

# Smokin' Hot Sex

## By Gary Jordan

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Subj: **A sex story YOU have to write!**  
Date: 11/5/01 11:15:48 PM Central Standard Time  
From: [Alexis in Alaska](#)  
To: [PJcocoa](#)

Dear Gary ~

First, don't say that I didn't warn you. This is a story idea that you need to write.

There, forewarned is forearmed.

So, Shon and I were talking the other night about turning vices into stories (I happened to be in the throes of a chocolate attack, so you can see where the subject idea came from), and Shon boasted that he could turn ANY vice into an assm story. I said no way, 'cause Gary's a chain smoker and there's nothing sexy about that (sorry, but it had to be said).

"Pshaw," he said. "Too easy. Gimme something harder."

"Nope, pony up the idea, story-boy," I replied.

"Okay, easy. Apparently a cigarette after sex is supposed to be infinantly more wonderful than cigarettes normally. So, the story is about a man who is \*so\* addicted to the after-sex smoke that he becomes sexually obsessed \*just\* for the smoke."

There. Added to your hopper. It's now your responsibility.

Cheers.

Alexis.

Subj: **Re: A sex story YOU have to write!**  
Date: 11/02/01 11:10:05 Eastern Standard Time  
From: [PJcocoa](#)  
To: [Alexis in Alaska](#)

Dear Alexis,

Oh, no. You don' t get to drop that one on me. You and Shon thunk it up you and Shon take care of it. I' m not writing a story that associates sex with smoking.

Besides, it hits too close too home.

Did I tell you that PJ and I were both smokers? That she smoked as a teen, but I didn' t take it up until I was twenty? That and coffee were two of the nasty habits I picked up in the Navy.

What I probably didn' t mention was that I \*had\* seen a therapist about quitting. Well, PJ had seen therapists on and off for years, for depression (this was long before she was diagnosed as a multiple). I went with her occasionally, when one therapist or another needed to meet me or felt I needed to be a more active participant in the therapy.

At one such session, habits were discussed. I won' t list \*all\* the annoying little things that married people don' t realize they do that annoy the hell out of their partners. Some of them are too personal. Most of them are trite, though. You know the ones. The position of the toilet seat, asking for directions, four hours to dress to go out to a two hour party, nylons on the shower curtain rod, cap off the toothpaste, socks on the floor instead of in the hamper, not emptying an ashtray until it was ready to overflow (or had)...

That last one led to smoking, and both of us expressed a passive desire to quit. PJ did, on her own, for months at a time, but I was a little more hardcore. That particular therapist admitted that chemical dependence was not her specialty, but she had heard from a colleague that substitution therapy was common. Some people chew gum whenever they get the urge to smoke. Telly Savalas was well known for his Tootsie Pop substitution. He did that television show with a sucker in his mouth the whole time ('Who loves ya, baby?').

We discussed potential substitutes. I hate gum - I' ll smoke a cigarette just to get the taste out of my mouth. Lollipops and suckers were out. It only takes me three licks (crunch) to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop. I remembered that before I smoked, I used to chew up a box or two of pencils a week. It helped explain why I so quickly went from non-smoking to a pack-a-day.

Other substitutions were suggested, discussed, and dismissed, for a variety of reasons. I think the therapist was at wits end (the topic had strayed far afield of PJ' s problems) when she suggested sex. Not with her - don' t get the wrong idea - but as a substitute for smoking. There was some embarrassed humor, the inevitable "Do you smoke after sex?" question, and the equally inevitable answer, "I don' t know, I never looked." Ha, ha.

But there were no admissible objections to this substitute. Unlike food, this activity was non-fattening (okay, one of us could end up getting temporarily fat without proper precautions, but you know what I mean.). It was something we could both enjoy, and help the other with. And it beat the hell out of walking around with a pacifier in my mouth.

What we agreed to, PJ and I, was that there would be no smoking until after an orgasm. Ask a smoker which cigarette is the hardest to give up, and if they're honest, that's the one. I could give up lighting up with my first cup of coffee. I could give up that butt that went with a beer (by giving up beer). But that afterglow with a little red glowing cherry in the dark? Fuggedaboutit.

It never would have worked if I had been due to go to sea anytime soon, but I was at the time stationed aboard one of the "Forty-one For Freedom", a Fleet Ballistic Missile submarine. They have two complete crews, designated Blue and Gold, so that the ship can be on station nearly all the time while a crew has a chance to rest and recuperate for their next deterrent patrol. It was my crew's turn to be home, and this therapy session took place in the first two weeks of that 98-day "off-crew" period.

Let me digress a little more. The off-crew period is broken up into discrete periods. The first two weeks is called "R&R". The Navy has a policy that no more than 96 hours of liberty can be granted at any one time (Liberty is authorized absence, time off, that doesn't require dipping into your vacation leave balance.) During the R&R period, every member of the crew is required to phone the office twice each week to "muster". Technically, you were expected to be in the immediate area during that phone call, but people have mustered from the other coast.

The next two weeks is the "Admin" period. There isn't a lot of difference, except that three musters were required, and these were "sign in" musters for two, and a formal mustering of the crew for the third, where the crew was inspected, information was disseminated, and then dismissed. (The crew, not the information.)

The remainder of the off-crew was the "Training" period. Classrooms were provided, and members of the crew took turns lecturing their departments or divisions about ship's systems and procedures. Crewmembers were sent to formal training at the Submarine School in Groton as well. At the end of that period, we would muster one last time with sea bags and tearful goodbyes, and fly to wherever the ship was to relieve the other crew.

As you can see, the only reason we thought there was any chance of success for this smoking abatement therapy was because I would be home no later than five every night for nearly three months, just like my civilian counterparts, and often earlier. We went home from that therapy session with the best of intentions.

We gathered all of our smoking paraphernalia and stored it in the bottom drawer of the nightstand next to our bed. I hadn't had a cigarette in the car during the drive home, and watching all of the smoking materials being placed out of reach, or at least out of bounds, was instigating a nicotine fit. Besides, PJ just looked so damned good bent over like that. I placed a hand on either side of her hips and rubbed myself up and down the middle.

The look she threw over her shoulder at me was almost enough to let me light one up. She straightened and turned in my arms and pulled my head down to hers, and things got serious, fast. Well, we *were* still on our "honeymoon". That happens every six months or so to most missile boat sailors and their wives, while they get reacquainted

with each other after an extended absence. The sheets got turned down quick, and then pulled up, and twisted, and kicked out of the way. Fifteen minutes later, we were both smoking in bed (not a recommended practice, but there we were.) PJ lifted the sheet and looked under, and said "Nope."

I was a little slow. I looked at her grinning face with befuddlement until I remembered the reference. We laughed together until the cigarettes were extinguished. I helped her change the sheets and make the bed.

I lasted an hour until the cravings began to gnaw at me. In my defense, I was a chain-smoker by then. Unfortunately, I was not a satyr, or afflicted with priapism. An hour should have been enough of a refractory period, but PJ was doing some sort of wifely chore and out of sight, and the stimulus was all wrong. I had to tough it out. Instead, I filled my lungs with secondhand barbeque smoke in preparation for dinner. (Just kidding, nobody intentionally inhales that smoke, no matter how serious their cigarette habit.)

I grilled steaks and corn on the cob, while PJ made macaroni salad and green beans in the kitchen. The grill was my area, then, and the fixin' s were hers. It was all delicious.

Have I mentioned that next to the post-coital cigarette, the smoke after eating is the most intense craving? Have you ever observed that making love on a full stomach can be uncomfortable? It looked as though we were going on diets as well as a smoking cessation program.

PJ was as eager as I was for that after dinner cigarette, no matter how uncomfortable it might be. We experimented with different positions, trying to find one that did not involve sloshing bellies bumping one another. We settled for facing each other on our sides, but it had never been a particular favorite and wasn' t the most stimulating for either of us. That said, we managed to reach a mutually satisfying conclusion. It was some time before either of us reached for the ashtray and the packs and lighter. It almost felt like cheating.

"Honeymoon" or not, neither of our sex-drives could keep up with the demands of the nicotine in our systems. That first cigarette in the morning after waking up became a quickie. PJ begged off after lunch on the third day, complaining of dryness. I was smiling when I said it was okay, but I felt like I was itching inside. We had never used lubricants before for regular sex and it frankly didn' t occur to us at the time. I was becoming irritable as a result, and that is \*not\* a major turn-on for women, including (especially) PJ.

My beloved spouse did hit on a loophole in the plan (she had a genius IQ). We had agreed, and the therapist witnessed, that we would not smoke until after an orgasm. No place in that agreement did we say that it had to be our own orgasm, or that both of us had to have an orgasm. She explained this loophole to me while I was chewing my last fingernail, sitting on the couch, with her kneeling in front of me.

Not long after, I was a good deal less irritable. So much less that I fetched our stash from the bedroom and cuddled with my spouse on the couch until nearly dinner time. We decided to forgo a large meal and just snack on leftovers for a while before bed. (I

think we were both a little too exhausted from the anti-smoking regimen to enjoy the ante-smoking regimen.) At bedtime, we passed up a last cigarette before sleep in favor of more cuddling and quiet talk.

The first day of training was difficult. After the after-breakfast quickie, I had to get dressed and report to the off-crew office. There was a long-standing tradition of Monday Lunch at the EM club for the Engineering Department, and as the Leading Chief of Machinery Division, I was expected to attend, a guest of my troops. Our Officers would attend as guests, too. I think I worried as much about a Pavlovian response to eating at this point as I did the nicotine fit that was sure to drive that urge.

Smoking was allowed in the clubs in those days, and as soon as the hot wings had disappeared, all but two of my division lit up. Some smoked while they were eating, even, but that has never been one of my faults, and it didn't bother me. Another feature of this tradition, however, was the hydraulic nature of desert. There was no way I could eat lunch \*and\* drink beer without smoking. I put up with a lot of teasing (Sailors don't "tease" - they harass) about passing on the beer.

I finally went to the payphone at the entrance and called home, hoping to sneak out for some afternoon delight. PJ was in the middle of a meeting of the wives' club and torpedoed that idea -she said she was having problems of her own. But she suggested a solution for me. Ten minutes later I washed my hands and left the men's room, ordered a beer and bummed a smoke.

I got home at three. Training rarely lasted the whole day, and especially not on Mondays. The Navy Wives had long since departed, after planning various bake sales and the theme for the Ship's Party. PJ was almost desperate for a smoke, and I felt like I needed one as well, but following her advice at the club left me under prepared. Fortunately, I had paid attention when she had observed the loophole in the smoking agreement.

Yes, smoking is an oral fixation. Why not, as PJ had, substitute one oral activity for the other? Now I must confess, that neither of us had been terribly oral in that department at this point in our marriage. We had both considered it foreplay, not the main event. I was inexpert (so was she that other time, but amateur enthusiasm in a loved one more than made up for that) and unsure. Still, I did my best. It didn't seem to be enough, until I convinced her to tell me when I did something right, and not to be afraid to ask for whatever made it better.

I can thank nicotine for making my wife more vocal in bed. She was gradually less shy about telling me how to please her, and much more aural. The drawback to this? In pleasing her, I became aroused, and I felt guilty because I felt I needed to "save myself" until the next cigarette. Talk about two-edged swords.

Let me make a long story marginally shorter. At the next session with the therapist, we announced that we were giving up on this particular approach. Neither one of us liked what it was doing to our sex life, choking spontaneity by sublimating sex to withdrawal pangs.

We did keep the positives, though, so it wasn't a total loss.

Anyway, you can see, dear Alexis, that I have issues about writing a sex story that involves making someone addicted to the post-coital butt. You can write one, or Shon can write one, but leave me out of it.

Yours for a song,  
Gary

P.S. Got any chocolate left from your birthday?