

A Daddy and His Boy

I like to smoke cigars with my boy. To me it's more than a matter of bonding. It's sensual. To watch him clip the end, light it, take the first puffs on it and then exhale the thick smoke creates an aura of almost mystical quality. It's a special bond that cannot be explained in words. The pleasurable look on his face when he inhales and then exhales the smoke is something that is experienced on a level more meaningful than a sexual one though it always ends up with my seeding him. The look he gives me is not only the pleasure he gets from the rich taste of a good, thick ringed cigar, but is magnified and enhanced by his knowledge that I, too, feel the same way. Just watching each other clench the thick maduro in our jaws, roll it between our wet lips, puff it, savor the taste and then exhale thick clouds of smoke enhances the sensuality of it all. The cigars are part of us, something natural. The sex is the cherry on the cake topping off the whole encounter.

I enjoy watching a video with him as we smoke. He stands there naked with a cigar in his wet, pouty lips and puffs on it looking directly at me as I take hard puffs on my cigar, the thick, dense smoke billowing like dense clouds from my mouth and lingering before dissipating.

Whether sitting on the floor or on the couch naked with him between my legs his smooth back rubbing against my hairy chest, it doesn't matter. He leans back with his head on my chest, reaches up and strokes my thick, white beard. I smell him, a warm almost salty aroma from the sweat glistening in the amber light from the candles. I look down at him, our jaws bulging with our cigars clenched between our teeth as we watch each other roll them between our wet lips, take several hard drags on them, inhale the smoke, then exhale it and watch it rise to the ceiling.

I wrap my arms under his and around his chest and squeeze him tight. He closes his eyes puffing on the cigar secure in my warm embrace. I tweak his hard nipples and rub my hands firmly against his hard, smooth chest. He lets out a low sigh and slowly puffs the cigar. A thick, lush cloud of light blue smoke lingers in his open mouth. I lean over and suck it out of his mouth, then exhale it over his taut body, watching the cloud expand as it rolls over him and then dissipates. He takes the cigar from his mouth as I puff mine and then opens his sensuous lips, his eyes inviting me to wrap my hairy lips over his and force my cigar smoke into his mouth and down to his lungs. His chest expands as he willingly accepts his daddy's smoke. Our tongues meet and embrace each others. Spittle drools from the sides of our mouths as we kiss deeply, passionately. He slowly releases the smoke into my mouth as my hands wander down to his solid stomach. I paw it slowly as we puff our cigars face to face; his smoke rises and soaks into my heavy beard. He tugs my beard and pulls toward him and takes a mouthful of thick chin hair to relish the cigar smoke and spit in it. He rubs his back against my fur covered chest and stomach just to feel it against him. I inch my hands up and down his body. His cock rises to attention, throbbing, bouncing up and down like a metronome. I know my boy gets the same sensuous pleasure as I. My cock throbs rubbing above the crack of his tight ass.

I look directly in his eyes the same way as he does me; he doesn't have to say it. I know he loves me with the intensity that I love him. I inhale a lungful of smoke and then take the cigar from his mouth. Again, our lips embrace; I feed him more of my thick smoke. His body relaxes. His already stiff cock seems to strain as droplets of pre cum begin to ooze from the wide piss slit. It lingers there momentarily but begins to roll down the swollen shaft as more warm, translucent pre cum rises out. I place my thumb on the shaft under the pre cum and scoop off the honey like liquid, dabble it on the head and around the rim and then smear the viscous liquid around the wet, chewed end of my cigar and make him lick it off.

His tongue darts out as if it were on a spring licking the pre cum and my spit off. He makes a sound of delectation enraptured with the salty taste of his own pre cum and his daddy's spittle. My hard cock pokes the crack of his ass as pre cum dribbles from it lubricating the

path.

I grab his pecs and squeeze them. He closes his eyes and puffs his cigar. I spit warm, brown cigar spittle on his chest, rub it in and then explore his body. We sit there almost as one, watching the video oblivious to the mundane things in life. We chew our cigars, puff them, exhale the smoke together.

I rub my fluffy beard against the back of his neck and then his shoulders. He shudders but asks me to rub it harder against him. I suck down more smoke and exhale it over the nape of his neck. He releases a low groan as the thick, warm smoke hit the back of his neck and rolls over his shoulders.

Rolling his erect nipples in my fingers, I lick his upper spine up over his neck and head. His scent partly salty and smoky makes my cock strain as the head flares. The warm pungent taste of his taut, sweaty skin heightens my passion. I reach down and grab his thick cock and squeeze it firmly in my meaty hand. He inches his body up, and my cock slides down his ass crack poking his moist, pink hole.

I reach to his shoulder and begin to massage them in my big hands. My thumbs and fingers press against his sleek musculature massaging him. I run my thumbs up and down his spine and work his back exploring his body. A thick white ash from my cigar falls off and rolls down his back. I catch it and rub it into his skin. He relaxes, reaches back and plants his lips on mine. We kiss exchanging cigar spittle that lingers on our tongues.

Releasing our kiss, we puff our cigars hard and then blow silky smoke rings toward each other in succession. The rings meet, conjoin, grow in size and then disappear as they rise.

As the movie ends, our cigars are down to small nubs, the ends heavily chewed and dripping with spit. We lock lips again. He sucks down the smoke I feed him. I reach down and grab his balls, tug and squeeze them. Our kiss is impassioned as our tongues wrestle. He almost purrs as he sucks on my tongue like he sucks my cock, eagerly, hungrily. I slap

his pecs; and he moans invitingly.

I release my lock on his lips, spit on my hand, flick the long, thick ash from my cigar onto it and then wrap my fist around his tumescent cock. The ashes crunch against his tool; and he lets out another low sigh exhaling the smoke I fed him. I slowly stroke his thick tool with the spit and cigar ash as the only lubricant. He wantingly gazes into my eyes ready for my meat to plow his boy hole and release a load inside him.

I take our cigars from our mouths and put them in the nearby ashtray, reach into the box of cigars on the floor and take two out. He clips them, puts both in his mouth and then lights them. He inhales the thick smoke handing me one and then clasping my beard in his mouth exhales the smoke in it; then, he sucks on it and chews it hard. My grasp on his stiff pole tightens as I begin to stroke his cock more deliberately.

We clew the thick cigars and puff on them. We lean forward in tandem. Clutching the cigar in his jaw, he mumbles: Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me! He is now all fours with me on top holding him around his chest with my hairy chest and fuzzy stomach rubbing against him. As his ass cheeks spread, the thick head of my cock slides into his tight hole; he lets out a sigh. I lay on his back with my beard rubbing against his shoulders. He whispers: Breed me, Daddy! My solid man tool inches in deeper stretching his boy hole. We puff our cigars together as the room begins to fill with the luxurious smoke.

When my balls reach his body, he flexes his ass muscles grabbing my cock with the strength of a vice. I release a thick stream of nose jets that spread like fog over his shoulders and back. I thrust my hips and he meets me. We continue to puff our cigars in cadence. With each thrust my cock penetrates his warm, wet, smooth hole deeper. He murmurs again: Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! as I plow his hole and simultaneously stroke his thick tool.

My cock swells more and the head expands inside his fuck hole. His ass muscles spasm around my cock sending shivers through my body. He mumbles grasping the cigar in his

teeth: Fill me up, Daddy! Seed my hole! I increase the pace pounding and working his cock harder, and squeezing it tighter. We puff our cigars faster as our nuts churn and tighten.

With one hard thrust, I ram my cock inside him as the head swells rubbing against the walls of his boy hole and then bursts inside him. His cock wells up and blasts like a fire hose spewing a big puddle of thick cum on the floor simultaneously. We let out heavy sighs of release exhaling thick cigar smoke.

I pull out of his hole dripping with the warm, viscous seed I planted in him. He rolls over on his back; and I lay on top of him. We smile at each other with our cigars in our mouths and then puff on them. I inhale the smoke, wrap my lips around his waiting mouth and then force it down his throat. He relaxes under me wrapping his legs around my hips and his arms around my thick chest pulling me closer to feel my fuzz against his sweaty, smooth body.

As he closes his eyes, I take the cigar butt from his mouth and mine, place them in the ashtray overflowing with thick, white ashes. He falls asleep with smiling. As much as a boy has to please his daddy, a daddy should please his boy. His impish, playful grin tells me all I need to know before I rest my head against his neck and shoulder to fall asleep on top of him as one.