Another dawn shone over Evanston like a spotlight. The early morning alarm rang out from loudspeakers as patrols for the perimeter switched shifts. Luckily for me, I was always an early riser, waking up before the sun even crept up over the horizon. After signing a few piles of paperwork and inspecting my trusty handgun, I joined Colonel Wyatt and the other senior officers at the head table in the outpost’s main mess hall.

“So, how’s your breakfast, Lenny?”

Chewing on some hash and some scrambled eggs drenched in pepper, Staff Sergeant Leonard Schiller grumbled, “Same shit as always, Hammond…”

“I know,” mumbling, I stabbed an overcooked sausage and tore it apart with my teeth. “I heard you had trouble in your platoon’s barracks?”

“Yeah, but that’s what you expect out here.”

With the Colonel, his aide-de-camps and a few lieutenant colonels on one end, while I sat between them and the other officers, it was difficult to listen between two ongoing conversations. Then again, it felt like nobody could shut their traps in the mess hall, even if they were shoving food into said traps. Private Sullivan sat amongst them, mainly nibbling on some burnt toast while trying not to seem intimidated. Whenever his eyes would go in my direction, I’d steer mine away.

Breakfast eventually finished and Colonel Wyatt did morning announcements.

“And on another note, I’ll give the mic over to First Sergeant Hammond here. Before anyone leaves for their respective posts, he’ll discuss a voluntary assignment. Hammond?” The old dog sat back down at his table, allowing me to stand and pick up the mic in my paw.

“Thank you, sir,” I cleared my throat and stood straight up. “So, I trust you’re all familiar with the Cinderella Club and their escorts?”

Hoots and cocky whistles echoed throughout the barracks, mainly from the men. A couple female soldiers did express verbal interest, but the rest mainly stared ahead or groaned.

“Anyway, as the Colonel was saying, this is a strictly voluntary mission, but it does not mean it isn’t of the upmost importance. You’ve all heard rumors that the CEO herself is here in Evanston. Safe to say, the rumors are true, but I cannot go into details about the operation at this time, but we’ll need the most virile and brave of soldiers. Man or woman, high-ranking or low-ranking, it won’t matter. Anybody accepted into this will be guaranteed a bonus as well. If you want more information on this, go to the announcement boards to read the other prerequisites needed. Once again, this mission is voluntary, but in my opinion, you might enjoy yourself doing it. Do I need to answer any questions?”

Silence. A portion of the audience looked intrigued though. I couldn’t help but glance at Private Sullivan, staring wide-eyed at the prospect of a voluntary mission that promised a bonus.

“No? You’re all dismissed to your respective posts then!”

An hour later, a good one-third of the base had signed up. Now that was real patriotism.

We slashed away the first half who had mandatory duties, were married or didn’t have the sufficient requirements, then narrowed the margins down until we had a nice twenty-two candidates. Four women and eighteen men, all of them having attractive qualities. Unfortunately for me, the maximum number of applicants we could accept were eight. That meant I needed to spend an hour or two talking to Madam Ella in her hotel room about the candidates based on their appearance, until we eventually decided to try something simple out.

“…what?” I blinked at her. “You cannot be fucking serious…”

“Why not?” Madam Ella raised a stylized eyebrow at me. “We bring them to a room here, let them masturbate and root out the ones who last the longest.”

“It sounds stupid.” I argued.

“It sounds sound.” she countered.

“How the hell will it matter if we know how long my men can masturbate for?” I asked her. “A porno is a porno, and a soldier is a soldier.”

“Not only will we know their sexual stamina—not to mention what’s packing underneath those camo pants—but we’ll know what each of them sound like when they’re sexually charged. We don’t want to have Huxley result in the Devout suddenly deciding to launch missile strikes on just Evanston if they figure out the entire base volunteered, do we?”

I thought it over, muttering, “I don’t doubt you, but it still sounds ridiculous on paper…”

She giggled, “That I cannot deny, but this is the business.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Of pornography or psychological warfare?”

Madam Ella clicked her tongue mid-swig. “Both.”

After she managed to convince Colonel Wyatt about the plan to weed out our candidates, we got to work preparing the test. After which, I had an aide radio in each candidate to the Scarlet Oasis Hotel, then greet them in the lobby before telling them to line up outside Room 13B on the third floor. Nobody would be told what they were doing, only to enter the room when called in. They’d discover an empty hotel room with a bathroom, bed and a sizable TV showcasing various collections of porn. Gay, straight, bisexual, lesbian, threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes, orgies, first times, and whatever got you hard or wet.

A sign would be posted beside the TV: **Masturbate for as long as you can. Feel free to look through different kinds of pornography, but do not climax until you’re at your limit. As an order from First Sergeant Hammond with the permission of Colonel Wyatt, whatever happens in this room will stay in this room. If you are uncomfortable with having us observe you, and do not wish to participate in this experiment, please vacate and return to your post. Thank you, and long live the Western Republic of America!**

Although they were clearly nervous walking in, almost questioning why this was possible, most of the runners-ups complied. They lied down on the bed, unbuckling their uniform belts and letting their horny natures take over. This included girls as well as guys, though four did end up leaving due to the uncomfortable nature of the so-called ‘experiment’. For the whole day, me and the madam stood in a nearby room watching through hidden cameras.

Today, the always-stunning husky wore a plain grey turtleneck sweater, something that probably cost as much as her pearl necklace. The last time I saw something that expensive, it was pawned off for food back in L.A.

“Not him,” she pointed to the hyena in the room, his squirming moans carrying through the microphone. “He sounds like he’s getting castrated.”

My tail bristled at the image in my head. “I don’t understand how that—”

“If we’re going to do this operation, Sarge, we’ll at least need to have the partners know how to sound good. This one is cute and knows how to persist, but he’s not up to par.”

“I don’t understand, ma’am. Why do you care if they squeak during sex?”

“Because,” the husky drank from her mixed drink, “I’m a businesswoman, and even if this is for a classified mission for the Republic, I want to work with the best. And I say his girly cries and incoherent muttering about…” she sighed, “…schoolgirls, are not what we’re looking for. Plus, his habit of whining mid-stroke is too distracting if it’s the only kind of noise he’ll produce in front of the microphones.”

“Alright.” I sighed in defeat, knowing I couldn’t win an argument with her. “Fine then.”

I discreetly covered my crotch with a clipboard as we waited for Private Vale to finish, half-convinced Madam Ella would comment on my erection anytime soon. I couldn’t help myself though. At eight inches and pulsing with veins between his vigorous fingers, Private Vale’s cock could be seen as a perfect male specimen. Not too long or thick, but juicy enough to make any top want to service it.

His supple balls looked exquisite too, though if he weren’t fixated on straight porn, I could imagine myself turning Vale over onto his stomach, then slicken up my rod and pry his cheeks open to take it. I wouldn’t mind his whines or squeaks, not if they happened each time I’d thrust in and out of him.

The thought made me want to jerk off in the nearest bathroom. It made me want to slam the door shut and stifle my lips as I fished out my strained cock, grasped it and imagined how Vale’s ass felt clenching around it in a velvety vice. Having spent the past few hours looking over mostly male candidates made me antsy, to the point my length repeatedly stiffened and leaked inside my underwear.

“So why do you have this room?”

“Huh?” I cleared my throat and turned to the husky. “W-What do you mean?”

“These rooms?” Madam Ella glanced around. “These cameras, the room next door and the locks? Do you…regularly spy on guests here?”

“No, no, no…” I composed myself, “The room they are using is normally for defectors.”

“Defectors?” Cinder pressed on. “You mean border crossers?”

“Correct, ma’am.” I mumbled, my eyes trying to gaze away from the screen. “Once in a while, some Devout States civie or runaway soldier will defect to our side by making it through the Disputed Zone. It’s an extremely dangerous risk, really, but it can be worth it if they avoid the mines, wild animals or drone patrols. Until we actually know they’re not spies, we observe them from this room until they’re cleared.”

“Ah, I see…” she turned back to the monitor, then let out a soft chuckle. “Do you take some of my girls to this room? To properly test the soundproofing while you’re at it?”

“Nah,” I laughed shortly. “Well, not girls anyway…”

“Oh, okay. To each their own, then,” she said. “I assumed, since I’m the only female here right now, and I can smell the musk from your boner.”

My ears grew hot as an iron stove. “I’ll be in the restroom.” Setting the clipboard down, I went into the room’s bathroom and slammed the door shut to, uh…relieve myself of some tension.