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Seinfeld - March 12, 2025, 4:10 pm

I don't even know where to start. I'm still trying to wrap my head around what happened last night, but my brain keeps replaying it over and over like some fucked-up movie I can't turn off.

I thought I had it all figured out. I had the plan down—everything was hidden, everything was secured. But I didn't expect them. I didn't expect them to move so fast, to catch me off guard like they did. They got me in that alley, pushed me against the wall, started asking questions that no one should have to answer.

They weren't cops—nah, not even close. These guys knew what they were doing, real professionals. And the way they talked? It was like they'd been doing this shit for years.

And then it happened.

One of them, the one with the tattoos on his neck, he gets all up in my face, like he can smell it. I tried to keep my cool, but I knew right away—they knew. They knew what I had, where it was, and they weren't leaving until they got it all.

They made me strip. Right there. On the street. In the cold. I tried to argue, but that just made them worse. I couldn't fight it. I could barely breathe through the panic in my chest. I swear I thought I was gonna die right there. But no, they weren't done with me yet.

One of them stepped forward, grinning. He didn't even blink. Told me to bend over, told me to give it up. I thought I might pass out, but somehow I stayed conscious. And that's when they got everything. Every damn thing I was holding onto. Every single packet. All of it, gone. They just kept digging, like it was nothing. Like I was nothing.

By the end of it, I didn't have a single thing left. Not a pill. Not a gram. Nothing.

They laughed. Told me to get lost. I stumbled away, my heart racing, and didn't stop running until I was far enough away to breathe without shaking. It feels like I lost more than just the drugs. I lost something inside of me last night. Something that won't come back.

But I've got to keep going. Can't stop now. The game doesn't stop. It never stops.

Tino

Hero - March 12, 2025, 4:12 pm

That's hard to read..if you need someone to talk to, then message me.. You are not alone and you are a strong guy. Much love and support to you my friend <3

Envy - March 12, 2025, 4:25 pm

Obviously trolling but gotta love GPT's bullshit meter:

Spoiler ([Click to View](#))

N604 - March 12, 2025, 11:29 pm

(Mar 12, 2025 04:25 PM)Envy Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Obviously trolling but gotta love GPT's bullshit meter:

Spoiler ([Click to View](#))

That actually sounds far from AI written. However, it also sounds like a big bullshit. If that's true, I hope OP will grow some minimal understanding that these things might happen in life, life sux and you can get bait wherever you are

Envy - March 12, 2025, 11:57 pm

(Mar 12, 2025 11:29 PM)N604 Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) That actually sounds far from AI written. However, it also sounds like a big bullshit. If that's true, I hope OP will grow some minimal understanding that these things might happen in life, life sux and you can get bait wherever you are

It's not a matter of whether or not it's AI written. It's ChatGPT's "bullshit meter" as in it's depiction of whether or not the written story is fake.

I just copy and pasted the story into ChatGPT and asked if it was bullshit.

Flan. - March 13, 2025, 3:14 pm

Wow, that sounds intense. Sorry you had to go through that. Stay safe out there, Tino.

Fresku - March 13, 2025, 3:42 pm

Stay safe, but dont forget to wire the bitcoins