

CIGAR DADDY

I had finished a long, hard week at work. It was finally Friday and I was certainly ready to go out that evening to see if I could pick up a trick to bring back to my dungeon. I was horny as hell. Renovations were going on in my office. The young men who were replacing the sheet rock and wall board caught my attention all week. All of them were trim and muscular. Most of them wore only coveralls exposing their massive biceps and huge pecs. The chest hair on one was exposed. My cock was throbbing in my pants all week with this stable of young meat parading in front of me all day. I had a big project to finish and had to work late each night which prevented me from going out. But, I did relieve some of my frustration sitting at my desk after every one had left thinking about some of those studs and what games I could play with them.

Now, my job was completed. I drove home, ate and then laid down for a few hours rest before I would put on my leather and search for my prey. My usual haunt was a place called "The Rack," appropriately named for the back room where they had installed a rack, torture wheel, stocks, a whipping post and the usual sling. Technically, it was a private club but if you wore full leather you could apply for instant membership at the door and were issued a temporary membership pass until your application was "approved." The front bar attracted an exclusively Levi/leather crowd; but some of those boys were not hard core.

I saw an acquaintance who would usually participate in the hot ash parties as an ashtray bottom and inquired whether there was anything interesting out. He replied: "For what is usually a slow night, I think you'll find some. I was just talking to a hot boy who's looking for a Daddy tonight- a hot muscle boy who wants his muscles sore. He is standing in the corner wearing a harness and leather shorts." Bill pointed in the direction where he had seen the young man, and I could see the silhouette of his body against the light but he was facing the other direction.

"I'm looking a hot, hairy muscle boy. I might just check that one you just pointed out to me unless you want him."

Bill quickly responded, "No way, man. You know I like bottom and don't want to fight some boy for bottom position and wind up fucking myself."

"I guess not," I replied. "It's hard enough for you to get your rocks off than to lay on your back with another bottom." He laughed. "I'll just walk around and see what may catch my eye, anyway."

I had lit a Magnum, a nearly one inch thick stogie, while talking with Bill and was puffing on it. The room was dimly lit though you could see the faces of the men after your eyes adjusted to the light. I did see, however, the red glow from another cigar in the vicinity of where Bill had pointed out the young stud and started to work my way through the leather clad crowd to see what was on the other end. I like men who smoke cigars and get even harder when they smoke thick ones like me.

I went to a corner where I could survey all the men in the room. The boy which Bill had pointed out to me was about 10 to 15 feet away and looked like he was about 5' 8" with a large hairy chest, tight stomach muscles and large biceps. He had a

closely cropped dark brown beard and square face. He wore armbands on both the left and right arms and was exceptionally good looking. He seemed to be talking to a blonde haired friend who was wearing leather shorts and a leather vest, though with a "preppy" appearance. I was not going to judge this boy by his friends and thought to myself that I could teach him and break him in to the SM scene.

The guy in the vest then made a move on the muscle boy. The brawny young man leaned back and then grabbed the other boy's forearm and spun him around placing his large biceps around his throat. I couldn't hear what he said but the blonde had a look of terror in his face and struggled to free himself from the tight grip around his throat. The muscle boy had a smirk on his face and then shoved the blonde away. I was intrigued by this encounter and started to feel my cock pulse. I puffed harder on my cigar and sucked in a deep drag of the thick smoke and blew it out my mouth and nostrils watching the scene. The muscle boy had turned my way staring at me with a smile on his face and began to walk in my direction but stopped several feet away at the bar. He then pulled a thick cigar out of his back pocket, bit the end off and started to light it. My cock was throbbing and hard as a steel rod.

I walked over to the bar with my fat cigar clenched between my teeth and sucked on it with smoke trailing behind me. When I got next to the boy, I took a deep puff off the cigar and deliberately blew the thick cloud of smoke in his face just to watch his reaction. When he sucked it in deeply, I was sure I had found my trick. He stuck his thick cigar in his mouth and puffed hard on it and then blew a thick cloud of smoke in the air. He rubbed his thick, hairy pecs and fuzzy, tight stomach muscles. His body was covered front and back with thick, soft, dark brown hair which he grasped between his fingers.

I sucked harder on the cigar and blew another thick cloud of smoke in his face and grasped his right tit between my fingers and began to pinch. He sighed and puffed harder on his thick stogie. Simultaneously, I took the red hot tip of my cigar and began to singe the hair from his left tit. He sighed, "Yeah, Daddy, burn that hair off this cigar pig's tits with that thick cigar."

I then pulled the cigar from his mouth and took the cigar out of mine stuffing it in his mouth and said, "Suck on that thick fucking cigar, boy. Suck on it like you'd suck my thick, hard cock."

The muscle boy then stuck his tongue out and started to lick the underside of the cigar; he moved the stogie in and out of his mouth like he was sucking on a cock and inhaled the smoke and blew it out his mouth and nostrils. By this time, I was hard as a steel rod and had his cock and balls in my hand squeezing and tugging on them. He leaned his head back and sucked harder on the cigar. The ash from the cigar I was smoking fell on on the thick hairy patch between his pecs. He sighed with content.

"Come with me, boy." I led him out of the back room and through the front bar pulling him along by his cock and balls. When we reached my car, I unlocked it and threw him down on the front seat. I went to the other side and got in. I then tied a strap of rawhide around his balls and cock and tied it around the steering wheel so that each turn I made pulled his balls and cock. As it did, he would groan and puff harder on the cigar. Naturally, I took the route which had the most turns. When I arrived at home, I drove the car into the garage, untied the rawhide strap from the steering wheel and pulled on it yelling at him, "Okay, pig. Get out." I led him through the house and into the playroom.

I pulled his leather shorts off and let them lay around his ankles. Then, I pulled him by the rawhide which still was tied around his balls and cock, sucked in deep on the cigar and locked my hairy lips around his forcing smoke down his lungs. I tied his arms above his

head to the whipping post. He stepped out of the shorts on my orders. I tied his legs around the post with his back rubbing against the unfinished wood. I took another thick cigar from the nearby box and lit it blowing the smoke in his face as I puffed harder to light it. He inhaled the thick, blue smoke. As he did, I watched his thick, rock hard cock pulse with delight.

I puffed harder on the cigar clenching it between my teeth and then took the wet end and moved it around his hot, wet lips. He tried to grab the end to suck on it. Each time he did I would pull the cigar from his mouth and slap his hairy face. "Not yet, pig boy. You don't get to smoke this cigar until I am ready to give it to you." He replied, "Yes, sir."

Then, I tied a three pound weight on the end of the rawhide strap and dropped it to the floor. He took a deep breath, and his cock throbbed with excitement. "Ahh, Daddy, yeah. Stretch those balls." He leaned his head back against the post. I pulled the cod piece off the front of the leather pants and my hard dick flew out. Then, I moved close to him and began to rub my throbbing dick against his hairy, washboard stomach sucking the cigar harder and blowing the thick smoke in his face. I took his head and shoved it up against my hairy chest and said, "Lick those hairy pecs and hard nipples, boy. Nibble on 'em like your mother's tit, you pig." He stuck out his hot, wet tongue and began to do as he was told. He licked my hairy pecs until the hair was matted down with spit. I began to nuzzle his hairy face against them. As he did, I grabbed his hard cock firmly in my right hand and started to move my fist slowly up and down that erect rod. He chewed harder and rubbed his hairy chin against my rock hard, massive pecs. I still had the cigar clenched between my teeth with the brown juice oozing from my mouth saturating my thick beard and dripping onto his head.

I shoved him away from my chest, took a deep puff off the cigar, locked our hairy lips and blew the smoke from deep within my lungs into his throat and down into his. He closed his eyes and inhaled the smoke blowing it out of his nostrils as we kept our hairy lips locked. I stuck my tongue deep down his mouth and into his throat. I pulled away and sucked deeply on the cigar again blowing the smoke in his face. He looked disappointed, expecting me to force more smoke down his lungs. Sticking my tongue out, I said, "Now lick that cigar smoke from my tongue, shit head." He stuck his tongue out and began to lick it. "Lick that cigar juice from my beard, you pussy boy." He then began to lick the cigar juice from my thick beard and sucked on it to clean all the brown spit from it.

I forced my fuzzy chest and stomach against his and then grabbed his firm, hairy ass and began to knead them. As he rubbed his body against mine, I began to spank his ass cheeks. With each whack, he forced his body against mine. I could feel his rock hard cock rubbing against my crotch hair as my stiff rod poked against his stretched ball sac. I still had the cigar clenched in my mouth and puffed harder on it with each stroke. He inhaled each thick puff of the blue smoke as it enveloped his face and head. I slapped him in the face; and he dropped his head shamefully. Grabbing his hairy chin, I lifted his head and then shoved the cigar in it. "Suck on that thick stogie, boy; show your Daddy you know how to smoke a thick cigar." He puffed hard on the cigar and then inhaled the smoke again blowing it simultaneously from between his lips and cigar and his nostrils. My cock was throbbing watching this hairy muscle boy smoke that cigar. I could feel him swell and pulse with delight in my hand and could feel the pre cum oozing from his piss slit.

I didn't want him to come too soon, so I pulled away from him and went to the wall where I kept the whips and floggers. I first reached for a long flogger made of buffalo hide but spotted a cat-o-nine tails. I held the leather handle in my right hand and the end of the strands in another, pulled on them and then struck the table with it. The impact made a loud, threatening "Thud!" which at first startled the muscle boy; he looked toward me. But as I

walked toward him, he puffed on the thick cigar savoring the heavy smoke; his long, thick rod jumped as the blood pulsed into it.

I stood in front of him and rubbed my hard cock against his hairy stomach and pulled the cigar from his mouth and stuck it in mine. I puffed on it and pulled away, then flicked the hot ash onto his pulsating penis. He jumped as the hot ash fell on the head of his dick. I grabbed the weight between his legs, lifted it and then again dropped it to the floor. His turgid dick throbbed harder as he sighed again and whispered, "Daddy, stretch my balls and cock."

Puffing again on the cigar assuring the tip was red hot, I moved closer to him and commenced to singe the thick hair around his right tit. When all the hair was singed from it, it looked like a bull's eye. I then let the hot tip touch his hard, erect nipple. He winced but his cock reacted and bounced. I grabbed it firmly in my right hand and began to stroke it; as I did, I spit a wad of cigar juice on his right tit and ground my thick beard in. He threw his head back and whimpered, "Do it, Daddy." Clenching the tit between my teeth, I pulled on it and twisted his left tit between the thumb and forefinger of my right hand. His body began to writhe with pleasure.

I grabbed his balls and cock in the cup of my left hand and pulled on it stretching them away from his body. With the flogger in my right hand, I began to hit them with the knots of the straps at first lightly but each stroke increased with intensity. His body jumped with each stroke. After I released them, his balls fell back between his legs and his thick, throbbing cock stood out in front of him at attention. I pushed the cigar in his mouth; he puffed on it furiously as sweat poured from his brow and body matting the thick hair on his chest and stomach. I grabbed his massive, hard pecs with both hands and slapped them. Pulling the cigar from his mouth, I pressed my lips against his and again stuck my wet tongue into his mouth. He sucked on it feverishly as I shoved it deeper and down into his throat. His hard cock was rubbing against my hairy right thigh, pulsating and oozing more slick pre cum and leaving an iridescent trail on the hair on my leg.

I moved away again anticipating that he would shoot his load. Then waited a moment.

Again cupping his balls in my hand, I held the cigar above them and then allowed the hot ash to fall on them. He winced again in delight. Spitting on them, I rubbed the ash and spit into his hairy sac. "Yeah, Daddy, rub those ashes deep into this pig's ball sac and up my ass." His quivering cock had more pre cum trickling from the slit.

I struck his underarms with both hands and then blew another thick cloud of smoke in his face. I placed the red hot tip against the hair of the underarms and began to singe the hair from them continuously puffing on the cigar to keep the end glowing. When I had finished, I then ran the fiery end up and down the sides of his body from his underarms to his hips. He bit his hirsute lip as the sizzling tip ran against his skin and his body squirmed as the lines of red welts formed where I passed the scorching tip of the thick stogie.

Sucking hard again on the cigar, I leaned over and shoved my mouth over his swollen member and began to rub my wet tongue over his piss slit. As I did, I started to force the smoke into it. The smoke entered and enveloped his pole and ball sac; then it drifted over his hairy, rock hard body surrounding his thickly bearded face. He inhaled deeply enjoying the smell of the cigar smoke. As he moaned, I sucked harder on his engorged staff, and he began to move his hips back and forth. I could taste slick, salty pre cum which leaked from his dick and started to massage his tumescent balls. He groaned with excitement moving his body back and forth, up and down against the rough whipping

post.

I withdrew and then slapped his sac. Wincing and jerking his body, he sighed, "Thank you, Daddy." I pushed the cigar in his mouth. Raising his head, he looked in my eyes asking permission to smoke it without saying a word. I nodded approvingly. He commenced to puff feverishly on the thick log and leaned his head back almost with a look of being satiated. Yanking the cigar from his mouth, I placed it in my mouth and clenched it between my teeth, puffed hard on it near his face and simultaneously pinched his tits.

It was time to release him from the restraints and whipping post. His strapping body fell to the floor. Lifting his body with his massive arms, he nudged his face between my legs and licked my turgid pole and then enveloped it in his hot, wet mouth driving his head back and forth and rubbing his hard, rough tongue on the underside of the swollen pole. I threw my head back in satisfaction enjoying the blow job this sex pig was giving me. I could feel the semen surging in my balls as they began to recede into my body. But, I did not want to shoot my heavy load of cream just yet and shoved his head away. He fell to the floor. Placing my booted foot onto his groin, I pressed hard and squeezed his nuts against his body. I sneered at him and puffed harder on the cigar. The long, thick ash fell from and landed in his navel and sizzled. My cock quivered with pleasure, and I pressed my boot still harder against his nuts.

I rubbed the sole and heel of the boot along his strapping stomach and abs to his mouth and ordered him to lick the soles clean. He grabbed the boot and began slurping with his wet tongue running up and down the sole to the heel cleaning them.

I watched as his rigid staff jumped with excitement as he washed the boots clean with his glistening spit. I puffed on my cigar and let the long, hot ash fall in the valley of hair between his large, hard pectoral muscles and began stroking my stiff cock and massaging my massive nuts.

When he was finished cleaning both boots, I commanded him to his knees and forced his head between my legs and commenced to brush my large, hairy ball sac over the stubble of hair on his head. He jammed his head harder against them and then moved his head back and forth with increasing speed. As he did, I moaned with pleasure and clenching the thick stogie between my teeth, I grabbed the back of his head with my hands to control the pressure and his movement. I sucked harder on the cigar and exhaled thick clouds of thick smoke in the air. He clutched my mammoth, hirsute thighs and shifted his head back and forth burnishing my balls and hairy inner thighs. Placing my hands over his ears, I forced his head from between my legs and began to whack my hard dick on his forehead and cheeks. "Stick out your tongue, pig," I demanded. He obeyed, and I started to slap my turgid staff on it and shoved my rigid tool deep into his mouth. He gagged; and I withdrew and again struck my thick, hard rod on his hot, wet tongue. I then shoved my cock into his mouth and repeated this for a time to tease him because I could see in his face that he wanted to suck on my staff and slobber all over it. When I thought that I had tempted him sufficiently, I rammed my hardened pole into his warm orifice and grabbed his ears forcing my tool into and out of his mouth.

As he reached for his bouncing cock, I ordered him "Don't touch that dick, asshole, until you're told. Hands behind your back while I fuck your face." He immediately complied. I could feel the cum surging in my balls which tightened as I forced my dick in and out of his mouth. Fearing that I would shoot my heavy load, I pulled his head away. He tried to reach forward to suck more on that tumescent staff, but I slapped him in the face: "You'll get more of that stiff rod when your ass is ready for it, fuck face."

“Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me, please fuck me. Ram that thick, hard rod deep into your pussy boy’s ass. Please fuck me! I need it, Daddy.”

I kicked him to the hard floor and walked over to the carpenter’s horse which was in a corner nearby. “Get on your feet, slut.” He lifted his brawny torso from the floor and stood there abjectly with his fat, rigid rod sticking out in front of him waving up and down as it pulsed with the beat of his heart.

He tried to grab it with one hand and tug his ball sac with the other. When I observed this, and in a loud voice ordered, “Don’t, boy. I didn’t tell you to stroke your cock!” and punched him in his furry abs. He doubled over and breathed deeply to catch his breath.

“I want to cum, sir. I need to cum. Please, Daddy, let me cum.” He cried.

“You shoot your load on my command, boy. And not until I tell you. I want to see that thick cream erupt from your dick and smear it all over that hairy body.” I stood in front of him rubbing my hairy body against his, clutched his balls with one hand and squeezed his hairy chin in the other.

“Now, stand next to that horse, boy.” Again, he did as ordered. I restrained his arms and legs to the horse. I opened a box and withdrew a half jereboam, bit the end off, spit it in his face and lit it. He watched me wistfully. I stood in front of him with my cock bouncing in his face. He attempted to grab it with his mouth to suck on it, but I was far enough away so that his tongue would touch the swollen head yet not grasp it with his mouth. I took several hard, deep puffs on the cigar and exhaling the smoke and stuffed it in his mouth, laughing, “Suck on this for a while, you pig.” He clenched the cigar in his mouth and drew on it, puffing hard as thick smoke wafted around his head and to the ceiling. I sucked harder on mine and flicked the ashes on his back rubbing them in along with the stream of hot piss I released. He moaned and took deep drags on the cigar exhaling the smoke from his mouth and nostrils.

I puffed hard on my cigar and then took the red hot tip and began to singe the hair from his asshole. He attempted to raise his ass higher as the heat of the cigar burned the hair all along his ass crack but the leg restraints prevented him. I then soothed the hot hole with a wad of brown cigar spit. Spreading his cheeks apart, I inserted my hot, wet tongue into his sphincter muscle; he shoved his ass against my face. As I tongue fucked his hungry hole, I spanked each ass cheek. His body quaked and shook. I probed his ass deeper with my tongue and rubbed my hairy lips and chin against the boy’s puckering hole. He met each probe of my hard, wet tongue with his ass as I forced it in deeper and deeper.

With his ass red, I took several more deep draws on my thick stogie and then ran the hot end along his ass cheeks singeing the hair from them. Taking another deep drag, I inhaled and pursed my lips against his hole and filled his gut with the thick, hot smoke. His body shook and jumped as the smoke was released into his gut. I then stuck the cigar up his hole, “Now smoke those stogies from both ends, pig.”

He tightened his ass muscles and drew smoke up his hole and sucked hard on the cigar in his mouth. Walking to his head, I withdrew the cigar from his mouth and replaced it with my throbbing cock. “Suck on this, cigar slut. Get it nice and sloppy wet.” Shoving my thick, hard rod in, he swallowed it easily and sucked hard on it as I pumped his face.

I leaned over his back and pulled the cigar from his asshole. Withdrawing my cock from his hot, wet mouth, I ran the wet end of the cigar from his asshole under his nose. He

inhaled deeply. Holding the cigar near his mouth, he tried to clench it in his teeth. But, I teased him and touched his lips with the sloppy, smelly end. Each time he tried to grab it, I pulled it back and slapped him in the face. "Not yet, boy," I said. I shoved my dick again in his mouth and face fucked him as he devoured my throbbing shaft. I pulled it out again and then stuck the two thick cigars in his mouth; and he began to suck harder on them blowing thick clouds of cigar smoke.

I then plunged my quivering rod into his puckered hole. As I did, he took deep drags on the cigars and moaned. I began to thrust my thick cock deeper and deeper in his hot, tight ass. Plowing it, my balls slammed against his body. I withdrew my cock and rubbed it up and down his ass crack and then placing it next to his boy cunt, I rammed it in again; he met each thrust forcing my turgid dick deeper and deeper in his ass. Spanking his now smooth cheeks, I rode this boy with excitement. I could feel the cum surging in my balls as they tightened. I moved my hips back and forth with increasing fury and speed. My cock head swelled in his hot gut as I felt the jism in my balls begin to release.

I pulled out and went to his face with my dick aching ready to erupt with thick loads of thick, creamy cum. Removing the cigars from his mouth and holding them under his chin, I stroked my cock to climax shooting load after load of white jism into his face. It covered his thick beard and landed on the cigars I held under his chin coating the already sloppy ends with slimy cream. I rubbed the cum into his thick beard and then forced my cock into his mouth ordering him to clean it off. He licked the jism off my still hard rod and squeezed it between his lips removing all the jism in the urethra.

"Lick my hands and fingers clean, boy." He obeyed and devoured the sticky goo from them. Looking for more, I make him eat the cream from the ends of the cigars and then stuck them in his mouth to smoke.

I released him from the restraints. "Daddy, please, I need to cum. Please let me cum." His cock stood erect and dripping with pre cum. I spit on my hand and began to stroke the thick dick. "Yeah, Daddy, yeah. I wanna shoot my load all over your body and lick it off." He moaned as he sucked harder on the cigars which filled his mouth. Slapping his balls as I stroked his tumescent rod, his body quivered and huge loads of thick, white cream erupted from his dick and splattered on my chest and stomach. "Ahhhhh, ahhhhh, ahhhhhhhh, ahhhhhhhh!" He groaned with each spurt of jism. As the last drops of cream oozed from his slit, I rubbed his cock head with my thumb. His body quaked and he took a deep drag on the two cigars and inhaled the thick smoke, held it and then exhaled.

I pulled the stogies out of his mouth and then shoved his head against my hard hairy body commanding him to lick me clean. He eagerly complied eating lathering the thick hair with his spit. I grabbed his furry chin and pressed my lips against his forcing my tongue deep into his mouth and throat. My semi hard cock pressed against his hairy stomach as his semi erect cock pressed against my balls. I pinched his hard, tits between my fingers and rubbed my thick beard against his bearded face. He groaned with pleasure and contentment.

I ordered him to lay on the lounge against another wall of the room. Then, I took out two more thick stogies and lay next to him. I told him to bite the ends off. He eagerly obeyed. I took one from his mouth and placed it in mine and then handed him a lighter. Without telling him, he flicked the lighter and held it near the end of my cigar. I puffed on it to light it rolling it between my lips. He then looked at me and asked, "May I light mine, too, Daddy?"

"You performed well, boy. You may light it." He clenched the cigar in his hairy lips

and sucked as he lit the fat stogie. Both of us puffed hard on the thick cigars, inhaled deeply and then exhaled heavy clouds of smoke to the ceiling. I ran my left hand over the thick hair covering his chest and stomach from his well defined pecs to his crotch and then cupped his balls in my hand and squeezed.

When we finished the cigars, he lay his fuzzy face on my thick pelt of chest fur and fell asleep. My cock again began to thicken, and I could feel his thick dick swell against my leg. I'd have some fun in the morning before I went to work.

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