Cross

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Darren goes to jail

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Darren closed his eyes and rested his head in his hands for the umpteenth time that day. How could he have been so stupid? He'd always been the careful one out of every crowd he'd been involved with. Coming from a dirt poor background, he knew the smallest thing would mar his reputation and he would be screwed for the rest of his life. His whole life, he had been a straight A student. Before graduating high school a month ago, his scholarship at Princeton had already been confirmed. One night was all it took for him to blow it all to the dust.

He let out a bitter laugh. Princeton sure as hell wouldn't have anything to do with him. He knew how the situation looked from their point of view. A poor black kid with a drug abuse problem, no matter how intelligent, had no place there now. The bus crunched to a stop. Darren looked out the window. The bus holding the twenty or so inmates had parked in front of the dungeon they would call home for the foreseeable future. The process was painfully slow. From getting searched to getting supplies and jumpsuits to finally being assigned to their cells.

Over the past few days, Darren had gotten accustomed to having full body searches, but he could tell that the guard who was patting him down was a total perv. The fat fuck, Porter, pressed against him fully when he was butt naked. He did his best to keep the revulsion off his face. Darren was used to getting hit on. At 5'6" he was neither the shortest nor tallest in any room he was in, but his good looks gave him way more attention than he was comfortable with. He knew he got most of his features, physical and otherwise, from his mother. The sizable ass he had inherited had gotten him groped on countless occasions. His deep, brown, soulful eyes caught everyone that looked into them captive. He had a soft spoken voice, too.

He was the last to get a cell assigned to. He sat in a small barred room, waiting, when he heard Porter hissing to another inmate. He looked up to see another black man, roughly 6'3, having a heated discussion with the guard. Although it was Porter he was talking to, the man stared at Darren the whole time. Obvious lust reflected from the man's eyes. Darren instinctively knew that they were talking about him. He knew this man wanted him in his cell. For the first time, a shaft of fear pierced through him. He licked his lips crudely, letting him know wordlessly that he was planning on doing all

sorts of things to him.

Darren leaned in closer to hear what was being said.

“I know what the deal was, Kev, but Cross wants him. There’s nothing I can do about it. You know Cross,”Porter pleaded, all the while making suggestive body movements.

“I don’t care if Cross wants him! I saw him first. You give him to that guy and you’ll have a blood bath on your hands,” Kev argued insistently, still keeping eye contact with Darren.

“I’m sorry, Kev, but I’m way more scared of what he can do than of whatever damage you and your guys can do. Do us both a favour and pick someone else.” The chubby guard moved closer to Kev and trailed a hand down the man’s chest. “I’m sure there are so many other guys willing to-”

Kev shoved the guard away from him before he could finish his sentence.

“Choose wisely,” he warned before storming away.

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Two hours later Darren was led to his cell. He held his head high as he passed all the others, ignoring the whistles and catcalls. Obviously, the baggy jumpsuit didn’t hide his assets. The guard, thankfully not Porter, practically shoved him inside once they got to the very end of the hallway. The first thing he noticed was that it was twice, maybe three times as large as the other cells he had passed. It also had a small refrigerator in one corner. As nothing was revealed to him, he had no idea whether he was going to Cross’s cell or Kev’s. By the way the guard had practically hightailed it out of the cell, it was someone of power. Darren shook his head disapprovingly at the utter corruption this entire institute held.

The bottom bunk was made, so he went for the top one. Just as he whipped out one of the two bed sheets he had been given, a voice rang out from behind him.

“Those things are crap.”

Darren whirled around to stare at the figure that stood in the doorway. As the man stepped closer his stare turned into a gape. The man was 6’7” with heavy muscles, a bald head, and a goatee. He looked like what a villain would in an action flick. He had grey eyes, almost silver and a light scar beside his left eye. He watched silently as the giant crossed to a wooden drawer to withdraw a pair of what looked like freshly washed and pressed bed sheets along with a pillow. He extended them ad

Darren accepted them gratefully. Only when they were in his possession did his suspicion prickle. What was the catch?

As if he read his mind, the man smiled. “Make your bed, little man. Then we’ll talk.”

Darren did as he was bid while the giant went to the cell bars and straightened the sheet that he’d tied there for privacy. He sat on his bed when he was done with his task and Darren felt his eyes on his ass as he finished his own. When he was through, he stood in front of him waiting for him to say whatever it was he planned on saying. He noted with dismay that even seated this man towered over him. Said man patted the spot beside him, gesturing for him to be sit there.

When he did, the man smiled complacently. “You can start by telling me your name,” his deep voice reverberated around the room.

“Uh m-m-my name is D-Darren,” he stammered and mentally smacked himself. Way to look confident!

“Darren,” he purred. “I like it.” The grey eyes darkened with desire to a silver shade.

Darren looked away from the sight, not liking the way his heart rate sped or the tingle he felt below his belt. When he was sure he’d gotten his body under control, he looked back up into his eyes. “Uh thank you I guess… and thank you for the sheets and the pillow. What-what-ah… what’s your name?”

“Cross,” he said simply, confirming his suspicions. Cross lustily licked his lips, prompting a full-fledged erection from the younger man. Darren’s desire was so great it shocked even him. He jumped up, trying to get away from this man, confused at his body’s response to a man… a MAN! He wasn’t gay! He had a girlfriend on the outside waiting for him. He was shocked when the giant - Cross - followed him all the way across the room. He trapped him against a wall, pressing his whole body against him. He was shocked when he felt the large appendage imprint against him, right around his belly button area. He bit his lip to keep from moaning out loud in response.

“But you can call me ‘Daddy’,” Cross murmured in his ear. Darren raised those soulful brown eyes to Cross’s grey ones. When their gazes clashed, Cross groaned and crushed his lips against his, unable to keep from doing it for a second longer. Darren hesitated for a split second before opening his mouth to allow access to its recesses. Cross gladly accepted the invitation, swiping his own appendage into Darren’s mouth and brushing up against it. He broke the intimate lock and leaned his forehead against the young man’s.

Cross took hold of Darren’s hand and led him to his bed. He made quick work of stripping them both

to their underwear. He made Darren lie down on his back and rested between his spread legs, desire still lighting his eyes. “How long are you in here for?” he asked with his mouth pressed against his ear.

Darren gulped nervously. “Two years.” He couldn’t stop the urgent thrusting of his crotch against Cross’s. The contact through their cotton covered cocks felt so good, he couldn’t imagine what it would feel like when they were bare. Any thoughts of resistance had long flew out of his head. The second their lips had met, he’d known that this was meant to be.

He felt Cross smile against his ear. “Good.” Another thrust. “How old are you, boy?”

“I’m almost nineteen,” he said, humping back against him.

“Hmmm… a little too young.” It made sense, as Darren had him pegged to be in his late thirties. He panicked, however. He wrapped his legs around Cross, one going above and the other below his behind, holding him in place, not willing to let him go.

Cross chuckled warmly. “Relax, baby. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Good. How old are you?” he asked, almost shyly.

“Thirty-eight. Old enough to be your father, eh?” he chuckled then captured Darren’s left ear lobe within his mouth and suckled on it, causing the boy to grind furiously against him.

“Please,” he begged. “I need to feel you against me.”

It shamed him to ask such a thing of a fellow man, but any inhibitions he had were of no importance at this point.
“If you need me as badly as you say you do, then beg!” he growled, increasing his grinding to agitate him.
Darren didn’t understand. He had begged. “Please, please, daddy, please!”

Cross moaned. “Say it again,” he demanded.

“Daddy, I need you. Please let me feel you against me.” For full effect, Darren pouted almost making him cumright there.

In the blink of an eye, they were both butt naked and painfully erect. Cross pressed the full length of his cock against Darren’s. They both gasped at the contact. He let out a deep groan as he yet again

captured Darren’s lush lips with his. “That’s right. I’m you daddy. Don’t you forget it.” Cross paused for a second. “So much for stereotypes, huh?

When he looked down to look at their cocks, Darren almost blushed! Cross’s white cock, almost red with arousal was clearly bigger than this by far. At eight inches, he had nothing to be ashamed of, especially for someone his size, but Cross’s exceeded his by four inches in length and one in width. His foot long monster dwarfed his own appendage, but Darren found he liked having a smaller cock than the older man’s.

He offered him a smile that had his grey eyes darkening again. “Of course, daddy,” he rasped in a husky voice.“It wouldn’t do if mine was bigger now would it?”

Cross didn’t smile back, instead he straightened and reached for something under his mattress. He withdrew a small tube of lube and applied generously to his sensitive asshole. Just then, reality hit him. He was about to let a man with a foot long cock fuck him, for Chrissake! It was like he was drugged on whatever pheromones he was exuding. Darren reached out a hand to stop Cross’s advance, but when it wrapped around the impressive girth of man meat, something possessed him to kneel down on the floor in front of him. He looked into Cross’s eyes and saw no small amount of need there.

He licked the clear liquid that had gathered at the large mushroom tip and revelled in the salty taste. He circled his tongue around the head teasingly before slowly going down on it. He didn’t stop until it hit the back of his throat. He bobbed his head up and down and stroked the nine inches he couldn’t get inside his mouth. A hefty amount of encouragement came from the hand at the back of his head. Cross urged him to go on, to take on as much as he could. Darren tried to suppress his gag reflex and took on three more inches. The half that wasn’t inside his mouth was stroked. Before he could try to take in more, Cross wrenched him away from his cock. He was breathing heavily.

“No. When I come, it will be inside you,” he growled, his deep voice deepening further with desire. He thrust his index finger into his already lubed up asshole, going back and forth. Once he had grown accustomed to it, he added one finger. And thrust it back and forth with a scissoring motion. He repeated the process until Darren was comfortable with four fingers up inside him. By then, his fingers made contact with his prostate with every inside thrust. He was practically begging for his cock.

He lubed up his cock and stroked it, spreading the slippery substance, not wanting to cause his baby any unnecessary discomfort. Darren was on his back by then with his legs spread in the air. Cross pressed his cock to the entrance of his wet hole. He slowly pressed forward. When a painful cry escaped Darren’s lips, he stopped, waiting for him to become accustomed it. When his heart rate slowed down, he pressed forward once again.

Darren was shocked when he felt Cross's pubes pressed against his ass cheeks. He was still as hard as he had been since that first meeting of lips. He groaned when Cross's thrust hit that right spot over and over again. With every thrust, he felt an amazing shiver through his rectum and up his spine, hitting every pleasure nerve he had, even those he hadn't known he had before. He pulled the older man's head down to caress his lips with his own. He loved the feeling of the bald head against his hand, of the facial hair scratching his own baby smooth one. He loved the friction of his own hard cock against Cross' rock hard abs.

"Oh, Daddy!" he moaned. "Yes, Daddy! Yes. Just like that."

Cross broke the kiss to suckle a dark nipple into the recesses of his mouth. He alternated between the two nipples and Darren's tongue. When he felt his balls heat at last, after countless thrusts, he began moving jerkily. They both knew it was about to end soon. The moment that they had been building up had come to this. They were both shocked when cum spurted uncontrollably out of Darren's cock, landing on both of their stomachs. His asshole rippled around Cross's huge cock, prompting his own eruption.

"Oh, DADDY!"

"Yes. Oh, yes, baby!" They both screamed at the same time.

Cross brought his lips down possessively against Darren's. He suckled his tongue into his mouth, practically attacked him with his lips. The assault on each other's lips slowed as did their breathing. Cross turned them around, Darren's back to his front, his cock still in his ass. His arm wrapped around Darren's middle.

"I should let you know… Daddy doesn't like to share. You're mine and mine alone," it was a barely veiled warning.

"You're the only one I want, Daddy."

He meant it, too.