

# **! UPSHOT !**

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**EVERY CHOICE HAS A CONSEQUENCE**

EDITED AND FORMATTED FOR ENGLISH (USA)

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ISBN 979-8-7824381-4-2

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# UPSHOT



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## Chapter 1:

### Situations.

**Have** you ever felt... helpless?

I mean really, truly helpless!

The type of helpless where, say, you're a ten-year-old boy... A ten-year-old boy watching his mother being physically beaten by his father. Helplessly watching as he has her by the hair, grasped painfully tight, and slapping her profusely as she whimpers, 'why are you hitting me?'

And, man! She's asking the prior question in all sincerity as she, quite literally, has no idea why she's receiving this beating...

I mean, f██! She had simply come home after a long, hard day at work and asked where the help was in assisting her with carrying in the groceries from the car. My father, I can only guess... Still haunts me to this very minute as to what triggered him... Must not have enjoyed the over animated tone she had expressed when asking for the help.

Like, that is the only conclusion I can come to as to why he sprung off the couch and struck her with such ferocity, which I initially thought was a sound effect from the action movie playing on the TV, and proceeded with the aforementioned beating.

So, yeh... By helpless, I mean that kind of helpless.

I ask this question as I, once more, feel this kind of helpless. Completely powerless to do anything about the situation I find myself in.

Now, now before you start thinking rude of me as I've yet to introduce myself, I'm certain this is forgivable; considering I am currently strapped tight and fully secured to a chair.

The chairs nothing fancy... If you were wondering... It is one of your basic, cheap faux wooden ones that feels like it could topple over at any moment.

If I was some kinda Secret Agent, which I wasn't, I'd probably be able to cause the chair to topple over and break into pieces to use to my advantage.

Anyhow... You forgive me, yeh?

Did I mention I've also been badly beaten, those plagued haunting thoughts rupturing through my mind and let us not forget the 'piece de resistance'...

A Beretta!

Yup, an actual f██king pistol shoved into my mouth and deep into the back of my throat...

A Beretta!

I'm deep throating the thing like I was one of those porno girls I often love to watch.

And, man! The taste of that thing is so gross. Metallic, punched up with what I can only guess is a smokey oil undertone and all mixed in with my salty tears, sweat, snot, gag and f██king *Absinthe*!

If I'd known I'd be having a pistol shoved deep into my mouth, I would have chosen a better tasting beverage than the *Absinthe* I had chugged away.

So take note of my 'wise' words here... Be sure you don't pound away *Absinthe*! Not unless, of course, you're fully certain that you're not going to end up with a pistol lodged deep into your throat.

I'd also recommend that you don't upshot a line of Cocaine either. My jitters have died down, though we can add that Cocaine dripping sensation into the taste mix.

Anyway... Are you now wondering as to why I am currently strapped to this cheap faux chair, badly beaten and let's not forget the pistol in my mouth? A pistol that's

being held by a sizeable brut and someone I'd class as a pretty suave degenerate.

I mean, look! He is wearing an *Armaducci* watch after all... Those things retail for \$25,000 as a base price, according to the brut, so I'd say pretty suave indeed.

F███k, Jackson...

Oh-right, sorry, Jackson is my name!

F███k, Jackson, you've gotten yourself into a circumstance here. And it's all got to do, supposedly, with a man named Jimmy. Jimmy and the *Armaducci* duffel, jam-packed full of Cocaine I had on possession.

And, look! Before you ask, I don't even know who this Jimmy cat is! Well... Not personally, I mean.

Like, I'm kinda piecing from the scarce information that Jimmy was the guy I witnessed get shot and killed, falling into Arcadia river and swept away into nothingness.

I'm actually hoping that these scumbags holding me captive right now will further enlighten me with what is going on, however, nothing of the sort just yet. They much prefer to use my head as a punching bag. No doubt getting their revenge back for the damage I had done to them a little earlier in the night.

I also believe this sizeable brut is slightly getting off each time he thrusts the pistol deeper into my throat, thus causing another gag.

Yup, definitely getting off on it. That disturbing grin of his wouldn't be for anything else right now...

Prick!

Ah, finally, some f███king relief! This, *Armaducci* watch wearing, brut has taken the Beretta out and as you would in this situation; I instinctively tongue the inside of my mouth and make circles.

Man, f███k! There goes having a decent yearbook photo as that is definitely a gap, meaning a tooth is missing.

Still making circles, I sat watching, and helpless, while the brut walked on over to another two suave looking degenerates. One was in worse shape than the other, thanks to the damage I had also hit him with from earlier. They were both leaning against their midnight green muscle car.

And what a beast of a car it is! It almost makes me forget the situation I'm in when looking at the beauty...

Almost!

We are not outdoors though. It appears we are inside an abandoned warehouse. Something that perhaps was used as a garage shop for cars...

Maybe?

Like, the floor is doused in old oil stains, the flailing mounted shelves contain a few tools and various other commodities that'd be found in a garage shop and there's also a couple of heavily damaged, rusted lifters.

What else could it be...

Right?

OK... The three scumbags seem to be conferring with each other, so I might be able to quickly tell you about myself. As mentioned, my name is Jackson. I am a senior at *Eden Hall* prep school, a few clicks into eighteen and a wrestling prodigy that is currently undefeated for my 190lb weight class. Talks of a plausible NCAA Division 1 scholarship are also in the works.

That said, I'm also known as a somewhat delinquent...

But, yo! In no means am I a delinquent where you'd expect to find me in this current type of situation; nor would the teachers that branded me as one would ever think so either. I'm talking more so physical fighting in class, conducting hilarious pranks and sassing the fugly school councilor...

That kinda delinquent!

Hold up now, my degenerate 'friend' is making his way back over.

Great...

F██k!

The Beretta has been shoved back into my mouth and, you guessed it, lodged into the back of my throat.

In all seriousness, I'm surprised that I haven't fully vomited yet as the gag is horrendous.

"Where is the other bag!?" The brut was with that same old question again, shoving the pistol in deeper. He, again, couldn't help himself with that disturbing grin. "The one bag we have taken from your possession is only half of what Jimmy had with him... So where is the other bag!?"

I try to answer...

I want to answer!

Like, I'm fully willing to cooperate here, however, I'm only able to let off incomprehensible moans.

I mean, man! What does this degenerate really expect when my mouth is fully enclosed around a pistol? Those of you that have had a pistol shoved into their mouth know exactly what I mean here...

Right?

"Care to repeat that?" The brut then asked, taking the pistol out of my mouth, seemingly 'understanding' my plea.

"I don't have the duffel," I speedily replied between fits of coughs.

I noticed the brut flinch in movement and I realized it was due to me trying to lift my hand out from the restraints, in an instinctual covering of my mouth, as I coughed away.

And, man! I honestly thought the earlier beating my face took had numbed my senses completely and I wouldn't feel any further strikes, but how wrong I was... The brut had whacked the side of my left jaw with the Beretta and the best way to describe the pain would be to say it felt like electrical shocks jolting all throughout.

Zap, zap, zap!

Still sitting strapped tight, and helpless, and tonguing the inner of my mouth, I could feel that a couple more of my teeth were loose.

I could make them wiggle when pressing them...

And, yup! There's that gap with the one already missing!

"WHERE IS THE OTHER BAG!?" The brut placed the pistol back into my mouth, now causing those loose teeth to actually break off and be swallowed. "YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, RIGHT NOW, IF YOU DON'T ANSWER ME PROPERLY!" The brut was mere centimeters from my face. "WHERE IS THE OTHER BAG!?"

I began to cry.

Couldn't help it!

I mean, like! Wouldn't you be crying?

Thankfully, the brut withdrew the pistol once more and I began to take in slow gulps of air to quell the hyperventilation trying to takeover.

"WELL!?" His nose started to leak blood again and he instantly started stuffing it with tissues to stop the bleed. It seemed the damage I managed to dish out to him prior was going to be long lasting.

I'd have smirked if I could...

"Please," I could hear myself muttering between the snivels. "I don't have the..."

I was unable to finish the sentence. The right side of my jaw was now on the receiving end of a whack from the pistol and this time round any teeth knocked loose from the whack did not stay in my mouth. They were spat out... And quite the considerable distance... Across the filthy warehouse floor.

The inner of my mouth was now full of gaping holes. If I somehow managed to get out of this, I was sure to rival some ice hockey players in the no teeth department.

"THAT'S IT, KID! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! RIGHT NOW!" The Beretta was now on the right side of my temple.

I watched in terror as the brut had cocked it, sending a bone chilling ring through my ears and lasting shiver down my spine. I then closed my eyes tighter than I'd ever done before and pissed myself instantly when I heard the trigger being pulled.

There was no loud BANG sound though...

Only a click!

It made me quickly question if I would have heard a sound if the gun had actually went off...

Keeping my eyes glued shut, I finally reopened them when I felt the muzzle being removed from my temple.

"Consider that your first and ONLY chance," the brut informed, now flicking the safety off.

I immediately comprehended that if this were to now happen for a second time, the bullet would be leaving the chamber and I'd have an answer to my sound query.

"WHERE IS THE OTHER BAG!?" He continued to yell.

"I only have the one duffel," I was pleading, trying not to let the feel of my hot urine trickling down my leg distract me. "PLEASE! WAIT!" The brut was lining up to place the pistol on my temple again. "Please! Man! Let me explain! Please!"

"Give him a chance to explain," I heard one of the scumbags over by the green muscle car offer. He was clean and hadn't taken any earlier damage from me.

He was also the one that had knocked my lights out with the butt of his own pistol...

F██ker!

He was also the leader here. Well... At least between the three of them.

"BE QUICK!" The brut was back in my face. The whiff of his *Armaducci* cologne was strong.

"I take it," I gulped, hard. "I take it that this Jimmy cat was the man with the two duffels? The man who is now dead?"

"THE MAN YOU KILLED. YES!"

"NO!" I sniveled, feeling further tears roll down my cheeks. "I didn't kill him; I swear of it! I had nothing to do with his death, man! Please! You have to believe me here! Please!"

"Go on," the leader of the three began to walk toward me from the car, placing his hand to his chin and rubbing his mouth.

"I'm just a dumb prep school kid," I could feel my heart bashing the inside of my chest. The heat from the urine also lingered. "I had nothing to do with this Jimmy cats death... Please, let me go, please!"

"If you had nothing to do with Jimmy's death, then why do you have one of our bags on possession?" The leader of the three spoke, while the brut placed the pistol back to my temple. "A bag with near \$2,000,000 in value of our one hundred percent, pure Columbian Cocaine..."

...

WHAT!  
IN THE ACTUAL!  
F███K!

Did I just hear that correctly!?

Near \$2,000,000 worth of value in Cocaine...

\$2,000,000!

...

Like, I originally thought the entire Cocaine stash within the duffel was worth \$9000...

\$9000!

Not near \$2,000,000...

Not near \$2,000,000 at all!

...

What in the actual f███k!

Man, how dumb could I be ...

How f███king dumb could I be!

...

"Care to explain yourself then, boy!?" The leader of the three had pulled up a cheap faux wooden chair of his own and placed it in front of me. Taking a seat, we were now eye to eye.

I tried, again, to take some calming gulps; however, it was to no prevail. The feeling of the urine was also now turning cold.

But, man! You guys are probably wondering... Wondering why I had one of their duffels on possession...

Right?

A duffel that I had absolutely no f███king idea, up until now, was worth near \$2,000,000...

\$2,000,000!

Not \$9000...

\$2,000,000!

Meaning this wasn't some little escapade that I originally thought I could be pulling and getting away with... No! This was some serious f███king business!

\$2,000,000...

\$2,000,000!

...

To answer that wonder, I need to take you back three days.

Man, three measly days is all it took to find myself in the vicarious position I am presently in...

Three measly f\*\*\*king days!

And I say three days as I am currently not sure what the time is, but I do believe it to be very early Sunday morning.

So, to bring you up to speed as to why I am being held captive by these degenerates, taking us back to Thursday morning will be sufficient enough.

And I will tell you it all in its entirety, leaving nothing out.

I mean, f\*\*\*k! I might be dead in the next few minutes...

I might be dead in the next few minutes!