

The Windy City Connection

By

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Ryan Dunning hated making this call. Well more specifically he disliked speaking to the person he was calling. Though as an Improved himself, he did not want to refer to the contact as a person. Not since they chose to go off the deep end with the Nanobots.

Ryan appeared to be a physically fit man in his mid thirties. Even before undergoing the nanobot procedure in Chicago, the man preferred to live a healthy lifestyle. Yet afterword he was much stronger, faster, and a bit smarter. Along with all that, he had a few small inhuman things done to himself, stuff he could hide quite well. The most obvious was the eye in the back of his head which Ryan was using to peer at a calendar hanging on the wall behind him.

Yet unlike his bosses who could delegate unpleasant tasks to others, Ryan was a bit lower on the totem pole. Thus when the head of the Chicago Outfit instructed him to find some information, he did. Especially if it involved speaking to people Ryan considered distasteful.

While Ryan himself was an Improved, and loving every day of it, most of the Outfit was not. The bosses and lieutenants who knew about it felt it was too weird for their tastes. Yet that did not stop them from owning a portion of the local Improved Club. In the end he was both their inside man and it's manager.

Beyond running the club, Ryan's other main task was gathering intelligence for the Outfit. Many people in the club were high ranked people. Each could be counted on having something for him, especially if it meant a human meal. Yet he also ran the Outfit's informants network. He had blackmailed, bribed, and extorted a large group of people throughout the country.

One such informant which was getting ready to call was Adam Devnell. The man started out as a highly placed politician. He had access to many things going on in the country and had many highly placed friends. Yet he was also an Improved who had joined the Washington DC club. Yet whenever Adam came home he always checked in with the Chicago faction. The politician had been Ryan's inside man within a few select house committees.

Multiple times he alerted Ryan to pending arrests and investigations.

Yet instead of paying Adam money, the politician insisted on payment in the form of young teenagers. Youngsters not for sex but to snack on. He once told Ryan that the taste of children was like veal. Not that Ryan really cared as long as the Improved was happy and in his pocket.

However, that all changed after a scandal directly involving Adam. Apparently the man was bored one night and called an escort agency. The couple had the usual romp in bed. Yet afterward Adam was hungry and decided to eat his companion.

While Ryan hid the murder, he was unable to cover up the use of an escort service. Afterward the scandal raced through the capital and Adam's political party asked him to step down. The politician reluctantly did so when he realized he could not fight it, especially knowing he did more than just call for a hooker.

For a while Adam still supplied Ryan with information. Yet at one point the ex-politician chose to go off the deep end. Realizing his public life was over, the Improved joined the Transformed Improved and became a true monster.

Like many in the Improved circles, Ryan disliked the Transformed Improved. While he did have one or two inhuman aspects, he still wanted to appear human. Yet the people inside that breakaway group chose to discard whatever shreds of humanity they had and become beasts.

Ryan was glad he never saw what Adam became. Especially after the ex-politician settled down near Las Vegas. Yet despite being reclusive, Adam still kept a finger, claw, or whatever inside the government.

Thus Ryan was dialing Adam's number. The one he knew would go straight to the monster and not one of his cutouts. At first the phone just kept ringing. Ryan inwardly hoped the thing would not pick up saving him the task of talking to a Transformed Improved. Yet on the fourth ring Adam picked up.

"Yes," the monster sternly asked. Ryan remembered the man's old human voice. One that had a soft deep quality to it. Yet after going through his monstrous transformation, Adam's voice gained a far deeper inhuman quality to it. As if it was spoke by an non-human mouth.

"Adam, it's Ryan up in Chicago," he tried to sound as friendly as he could.

"I know, I saw you're ID. You're interrupting my midday meal," Adam grouched. Ryan thought he heard someone screaming in the background. Yet he chose to ignore it.

"Alright, then I won't keep you long. I'm looking for information on the Market Place investigation. I know you still have a finger in the FBI. My bosses need information on that case."

Ryan could hear the monster inhumanly sigh. It sounded more like a large snuffling sound. "I'm not sure," Adam balked at the request.

"Look, I've helped you out numerous times in the past. Heck, we're still sending food down to you occasionally. At the very least you can get us the information."

"I understand, but I don't have any informants in that department anymore. I was planning on gaining a new one, but my people haven't had the chance to work him yet."

"Give me your possible informant's name and I'll consider a few of our debts paid."

Adam did not reply right away. It sounded as if the monster was contemplating whoever was screaming for their dear life in the background. Then with a loud heavy thump, the person's shrieks abruptly stopped.

"Alright, alright, his name's Noah Hunter. He's an agent assigned to the New York white collar division. I heard rumors that he took a bribe and planted evidence when he was a rookie. Yet he's squeaky clean now and working somewhere in the mid-west."

"And if I find proof?"

"You'll have him in the palm of your hand. He loves his job too much to allow what he did to come out in the open. Especially as it would land him in jail."

"If all this checks out, consider your debt from the last shipment settled," Ryan replied hanging up.

For a couple moments he leaned back in his chair and pondered what the monster had just told him. Ryan wondered why he had not heard of Noah before now? The man knew a few highly placed agents in the FBI and would have known of that rumor before now.

Quickly he picked up his phone and dialed a another person. After a few hushed words, he hung up. Apparently Noah was being shuffled away with a promotion to keep him quiet. Plus the man was trying not to make waves.

Yet for Ryan to blackmail Noah, he would need proof of the bribe. Something that would force the now squeaky clean agent to work for him. Plus he had to do it quickly while his bosses were breathing down his neck!

Noah Hunter casually walked into the small regional FBI office located within a mid-west city government building. He greeted a few people, crossed through the space, and entered his office. On his door was a placard proclaiming him the white collar division. His space was small, cluttered, stuffed full of filing cabinets, and lacked any appreciative view. At best he could look out at a dismal looking parking garage and industrial landscape beyond.

The FBI agent scoffed for the thousandth time over his "promotion" to be the white collar manager. The only thing was that he himself was the entire division. Plus his caseload meant he rarely had the ability to leave the office. He spent most of his time pushing paperwork.

Yet Noah contented himself that it could have been worse, he could be in jail. He knew he made a mistake back when he was a junior agent. During that time he was cash strapped and trying to raise a family. Then along came a cartel offer of a large amount of money to adjust some evidence against them. He took the cash and did as they asked.

However afterword he felt bad and chose to bury what he did. Noah promised himself he would be on the straight and narrow. For over fifteen years Noah was a model agent and on the path to become a major manager.

Then before he knew it, a high level agent was convicted of corruption. After that numerous people began quickly covering their asses. Noah, when he took the bribe, did it unknowingly as part of a group of agents who quietly worked for the cartel. One of them was now a high level manager in Washington DC and had escaped the investigation. Yet they realized if Noah was found out, that manager would also go to jail. So in the end,

they offered Noah a promotion to keep his mouth shut. He saw the writing on the wall and realized either he accept it, resign from the FBI, or go to jail.

Thus that was why Noah sat down behind his paperwork strewn desk with a cup of burnt office coffee.

Sighing, he put away a few things, took a sip from the bitter brew, then dug into his paper work. In the back of his mind he wondered if it would have been better to just resign? Though he realized he had a few more years then he could retire.

Suddenly Noah's phone rang. He briefly peered at the phone but did not recognize the caller. Picking up the phone, "Agent Hunter."

"Hello, um, I have a bit of information I think you might be interested in," responded a male uncertainly.

"What is it pertaining to?"

"I don't want to say over the phone!"

"Could you give me a hint?"

"Ah sure, um, It's related to the Water's jewelry theft."

That caught Noah's attention. That was a case that the local authorities were working. He had been wanting to poke his nose into it for a while.

"Is that something you're interested in," pressed the caller.

"Sure, where would you like to meet?"

"Teller Park two pm today, meet me along the west lake trail."

"Alright I will see you there." Noah hung up and eagerly jotted down the time and place. He hoped the tip would pan out.

Teller Park surrounded the southern end of a sizable lake. Along the west side was a hiking trail with great views of the water. Noah arrived early and found a bench with a wide view of the lake. Sitting down he casually contemplated the sunny view before him. So focused on the peaceful scene, Noah barely noticed a man sit down beside him. He wore what appeared to be a rather fashionable dark business suit and tie. His light brown hair was neatly trimmed and his face was freshly shaved.

"Agent Hunter," questioned the man peering over at Noah.

"Yes, you're the one who called me?"

"I did."

"You mentioned you had some information on the Water's theft?"

The business suited man did not respond right away.

"You can tell me. If you know something, something to point us in the right direction, you can confide it to me. I'll keep this meeting a secret if it helps," urged Noah.

That caused the man to smile a bit. "I'm not worried about that. I know you'll keep this meeting quiet," he assuredly spoke.

"Alright, what can you give me?"

The business man reached into his inner pocket and pulled out a white envelope and handed it to Noah. The man waited for the agent to open it up. Noah took the thing and undid its flap. Inside he found a folded photo. Unfolding it, the FBI agent stared at a black and white photo of himself and another man. Gazing, he grasped the image was of him clearly taking the bribe.

"How'd you get this! I thought no evidence remained?"

"How I found it doesn't matter Agent Hunter, just know I have it and much more," silkily promised the man. "But if you don't want this to see the light of day, then you're going to help me."

"Help you, with what?"

"There's an active case called the Market Place investigation. I want you to get me everything on that case."

"You want me to leak a case to you," stuttered Noah.

"Yes, and if you do, that photo and the other's I have will be destroyed."

Noah wasn't sure what he was going to do. He realized he loved his career and wanted to retire. In the end the agent grasped he had no choice.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it as long as you promise to destroy what you got on me!"

"Very good, call me at this number when you have it," answered the man pulling out a business card. Noah saw it was blank with only a single phone number on it. After that the man got up and walked off. Noah sat there defeated. He had hoped, between his good service and dead end job, that he had put his past behind him. Yet here it was forcefully brought up again.

Noah had to pull a lot of strings to get his hands on the file. Yet a week later he sat on that same park bench. In his lap was a data stick that contained the Market Place case files.

He read how it looked like the agents in Chicago were building a strong case against a major outfit boss. When Noah saw it, he hesitated calling the number. He knew that if the Outfit got their hands on this, the case would be ruined and the person under investigation would walk. Yet Noah had his career and family to think of.

"I see you've got what I wanted," the same man asked when he sat down.

"Yes, it wasn't easy, but here's the case file," Noah replied handing the data stick to the man. "Now I assume this means we're done?"

The man did not reply right away. He scanned the file with a small computer tablet. Reading the information caused him to smile.

"Are we done here," pressed Noah.

"Not quite, I need you to do something more."

"But I thought I just had to give you the file?"

"At first yes, but now I need to make sure the case goes a different direction."

"You're asking me to plant evidence?"

"Yes, you've done it before, I think you can do it again."

That had gone too far with Noah. He quickly bolted upright and stepped away from the business suited man. "No, I won't do it," nearly shouted Noah.

"Remember I still have those photos," taunted the man.

"I don't care. I'm not going to plant evidence!"

"Despite the fact you've already given me this?" The man wagged the stick in front of Noah.

"I don't care! I'm not going to do it now!"

That caused the man to sigh. He reached into his inner suit pocket and pulled out a smart phone. Quickly he flipped through the device's menus until he found what he was looking for. "Before you go any further, take a look at this," responded the man handing Noah his phone.

The agent took the phone and peered at it for a moment. On its small screen was a video. Within moments he saw the camera

shift over to three struggling people. They were tied up and gagged with duck tape. Suddenly Noah grasped the people were his wife and two kids. Their eyes showed the horror of the situation they were in.

"No, not them!"

"I figured you might balk at my request. So I had my men go out and kidnap your family. Do as I ask and they'll go free. Don't do it, well, let's just say that scene will get messy very quickly!"

Noah felt defeated at that moment. He had wanted to live an honest life. Yet now his family was in jeopardy giving him no choice.

"Alright, I'll do it. But it'll take me some time," Noah dejectedly responded.

"Very good, but don't take too long. My guys are eager to have fun with them and I'm not sure how long I can hold them back! Put this in their evidence locker," he instructed while handing a small evidence bag to Noah. The agent saw a cell phone within it. "Plant the evidence and then meet me outside Soldier's Field in Chicago at eight am the day after tomorrow."

"Alright, alright," Noah gave in. With that the man got up and strode away. The agent pondered the predicament he was in before jogging back to his car. Then he drove home and hastily packed before rushing back out to his car. He had a long drive ahead of him if he was going to get to Chicago in time.

A day later Noah pulled his car down into the parking garage below the federal building in Chicago. He had chosen an early hour where the FBI offices were quiet. He knew most agents would not show up for another couple hours.

First he went to the FBI storage room. He let himself inside and walked along the numerous isles of shelves. Each was neatly piled with boxes of evidence. Checking the numbers, he soon found the one he was looking for.

Pulling out the box, he donned a pair of latex gloves and opened it up. Inside he saw numerous clear bags holding evidence related to the Market Place investigation. Carefully he stuffed the planted evidence inside the box, closed the top, then hurriedly put it back on the shelf.

Noah then hurried back out of the room. At the elevator lobby, he tried to calm himself as he waited for the lift. Once it came, he ascended up to the white collar division.

Stepping off the lift and into a glass enclosed lobby, Noah saw that the main office was rather empty. There were only a few people working. Quietly he entered, flashed his badge at a guard, and proceeded to work his way through the desks. He knew where the case agent had her desk.

Checking to make sure he had not been seen, Noah approached the desk. There he sat down, brought up her terminal and loaded the case files. Then using the agent's ID numbers, he entered the planted cell phone into the case evidence list. After saving his changes he shut down the terminal.

Satisfied he covered his tracks, he exited the building back into the garage. There he hopped into his car and drove out into the early morning city. With traffic, he knew he would barely have time to get to the meeting spot.

An hour later after a harried trip through Chicago, Noah waited. He tried to keep an eye out for the man. Within moments he heard the sounds of shoes on pavement. Noah turned to see his blackmailer striding towards him. A smug smile was plastered on his face.

"Did you do as I asked?"

"Yes, it's done, now let my family go!"

"All in good time," replied the man as he nodded his head.

Before Noah knew it, he heard the soft sound of an air gun firing. That was followed by something spearing his neck. He only had a moment to grasp he had been shot with a tranquilizer dart before its contents overtook him. Within moments he collapsed on the ground.

"Did he do it," the man questioned another person walking out of the shadows. This person held a tranquilizer gun in his hands.

"Yes Ryan. I followed his movements all the way into the building."

"Good, good, then let's bring him to the spot and get started," Ryan ordered. He was pleased he had dealt with that threat. Now it was time for a bit of fun.

"Um sir, if you don't mind me asking, but won't the Improved council be pissed with what you plan on doing to him," questioned the shooter. He tucked the gun into his waist band

and reached down to pick up the unconscious Noah. The way the shooter handled the fully grown man made it seem like the agent was no more than a doll. After slinging the body over his shoulder, the shooter casually followed Ryan out of the sports field.

"What they don't know won't hurt us. Plus I've been wanting a pet for a long while. Transforming him will kill two birds with one stone."

Deep in the heart of Calumet City, south of Chicago, was a large grouping of industrial buildings and warehouses. Beside the area was a large rail yard filled with long trains of intermodal carriers. While spread throughout area beside numerous factories were tall chimneys pumping out plumes of white smoke.

Off to the side of the industrial activity was a huge pick and pull yard. Behind vast lengths of solid white fencing was a giant open yard full of crashed cars in various states of decay. Moving through the rows of vehicles were yellow lifters, carts bearing people looking for parts, and security. Off to the edge of the wide property were numerous long metal buildings, a few of which were open to the public.

Across the street, up on a roof of a small single story manufacturing plant, lay two people. Each wore dark camouflage military pants, shirts, and had clean tight haircuts. Both were focused on the salvage yard. One used a pair of high powered binoculars while the other had a sniper rifle.

"Team one, team two is in place," reported the one looking through binoculars. The spotter's voice had a steady sound of an experienced professional.

"What do you see," asked a female over the man's radio.

"So far the yard looks normal."

"Keep an eye out," pressed the woman.

"Are you sure this is an Improved stronghold," questioned the sniper.

"My sources say yes. It's one of Ryan Dunning's many properties," she answered.

"Why does that name sound familiar," the sniper asked the man laying beside him.

"He's one of the Outfit's underbosses." answered the spotter.

"I didn't think the mob approved of the Improved?"

"Some do, some don't."

"This place doesn't look like it would have an Improved Club here," pressed the sniper.

"My sources agree," answered the female team leader. "Yet they did mention this might be where Ryan keeps his personal changing center."

"Oh," responded the sniper as he focused on the building.

"To bad we couldn't bring the big guys with us. I love watching them smash down walls," casually commented the spotter.

"I don't know. I mean, they're a bit unsettling," stated the sniper.

"A bit, but you're fine with Ava," the other man gossiped. He referred to the woman who ran the anti-Improved group the two men were part of.

"True as long as you ignore her lower end."

"I'd go berserk if the Improved did that to me!"

"I think she and the other two did before escaping."

The sniper held his hand up and gestured to a group of black cars gliding down the street. Both men went silent as they focused on the caravan. They watched as it approached the scrap yard's side entrance. After a moment a gate swung open allowing the vehicles inside.

"We have a group of cars entering the yard."

"Where are they going," asked their leader.

"To a building in the back," responded the sniper.

"They've stopped and Ryan's goons are getting out. Wait, they seemed to be carrying an unconscious man inside."

"Alright, keep an eye on the building. Once it gets dark we'll strike," ordered the woman.

"Understood," both men responded before going back to watch the salvage yard.

Noah groggily came awake in a giant barred cage. He immediately grasped that he was entirely nude and laying on a hard cold concrete floor. Next, once he blinked the painful bright light out of his eyes, he saw that the cage lay in a huge

empty modern warehouse. Finally he glanced a sizable computer system off to the side.

Then Noah became aware that his body was buzzing. Yet not from any sort of excess energy.

On top of that, he realized he was not alone. Sitting in a chair near the cage was the man from earlier. He seemed to be casually relaxing while waiting for Noah to wake. Then he glanced a few lab coated people working the computer. Finally the nude man saw a few people patrolling the space with guns.

"Ah you're awake mister Hunter. I was afraid you would sleep through the procedure," gossiped Ryan as he took a sip of champagne.

"Uh, what's happening? Where's my family," gasped Noah still on the floor. The strange buzzing feeling kept him from doing much. Plus he still felt rather groggy.

"Oh don't worry, you'll see your family soon enough."

"What're you going to do to me?"

"Why have some fun. Well fun for me in any case. But you'll find out soon enough."

"But, but, I did as you asked!"

"I know, and I am thankful, yet I don't have a need for you any longer. At least not as an FBI agent. Nor do I want you to blab about what you did. So here we are. Ok, you can begin his change," Ryan directed the lab coated people.

"But..." was all Noah could get out before an intense sea of pain washed over him. Soon he started screaming. Then within the intense pain the man began to feel extremely odd.

Before his hurting disbelieving eyes, he watched his four limbs begin to reform. Within minutes his limbs had changed into animal legs. Plus his hands and feet shrunk into animal paws.

While his limbs changed, his human chest began to bow out. It soon gained a more rounded animal appearance. Along with that his spine and hips reformed. Within thirty minutes his body took on the appearance of a human skinned canine. Then within moments he grew a long dog's tail.

Before he knew it, Noah's head began to reform. His nose and mouth pushed outward into a wolf's snout. His ears migrated up atop his head and became pointed. Though lacking fur, his head now was shaped similar to a wolf's. Finally itching began

erupting all over his body signaling the growth of a thick black coat of fur.

Noah quickly grasped a few things. Somehow the man had changed him into a human sized dog. With a few loud barks, he realized he could not speak. Finally he was racked with a deep hunger. He craved bloody meat.

"Bring him some meat," ordered Ryan.

"Yes sir," a few people replied. Within moments they wheeled over a large cooler. As soon as they opened it up, Noah's changed nose quickly picked up the scent of the fresh meat inside. Drool rapidly dripped from his eager mouth.

One after another the two people began chucking slabs of meat into his barred cage. With hunger pushing him on, Noah dashed over and began tearing into the meat. Each bit was hurriedly devoured. After pigging out, his stomach was full and he was sleepy.

Yet before Noah could curl up and sleep, Ryan motioned for the scientists to do something. Within moments Noah's pain came straight back. He was not sure what was happening to him, but over time he began to notice his cage getting smaller. Even the man who imprisoned him seemed not as imposing.

While he grew, those people with the cooler began throwing in even more meat. Noah hurried over and gobbled up as much as he could. Yet he never seemed to get a full belly despite the amount he ate.

Then Noah noticed his body grew stockier, especially around his shoulders. Abruptly bumps formed on either side of his canine neck. Rapidly they grew out and formed heads at their ends. When they came awake, Noah was presented with all sorts of new sensations. He could see how those new canine heads looked like his original. When he tried barking, he barked out of all three of his mouths. Soon forward swept horns pushed out of his temples. Before long each head was adorned with impressive sets of bull horns.

Finally his tail began to feel strange. Turning his heads around as best as he could, Noah could see his tail growing longer and far more flexible. Then it's fur fell out only to be replaced by green and black scales. It's end ballooned out and formed a snake head. When this head opened its eyes he was presented with another viewpoint, taste the air with its tongue, and he had the feeling his snake fangs were quite poisonous.

"Sir, the system is reading his transformation is complete," reported a scientist from off to the side.

"Very good, now change his mind," commanded Ryan.

"Yes sir," responded the same person running the computer.

As soon as they hit enter, Noah fell to the floor shuddering violently. To him it felt as if his brain was being scrambled. Before long he thought he was losing his mind. Yet the agony ended and Noah began regaining himself.

After shaking the remaining pain from his heads, Noah regained his paws. He wasn't sure what they did, but he felt and looked the same. Within moments he faced Ryan and began growling.

"Stop that," ordered Ryan.

For whatever reason, Noah felt compelled to do just that.

"Very good, now sit."

The transformed agent realized he had no choice but to comply. With that he sat down his rear end and curled his snake tail forward so it could peer at Ryan. He wanted to bark, growl, and show his displeasure. Yet that man's command kept him from doing that.

"It worked, he's completely under my control! Let him out. Come and sit here," he pointed to a spot near him.

As soon as the cage was opened, Noah reluctantly left, walked over, and sat where Ryan indicated.

"You'll make a splendid pet. But I want to test your conditioning. Bring them in."

A group of Ryan's men left the room. Moments later, Noah's six ears picked up the struggles and screams of a small group of people. He saw that same group shepherding in a nude trio. Within seconds he recognized his wife and two kids. They had been beaten severely and were being pushed forward with cattle prods.

Noah eagerly wanted to dart over and tear into the men hurting his family. Yet Ryan's order forced Noah to sit where he was. All he could do was plead with his six canine eyes. A slight mewling sound escaped one of his lips.

As soon as the three saw Noah in his changed form, they began screaming in horror. One child tried to run away. Yet a man grabbed them with inhuman strength.

Ryan strolled over to appraise the three. He ran a finger over his wife and daughter's cheeks. Even Noah's son wasn't left alone.

"Before you eat them Noah, I wonder if I should have a bit of fun," Ryan gloated. Upon hearing her husband's name, Noah's wife looked at the beast that had been her husband.

"Noah," she uncertainly cried out.

Noah silently nodded a few of his heads. Ryan's last command to stay silent still held sway over him. Yet the order did not forbid him from silently gesturing.

Rapidly the situation changed. Briefly he saw a few small grenades roll across the floor. Suddenly they exploded in loud bangs and bright flashes. With his four sets of eyes and ears, Noah was completely disoriented. Yet he soon began registering the sounds of people rushing into the room yelling. Along with that came the sound of silenced guns popping.

Once he was able to clear his senses, Noah began to notice that a large portion of Ryan's men were dead. Even Ryan lay on the floor lifeless from numerous gun shots. Seeing the man who had absolute control over him dead caused something in Noah's mind to change. It felt like a burden was lifted from him. That with Ryan dead, Noah was free.

Along with the freeing of his mind came an deep hunger. He knew originally Ryan was planning on having Noah eat his family. However the man never gave the monster the order to do so. Yet Noah grasped that Ryan's dead body did look tasty and it would be the perfect revenge.

So without notice, Noah got up and crossed the distance. Ignoring the situation around him, he briefly contemplated the dead body with his three canine heads. Finally he leaned in and got ready to eat the corpse.

A woman leading the troops who attacked Ryan's people saw what Noah was going to do. "Hey hey big boy, don't eat him," urgently yelled the woman. She rushed into Noah's view. He saw she was covered head to toe in black combat gear and sporting a menacing rifle.

As hungry as he was, the woman seemed to break through to him. He stopped and focused all three canine heads on her. Then one head casually looked back down at the tasty body behind her.

"I know you're hungry, but humans aren't food," she reasoned with him.

Noah let out a pleading whimper. He was still very hungry.

"I don't see that guy Ryan's men carried in here. The only other people we found was that family over there," a black clad commando quickly reported to the woman.

"Did they say who they are," questioned the woman peering at the nude people. She glanced her troops giving them blankets to cover themselves.

"The woman said her husband was Agent Noah Hunter. They were kidnapped to force him to do something."

"Where's he now?"

"They claim that big guy there is Noah," the man reported pointing to the three headed dog monster.

"You mean?"

"Yep, it looks like Ryan's men blackmailed the agent into doing something. Then to silence him, they transformed him into that," summed up the man.

"Is that true," the leader asked Noah.

All Noah could do was nod his heads.

"His wife also added that Ryan had done something to his mind and was going to force him to eat her," added the man.

"Alright, well before we shut this place down, let's fix him a bit then get out of here. Jake, call a truck for this guy," the woman ordered while gesturing to Noah. "Something like a semi. Now, let's see what we can do with you. Doc!"

"Yes Andrea," responded another woman darting towards the leader. Yet she came to a halt when she saw Noah.

"Can you do something to help him. I think the nanobots are still in his system. Plus they altered his mind," reported Andrea.

"Roger that." For a moment Doc peered at Noah. "Let's see what I can do for you."

With that Doc went over to the mainframe computer and began typing in a few things. After seeing he still had nanobots in his system, she typed in a few commands. From behind her the changed FBI agent watched her while eagerly hoping he could go back to normal.

"Alright," Doc responded facing Noah. "I'm going to make it so you can speak and do a few things. Plus I will wipe Ryan's control over you. Though with him dead, that's basically

a moot point. But I don't want you to get your hopes up," Doc cautioned him coming closer. "I cannot return you back to being human. Understand?"

Noah softly nodded all his heads.

"Good, then here goes," she responded going back to the mainframe and hit a few keys.

Immediately Noah began feeling a pressure building on his back between the base of his necks and shoulder blades. While he could not see it, he felt all sorts of things growing in there. Then abruptly a pair of eyes opened up revealing that he had grown a human torso. One that looked like when he was a teenager.

"That should do it," responded Doc as she appraised the new human torso jutting out of his back. It made it look like he was riding atop a giant Cerberus.

"Thank you," Noah gratefully spoke for the first time after being transformed.

"You're welcome, but I'm not done yet. I've still got to deal with the mind control stuff." With that Doc went back to the computer and began furiously typing in stuff. When she hit enter, Noah began shuddering violently. A scream emerged from his newly re-grown human mouth. Finally he started to calm down while his mind got a bit clearer.

"There ya go, you should be completely free of that man's controls. Plus, I've destroyed the nanobots in your system," Doc responded regarding the changed man.

Noah did not say anything as he appraised his transformed body. It dawned on him that all his mistakes had led up to what he was now. That he could never enter society ever again.

"I did this to myself," muttered Noah while tears began dripping from his human eyes.

"Honey," called out his wife. Noah turned one of his canine heads towards her.

"No don't," quickly responded Noah turning away.

"But," she pleaded.

"I'm a monster."

"It's true what that man said?"

"Yes Jenna," Noah softly responded turning his human torso back to face her.

"Did you really take a bribe?"

"Back when we were young, back when Andy was born," Noah admitted.

"Oh honey, come here," Jenna asked as she softly came forward and gestured to his human torso.

Noah sat his canine body down and rolled over a bit so he could bring his human side closer to her. Jenna had to kneel to peer into his eyes. "Hon, I did a bad thing back then. I tried to be on the straight and narrow afterword. I thought I put it behind me before that man," he spoke while gesturing to Ryan's body. "He appeared out of nowhere and blackmailed me into doing more."

"Oh hun," responded Jenna as she leaned in to hug Noah.

"I never meant for any of this to happen."

"Deep down inside I always knew you were a good man and a great father."

"But what are we going to do now?"

Andrea used that moment to interrupt the two, "we've got to get going. I've got a truck coming for you," she said gesturing to Noah. "As far as your family. We'll figure something out. A woman by the name of Ava who's our leader, will know what to do with you all." Then turning to everyone, "alright wrap it up. Doc is the computer system ready to blow?"

"Yes maam, the explosives are planted."

"Great let's get him loaded. Put his family in one of the SUV's and let's get out of here before the Improved come back!"

With that her men began shepherding Noah and his family out. He had to carefully climb into the back of a waiting semi trailer. While his family got into a waiting SUV. Behind them the building exploded in numerous large orange blasts.