

Nice Shooting
By Gildedtongue
Commissioned by James-Medic-Dude
Characters are the intellectual properties of their creators

Note: This is a work of fiction. The author does not condone actions in this narrative in the real world, especially page two onwards. The rules of firearm safety should always be obeyed.

The sliver of a new moon hung in the cloudy night. Walking through the streetlights, a bear held his jacket closed while a small black bag bounced lightly on his hip. The small door behind the gun store was light up by one lamp, and with a quick keying of the pass code, the door gave a clunk in response.

B.J. had to give a firm yank on the door to get it opened, the dumb thing freezing shut almost all the time during the winter, but the steel thing eventually gave way for the black bear. Walking down the stairs, he could hear the steady, even fire of practice shooting. Nine Millimetre, based off of noise. He's heard that one enough to identify those, but certainly wasn't versed in any others. Cliff had given him the number to the underground shooting range about a month ago, and B.J. figured others had it too, not that he met any of them yet.

Halfway down the lanes, a large badger was on the line, long hair tied into a pony tail strung through the clasp of a ball cap, ears covered in full protectors, eyes covered in typical orange shooting glasses. The black bear got to the bottom of the stairs, opening up his own bag and got his equipment out. The badger had finished the magazine, withdrawing the pistol enough that he could have a better look at the weapon used, an FN/Browning Hi-Power. The black frame was warm from the firing, and the slide was locked back and the magazine had been removed, keeping it safe as its owner addressed the incoming person, pulling off one muffler. From this angle, B.J. had a better look at the tight polo shirt clinging onto the badger's breasts and slightly paunched tummy, "Didn't know anyone else was coming in tonight." the deep voice of the mustelid came out loud, echoing in the range, ears probably still ringing, despite the protection.

"I could say the same thing," B.J. responded, opening up his own bag, extracting a Glock 19, a box of rounds and his own protective gear. Slipping on his shooting gloves, he smiled at the big badger, "I'm B.J.. Pleasure to meet you, Miss...?"

"Sal, Sal Holbock. Good to meet you too. Always good to shoot with a handsome man around, no?" Sal responded. Both of them started to load up their magazines. "B.J., huh? Well, I guess someone was born around the time of Escape from Castle Wolfenstein."

Rolling his eyes, B.J. chuckled, "Lord, I wish some times. No, it's not short for William Joseph. I'm Jim, but, well, bein' the oldest boy, when my little sister was born, I became Bubba, which then became B.J. and all that."

The two quietly loaded their weapons. B.J. pulling out a Glock 19 from his bag, opening the lock on the breech cable. The badger looked over the bear's equipment, giving a soft chuckle, "Oh, one of those new guns, more plastic than metal, able to go through metal detectors undetected."

B.J.'s face contorted in confusion for a moment before the light dawned in the back of his head. Laughing, he fingered the slide release, "Remember when that was the worst movie in the series?"

"Before things like driving a police car off a ramp and into a helicopter?"

"Or fighting a VTOL fighter plane?"

"Or dealing with his whiny ass fucking son?" they said in unison, rolling their eyes behind their orange goggles before giggling. B.J. took in a deep breath, letting it all out to relax his body, letting his breathing calm down. Raising his weapon, looking down the sights he lined himself up before letting his finger into the trigger guard. His heart pumped blood through his veins and on the ebb of the beat he let loose one round with an echoing crack, letting the bullet slice into centre mass. A bit down and to the left, B.J. compensated. Beat, beat, CRACK. Beat, beat, CRACK. Each round peppering against the cross of the target's heart.

Next to him, the bear could hear the badger's weapon: pop-pop, pop; pop-pop, pop. Two in the

torso, and using the rise of the recoil, placing one to the head. Theoretically ideal, though has a tendency of making wild subsequent shots, as B.J. could see.

Waiting for a reload, he walked over to Sal, seeing the badger raise the Hi-Power. Arms locked to channel the recoil. "You're gonna have to loosen up a little. Here, let me show you," he said, standing behind Sal, his weapon set on the shooting counter. His hands helping guide the badger's arms into position. He could smell the gunpowder in the air, mingling with the sweat off of Sal's fur, giving off a mustelid musk into his nostrils.

"You're telling me to get loose, Beej? I think you're pretty tight and wound up back there," Sal smirked as the bear gasped, the tent in his trousers was grinding against the soft, padded buttocks of the badger before him. B.J. stammered for an eternity of moments, silenced by the sound of a zipper opening up. Looking down, he saw Sal's pants drop to around the mid thigh, exposing the grey-furred arse of the badger. "I think you ought to... loosen up."

About twelve million thoughts ran through Bubba Jim's brain at that moment, like "Is this the real life, or is this just fantasy?" and "what if someone else comes in?" and "why does she smell kinda like a guy?" Still, resources from the decision making part of his brain were being re-routed to other parts of his body, and the bear felt the carnal call welling up in his body. A gentle, but firm shove pushed Sal half-over the counter, exposing more of the badger's ass, a heavy set of balls swaying between those thighs underneath a sopping wet cunt, answering at least one of James' questions, not that he cared at the moment.

The sound of rustling pants came from behind Sal as B.J. loosened his pants. His hard, pink shaft glistened with his sweat and pre, rubbing it against Sal's indigo netherlips before pushing in unbidden. He never asked, but shi could have stopped him any time, after all, shi was the one with the gun.

Bear balls slapped against badger ones, mixing in with the wet sound of Sal's cunny rippling around B.J.'s shaft. The barrel of the bear's cub-maker moving through the slide of that pussy like a well oiled and maintained weapon.

Sal looked below hir at the concrete ground behind the counter. Thousands of spent casings, as well as plastic cups, cigarette butts, and a few used condoms littered the ground. Taking a breath, Sal lifted himself up by the spine, bringing hir weapon to bear, seeing hir paper target. With a scream, shi started firing rounds at the target sheet, clamping hard on B.J.'s cock.

The rounds from Sal's Hi-Power rang loudly in her partner's ears, but at the time B.J. cared little about safety or protection. Picking up his gun, he joined Sal's attack of their paper adversary, sending hot brass down the line wildly.

The clicks of dry-firing were unheard in their ringing ears. Their hot irons set to the side as B.J. gripped Sal's soft hips with one hand, the other wrapping around hir scut with the other, feeling the tiny tail squirming against his palm. His turgid member grinding around the channel before him, his bulbous glans scraping against a rough patch of flesh, and each poke to that g-spot made Sal groan in bliss.

Drool dripped out between gritted teeth as Bubba James felt that tightness in his stomach telling him of his impending orgasm. His eyes focusing to the point everything became blurry through the fogged up lenses of his shooting glasses. Sal's head turned, looking back at the bear mounting hir. Lips moved but despite one ear uncovered by his muffs, he could hear nothing through the ringing and the blood pumping through his body.

One final thrust nearly shoved Sal ass-over-head over the counter. His balls mashed against the hermaphrodite's, pulling up towards his body. Hands squeezing hir buttcheeks hard, promising bruises in the morning as he let out a roar of triumph. Thick, sticky ropes of his essence fire out of his shaft, several hitting square in the bullseye pucker of the dark purple cervix before it. The badger's own muscles clamped hard around the penis, her juices soaking his pubes and balls as B.J. trembled at his own bliss.

Extracting himself, B.J. took a stumbling half-step backwards, landing his ass on the cold, hard concrete. Taking off his glasses, he stared at the cunny that housed his cock not too long ago. A thick bead of his seed started to seep out, rolling over the badger's clit and down over the back of hir

balls. Reason started to fill his head again as the ringing died down from his ears. “Wh-what was that you said?” the black bear asked, taking off his muffs.

Laughing, Sal pulled himself off of the counter, seeing his silhouette in sweat. Shi looked back at his new friend, smiling, “It’s okay, it doesn’t matter now.” Shi went to sit down next to him, both were breathing hard, cuddling in the afterglow, looking up at the hanging light fixture over their heads.

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Bubba Jim didn’t go back to the shooting range too often, and when he did, he didn’t see Sal there. He was very quickly regretting not asking for a phone number or e-mail or anything. A quarter-year after that encounter, he was heading down those same stairs when he heard the familiar sound of nine millimetre rounds ringing in the corridor. He tried to rationalize that it could be anyone down there, but hope clouded his mind as his steps picked up the pace. That familiar ass and tiny tail peeked from behind the dividing wall as B.J. grinned from ear to ear. He decided to play it cool, though, going to the nearest station and set out his stuff, “Here I was beginning to think I was such a bad shot that you didn’t want to come back.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that, B.J., in fact, I’d say you’re a damned fine shot. One of the best.”

Blushing, B.J. shrugged on his side of the wall, “Oh, I wouldn’t say that. I don’t always hit the target.”

“You certainly did that time, Beej.” He could see his moving around the wall, the same cute, striped face and pony-tailed hair. He remembered his larger, but the stomach was rounder than before, stretching his shirt. Realization slowly settled in B.J.’s head. Sal smiled, “Nice shootin’, Bubba.”