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SRU and The Gang Bangers

by
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Marvin Smith, known as Blade to his fellow gang members, pushed his tousled dreadlocks back out of his eyes as he and his fellow gang member, Alfonso Green, known as Sticks, wandered the big shopping mall in search of more young female prey. Blade felt a stirring in his silk boxers as he remembered the last teen girl that they had enticed into accompanying them back to their clubhouse.

Suzy Colbert had been a fourteen year old high school girl with a loving family. She, like many teenagers, had been impressed when the utterly cool bad boy image when Blade had shown an interest in her the previous Saturday night. He had bought her a soft drink at the little shop in the mall and she had failed to notice as he had slipped a few drops from the small bottle that he kept in his pocket, into her drink. An hour later, he led her, stumbling and disoriented, into the gang's clubhouse.

Suzy's virginal white brassiere and panties had been striped from her pure and delicate body before the gang had taken turns on her. She had been deflowered, raped, anally abused and had to give each member oral sex before the night was over. Her semi conscious body was locked in the basement storeroom where her cries would not bring anyone's assistance.

The next day, Suzy was given her first taste of hard drugs. Three days later, she was willingly cooperating with her captors. She was now addicted to the euphoria that the drugs brought. Malcolm, the pimp from the large city several hundred miles away, had arrived, paid the gang handsomely for the young girl, loaded her into the back of his van along with the others that he had collected and departed. Suzy would spend the rest of her pathetic life peddling her body for the pimp's organization.

Blade and Sticks had tried to pick up several girls this evening. Even the offer of free drugs had not enticed any quail to accompany them out to the parking lot. After abducting six girls from the same mall over the past few months even the bubble headed teenage girls were becoming safety conscious.

Blade and Sticks decided to rob some store just to prevent the night from being a complete waste. Besides, they could use a little extra spending money. In a remote corner of the mall, where the security guards seldom patrolled, was a little shop with a sign above the door proclaiming to be "Spells R Us".

"Shit! They ain't no money in there!" Sticks exclaimed when Blade lead them to the door of the small shop. "That mo-fucker ain't got no money to take." Blade pointed out that such places were run by eccentric old people that didn't trust banks. They might collect thousands from the little shop. The small bell over the door tinkled as they entered the small out of the way store.

The old man in the bathrobe looked on them with a sense of distaste. "Good evening Marvin and Alfonso." The two hoodlums stopped in their tracks as they tried to figure out how the old man had known their real names. Both young men became angry because no one was supposed to know who they really were. Blade proved why he had his nick name as he pulled his large knife from his back pocket and popped open the gleaming blade.

"Give us your money, you old fart or I'll cut you!" Blade's eyes narrowed as he moved in close to the older man. He found no fear in the old man's face. This only infuriated Blade even more. "You hear me! We want yo money! Now!"

The wizard spoke softly to the menacing young men, "I am afraid that you have caught me at a bad time. I have very little cash in the store. I only operate this shop as a hobby and never intended on making much profit. If it is money that you desire, you will have to go elsewhere." Blade was almost ready to stab the old man when he added, "I know that you are looking for young females. Perhaps I can help."

The wizard picked up a small viewer from the counter and offered it to the young man holding the knife. "Just hold it up to your eye and peer into it. You will see a beautiful teenage girl that will be just the type that Malcolm is wanting to purchase. I guarantee it."

The mention of Malcolm's name by the old man had evoked a response of fury. His hand leapt forward, driving the blade into the wizard's mid-section. Blade smiled as he twisted the knife before withdrawing it. The old man fell back against the wall but did not fall to the floor. Sticks plundered the cash register for the fourteen dollars and eighty-seven cents that it contained.

Blade bent forward to gloatingly look into the eyes of his latest victim. What he saw scared him. His voice almost cracked as he called to his fellow gang member, "Sticks, take yo gun and blow this old fart away!"

Sticks pulled his new nine millimeter automatic from his shoulder holster and pumped six shots into the old man. The elderly man finally settled to the floor. Sticks picked up the small viewer as a souvenir before the two hoods made a hasty retreat from the Spells R Us store.

A passer by, having heard gun shots and seeing two suspicious men fleeing out the mall side exit, rushed into the small store to see if anyone needed help. He found an old man dressed in a bath robe slowly getting up from the floor and closing the drawer of the cash register. When he asked if the old man was injured, the response was, "No. I thank you for being so concerned though. If you ever need any spells, magic potions, or anything else, Steve, just ask and it will be free to you." Then, the old man shook his rob and six semi-jacketed hollow point slugs fell onto the floor as Steve tried to understand how the man had known his name.

Blade and Sticks arrived at the empty clubhouse an hour and a half before the meeting with Malcolm was supposed to take place. Malcolm would not be happy that they had not found him any new girls. The other gang members would protect them though. Malcolm might get mad, but there were eight of them and only one of him.

While they were sitting on a stolen sofa and sipping on a couple of frosty cans of beer, Sticks remembered the viewer that he had stolen from the old man. He pulled it out of his pocket and held it up to his eye. A vision of feminine beauty beyond his wildest imaginings awaited his disbelieving stare. The girl in the viewer was a blonde with large blue eyes, round bare breasts that defied gravity, a narrow waist, curved hips, a bubble butt, long shapely legs and tiny feet and hands. Sticks felt his penis rising as he continued to look at the girl's image in the viewer.

Blade jerked the viewer out of his friend's hand and held it up to his own eye. Now, it was his turn to be amazed at the beauty of the redheaded teenage girl with the huge breasts and enormous pink nipples in the viewer. Her body was perfect and Blade's penis began to rise as his eye was held in an unblinking trance like gaze for the next few minutes.

Sticks scream of agony caused Blade to look away from the viewer. Sticks was writhing on the floor as he clutched at his groin. His screams went up an octave as his body began to shift and change. Blade began to back up even as his testes felt as if some one had kicked him between his legs. He doubled over as he screamed. The viewer slipped from his hand and slid under the edge of the sofa.

Fifteen minutes later, the other six gang members arrived. They were very surprised to find a pair of teenage girls in the clubhouse. The redhead was babbling about Blade and the blonde was screaming out Sticks' name as they were brutally raped, vaginally as well as anally and orally. A few torturous hours later, they were given their first injections of the drug that would be their master during their years of slavery.

While the gang was sitting around, drinking cold beer and waiting for Malcolm to arrive and pick up the two teenage girls, one of them found the viewer lying on the floor.

Malcolm did not know what to think about the gang that had been selling him girls. He had showed up a few hours late to pick up his shipment and all he found were eight beautiful bitches. Two were already broken in and under the influence of drugs. The rest were mumbling something about being guys. He had to administer drugs to them himself.

As he loaded the last of the pretty teenage girls into his van, he wondered what had happened to the gang members that he was supposed to give the money to. He guessed he could pay them when he saw them.

As the van drove away, the small viewer sat on the arm of the sofa. Far, far away, a wizard was chuckling.