Vehicular Damnation – A Process Volume

A Story by Da Boz

*4 Years ago…*

“Here we are, Gurtog!” A rugged voice announced excitedly, halting before a towering white stone building adorned with several imposing statues and deco patterns carved into it.

Coming up from behind, and with a certain amount of exhaustion present in his labored breath, the orc Gurtog, came to a stop himself. After which, he leaned forward slightly, placing meaty hands upon slightly bent knees and continuing to breath heavily.

“Why burdder iz walkin’ so fast?” Gurtog complained through big gulps of air, bringing one meat slab of a hand up to wipe at his sweat moistened brow.

“Because I’ve got some awesome news!” The other orc replied, still with the same amount of elation present in his deep, rumbling voice. “I finally found myself some work, and I wanted to take show you where it is!”

Gurtog squinted, perhaps in confusion or in response to the amount of sunlight glaring from behind the towering structure. It was a strange, searing white sun that early afternoon, not so much for the fact of the shade, but that the big flaming ball was even visible through the oppressive of thick grey smog that usually blanketed the inner sections of the Arklorn city.

“Id be big.” Was all Gurtog could think to say in response, blinking several times at it.

The other orc laughed, throwing a muscular bulging arm around his younger brothers equally broad shoulder, and grinning broadly. “Yes it is, and it means big and great things for us too!”

“Id mean we nub ‘af ter go back tu da klan, Ridg?” Gurtog asked quizzically, finally managing to catch his breath and turning big blue eyes upon his brother.

The orc, who was actualy named named Ritch, nodded in affirmation, reaching up to rub at the black beard framing his big chin “That’s right! No more war campaigns for me and no more slaving on barracks construction for you, we’ll finally have a place among real, civilized people!”

Gurtog smiled slightly, letting loose a light sigh of relief. “Dat iz gud, meeb wuz tired uf me bak ‘urtin’ awl of da timez, buidin’ fingz nub fun at awl.”

Ritch Nodded in agreement, looking from his younger brother back to the white stone building. “Ain’ t that the truth, now I can afford to find us some place to live, and in time, if you want, we can find you a job that you’d like.”

Though saying this, Ritch doubted as to the likelihood of finding anyplace anywhere in the city that would hire the somewhat slow orc. Besides his mental disabilities, Gurtog was never terribly good at following orders, so easily distracted and quick to weariness of whatever he was supposed to be doing. This had often times led to the brute being brutalized by his superiors, as well as his fellow construction workers. It had been the last straw when Gary happened upon one such instance after returning from yet another tiresome war drill back within his clan.

On this occasion, the overseer, who seemed to take particular pleasure in singling Gurtog out, was ruthlessly barking insults at him while the other peons gathered around and did little more but chuckle stupidly. Some satisfaction had come to Ritch after he had savagely beat the crude Neanderthal into a bloody stupor, but this was short lived given the reprimand and punishment to him that came soon after. It was then Gary knew he had to get the pair out of that wretched place, and fortunately he came to find the portal to the other world, which turned out to be just as unforgiving and cruel.

Still, somehow he preferred Arklorn City.

“Wut kin’ uf job ya fink meeb cud get?” Gurtog asked, observing his brother curiously.

“Huh?” Pulled from his deep thoughts, Ritchs head spun back around to Gurtog, looking at him as if he’d forgotten he was there “Oh…well, I don’t know, Grog, but like I was saying, I’m sure we’ll find you something.”

Satisfied with the response, Gurtog grinned broadly, flashing his somewhat crocked teeth from behind his ever visible tusks.

“C’mon, I’ve got something else to show you.” Ritch threw his rugged arm around Gurtogs shoulder then casually, beginning to lead him down the sidewalk. “I’m going to be real busy on my new job, so I’ve asked these two great guys to lookout for you while I’m away. They’re very accepting of our kind, and can’t wait to meet you.”

Like a child Gurtogs dim eyes lit up, as his brows rose with delight. “Oh! Meeb luf meddin’ noice peoplez, who are dey?”

Reflecting his brothers smile, Ritch was quick to answer “Their names are Chuck and Griz.”

**Present Day**

"In the span of two years I was promised these specially equipped vehicles, four years since have passed!" Chief Dawson growled impatiently. The police Chief had arrived to Stelwards office mere moments ago, storming past the receptionists desk, the disheveled bears requests for lion to stop having done nothing to halt his enraged path.

"I understand and can appreciate your impatience, but the reasons for the delay have been explained, as well you have been compensated for the extra amount of time it has taken." Steward responded as levelly as he could manage.

Currently Stelward was seated behind his desk while the police chief, who was at the moment, extremely agitated, stood before it, fuming. Stelward was accustomed to the impatience of his clientele, as well was he practiced in dealing with unruly customers, but rarely did they have reason to display such impatience with him. The police Chief, a very burly lion with a full mane and beard, wasn't entirely in the wrong for exhibiting such displeasure at how long his commission had taken. Four years since he'd submitted it, with the promise of it being completed in two, the project had been wrought with trouble since the day he had brought the blueprints to the technicians, who didn't bother to hide their absolute bafflement at the idea of even proposing such a project, believing it simply couldn't be done.

"I don't care if I'm refunded in full, I want those damned cars!" The lion snarled, raising his fist and slamming it upon Stelwards desk. Several items toppled over, including the stand that held the panthers fountain pen, that, once freed from this rolled off of the desk, clattering to the floor.

Stelward took a deep as his eyes followed the pens descent to the floor, before shifting his cold gaze back to the feline, he could feel what little of his own patience remained quickly eroding away. He generally favored police officers with a much calmer, collected demeanor so not to further raise their ire. Unlike clientele such as mr. Smith, who he had no concern nor care to keep his contempt and haughtiness concealed to, officers of the law generally received a more formal and collected manner of behavior from the panther. It was neither fear nor respect that inspired this, but rather a desire to keep them pacified, and from becoming a possible problem that he would have to deal with down the road. While not an entirely unfavorable outcome, it was a scenario that could possibly become costly and require far more manpower than he was willing to part with.

"You will have it within the week." Stelward eventually responded, gripping the head of his silver tipped cane from beneath his desk while remaining as composed as he could manage. The pain this inflicted was the only thing he could find to distract him from the anger boiling inside of him.

Much the same as Stelward was having difficulty controlling his savage emotions, so was the half-breed, Garvan. The half hyena was currently standing off to the side of the panther, big gnarled and muscular arms crossed, eyes narrowed as they regarded the unruly lion. Were Stelward to give the word, Garvan would've been more than happy to jump the police chief and beat him senseless for his crude behavior. He knew this would never happen however, and it was only imagining beating the feline into a bloody pulp that aided the half breed in his need to restrain his primal urges.

"I've heard that line before, a year ago, if I'm to recall. What kind of a shoddy businessman are you that you can't even keep your own damned deadlines!" He shouted, gesticulating with his hands by thrusting them towards the desk, and then at the nearest wall as if that was where all the company's business took place.

Another collective breath "the kind of businessman who desires the project he was hired to undertake to function without flaw. I have done my best to detail all the technical issues of the cars functions, last year I believed them to be remedied, this was however false, I'm confident however that..."

"Your confidence means jack shit to me!" The lion snapped "I have several unruly officers in my charge that are no longer suited for duty, they need to be processed for the enforcers, and I want it done this way and I'm sick of waiting for you to get your shit together!"

Stelward gripped the sculpted head of his cane so viciously tight he felt for certain the bones in his fingers would very well snap. "I would ask that you speak to me more respectfully, and refrain from using such language. As well I feel compelled to remind you that I'm the only one who can see that this is done for you, unless you know of another business that caters to these kind of 'operations', and in the event that you do, you're welcome to seek them out."

The police Chief sneered angrily, loathing to confess that the panther was correct, but for the moment calmed himself regardless. "Be that as it may..." The lion began, choosing his words more carefully " I expect a touch more professionalism, if you expected there to be difficulties in the programming, you should've dated the project more accordingly."

Stiffly the panther nodded "Agreed, however upon initially receiving the schematics for the reprogramming devices, I didn't feel there would be an issue."

"Rather arrogant of you, wasn't it?" The police chief snorted, curling his lip in contempt.

"Given the success of similar projects, I don't believe it was." Stelward replied with a tight lip, having to call upon every bit of willpower he possessed to keep his own revulsion and anger in check.

Garvans own patience was rapidly dwindling, preferring to grind his sharp teeth over gripping an inanimate object to distract him from his rage. He didn't conceal his hatred of the lion however as Stelward appeared to be doing, glaring daggers at the officer that could've killed him ten times over were the look a physical force.

"Seems you rest a lot of operations you undertake on 'beliefs', sounds like a half-assed method of running a business. How'd a misshapen gargoyle like you get in charge of a cooperation like this if you can't even deliver one simple project on the date it was..."

That was as much disrespect to Stelward as Garvan could manage to handle, when he finally snapped. Racing towards where the police chief stood in front of the panthers desk, nearly leaping over furniture in his mad dash to get to him, the hulking brute grabbed the lion by his shirt, twisting him around and slamming him back against the surface of Stelwards desk. This sent what little remained upon the desks surface scattering to the floor, as Garvan pinned the dumbstruck Chief down with his arm, which ridged and buldged with the strain of his hold. Eyes flashing red with rage, the half hyena loomed over the shocked lion like a hungry predator, just waiting for the right time to rip out his throat with his teeth. Teeth that were currently barred in a feral display of savage bloodlust.

"I thought 'e told ya t show some gods damned respect ya pompous lil fuck! I knows I 'eard him from wheres I was standin' so you sure as shit did too!" Garvan snarled, tightening his grip upon the helpless police chiefs shirt.

Chief Dawson, overcome with shock and horror at the sudden attack, did nothing but stare wide eyed and open mouthed at the infuriated half breed. Even if he thought enough to move, Garvan held him so painfully firm against the desk he wouldn't have been able too. His terror stricken eyes, a faded hazel hue stared awestruck at the half hyenas own bloodshot Crimson orbs, that were it not for the fact he didn't believe in such things, he could've sworn they were illuminated with his rage. Eventually, the lion found some meager scrap of force to attempt to reach for his shoulder holster, before realizing with sinking dread he had been forced to surrender his weaponry at one of the security checkpoints upon entering the building.

"Apologize!" Garvan roared, twisting the fabric of the police chiefs shirt in his forceful grip. When the lion remained unresponsive, staring at him, gaping mouth frozen in horror he began violently shaking the helpless lion "Fucking apologize you lousy sack of steaming..."

"Garvan, please." Stelward intervened calmly, holding a hand, Palm outwards in the angered assistants direction. "This is not necessary."

Garvans face, screwed up in absolute ferocity, barred his teeth at the lion, eyes only shifting to Stelward when the panther addresses him. "I thinks it is, I thinks this impolite snarky little bastard needs to learn some fucking manners!" He growled, giving the lion a few more thrusting shakes.

"Perhaps, but he is a customer, and we needn't loose a customer simply because he is lacking in etiquette." Stelward replied smoothly. Though thoroughly enjoying the thrashing the half breed was inflicting on the impossibly rude feline, he knew it was unwise to allow it to continue. He could have stopped the brute before he even reached the police chief with a word of warning, but allowed Garvan to get this far, only to appear as if he had no control over his trusted goon, he could have, if he had wanted too.

Garvan sneered derisively at the lion, before shoving him away, slamming him against the desk front one last time. "It ain't worth the risk of gettin' his weak ass blood on mys vest anyways!" He spat, before beginning to stomp away.

"H-hold it right there!" The lion commanded, steadying himself against the desk, before fixing his crumpled shirt. "You attacked an officer of the law, for that I'm placing you under arrest!"

Garvan just quirked a brow, having turned his broad back upon the cop he slowly turned back around, smirking at the lion "Naw, you ain't doin' jack to me, dickhead." Chuckling, he shook his head.

"Language, Garvan." Stelward chided, turning from the hulking thug back towards the police chief "Chief Dawson, while in your right to press charges for Garvans actions I beg you to reconsider. I apologize for his savagery, he's easily upset when I'm insulted."

"I don't care if some kind of mental disability caused that...that monster pet of yours to attacked me, he's coming with me in handcuffs now or I'm radioing several officers to return here and having him dragged out by force." He barked.

Stelwards level demeanor began to crack "I don't appreciate being threatened." He hissed, fixing the police chief with a malicious stare "I've endured your hostile behavior because I understood your impatience... But my understanding of your situation doesn't warrant you being verbally crude to me or my associate. The truth of the matter is that I don't care that he attacked you, you are without injury, no bodily harm was inflicted so you've no real case in the matter, and if you'd like to try and challenge me about this, go right ahead. But not you nor your pathetic excuse for a police squadron are taking Garvan from this place, and any attempt to do so will result in bodily harm."

"You're insane!" The police chief whispered in disbelief, gawking at the panther as if he was indeed mad "You would challenge not only me, but the entire police force? I don't believe you."

"What you believe is irrelevant, go ahead and call my bluff, but do you really want to experience first hand the kind of resources I have at my disposal? Are you truly ready for that kind of truth, chief Dawson? I don't believe that you are."

Suddenly without words, the police chief continued to stare at Stelward, hesitant to believe his claims, but even warier to attempt to test them. Mouth dry, the lion considered his next words carefully, suddenly finding his desire to imprison the half breed at this very moment less and less oppressive.

Stelward waited through several minutes of silence, before clearing his throat. " I didn't think you were ready for this kind of conflict, so we'll leave it at that. No charges will come up against Garvan, and no repercussions for the insolence you've displayed here will be rectified, does that sound agreeable to you?"

Having little other choice than to comply, the lion gave a stiff nod, saying nothing. Though perhaps not as knowledgeable in Stelwards operations as he could've been, the police chief wasn't naive to them either, and didn't wish to test the kind of exposure to the full force of the panthers dominance that he was threatening to use.

"Was there anything further you wished to discuss?" Stelward inquired with disinterest, already busying himself with shuffling through various papers that were scattered upon his desk from Garvans assault on the lion.

"No." The police chief answered flatly, wanting for nothing more than to depart from that office.

"Very well, you may see yourself out." Stelward gave a dismissive wave as he carefully sat himself down behind his desk.

Permitted to leave, though having no real need to seek permission, Chief Dawson turned towards the exiting doors, making his way towards them briskly. He made a point to avoid eye contact with Garvan as much as possible, the half-breed having taken to standing a mere ten feet away from the lion. Finally reaching the ceiling length double doors, the police chief reached for the door to his right, pushed it open and swiftly move beyond it, allowing the door to swing itself shut after him.

"He wants to play the game." Stelward remarked, absentmindedly righting several objects that had toppled over upon the surface of his desk and returning them to their original position. "He'll force my hand." Scowling, the panther grasped a grotesque figurine of a some horned monster on his desk, lifting it quickly then slamming it down hard "I want it on my terms!"

Watching the police chiefs progress making his way out until he had finally exited, Garvan didn't turn back Stelwards way until the fierce banging of the small statue snapped him back to attention. The panther seemingly spoke in riddles, but the half breed understood, and made no request for clarification on what the panther meant. Instead, the hulking brute would lumber over to Stelwads desk, and casually seat himself down in one of the leather lined chairs that rested before it.

"Ya wants me t' take care o' him fur good?" Garvan offered, a devilish grin twisting upon his beastly features, as he lifted up his fists and began cracking his knuckles.

"No." Stelward did his best to refrain from snapping, as well to keep a growl from his voice. Much as he himself had desired to throttle the police chief for his disrespect, and appreciated the half breeds protective nature, he couldn't help feeling a touch of resentment. Garvans actions could possibly lead to the chief being a bigger problem than he already was. "It's best we attempt to let this fire cool, but please be more mindful of your actions in the future, Garvan."

The half breed suddenly appeared scandalized at the panthers words, which to him were befitting a scolding, however gently it'd been expressed. "Wut? I wuz stickin' up for you!" He blurted out angrily.

Stelward was finding it harder and harder to keep his own temper constrained "I know what you were doing, don't mistake my friendly advice for an outright scolding, when I'm truly reprimanding you for your behavior, you will know it!"

Garvan huffed, still appearing indignant, but refraining from saying anything further against the panthers words. "Fine." He eventually muttered, which was as good as an apology in the half-breeds vocabulary. He would cross his big arms then, slouching in the chair and looking irked.

"Thank you." Stelward would take one last glance at the papers he'd been straightening, before reaching beneath his desk and pulling open a drawer. He would place the papers within this drawer, pushing it back shut and then turn back towards Garavan, but not without glancing at the clock first. "It appears it's gotten a bit late, are you able to take a meal with me this evening?"

Garvan shook his shaggy head, frowning "Jed ain't doin' tu good, I have to get home to him."

Stelward hid his disappointment with a straight face. "Very well, I shall see you tomorrow morning, then."

Garvan nodded, pushing himself out of his chair and making his way towards a door that was nearly opposite to where the police chief had departed through. "Later boss." He rumbled in farewell.

-= ♠ =-

Humans and orcs were never looked very highly upon in Arklorn city, mostly due to the fact that its denizens, prominently animal, didn't especially care for the idea of sharing their space with humanoids that originated from the'Outerworld'. The Outerworld, as it was known, was primarily full of little other than orcs and humans, though it was rumored werewolves originated from there, and the handful of gargoyles skulking about the higher skyscrapers in the heart of the city. No one knew for sure, for no one save those who came from this other world had knowledge in what lay beyond the existence of those who scorned the humanoid races, as well no animal big or small had the slightest desire to venture there. It was someplace different, someplace unfamiliar and frightening, and even the most stalwart of adventures shivered at the very idea of going to a place where little other than orc and human dwelled, so no one dared bother.

If life for orc and human wasn't problematic enough simply by being shunned and regarded as little more than vermin by the general population, finding work was even more frustrating. Most establishments that required workers to function in Arklorn had absolutely no want for either orc or human, and with no laws set in place to ensure business owners had to hire anyone regardless of race and background, potential employers could be as bigoted and narrow minded as they pleased. Orcs and humans were in fact, not even included in any written law of the realm of Rortaqos, in which Arklorn was located, given that they were from another world altogether and no law official or politician felt the need or want to change anything just to suit species they had no sympathy or care for anyways.

There was only one line of work where the employers were so desperately in need of able bodied individuals that they were blind to race, and that was that of law enforcement. Arklorn was in such a foul state in regards to crime and vandalism, that few had any real longing to do anything about it, other than to keep themselves locked and bolted inside their domiciles for as long as they were able. So the police force was nearly made up entirely of Orc and human officers, and those who were not either Orc or human outright refused to patrol the streets and businesses with either. Given that the police chief was so desperate to hang onto the few non orc and human officers that remained, he was more than willing to oblige to these particular demands.

Gary was one such officer, his rank, little higher than a trooper, had remained as such for several years since joining the force. This was mostly due to the fact that the human had little to no ambition; he'd only departed from the Outerworld to escape the turmoil and war raging throughout the land there currently. Orcs and human, always fighting, had become such a tiresome affair to someone like Gary, that he'd searched out and passed through the rift that lead to Arklorn, only to be met with still more hardships, in the forms of racism and hatred, as well just being viewed as an undesirable amongst all the animals whom lived there. Fortunately Gary endured, mostly in part to the fact that the day he arrived in Arklorn, he happened to meet Ritch, an Orc who had just been hired by the Arklorn police department a few weeks ago. Normally enemies, the orc seemed unusually kind and as well entirely blind to the fact Gary was a white skin, eager to help and understanding of the difficulties that came with starting a new life in a world that really didn't want them there, but had no clue on how to get them out.

Ritch, along with his younger brother Gurtog, had arrived in Arklorn some months before, and had struggled to make a living too. Ritch had only submitted an application to the local police department in a last ditch effort to find work, having been denied everywhere else. With no experience or training, and finding a very moody and obviously biased Chief in the form of a large, muscular lion behind a worn oak desk, Ritch was almost certain he hadn't a snowballs chance in hell in getting hired there. But he'd read a sign outside that claimed no experience necessary as well that no one was denied consideration given race (specifically human or orc) Ritch figured he'd give it a shot. Surprisingly enough, he'd barely submitted his papers when he was called back into one of the offices, and hired, albeit reluctantly, by the lieutenant that interviewed him.

It had gone just about the same for Gary.

The rugged, overly robust man couldn't believe his luck, though he hadn't shaven in weeks, perhaps months, nor changed his tattered clothes he was hired, he'd found a job and would finally be able to make a living for himself, away from all the things he'd hated about the Outerworld. After that naturally the two had become quick friends, and more fortune seemed to smile upon them that they were teamed as partners for when they were patrolling the streets, be it on foot or in a car, on call for any crimes being committed in their general area.

It was hard work, rarely quiet, and Gary, along with Ritch had been shot at more times than they cared to count, Ritch having even taken a few bullets and lasers from blaster rifles. Never once having struck anything vital, though coming close often enough, Ritch was never detoured from doing his job. Arklorn was so horrifically infected with crime and criminals that it was a wonder any of the brave individuals who became cops survived beyond a month, but strangely enough more officers were lost by departing the force, rather than death. Gary had no intention of ever quitting the police squad, mostly due to the fact he knew no one else would ever hire him, as well he knew Ritch remained for the very same reasons, as he needed this job to care for his younger sibling.

At least, that used to be the case.

Some two years earlier, Gurtog had just...vanished, with no explanation or reason as to why, he was just gone without a trace. The two individuals that sometimes looked after Gurtog when Ritch was working had vanished as well. Ritch had gone out of his mind trying to find any word or clue as to what might've happened to them, but nobody had seen or heard anything in the apartment building, it was as if the three had never existed at all. Ritch had blamed himself from the start, he'd had to pull an all nighter, one crime being reported after another nonstop, it was at least two days before Ritch could get back to his building, dead on his feet tired, only to find both his and Chucks and Grizs apartments entirely empty, the doors left ajar as if they'd left, intending to return but never making it back.

The brawny Orc was inconsolable after that, Chuck and Griz had no family, nor did anyone really care about an Orc disappearing, so Ritch had no way of finding his brother, save searching for him himself. He of course did this, meeting with cold stares, angry and dirty looks and more than one door slammed in his face outright. The Orc probably would've lost his cool on several occasions had Gary not been right there with him, trying to help him best he could, but the animals they sought out for information were even less inclined to help the human than they were the Orc. Gary wasn't the best at offering comfort, a sturdy, tough as nails sort of man, he was rare to show much emotion to anyone, even someone he considered to be his best friend. Somehow the hard bitten human learned though, and despite it seeming at times that his efforts to comfort and ease the orcs obvious pain were entirely in vain, eventually Ritch appeared to find ease in Gary's attempts at consoling him. There even came a time, when so wrought with hopeless despair at ever seeing his younger brother again, that Ritch shook so violently through his tears that Gary came to hold him, until he at last calmed.

That's when they became something more than friends.

After that night Ritch realized he needed to be stronger again, he had let his despair over loosing Gurtog take control of him, so much so he nearly lost his job. Was it not for some convincing on Gary's part to keep Ritch on as an officer, the Chief would've definitely let him go,he'd been out 'sick' for days at a time during his grieving. But the Orc pulled himself back together from the breaking point, and from then on Ritch had returned to being the outgoing, friendly and upbeat Orc he'd been before. There was always a trace of pain in his amber eyes though, that no amount of laughing or joking or even expressions of love seemed to extinguish, Gurtog would never be gone from his brothers mind.

Today however, Ritch appeared slightly more jovial than usual as he and Gary suited up before heading out on patrol in their shared police vehicle.

"What's got you in such high spirits?" Gary inquired with a slight arch of a brow as he buckled his gun holster across his broad chest.

"Good news!" The Orc replied in a voice bursting with excitement.

The Orc then slammed his blue locker shut, having already geared up for the day and turned to view Gary, who was still in the midst of readying himself.

"There's been more talk about the enforcers, I haven't seen them myself yet but it's rumored they're predominately orcs." Ritch explained, thrusting his shotgun into its holster.

"The enforcers?" Gary repeated, tilting his head with a quizzical look "you mean those mindless drones said to be suited up in latex and guarding the streets at night?"

Ritch smirked "Yea, you would commit the latex part to memory, ya freak." He chuckled.

"You like it." Gary grinned knowingly, puckering his lips as if in a kiss.

Ritch just shook his head, but continued to grin "Yea, the other officers and some crooks we've brought in have been chattering nonstop about them. The police are all freaked out that they'll take their jobs, the criminals are all wettin' themselves as they claim these guys don't fuck around, they'll either capture or kill ya, and no one knows what happens to them after that."

Gary continued to address Ritch curiously "Yea? What's that have to do with orcs, though?" He asked, careful in choosing what words he used, though knowing that Ritch was specifically thinking of his brother.

"Well, it's like I said, they're believed to be orcs, at least the majority are claimed to be so...well, you know." He tried to explain, though struggled at the end, having no more desire to bring up Gurtogs name than Gary did.

Gary nodded, indicating he understood. "Okay well, it is something to possibly investigate; I just don't want you getting your hopes up too high. These Rumors could be just that, rumors, the few who've spoken of these so called 'enforcers' were high off their gourd."

Ritch screwed up his brow in confusion "Maybe the dirtbags we've been apprehending, yea, but even some cops say they've seen them on their nightly patrols."

Gary shrugged his broad shoulders, still wanting Ritch to be cautious in his optimism. "Fair enough, we can question whatever crooks we haul in on the way back here more thoroughly, for what good it'll do."

Ritch nodded, grinning, the Orc satisfied with the humans response. He would tromp over to Gary then, and, with the locker room deserted save the pair of them, he gave the man a quick kiss, as well as a firm grope of his fine muscular ass in his black police trousers.

Gary grunted, unable to resist reflecting the greenskins smile, and returning the kiss with a peck on the cheek to the Orc. Together, side by side they would exit the locker room, which led through a hall filled with adjacent rooms, mostly the janitorial closet as well as the restroom. This hall led to the main area of the precinct, where a few desks and offices that were walled off resided, as well as the gaping maw of the entryway, where flags that represented Arklorn as well as the state of Roqarlos were displayed on golden poles at either side.

The pair would make their way through the sea of desks, heading towards a particular walled off office were the police Chief resided. They needed to meet with the officer before going out to see where they were supposed to be patrolling that day. Gary took the lead as they arrived to the offices door, the shades of its window currently lowered to obscure whatever the Chief was currently doing, the human knocked to announce the pairs arrival.

"Yea." Came a slightly perturbed voice, sounding muffled from behind the wooden door.

Gary would reach down and give a quick twist of the knob, pushing the door inwards and heading inside, Ritch following closely after. Within the confines of the office they would find the lion officer, scribbling away at some random paperwork, not bothering to look up from what he was doing as the two policemen lumbered inside. Having followed Gary, Ritch would shut the door after he entered, glancing around the office in an obvious attempt at looking at the Chief. Of the two, the lion seemed to dislike the Orc slightly more than the human, and he made absolutely no attempt to veil this fact, so Ritch was oft to simply avoid speaking and looking at the Chief altogether.

"Just checking in to see what areas we're assigned to patrol today, sir." Gary stated, not waiting to be asked.

"There's a chart posted on the bulletin board detailing each groups assigned quadrant of the city. You've been working here for nearly two years Kalwoski, you as well as Bloodhide should be familiar with that practice by now." The lion replied tersely, still not glancing up from his paper work.

"Yes sir." Gary agreed through a slight embarrassed frown "Some of the officers tend to...hide the sheet on us though, and we didn't think we should waste the time tracking it down." He explained.

It was an explanation he'd given countless times before, the few animal police officers still reporting to this department seemed to delight in the game of forcing Ritch and Gary to have to report to the Chief personally, something everyone knew the lion absolutely detested, especially from orcs and humans.

"If you feel you'll be delayed in your duties in any way, then arrive earlier, track down the papers and do your duties. You're not children, and I'm certainly not going to hold your hand just because you can't seem to workout whatever bullshit is going on out there by yourself. You're both officers of the law, fucking act like it." The Chief snapped, head still bowed over his papers.

"Yes, sir." The pair responded in unison.

"Good. As it happens however, I did need to see you." The Chief admitted, finally glancing up from his papers to address the two with eyes as cold and grey as stone. "Some new cars from S-Tech have come into our possession, they were specially commissioned for this office and ridiculously expensive, and one is assigned to you. Given that they did cost this office a small fortune to obtain, I trust you'll be sure not to get this vehicle as beaten up as your last." He sneered, interlocking his fingers as he set them upon his desk surface.

They both shook their heads, equally excited at the prospect of a new car, but masking their enthusiasm still through looks of seriousness.

"Good." Glancing down, the officer reached towards one of the drawers of his desk. Sliding it out, he reached inside, producing a set of keys which he then deposited upon the desk surface before the two officers. "You're patrolling Geffron street today, after which you'll drive over to the Grimgrave slums and survey that area until you're radioed to do otherwise. This is the last time I'm going to personally detail your duties to you two, is that understood?"

Again, a unified nod of understanding "Yes, sir."

"Good, now get the hell out." The lion growled, having since returned his attention to his papers.

Not needing to be told twice, orc and human headed out, but not before Gary swiped the keys off of the Chiefs desk. Swiftly leaving the office, the door shut after the pair had gone, the Chief continued to scrawl out hurriedly over the official documents with his fountain pen. Something seemingly out of place crossed the lions chiseled muzzle then, a grin of absolute vicious delight, spreading across his bowed features like a lengthening shadow.

"So long." He whispered to himself, continuing to smile long after.

Outside the precinct, various police cars were parked in a row along the bustling street, currently full of pedestrians on crosswalks as well as cars zooming by in opposite directions. The pattern of foot and car traffic changed just as quickly as it begun, led by the various street lights and crosswalk signals that lined the area. Unfortunately this particular police department didn't have a private parking lot, so it was up to the law officials who reported there to get there promptly, else be faced with a nearly two mile trek to the department from the nearest parking garage, which was located several blocks away.

Ritch and Gary, though having been faced with such a predicament this morning, as well as just about every day preceding it, were in luck this time around. Due to the fact that the police Chief had assigned them a new car, it had been delivered parked in one of the few spaces in front of the department building, probably several hours before anyone else had arrived. As it happened, it was the only new vehicle still currently parked in one of the spaces, so Gary and Ritch were quick to find it.

"Snazzy!" Gary remarked as he approached the vehicle, marveling at its glossy black exterior with silver accents. The word 'police' as well as the number for that particular department had been emblazoned upon various places all over the car.

Ritch nodded in agreement. "It is pretty sharp, sure does look like it caused a whole heap of green."

Gary smirked, the human shifting his eyes towards the Orc with a lewd glint in his eye "Heap of green, my favorite thing."

"Aw shut up." Ritch laughed, making his way to the drivers side "alright if I drive today?"

"Sure." Gary nodded, giving his chin a thoughtful rub "Gives me a chance to take this interior in."

Ritch's mind instantly went someplace dirty, but he kept his tusked lips shut, preferring instead to grin suggestively.

Gary made his way to the passengers side, giving a whistle as he pulled open the door, sliding within. Ritch followed suit, yanking the door open and climbing in as well, he wasn't really as much a car person as Gary tended to be, but even he found himself rather awed with the cars impressive upholstery and design of the dashboard as well. The seats, much like the car exterior, were black, though made entirely of leather. The black of the seats actually framed crisp red leather that made up the inner part, for both front and back seats. There were several buttons lining the sides of both front seats, all of which were currently illuminated despite the car being shut off currently. Between the two front seats there was a manual shift, along with a communication device currently nestled within its resting place behind it.

"Look at all these damn buttons!" Gary blurted out, scarcely able to restrain the giddy child inside of him that longed to press each and every one of them at once to see what they did. Eventually his thin resistance broke however, and he jabbed one overly large red button with the tip of his index finger. Swiftly after he pressed it, a thick blue shield of energy formed behind the Orc and human, separating them from the back seats.

"Shit." The two remarked in awe as the glowing safeguard appeared, remaining in place and softly buzzing with power. Each were tempted to reach out and touch it, but given that it was meant as protection for them from whatever criminals they might arrest, they thought better of it.

"Not even some of the smug lieutenants have something like that in their cars!" Gary stated with a soft chuckle of delight at the thought of those high and mighty bastards lacking something they now had.

"Yea, I wonder what else it does." Ritch thought aloud, glancing around the dashboard chock full of buttons and energy screens, tempted to press them one by one.

"We can fuck around with it on the way to Geffron, last thing we need is Chief asshole up our butts any further than he already is because we're messing around with this." Gary suggested, reaching around to grab at the seat belt strap and pulling it down until it was buckled securely in place at his hip.

"Yea, yer prolly right." Ritch agreed, buckling himself in as well. He then reached down to the shift to rest his hand upon it, as he used the other to start up the car with a quick twist of the key. Starting up, the vehicle made scarcely a noise, but the vibrations of the engine beneath the hood signified that the car was indeed started. Ritch would then put it in gear with a few quick jerks of the shift, pulling out into the busy street and soon they were on their way.

As Ritch drove, Gary set about pressing every button he could locate, being sure however that he didn't accidentally turn off the police radio, which was currently droning off various altercations occurring far beyond their jurisdiction. Some buttons merely changed the display on the computer screens located on the passengers side, as well there were the customary knobs and dials for the air conditioning and radio frequencies. Gary found himself growing rapidly bored with the buttons that once held so much promise, and they were scarcely halfway to their assigned destination.

"This car may look bitchin' but there sure isn't much to it." Gary huffed, dismayed at the lack of entertaining things to press.

"What exactly did you expect it to do? Shoot heat seeking missiles; shave your ass, perhaps?" Ritch smirked, braking the car at a red stop light before turning right on Velcomb street.

Gary snorted "Would've been more exciting than adjusting my seat improperly, I can't get this damned thing back to its original position!" He griped, jabbing a finger at the button that he thought had moved his seat uncomfortably closer to the dash, his brawny legs bent high in an comically cramped position.

Ritch gave a quick glance Gary's way, barely able to refrain from breaking out laughing. He just about managed, keeping his jaw tightly shut as a muffled guffaw erupted from within his mouth.

"Yea, this is a riot!" Gary scowled, catching the orcs restrained laughter as he continued to stab a finger at the button beside his seat. Eventually it responded, and the humans seat rolled back allowing his big legs more room again.

"Finally!" Gary breathed a sigh of relief, glancing out the window, watching the buildings and people roll by.

"Gary, do you think it's foolish of me to still hope to find Gurtog?" Ritch questioned gently out of the blue, eyes still on the road as he made another right turn.

The human, somewhat baffled at the abrupt query, turned from his window gazing back towards the orc. He considered his words carefully, not answering immediately, knowing his very hesitation was possibly a sign that he thought that holding out hope was indeed a bit futile. He didn't wish to dash the greenskins hopes however, it's been several months since the Orc had had anything even remotely close to hope in his eyes, and Gary had indeed missed that. The sadness had been creeping back these last few months before news of the mysterious enforcers surfaced, and the last thing Gary wished to do was encourage it to grow.

"I don't think it's foolish." His response was genuine, but he delicately added "I just feel you need to be cautious, as I suggested earlier. You know I want you to find your brother, I know how happy it would make you. But we need to be realistic, as well as careful, if something...sinister occurred that lead to Gurtog becoming one of these strange mindless beings, we have to be wary else we may end up as them too... And we'd be no help to Gurtog that way."

Ritch frowned, knowing Gary was correct in his concerns, but still uncertain as to the kind of danger that could really be involved in investigating his brothers disappearance further "I know you're right, I just hope that the same misfortune didn't befall Chuck and Griz too."

"Your old neighbors?" Gary asked, seeking clarification, he'd only heard mention of the pair once or twice.

"Yea" Ritch nodded “ just seems peculiar they vanished too, I know they would've never done anything to hurt Gurtog, they thought the world of him, they were the only ones who showed either of us any kind of civility."

"None of the rumors about these zombie soldiers ever included something other than orcs?" Gary inquired.

"No." Ritchs Frown remained "I'm unsure of whether to be relieved or disappointed by that, but word of them is so scarce they can't have possibly all been spotted yet."

"There could be tons of them, who knows." Gary agreed, giving his chin a scratch. "Well, tonight we'll just have to be on the lookout, they're bound too...Ritch, watch out!" The human yelled suddenly.

Walking dead center in the street, a large hulking figure dressed in a formal buttoned shirt and tie, along with ironed black trousers and vest narrowly missed being struck by the car. Ritch twisted the steering wheel in the opposite direction in the nick of time, having taken his attention off of the road for barely a second only to find the shadowy figure standing in his path. Fortunately no other cars were currently driving in the opposite direction, else the vehicle would've certainly crashed. Once they were safely passed the jaywalking individual Ritch steered the car back into the proper lane, keeping his eyes glued upon the road and his knuckles tightly gripped upon the wheel.

"Holy shit, did you see that thing!" Gary burst out in shock, craning his neck around to try and catch another glimpse of the strange creature.

"No, if I had I wouldn't have nearly hit it!" Ritch snapped, body trembling slightly at the horror of nearly smashing into the person. He kept his grip so tight upon the wheel now his dark green skin seemed to pale as all the blood rushed down his arms to his elbows.

"Damn, it was some kind of beastly freak, I thought they drove all the half breeds out of this city!" Gary commented in disbelief, giving up on trying to see the creature again and turning his head back around.

Ritch snorted "I heard the same thing claimed for us, damn I'm sorry Gary I should've been paying closer attention."

"It's okay, Ritch, he was standing smack dab in the middle of the damn..." Gary paused, something glowing upon the orcs helmet catching his eye. "Hey... Does your helmet have some kind of radar in it or something?"

"What? No." Ritch's response was one of confusion at the queer remark "What're you looking at?" His eyes shifted slightly, just enough to watch both the road and Gary as he gazed at the orcs helmet oddly. But his attention was soon drawn to something out of the ordinary too, suddenly, every button on the dash, as well as those few upon the center console, were glowing with a beating red hue.

"Is there some kind of emergency?" Gary questioned, spotting the strange pattern of the red illumination fading in and out as well.

"There would've been some report on the radio." Ritch observed, trying not to become too distracted by the pulsing lights, as they were almost hypnotic in their mesmerizing patterns.

Just then, without warning, there emerged two laser guns dropping down from within the cars ceiling, the thin and slender shaped steel weaponry rounding upon both Orc and human the moment they appeared. The cold steel from which they were crafted glinted menacingly in the light that was coming from the luminous red lights still flashing all along the dashboard.

"Shit!" Ritch exclaimed, the Orc violently jerking his arms, still clutching the steering wheel to the left, shocked by the sudden appearance of the weaponry. In response to the reflective reaction of his big arms, the car lurched violently in the same direction, going off road and smashing into several parking meters, sending them flying over the hood and ceiling of the car like toothpicks being hurtled by a giant.

"Holy fuck Ritch, get back on the road!" Gary screamed, propelling his own arms forward to take hold of the wheel, and yanking it to steer them back on the road.

Ritch was about to respond incredulously, wondering if Gary had not seen the laser rifles having abruptly dropped down from the ceiling. Just as his tusked lips parted to speak however, the red visor of his helmet dropped down, and flashed brightly.

"Damnit, Ritch, why did you..." Gary actually had not noticed the weaponry suspended from up above, until he eased himself back into his side of the car. Glancing upwards, he let out a cry of alarm, before noticing something else emerging from the innards of the car door beside him.

It was some kind of rounded, cannon shaped blaster, looking somehow far too large to have been concealed in the passenger side door. Gary eyed the thing as it extended outwards, unable to react; unable to utter a word, a dim thought of perhaps his button playing had inadvertently caused some security system to go off unintentionally. This thought was rapidly cut short however, as from the same hollowed out area that the broad blaster had revealed itself, two thin, skeletal robotic arms emerged, their sharp razor tipped fingers reaching towards Garys uniform, and ripping and tearing away at the fabric violently.

Gary cried out in terror, thinking for certain the three sharp tipped fingers that made up each horrible metallic hand would tear into his flesh along with his clothing. They were surprisingly skilled however and failed to inflict the tiniest nick in the mans flesh, before finishing their programmed task, having completely ripped the former police uniform to shreds and leaving Gary in nothing but his black bikini briefs. The arms would retract back into the car door, folding inwards with the sound of metal scraping and electric whirring with each movement.

Scarcely seconds after the spindly metal arms receded into the passenger car door, the large spherical cannon like device began to glow an icy blue at its gaping opening, as it started powering up. From this a beam of energy would be blasted upon Gary, momentarily freezing him in his horrified position of disbelief. Were the human not terrified out of his wits he might've pondered at just why the massive blaster had delayed in firing its energy upon him until after his clothing was torn asunder, and if he'd thought to wonder his answers would come in what happened next. The thin pillar shaped blasters that had lowered themselves from the ceiling moments before began charging themselves up now, emitting a darker color of blue energy that was near blinding in its radiance. From the thin pipe barrels of the blaster closest to Gary, a fine mist of something would be sprayed upon the immobile man. When it touched his bare flesh, it became more solid, a rubbery substance that glistened and shined once it became more opaque. This stretchy, glossy substance would be sprayed all over Garys body, with the exception of his lower legs and forearms, leaving them bare. The strange material that erupted from the gun, appeared to be some kind of latex, in the color of dark blue. Once Garys body was as covered as much as the pistol was programmed to do, it would then fire upon the mans hands. Gloves would now form from where the sticky black substance that was now shot out of that touched Garys frozen hands.

Finally, the suspended blaster would finish by adding red accents to the suit, before ascending back into the cars ceiling where it was once again concealed.

Intense emotions flooded Garys very core as he sat there in the passengers seat, still fixed in the position the freezing weapon had left him in. His eyes could still somewhat move however, and they slowly glanced towards where Ritch was sat next to him. In all the commotion that had assaulted his senses, he'd not paid the Orc that much attention. But upon viewing him now he saw that whatever it was that had happened to the human had happened to the Orc as well, although he appeared to be farther along somehow. Though he was completely suited, it appeared he had regained movement, and was mechanically and stiffly driving the car now. Gary could only assume that while the Orc was being subjected to this procedure that the car had at some point been steering itself, for that was no chance the Orc had been allowed or able to do so while all this transpired.

Eventually Gary could feel the ability to move gradually return, staring with his fingers, hands slippery with cold sweat within the black gloves. Soon the rest of his body regained motion, and the first thing Gary did was turn towards Ritch, reaching out to grab one of the orcs rugged shoulders "Ritch... Ritch what the hell..." Though he hadn't been moving for several minutes, he felt somehow out of breath from the insanity of it all.

Ritch, as Gary, was now fully clad in the strange, body hugging material, clinging to the orcs physique so tightly that, were the greenskin not wearing underwear himself every contour of his orchood would've been easily defined. He did not acknowledge Gary when he spoke to him however, with the red visor of his helmet down he continued to drive the strange police car, behaving as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Levelly his gloved hands maneuvered the steering wheel, slowly shifting back and forth, the orcs body stiff and ridged as if he were made of stone.

Gary became even more concerned as the seconds of silenced passed uninterrupted. "Ritch... Didn't you hear me? Why aren't you..." Gary reached a hand out to touch the orcs shoulder, only to have it violently grabbed and held at bay as one of the orcs arms shot out to stop it.

"There will be no distractions to the course, please refrain from disturbing the driver." The voice, emotionless and almost robotic sounded out of place as it passed the orcs lips. Ritch shoved Garys arm away then, returning his own to the steering wheel.

Gary simply gaped at the Orc, disbelief etched in every inch of his features "Ritch why do you sound like that!" Gary near shouted, finding a touch of panic creeping into his voice. He couldn't imagine the Orc could be so calm after such a crazy ordeal. Though he had been pushed away before, he reached out his hand again, this time more forcefully.

Even more swiftly and rigid than before, the orcs own arm shot out, snatching the humans and gripping it painfully tight. "First warning; ignored, use of extreme force permitted." The Orc turned his head slowly in the humans direction, orbs that gleamed like fire igniting from within the orcs red visor. He would loose his hand from Garys arm then, only to pull it back and ram his fist forward, right square into Garys face.

The humans head snapped back , his nose erupting blood. Consciousness knocked from him, his entire body went limp, before, automatically his own visor jerked down, concealing his closed eyes.

"Disruption controlled, continuing course." Ritch stated hollowly to no one, shifting his gaze back to the road. He would continue driving, as if never interrupted, not the slightest trace of sympathy or care to injuring the one person, other than his brother, that he loved most in this world.

-= ♠ =-

"I take it the car preformed to your satisfaction?" Steward queried, with no real doubt to contrary.

"Yes." The Chiefs reply was stiff yet respectful, the memory of what had transpired between him and the panthers lackey upon his last visit still fresh in his mind.

"Good." Though the lion officer could not see it, a faint hint of a smile crossed the heavily scarred portion of the Panthers features. He then rose from his chair, supporting himself with his silver sculpted cane, making his way towards the towering windows that made up the back wall of his office, overlooking the abysmal cityscape submerged in inky smog. "Our customers satisfaction is most important to us." The panther snorted.

"I'm certain it is, there was one bug in the process however, the human was not entirely programmed." The Chief reported, hesitant to do so but not wanting to depart without being assured it would be taken care of.

"Yes, the schematics of the cars performance detailed that error, our programmers aren't as familiar with the brain patterns of human subjects, so the modification of their brain waves is troublesome. It has however been perfected for the next few models, and the ones currently in your commission will be updated accordingly." Steward explained, never failing to miss a beat.

The Chief nodded, desiring to ask why the upgrades hadn't been included in the vehicles he just received but managing to hold his tongue. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, is there anything further?" The panther inquired, wanting to be rid of the lion as quickly as possible.

"I'm to give you these orders for further reprogramming of officers by the police commissioner." The Chief stated, holding a folder filled with official documents and tossing it upon the panthers desk.

"I was not informed of this prior." The panther quirked a brow, turning from his view of the city to regard the lion quizzically with a touch of irritation.

"No." The Chief replied flatly "Nor was I, I was given the request papers when I was sent to report to you.”

Slowly the panther limped back to his desk, his cane the only thing aiding in keeping him fully stable. Approaching the back of his desk, he reached one arm out, the other still clutching his cane and opened the folder, glancing at the papers inside. "This is a hefty order, it will take time." The panther flicked the folder closed with the tip of his index claw.

"It is understood." The Chief was careful to say as little as possible, he desired to depart as much as the panther longed to have him go. Not entirely from fear of Garvan, but that the Chief didn't trust nor care for Stelward, he'd made that all to apparent during nearly every one of their meetings. Were he not instructed by his superiors to submit their orders to this vile creature he wouldn't have stepped foot in that terribly oppressive place. Most others might be oblivious to Stelwards meticulous and manipulative ways, but the Chief most certainly was not.

"Anything besides this?" Stelward spread his fingers over the folder, smoothly sliding it closer to the edge of his desk towards his chair as he craned his head upwards to regard the Chief.

"No, our business is done for now." The lion answered levelly, before turning his back on the panther and making his way back towards the door. He couldn't seem to get to the gaping portal of two tall ebony doors quick enough, feeling if he walked any faster he would be outright running.

On his way to depart, he passed the leather chair by the cavernous fireplace that was situated within the wall, a strange feature for an office the lion felt. But it wasn't so much the fireplace that caught his eye, but the broad shouldered figure currently seated within the chair positioned before it. The room, sparsely lit, was well shadowed in several places, this particular area being especially dark. But despite the darkness, the police Chief could make out the outline of the half breed, his face partially illuminated by the cigar he was currently smoking.

Garvans deep throated chuckling made its way past the smoldering stogie as his beady eyes followed the lions progress. "Hope t' do business with ya again real soons." He smirked, blowing gray mists of smoke in the lions direction.

"We will." The lion turned his head, intentionally obscuring his face from view, and smiled knowingly.

Finally reaching the doors that lead beyond to the long corridor, the lion exited them, slowly closing the twin doors once he was through.

Stelward, still standing behind his desk, eyes having trailed the lion all the way out shifted their attention to the half-hyena now. "More imprisoned derelicts and committers of petty crimes, nothing terribly thrilling." The panther stated, predicting Garvans question before he had uttered it.

"That douche ain't good for much else." Garvan groused, snatching his silver flask from off of a tall pedestal like table by his chair and taking a few quick swigs from it.

"Garvan, please." Stelwards expression soured slightly "I'm understanding to your colorful, uncouth tongue to a point, but don't use that word around me."

"Sorry, that dickstain then, that better?" He snorted, popping the cigar free of his mouth to tap the access ash into a silver tray resting upon the same table his flask had been located upon.

"Marginally." Stelward sniffed, using his cane to gradually make his way around the desk, moving towards Garvan. "Your animosity towards the Chief notwithstanding, we need to tread more carefully around him for the moment. As I’ve stated before he's not quite as oblivious to the full extent of our operations."

Garvans eyes narrowed slightly, were anyone else speaking to him he might've suspected Stelward meant to reprimand him for his assault on the lion several days before. More of a cautionary statement, Garvan still felt slightly chastised, but said nothing to that affect, favoring instead a slight jerk of his head in the form of a nod, signaling that he understood.

"While we're on the subject of those individuals who are slightly more attune than most, there's a person of interest whose brother we inducted into the enforcer ranks several months ago." Stelward began as he approached Garvan, coming to a halt before the seated hulking brute. "Word of his shouted ramblings in the street of our operations has reached my ears, and we can't have that sort of thing occurring."

"Why not just slap a helmet on 'im n' be done with the creep." Garvan suggested, appearing disinterested as he took a long drag of his cigar.

"He is not physically qualified for the reprogramming, he has several injuries and imperfections, including a bum knee, that exclude him for being a suitable subject." Stelward explained, his lack of appreciation for Garvans apathy towards the situation all to apparent from the slight scowl on his face.

"Sorry." Garvan gruffly remarked, sincere in his apology as he glanced upon the panthers displeased features "I jus' need t get home, wut d'ya needs me t' do?"

Stelward nodded, understanding the half-breeds eagerness to depart "It shouldn't take you more than a half hour, I just need you to roam the Trilg, the streets surrounding this area is where he has been spotted spouting off the most. He will recognize you, and presumably he will approach you. Once he does, ensure that he silences himself by coercion or the mind erasure."

Garvan frowned, having no desire to be anywhere near what had been eventually called ‘Trilg’, not for the danger it could possibly present but rather just the feeling of absolute oppressive misery the place exuded. Even more a blighted area than the Grimgrave slums, it had been the site of a horribly gruesome massacre where hundreds, if not thousands had been rumored to have been killed. It had been said that a rift to another plane so hellishly violent had spontaneously opened up there, allowing all forms of nightmarish creatures into the city to reign havoc on the unsuspecting tenants who resided in the collection of apartments and high rises that were located there. Not even the worst was what the monsters who were released had done to the defenseless victims did, but rather what was done to get the outbreak under control. The entire area had been in a sense, nuked. But somehow the explosion had been contained just in the area the monsters were decimating, leaving the surrounding areas virtually unscathed.

The explosion was also strange in the fact it didn't entirely obliterate the structures there, instead leaving scorched and hollowed out husks of buildings that not even the most desperate of derelicts would seek refuge in for fear of monsters who had somehow evaded the bomb lurking within them. For years the entire area had remained a grim monument to the slaughter, as there was no plans of ever revitalizing the area or re-purposing it at all.

Stressing as the idea was to venture into the Trilg, Garvan wasn't about to admit to any anxiety, however warranted or slight that it was to Stelward. Choosing instead to simply nod his head, signifying that he understood and was more than capable of carrying out the panthers request.

"As I noted, he's been spotted their raving the most, but in the event you do not come across him in a half hours time, you are free to return home." Adding this with an air of finality, Stelward hobbled back over towards his desk, and sat himself down within the large black leather chair behind it.

"You need me to do anything else, Boss?" Garvan asked, wanting to be thorough.

"No." Stelwards reply was unusually brusque as he turned his attention back to the papers Chief Dawson had left him.

Picking up on the hint that Stelward desired to be alone, Garvan would tilt his head forward in acknowledgement, after which he turned to leave. Using his usual exit off to the side of the room, he left through this, leaving Stelward entirely by himself in the massive office.

Eyes that glinted like glowing embers surveyed the documents spread out before him. There was nothing new nor unique about these particular subjects, as he had expressed to his associate they were little more than the usual undesirables and criminals and the mentally unstable. How he would have liked to, just for once, put someone of importance through the procedures that stole their identities away, someone who even had an identity worth a damn would be a nice change of pace. The panther grew tired of lurking in the shadows in this way, slinking about like a sewer rat chewing away at the wires that powered the city bit by bit. It wasn't enough any longer, he needed a real challenge.

Chief Dawson would've been the obvious choice, but he didn't want it to be about vengeance. Besides, too many bothersome questions from co-workers and family came attached to that insufferable cretin, he wasn't worth it at this time. Frustration setting in that he might never think of a worthy subject to really test the process out on, Stelward shifted his gaze from the papers strewn about his desk to a newspaper neatly folded and set near the edge of his working area.

Though the paper had been returned to a relatively tidy form, it was all too apparent Garvan had already gotten to it. The grey paper was crumpled and creased far more than it should've been, as well burn marks from a cigars tip scarred several faces of politicians and other public figures Garvan wasn't terribly fond of. But one face, miraculously unscathed in black and white popped out to Stelward, and upon spotting it he quickly retrieved the paper, sliding it closer to his shinning eyes.

It was the face of bear, shaking hands with a headless mayor, his part of the photograph scorched away that caught the panthers attention. A smile, as grotesque as it was wide slithered across Stelwards marred features then, as he couldn't help but chuckle softly to himself.

"Yes...You'll do."

-= ♠ =-