

Werewolf 801

Chapter 801 An Old Face

The city was becoming a bloodbath as the gangs rampaged in certain areas. However, the fights weren't one-sided. That was thanks to the Howlers members acting out themselves.

Still, all this did was add to the bloodshed as the fighting progressed in each of the areas. Many had done as Kai stated, either stayed locked in the rooms or had headed to the two areas.

With the condensed members, they were able to protect themselves. A couple of gangs had tried to enter Cipen, but they were quickly disappointed as they were overwhelmed with strength.

Having seen this, they didn't quite call it a day but instead were almost circling in the city, trying to find another opportunity where they could strike because for them, the opportunity just was too good.

Inside one of the hotels, the upper floors acted as apartment buildings, and in here Amy and White were currently in their room pacing back and forth.

A loud explosion was heard from afar, and smoke could be seen. Some of the gangs had resorted to drastic measures in trying to stop the Howlers from coming out, including burning certain establishments.

Amy had the TV on, but there was no news of what was going on in Slough. Seemingly, it was almost as if everyone was ignoring it; the only thing that was showing consistently was Gary.

"We just have received some news that Gary Dem will be placed in prison while the investigation for his case is ongoing," the news reporter read out.

The dread was filling Amy's heart. Right now, the entire situation, it felt like she was in a living nightmare. Worse news was coming out about her brother and the state of the city.

White was sitting at the kitchen counter breakfast top; she had her phone out. Although the news channels weren't reporting on things, it didn't mean that the news of what was happening in Slough wasn't getting out there.

Multiple people had started live streams, showing the ferocious gangs' attacks. There were videos of the fights that were going on. The world wasn't oblivious to everything that was happening.

"Are the Phoenix Gang also covering up what is happening to us? I guess this is the power, the power of one of the kings," White commented.

"Why can this happen to us, and why isn't anyone helping us! Or helping Gary!" Amy called out.

It wasn't the case that no one was helping them; in fact, many of the connections that Gary had made outside of the city, they were trying their best to help, but they had been hit already.

AJ Entertainment was trying to run several articles, but no broadcasters would show it on their channels, refusing to buy anything to do with the situation in Slough. Even offering it for free, they wouldn't broadcast it.

It was simple; the power that Phoenix Gang had managed to gather over the years was just more influential than that of the Howlers Gang.

While in the middle of their deep thoughts, a knock was heard on the door. Both Amy and White looked at each other, their hearts skipping a beat. Their apartment was in Cipeen, so it should have been a safe place.

Was there really anywhere safe for them though?

"It's me, Xin, open up Amy!" Xin asked.

Looking through the peephole, Amy could see the gray hair and opened the door up. Her legs were a little shaky.

"I know you're startled and frightened, but we have to go. These are Kai's orders; he asked me to take you two to the hospital and to hold up there. You guys don't have to worry; I'm pretty strong, so if anything does happen, I can protect you," Xin answered. lights

The hospital in Cipeen was the best hospital that Slough had, but there was a reason why Kai wanted the two girls to move there because there was already a high number of Howlers members that were currently protecting the place.

He wanted to move the high risk or members to be attacked the most out from where the locals would be and place them in a different area. As for why the hospital was high risk, it was because there was another family member of the Dem Family that was currently there.

Nodding ahead, Amy understood, and the two of them left with Xin. They got in a black car and quickly drove around Slough. As they drove the streets, they could see queues of people and those walking towards the hotels.

Some of them had blotches of blood and ripped clothes on their bodies, leaving Amy only to imagine what they had been through to get to where they were now, to a safe area.

"How could people do this? It doesn't just affect one or two lives, but they're affecting the lives of many. Did we really do something this bad to deserve this?" Amy asked.

"Wars happen all the time across countries, and gangs are just like a big government structure in the first place. Which is why sometimes, we have to do things that will allow us to protect ourselves," Xin answered.

Eventually, the vehicle pulled up, and they had arrived at the large hospital. Just outside, there was a barricade of cars that had been made to make it harder for those that tried to force their way in.

Behind the barricade of cars, there were a number of gang members as well. "This whole thing, it feels like a scene out of an apocalyptic movie," White commented.

Heading inside the hospital, the workers were working as normal, just there were a lot more men and women dressed in black and gold. Taking the elevator, the three of them headed up; while she was here, she wanted to see her mother, to see if she was okay.

The door dinged open, and the three of them walked past multiple private rooms until they had reached the room they were looking for. Taking a turn, the door was already open, and to her surprise, she could see someone else in the room.

A male's back was facing away from them, wearing a large black trenchcoat, staring over their mother. Hearing the footsteps enter the room, the large man turned to look at them. It was the face of an old man, in his fifties with a large scruffy beard.

"Amy..." The man called out.

Hearing her name, she tried to look at the man closer, wondering if she recognized him or not; he felt familiar, yet she couldn't quite recognize his face.

"I guess it's quite normal since I've been away for so long. It's normal you don't recognize your father."

Chapter 802 A New Life

Going down the hallway, the White Rose agents that were with Gary weren't exactly being the nicest. They had shoved him into a room, closing the door right behind.

Gary turned around to look at the door; it was made out of thick steel, at least a meter wide. He had never seen such a well-designed wall before. Even if he had a running start and tried to attack with all his strength, he wasn't so sure he could break through such a thing. Just imagining himself failing at an attempted breakout made him slightly sick to his stomach.

"I'm weak... I'm f*cking weak," Gary inwardly said as he looked at the clothing presented.

It was a plain white-colored uniform that had the appearance more like pajamas. It was the prison uniform that they were to wear. He did as was ordered and placed it on.

He noticed that the material had quite a bit of stretch to it. 'Is it made out of the same stuff as the Howlers' uniform? I guess I am going to an Altered prison after all. They can't stop us from turning into Altered, and it would be a pain for them to have to keep replacing our uniforms.'

After putting on the clothes, Gary then had to wait, and the door was opened once again. Four White Rose agents were there to escort him, and they continued to take him down a long hallway, where it led to, he could only guess in all honesty.

'I still can't believe it. They're going to be keeping me in prison this entire time, while everything is happening to the Howlers. They took my phone away, and I have no access to the news or the internet, so I have no idea what is going on right now.'

Just while walking down the hallway alone, several times Gary had tensed his fist, the veins in his neck showing once in a while. He was imagining the worst, his mind playing tricks on him as to what the possibility could be out there.

"Let me tell you a few things about the place that you will be going to," one of the White Rose agents stated. "This is a place where others just like you are present.

"Not just your everyday criminals but Altered criminals. Those that have done things that are unheard of and have been chosen to be locked up for life.

"Many when they come into here, think that they are big and bad, that they are the top dog, but this place quickly humbles them.

"Because let me let you in on a little secret," the guard whispered. "We don't care if you die. Society doesn't like that we give you the death penalty, but if you fight and kill each other in there, that's no bother to us; that's just more of you scum off the street.

"You Altered, are the ones that are ruining it for the rest of us, giving us a bad name, so I couldn't care less what happens to you."

They had finally reached another large steel door; this one seemed to have been bolted in strange ways as well. It was even more locked compared to the other one he was in before.

"I won't die," Gary replied back.

"Well good luck, but you're unlikely to make it before your investigation is even over," the White Rose agent said as the door opened.

Immediately, a muscular woman was seen on the other side of the door. She was wearing a jet black uniform with a crooked hat on top of her head and a badge that had the words "Warden" written on them. Next to her, there were a pair of men dressed in the same black uniform, attached to their waist were a number of Anti-Altered weapons, although none of them looked powerful enough to hold Gary back. lights

What surprised him, though, was the Warden, who assumed was the one that was entirely in charge of the place, had no Anti-Altered weapons on her.

"If you're thinking of trying anything, it's best you don't," the warden said as the steel door was shut behind him. "If you cause any trouble with those dressed in black, or I hear your name from their ears, then that isn't good because it means you will be having to meet me, and I don't like to do work," the warden replied.

"The best thing for both of us is to do as you wish but not to mess with those in black, the guards."

Gary was in what looked more like an office; there were tables stationed out and paperwork, as well as another door. There were no windows anywhere though, so Gary had no clue; was he underground, over ground on an island of sorts, or what? Judging by the hallway, he couldn't have gone far from the main White Rose base.

"In this prison, there is only access to food and water, no TV, no internet, and no means of contact with the outside world. Visitors are permitted once a week only, but that is none of your concern, since it's all related to what those do on the outside."

Gary didn't quite understand what she meant by this, but he had a feeling that it meant he wasn't going to be getting any visitors anytime soon.

"A word of warning to you my friend, if you think your name and status will do something for you in here, it won't. These people, they haven't had access to information from the outside world for a while, so no one knows who you are, so be ready for anything.

"Now, take him to a cell, to meet his new roommate."

The guards stood by Gary's side, unafraid even though they were regular humans, and started to escort him away.

"I don't care what anyone says, no matter what, I'm getting out of this place, and when I do, I'll get rid of the entire Phoenix Gang!"

Chapter 803 The Rules Of The Jungle

Walking around with the prison guards, Gary found himself in a large open-spaced area. It was far larger than he imagined after going through all the hallways he had been in.

When looking ahead, he could barely see the other side of the wall, and looking to his right and left, he was unable to see the end of the hallways.

What caught Gary's attention the most was the number of prisoners inside wearing the same uniform. It was a little strange sight to see.

There weren't any benches or tables for one to sit at. Since they were dealing with Altered individuals, nearly anything could be used as a weapon. Instead, they had built-in natural seating areas with the architecture of the building.

The ground was raised up in areas, giving a place for those to sit at. Some areas just looked like giant steps, that a group of other prisoners were seated at.

In terms of the prisoners themselves, there appeared to be different groups of Altered that had gathered up in one or two areas. A group was sitting by the stairs.

Another group was hanging around a single cell door, then there were those that were just on their own, wandering about. While some were able to strut around comfortably, there were also those that looked nervous, their eyes darting around everywhere, wondering when they would get attacked.

"This is the open area where most of the prisoners spend most of their time," the guard stated. "At the same time, this is where most of the trouble is caused. If something happens here, I'm sure the warden already told you, we won't get involved."

"There's only one time where we want you to completely stay out of trouble, and that is mealtime. They are set three times a day, and nothing else; if anyone causes trouble, that means no food for you."

"You will see most of the guards during mealtime, and we don't want any problems. I'm sure you're not thinking of escaping either; this entire prison is located in the base of the White Rose."

"Captains, Chiefs, and even those that are higher rank than them are all stationed above, but thankfully, there never has been a case where they have had to be called because if someone does cause a big enough mess in here, the warden gets involved, and she is strong enough to deal with any of you guys in here."

The guard walked around, and Gary could immediately see the others looking at him. He didn't look away; instead, he was thinking about how they got in here. Just what crimes had they committed to be placed in the same place as him?

Maybe, there were many that were like him as well, who were in here because they had upset someone with quite a bit of power.

What he also noticed, the white-colored uniforms, some of them were heavily stained with blood. Some of the stains looked to have been worn in for some time, washed multiple times but the blood clearly hadn't come out.

While others appeared a little fresher.

"We guards are quite respected on the inside," the guard continued to talk while he was leading the way, presumably to Gary's cell. "The prisoners listen to us because they know there is a line of order to Evr-"

In the middle of his sentence, he felt someone pull back on his shirt. The guard's body was slightly pulled back to where Gary was, and he could see that it was Gary himself who had pulled him.

"What do you think you're doing!" The guard shouted. lights

Moments later, right behind him, a large body crashed into the wall. It was bloody from head to toe, and was starting to shrink. It was an Altered. When looking at the direction where the man had come from, there was a large giant tail sticking out from the prisoner's back, with a stinger on the end.

It was starting to shrink as well, and there was a crowd that had formed behind him.

"What on earth are you doing, Stinger? That could have hit me!" The guard shouted back.

The group of men laughed as they heard this. "Ah, you know there isn't much to do in terms of fun for us, and one of the most entertaining things is always when someone new joins, and seeing where they are on the pecking order."

The guard then looked at the man who had crashed into the wall and was sliding down onto the floor. His bald-headed appearance, of course, he would have remembered it.

"If you need any more proof that this place is a dangerous one, then look no further," the guard said. "The person who is lying on the floor right now was the newest person to enter this prison. It's only been a week, and look at the state he is in."

Gary looked at him on the ground; his instincts were telling him to offer the man a hand up. That's what he would do in a normal situation, but he had to remember something; these weren't normal people in here; every single one of them was most likely convicted criminals.

"Who was he?" Gary asked.

"Oh, what, you think that matters? You want to see how strong you are compared to the others?" The guard asked. "He was a Tier 2 gang member. Most likely someone who took the fall for those in an even higher position. Since everyone in here is an Altered, nearly every single one has a connection to a gang in some way."

"He's right." Stinger said as he started to walk over and placed his foot on top of the bald man's head. "Even in here, some of us need to worry about who we offend out there, so I have to ask, young one, what's your affiliation to get you in here, what gang are you from?"

Not hesitating, saying the name loud and proud, Gary gave an answer. "I'm from the Howlers Gang."

Stinger chuckled. "Never heard of it. Which means you're going to get a lot of attention in here."

Chapter 804 Room Mate

Gary didn't say much more to Stinger; he just gave him a single look as he continued to walk away and followed the guard to his cell room. It did make him think back a bit, about how much his life had changed.

He remembered when he was frightened of gangs, being chased by the Underdogs and in fear for his life, yet so much had changed. Here, he was in a prison full of hardened criminals, yet he wasn't scared for some reason. He guessed it was because he didn't have the time to be scared, not when he wanted to help everyone in the Howlers.

Stinger continued to look at the back of Gary as he walked off with a smile on his face, and when they were far enough to the point where the others wouldn't be able to hear him, he spoke up.

"Hey, ask around and see if anyone knows anything about this Howlers gang," Stinger stated. "It might be some new group, so try looking at those that went in recently. I want to know if he's someone we can mess with or not."

The man who had been defeated by Stinger was being dragged. He was mostly passed out, unable to fight back, but he did overhear the conversation the two had, and the prisoner couldn't help but think.

"The Howlers... I'm sure I've heard of them before... But I can't think straight because my head hurts. Oh well, I hope this damned Stinger gets what he deserves."

The guard and Gary took a turn down one of the hallways that branched out to the large main room. As they walked down, on either side, there were steel doors with small slits that could fit something like a food tray inside, but too small for any person to get out.

"Those guys from before, Stinger is their leader," the guard went on to explain. "He's probably the most active member and group out of those that are here, but you know, just because one barks the loudest doesn't mean they are the strongest."

"I hear he was some gang leader or something, so he's able to rile up people well. The other groups ignore him because for the rest of them, he's a good testing point for a new person that comes in."

"So I'm sure at some point you'll get hurt."

The guard then stopped in front of one cell door that was marked with the number 23.

"Look, I'm telling you this because you helped me out back there. As quickly as you can, gain favor with someone, a group of some kind. If you do that, the longer you spend in here, the safer you will be. Don't be a lone wolf; they get killed in here."

The man unlocked the cell door and opened it up. Inside the room, there were two beds, one on the left and the other on the right. Other than that, the room was barren of everything else.

"Even a toilet can be used as a weapon," the guard commented. "So if you need to, just find one of us, and we'll take you there. We used to have public toilets, but too many times they get trashed. Remember what I said."

"Don't worry," Gary said before the guard shut the door. "I already have my own pack; I don't need to be making a new one in here. I just need to get back to them."

The guard closed the door and shook his head, wondering if he would see the young one again.

When the door shut, Gary went to look at his bed. It was plain, with nothing but bed sheets. Judging by the door being shut behind, he could tell that it was locked. Since he had seen so many outside and judging by the schedule the guard had told him about, right now it was a free period.

They could stay in their cells and relax, or they could go to the center where all the other members and groups he had walked past were seen.

In the room, his roommate was present. He noticed Gary's presence and turned around to have a look. A man with a scar on the bottom of his chin and wild black hair. Ignoring him, Gary went to have some rest; his mind was full, and he needed to think about what the best course of action for him would be.

"Hey, what are you doing?" the man said. "Did you grow up on a farm or something? Did no one teach you any manners? You're just going to go make your bed before talking to me?"

The man sat up and was on the edge of his bed looking out at Gary. lights

"You need to introduce yourself when you're in a cell; that's the rule. Name, affiliation with the outside, who you are, and why you're in here."

Gary wondered if every person he met was going to be like this, and considering the place he was in, it might be the case. Not wanting to have constant fights with his roommate, he reluctantly gave an answer anyway.

"Gary Dem, part of the Howlers gang, in here under investigation, so temporarily," Gary answered.

This gave the other man a laugh.

"Ha, temporarily; do you really think that's the case? I think the shortest time I've spent in here was five years. Anyway, who the f*ck are the Howlers? I'm from the Pipping Gang; I was one of their members for a while, so my position is higher than you.

"At lunch, give me half of your food from now on; I need it more than your scrawny self-body. If you disagree, then I'm happy to fight about it."

At that moment, a ping was heard in Gary's head.

[System message]

[Your cell mate is being a bully, and he thinks he's better than you. Show him what you got, and you will get rewarded with the exp that you so desire.]

Gary stopped making his bed and turned around to the man. Immediately he kicked off from his foot and grabbed him by his face; he lifted his entire body and slammed him right into the wall. A loud bang and vibration was heard through several of the other cell rooms.

The man's eyes had rolled into the back of his head.

[12,500 exp granted]

"The reason why the Howlers are going through the situation they are going through now is because I was weak. I need to get stronger, and I'm not going to show any weakness while I'm here."

"You touched the one thing that I need in this place to keep fighting, and that's food!"

Chapter 805 The Prison Order

Slowly, Zig's eyes started to open; his head was aching, as he felt like he had just been smashed by a truck hurtling at full speed. He didn't know why he felt this way, and for a moment, he was unable to remember anything.

'Did I get whacked by one of the other groups or something... but I was sure I was in my cell,' Zig thought.

His blurred vision was coming back into focus, and he could see someone lying in the bed that was placed opposite to him. It was a bed that had remained empty for a while now, so why would someone be in it, and what was with the green hair?

When Zig's vision finally cleared, he started to remember, as he could see the young boy who had practically been sleeping away. He remembered the last moments; there were fierce eyes staring at him, they had sharpened and were slightly glowing red.

Before Zig could react at all, his entire head had been slammed into the wall. Quickly he turned around, and sure enough, he could see a blood mark and a slight indent on the wall.

'All of these cells are made of reinforced thick steel, and there's a dent in it, just how hard did he hit me?'

Zig went to touch the back of his head; it was still bleeding slightly and still very sore. If anything, he realized that he might be lucky to even be alive; he was thankful for being the type of Altered he was.

'This kid, he must be really strong, F*ck, but he said he's from the Howlers gang. A gang that has an Altered this strong, that's unheard of, is that possible?'

'Well, while he's asleep, this may be the best time to get rid of him.' Zig went to move slightly, shifting on his bed, trying to get in the perfect position for his payback, but the moment he made the slightest bit of movement...

Gary's eyes snapped open, and his head turned to look at him.

'He heard that...' Zig gulped.

Slowly Gary got off his bed, now that the other was awake. Even though he was asleep, his ears were always extra sensitive. It was something he realized he could do; he could set it so his ears were alert while sleeping, allowing him to snap awake at any point if he wished to.

Perhaps it was a trait of the wolves that are outside.

"There are a few questions that I would like to ask you," Gary said as he sat at the edge of the bed, and leaned forward with both of his elbows on his thighs. He was quite close to Zig now, looking at him.

All the intentions of possibly getting payback had pretty much gone out of Zig's head right there and then.

"Hey, you know about that food thing, I was just kidding about that, we're cellmates, all is good, all is good," Zig jokingly said, still feeling a throbbing pain at the back of his head just from speaking alone.

"I want to know what's the deal with this prison, the current situation, the set up between groups, who's going to be after me in here, and if there's anyone that can help me get out," Gary asked.

"Get out!" Zig shouted as he turned his head left and right. "I think you're taking your whole prison sentence lightly. No one escapes from here; no one has the power to do it because of the warden. The only way to get out of here is to beat her down. No one has been able to do that in here, and even if you did, then the White Rose agents from above would be alerted and would come in a heartbeat. If the Warden catches word of what you're thinking, then you better be prepared for a fight."

Gary looked at his fist; he didn't think this was going to be easy. He was prepared to at least have to fight his way out of here.

"If your life depended on it, on escaping, then just tell me what you would do," Gary asked again.

Zig let out a big sigh, wondering what he had done to get such a rough roommate. Couldn't he have had it easy by giving someone he could bully around and get some extra food? He just wanted some more food; was that so much to ask?

"Your first question, there are three major groups in this prison that you need to look out for. You have Stinger's gang; his group is the largest of the three. He's quite active in disciplining the other prisoners that don't want to join any sides at all."

"And he causes the most ruckus between people. However, the other two groups somewhat see him as neutral even if he gets into scuffles with their lower members since he's good to have in a way. I am also part of Stinger's group myself."

"There's then the north and south gang. These two gangs during free time are stationed at the north side of the facility and south side of the facility, hence their names. These two gangs are at each other's throats, including their members. Joining them means you're willing to take on the other side."

"I don't know why these two leaders have trouble with each other or what, but that's just been the way it has since I've been on the inside. If you want to stay safe in this place and not have people attacking you, then join one of these three groups."

"In terms of people you need to look out for, there are two more."

"There's one called Ice; he spends most of his time in his cell. A powerful individual that both the North and South have tried to recruit, but he does his own thing. He's so strong that the others respect his decision of not joining, and people tend to leave him alone."

"As for the other individual, his name is Black Jack. Just like Ice, he's extremely powerful to the point where the other gangs leave him alone. About the question you asked me, about if I wanted to escape this place, then I would talk to him."

"Black Jack is the only person who has tried to escape from this place and had fought against the Warden. It was a fight that everyone saw, and everyone realized at that moment that they didn't have the strength to leave this place."

It looked like Gary had his person of contact, but he had no reference; he had no idea how strong these people were. Was the Warden someone he could beat, and what about all the other gang members; would it be safe just to join one of these groups for the time being?

While thinking about this, Stinger was sitting as he waited on the staircase; he sat on the highest stair, which was around four up, until one of the other gang members had come over.

"Stinger, we did our research, but we can't seem to find anyone that knows anything about the Howlers," the member claimed.

"I see," Stinger said with a smile. "Then it means we can play about with him before he goes running to one of the other groups."

Chapter 806 Don't mess with my food!

A short but single loud alarm rang throughout the rooms and the open area. It was the signal that it was time to serve food, one of the three times in the day when they would bring food out.

For Gary, he had missed breakfast before coming here, and now it was time for them all to have lunch. As they walked out, Zig wasted no time in practically running away from Gary and going ahead to join the others.

To which Gary just shook his head.

'Maybe I should have kept him on a tighter leash,' Gary thought. 'I wanted to use him so I could find out who this Black Jack guy is. It's not like these prisoners have their names tattooed on their foreheads.'

At the same time, Gary didn't even know who was part of what two groups that were mentioned either; those that were with the north and south. In the meantime, it was best for him to just avoid any groups in general.

When lining up, there seemed to be an order of things. Gary had witnessed the line of people reshuffling their order, making way for a few members on the side. Even though he was quite close to the front in the position, Gary had eventually ended up shuffling further and further back.

The only person he could recognize was in Stinger's group, and they weren't even at the front of the line to grab lunch food. Zig was in the line along with them, so at least Gary now knew who the Stinger group were.

'The least important people in here honestly, yet they act the loudest, quite typical.'

The line was moving along fairly quickly, and after gathering their food, they would proceed to eat on long benches sitting either side of each other. Just like the guard had mentioned as well, during food hours was the time he could see most of them. There were at least fifty of the guards spread out in the room alone. After the first two groups had been served, it looked like it was finally Stinger's turn, that was until, a tall lanky pale man had walked by the side.

His skin was incredibly faint, reminding Gary of White somewhat. He continued forward with his lightly grey-colored hair, and Stinger said no word as he stood in front of him and proceeded to grab some food. After doing so, the tall lanky man went ahead, sitting on an empty bench on his own.

'If I were to take any guesses, then that man is Ice. I wonder how strong he is, or what he did to make it so everyone avoided him.'

Things were proceeding as Stinger got his food and sat with his large group of men, and he couldn't help but keep his eyes on the young green-haired boy.

"That guy stands out too much; he doesn't even seem to be scared or annoyed by the entire situation. I thought he would have at least come begging to ask to join us by now," Stinger commented, and turned to look at Zig.

"I heard that you were his roommate; did you give him the normal shit?" Stinger asked.

Zig didn't really want to answer. What happened was embarrassing, and of course, he was scared of Stinger, but how could he say he was scared of the newbie as well. That would just make him go further down in the group.

"I told him the deal," Zig replied. "And then he said he didn't care about any of my crap. Just when I was about to teach him a lesson, the alarm went off telling us all to come to lunch."

"I see, so he really thinks he's some untouchable crap in here. There's been a lot of guys like that, even some of you guys were like that when you first came in here. Thinking that's the best course of action, but you were quickly humbled, and it's my job to humble the newcomers."

"You guys, go just tease him for a bit now; you know we can't cause real trouble in here."

Gary had successfully collected his food, and although the food didn't look entirely repulsive, it was more so that it just wasn't enough for him. Due to him being a Werewolf, to gather his energy, he needed a lot.

The main issue was if Gary needed to fight at full strength; he would quickly need food for him to recover as well.

While looking at the food, he saw a shadow cast in front of him. It almost looked like someone was about to crash until Gary quickly spun to the side, avoiding the person. It was a fast movement, and all of the food was kept intact still in his hands.

"You should look up instead of walking straight into people; otherwise, I would have said you owed me some food," Gary commented.

The other prisoner was dumbfounded, wondering what just happened, as he looked in front of him, and there was no one there.

As Gary was ready to move forward again, he saw a hand coming toward him, but it wasn't aiming for his face; instead, it was aiming for his tray, to which Gary had lifted it in time, causing the hand to completely miss.

"Why is everyone trying to go after my food? I'm warning you guys; if something happens to my food, and I can't eat it. You're going to get me a new one," Gary commented again.

Gary was ready to continue to walk forward, and just as he had taken a few steps more from the side of one of the tables, one of the prisoners had transformed their face, giving them large lips and a funnel of sorts.

Out from his mouth, a sharp giant ball of spit went flying and had landed cleanly on Gary's food, unable to avoid it this time. He stopped in his tracks with the tray of food in his hand, and they were slightly shaking.

Seeing what had happened, the North and South Gangs were waiting to see what type of action he would take.

'These people are more annoying than those that were at the AFA,' Gary thought.

Chapter 807 I Remember Who You Are

Looking at the tray in Gary's hand, there was a large amount of spit all over it. It wasn't like a regular person's spit; otherwise, Gary might have just removed the part that had been affected and ate around it.

Food was food, and he came from a place where food was precious, and he was thankful that he would just be able to eat another meal that filled his belly. With his special Altered case, being a werewolf, he got hungry more often, and with the food all around him, his stomach was rumbling.

Which was why right now, he was trying everything possible to keep his rage in, and not just go over there and smash the tray right over the face of the person who had ruined his food.

"I remember what the guard said, the only place that I can't cause trouble is in here. Clearly, it seems that there are some liberties people can take, though."

Finally deciding what to do, Gary had turned and started to walk toward Stinger and his group, along with the one that had spat on his food.

"Hey, do you really think the new guy's going to do it? Is he going to act out on the first day?" One of the members of the South gang asked, talking to his leader by the side, who had short spiked hair that looked to be a similar shade of his skin, giving it the appearance that it all blended in.

"It happens; people ignore the warnings of the guards. After all, the guards are all human. So what can they do, right? They just don't know if they act, that's what brings out the warden."

Heading over, Stinger and the rest of his men couldn't help but continue to smirk, and they were bracing themselves to take a hit. It had been a while since they had seen the warden fighting against someone, so they thought the matter would be quite exciting.

Which was why they were slightly confused when Gary walked past Stinger and the spitter and stopped right at a certain individual. Gary then placed his tray on the table and grabbed Zig's tray of food.

"You said in the cell that I needed to give you my food, right? So here you go," Gary commented.
"Enjoy."

Gary walked away with Zig's tray of food, and he was unable to do anything. His body wouldn't let him due to what had happened last time. The mention of food had completely frozen him up.

"Zig, what the F*ck, you just let him take your food. You didn't even grab your tray or say anything. What was that?" Another member asked.

"I'm sorry; I just didn't expect him to do that. I was just a bit frozen and didn't know what to do."

"Well, one thing's clear," Stinger said. "He doesn't respect us. For him to do something like that right in front of me. After we sent him a nice warning gift as well, I guess we just have to teach him a lesson."

Gary went ahead and sat on a table where prisoners were spread apart. None of them looked like the famed Black Jack he was looking for. Instead, these prisoners looked like those who had been rejected from the other groups and had to live in fear every day.

Either way, it wasn't something Gary had to worry about.

After food was done, everyone started to exit from the main lunch hall and entered the large area. This included Gary.

As he got out, he started to look around; he didn't want to just waste his time in the place.

"Now, if I had a name like Black Jack or was so strong that others left me alone, where would I be?" Gary thought.lights

While looking at the faces of others, he could see many of them looking his way and smiling. He had no idea why, but soon he noticed that they had sat by the large seats, they had lent up against the wall.

From the south and north, multiple people were coming over but not too close. That was until a certain individual had come over, with a group of ten people with him. It was none other than Stinger.

"I didn't think it would come to this," Stinger commented. "We gave you plenty of opportunities so that it wouldn't have to come to this. But you forced your hand; you disrespected us so it means we need to teach you and show you your place, just like the one before you."

Gary had half-expected this, and if there was at least one thing to take out of this, at least he would get some experience.

By the staircase that was stationed a bit behind Stinger and his group, there was a man who was beaten and bruised; his body hurt all over. They had him lying on top of the highest staircase.

This was the newest prison member before Gary had arrived and the person they had made work of just before. He had been recovering nearly this entire time, and keeping watch over him were two other members of Stinger's group.

As he turned his head to the side, he could see what was about to happen, and what stood out to him was the green-colored hair. Seeing it, now he was the one with a big smile on his face.

"Now I remember, the Howlers gang... and I'm sure of it, that guy, he's Gary Dem," the man chuckled.

The two guarding him turned their heads in annoyance.

"Just shut up, and watch the new guy take a beating."

The sound of small, pained laughter appeared behind them.

"You guys don't understand, do you? The gang that kid's from, the Howlers Gang, they managed to take out Notsburg and are rumored to be the strongest tier 2 gang in the country."

The others turned to look at him like he was a madman.

"You're crazy; if that gang was so big, then surely we would have heard of them."

"And how long have you guys been in this facility before? That gang rose to the top quicker than any group before; that's what's so scary about them, and you guys don't even know who you're about to mess with because that guy, Gary Dem, he's the famous AFC Rookie who had suddenly disappeared. He's going to kick Stinger's and the entirety of your group's arse!"

Chapter 808 A Wild Prisoner

Gary was surrounded in the open space, and rather than it look like anyone was coming round to help him, instead, it just looked like all the others were there to watch a show.

[You have been surrounded by a group of prisoners being led by a man named Stinger]

[New Quest received: defeat the group and get stronger, aiding you on your journey out of here.]

If there was one saving grace about the whole thing, it was the fact that Gary was getting something out of it. It wasn't the same as when he went up against random gang members on the street; all of these were Altered, which meant they were somewhat worth fighting.

"Attack him!" Stinger shouted.

Immediately, the man from before with his pursed lips spat out several spitballs, to which Gary moved his head from side to side, avoiding them all.

Another prisoner had transformed, with his skin turning slightly green, and started to throw slime towards Gary, to which he shifted his feet, moving a few times, avoiding them all.

When the gooey substance hit the floor, Gary could see that it was somewhat stuck on the ground. After unsuccessful attempts at getting him from far range, a few others had decided to charge forward.

One had practically sprinted right at Gary, transforming his legs into a type of animal, but once again, Gary had ducked the attack, making it avoid him, and the man overshot, running ahead and nearly crashing into a wall.

"This guy, does he have some type of sixth sense? He's avoiding everything!" Stinger complained.

This was when one of Stinger's best-performing men, who had been at the prison nearly as long as him, had acted. He charged forward, and when he threw out his hand, it started to extend.

His arm had transformed into a type of javelin spear with a large stinger that had come out, relatively thick, right towards Gary.

The force and speed of the strike were quite different compared to everything before.

Seeing this, Gary then lifted his hand, and it started to transform; the brown fur was appearing, and right then, he grabbed onto the stinger, stopping it right in its tracks.

The man tried to move it, he tried to pull it back out, but Gary had a firm, strong grip on the stinger that had attacked him.

At that moment, the Altered that had attacked had a slight worry going through his mind.

'This guy, he's not just fast, but he's incredibly strong as well, and just his arm transforming... I just noticed, but he avoided all those attacks before, without even transforming... does this mean he's not just stronger than us, he's actually on a whole other level.'

"What is wrong with you guys today? Did you all drink out of the funky juice, or something!" Stinger shouted, annoyed at his group's performance.

This one person was practically humiliating him, and he could see that the eyes of the other groups were looking at them.

Just then, though, from the staircase, one of the men came running down to Stinger's side.

"We just got news from the old new guy we beat up," the man said in a loud whisper. "It turns out that the Howlers are a tier 2 gang! And he said something about them being the strongest tier 2 gang out there."

Almost immediately, Stinger felt his heart sink slightly. He was a leader of a tier 3 gang in the past, in just a regular tier 3 town, it was nothing special, but in the prison, he was in quite a high position.

"That's crazy, how come we never heard about them before!" Stinger argued back.

"Apparently, they rose out of nowhere showing their strength."

"Ah well, just because he's a part of that gang, doesn't mean he's strong himself." Stinger retorted.

"Actually, about that," the man said nervously, looking right into Gary's eyes.

Right there and then, Gary pulled the stinger forward, and the man felt his entire body leap toward him. With a fist, Gary planted it right in the man's face, making his body flip in the air several times.

[Lethal pounce]

Before the body even landed, Gary activated another skill, making him jump from one position; he then slashed right at one of the attackers, causing a deep mark right across the man's chest, sending him off into the distance.

However, it wasn't nighttime, so the effects of his class weren't into play yet, but Gary still had moved again, pouncing toward another target. That was because his skill had already evolved; all of his skills during the time had grown stronger compared to before.lights

He slashed above, cutting off the lips of the man who had spat on his food, then kicked him right in the stomach. The man went flying back as his back hit the staircase, and a loud cracking noise was made.

Just like that, Gary had dealt with three of the attackers. The original man Gary had attacked had finally fallen on the floor. All three of those that Gary had hit, none of them were getting up again.

Gary stood there looking toward Stinger, who still had around ten men or so around him. All of them looking nervous, a little afraid to move forward.

Some watching from the sides, in the shadows, were quite amazed by the performance they had seen.

'The newcomer, he seems to be a little wild, huh.'

Gary

Grade: Rook

Class: Dark Warrior

Level 33

[Health: 300]

[Energy: 500]

[Strength: 75]

[Dexterity: 65]

[Endurance: 68]

Werewolf Skills

[Claw Drain: Level 3]

[Last Stand: Level 2]

[Lethal Pounce: Level 2]

[Magnetic Howl: Level 2]

[Claw Strike: Level 1]

Alpha Skills

[Howling Force]

[Alpha Bite]

The man standing next to Stinger was sure of it now after seeing everything.

"He said that he was an upcoming rookie in the AFC... one of the best and that he disappeared into nowhere. It looks like all those things were true."

Chapter 809 Dragged in blood

Being an Altered already put one ahead compared to the regular people on the outside, with their super strength, speed, lifespan, health, and overall transformation capabilities.

The thing was, being in the AFC also did the same, because it was a place where those who weren't just Altered but also skilled at fighting entered.

Of course, there would be strong Altered members of gangs and such who just never bothered to enter the AFC, but on a comparison as a whole, those who entered the AFC were extremely skilled at using their powers.

For Gary, he wasn't just someone who had entered the AFC, but someone who was pinned to be a new top 50, a superstar rookie in the making. It was why, without even transforming, Gary was able to topple most of the members that came his way.

"I heard a little rumor..." Gary stated as he started to walk towards Stinger and his group.

They were startled and hunched together, but soon one of them started to fidget, and in the end, they broke from their group, running forward. Their faces had started to transform.

Right in front of their eyes, Gary had disappeared from their sight, and a fist was coming from the side, ready to hit the Altered's temple. It smashed it, sending him flying and skidding across the ground.

"It would have hit some of the prisoners who were standing and watching, but they managed to move away just in time."

"In this place, they said that killing was allowed," Gary stated. "With this attack of yours, if I didn't join your group, did you plan to kill me?"

Right on cue after Gary said those words, Stinger just said the words that naturally came to his mouth.

"Kill him!" Stinger shouted.

Immediately, the nine remaining members all ran forward, and even Stinger had transformed quickly. Out from his backside, a large scorpion-like tail curled up and hovered over his head.

All of the others started to transform, but before one could finish, Gary had lifted both of his hands and slammed them on top of one of the Altered, sending him crashing to the ground.

Right at that moment, a solid leg came out, hitting Gary right in the stomach. It shifted his feet back slightly and took the wind out of him, but he was mostly fine.

Getting his footing, he charged forward at the attacker, and grabbed onto them, lifting their body up. He could see Stinger's sting coming down at him, and at the right time, Gary placed the body in front of him. [f][r][e][e][w][i][n].[c][o][m]

Stinger had pierced right through Stinger's own ally, hurting him in the process.

Gary then let go of the body, moving to the next group that was next to him. They threw out fists, which he managed to avoid, and transforming part of his mouth, Gary then chomped down right between the attacker's neck and shoulder. A large chunk came out, but Gary didn't spit it out onto the floor; instead, he swallowed it down.

"I can tell, every single one of these guys, when they're attacking me, they're attacking with the intent to kill!"

A sharp clawed hand had sliced right at Gary's chest. He had leaned back, avoiding most of the hit, but a large cut and blood still came out from his clothing.

[Claw drain.]

In response, Gary then hurled forward and swung his own claw, cutting right across his opponent's chest. Due to the skill being used, Gary's own wound started to heal right there and then.

Two strong hits from Altered's bashed him in the chest, but Gary took them well. He lifted them from the back by digging his claws in and then throwing them off to the side.

His legs and arms had transformed even more compared to before, and rather than reverting back, he stayed in his transformed state and went ahead to bulldoze straight toward Stinger.

The others at this point, after seeing the full rampage that Gary could do, had decided to step out of the way.

One brave prisoner, whose fist transformed into a type of giant rock, threw it out to hit Gary. In response, Gary went to throw out his own fist. When both of them connected, the man was still lifted up off his feet, the stone hand cracking and bleeding in places as it fell to the floor.

Immediately after, Stinger came swooping down from the side. It hit Gary in his ribs and was dragging him across the place. Wrapping his arm around Stinger, he held on tight. Then he lifted his hand.

[Claw drain.]

Gary repeatedly struck Stinger with his claw again and again, blood was dripping on the floor from the open wound. He continued to claw at the same spot as blood was filling the entire area.

Until the stinger had finally fallen apart.

[Lethal pounce]

Jumping from his position, he moved to the right, and then launched, landing right on top of Stinger. Both of their hands were locked in place, Stinger on the floor doing what he could to try and push Gary off.

"I'm a leader of a tier 3 gang, I'm one of the main ones in charge of this place, you have no idea what you're doing!" Stinger grunted as he tried to push back.

"F*ck you and your gangs!" Gary shouted. "I'm getting out of here!"

Gary's face had fully transformed into its Werewolf form, and opened his mouth wide, digging his sharp teeth right into Stinger's neck.

"ARGHHH!" Stinger screamed in pain, and the strength in his hands had almost disappeared.

Feeling this, Gary finally stood up, huffing and panting, standing in place. There was blood all over the place where they were fighting. Injured men and blood.

Some were just too shocked and scared, lying on the floor, still worried to get up or make any type of movement.

The onlookers didn't even know what they had seen, even though they were right there.

"As for that rule, it's alright to kill people in here. Well, you guys tried taking my life, I need to take yours, in order to save some that I care about."

[76,500 Exp gained]

[Congratulations, you have leveled up!]

[You have successfully defeated one of the three groups]

[5 pawn points have been awarded]

[1 stat point has been awarded]

[You are now level 34]

Gary then looked at Stinger; there were many looking around still, and there would be those who would think he was crazy, so it was better for him to do it in silence.

Gary knelt down and picked Stinger up by the bottom of his leg, and started to drag him away. No one dared ask what he was about to do or got in his way.

For Gary, though, he wouldn't waste any of this chance. He needed to grow stronger; his opponent was the type of person who was able to put him in this place, so he needed to consume them to be able to match them.

Gary had slid Stinger halfway across the room, ready to head back through his hallway to his cell, but before he could, a guard had arrived.

"Gary!" The guard shouted; he started to stutter slightly, seeing the blood on Gary's clothes and the area around. "You... you have a visitor."

Chapter 810 The North Group

A nightmare, a striking pain, humiliation, laughter followed by anger. These were the emotions that were rolling all through Stinger's head while he was facing the strange wolf-type Altered that had recently joined the prison.

Darkness had filled his eyes, with a pain that was coursing through his entire body. However, that pain subsided; it was disappearing, and he could feel his body working in other ways.

Then finally, his eyes started to open bit by bit, and he could see a face staring directly back at him. A man with a short gray beard and white hair. He had wrinkles behind the eyes but broad shoulders and a deep look in them.

"Calvin Muller!" Stinger said, his voice shaky.

He was wondering right now, why, why could he see the North group leader of all things. Wasn't he just facing the green-haired boy moments ago?

Calvin slowly pulled away his head and went back to sitting on the ground. When Stinger looked around, he noticed that he was on the north side of the prison. The north and south sides being run by the two largest groups in the prison, no one ventured to either side unless there was a reason for them to.

That included Stinger as well. It had been a long time since he was here. He could see several men standing by the side, just outside the multiple hallways that would lead to the cells.

They were standing there almost like guards. Then, right where Calvin, the leader, was sitting, there were all different-shaped and sized men who were looking right at Stinger. When looking around at the floor though, Stinger noticed that his men, who had also been attacked, were on the floor as well.

Only they looked better compared to before. The wounds on their bodies were pretty much healed. They hadn't come to yet, but they were fine, apart from the blood that was on their clothes.
[f][r][e][e][w][i][n].[c][o][m]

"You might be a little confused, but I saved you," Calvin stated, lifting up his hand and shaking it slightly.

"Right," Stinger mumbled. "You're Calvin the Miracle Worker; you must have used your Altered powers to heal us."

"Exactly," Calvin smiled. "But I have to say that this time was a lot harder than my usual jobs. All of you were close to death, especially you, Stinger. If you were left there on the ground, then you would have bled out to death."

Flashes of the fight reappeared in Stinger's mind. He couldn't remember much of it, other than panicking, but he did remember one thing, a stinging pain between his shoulder and neck.

He lifted his hand to touch it, and once again, a large stinging pain returned, and it was throbbing this time.

"Ah, be careful; I didn't get to finish explaining," Calvin added. "You see, this is a first for me. I can usually heal someone back to their peak condition, or nothing at all. If you were dead, well, that would have been the end of it."

"Yet for some reason, the wound by your neck won't heal, and it's not just you. But the other one that Gary Dem bit from your gang, the same wound is unable to heal on him as well."

Altered heal quicker than regular people, so Stinger didn't think much of it, just that it was a wound that would take more time. Calvin must have just been overconfident in his abilities, which many Altered in here were.

"So... why save me? We're not part of the same group, and you know I remain neutral between both groups. If you left me, then that would be one less problem to deal with."

The group members started to laugh, including Calvin himself.

"You don't honestly believe that, do you? You know that neither of our groups has ever seen you as a problem. If anything, you are a good obstacle for both of us and a way to weed out the useless ones."

"But you see, it seems that a useful one has joined. Another person that is able to turn the tide in this place. However, as we have found out with you. This person is quite dangerous, in fact, they are very dangerous."

"What I want to know is why such a dangerous person is in here, find out why they are here."

Now Stinger found out the reason why he and his group were saved. They were using his group to gather information. That way, his group didn't weaken if there were any accidents while trying to find out about Gary.

Even if they were confident they could beat Gary, after his display, it was clear that he could make a big dent in the entire group if he were to fight against them.

"Information, you're going to try to use the outside information as a way to bring him to your side," Stinger replied.

"And here I thought you had no brain on you. If you know what I want, take your men and get to it."

After being called by the guard, Gary followed him carefully, his body shaking slightly. He had used quite a bit of energy, and worst of all, because he hadn't eaten, it meant that his energy hadn't recovered.

The good news was that he hadn't completely transformed in the fight, so he still had a lot of energy, but who knew what was going to happen when he got back.

Eventually, Gary was led to a door, and it was opened for him. Inside, he could see an area full of seats and dividers. In between reinforced glass, with a small speaker on either side of the room.

This was where visitors would come. The guard led Gary to his seat, and when he reached his divider, he could see who was here to visit him.

"Elijah!" Gary's eyebrows raised.

"It's been a long time." Elijah, the White Rose Agent from the Tier 4 city that Gary had become acquainted with, was here, and ever since then, Elijah had stayed in contact with the Howlers gang.