

Please, dear readers, trust what I've done with this story. There is a third chapter of this story (already finished) and there will be plenty of sex in it. This is a short, transitional chapter, but part three will be up within a few days!

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My blog where you can find my new/other stories when I put them up:
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Thank you to EVERYONE who wrote to me after the first chapter. I appreciate every single email I get.

Thanks again to DesertMac for editing this story for me, and thanks for everything else you do, too.

Enjoy!

His Loving Beauty

Part Two

Even though the penetration hurt like hell most of the time that first night, despite Damon's tender loving, the sex was still incredibly fulfilling. It was the way Damon's body on top of mine completely immobilized me as I lay on my stomach. It was how he consoled me with sweet whispers into my ear, telling me, "I got you, babe," while pumping in and out of me. It was even amazing because of the way it hurt; the pain itself was proof to me that I was his. It was the the simple fact that Damon *wanted* to do this with me—to me, and that he was enjoying it so much, that brought me such great pleasure.

After Damon came, he held me gently in his arms. I didn't even want to cum again; I just wanted to be in his arms and be carressed, which is exactly what he did. I felt like I was in a dream. I could hardly bring my mind to believe that this huge, macho black *man* was even willing to have sex with me, let alone lay there cuddling me and stroking my hair, telling me I'm beautiful. It still felt like his incredibly long and thick cock was inside my ass hours after we'd finished. I felt a mixture of pride and awe; pride that I had made Damon feel so damn good, and awe that I had accommodated such a huge cock in my little ass.

We stayed up for hours that night talking, which was no problem since it was a Saturday night. As Damon held me, I was wishing those moments would just last forever, but I knew it was too good to last.

Honestly, I'd already gotten far luckier than I ever thought I might, and it was inconceivable to me that Damon would maintain any long-term interest in me. Even if he was bisexual, I knew he'd want to explore with other guys. Damon is a true spectacle of male beauty. There would be no shortage of gay and bisexual guys who would die to spend a night with him. Of course Damon would want to take advantage of that, and of course he deserved it all.

Knowing it wouldn't last long, I decided to cherish every precious moment I had with him while I had the chance. Besides, the only thing I really wanted was for Damon to be as happy as he could be, and I just didn't feel like he'd be satisfied with me for very long.

I didn't express these concerns to Damon at all, though. Even someone as inexperienced as I was knows most guys hate to deal with someone's emotional baggage, especially in the beginning. I shoved all my worries to the side of my mind and focused on being with Damon.

It wasn't until almost 3 in the morning when we decided to go to sleep. I'm not sure about Damon, but I know I was pretty worn out from the intensity of all the emotions, not to mention all the new physical feelings and experiences I'd had that night.

I woke up around 10 o'clock, before Damon. It was awesome to just lie there with my head on my man's chest, listening to his steady heartbeat, and his right arm around my back. I stayed quiet as I soaked up Damon's warmth and stared at his ruggedly handsome face while planting soft kisses on his broad chest.

I started to worry he'd wake up and regret what we did, and maybe even become upset with me. When I started to get up though, Damon's arm tightened around me, denying my exit. He made a little grunt while his body tensed up and his breathing paused until I settled back down into his embrace. The message was clear: "Stay."

I enjoyed the wonderful feel of his skin on my face almost as much as I enjoyed the new-found sense of belonging. I brought my hand up to gently rub and squeeze his left bicep. I nuzzled and kissed Damon's strong arm for a few minutes until the muscle abruptly flexed hard. My heart skipped a beat and I looked at Damon's face.

I was relieved to see him smiling, which automatically made me smile too, as it seems to always do. Damon chuckled and said, "Damn, Eddy, you really do love my muscles." He sat up against the headboard and then he pulled me into his arms so that his face was pressing down on mine, and continued, "Don't you?"

I giggled and answered quietly, "Yeah, I do. I can't help it. They're so big and strong. And warm and protective. Just like you."

Damon laughed as he hugged me tighter and kissed me hard on the cheek. "So cute!" he said into my ear. His right hand went down to grab a handful of my butt and knead it gently as he asked, "How's that sweet little ass doin' now? Still hurt?"

"A little bit," I grinned sheepishly up at him as I flexed my inner muscles to gauge how sore they were. It actually hurt more than a little bit, but it wasn't unbearable.

"Aw, that's too bad, baby. I'll have to kiss it better later on. Then it'll be ready to get used again, huh?"

"Umm..." The prospect of taking Damon's big dick inside of me again so soon scared me at first, but that fear was quickly overtaken by the memory of the sublime feelings from last night. The pain was infinitely worth the reward of lying pinned under his massive body and feeling every millimeter of his thick dick stretch me out as the extra large organ sawed in and out of my ass. Besides all those wonderful things, there was nothing I could refuse Damon. I just grinned at him and answered honestly, "Yeah, whatever you want, Daddy."

That name slipped out of my mouth but before I could correct myself, Damon interjected in a surprised

tone, “Daddy?!”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t—”

“No, no. It’s okay. I kinda like it, actually.” I breathed a sigh of relief as Damon chuckled, “Yeah, who’s your daddy?”

Damon smacked my ass sharply, causing me to gasp before answering, “You are!” enjoying the mild sting from his hand on my butt. I wasn’t entirely sure at the time why I’d always liked to refer to the man in my fantasies—who recently had almost exclusively been Damon himself—as “daddy”. Whatever the reason, it was definitely a particularly accurate fit for Damon.

Damon smiled proudly as he held me and kissed around my face and neck, briefly tonguing my mouth a few times. Other than kissing him back, I mostly remained docile, content to let him do whatever he wanted with me. Damon turned me over onto my back and laid his full weight down on top of me, which sent happy chills all through me. I realized that being trapped under his muscular body with him staring down into my eyes was the most satisfying thing in the world. I couldn't imagine anywhere else I'd rather be. He gave me one last kiss with extra tongue—and his warm saliva, which I happily swallowed—then glanced at the clock before asking, “You hungry?”

“Yeah, I’m starving.”

He got up off the bed, saying, “Yeah, me too. Let’s go back to my place and I’ll make you breakfast.”

“Um, well,” I began as I got up on all fours. “Can I just have some more of this instead?” I asked more sincerely than jokingly as I moved my lips to kiss his big, soft dick and inhale his spicy, musky groin scent, which instantly made my own cock spring up to attention. As he put a hand on my head, I looked up to see Damon letting his head rest backwards, allowing his Adam's apple to protrude more than usual. He moaned and let me kiss his dick, but when I tried to suck it into my mouth he pushed my head away.

“Wait, baby, not now. You’re gonna get me hard again!”

I looked up at him with a slightly bewildered smile and teased, “Well that’s the point!”

I immediately tried to get my mouth around his dark chocolate cock again, but he stopped me and said, “Baby, seriously, let's get dressed and go back to my place. I gotta get ready for the game real soon!”

“Oh, shoot! I forgot about the game!”

Damon paused briefly and returned the bewildered look. “How could you forget?! It’s the Super Bowl!”

“That’s *today*?”

Damon froze and stared at me in disbelief for a moment, with one leg in his boxer briefs, before saying, “Eddy! How could you not know when the Super Bowl is?”

“I don’t know. It's hard to pay attention to sports when I'm distracted by you all the time.”

Damon chuckled briefly, saying, "I know I'm hot, Eddy, but..." He paused as I giggled at his sexy ego. "But come on, dude. Your favorite team is playing in the Super Bowl! How could you not know when it is?!" He started putting on his pants.

"Well, yeah maybe, but they're only my favorite team 'cause you said it's your favorite team."

Damon shook his head and rolled his eyes with a smile. He was laughing as he walked around to the other side of the bed, picked up my clothes and tossed them onto the bed. "Okay, well, it really *is* my favorite team and I really *do* wanna watch, so come on." He pulled his shirt on, then pulled me by the hand off the bed and said, "Now, get dressed."

I really did want to do what he told me to do, but looking at his rocky, rolling muscles under his shirt, I just couldn't resist the urge to feel them some more. I stepped in front of him and grabbed his sides under his shirt so he wouldn't move while I dipped down to his waist and stuck my head into his shirt, then stood back up, putting my face against his chest.

With my arms around his back and me in his shirt with him, I said, "Okay, I'm dressed. Let's go."

Damon's chest shook as he laughed at me. He grabbed my butt with both hands and lifted me up so my head came through the wide neck of his shirt, putting me at eye-level with him. I wrapped my legs around his lower back and curled my arms to hold on to his shoulders with my hands, tingling at his strength which so effortlessly held my weight.

We looked into each other's eyes and Damon kissed me on the lips, then said, "You really are cute, Eddy; so fucking adorable." I giggled, feeling slightly embarrassed by his compliment. "But you know, you're stretching out my shirt."

"Mmm, well..." I laid my head on his shoulder. "Why do you need to wear shirts anyway? The world would be a happier place if everyone got to look at your body."

Damon nodded as he took a slow breath in and then as he let it out, he said, "Yeah, that is true, baby. But if I didn't cover myself up, I wouldn't be able to walk down the street without creatin' all sorta havoc, you know? Girls would be starin' at me and gettin' their boyfriends all jealous; people gettin' distracted and cars crashin' into each other; pedestrians tryin' to—"

"Okay, okay! Keep your shirt on," I joked as I laughed again at his big ego. To be honest, I found his confident machismo to be very sexy—a major turn-on for me. And realistically, there was probably more truth to the joke he was making than he realized.

Damon chuckled again as he put me down, and after I slunk out of his shirt, he told me to hurry up getting dressed. At his suggestion, I also got some extra clothes to take with me to his place so I'd have something to change into after we showered.

When we went over to Damon's I couldn't do anything to keep myself away from him while he was making us breakfast. Then, while in the shower, he lovingly soaped me up and rinsed me off. Before he let me do the same to him, he ordered me to get down on my knees to suck him off again, and I of course happily obeyed. Surprisingly enough, it was even more fun the second time, especially because he was towering over me and the water was cascading over both of us. The picture in my mind of me

on my knees servicing Damon would last forever. My own hard cock was sticking out between my legs and my hands were on Damon's muscular thighs as he made his oversized dick disappear into my mouth and throat. His cum was delicious and it was right at home in my stomach.

After we dried off and got dressed, Damon went into the living room and sat down to watch the pre-game show. He was sitting near the armrest of the couch playing with his football. I thought it was cute that he was so excited about the game, like he was a big kid at heart. But of course Damon was all man. And that man looked damn sexy in his loose football jersey and running shorts. I was constantly catching myself stopping and staring at his magnificence as I put out bowls of chips, pretzels and other snacks for the big game party.

I went over and sat down in the middle of the couch, to Damon's right. I laid my head on his chest and Damon put his arm around me. I was still totally amazed at how cool Damon was about all this, and also at how safe and secure and even loved I felt in his arms. Just sitting there in that moment, I felt a strong sense of belonging somewhere: with Damon—or maybe it was even that I belonged *to* Damon. I was happier than I thought I could ever be, and I wanted it to never end.

Still, there was something in the back of my mind bothering me. I asked Damon, "Aren't the guys gonna be here soon?"

He looked at me briefly as he answered, "Yeah. So what?"

"Um, well... It's just that they'll... Should I just not say anything?"

"What do you mean? Why?"

"I mean, I won't say anything about *us*."

"Do you want to tell them?" I noticed that there didn't seem to be any negative inflection to the question.

"No, no! I mean, whatever you think is best."

"Yeah, well, I don't wanna hide nothin', but, you know, it is the Super Bowl. Let's just talk about it another time. All right?"

"Yeah."

I started to get up to sit on the other couch, but Damon held me down and said, "Where do you think you're goin'?"

"Well, we can't sit here like this or everyone will know right away."

Damon smiled and said, "It's okay; just stay here and I'll try to keep my hands off you once the guys get here." I tingled like a silly schoolgirl at that as I cuddled up next to Damon, wishing he *would* keep putting his hands all over me. After about 10 minutes, there was a knock at the door and the guys began to arrive.

Throughout the first half, the game was rather uneventful, to me anyway, but everyone else was

definitely excited over it. Just after the half-time show, a commercial for a candy bar came on. It was one of those commercials that was obviously meant to stir up controversy in order to get more attention from the media, thus earning free advertising. This particular commercial featured two guys eating the same candy bar and ending up in an “accidental” gay kiss.

At first there were mixed reactions; some reacted with disgust and others laughed. But then Jamal, who had replaced me in my regular spot on the other couch, teased, “You into that commercial, Eddy?”

My face turned red instantly as everyone laughed. I knew it was just part of their regular teasing of me, but it was particularly embarrassing since now Damon knew the truth about me. I glanced at Damon to see him looking at me, and he was clearly not amused. He had a very serious look on his face which morphed into an angry expression in the second we were looking at each other. He immediately stood up and in his deep, rough voice, he shouted, “Shut up, J! That’s enough!”

Everyone went silent for a moment before Jamal responded, “Dude, what? We were just teasin’. What’s it to you, anyway?”

Damon’s nostrils flared as he stood still for a second, then, to the shock of everyone including myself, he turned to me, grabbed me by the arm and lifted me up, nearly slamming me into his chest. He stared into my eyes but didn’t hesitate to put his arm around the back of my neck and kiss me hard and passionately for no less than three long and wonderful seconds.

He broke the kiss and then, with his arm still around me, he turned back to J and the others and said, “And if any of you have a problem with that, then you better get the fuck out right now!” There was a brief pause during which no one spoke until Damon demanded, “Got it?!”

After another, longer pause, J said, “Man, anything for an extra place to sit down.”

There were a few subsequent mumbles of agreement and even some quiet, nearly timid chuckles at the slight humor in J’s comment, but that comment was a clear indication of an attitude that stunned me: They just didn’t care. I guess sometimes there’s more truth to the idea that some guys only purport to be anti-gay as a conformity device than I thought. Truly, the only thing I needed was the love of a man like Damon, but that feeling of acceptance was also a tremendous relief.

After that very short but explosive incident, the atmosphere of the room cooled down. Damon smirked in response to what J had said, then sat us both back down on the couch keeping his arm around my shoulders, and everyone returned to watching the game. Maybe it was a good thing that they found out during the Super Bowl because everyone quickly—at least seemingly—forgot about the commotion and again became excited about the big game.

I was so glad Damon’s team won. Everyone was happy they’d won, except apparently one guy who’d lost a bet to Damon. Still, we all celebrated, and they all left a little after midnight. As they were leaving, a couple of the guys expressed surprise to Damon that he was suddenly with a guy—a white boy nonetheless. But I was very happy that not one of them expressed any disgust or anything negative, just that they never saw it coming. I could certainly understand that sentiment since I had been just as surprised.

In fact, other than Tay, who never came around again, all of his friends just took the change in stride, and I gotta say: I love having what amounts to a half dozen big brothers around. They all treat me with

respect and they have become my friends too. A couple of them have even talked to me about their relationships, asking for my advice and they appreciate my perspective. I guess they think I can give them insight into their girlfriends' thinkings or something. Whatever it is, I enjoy trying to help them out and building friendships with them.

After the last couple guys left, Damon closed and locked the door, then slowly turned to me with a hungry look in his eyes. He made me nervous, so I just stayed still like a cornered rabbit on the couch as he approached me like a black panther angling in for the kill, with that look in his eyes of total confidence that this prey was willing and needing. He sat down next to me and wrapped my head and upper body up tightly in both his massive arms, kissing the top of my head, causing me to melt in his embrace and moan in both contentedness and anticipation as he began to paw aggressively all over my body. It was a gentle beginning to a night that was much rougher than the last.

The sex wasn't *just* “rougher” though. On our second night together, Damon began to show his true sexual proclivities. He was aggressive, dominating, overpowering and insistent in his possession of me. Well before the end of the night, I *knew* I belonged to Damon. He *told* me, “You're mine,” over and over; and he made me acquiesce out loud, “I'm yours.”

By way of his demanding attitude and actions, he taught me what it means to submit myself entirely to his needs and desires. I learned that *everything* Damon wanted to do to me felt wonderful—even the painful moments—and that making *him* feel wonderful in itself gave me all the joy my heart could contain. It felt perfect for *me* to give myself to Damon and to trust him to do whatever he wanted to me.

After Damon made me suck him and fucked me twice, he again held me gently as we went to sleep. As we drifted off, I once again started thinking about the same concerns I'd had the previous night and morning: the inevitable end of this incredible relationship.

I knew Damon meant it when he said he loved me, but I also knew that his feelings for me couldn't last. They'd wear out sooner or later as he got tired of me. And surprisingly enough, I dreaded the end coming later as much as I dreaded it coming sooner. On the one hand, I needed him then; I needed his affection and affirmation of me. But on the other hand, I also knew that the longer I was with him, the more I'd become attached to him, and the more destructive it would be to me when he ultimately left me for someone new.

I knew that he'd eventually want to find someone more worthy of him. Besides, he'd never really stayed with one person for very long. In just the short time I'd known him, he'd gone through more than a couple girlfriends, plus several one-night stands. Those girls had always made me feel so envious, but, amazingly enough, I'd actually gotten my turn to be with Damon.

I had no idea how long our relationship might last; for all I knew, it could be a week, a few weeks, maybe a month, or perhaps even more than that. I was absolutely determined to do everything I possibly could to keep him and please him for as long as he'd let me. There could be no doubt in his mind that I wanted to be with him more than anything else in life, because I never, ever missed a chance to show him how much I love him, how much he turns me on and how much I need him.