

Cigar Store Boy

I am an avid cigar smoker and have been for years. And I like men who smoke cigars, especially if they are hairy and bearded. I, too, have a hairy chest and stomach and thick salt and pepper beard. Though I'm beginning to show middle aged spread, I try to keep my weight down by working out several times a week; so at 6 feet and 195 pounds, I'm not in bad shape. I am a bit perturbed over the recent interest in cigars only because I find it difficult to purchase my favorite smokes. On the other hand, the number of new cigar stores enhances the chances of meeting a man of similar interests. So, my curiosity was aroused when I saw the ad in the Sunday paper about a new cigar store opening up near my home.

What an ad it was! It pictured a good looking bearded man of about 28 smoking a Hoyo de Monterey Excalibur No. 1 and holding a glass of cognac. He wore only a terry cloth towel around his waist exposing his thick chest and stomach hair. He was exhaling a thick, blue cloud of rich cigar smoke which lingered in front of him. The sex appeal was obvious. I thought that the owners of this new place must be gay, or certainly gay friendly, so I headed directly to the store which would be closing soon according to the ad. Of course, I was in need of some fresh cigars to replenish my stock.

The store was in a small strip shopping center and larger than I had expected. The front was filled with humidors of all shapes, sizes and prices. All sorts of the usual cigar and smoker's paraphernalia was neatly displayed. There was another room to the side with several couches and a TV with a video cassette player.

I didn't see any attendant; so, I slid the door to the humidor room back. The cool moist air was filled with the rich aroma of fresh tobacco, sweet and aromatic. My cock began to swell as I inhaled the air deeply. The cigars were arranged alphabetically. There were the usual ones like Belinda, Centennial, Dunhill, Hoyo de Monterey, and Punch as well as some I was not familiar with like Por Laranaga. The list could go on and on. It had been a long time since I had seen so many cigars in so many sizes. I was elated.

I began to peruse the shapes and sizes that I like-generally at least a 54 ring and 7" long; but sometimes I like a nice Rothschild for a nice quick smoke. I was examining a Por Laranaga, about a 54 ring, when I heard the

door slide open behind me. I slowly turned around to see who was there and was pleasantly surprised to find out that it was the young man in the ad.

He had what appeared to be a Rothschild in his mouth and had just lit it. Clenching it in his mouth, he puffed deeply on it exhaling a rich blue cloud of smoke in the room. The cool, moist air circulated the smoke toward me and smelled even richer.

"Good evening, Sir. I hope you find our selection to your liking. We just opened the other day. If you don't find your favorite cigars, please ask. I will be pleased to accommodate you any way I can."

I was nearly drooling and my dick was throbbing in my jeans. I was enraptured by this young man's devastating good looks. His hair was shorter than in the photo, a marine buzz cut, and wore a tight fitting V-neck T-shirt. His thick black chest hair extended almost to his neck line and curled over the ends of the V. His chest and hairy arms were massive, an obvious weight lifter. A trail of smoke lingered in his thick, black beard. His tight jeans exposed a large bulge.

"Thank you," I replied. "I'm not familiar with this brand. Can you tell me something about this cigar?" I asked, holding the Por Laranaga out toward him.

"Yes, sir. That is a cigar stocked by only a few stores in the country. It is a Dominican, about 50 ring with an easy draw, nutty flavor and is a rich, thick smoke." As he spoke, he reached for another cigar from the box and began to run his fingers up and down it like stroking a hard dick.

"What a come on," I thought to myself. "This boy is gay! What luck!"

"I'm certain you will like it, sir. I believe men like yourself generally like thicker, richer cigars. It sells for \$5.50 a piece. But, since this is our grand opening, there is a 20 percent discount on all cigars."

I thanked him again and told him that I would like more time to peruse his stock. He invited me to take my time.

In the meantime, I looked over the entire stock and picked out several different cigars for my humidor. I periodically glanced over to the young man

to watch him as he took deep drags on his cigar and exhale the rich smoke out in front of him. My prick was swollen with blood and rubbing against my thigh and jeans. I thought I would cum right there.

Having selected about 20 cigars, I exited the humidor and went to the sales counter placing the cigars on top. The young man turned to the cash register and began to total up the sale. He clenched on the cigar and puffed on it as he then placed the cigars in a plastic bag.

“Would you like to try one of those now, sir?” He asked almost begging.

I nodded in assent. He pulled a Por Laranaga from the bag and then clipped off the head; then he handed it to me and held a lighter up for me to light the cigar. As I rolled it between my thickly bearded lips sucking in the thick smoke, he slowly puffed on his cigar. My eyes caught him staring at me. As I glanced down, he was rubbing his hard, bulging cock.

“That cigar fits you, sir,” he stated as he placed the lighter back on the counter top. As he took a deep drag on the cigar and exhaled the thick smoke in the air above him, he placed his other hand on his thick right pec and began to rub the nipple which was beginning to harden and become erect.

“Mind if I sit here a while and smoke?” I inquired.

“Please do, sir.” He replied. “I was just about to close up. If you don’t mind, may I join you, too. I haven’t had the pleasure of sharing a cigar with customers, yet.” He went to the front of the store and turned off the lights and locked the front door.

I sat on a couch and began to smoke the cigar; this boy was right, it did have an easy draw. I exhaled a thick plume of smoke in front of me. Some lingered in my thick beard. As the young man entered the room, he grabbed his crotch and clenched the cigar in his hairy lips sucking deeply then exhaling the smoke through his nostrils.

He pulled off his T-shirt exposing his massive chest covered in thick black fur. He fell to his knees at my feet and began to nuzzle his face in my crotch and lick my bulging rod. I pulled off my shirt and began to unbuckle my belt. He slipped my boots off and as he pulled my jeans off, my 8 inch rock hard dick bounced out. He puffed hard on his cigar and blew the thick,

hot smoke over my big, hairy balls and then began to lick the smoke from my ball sac.

I leaned my head back as my cock entered his hot, wet mouth and clenched the fat cigar in my lips puffing on it and inhaling the thick, rich smoke. It filled my lungs, and I exhaled it into the air. My cock filled his mouth as I forced it to the hilt, my crotch hair entangled with his thick, black beard.

He pulled away and whispered: "Feed this cigar boy Daddy's dick! Face fuck your cigar boy, Daddy!" He placed his lips over the swollen head of my turgid dick, and I rammed it into his hot mouth. He began to pull his jeans off and exposed his bubble butt covered with a pelt of thick black hair, deep into the crack of his fuck hole.

I puffed heavily on the fat cigar, thick plumes of smoke rising to the ceiling and then exhaled a heavy cloud over my chest. It rolled down my hairy chest and stomach and engulfed his face. With his nose buried in my crotch, he inhaled the smoke deeply and sucked more furiously on my steel like rod.

Chewing and puffing on the cigar as I rammed my cock in his mouth, I took another deep drag on it and filled my lungs; then, I exhaled the smoke through my nostrils still clenching the cigar in my jaw. I shoved him off my dick and ordered: "Open your mouth, cigar pig boy." He complied. I hacked up a wad of thick, brown cigar juice and aimed it into his mouth. "Eat that big wad of spit, boy. And don't swallow it."

He compliantly rolled the spittle in his mouth savoring his Daddy's cigar spit. I looked down and watched his thick cock throb. "Stick out your tongue, cigar boy. Eat Daddy's cigar ashes." Again, this muscle cigar pig, closed his eyes and complacently stuck out his tongue to serve as an ashtray for the thick, white ashes from my cigar. He held his mouth open until I ordered him to eat the ashes. He rolled the thick spittle and ashes in his mouth relishing the flavor of the cigar juice and gritty ashes. His large nipples swelled and hardened and his beautiful hard cock grew thicker as the pulsating veins expanded, the blood flowing into them. His bull like hairy ball sac retracted with the further growth of his fat pole.

I grabbed his head with both hands and forced his face into my crotch and onto my throbbing, swollen dick. "Thirsty, boy?" I growled and then

began to let loose a heavy, steady stream of hot piss from my swollen kidneys. He suppressed a gag reflex and began to guzzle the liquid gold sucking the hot liquid from my rigid cock. As the river of piss slowed he sucked my cock harder and then licked the last drops from my piss slit.

My cock was almost ready to explode; but, I wanted more of this muscular cigar boy. I pulled him off my dick, lifted him to his feet and then threw him over the arm of the couch, his firm, hairy ass raised in the air. My dick was throbbing furiously and dripping pre-cum. I knew if I fucked him now, I'd surely come too quickly.

I kneaded his hairy ass cheeks in my hands and ran my thumbs into his furry ass crack. He moaned with pleasure and raised his hips inviting me to probe his boy pussy. I was salivating at the inviting quivering hole. Clenching the fat cigar in my mouth, I puffed harder and then exhaled the thick, warm smoke over his cheeks. He groaned with excitement as his body gyrated.

My mouth was filled with rich, brown cigar saliva; and I aimed it at the puckered fuck hole. "Yeah, Daddy, yeah! Fill your cigar boy's ass with his Daddy's spit. Lube this fuck boy's hole," he screamed in ecstasy. I took more deep puffs on my cigar and then inhaled the a large mouthful of smoke deep into my lungs. Then, pressing my hairy lips against the twitching pink hole, I worked my tongue in and then forced the full lungful of smoke deep into his gut.

I thought he would shoot his load as he yelled "Ahhhhh! Yes, Daddy, work your fuck toy's ass open!" He reached over to the cigar laying in the heavy tray and began to puff furiously on it. I grabbed his hips and worked my tongue in deeper grinding my thickly bearded lips and chin against his hole and ass crack. I then began to work his hard ass cheeks in my hands and started to spank him. He worked his hips to meet each blow of my hands. The pink flesh underneath the dark fuzz began to redden as I struck him harder and harder forcing my tongue deeper and deeper in that warm, moist hole.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me!" He yelled, the fat cigar still clenched in his mouth. "Fill your pussy boy's hole with your cock." He puffed harder and harder on the stogie. I grabbed my cigar, sucked hard on it, thick clouds of smoke filling the warmly lit room. "I want your dick, Daddy. Fuck my pussy raw with that fat pole!" He begged in excitement.

I flipped him over, raised his legs and rested the swollen head of my stiff dick against his inviting crack. He wrapped his massive, hairy legs around my waist as I began to work my turgid rod dripping with pre-cum into that warm void. His hole loosened as I shoved my dick in. Slowly, his ass relaxed; and he began to work his ass muscles sucking my swollen rod into his tight ass. "Yeah, boy, Daddy's gonna fuck your pussy good," I exclaimed as I rammed my rod in deeper clenching the cigar in my mouth. He stared me directly in the eye, his fat stogie clutched in between his darkly bearded lips, smoke exuding from his mouth and lingering in his beard.

We puffed our cigars simultaneously as I pushed my cock to the base, my pubic hairs grinding against his buttocks. The thick plumes of smoke rose above us and lingered in the air.

I felt his ass muscles contract and wrap around my stiff dick. "God," I thought, "what a nice tight ass." I worked my dick inside him churning it like the agitator of a washing machine. He moaned and groaned in ecstatic pleasure puffing harder on the cigar and taking a deep drag on it and then exhaled the smoke from his mouth. It covered the thick black fur of his hard pecs and then began to rise.

"Work it, Daddy, work this cigar boy's asshole," he begged.

I pulled my cock out with the head still resting in his hole and then rammed it in, my balls slapping against his ass. I puffed my cigar as my turgid dick slammed into the warm, humid and tight asshole. I pulled out again and rammed it in harder and deeper. He tightened his legs around my waist pulling my body into his and my cock deeper into his boy pussy.

I began to increase my pace ramming my thick, hard cock deeper and harder into his ass. With each thrust, he moaned "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!" still puffing on the cigar in his jaw. As I picked up the rhythm, I puffed on my cigar as my dick forced its way into his ass. I sucked on the cigar and inhaled a lungful of thick smoke and then exhaled it through my nostrils like a raging bull. He worked his ass meeting each of my thrusts and tightened his ass muscles around my dick as I thrust it into him.

Sweat was pouring from my brow and covering my chest. Thick beads of salty liquid formed like crystals on my chest hairs and beard and then fell

onto his tight, hairy balls. Suddenly, a thick ash fell from my cigar on his fuzzy sac sizzling in the wet hairs. He flinched working my cock in deeper. I spit on his nuts and cock and began to work the ashes and brown spittle in. He groaned and I massaged his nuts with the gray paste.

I pumped my hips faster and faster. I could feel my nuts churning and ball sac tightening. Another thick ash fell onto his rigid dick; I worked the pre-cum from his piss slit into the silky, gritty ash and wrapped my fist around his fat dick. Pushing my cock in deeper and working it inside his hole, his body quivered and shook.

"I'm gonna cum, Daddy! Let me cum, Daddy!" He pleaded. I could not hold my load much longer and implored him to hold his a little longer.

I pulled my cock completely out and then with one quick thrust I rammed my fat tool into his fuck hole. I began to fuck his ass hole furiously and more quickly puffing harder and harder on my stogie. The room was filled with thick, foggy cigar smoke. The smell of the cigars and musky smell of two men sweating profusely having sex excited me further.

I could hold my load no longer and ordered him: "Shoot it boy! Shoot that thick load all over your hairy chest and belly." I pumped his rigid rod with one hand and massaged his nuts with the other as I forced my cock still deeper and harder into his hole. I sucked harder on my cigar which engulfed my face in heavy smoke.

He yelled: "I'm gonna shoot, Daddy! Your cigar boy's gonna shoot his big load!"

As he screamed, his cock swelled and thickened in my fist; his balls already retracted, tightened even further. His cock erupted with thick globs of liquid hitting his chin and covering his chest. Load after load of creamy jism shot from his pole landing on the thick pelt of chest and stomach fur like massive pearls. "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!" He yelled as his massive dick pulsed with each load. He clasped the cigar in his teeth puffing the cigar nub forming heavy clouds of cigar smoke over his face and chest.

My cock could stand it no longer. With one hard thrust, I rammed it deep into his hole and clenched my cigar in my teeth puffing on it as my cock exploded in his tight, warm ass hole. As my dick swelled and thickened with

each load of cum, I shoved my cock in deeper and deeper. "Fuck! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!" I exclaimed filling his boy pushing with thick, hot jism. He tightened the muscles of his ass as my dick spewed the thick liquid and worked his ass deeper onto my thickened cock.

I reached forward and smeared the cum which lay on his hairy body all over his chest and chiseled stomach matting the thick fur down. My cock, spent from spurting such a big load, softened and slid from the inviting, moist boy pussy. I leaned over him and began to grind my thick, fuzzy chest and stomach against his; then, I took a deep drag on my cigar, pulled the nub from his mouth and pressed my lips around his feeding the thick smoke to him. He groaned in pleasure and took the smoke from my lungs as our cocks and groins were grinding against each others.

"Thank you Daddy," he said. "Your cigar boy needed a good fuck."

"Good boy," I responded. "Daddy likes his cigar pig's hot ass."

We stood up naked and covered with perspiration. Eying each other, he grinned and nuzzled his hairy face into my chest.

"Wait here, sir, if you would," he said.

He left the room and went into what appeared to be the store room and then came out with what looked like a large tool. As he got closer, I saw that it was the largest cigar I had ever seen.

"Here, sir. I would like you to have this. It's a 95 ring cigar. I think you're one man who knows what to do with it."

I thanked him and took the cigar. "I think I can find a good use for this big stogie." I replied smirking.

He, then, reached down and lifted the lid to the humidor which lay on a shelf under the VCR. He reached in and pulled out an Excalibur No. 1 Maduro. He clipped the end off and handed it to me with the lighter ready to light it. After I had it lit, he took out another one and inquired whether he could smoke with his Daddy. I assented to the request.

After lighting his cigar, he turned on the TV and VCR and put a

cassette in. We lay next to each other on the couch. I looked up and saw that he put a fuck video on with two big, bearded hairy men stoking thick cigars. My cock began to fill with blood again.

"I hope you become a regular customer, sir. I am here to please and serve customers like you."

"I am quite sure I will be." I said in reply. In fact, I knew I would.

Copyright 2000
Hot Ash New Orleans

