

CAJUN CIGAR COP

PART I

The highway pierced the jet black sky and shadowed surroundings like an arrow. With no bends or curves in it and no other vehicles in either direction as far as the eye could see, Jake de Montbris dozed off intermittently. He cracked open the window for some fresh air and turned up the volume on the car's CD to keep from falling asleep. It was so hot and humid the air conditioning ducts were belching out clouds as the moisture condensed in the cold air.

To the north was "No Man's Land." It was appropriately named because no man other than the local residents wanted to be caught there after nightfall. The unfortunates who for one reason or another failed to make it out before darkness fell were never heard from again. The residents were the red-bones, descendants of renegade Spanish soldiers who deserted when the area was a Spanish colony, fugitive slaves and local Indian tribes. Their independence and clan like existence was legendary and probably a result of the centuries long incest that was a part of their genetic code.

To the south was Acadian country settled by the descendants of French Canadians after their diaspora from Nova Scotia. The former cypress swamps were gone and replaced with rice paddies and crawfish farms. The small berms meandered like endless snakes curving back and forth in what seemed to be velvety seas of light green that shimmered in the bright full moon. Like the red-bones, the Cajuns, a corruption of their native land Acadia, were also fiercely independent; though suspicious of outsiders, they were, nonetheless, friendly and maintained their Gallic joie de vivre. But, like their neighbors north of the interstate highway they, too, were clannish and had little tolerance for anything out of the ordinary, at least for what they considered out of the ordinary.

Jake concentrated on where he was going to maintain focus. He'd driven this many times over the past two years since he met his weekend daddy. He wouldn't forget that night. He stood at the bar cruising the men clad in various stages of leather from full leather to harnessed slaves in nothing but leather jock straps. In the dim light in one corner the red glow of a thick cigar grabbed his attention. He meandered in the direction of what was to him the mesmerizing aroma of a cigar; his cock nearly burst when he saw the gargantuan figure of a man like a beast waiting to snare his prey. His name was Kodiak; an eponym if ever there was one. Towering over the crowd, he stood 6 feet 8 inches with a 54 inch chest, tree trunk thighs and

boulder like arms measuring nearly 2 feet in circumference. His thick, auburn beard flowed from his face midway to his pecs. It starkly contrasted with his shaved pate.

Jake tried not to stare at him, but couldn't help it. His cock throbbed against his tight leather pants when he noticed the titanic figure was peering at him. He didn't recall how many times Kodiak fucked his boy cunt that night; but, his ass was plowed more times than he'd ever recalled by Kodiak's massive 10 inch beer can piece of man meat.

Jake's ass flexed and his cock throbbed in anticipation of the weekend his daddy's fuck pole would ram his boy hole. He smiled stroking his own thick 8 inch sausage.

Flashing blue lights in his rear view mirror suddenly diverted him. He glanced at his speedometer and said to himself: "Shit, I'm not speeding. What the fuck" The vehicle was quickly on his tail, headlights flashing back and forth from high to low beam.

He pulled on to the shoulder of the road and rolled his window down. He glanced in his side mirror and saw a bullish cop in a khaki uniform with a black Sam Brown belt slung over his left shoulder holding a pistol. The cop walked slowly toward him.

When he reached Jake, he leaned down, glowered at him and demanded his driver's license: "Your license." The cop clenched the butt of a thick cigar in his jaw. His voice was husky and raspish. He was in his mid forties with broad shoulders, barrel chest and a slight beer gut that began to strain the buttons on his tight fitting shirt. From Jake's perspective, he was about 5' 7" with the power of an ox. The cop puffed the dark stogie; in the thick, humid air, the dense almost opaque cloud drifted slowly towards Jake's face. The rich, warm aroma of the cigar was a catalyst stimulating Jake's already semi hard cock.

"But, officer, I wasn't speed...." He couldn't finish his sentence when the cop pulled his pistol on him and commanded him to exit the vehicle.

"Put your hands on the steering wheel and slowly exit your vehicle!" The cop shouted at him pointing the gun squarely between his eyes.

Jake was meticulous to set his cruise control on 70 mph. This section of the highway was notorious for speed traps as it was one of the primary means the local law enforcement authorities secured income. He knew this and didn't want to be one of the victims of local cajun justice: guilty before proven innocent.

Jake looked puzzled; but, his cock began to swell in his tight levi's. The encounter was both frightening and exhilarating at the same time. He complied with the order and placed both hands on the top of the steering wheel. As the cop opened the door, he ordered Jake to get out.

"Hands in the air, face your vehicle and spread 'em," the cop demanded.

After Jake turned around to face his vehicle his legs extended, he felt the cop's billy club running up and down each leg. Each time the cop reached his groin, he slapped it harder hitting Jake's bull nuts. The ball stretcher he wore made his nutsac sag more than usual; the jolt he felt as the billy club hit his nuts was like a shock of electricity that ran from his groin to his head causing his stiff dick to strain against his jeans.

The cop then grabbed Jake's right arm and pulled it behind his back. Jake felt the cool, steel cuffs lock against his wrist. Firmly holding it in the small of his back, the policeman yanked his left arm and secured the other cuff. The cop muttered: "Fucking asshole tourists think they'll get through here without proper tail lights."

Jake turned his head suddenly back; but, before he could even see the arresting officer's face, he felt the cop's leather clad hands force his head

down on the roof of the car.

“That’s resisting arrest, asshole!” The cop yelled in his ear and exhaled another dense cloud of cigar smoke in Jake’s face. His already straining dick was now pressed against the door of his vehicle. The cop’s bulging gut shoved firmly against his back.

“Knee me and I’ll cream in my pants.” Jake thought to himself as much to relieve tension as to fantasize. He began to smile.

“What yo laughin’ at, fuck hole? All you fuckers think we’re all fucking stupid. I’ll show you.”

The cop swung Jake around and then repeatedly rammed his knee directly into Jake’s groin puffing the stubble of the cigar in Jake’s face each time his knee hit his tight nuts. The pleasurable pain set off fireworks in his head, and he moaned as his cock erupted like a rocket. The enormous wad of cum stained his jeans and leaked through wetting the cop’s trousers.

“FUCK! You cum wad!” The cop screamed. “You gonna pay for dis, you fuckin’ faggot!” In a rage, the burly cop clenched his fist and swung striking Jake in the jaw knocking him unconscious to the asphalt.

When he awoke, his hands were cuffed to the steel bars just above his head. His ankles were secured in an iron bar locked with heavy pad locks. He lay naked on a thin mattress covered with cum stains and which reeked of the smell of decaying human organic fluids. The holding cell was in a one room police station. The television across from the cop's desk and single bulb in the lamp provided the only light. The cop sat behind the desk leaning back in his chair twirling his gun on a finger in his right hand chortling at whatever was on the TV. He was chewing on a cigar. As he puffed it, the red orange cherry glowed; he exhaled dense clouds of the rich aromatic smoke toward the ceiling.

Jake's bladder felt as if it would burst. His big dick stood at attention and throbbed. He turned his head toward the patrolman and said almost meekly: "Ah, Sir. I have to pee."

There was no answer. He thought to himself: "This fucking moron must be deaf. If I piss on myself, he'll beat the shit out of me." Caught between the proverbial rock and hard place, he raised his voice: "Excuse me, Sir. I have to piss."

The cop slowly turned his head toward Jake and scowled; then he cast his gaze away muttering under his breath, "Fuckin' fag."

The pain in his bladder and pressure on his turgid tool was excruciating. Slowly, then, the policeman leaned forward in the chair and rose. Jake heard the clinking of keys as the massive lawman lumbered toward the cell. He looked toward the cell door as the cop fumbled with the keys to open it. In the dim light he saw the man's massive semi erect tool and enormous hairy ball sac protruding from his unzipped pants. After he opened the cell door the cop stood with his arms folded at the foot of the cot where Jake lay. His right cheek was extended from the thick black cigar the cop was chewing on and puffing. His massive chest expanded sucking the smoke deep into his lungs and then relaxed as he exhaled it in luxuriant nose jets that streamed over his thick forearms covered in dense black hair. The patrolman's gargantuan semi erect cock bounced up and down throbbing. The thick veins in the massive meat pole pulsed.

Jake's cock stood as erect as a flag pole; pre cum oozed from his wide piss slit and down the shaft. He stared at the man's tool and spit dribbled from the sides of his mouth. His ass muscles flexed thinking of having the cop's tree trunk cock slamming deep into his ass, stretching and plowing his fuck hole.

The cop took a few steps toward him alongside the cot and leaned over to unlock one of the cuffs and slid it around the steel bar. His immense 10 inch tool was inches from Jake's drooling mouth; it jumped up and down. The

monstrous mushroom head was swollen with blood as the cock began to lengthen, expand and stiffen.

With one yank, the cop pulled Jake by his arms from the cot, swiftly secured the handcuffs behind his back and then shoved him forward to the open urinal a few feet away. Jake could feel the cop's heavy breath and thick smoke from the cigar against the nape of his neck. His own 8" tool was as stiff as a steel rod with thick pre cum running in rivulets from the slit. His balls ached. He needed to release.

"Gotta piss, cock sucker?" The cop growled. He reached for the cigar butt in his jaw and threw it into the urinal and then slammed Jake's head into it. "Well, so the fuck do I!"

A thick, steady stream of warm, golden piss erupted like a dam bursting into Jake's face. The cigar sizzled in the liquid. Jake turned his head slightly toward the source and was drenched in the seemingly endless stream of the liquid yellow gold. He opened his mouth to guzzle and savor it. The warm, slightly salty liquid flowed like a waterfall over his gullet and down his throat slaking his thirst. His already turgid cock bounced to the rhythm of his pounding heart.

As Jake gulped the warm fluid, the cop reached into his shirt pocket

pulling out another thick, black cigar. Jake could hear the crinkling of the cellophane as the big patrolman withdrew the cigar from its sheath. He looked up and beyond the huge head of the cop's cock and saw him put the cigar in his mouth and bite the end off.

Looking down at Jake's wet head and face, the cop snickered and then spit the end of the cigar into Jake's face with a thick wad of warm spit. The glob hit his left cheek with a "Thwack!" and then slowly began to roll down toward his upper lip as the flow of the golden liquid began to dissipate.

Big drops of fluid dribbled from the large piss slit. Jake stuck out his tongue to relish the trickling of the warm fluid when the cop grabbed his massive pole, squeezed it and slapped the huge head against Jake's tongue and smeared what remained in his thick urethra onto it. He wanted to wrap his hand around the huge pole and suck it down his mouth and throat and devour the massive loads of man juice it held. But, his hands were restrained in the tight cuffs behind his back.

The cop unbuttoned his shirt threw it over to the side and loosened his belt; his pants fell to the floor. His tree trunk thighs were densely covered in thick hair; the thick muscles tensed and flexed.

Jake looked up over the hard, hairy belly watching the man light the

cigar. As he puffed, the flame from the lighter shot out like a comet followed by clouds of rich smoke. The cop looked down again at him and spit a big wad of cigar juice on the mammoth head of his dick.

“Lick it off, cock sucker!” He growled. “Lick it clean, faggot!”

“Yes, sir!”

Jake stuck out his hard, wet tongue and worked it up, over and around the head of the cop’s dick relishing the mixture of the salty piss and thick cigar spit. The head of the cop’s dick swelled. The foreskin slid back over the enlarged head. Jake’s tongue worked under the flap licking the cheese that formed behind the corona. Jake’s heart beat faster and faster. Sweat poured off his forehead, down his cheeks and to his lips as he sucked the enlarged head of the cop’s bull sized dick.

He felt the cop’s hand on the back of his head; then, with one thrust, the cop rammed the engorged meat deeper into Jake’s mouth. Jake controlled his gag reflex, relaxing his throat muscles to accommodate the titanic fuck pole. The cop began pumping his hips. The tumescent cock slid back and forth in Jake’s mouth. The thick, swollen veins rubbed against the smooth skin of his mouth and throat. He flexed and relaxed his throat muscles massaging the cop’s thick, gargantuan meat.

The policeman's gut slid over Jake's head glancing the top of his closely buzzed pate as he plowed his prisoner's throat harder and deeper. Clenching the stogie in his jaw, Jake's jailer puffed on it several times. He peered over the man's gut his mouth engorged with the swollen fuck pole watching the thick smoke surge from the cop's mouth; his own cock danced up and down dripping torrents of clear, slick pre cum which puddled on the floor beneath him. Then, the cop sucked in a deep lungful of the warm, rich smoke and exhaled it in luxuriant streams of thick, blue smoke through his nostrils down toward Jake. The heavy clouds rolled down the cop's hairy chest and belly, swirled around Jake's head and then dissipated.

Jake's head whirled; he was intoxicated inhaling the richly aromatic smoke and his mouth impaled on the cop's gargantuan, swollen implement. His head bounced back and forth, up and down in rhythm with the cop's thrusting hips; his gigantic ball sac slapped against Jake's chin as he drove his thick cock in and out of Jake's warm, wet mouth.

"Suck that meat, cock sucker!" The cop snarled looking down at his victim who's stretched mouth engulfed his swollen pole and then spit a giant wad of warm, brown cigar juice into Jake's face. He reached down smearing the slick liquid into his cheeks and then shoved his spit covered thumb into Jake's mouth along side his cock widening his mouth further.

Clutching the thick cigar in his jaw, the cop successively puffed on it staring down at Jake. The dense smoke obscured their faces. Jake struggled to free his arms to fondle the enormous sac and stroke his own aching pole but the cuffs dug deeper into his wrists intensifying his painful pleasure.

His nostrils expanded as the smoke reached his face to sniff and inhale the cigar smoke as it engulfed his head. The cop then pulled his steel like pole from his mouth and hawked up a large gob of phlegm and dropped it on the enlarged head of his cock. Gripping his massive tool in his hand, he shook it and let the slippery hunk slither around the head and onto Jake's extended tongue.

"Eat it faggot," he ordered.

Jake pulled in his tongue relishing the chewy glob, swallowed it and then stuck his tongue out again for more. The cop snickered and spit another big gob of tobacco spit into his victim's mouth. Groaning, Jake relished the tasty wad. The cop then took a giant drag on his thick, black cigar, bent over and exhaled the smoke directly in Jake's face. He sucked down the smoke deep into his lungs. Besotted with the strong smoke, he begged, "More, Sir."

The cop sneered. He clenched the butt of the cigar in his jaw, puffed

successively on it, sucked down the smoke and then grabbed Jake's head. Bending down, he wrapped his lips around the young man's and forced a massive lungful of smoke down Jake's throat.

Jake's head spun as the lush, potent cigar smoke rushed down his throat to his lungs. The cop pinched Jake's nose and clamped his thick hand over his mouth.

"Hold it in 'til I tell you to exhale, fuck face!" He commanded.

The boy held the smoke down and nearly expelled it before the cop yelled, "NOW!"

Holding his massive, swollen pole on Jake's lips, he exhaled the blue smoke over the tool. With his mouth open, the cop rammed his tool deep down the boy's throat and began pumping faster, more furiously puffing the cigar each time Jake's nose buried in the dense bush of brown, sweaty pubic fur. The cop twisted his swollen nipples moaning and groaning as his huge man meat drove deeper and harder down Jake's throat.

Jake's own cock was as rigid as a steel rod and slick from the deluge of pre cum flowing from it. His mouth was lubed from the liquid flowing from the cop's thick meat.

“Suck it, mother fucker! Suck that cock!” The cop bellowed plunging his huge dick as he drove the enlarged dick repeatedly in Jake’s mouth.

The cop roared, “UUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” as the head of his cock mushroomed and detonated blasting forth immense streams of milky man juice down Jake’s throat.

Almost simultaneously, Jake’s cock swelled releasing monstrous blasts of cum in huge pools on the concrete floor. Working his lips and tongue over the swollen tool, he lapped and licked the cop’s turgid tool of the residue. The cop grabbed his meat, squeeze it and smeared the remnants of the pearly juice on Jake’s lips. Moaning and panting, he licked it off treasuring the man’s tasty seed.

“Lick it up, pig!” The cop jammed Jake’s face onto the damp concrete into the pools of his own pearly cum. The cop held his head down with the sole of his heavy, black boot and puffed the short butt of the cigar. Jake lapped up his own cum like a hungry dog.

“I’m not finished with you, fuck boy. I hope your ass hole is as hot and tight as your fucking face.” The cop snickered and then spit tobacco juice

on the floor. Jake licked it up enthusiastically, his fuck hole quivering as his thoughts turned to being plowed by that elephantine cock.

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