

Jacked

By Glenn Gray

As soon as Marco emptied the duffle bag onto his old mattress he knew he was gonna have to do a blast.

The Russians were really coming through for him, sticking to their word, getting him all the gear he wanted, and at a good price too. He was gonna make some serious coin off this stuff.

The bed was littered with hundreds of bullet-sized glass vials of Deca, Primobolan, Winstrol-V, Depo-test, Dianabol, Equipoise and even some growth hormone. Stanko and his boys had also thrown in a case of D-bol tabs and some designer shit as a kind of bonus.

Marco stood in his posing trunks, eyeing the mountain of juice, rubbing a mixture of baby oil and skin lotion onto his shaved, bloated pecs. He smoothed the goop over his coconut-like delt, pushing some onto his twenty-inch arm. He flexed his elbow, which forced the bicep to peak into what looked like a chiseled triple-scoop ice-cream cone.

He hit a double biceps pose, arms flexed overhead, staring into the massive mirror he had secured to the wall above his bed. He'd stolen it from a cheap motel on Long Island, sliding it into Ronny's van one night, making sure they didn't crack the friggin' thing on the way back to Brooklyn. He admired the slab of muscle in the mirror and he couldn't get over how awesome his legs looked in that particular pose; like goddamn sides of beef, he thought, the light glistening off bronzed skin.

He hit a most-muscular pose - 'the crab' - forcing the veins to surge with blood, distend under pressure, and snake across his upper chest, traps and neck. His face swelled and turned red, puffing out his eyes. He let it go, muscles starting to cramp, and savored the tangy smell of baby oil as it mixed with sweat.

He gathered the necessary paraphernalia into a neat circle at the edge of the bed:

A 3cc disposable syringe with a 22 gauge, one and a half-inch needle.

A 2cc ampule of Primobolan.

A plastic container of rubbing alcohol and some tissues.

Marco slid a wooden desk chair in front of the bed, popped the glass top to the vile and sucked out the 2 cc's of juice into the syringe. He held the dart overhead to the light and flicked the casing, getting the air bubbles to rise, then flushed them out.

Marco stood and stepped out of the skimpy trunks, kicking them off so they ended up hanging off the dusty lampshade. He swiped his ass with alcohol and then with a swift backhanded motion, buried the harpoon in his glute. He pushed the plunger, feeling the tight ball of oily shit deep in his muscle, his head getting light.

A drop of blood followed the needle out. He dabbed at it with a ball of tissue and tossed everything onto the bed.

Marco always got a head rush after a blast. He started posing again, this time with greater and greater intensity, each shot ending in a grunt, holding it, veins on the verge of exploding, blood flooding his dense muscle. Endorphins started to kick in, euphoria on the horizon.

Swinging into a back lat spread, he heard the banging.

He shuffled to the closed door, breathing deeply, a good pump going.

Marco listened for a second, said, "Fuck is it?"
 "Marco Serrano?"
 "Who wants a know?"
 "DEA... Open up."
 Marco's head started to spin.
 Fuckin DEA.
 The Russians.
 A set up?
 With this much shit he would go away for a long time. Not to mention the weed in the dresser.

Looking around. "Hold on."
 "Open it." The voice louder, serious. "Now!"
 His head spinning wildly, Marco thought he could feel blood vessels absorbing the juice, sucking it up hungrily, distributing it to the far reaches of his body, heart pumping and pumping, tiny cells gobbling up the shit. His girth felt like fuckin armor. He wondered if bullets would bounce off. Muscle was thick as hell, right? Maybe he should bolt, make a run for it. That meant leaving the juice behind, wasting it.

No way.
 Marco found the 9mm Beretta with a fifteen-round magazine in the top drawer of the desk and undid the safety catch.

He kissed the barrel.
 The banging was louder now, people yelling, his head screaming, hot blood coursing through hammering arteries and distended veins. No way was he going back to the joint.

Now the bullhorn from a distance, a siren, some car doors slamming.
 A helicopter?
 Marco got in front of the mirror, hit another double biceps pose, narrowed eyes focusing on the Adonis-like body in the glass - tanned, shaved, perfectly symmetric. Goddamned lines everywhere, shredded. Peaking out perfectly with the diet. Paper-thin skin. Fuckin abs like concrete - obliques good enough for a medical textbook. A goddamned freak of nature, he thought and howled.

Marco's greasy hand slid around the doorknob several times before he was able to get purchase. He flung the door open to glaring light and an army of gun wielding cops.

He heard nothing.
 Marco stood rigid, naked and oiled, feeling like Mr. Olympia on stage at the pose down, palming metal at his side. The hot light felt good, soothing. He flexed his lats, giving the crowd a good show, trying to please the judges. Now he thought he heard applause. The crowd started to roar his name. Chanting now. He took a deep breath and swung the pistol round front, aiming into the crowd of blue, all the while keeping his abs tight and lats wide, curling his toes to harden the calves, figuring it best and most advantageous to get in the first shot.

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