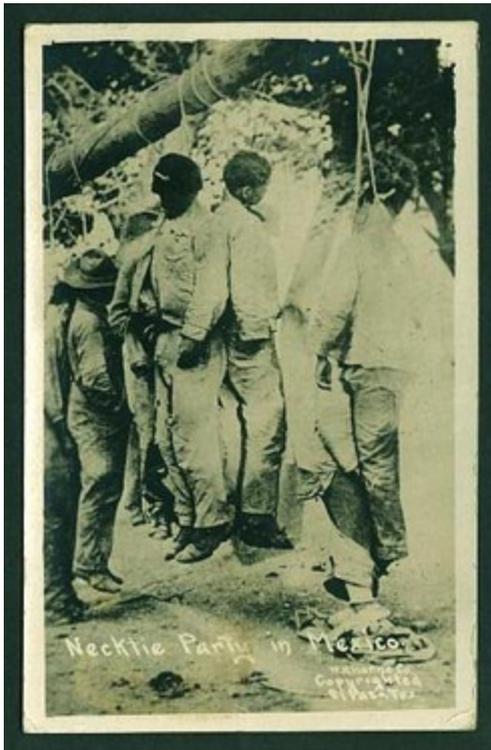


23 December 2006

Russian- Spanish breathtaking skirmish



Unidentified cowboys held a necktie party many years ago. A surviving postcard shows seven cowboys swinging above the ground. The overlaying script is written with a thick nib, uses a silver ink (no longer manufactured) and may be an addition after the necktie party event. It reads “Necktie Party in Mexico”, printed and copyrighted by a Texan firm. There is no postmark. How many grinning cowboys scribbled across the back of the postcard “Wish you were here?”

The military conducts necktie parties under a code of silence, out of sight and away from postcard photographers. It restricts necktie parties to a select few. In this case the Captain’s criteria starts with psychopaths past their use-by date and extends to cock and ball geeks from the barracks. The military orders opposing forces to challenge one another to a necktie party. The combat calls for gutsy soldiers to hang, strangle and choke opponents within the framework of a military necktie party. Prospective participants would do well to consider the details shown in this historic postcard compared with the military necktie party.

- A solid timber log versus a temporary construction for a gibbet/gallows.
- thin rope secured around log versus thicker rope rigidly secured with more options
- no particular noose heads versus ready made noose heads
- seven hanging cowboys versus seven hanging soldiers to start with

- Hanging cowboys close together on one gibbet versus hanging soldiers spread across a number of gibbet frames.
- one hanging cowboy wearing hat versus bare-headed and bare-necked soldiers
- two bulges sticking out of trousers versus a number of bulges sticking out of camouflage trousers
- fully clad cowboys versus bare-chested soldiers
- some cowboy boots removed versus soldiers all wearing boots
- no exposed cowboy cocks versus exposed and worked over soldier cocks
- photographer of hanging cowboys only versus no photographer

The military policemen are tasked from time to time as the Captain's bodyguards. During this necktie party the Captain orders them to fight alongside him rather than protecting him. In turn the two Drill Instructors fight with no bodyguard protection. Selected military policemen may act as "rulers" giving practical decisions required by a combat situation for instance, supplying reinforcements and directing soldiers to particular situations. Soldiers are discouraged when their targets' cocks fail to spurt. The mp "rulers" resolve such complaints; in some instances it's useful to adjust the noose, task a cocksucker and/ or masturbator; sometimes the soldiers' cocks respond more profusely when they are noosed in turn; the cocks can still be used for choking. Engineers construct the breathtaking combat site. These engineers have the bravado to dare the Captain when he inspects the site. The Captain removes his shirt. They fit a noose around his neck and position it on his hairy, barrel sized chest. Everybody agrees: his days as a sniper target are long gone but he looks good here. The engineers expect him to hang a soldier or two by way of example. He accepts the dare: danger has its own rewards. He tries on the noose. It cuts into and slightly burns his neck. The engineers apply gun oil on the noose and adjust the short rope. Yanking the short rope attacks his breathing; in the necktie party he would be face-to-face with a strangler unless he defends himself. The rope is too short for full length suspension above the ground. That's poor planning. The Captain laughs. What happens when a lucky soldier nooses him? He demands to swing fully stretched from the gibbets with his cock and balls exposed in a lineup of hanging soldiers. Yes, his cock is thick and big enough to look impressive alongside other exposed cocks. It's important during the necktie party that cocks blow. Most blow profusely for the last time. The engineers attach a start/ stop whistle to the noose. It looks good on his hairy chest--especially after the barber shaved a hanging marker around his neck. Markers are helpful when natural lighting is dim. The barber shaved markers on necktie party volunteers including some military policemen. The shaving markers identified soldiers who declared an interest in noose fighting. The Captain's professional respect nose-dived in the two Drill Instructors leading the opposing units. He wanted them to identify the soldiers' hanging, strangling or choking proficiency in advance. The

military police had hearsay evidence. The authorities stopped official records. From now on any live troops—Captains and Drill Instructors included-- fight to a glorious end or swing in a necktie party. The only spectators permitted arrive after the event to stack fallen soldiers in body bags. Otherwise every soldier fights in the killing ground. Soldiers enjoy close quarter combat where brawn has a bearing on the outcome.

The site facilities impress him. There are four gibbets constructed like spokes on a wheel. The engineers strengthened the central pole. This will hold up the soldiers' weight during live combat and hanging activity. Steps lead up to a raised area underneath the gibbets. This is their first gibbet construction for a military necktie party. They took special care modifying the narrow wooden railings beneath the gibbets. The railings provide an additional platform for attack. Some nooses are already fixed with long ropes and secured to tent pegs down below. The Captain instructs them to position loose nooses within easy access. The authorities establish the necktie party with no escape, no rescue. Military police execute: nicely phrased they confiscate the breath of soldiers without the guts to tackle the challenge. MPs assist to get the close-quarter combat going but they too hang, strangle and choke. No rescue? Any assistance is to intensify the hanging, strangling and choking. There are degrees of unconsciousness leading up to the last breath. The breathtaking experience for both the hangers and hanging soldiers will be outstanding. Other railings conveniently fence in three areas. The fenced in areas are featureless, grass paddocks dominated by the gibbets. Through habit rather than specific orders the engineers put in a piss trough—it's rectangular, deep enough to hold the fighters' piss and high enough for face-to-face inspection. The Captain read a classified report on an overseas military unit specializing in bare-handed strangling. The Drill Instructors liked his idea to tie in the necktie party with a bare-handed strangling posse. The last tie in will be a breathtaking surprise— a choking on cocks posse.

The engineers turn on to their work. It's a pleasure to meet the deadline. As a result of their work soldiers will have a killing zone where they can concentrate on hanging, strangling and choking. The Captain took the initiative and outlined a choking on cocks spew proposal. The activity stops when the cocks spew or the soldiers fall unconscious. Yes. Cocks stuffed in mouths make a deadly weapon. It's a fact that Engineer cocks spew as profusely as soldier cocks.

“Move, move up to the gibbet. Step up onto the railings.”

He picks up a loose noose.

“I'm told engineer cocks spew as profusely as other soldiers' cocks.”

He gets their attention.

“You, step over there!”

He singles out a soldier.

“For playtime purposes let’s examine engineer cock. Throw the noose over his head. Pull the noose so that he feels it around his throat. He imagines what the noose is like when it’s fully tight. Leave it loose.”

He beckons the soldier to stand on the top railing. He selects another three soldiers. “Remember you are still in playtime. Imagine the noose is drawn tight around your throat. Imagine the rope is secure. Imagine you swing. You see/ hear an enemy soldier approaching.”

He beckons the second soldier to stand below and follow instructions, looks the hanging soldier full- frontal.

“You imagine you have the strength to scissor your boots around his neck. The enemy soldier undoes the web belt, opens up the camouflage trousers. He clenches your cock and balls together. Go on. Clench until it hurts. He’s missing out on noose pain.”

The second soldier gets into the swing.

“Imagine he’s desperately trying to put his boots firmly down on your shoulders. He scissors his boots around your neck. He imagines you start to choke. There are verified cases where hanging soldiers have succeeded in strangling attackers with their boots. Of course, the immense strength required to strangle intensifies the work of the noose. It usually requires the intervention of a third soldier to finish the attacker off. It’s more likely you go down on his cock. Go down. See everybody-- the erect cock responds to the life threatening situation.”

The second soldier, the cocksucker goes down on his knees, adopts a waist high position. He opens his mouth wide to wrap over the thick cock. When comfortable he starts sucking.

“Go on. Suck until it spews.”

He beckons to the third soldier.

“Firmly take hold of his neck, apply pressure. Gradually cut back on his taking in breath pauses.”

The cocksucker struggles between the cock and his head locked in position. The cock stuffs his mouth, starts to choke him.

“Keep the pressure up.”

The tongue of the hanging soldier juts out for breath. The cock spews. The cocksucker gags. The fluid is trapped in his mouth. He gags again. The Captain considers he has been co-operative; he releases the head from the locked position. The mouth disgorge the spew and the thick cock. He beckons the third soldier to follow instructions.

“Imagine the third soldier locking in the cocksucker’s head. Hold the head this way. See the cocksucker will choke.”

The engineers take the instructions in their stride.

“Meanwhile back to the hanging soldier. His dizziness distracts him from the working noose. The blood rushes to the brain. Show us your tongue. It will protrude. You

swing your legs into mid-air. The boots suddenly become dead weight. Your balls itch. Your cock juts out. You feel it spewing for the last time. This is your service in a military necktie party. Wait there.”

He beckons the fourth soldier to move forward.

“Pick up as noose. Put it over the third soldier’s neck. Yes. The third soldier is choking his target to death. Here’s an opportunity to double the killing pleasure. Rule one is to make him finish off the target he is choking. Rule two is to throw the noose and tighten it around his neck. Entangle him so that he fully chokes the target with both stretched arms but is free to enjoy the tightening noose, the dizziness caused by the cut back in breathing, pain, relief when the third soldier expires. Wait a minute. It’s unfair. He’s scored only one kill. He sees the rope swung over the gibbet, secured to a peg. A distant soldier shouts Hoist him up!”

The Captain stops him at this point.

The Captain looks around the railings: other engineers have opened up their camouflage trousers.

“Form up on the ground for cock inspection.”

He unsheathes a castration knife from his boot.

“I’m sure you anticipated this knife in the killing ground. Choke on cocks includes live soldiers stuffing real cocks into mouths. They can stuff balls too, if there is room. Feel the excitement, alarm and gratification as you fight. Make sure you spew during the fighting.” He looks them fully in the eyes.

“Pull them out, balls too. Stand at ease.”

They stand at ease. One dares to point to his bulge.

“Want to see, eh? You’re making a reasonable request. Oh, oh. Surprise...”

The circumcised cock head juts out to complete the lineup. The cock overhands a big set of balls. Everybody looks closely. He grasps a soldier’s cock and balls, makes a slicing gesture with the knife.

“Rousing, eh? It’s a fact of life for some cocks.”

He notices the size range of balls from small to maximum.

“Hey. Look at this.” He exclaims, picks on another soldier.

“It’s almost as if the balls are impressed with the knife. Look at his big, tight balls. I’m sure the sight of such splendid cocks and balls inspire soldiers into action. Steady there!”

The cock starts to dribble. He addresses all of them.

“You made me a personal noose. I will attach severed cocks and balls. This will inspire the soldiers during the combat. The site facilities meet the required standards. You have permission to try things out. No questions asked. The paperwork is taken care of in case of fatalities. If the quartermasters were here I’m sure they would issue

you with necessary items. Help yourself in the box over there. Ensure I get cocks and balls in time for the combat. It's time for me to attend to other duties."

He leaves the site. Two sets of cocks and balls arrived in time for the combat. He put them on the noose. The mystery of where they came from was solved when he learnt they came from previous combat. All the engineers joined in the necktie party. He has a hit list. Two engineering privates impressed him with their strong arms and hands when they constructed the gibbet. He reckons they will take to strangling like ducks to water. He expects their physical power and newly found enthusiasm will result in them terminating more experienced stranglers.

Most of the soldiers are fired up to start fighting. There are always a few soldiers who would prefer to fight with other weapons. The military has fit today's fighters into various categories—cannon fodder, physically trained to hoist heavy noose targets onto gibbets, firm necks and strong arms to carry out noosing, strangulation and choking. The geeks boast of their cocks and balls before playtime. The same cocks and balls will be busy during playtime; some will spurt profusely, some will attract cock suckers who in turn attract nooses. The Captain insists on such cock-play wherever possible. His combat experience has proven to him the worth of threats: soldiers perform best when their erect cocks are straining in their camouflage trousers. The sight, and preferably feel, of a target choking to death is a huge turn-on. There are over seventy combatants. The military authorities fully endorse a necktie party as part of breathtaking combat. Who's breathless now? The soldiers grunt. The warriors bring maximum brawn to the party. Their strong arms, necks and shoulders count for more in this killing ground than the conventional weapons they leave behind. The rules of engagement will be explained shortly. When does the hanging start? How many targets will fit onto the gibbet? They have no idea of the target scope-- few, many or a fight to the Last Man Standing. The bulges behind their camouflage trousers show their male enthusiasm. Before the formal parade starts they adjust their bulges. They are ready to play ball with the authorities. Some grin when predictable rumors threaten cocks. In turn the Drill Instructors examine them down from the neck to the bulge. There is an emphasis on capturing necks in this breathtaking close quarter combat. The gibbet area weapon is nooses made of rope; for today the noose heads are greased with spare gun oil. This positions the rope around the necks for a first degree of comfort. After that the soldiers yank the noose heads tight. From then on hanging soldiers is physically very harsh. It's a tough challenge for both hangers and the hanging.

Dress of the Day is dog tags on bare chests, boots, web belts and camouflage trousers. The soldiers discarded underwear long ago. More or less the Spaniards have thick hairy chests, a Mediterranean look. Mostly the Russians have smooth chests. Both

sides have strong arms necessary for hoisting heavy targets. Shoulders are solid to permit soldiers to stand on whilst fighting. Combat boots are regulation only and covered in dirt.

Two language translators come from the other ranks. The Captain and the two Drill Instructors have instructed them to keep any translations simple. They will be in harm's way for they will be located upfront.

The two opposing units comprise over thirty soldiers on parade led by a Drill Instructor. He provides an additional three soldiers for roaming duties. They issue weapons, roam around the killing ground to re-supply as necessary and finish off targets by request. The first stores issue is a picky knife requested by the Spaniards. A mercenary magazine claims it is useless for Rambo style combat but it has a proven record. Marines off-the-record and mercenaries from here and there swear by its ease for castration. Soldiers testify that the removal of assorted military cocks and balls gives them prime satisfaction. The magazine article published an African war movie photo with a cheeky caption "Size matters!" The knob of a long, thick cock juts out from a dead soldier's mouth. The dead soldier is smiling for the cameras.

In turn the Russian Drill Instructor expects the killing field to have nooses primed for throwing on fully constructed gibbets.

The military policemen from both Russian and Spanish units are volunteers eager for close quarter combat. They want life-threatening targets to work over, No Spectators, No Rescue, No Prisoners and No Escape. They listed soldiers who showed enthusiasm for kill-or-be-killed close quarter combat.

By comparison both Drill Instructors discipline cannon fodder as unit volunteers.

1. First up fuckup soldiers. These are whacko wildcards who surprise overconfident soldiers with brutal, deadly action. They require a posse to overcome them but achieve a high kill rate. Usually they have choice necks to noose or strangle.
2. Second up geeks--exhibitionist soldiers. They want everybody in the barracks to see their cocks and balls. Remove them for all to see and gag lucky mouths.
3. Third up goof soldiers who bungle. This covers a wide range of military misadventures—nay, fuckups-- from shirking duties to insufficient support during combat. Best to let the enemy terminate them.

Today's close quarter combat is a killing fiesta: substitute soldiers in place of bulls. Special soldiers have bull-sized balls in common with the bulls. These are desirable targets in themselves. The combat itself is back-to-basics: hunt, select, capture, kill the target.

The Parade is a sound idea. The challenge is to motivate soldiers to fight to the death in a static position. The Captain likes the formality of a Parade like the Roman Gladiators. The soldiers settle down into a well-rehearsed Drill routine. They march right around the outskirts of the killing ground; they digest the central execution

feature. There are rail fences beside four timber gibbets. Evidently this is a military necktie party.

The units form up side by side, Drill Instructors in front facing the Captain and two translators. For awhile the Drill Instructors command the soldiers to look ahead. The Captain wears the start whistle on a greased rope around his neck. Two severed sets of cocks and balls hang from the greased rope across the Captain's hairy chest. He inspects the parade so that the soldiers see them close up. He sets the daring example—cocks and balls are desirable combat trophies. They fight wearing camouflage trousers and boots because they are soldiers. Close quarter combat has its own momentum. Sometimes it's imperative to noose the target first and secure him so that he can't escape. Sometimes an exposed cock is an attraction. Sometimes a buddy helps to open the web belt. It's the first step in exposing the cock, maybe dragging down the trousers to the boots. The target is caught in a neat trap between a tight noose and soldiers assaulting his cock and balls. Ouch!

Their eyes focus on the Captain's hairy chest, the severed sets of cocks and balls. They understand that the forthcoming combat eliminates discharge plans; military police will execute escapees; but, everybody is a life-threatening target. It's fine. The time is dedicated for killing, soldier's fun. When the soldiers form ranks their eyes partly scour the formation searching for attractive targets. The identification of close quarter combat targets improves during the parade. A surprising number of soldiers toy with but decide against selecting the Captain and the two Drill Instructors.

The set up is simple. There is a dedicated killing ground with execution facilities. The close quarter combat is deliberately designed to use brawn, brute force, nooses and castration knives.

The Captain's wish is that many cocks stand in the upright position. The hanging soldiers will swing above the ground. Soldiers will be encouraged to undo trouser buttons to allow their cocks to jut out. Nonetheless, pull down the trousers for full cocks and balls exposure.

The Captain demands soldiers work over the cocks.

All this permits fun where soldiers engage in no-restraint, terminal fights.

A Russian Point of View:

The gibbets are well-constructed. The Spaniards look as if they are heavy soldiers. It's going to take brawn-power to hoist them up to the scaffolding. The noose ropes look thick enough to make a solid impression on the targets' necks. There seem to be adequate pegs to secure the nooses.

The 'strangulation' area is within sight of the gibbets and is fairly basic. The Russian Drill Instructor designates one area for a preliminary tackle. Soldiers test their hands

and strength on real necks. For some this is a warm up prior to Prime Strangling. Soldiers form circles—one Russian, one Spaniard—but in uneven numbers such as 3, 5, 7. The soldiers raise and press both hands into the neck. At least one thumb will press into the adams apple, the rest of their hands wrap around the necks. The pressure from the grappling action intensifies as head lightheadedness appears. The physical objective is to move beyond this head lightheadedness. Imagine the surprise moment: the Drill Instructor orders soldiers to instantly select and terminate a target at random from their 3, 5 & 7 groupings. It's unfair but it's the fortunes of service in the military. The Drill Instructor's cock responds when tongues pop out; he applauds soldiers who achieve this result with their strangling; his cock shoots whilst the soldiers finish the strangling.

The Prime Strangling is terminal, uninhibited strangling again with bare-hands. In this killing area there is every reason to kick and crush balls—soldiers will hasten to stop the excruciating pain by strangling each other. On the other hand survivors can finish off the wounded targets from the adjoining 'choking' area. The Russian hit list originates from a military policeman and starts with the Russian Drill Instructor.

A Spanish Point of View:

The Spanish Drill Instructor believes in soldiers choking on cocks and balls. During his service in Northern Africa fighting against tribesmen he witnessed many instances of soldiers with full cocks and balls in their mouths. He also saw first hand the tribesmen wearing cocks and balls around their necks—a manly form of necklace. His early service was rough. He remembers vividly the execution squads and the necktie parties. The noose is the ultimate personal weapon for him. He is deeply satisfied when the target struggles, the cock erects, the face turns purple and the tongue juts out. He admits that his own cock shoots during necktie parties. Nevertheless, he admits the castration knife has inspired many Spanish soldiers to intense combat. Paradoxically the threat to their own cocks and balls has motivated them to avoid capture by the enemy at all costs. The threat has imposed another disciplinary measure on soldiers fighting in difficult times. He knows the Captain is unimpressed with the lousy combat performance of his soldiers. The Captain is disciplining him by forcing some of his soldiers to fight with the knife. It's true that they welcome fighting with this knife; it's inevitable that many fighters will choke on severed cocks and balls. The Captain attacks his weakness: he dreams about the fiesta of his soldiers' severed cocks and balls but, at the same time, he will be dismayed when they choke to death on them. By comparison the military policemen fight mostly in the necktie party. It's very unprofessional but a reality in his military life: he has a grudge against two Spanish military policemen. They both have whopper balls and full sized cocks. He listened to field complaints that they refused reasonable requests for sex. Well, if they aren't prepared to use them, it's time to lose them. He

puts their names down on his hit list. He wants their whopper balls; be careful what you wish, as we shall see, he chokes on them down his gullet. The Russian Drill Instructor passes his castration hit request down the line. The Russian military policemen take pride in carrying out the castration; the Spanish Drill Instructor is the ideal target to choke on a set of whopper balls. Which lucky soldier will choke on the second set?

The Piss Trough:

The seventy or more fighters march to the necktie party killing zone. Military policemen direct fighters who wish to take a piss to the trough. The combat starts off low key in the piss trough. They pee from opposite sides, look at their targets' cocks and necks, and even aim piss at their targets' chests. Some soldiers like the look of their targets. They mumble simple questions. Hanging? Strangling? Choking? One 'rejected' soldier grabs his target by the scruff of the neck and shoves the target's face in the piss. A military policeman signals "Go Ahead!" The piss level is insufficient to drown in easily. He grips the target's head so that the attacker strangles him properly. Two other couples take this signal; start strangling one another across the piss trough with bare hands. Bystanders from behind undermine the safety of camouflage trousers; they release the stranglers' dribbling cocks and yank them erect. The stranglers struggle for awhile seemingly with little progress but erect cocks. Later rather than sooner the first cock spurts profusely. The strangler applies extra pressure to the target's neck. It's not enough to kill the target. He nods to an eager private to help him finish the target off. Meanwhile, his cock dribbles one or twice then spurts profusely into the trough. The other couple progress beyond cock spurting to purple faces and jutting out tongues. The military policeman feels his cock jump to attention. The fighters are still lining up to piss into the trough spurred on by the stranglers ahead.

Hanging Party: The First Hangings

The engineers are proud today. The fighters face a test with the nooses. It takes a little time to get used to the handling of the nooses. The cowboys in necktie party postcards had simpler ropes. Today's nooses are heavier; the rope is woven in a different way; the noose heads are more efficient.

A military policeman—not sure if he's Russian or Spanish—is the first target to hang. The noose head is firmly positioned around his neck. Two soldiers hoist the long noose and secure it to the ground. The target is now in the swinging position, boots thrashing around for a secure footing. A soldier steps forth, opens up the target's web belt, undoes the camouflage buttons, and exposes the cock and balls. The target has an ordinary set of cock and balls but they remain floppy for the moment. The target is unable to escape his fate. He relaxes to enjoy his own hanging. He's pleased he is the

first to hang; he's setting an example. Aha. His balls itch; his cock moves; he starts to feel dizzy; somebody tightens the noose; damn it the noose cuts into his neck; he feels his face flush; it's nice to hang with his erect cock primed to spurt; he sees two soldiers noosed nearby; looks good, he will have company; oh shit, his tongue juts out; he can't hold back his cock any longer; whee, feel it, whee, oh, feel it spurt; he looks down on his cock for the last time; his eyes glaze over. In a combat twist, the two soldiers who hoisted him up are prime targets for future nooses. They behave like bunglers albeit bunglers who have successfully hung a target but are not skilled enough to avoid prompt capture. The hangings are surprisingly spaced out. The Captain wonders how long the cowboys took to hang targets in the postcard. Some soldiers are shaken; they are deeply amazed, thrilled and alarmed at the display of hanging soldiers. It's unusual to be part of a hanging fiesta. The experienced soldiers are satisfied with the slow method hangings; they consider the broken neck "drop" method eliminates pleasure. There is time to watch the progress from head dizziness to the purple faces, the jutting tongues. So far the cocks have responded well to the nooses. Two military policemen impressed the Captain with timely unfixing noosing; they noosed two soldiers in the act of strangling two cock suckers. They played with the nooses; the stranglers terminated their targets whilst the nooses choked them to death. The military policemen enjoyed the multiple killing. They kept in mind the cock suckers' cocks for choking. They needed reinforcements to hoist and secure the targets on the gibbet. The crotch area of the targets' camouflage trousers was already wet both with piss and spent cocks. The hanging area is slightly overcrowded on the ground but there is room on the gibbets for more targets. In the melee it's clear that everybody within the area is a target. It's just difficult to follow the narrative chronologically. The fixed nooses are used up in the first part of the necktie party. The Captain thought it would be opportune to break at this point. He's tasked the "roaming duty" soldiers to slice off cocks and balls and stuff them into the mouths of the fallen. He's envious of their fun. His personal noose has two severed sets. Perhaps they would like their own nooses with severed sets. On the other hand he could reward them with genuine nooses for practical use. To Be Advised. The soldiers catch their breath; walk across to the piss trough.

The Strangulation Area:

The Russian Drill Instructor is rattled when the aggressive soldiers chuck out his plan. They obey his initial order to form up in circles but—man o man—it's too static. The two translators establish the fighters want to "throttle" the Russian Drill Instructor in addition to other targets. The common word for usage during the fight becomes "throttle" with a local variation for "yes?" The Russian military policemen diffuse the tense situation. By contrast to the static plan the soldiers warm up by stalking targets; they try out their arms on necks; every soldier experiences the

preliminary stages of strangling. The Spaniards are happy to strangle Russians including the Drill Instructor.

The next incident is a genuine surprise. The “roaming duty” soldiers carry in bodies on their shoulders. The bodies are from the piss trough. They line them up back to back. Next they castrate them, swap and shove the cocks and balls into their mouths. They call for volunteers to masturbate over the bodies. The volunteers are mindful that this may be the last time their cocks spurt. The Spaniards are pleased when the Russian Drill Instructor shows the stranglers his cock. The Russian takes his time, and waits for other volunteers to shoot first. A “roaming duty” soldier declares the “throttle” starts when the Russian Drill Instructor’s cock spurts. The Russian Drill Instructor is satisfied with this turn of events but not the military fact of his almost immediate termination. Another “roaming duty” soldier takes on the challenge to strangle him. The work is tough. The Russian neck almost slips out of his grasp. He momentarily stuns the Russian with an arm kick to the neck followed by smashing his nose. He regains the initiative and proceeds to strangle him with intense force. The Russian’s tongue pops out. He locks the head in a vice. The strangling is nearly over. Across the strangling pit Russian fighters see their Drill Instructor “buy the farm” in slow motion. The “roaming duty” soldier snaps the neck as he lowers the Russian’s body to the ground. The three “roaming duty” soldiers leave; they report to the Captain in the hanging area. They miss—and the dead Russian Drill Instructor misses-- seeing the soldiers in top close quarter combat form. It’s surprising that every fighter excelled including the goofs/ bunglers given the aborted start. The Captain was correct about the two engineers. They strangled two military policemen who underestimated the threat from the engineers. The pleasure was deeply satisfying for both parties. The amazed two military policemen enjoyed the progress of their own strangulation. The engineers did a top job. The strangulation was great by the arms of real soldiers. The fighting ground to a halt when the stranglers were exhausted. Two goofs grinned from ear to ear over the bodies of two strong military policemen.

The Choking Area:

The Spanish Drill Instructor’s plan is ditched. The fighters are too aggressive for what he had in mind. The first phase is a warm up with fists, punches and kicks. An unexpected amount of blood pours down smashed in faces. Balls are intact but very sore. He lets this go on until they run out of steam.

The two translators exert their brains on basic dialogue for the next segment. They agree that the key word to shout is “Balls!” in English. The victor shouts it when he holds up a sliced set of cock and balls for admiration. This is to provoke fighters to continue.

Four/ five/ six soldiers capture a target, spread-eagle him to the ground. They undo the front of the target's camouflage trousers; take out his cock and balls. They settle him down comfortably on the ground, pull out their knives, threaten his balls and taunt his cock to adopt the erect position. Sharp knives spur cocks into action. The target is trapped in a unique situation. He cries out in his own language "Release me. I will fuck any of you with my splendid cock. Stop them cutting off my balls." A soldier manhandles them. In his own language slang "Sure, cut off his balls!" The soldiers laugh as the cock spurts. "Terrific!" One soldier slices off the cock and balls with the efficient knife. Another soldier holds up the severed set and shouts "balls!" They may force them down his throat; he daydreams of a swap with a thick, juicy cock jutting out of his mouth and whopper balls down his gullet. His daydream is fulfilled. He hears the shout of "balls!" three times. He looks around and sees them held up high. The sight is terrific. The four castrated soldiers wait from the spread eagle position. Yes, they look forward to choking slowly. The swapped cocks and balls give them terminal bliss. The soldiers settle down to enjoy the "rest"; in fact they have to pay attention to the cocks and balls slipping out. Choking on cocks and balls takes a long time when soldiers are restless between incidents.

The Spanish Drill Instructor knows his balls are in big trouble when the Captain arrives. Soldiers hot from the next door killing areas storm across to the spread eagle area. It's a picnic area decorated with four terminated targets. Four! Compare that with their hard work hanging and strangling. Anger! The visitors spontaneously brandish their knives above their heads, slash them into the air. The Captain is pleased with the energized killing lust.

The picnickers are stunned with the ferocity of the attack. Their superior numbers count for nothing against the power of the killing lust. Before they catch their breath they are spread eagled on the ground, cocks manhandled. There's little time for cock spurting. It's tough if the cock doesn't immediately rise to the occasion. Whack. There's an assembly line of cocks spurting and non-spurting. Whacko. The two goofs target the Spanish Drill Instructor; they couldn't care less which side soldiers are on; they love killing soldiers; they want his balls; they corner him, rip open his camouflage trousers; they wonder whether he wants spread eagling on the ground; they point; he knows this is the finale so he agrees; he spreads out in the spread eagling position; all of a sudden he is pinned down by new attackers. The attackers are impressed with the Spanish set of cocks and balls—erect cock responding to the threat of the knife, two big balls, their correction whopper balls. The Spanish Drill Instructor shouts out the well-rehearsed lines in his own language. "Save my balls!" The attackers play along with the message. "Sure, cut his balls off!" The erect cock likes the dialogue. It spurts like a cannon firing into the air. Cum splashes the two goofs and amuses them. Being goofs it takes them two turns to slice. The cock—well it was wet—and the balls—well they were whopper. They hear the occasional word

“Balls!” shouted around them so they hold up the prize and shout “Balls!” Thinking is a dense process for them. They wonder if the Spaniard might like to swap with his military policeman. The fallen Spaniards both choked on whopper balls.

Three picnickers panicked and ran from the spread eagle area. This was a personal, unwise move. Military policemen hunted, captured, dragged and handcuffed them on the fence. It was a short distance between the fence and the gibbet—enough for a last walk to execution. One military policeman spat on his charge and shouted “Coward!” in his own language.

The Heart of the Necktie Party: Second Round of Hangings

The fighters reassemble at the Necktie Party. It looks better than any postcard. The fighters gasp for breath. “Wow!” The Captain outstretches his arms as if to say “Look at this!” For over five minutes the fighters walk between the hanging soldiers, tug the camouflage trousers, and check details from head to foot. The dead faces are almost serene and some have a smile. The mass display of hanging soldiers is the true heart of the necktie party. Nobody says a word until a translator pulls out his erect cock. “Man. Look at it in the face of all this...” The second translator says “Stop. Leave your erect cock until we start fighting.” The “roaming duty” soldiers put on a splendid show with the rest of the fallen. The theme is comparable with their previous show in the strangling area. They line up bodies back to back on the ground and wherever possible stuff cocks and balls into the mouths. They place the cock heads jutting out first. The survivors applaud; they are tired after the first round of killing but they will shortly use loose nooses to continue in the necktie party.

The engineers scribbled “neckties” on the side of the container underneath the gibbets. Quarter masters dreamt of such containers full of new nooses. The noose heads were made out of pristine rope with a really solid knot. Who was ready for a necktie?

The Captain directs the two translators across to the stranglers. The two translators spoke for the longest time during the necktie event. “Congratulations on a top job. You strangled the fallen fighters with manly enthusiasm. Then you disciplined the cowards in the next area in your own way with the knives; remember they chose the knife; the quartermaster ordered a special box of knives for the occasion. There’s no obligation for you to join in the next round of fighting; you can sit passively; but we need your talent. If you join in the immediate task is executing the three cowards handcuffed to the fence. Understand then that all the fighters, translators included, want to noose you up close and personal. In particular the Captain wants you to discipline the military policemen with nooses. How about it?”

When soldiers are thick as a brick the finer points of conversation shoot past them. They latched onto “cowards”, “execution”, “nooses” and “target military policemen”. “Yes/ no?” “Where are the fucking nooses?” They kick the container open and each

pick up a noose. A procession follows—two engineers, three “roaming duty” soldiers, two translators, assorted military policemen and personnel. The Captain is reluctant to admit it but he hasn’t scored a hanging yet. A military policeman picks up two nooses; he conspicuously throws one to the Captain. The engineers in addition had failed to score a hanging.

The executions are carried out for the benefit of all the fighters to watch. Two of the handcuffed cowards are crying. Snivelers, eh? We’ll teach you to snivel. They unlock the handcuffs on the first sniveler, drag him across to the gibbet. The noose is too good for you. They pick out a noose with a long lead; pop the noose head around his neck; throw the noose over the gibbet; catch the end; hoist him up; secure the noose; rip open the camouflage trousers. Look at his puny cock! No wonder he was ashamed to show it off to the spread eagle knife party. Do we cut it off now? What’s the point of waiting? Is the noose cutting into your neck? Yes, the more pain the better. The stranglers are impatient with the slow hanging process. How long does it take? They pull the noose head tighter, play with the target’s balls. Grant you. The target’s cock opens up in an erect direction. The face goes purple. It’s about time. The target’s tongue juts out. Nice. The target stars on death row as his cock spurts.

The second sniveler: what are these guys doing in the military? Give us a break.

The third coward: aha. He’s got the best neck for hanging.

Let’s hang the coward threesome side by side. The stranglers execute the remaining cowards with more precision; but the hangings still take the same time. The cock pickings are better on these two cowards—and they’ve got proper balls, big balls. On balance it’s more satisfying for cocks to spurt in response to tight nooses than the threat of knives. The stranglers are angry. The cowards are shit. They want to hang tough soldiers who threaten their lives and their balls.

The starting of the necktie party itself is hanging on the health of the three cowards; the start moment is when the stranglers declare them dead. The other fighters start stalking targets. The barber hanging markers are useful to identify willing targets. They check out necks; jostle for position near targets; flex the nooses. It’s worthwhile watching the hanging progress of the coward threesome. Fighters gang up by stealth on both sides of the targets and lock the targets’ arms; then they place the loose nooses around the necks awaiting the start. The targets struggle to free themselves from the locks in silence for nobody utters a word until the official start; the struggle is frantic; and very few targets escape from the locks.

The fighters are nearly ready to go. The cocks on the two cowards are spurting. The stranglers pull the targets very tightly from the gibbet. The engineers erected solid gibbets. Out pop the tongues. That’s it! The stranglers announce “Dead!”

The necktie party recommences. One of the translators makes a dramatic plea “No!” in two languages. In truth he isn’t much of a fighter but he will hang well in the necktie party. His cock is already primed. Three noose heads lock into place. The

fighters struggle as they drag the targets across to the gibbets. Two fighters work over a target; throw the noose ropes over the gibbet; secure it; tighten the noose head; swing the boots; oh forgot to open the camouflage trousers. Two engineers get lucky here, score their first hangings and cock splash.

The ordinary members of the military groups prove to be better fighters than the military policemen. Their first catch is two “roaming duty” soldiers caught off guard. The tug-of-war to save the necks results in the noose heads putting intense pressure on the necks. The tug-of-war is defiant but fails to stop the attackers. The Captain tells all that this double hanging is the highlight of the entire necktie party. The lengthy hanging is packed with arousing detail--wild thrashing from their boots, the toughness of their torsos, the uncompromising erect cocks and balls spurting profusely, the way their tongues jut out and above all the finale with their bodies swinging from the gibbet.

the military policemen For all their bravado the military policemen deserve noosing. The strangler executioners are happy to obligeThe second catch includes two engineers who test out their work on the gibbets. Yep. The gibbets hold their weight as the nooses tighten around their necks. Thoughtful soldiers release the engineers’ cocks out of the camouflage trousers. The tightening nooses burn into their necks despite any grease. Oh, they already feel dizzy. Their engineer cocks, both uncircumcised, protrude outwards. They feel their balls manhandled; in truth two unknown soldiers stand in front of them grasping their balls with their left hands. They are here for the prize. The cocks spurt over their left hands. They use their right hands to castrate the spent cock and balls with the recommended knives. Then, in an imagined tradition dating back to Imperial Roman Gladiator bouts, they raise the severed sets of cocks and balls for all to approve. This is the last sight for the engineers as they move into the next world.

The veteran stranglers assess a range of targets in addition to the mps. At this point in the killing fiesta they are beyond restraint and primed for combat. It’s only now that they can see the barber’s hanging markers around necks. Cool. The markers identify targets including the Captain. The truth is that veteran stranglers happily terminate targets. The fortunes of combat—strong arms, shoulders and solid chests, primed cocks and balls-- will determine the swinging targets. By way of diversion, or satisfying a sexual necessity, the veteran stranglers persuade the Captain to provide two soldiers for them to fuck. They spread eagle the arse-cock-lovers in the stand upright position between hanging soldiers underneath the gibbet. They yank the camouflage trousers down to the boots. They make a pledge to the Captain: the last fuckers will strangle the two arse-cock-lovers when their cocks pump sperm right up the arses.

Four soldiers from both sides necktie the Captain. Their fighting during the necktie combat inspires them to reckless feats. They disrespect his authority; his shaved neck marks absolute suitability for noosing; his hairy chest turning slightly grey cries out for a manly execution. Yes, he inwardly praises their professionalism. The Captain's hanging is carried out as if following the pages of a textbook on necktie parties. His cock follows strict instructions rising beyond the occasion to splash two hairy chests profusely with sperm. In fact these two soldiers wipe the sperm through their chests. The mps as true soldiers enjoy the Captain's hanging but feel a pang of guilt in permitting it. They avenge the Captain's hanging on the four soldiers who executed him. The sentiment is right for mps. It's just that the veteran stranglers seize the opportunity to attack at an awkward moment during the noosing. They wait until the mps string up the Captain's executioners beyond the safety point of return; then they attack the mps; the noosed mps look out of this world. The nooses sit comfortably around their necks. Their tongues jut out. Their erect cocks spurted in uniform. Altogether they are an inspiration for the military necktie party. Thereafter the entire posse of soldiers joins in a final noosing. There are nooses aplenty but a shortage of hanging space on the gibbets.

The Spanish volunteer quartermaster enlists seven soldiers for his specialized combat action. They choose to choke each other on actual cocks and balls shoved down their throats rather than noose each other. The Captain has ordered mps to noose any combatants who somehow miss out on choking. The box of knives underneath the gibbets has well served the necktie party. They make way for the other combatants to use the nooses on the gibbets. They cordon off a concentrated area for slice play. Once they start any soldiers straying into the area will be targets. They pull down their camouflage trousers to their boots. It makes combat awkward but frees up the targets. They line up for mutual inspection of their eight sets of cocks and balls. An mp holding a loose noose moves across to the inspection.

"Brave enough for the noose?" the mp asks. "The Captain ordered mps to hang reluctant combatants".

"Is that so?" the quartermaster replies. "Anybody for hanging falls out now. See. No takers. You barge into our inspection provoke us with a loose noose. Come on, out with them, and show us your cock and balls."

"Sure. Inspect them." The mp pulls out his cock and balls.

"Are they good enough for slice play?" All eight soldiers laugh, agree "Yes! You keep looking in his direction. Go on. Inspect his balls thoroughly. Nice to slice, mouth and swallow, eh? Grasp them from behind."

The quartermaster takes out eight pristine knives with really sharp blades.

"During the inspection we treat each other by teasing cocks with the blades. Cocks rise and fall to the threat. By all means send over other combatants if they are

captivated by slice play. *Piss off now. Return to the gibbets before we noose you. A lucky soldier has the chance in a necktie party to tighten a noose around your neck. His cock will spew as he gives you the thrill of your life. Surrender to the tightness in your cock and balls. Splash him with sperm before your tongue juts out. Does the lucky soldier share our enthusiasm? Today's cheerful thought is that your assailant slices off your striking cock and balls, holds them up high. Then two soldiers noose him, work him over. Off you go!*"

By coincidence five out of eight sets sport genuine bull-sized balls. So, there's an added frisson; the castration progresses beyond animal bulls to life-threatening soldiers; in this instance the soldiers look forward to—where possible—forcing cocks to spurt for the last time and then slicing off cocks and balls. It follows that they desire to swap. The satisfaction comes from inserting, no shoving, sliced cocks and balls into mouths. They laugh but agree to position cocks jutting out headfirst. Then they want the soldiers to move around to show off. Their best intentions are for eight soldiers to line up for a terminal finale of mass choking. The choking itself will require arms of steel to hold down the sliced cocks and balls.

After about five minutes combat the noose combatants hear piercing shrieks away from the gibbet area. The sound fueled their imagination but they themselves had to concentrate on noose targets. The sound reinforces their combat determination to hang as many necks as possible. The display of soldiers hanging underneath the gibbets is impressive. The Spanish Drill Instructor would have been pleased with the performance of his chosen quartermaster. The eight sets of cocks and balls were sliced to a tee; initially it was difficult to open their mouths wide enough; then, huddling together, they applied the pressure and choked each other. The Spanish quartermaster was very pleased with the necktie party. The hangings were the main event but it was good to see so many soldiers using the knives and gaining deep satisfaction. His extra duties required him to slice a few sets especially before the second round of hangings. It was a little disappointing that only now was he himself threatened. Still, his cock rose to the threat. His cock spurted profusely before the combatant sliced it off. The knife's blade was really effective. He felt almost no pain for a short while. The complex moment of dismay and admiration came when the combatant held up the sliced set of cock and balls. Now, he was really proud. Ouch! Then the combatant shoved the set into a stunned soldier's mouth. A trio formed between the quartermaster, the current mouthing the set of cock and balls. The soldier adjusted to the insertion in his mouth, grabbed a spare set of balls, and firmly used the knife to slice them off. The quartermaster finished the job by slicing off the cock. The two of them were in the awkward position of holding a cock separately to the balls. A fourth soldier interrupted.

“Can I join in?” and proceeded to slice off the remaining intact set of cock and balls. The bull sized balls presented a mouthing problem. The quartermaster and all the combatants found it difficult to mouth them in addition to the full cock.

The remaining combat problem is choosing the last soldier to hang. The lineup of veterans ranges from stranglers, engineers, etc. Every soldier claims he scored a kill as well as excelling at cock spurting. For every soldier with a hairy chest there’s another soldier with a hairless chest. For every circumcised cock there’s an uncircumcised cock. A sergeant directs two soldiers to secure a long noose to pegs, and throw the noose over the gibbet and line up a loose noose head ready for action. The question is Will anybody volunteer? Yes? No? The sergeant chooses the mp that the Spanish quartermaster pissed off. The mp looks around for comrades to help him but sees many of them swinging from the gibbets. Damn! The sergeant orders soldiers to tackle the mp, drag him to the noose. The sergeant joins in the hanging, personally hoists the mp up for all combatants to see. There is a little confusion. He has a last wish. Let him speak before the noose tightens. Two soldiers lean forward to hear him whisper.

“Strangle, strangle the sergeant.” Then the mp settles down into the hanging routine. Firstly, the mp feels the noose burn into his neck then the dizziness. Somebody releases the mp’s cock which is slow to rise. He’s glad when somebody grabs his mp’s balls tightly. That feels better! It seems ages before his tongue pops out. Two soldiers smile. What a good idea! There’s no Captain to discipline them. The Drill Instructors are long gone. They strangle the surprised sergeant in front of the hanging mp. The sergeant puts up a valiant fight, kicks both soldiers severely in the balls but in vain. Nobody comes to his rescue. No way. He collapses underneath the gibbets full of hanging soldiers. The military necktie party just isn’t fair. Who knows what plan the military has for any survivors in an age of downsizing?