

**How the Corporal came
to be in charge
of taking care
of Captain O'Malley...**

USMC Slap Captain

Quantico. Interrogation Room. 3 AM. USMC Slapcaptain: Fleet champion kickboxer, clad in fatigue pants, military-issue teeshirt, heavy combat boots. Rubbing his hands, callused from martial arts: numchuks, pugil sticks, boduka. High on his left bicep, a tattoo: red cobra, fanged, coiled, ready to strike in colorful relief against his dark hairy skin. His head shaved short in a white-sidewall military burr. His neck: thick, powerful, cruelly muscled. Long athletic arms: strong, hairy, muscular, threaded with veins. His shoulders: solid as a baseball slugger. His hard-palmed hands: meaty, thick, brutal as a boxer's.

"Shoulders back!" He barks at the young Lance Corporal. "Stomach in. Eyes straight ahead. Don't look at me, boy, unless you're gonna ask me for a date. Get your back straight. Head back." He slams his right fist into his open left palm. "Take your eyes off me, mister. Maybe you're thinkin' you want to get in my pants?"

"No, sir!"

A .22 pistol jammed in the waistband of his fatigues. Convincing. His breath, moving close in: thick spit-spray, sweet from his nightly Tampa Nugget cigar. "You want the back of my hand, boy!"

"No, sir!"

"Then set your ass down, puke!"

The Lance Corporal sits on the heavy wooden chair bolted to the concrete floor. Padded asylum restraints snap around his ankles.

Handcuffs lock his wrists together behind his back. Behind the chair. His head swerves to resist the black-cloth blindfold.

The Slapcaptain's hard palm openhands him up against the side of his head. He feels the hot burning imprint of the slap across his face. Then the blindfold is knotted, secured. He can see slightly out from underneath: thick fingers make metal-toothed electrical clamps chow down on his nipples. He moans at the sharp pain. The Slapcaptain openhands him again. Slaps his face. Hard. Right. Then left. Then right again. Harder. His ears ring.

The Slapcaptain chains the clamps together. His finger crooks and catches the dangling chain at its center, raising the clamps horizontally, pulling them outward.

"You wanna kiss me, boy? Hey, boy, kiss me. Kiss me, boy." It's an order, but the Slapcaptain's voice is reassuring. The Lance Corporal tilts his cropped blond head up in the direction of the Slapcaptain's dark voice. He is not certain how he is supposed to kiss a man, even for the Corps; not certain how he can kiss a man he cannot see.

He leans his whole torso forward, pulled by his tits, raising his blindfolded face up to this man, offering his lips.

But it's not a kiss the Slapcaptain wants.

A fast slapshot.

The Lance Corporal's face rebounds ninety degrees to the right. Then is backhanded to the left. His cheeks burn. Redden. The intense ringing in his head clouds out the Slapcaptain's voice. His head turns tentatively, as ordered, back to the front.

Under his blindfold he sees the Slapcaptain's thick gorilla fingers unbutton the green fatigue fly. His rough palm lifts out an extra-large USMC jockstrap pouching his big hairy balls, overlaid with thick long uncut cock. The Slapcaptain gropes his sweat-stained jock-cup with his left hand. His thick-muscle right arm swings out from his massive shoulder. The Lance Corporal, nose and mouth upraised, sniffs the wet drip of the Slapcaptain's hairy pits.

A pause. Shorter than his breath. Then starts the cadenced

tattoo of openhanded slaps: left, right, left, right. *Ten*. His head splashed, hard. *Twenty*. Back and forth. *Thirty*. His face: a boxer's fastbag. *Forty*. Saliva in his mouth turning to blood. *Fifty*. Through the ringing in his ears, words, alternating with the stinging slaps, come through. *Sixty*. What is the Captain saying? *Seventy*.

Again. Another volley of openhanded slugs. The big uncut dick swinging free and mean and hard. The hot spit from the Slapcaptain's moustached mouth wetting his cheeks, escalating the stinging of the hard slaps.

He wants the Captain's dick. He wants the Captain's moustache, lips and mouth and tongue. He wants to swallow his heavy spit. He leans forward. Again, the unseen hand slaps his face. Hard. Left to right. Again, the ringing overrides the voice he can hear but cannot distinguish.

His blindfolded head flushes warm up from his neck, to his cheeks to his temples. He sucks and swallows the warm salt-blood taste in his mouth. The slaps bruise his inner cheeks against his gritted teeth.

He cocks his head. Hardened for the Corps. Angles his face toward the heat and dripping sweat off the Slapcaptain's wet fatigues. Anticipating. Unquestioning. Waiting. Wanting. He sees the thick dick and balls swinging out of the piss-wet jock. The balls hang low. The dick, uncut, blind, hard, rampant, shows its rosy pisshole.

He leans forward.

The Slapcaptain's piss sprays in a direct shot into his mouth. He gulps, swallows, thirsty for the hot, bubbling, thick, Marine piss that streams faster than he can drink.

Piss: spilling down on his chest, running down his belly, soaking his dick and balls, dripping down the inside of his naked thighs, pooling up under the wet pucker of his asshole bound into the worn seat of the wooden chair.

Again, he leans forward.

The Slapcaptain's tough hands box his face back and forth. His teeth clench. His eyes squeeze closed under his blindfold. His mouth tastes metallic. He smells the crusty cheese of the Marine dick swinging free near his bleeding nose. Both nostrils trickle

blood down his upper lip. The hard slaps whip the trickles to blood-spray. He holds his head steady against the rhythms of the Slapcaptain's hand. The slaps slow. The palms grow sticky with the Corporal's blood. Somehow the slaps increase his hunger for the Slapcaptain's dirty cock.

The Slapcaptain plants his hand on the back of his neck. "I want me a bloodfuck USMC pussymouth!" He holds the burr-cut head in his hard-knuckled grip. "Now come on, boy!" The Slapcaptain pressures the back of the Lance Corporal's neck, pivoting the shaved head, with the bloody blindfolded face, in his hand, positioning the mouth like a bullseye for his crusty cock.

"I figure I got me one of two things. I either got me an ambitious young Lance Corporal. Or I got me a .22 pistol to give a tightlipped gyrene a new asshole."

Still cupping and guiding the Lance Corporal's head, pressing it down with all the power in his warrior-hand, the Slapcaptain nuzzles the bloody nose and swollen lips against his big-veined cock. "Clean it up, boy."

The Lance Corporal sticks his tongue through his bruised lips, and works his tongue-tip in, under, and around the inner lip of the thick foreskin, sucking out the clots of cheese, old cum, sweat, piss, and gun-grease. Not needing an order, he pulls back from the hard cock, with the cheesy smegma melting on his tongue, and swallows.

"That's my boy. That's my good boy." But the level, low voice is cut off by another slap that starts the ear echo ringing. Behind the blindfold, the lights in his head are dazzling. He is being beaten, slapped silly. He is obedient. The Corps is all. In a moment, less than an instant really, he turns his head round again, straightforward, offering his face.

He is ready. Even for the heavy-handed wallop of this palm-and-backhand slap, stinging his cheeks, purpling his temples, blackening his eyes. The Slapcaptain's hands reshaping his boy's face into the tough, hardened, experienced face of a Marine.

The Slapcaptain giving him a Marine's face.

He feels his nose ready to give way, to break, but the Slapcaptain pulls back; pulls his slap-punches; takes instead his big hand, gripping his hard dick like a brutal nightstick. He beats the

bruised, tenderized face with his huge dick, wet with blood and cheese and piss.

The handcuffs cut into his wrists. Sweat and blood pour from his face, down his chest, over his clamped and torn tits. The Lance Corporal's mind goes blank behind his battered face: Halls of...Slap!...zuma...Shores...Slap!...Punch...Shores of Trip...Slap...Punch...Punch! The rhythms of the Slapcaptain's fist and dick beating his face. The ringing in his ears. His chin held tight by the Slapcaptain's hand.

“Kiss it. Kiss it real soft, baby.”

He opens his mouth. He's learned what *kiss* means.

“Kiss it.” The commanding voice becomes almost soft. “Kiss it...sweetly.”

As his bruised lips touch the swollen cockhead, its shaft, backed by the Slapcaptain's fullback butt and thighs, rams the rod through his lips, past his bloody teeth, across his tongue, and fucks long and hard deep down his gagging throat, until choking on the spit and blood and pumping cum, he feels the huge cock pulled like a deep root from his throat, still shooting white clots of cum on his face, feeling the large boxer's hands rough-massage the slick seed into his bruises, slapping him lightly, always slapping him, across the cheeks with his angry red cock, pulling on the chains tearing at his tits, feeling the thick bristle of the Captain's moustache and the Captain's hard lips and the Captain's mouth pressing hard in lust and discipline, against his own lips, feeling the pressure of the Captain's tongue sucking the bloody saliva from his beaten mouth, feeling the Captain's fingers squeezing his cheeks, feeling the mix of the Captain's spit, and his own blood, cum-honkered forcibly back down his throat, swallowing, writhing, tit-ripped, restrained, bound.

His man's face, his Marine face, blindfold ripped away, seeing the spit-wet uniform of the sweaty, dark, handsome Slapcaptain, pulling his tits, making his sweat run, his moans deep.

He looks up at the smiling cruel face, the disciplined face taking him deep now into the Corps, initiated now into the inner rank of the Corps. His hard-muscled body, understanding, thrashes up, bound to the unyielding wooden chair, into a painful arch of ecstatic handless cuming.

“That’s my boy.” The Slapcaptain’s hands hold him very tight. The handsome mouth, moustache, and lips, pressing sweet, hard agony against his own. “That’s my man.” “Slap Happy”—Centerfold, *Drummer* 148



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