

# **Military Series**

## **Part II**

### **The D.I.**

The young guard at the gate stood at attention. His khaki shirt and pants were heavily starched, expertly pressed with straight, even creases. The bottom of his pants just touched the top of his black shoes which glistened in the blazing sun. He stared ahead; his eyes fixed on some point in the distance but not losing sight of any one who approached. Beads of sweat formed on his brow; but, he dare not wipe them off breaching protocol. The hat was squarely fixed on his shaved head. A rifle hung from his broad, muscular shoulder.

The recruit approached him with a raging hard on. The sight of the guard standing almost motionless at the gate ignited a fire in his loins. The swollen head of his pulsating cock rubbed against the tight jeans.

“Shit, if I shoot a wad in my pants now, I’ll have hell to pay with these fuckers,” he thought to himself.

He stopped and took a short, deep breath and then continued forward.

“State your purpose,” the guard barked when the recruit was just a few feet from him.

“I’m a new recruit sent here for training.” He replied confidently.

“Your orders.”

Reaching into his back pocket, he pulled out a letter from the sergeant who signed him up and handed it to the guard. He couldn't help but notice that the young guard was gazing at the huge bulge in his crotch.

"Barracks 17. Go to the second row of buildings; turn right. It's the third building down from there on your left." Handing the orders back to the recruit, the young guard again glanced at the new recruit's crotch whose throbbing cock formed a protuberance against his thigh.

"Thanks." The young recruit replied. The young guard remained silent but ran his tongue along his lips and winked.

The recruit's cock jumped. Again, he thought he would cream in his pants. The guard was over six feet two with an enormous chest and arms as thick as tree limbs. He clenched his mouth tightly; his jaw was square. As the recruit passed through the gate, he glimpsed back and noticed the guard's bulbous butt cheeks in the form fitting pants.

Again, he thought to himself, "If half the men here are half as hot as that fucker, I'll be happy as a pig in shit. But, I've got to get to the barracks before I shoot a wad on myself."

He slung the duffel bag over his shoulder and walked forward turning where he was told he should. He counted the buildings as he passed and then saw his destination in big letters over the lintel, "Barracks 17."

He walked up the steps and opened the door. The place reeked of the scent of sweaty men. All stood in front of their bunks naked, wearing only combat boots and drenched in sweat.

"Who the fuck are you?" A burly drill instructor bellowed clenching the thick, short butt of a cigar in his jaw.

“A new recruit, Sir.” He dropped the duffel bag to the floor. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead and in his armpits. “I was told to report here for basic training. See.”

As he reached for his orders in his back pocket, the drill instructor, puffing the cigar in his face, roared, “Drop down and give me 50, maggot!”

His cock swelled and he quickly dropped down and began doing pushups. “One. Two. Three.” He whispered to himself.

“Count ‘em, asshole! I can’t hear you!” The drill instructor stood over him screaming. He shoved the toe of his combat boot under his face. “Lick that boot, boy, as you go down!”

“Yes, Sir!” The recruit yelled at the top of his voice and continued counting lifting and lowering his body. “Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.” As his mouth reached the glistening toe of the drill instructor’s boot, he stuck it out and lapped it. The taste of the warm, black leather made his cock throb intensely; it thickened, straining against his thigh and jeans each time he licked the boot. The enlarged head of his cock brushed against the rough wooden floor as he pumped himself up and down. His thick biceps bulged as he continued to count. “Twenty. Twenty One. Twenty two. Twenty three.”

The drill instructor pulled his foot back and shoved the toe of his other boot under the recruit’s face. “Now, the other one, you piece of shit! Make those fuckers shine so I can see myself in ‘em!” He stood towering over the recruit looking down at him, working the cigar butt back and forth in his mouth, thick almost opaque clouds of smoke billowed from his mouth.

“Yes, Sir! Thirty. Thirty one. Thirty two. Thirty Three.” He glanced to his side and saw the other men still standing at attention; but, their cocks were now stiff as steel rods, pulsating up and down with the beat of their hearts.

“What the fuck are you looking at, dick head? Those swinging dicks? Well, men, we have a fucking faggot here.” The drill instructor roared and then turned to the young man, placed his boot on his butt and shoved him to the floor holding him down. “Know what happens to faggots, butt boy?”

The young man trembled as cold beads of perspiration poured from his forehead. He strained to lift his body off the floor; but, the drill instructor kept shoving him down with his boot.

“You’re not counting, cock sucker! I can’t hear you!” Again, the drill instructor shoved him down emphasizing the word “hear” as the young recruit attempted to raise his body. He sucked in a lungful of smoke and exhaled it down toward him. The young recruit felt helpless, but his balls were boiling as the rich, heady aroma of the smoke reached his nostrils; he took a deep breath and continued lifting himself up and down off the floor.

“Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty,” he proceeded to count but only lifted his thick chest from the floor boards. He lay on the floor face down; the drill instructor was now standing in front of him and motioned to the first two naked recruits.

“You! And you! Lift this ass licker to his knees.”

Each bent over opposite sides of the recruit and lifted him by the arm pits.

The drill instructor looked down at him menacingly and sneered. He spit a wad of tobacco juice in his face and smeared it in with his rough hands. The cherry of the cigar glowed in the young man’s face as he was engulfed in a plume of dense smoke; he could feel the heat from it. His jeans were stained with pre cum which oozed from the head of his swollen cock.

Puffing the cigar harder, the drill instructor inhaled the smoke deeply and then grabbed the young man’s head. He firmly pressed his lips around the young recruit’s wide,

wet lips, shoved his tongue in and then forced a lungful of rich smoke down his throat. The recruit eagerly sucked the drill instructor's tongue and smoke from his mouth and exhaled it through his nostrils.

The drill instructor unloosened his belt and dropped his trousers to the floor. His thick, 9 inch fuck pole shot straight out, stiff as a board, and slapped the young man's lips; it was leaking pre cum from the wide piss slit. The young man worked his tongue against the drops of slick liquid left on his lips. The warm, salty taste made his heart beat furiously. He thought his tumescent dick would rip his jeans open.

"Smoke this, fuck head!" The drill instructor wrapped one hand around his huge meat and placed the other behind the young recruit's head forcing it onto his turgid tool. Eagerly, he sucked the massive joy stick down his throat. The drill instructor pumped his hips back and forth fucking his face, ramming the giant man meat down the young man's throat. His enormous, hairy nut sac slapped against the young man's chin each time the drill instructor thrust his monstrous cock. Clenching the cigar tightly in his jaw, the drill instructor increased the rhythm, ramming his dick deeper and deeper down the young recruit's throat. He puffed on the cigar. The smoke steadily billowed from his mouth. He inhaled again and then looking down at the recruit whose mouth was strained open by the wide dick exhaled it over his chest to his face.

The young recruit unfastened his belt and let his jeans fall. His massive meat stood at attention; his cock was streaming pre cum. Reaching down, he covered one finger with the slick liquid and pulled his head back. The gargantuan, swollen head of the drill instructor's fuck pole rested on his lips. He smeared his own pre cum around it mixing it with the pre cum oozing from the drill instructor's giant slit. Then, he licked it off avidly working his tongue around the head. The drill instructor moaned and puffed the cigar faster.

"Open wide, piss boy!" The drill instructor commanded. He grabbed his massive cock and let loose a steady stream of hot, steamy piss directly into the young recruit's mouth. The young man eagerly guzzled the liquid gold as it flowed in buckets from the drill

instructor's dick quenching his parched thirst. As the flow slowed, the young recruit stuck out his tongue and placed his mouth under the source not to spill a drop or waste the gift from his provider. The drill instructor shook his stiff dick flicking the remaining drops of piss from it onto the recruit's tongue and then grabbed the back of his head and rammed his cock down his throat in one hard thrust. He pumped harder and deeper; his massive tool swelled in the hot, wet mouth. The young recruit could feel the thick veins of the enormous cock rubbing against the cheeks of his mouth as it grew. His own cock swelled and his balls tightened. His cock erupted, forcefully discharging thick streams of pearly cum forward and onto the floor.

“AAAAAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!”

The drill instructor's giant pole exploded in his mouth filling it with warm, salty man juice and dribbled from the corners of his mouth. He stuck out his tongue and lapped it up then swallowed the man's seed.

“Lick it clean fucker!” Feverishly, the young man lapped his tongue over and around the dripping pole savoring the remnants of the drill instructor's spunk and moaning; his sopping lips glided back and forth over the still tumescent cock. Spit dripped from his mouth and off the glistening, throbbing rod.

The drill instructor puffed feverishly on the thick, dark cigar. Nose jets of profuse smoke streamed from his nostrils.

“Suck those hairy bull balls, Dick head!” The drill instructor snarled, wisps of cigar smoke seeped from his mouth as he spoke.

The young recruit maneuvered his mouth around the huge, furry sac. As he sucked them into his hot, wet mouth, the drill instructor spat on his hand and clenched his semi erect dick using the slimy cigar spittle as lube. His tool began to grow and stand at attention. He was ready for another plowing.

“Throw him over the bar of that bunk!” He motioned to the two other recruits who still stood next to the kneeling recruit restraining his arms. Their cocks were rigid and oozing pre cum. They lifted the young man now covered with perspiration from the floor and lead him to the bunk throwing him over the metal bar and held his arms down tightly on the woolen blanket covering the mattress.

“FUCK ME! FUCK ME!” The young recruit yelled repeatedly.

“Daddy’s gonna fuck that boy cunt raw!” Stroking his gigantic stiff rod, he spread the man’s ass cheeks and spit a wad of warm, brown cigar spittle on the pink fuck hole. Resting the enlarged head of his steel rod against it, he teased it

The young recruit was panting frenziedly thrusting his ass back to meet the head of the drill instructor’s cock wanting the huge meat to stretch his now quivering ass hole.

“FUCK ME! FUCK ME, SIR!” The young man exclaimed again and again. “Stretch my boy pussy, Daddy!”

The drill instructor spit on the head of his cock and grabbed the young man’s hips ramming his rigid meat into the tight, warm fuck hole.

The young man yelled as his ass lips stretched to the limit to accommodate the immense fuck pole. The hairy, bull sac slapped against him as the drill instructor plowed his

massive meat harder and deeper into the young man's snug ass.

Each time the full nine inches plunged into him he cried out, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Harder! Harder!"

The drill instructor picked up his pace. The thick ashes from his cigar fell on his cock as he extracted it; but he didn't stop. He drove his cock deeper, harder and faster into the young man's asshole like a pile driver. He dropped another big wad of cigar juice on the head of his cock as he pulled out and shoved it back in, working it around the young man's ass churning like a machine.

All the other recruits were now standing around the bunk stroking their dicks waiting for their orders to shoot their loads all over the new recruit drenching him in deluges of man spunk.

**"BREED ME, DADDY! BREED YOUR FUCK BOY!"**

The drill instructor slammed his cock hard into his ass as his cock expelled thick seed deep into the young man's ass. He puffed on the cigar, sucked in the smoke and then pulling the young man's head back exhaled a lungful down the young man's throat.

"Thank you, Sir!"

The two young recruits holding him down then flipped the young recruit on his back and began to stroke their straining cocks.

"Okay, boys. Stand around this fucker and give him a cum bath." The drill instructor stepped back. The other recruits surrounded the young recruit and whacked their cocks as they moaned and groaned. One after the other, they shot their loads covering him in pearly spunk. He smeared it in his pumped chest and muscular stomach and used a handful to stroke his pole and shoot another load.



As he lay spent on the mattress, the drill instructor approached him with a fresh thick, maduro cigar in his jaw the smoke trailing behind him.

“Welcome to the Four-Sixty-Ninth, boy!” He said handing a cigar to the new recruit. He took it and bit off the end of the immense stogie; then, he reached down and took a lighter from his pocket, lit it and inhaled the rich smoke.

Exhaling a lungful of smoke, he replied, “Thank you, Sir.”

By then the other recruits retrieved cigars from their lockers and lit them. The barracks was filling with the rich aroma of cigars mixed with the scent of sweat, piss, cum and sex. The young recruit could hardly imagine what would happen next.

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