

S.P.E.C.T.O.R 25

Chapter 25: The Informant

"Now how can I use this to my advantage?" An elderly man said to himself as he put down the phone he had just been using in the dark office he was sitting in.

One of his informants had contacted him to inform him of an almost ridiculous story about how a lone individual had threatened the leaders of the five major families and forced them to agree to his terms of non interference as he killed two members of the Morose family.

This informant was employed at the Blue Lagoon club in Alamo City, he had originally employed their services to keep an eye on Emma Hopkins and report back any valuable information regarding her, however he never expected for them to provide him such valuable information and he was forced to pay them a large sum this time because of it.

This man's name was Steven Alexander, however very few people were privileged to that information and most knew him simply as the informant.

His business was in the acquisition and sale of information and the more secretive the information the more money he could make from it. He mainly had dealings with the wealthy and powerful as the more powerful you are the more enemies you have, and to these powerful individuals knowing the plans of their enemies beforehand allowed them to retain their position.

Indeed he had provided the current five families in formation many times in the past that allowed them to keep their position secure, for a price of course.

The general public and common people were led to believe that the five families always kept their place at the top because of their own capabilities, and while that was mostly true, there was always someone in the shadows plotting to take them down, whether another family who wanted to take their spot or someone with a grudge for what one or more of the families had done to them in the past.

It was from these shadow plotters that the informant made his living and gained his reputation by discovering the plots and then selling that information to whoever would benefit from it most and pay him the most money.

However this information he received this time was something else entirely and he had to consider carefully what he should do with it.

After all this dark hooded individual was not targeting the five families themselves, he only claimed to hold a grudge with Francis and Viktor Morose.

The informant was highly trusted by Emma Hopkins having worked for her for a long time and was given a high position in the Blue Lagoon Club where the social elite like to meet. It was this position that allowed the informant to be serving the guests of the VIP room for James Flemming's birthday party.

"The most obvious thing is to sell this information directly to Francis Morose but do I want to take the gamble, if what the hooded individual is capable of is true then crossing them is very dangerous."

"They claimed that if anyone present talked about what had happened at the party then they would know, if their claim is true it means that they have probably hacked each and every person present along with their communications devices and email accounts."

"The informant took the chance to contact and sell me this information because they used the phone I provided them as it has no purchasing data linking it to them."

"If the hooded individual can indeed hack the devices of everyone at the party, they most definitely have hacked their target devices to keep track of them. I should use the same method to contact Francis Morose instead of calling his number directly."

He moved into another room before grabbing one of the phones he usually provided to his informants.

He had paid random different people in cash to purchase phones and SIM cards for him so that there would be no trace back to himself.

After setting the phone up with a random SIM card and writing a quick note he packed them in a carrier box before arranging for a same day courier to collect the phone and then deliver it to Francis Morose.



Several hours later after the sun had just risen, the Morose house butler knocked on the door of Francis Morose's study and waited until he heard someone say "Enter" before he entered the room.

"You have a package sir." The butler said after closing the study door and while walking up to the desk and placing the package on it.

"Oh?" Francis said with slight surprise, "I don't remember expecting anything today."

He reached over and opened the package and frowned at seeing the phone and note inside.

He read the note which was simple and contained only four words, 'Call me, The Informant.'

Francis raised a curious eyebrow, he knew who the informant was of-course and had used his services in the past so he turned the phone on before calling the only contact it had.

After a few rings the call was picked up and Francis said, "it's unusual for you to use such a roundabout method to contact me."

"Necessity for secrecy, why?"

"Well I certainly hope the information is worth triple the normal price."

"Concerns both mine and my son's safety?, very well."

As he listened, the look on Francis' face turned from annoyance at the cost to surprise before panic and alarm.

As the informant finished speaking Francis hung up the phone before dropping it as well as his own phone on the floor and stamping on them both.

"Where is Viktor?" He asked as he turned to the butler.

"I believe he is having breakfast with his friends today sir." The butler replied as he saw the panic that was evident on his employer's face.

"Shit, ready my car and also have a driver collect Viktor immediately, have him taken to the airport and have his phone destroyed, also ready my private jet we are leaving the country."

"Of course sir, where would you like the registered destination of the flight to be?" The butler asked. He could make an educated guess from what he heard from Francis's side of the phone conversation as to why Francis was in such a panic.

"It doesn't matter, I plan to change the destination mid-flight." Francis ordered as he left the room to pack a few things.

The butler watched Francis leave before he pulled out his own phone and made a call, "Go pick up the young master and take him to the airport, also destroy his phone."

"Yes, his phone, I don't know why it's the master's orders."

The butler hung up before calling the pilot of Francis private jet.



Stephanie Jones from ACTV channel nine news was sitting in her office looking at her laptop and complaining.

"Why can't I view the streams? This is obviously his streaming account however I can't access the livestream page or view the chat. He has streamed twice since the car chase through the city but I can't see why?"

Ever since she had witnessed from the helicopter what Adam had done during the chase through the city she had been trying to find out who he was. Eventually she discovered several posts on social media talking about how he streamed the entire chase and clips that showed the action, however every clip seemed to have the hooded individual blurred out, even their own footage from the helicopter showed him blurred out whenever they got a close up.

The posts contained a link to the hooded individuals streaming page, however whenever she tried to access the live stream section she was always blocked out, even when she asked her colleagues to try it turned out to be the same as they were also blocked.

"What's going on?" Stephanie Jones wondered.

Suddenly she received an email that caught her attention as the description read 'ACPD Corruption'.

She opened the email and read through it, the more she read the more shocked and excited she became until she couldn't contain her excitement as she grabbed her laptop and dashed towards her editor's office.

She barged in without knocking causing her editor to look up in surprise before saying, "For god's sake Jones learn to knock, how many times do I have to tell you."

"Sorry boss but look at this." Stephanie Jones said excitedly before pushing the laptop in front of her editor.

"What is th..." Her editor began but soon went silent as they read more.

Eventually the editor got up from his desk and went to the door before shouting "SCHEDULING, GET IN HERE."

He turned back to Stephanie Jones before saying, "Go get ready, you're going live in ten."

"On it boss. Stephanie Jones replied excitedly and hurriedly left.