

A New Recruit

“Now, son, why do you want to be in this corps?” The muscular sergeant sat behind his desk glaring deep into the young recruit’s eyes and clenching a thick, dark cigar in his left jaw. He puffed on it, one, two, three times; each time the smoke was thicker. The dense clouds of blue smoke streamed from his mouth and swirled in his face. The heavy clouds dissipated as they rose to the ceiling. He held the cigar in his jaw still and then inhaled the fourth puff down his throat into his lungs; his massive chest heaved straining the buttons on his heavily starched and fitted khaki shirt. Then, leaning forward, he exhaled the smoke in the face of the young recruit sitting opposite him.

As the young man’s face was engulfed in the dense fog, he replied: “To learn to fight, Sir.” He paused briefly as he felt his thick meat stirring in his pants, then continued: “And to be a real man, Sir.”

“This here corps will teach you both, son. You’ll learn to fight like a man and be a man. But, you’re a hell of a big guy yourself. You do weight training?” The sergeant stared at the young man’s bulging biceps. He rolled the cigar around between his lips and wrapping them tightly around it; he puffed on it once more. His mouth filled with heavy smoke; he cocked his jaw and directed thick, silky smoke rings at the recruit. As the each ring widened approaching his face, the recruit sucked them down. His huge tool ached and strained against the already tight jeans.

“I like the aroma of a good cigar, Sir. My dad smoked cigars; and I always liked watching him smoke ‘em. But, he was killed when I was 10. My mom brought me up by herself. She thought it would be a good idea for me to join a military group now so I’d be in a more masculine environment.”

Still gripping the cigar in his jaw, the sergeant grinned slightly. “You’re not one of those fags now who just wants to get in with a bunch of men to look at all those big cocks,

are ya? 'Cause if ya are, you ain't gonna make it, boy. This here group is for men, not for butt licking, cock sucking fags."

Stumbling with his words, the youth replied. "Uh, Uh, no, Sir! I'm not gay. I mean, I, ah, ah, go out with girls, sometimes. I'm kinda shy."

"Let me tell you, boy. If I catch you sucking another recruit's cock, I'll bust your ass good. You won't sit down for weeks." He leaned back, propped his feet on top of the desk, puffed on what was left of the cigar and followed the luxuriant smoke as it ascended to the ceiling. "If you think you can be a man's man and endure the physical challenge, then you'll do fine, boy. But, first, you have to take my physical. If you pass that, you'll be sent to basic training." He took the short butt out of his mouth and then crushed it in the ashtray. The young recruit stared as the cigar's last embers were extinguished.

He felt his cock throb and swell. The sergeant pulled open a desk drawer, reached in and pulled out another cigar. This one was thicker and longer than the other one. "A Jereboam!" The young man thought to himself and almost salivated. The sergeant fumbled in his pockets looking for a clip and lighter.

"I've got a clip right here, Sir. I'd be obliged to clip it for you. My daddy showed me how. I always did it for him."

Reaching into a pocket of his black leather jacket, the young recruit pulled out a guillotine clip and expertly cut the end of the cigar. "Well, boy, your daddy taught you well. I think you'll be a nice fit."

Reaching into the other pocket of his jacket, he removed a butane lighter and flicked it holding it near the end of the cigar. The sergeant twirled the thick roll of dark tobacco in his wet lips puffing on the thick end. Flames shot out like fire from a cannon as he puffed harder on the wide cigar. The thick almost opaque smoke poured from his mouth, swirled around his like whirlpools. Then, he sucked in the smoke deep down his lungs and exhaled it

through his nostrils in dense nose jets.

“Ahhhh, now that’s a man’s cigar. A 66 ring, one inch thick. I like the feel of one of these fat fuckers in my jaw.” Still clenching the enormous, black cigar, he continued to puff it, suck down more smoke and exhale it. The area around his desk had a blanket of fog like smoke over it.

The young recruit was fidgety, aroused by the aroma of the cigar. He wanted more blown into his face. His thick, 8 inch cock was engorged with blood forming an obvious impression on the inside of his thigh. He wanted the sergeant to embrace him and force a lungful of smoke down his throat.

“My dad used to smoke those, too, at least sometimes. It would really piss my mom off ‘cause it took him a long time to smoke it. She complained that it stunk up the house. I didn’t, though. I always enjoyed watching him enjoy his cigars. I started smoking ‘em and enjoy a thick cigar in my jaw. I guess watching my dad enjoy ‘em when I was kid gave me a head start. I like to take my Harley out to the park, light one up and lay back smoking it. I get a hell of a rush from ‘em.” The young recruit said nervously.

The sergeant leaned over the desk clenching the cigar in his square jaw puffing it in the young man’s face. “Is that all you got, boy? Just a rush?” He growled.

“Uh, uh, yes, Sir. I just got a rush. Sir. Like I told you. I’m not a faggot.”

The sergeant looked down and stared at the huge bulge in the young man’s jeans. He tried to hide it with his hand. Grabbing it, the sergeant pulled it away forcefully and spit a wad of cigar spittle in his face. It dribbled down his cheek to the end of his mouth. He wanted to stick out his tongue and savor the the warm, brown cigar spittle but was afraid this would enrage the powerful sergeant.

“Well, I didn’t, boy. I got a huge boner like you got now when I smoked my first

cigar. I creamed in my jeans before I finished it. I still get a throbbing stiff cock whenever I light one up.” The young man felt a bit relieved; but, before he could say anything, the sergeant unzipped his fly; his Gargantuan tool popped out onto the desktop. The head of his prick was swollen oozing pre cum from the gaping piss slit.

The sergeant grabbed the young man by his shirt and pulled him over the top of the desk. He ripped it off and shoved the young recruit to his knees and whacked his massive meat in his face. “Smoke this cigar, cum bucket!” He barked.

The young recruit opened his mouth wide, swallowed the engorged man meat and began to unbuckle the sergeant’s trousers. He slid them off and grabbed the sergeant’s hairy bull balls. Kneading them in one hand and wrapping his other fist around the tumescent fuck pole, he smeared the oozing pre cum on his lips, licked it off and then swallowed the massive rod again down his throat. Bobbing his head back and forth, he relished every inch of the giant cock massaging it with his throat muscles as he devoured it.

“Suck my dick, cock sucker!” The sergeant growled chewing and puffing on the cigar, inhaling the smoke and then exhaling it down toward the young man’s face. “Eat my meat, dick pig!”

The young man increased the rhythm as the sergeant forced his face into his ripe, dense pubic hairs. The scent of his sweaty groin and the smoke from the cigar stimulated the recruit as he worked his hot, wet mouth back and forth over the turgid tool. He massaged the sergeant’s big, hairy nuts in his hand. The thick veins of his cock swelled and pulsated with the beat of the sergeant’s heart.

Suddenly, the sergeant pulled the young man’s head off his cock. Shoving his head back, he spit a dense wad of cigar spit into his mouth and then another on the swollen almost purple head of his cock. “Lick it off, cock sucker!”

Gladly, he obliged and flicked his tongue around the enlarged head of the throbbing

meat. The thick, brown cigar spittle was still warm. He relished the taste. His own cock was aching in his pants; he needed relief but was fearful of the consequences if he shot his load before the sergeant. Sucking the tumescent pole, he buried his nose in the thick, dark groin hairs and began to unbuckle his belt nevertheless. As his jeans dropped to the floor, his cock popped out like a champagne cork. It was stiff as a steel rod; the thick veins were distended and throbbing.

He started to wrap his hand around it and stroke it. But the sergeant saw him and barked: "Hands behind your back!" The recruit snapped his hand behind his back quickly. The sergeant puffed the cigar in the recruit's face and then inhaled the dense smoke. Forcing the recruit's mouth toward his, he wrapped his wet lips over the recruit's and then forced a lungful of smoke down his lungs.

"Thank you, Sir!" The young recruit exclaimed. "More smoke, please, Sir!"

"On your feet!" The massive sergeant bellowed,

With his hands still behind his back, the sergeant reached down to the young recruit's massive nuts and fondled them in his hand; then, he gently squeezed them. The young man sighed. "Please, Sir, more smoke!" The sergeant again puffed harder and harder on the thick, dark cigar and forced another lungful of thick smoke down his lungs.

"AAHHHHHHHHHHHH! Thank you, Sir!" The recruit's hard cock was pressed against the rock hard abs of the sergeant leaving trails of pre cum on his starched shirt.

"Take my shirt off, dick boy!" The sergeant exclaimed. Quickly, the recruit unbuttoned the khaki shirt and slid it off over his monstrous biceps and forearms. As he finished, the sergeant forced his mouth over his and again fed him a lungful of the rich smoke. Raising his arm, the sergeant rammed the recruit's face into his sweaty, smelly arm pit.

“Lick it clean, dick wad!” The sergeant commanded exhaling more smoke into his face. The heady aroma of the cigar smoke and rich man smells from the warm sweat of the armpit excited the young recruit more. He thrust his hips forcefully back and forth; the head of his own massive tool rubbed against the defined muscles of the sergeant’s abdomen. Ravenously, he lapped the sweat from the hairy armpit and bulging bicep with his hot, wet tongue; his face was engulfed in the dense clouds as the sergeant continually puffed on the cigar.

The sergeant spit another wad of warm, brown, cigar spit in his face and then sucked down more thick smoke. He locked his wet lips over the recruit’s and again forced more thick smoke down his throat.

“MMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMM! More smoke, Sir. Feed this pig more!” Pulling his mouth open, the sergeant spit a mouthful of cigar spittle in his mouth; then forcing him back to his knees, he dangled his iron shaft in front of him. His head bobbed up and down; his mouth was wide open to wrap his lips around the swollen head. Then, the sergeant let loose a steady stream of hot piss directly into his mouth.

“Guzzle that liquid gold, piss pig, and don’t spill a drop!” His throat gurgled as the flood of hot yellow liquid filled his mouth and went down his throat. The last drops drizzled from the wide slit; the sergeant grabbed his pole and flicked the remaining drops off on the young man’s tongue.

“Suck the head of my cock, faggot!” His eyes glazed over staring at the almost purple head. He slid his lips over it and wrapped them just behind the enlarged head and began sucking harder and harder. He felt his own meat throb more intensely; his balls strained as they tightened. He reached for his turgid pole; but, the sergeant saw him.

“Touch that cock, fuck face, and cum before me and you won’t sit down for a month.”

He quickly pulled his arms back and placed them behind himself. Pre cum was

dripping from his cock. He needed to blow his load; but, held back. The sergeant's thick cock head was swelling more as he continued to suck it. Spit drooled from his mouth down his chin to the floor. His ass muscles twitched as he imagined the mammoth head pressing against his ass lips and then shoved in stretching his tight ass. He wanted it and slid his hand down to his ass and fingered his fuck hole.

He looked up and watched the sergeant work the fat cigar in his jaw. He clenched it and puffed it harder each time the young man sucked on the head. Thick clouds of smoke poured from his mouth and nostrils. The recruit's cock felt as if it would burst. His ass was on fire. Probing his asshole deeper with his finger and massaging his prostate, he took the huge tool once again down his throat with the massive nut sac rubbing against his chin. He worked the monstrous, steel like rod harder and faster. The sergeant began thrusting his hips back and forth fucking his face harder, deeper and faster. His gigantic nuts slapped against his chin.

"I want that tight boy cunt, pussy boy!" The sergeant bellowed as he leaned over and picked up the recruit and lay him on the top of the desk. He raised his legs and held them back.

"Fuck me, Sir! Ram that big dick up my boy ass! Breed me!" The young recruit exclaimed in excitement.

The sergeant grabbed him by the hips and lifted his legs and spit a mouthful of brown cigar spit on his pink hole. He spread his ass cheeks and buried his face between the smooth cheeks probing his hole with his tongue. He slapped the young man's ass cheeks working his hot, wet tongue deeper down his chute spitting more and more cigar spit into his ass as his sphincter muscles relaxed and tightened. Then, the sergeant stoked the cigar and inhaled deeply. He pressed his lips around the lips of his hole and then forced a lungful of smoke into it. The young recruit was writhing in pleasure and excitement. His meat was throbbing more intensely. He thought his balls would burst if he didn't release his juices soon.

“FUCK ME, SIR! FUCK ME” The recruit exclaimed.

Lowering his body to the desk top, the sergeant held the recruit’s legs back at the knees and rested his gigantic joy pole against his ass lips. He grinned menacingly, gripping the cigar in his jaw, he thrust his hips forward and in one hard push rammed his tool into his ass. The recruit felt his nuts slam against him.

“YEAH! Fuck me, Sir! Fuck your boy pussy!”

The sergeant grabbed his hips and rotated them around and around; his cock churned inside him

“Deeper, Sir! Fuck me harder and deeper!”

With that, the sergeant pulled out his cock and again rested the massive head against his ass and thrust again driving his tool deep into his tight fuck hole; then, he pumped his hips back and forth, increasing the rhythm banging his ass like a jack hammer.

“YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!” The recruit cried out each time the gigantic cock slid into his ass. He could feel his cock swell and his nuts tighten as the big meat stretched his boy ass and massaged his prostate.

He felt thick, warm cigar juice fall on his cock; the sergeant grabbed it in his hand and began to stroke it.

“I gotta cum, Sir! I gotta cum!”

“You cum after I fill that boy cunt with my spunk, fucker!”

He was losing control with the force of the big sergeant against him and the

enormous tool plowing his ass. He felt the sergeant's tool swell. The thick veins rubbed against the inside of his fuck hole. With one hard, deep plunge he felt the huge tool erupt inside him like a geyser.

“AAAHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHH!
AAAHHHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!” The sergeant bellowed. He exhaled thick nose jets of smoke. He clenched the cigar in his jaw; spit drooled from his mouth onto the recruit's cock.

“I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!” He yelled. The sergeant's held his cock tighter in his hand and stroked it faster. The recruit's balls receded into his body. His cock grew thicker and then exploded shooting streams of thick, pearly cream up to the sergeant's chest and down his muscular abdomen.

“Thank you, Sir! I needed that.”

The sergeant grabbed his head and rubbed his face in the wads of cum on his abdomen. Instinctively, the recruit licked his sperm from the rugged abs. Then, he stuck out his tongue and worked it up and down the still erect shaft cleaning the remnants of the spunk from it.

Pulling the desk drawer open, the sergeant pulled out two more Jereboams. He handed on to the recruit: “Well, boy, you passed my physical. I think you'll do fine in this here group.”

“Thank you, Sir!”

Clipping the ends from the cigars, the young man reached for the lighter. After both were lit, they sat on top of the desk naked covered in sweat puffing the thick cigars.