

The Mechanic

Part I

I stopped suddenly in my tracks when I saw him. The burly mechanic stood in the open garage. He reminded me of the Herb Ritts photograph of a buff, sweating, young, hairless mechanic in overalls and holding a large truck tire in front of a garage. But, this man was the epitome of male virility. He held a large tire tool in his right hand and wore overalls but no shirt under it. His head was enveloped in thick, chestnut brown, shoulder length hair and a dense, bushy beard which rested on his chest. In the golden glow of morning light, it gleamed like a lush lion's mane. He stood there facing the morning sun like a bruin avatar - ursus magnificus.

My cock responded pulsing and thickening. Then, the mechanic leaned over laying the tire tool on the cement to the side. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a long, thick, black cigar, bit off the end and spit the foot out. Holding the torch lighter near the end, he puffed rolling the cigar between his woolly lips for an even light. Thick cumulus like clouds of nearly opaque smoke escaped his mouth around the thick stogie and hung in the warm, moist air slowly dissipating. Wrapping his hirsute lips around the lit cigar, he puffed harder. His broad chest heaved as he sucked down the luscious smoke and then slowly exhaled through his mouth and nostrils; he held the

cigar out admiring it as the smoke covered his heavy mane. When I saw that, my throbbing cock nearly sprang out of my shorts like a spring under extreme tension. He looked towards me and smiled invitingly.

I walked towards him inquiring about his shop; but I was more interested in him. I could see his chest, shoulders and back were covered with a lush rug so thick his skin was barely visible. My stiff dick almost erupted.

“When did you open up? This place has been vacant for so long. ”

He puffed on an inch thick maduro. The band was missing; so I couldn't tell what brand it was. Again, his chest heaved as he inhaled more of the rich smoke exhaling as he responded:

“I bought it a week ago and thought I'd waste no time in opening even though I don't have every thing installed. Right now, I've just got equipment to take care of basic needs.”

I gazed into his eyes transfixed by the exhaled smoke which almost formed the words in the air as he spoke. A small smile cracked his furry face as he lowered his eyes toward the bulge that protruded from my groin.

“Want to take a look ... inside?” He asked, a pregnant pause between “look” and “inside.”

“Sure. By the way, I’m an avid cigar smoker myself. What kind is that? The aroma is almost intoxicating. It’s a nice ring size, good to chew on. And it looks like it’s got a great draw.”

His jaw bulged clenching the cigar in his mouth. He puffed harder; his big chest rose as he sucked down the smoke. Without removing it from his mouth, he exhaled opaque streams of smoke from his nostrils. My already straining cock pulsed harder almost bouncing up and down in my loose shorts.

“Just found it. Cuban Parejo Epicure. 62 ring maduro. Fucking great cigar. A real kick ass mother fucker. Six inches long. It fits real good in my mouth.” He grinned broadly. “Want to try one?” He asked and eyed my stiff protuberance.

“Fuck, yeah!” I replied excitedly. “I sure as hell won’t turn down a free cigar.” He pulled one out and handed it to me. He reached to the side with his other hand and clicked the electronic controls to the garage door to close it.

As the door lowered, he held out his lighter for me. With each puff I

took, he puffed on his cigar. As we matched puff for puff, our heads were quickly engulfed in the warm, rich smoke.

Once lit, he stepped closer. My stiff pole glanced lightly against his coveralls barely touching his turgid cock. Clenching the cigar in his mouth, he growled.

“Fucking-A. Hot cigar man.”

He loosened his coveralls which fell to the floor. I nearly choked on the smoke I inhaled. His huge, muscular body was densely covered in the same colored soft fur as on his head and face. His pole bounced up and down in a thick mat of pubic hair. The radiant light streaming through the windows of the garage door behind him created an aurora around his fleecy body like an Olympian deity. He rubbed his hands against his furry chest rolling the cigar in his mouth.

I puffed harder on my cigar and took off my t-shirt and shorts. My cock was so stiff it nearly ached. The bulging veins in my thick rod throbbed so intensely I thought my cock would shatter. I moved toward him. With the hair from my body touching his, electricity sparked as we came together. Peering deeply into each other’s eyes, we puffed our cigars rhythmically shrouding our faces with luxuriant, warm cigar smoke.

Our solid, wooly guts crunched as the thick hair pressed together; we clung together like velcro. Our stiff, dicks poked into our dense pubic hair. Our hairy nuts rubbed together. We were mesmerized by our senses and watching each other puff our cigars in tandem engulfing our faces in lush, rich cigar smoke, inhaling deeply and exhaling.

Our faces moved closer together as we both took harder drags on our cigars and sucked in the smoke deeply our thick, hairy chests rising and falling. Our nipples hardened and cocks pulsed against each others. Removing our cigars from our mouths, we grabbed the back of each other's head and then locked our hairy lips exchanging the smoke from our lungs back and forth. Our tongues collided in an impassioned embrace savoring the taste of each other's warm saliva and rich smoke for what seemed an eternity.

The warm brown spit drooled from our mouths and down our chins soaking our thick beards. We rolled our cigars in our mouths puffing them. The thick ash fell between our fleecy chests. We wrapped our beefy arms around each other and pressed our chests together crushing the thick ash between them and then rubbed our stiff cocks together; slowly, we pulled apart. The viscous liquid oozing from our piss slits still bound us together as it stretched to a thread and then broke.

The unctuous smell of the grease and oil in the garage mixed with the rich aroma of the cigar smoke and our musky man scents created an atmosphere of olfactory ecstasy making our hearts beat faster and our cocks bounce up and down like metronomes. We admired each other's stocky, muscular bodies soaked with sweat and puffed harder on our thick cigars creating a halo of dense smoke around our bearded faces.

"Fuck me." He growled chomping on the cigar. "Shove that thick pole up my hole."

I stepped closer and reached around his waist running my hand down his hairy ass cheeks and probed his sweaty, fuzzy hole with my finger. He moaned and relaxed his sphincter muscles allowing my finger to slide in deeper.

He puffed his cigar and inhaled; then, roared as the smoke escaped his mouth: "FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD! The pick up, on the back of the pick up there." He pointed to a pick up truck with its gate down and walked briskly over to it and laid on his back, legs up. "Plow my ass!"

I spit a wad of thick, brown cigar spit on his fur covered hole working it deeper with my wet tongue and then dropped a wad on the swollen head of my cock. The thick glob slowly dribbled around the enlarged rim of the head.

I smeared it on the meatus mixing it with the sticky cum oozing from the slit and probed the furry target. His ass muscles relaxed and flexed sucking the tool in like a vacuum.

Puffing on his cigar, he exclaimed: "RAM IT IN, FUCKER! HARD!"

I clenched the cigar in my jaw, grinned slightly and then sucked in a deep lungful of the rich, thick smoke. I exhaled thick streams of smoke through my nostrils and with one powerful thrust, rammed my turgid pole deep into his fuck hole.

He moaned and screamed: "FUCK! FUCK ME RAW!"

I began to work my hips back and forth smoking the cigar rhythmically as I plunged my thick, hard tool back and forth into his wet, warm receptacle. He chewed on his cigar, rolling it around in his mouth, puffing it at the same cadence as my balls slapped against his fuzzy perineum. The luxuriant clouds of smoke rose to the ceiling forming a hazy pall over us.

His ass muscles contracted with each entrance grabbing my cock in a vice like grip and then relaxing as I exited, only to contract again as I drove it in harder and deeper with each powerful thrust of my gyrating hips. His firm hole was smooth, warm and inviting; it spasmed massaging my stiff pole as it

thickened inside his hole. Sweat poured from our bodies in rivulets. Warm brown cigar spittle trickled down from the sides of our mouths into our beards as we clutched the cigars in our jaws puffing them like well timed machines.

I spit a wad of gar juice on his chest and rubbed the brown fluid into his dense fur. His chest hair was thick but silky and soaked up the spittle like a sponge. Then, grabbing his nipples I twisted them. He moaned. His ass muscles responded and tightened around my cock. His turgid pole flapped back and forth into his lush brown pubic hair as I plowed his hole with more intensity. I squeeze his nipples harder and worked them back and forth. His moans and groans of pleasure increased and grew louder.

"Fill me up!" He howled. "Fill my hole." He puffed on his cigar several times, inhaled the smoke and then released it through his nostrils. The sight nearly made me explode. The thick, distended veins in my cock enlarged and rubbed against the wet man hole. Ash from my cigar fell on his hairy nuts singing the fur; in reaction he clasped his ass muscles around my cock firmly grasping it in a warm, wet embrace. His hole pulsed around my dick. I threw my head back enthralled in ecstatic pleasure puffing harder and faster on my cigar.

I grabbed his hips and slammed my cock in.

"Cum in me! Cum in me! Cum in me!" He repeated like a mantra.

"I'm gonna breed you like a fucking bull!"

"Harder! Harder! Harder! Harder!" He yelled; each time louder than before as it echoed inside the garage bouncing off the steel walls as if in a cave.

Slick, clear pre cum oozed continuously from his slit forming strands between the slit and his pubic hair like a web. The enlarged head of his thick tool glistened in the light streaming from the sun roofs above.

"Breed me!"

My pace quickened; the strokes shortened. As I puffed my cigar harder inhaling each drag deep into my aching lungs, my cock expanded in his moist, warm ass. I took one hard drag on the cigar and again inhaled the strong smoke. I slammed my cock deep inside him and as I exhaled the smoke through my nostrils I erupted like a fucking volcano inside him with a load so large it seeped out around my cock and clung to my furry crotch and balls.

Simultaneously and without touching it, his thick cock exploded like a fucking cannon. Pencil thick pearly streams of seed shot out over his head into his beard and down his hairy chest and gut to his groin like a trail.

I lay on top of him; and we puffed the soggy butts of our cigars face to face grinding groins and our hairy bodies. We inhaled and then removed the cigars from our mouths, locked lips and traded the thick smoke back and forth. Our poles responded thickening against our wet, matted pubic hair.

As we rubbed our hairy faces together mating our beards, he growled:
"My turn, fucker!"

-To be continued-

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