

Hoop Dreamin'

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This part is dedicated to my new friend,Troy.

Part 4

Just after we had our little bonding moment in the kitchen, I took him downstairs to my home work-out gym and I could tell that he was utterly surprised by it. I do have all the best equipment, I've bought throughout the last year, surrounded with wall's of mirrors. I but it wasn't the equipment that gained the most of his attention, it was the 50" inch flat screen TV I had mounted at the end of the room, so I can watch the news or my hip-hop abs videos.

"Shit, you got everything down here and you got a big-screen TV down here too" He really sounded excited. "I know you be coming down here to watch movies and shit all the time...". Smiling at his words I replied: "Naw bro, this is a 50 inch, I got a 63 inch upstairs in the den". Finally taking his eyes off of the TV and looking at me, he said: "Damn yo, what you bout to do?"

"Ahh, well no bullshit, but we stink yo" He smiled at my comment, showing off those pretty white teeth with braces. I'm really getting in to his smile, especially considering he had the beginnings of a nicely defined mustache growing in. "So, I'm bout to hit the shower in a second" I replied

"Yeah dawg, me too... but um... after that though... what you got up?"

"Shit... why, what's up?"

"Well, I was gone say dat I got these movies from Blockbuster... I got the hook up, they not really supposed to rent em' till next week.. and I ain't seen em yet"

"Oh for real... damn it has been a minute since I had a movie night at home... okay cool, I'm down" I was a little surprised at his offer, but none-the-less, I jumped at the opportunity.

"Okay then... Ima go ova here and get my shower and shit... when you want me to come back?"

"Just come over when you get done... I mean, I'm not gone be all day in the shower, so wheneva is cool."

"Okay cool... I'll holla at you in a minute then" Davante made his move upstairs to leave out my side door; once he's gone I realize that I have to call my boys... I have to tell them that I'm going to miss our usual bar cruise night. For the last couple of years my boys Chink, Jayden, Tion, Dre and I have devoted Friday nights to each other, lately we've been hitting the Woodward (bar), one of the best Detroit black-gay bars. Whenever one of us misses our bar night, we know that if it's not a family emergency, it's a really hot ass date that one of us just can't pass up. Therefore I was not surprised at Jayden's reaction to my announcement that I had to cancel.

"Uh uh Bitch, you are not about to get off this phone until you tell me exactly which muthafucka has got yo ass so caught up you would cancel out on a famous bitch like me!" You've got to love Jayden, he has got to be the most arrogant, bitchy and spoiled sissy in Detroit. The man truly believes that he's God's gift to the gay scene. And he's probably right, when you talk about the Mid-west's black gay scene, everyone knows or has heard of Jayden Patrick... don't even ask me how.

"Yeah nigga, who ass is you bout to be runnin' up in tonight?" Chink chimed in.

"Yo, I ain't said nothin' bout fuckin nobody... it's just that I got a lil' sumthin, sumthin that I gotta spend some time with tonight yo... and I know yall nigga's ain't trippin, seeing as how each and every one of yall asses has canceled for a date before. Especially you Jayden... I know you ain't forgot about Mr. Can't-nobody-dick-me-down-better"

"what?" he said. Everyone on the phone started laughing . " uh huh, what was bout one month ago?" I said.

"Oooh chile, who you tryin to read... bitch you just mad cause you a big dick nellie bottom living a repressed life...bitch!" Everybody on the line had to laugh at Jayden's silly ass, because everyone that know's me, knew that I strictly topped whoever I fucked with.

"Jay, shut the fuck up, you so fuckin stupid..." laughed Chink.

"Exactly Jay... don't flip that shit around on Mike... Jayden ass was ova with that date, your ass dropped us real quick." Dre reminisced.

"Bitch, suck my left baby toe... yall late ass hoes" Jayden retorted.

"But look it's like this...I ain't mad at you, gone do yah thing Daddy, cause I know if I had a good ass date, I'm dropping all yall muthafuckas and hittin it" Dre continued, through the laughter.

"Hell yeah, me too... well look here dawg, I'll just see yo ass lata. You better have details for a nigga though!" Chink said, attempting to end the conversation.

"Okay, I'll call all yall asses tomorrow, Tion too..."

I hurried, returning my cordless house phone to the base for charging, and bound up the stairs to shower and get ready for Davante's return. I don't know exactly what I expect to happen tonight. All I know is that the feelings and vibes I'm getting from this boy are more than just some friendship shit. I'm so attracted to this boy and I know that if there's any chance that he may be attracted to me then I have to find out. I showered quickly, but thoroughly, making sure I smell like an "Irish Spring" in all the right places. Every time I think about the fact that Davante and I will be spending the evening together, I get a massive hard on. But, I still put on a pair of sweat suit track pants. The material is real loose and you can definitely make out my dick whether hard or not, but I didn't care. Part of me wants to keep from being embarrassed in case of an uncontrollable hard on, while another part of me wants to see if he'll be checking out my package like he did my chest earlier.

Friday evening, 8:29 pm

Just as I finish pulling a clean white tank top over my head, the side doorbell rings. I notice that my pulse starts to race every time I hear that damn side doorbell. I slipped on my Adidas flip-flops and headed downstairs to the door and am greeted by one of the hottest sights I've seen in a long time. Checking out his clothes, or lack thereof, it's now obvious that Davante has become quite comfortable with me. I open the storm door allowing him to step in, as I get a better look at him; he's wearing a pair of sky-blue basketball shorts, a black tank top and his flip-flops with no socks. As he heads up the short flight of steps to the main floor I notice, by the way of his shorts are clinging to his ass, that he's not wearing any underwear underneath those shorts. And his feet... they're pure fucking perfection. I love a dude with nice feet, but this boy has downright pretty feet.

"So what movies you got playboy?" I questioned as I moved in front of him in order to lead the way through my kitchen and dining room and on into my den.

"Um, right here" he passed over the familiar white plastic bag with a blue and yellow ticket printed on the front. As I went take a seat on the cool microfiber of my very comfortable tan overstuffed den sofa to review Davante's movie selections, I looked up and noticed his sights fixed on my 63" flat screen television in the corner of my den.

“So... you like it?” I asked, startling him out of what seemed like a trance he replied....

“Hell yeah... how big is it?”

“Sixty-three inches”

“Oh yeah, you said that earlier... oh shit, dawg... you got fuckin surround sound too... fuck that, yo “The Uninvited” is in there... we watchin that!” He determined as he moved to take a seat on the sofa just to my right. I thumb through the various DVD cases and picked out “The Uninvited”. The truth was that I had already seen this movie once in the theater, but I don’t care... the fact was that all I now wanted was to have this boy in my crib. I didn’t know where this would lead, but I just wanted him there.

“Alright now boy... you know this surround sound ain’t no joke... you sure you wanna see this?” I asked as I stood to walk the DVD over to the player.

“Hell yeah dawg... I wanna be scared! Yo, but dawg... don’t laugh at me and shit if I be jumpy and shit”

“Ha ha, yo shorty... chill out, I be getting startled and shit watchin some scary shit too.” I thought it was really cute that he was warning me that he gets scared watching horror flicks. It just compounds my initial thought that, although he carries this rough street persona, he really does have this soft and timid way about him.

“Shorty what you want out da kitchen... while I’m up?”

Once I returned to the den, I set down a couple cans of Coke and a bowl of Cheetos for us. And I’m happy to find that Davante has made himself comfortable. I try hard not to pop a boner and jump on him as he’s partially laid out on the sofa with his right leg folded up under his left and his head propped up on one of my throw pillows. He’s kicked off his flip flops and with his tank top raised over his navel his right hand is rubbing his bare abs. As I moved to take my seat in a space he’s left, just above his head, I can’t help but wonder if he’s got something up his sleeve. I mean, it could all just be his genuine comfort with me, but I find it just a little fucking curious that he’s placed his head mere inches from my thigh. In fact, he’s so close to me now that if we were to simply open my legs and remove the throw pillow, his head would be right in my lap.

By this time the sun has completely gone down and I turned off all the lights. As I settle in, I grab the DVD player remote off one of my end tables and select the “play movie” option from the DVD’s main menu. Setting the remote down and reaching for a can of Coke I try to find a place to rest my right arm... because the sofa is a large overstuffed thing I can’t just throw it over the back of the sofa, so the options are limited. I can take a chance and rest my arm on Davante so that my arm would rest over his chest... but it’s too risky of a move especially since I don’t know his intentions for the how he wants this night to go. The other option was to be a bit uncomfortable and rest it on the unused part of throw pillow Davante’s using to prop up his head. Although it was still dangerously close to contact with Davante, this choice won out.

The movie had a slow start before any action or scary stuff happens, that and the fact that I had seen it before, had my attention elsewhere; mainly on what was under those sky-blue shorts. Now I know what I could’ve done, if I was sure that Davante wanted to mess around with me. I would’ve feigned “comfort move” (a move that would’ve seemed like I was trying to get more comfortable) and moved my hand real close to his short-covered package. But I couldn’t, mainly because I told myself that I wasn’t going to make the first move. Then about 15 or 20 minutes into the movie, he made his own move by feigning a stretch. He started stretching his right arm (the one closest to me) and that gave me the opportunity to move into my original thought, which was to put my arm to rest over his chest... and that was exactly what I did. At first I was a little nervous with my arm resting on his chest, that was until he move his arm directly over my arm locking it in place. Then, after no more than two minutes went by, I felt him moving up into my lap while still pretending that he’s still interested in the movie. Now that his head is sitting directly in my lap, with only the fabric of my pants and a throw pillow between my hard dick and the back of his head, by him moving up my arm is only on about two inches from his package which by now is growing.

By now I can tell that he’s extremely uncomfortable with his dick hard as is covered by the sky-blue basket ball shorts; you could tell that he wanted to adjust it to a more comfortable position. By this time I did not need any

more conformation of what he wanted to happen tonight, the only thing that I have to be careful of is how much he wanted to happen tonight.

So, I decided that I would start with touching only, because I know that this could only be his curiosity and not be him being gay, at most I would guess he's bi-sexual. Making the next move I take my free hand (my left hand) and bring it around his head and pick up his right hand, the one that was locking down my arm. I then interlock our fingers just like young lovers, with only the flicker of the TV, I can see that he now has his eyes closed. I then work my right arm from underneath his right arm; now with my right arm free, I make my move to his stomach and with my fingers going underneath his shorts with my thumb trailing down his treasure trail I can finally feel the base of his dick. But I stop because I can feel him shaking and, once again seeing him through the TV flickering, I can see his face is slightly shaking and his breathing is audible.

Remembering my first time having sex with Chink, I'm thinking "what can I do to calm him down"; then I did it, surprising him and myself, I bent down turned his face to mine and kissed him. Once he realized what was going on I could feel him trying to open my mouth with his tongue and I can feel his left hand up over my right shoulder. I let him in my mouth for a couple seconds and then my "top" nature comes through and I stick my tongue in his mouth. And then, surprising me, he then proceeds to suck on my tongue; and I'm sitting here thinking: "who taught this kid to kiss this good" cause this shit is driving me wild. This seems to calm him down and the shaking stopped. That was all I needed to go back and put my right hand underneath his shorts and proceed to jacking off his dick; and what a "dick" it was. It was sort of short I would guess only about six inches, but it had a good thickness and then I discovered what a pre-cummer he was, I mean I didn't need any lube at all while jacking him off.

"Hey shorty, let me up so I can get you otta these" I whispered. He moved so I could get off the sofa and kneel beside him. Before I proceeded to take off his shorts, I removed my wife-beater and I guess trying to emulate my moves, he pulled off his black tanky and threw directly on top of mine on the floor. Then came the moment of truth and I wanted to see his dick, so I grabbed the DVD controller and hit stop-button so that the DVD blue screen was on... that made the perfect light for me to see, the soon naked, Davate. I couldn't get over how fucking defined he was, I mean this boy had a fucking eight pack and had the beginning of a well-developed chest with penny sized nipples that stick-out, just right for sucking. And as I stick my fingers on both sides down his shorts to remove them, he moves his ass slightly off the sofa so that I can pull 'em off of his ass. Rather than staying where I was, I stood up and pull his legs together and raised them up while I went directly in front of him and kneel on the sofa. Now I was ready to pull up his shorts over them pretty feet and as I began to do that, I heard his rock-hard and wet dick slap his stomach. As soon as I threw those sky-blue shorts over there on top of his black tanky, (still kneeling on the sofa) I preceded to sit on my heels and just look at this beautiful boy laying completely naked, from head to toe, in front of me. With both of his legs still resting on my chest I feel him starting to shake again.

"Hey we can stop and just look at the mov..." I started whispering this to him, before I could get it out he said clearly, eyes wide open: "No. Please don't stop..." and then in a lower tone he continued: "it's just that..." silence, for a couple of seconds "fuck it... this is my first time".

At first I thought, he was saying his first time with a guy, but looking at him I soon realized that he meant that this was his first time having sex with anyone. "Shit, shit, shit" I thought, should I continue or let him go and meet someone his age, whether it's a guy or a girl. But soon the decision was made for me, as I feel Davante's right hand reach for my right hand, which was supporting his left leg on my chest. As soon as I noticed where he was placing my hand, square on his still-hard dick, so I continued to jack him off.

He's still slightly shaking, so I tried something new with him... something I been thinking about all night, especially once he had kicked off his flip-flops off. I took my left hand and brought his right foot right in front of my face and started to kiss his foot all over. What I was trying to stop, the shakes, by kissing his foot was making it worse, especially when I stuck his big toe in my mouth. With all of that shaking, I was about to stop, that was until I noticed that he had was moaning and then I noticed that he moved his left foot up close to my neck... so I let his right foot go and then pick up his left foot and gave it the same treatment. Just as I was about to put another toe in my mouth, I noticed he was close to cumming, and I even do what I most wanted to do all night, which was to suck this boys dick. So I stopped jacking him and let go of his foot, spreading his legs as I got down kneeling on the

floor, I started with his nutt-sack and that was all it took, cause as soon as I went to put his dick in my mouth he was cumming. Now, I have seen a lot of niggas cum in my life, but this little nigga has to be the most cumming nigga of all. I mean after the first cum shot, which went directly in my mouth, I pull off of him while jacking his spasming dick and watched as this boy came over his chest, his face and even shot up on the side table (I could've swear that I saw a shot go into the Cheetos). Slightly laughing as soon as he was done, I bent down to kiss him and he grab me tightly against himself, so I got up on top of him wrapping his legs around me and continued to kiss him.

End of Part 4

Please send all comment's to my email (with the title "Hoop Dreamin" in the subject line):
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