

Morning Cigar Fuck

Part I

Both the pleasure of a raging hard on and the aggravation of a full bladder awoke me. My boy's head was still resting on the white hair between my pecs; his mouth was clenching my thick beard. His right hand was cupped around my now tight, hairy ball sac. He was in the same position as he was when we went to bed after a long night of plowing his tight, hot, hairy ass hole and filling it with my cum until it dripped from his fuck hole.

I grabbed him by the back of his neck and shoved his face into my crotch. He opened his mouth still three quarters asleep and wrapped his hairy lips around the swollen head of my cock. "Boy, daddy's gotta piss." He muttered in reply, "Yes, sir," and began gulping the warm fluid as I emptied my bladder down his throat. As I reached the end he stuck out his tongue and lapped the remaining drops as they dribbled from my piss slit. "I won't let any spill, Daddy." Then began licking my turgid shaft up and down making it throb like a mother fucker.

"Gonna feed me breakfast, Daddy?" He asked knowing that I would unload the first of many that day down his throat and deep in his ravenous hole. He grabbed my woolly ball sac and worked his hot, wet tongue around the tumescent head of my cock and then into the piss slit. My raging cock pulsed and throbbed as I reached for a fresh 66 ring half jereboam maduro laying on the nightstand next to the bed. I bit the end off, grabbed his head and spit it in his face.

"Thank you, daddy!" He exclaimed, and I shoved his head back down on my pulsating 9 inch fuck pole. Eagerly, he sucked on it like a ravenous animal. I clenched the thick stogie in my hairy lips, puffed on it, inhaled the thick smoke, then exhaled it over my chest and hairy belly to his face. His response was immediate. His head bobbed up and down like a metronome in quick time working my cock harder and faster.

I clenched the fat cigar in my jaw, puffed on it hard, thick clouds of almost opaque

smoke billowed from my mouth and lingered in my beard as I shoved his head down burying his nose in my thick pubic hair and my thick steel hard rod shoved down his throat. It passed the epiglottis and his throat muscles opened up. He lost his gag reflex after about the third time I fucked his hot mouth hard and deep. Then, he clenched his throat muscles around the stiff shaft as I thrust my hips and fucked his mouth hard. Spit drooled from his mouth and spilled into my dense hairy pubes and furry nuts. His hands still cupped around them, he worked the warm spit into my bull balls.

I spit a wad of warm, brown cigar juice in his face as he voraciously worked my swollen fuck pole massaging my balls simultaneously. I laid back puffing and chomping the cigar forcing his head down on my tool each time his head rose. I could lay there for what seemed like hours letting my boy suck my cock before it blast a bucket load of cum down his throat.

He looked up at me as he pawed my hairy belly and thick pecs almost with a petulant look almost begging for a lungful of smoke to be forced down his hungry throat. Grabbing him by the back of his neck as I puffed the cigar and sucked down a big lungful of thick smoke, I pulled it toward me and locked my hairy lips around his. Then, I forced the smoke deep down his lungs. I reached for his hairy nut sac, grabbed them and squeezed them hard. He closed his eyes almost rapturously accepting the lungful of smoke.

“Hold it in boy ‘til I tell you to exhale it.” I commanded.

He nodded affirmatively. Then, forcing his mouth back on my dick I impaled his face on it and again buried his nose against my wiry pubic hair. He slowly exhaled the warm aromatic smoke over my throbbing pole covering my crotch with it. His cock swelled in my tightened fist. As I slowly stroked it, he moaned and savored my thick man tool.

“I want your ass, boy.”

Without missing a beat on my cock, he maneuvered his body over mine with his

knees against my thick, furry shoulders. I chewed on the fat, black cigar; spit dripped from my mouth into my thick, white beard. His ass was covered in thick, reddish brown hair and grew heavier as it approached his hole, swirling around it. The cum from the last evening's play session was dried and matted the furry, pink bull's eye. I spread his ass cheeks and puffed on the cigar engulfing his hairy ass in thick, fog-like smoke. Inhaling a lungful of smoke, I then exhaled it over his fuzzy hole and spit a glob of warm, brown cigar spit on his boy cunt and let it roll down his ass crack. The dried cum liquefied in the chestnut colored spittle.

My cock responded throbbing more intensely in his hot wet mouth and throat. As it did, his ass hole flexed and relaxed anticipating the probing of my warm, wet tongue and my hairy lips and thickly bearded chin against it.

"Yeah, Daddy's boy's fuck hole." I muttered to myself.

He lifted his head off my tumescent pole. "It belongs to you, Daddy."

Inhaling another thick lungful of cigar smoke, I then held the cigar in my left hand and buried my hairy face in my boy's ass, probing the pink muscles with my stiff, wet tongue. It was still wet inside. My loads hadn't dried out, and his ass was dripping with his own ass juices. Kneading his fuzzy ass cheeks in my hands, I licked the slick hair covering his ass crack and began to work my tongue in deeper. His asshole reacted relaxing as I probed his boy pussy with my stiff, wet tongue and then I exhaled a lungful of smoke deep into his ass. I plugged his hole with my tongue as he moaned and forced his ass harder against my hairy face. My tongue slid deeper into his warm, wet hole, and I began to tongue fuck it as he rocked back and forth on it. I slapped his ass cheeks hard leaving red hand marks on them. His moans became groans. His stiff boy dick was grinding in the thick patch of fur between my pecs sliding in the voluminous amounts of pre cum oozing from his slit. His retracted nut sac rest in my long, thick beard.

I pulled my tongue out and puffed the cigar inhaling more smoke to fill his wet, warm asshole. As I forced it deep into him, he shoved back almost begging for my

tongue to plug his ass to keep the smoke from escaping. I held him tight around his waist, his cock grinding harder against my thick chest. There's nothing better than eating my boy's ass for breakfast.

I pulled him closer toward me as my body and his gyrated. I could feel my balls churning as he worked them in his hand. His head bobbed up and down faster on my dripping prick while I moaned furiously eating his boy cunt. Then, not being able to hold back more, my cock erupted like a dam bursting feeding my boy thick streams of rich cum. My cock pulsed three, four, five, six times exploding with heaving loads in his mouth and down his throat. His cock erupted against my chest filling my chest with puddles of slick, pearly liquid. I grabbed his head and rubbed his red-brown, furry face in the seed. He lapped it up like a hungry dog as thick clouds of smoke washed over my chest and his face as I puffed the jumbo, dark brown cigar hard. He swung his body over mine working his mouth up from my chest to my beard, sucking and chewing on the smoke and spit filled chin hairs. I held him in a tight bear hug, inhaled more smoke and fed it to him as a reward.

He sucked it down grinding his hairy chest against mine. The head of his cock rubbed against mine.

"Now, boy, time to fill that hole with Daddy's man meat!"

"Yes, Sir!" He exclaimed.

TO BE CONTINUED

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