

Smoky Ride

I was driving down the interstate in the warm spring sun when I spotted a car ahead on the side of the road. As I approached, I spied its driver trying to hail another vehicle. The young man was tall with military crew cut. I slowed down to help. I noticed the young man had no shirt on exposing a massive chest covered with thick, black hair. He wore cut off shorts exposing his huge muscular thighs. He was trying to flag down vehicles with his right hand and was stroking his thickly bearded face with the other.

I braked and pulled my car in front of his. He ran alongside and grinning spoke in a deep baritone voice: "Man, thanks. I've been trying to flag down a car for what seems to be an hour. You're the first to stop." He placed his hands on the window sill of the left side of the car flexing his biceps and pecs. I couldn't help but feel my cock begin to throb as blood surged into it.

"What seems to be the matter, son. I drive this route often and know a service station about 30 minutes from here up the road. If you need a lift, lock your car and hop in."

"Sure would appreciate it," he responded. "I was just driving down the road when I heard a clunking sound in the engine. I pulled over to the side and stopped. Waited a few minutes and tried to start it up; but, it wouldn't start again. I'm supposed to be somewhere in about 45 minutes for a job interview. If I'm late, I'm screwed 'cause I really need to make some money."

"Come on then. I'll bring you to a mechanic or service station. You can use my cellular phone to call and let them know you're on your way. If worst comes to worst, I'll drop you off and you can see about your car later."

"Thanks. Let me get my stuff and lock it up." He turned and ran to his car. I watched him in the rear view mirror. His firm, bubble butt bounced as he jogged back to it. My cock swelled as I imagined plowing it with my thick cock. I turned the radio to another station so he wouldn't get suspicious and see me ogling him. He picked up a knapsack from the front seat of his car and ran back. As he opened the door to my car, he said: "Man, I'd do almost anything for this. I've been outta work for a month and down to just a few bucks. I'm Dave."

"Well, Dave, I'm glad to help. If I think of some payment, I'll let you know." I turned the key in the ignition and then accelerated into the light traffic. I glanced over to him and couldn't help but notice the enormous bulge in his jeans. The cut offs he was wearing were short and tight. He lifted up off the seat and tugged his crotch to relieve the pinching. When he let himself down, the head of his cock peeked out of his jeans. My thick prick was throbbing as I eyed it. I leaned over to open the glove compartment and get a cigar out.

"Mind if I smoke, Dave?" I asked as I pulled the fat stogie from the cellophane wrapping. "Hell, no, man. I love the smell of a cigar. Smoke 'em myself when I'm home alone."

"Then, get one for yourself and light up. There's quite a few there." He reached into the glove compartment and picked out a fat cigar, one of my thickest ones, a half jereboam.

"Ain't never seen one this thick before. I like jumbo cigars in my mouth," he replied

as he pulled the cigar from its wrapping, removed the paper ring, and placed it between his lips to bite the end off. As I looked at him from the corner of my eye, I could see he was experienced with cigars. My balls were churning and dick swelling as he placed the cigar in his mouth and began to light it. He sucked heavily on the massive roll of tobacco as the flames from the lighter shot out long, huge flames. He filled his mouth with the heavy smoke and then as he exhaled, he began to rub his furry chest. "Fuckin' nice cigar. Nice easy draw and smooth taste. Hey, what's your name?"

"Mark," I replied. "That's the thickest cigar I know of that's made commercially. I order 'em by mail out of a place in New York. What do you usually smoke?" I inquired.

"Can't afford much on my budget. Usually cheap drug store shit. It's been a while since I had a nice, fat stogie to chew on," he stated. As he clenched the fat cigar between his teeth, he moved his hand around his massive, furry chest and then down to his thickly furred belly. I felt like I was about to explode watching this hairy, good looking body builder smoke the fat cigar and rub his chest making his tits erect.

"Can't beat a good hand rolled cigar," I added.

He puffed more on the cigar and slowly exhaled the smoke throwing his back on the head rest. The heavy blue smoke lingered in his bushy mustache like a smoldering forest fire. I wanted to press my hairy lips against his, run my hot, wet tongue along his hairy lips and then shove it into his warm, humid mouth. I diverted my attention to the road and put my cigar in my mouth to light it.

"Want me to light that for you, sir?" he asked. "You can keep both hands on the wheel and drive more safely."

"Sure." I handed the lighter and then my fat stogie to him. He wrapped his heavily furred lips around the cigar and began lighting it puffing the cigar and rolling it in his mouth to get the thick end fully lit.

"There ya go, sir, all lit," he said as he handed me the cigar. I reached for it and noticed that he moved his hand down to his crotch and began stroking his thick, semi-hard rod. I took the cigar from him and clenched it in my mouth; puffing hard on it, I filled my mouth with the heavy smoke and exhaled. I could see from the corner of my eye that he was staring at me and began to work his cock out of his jeans. "That sure smells good, sir. Nothing I like more than sharing a smoke with my daddy. I got started on these fuckers when I was about 19. And I can't get enough of 'em when I can afford 'em."

I knew now that the boy was provoking me. "Your daddy, a stogie man, son?" I inquired.

"Sure was, looked kind of like you, too. Thinning, short cropped hair and thick salt and pepper beard. Big man, too, 'bout 6'4" and muscular. Hairy like me, too. He passed away about 2 years ago. He and I would go out to the barn and light up together 'cause mom wouldn't like us to smoke in the house." As he spoke he continued to tug on his fat tool and cupped his hands around what certainly appeared to me massive nuts.

I blenched the cigar between my teeth and puffed on it taking in a thick cloud of smoke. He was looking at me as I did and with the cigar in his mouth rolled it between his lips and shoved it in and out of his mouth as if he were giving head. He pulled the stogie out of his mouth holding the bit end near his lips and then started to lick it with his tongue. Freud may have said that sometimes a cigar is just a cigar; this time he was wrong. When I

looked down, the hirsute muscle stud had pulled his massive cock out of his jeans revealing a gargantuan erection. I couldn't resist; I wrapped my hand around it, squeezed and began to stroke it.

"Ah, Daddy, yeah. I'd like to wrap my lips around your big stogie," he moaned as he clenched the cigar in his mouth and sucked in thick blue smoke.

"Well, boy, this Daddy has a huge load for a hot ass like yours," I responded as I stroked my swollen prick under my pants. He shoved his hand under his butt and simulated humping his finger. "This boy needs a good fucking from a hot Daddy."

I knew of a deserted road off the next exit and sped for it. I clamped down on the cigar in my mouth and puffed hard on it. Mark didn't take his eyes off me as I headed for the exit. As he sucked in hard on the cigar, he rubbed his muscular, hairy pecs and twisted the large, erect nipples then ran his hand down the thick fur over his belly and shoved his hand under his pants to knead his balls.

Reaching the exit, I turned onto the next highway. The dirt road was only a mile or so away. I drove about three-quarters of a mile down that road and pulled over to the side in a grove of trees. Dave had pulled off his shorts; his thick rod was erect and firm surrounded by a thick pelt of chestnut brown pubic hair. As he stroked his massive tool, his large ball sac bounced on the seat. He took in a deep drag on the cigar, sucked it in deep into his lungs and then exhaled the thick smoke out over his chest fur. My cock was throbbing as it pounded in rhythm with my heart.

I loosened my tie, tore off my shirt and wrestled off my pants. I lowered the back rest of my seat, and Dave followed suit. I rolled on top of him rubbing my thick chest fur against his and began to grind my cock and balls against his. We stared face to face only inches away from each other. We clenched our cigars in our mouths and puffed on them enshrouding our heads in thick clouds of smoke. Though I did not turn the engine off and the air conditioner was still on, the car was filled with thick, blue cigar smoke.

I pulled my cigar out of my mouth after I took a deep drag on it and told him to take his out. Moving my mouth closer to his, I pressed my hairy lips against his and forced the smoke from my lungs into his. He moaned and his body gyrated; he pressed his crotch firmly against mine, and I could feel his cock pulsating against mine.

I then straddled his gargantuan body, lay my turgid rod in the thick pelt of chest fur between his strapping pecs, placed my hands on them, and pushed them together. I then began to rub my hard dick between them and let brown cigar spit dribble out of my mouth onto my prick as a lubricant. He clenched the cigar harder in his teeth and puffed on his stogie sucking in the thick smoke. As he moaned, he exhaled the heavy smoke onto my cock.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Force that thick prick into this boy's pussy ass. Pound my ass, Daddy!" He said.

"Don't rush me, boy!" I replied.

I wanted to shoot my heavy load into this boy's furry chest; but held it to satisfy my greater desire to have my cock erupt in this boy's firm, tight ass. I moved down to his hips. Straddling them, I grabbed his colossal dick and mine and holding them together I began to stroke them. Our hairy ball sacs rubbed against each other's as they bounced up and down. Ashes from my cigar fell on our cocks; I worked it in as I stroked. I could feel his cock

thickening and stopped.

“Turn over, boy. I want your ass.” I ordered.

“Yes, sir,” he replied.

He quickly turned on his stomach and raised his bubble ass to meet my hairy face. I spit a large wad of cigar juice onto his fuzzy butt hole and spread his asscheeks. I sucked in deeply on the cigar and pressed my hairy face against the quivering hole. Pressing my lips firmly against his butt, I worked my hot, wet tongue into that warm, moist hole and then forced the cigar smoke from my lungs into his gut. His hole relaxed taking in all the smoke. Rubbing my thickly bearded chin against his hole, I grabbed his nuts and squeezed. His hips gyrated grinding my thickly bearded chin against his hot boy cunt. I ate out his ass furiously. The musky smell of sweat drove me wild with ecstasy.

My cock was about to burst. “Daddy wants to fuck that hole, boy.” I said.

“Please, Daddy, please. Fuck my pussy hole. I need it, Daddy. Fuck me!” He nearly screamed.

I pressed the head of my rigid tool against his pulsating ass and thrust my thick 8” cock in with one thrust. He moaned with pleasure and forced his hips back to meet my thrust. He turned his head to look. He still clenched the cigar in his mouth; his beard was fully saturated with the cigar spit. He grabbed my hips and pulled me into him.

I rammed my thick, hard rod in and out of his tight, warm butt hole. The sight of this massive, hairy boy with a cigar clenched between his teeth and the feel of the thick stogie in my mouth made my balls churn and dick throb as I pounded his ass. My ball sac slapped against his body as I savagely rammed my tool in and out of his butt. More ash fell from cigar onto my dick near his butt hole. As I worked it in with each successive thrust, he forced his hips back for deeper penetration.

I could feel the cum churning in my nuts. I fucked his ass more furiously and faster. My ball sac was beginning to tighten, and my cock was thickening in his hot ass.

“Yeah, boy, yeah. Take your Daddy’s thick prick. Daddy’s gonna fill your hot ass with a thick, heavy load of cream!” I yelled.

“Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck your boy’s hole.” He responded.

As I forced my dick harder and deeper into his ass, I puffed more furiously on my cigar. I clenched the sloppy, wet end in my mouth and sucked in on the hot smoke. I couldn’t hold my load any longer.

“Arrrrrrrghhh, Arrrrrrrgggggghhhhhh, Arrrrrrrrrgggggghhhhhh, Arrrrrrrgggggghhhhh!” I hollered. My cock exploded in his hot ass with load after load of thick, creamy cum.

“Fill my hole with cum, Daddy. Fill me with your thick, creamy load!” He moaned.

I slowed my pace but left my cock in his ass.

“I wanna cum, Daddy. I wanna cum!” He said compliantly.

“Daddy wants your hot load all over his chest boy!” I replied.

He turned over on his back and grabbed his throbbing dick still clenching the nub of the thick stogie in his mouth. I laid my chest near his thick, huge dick and looked up at him with my stogie in my mouth. I puffed on it as he pounded his dick and let the smoke waft over his hairy stomach and chest.

“Cover me with that thick smoke, Daddy.” He asked. As I puffed on the cigar and grabbed his nuts in my hand kneading them, his tool swelled and exploded with massive loads of white cream onto my chest.

“Aaaaahhhhhh, Aaaaahhhhhhhh, Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh, Aaaaahhhhhh!” He yelled with excitement as his cock spurt cum onto my chest and chin. His body quivered and shook.

I rubbed the huge load of cream into my chest and then rubbed it into his cock and balls.

“Thanks, Daddy. I needed a good fuck.” He smiled as he spoke.

“You have a hot, tight ass, boy, and know how to use it. It’s been a while since I had a good fuck like that. And besides, it’s hard to find a boy into cigars.” I said.

“Do you get into these parts often? I could sure use a Daddy like you.” He inquired.

“Well, boy, it looks like you are going to miss that appointment. But, I need someone to help. So, if you want a job, you can drive with me.” I told him.

“Sure do, Daddy. And this boy will work hard for what’s coming to him.” He retorted.

Now, Dave drives along with me. We sure must be a hell of a sight as we drive down the road-two burly bearded men, chawing down on thick cigars as we travel.