

EXPLORE THE SEXUAL UNDERGROUND

# POWERPLAY<sup>6</sup>

## SUCK MY SMOKE

CIGAR MEN  
PLAY WITH FIRE  
& BURN SOME  
BRITCHES

TRIAL BY FIRE

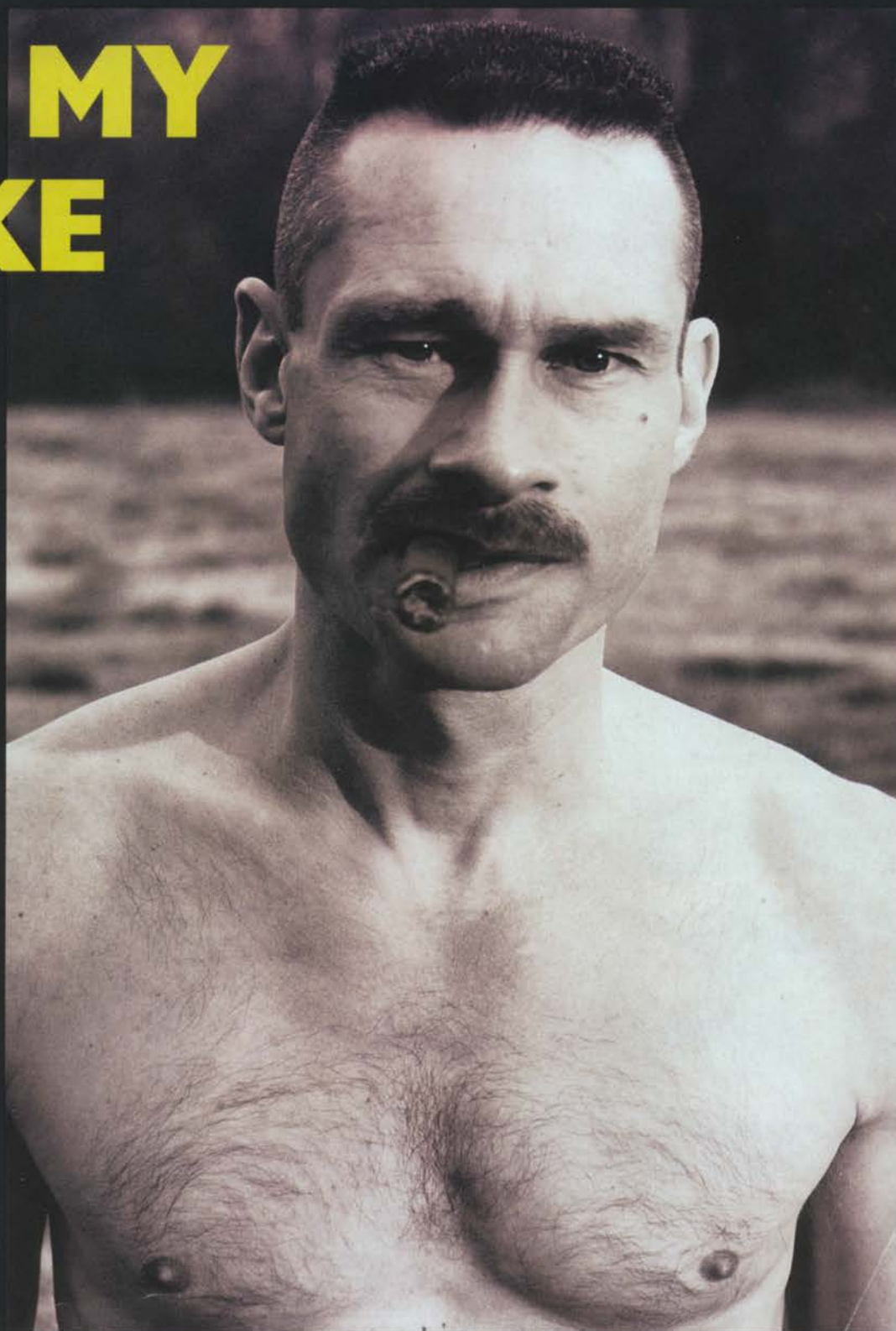
CIGAR SARGE

TAG, YER IT!

PRISONER  
GANGBANG

NASTY  
QUESTIONS  
& FILTHY  
ANSWERS

SLAMMER SEX  
DOWN UNDER



\$5.95/ADULTS ONLY





# POWERPLAY 6

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# Firebomber: Cigar Sarge

Story and Photos by Jack Fritscher

**S**arge is hot. Really good-looking. You offer him a cigar. He takes the box slowly. He pulls the cigar out slower. Long. Fat. Brown. Wrapper crinkles. Cigar is soft inside cellophane. Sarge tears wrapper deliberately with his strong teeth. Feels cigar. Smells good. Aroma. Wet lips. Inserts first one end of cigar. Then other. Licks it smooth and moist. Taste feels sharp on his tongue.

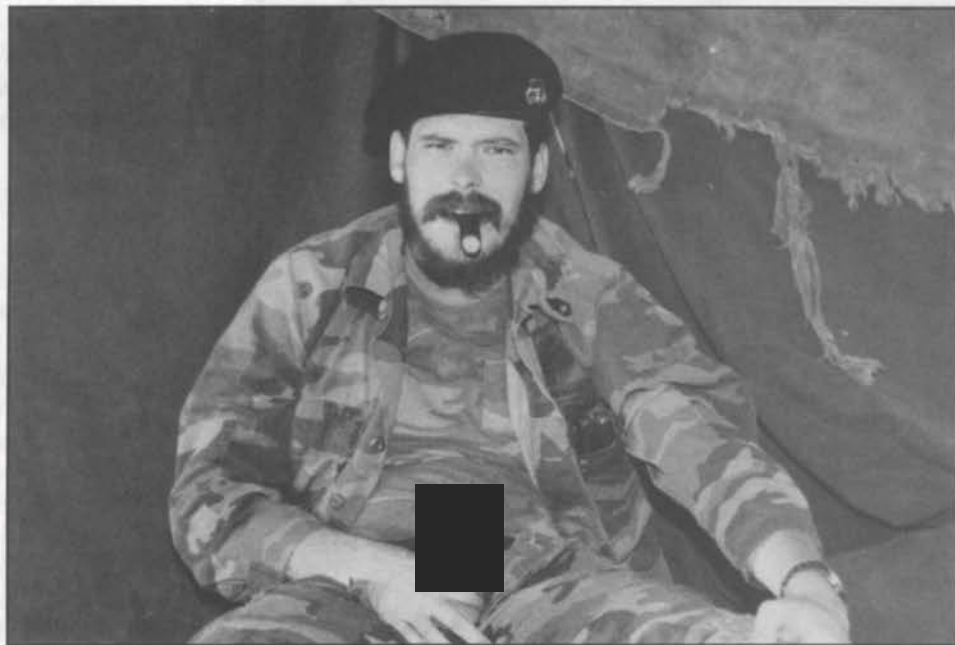
You kneel between his spread thighs. Look up to watch him reach into his fatigue pocket for a match. Cigar locks in his teeth. Poised. Wet. You wait for the moment. Incredible moment. When a man strikes fire. Lifts it to his face. Match in one hand. Cigar in other. You watch his face. You know the taste of a cigar lingering in a thick moustache.

Sarge rubs his hand across his crotch. Your mouth burrows down into his fatigues. Your eyes look up into his face. Instead of lighting the cigar, he holds the match. He stares straight into your eyes. The long stogie juts square from his mouth. Surrounded by moist lips. Locked tight in his teeth. The match burns. Sarge gives the cigar another slow, long lick. He clenches it hard. Your hand moves faster in anticipation of the moment the match will touch the tip. When deep blue smoke will rise from the hot, red coal.

Sarge touches the match to the cigar. *Burn point.* Smoke curls. Fills his mouth. Rises in a rich blue halo around his face and close-cropped hair. He pulls on it. Easy. Smooth. The tip glows hot. Red. A burning coal. A weapon.

You kneel adoring between his legs. Worshipping cock. Worshipping his face. The cigar smoke is his incense. Is your in-

cense. The cigar is a thick cock. Wet. Hot. Burning. Commanding in his face. He exhales the smoke down on you. Spews smoke down on you. The smoke has volume. The smoke is thicker than poppers. The taste in your mouth is better than you imagined. The smoke lifts you higher. He puffs. He puffs.



He puffs and between his thighs you sniff the smoke he exhales. You snort the aroma.

You go down on him. Your eyes never leave his mouth. His cock is in your mouth. You pull your lips out. To the head of the dick. It's your trick. You know it. He knows it. It's your signal. You want him to hit his cigar and hold its heat. Hot against the back of your neck. To keep your mouth buried root-deep on his dick. The back of your neck carries faint erotic marks of past cigar-sucks. You want his heat. You want his fire. You want his cum. You want the wet

splash and the hot burn. You want the smell of cigar in his hair and moustache. You want the smell of his sweat. You worship his mouth. His prick.

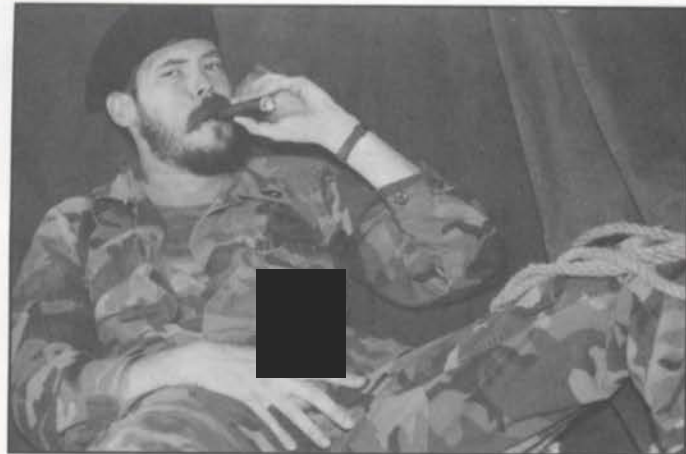
You strip off your shirt. You drop your jeans. You hold your mouth open wide, coming up off his cock. Your wide, wet oval of mouth goes down on his cigar butt smoking in his mouth. He puffs it heavy and hard. You wrap your mouth wide around the burning cigar. You inhale the smoke billowing from his mouth, curling up and out of his hard-bitten teeth. Again in perfect balance. Sarge on the cigar's wet end. You on the hot. Cigar-locked together like two men fucking. One up the ass of the other: The fucker orders the fucked not to move,

not to dare even flex his ass or the cock buried hilt-deep will shoot despite the fucker's warning. Two men on one cigar. Smoke shared. His eyes roll back in this head. Close to your face. Down the length of hot cigar. You see all.

You feel him piss. Warm. Wet. All over your belly. You worship his face. His mouth. His cigar. His cock. His body. His energy heats you more than a match to a rich, dark Havana.

Your eyes beg him. Your empty mouth pulling back from his cigar-mouth begs him.





Your hands frame a small area on your belly, above your cock.

He looks at the space like a firebomber over target.

You need him. For once finally you need him to do it. Your eyes say he must. Please. Your face shows your need. Please. Your hard cock shows your commitment. Please. His own meat hardens. More. With three last stoking puffs on the butt in his mouth. You need it. He wants it. Again a balance. Control between you both. Consent. Mutual understanding. You need what he can give. He likes what you can offer.

Sarge pulls his cigar stub from his mouth. Your hands milk his cock. Pull his meat. His hand lowers the glowing tip to your groin. Your eyes lock together. Your eyes beg him. Your cock moves fast in your one hand. His cock moves fast in your other. His thick arm, butt curled in the palm of his hand, moves down between your moving arms. The glowing tip is inches away from your belly. Three inches. Two. You can feel the heat from the tip moving warm toward your skin.

The energy locks totally between the two of you. Perfect partners. His eyes search your eyes one last time. Never has any man so totally offered what you so totally need.

A shadow falls heavy across his eyes. It says now.


His fist with the burning cigar butt moves in for that last body-inch and holds. The pleasure. The pain. His heat pours into your belly. Contact: the briefest second. A tick of pain. You cum. Now. You cum. His



face moves in to yours. An inch away. You rock. Jerk your cock. Worship him. Think of him. Together you separate. His hand moves away from your belly. Your belly moves away from his hand. He keeps his eyes locked into yours. Balance.

Sarge tucks his dick toward your groin. He licks his hand. He shoves his cigar back between his teeth. Locks it down. He pumps his hard, greasy cock over your red-spotted belly. He pumps his dick hard. Until the smoke filling his mouth, his nose, his chest fills your mouth, your nose, your chest. Until, in the blue haze around the pair of your faces, his cock cums wet and hotter than any cigar, shooting healing seed, salving juice over the loving brand that will all too soon fade to a light lover's mark. Made by him. Made by this man. Made by this toker. This taker. To carry hidden and secret for the rest of your life.

Somewhere out there, Sarge waits for you.

Because you know what Sarge has and Sarge knows what you need. 

*Reprinted with permission from Jack Fritscher's "Stand by Your Man and Other One-Handed, Two-Fisted Stories."*



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