



/qst/ - Quests

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File: [black-gang-member-istock.jpg](#) (28 KB, 240x360)



Black Gangster Quest The Game !eeAxyI8BRw (ID: +nYbuL8G)
05/27/23(Sat)08:26:27 No.5674032

You're **LeMarcus "Ghost" Jackson** and you're no ordinary teenager. At eighteen, your baby face is deceiving, your smile welcoming, but your eyes give the game away. Cuz your eyes are the eyes of a seasoned veteran who has seen it all, lived it all, despite your young age. You're the leader of the Black Diamonds, a powerful black street gang in the heart of Chicago, you rose to power after your older brother, Zeke, was gunned down in broad daylight.

Across the divide, Terry "Ice" Harding leads the Viper Brotherhood, a neo-nazi skinhead gang that moved into the neighboring district. Ice is your polar opposite. His icy blue eyes are cold and emotionless, filled with a fanaticism that's unmistakable. The rumor is he did time in a maximum-security prison before taking over the Brotherhood. And now, Ice has his sights set on your turf.

Things come to a head one sweltering summer afternoon when you discover a Viper tag on your brother's Zeke's memorial, a sacred place to the Black Diamonds. This blatant act of disrespect marks the beginning of a feud that'll

make headlines.

"Turf wars ain't new in the city," you muse, sitting on the worn-down steps of your childhood home, the house Zeke left you. Your diamond earring glitters under the dim streetlight, matching the silent determination in your

eyes. "But Ice, that white boy done crossed a line. My brother's memorial was untouchable."

>> **The Game !eeAxyI8BRw** (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/27/23(Sat)08:27:52 No.5674035

But you ain't your brother. You ain't reckless or trigger-happy. You've a calm demeanor that Zeke lacked, a tactical mind that earned you the nickname "Ghost" because you always seem to be one step ahead. You ain't interested in turning your neighborhood into a war zone; you're looking for find another way to deal with Ice.

You call a meeting of the Black Diamonds. The words flow outta you, not angry or spiteful, but imbued with a sense of purpose. "The Vipers ain't gonna respect us till we show 'em we ain't pushovers. We ain't savages either. We ain't gonna stoop to their level, desecrate their ground. We fight, but we fight fair." And so, the stage is set for an epic showdown. Not in dark alleyways or through reckless drive-bys, but in broad daylight, out in the open, where the entire city would bear witness. A fist fight, old school style, leader against leader. Whoever wins this would control the turf.

>> **The Game !eeAxyI8BRw** (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/27/23(Sat)08:29:52 No.5674037

As the day draws closer, tension hangs thick in the air. You spend your nights training, your days strategizing. Despite being the smaller of the two, you know you can hold your own, your nimble moves a stark contrast to Ice's brute strength.

The day of the showdown, the entire city seems to hold its breath. As you step into the makeshift ring, a sea of faces from both sides watch. You look at your people, your family, and then across at the sea of Brotherhood, their faces cold and calculating. Finally, your gaze meets Ice's icy stare. You may be rivals, but there's a shared understanding that's as old as time.

This is about more than turf; it's about respect, about values, about setting the tone for your future. And as you stand tall, ready to defend what is rightfully yours, you know you ain't gonna back down, not until the very end.

>Your plan is to kill Ice.

>Your plan is to break ice.

>> **Wuxian 无仙 !!wUx72vLQz5Q** (ID: 32/1LUDD) 05/27/23(Sat)08:33:47 No.5674042

>>Your plan is to break ice.

It seems the better choice if we ain't savages

>> **Anonymous** (ID: P8gAe5k5) 05/27/23(Sat)08:40:59 No.5674047

>>5674037

>Your plan is to break ice.

Fuck his girlfriend in front of him

>> **The Game !eeAxyI8BRw** (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/27/23(Sat)09:20:16 No.5674053

>>5674042

>>5674047

Your plan isn't to kill Ice, but to break him, to utterly dismantle his image in front of his crew of white supremacists. When the occasion calls for it, you can be as cold as the Arctic, calculating like a chess grandmaster, and downright evil. Your specialty? Mind games. Psychological warfare, if you will. You spit out a challenge, knowing full well the implications: "How about a little bet, Ice? You come out on top, my turf's all yours. I win, I'm rawdogging your girl."

Your words are like a lit match thrown into a barrel of gasoline, instantly igniting Ice's fury, melting his cool composure. He's livid, but he's in a bind. This is a public showdown, there's no room for him to appear weak, to even hint at the possibility of backing down.

In response, he calls you a nigger, threats of your imminent demise ringing loud and clear. But between the lines, he's in. He accepts your wager.

Inside, a sly grin stretches across your face, invisible to those around you. You're already crafting plans, laying traps, scheming to exploit Ice's volatile mental state. After all, a man consumed by rage is bound to screw up, and you're set on making sure Ice falls apart, right there in front of his loyal crew. Today, you're gonna break Ice, one piece at a time.

>Roll 3d100

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/27/23(Sat)09:21:37 No.5674054

Rolled 95 (1d100)

rolling

>> **Wuxian** 无仙 !!wUx72vLQz5Q (ID: 32/1LUDD) 05/27/23(Sat)09:25:20 No.5674055

Rolled 39 (1d100)

Is it one die per person

>> **Anonymous** (ID: je66g48m) 05/27/23(Sat)09:28:30 No.5674056

[>>5674053](#)

>> **Anonymous** (ID: je66g48m) 05/27/23(Sat)09:29:51 No.5674057

Rolled 87 (1d100)

[>>5674053](#)

>> **The Game** !eeAxl8BRw (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/27/23(Sat)09:36:34 No.5674059

[>>5674054](#)

[>>5674055](#)

[>>5674057](#)

CRITICAL SUCCESS 2X

Ice storms at you like a hurricane, consumed by fiery rage. He's a mountain of a man, strength radiating from him like heat from a furnace. But you, you're a gust of wind, swift and intelligent. Where Ice is haphazard, you're strategic. You weave around his flailing punches as if dancing, and then, with precision, you unload on him like Cassius Clay.

His crew watches, their cheers dying in their throats, as you deal out a thrashing so brutal it feels like a horror movie come to life. Every punch, every kick, every vicious blow strikes with purpose. Your message resonates with each agonizing hit. Blood, broken teeth, shattered bones.

"My brother's memorial was meant to be off-limits," you say, your voice as frosty as a winter's night, devoid of mercy, echoing over the strained silence.

Ice is broken, not just physically with the damage you've inflicted, but mentally, his spirit crushed under the weight of his defeat. It's a victory so complete it leaves no room for doubt, no whispers of a fluke.

You've not only won the fight, you've broken Ice, and you've done it on his turf, in front of his crew. The shock is palpable, the silence profound. And in the midst of it all, you stand tall, a symbol of unyielding resolve.

>You were just fucking with him when you said you'd rawdog his girl.

>You take his girl, crushing him utterly so no one ever follows him again.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/27/23(Sat)09:37:58 No.5674060

[>>5674059](#)

>You take his girl, crushing him utterly so no one ever follows him again.

can't back down, got to keep our word

>> **Anonymous** (ID: je66g48m) 05/27/23(Sat)09:39:15 No.5674062

[>>5674059](#)

>>You take his girl, crushing him utterly so no one ever follows him again.

>> **The Game** !eeAxl8BRw (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/27/23(Sat)10:17:00 No.5674078

File: [ice-girlfriend.jpg](#) (34 KB, 306x539)



[>>5674060](#)

[>>5674062](#)

The sun rises on a new day, and you awaken with the sweet taste of victory still lingering on your tongue. Ice's girl, Stacey, sleeps naked beside you, her presence a testament to last night's events. Like the rest of the Vipers, she's an unrepentant white supremacist, and called you nigger and monkey at the start of the night. But by the end of it, her tune changed to loud and satisfied moans: "Yes!" and "Harder!" and other encouragements.

A corner of your mouth lifts in a sly grin as you peel yourself from the tangled sheets and

reach for your clothes. With each piece you put on, the reality of your victory settles in. You feel it in the soreness of your muscles, and your cock. You kept your word and rawdogged the neonazi girl like you promised Ice, unashamedly taking your pleasure with the trophy earned from your hard fought victory. Standing before the mirror, you take a moment, catching your reflection. The face looking back is still the same, but something's changed. There's a glint of determination, an iron will that's only grown stronger after the fight.

Your mind turns to the Black Diamonds. To the men who look up to you, who call you leader. What kind of leader will you be? What's the future you envision for them, for yourself?

The future isn't set in stone. It's a path waiting to be carved, and as you reflect on last night's victory, you know one thing for sure - the future of the Black Diamonds is in your hands, and it has never looked brighter.

>Your plan is to make your money and get out of The Game.

>Your plan is to expand your turf and rule the streets.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: je66g48m) 05/27/23(Sat)10:18:49 No.5674079

>>5674078

>>Your plan is to expand your turf and rule the streets.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: cRY12a6N) 05/27/23(Sat)10:21:21 No.5674082

>>5674078

>Your plan is to make your money and get out of The Game.

I watched the wire, this is the way.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/27/23(Sat)10:39:38 No.5674095

>>5674078

>Your plan is to make your money and get out of The Game
the Game is the Game

>> **Anonymous** (ID: 95UdzDVc) 05/27/23(Sat)10:39:54 No.5674096

>>5674078

>Your plan is to make your money and get out of The Game.

One day we might have our girl rawdogged after losing a fight

Lets move into legal businesses and uplift the community or at least our friends and family

>> **Wuxian 无仙 !!wUx72vLQz5Q** (ID: 32/1LUDD) 05/27/23(Sat)10:51:41 No.5674104

>Your plan is to expand your turf and rule the streets.

There's no other good lifestyle

>> **The Game !eeAxyI8BRw** (ID: +nYbul8G) 05/27/23(Sat)11:34:57 No.5674124

>>5674079

>>5674082

>>5674095

>>5674096

>>5674104

Your plan is to make your money and get out of The Game. Yesterday, you celebrated a resounding victory, leaving Ice broken and battered on the cold concrete, his girl giggling under your sheets when night fell, her mouth dutifully sucking your cock. But The Game, it's fickle. Tomorrow, the tables might be turned, it could be you lying broken on the asphalt, your girl getting rawdogged by some new player.

The Game spares no one, showing no mercy. When the sun sets, everyone eventually falls victim to the street. The lifespan of a gangster is painfully short; very few see past their mid-twenties. They either find themselves behind bars, or six feet under. This was a harsh reality you were all too familiar with.

Your older brother, Zeke, he never wanted this life for you. "You smart, LJ. You gotta stay in school," he'd insist. He envisioned you in a suit and tie, carrying a briefcase, making a name for yourself as a lawyer or something equally laughable. But then, Zeke was gunned down, leaving a void in your world that you reluctantly stepped into.

His dreams for you seemed lost in the past, but the echo of his words never quite left your mind. Now, you're left to juggle the bitter realities of The Game with the promise of a different life that Zeke had once wished for you.

>Your brother was gunned down by cops.
>Your brother was gunned down by a rival gang.
>It was over a girl.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: 95UdzDVc) 05/27/23(Sat)11:55:21 No.5674136

[>>5674124](#)

>It was over a girl.

His girls ex got out of prison and clapped him for clapping her cheeks

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/27/23(Sat)12:02:30 No.5674145

[>>5674124](#)

>Your brother was gunned down by a rival gang.

>> **Wuxian** 无仙 !!wUx72vLQz5Q (ID: 32/1LUDD) 05/27/23(Sat)12:31:15 No.5674164

>It was over a girl.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: KYzpuXJ5) 05/27/23(Sat)15:16:33 No.5674261

[>>5674124](#)

>It was over a girl.

I don't know what I expected when I opened this quest, but it was not this quality of writing. Keep it up, QM. You've got me hooked.

Stacey doesn't seem like main girl material, though, if all it takes to turn her from a racist to a giggling 'snow-bunny' is a decent dicking-down. Ghost can do better. Maybe keep her as a lieutenant or aide of some sort, if she's got any skill aside from under-the-sheets.

>> **The Game** !eeAxyI8BRw (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/28/23(Sun)15:42:11 No.5675130

[>>5674136](#)

[>>5674145](#)

[>>5674164](#)

[>>5674261](#)

Your big brother, Zeke, was gunned down in broad daylight over a girl. His girl's ex got out of prison and clapped him for clapping her cheeks.

Now, Zeke wasn't a saint, far from it. He was all heart, quick-tempered, and even quicker on the trigger. But the guy had a heart of gold, looked out for his little bro, had his crew's back. He was more of a stand-up guy than you'd ever be. But guys who lead with their hearts don't usually last long on these streets. You had a lot of love for your big bro, but you ain't gonna make the same mistakes he did.

Glancing over at Stacey, the neo-nazi bitch snoozing in your bed, you can't help but reflect. Last night was wild, but it wasn't about love. You could call it a "hate-fuck," maybe. Stacey's an unapologetic white supremacist. She'd be cheering on the lynching if it was you in the noose. But deep down, she's got this twisted kink where she wants a black stud to dominate her. It's a messed-up fantasy rooted in racism and fetishization of black guys as bulls. "Who says romance is dead?" you chuckle to yourself, eyeing the sleeping neo-nazi.

A bit later, DeAngelo "Shooter" Wallace swings by your place. He's your right-hand guy in the Black Diamonds, just like he was for Zeke. "Shieet," he whistles when he sees Stacey still sprawled out on your bed, "Thought you were just fucking with Ice when you said you'd cream his girl."

"Guess I'm just a man of my word," you shrug, "Ice crossed a line when he messed with my bro's memorial. Honestly, he got off easier than I had in mind."

"You're a stone-cold nigga, Ghost, way colder than Zeke ever was," Shooter says. He's known for telling it like it is. "Anyway, the streets are buzzing about you taking down Ice. We're getting some serious street cred."

"Good or bad?" you ask.

"It's a mixed bag," Shooter muses, "For one, King's got an offer on the table. Says he's interested in doing some business with the Black Diamonds."

David "King" Williams is a drug pusher who's been in The Game for a while. He brings fentanyl into the city, which is a money-making machine. But his stuff is often laced, causing a bunch of fentanyl junkies to OD.

You mull over the offer. On one hand, it's a quick way to stack some serious dough. On the flip side, you'd be dealing tainted fentanyl.

>You accept King's proposal.

>You decline King's proposal.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: IRkRDPtb) 05/28/23(Sun)15:49:30 No.5675134

>>5675130

>You decline King's proposal

If we get out of the Game but our hood's a total mess, what's even the point?

>> **Wuxian 无仙 !!wUx72vLQz5Q** (ID: 32/1LUDD) 05/28/23(Sun)17:12:02 No.5675242

>You accept King's proposal.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: I5109G+b) 05/28/23(Sun)17:40:40 No.5675297

>>5675130

>You decline King's proposal.

>But his stuff is often laced, causing a bunch of fentanyl junkies to OD.

Yeah no. Killing customers is bad for business, virtue of the mind and worst of all brings attention from the authorities.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: WFTGcmcT) 05/28/23(Sun)17:50:57 No.5675313

>>5675130

>>You decline King's proposal.

>> **The Game !eeAxyI8BRw** (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/28/23(Sun)20:10:48 No.5675436

>>5675134

>>5675242

>>5675297

>>5675313

"King's gotta take a rain check," you state, brushing off King's invitation to peddle spiked fentanyl in your turf. You want to stack some bills and get out of The Game, but what's the point if your hood's a total mess? Sure, you may be a gangster, but you ain't a complete monster. If someone fucks with you or your crew, you won't think twice before putting them in the coffin. But that don't mean you're cool with dealing death to unsuspecting folks with laced fentanyl. Aside from the moral implications and virtue of mind, killing your customers is simply a bad business model and once the ODs pile up, it brings attention from the authorities. One more reason to turn down King's proposition.

"King ain't gonna be pleased," Shooter grumbles.

"I know, but he ain't calling the shots around here, I am," you retort, "in my turf, my word is law."

"Your word is law, Ghost," Shooter concedes.

A couple of days roll by, and you're out patrolling your turf. One of your boys comes up to you and says, "Got a man wants a word with you, Ghost, a skinny white dude."

"Bring him in," you mutter.

"Hello, LeMarcus." In walks a nerdy-looking middle-aged white guy sporting glasses and a sweater, looking like a fish out of water in the violent, drug-ravaged projects.

"You shouldn't be here, Mr. Johnson," you caution your old math teacher from high school. Mr. Johnson's one of the rare few, actually trying to do right by kids from the projects, kids like you.

"I needed to see you," Mr Johnson admits. You used to be his top student, always acing his math quizzes. "When your brother passed and you quit coming to school, I kept hoping you'd come back.

You're the smartest kid I ever taught, I know you'd do great in college."

>That life ain't for me, Mr. Johnson.

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: 4Vu0R0fo) 05/28/23(Sun)21:30:41 No.5675485

>>5675436

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: qzMj4xC3) 05/28/23(Sun)21:38:53 No.5675492

>>5675436

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: IRkRDPtb) 05/28/23(Sun)21:59:17 No.5675504

>>5675436

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

Thank him for his interest, though, and offer him an escort out of the area, to keep him safe.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/29/23(Mon)08:32:16 No.5675741

>>5675436

>Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day.

>> **The Game** !eeAxyI8BRw (ID: +nYbuL8G) 05/29/23(Mon)09:17:51 No.5675749

>>5675485

>>5675492

>>5675504

>>5675741

"Maybe someday, Mr. Johnson, but today ain't the day," you reply in a low, steady voice, "appreciate you looking out for me. You the only teacher that did." You flick your gaze over to a couple of your crew, "Make sure the man gets home safe and no one fucks with him." "Sure, Ghost," they acknowledge with a nod. "Take care, LeMarcus," Johnson whispers, his voice heavy. He's a decent man, one of the rare few you've known. But his world and yours, they're as different as day and night. Maybe you can bridge that gap when you bail out of The Game, but like you said, that day ain't today. You harbor hopes of surviving long enough to get out. But The Game, it's more ruthless than ever before. Breaking free ain't gonna be a cakewalk.

"Seems like Ice's uncle's a big name in the Brotherhood," Shooter informs you a few days later, "He's fuming over what you did to his nephew."

"Expecting a visit from uncle skinhead, am I?" you quip, your tone icy, analytical.

"Uncle's doing life, he ain't showing up in person," Shooter clarifies, "But he can send a couple of his boys to do a drive-by. You know the drill."

"Yeah, I know," you mutter, Zeke's memory flashing before your eyes. It stirs a tempest of rage within you, but you tamp it down. Rage is a luxury you can't afford in The Game; you need to be cool and calm, even when you're out digging graves.

You toy with the idea of recruiting a few trusted crew members as bodyguards. But that might give off an impression of weakness. Your street rep is that of a stone cold killer, and having bodyguards might dent that image. You're always packing heat, but a single piece won't do you much good in an ambush. You've risen to the top of the food chain on your turf, but the higher you rise, the more enemies you make, and the larger the bullseye on your back grows.

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

>Stay strapped and keep a low profile.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: p8bGgGnm) 05/29/23(Mon)09:24:24 No.5675751

>>5675749

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: i5N1QF9N) 05/29/23(Mon)09:44:27 No.5675760

>>5675749

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

Nice quest

>> **Anonymous** (ID: JOg/RAzm) 05/29/23(Mon)09:48:04 No.5675762

>>5675749

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

Better than being dead

>> **Anonymous** (ID: fpCAhPQK) 05/29/23(Mon)10:02:07 No.5675772

>>5675749

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

>> **Anonymous** (ID: IRkRDPTb) 05/29/23(Mon)12:03:23 No.5675843

[>>5675749](#)

>Recruit a few trusted crew members as bodyguards.

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