

Chapter 5



MR MARCUS 5

The Machine

IVANOVICH

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This is Unbelievable.

The clinic is in the middle of darkness. The doors of some prison cubicles were opened by the electrical failure of the system, which caused some prisoners to come out and make collective racket trying to face the guards, although they were trapped in their straitjackets.

Caputo saw his prisoners making such a mess, which made him very angry.

From high on the mesanine, Caputo gave a shout.

- Quiet, you perverted kids. What do you think you are? Nothing but merchandise for my customers.

Caputo was enraged and grabbed a remote control and activated the containment command that made the collars of the prisoners shoot an electrical discharge making them sleep, falling one by one to the floor until the hall plunged into total silence.

Caputo was breathless and nervous.

-That's better...-he sighed-... much better. Prepare my armor and my black horse. - Ordered Caputo to an assistant. - ... I'll go hunting.

- Yes sir.

Meanwhile.

Outside, Sandro resisted the attacks of Caputo's Gimps security guards.

Gradually, the Gimp troop understood that Sandro was not just any young man.

Soon, the guards began to question each other who that boy was. It was unusual for a fetish prisoner who had already undergone hypnotic treatment to still be so thirsty that he wanted to escape.

And in fact Sandro was not just any young man.

Shooting behind some vehicles and making maneuvers to prevent the guards from siege, he knew that his ammunition was running out, the electric darts and electronic gas bombs were just overshadowing the guards who kept their distance but soon came a group armed with a capture net and slime launchers.

Sandro falling into these traps was his end.
It was necessary to act quickly.

Soon came the memory in his mind of his grandfather, who taught him the tricks of breaking into vehicles, as well as all the mechanical knowledge.

There was also the escape he made from the police who used lethal weapons with live ammunition.

It was seen at the time that he was arrested on two occasions, and he served the sentence with payment of bail, community service and good behavior.

But no prison he's been in compares with Clinica Caputo, and his yearning for freedom was desperate.

He suddenly looked at the nearby sentry guards passed out.

Giving his last assault, he hurries towards them, taking with him a smokescreen.

- Not that... - shouted a gimp.

Sandro groped the guards and took their revolvers and later managed to get a bunch of keys that looked like they belonged to a vehicle.

Pressing the button, he heard the sound of an alarm go off from a nearby car.

In desperation, Sandro points the lethal weapon at the gimps who made them evacuate, the electrical network group was still a few meters behind.

Sandro points to the parking lot where the motorcycles were, and shoots at the fuel tanks of the same, and in his last shot of desperation, he takes the electric bomb launcher and shoots at the motorcycles that leaked fuel on the ground.

An electrical arc formed, and with a spark caused the bikes to burst into flames, and within seconds the bikes were engulfed in explosions.

- Damn you. - shouted the Gimps.

- This is unbelievable.

The bikes burned in flames that forced part of the gimp guards to contain the fire.

Sandro undid his capture strategy for a moment.

So he ran towards the car that triggered the alarm, which was the sign of the keys he took from one of the guards.

He got in the car and took off down the lane, running over everything and knocking down the gate and onto the high road.

Sandro had managed to escape and was running as fast as he could with the stolen car.

Mr Gregory was euphoric along with his boys and didn't skimp on praising the tremendous escape action of that unknown slave boy.

- That's impressive. He had never seen this before. -
said Gregory. - The kid undid all Mr Caputo's security
being just naked. - and ended in laughter.

After he stopped smiling Gregory turns to his boys:

- Now go there. And they hunt this boy for me. Being
outside Caputo's clinic, the runaway slave has no
custody.

Immediately the two boys ran at an incredible speed
and got on their motorcycles and started tearing up
the road after Sandro.

A few seconds later Mr Caputo's Gimp group left in a
convoy, some in pickup trucks and some on
motorbikes.

Mr Gregory stayed at the exit of the clinic at the edge
of the stairs observing the chaos left by Sandro;
Behind came Caputo's secretary who was at the
reception, very scared of what she had witnessed, her
suit was crumpled and dirty with dust and her hair
was disheveled.

Gregory offers him his suit to cover the shoulders of
the girl who later thanked him; the room was
suddenly chilly.

The sky was darkening, gradually taking on the orange glow of sunset, and Gregory looked at it all serenely. He watched the sky and the black smoke that covered it along with the containment gases from the Gimps.

Down in the parking lot, guards were putting out the fire, and moving nearby vehicles to cordon off the area.

Guards at the guardhouse were taken to a safe place and gradually recovered.

Gregory watched it all with derision and animation.

- Has this happened here before? Ms.

The girl looked at Gregory and just shook her head
no.

Gregory shrugged and lit a cigarette.

He offered the woman but she refused.

Swallowing the end, he exhaled its smoke through his mouth.

More smoke in a place full of smoke.

Suddenly, a rough engine sound echoed from the surroundings.

It was a powerful sound, which came from one of the gates on the opposite side of the parking lot, and from it, a grotesque figure emerged.

A large and robust motorcycle that, when fired from its exhaust, spit fire and, when turning the curve, hit the road.

Its pilot was dressed in a suit that could be said to be a mixture of astronaut and medieval armor, but all in black and leather; and instead of a helmet, it was a gas helmet with silver pipes around it.

Behind the bike was an arsenal of weapons and capture artifacts.

Overhead, over the pilot's head, a sophisticated drone was flying overhead and onwards.

When the motorcycle arrived right in the center of the road, the pilot activated the nitrous of the engine that made the motorcycle shoot at hundreds of kilometers per second making its discharges create a trail of fire on the asphalt accompanied by a frightening rumbling sound.

Who Was That Biker Gimp?

To be continued...

