

A Boy's First Cigar

I'd like to share my story with you about how much my life changed five years ago. My name's Jim, and I'm from a small town in Texas. Both of my parents left this world when I was about ten years old, and I spent some years in a very strict, but very caring orphanage. When I was fifteen, I began living with foster parents from time to time, but I really hated it. Though I wasn't a really bad kid, I was a little on the rebellious side. I hated having to get used to totally different house rules as I jumped from family to family, and from school to school.

I was certainly a pretty good-looking boy, and didn't find it difficult being accepted by other kids around me, but I also didn't feel like one of them. I felt more comfortable around adults. I guess you can say that I began getting more and more rebellious in school and around people in general because I couldn't wait to be on my own and be independent. I got into trouble for skipping school altogether, and people had a hard time getting me to comply with their oppressive "rules."

I ended up back at the Boy's Home before I knew it, and I had a really shitty outlook on life at that point. Just when I felt like the caretakers of the home were gonna give up on me, a man went to them and said that he was interested in being a foster parent to a boy around my age, and since he was a psychologist, he believed that he could handle any kid as long as they were healthy and needed a father figure in their life.

I'll never forget seeing that man walking around with upper members of the staff as he was introduced to some of us guys. He was a very handsome and powerful looking man, to say the least. I guessed him to be about 6'5, and about 230 lbs. His eyes were very dark brown, and he had a very thick, full beard. I'll never forget hearing his voice. It was deep and commanding, but also very pleasant. I could tell that he was an extremely hairy man since it almost covered his large hands, and by the sight of his chest hair almost pouring out of his shirt and over his collar. Though he didn't have much hair on his head, I couldn't help but notice how much of a good-looking bald man he was. It somehow added to his masculinity.

"Dr. McRyan, this is Jim," the headmaster said to him as he was

introducing us. "Jim's had a struggle lately, but we really like him." I couldn't believe that asshole told him that right in front of me. "I thought that the two of you should meet, since you live outside of town, and we can't help but notice how much this boy seems to enjoy the outdoors."

My eyes locked with Dr. McRyan's for the first time, and I felt so small and intimidated by him that I looked away and down towards my shoes. "Are you a shy one, boy?" I stuttered an answer, something like "sometimes I guess." He asked me how I'd like living with him for a while. He said his property had lots of trees surrounding it, and that he owned some horses. He said that he could use some help around the place, and since school was almost out for the summer, it might be good for me to "get outta the city" for a while. I agreed. I would be under his care right after summer vacation started.

When he picked me up, I was nervous. He had a very large and dark colored cigar in his mouth. I couldn't help but notice how natural the cigar looked on him. As he smoked it, I could tell that he thoroughly enjoyed cigars. "I hope ya don't mind the cigar smoke, son. It's one of my biggest vices." "No, it's all right.," I said, "I'm just glad to get outta that place, and I don't mind stuff like that." He patted me on the back like so many fathers do to their sons and said, "Well, I'm glad you don't mind. Just take my advice, never start smoking. It gets harder and harder to find a public place where smoking is allowed, and it's a damn hard habit to break. Not many people out there can put up with smoking, let alone the strong smell of a big cigar." When we arrived at his house, I thought I'd gone to heaven or something. He was right, the place was literally surrounded by trees, and there was the most awesome river running down below, and not far at all from the house.

His house was huge! I couldn't believe how a single man like this needed such a large house with so much land. He showed me to my room and then he said that after supper, we'd discuss the rules. Again that word that I hated! "Rules." We cooked steaks outside, and he was definitely skilled at grilling. I couldn't remember having a better steak in my life. We sat down on the porch, and he took out another one of those big cigars and lit it as he began laying down the law. "It's important that we understand each other. I've been around for 44 years, and I've learned a lot from this life. When I tell you to do something or not to do something, I expect you to obey. I'm a patient and understanding man, but I won't tolerate anyone going against my word. We'll get along real well as long as you do your part around here and

learn some discipline. This means feeding the horses and keeping the place clean. You make a mess, you clean it up." I was amazed at how much I felt respect for this man. He was very nice, but seemed fairly strict.

We finished our talk, then went to bed. I loved doing all the chores, and I loved the peace about his place. I was hoping that he'd let me stay there for good. One of my chores was to keep his humidor organized and regulated. It was almost a small room. He had hundreds of cigars, and I rarely saw him without one. Sometimes when I picked one up, my dick would get hard. I didn't know why, it just did.

After I'd been there for about a month, I felt really comfortable. He asked me if I wanted to go out riding the horses along the river, and I loved doing that. We rode for hours and talked. He smoked his cigar and educated me a lot about nature. "So tell me, Jimboy, do ya like living out here so far?" "I do very much, Sir. I feel right at home. I hope you don't mind me living here."

He let out sort of a laugh, and told me that I was a nice kid. "I think you're fitting in well here. I feel like you're the son I never had. I'm gong out of town for a few days, and I trust you to take care of everything while I'm gone. Do you think you can handle that?" Hearing him say that made me feel good about myself. "Sure I can." With that, he stuck the cigar back in his mouth and said, "Fine then. I think you can be a good boy and handle yourself. Let's get back home."

The first day he was gone, I couldn't resist my urge to get into his whiskey cabinet. I felt so grown up. I poured myself a glass of whiskey as I'd seen him do, and took my first sip. It was awful! It burned all the way down my throat and almost made me sick, but I told myself to drink it and kept thinking how much of a man I felt like. I drank another glass, then another. I was getting drunk. I tripped on the coffee table and broke the expensive vase that was on it. "Oh, shit!" I thought. "Now I've done it!" I put the broken glass in the trash and then forgot about it. Something else was tugging at my insides. Finally I realized what it was. I wanted to try one of his cigars. Since he had so many of them, how could he notice one missing? I went to the humidor and picked one out. I chose one of the really big and fat ones. The kind he seemed to smoke the most of. Instantly, my cock grew into a full-fledged raging hard-on. It was the stiffest it had ever been. I went into the den where his favorite chair was, and grabbed my drink and a lighter. I

then followed his ritual of cutting off the end of the cigar and then smelled the length of it. When I stuck it in my mouth, I noticed that pre cum was forming on the head of my cock and making a spot on my jeans. It was time to light it. I puffed on it while the fire at the end grew and the smoke filled my mouth. Then I really got a strong mouthful of smoke, and the taste nearly knocked me out of my chair! It was one of the worst tastes I've ever experienced! It was strong and powerful, and it was making me really dizzy! Once again, I decided to keep trying. Just as I was taking my fifth or sixth hit off the cigar, the Dr. walked in the room! I was seriously busted!

"What the fuck are you doing!?", he yelled. I felt myself shrinking and almost slid off of the chair, and under the table. "I....I'm sorry, Sir. I....uh, didn't mean to...." "I asked you what the fuck are you doing! Don't you remember what I said about smoking?! I trusted you to do the right thing while I was gone, and you've completely let me down! What's that? Is that whiskey in that glass?! Huh?! Where's the vase that goes on this table?" I felt so bad that I almost passed out. "I broke the vase, Sir. I didn't mean to...I just tripped on the table." My words were slurred and he knew that I was wasted off my ass. He told me to stay where I was, and then grabbed a cigar and went out side for a while. He told me he'd be back to discuss my punishment. I was to sit there and think about what I had done.

When he returned, he took his chair and told me to sit on the floor in front of him. "Look at me, boy. You need to look me in the eye and face your punishment. I want to know why you felt like you needed to drink whiskey and smoke one of my cigars, when I specifically told you not to. You broke that vase that's been in my family since my great Grandfather. You broke it because you're drunk and staggering. So tell me, boy, why you did it?"

I sat there in silence for a while, then fumbled through my answer. "I just wanted to see what it's like, Sir. I...I just wanted to feel like a grown man. I know you told me not to ever do it, Sir, and it'll never happen again. I'm sorry." He took a long, slow hit off his cigar and cleared his throat. After an uncomfortable silence, he looked very calm and composed. "So you think you're old enough to smoke cigars and drink. Is that it, boy" "No, Sir, I.."

"Never mind the excuses. I don't even wanna hear them anymore. I think I have the perfect punishment for you. Since you think that you're old

enough to be a cigar smoker and drink whiskey, then that's just what's gonna happen. I'm going to make you a cigar smoker. Since you feel like it makes you a grown man, then that's just what I'm gonna make you." I had no idea where he was going with this. My eyes widened as he laid out the rules.

"What did you think of the cigar, boy? Did you like it?" "Not really, Sir, it made me feel dizzy and I didn't like the....." "Don't worry about that, boy. You'll have plenty of time to get used to it, because starting tomorrow, you're going to start smoking cigars and take all the responsibility that a grown man has. For every cigar I have, you'll have one. If I so much as see you wince, your punishment will be extended and your workload will double. If I ask you if you like cigars, you will say Yes, Sir! You will work like a man on hard labor to make up for the price of that vase until I feel that you've paid the price. Now go get some sleep because you're gonna have a long day tomorrow."

He woke me up at 6:00 am, and told me to fix breakfast. He told me to brew a full pot of coffee, and we sat down to eat. "Where's your coffee, Jim?" He called me Jim, not boy. But coffee? I never drank coffee, I hated the stuff.

"I don't like it much," I said. "You do now, Jim. Drinking coffee is something that grown-ups do. Pour yourself a cup." I did as he asked, and we finished our breakfast.

After I cleared the table, he came out from the humidor with 2 of the biggest cigars he had. He handed me one and said, "Here, Jim. Let's grab the paper and finish our coffee." We sat down and he lit his cigar. I just stared at him. "Light your cigar, Jim. Now." I nervously did as he said. I suddenly remembered everything he had said the night before. I lit the cigar and took the smoke into my mouth. Once again, it tasted terrible. I almost cringed, then I remembered what would happen if I did. "How's your cigar, Jim? Do ya like it?" "Yes, Sir," I said. "Good. That's one of my favorites. Be sure to savor the smoke as you pull on the cigar. You'll find it become very pleasurable.

The next few days were some seriously hard work. He stayed with me the whole time and made me smoke cigar after cigar. I must admit that the more I smoked those big, fat stogies, the less and less I thought that they were terrible. The taste of the cigars never left my mouth.

After the 1st week passed by, I woke up and went to the kitchen to start our morning coffee. My new foster entered at the same time, as usual. He sat down at the table and asked me how I felt. When I answered, I couldn't believe the sound that came out of my mouth. I had responded with, "Very well, Sir," but the voice I heard wasn't mine! It was deeper and more masculine than I ever heard! I thought that I was dreaming at first, then said something else. "Was that me? Wow! Something must be wrong with me. Do I sound different to you, Sir?" "Yeah, you do. You wanted to become a grown man, so that's just what's happening to you, I guess. It happens sometimes. Don't worry about it. Let's celebrate your young man hormones with a really good and strong cigar. Would you like that, Jim?" I suddenly felt very grown up. "Yes, Sir!" I still could not believe the sound and feel of my deep voice. As I went to get our cigars, I noticed that the step in my walk had changed. My steps seemed heavier and different than I was used to. Something was really weird here. I ran to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I could not believe what I saw! I looked I'd put on a good 15 pounds, and my face was covered with thick and course beard stubble. I shaved about once every 2 weeks, and now I was looking in the mirror to see not only a seriously thick 5 O'clock shadow, but fuller cheeks and just a tiny bit of a receding hairline! I closed my eyes and pinched myself. It didn't work. I still looked and felt like I'd aged 8 years overnight!

When I returned with our cigars, he told me to light up, as if nothing had changed. I reminded him, in the daze that I was experiencing, what I had noticed, and he told me to just relax and smoke my cigar. He told me that many young guys experience puberty at such rapid progression. I believed him. He also said that he'd like to become my official legal guardian. He said that we would need to do the paperwork fast, since he felt that I was too mature and special to go back to the Boy's Home. I was told that I would be tutored at home. Before even a week went by, and after about 7 fat and strong cigars later, I was legally his boy, so to speak.

I woke up exactly one week later since my last transformation, and I felt really, really strange. I felt every muscle and fiber in my body ache. Like I had stretched and contorted all night. The first thing that I could think of was to go to the bathroom and piss. I groaned, looked at my reflection as I started to reach in my shorts, and the entire world seemed to come to a halt!

What I saw in the mirror defied any scientific explanation. I had a thick, dark, and extremely full beard on my face! My forehead was much larger, no, I was starting to go bald! My chest had so much hair on it, that I thought I was looking at a poster, not a mirror! I looked at my belly, and noticed that I'd put on about 20 pounds while I slept. I had to piss so badly, that I reached in my pants and grabbed my dick for the umpteenth time, and I felt A LOT more flesh there than I ever did! I looked down, pulled down my boxers, and saw that my cock had grown to such thickness and length that I could not use just one hand to aim at the toilet. I lifted up my cock with both hands, and it was heavy. Very heavy. I looked at the mirror again to notice that hairs had grown on my shoulders and my back. All this was happening, and yet I was overcome with only one thought: I HAD to smoke a cigar. Not just any cigar, I needed the fattest, longest, most powerfully strong cigar I ever had!

I walked to the kitchen in a daze, and he was there, with a big grin on his face. "Sleep well, Jim? Here, I just got a cigar that will make you feel a lot better and more awake." I couldn't even speak. I just looked at him with this expression that I can't describe to you now. Finally, I feverishly grabbed the cigar and lit it. I couldn't believe how incredible the smoke tasted to me. I almost had an orgasm as the smoke filled my mouth and how incredibly natural the fat cigar felt clenched in my jaw. The dazed and freaked feeling began to rapidly subside. He looked at me and asked me what was bothering me. "Can't you see what's happened to me? Look at me! I'm starting to actually look like I could be your son. I look like I'm at least 30! I shaved yesterday and I have a beard that I never thought I could grow. I couldn't take this cigar out of my mouth if I tried! What's happened to me?"

He looked at me and, after a long pause and a very long pull on his cigar, he spoke. "You wanted to be a man, and now you are. You thought that you were old enough to smoke a cigar, so now you are. Not only that, but you're a cigar smoker. You always will be. Just wait until the month is finished, you think that you look like a man now, just wait! You're gonna be the hottest, hairiest, and most virile cigar man you've ever seen!" I noticed that my cock had become at least 10 inches long. It was thick and heavy. Every time I lit up a cigar, I would get hard and feel the most incredible desire to smell and lick flesh that was not unlike my own new self.

"Since you're a man now, I think it's time to enjoy what only a man can give another man. I'm gonna make you my hot and hairy cigar slave. You are

going to do what I say, you're going to suck my cock, and you're going to become the greatest cigar aficionado in this state. Now, grab my hard dick and feel what it's like to feel a man." I put my palm on his basket. I thought that my new big cock was impressive! His was HUGE! "Put it in your mouth as if your sucking on a big cigar and suck it furiously until I shoot so forcefully down your throat that you feel the back of your neck thumped!" He put a cigar in his mouth and moaned as I choked and gagged on his huge cock.

Part 2 coming soon.....

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