Kai pointed out as he tapped his foot impatiently.

Gary wanted to argue that Kai was there, but the other's gaze made it clear that he was starting to get irritated. Unfortunately for Gary, he was depending on Kai and couldn't risk pissing him off. Although he didn't want to, Gary reluctantly got changed in front of the school into the new clothes that Kai had brought for him.

Gary now had a small jacket over this white top, without a hood, yet with a collar that popped outward. The trousers were quite tight fitting, but in a material that expanded, and a matching pair of boots to go with it. In fact even though the clothes looked uncomfortable the material was very flexible making it feel quite nice on his skin.

However there was one thing he didn't like, the colours, making him wonder whether it was his fashion sense that was off or Kai's.

"Perfect, you actually look half-decent now. Don't look at me like that, you should know that every gang has something that symbolises which gang they're from," Kai started to

explain. "Before you wore red and black and now you shall be black and gold. Trust me, with how many gangs there are, this was the best available colour combo!"

Now that Kai had pointed it out Gary noticed that everything that Kai was already dressed that way. The main colour of his clothes was black, with the trim, outline and the small details golden.

"Unfortunately, your hairstyle still sticks out like a sore thumb, but we don't have the time to do anything about it. It's something we'll have to solve another time." Kai stated with a smirk as he jokingly made a gesture of cutting them off. At least Gary hoped that it was just a joke.

The two of them did not move inside since the actual meeting place wasn't at the school. The destination was somewhere else, but no matter how many times Gary asked where they were going, after telling him it would be a surprise the first time Kai ignored his questioning.

Eventually, they reached a car park. It was a bit away from the main shopping street and other places and it also looked a little rundown, but Gary could tell from afar that it appeared to be quite lively inside. There were actually people hanging outside who acted as some sort of bouncers. The most surprising thing was that they looked to high-school students no older than eighteen.

Finally, following Kai, they entered an elevator and went ahead to the top floor. When it opened. Gary was hit with a wave of cheers and screams as if he had come to a rave party.

'What the hell is going on?' Gary thought.

Looking around, they were all high-school students, some even still in their school uniforms, and what they were all cheering at was a fight happening in the centre.

"This is an illegal fighting event, for high-school students only," Kai explained, with a nasty smile on his face. "Here's where the strongest students meet up and duke it out amongst themselves to decide who the top dog is!"

Chapter 16: Green Fang

"It's pretty impressive for just high school students, right? And this isn't the only one. This is one of the many underground fighting clubs spread through the whole country. Although this is just a small one," Kai revealed to Gary who was still a bit taken aback at the idea that people his age would gather in secret to watch others duke it out live.

'If this is considered 'small', just how large is big for you?'

Gary found it hard to comprehend since he guessed that there were at least five hundred people present. On closer inspection he noticed another thing, those teens and tweens seemed to be gathered in groups, each wearing their own sort of uniform. It looked like a club meeting from all sorts of different schools were going on.

Kai, having a keen eye, noticed what Gary was looking at.

“Remember what I said about many people from different school groups being here? Those school gangs take this thing here quite seriously. The reason they dress the way they do is so they can make a name for themselves. Just like with the gangs, the idea is for you to see their clothing and instantly know who they belong to. It might sound impressive for a bunch of students to organize all of this... it's because the ones responsible are the gangs.”

“Gangs?” Gary gulped looking around to see if he could see any well known ones amongst them. “Do you mean like the Underdogs?” Referring to the gang Gary used to work at.

Kai couldn't help but chuckle seeing Gary acting so nervous.

“Do you think the Underdogs would come down here personally? This here is the VERY minor leagues, basically just a gathering of a bunch of no name schools, or what we refer to as ‘loners’ attempting to join one of the other gangs, proving their strength.”

“Still this is technically a recruitment field and there are scouts from gangs here, but they would be like D-Tier gangs. They either absorb one of these smaller gangs into their own, or look at who they can snatch up and join their gang in the future. You know, since guns are now non-existent, knowing how to use your fists or a weapon is a big deal. At the bigger events there are even those that are Altered.”

What Kai was referring to was the ‘Harmful Weapons Act’, which came into play a little after they had been born. With how fast and how bad the world had been deteriorating, countries were worried that World War Three could start at any moment and humanity would just end up destroying the planet.

So a pact was agreed between every single country. To get rid of all weapons, nuclear weapons, missiles, tanks, anything of mass destruction. With technology it was nearly impossible to hide anything from other countries, so they couldn't even build things in secret.

This just made the development of Altered growth between countries, as they strived to create the perfect human being.

What shocked Gary, was there were apparently things like this going all over the place that he didn't know about. The underworld was certainly another side that people didn't see unless they were involved in it and more importantly invited.

“So what are we doing here?” Gary asked, as the two of them started to push through the crowd, until they eventually reached the outer edge. The onlookers had formed a natural large rounded ring to not interfere with the fighters. For those that were in a difficult position, the fight was being live streamed and others could watch it on their phones and devices.

“Well, remember what I said about loners not belonging to a gang? It’s easy to see who is part of one and who isn’t by their colours, or more accurately the lack thereof.” Kai pointed out.

Gary could see there were quite a few people that weren’t wearing any obvious colours, like the ones currently in the ring.

“Wait, what are you saying?”

“I’m saying we can’t create a gang with just the two of us! We need more people, and can you think of a more perfect place other than this?”

Gary suddenly understood why Kai had more than one pair of clothing in the bag he had handed him earlier. He intended to give it to the new recruits on the spot!

Gary watched the two as they fought, wanting to get an idea of just how skilled these fighters would be. Both those in the centre looked the same age as him. Around sixteen or fifteen years old.

One was a black boy, with short spiky blonde hair, wearing a sleeveless shirt, his muscles showed quite well and he had a couple of scars on his shoulders.

His opponent was a larger boy who was nearly twice as big as the first one. It wasn’t that the other boy was small, it was just that this one was incredibly large.

The two of them exchanged a few blows, and a few punches from the black boy had hit the larger one in the stomach, but he just laughed it off, as if it was nothing.

“Who will win, Innu the Warrior or Spike the Blob?! Last chance to place your bets, everyone!” One of the students announced walking around with a board showing the odds which were currently in favour of the Blob.

“Interested in placing a bet? If I’m not mistaken you should have received a nice down payment. Although knowing you, you probably didn’t take any along, so want me to lend you some?” Kai offered with a wide grin.

Watching the two exchange a few punches gave Gary a good idea who he thought would win, but placing a bet was out of the question for him. Although he was sure, anything could happen in a fight, especially one like this without any clear rules. He

came here to win money, not risk losing it all and he had a premonition that borrowing from Kai would just be him placing a leash on himself.

“Is this what you meant, when you said we could make money?” Gary asked.

“Nah, as I said this is just something for fun. I’m merely curious to know who you think would win? Remember I haven’t finished testing out how useful you are to me yet.”

So far none of the attacks from Innu the Warrior had connected and it looked like Spike the Blob would soon tire him out and beat him. Just then, Innu took a stance, where he bent his knees slightly and raised his hands above his head.

It looked similar to a boxing stance, but Gary knew straight away it wasn’t a boxing stance.

“I don’t gamble, but if I had to place a bet I would place it on Innu,” Gary said, making sure to emphasise his no gambling policy. However Kai was no longer listening. He brought out a wad of cash and waved the person over to register his bet.

“All of this on Innu!” Kai demanded as he put down what Gary estimated to be at least one thousand dollars.

“Wait! I told you I don’t want to borrow any of your money!”

“Who says it’s for you? Don’t worry this is my own bet.”

The fight continued, and this time the Blob got into a downward portion similar to one in American football. He then readied himself and charged forward at a great speed that no one had seen before in the fight.

Those that had bet on the Blob cheered at this sight. Before they had thought it likely for him to win, but seeing this display of his talent they were sure of it. Even the scouts from the gangs seemed to consider giving him an offer after this round.

At that moment though, at the right time, using his knee. Innu struck him in the face, using his own force against him. Blood splattered as his nose was broken, the fighter himself thrown back in the air and dazed. Innu the Warrior didn’t stop there, using the Blob’s thigh, he lept off it, and struck down with his elbow at the top of his opponent’s head. Innu did this three times in a row, and gripped onto his head with both of his thighs.

Falling to the ground, Innu never let go, and once the Blob’s body hit the floor, Innu finally rolled over and there was a clear winner.

The crowd erupted in cheers despite some of them having lost their money, as people always loved seeing a turn around, and Innu had given them quite the spectacle.

After collecting his own fight money, Innu went to rest and Spike the Blob was carried off to the side.

“Just a lucky guess?” Kai asked as he was gleefully counting his winnings, that Gary couldn’t stop eyeing, now wishing he had made the bet.

“His stance, although it looked like boxing, he’s actually a Muay Thai fighter. They focus on using their knees and elbows. One had fighting experience and was calm throughout the match, never looking worried, while the other was just a street fighter, in other words your average bully,” Gary answered.

Kai couldn’t help but let out an appreciating whistle, realising that Gary was more so special than he had realised. He brought out his phones and started to type away, and without looking down asked Gary a question. “So have you thought about an alter ego name for today? Given that the Underdogs still want you to hide using your real name or the fake one you’ve given them, isn’t advisable. What would you want as a stage name?”

“A stage name?” Garry thought about it for a moment. Given his change, he would pick something werewolf related. “Erghh maybe something like Silver Fang, but wh-”

“Silver Fang won’t do, your hair’s green.” Kai interrupted him, as he finished typing and sent out his message.

“Next we have a new fighter, fighting for the first time. He wishes to keep his name a secret but he goes by the name, Green Fang!” The announcer shouted out to the crowd to hype them up, while Gary had still been connecting the dots.

“You wanted to make some money, right? Don’t worry, I will bet on you, and we can share the profits. This is the best way to get our name out here, so it’s time for you to go make us some money, Green Fang.” Kyle said with a smile.