

This is the final part, and I hope it pleases you all. Thanks again to everyone who wrote to me, and please write more!

I hope this chapter isn't too kinky for those of you who enjoyed the first two chapters, but if it is, I encourage you to read it anyway even if only for the plot resolution.

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Great thanks to DesertMac for editing this story for me.

Enjoy!

His Loving Beauty

Part Three

What happened after that Super Bowl weekend taught me a lot. The most amazing thing to me was not just that Damon committed to loving me; it was how smoothly and comfortably he slipped right into living openly in a gay relationship with me. I'd had so many worries and fears about how to live my own life, worrying about how to come out to people, worrying about how others would react to me, about rejection, even possible violence toward me. Damon on the other hand just changed his life overnight and never even raised an eyebrow.

After identifying as a purely straight man all his life, it was even more amazing to me what a non-issue it was for Damon to fall in love with a boy. I think most males would have freaked out, panicked, had a tragic crisis of identity, crying all over themselves in self-absorbed misery, wondering, "Why *me*!?" But that wasn't Damon. His attitude proved that he's an *actual* real man, not a collection of imitated behaviors. Clearly it takes great confidence to so graciously accept such an unexpected and stigmatized reality, and Damon didn't hesitate for an instant to show his love for me. For this reason, and a thousand others, Damon is a devastatingly amazing man.

I officially moved in with Damon when my 6-month lease expired, just a few weeks after that first, unforgettable night we spent together. I was amazed at how quickly our bond strengthened. We both just *had* to spend all our time together, and we did, every single night. I was truly living my fantasy life. I was finally *experiencing* all the wonderful emotions, the sweet romantic moments, big and small, the companionship, and yes, the sex, that previously I only yearned for. I very quickly became totally attached to Damon, compelled to please him in every way, and he took full advantage of that.

Just as I was bound to him in my own way, Damon's tie to me was equally strong, but had a very different manner of expression. I don't think Damon noticed himself becoming so extremely possessive of me in just the first few days of our romantic relationship. He would constantly have his hands on me when we were together. Even out in public, there was always an arm around my shoulders or sides, holding me next to him, or a hand near my neck, subtly guiding my direction. Like I said, I don't think he noticed how frequent these gestures were. It seemed to be his natural instinct to behave that way with the one he loved. It was that primal part of his mind that needed to let everyone, me included, know, "This is mine. Don't touch."

In private also, he frequently reminds me that I am *his*. When we're watching something on the television, he holds me on top of him, lying on the couch. Sitting on the love-seat, he holds me tight, squished between him and the armrest. Every night, before we go to sleep, he pulls me over to his side of the bed and holds me however he wants. Maybe he doesn't notice how often he does these things, but I do, every single time. And I cherish each and every one of them. I *love* being Damon's!

Of course, sex was another story all together. In the bedroom, Damon was totally deliberate in and aware of his dominance. When it's just the two of us in our apartment, let me tell you, that man makes my world turn, day and night! How better for Damon to assert his dominion than to grab me, throw me down right there on the spot, wherever in the apartment we are, get on top of me, and then to get *inside* of me? To open my hole up and to carve out a cozy, warm home for that huge fuck rod of his in my butt. To ram it in repeatedly, making me feel it, ensuring there can be no question nor doubt about who's the man in the relationship. And ultimately, to breed my ass with his warm, juicy cum.

Damon could not only fuck me into unearthly physical pleasure, but he was also able to fuck me into genuine submission, which gives me the most intense rushes of my life. I'm still rather shy, but when we're in bed, Damon fucks that shyness right out of me. He can turn me into such a cock-addicted slut that you'd think my last fix was months ago, when in actuality it was probably just last night, or maybe only an hour ago.

We just celebrated our first anniversary, partly with something special I'd planned in hopes of making it the perfect night for Damon. I wanted him to be so happy he'd never forget it. I got home early from work and tried to distract myself with the television while I waited near the window so I could see Damon pulling in to his parking spot. When he *finally* arrived, I started to get ready. I'd had a persisting erection all day long from anticipating the coming moments! At last, I was going to get release. I had an anxious, eager feeling that tonight would be something spectacular.

I hurried to the bedroom and stripped off all my clothes and threw them into the laundry hamper. I went to the drawer in my nightstand and pulled out the special surprise inside of the plastic Victoria's Secret bag I got while shopping last week.

I was thinking to myself, "*I can't believe I'm actually doing this,*" as I put on the hot pink girls' panties. They were thin and satin, and like a bikini they covered my thighs very little. The panties were almost uncomfortable, fitting so snugly against my shaved completely hairless dick, balls and butt that my hard-on was restrained over to my left thigh.

Damon had playfully suggested the idea of me wearing girls' underwear for him a few times in the past, but I wasn't 100% sure he was serious about it at first. Plus I felt a bit awkward about it, so I avoided the subject, and Damon stopped asking. It's not that I didn't want to do it; if he'd asked even just one more time I think I would have agreed. I sincerely enjoyed doing anything that would bring my man pleasure. I'd just never been into cross-dressing or anything, so it was a very new and foreign idea. But his suggestion kept playing in my mind as I wondered if it was something he actually wanted me to do for him.

A big part of how we've learned about each other's sexual desires has been the two of us sitting together, often naked, reading erotic stories on the Internet. Two weeks ago, I was sitting on Damon's lap while we read a fantasy story that had strong elements of emasculation. It was obvious from the movement going on underneath me that Damon was enjoying the humiliation of the guy being dressed up in slutty feminine attire. Damon didn't bring it up again, but he didn't have to. Right then, I knew

he'd really enjoy it, and I knew I wanted to do this for him.

After adjusting the panties, I put on the little black leather collar Damon had bought for me. Written on the tag were the words, "DAMON'S BITCH". I smile whenever I look at it, and when it's around my neck, I always feel so good. Damon knows I love it, and it's obvious how much he likes me in it, too. I attached the matching leather leash to the collar and secured the other end to the wooden bedpost at the head of the bed. I got up on the bed on all fours facing the open bedroom door, and waited nervously for Damon to come in to take a shower like he usually does.

I felt really vulnerable in that position, wearing what I was wearing. I think it was just because I was nervous that I was suddenly doubting my interpretation of Damon's desire for me to wear this. I quickly lost my hard-on from the sudden fear that my man wouldn't enjoy this. I can't explain why, because it's simply not logical, but I couldn't help it. I suppose I've always done this. I devise a rational plan, and feel confident in it. When I enact the plan though, 100 alternate possibilities, and impossibilities, no matter how unrealistic, flood my mind. Then I freak out, feeling like I hadn't thought things over enough, certain that the worst case scenario is actually far worse than I'd imagined, and that it's also the most likely one.

I heard the front door open, then close, and Damon called out, "Hey, Eddy! I'm home!" I stayed quiet, partly because I wanted to be a total surprise, and partly because I was almost hoping that I'd luck out due to some unexpected turn of events deterring Damon from coming in, allowing me to scratch the whole plan and reconsider the idea.

No such luck though. When Damon walked in only seconds later, I made eye contact briefly with him, smiling nervously and hopefully, then looked down at my hands, waiting for his reaction. He didn't say anything, and I was too scared to look at him. In the next few agonizingly long seconds, Damon still silent, I figured he must've been disgusted with me or something. I hated myself at that moment. I felt I'd just ruined our anniversary night. Feeling like I was about to cry, I closed my eyes tight as I wondered how I could have been so stupid.

Suddenly, my butt was roughly squeezed and rubbed. Encouraged by this gesture, I looked up at Damon's face and saw his mouth slightly open, breathing deeply but quietly, and there was lustful wonder in his eyes. With his other hand, he grabbed his already very hard dick in his black track pants. He glanced down at me with a smile that told me he was very pleased, and I knew I'd just let my fears get the best of my reason after all.

I returned a shy smile, both relieved and thrilled, but mostly proud of myself that I turned him on that much, that quickly. He went from completely soft to rock hard in no more than 15 seconds. I bowed my head again as he took his shirt off and then returned to feeling my ass. He started roughly playing with my butt through the panties which made my little hole so horny, starting to itch and burn for him. My eyes closed, my jaw went slack, and I whimpered a little as I nuzzled my right cheek up against his hard abs, and I let myself enjoy his manipulating touch.

I was already panting with lust. As much I enjoy foreplay, I was way past it by that point. My own foreplay had taken place throughout the day, since I woke up, so my pussy was fully primed to be torn up real bad. I just wanted his big dick deep inside of me, stretching me out, fucking me, breeding me. My left hand went up to squeeze his hard dick through the nylon material, desperately wanting Damon to use me for its pleasure. It's my number one priority in life these days to give my man pleasure.

My big black muscle stud gruffly pushed my head down to his great bulge which I kissed and mouthed in a display of my respect. I dutifully worshipped him, hoping to be given permission to reach into his pants and pull out the 10 thick inches he kept there, and make out with each and every one of them.

His rough stimulation of my hole was driving me into a haze of submission and desire to please. He harshly ground my face into his crotch for a few minutes as he squeezed, pinched and smacked my butt, which nearly made me cum without even touching myself. When he pulled away, I nearly fell off the bed, mindlessly following his dick. I regained my balance on the bed, sitting like a dog, and looked up at Damon, wondering why he took his dick away from me. He was smiling and chuckling in amusement at my inability to resist my desire for him.

He spoke for the first time, confidently in charge as always, “Get on the floor, on your knees, bitch.”

“Yes, Sir.” I eagerly complied, moving quickly.

As I got down on my knees next to the bed, a couple feet in front of Damon, he took off his pants and threw them near me, landing with a quiet thud. He stood in only his tight, dark blue, elastic boxer briefs. That hard piece of meat of his was bulging between the underwear and his right leg. I could clearly see all those spidery veins spread out across the long and thick shaft. He squeezed and stroked it as he walked closer to me, putting his perfect male equipment just inches from my face. Seeing his hard cock and heavy, hanging balls jam-packed into his boxer briefs like that gets me so turned on I drool. Damon is very aware of my uninhibited, desperate need for his manhood, and he often uses this knowledge against me.

In a low, sexy voice, he told me, “Since you're bein' good so far, I'll let you pull my underwear off, but don't touch my dick yet.”

I looked up at him and answered gratefully, “Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

I was delighted just to have the privilege of taking off my man's underwear, and I of course took great care to not let my fingers come anywhere near his dick as I slid his tight underwear down his huge legs and off his size 13 feet, leaving a servile kiss with each one. The very moment his dick came into view, my eyes became transfixed on it. My gaze didn't waver even while I wadded his boxer briefs up and crammed them against my nose and open mouth, inhaling my man's scent. Damon let me sniff the strong smell of his sweat from his underwear for a moment before he grabbed it from me and threw it to the side.

He snickered and said, “You'll get your face in the real thing soon enough, bitch.”

He grabbed his cock around its thick base with his right hand and began bouncing and waving it around, teasing me unmercifully, knowing I couldn't take my eyes off it. I have a hopeless addiction to his huge black cock and perhaps more importantly, the narcotic juice it feeds me. Knowing this all too well, Damon has grown a fondness for teasing me.

My eyes were fixed on it. Wherever it went, my eyes followed. I put my hands on Damon's muscular, warm thighs and tore my eyes away from his dick for just a split-second to glance up into his eyes, silently begging for it. I wanted it in my mouth so bad, but I knew better than to try to suck it without permission, so I remained on my knees, waiting for my man's next order.

Damon just kept staring down at me with a cocky and somewhat contemptuous smile, waving his fat, veiny dick around close to my face only stopping to show it off and stroke himself seductively. I was salivating for his dick to be in my mouth so that I could make it feel good for my big, strong protector.

He continued on with this teasing for a strangely long time, at least a couple of minutes, and I was becoming desperate. I didn't know what to do, but I had to do *something*. I glanced up into his eyes once more, but he gave no reaction. I returned to staring at my muscle god's appendage which had become the embodiment of my every desire, studying its perfection for the thousandth time. In an act of urgent desire, I looked up into the eyes of the dark, powerfully built giant towering over me one last time as I opened my mouth and tentatively tried to move it over onto his dick. Knowing I'm not supposed to, like a kid testing his daddy, going for a piece of candy with him watching, I slowly inched closer to my sweet XXXL jawbreaker.

But as I did, he stepped back slightly out of my reach. My eyes fixed themselves back onto his menacing dick, my wistful gaze now totally unwavering. He continued arrogantly showing off his amazing dick, and I moved forward on my knees in order to again try to take his dick into my mouth. As my mouth got close though, Damon used his hand to move his dick away so that my mouth would miss its target, while he simultaneously took another very small step backwards.

Like a dog going after a trail of treats, I impulsively and thoughtlessly followed him, and I again tried to take it into my mouth, but his dick dodged me and he took a small step back just like before. I quickly moved forward on my knees again, and for the fourth time his dick evaded my mouth as Damon took another step in reverse.

We both repeated this process over and over again, each of us accelerating each time. I was on my knees lunging forward to his dick. Damon would in-turn recede and move my treat away at the same time. With each repetition, neither of us moved more than a few inches, but each time Damon's hand ensured that I'd miss my goal. I started going for it faster and faster, absolutely intent on having my reward, but he was dodging and stepping away quicker than me. I could hear him chuckle each time I jumped for it, turning me on even more, exacerbating my dilemma.

After I'd jumped for it at least 30 times in about as many seconds, we were far away from the bed, almost in the hallway. I again quickly went for that beautiful monster that had always given me so much pleasure, and Damon again dodged, but this time he took a wide step backwards. I immediately sprung toward his dick for the final attempt, and as the tip of my tongue came within an inch of it, I noticed Damon hadn't moved it out of the way at all, and I was elated that he was going to let his doggy have his treat.

And then when I was only a split second from tasting my reward, my throat was harshly strangled and I was suddenly snapped down to the ground! Damon laughed loudly and deviously as I realized the leash was still attached to the bedpost. I felt humiliated, ashamed, and so incredibly turned on.

This was genuine torture, the worst thing I've ever experienced. I got back up on my knees and faced Damon, my hands at my sides. I knelt, trying to be patient, but after some 30 more seconds of Damon continuing to tease me by stroking his dick, I started to get really anxious. I was already extremely turned on, and I admit, I'm not the most patient submissive. I again looked up to his face, searching for an explanation of why he was depriving me of his thick dick, but I was given no reason. When I looked back down, I saw a big, gleaming drop of pre-cum forming at the end of the long shaft. Damon never kept it from me this long, and I couldn't take it anymore.

I bursted into begging, “Damon! Sir! Please! Please let me suck your cock, Sir! I need it, please!”

Damon stepped forward as he replied incredulously, “You need it? So what, *bitch*.”

I was stunned. He'd never before denied me his cock after I begged for it. My eyes focused on the long and hard cock in front of me. I wanted it so bad, I just couldn't understand the denial, and I was so in heat I went crazy for his dick.

I lunged for Damon's hard and thick cock, but I was intercepted by a hard smack across my left cheek which stung all over. It surprised me so much I fell forward onto my hands and noticed my dick had begun to form a dark wet spot in the front of the feminine underwear I was wearing. I got my breath back and returned to my place on my knees, and that huge black dick was staring me in the face again, and I was again salivating for it to be in my mouth.

“Forgetting your place, *bitch*?”

I hung my head, eyes closed, and whined in frustration, “I'm sorry, Sir. I just... I need it so bad.” Barely realizing it, I started gently stroking my own desperately throbbing hard-on through my hot pink panties.

“Hands off that little cock,” Damon ordered. I was so lost in my own arousal I couldn't get my hand to obey quickly enough for Damon, so I received another hard slap to my face. It turned me on so much I started stroking myself even faster and Damon quickly smacked the other side of my face, but that only ignited a wildfire in my loins as I jacked off feverishly like some defiant little monkey begging for discipline.

Damon snapped me out of my delirium when he roughly grabbed my hands and picked me up, turned me around and carried me to the bed as I struggled in his grip, knowing how futile it was. He sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled me down over his knee, then captured both my wrists behind my back in his right hand.

“Damon, don't! Plea—Owww!” He began spanking me hard.

After a few swats had begun to bring tears to my eyes, he demanded loudly, “Bitch! You do as I say!”

“Yes, Sir! I'm sorry!”

“Who's your daddy, boy?”

“You are!”

He smacked my butt again, hard, and ordered me, “Say it, pussyboy.”

“You're my daddy, Sir! Damon is my daddy!”

“That's right, you cock-loving faggot.”

Damon smacked my ass again, and it stung like hell. He continued relentlessly punishing me for 3 or 4

agonizing minutes, and I was struggling the whole time but Damon didn't have the least bit of trouble holding me down to his legs. I couldn't get my arms to budge even an inch, and I could only move my torso across his legs one way or the other a tiny bit. He let me flail my legs around all I wanted, but it didn't help me at all. No more than 20 seconds into it, I was already starting to sob and pleading with him to stop. The only pauses he took were to take a handful of my butt cheeks and squeeze them hard, sending a message that was clear to me in its meaning that he literally *owned* my ass and could play with it however he wanted.

In another minute, I was bawling like a baby and begging him to go easy, really not happy with this treatment. Well, my prick sure was enjoying it, throbbing as hard as it ever does on Damon's knee, but at that moment, I *really* wanted it to stop.

The loud, hard swiping slaps continued to sting my butt as I screamed out, "Damon, please stop! It hurts way too much! Please! Please, please, please, Sir! Oww! Stop, please! You're doing it too hard! I don't like it! Plea—"

"Shut the fuck up, fag boy!" He yelled, and smacked me even harder. "You're not fucking supposed to like it, you stupid cocksucker." Again he increased the strength of his blow. "Disobedient faggots like you get *punished*," and he emphasized this last word with another harder hit. Each of these successively harder smacks had sent me further and further into a daze.

Finally, while I was completely stunned, he said, "Shut the fuck up and take it like the weak faggot bitch you are," and this last verbal debasement was again punctuated with the hardest smack yet, and I immediately went completely limp, and Damon's dick jumped up to slap my stomach in response.

Damon's angry castigation, both his words and strength, drove me into utter submission. My tears didn't stop but my struggles and pleas for mercy did. I was soon just lying down over his lap, quietly sniffling. My punishment still wasn't over. Damon continued spanking me for my disobedience, and I learned I had no choice but to accept his discipline. I'd stopped resisting for a full minute when I almost automatically moved my face over into the crook between his hip and right leg, trying to receive comfort. I'd gone limp, so Damon released my hands and I tightly wrapped my arms around the big, muscular thigh my head was resting on.

He let his now free right hand wander across my back, pinching me, and holding the back of my collared neck tightly. Damon squeezed my balls in his left hand just enough to spike the pain, and he kept smacking my ass. He continued with about 10 more hard smacks to my butt, and then finally he was finished.

He pushed me off his lap, forcing me to let go of his comforting thigh, and then he stood up in front of me and put me back on my knees, and held my head with his left hand, which was big enough to palm half my skull with more ease than he could palm a basketball.

As I grabbed his thighs with my hands, Damon forced me to look up at him and asked calmly, "Who's your daddy?"

Now deep in a submissive state of mind I answered, "You are, Sir. Damon is my daddy."

He abruptly took a tight hold of my chin with his left hand, and leaned over, pushing me down so my butt was against my heels, and he pinned my head against the edge of the bed, next to his other hand.

Damon put his face directly above mine, looked me dead in my wide eyes, and spat twice onto the center of my face.

He then demanded, “And who's daddy's little girl?”

With his warm saliva covering my cheeks and forehead, I answered, “I am, Daddy. I'm your little girl, daddy's little girl.”

A lustful smile briefly broke the serious expression on his face before he continued, “That's right you are.” With my chin still in his grip, he spat on my face again and then ordered, “Open your mouth, pussygirl.” I obeyed, and he slowly dragged his rough, wet and warm tongue across both my cheeks, then spat into my mouth. With his face only inches in front of mine, he asked me, “Are you gonna be a good girl?”

“Yes, Daddy, I'll be a very good girl for you, I promise.” From the way he smiled again, I could tell he really liked hearing me call myself a girl for him. Knowing I was pleasing my man, my own little prick throbbed hard in my panties. Had I known how much it would have pleased Damon for me to be his “little girl”, I would have started long, long ago.

“Good girl,” he mockingly approved my obedience before again licking my face, from my left cheek to my ear, which he tongue-fucked, then bit down on, making me pant with lust.

He let go of me as he stood back upright and looked down at me, grabbing his now even more rigid and leaking black monster. He said, “Now, bitch. Beg for it.”

I was going absolutely mad with lust, and I was terrified to think that he would deny me his big dick again. I didn't know how to convince him, I didn't know what to say. I just spoke from the heart, “Sir, please, I want to please you, please... I don't know what to say. I just want to make you feel good. Please, please let me make you feel good.”

“Now my bitch is finally learning to be a good little, obedient faggot. This is about *me*, pussyboy! Not you. If you don't start gettin' that, I'm gonna have to keep punishing that faggot ass of yours, and then you'll see what a sissy wimp you really are.”

“Yes, Sir. I understand, Sir.”

“Suck on my balls,” he ordered.

I immediately dove forward to lick and suck on his low-hangers with great desperation to please, while softly stroking his legs with my hands. He held my head with one hand and used it to direct me and grind my face into his crotch, and with his other hand he stroked his dick, sometimes rubbing it around on my face. His balls were still sweaty and they smelled wonderful! His intoxicating, manly scent always drives me crazy. I was instantly back in a haze, feeling high on submitting to Damon, my man. I truly can't say how long I was servicing his balls. I only remember a blur of his powerful, masculine taste and smell, flashes of his fleshy sack as I tried to get it into my mouth and suck on it dutifully. As I gained some of my consciousness back, I looked up at his face to make sure that he was enjoying it.

He was looking down at me, smiling with pride and confidence, and, while already knowing the answer, he asked, “You like those big balls, white boy?”

I moaned appreciatively, gratefully chewing on this treat.

Still with his hand on my head, he pushed me away from his balls and ordered, “Say it. Tell me, cocksucker.”

“I love your balls, Sir. Only a big, black daddy like you can have balls this big and potent. They taste and smell so good, I love them. Thank you for letting me suck them and worship them. Thank you!”

“That's right, bitch. Thank a real man for allowing your worthless, faggot mouth and tongue in his sweaty crotch.” He paused for a moment to cock-slap my face which hurts more than it seems it would, but I obediently took it, keeping my faggot tongue, as he called it, sticking out as I happily accepted whatever he was willing to give me.

Damon continued, “You know, bitch, don't matter how much you suck on a real man's balls, or how much of that sweat you drink down, don't matter how much of my cum you eat, it won't ever make you into a man. You'll never be anything more than my dick-loving pleasure tool. Got that, queer?”

It was a real trip to hear all this debasing language. Being humiliated like this was a powerful reminder that I belonged to Damon, and it made me want to please him that much more. “Yes, Sir, I understand. Thank you, Sir.”

“Good girl.” The fact that I took this treatment so willingly and happily was also a reminder to Damon that I know I'm his and that I want to please him which both boosts his ego and makes him want to dominate me even more. I think it's a beautiful symbiotic relationship.

He pulled my head to his dick and I opened my mouth to take his awesome prize. His balls are amazing, but my man's dick is always the ultimate goal. My lips being stretched wide by his thick, veiny cock is a truly wonderful feeling. I often crave its presence in my throat; I love the taste, the texture, the smell; I love every bit of it. But what really satisfies me is that I have it in my mouth, that this incredibly wonderful man has chosen *me* to please him. It's the feeling that, though he could have anyone he wanted, he still prefers to use *my* mouth as a warm, wet home for his manhood. It's the feeling that *my* spit, tongue, suction, affection, warmth, it's *my* mouth that's giving him pleasure. Knowing that he wants my mouth on his glorious dick, pleasing him—that's what I need. With his dick in my mouth, I feel like I'm fulfilling my purpose.

Finally, he was finally letting me please his dick. I sighed contentedly and shut my eyes so that I could completely immerse myself in the wonderful sensations taking over my mouth, sucking on the fat head like a pacifier. I loved how it felt on my tongue.

He put both hands on my head and held my mouth on just the head of his dick. I sucked gently and licked under the head, excited that I was pleasing him. The prolongment of the anticipation made the blowjob that much better for both of us. I was thrilled, relieved even, to have him in my mouth.

Damon spoke between his gasps and groans of pleasure, “Ohh—Fuck! Fuck yeah!” He was grunting softly and looking down at me as I sucked him. He held my head tightly in place and started a slow pace moving in and out of my mouth. Soon he was fucking my throat very roughly, and I reveled in feeling his dick penetrate my throat over and over. With his firm grip on my head, he moved me around as he pleased, while gently rocking his hips. Damon was steadily fucking my throat, pulling my face all

the way to his sweaty crotch, leaving his dick to soak for a few seconds, and then forcefully angling my head back for better access to my willing throat. He'd then slide my mouth back to the head of his dick as he lifted my head back up, and then repeat the same motions. He was skull-fucking me like a surfer rides waves, and I sucked and licked as best as I could. Damon had complete control over me. Even if I'd had the will to stop, I never could have hoped to actually break free from Damon's power; I just closed my eyes and held on to Damon's legs and muscular butt, happy to go along for the ride.

It was inevitable of course that my teeth would eventually scrape his big dick, especially since it was moving around so erratically. When I did err, Damon, still fucking my face, slapped my cheek sharply and I groaned, actually grateful for the smack. He stuffed his dick all the way down my throat and then pushed me back onto my butt, pushed my head against the edge of the bed, and tilted my neck all the way back. He stood directly above me and again roughly moved my head up and down his hard cock, forcing me to deepthroat the thick mass, making me gag over and over again.

He stopped, grabbed my wrists and leaned forward onto the bed holding himself up with both huge arms as he pinned my hands underneath his. "Keep going, bitch," he ordered.

It's not easy to choke yourself on such a huge dick, especially in that position. As I struggled to get his dick farther down my throat, I forced my throat to accept the whole length and girth of his massive black dick and my nose was soon buried in that wonderful scent of his crotch again, making me want to please him even more. I kept his dick planted deep in my gullet, worked my throat muscles and rubbed my nose around in his pubes, damp and moist with his pungent sweat.

I couldn't breathe and was getting light headed, but I love that. I love being near passing out because my big black daddy has his massive, powerful cock stuffed down my throat! I was totally at his mercy and it felt so right I was about to cum. All too soon for me, Damon put one hand on my forehead and refused to let me follow his dick as he slid out of my needy mouth and throat. When the whole thing finally left my mouth I gasped for air, still making whining noises wanting his dick back.

Damon stood back about a foot from me and made a 'tsh' noise, sneering, "Fucking faggot cocksucker trying to get my cum before I'm ready."

I shamelessly began to whine desperately, "I'm sorry, Sir! Please, please, please let me suck on your dick again, Sir! I wanna make you feel good, Daddy. I need it bad, please!" I missed his cock and needed it back in me any way he'd let me have it.

"Yeah I know, you horny little slut. It ain't your fault you were born to be a faggot bitch for men to use." Damon paused for a moment, shaking his head, then continued, "Get up on the bed, face down, pussy up."

I did as I was told and then Damon walked up behind me and rubbed his dick against my butt. "Good bitch," he rasped.

I wiggled my still very tender butt for him and it clearly turned him on because he gave me another few smacks and started squeezing my cheeks hard. I gasped and moaned in response, starting to rock back and forth with my face buried in the bed.

Damon pulled down the panties a little bit and knelt down on the floor behind me. He stuffed his nose and mouth in my crack and started kissing near my hole and around my cheeks. I needed his dick in my

pussy real bad now, so I pushed back against his mouth and moaned loudly to show how much I needed to get my pussy fucked.

He licked and bit at my hole aggressively, making me go crazy all over again. Damon's goatee felt amazing scratching at my sensitive hole as he tongue-fucked me which did nothing to scratch the itch, only making it worse. Luckily, I could tell from the way he was eating me out like a mad man that he was ready to put it in me, too.

He flipped me over quickly and took the pink panties the rest of the way off, then stared down at me and in his rough, deep voice, he asked confidently, "You want it, pussy?"

"Yes! Please, Sir," I whined through my panting.

"Beg."

I breathed, "Please, Sir, please fuck me." He just stood looking down at me, idly stroking his dick as he bore his teeth sexily, clearly unimpressed. On total impulse, I nearly screamed in response, "Daddy! Please, fuck me, Daddy! I need it, please!" Damon smiled slightly in amusement as he used his much larger dick to smack my prick and balls around. I watched and shivered at the sight of his huge, virile man-cock dwarfing my pathetic little prick. My giant was still unsatisfied by my groveling, so I again whined in frustration, even louder than before, "Ohh, Daddy, please, please stuff my pussy with your big dick! I need you to own me. I need to be your bitch. Your... your girl! I wanna be your girl, Daddy, please!"

Damon's amused smile turned into a proud, superior one before he got some lube out of the nightstand drawer and slathered some of it over his dick. He teased his dick against my hole for a few seconds, then spoke, "You want it, pussygirl? Put it in."

"Yes, Sir," I whimpered with anticipation as I grabbed his huge, hard cock and put it up against my hole. I didn't hesitate an instant to impale myself on the huge head. It was painful but I needed it bad and it was totally worth it.

Damon let me work it in for a moment before he forced my legs up, stretched out to each side, then grabbed my hips and started steadily pulling me onto his shaft. I was holding on to the bed cover above my head for the whole time I was being worked onto his dick. The initial insertion of Damon's cock into my pussy always boosts my submissive state of mind. He was the man and he was breeding me and I could do nothing to stop it. We both knew he was completely in control; and we both knew I was here to be his hole to fuck and get off in. It was just the way I needed it to be.

Pretty soon my butt was against his pubes and he fucked me just like that, stretching out my hole while I was moaning in deep pleasure. He let go of my hips and leaned over and looked into my eyes. I quickly turned my head away to my left and looked to his neck and broad shoulders, yielding to his gaze. I felt weak and intimidated by him, plus I was being overwhelmed by the pleasure in my ass and the feeling of being owned.

He set his forearms down on the bed, under my shoulders which he grabbed with his up-turned palms. He held me there and continued to fuck me at a medium pace, pulling most of the way out, then sliding back in, thrusting in the last little bit hard each time, forcing a grunted whimper from me. I couldn't bring myself to look directly at him but I could see in my periphery that he was staring at my face the

whole time. The hot breaths from his growls were warming my cheek as he fucked me and stared down at me. I planted my hands on each side of his upper back, tightly grasping the flexing muscles there.

He let go of my shoulders and instead held both sides of my head in his huge hands to keep me in place for his fuck. I continued whimpering while I used my own hands to caress and appreciate the strength in the rest of his body, squeezing his biceps and shoulders, thrilled by the power I could feel coursing through them. I rubbed his sexily toned stomach, then finally came to his strong chest, loving the hard muscles of his thick pecs. I was looking at my hands at the center of his chest, my left hand running across his right pec, and my right hand pressed against him in the valley of his chest.

Still growling like a beast, Damon turned my head back to face him directly, encouraging me to make eye contact. I did just that, staring into his eyes, still feeling very intimidated, even unworthy of him. My tough muscle god held my head securely in his hands, now penetrating me with his eyes as well as his dick. His gaze carefully explored my whole face as he continued growling and fucking. After a moment, he set his eyes back on mine, and we stared at each other.

I was abruptly shocked yet again by how powerful my love truly was for this man. Damon must have felt it too, because his thrusting suddenly came to an almost complete stop for a moment. His hips quickly picked up speed again, but now he was more gentle, and sensual. I was so stupefied by the intensity and mysticism of this feeling, I started to cry just a tiny bit. As he was staring deeply right back at me, I felt the beat of his heart pounding hard at my hand, his pulse accelerating to a rapid pace. As a few more tears leaked out of my eyes, I hoped he'd keep me as his forever.

I saw Damon's Adam's apple bob as he swallowed hard, blinked once, then a slight smile curled his lips for just a split second before another deep growl rumbled in his chest. I swear I could hear his thoughts in my own head, "My little Eddy, I love you, my little Eddy. My precious, perfect, little Eddy, you're my entire world."

My wonderful, sweet lover growled long and deep like a happy lion for a few seconds before he broke the gaze to move his mouth over mine and suck my lower lip into his mouth, nipping it between his teeth. He then moved down to nibble the side of my neck as he intensified the speed of his thrusting. My hands returned to feeling his ripped back, trying to hold him close to me with my arms wrapped around him, moaning as I rubbed my cheek against his while he chewed on my neck.

When I started trying to pull him by his muscular butt to fuck me harder and quicker, he took both my hands and pinned them down, stretched out above my head. As he did this, he erected himself with his arms so that he was leaning over me, and he then used his pelvis and the powerful rod of steel that connected us to curl my backbone so that my ass went up higher and bent over my stomach. I could now see the thick tufts of dark black hair in his armpits, which were bombarding me with his scent and I struggled to breathe it all in. I wanted to lick them and sniff them up close, and drink all the sweat, but I was unfortunately unable to reach them. He began to fuck a little bit faster, inciting me to moan in appreciation. Damon was breathing heavily while I was so far gone in pleasure I had to keep reminding myself to inhale air.

He laughed as he mocked me, "You like that, fag?" I couldn't form any response more than a moan, so he slammed into my butt extra hard a few times, and asked again, "You like that, faggot?! You like a real man's big, black dick pounding your white, faggot pussy?"

I wrapped my legs around his back and whimpered, "Yes, Sir, I like it. It hurts, but it's a good hurt

'cause it reminds me that I'm yours—your bitch. Fuck me harder, Daddy, please! I love your dick, Daddy. I love it!"

He slammed into me hard a few more times and then stopped completely with his dick buried all the way in me. The instant he stopped, I immediately started trying to fuck myself on his dick, but with Damon's powerful grip on me, I didn't have much room to move. I looked up at his face and cried out, "Daddy, please don't stop fucking me! Please!" He just stood up again, still with his dick deep inside me, and a tight grip on both my wrists, one in each of his hands.

I grunted, desperately straining every muscle in my body to keep him fucking me some more. My eyes were shut tight as I again frustratedly whined, "Daddy, I need more, please. Fuck me some more, please. I'll do anythi—"

I didn't even see the hard slap coming, but its sting on my face quickly shut me up, making me moan instead of whine. Damon admonished me, "Quiet, pussyboy."

He took both of my wrists in his hands again and used them to pull my ass all the way against his pubes. My legs were still wrapped tightly around Damon's hips as I looked up at him, wondering what he was going to do. With an arrogant, devious grin, he moved backwards, bringing me with him. I slipped off the edge of the bed, and Damon held me up only by my wrists and his dick lodged far inside of me. I was now in mid-air, hanging off of him. There was never much I could do to resist Damon's fucking me, not that I wanted to, but now in this foreign position, I was completely at his mercy.

He lowered me so that I was upside down, and my instinct quickly took over. I used my legs around his waist to pull myself up onto his dick and then let myself down a few inches, basically fucking myself up onto him. I did this for a few strokes and then he joined in and set the rhythm, pulling me up by my wrists, almost like he was doing curls in the gym, and pushing his dick farther into my ass than it had ever been before. I was soon lost in a high, not just from the stretching my hole was experiencing, but from the feeling of being completely under my man's power. To avoid falling, I had to keep my legs wrapped around Damon's hips, leaving nothing for me to do other than to get fucked like a bitch.

He went on like this for a while and then flopped me back onto the bed, removing his dick from me and causing me to whimper and whine to get it back in. He turned me back over on my stomach so he could pull me back up onto my knees. He got on the bed behind me, then roughly and effortlessly shifted me over to the head of the bed like I was a rag doll. With his left hand, he grabbed the back of my neck and pressed my forehead against the wall, a few inches above the wooden headboard.

He quickly re-entered my hole and I tried to steady myself with my hands on the headboard, gasping sharply. It did hurt, but that didn't stop me from fucking myself down onto his dick as he resumed slamming me hard. I was whimpering and moaning in pleasure and pain again while he growled like a ferocious panther. Damon moved his left hand around to grip the front of my neck, including the dog tag, before he closed in behind me, weighing his sweaty, heavily muscled, body against my back, pinning me down hard.

With his other hand he felt up the front of my body, pinching and squeezing at my skin, making me moan and my hole automatically squeeze like a vice, trying to pull him farther into me. Damon groaned loudly in pleasure as the anal squeeze slowed his pace for a short moment. After a moment of dizzying pleasure, he shook off the tempering effect I'd had on him, and began pounding me again.

He pressed himself even closer against me, his left shoulder against the back of my collared neck, trapping me between his body weight and his hand which was protecting me from the hard wood of the headboard. Damon put his mouth to my ear and growled through heavy breaths, "Yeah?! You like getting fucked, pussy?!" He continued slamming me furiously, making me almost scream out moans of pleasure.

I did try to answer him. I wanted to say exactly what I was thinking, "Yes, I do love it, Sir! I love it, I love it, I love you so much! Yes! Fuck me! I love it!" But, like my tongue was numb, at that moment I simply didn't have the motor control required to speak.

As his thrusts decelerated to Damon's regular but still quite powerful pace, his right hand slid down to my balls and took hold of the sack, rolled it around in his hand like a neat little toy, as he growled again into my ear, "I know you love it, you little queer boy! My fuckin' pussyboy faggot!" His harsh language caused my butt to spasm around his dick as I pushed back to meet his hard thrusts.

He held me tight to his body as he fucked me roughly, and still with an almost painful grip on my neck, he started squeezing my balls too. He was laying claim to what was left of my masculinity. He was asserting his ownership over that part of my body, like he was letting me know, "These belong to me too, just like the rest of you."

He let go of my neck and instead grabbed my chin in a vice grip, holding me still as he slowly licked the whole right side of my face, leaving a stripe of his warm saliva. He moved back a little bit and started biting my neck and shoulder. It hurt a little, but not nearly as much as the pain he was still intermittently creating in my balls. He licked and bit his way up until he could fuck my ear with his thick, slimy tongue, stopping only to nibble on my ear.

I had to grab the headboard to brace myself when his thrusts were more powerful but most of the time I was holding on to the huge, rocky muscles in his shoulders and arms, wallowing in feeling the strength of the man who dominates me so completely.

He pulled my lower body backward slightly so that he could hold the back of my head against his big chest, below his neck, while he began marking my face with his teeth. Damon chewed on my ears and used his hand on my chin to angle my head back when he wanted access to bite my throat and Adam's apple. He even nibbled on the bridge of my nose a little, still applying pressure to my sack whenever it pleased him to do so.

As he increased his pace, I was driven closer and closer to the edge. By now, Damon was grunting each breath after each hard thrust slammed me against the headboard. All of these expressions of his ownership of me had me near exploding. From my year of experience with him, I knew intuitively that Damon was close too. When my hole tightened around his dick, he firmly squeezed my balls just enough to make them feel intense pressure, without feeling like they're being crushed. Damon was grunting loudly in my ear as he thrust into me one last time and held me down on his huge cock. He squeezed my body tight and his teeth sank once more into the side of my neck for just a second as I felt his body convulsing and he began to cum deep inside of me.

I was on the very edge when Damon turned my face to his and kissed me deep, scratching my face again with his facial hair. I continued to grind my ass over his hard, ejaculating dick, loving how it had made its home inside my butt and bred my pussy. Just a heartbeat after my man's climax, my own prick erupted, hands-free.

As we were both shaking and cumming from our orgasms, Damon pushed his tongue into my mouth and I sucked on it with gratitude. I moaned into his mouth, savoring the moment with heavenly content, being enveloped with his huge, warm body, and both my arms now held secure to my own body in his strength. As our orgasms completed, Damon held me tighter and kissed me harder until our mutual rush began to fade. When he took his mouth off mine, we both started breathing heavily. My back still against his chest and stomach, his right cheek pressed to the top of my head, I felt wonderfully at total peace.

Those were some of the best seconds of my life, before Damon slipped his still turgid dick out of me. He fell onto his back on the bed to catch his breath and rest from the intense fuck he just gave. I fell forward against the wall and headboard at first, quite worn out myself from the intense fuck I just *took*. I was already missing the warm touch and comfort of my man, though.

I tentatively turned around to look at him lying there with his arms flat out at his sides, bent at the elbows up toward his head. His eyes were closed and I just sat for a moment, staring at him. I still can't get over what an amazing man Damon is in every way. His incredibly impressive physique is the least of what makes him so awesome, which means the rest of him is nothing short of godliness. He sensed my gaze on him and peeked at me through heavily lidded eyes. A very slight grin crept onto my face as my shyness returned and I looked away, blushing.

Damon sensed that too though, and gave me a silent order by gently pulling the length of the leash that was next to his arm towards his chest. I obediently crawled toward my dark giant, who I knew to be a perfect teddy bear on the inside, and laid down softly on his torso, resting my head on one cheek in between his strong pecs. He unhooked the leash, leaving the leather collar around my neck. He wrapped his arms around my back in a hug and rubbed my head with his hand.

We rested like that for just a moment before Damon dragged me up his body in our sweat so that our faces were only inches apart. We looked into each other's eyes, smiling, and kissed each other on the lips.

“You OK?” he asked.

I put my hands on his shoulders and responded, “You've never been that rough with me before. You spanked me really hard.”

“Oh—” Damon paused to stroke my face with the back of his hand, as he asked in a deep voice filled with concern, “Baby, too hard? Was I too rough?”

I beamed a smile and said cheerfully, “No, Sir. I liked it.” I giggled and he grinned sexily again. I continued, “But you were wrong about one thing.”

“What's that?”

“I wasn't born to be a faggot bitch for men to use.”

“Eddy,” he drawled my name slightly, “you know that shit doesn't mean anything.”

“No, no. I'm saying, I was born to be *your* faggot bitch,” I half-joked.

Damon chuckled, playfully smacked my butt and said, “Yeah, I know you love being my bitch.”

Giggling, I said, “Yes, Sir. I love to please my man.” We smiled at each other and kissed again. I continued, “I was just wondering why you were so rough this time.”

“Oh, baby,” he said. “You looked so hot when I walked in. I dunno, babe. Maybe it was the surprise of it, but seein’ you there in that collar, leashed to the bed like that, wearin’ those girly pink panties...” He shook his head and took a deep breath. “Fuck, so hot, babe! You looked just like the perfect little, obedient bitch waiting for his master to come home. Drove me fuckin’ nuts, Eddy. You’re so damn cute already, you go an’ do something like that—tsh, I lose my mind, babe.”

“You liked calling me a girl too, didn’t you?”

“Hell yeah I did! You have no idea how much it turns me on to call you names and humiliate you like that.”

“I love it too, Daddy!”

“Shit, baby. I’m gonna start gettin’ hard again already if we keep talkin’ like this.”

I smiled because I could tell he really enjoyed it, but I still wanted to hear it out loud—Damon’s praise is a reward only a notch or two down from his cum. “So you had fun?”

Damon gave my ass another smack and said in his deep, sexy voice, “Fuck yeah, babe.”

I smiled and said, “Good. Happy anniversary.” We kissed again for a few seconds and then I teased him, “Now where’s *my* present?”

He laughed, “Fuck you, bitch.” Another smack to my butt. “I’ll spank that little ass of yours again if I have to.”

I giggled and joked, “Hmm, what do I have to do for that?”

I saw that devious grin return to his face before he suddenly pushed me off his chest onto my stomach, angled to face the door. He held me down as he got up on his knees and started smacking my butt again. I was laughing and trying to get away, but he was too strong. I yelled through my laughter, “Damon, I was kidding! Damon, stop! Ow!”

He continued with a few more loud slaps before he chuckled and said, “Okay, baby. I’ll stop if you be a good boy and grab my trackies off the floor.” As I got up on my hands and knees to reach for Damon’s pants, I shook my butt sluttily for him, eliciting another deep chuckle and one last smack to my ass while I was pulling up the white track pants he’d thrown down when he first came into the room.

That last smack caused me to look back at Damon over my shoulder with a joyful smile on my face. He grabbed my hips and pulled me backwards, my butt revisiting his dick briefly as he set my legs between his spread knees. He then reached behind himself to lift my calves up and he simultaneously push me forward with his pelvis, causing me to go flat on my stomach, leaving my head hanging off the edge of the bed slightly. He crashed down on top of me, his thick dick and big balls on my legs, and

he wrapped his arms around my shoulders, across my upper body. His head was now above and to the left of mine and a little farther over the edge of the bed. I giggled at his antics and craned my neck to look at his sexy, smiling face, less than a foot from my own.

We just stared at each other for a moment before I said, “Here,” holding his pants up, offering them to him.

His smile grew slightly as he leaned in to kiss me on my forehead. “Feel in my pocket, babe,” he said.

I smiled at him for a moment, wondering what my man was up to now. I reached into the heavier pocket and felt, then retrieved a small, soft object. The instant I laid eyes on the velvet-covered box now in my hand, my heart began to race. I didn’t know what to think, and I didn’t want to get my hopes up over nothing. The nylon pants left my hand as I gasped and my eyes widened.

“*Oh! My god!*” I thought. “*Is it—?*” Feeling a little choked up, I again looked at Damon who was already staring at me with a loving smile. I swallowed hard, then refocused on the object in my hands.

I held the little box in my left hand as I tried to open it with my right, but I was so nervous I was shaking too much to open it up. Damon squeezed me tighter in his arms in response to my body’s quivering, which helped to calm my nerves. My thumb now steadied, the little box began to open, and my anxiety peaked.

When the contents were finally revealed, I brought my right hand up to cover my mouth as I gasped and began to cry joyfully. I stared, almost unbelievably, at two shining platinum rings in the box, one bigger than the other, each with an almost illegible scrawl that, without closer inspection, appears to be some sort of Arabic language.

I sniffled and repeated out loud, “Oh my god!” I swiped away some of the tears on my face and then turned my head to Damon, melting with affection for him. My lips were puckered as I eagerly tried to stretch up to him for a kiss, but I couldn’t really move. Luckily for me, Damon moved to meet my kiss with his own. Our tongues danced with each other as I sucked on his. The kiss wasn’t enough for me though; I needed more of him.

Still in the lip-lock, I snaked my left arm out of his grasp, the box firmly in hand, and tried to turn onto my side enough to get my arm around Damon’s neck. I still couldn’t really budge under his weight, but he lifted himself up a little and I flipped over onto my back, wrapping both my arms around Damon’s neck and upper back as he pulled us a little bit closer to the center of the bed before he settled back down on top of me. We kissed passionately for a while as Damon stroked my hair and face. I was still crying a little, never before so happy in my life.

I wasn’t even sure if he’d realize that it was our first anniversary today, but I was elated that he did. And on top of that, he actually went out of his way to do something special for me—for us. This was better than anything I could have ever imagined. I was overwhelmed by his love.

He gave me a peck on my lips, one on my nose, and another on my forehead before he lifted himself up onto his elbows. I brought the box down in between us and looked at the rings again. I could hardly believe it. I looked into my perfect man’s dark eyes and said in a shaky voice, “Thank you, Damon. Thank you, so much!”

His smile radiated as he softly spoke, "Here, look." He took the box from my hands and extracted the smaller ring. "Read the inscription," he said, handing the metal band to me.

I looked at it, trying to focus my eyes on the strange cursive writing through my tears. I rotated it for a second before the font became decipherable to me. It said, "*Forever Damon's Boy*". I smiled and tried to hold back more tears.

"Damon... I don't even know what to say. This is perfect."

I looked back into the box, and began, "That, that one—" I had to pause for a few sniffles, then looked at Damon, and finished asking, "That one's for you?" He kept his eyes locked on mine as he nodded in the affirmative, before I asked him, "What's yours say?"

He gently took my ring into his hand and replaced it with the bigger, heavier band. As I read the similarly fashioned inscription on his ring, he spoke it aloud, slowly, in his sexy, deep bass voice, "Forever Eddy's Man".

I sniffled and tried to not outright cry like a baby at that moment. I collected my thoughts as best I could before speaking. "Forever, Damon? Do you really mean that?"

"Yeah, babe, of course I mean it!"

"Promise?"

"Baby! You know how much I need you. Now that I got you, I could never live without you, Eddy."

"Oh my god, Damon! Thank you!" Staring into my man's eyes, I really did almost start to bawl my eyes out, but I choked back the tears and said, "I love you so much!"

Damon sensed what I needed at that moment, and he gave it to me. "My little Eddy," he said, hugging me tight and pressing my face into his shoulder. Being in his arms always makes me feel totally safe and secure, and Damon has told me many times how important it is to him that I feel that way.

He let go of me, then held the small ring up, and asked, "Here, you want me to put it on you?"

Unable to contain my excitement, I shouted, "Yes! Please!"

Damon smiled, chuckled with delight and took my right hand in his left, then slid the platinum band onto my ring finger. After I admired it on me for a second, the man who is now my husband regardless of the law, held out his right hand above my chest. I took his cue, honored to perform this binding ceremony, and slid the ring onto his corresponding digit.

We both smiled with love at each other, then kissed for just a moment before Damon pulled me up with him to the head of the bed and held me close to his body as he dragged the covers up over both of us. He held me lying on my back next to him, his face right above mine and his right bicep under my head.

He stared at me for a second before whispering in a very sincere tone, "I love you, Eddy."

Trying not to cry, I responded quietly, "I love you too, Damon."

Nothing more needed to be said. We could both *feel* each other's profound love in our hearts.

We kissed for a while longer until Damon took me into his warm, cozy embrace, where I lay dozing off for a nap, happy to know I am forever Damon's.

The End