* What do you mean, he’s got a visitor? - Lou asked, pissed. - We can’t have visitors, what the hell?
* I don’t know, man, that’s what Krey told me. - Rafe said, picking his nails for the 10th time. He always did that when he was pretending to be cool about something.
* I don’t buy it. I told you something was off when they sent us to this fucking place. What kind of max prison in the middle of a snowy desert has VISITORS?
* I told you, dumbass, I don’t know. - Rafe said, annoyed. - I just heard they took Travis down to the lower levels of the prison and when I asked Krey, he said the guy had a visitor.
* That’s a lot of bull and you know it. What do you think, Brock?

Brock took a second to answer. He had heard rumours around the prison, but he knew better than to say everything he knew, especially to two newcomers.

* I don’t know. I think he might be in solitary, after that whole thing in the cafeteria the other day.
* Yeah, that makes more sense. I mean, they must have cameras all over this goddamn place, no way they didn’t see him smuggling in those things.

Lou stuffed his chest over his large belly, full of himself like had just solved a goddamn mystery. He was 5 something feet, had this weird scar on his left cheek, and acted very superior to Rafe as he leaned against the metal wall beside him. Brock had approached him, thinking he was the bigshot crime boss he knew was coming to UltraMax the week before. Turns out he was just the fall guy, one of the guys that got blamed for the whole crime empire to protect it. The two others killed themselves when they got the news they were being transferred to the Siberian jail, but Lou was either too brave or oblivious to do the same. Still, he claimed to have killed 50 men in a single raid for his boss, and could kill any man that crossed him easily. Brock found that hard to believe, but he had seen stranger tales be true in his time.

Rafe, on the other hand, was a complete psychopath and looked the part. Tall, skinny, with reddish hair and two missing fingers. He was sent there after shooting up 2 schools and was on his third shopping mall, nearly escaping, when he lost control of his car and hit a lamppost. He claimed he was sabotaged, but how could someone sabotage him? Brock didn’t know, or care. He only knew that people feared and hated Rafe and despised Lou, which made them the perfect cover in case any of his activities were discovered.

Brock himself was the best smuggler in the world. He commited a few crimes in his life, but none that would condemn him to this godforsaken place. He figured the only reason he was there was because he was too dangerous to be left free, especially with the whole heap of trouble brewing in the midwest. He was only there for a month, but had already found a guard, Krey, that was easily bought and was his informant and personal smuggler, on occasion.

CLANG! Metal hit metal and a loud laughter was heard.

* Oh look, bigshot rusky is about to make some more trouble. - Lou said, pulling out a cigarette.

He was talking about Mikhail, the largest man in the yard, and that was saying something. He was in jail for killing several men in a bar fight unarmed, breaking their backs and ripping their very limbs for fun. He then supposedly resisted arrest by flipping police cars and punching policemen to death, before a sniper took a .50 cal shot at his head and knocked him unconscious. Or at least that’s what he told everyone, every time he could, pointing at his scar on the right side of his head.

* I NEED BIGGER WEIGHTS! - He yelled, pulling up tattooed arms into the biggest biceps flex that Brock or anyone on the yard had ever seen. - THESE ARE TWO SMALL FOR MY GROWN UP ARMS!
* Shut up, Mikhail! - Yelled one of the guards from the second floor.
* Come and make me, zasranets! - He yelled, grabbing the barbell he was using just before and somehow throwing it 10ft into the air, slamming against the guardrail where the man was standing.
* That 's it! - The scared man answered, shooting a longrifle taser at Mikhail, who yelled and kneeled in pain.
* Jackass. - Lou muttered, as the guard stopped his taser and left Mikhail panting on the floor. - What good does all that muscle do him if they squeeze his tiny brain?
* You didn’t take many biology lessons, did you? - Rafe teased, chuckling.
* Oh, I’m sorry. I guess I should have shot up some more schools so I could learn better, huh?
* Hey! - Rafe said, nodding towards the yard door. - Isn’t that Travis?
* What?

On the other side of the large yard, a man was shoved in. He fell to his knees and stayed there for a second, before clumsily standing up and walking into the sunlight. He had black short hair and was big and burly. Smaller than Mikhail, but still imposing enough that he was Brock’s first ally/bodyguard when he arrived. He limped towards one of the benches and sat there, catatonic.

* What the fuck… What happened to him? - Lou asked, wide eyed.

Brock barely listened. He was already moving towards Travis. As he got to him, he saw that things were even worse than he first thought.

* Travis? Hey, what happened? Who did this to you? - Brock asked, sitting down next to the large man. He had heard of guards beating inmates to an inch of their lives, but that was on a different level.
* I… I… - Travis answered, looking at the floor. Brock was half surprised he could actually say anything.

The man had bruises all over his body, ranging from a variety of colors and sizes, and his hair had new white hairlines that weren’t there before. His blood had dried in several places where he was hurt, and he was missing his left arm completely. His jaw seemed dislocated, and his right eye could barely open from the swelling.

* Sweet Jesus, what the hell happened to you?? - Lou asked, terrified. - All that for some coke? What kind of nutjob prison is this??
* Hey, shut the fuck up, Godfather. - Rafe urged. - Everyone is already watching, including the guards who did this to him, probably.
* N.. no… - Travis muttered. - No… guard…
* Who was it then? Who did this to you? - Brock asked again, touching his shoulder. - You can trust me, who was it?

Travis shuddered for a second, turning to Brock. His eyes were a mix of pure fear and pain as he said a single word:

* Warden...

The other three men were silent for a second.

* So, the warden? What the hell does he want, to fucking kill us? What about human rights?
* I don’t think that was the point… He wants us to be afraid. - Brock answered, standing up. - Rafe, where is Krey?
* He’s back there, by the third wing.

Brock nodded for them to care for Travis and walked down to their ward of the prison. The young guard was there, patrolling alone, and caught Brock’s eye. They nodded to each other and rendezvoused at a corner on the 4th floor, where Brock hid in the shadows and Krey stood with his back turned, looking over the cells.

* What happened to Travis? - Brock asked, straight to business. The young guard was usually stern and mature for his age, but he seemed unusually disturbed to a perceptive person like Brock.
* I don’t know, he was just sent like this from the lower levels. - Krey answered, with the slightest change of tone in the middle of the sentence. That was enough for Brock to know he was lying.
* Is that so?
* Yes, that 's right.
* I see… And how is your sister, by the way? Better?
* Hey, I don’t know anything.
* I heard you. I just want to know if she’s better.
* … Yes, she’s fine. - Krey answered, suspicious. - The doctor said she’s almost ready to go home, thanks to your anonymous financial donation.
* Hm… I mean, surgery in the US is very expensive.
* Yes, it is.
* I would hate to know she had to go back to the hospital because of an accident or something.
* Cut the crap, Brock. - Krey said, turning around in anger. - Don’t you dare threaten her. I already told you, I don’t know anything else.
* Oh, but you do. And I want to know what it is. Otherwise, I will get that phone you so happily provided and make sure Maya stays in the hospital. - Brock usually didn’t go that far, but he had to know who did that to Travis, and if he was on the list.
* I… Okay, okay, let’s just calm down.
* I am calm. Tell me.
* I… I can’t. She’s gonna kill me. - Krey said, looking terrified.
* She?
* HEY!

Krey immediately slammed his baton into Brock as the other two guards approached them. Brock fell to the ground, pretending to be hurt.

* And next time I catch you looking funny at me, I’m not gonna be so gentle! - Krey said, a bit louder than necessary. He turned around and immediately stood straight as a plank. - Good afternoon, Mr. Lawdren, sir!
* At ease, Pinkerton. This is Brock O’Hare, right?
* Yes sir.
* Good. Take him down to the 10th floor. The warden wants to see him.
* R...Right away sir.

Two other guards stood next to Lawdren, and one of them helped Krey lift Brock up and drag him to the elevator. As they went it, the second guard dismissed himself and probably went back to his post, leaving Krey and Brock on the elevator alone.

* What the hell is going on, Krey? - Brock asked, seeing the sweat on the young man’s brow.
* I… She’s found out.
* About what? What did she find?
* I… I need to get out. We--

But the elevator’s voice announced: “Tenth Floor: Research and Testing” and the doors opened. And right in front of them was a woman. About 5’6, blonde hair, thick lips and luscious curves. She would have been a blessing for Brock after all these weeks without seeing a single woman, but she had something about her that almost made him shit himself right there. Maybe it was the tattooes on her massive breasts: “Bigger” and “Stronger”. Maybe it was the fact that her grey eyes seemed like they could see right through him. Or maybe it was her massive, unbelievably ripped muscles.

Before any of them could say anything, she smiled. Not a warm smile, but the smile of a hunter who had her prey right where she wanted it.

* Afternoon, gentlemen. I’m Director Sadie Rose. Let’s have some fun together, shall we?