

# The Firing Range

## Part One

The burly drill sergeant stood in the rear doorway of the darkened barracks. The red glow of the cigar he held firmly in his square jaw flickered against the expansive black background. Pools of water formed around him as the rain drained off his poncho. He puffed repeatedly on the thick cigar, exhaled thick noses jets of smoke and reached for the light switch. As the distant, rumbling thunder reached a crescendo with a resonating "BOOM" rattling the windows, the fluorescent lights suddenly flickered as if a bolt of lightning flashed through the room.

"Get your mother fucking candy asses up!" He boomed.

The recruits, startled from deep sleep, wrestled with the sheets as they jumped from their bunks to the hard wood floors. Each wore white boxer shorts. Their exposed chests expanded as they took deep breaths from their sudden awakening. It was warm and humid. Beads of perspiration dripped from their pits and nipples. Their hard cocks jutted out of the openings of the boxers like the heads of turtles poking out of their shells.

The drill sergeant slowly paced to the center of the room puffing on his cigar. Smoke swirled behind him. The rich aroma of the cigar and musky

smells of the young, sweaty men was like a pheromone. As the drill sergeant passed each bunk, the young men's cocks swelled to attention.

"Give me 25, you pussies!" He barked.

The recruits fell to the floor and began push ups with the heads of their cocks glancing against the rough floor. When the drill sergeant reached the middle of the room, he noticed that one recruit remained in his bunk, still asleep with a wicked grin on his face. The drill sergeant took several heavy steps to the head of the bunk. Tapping his heavy boots with the dense, red mud still clinging to the edges, he puffed several times on the cigar, removed it from his mouth and exhaled a lungful of smoke down toward the young recruit.

The smoke covered the young recruit's face like a pall. As it traveled over him, his long, thick cock rose like the main mast on a tall ship under the thin, white sheet. The young recruit's smile broadened as he reached for his stiff rod to stroke it when suddenly the sergeant pulled the sheet off. Startled, he tried to jump from the bunk; but, the drill sergeant struck like a cobra grabbing the young man's nuts and yanking him to the floor. He fell with a thud.

"Well, sleeping beauty. You think you're special?" The drill sergeant

glowered at him gnashing his teeth clenching the cigar in his jaw inches away from the recruit's face. His grasp on the recruit's big sac tightened sending bolts of electricity through his body. The sergeant puffed hard on the cigar, inhaled the thick smoke, held it deep in his lungs and then exhaled it in the recruit's face. His swollen cock throbbed. In the background, the other recruits snickered as they counted: "FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN."

"You cock suckers think something's funny? Give me another 25." He bellowed.

"As for you, pussy boy, give me 25 sit ups." He shoved the recruit to his back and rested his heavy boot on the young man's nuts. "NOW!" He yelled.

The young man strained pulling his body from the floor. As he reached a vertical position, the sergeant increased the pressure on his balls. The exquisite pain shot like lightning through his muscular body, and his swollen dick began to release slick pre cum from the wide piss slit.

"One"

"I can't hear you, ass wipe! Louder!" He screamed.

“ONE!” The young recruit yelled at the top of his lungs. As he lowered himself back down, the sergeant inched his boot further up his groin.

“TWO!” The recruit screamed reaching vertical again. Then, he cried out, “THREE, FOUR, FIVE!” Each time the sergeant’s muddy boot worked it’s way up the young man’s ball sac and against his turgid pole. When he lowered himself, the rough sole rubbed hard against the sensitive skin of his dick until it reached the swollen head now glistening with the slick, translucent liquid seething from the open slit. A large glob of peanut butter like red mud clung underneath the swollen head as the sergeant pulled his boot back and slid it down underneath the recruit’s tightening ball sac. He wedged the blunt toe of his wet, black combat boot between the young man’s ass crack.

He counted slowing down the pace: “TWELVE! THIRTEEN! FOURTEEN!” The young recruit continued pulling himself up and down; his stomach muscles rippled and burned. As the sergeant shoved his boot deeper into his ass crack, the recruit’s heart pounded as the blood surged into his throbbing dick. Rivulets of slimy fluid seethed from his widened slit.

The sergeant leaned over and exhaled a thick cloud of cigar smoke in the young man’s face as he reached a 90 degree angle. “I can’t hear you, you cock sucking faggot!” He yelled.

“Suck your dick, cock sucker!” As he hollered, he grabbed the young man by the back of his neck and shoved his head down. The young recruit’s lips glazed the enlarged head of his dick covered with the warm transparent liquid. He opened his mouth to wrap his thick, red lips around the swollen head when the sergeant pulled him back and shoved him to the floor. His head hit with a dull thud.

“Want more of that stiff dick, fuck face? Then, suck it harder!”

The young recruit tightened his stomach muscles and pulled his body up. The sergeant, now standing at the young recruit’s head, then rested his rain soaked boot on the young man’s head and shoved down hard. The young man’s grunts were soon replaced with moans as the thick head of his mammoth dick slipped between his lips and into his mouth. He sucked on the head. The warm, slick liquid covered the tip of his hungry tongue. He worked the tip over and around the engorged head savoring the salty liquid. As his heartbeat increased, he could feel his nuts tighten and recede into his body. Sweat ran from his forehead, chest and nuts pooling on the floor. The pungent aroma from his groin mixed with the rich scent of the cigar the sergeant exhaled toward him stirred his hormones. The thick veins in his massive dick pulsed. He sucke harder and more voraciously. Spit drooled from his mouth slithering down his pulsing man meat. His balls churned as he could feel the honey like juice seething inside him to burst forth into his

ravenous mouth.

Suddenly, the sergeant yanked his head back; he fell to the floor. His cock slapped against his muscular abdomen. The sergeant stood over him clenching the butt of the thick cigar in his jaw puffing it. Heavy mists of smoke billowed from his mouth and nostrils blurring the sergeant's face. He pulled the stogie out. A long strand of spittle clung to the end and his lips. Snickering at the young man, the sergeant looked down and dropped a large wad of warm, brown cigar spit into the young man's mouth. His stiffened dick jumped as he tasted the acidic juice.

"SUCK YOUR DICK!" The sergeant exclaimed furiously.

The young recruit again flexed his abdomen and pulled himself from the floor. As his lips touched the thick head, the sergeant grabbed him by the back of the neck and forced his head down. The enlarged head popped into his mouth like a cork. He sucked arduously working his mouth back and forth over his man pole as far he he could. The excitement of eating his own spunk overcame the excruciating pain in his lower back. He could feel his dick thicken in his mouth as the viscous liquid boiled inside him waiting to explode like a geyser in his mouth.

As the sergeant replaced his hand with his heavy boot, he unbuttoned

his fatigues and whipped out his semi erect pole. Clenching the cigar in his jaw, he puffed, inhaled the smoke and exhaled it through his nostrils in thick nose jets. He then released a heavy stream of warm yellow piss. As it flowed over the young man's head, his cock ejected its hot, thick load filling the young man's mouth. He devoured it voraciously and squeezed his pole like a tube of toothpaste to extract every drop.

The sergeant released his boot; and the young man dropped back. His face was flooded with the warm, golden piss still flowing from the sergeant's pole. He opened wide and guzzled the pungent liquid as if it were nectar.

"Cum eating faggot!" The sergeant hollered as he stuffed his thick meat back into his fatigue pants. A dense cloud of smoke belched from his mouth; he stepped forward. His boot landed on the young man's taut abdomen leaving the impression of the rippled sole in thick, red mud.

He walked slowly toward the end of the barracks. The recruits stood at attention; their turgid cocks seethed with man juices flowing from expanded pee holes. Turning before he exited, he exclaimed: "Get your mothuh' fuckin' asses on that field in 10 minutes. Last man out gets a special prize!" --- *To be continued*

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