

MILITARY BALL

BY ETIENNE

STORY BY JEFF KINCAID



ANNAPOLIS, OCTOBER 29th—Midshipman Michael (Mike) Singleton, the Academy's muscular young quarterback, will be out for the rest of the football season and possibly, informed sources tell this newspaper, will be dropped from the military school altogether. In a not-for-attribution interview, one of Singleton's commanding officers has stated that the reason for the decision is the spectacle the midshipman made of himself at the height of the pre-game show just prior to the annual Army-Navy game this past Saturday, in which the handsome young star of the Annapolis team appeared naked on a West Point float, engaging in outrageous homosexual behavior with an equally naked quartet of hairy-chested cadets.

Indignantly contradicting the charges, Midshipman Singleton has vociferously claimed that, while he undeniably was on the float in the pre-game show being triple-fucked—that is, taking two huge cadet cocks up his wide-open asshole and one more thrusting boner

down his cock-sucking throat, he had in actuality been beaten into semi-consciousness in his Academy quarters the night before, drugged and repeatedly raped. "By the time those fuckin' pebbles got through with me," he is quoted as saying, "I don't know which end was up." And, by implication, suggesting that the responsibility for the shocking public scene at the stadium not be considered his.

Further, the chastened and subdued young blond hero of the gridiron has implicated a fellow midshipman in the "plot" against him, claiming that Warren Overholt, 19, his roommate at Annapolis, had to have been intimately involved. "How else," Singleton asked at a packed press conference yesterday afternoon, "did those West Point guys get past security to my room in the dorm in the first place?"

Only, he speculated, by having a man on the inside able to supply the conspiring cadets with full-dress Naval Cadet uniforms. "Who would look twice at another group of upperclassmen coming in?"

When asked why his roommate would do such a terrible thing to him, the broad-chested young football player was quick to point out that Warren had up until the beginning of the season been Navy's quarterback, replaced after a number of embarrassing fumbles and interceptions during the first game by Singleton. . . . who turned the tide in favor of the midshipmen and was immediately promoted to First String. Annapolis scuttlebutt has it that the relationship between Singleton and Overholt quite understandably began to deteriorate at that point, and that Overholt had requested new quarters as quickly as possible.

For his part the former quarterback through a Navy spokesman has denied all of his roommate's allegations, categorizing them bluntly as the ravings of a fevered legged mind. "It is well-known," he said in a prepared statement issued but two hours after Midshipman Singleton's press conference, "that I was not anywhere near the scene of the so-called crime that night, having departed early that afternoon to be with my fiancée, Mary Beth Marshall, in Washington, D.C. While I was naturally disappointed to not continue with the squad after the season's first game, I most certainly did not begrudge Mike his days in the sun, and I surely would not have been a party to anything so low as a multiple homosexual rape and mind-erasing session even if I was, as whispered, resentful and vindictive."

Despite the denial and the testimony of eye-witnesses to the effect that Overholt was indeed seen in the District of Columbia with Miss Marshall, Midshipman Singleton continues to stick to his guns. "I am not claiming that Warren was one of the four guys who brutalized me," he said later in an exclusive telephone interview with this reporter. "What I am saying is that he was the 'inside man' who gave them access to me."

According to the scenario the 200-pound athlete has evolved, the cadets conspired to keep him from calling the signals in the Army-Navy game through the means of making him mostly ineptible, enlisting the jealous Overholt's aid in the diabolical scheme. "No matter what Warren says," Mike insisted, "I can't see it happening any other way. The fucker was furious at me for having 'usurped' his place on the squad and, in fact, told me to my face that he was going to make damned sure I'd be damned sorry."



It was therefore Warren Overholt, Midshipman Singleton believes, who arranged the West Pointers' unauthorized entry onto the grounds of the Naval Academy, the four weight-lifting cadets wearing the uniforms of Academy upperclassmen as they arrived late the night before the game. Helping to prove his point the quarterback, who more than one observer has said could easily have posed for a Chippendale's calendar, is quick to note that "they knew which room was mine, they came directly to it."

Additionally, they apparently knew that young Mike would be sound asleep inside, his practice being to get to bed early the evening before a gridiron encounter, working to be more well rested for the day. "Very few people were aware of that," he claims. "But Warren sure was."

Also curious to Singleton was the fact that the door was, automatically, locked. "I do that as a matter of course," Mike told the reporter. "It's a carry-over from my childhood on the wrong side of the tracks." The Navy's football favorite, fans will recall, was born and reared on the periphery of the South Bronx.

"In any event, I didn't hear anyone breaking that door in. They had a key, man. You tell me how they could have gotten a fucking key to my room if fucking Warren hadn't given it to them?"

When I checked with Overholt the Midshipman only smiled, observing that, as a result of the friction between them, "Mike changed the locks on me . . . and didn't bother to make me a new duplicate key. There was no way I could have gotten anybody into that room that way. And," he repeated, "I didn't."

"Bulshit," Singleton declares. "Getting hold of my keys while I was quarterbacking the last couple of Saturdays would've been no problem for Warren at all. The dude was benched, right? Went from first to third string; the likelihood of his being called to play was god-damned nil. He could've snuck down to the locker room any time and come back with a wax impression before anyone would've said boo."

Officials at the Academy pooh-poohed the entire scenario. While they did not come directly out and call the footballer a liar, the word was that it was "hard for them to believe" that a group of Army pebes, no matter how bad, would have gotten to the star quarterback in his room at the Academy, with or without the assistance of a "turncoat" on the inside. "It never happened," the unnamed official promised this newspaper, unequivocally. "It couldn't happen."

In his view, more or less the official Navy line, Midshipman Singleton was a closet queer who was finally unable to suppress his perverted, disgusting sexual impulses. "For all we know, the 'calendar boy' might have gone out actually seeking a confrontation with the very studs he was supposed to play against the following afternoon. I think you'll find that after a few years of intense therapy that will be the truth which comes out of the closet."



"They're so fucking sure of themselves," a bitter Mike Singleton has been heard to say, sticking to his story. Using a key made from Overhoff's wax impression, the seditionally pickering cadets gained entrance to his quarters, surrounding him as he lay sleeping in his bed, nude. It was only when one of them, grinning sardonically at his fellow conspirators from the Point, tapped him on the shoulder that Mike awoke, startled by their shocking presence.

"Who the fuck're you?" he remembers asking as he bolted up on the sheets, only to be knocked unconscious by a brutal series of well-placed blows to his muscular but helpless person. They came at him from all sides. Singleton recalls, an initial backhand across the mouth followed by an unnecessarily savage punch which glanced bruisingly off his smooth-shaven cheekbone, the force of which sent him careering sideways into yet another set of viciously forceful hits, several of which thudded explosively into his corrugated belly along with a hard-boned kneecap which smashed upward directly into his unprotected balls. The handsome young Midshipman would have screamed, but he was being held fast between two of his gigantic muscled young West Point attackers now, their strong hands digging deeply into his bulging upper arms, rendering his boulder-like biceps useless even as a hot sweaty palm was cupped over his mouth to muffle any outcry.

The pain was only removed after a powerful raw soundhouse was rammed knociously into the quarterback's heaving solar plexus, sending the air out of his belching lungs with a single whoosh. Without a sound could emerge from his swollen, battered lips, and the job was topped off with one final devastating uppercut, the bone-hard knuckles crashing like a chugging locomotive directly into the beater Navy man's chin. His eyes rolled up in their sockets until only the whites showed, passing over, a participant in the multiple assault confirmed, off the record. "We had the big bastard but good."

Midshipman Mike Singleton, star Navy quarterback, groaning pitifully, fell back helpless onto his bed, massively muscled arms splayed, chest pumping, fingers and lips twitching uncontrollably. "You should've seen the big stuck-up scum-bucket the way we did," this newspaper's informant added, his voice thickened with an excess of dread merely being reminded of the loathsome scene. "A real hot body-building football star like that and he was at our fucking mercy. Anything we wanted to do with that heavyweight hunk we could—and he wasn't going to be able to do a goddam thing to stop us."

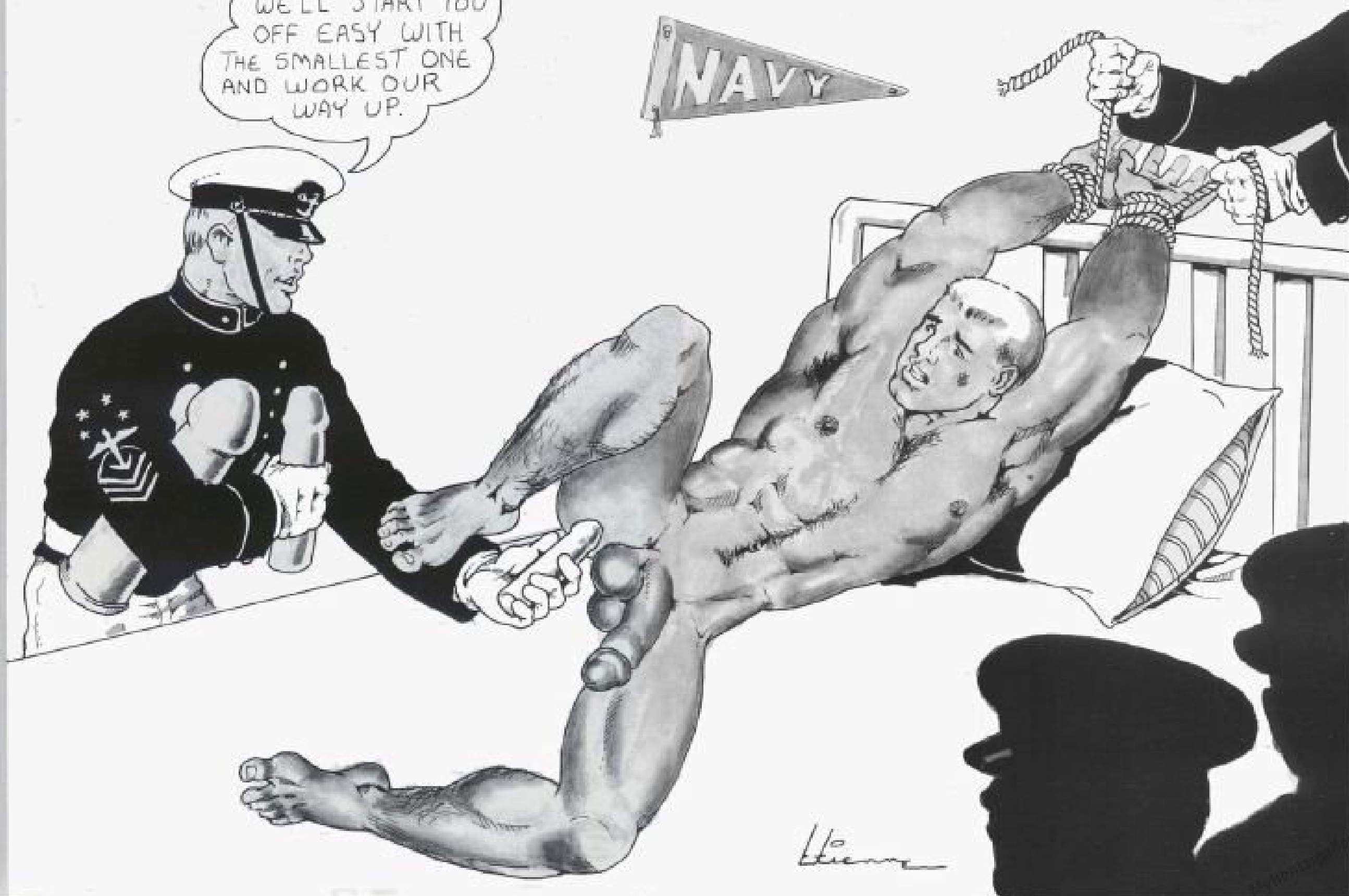
To make sure that that would be the case the triumphantly malevolent cadets quickly spread-eagled their moaning, sag-mouth victim to the four corners of his own bedframe. "Sakers aren't the only ones who know how to tie a knot! we had that sweaty asshole roped tight in less than half a minute, face-up and ready to go."





WE'LL START YOU
OFF EASY WITH
THE SMALLEST ONE
AND WORK OUR
WAY UP.

NAVY



could only gag and choke on what had to be at least nine fat inches of hard-shafted West Pointer cock, listening to the inflated young cadet humping above him.

"Oh, yeah, yeah," the reaping voice intoned, edged with unnatural lust. "Take that fuckin' dick, Navy bitch, suck that semen out of that hot wet slider."

Spluttered "innocents" was the only reply the rushe young Midshipman could give as another of his hairy attackers bled gloomily in his spit-wet ear. "Ever suck an Army jock's cock before, cum? Huh? Ever take a date's cum-slick iron in your fuckin' bitch mouth? What does it taste like, huh? Good? Aww?"

"He fuckin' loves it," another of the cruel cadets whispered with a denigrating little laugh, discounting Singleton's continued struggles and the terror in his bulging eyes. As this correspondent learned, the football player's cock was plumping up now, not shivering into his golden pubes as a real straight boy's would. Maybe he did "fuckin' love it" in spite of all his muffled denials.

Whether he did or not didn't matter to these brash young brutes, though. They were prepared to work the big kid over, all right long. "Dave just kept on feeding Mike a lot of hot dick to keep him occupied good while a couple of the other guys went to work on his hairy crotch, shaving off his fucking pubes." Even so, "shoot that slug, stockup peoplehead sure squirmed!"

Midshipman Singleton privately displayed his hairy genitals to this amazed reporter in a rest room at the newspaper's office; they had indeed been shaved clean. The question then had to be asked: would the hot-bodied quarterback have done such a perverse thing to himself, the inquiry itself making him indignant. "What do I have to say," he wanted to know, "to get anyone to believe me?"

Forcing himself to calm down, Mike went on to confirm what our glib informant had said: the shaving of his sacred bush did act as an additional erotic stimulant. First the stretched-out Midshipman was being given a hot lesson in cock-sucking and then, "hey—they were teaching me like crazy down there and I just couldn't help it, those little toothy teachers were giving me those goddam good-squirms. The next thing you know my fuckin' pecker goes flush all over, hardening up solid like I was some chick or something. You should've heard them snicker when they saw it, slipping each other's palms like ghetto blacks, giving each other 'five' at my fuckin' expense."

Their sordid laughter became even more derisive when they started to ask Singleton if he'd ever "taken anything hot" up his back door, or whether he was still "cherry." His splutterings of angry and fearful denial came out muffled around the probing point in his battered mouth, only serving to inspire his brutal assailants to greater atrocities, the husky young cadets staring as they shoved their captive several molded plastic dildos of increasing size. The fed-up young athlete was "nearly gonna be opened up, but good, yeah."



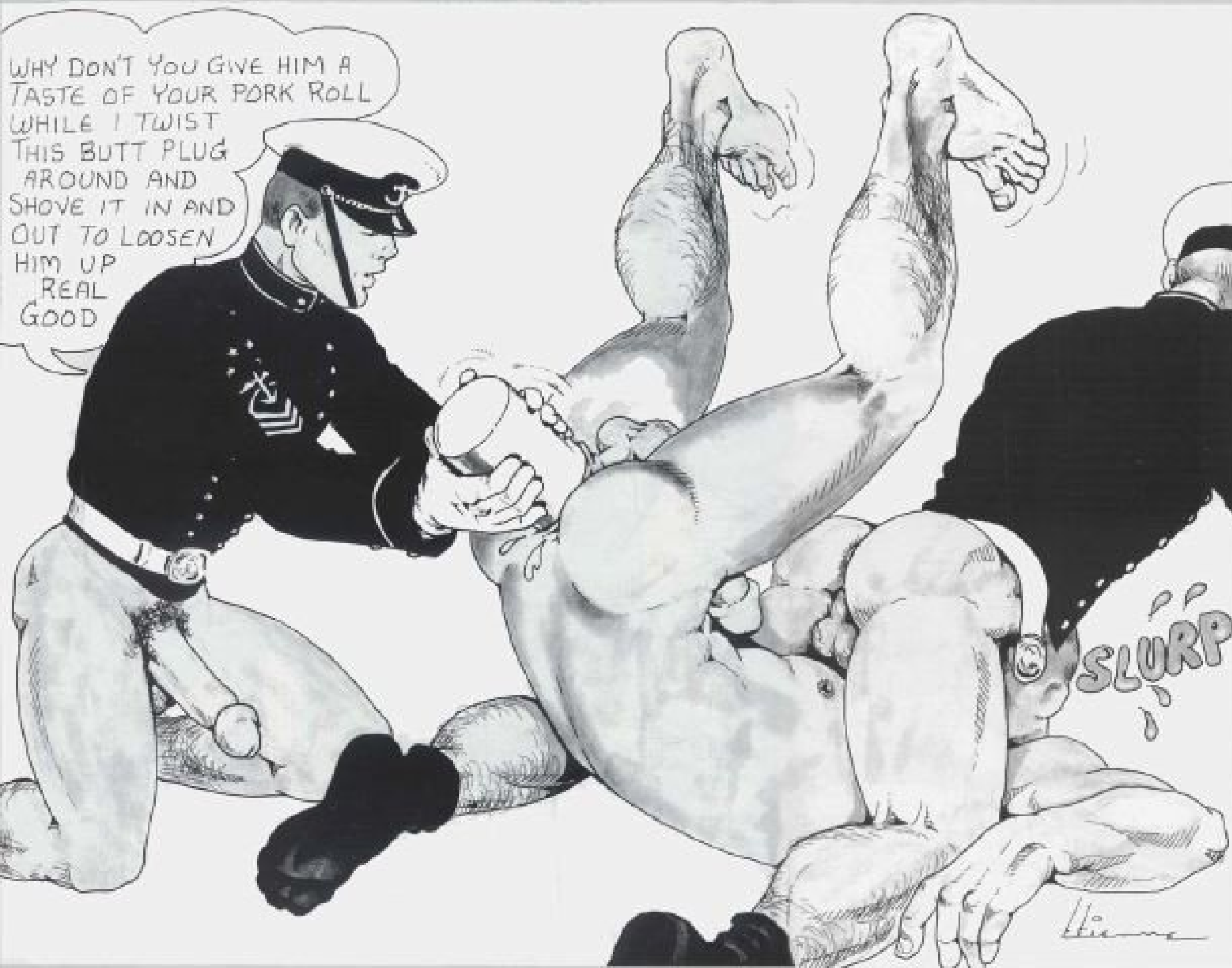
JEEZ...THE FUCKER'S
GOT THE **KING-SIZED**
ONE ALL THE WAY IN

TAKE IT OUT...

TAKE IT OUT... PLEASE
SOB IT'S KILLING ME....
PLEASE...TAKE IT
OUT...

ALL IN GOOD
TIME SAILOR BOY...
ABOUT **30 MINUTES** WITH
THAT THING UP YOUR **HOLE**
AND YOU'LL BE READY FOR
SOME **REAL WEST-POINT**
DICK!





WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A
TASTE OF YOUR PORK ROLL
WHILE I TWIST
THIS BUTT PLUG
AROUND AND
SHOVE IT IN AND
OUT TO LOOSEN
HIM UP
REAL
GOOD

SLURP

"We didn't give the big blond fucker any room to recover, either," one of the future generals is later reported to have claimed. "Another fat hard-on was jabbed back into that hunky asshole's mouth before he could even catch his fuckin' breath." By which time "we were horny enough to fuck a fascist."

That final parody of a real cock was then yanked loudly from the Midshipman's bruised backside. The gang-bang began.

One after another, repeatedly, the piebes laid pie inside that gaping, stretched tunnel, huffing and sweating on top of the groaning athlete, discharging load after steamy load of man-juice into his battered hole. As they did this they carefully, according to a well-rehearsed set of plans, reached down to skin the captive's dick into reserved hardness and, accompanying this activity, the other attackers grabbed themselves handfuls of Mike's big tits, cupping as much of his high-sucking pecs as they could fit in their palms, pinching and teasing, sensitizing the swelling love buds, playing with the nubs, making them stand up on their own.

All of this was to determine the outcome of a private bet, to see which of the big-socked West Pointers could be the first to crack the quarterback's gigantic nuts. The initial anticipation was that several hours of hard rape might have to pass before that bet would be settled but, to their surprise, the hunky cadets found that what their hard-driving cocks were doing to the deflected Midshipman's joy-spot from the inside was too much for his virility to take. "After a while it got to be a fuckin' joke," one of the other gang bangers confided afterwards, groping himself as he recalled the steamy scene. "I mean, that big cunt just couldn't stop himself from shooting ball-juice, once every ten minutes or so, right to the point where all anyone of us had to do was climb aboard and diddle his cunt a bit and whomp: there'd go another giant load, splash."

With Singleton's man-head slick and wide, the cadets decided to move on up to the next stage of their remorseless plan, to break the Midshipman's delicate ass-hole even more. Giggling insanely, one of the naked piebes slid his hard-musled body under the tied-down hunk, inserting his rampant rammer up into the cavernous chute with no trouble at all. In fact, he revealed, "that bung of Mike's was already so wide I think we could've driven an Alfa-Romeo two-seater up inside, if not an 18-wheeler." It certainly was wide enough to permit a second of the football star's ravagers to get atop the sweating body, drilling his own monumentally extended organ into that very same opening, at precisely the same time.

Whatever screaming the double impalement would have elicited from the bucking young prisoner was, needless to say, stifled by yet another big West Point part, the one stuffing back to the hit down the protecting throat. For the next several hours a continuous triple-fuck went on behind that locked door while, across the dormitory hall, Singleton's fellow Midnies slept on, oblivious.

Even after this gross outrage to the straight young dude's tanned and hunky body was finished the athlete's insatiable attackers did not depart. Reports indicate that the leader of the pack, the cadet sergeant previously identified as "Dave", observing that Mike's bung hole was now really wide enough for that aforementioned 18-wheeler, decided to "go the last mile" with "the shithead."

What he meant by that was made immediately evident as he lowered his thickly muscled hand between the captive's downy, smooth-skinned thighs, screwing one, two, three, four ... five crawling fingers into the rectal sheath, grinding them around up to the knuckles.

And beyond.
 "Wwwwwwwwssssshhhkkkkrrrrrr," young Singleton wailed, his mind cracking wide open. "Mmmmmmmssssshhhgggg!"
 "It blew our trigg'n' minds," my cadet informant said. "Sure, we'd all talked about f**t-fucking the asshole—but to actually do it? Man, that was something else, you know what I mean?"

"Something else?" it may have been, all right, but "Dave" was utterly determined to "glove" his entire hair-flecked forearm right up to the elbow, slowly but surely he forced his working hand past the anal rings and let the wrist disappear up into Singleton's sailor-cussy, all the way. The Midshipman went bonkers, rolling his crew-cut head on his thickly corded neck, mouth slack, eyes glazed. "He's fucking me with his arm, man," reliable sources have him babbling in an erotic frenzy, completely out of it in that naked, speed-eagled bondage, listening to the slick slurping sounds Dave's arm was making as the cadet sergeant increased the pace of the hand-fuck, giving the big seamen the best in-and-out of his entire life. "I've got a whole fuckin' arm up my goddam Navy butt!"

"Shut up, bitch," Dave snapped, glancing up at his back-slapping Army buddies. "One'a you wanna take care of that, huh?" All the "screaming" was giving the sergeant a headache.

"Yes, sir, sarge," came the reply, two of the tape team eager to take care of the business. Mike suddenly found his mouth stuffed with not one but two gigantic West Point phalluses, cut and un, gleaming, vein map-like, the way they stood out just under the elastic flesh. "Chow down, cocksucker, a mouth like yours's got plenty of room for extra prickmeat."

The new assault made one of the two onlooking cadets whistle in admiration, sending him scrambling for the Yachkie he'd had the foresight to bring along. "We gotta get some shots of this." The sweat-drenched pipe was already snapping away, close-up and long shot. "Somebody get his helmet on—I want everybody who sees these pictures to know it's a fuckin' big-time football hero we tied up and ass-taped in here."

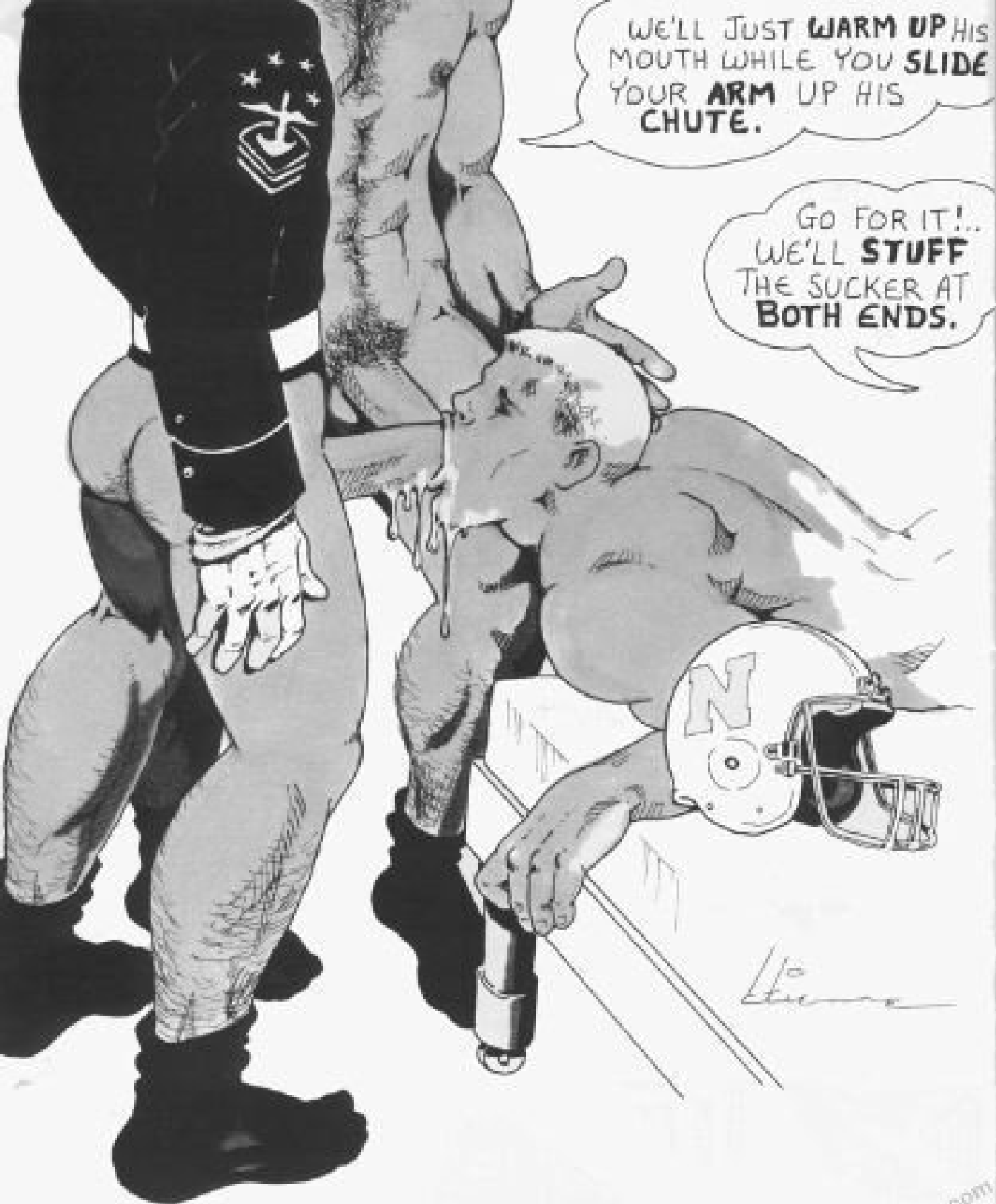




SOMEBODY STUFF
SOMETHING IN HIS
MOUTH... THIS
DOUBLE-DICKIN'S
MAKIN' HIM
SCREAM

HOLY SHIT!...
I CAN FEEL YOUR
ROD SLIDIN' AGAINST
MINE UP INSIDE HIS
HOT PUSSY.





WE'LL JUST **WARM UP** HIS
MOUTH WHILE YOU **SLIDE**
YOUR **ARM** UP HIS
CHUTE.

GO FOR IT!..
WE'LL **STUFF**
THE SUCKER AT
BOTH ENDS.

muscular young life. How could he deny it? Millions of viewers from coast to coast were spraying their beer right out of their mouths, shocked out of their brains to witness the phenomenal wads of hot creamy cum jetting madly out of their hero's wavingly rigid dong, live, in living color.

Uncensored.

The case will of course be going before a military board of inquiry but the results do seem as if this writing to be lincensured. Poor fucked-over Mike Singleton has reached the end of his gallant Naval career.

As for the well-built young cadets who perpetrated the brutal gang-rape of the hunky and demoralized young sailor, they disappeared into the crowd of fellow cadets, uniformed, who deliberately thronged around the float in order to delay the arriving authorities. There is, it would seem, no real way to identify them sufficiently enough for charges to be pressed in front of a court martial: with shavetail-type haircuts faces tend to blur together when seen on TV tape.

They got away with it.

And, incidentally, Army won. Twenty-two to ten.





SO LONG, BIG GUY,
... IT WAS FUN PLAY-
ING WITH YOU BUT
WE BETTER LET YOU
REST UP NOW FOR
TOMORROW'S **BIG**
GAME.

CHUCKLES

YEAH... NOT THAT YOU'RE
GONNA BE IN ANY SHAPE
TO DO MUCH DAMAGE
ON THE FOOTBALL
FIELD.

