I want to give a big shout-out to **Ben** and to **Ren Gredgers** for becoming Troublemaker Patrons! Thank you so much for your support, and I sincerely hope you all greatly enjoy Part 1 of my remastered Maverick Hotel story: *Making the Enemy Moan*!

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“Attention!”

My command could be heard throughout the loud, rickety school bus. Whatever casual conversations they had immediately grew silent. Every newly minted soldier diverted their gazes up front. Most of them were privates, but no matter their rank, all knew better than to let the sweltering heat distract them from listening. Well, save for one sorry recruit who fell asleep.

“*Attention!*” I shouted once more.

The sleeping squirrel suddenly jumped awake, yanked from whatever dream he’d escaped to (maybe remembering when he’d last fucked a lover, like most soldiers tended to reminisce on in boredom) and stared ahead. The other transfers on the bus hid their snickering, but immediately silenced themselves whenever my sharp eyes locked on the first one to so much as smirk. Smart of them to do so.

I walked down the aisle to glare down at this pathetic runt. His silver-and-black fur contrasted with the green uniform he wore, while a big bushy tail curled against the seat. Sitting straight beside him was a red vixen. She didn’t even turn her head to look at me, knowing my eyes were instead set on her seat partner.

“Name, rank and serial number.”

The squirrel choked nervously. “H-Huh—”

“Name, rank and serial number!” I growled angrily for emphasis. The Disputed Zone needed recruits who wouldn’t stammer or quaver, for God’s sake. “Are you too stupid to remember them, or are the recruiters in Salt Lake City willing to send just about anybody to the frontlines?”

“Parker Aaron Sullivan, Private Second Class, *sir*!” he finally answered at the top of his small lungs, “Serial number is 533993, sir!”

“Did you have a nice nap, Private Sullivan?” I asked him sincerely. “Well? Did you?”

“Are you serious?” he paused.

“I am only serious when this uniform is on.” I lowered my shades to stare down at him further. “Now answer me again, soldier: did you or did you not have a nice nap?”

Private Parker glanced quickly between me and the other soldiers. His entire stature made him appear like a student caught texting in class, except the air condition no longer worked and my punishments could be more…creative, if I wanted them to be.

“It was, uh…” he struggled finding the right word, “It was nice?”

“Good!” I straightened up and returned to the front end of the bus, raising my voice to the rest of the confused recruits. “When all you sorry-ass maggots get off this bus, naps are gonna become a luxury! If you thought Basic Training was a hotel trip to Vegas, then wait until you get to Evanston. Any minute now and the Utah border will be directly behind us. We’ll no longer be in Western Republic territory, boys! We will be the last line of defense in case of a Devout attack. And that includes *you*, Sleeping Beauty!”

“Sir yes, sir!” everyone, including Private Sullivan, responded in kind.

Resting back in my front seat, I panted at the intense rays of sunlight creeping over the horizon. Soon, summer would be unwelcomely visiting for a few months, and turn us all into sweltering idiots craving for an air-conditioned building. The arid desert surrounding us didn’t help either, with the only grass in sight either browning shrubs or littered dead grass.

To our right, a few decaying billboards tried advertising a new car for 1998, then one for fireworks on the next highway exit, or an upcoming TV show that never aired. Meanwhile, to our left, a series of abandoned houses lined up like tombstones from another century. One mini mall showed the bloody, burning wrath of a battle from twenty years prior, during the early days of the Second American Civil War.

Of course, to the Devout government, we were simply another series of states in constant rebellion. They could only view us as the ‘Immoral States’ and nothing more, not an independent nation the rest of the world recognized. Not as the Western Republic of the United States of America, free of the Revenant Party’s religious zealotry.

Out in the Disputed Zone, the longest warfront in history, I was among many soldiers who wanted to keep what remained of the real America alive.

Half an hour of driving later, Jasper the bus driver guided us down a highway exit towards a gated military wall.

“Welcome to Evanston Outpost!” I announced in my raised voice. “The moment you step off this bus, it’ll be eight laps around this here wall. Staff will be hauling all your crap into the barracks, but any fuckers too tired to keep up will do double tomorrow morning! Now, who’s ready?”

“Sir, we are sir!” everyone replied.

Soon, I was leading this pathetic platoon along the inside of the Evanston Wall, a thirty-foot-high structure spanning parts of a former Wyoming town. A highway served as part of the southern portion of this pit, with barriers and guard towers stacked atop it like Jenga blocks. The rest of the wall cut through streets, buildings and into derelict stores (now used as supply sheds for ammo or vehicles) before curling back to the concrete strip of Highway 80.

Meanwhile, the Western Republic’s Air Force used the Burns Field Airport a mile northwest as a base for their military drones, many of which flew over Evanston before patrolling the Disputed Zone for any activity. The fighter jets could so loud, it’d be a miracle to have a day where the barracks windows didn’t shake.

*I bet my pension they do it just to fuck with the new recruits*, I often theorized.

“Come on, maggots! Move it!” I grunted at them. The sun overhead refused to disappear behind any clouds, baking everyone alive. “Let’s go now! Are you not soldiers, dammit?! My grandmother’s dead and *she* could toss her purse at you from a dozen yards!”

Several furs in uniform saluted me as we passed a golf course-turned-obstacle course, while a few others pointed at us before their superiors shouted at them. I did the same for a few of mine too, my jogs slowing down until I was at the back.

“We’re only two-thirds on the first lap, mutts!” I ordered, “Let’s keep moving!”

As they exerted themselves, I briefly inspected them all over.

Forty-five new recruits: thirteen females, thirty-two males, all of whom were picturesque definitions of soldiers. My eyes couldn’t help but admire the ‘fresh meat’ Evanston got tonight. All the males were drenched in sweaty musk, dripping through their clothes onto their well-defined muscles, chests, and asses. The way their rear ends jiggled firmly in their pants almost had me growing erect. If any of the Cinderella Club’s boys weren’t in the mood, then these men were definitely going to star in some of my masturbatory fantasies.

Then, I noticed the squirrel from before trailing behind.

“Move it, Sleeping Beauty!” I spoke up with conviction in my voice. “You got two good legs on you, so use ‘em like you fucking mean it!”

“Trying, sir!” he coughed tiredly. “Trying to!”

“‘Trying’ isn’t enough, Parker!” I glared down at him as the rest began to get a few feet ahead of us.

“Ugh, cannot wait to get to bed!” one raccoon moaned near the front.

“I can’t wait to fuck one of ‘em Cinderella Club hookers!” neighed a mustang somewhere in the group. “I hear they can suck ya so hard, not a drop’ll be left in your balls!”

I interjected, “You can talk when I tell you to talk and fuck ‘em when I tell you to fuck ‘em! Otherwise, I can withhold sex privileges until you head back next fall! Is that clear?!”

“Sir yes, sir!” they answered, particularly from the spooked mustang.

“Excellent!” I glanced back to the poor squirrel. “I expect the best soldiers from our Republic out here, and we got ourselves seven more laps to go, Sleeping Beauty!”

“I know sir!” he whined.

“I bet you *don’t* know!” my voice rose in annoyed anger. “I bet you’re just a lazy-ass city boy who can’t go seven minutes without Wi-Fi or some bullshit latte!” One of the drones flew nearby overhead, startling Sullivan and a few of the unprepared soldiers. I barely even flinched while the poor squirrel jumped and nearly stumbled forward. “I said *move*, Private!”

My paw slapped his ass hard.

“Aiiiiiieeeeee!”

Private Sullivan yipped before storming back to the front of the line, causing a few of his comrades to laugh out loud. His bushy tail soon disappeared among the taller privates. Clearly, he just needed the right push of motivation.

“Keep going, ladies!” I spoke, “There’s plenty of time to be tired when we’re all dead!”

Hours went by until they passed ‘orientation’. After dismissing them to the barracks, several of whom looking like they wanted to hurl, I reported to Colonel Wyatt. An aid of his informed me the old German Shepherd needed to speak with me about something urgent.

Contrary to popular belief, Evanston wasn’t a metropolitan military base. Sure, we had an operating hotel, a medium-sized strip-mall for civilians and soldiers alike to purchase shipped goods, a few restaurants, a working tailor shop, a decent movie theater playing old and new Hollywood films, a couple nice restaurants downtown, including a popular bar everyone called ‘The Watering Hole’. However, Evanston was just another small town in the middle of nowhere before the second civil war even started. Twenty-two years later and it seemed barely recognizable for any returning residents, the remaining buildings were prioritized for the war effort.

For example, the local Buy-Mart now housed Humvees, supplies, military equipment and de facto offices for high-ranking officers. Colonel Wyatt in particular had a nice view in the management’s balcony, which commanded a view of the building’s entire interior. Walking up the stairs and nodding to a few saluting officers, I wondered where the store’s final manager went. Did they manage to escape the border disputes, exiling into the heartland of our enemy? Or were they smart enough to flee for the West Coast?

I knocked on the door, and a deep voice gave me permission to enter.

“Ah, Sergeant Hammond, come inside,” spoke Colonel Scott Wyatt, sitting at his desk at the far end of the room. To our left was the long two-way window overlooking everything, while shelves of paperwork lined along the right wall.

Closing the door behind me, the downstairs noise grew muffled. “Colonel,” I saluted him.

“At ease, Sergeant. How are the new recruits?”

“Very well, sir. There’s a couple apples that need more polishing, but I think they have potential out here, if the boredom doesn’t get to them first…” I paused when I sniffed the air and noticed another scent. Was that…perfume? “You uh, wanted to see me for something urgent? Your aide-de-camp said it would interest me.”

“It might. Before we get into specifics though, say hello to our guest, John.”

Someone cleared their breathy voice behind me. Suddenly, the scent became much stronger. I turned around to see a female red husky stand up from a corner chair, her sleek, sparkling red dress heavily contrasting the grim reality of the colonel’s office. Greying bits of fur along her curved cheeks couldn’t reduce her beauty, making me question of she was in her forties or not.

“Pleased to meet you, Sarge.” She greeted me, holding glass of what I guessed was brandy in her paw. “How you all survive out here in the Disputed Zone is beyond me. I mean, I can’t even go twenty minutes outside without an air conditioner for this heat.”

“And you are?” I tried recognizing her canine features, but to no avail. “You look so…”

“Familiar?” she flashed a bright smile and offered a paw, “Cindy Marie Anderson, but you know me better as the lady who’s been supplying you and your men with some of my escorts. And men to your women, of course.”

“Wait, you’re…” I gaped momentarily, then immediately accepted her paw. “You *the* Madam Ella, of the Cinderella Club?”

She giggled shortly. “Is there any other? Everyone knows how much I detest copycats.”

Madam Ella: there wasn’t a horny fur on this side of the Disputed Zone who didn’t purchase her services after tiring of endless online pornography. While it was true the Western Republic embraced sex more than our ultra-conservative rivals across the Rocky Mountains, it didn’t mean we didn’t regulate it, at least, when it came to prostitution. And one of the top escort services to rise through the bureaucracy in the sex industry—including a popular porn site as a subsidiary—happened to be the Cinderella Club, with its madam as the mascot and CEO.

What the Devout spoke about regarding her were lies; Madam Ella was a polite but blunt woman who cared for her employees. She paid them all well with high salaries, retirement benefits, dental plans, and life insurance. In fact, one escort’s salary would be tripled or even quadrupled for risking going to an outpost like Evanston. All to pleasure the soldiers from boredom. Besides consent and respect being the most mandatory, the rules included the Club’s employees eating and sleeping separately from the rest of the soldiers. In fact, the hotel next to the main highway primarily found itself reserved for VIPs and the escorts only.

“So, what brings you all the way out here?” I asked the Madam. “Why would somebody like yourself be out in this shithole? Pardon my language, ma’am.”

“No offense taken,” she laughed shortly, then glanced over to Wyatt nearby. “Colonel Wyatt wanted to discuss the details of something we’ve been cooking up.”

“Anchorage has been wanting to test new methods of…psychological warfare, Sergeant,” the old dog grumbled, “and now they’ve asked the Cinderella Club to sponsor our new efforts. It may not convince a Devout soldier to immediately defect or cross the Zone, but it’ll definitely test the morale of the D.S.A. platoons on the other side.”

“Psychological warfare, eh?” I grinned ear to twitching ear. “What’s the campaign strategy this time around? Drones dropping leaflets, or are they gonna let us finally get back to basics and use the loudspeakers?”

The Colonel and Madam equally smirked, with the old dog blushing more.

“Not exactly, Sarge,” she teased. “It’ll involve audio speakers for sure, but…it is more scandalous.”