

DADDY'S HOME

It gets uncomfortable driving home with a raging hard on in anticipation of my boy greeting me after a long day on the job. He knows what I like when I walk through the door - he stands there with two full maduro Jereboams stuffed in a jock strap, a cold beer in one hand and a lighter and cigar clip in the other.

That thought made me squirm as my stiff cock rubbed against my inner thigh and tight jeans. The roads in south Louisiana are like the waves on the sea - undulating up and down, up and down. And with little more than what the locals call coffee grinds as a foundation, holes and ruts develop frequently, especially in the summer when it rains virtually every afternoon at 3 PM.

I like to clench a thick maduro in my jaw while driving, puffing on it and inhaling the thick smoke, then exhaling it through my nostrils and mouth without removing the cigar from my mouth. I like the feel of a fat, moist roll of tobacco in my mouth rolling it around as I clench it in my jaw. The end gets nice and sloppy, full of rich, dark cigar juice that dribbles from my mouth into my thick, coarse, white beard.

Suddenly, "Bam! Bam!" I hit two holes in the road and nearly shot a wad of cum in my jeans. I pulled over to see if I damaged the tire rims. Luckily, I didn't. I pulled the cell phone from the glove compartment as I pulled off and called my boy.

"Daddy!" He exclaimed. "I gotta cum, Daddy. I gotta cum. It hurts. I gotta shoot my load, Daddy. My balls ache and are full, Daddy. Please, Daddy, I gotta cum!"

"I'll be there in about forty-five minutes, boy. Get ready, boy. Daddy's nuts are hanging to his knees with lots of cum for his boy. Be ready."

"Yes, Sir, Daddy! I'll be ready, Daddy! Your boy needs your cum, Daddy, bad! I

missed you, Daddy!" He nearly yelled in the phone. "I need Daddy's cock in my mouth and plowing my boy asshole, Daddy. I need to suck on Daddy's man meat and get fucked hard by you, Daddy. Boy's gonna reward his Daddy with nice load, too, Daddy."

"I have more than one big load for you, boy. Daddy's cock's been aching for his boy's hole." I was puffing on the cigar, exhaling the smoke into the receiver so he could hear.

"And smoke too, Daddy. I need your smoke down my throat, Daddy. I need it bad."

"Yeah, boy. I know. Get the 95 rings instead of the Jereboams."

"YES, SIR!" I could almost see his cock swell, as he shouted.

"You know what I expect, boy. Bye."

"Bye, Daddy, I'll be ready, Sir." I pressed "End" and turned off the phone.

I accelerated to make up some time and get home sooner and pressed the pedal to the metal, as the saying goes. About thirty-five minutes later, I pulled into the drive way. Though I finished the cigar, I was still chomping on the butt. There's nothing like a soggy gar butt in your jaw unless it's a lit cigar with an easy draw and thick, rich smoke.

I went in, and as expected, my boy was standing there in a bulging jock strap, his cock straining against the webbing. He popped the can of beer open and handed it to me. As I drank it, I grabbed him by the balls and squeezed them hard. Pulling him toward me by his nut sac, I guzzled a big mouthful of beer; then, filling my mouth again with the cold brew, I locked my hairy lips over his and fed it to him.

"Thank you, Daddy!" Then, he began sucking my beard clean of the gar spit and

beer. He pulled a cigar from the jockstrap, clipped the end and handed it to me. I rolled the thick, black cigar in my mouth, and he held a lighter as I puffed, the golden red flames shooting from the end like a Roman candle and thick, blue smoke engulfing his face. He breathed in deeply sighing in satisfaction. The end was aglow; I puffed the cigar hard rolling it in my hairy lips, thick clouds of nearly opaque smoke billowed from my mouth and then inhaled a deep drag. Grabbing my boy by the back of the head, I pulled his face toward mine and forced a lungful of the strong cigar smoke down his throat.

He moaned as the heavy smoke passed from my mouth to his and down to his lungs. His cock restrained in the jock strap was grinding against my belly and throbbing as he sucked my tongue.

“May I have more smoke, Daddy, please?”

I spit a wad of cigar juice in his mouth.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Then, clenching the cigar in my jaw, I puffed hard on it again, his face and head awash in the dense cloud of smoke. Sucking down more, I again pressed my lips over his and forced more of the intoxicant down his throat.

“Hold that smoke, boy, until I tell you to release it.” I ordered. He nodded. I shoved him head into my rank, wet armpit and rubbed it in.

“Exhale, boy.” He complied as commanded and began to lap the smoke and sweat out the hairy pit. As I exhaled more smoke in his face, he lapped more intensely cleaning my rank pit.

“Now, the other armpit, boy.”

“Yes, sir!”

I rubbed his hairy face across my pecs to my other armpit. He took a deep breath enjoying the rank man smells emanating from it. I blew thick smoke rings in his face which he sucked down and then attacked my dripping pit like a bulldog licking, lapping it voraciously. I pushed his face harder into my sweaty, hairy pit and he responded with greater intensity.

My cock was stiff as a steel rod straining against the tight denim. Pulling my boy's head back, I inhaled more thick smoke and fed it to him, then shoved him to his knees grinding his face against my bulging crotch.

“Unbutton it boy, with your teeth. And don't waste any time.”

“Yes, Daddy!” He exclaimed in anticipation of tasting my man meat.

With his tongue and teeth, he rapidly unbuttoned the jeans. My thick, rigid tool popped out and slapped him in the face. His mouth drooled as I whacked the turgid pole against his lips; and then I smeared the precum dripping like a faucet against his lips. His eyes widened as he stuck out his tongue and tasted the slick, salty fluid.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMM!”

I looked down at him as I chomped on the fat maduro and exhaled a lungful of smoke down my hairy chest and belly to his face. He inhaled the rich smoke with one deep breath. I shoved my jeans over my hips, and they fell to the floor. Grabbing the back of his head, I shoved my throbbing cock down his throat, burying his nose in my thick, smelly pubic hair. His throat opened, and he took all 10 inches without gagging. He sucked on the bloated pole and massaged it with his throat muscles. I threw my head back pumping my hips and fucking his face harder and faster, puffing the cigar with each thrust of my hips. The thick smoke rose to the ceiling and began to fill the room.

“Suck it, boy. Suck Daddy’s dick!”

His response was immediate sucking harder and faster. My hairy, bull balls banged against his hairy chin as I plowed his face. My nuts were churning. I could feel the cum building up. I withdrew my cock and rested the head on his tongue. Dropping a wad of warm, brown cigar juice on it, I let it roll around the swollen head to his tongue.

“Lick it off, boy!”

He worked his tongue around the bloated head savoring the spittle.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!
YUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!”

I aimed another mouthful of spit in his face and worked it in with my hand.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!”

“Fuck me, Daddy, please!” He begged.

In response, I rammed my cock again down his throat and pumped his face. His head bobbed back and forth, up and down as I fucked his face harder and faster.

Again I withdrew my cock and ordered: “Stand up, boy!”

I fed him more smoke and kneaded his hairy, bubble butt in my hands as we locked lips. Then, with one swift movement, I slapped his ass cheeks hard.

“Thank you, Daddy!”

“Bend over boy and grab your ankles.”

I rubbed my prick up and down his hairy ass crack puffing the cigar harder and faster.

“Fuck me, Daddy, please! Fuck me!” He begged as I teased his fuck hole pressing my cock head against it.

I slapped his ass cheeks again hard again and again turning them red. He moaned loudly.

“Daddy, please fuck me! Boy needs your cock!”

I dropped a mouthful of thick, brown gar spit on my cock head and grabbed his hips impaling him on the rigid pole. His boy fuck hole opened up; the sphincter muscle relaxed as I rammed my cock into his warm, tight boy cunt with one hard thrust.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!”

He groaned wildly as I rubbed the thick, veiny meat into his warm ass.

Then, I began to pump my hips and puffed the stogie each time my body slapped against his. He met each thrust bouncing back and forth moaning and groaning with my tool massaging his prostate.

“May I stroke my cock, Daddy, please?”

I pulled his arms back holding his wrists against his back ramming his ass harder and faster. He flexed his ass muscles grabbing my stiff meat as I drove my dick deeper and deeper. We were in sync as I plowed his ass increasing the pace and rhythm.

“Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy!” He yelled

as my crotch slammed against his ass. Thick, fog like smoke billowed from my mouth as I puffed the cigar harder and faster. Spit dribbled from my mouth and filled my thick, white beard dripping onto his ass crack lubing my cock.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

My balls tightened and cock swelled in his tight ass hole. I rammed my swollen, thick meat deep and hard in his hot, boy pussy as it exploded filling his ass with thick cream which dripped out and clung to his hairy hole.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!”

I bellowed each time my cock pulsed shooting cum deep in his hole clenching and puffing the cigar hard and fast and inhaling the last drag into my lungs. I grabbed his head by his hair, pulling him up and back forcing the smoke down his throat. He sucked it down

and exhaled it through his nostrils. I pulled his tumescent cock from the jock strap and spit on it and rubbed the bloated head in the coarse fur of my belly. He chewed on my beard, wet from the cigar spit. As I puffed, the cigar butt clenched in my jaw, thick smoke swirled around his face and head.

“I gotta cum, Daddy! Let me cum, please!” He pleaded.

I grabbed his cock in my fist and stroke it. He worked his hips sliding his boy cock in my hand with the dripping head slipping up and down my stomach. Suddenly, he roared:
 “AAA!
 AAA!
 AA!
 AA!
 AA!
 AA!” He lunged his body against mine. His cock erupted like a geyser shooting pearly cum on my chest and covering my fuzzy belly. I rubbed against him smearing the slick secretion into our body hair. It clung to the stiff hairs.

Puffing the cigar again and inhaling the smoke, I forced more down his throat.

“Thank you, Daddy!”

“Good boy! You’re Daddy’s cigar pig boy!” He chewed on my dense chin hair exhaling the smoke into it and sucking the cigar spittle from it. He smiled appreciatively and opened his mouth wide to be fed another lungful of thick, strong cigar smoke and a mouthful of warm, brown cigar juice from his Daddy.

TO BE CONTINUED

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