

Werewolf 811

Chapter 811 Someone on the Inside

Gary and Elijah had met when the latter was running an undercover operation trying to find the source of the black substance. In the end, it looked like the substance was linked to NIRV in one way or another.

An organization that was incredibly large and seemed to have its hands in everything, including those at White Rose. Because of it, Elijah knew that it would be hard for him to pursue things further unless more evidence was able to be gathered.

The thing was, Elijah was restricted to doing things by the books and only doing work that would be handed to him by White Rose themselves. That was why he had agreed to stay in contact with Kai and the Howlers.

A win-win situation for both groups as they would share information related to matters that would help them along. Unfortunately, there wasn't much in terms of information about the dark solution to go on.

However, the contact between the two still stayed somewhat frequent, and even now, while Elijah was at White Rose, he had been contacted by Kai on more than one occasion.[f][r][e][q][u][e][n][t].[c][o][m]

"I guess you should tell me now, whether or not I should get my hopes up," Gary asked as he went ahead and took a seat.

Elijah then looked to the guard and gave him a slight nod. After which, the guard had decided to leave the room and close the door behind them. Now the only ones that were currently there were Elijah and Gary.

"I had to pull a lot of strings to get this meeting, Gary," Elijah explained. "I had to use a lot of one-time favors that I won't ever get to use again, but to answer your questions, I don't want you to get your hopes up fully."

Gary clenched his fist. He was hoping, although small, that maybe he could get him out of this place, just so he could help out the others.

"Gary, I wanted to let you know when I heard about what happened and read the reports. I don't think you're the type of person to do something like this. The whole thing, from what I know, it seems like a setup," Elijah said.

There was silence between the two of them for a while, that was until Gary finally answered.

"That's the thing though, Elijah. The truth is, I did do those things. I did what they're accusing me of."

Elijah wanted to say something, but he stayed quiet as he knew there was more that Gary wanted to say.

"You remember the situation we were in; it was quite similar. I'm not like the other gang members. I try not to be; I hate that type of life, but I do what I have to do in situations where it's needed."

"I needed to protect someone I cared about, so I had to do those things. And right now, I feel like I'm in a similar situation again, where I'm forced to do things I don't like to do in order to help the people I care about."

Elijah was thinking back to when he saw Gary step up for someone who was practically a stranger. The two of them worked side by side in the mine, and even he, who was supposed to be on the side of justice, didn't step up.

Someone like Gary, he knew he was a good person, to the point where Elijah was questioning his own morals. Just because one was in the White Rose didn't mean they were good, and just because one was in a gang didn't mean they were bad. Gary was the one that opened his eyes to that.

"Let's put that to rest for now. Either way, these matters happen all the time and get swept under the rug. The truth is, there isn't even enough evidence for them to put you in or lock you down in a place like this."

"It clearly has something to do with those at the top. I wanted to let you know that I'm on your side in all of this. That you do have someone that is trying to help you, but at the end of the day, I'm just a field agent; there's not much I can do."

Even if Elijah found out who was the one that allowed things to get this far, Elijah could imagine himself being brought down at the first hurdle. When evidence was submitted, it would be stopped before it even reached the superintendents.

They were the only group that would be able to impose punishments on those within. A separate group in the White Rose organization that was to deal with internal affairs, having just as much power as the Chiefs.

It was created to make the White Rose less corrupt, but he would need the help of someone higher if they were to solve this.

"Thank you," Gary said. "Are you able to meet with me again?"

"I should be able to. If there is anything you need or anything I can help you with, let me know," Elijah said.

Gary thought about it for a while... requests that Elijah could perhaps help him with, and two thoughts came to his mind.

"When you can, tell me everything that is happening to Slough and the Howlers. Get in contact with Kai, tell him to give you an update and pass on the information."

Elijah nodded; that should be easy enough. And the favors he had called in to get this meeting, after knowing that there was no trouble, they would be more inclined to allow him to do this again.

"As for the second request, I need you to get me food and meat, lots and lots of meat."

Gary was unable to rely on Elijah's help; the conversation made that clear. So it looked like the only other option available for him was that he needed to beat those in the Prison, get stronger, level up, improve his stats, and break out of this place.

Chapter 812 Outside Information

No matter what Stinger did, he was unable to get rid of the throbbing pain from his shoulder. Once in a while, the pain would shoot through his body, and it was putting him in a bad mood.

It wasn't just that, though; it was also the frequent stares that he would get from the other prisoners. Once in a while, they would give him smirks, even those that were part of no group, thinking that they were all that.

Stinger had eventually returned to his group's hangout spot, by the giant staircase. When he headed there, the rest of his gang was currently there as well, including the ones that had been hurt.

They were all better now, back in action, and a couple of them had already gotten in a few scuffles as because of the treatment that Stinger was getting, the other members were getting it as well.

Those part of no group felt a little more confident and had decided to fight back, but it didn't end well for the others. Stinger's group was strong, just not in comparison to Gary.

Dragging his feet along, Stinger eventually reached the top step, and here, he made eye contact with their prisoner of sorts, or their latest recruit that they were trying to break in.

"So, my friend told me you know a bit about this guy that attacked us, the green head, his name is Gary Dem apparently, right? Well, I need to know more about him. Tell me everything you know and why is he in here?" Stinger asked.

The man on the staircase was almost permanently bruised because whenever his body was close to healing up, Stinger and his group would continue to clobber him, placing him back in the same situation.

They did this on repeat until the person would join them. Stinger had his eye on this newcomer because he was quite brave and had some strength compared to the rest of them, nowhere near that of his recent attacker though.

"It was good seeing all of you get beaten up as well," the man laughed.

The response earned a fist being held right against the man's face, which led to a gulp.

"Look, I told the guy from before everything that I know. Gary Dem is meant to be this rich tycoon that supports the Howlers Gang. They came out of nowhere taking over a town called Slough, which was only a tier 3.

"Then they moved on from there and took over Notsburg, a tier-2. After which, Slough developed, and now it is one of the biggest tier 2 cities, along with the Howlers Gang being one of the most feared."

"Anyone who has been in here more than 2 years, heck, even a year won't know much about them. As for Gary Dem, not only is he some rich tycoon but he was in the AFC as well. He had one fight, and then just disappeared from the scene."

"I remember it well because they made a pretty big deal about it."

Stinger was honestly surprised that there was so much history to do with this one person and that so many people didn't know about him. However, what the man said made sense.

It was due to the timeline of things.lights

"Well, if he's such a big shot, then how come he's in here? He has money, a good gang protecting him; those types of people don't end up in here."

It was true; although strong Altered who worked alone ended up in this place or those in minor gangs, and those that took the fall for the bigger gangs. Those that were too high up were untouchable.

They couldn't be placed somewhere like this, and Stinger would have placed Gary on that list based on what he had heard from him.

"How am I meant to know? I've been in here for around a month," the man replied. "And at the time, I was more worried about my own case. I wasn't trying to follow what was happening. Maybe he upset someone at White Rose."

By the second, Stinger was getting more frustrated because this whole thing wasn't going to be as easy as he thought. He was hoping it would be a straightforward case.

'Calvin won't let me come back with just this information. It's too basic. Calvin wants me to find everything out about him. Crap, I owe him a favor, and if I don't repay it, he can easily take my life as well.'

Scratching his head, Stinger almost tore the skin from his scalp; he was that worried about the whole situation. Things hadn't been this way in a long time, not since Ice and Blackjack had joined.

'If he's in this place, then it has to be something recent. No one in the prison is going to know. So I need to get information from the outside.'

When thinking about this, there was a thought that came to mind almost instantly. He knew someone that was well-known in gathering information from the outside. A skill that not many people had, connections inside the prison, the flow of information that allowed for a person in particular to become a leader of another group.

"The South Group leader, Carter," Stinger mumbled.

"Boss, you're not going to get involved with them, are you?" One of Stinger's men commented. "I mean, we already have the North Group on our back. If we deal with the South Group as well, we could be gone in a couple of days."

Thinking about this, maybe this was Calvin's plan all along. Stinger doing one wrong thing to upset the South group, and there would be a fight on their hands. He would weaken the South group, giving a chance for the North group to act.

"I don't think I have a choice, and it's just a talk; everything will be alright," Stinger replied, sounding unconfident.

Just then, a guard entered the prison, and following in from behind was none other than Gary Dem. All eyes were on him as he was the hot subject in the prison.

Chapter 813 The South Group

Stinger was on his way to the south side of the prison, and he was venturing there alone. He didn't want to bring his group with him because he needed to make it clear that he was going alone. Bringing other's some would think he was starting a fight.

As he was making his way there, he froze for a second. Turning his head to his right, he could see the guard entering with none other than Gary Dem behind him. The two of them caught eyes for a moment, but quickly Gary just looked away.

'That b*stard, I bet he's surprised to see me alive,' Stinger thought in his head as he continued his way to the south side.

Similar to the north side, there was a part of the prison where one knew they were in the south side because there were several members that would be guarding the area. However, it was unlike the north side where the members would stand by the hallways.

The south members strangely sat down every ten meters or so, and they made it quite clear they knew Stinger was there based on the looks they had given.

'Alright, I haven't had much time to think about this, but how am I going to get Carter to give me the information I need?' Stinger thought. 'No doubt, he's going to ask for a favor from me as well.'

'But I don't even know what he could ask, or what I have to offer, maybe to be used if the North clashes with the South. That's the only thing I can think of. If that is the case, then the one thing I need to make sure to do is that he doesn't find out that I'm doing all of this on behalf of Calvin in the first place.' Stinger thought.

Finally, Stinger had made his way to the other side. It had been a long time since he had been here, and a lot had changed. For one, Carter, a large round-bellied man who somehow had different clothing than everyone else in here, was sitting on a chair.

His clothing was different in that he wore a black piece of cloth instead of white. The reasoning the guards gave was because they didn't have his size, but enough time had passed now that they could have made his size clothing.

To put it simply, this was a way for Carter to show he was above everyone in this prison, that he had privileges that the others didn't have, including the chair his fat ass was sitting on as well.

"Are you here to talk about your humiliating defeat to the newcomer?" Carter asked. "We all saw it, how he single handedly took you all out. If you were thinking of asking us for help, well, you better be prepared to have something very special ready."

Stinger's hands were sweating slightly. He didn't know if it was from the throbbing pain or due to how nervous he felt in front of Carter. It was a different feeling. Carter gave off a large amount of pressure.

While Calvin had this sense of calmness that made one feel like he could do anything. Maybe because they were so different, they both were naturally at each other's throats all the time.

And it was because of their personalities that they were able to draw people into their side.

"I wouldn't ask you to do my dirty laundry," Stinger replied. "What I want to know is who is that guy. How can a guy like that come in here, unknown and unheard of, and do all of that? I want to find everything out about him and make him pay."

It was easy for Stinger to put on this performance, and that was because it was truly how he felt as well.

"I see, that makes sense, but what doesn't make sense is why I need to give this information to you. As you know, I am perhaps the only person that is quite well-connected to those on the outside of this prison."lights

"I could find the information you are looking for, but there is no need to share it with you."

This was what Stinger was worried about.

"What do you want?" Stinger asked.

Carter raised an eyebrow and at the same time, the corner of his mouth rose slightly.

"You are a quick learner. With this new person inside, and not knowing what he will do, things are heating up. I think it's time we turn the tides slightly."

"Bring Ice, Blackjack, or Gary over to our side in our fight against the North. If you are able to convince them, then I will give you your information. Although, we can ignore the last one since we all know that's not happening."

"How am I meant to do that?" Stinger retorted.

"That is your problem to figure out," Carter replied and waved his hand.

The men by his side started to move, and Stinger knew that was his cue to get out of there unless she planned to stay there and get in another fight.

Turning around, Stinger had a bad taste left in his mouth as he headed back to the center of the prison where his group was based.

'We can forget getting Gary; he would never join, and if I go talk to him, he might even finish the job, and besides, the North wants information on Gary so talking to him directly is not going to do much.'

'Ice is even harder to talk to. I heard he froze the last person that approached him, and just heading to his cell feels cold. I guess that only leaves one person.'

'I guess I'll need to talk to Blackjack, but how the heck am I going to convince him to join?' Stinger thought.

Chapter 814 Meeting Blackjack

Blackjack, not much was actually known about the prisoner, yet everyone who was in the prison knew his name, and the reason for it was simple. Right in the center of the prison, everyone had witnessed him taking on the Warden and attempting to escape.

Many had tried to escape before, and the Warden had quickly dealt with them all. It didn't take much for everyone to quickly figure out that they had no chance against the Warden.

On top of that, the Warden made it quite clear, even if they could make it past her, what were they going to do then? Go past the hundreds of White Rose Agents that were in the base.

Escape was impossible from the Prison, which is why most of those in the prison made it their whole way of life.

As for Blackjack, his name was spread because everyone had witnessed the fight he had with the Warden. It was the first time they had seen the Warden on the back foot. Eventually, just like all those that had gone against the Warden, Blackjack ended up losing, but people thought it was close.

So close that they thought that Blackjack might attempt another escape or another match against the Warden, but he never did. It had been years since then, and still not another attempt.

Similarly, no one had attempted to go against Blackjack either. After watching the fight, they all had an idea of his strength. Both the North and South groups had attempted to recruit him, but his answer was always the same.

'He didn't want anything to do with their stupid games.'

Blackjack's actions felt strange to most of the prisoners. He didn't want to better his life in prison, climb to the top, nor was he trying to escape again, so what was he doing? Was he just biding his time until his sentence was up, or until he died in this place.

That was not how most people wanted to live their lives.

Stinger, going through the prison, knew exactly where Blackjack would be. He was always in the same place ninety percent of the time, in his cell.

Walking down the wide hallway, Stinger walked past several of the prisoners that would just stay in their cell, but further down, he could hear a bunch of noise and cheering going on.

"Hey, so that means tomorrow, you need to give me your meat from your meals, alright!" A voice said.

Stinger took a turn, and he looked into the cell. The bed had been moved into the center of the room, and there were four people inside. There were cards on the bed that the group had been playing with.

When they saw who was standing by the cell door, three of the four men stood up and almost immediately left.

'It looks like I still have some reputation in this place,' Stinger thought.

"Do you care to tell me why you came here and soured the room and atmosphere in here, you smell like sh*t," Blackjack commented as he started to pile the cards together.

Blackjack looked like a middle-aged man. He had his top off and was covered in body hair from head to toe. Strangely, he had almost no facial hair, since all of his hair seemed to go all over his body.

Stinger didn't know how one could have the confidence to walk around with their clothes off with a body like his.

"If you keep staring at me like that, I'm going to have to charge you," Blackjack said as he looked around the cell and found his top, slowly putting it on.

"Look, I'm here on important business," Stinger explained.

"From Carter or Calvin?"

"Carter," Stinger replied. "With the new guy here, he's starting to think about making moves. I've agreed to help Carter out when it gets messy in here. If the two groups clash, you know it will be too big for you not to get involved.

"At the same time, whichever group wins will absorb the other, then there will only be one group in this place. They will be too big for anyone to do anything, including you and Ice. So I think you should join the South group. Join the winning side, and you can continue living in your peaceful cell.

"If you don't do anything, then when the South rules the whole prison, Carter won't speak to you as nice as he does now."

This was the plan Stinger had come up with, and he was quite impressed with himself. He felt like he was quite convincing in a lot of ways. Still, he knew it wouldn't be easy convincing Blackjack.

"All right," Blackjack replied. "I'll join."

Stinger's eyes nearly popped out of his head; he was so surprised to hear the answer. The other groups had tried for so long; did they just never give a convincing reason for him to join them.

"On one condition, you need to just call this correct, heads or tails," Blackjack answered, holding onto a coin.

Before Stinger could say how ridiculous it was, Blackjack had already flicked the coin in the air.

"Heads!" Stinger shouted out.

Blackjack stepped, letting the coin land on the floor and then stepped on it. Moving his foot off, the result could clearly be seen.

"Unlucky, it's tails; that was a 50/50 chance, better luck next time," Blackjack said.

"Are you messing with me!" Stinger shouted. "Clearly, you did some dirty trick to make it land on tails. If you didn't want to join, then just say so; you don't have to cheat!"

Blackjack threw one of the cards he had in his hand that skimmed right past Stinger's face, cutting his cheek.

"I never cheat," Blackjack said.

A trickle could be felt down the side of Stinger's face; it was blood, and his rage had reached boiling point.

"I'll kill you and force you to join!" Stinger shouted, as he started to transform; his tail was growing out from behind, but when it grew, moments later, it retracted back in, and the throbbing pain in his shoulder was felt.

"What the..."

Chapter 815 What Type Of Altered Are You?

Stinger was confused; he was trying to summon his tail, his main weapon that he had used a number of times. Yet, when he tried, it was almost as if his own body wasn't listening to him, and the throbbing pain that was felt on his shoulder was returning.

It was taking over his body, not allowing him to do almost anything. At times, when he was low on energy, or had just gotten out of a big fight, he wouldn't be able to transform, but apart from the throbbing pain, he felt fine, so why wasn't it working?

"Get out!" Stinger shouted, and forced the tail out of his body. He was covered in sweat but even more so, he was frustrated at everything that was happening.

With his stinger, he turned around and stabbed it right toward where Blackjack currently was. It looked like a perfect hit, but when it managed to go right through his body, it had exploded into what was seemingly dust; it was an afterimage.

Right after that, Stinger was trying to keep track of where Blackjack was, but he was nothing but a blur that was moving at an incredible speed from side to side.

Digging his tail out of the wall, he tried to stab him time and time again in the small room, but no matter what he did, he was unable to attack him.

With cards in his hand, Blackjack threw them out again, and as he did, they went right for Stinger's stomach. Seeing this, Stinger was ready to react, to change part of his center body into the hard outer casing of a scorpion.

Part of the skin on his face started to change, but just like with the tail, it started to go away again, as if it was reverting back.

The cards continued and dug right into Stinger's stomach, drawing blood as if knives had been stabbed into his body.

"What is wrong with me, what is wrong with my body, what happened!" Stinger was shouting and asking himself.

Before he knew it, he could see Blackjack right in front of him. Out of desperation, Stinger threw out a few punches. Due to his Altered type, he also had considerable strength even when compared to other Altered.

Yet, Blackjack was able to knock the attacks away to the side with ease, and with the final hit, he had caught Stinger's strike with an open hand and clenched down.

"Did you think because I haven't fought in so long that you could best me? Most knew after that day to leave me alone, but you decided to attack me?" Blackjack asked, and as he did, he used his other hand to grab right at Stinger's throat.

Stinger felt it; once again, he thought his life was going to disappear right in front of his eyes. He had lost two times in a row. Doing favors for the other groups. It was his life in here. The only way he could survive was by being a middleman.

A person who didn't have much strength, but wasn't weak. It was how he felt on the outside and the same with how he was on the inside.

'I pushed beyond my means back then as well. When we were in the gang, I thought we could expand a little... then people got involved, and I had no choice but to get rid of them. To leave no witnesses, and that's how I got put in a place like this, I guess it's only right that I die.'

If there was one thing Stinger wanted to do, it was to look in the eye of the person that was going to end his life, and curse him for taking his life.

Stinger was finding it hard to breathe, and when he opened his eyes, he looked directly into Blackjack's eyes, and that's when he could see they were glowing slightly red of all things.lights

He was sure that his eyes didn't look like this before. The glow of them, it was unnatural, something he had never seen before.

"Tell me, what's going on with you right now! What's happening to your body?" Blackjack asked.

Instantly the words that were spoken, they were being repeated in Stinger's head again and again. He felt his mind going numb searching for an answer. He could feel the grip loosening from Blackjack, yet almost as if he wasn't in control of his own body, he had given out an answer.

"I don't know what's happening. My body isn't listening to me. When I try to transform into my altered form, a throbbing pain in my shoulder extends out to my body, and my transformation reverts," Stinger answered.

Stinger was conscious of what he was doing, but he didn't feel like he was in control. It was almost as if Blackjack had used some type of mind control spell on him.

After hearing the answer, Blackjack had let go of Stinger, and his body dropped to the floor. Blackjack had turned away heading back into his cell somewhat. When he turned around to look at Stinger.

Stinger was expecting to see the glowing red eyes, but they were no longer there.

"These issues you have been having, have they been occurring since you fought with the green-haired guy?" Blackjack asked.

"I guess you could say that, but it's only been a few hours. I think I might just be exhausted." After experiencing everything Stinger had gone through, he was in no mood to try and fight again, so he was more compliant with Blackjack's questions.

"I need you to do me a favor." Blackjack asked. "There was another one that was bitten other than you in your group. We need to find out if he's experiencing the same thing, and over the next few days, update me on how you're doing, see if this problem gets worse or better."

Once again, Stinger was forced to do another favor for someone, and he was wondering when it would stop. At the same time, though, he was wondering what type of Altered Blackjack was. Was there one that could do those types of things?

Leaving an afterimage, being super fast, super strong, and able to control people's minds?

Chapter 816 A New Comer

A couple of days had passed in the prison with not much happening. There were the normal scuffles that would occur here and there, but there wasn't anything large and eventful like there was before.

Stinger and his group were back to doing their usual hanging out on the staircase, trying to act big in front of all the other prisoners that weren't in a group. The south and north groups kept separate from each other, with a few members getting in trouble with each other here and there.

If there was one change, it was just that Blackjack started to come out of his cell more, scanning the open areas. To everyone, there seemed to be no reason for this.

For Gary, he too had mostly stayed in his cell but had come out and was pacing back and forth in the open area, no one saying a word to him.

'It's been three days in total since I got here. A lot could happen in three days with the Howlers,' Gary thought to himself. 'I thought Elijah would have come back by now with some news of what is going on in Slough.'

'Am I just overthinking? The system, I can see that the others are still fine. That they're okay, but how much longer can I just stay here? I need to act; I need to figure a way out of here.'

Gary's go-to was gathering a little bit of information. He originally wanted to see this Blackjack person, but whenever Gary tried, he could never get a hold of him. He had visited his cell to find no one was there.

He went to the open area and was walking around, asking others; they would have stated they had just seen him and he had left. It was certainly strange. It was almost like, to Gary, that this person didn't exist.

He was a made-up figure because he didn't even catch a glance of him anywhere, like a ghost.

'If I can't rely on Blackjack, then I need to continue getting stronger. If I fight against the north or south groups, it will increase my exp... and then.'

In the middle of his thoughts, a metal door had been slammed, and it wasn't from the usual areas. It was from the single opening that led to the Warden's office, and near where prisoners would be escorted in and out.

A large man with boulder shoulders, no hair on his head but a large scar that split down the center had entered. He looked fierce, frightening, and he gazed at everyone who walked in.

The guard was doing the same as he had done with Gary, explaining the rules and giving him a little pep talk. When they got to the staircase seating area, Stinger looked at him but didn't act out.

After what happened last time, starting in on the newbie, he was being a little more cautious with the newcomers. After which, the man was taken down a hallway to be placed in his cell.

Everyone seemed to be interested in the new person, and while he was heading to his cell, Gary could see the commotion. Those from the north group and south group were immediately talking to each other.

They were asking certain questions, if anyone recognized him, what gang or organization was he from, and what crime did he commit to fall into such a place in the first place.

"Did all of these guys do this when I first arrived as well?" Gary thought. "I guess they really care about the new ones that enter."

Just in case there was any information he could use, Gary was listening in as well as he continued to pace backward and forward.

"Alright, so did any of you guys recognize him?" Stinger asked. "The guy was unique, so I'm pretty sure if someone saw him before they would recognize him."

"I know!" One of Stinger's members answered. "His nickname was 'The Boulder'. He worked as a hired hitman for corporations. He didn't really have a city or place to call his own, but many gangs in the Tier 3 and below areas would hire him to help them out."lights

"It wasn't just gangs, but even corporations; if they needed someone, they would hire him."

"So he has no affiliation with any groups, and he was strong enough to even be hired by other well-known gangs. Well, it looks like we got our perfect match for someone to join our group," Stinger replied.

"I'm not too sure, because that was in the past," the member continued. "I heard he went on a couple of rampages. He wouldn't just kill his target, but would kill the family members as well."

"This happened more than once, and I heard he was on the run from White Rose because of it. I guess they eventually managed to catch him. He's quite the loose cannon."

Stinger still smiled. There were plenty of loose cannons that were in the prison, yet the strong managed to get them under control. At the threat of one's life, they always complied.

Heavy footsteps were heard from one of the hallways. The guard had finished giving his little tour that he would always give, and coming out of the hallway was the man they called 'The Boulder'.

He looked around, and he could feel all the stares directed at him.

"It looks like they want to test me; well, I'll show them what I've got."

The Boulder walked to his left and carried on forward. He could see someone, someone small, young, and an easy target in front of him.

"You want to see how strong I am, then I'll show you how strong I am!" The Boulder shouted as he threw an unexpected fist right out at the prisoner.

It was sent with full force, his hand transforming into what looked like solid rock. The fist landed, hitting the person dead straight.

That was when The Boulder was confused; usually, his opponents would go flying. When he looked down, he could see the Green Haired target holding right onto his fist. He hadn't budged an inch.

"Oh f*ck!" Stinger said. "It looks like The Boulder's dead!"

Chapter 817 The Truth Of Gary

When Gary was pacing back and forth, he had been listening to everything the other prisoners had said about the new arrival. He had heard what he had done in his past, how he killed not just those who had been declared a target but their families as well.

Just while listening to the story, Gary was reminded of his own family, his mother who had ended up in the situation she was currently in. He still had no idea who was responsible for it.

One thing he was sure of: it was in the middle of the Color Gang attack, and it was because of people like Boulder that those in his family got hurt. What Gary didn't expect was for Boulder to try and attack him out of the blue.

"What the f*ck, how is this scrawny man stopping my attack?" Boulder shouted.

Desperate, Boulder tried to move his hands, but he couldn't. He started to feel a stinging sensation in his knuckles. He could see the deep claws digging into his large fist. It felt like it was impossible for him to pull it out.

In desperation, he swung his other fist, transforming it into a large rock again. Gary quickly pulled his hand free and then dodged the attack.

"If it's you, I won't feel bad about it!" Gary avoided the swing cleanly and then, with his hand transformed, swiped right at Boulder's neck.

It had cut cleanly through his neck; blood was dripping out, and the life was escaping from Boulder's eyes. A few moments later, a thud was heard as the heavy body fell on the ground.

The room was left in silence once again.

"He killed him, he killed the new recruit?" Stinger said under his breath. He didn't want to say the words too loudly for fear he would anger Gary, but it came as a surprise.

Many just beat others until they complied with them in the prison. There were cases of death in the open area, and the guards did nothing about it. It didn't seem to affect their sentence either. This was because it was hard to keep track of things. When you had a group of strong Altered fighting all the time, how could one know if the other wasn't simply trying to fight for their own life in self-defense?

These were deadly creatures in the eyes of the world. However, Gary was new, so for him to kill like he had just done, it was unexpected.

Right there and then, though, Gary didn't say anything else; instead, he started to drag Boulder to his cell. He walked down his hallway, and no one followed until he had entered his cell room.

The body was on the ground in front of him.

'I'm running out of time to help the others, and I need the strength to get out of this place. Boulder, you will be part of my strength.'

Gary transformed his mouth and opened wide, as he started his feast, ripping and chewing down part of the Altered's flesh.

He had done this before in desperate times when fighting against Midwak and when needing to hide evidence, as well as when killing someone he looked up to. Right now, he had to swallow all his feelings of guilt about what he was doing.

All for the sake of getting stronger and helping those that were alive.lights

'If I didn't get rid of him, he would have just killed more people; it's fine,' Gary told himself.

[5,400 exp granted] Level 34 [Health 300] [Energy 500] [Strength 75] [Dexterity 65 >>> 66] [Endurance 68 >>> 74]

'Eating the bodies gives me exp as well and gives me extra stat points. I won't use up the stat points just yet, and as for the pawn points, there might be something else I can do to try and help the others,' Gary thought.

At the same time, the South leader, Carter, had interest in Gary for a few reasons. Thinking he could use him as his ally or perhaps use his wild side to pit him against the North group somehow, one way or another.

He had done this type of thing before, getting information from the outside; one could blackmail the other into joining his group because he could find what a person cared about. Since he had connections to the outside, it also meant he could still send orders to the outside as well. So if someone didn't do as he said, then he could take those things away.

If they didn't have someone they cared about, they usually had some form of revenge that they wished to complete, and using his same connections, Carter could do the same so they owed him a favor.

Information was extremely powerful, and when dealing with a bunch of criminals, it was important to find out everything you could about a certain individual.

A few moments ago, one of the guards had approached Carter and had told him everything he needed to know. Rather than satisfied with the news, though, he looked a bit unsure about what to do.

'That kid, how did he manage to make an enemy out of the Phoenix Gang?' Carter thought. 'It's no wonder that he's no ordinary prisoner, but even seeing how strong he is, against them, he stands no chance.'

'I better put out the order anyway that no one should touch Gary Dem or try to befriend him or even work with him in any way possible. It's best we stay away from him no matter what. Unless, all of us in here no longer want to exist.'

'I am still a little bit interested, though, did they think you were so dangerous that they would rather lock you up in here than face you? Or is it just a way for the gang to play with you?'

Chapter 818 A Way Out Of The Prison

Boulder was never seen again. He had managed to survive for a total of around thirty minutes in the prison, making the others aware of how dangerous the place could be.

Before, many of them thought they were safe, harboring in their groups. They did nearly anything to join one of the groups just so they could feel safe, and now it almost felt like they had something else to worry about.

It was that day that everyone had respectfully decided that Gary was now another one of the loners in the prison who was too dangerous to touch. He hadn't done much, only getting in two fights since being here.

Ice had done far more damage before people had stopped trying to come after him, and Blackjack had achieved a feat no one had done before. The reason why Gary was up there with the other two, in their minds, was because of the mysteriousness and how quickly it felt like the whole place had changed since he had entered.

"The tension in this entire area, it doesn't feel the same as before," Blackjack was leaning against a wall, with a coin in his hand, passing them through his knuckles back and forth, flipping the coin again and again.

"I can feel it; my luck is starting to turn around. This could be the moment I've been waiting for; I need to act."

Opening the palm of his hand, like a magic trick, the coin had completely disappeared, and Blackjack had started to make his way over to the south side. No one said anything to him as he walked past those who were sitting on the floor.

Then, when he reached the other end, he could see Carter sitting in his chair, in his black clothing.

"I hope your coming here is good news," Carter said. "Although, I'm not hopeful that useless scorpion of a man can really do anything."

"Actually, he was quite convincing," Blackjack replied. "I have agreed to join your group; I am willing to act with you when the time comes and you decide to do something, but I do have a condition of my own. I want to know everything you know about the Green Head."

Carter smiled and started to tut. "It's always the Green Head. So many people want to know about the newcomer. Well, I don't mind telling you because once I do, I'm sure you'll lose interest in him, unless you want to lose your life and your whole gang."

Carter had a large interest in Blackjack from day one, and there was a good reason for this. Whenever someone powerful or someone who caught Carter's eye would come into the prison, he would do his research on the person.

He had found out information about everyone, including Gary, but there was one person he couldn't find a single thing about, not even his real name, and that was Blackjack. He was a mysterious individual in more ways than one.

One would think someone who had as much power as him would at least be known in the outside world, but he was like a ghost.

"Don't worry," Blackjack answered. 'My group works in the shadows and could take down anyone they wanted to if they wished,' he thought to himself.

"Very well."

Carter shared the information in private with Blackjack about who Gary was, what gang he was from, and the ones that were after him. It was interesting, but there was one thing that surprised him; it was the gang.

"Thank you for the information; when you need me, you know where to find me," Blackjack said, walking away, with deep thoughts in his head.lights

'It figures why he's in here now, but there's something that surprised me. I thought he would have been in the Lupis Gang, but he's in the Howlers Gang. I don't have much information about them; it might be something to look into, but before that.'

Blackjack had reached his second location, and that was the staircase; he looked at Stinger, and immediately the latter got up from his seat and started to walk down the stairs, meeting with Blackjack.

"So it's been three days, close to four since you got that bite mark, I can see it still hasn't healed," Blackjack commented. "Any news?"

Stinger didn't look in the best of moods, and lately, he had been keeping his mouth shut more so than usual.

"It's like before, but it's been getting worse. I can hardly transform my body at all now. It's almost like I've lost my Altered powers," Stinger answered.

Blackjack's eyes were lighting up slightly, but he had one more question to ask. "And the other one that was bit in the group, is he going through the same thing?"

It was strange; things were playing out exactly like Blackjack had predicted, and Stinger didn't like it. If anyone found out he lost his powers, even those within his own group, might attack him.

"It's true; it's the same for him as well," Stinger replied.

Blackjack didn't say thanks or anything else; instead, he had decided to walk back and head to his cell as he usually did. Sniffing the air, though, he realized that there was a visitor who was stopping by his cell.

'No, not yet, not yet, we two can't meet just yet. Otherwise, we might just be at each other's throats,' Blackjack thought as he took a quick turn away.

'I need your power to get out of here. The warden, she is too strong. Far stronger than I imagined, but we don't need to beat her in a fight. All we need to do is fight her once and bite her; then when she's lost her powers, we can get out of here, but we need to figure out more.'

'Getting past the Warden is just one half of the problem. But I can see it; our escape is falling into place.'

Chapter 819 An Inside Team

Inside the large White Rose base, one of the field agents was in an office along with his squad. Elijah was bunkered down at his desk and continuously looked around to see if anyone was paying any attention to what he was doing.

He had been searching for a while now on other cases that had turned out like this: those that had been brought in and locked up with next to no evidence.

The issue was, Altered, the White Rose, the whole thing was a relatively young operation in the grand scheme of things. They had around 70 years of history, so there weren't many cases to look at.

Frustrated by the whole thing, Elijah placed both of his hands by the side of his head and was almost ripping out his hair.

'This whole thing is clearly corrupt from above. I can try to do some deeper research into who was responsible for submitting the further evidence and appointing the judge, but that would require me to have captain-level access.'

'I don't even know if I can trust my own captain, though, or he might just tell me to stay out of it, like he did when we found out about NIRV being behind the black substance as well.'

White Rose got multiple cases related to the Black substance, but it seemed like they were stopping those using the substance or had it on hand.

It didn't feel like they were trying to stop it at its source. When speaking to his captain about it, he just said they were compiling evidence so they could take down NIRV in one swoop.

If they tried to bring them in now, they would be the ones that suffered.

'They make a load of fake evidence on Gary, but they can't do the same for NIRV? The more I look into other cases as well, what I have found are cases that have been thrown out.'

In particular, Elijah found out that a lot of cases involving the tier one gangs were thrown out. However, by far, the cases related to the Phoenix Gang were stopped at the submission stage.

The field agents would bring something in, and then it wouldn't go further than that.

'This whole thing is making me second-guess the reason why I even joined the White Rose in the first place. Gary, back then when you stood up for those people.'

'Honestly, what you did was more of something that I wanted to do. I wanted to protect the people who were unable to protect themselves. Yet, as part of White Rose, I'm unable to do that.'

'You who are part of a gang could do those things. And now, with everything that's happening in Slough, all the chaos that's going on, including the public being hurt.'

'We've been told to just stand back. Let the filth get rid of the filth, and then we will swoop in at the end for clean-up duty. The feeling makes me sick to my stomach. I'm useless in my position, and I can't even help your friends.'

There was one thing Elijah could do, and he had put in a request for another visit with Gary. He would update him on the situation, but honestly, he wanted to give him some good news before doing so.

As he was typing away and clicked the send button, he stopped for a moment.

'That's it, If I'm going to leave the White Rose, then I might as well get kicked out for helping Gary!'

Elijah got up from his seat and started to head to the door. Just when his captain was going to ask where he was going, the automatic door slid open, and standing on the other side was a man with an orange scruffy beard.

Elijah recognized him because he was one of the squad captains.

"Ah, you're just the person I'm looking for, hey, Don, do you mind if I take one of your field agents with me? He has information on a case I'm linked with."lights

Elijah's squad captain Don just waved his hand as if he didn't have a care in the world.

After which Elijah had been brought out, and the two of them stepped into the hallway.

When they did, Elijah noticed that there were two other White Rose members as well, a woman and a man.

'Crap... has someone found out that I've been snooping around, or that I used my favors to go and meet Gary.'

'They might have come to target me now as well. I knew that this might end up like this.'

"You recently had a meeting with one of the Altered prisoners, that goes by the name Gary Dem, right?" Kanu asked.

The palms of Elijah's hands were starting to sweat. They were clearly asking a question that they already knew the answer to, so what was the point of trying to hide it? If he did, it could end up worse for him.

"I did, he was involved in a case that I was working on in the past," Elijah answered.

Kanu looked around before slapping him a couple of times on the back.

"You don't have to be so worried about us. Look, we're on your side?"

Elijah wondered what he meant by the words "his side," in what way, and what about?

"You see, my brother... or I guess you could say a friend of mine, has asked me to help Gary Dem get out of this situation no matter what."

"And as for these two behind me, well, they believe in justice a little too much and think this entire situation stinks."

Hearing these words, Elijah couldn't quite believe it. A captain, other people in the White Rose were looking into this case as well.

He wasn't the only one. Maybe with the help of others and a captain, things wouldn't be so hard if he wasn't on his own.

"So, we have decided, let's get Gary out of there."

Chapter 820 The Lost Father

In Slough, the attacks continued. They were constant from the other cities and surrounding gangs, but now that the Howlers members had huddled up closer together, they were doing well at defending themselves.

They were suffering from fewer losses, focusing on only protecting two places: Cipeen and Burnham food street. When areas would be attacked outside of these two, from time to time, Kai would go out with a team to try to deal with the unruly ones.

Sometimes they could get there in time, others the whole buildings had been burnt before they even arrived. It was frustrating; everything Slough had built up over the last two years was crumbling right in front of them.

And for what reason? For money? The rebuilding of the city would cost far more than what these guys were being paid, and out of frustration, if they were unable to get their bounty, they would just destroy the city instead.

As temporary relief, there was one area that didn't stand out as much as the others, where Kai and his team could somewhat meet, and that was the Wolf's pool club. He had just finished getting off the phone.

"I will just have to hope they can do what's needed with the information I gave," Kai said, holding his hand like it was a ray of hope. "About the bounties that are on the Black Market, is there any way we can take them off, use funds of our own?"

It was something Kai didn't want to do, knowing already how much it would cost to rebuild the city, but he needed to stop the damage.

"I doubt it... unless you want even more people to go after us," Olivia replied. "You can get rid of the bounty by just paying the amount off, but the Phoenix Gang would then just raise the amount, and in turn, the amount we would need to pay would rise."

"Do you think we have more funds than the Phoenix Gang?"

That solution was out of the question for now, so Kai just needed to keep doing what he had been doing.

"I need to get in contact with the hospital, make sure Amy, White, and Xin are all okay. Austin is staying there for now as well; I don't know how long it will take him to recover, but if he comes back, then that will add more firepower because the one thing I'm worried about is that the Phoenix Gang themselves haven't made a move yet."

Amy had originally entered the room on her own. She wanted to pay a visit to her mother, and Xin and White had decided to give her some space. That was until Amy had let out a loud gasp that almost sounded like a scream.

"What are you doing here?" Amy almost shouted, but it wasn't quite a shout. Her voice crumbled towards the end, slightly cracking.

Right after, Xin and White had entered the room, and they could see the tall man standing there. He was dressed in a fairly thick black trenchcoat, wearing black trousers, and his eyes; they looked quite aged, tired, as if he hadn't had any sleep for a while.

His scruffy beard wasn't shaven or kept tidy, looking like a person who would live on the streets.

If it wasn't for his tired looks, perhaps one might even think he was handsome and well-built.

"Amy, is everything okay? Do you need help?" Xin skidded across the floor and stood in front of Amy, getting ready to fight; she got into a stance quickly. Yet, the man didn't react.

"You seem to have good people looking after you. I'm happy to know that," the man said.

Hearing those words, Amy just went into a full sob, falling to her knees. She didn't remember much about her father. She only had one or two memories since he had left around the time she was 4 years old.

For Gary, he was a little older, but they were both young. Gary had just started school, and the timing couldn't have been worse. The thing they both remembered most was the amount of pressure that was placed on their mother at the time.

She had to work, feed, and try to get two kids through school, and what about their father? For a while, their mother had stated he was dead, but she later told them the truth.

Knowing that he was out there and had done nothing, Neither Gary nor Amy ever went looking for him. Why would they go looking for someone who didn't care about them or the struggles they were going through?

"Where have you been?" Amy managed to ask as she wiped away her tears. This was an important time, and she needed to know why now of all times had he decided to return.

"Do you even know what's going on, with Gary... and with mom, and this whole town? Why would you come back now, and just make things even harder?" Amy said, trying not to break down into tears.

Her father looked at her for a few moments and took a step back to show he was not a threat to the two girls that were staring him down.

"I know what's happening. I know more than you think. I know Gary's currently stuck at the White Rose Prison. I know the trouble he has been going through with his new Altered Self as well.

"What I didn't know about... was what happened to your mother, at least not until recently. There are a lot of reasons why I couldn't come back, or why I was away, but right now, what you need to know is I came back because of everything that is going on, and I came back to help you."