

The Firing Range

Part II

The drill sergeant turned and left the barracks behind a cloud of thick cigar smoke. As the wind slammed the door shut, the recruits scurried to make the bunks, shower quickly and put on their fatigues and gear. But, the young recruit lay frozen in a puddle of his own pungent sweat. Drops of his jizm clung to the corners of his mouth. As he slowly licked his lips clean of the tasty man juice, his massive pole again began to rise.

"Hey, fuck face!" yelled one recruit in the bunk next to him. The young recruit heard only the muted scuffling of feet on the barren floor in the background; his mind was numb and his body nearly paralyzed. "HEY, FUCK FACE!" the other recruit screamed louder in the young man's ear. "NEXT TIME, HE'S GONNA MAKE YOU BITE YOUR OWN DICK OFF!"

"Huh, wah?" The young recruit muttered shaking his head befuddled as if entranced. "What? What'd you say?"

"If you don't get your ass in gear and you're last on the field, we're all betting that sarge's gonna make you strip out there; bite off your own dick and make you eat your own weenie! Almost half of the guys are there now."

"FUCK! How much time's left?" He bounced from the bunk bed, his massive pole still at attention.

"Just over four minutes. And if you make it in time, I'll suck off that big tool this evenin'! If ya' don't ..." he chuckled and scooted out the door.

The young recruit looked around him. There were about 7 men left in the barracks, and they were putting on their fatigue pants. He pulled his gear from the foot locker forgoing a shower. The sun was above the horizon; and it was already getting hot. The rain that morning really didn't cool it down; it just made it more humid like a steam room. Those who showered were already dripping with sweat. Their starched fatigue shirts were darkening with perspiration.

He stuffed his rigid tool into his boxers as best he could. Pulling his pants on, his stiff dick strained against the buttons as he fumbled with them. He sat down to put on his combat boots and his rock hard dick hurt. He heard the other young men running out the door one by one.

"Shit," he thought to himself, "I'll tie these fuckers out there." He pulled each boot on and ran out the door passing the last recruit who just finished tying the laces on his boot. The young recruit grinned as he ran out

and down the few steps from the wooden structure onto the narrow muddy roadway alongside the drill field. Halfway across the roadway, he looked back and watched the last recruit leave the barracks. He forgot his boot laces were unsecured and tripped on them falling head first into a puddle of thick red mud.

“FUCK!” He muttered to himself. He hurried to pull himself up and beat the last man out who was now just behind him when he looked up and saw the drill sergeant standing in front of him; his boots were covered in the mud the recruit just fell in.

“Now look what you did pussy boy!” The sergeant grunted. “Those boots were shining like a mirror this morning. Now, ya can’t see shit in ‘em. Hell, they look like shit! Like the piece of shit you are!”

The sergeant leaned down and pulled back the young man’s head and spit a thick clump of phlegm in the young recruit’s face. “That’s what ya gotta use to clean ‘em now, boot licking scum bag!” The sergeant grabbed the young recruit by the belt and dragged him over the rest of the roadway onto the drill field. He threw him to the soaked ground in front of the other recruits and stood on his back.

“Seems like your friend here likes me. ‘Stead of trying to avoid being

last, this boy here was last. And now I've got a special treat for him." The sergeant spread his feet apart one on the nape of the young recruit's neck and the other on his ass pinning the young man down in the soaked grass like a felled pig. "See," the sergeant looked down at him, "while this fucking faggot was trying to not be last, he fell on his own feet and got my beautiful shiny boots dirty with that mud." The sergeant shifted his weight placing one foot on the ground and the other on the young man's muscular butt cheeks. "So, instead of one special treat, he's now gonna have two."

The sergeant lifted the young man by the belt onto his knees and pulled his head back. "Ain't that right, cock sucker?"

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Stand up shit head!" The drill sergeant ordered.

The young recruit sprang up like a rocket.

"Drop those pants!"

The young recruit looked puzzled. The sergeant glared into his eyes inches from his face engulfing it with the smoke he exhaled from his cigar.

"Drop those pants!" He yelled.

"Bu..., bu..." The young recruit stammered.

"Drop 'em or I'll pull em off myself and your balls with 'em."

The young recruit fumbled with his belt buckle, unbuttoned the buttons to his pants and let the fatigues fall to the ground around his ankles. His cock was still stiff and poked out from the opening in the boxers.

The sergeant pulled out another cigar from his shirt pocket, bit off the end and spit it in the young man's face. Clutching it in his left jaw, he began to light it puffing it in the young man's face. He took a deep drag on the thick black stogie and then exhaled it inches away from the young man. The thick smoke lingered in the warm, humid air and slowly drifted away. The woodsy scent of the tobacco clung to the young man's nostrils. His cock throbbed and seethed.

"Now the drawers asshole." The drill sergeant ordered, clasping the cigar in his mouth exhaling wisps of smoke as he spoke.

The young recruit was mesmerized looking at the burly drill sergeant growling; he inhaled the rich aroma of the cigar that was inches away from him. He could feel the heat from the glowing end. He tugged on the elastic

band, bent down and slowly pulled the boxers off.

The drill sergeant spoke in a lower, calmer voice as the young man responded now instinctively to the orders. "You're gonna be my bitch fuck boy." The drill sergeant puffed repeatedly on the cigar and exhaled thick nose jets of smoke in the young man's face. He grabbed the young man's shoulder and pushed him down. The drill sergeant barked: "On all fours and lick my boots clean. Make 'em shine like the sun."

"Yes, drill sergeant." He fell to the ground and buried his face against the boots lapping the black leather along the edges from the mud encrusted toes to the heels . The heady aroma of the leather and mud made his rigid pole swell more and leak pre cum onto the wet grass. The taste of the leather and gritty mud made him salivate like an animal. The drill sergeant stared down at him clenching the thick butt of the cigar in his jaw and puffing hard on it. Thick white ashes dropped from the end and fell in a luxuriant pile on the toe of one boot.

"I fucking said lick 'em clean, boot wipe!" The sergeant growled.

Without lifting his tongue from the boot, the recruit ran it over, around and through the pile of thick ashes. They ashes soaked up the spit which flowed from his mouth and off his tongue like a sponge. He ran his blackened

tongue through them and back and forth along the boot savoring the taste.

“Listen up you dick wads!” The sergeant clenched the thick cigar butt in his jaw yelling at the troops who stood nervously at attention fixated on the young recruit as he worked his tongue over the drill sergeant’s boots. “This fucking faggot’s ass is your target practice for firing range.” He puffed his cigar and exhaled luxurious nose jets of smoke. “Take your belts off, NOW!” He exclaimed. “Double ‘em up and in single file run through and beat this ass licker’s butt cheeks. And when I say beat it, I don’t want you pansy assed mother fuckers just to slap it. You WILL hit it as hard as you can. DO YOU HEAR ME?” The last words were hollered out slowly between breaths.

“YES, DRILL SERGEANT!” The recruits responded loudly in unison.

The drill sergeant peered down at the young man, took his cigar out of his mouth and bending over, grabbed the young recruit by the chin, lifting his head. The recruit looked wanly up at the burly man as sweat rolled off his forehead and down his cheeks.

“Stick out your tongue.” The sergeant growled. The young man opened his mouth and showed him his tongue heavily encrusted with dirt and cigar ash.

“Looks like you need a refill, cock sucker.” The drill sergeant returned his cigar to his mouth and rolled it around in his jaw and puffed on it. The cigar made his mouth salivate and fill with warm spittle. He pursed his lips and spit a big gob of warm, brown cigar juice directly onto the young man’s outstretched tongue.

“Put that juice to good use, boy!” The sergeant grumbled. “I wanna see myself in ‘em.”

The slightly acidic liquid made his tongue tingle and stimulated him. His cock beat, stiffened and oozed pre cum onto the wet grass. Drops of saliva dribbled from his tongue onto the shining black toe of the sergeant’s boot. The recruit pressed his tongue hard against the boot and rubbed it back and forth across the warm leather. He could almost see his reflection in it as the first recruit who was built like a bull ran toward him, swinging his right arm with all his strength downward and struck his firm right cheek with the canvas belt.

WHACK! The sound echoed off the walls of the barracks around the edge of the field. The young recruit winced as a jolt shot through his body. Then almost immediately, he felt another hard wallop strike his left cheek. Again, he winced; now, the pain made his body tingle. His stiff dick throbbed

intensely with excitement.

Again and again each recruit approached swinging his belt back and bringing his arm forward quickly striking its target hard and harder. The young recruit's body jerked each time his muscled bubble butt cheeks was stricken with the belts. He rubbed his tongue harder and longer against the hot, black leather boots.

His butt cheeks reddened and began to burn like fire. Another drill sergeant approached rolling his cigar around in his mouth, puffing on it harder as he neared. He paused behind the young recruit and grabbed his massive bulging crotch. The huge tool began to thicken and fill the loose trousers as he puffed on the dark brown cigar and inhaled the dense, rich smoke.

"Looks like this boy's ass is on fire and needs a fire hose to put it out." He snickered unzipping the pants. His enormous hose popped out, the head swollen and reddened. He stepped closer to the young recruit and released a thick stream of warm piss from his big hose onto the recruit's enflamed butt cheeks.

The warm stream of urine tempered his hot ass cheeks and ran down his legs. His stiff dick bounced up and down against his muscle abdomen and

oozed more clear honey from the wide slit. Slender strands of pre cum clung like spider webs to his six pack abs and the head of his enraged cock. His mouth was dry and his tongue swollen from the continual licking of the drill sergeant's mud laden combat boots. He wished the drill sergeant opened his spigot down his throat.

His drill sergeant looked down at him sneering as thick puffs of cigar smoke slowly poured from his mouth. He pulled the young man's head back and spit a wad of gelatinous cigar spittle into his face. It slithered down his cheek and clung to his chin.

"Cotton mouth, boot wipe?" The sergeant asked mocking the young man.

The sergeant's dick was at full attention; it's head flaring and swollen. He grabbed the young man by the back of the head and shoved the engorged head of his cock in it and then began to discharge his filled bladder into the young man's mouth slaking his thirst.

Grabbing the young recruit's chin, he pulled his mouth open. "Stick out your tongue!" He commanded and shook his hard cock releasing the last drops from his urethra onto it.

He rested the enlarged head on the young man's tongue and sucked in more thick smoke. As he exhaled it through his enraged nostrils, he seized his victim's head and impaled his face on his gargantuan tool burying the young man's nose deep in the sergeant's thick pubic hair. The rich, musky aroma was like an ethereal aphrodisiac making the recruit's own enraged cock pound.

The other sergeant simultaneously spread the young man's ass cheeks and stared intensely at the quivering pink target. He dropped a big wad of warm, brown cigar spittle on the head of his pole, grasped the recruit's hips and with one hard thrust drove his tree trunk thick cock deep into the young man's hole.

"Bulls eye!" He exclaimed, slapping the recruit's reddened cheeks. "Gonna fill this faggot's holes with thick man cum!" As he thrust his hips his balls slammed against the young man's ass. His hole felt like it was being torn to shreds by the sergeant's thick cock. It was both painful and pleasurable as the sergeant's ribbed dick rubbed against the lining of his ass and against his prostate.

The other drill sergeant withdrew his cock and then grabbed the young man by the back of the head; then, he plunged his beer can thick pole into his mouth stretching it like a balloon. The young man gagged; but, he soon

suppressed it as the sergeant behind him increased the pace plowing his young, tight fuck hole. His body see-sawed back and forth as their tools inched their ways deeper into his orifices. His eyes rolled back; he was entranced.

The drill sergeants glared at each other rhythmically fucking their victim and puffing their cigars as their heavy, hairy scrotums flew forward slapping against the recruit's face and butt respectively. Each filled their lungs with the luxuriant smoke and synchronously exhaled the smoke in dense nose jets that covered their massive chests and then dissipated slowly in the heavy morning air. Thick ashes fell from their cigars on the crack of the recruit's ass and stubble of his head. They puffed their cigars several times filling their mouths with smoke. Then clicking their jaws, each blew a succession of lush, thick smoke rings of velvet like consistency in perfect "O's" toward each other's face. As they grinned diabolically at each other, their chests rose sucking the satiny rings in like vacuum cleaners. They rolled their thick cigars to their jaws and puffed them more furiously as they plowed the young man's apertures faster, harder and deeper.

The young man's head spun; and his cock dribbled long strings of pre cum to the ground. White spittle drooled from the sides of his stretched lips and mouth and rolled down his chin disappearing in the grass below. His balls tightened. The sergeants' own nut sacs drew their lemon sized cargo

upward, and the veins on their mammoth cocks swelled rubbing inside the recruit's slick, warm and smooth mouth and ass. Slimy pre cum ran from their wide piss slits lubricating the walls of the young man's cum depositories.

One sergeant grabbed his hips; and the other his ears. Forcing their steel hard poles deeper into their targets, they took deep drags on their cigars and sucked in voluminous smoke. As opaque clouds poured from their mouths and clenching the thick, spit filled cigar butts in their jaws, they ejected their pearly seed with the force of water streaming from fire hoses into the recruit's mouth and fuck hole. Their growls of pleasure unloading their man juices reverberated like sonic booms off the walls of the barracks around them.

The young man's cock then detonated like a land mine blasting the contents of his nuts forward hitting his chin and chest. Pencil thick streams clung to his chin. His mouth and ass frothed with the sergeants' cum seething around the still swollen pieces of meat.

They withdrew their weapons. The sergeant at the recruit's rear stepped forward. The recruit looked up at both of them. Each drill sergeant grabbed his semi erect cock and rubbed the head against the recruit's cum covered chin wiping it off.

They shook their blood filled poles in his face. "Lick 'em clean cum bucket." They commanded.

He slid his tongue over and around the inflamed heads rapturously devouring his own seed mixed with the slick, salty man juices from the sergeants. When he finished, they shoved their poles back into their pants and forced the young man face down into the grass.

The sergeants turned to the recruits and exhaled more thick smoke toward the sky. As rain began to fall, one sergeant yelled out: "That, you bunch of dick wipes is your firing range practice for today. Now get those flabby asses outta here!" They walked away leaving the recruit on the field in the downpour.

