

MY FIRST CIGAR

Even as a young kid, I was attracted to cigar smokers. I remember when I was about 7 years old I watched with fascination the beefy, sweaty construction workers around my house: their jaws bulging with cigars, thick smoke pouring out of their mouths as they puffed, their brawny arms lifted to take the heavily chewed butt from their mouths and then exhaling dense clouds of the rich and inviting smoke. I followed them around when they came into my father's store just to inhale not only their masculine, musky scents but to breathe in the aroma of their cigars. I was too young to realize the sexuality of it all and how it would come to be a defining characteristic of myself and my own sexuality. Though I was too young to buy them then, I took every opportunity to enjoy the cigar experience even second hand until I was able to have my first.

I was 15 when I had my first cigars. I've been hooked on them since upgrading after college from the cheap, machine made stogies to better imports. I wanted the biggest, thickest cigar I could find. Like others I've come to find out, I started on El Producto Escepcionales. I went to a drug store and held one pack up against the other, and that pack was the thickest. I chose them simply because I didn't know any better and they were the biggest I could find.

My folks went out of town every weekend to their place on the coast. I waited about an hour and a half after they left and called them telling them I wanted to make sure they arrived safely; but, ostensibly, I wanted to know they hadn't turn back having forgotten something.

I stripped and then opened the pack and took out a cigar, removing the cellophane from it. For those of you who aren't familiar with the Escepcionales, it's torpedo shaped tapered on the end for a quick, easy light. Now that I know about ring sizes, I can safely say it's a 48 ring, not bad for a beginner.

The aroma of the tobacco instantly gave me a rush causing my dick to spring to attention like a jack-in-the-box. Being machine made, the head has a hole in it. But, I wanted to be like those construction workers who intrigued me as a kid and bit off the end, spitting out the remnants of the tobacco and leaving a big opened end for more smoke. My cock bounced up and down like a fishing cork with a fish on the end of the hook. I set up a movie projector to watch a porn film and smoke my first cigar.

In those days, video tapes were unknown. The only porn available was super 8 mm films. I was able to buy one in a porn shop which followed the don't ask, don't tell business maxim as well as the fact that I looked older

than my mid-teens. I wasn't carded to enter a bar until I was 25, what irony! I selected the film because on the cover pictured two built bikers, one lean and smooth, the other burly and covered with dark brown hair and a two day old beard.

I turned the movie projector on, struck a match and started to puff the cigar. The smoke came pouring out into my mouth and had a somewhat nutty but mild taste. My cock was stiff and hard as a rock; and my nuts were as tight as a snub condom. I watched the film as I smoked the cigar. The two men were sucking each other's big cocks which made my erect dick begin to leak. I touched the slit and smeared some of the pre cum onto the head of the cigar and licked it off.

What a rush! The flavor of the slick, translucent liquid and the tobacco tingled my taste buds and made my cock stand up to 12 o'clock like a flag pole. I fondled my hairy sac and looked at the film as the hairy biker began to probe the lean biker's hole with his massive, turgid tool.

Then, I decided I wanted to inhale the smoke from the cigar. I can't tell you why. I'd always heard that one shouldn't inhale a cigar. But, I sure needed to. I wanted to take the smoke right down my throat to my lungs and exhale plumes of smoke through my mouth and nostrils. It was as if the cigar was beckoning me to put it in my mouth and suck the smoke right

down.

Perhaps, it was mind over matter. I held the cigar in the right side of my mouth and puffed on it several times to get it going and then sucked the smoke right down my throat. If you've ever done it you'll know the experience - smoke passing down your throat and into your lungs directly from the cigar. Surprisingly, I didn't get sick. Instead, my already throbbing, bouncing, cock which was leaking like a faucet swelled like a balloon. I thought I was going to burst! But, I wanted more and sucked another lungful down.

It was exhilarating. My head buzzed; but, I didn't feel woozy. All I wanted was to suck down more smoke. I puffed it harder and took another hit from the cigar. This time, though, rather than exhaling it through my mouth I wanted to exhale the smoke through my nostrils.

FUCK! I turned myself on exhaling thick nose jets. My sac was so tight it felt like my balls were pulled up to my stomach or higher. I then chewed on the cigar wanting to get the end sloppy with spit. By then, the film was almost over. The beefy, hairy biker pulled his cock out of the other biker's hole and shot a huge wad of pearly white cum all over the bottom from his face down to his thick pelt of pubic hair. Then, the bottom shot his load like a fucking geyser all over the top's hairy chest and muscled stomach.

If I touched myself I knew I'd blow a huge gob of cum all over the sofa I was laying on. So, I turned the projector off and went to the bathroom which had a mirror almost the size of the wall.

I held the cigar in my jaw puffing, inhaling the smoke and then exhaling without taking the cigar out of my mouth. My balls were aching and cock straining. I needed to release a load soon but continued to chew the cigar and suck down the smoke. It seemed my body needed nourishment from the cigar smoke as I couldn't get enough.

I bent my head back, held my hand under my pulsating cock and dropped a glob of brown cigar spit on the enlarged head. Damn, the slick, warm spit felt good especially when I smeared the viscous liquid around the edge of the head of my cock. I spit another wad in my hand and began to stroke, puffing my cigar with each stroke in and out. I felt my nuts churning building up pressure like never before. Then, I sucked down the smoke again and exhaled dense nose jets watching myself in the mirror.

I moaned so loud I could have disturbed my neighbors next door when my cock blast across the bathroom and landed on the mirror. SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! It clung there momentarily and then slowly began to roll down. All that was left of the cigar was a well chewed butt which I used to wipe off

the cum from the mirror and licked the end clean.

I threw that butt in the toilet and flushed it. Then, took another cigar out of the box, lit it and rewound the film to start all over again. I smoked the five cigars by noon the next day and beat my meat to the point it was almost raw. But, I knew that I was hooked on cigars and have been since. I've upgraded to better, thicker cigars that are stronger. Now, to me, there's nothing like chomping, puffing and inhaling a La Gloria Cubana, Serie R, No. 6, 60 ring maduro. I can't smoke enough of those fuckers. I still inhale each and every time I smoke cigars. I have to smoke them when I have sex, the thicker and stronger the cigar, all the better. Releasing a load during sex without inhaling cigar smoke just isn't satisfying. It's an aphrodisiac to me.

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