

Chapter 5558

Before long, the prison guards led Charlie to Cell No. 8, his new home. Inside, the prisoners were making noise, but the guards quickly restored order, and everyone formed a makeshift line in the center of the cell.

Two guards at the door checked the headcount through the iron railings and signaled their colleagues to unlock the gate with the intercom. Once the green light was given, the two guards entered the cell to ensure everything was in order before motioning for Charlie to follow. As he entered, an unpleasant odor filled the air, a mix of unwashed bodies, dirty bedding, and the smell of the communal toilet.

Charlie grimaced at the foul smell, but his fellow inmates seemed unfazed by the cell's unsanitary conditions. One of the inmates noticed Charlie's discomfort and teased, "Looks like our new roommate isn't too thrilled with our accommodations!"

Laughter erupted among the prisoners, and another inmate chimed in, "Seems like he's got delicate skin and a soft disposition. Right up your alley, isn't it?"

Amid the laughter, Charlie frowned and shot a glare at the inmate, his mind racing with thoughts of revenge.

The burly man chuckled and added, "I'll have him accustomed to my musk and my 'little brother' soon enough!"

The inmate, catching Charlie's gaze, raised his eyebrows provocatively.

The lead prison guard stepped forward and introduced Charlie, saying, "This is your new cellmate who will be staying in bed No. 16 from now on." He then addressed the teasing inmate, "Dean, I'd advise you to keep things in check. We're still dealing with the consequences of your previous actions. You've caused trouble one too many times."

Dean shrugged and said, "Come on, it was just a bit of fun with that kid. I was supposed to mentor him and provide some entertainment. He couldn't handle it and tried to end it all. Can you blame me?"

Another inmate chimed in, "Exactly! The boss showed him some favor, and he should've considered it a privilege! What's there to complain about?"

The prison guard responded sternly, "He's not deceased yet. He's still receiving medical care." He then gave Charlie a stern look and said to Dean, "But his survival is uncertain, so please, don't make my job any harder."

Dean grinned and assured, "Don't worry, I'll keep things under control."

With a nod, the prison guard turned away, and the cell's gate closed automatically.

The remaining prisoners relaxed visibly. Dean approached Charlie, a smile on his face. "Hey, newcomer, let me explain how things work in this cell."

Charlie ignored him and went to bed No. 16.

Annoyed by the lack of response, Dean grabbed Charlie's collar and pointed threateningly, "Listen here, kid. You better pay attention, got it?"

Charlie replied calmly, "Your breath is quite unpleasant, and you don't seem to care about hygiene. This cell doesn't appear to prioritize cleanliness."

Pushing Dean's hand away, Charlie casually arranged his bedding.

Dean was taken aback by Charlie's audacity. He couldn't believe that this seemingly frail newcomer had the nerve to challenge him. Dean wondered if Charlie had connections he shouldn't cross and stepped onto Charlie's bed, his tone menacing, "Kid, who do you think you are? If you can't give me a name to respect, you better be prepared for trouble."

Charlie glanced at Dean's dirty shoes leaving marks on his bed and replied calmly, "I have no affiliations. I'm just an undocumented immigrant apprehended by immigration. You don't need to show me any respect because I certainly won't offer you any. Now, get your feet off my bed and clean up the mess."

Dean stood in stunned silence. In this cell, everyone usually obeyed him. He could usually dominate and bully anyone he pleased. He never expected a seemingly fragile Asian man to stand up to him.

The other inmates, equally surprised, watched curiously, eager to see how Dean would respond to this bold newcomer.

Dean, a physically powerful man, was known for his strength within these walls. In the cell, there were 15 other inmates, most of them Dean's followers, and the rest were too afraid to challenge his authority.

Fuming, Dean clenched his fists and warned, "Kid, you have no idea where you are. I'm Dean, and I call the shots here. When I say jump, you jump. When I say lie down, you lie down. You eat what I tell you to eat, and you swallow whatever I tell you to swallow. You better fall in line, or I'll make your life miserable."

Charlie observed Dean's threatening demeanor and vulgar language and asked calmly, "Are you into men?"

Dean clenched his fists even tighter and replied, "I'm not, but in this place, I enjoy having guys like you serve me."

Charlie nodded and said, "You want me to serve you, right? Why don't you explain the specific services you have in mind?"

Dean chuckled and said, "I could explain, but it's more practical if I show you in the bathroom, step by step. That way, you can practice firsthand."

The other inmates cheered, some asking, "Boss, are you having some fun before sundown? Can we have a go when you're done?"

Dean laughed and replied, "Let me inspect the merchandise first. Afterward, anyone interested can take a turn!"

With a menacing scowl, he turned to Charlie and ordered, "Let's go. Follow me to the restroom!"

Charlie simply nodded, gestured at the foot of his bed, and replied calmly, "I'll discuss those shoe prints later."

After that, he straightened his attire and headed toward the bathroom.

Dean chuckled and turned to the onlookers, saying, "You've got guts, and I respect that. Everyone, wait outside and no peeking. Or else, I'll make sure your heads spin!"

Everyone agreed with smiles before Dean entered the bathroom.

Once inside, he shut the door and turned to Charlie, a sly grin on his face. "It's been a while since I met someone as fragile as you, ever since that kid... Let me teach you how to survive in Brooklyn Prison."

"A lesson?" Charlie sneered. "How about I give you a lesson in hygiene first?"

Without warning, Charlie's hand shot forward, clamping around Dean's throat with lightning speed, his thumb pressing hard on Dean's Adam's apple.

Dean never expected Charlie, a seemingly weak figure, to strike first, and that his grip would be so strong. He couldn't breathe, and his neck hurt, rendering him powerless.

Years of physical training had inflated Dean's confidence in his strength, believing he was among the strongest in Brooklyn Prison. Yet here he was, being overpowered by a slender Asian man!

Dean's neck throbbed with pain as Charlie continued to squeeze. Breathing became impossible, and Dean's face turned colors.

Desperate, Dean couldn't utter a word. His defiant look turned into one of fear as he stared at Charlie.

Charlie observed the terror in Dean's eyes and sneered, "Still think you don't have foul breath? Seems like you've been neglecting dental hygiene since childhood, growing even dirtier and lazier as you've matured. Allow me to show you how to scrub that rotten mouth of yours."

With that, Charlie grabbed the toilet brush beside him with his left hand, pried open Dean's mouth with his right, and thrust the dirty brush inside.

Though Dean was quite bulky, his mouth paled in comparison. As Charlie forced the toilet brush, thick and bristle-covered, into Dean's mouth, it sliced open two bloody gashes at the corners.

Dean convulsed in pain as Charlie showed no mercy, shoving the entire brush head into his mouth and scrubbing vigorously. Blood flowed freely from Dean's mouth.

Dean's mouth and throat throbbed with agony. The harsh plastic bristles had inflicted countless wounds inside, prompting tears to flow uncontrollably.

Dean wished to sob loudly, hoping the boys outside the door would come to his rescue. Yet he had shut the bathroom door himself, and with his mouth crammed with a toilet brush and Charlie's fingers squeezing his throat, his cries were as feeble, inaudible to those outside.

With no hope, Dean could only raise his hands above his head and use gestures to beg Charlie for mercy.

Charlie momentarily paused, leaving the toilet brush in Dean's mouth, and taunted, "Weren't you just teaching me how to survive in Brooklyn? Now you're crying like a girl. Are you worthy of those muscles?"

Dean couldn't respond, and he couldn't stop the flow of tears. He could only fix Charlie with a pitiful look as Charlie shoved the toilet brush deeper and asked, "What were you talking about earlier? Planning to stuff something somewhere?"

Dean shook his head in terror. But Charlie persisted, "You don't want to admit it, do you? Well, aren't you a tough guy? How about I help you put that toilet brush where you'll truly enjoy it?"

A look of sheer terror flashed across Dean's face. He saw Charlie's cold, unwavering expression, empty of any threats. His body quivered in fear, afraid that Charlie might actually follow through.

Knees trembling, Dean collapsed to the floor and knelt with a thud. He clasped his hands atop his head and pleaded with Charlie through gestures.

Charlie gazed at Dean's intense fear and inquired curiously, "Scared, are you?"

Dean nodded vigorously, tears streaming down his face.

Charlie twisted his wrist and inserted the toilet brush into Dean's mouth once more. Blood and saliva flowed from the corners. Dean's spirit shattered completely.

Seeing Dean's blood vessels pulsating wildly with agony and his spirit shattered, Charlie had no intention of letting up. He declared icily, "Remember this! If I see you unhappy, your fear and pleas will be worthless. Just like how you tormented the weak when you were a child, I'll continue to subject you to random, senseless beatings until you're utterly broken."

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In this critical moment, Dean didn't dare doubt Charlie's words. As Charlie talked about relentless self-destruction, Dean's heart sank. It was like someone who grew up in a tropical rainforest, never having seen the cold was suddenly thrown into an icy pool. He knew he couldn't match Charlie, and even his fellow underlings couldn't make a difference. Escape seemed like an impossible dream.

Dean imagined his comrades sensing something was wrong and rushing in. Charlie would surely take them down easily, leaving Dean with no hope of rescue.

To make things worse, there were still at least four long hours until dinner.

He wasn't thinking about revenge or saving his pride anymore. All he wanted was for Charlie to stop this inhumane torture and humiliation. Dean found himself reduced to the most humble of pleas, kneeling on the cold, grimy floor, clasping his hands above his head like an obedient pet, hoping for Charlie's mercy.

Charlie looked at the pitiful sight before him, his sneer dripping with cruelty. He teased, "Has anyone ever begged you like this before, on their knees?"

Dean hesitated for a moment, thinking about all the people he had tortured to their breaking point with his merciless methods. People who had been driven to suicide or tortured to death. Dean might have been more brutal than Charlie when it came to cruelty, using ruthless and degrading methods even on innocent victims. Charlie, for all his ruthlessness, seemed to avoid harming the innocent.

Seeing Dean's silence, Charlie smirked and continued, "It's our first meeting, and I don't know your history, but I'm sure the people outside know exactly what kind of evil you've done. Let them enlighten me."

Charlie grabbed the handle of the toilet brush, lifted it forcefully, and raised Dean from his kneeling position.

This caused another wave of pain in Dean's mouth. He felt like there wasn't a single patch of unharmed flesh left, it was all just bloody ulcers. The pain was unbearable.

Charlie, however, didn't show any sympathy. Dean's multiple breakdowns were just the beginning for him.

Holding Dean up with one hand by the toilet brush, Charlie walked to the bathroom door and turned the handle.

Outside, fifteen henchmen were ready and eager. One skinny guy, unable to contain his excitement, unfastened his belt and announced, "The boss is done, it's my turn to have some fun!" With those words, he dashed to the door, expecting Charlie to be satisfied.

But as the door swung open, the skinny guy's excitement turned to horror. Before him stood a stern Charlie.

He was speechless, but nothing seemed wrong. He kept a sly grin and said, "Ah, our Asian beauty can't resist a second round, can you?"

Charlie extended his hand, lifting Dean in front of him. "Looks like you're eager to go next," he remarked.

The skinny guy now looked like a ghost, terrified beyond measure. He stared, mouth wide open, but didn't say a word.

He never imagined the pitiful figure before him was Dean, the boss he had admired and followed for so long.

Dean, upon seeing him, tried to call for help, but the toilet brush still blocked his voice. Desperate, he opened his mouth, spewing blood and saliva, drenching the skinny guy's head in fear.

The others knew about Dean's bad temper. While they enjoyed the show, almost no one dared to get close to see, except the skinny guy. They were unaware of what was happening.

Filled with terror, the skinny guy instinctively stepped back, prompting Charlie to thrust his foot into the guy's chest.

With a loud thud, the skinny guy was thrown out of the bathroom door, hitting the opposite wall and losing consciousness.

The other inmates were shocked by this sudden turn of events. They gathered around, puzzled by Dean's miserable state.

Dean's mouth was finally free from the toilet brush. Charlie sneered and asked Dean, "Now, tell me, what were you about to say to your little friends?"

As the toilet brush was pulled from his mouth, Dean's last wish to scream "kill him" faded away.

He knew Charlie's dominance in this cell was absolute. If he let his underlings attack, they would likely be either killed or punished, and Dean's rebellion would not go unpunished.

Seeing Dean's silence, Charlie slapped him hard, causing several teeth to fall out. Agonizing pain shot through Dean's head.

When the others saw Dean being beaten, they were alarmed. They knew Dean was a formidable opponent, and even in his pitiable state, he outmatched them collectively.

So they hesitated, not approaching Charlie.

In response, Charlie grabbed a plastic chair, sat down in front of the group, and raised the bloodied toilet brush, striking it against the floor, leaving a crimson streak.

Charlie spoke calmly, "You all did well to line up for me. I'll give you three seconds to stand behind this line. If anyone hasn't complied by the count of three, I'll break their leg."

Dean, in agony, managed to stand behind the line, followed by the others.

Charlie nodded in approval and declared, "Three!"

All of them had quickly lined up, except for the skinny guy, who remained unconscious against the wall.

Charlie approached him, lifted the unconscious guy by the hair, and dragged him in front of the others. Then he dropped him, leaving the man sprawled on the ground, lifeless as a rag doll.

Turning to the rest, Charlie stated, "As I mentioned, I'll break the leg of anyone who doesn't comply with my command. You must know I keep my word."

In that tense moment, the inmates couldn't make sense of Charlie's actions. Why was he punishing an unconscious and defenseless man? It seemed unfair and even cruel.

Amidst their confusion, an elderly man in his fifties spoke up, trembling as he said, "You... you can't treat an unconscious person like this, it's unjust!"

"Unjust?" Charlie responded calmly. "Well, they say a man's word is his bond. I stick to my promises, not necessarily fairness. Anyone who doesn't fall in line will have their leg broken."

Charlie raised an eyebrow and turned to the elderly man, asking, "Who are you, and why are you advocating for him?"

The priest, still trembling, mustered the courage to reply, "I am a priest, a servant of God. I speak for justice."

Charlie sneered, "I'm sorry, but I'm an atheist. I don't believe in God."

Stammering, the priest responded, "Even if you don't believe in God, you can't blaspheme Him."

Charlie smiled and clarified, "I'm not blaspheming. I just don't take His servants seriously."

Charlie left the room with determination. He fixed his gaze on the priest and asked, "Tell me, when did you first enter this prison?"

The priest, his lips pressed tightly, replied with a hint of panic, "It was about three years ago, give or take..."

Charlie nodded and continued, "And how long have you been locked up here?"

Nervously, the priest answered, "Around two years and three months, approximately."

Charlie nodded again and gestured towards Dean, who lay on the ground, and asked, "With your extensive time here, you must have seen this guy torment many other inmates, right? Did you ever speak up for them, or did you just turn a blind eye?"

"I..." The priest found himself momentarily speechless.

In reality, he didn't really want to defend the unconscious man or plead for mercy and justice on his behalf. He had recognized that a new era was dawning within these prison walls when Charlie picked up that toilet brush from Dean's mouth and left the restroom. It symbolized Charlie's ascension as the new leader of this prison.

So, he used this opportunity to establish his position in Charlie's eyes, subtly conveying that he, Dean, and their group didn't belong to the same faction. He hoped to secure his own survival and maybe even earn Charlie's favor and trust. But little did he know that Charlie would dismantle his intricate plan with one masterful move.

When Dean had harmed others in the past, the priest had never defended them. He had even convinced Dean that God wouldn't condemn him for chastising the wrongdoers, as he believed no one within those prison walls was truly innocent. Petty theft was just as sinful in his eyes, and Dean agreed. This approach had kept the priest safe.

Now, facing Charlie's direct question in front of everyone, he couldn't respond without incurring Charlie's wrath and potential violence.

Seeing the prolonged silence, Charlie delivered a resounding slap to the priest's cheek, causing him to spin around and lose two front teeth.

The priest teetered on the edge of collapse, but Charlie grabbed his collar and stared into his eyes, demanding, "You were quite talkative earlier. Why the silence now?"

The priest, his face throbbing with pain, covered his cheeks and whimpered, "I'm a priest. You shouldn't strike me! God will judge you!"

Charlie grinned and persisted, "As a priest and a servant of God, tell me, what did you do to end up in this prison? How did a clergyman like you fall so far from grace?"

The priest was overcome with panic and dared not utter another word.

Charlie turned to the young man of brown complexion standing next to the priest and asked directly, "Please, tell me the circumstances that led to the priest's imprisonment. If you hide the truth or lie to me, your fate might be worse than that of the unconscious man lying there."

Overwhelmed with fear, the young man shouted in a trembling voice, "It was sexual assault! He's here for sexual assault!"

He continued fervently, "His name is John Lawrence, a notorious pedophile in New York. He's no longer a man of the cloth, but he still poses as a priest, shamelessly!"

John Lawrence felt deflated, curling up before Charlie, trembling like a washing machine with a broken drum shaft.

"It seems your sins are quite severe," Charlie said with a wry smile. He turned to John Lawrence and shook his head, remarking, "John, at your age, you seem to have no control over your impulses, denying your own actions. How pitiful."

But then, his tone changed, and he added, "Nevertheless, I admire your audacity. Rest assured, I'll arrange for someone to cater to your preferences."

This sparked newfound hope in John Lawrence's eyes, Charlie turned back to Dean, "From now on, you'll use your talents to satisfy Mr. Lawrence daily. Failure to do so will result in your own conviction for incompetence, and the consequences will be severe."

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Dean had initially believed that Charlie would continue to torment him, but to his surprise, Charlie offered him a chance at redemption. It was like a ray of hope in Dean's bleak existence.

Overwhelmed by this sudden opportunity for a fresh start, Dean nodded vigorously without hesitation. He earnestly said, "Sir, you have my word. I'll take the best care of him and ensure his satisfaction."

Meanwhile, John Lawrence sensed his world darkening, almost to the point of unconsciousness. The thought of falling into Dean's hands, even in exchange for

Charlie's favor, filled him with terror. He quickly knelt and begged, "Please, sir, forgive me this time. I'm old and ill-equipped to handle any more trouble."

Charlie, however, waved away his concerns and reassured him, saying, "No need to worry. I'm not going anywhere."

Fixing his gaze on Dean, he added seriously, "Listen carefully, Mr. Lawrence's safety is your top priority, no matter how hard you work. Do you understand?"

Dean hesitated for just a moment before nodding resolutely and declaring, "Crystal clear, sir!"

He then turned his attention to John Lawrence, whose tearful face pleaded for mercy. "Lawrence," Dean promised, "you can rest assured. I'll take care of you."

But as John Lawrence heard those words, he couldn't find comfort, instead, he saw a grim future ahead. He glanced at Charlie, hoping to plead for mercy, but choked on his own tears. "Sir, I..."

Charlie interrupted him with an outstretched hand, his tone cold and menacing. "This is the best I can offer you," he stated. "If you decline, I can always bring in someone else under these conditions."

With a sly smile, he gestured toward Dean on the ground and continued, "I believe there are like-minded individuals in this cell. Dean can't be the only one with such inclinations, right? Maybe the man with the injured leg shares his interests."

John Lawrence was shocked by Charlie's refusal to entertain his pleas. He couldn't hide his grief any longer and wept uncontrollably. Charlie, still wearing the same dispassionate smile, taunted him, "Crying? You'll have to get used to it."

John Lawrence realized that accepting the current conditions might be his best option. Stubborn resistance would only make his situation worse. It was like Japan in 1945—surrendering honestly might avoid the devastation of two atomic bombs.

Seeing that no one dared to defy him, Charlie stopped paying attention to John Lawrence. Clearing his throat, he declared in a chilling tone, "Listen to me now. I am the sole authority in this place from this moment forward. Each one of you must obey my commands around the clock, without question. Disobedience is not an option, for I cannot guarantee a better fate than what you've seen today."

The lesson John Lawrence had learned resonated with the others. None of them dared to defy Charlie's orders, they nodded in agreement, as if they were following the relentless rhythm of a machine extracting oil twenty times its normal speed.

Charlie was satisfied with their clear submission. He cleared his throat and commanded, "Everyone, stand at attention!"

They all struggled to stand upright, even Dean managed to stumble to the back of the line.

The young man with a broken leg tried to rise but promptly fell to the ground again, writhing in pain.

Charlie glanced in his direction and commented with indifference, "No need to join the queue."

The man, sweating profusely, breathed a sigh of relief and thanked Charlie, saying, "Thank you, sir!"

Charlie paid him no further attention. Instead, he barked at the others, "Everyone, right face!"

They promptly complied, except for one young man who turned ninety degrees in the wrong direction.

Charlie vaguely remembered this youth. He had been cheering and shouting when he first arrived, likely one of Dean's younger followers.

Charlie pointed at him and asked, "What's your deal? Are you deliberately defying me?"

The young man shook his head frantically, expressing remorse. "I'm sorry, sir... I've had trouble with directions since childhood."

"You can't tell left from right?" Charlie smiled faintly. "That's okay, I can help with that."

With a swift movement, Charlie grabbed the young man's right hand and effortlessly snapped his wrist, as if breaking a pencil in two. The wrist was completely shattered!

The young man cried out in pain, but Charlie, maintaining his indifferent demeanor, remarked, "Remember, this is the right! I'm sure you won't forget it for the rest of your life."

The sight left everyone in the room in shock. Charlie continued, "Now, left face!"

Everyone turned around quickly, fearing making a mistake. The young man who had just suffered the injury had no trouble distinguishing left from right this time, making sure he didn't make any more mistakes.

Charlie nodded with satisfaction, gesturing toward the man on the far left, and commanded, "You, start. Tell us your name, where you're from, the crime you committed, how long you've been here, and how much of your sentence remains."

The man complied swiftly, saying, "Sir, my name is Ruan Ming, I'm Vietnamese. I've been in prison for a year for robbery, and I have six years left on my sentence..."

Charlie nodded. "Alright, next!"

"Sir, I'm Colin Mills, an American," the next person began. "I've been here for six months for fraud, and I have three years left in prison..."

And so it went on, with each person introducing themselves in turn. Eventually, it was the turn of the man with a deep tan to step forward and make his introduction. He addressed the room with respect, saying, "Greetings, sir. My name is Haji. I am of Indian-American descent, and I've been here for two and a half years due to a conviction for sexual assault. I have another twelve years to serve." He hesitated for a moment before continuing, "Half of my sentence..."

Charlie, now in charge, gestured toward the individuals flanking Haji and instructed, "Both of you, give him ten slaps each!"

Haji's expression changed abruptly, and he stammered, "Sir... why do you want to beat me..."

Charlie replied with an icy tone, "All sexual offenders will be disciplined."

The two nearby inmates reluctantly delivered ten forceful slaps to Haji's face. His cheeks quickly swelled from the impact, making him look like a pig's head. Tears welled up in his eyes, and he seethed with anger and grievances, but he didn't dare show it at that moment.

Watching Haji's punishment was John Lawrence, who was particularly anxious. He knew that if Haji was subjected to this punishment, he wouldn't be spared either.

Eventually, it was John Lawrence's turn to introduce himself, his voice trembling with fear. "Sir... I... my name is John... John Lawrence... I'm here for sexual assault and rape, sentenced to life imprisonment... without parole..."

As soon as John Lawrence finished speaking, a young man nearby asked, "Sir, how many times should I slap him?"

Charlie waved his hand and declared, "One hundred."

He added, "One slap every day. A hundred times!"

The young man, with a sense of duty, raised his hand and delivered the remaining slaps to John Lawrence without hesitation. The other inmate, equally fatigued, continued with swift blows until the hundred slaps were completed.

By the end of it, both participants were too exhausted to lift their arms, and John Lawrence's face was grotesquely swollen, resembling a corpse submerged in water for weeks.

As Lawrence lay unconscious, one of the participants respectfully addressed Charlie, asking, "Sir, we've completed the hundred slaps. What should we do now that he's unconscious?"

Charlie waved his hand dismissively and replied, "Throw him in the bathroom and leave him be."

"Understood, sir!" The man acknowledged, and he and his partner carried the unconscious Lawrence to the bathroom.

The introductions continued, with most of the remaining inmates revealing that they were incarcerated for murder and assault, and some had ties to Dean's criminal activities.

After everyone had shared their backgrounds, Charlie turned his attention to the young man who had a broken leg and said, "Your turn."

The young man quivered as he introduced himself, "My... my name is Mark... Mark Wendell... I've been in prison for two years on a second-degree murder charge, serving a forty-year sentence, with a minimum of twenty years."

Charlie then turned to Dean, who had been startled by the unexpected turn of events, and calmly stated, "Now, boss, it's your turn."

Dean, still taken aback, stammered, "Sir... you... you're the boss..."

Charlie chuckled lightly and replied, "My apologies, it seems I accidentally assumed your position."

Dean quickly responded, "Sir, please don't say that. In your presence, I can only be a loyal subordinate behind the wheel."

Charlie nodded in acknowledgment and commanded, "Proceed with your introduction."

Dean humbly began, "Boss, my name is Dean, I'm American, imprisoned for drug trafficking and murder, and serving a life sentence."

Charlie then addressed the entire assembly, making it clear that he was now in charge. He announced, "Now that everyone has shared their stories, let's discuss the rules of this cell, effective immediately. Pay close attention, any transgressions will not be forgiven."

The inmates listened attentively, their gaze fixed on Charlie, anxious not to miss any crucial instructions.

Charlie raised his finger and declared, "First, from this moment onward, no one is permitted to engage in fights or sexual activity in this cell without my explicit consent. Elainetors will have their limbs broken. Do you all understand?"

In unison, the inmates affirmed, "We understand!"

Charlie raised another finger and spoke sternly, "Secondly, all of you are strictly forbidden from communicating with anyone outside this cell about matters related to me. Offenders will face dire consequences. Do you grasp this?"

Without hesitation, the assembly echoed, "We understand!"

Charlie nodded and extended three fingers, continuing, "Third, starting today, each of you must brush your teeth and shower every morning and evening. Keep your sheets and bedding clean, fresh, and odor-free. Furthermore, each of you will take turns mopping the floor and cleaning the toilet daily."

He emphasized, "There are fifteen of you, so there will be fifteen cleaning sessions each day. Excluding meal and rest periods, the remaining time will be divided equally among all fifteen inmates. While working, others will supervise. If they find subpar cleaning, they will administer two slaps to the responsible person and demand corrections. If I identify the issue, everyone will disrobe, and I'll have you sleep in the toilet at night."

Charlie concluded, "One more thing, should anyone exhibit a foul odor on their person or bedding, I'll confine them to the toilet for the next three days, excluding meal and rest periods. When others use the restroom, they must remain inside. And

when others engage in sexual activity, they, too, must remain inside until they've cleaned themselves up!"

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If Charlie's request were placed in the past, these people would have considered it a fantasy. However, after a few individuals experienced Charlie's methods, and most bore witness to his cruelty, they no longer deemed Charlie's request excessive.

Therefore, each of them nodded in agreement, fearing that expressing their opinions too late might lead to Charlie taking advantage of them.

Seeing their unanimous agreement, Charlie smiled and said, "Since you all have no objections, we will implement it from now on. This cell is currently dirty and foul-smelling, so all of you will begin with a thorough cleaning. Ensure that the cleaning is spotless, otherwise, you will all face collective punishment."

Without hesitation, the group of people initiated an unprecedented cleaning effort. Those who could still move immediately joined in. They tossed all the unchanged bedding into the bathroom, assigning a few to handle the cleaning, while the rest tackled the general hygiene.

They were aware that if Charlie found any issues with cleanliness, they would not escape physical repercussions. Furthermore, the pain Charlie inflicted was truly excruciating!

Even Dean, dragging his weary body, diligently wiped Charlie's bed with a towel, especially the footprints he had left earlier. After his meticulous cleaning, no traces remained.

At that moment, Charlie gazed at the miserable Dean and inquired, "Dean, I have a question for you. You must answer truthfully. If you dare to deceive me, I will make you suffer a hundred times more than you are now. Do you understand?"

Trembling, Dean quickly responded, "Sir, please ask, and I will not conceal anything."

Charlie nodded and asked, "Have you ever heard of a Chinese prisoner named Peter Cole at Brooklyn Prison?"

"Peter Cole?" Dean shook his head and replied, "I've never heard of this man."

Charlie pressed further, "Think carefully. Can you recall any memory of this name in your recollection?"

Dean, fear evident in his expression, replied, "Sir, I truly haven't lied. I have never heard of the name you mentioned..."

Charlie, observing Dean closely, realized he was not lying and relinquished any hope of obtaining information about Peter Cole from him. After all, Peter Cole was a target of the core members of the Rothschild family. Even if he had been sent to this prison, it likely wouldn't be common knowledge.

Subsequently, Charlie remembered the informant Lucas, mentioned by the police, and asked, "Have you heard of a Brazilian named Lucas?"

Dean nodded quickly and said, "Lucas, I know him. That kid is sharp and well-informed in all matters at Brooklyn Prison. He's earned the nickname 'Brooklyn Prison Know-It-All.' He's in Cell No. 15, not far from here."

Charlie continued, "Now, please inform me about the situation of the inmates at Brooklyn Prison, particularly the situation with the prison gangs."

Dean thought for a moment and responded, "Sir, Brooklyn Prison consists of two wards. We are currently in the first prison district. Each prison district has a leader who can truly exert influence over the entire district." He added, "In our first prison district, the leader is the notorious Mexican drug lord Gustavo Sanchez, a formidable figure. Before his arrest by the US police, he was reputedly worth over ten billion dollars. However, he received a life sentence without parole. His family now controls his drug empire in Mexico. After his imprisonment, a group of loyalists were sent to the prison, who helped him establish dominance as the ward's boss. With the presence of drug dealers, the first ward has the highest death rate in the United States."

Charlie proceeded with his inquiries, "And what about the second ward?"

Dean replied, "The leader of the second ward has been a New York gang member for a decade. The former leader, Wesley Norris, was influential in New York, with numerous subordinates. The Italians only gained prominence after his incarceration. When he was still free, Sicilian Italians in New York had to tread carefully."

Charlie nodded and asked, "How long until dinner?"

Dean glanced at the electronic clock and swiftly answered, "Forty minutes remaining."

"Very well," Charlie replied calmly. "When we head to the dining area, please introduce me to Lucas."

Respectfully, Dean agreed, "Of course, sir, I will introduce you."

Charlie smiled and inquired suddenly, "By the way, Dean, you won't take the opportunity during dinner to report to the prison, will you?"

Dean hastily waved his hands, saying, "No, sir, please don't worry. I would never report it to the prison. There's an unwritten rule here in this prison. Internal issues must be resolved internally, without involving the guards. Seeking help from the guards is considered a violation of the rules, and the individual would become a target for everyone's disdain..."

Dean wasn't lying. This prison had long-established rules, as the inmates were either gang members, serious criminals, or drug lords. These inmates shared two common traits, ruthlessness and a strong aversion to police informants.

Thus, when someone in this prison faced bullying, torture, or humiliation, and survived, they wouldn't report it. Reporting such incidents would be akin to walking into a dead end.

Upon hearing Dean's explanation, Charlie gained a rough understanding of the survival rules within the prison and asked, "If a serious violent conflict erupts here, would the prison guards intervene?"

Dean truthfully replied, "In this place, as long as the violence is among the prisoners themselves, the guards will never intervene. They prefer the prisoners to resolve their issues independently. They only step in if lives are at risk." He added, "Because Brooklyn Prison lacks an outdoor yard, exercise is incorporated with mealtime. After lunch, the guards return everyone to the prison area, allowing them to move freely within the prison for an hour. During this hour, all cell doors are open, permitting prisoners to interact with friends or foes in other cells. After dinner, the guards gather all prisoners in the dining and fitness areas for an hour, before returning them to their cells. During this hour, inmates from the two wards can meet if they have friends or adversaries in other prison areas. During the two daily breaks, the guards withdraw from the recreation area, granting prisoners freedom of movement. If a violent conflict erupts between prisoners, the guards will not intervene."

Charlie nodded and stated, "Based on what you've told me, after dinner, both prison wards will have free time together, correct?"

Dean replied swiftly, "Yes, that's right. If you're searching for Peter Cole, and if he hasn't been moved or injured and sent for treatment, you may encounter him during dinner!"

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To meet Charlie's expectations promptly, the fifteen prisoners began cleaning everything that could still be moved with determination. They tossed all the long-neglected bedding into the bathroom, assigning a few to manage the cleaning while the rest tackled various areas.

Even those who were injured, as long as they could still move, contributed their efforts. Those with broken legs found seats and wiped the lower halves of the walls, while those with injured hands improvised by stepping on towels and scrubbing the floors.

Thanks to the sizable workforce and the compact space, it didn't take long for the inmates to transform the room into a spotless environment.

None of the fifteen prisoners had anticipated that this cell would one day be cleaner than a five-star hotel.

They were well aware that if Charlie found the hygiene even slightly unsatisfactory, they would face physical consequences. Furthermore, they were acutely aware of the agony that Charlie's punishment could inflict.

The once-sticky floor now gleamed, requiring caution to prevent slipping. However, the lingering odors of body sweat and cigarette smoke remained deeply ingrained and challenging to eliminate.

So, Charlie added another rule temporarily, no one was permitted to smoke in the cell or bathroom, or else they would face a hundred slaps.

Despite their severe addiction to smoking, none of the prisoners dared to voice any objections at this point.

At half-past five in the afternoon, it was dinner time.

The prison guard arrived to take a headcount. Upon seeing the injured Dean, he was particularly startled. He was about to inquire about the situation when he noticed several other prisoners with severed limbs, intensifying his astonishment.

Observing Charlie, who had just arrived, appearing calm and content without a single scar on his face, the prison guard surmised that Charlie was responsible for these injuries.

However, he refrained from inquiring further. He understood the rules of Brooklyn Prison better than the prisoners did. The inmates here did not trouble the guards unless absolutely necessary, and the guards did not interfere in the prisoners' internal matters unless compelled.

The hierarchy of priorities in the prison was as follows, first, do not resist, second, do not kill anyone, third, do not attempt to escape.

In essence, as long as the prisoners did not attack the prison guards, were still within the prison, and remained alive, everything else was of no concern to the guards.

Currently, none of the injured inmates had requested medical attention, signifying their reluctance to involve the prison. Hence, the prison guard saw no reason to inquire. He merely counted the prisoners and directed them to form a line to proceed to the cafeteria.

However, when he noticed John Lawrence's swollen face resembling a pig's head, he couldn't help but express his surprise, "Father, what happened to you?"

Upon hearing the term "father," John Lawrence shuddered in fear. He quickly clarified, "I'm not a priest! I have renounced my priesthood!"

In fact, John Lawrence had welcomed being addressed as a priest by fellow inmates. Despite their criminal pasts, many prisoners held religious beliefs. Encountering a priest who was also an inmate granted him some favor, even though they were aware of his tarnished history.

However, John Lawrence recognized that Charlie harbored a particular disdain for his past as a priest, resulting in him receiving a hundred slaps daily. The mere thought of it left him despondent.

Thus, he instinctively inquired quietly of the prison guard, "Could you help me switch cells? I'm not comfortable here..."

Upon hearing John Lawrence's request, everyone, except for Charlie, looked at him in astonishment.

The rules of Brooklyn Prison stipulated that internal matters were to be resolved internally. Seeking assistance from the prison guards violated the prison's code of

conduct, and it was bewildering that John Lawrence would make such a request. Did he believe that seeking the guards' help would release him from Charlie's threats?

The prison guard also found John Lawrence's request surprising and replied, "Father, switching cells is a straightforward process. However, prisoners who request cell transfers aren't typically welcomed in other cells. It has happened before that prisoners seeking transfers were denied and ultimately returned to their original cells. Which cell would be willing to accept him after switching? Once he's beaten again, he'll have no choice but to return to his initial cell. Therefore, I advise against it."

John Lawrence, with tears in his eyes, realized that the prison guard's reasoning was sound. Prisoners here didn't take kindly to those who broke the rules, even if they sought cell transfers themselves. Contemplating this, he could only respond with teary eyes, "I was joking earlier. I won't request a transfer, even if I'm beaten to death..."

The prison guard patted his shoulder and then addressed everyone, "Everyone, leave the cell and head to the cafeteria."

With that command, they formed a line and exited the cell, making their way to the cafeteria alongside prisoners from other cells.

While en route, Charlie kept an eye on the other inmates, hoping to spot Peter Cole among them. However, he did not come across Peter Cole. Along the way, he observed numerous prisoners headed to the cafeteria, representing a diverse range of ethnicities and ages. However, approximately half of them were heavily tattooed and muscular, revealing their affiliation with gangs in Brooklyn Prison.

Additionally, Charlie noticed that many prisoners bore facial and bodily injuries, some even sporting bandages and crutches, indicating that they had been subjected to physical abuse. This explained why the prison guard had shown indifference upon observing several injured individuals in their cell.

The cafeteria in Brooklyn Prison was expansive, accommodating up to one or two thousand prisoners dining simultaneously.

Once the prison guards ushered everyone inside, they promptly retreated behind the iron gate, leaving the prisoners to govern themselves.

The responsibility for serving meals to the inmates fell upon the prisoners themselves.

While waiting in line for food, Dean informed Charlie, "Sir, seating during meals here isn't random. Nearly every area has designated occupants. Seats by the south-side

window are generally reserved for the bosses and their underlings from both prison areas. We can only sit by the north-side window. Although there's no sunlight there, the view is decent."

Charlie inquired, "Is there a boss from Brooklyn Prison?"

Dean shook his head and replied, "The boss of District One is Gustavo Sanchez. He doesn't pay much attention to us small-time gangsters and prohibits us from associating with the boss of District Two as well. So we dare not socialize with other bosses, otherwise, we'll have to align with the boss from District Two. After all, he hails from a New York gang, and he's our senior."

Curious, Charlie asked, "Since Gustavo Sanchez doesn't pay attention to you, why are you not allowed to associate with other bosses?"

Dean explained, "Gustavo Sanchez has a multitude of enemies. It's rumored that while building his empire in Mexico, he directly and indirectly caused the deaths of at least a thousand people, including many government officials. Slavemorous individuals in Mexico seek vengeance against him. Consequently, he's highly cautious about his personal safety in prison. Anyone forming a gang in his district poses a potential threat. Once he identifies someone attempting to form a gang, especially collaborating with the boss from District Two, he issues a death sentence. This man commands his own armed forces in Mexico, capable of eliminating an entire family if he feels provoked. We cannot afford to provoke him."

Charlie nodded. Just then, Dean's gaze shifted towards the entrance to District One, and he whispered to Charlie, "Sanchez is here!"

Following Dean's line of sight, Charlie spotted several dark-skinned Mexicans striding in, forcefully clearing a path through the crowd. A stout, middle-aged man, standing at around 1.65 meters, emerged expressionless as the group's leader. Several burly bodyguards flanked him.

Dean confided in Charlie, "The people surrounding Sanchez are handpicked experts from his own armed forces, responsible for his protection."

Charlie wasn't particularly impressed with Sanchez. He had encountered Mexican criminal organizations before. In essence, they were no different from criminal groups worldwide. They were simply more ruthless and had fewer moral boundaries than most criminal organizations.

Back in Mexico, Charlie had dismantled an entire criminal organization. Although these ruthless militants were brutal in their tactics, their combat capabilities were not

exceptionally strong. Their superiority lay mainly in their dominance over ordinary civilians. However, they were no match for Charlie and the Dragon Temple.

Charlie's current objective in Brooklyn Prison was not to dispense justice or uphold righteousness. He merely sought to locate Felix Cole from Vintage Deluxe, also known as Peter Cole in his father's old photographs. He had no interest in the identity of the prison's boss.

He turned to Dean, "Is Lucas, the 'Know-It-All,' here?"

Dean scanned the area for a while, then pointed to a slim young man not far away and said, "That's Lucas."

At that moment, Lucas, who had just entered the cafeteria, was queuing for food, engaging in hushed conversations with fellow inmates.

Charlie noted Lucas' appearance and planned to approach him later for a conversation.

Sanchez and his entourage of over a dozen individuals had already settled by the large south-facing window. Sanchez occupied a table for six by the window, while the rest formed a semicircle at an adjacent empty table.

Charlie couldn't help but be taken aback when he saw the dining cart brought in by several guards and a chef. Despite the cart being covered by a stainless steel lid, the aroma emanating from it made many prisoners salivate in secret.

The cart was positioned right beside Sanchez. His men immediately uncovered the cart to reveal a selection of exquisite dishes, including bread, salads, Spanish ham, French escargot soup, and more. Moreover, there was a medium-rare prime steak and a bottle of Romanée-Conti red wine.

Charlie was astonished. He hadn't expected the American prison to be so unabashed in granting privileges. Sanchez's meal resembled a three-star Michelin dining experience.

At this point, Sanchez's men began serving the food in front of him. A young man deftly uncorked the Romanée-Conti red wine and provided a decanter and wine glass from the dining cart's upper tier, pouring the wine with precision.

Observing Dean's longing gaze as he looked at Sanchez's meal, Charlie couldn't help but inquire, "Has Sanchez always been this extravagant in prison?"

Dean, while watching the meal, lamented, "Since the day Sanchez arrived, he has maintained this lifestyle. He brought a personal chef from Mexico. A portion of the prison's kitchen is designated for the chef's use. He enjoys all three meals prepared by his chef."

Dean continued with an envious expression, "Brooklyn Prison is a federal facility, which means there are no conjugal visits. However, Sanchez has a special privilege. He receives three hours of conjugal visits three times a week. During these visits, it's said that his associates outside arrange for a variety of beautiful women for him to enjoy."

Observing Dean's envy, Ye Chen asked with a wry smile, "Why are you still envious? Aren't you gay?"

Dean replied with a somber expression, "Sir... Whenever there's a chance to be with a woman, I'm not gay... I've been forced into it. But if someone offers me three beautiful women every week, even if you beat me to death, I still won't be gay..."

Charlie smiled faintly and chose not to delve further into the matter. Instead, he remained attentive to his surroundings. Although almost everyone from the first, second, and third wards was present, he had yet to spot Peter Cole among them.

After securing his meal, he opted not to join Dean in a designated area for dining. Instead, he lingered near the rear of the queue and approached Lucas. He whispered to Lucas, "You're Lucas, right? I'm Andrew's friend. He asked me to come and find you. He said you'd be able to help me out if anything happens."

Upon hearing Andrew's name, Lucas hastily pointed to a table in the corner and said, "Brother, wait for me at that table. I'll be there soon."

Charlie nodded and carried his tray to the secluded table in the corner. In Brooklyn Prison, prisoners enjoyed mingling, so the corner tables were often empty, leaving Charlie with some privacy.

A few minutes later, Lucas approached with his meal and sat down across from Charlie, asking in a hushed tone, "How can I help you?"

As they continued eating, Charlie lowered his voice and inquired, "I heard a Chinese American named Peter Cole was incarcerated here a few months ago. Have you heard anything about him?"

"Peter Cole?" Lucas pondered for a moment and then shook his head. "I've never heard of him. I maintain a daily list of new prisoners and update it regularly, but I haven't come across that name."

Charlie probed further, "Could he be in solitary confinement or held in a specific section of the prison?"

Lucas thought for a moment and replied seriously, "I can't promise that. Since you were introduced by Andrew, I'll be upfront with you. Although Brooklyn Prison appears to be a federal facility, the actual power here lies with the Rothschild family."

He glanced over at Sanchez, who was leisurely enjoying his steak and wine, and continued, "See that man? Gustavo Sánchez, the drug lord. He can savor a lavish meal here because he's not only wealthy and influential, but he also collaborates with the Rothschild family."

Charlie's eyebrows raised as he observed the spectacle. "Are you saying the Rothschild family has control over this place?"

Lucas nodded. "Yes, Brooklyn Prison might be a federal prison in name, but in reality, it's the Rothschilds who pull the strings."

