

The Mechanic

Part II

The mechanic wrapped his huge hairy arms around my chest and his legs were intertwined with mine; he rolled toward his right flipping me on my back with my legs now wide open and hole exposed. He breathed heavily in my face; his warm, humid smoky breath made me lunge up and suck his wet tongue. The thick, brown tobacco spit was tantalizing and make me suck harder; his spittle dribbled around my hairy lips and down the corners of my mouth. We moaned simultaneously; and I felt the swollen mushroom head of his stiff cock begin to probe my hairy hole.

We reached for our cigars which lay on the bed of the truck and puffed them in our faces. The rich smoke jetted out alongside the thick cigars forming dense clouds of smoke engulfing our faces and making our cocks throb harder and seep rivulets of sticky pre cum from the slits. He pulled back and then started to slide the mushroom head of his cock into my pulsating hole teasing it as he pushed the head in and then pulled it out again. Each time he entered I barked out: "Fuck me, man, hard!"

He grinned with the thick cigar butt clenched in his bulging jaw puffing it as the head of his cock slid into my aching hole and then seconds later pulling out and then inserting it again. He puffed on his cigar three or four times, sucked in the smoke and then as he exhaled thick nose jets thrust his swollen pipe into me.

"AAAAAAAH! YEAH! Pound me, fucker!"

He rhythmically thrust his hips and slammed his cock into me as we both sucked

harder on our thick cigars. The smoke was dense in the still garage with only our sweating bodies providing the only movement. I reached up, grabbed his big nipples and pulled him toward me. I sucked down a lungful of smoke as we kissed and traded the heavy cigar smoke mouth to mouth back and forth. My enlarged cock rubbed harder against his dense stomach fur oozing like a broken faucet.

As the mechanic's loud moans grew, we suddenly heard the creaking of a door and the faint voice of someone: "Any one here?"

Coitus interruptus is not the most fulfilling experience. The door to the office slowly swung open. A young punk with thick waxen black hair slicked back on his head and a cigarette dangling from his lips appeared. "What the fu....!" He exclaimed. "Faggots!"

"Men, punk! I'll show you what a fucking faggot is!" The mechanic yelled and ran toward the door grabbing the young punk by the belt and pulling him back. He slammed the door shut and then locked it.

Though my cock was semi hard after we were interrupted it regained its stature watching the mechanic drag the punk towards the bed of the truck and yank the cigarette out of his mouth.

"Hold him!" I jumped from the truck bed and held the punk's arms back firmly as the mechanic ripped the young man's shirt open and stripped him of all his clothing. He had thick chest hair that tapered to a trail down to his groin; a thick, heavy bush of coal black fur surrounded his hairy balls and cock which stood at 12 o'clock high noon stiff as a board. The mechanic grabbed his big nuts and tugged on them. "Faggots, eh! Then why the fuck do you have a hard on, you fucking queer!" And then he spit a wad of cigar spit in the young man's face. His cock jumped like a jack in the box.

"I ain't no queer, man. Don't hurt me, please!" He begged.

“We ain’t gonna hurt you ass wipe. We’re just gonna fuck you!” I pulled his arms back and rubbed my hard cock against the crack of his hairy ass as the mechanic blew thick cigar smoke in the young man’s face.

“Fuck!” He coughed. “I hate fucking cigars! Don’t man!” He coughed.

“Oh, Yeah?” Both the mechanic and I replied in unison.

I grabbed the young man’s hair and pulled his head back puffing my cigar and then exhaling a lungful of thick smoke in his face. He wiggled his head back and forth trying to avoid the smoke; but, the mechanic held his chin and head back. He coughed more; but, he struggled less.

The mechanic pulled his mouth open. “Feed him,” he said to me. I grinned and sucked down a big lungful of smoke from my cigar. The young man’s eyes widened as my mouth approached his. He tried to say no but I wrapped my lips around his and forced the entire lungful of smoke down his throat. He exhaled coughing violently. Yet, his cock stood rigid with the slit wet from a trickle of pre cum oozing from it.

Both the mechanic and I looked at each other and nodded. We knew the fucker liked it and wanted more.

“Let’s get him over to the block and tackle.” Though he continued to struggle, we carried him about 20 feet to the block and tackle, secured his wrists to the chains and lifted him with his head even with our chests.

“What the fuck ya’ gonna do, man! I ain’t done nothin’! I apologize man. Fuck! Just let me go.” He begged.

“Shut the fuck up, cock sucker!” We yelled at him.

“OK! OK! Anything you want, man. I ain’t got no money.”

“Don’t want your money, boy, just your ass and teach you how to be a man.” I said.

The mechanic snickered and exhaled more cigar smoke in the young man’s face. This time he didn’t cough as much.

“Ah, fuck man, fuck, watcha want, man, watcha want! I’ll suck your dick man, if that’s it.”

“More than that ass wipe. You suck! We fuck! and teach you how to smoke cigars not those faggy cigarettes.” I pulled his head back by his hair and fed him more cigar smoke. He gagged but didn’t cough.

“But, first things first. Get rid of that fucking slick hairdo.” The mechanic pulled a pair of electric clippers from a drawer and said, “Hold his head.”

“Ah, fuck man, no, don’t clip my hair, man, Fuck!”

“Shut the fuck up, pussy boy.” I grabbed his chin and held it firmly. His eyes were glazed over almost in terror as sweat poured from his forehead; but, I felt his firm cock throb harder as it pressed against my hairy stomach. The mechanic then began to buzz his hair off. With each pass of the clippers, I force fed cigar smoke to the punk. He coughed and gagged; but, each time his resistance weakened. By the time his hair was shorn to nothing more than a shadow of stubble, he was almost unconscious.

The mechanic and I laughed looking at the punk tethered in the chains.

I pulled his head back, exhaled thick cigar smoke in his face and clenching the fat stogie in my jaw asked: “Who’s the fag now, punk?”

Then, we lowered him to his knees. While holding his head back and his mouth open the mechanic began to revive him pissing in his face and mouth. He shook his head attempting to avoid the heavy, yellow stream; but, I held his face in place and pulled his mouth open.

“Thirsty?” The mechanic asked sardonically. “Drink this!” He shoved his fat cock into the punk’s mouth and let the stream of warm piss fill his mouth and then pulled his cock out as I held his mouth shut. The punk winced as he gulped the acidic liquid down and screamed: “FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!”

“Still thirsty, pig?” I spit a warm wad of cigar spittle in his mouth. “Need something to wash that down?”

The mechanic snickered and pulled the punk’s mouth open. I shoved my thick, semi hard cock in and started to release my full bladder. It trickled out at first and then slowly began to rush out in a heavy stream. The young man gagged at first but then began to guzzle the warm, golden liquid down.

“Fuck, man, I ain’t gonna say nuthin’. Jus’ lemme go, please!” He begged.

“Shut the fuck up! Gag the bitch!” The mechanic hollered. I shoved my cock in his mouth and down his throat.

“Suck it, fuck boy!”

As he sucked my cock, it grew in his warm, wet mouth. I grabbed his head and rammed it deep down his throat making him gag on my thick, swollen tool and puffing my cigar as I plowed his face.

“Get the bitch to the sling. We’ll fuck him from both ends,” said the mechanic.

We dragged the punk over behind a large truck where the sling was hanging, laid him in it and then restrained his arms and legs. I pulled his head back and again slammed my cock down his throat. The mechanic then strode to his rear and spread the punk's legs, dropped a glob of warm, brown cigar spittle in the crack of his ass and then fingered his orifice with it as the brown juice slithered down to the punk's tight, pink hole.

The mechanic puffed hard several times on his cigar, inhaled the smoke and then released thick nose jets and then said: "Now, to go where no man's gone before." He grabbed the punk's hips and thrust his thick pole deep into the boy's hole. His loud screams echoed off the metal walls of the garage but were abated as I slammed my cock deeper down his throat.

With his arms restrained in the chains, the helpless punk's body see-sawed back and forth like a pendulum as we plowed him from both ends. We puffed our cigars alternately harder and harder as our pace increased. A hazy layer of smoke lay above us in the still air. The aroma of the cigar smoke mixed with the smell of grease and sweat filling our nostrils. The scent was like pheromones as we fucked the punk like wild animals.

We puffed our cigars in unison; the thick clouds mingled together, swelled and then rose to fill the pall of smoke above us. The sunlight filtered through illuminating the haze like light in a cathedral. The mechanic spit on the punk's cock. The thick, slimy, brown wad clung to his pubescent rod. Then, he grabbed it firmly and stroked it. The young man groaned and sucked the thick cock in mouth down his throat like a suction pump.

I took several puffs on my cigar and with a big mouthful of smoke blew dense smoke rings, four, five, six, seven toward the mechanic. "Oh, fuck, man, hot!" The rings skipped in the air as they traveled toward him widening in ever larger circles. The mechanic then filled his mouth with smoke and blew a succession of smoke rings toward me. We plowed the punk's holes harder and deeper; our poles thickening with each thrust.

The punk was oblivious to our smoking impaled from both ends on our big, stiff

rods. He grunted and groaned see sawing back and forth as we alternated our thrusts. Then, both the mechanic took a mouthful of thick smoke and blew out another string of smoke rings, each smaller than the last. They drifted slowly up toward the ceiling and disappeared in the haze that thickened above us.

“Gonna blow man!” I exclaimed. “Fill that pussy boy mouth with man seed.”

As the mechanic grabbed the punk’s sweaty thighs, he pounded harder and faster grunting as he slammed his immense cock into the punk’s tight boy hole.

Growling like bears, we grabbed each other’s erect nipples and twisted them. Our faces were enveloped in dense cigar smoke as we clenched them in our jaws puffing faster and stronger. Our stentorian roars grew loader echoing off the walls of the garage when we almost simultaneously exploded.

The punk gagged on thick big load of viscous cum I shot into his mouth and down his throat. I slapped my still erect cock on his mouth and in his face. His tongue darted out like a snake trying to catch and savor the pearly drops that lingered in the slit. I shoved the head in his mouth. “Suck it all out, cum bucket.” I ordered.

The mechanic pulled out and smacked the punk’s ass cheeks; then, he grabbed the young man’s dick covered in glistening pre cum and began to stroke it harder and faster puffing his cigar close to the tumescent pole engulfing it in smoke. The young man glanced down and yelled out: “FUUUUUUUCCCCCCKKKKKK!” releasing a geyser of milky fluid.

He lay there covered in sweat panting and whispering, “Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!” I sucked in a lungful of smoke, leaned over and pressed my lips on his, then forced the smoke into his mouth and down his eager throat. He started to gag but repressed it accepting the reward.

“He’s primed and ready,” said the mechanic. “Switch!”

“Nothing like sloppy seconds,” I responded. “Well primed and lubed.” I bent over to see the punk’s pink fuck hole. Beads of thick, pearly white cum clung to his ass lips and dribbled slowly from his freshly fucked man hole. My cock jumped. I took in a big mouthful of thick cigar smoke and then exhaled lush smoke rings that circled the dripping hole and then seemed to explode when they hit his sweaty ass.

The mechanic grabbed the punk by balls and while squeezing them forced cigar smoke down the boy’s throat. He barely coughed but opened his mouth begging for more.

We were covered with sweat. Our fur drenched in the salty fluid and clinging to our bodies. The mechanic stood over the young man dangling his balls in the boy’s face; drops of the sweat trickled off his hairy nuts into the punk’s mouth. He darted his tongue out to catch them and flick them off the furry bull like balls.

I stood up with my pole at full attention, the head swollen and reddened. It bounced up and down like a metronome, a nice, easy tempo. I sucked in a lungful of smoke and exhaled it in thick nose jets pressing the mushroom head of my cock against the boy’s ass lips. As he yelled out: “FUCK ME! FUCK ME!” I grabbed his thighs and drove my aching pole into his warm, well lubed hole. “AHHHHHHHHHHH!” He moaned and roared: “FUCK ME RAW! HARDER!” Then, the mechanic gagged him plunging his thick tool down the boy’s throat. He sucked on it avidly like a voracious animal.

Again, the boy swung back and forth impaled from both ends on our tools. As my cock penetrated his hole, his ass muscles flexed tightly around it. As he swung the other way, his throat relaxed to take the mechanic’s tool down his throat to the hilt his chin buried in the thick, wet and musky pubic hairs. As he swayed back and forth like a machine, the mechanic and I puffed our cigars staring at each other. The thick ashes fell on the boy’s taut skin causing him to flinch slightly as they hit. We increased the pace; our blood engorged

cocks swelled and then burst as we bellowed,

“AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH! AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHH! AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!” The punk’s body convulsed, and his cock again disgorged massive streams of thick cum all over my soaked fur. The mechanic reached over the punk’s body and smeared it in mixing the sticky fluid with the sweat and then made the young man lick his hands clean. He puffed several times on his cigar and inhaled a lungful of smoke and leaned toward me; we locked our hairy lips as he passed the rich smoke to me. I sucked the smoke deep down into my lungs and as we tongued each other, I exhaled through my nostrils.

We withdrew our cocks and then wrapped our arms around each other in a warm embrace. Then, each of us inhaled more cigar smoke, kissed and traded the smoke back and forth, our spent tools rubbing against our wet fuzzy guts.

The punk lay in the sling panting and drenched in perspiration. We looked down at him, clenching our cigars in our jaws and then again covered the punk in our hot piss. He moaned and murmured, “More smoke, sir, please!” We grinned at each other and then began to alternate filling his lungs with our luscious cigar smoke.

When we finished our cigars, he asked rather demurely: “Do I...Do I get the job?”

The mechanic guffawed. “Hell yes, as my assistant and our cigar fuck boy!”

“Thank you, Sir!” He exclaimed. “Will you two teach me how to smoke ‘em? I want more.”

I grinned. “This was your first training session, boy. Your next is tonight.”

“Thank you, Sir! He said and beamed a broad smile.

Now, the mechanic has an assistant. Together we have a cigar boy to train and play

with on a routine basis. I now stop in after I work out, and both of us teach the young man in the pleasures of cigar smoking and cigar play. Nor does the young man smoke cigarettes any more. Like both of us, he just can't seem to get enough of cigars.

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