

Hoop Dreamin'

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This is dedicated to my boyfriend, Marcus.

Part 5

Friday evening, 9:47 pm

"Goddamn... that shit was da bizness..." Davante said, still trying to catch his breathe.

"Hell nah...you crazy... 'da bizness', hugh" I said as I went in for one more kiss before getting up for paper-towels to clean up the sticky cum that has been sitting on his chest and what I rubbed around on his stomach with my body. I had already cleaned off the cum on his face with my tongue in-between kisses and I know he had to have tasted his cum off of my tongue. And apparently he like the sweet, but somewhat salty, taste of dick juice that I have grown to love; though I don't eat cum regularly, only from guy's that I suspect to be clean (no HIV or any other infections). By learning that I was his first, I already knew he was clean.

"Thanks" he whispered to me as I applied the warm damp cloth, I got from my first floor bathroom, all over his chest and stomach. He was now standing in front of me while I was seated on the sofa. I had put the cloth, wet with warm water, down and picked up the paper-towel and proceeded to dry him off. As I proceeded down to his dick, I noticed that it was almost standing at full mast. By then, aside from me noticing his eyes looking directly at my track-suit covered hard-on, I knew that he was ready for 'some-more'.

"Damn playboy... I see you ready to get it poppin again" I said, almost whispering, as I began to stroke his dick again. But then, for the first time ever, I saw him take initiative and bend and reach down and touch my dick through my track pants. I could tell that he was sizing me up, then I saw him getting down on his knees and I also noticed him begin to shake again. I spread my legs a little bit wider. Shit... I was bout to start shaking myself thinking about how my former-enemy is now trying to stroke my dick.

"Can I see it" He whispered, once he was on his knees sitting back on his heels

"Yeah boy, go ahead... it ain't gone bite" I whispered as he clutched the top of my track suite pants. I then proceeded to bring my legs together and pull my ass up off the sofa while he brought my pants down to my ankles.

"Oh fuck... shit nigga" then silence, while his soft-ass-hands pulled my hard dick away from my left thigh. "It's so damn big... shit" he marveled as held my dick up around the base (with his left thumb resting on the top of my balls) and brought his right hand up to pull down my foreskin I'm guessing so he can get a full measure of how big my dick head actuality is. Again I can feel him shaking... so I move up to the edge of the seat and I slowly move my mouth towards his.

After I kissed him for a minute, I could feel that he's comfortable enough to start jacking off my dick. Seeing as how my Mother refused any notion that my Dad had to remove my foreskin, his soft hands felt so damn good on my dick head. Returning to sitting on his heels, I can tell you exactly what his next question is... and it just never get's old.

"Yo dawg, how big is it? Cause I don't even know if I could even suck it right" he stated with a smile, stroking and looking at it and then up at me.

"Never measured it" I admitted. The truth is that looking at the size of my dick, and how people react when seeing it, I never wanted to measure it and let nigga's know it's true its size. I always just put down XXL on website's, with a dick sizes, or just say that I use Magnum XL condoms. "But shorty you ain't gotta suck on it... yo, I know that this shit is new to you" I whispered to him while once again going in for a kiss.

"Nah dawg, I want to, at least, try it" he said breaking off our kiss.

"K shorty, do your thing" I said, after thinking for a couple seconds. Leaning back on the sofa, I knew that he was trying to show me some love for everything we went through, and especially in the last hour taking his virginity. Or his semi-virginity, cause to me a nigga doesn't lose his virginity till he has a dick in his ass or his dick in a another dudes ass, or fucking a bitch's pussy.

So-far-so-good, he must have picked up some of my technique, cause I ain't feel no teeth on my dick and I know it was hard to do seeing how wide his mouth was open to accommodate my girth. His suck game was taking shape and it was good, although he wasn't hardly taking most my dick. But, as he kept going, he was going down pretty far beyond the head, as least a full fist worth was going in his mouth while his left hand was stroking the part that he couldn't reach with his mouth. And only two times he had to pull off of it, before he started to choke. Sitting up a bit I reached underneath him and found his once again hard and leaking dick. I wanted to taste his sweet pre-cum again, so I decided to do an 69 I just gotta figure out how I wanted to do it. At first sight I would guessed that Davante is about 125lbs but being around him I would now guess around 135 lbs, but either way I could lift up and while laying length-wise on the sofa landing his dick right in my open mouth. And that is exactly what I did. Taking his mouth up off my dick by cupping his chin, I asked him "You ready?".

"Hmm, for what" he asked, somewhat smiling.

"For this" I replied. As I reached down and gripped him at his waist and lifted him far up, while I layed down length-wise on the sofa, while he was suspended up in the air I quickly caught him while changing my grip on him so all I had to do is lower his body and then his dick would go directly into my mouth.

As I began to suck his dick in this new position I could feel him and hear him laughing and then I hear him saying "Oh God... nigga you is so damn strong... Damn nigga that shit feels so good." Once I had him with his dick in my mouth, I did not need to hold him up as his right leg was folded right next to the right side of my face, while he found that his left leg would be more comfortable with his foot on the floor. This gave me the chance to place my hand on the back of his head and gently push him towards my dick, he got the picture as my the top of my dick was engulfed in his wet mouth. As I continued to suck his dick, my hand made its way to the most beautiful part of this whole damn encounter, this boy has the most beautiful ass I have seen in a long time. Not that it's big or one of those bubble-butts that nigga's seem to go crazy for, actually it's quite compact, which is perfect for his size... His ass-cheeks are the perfect size and I was so expecting them to be muscular, but there quite soft. That's when I decided to show this lil' nigga what some real gay-sex is, letting go of his dick I scoot-up a little and with my left hand on the small of his back push him down so that his ball-sack was at the top of my chest. This put me in the perfect position to stick my tongue directly into his asshole. Just looking at it in the shadows of the blue light made by the DVD player on the TV screen, I could already tell that I would enjoy sticking my tongue all up in there. In that second I could tell what type of nigga I was with; his ass smelled great, just like a fresh bar of Coast soap. But the real test is when I get up in with my tongue and a couple of wet fingers. As soon as I started tongue fucking his tight asshole he raised up his chest and took his mouth off of the tip of my dick "Ohhhh my God... uhhh, uhhh... I can't believe dis shit... ohhhh shit" He said while squirming and pushing his ass back to meet the in-and-out of my tongue.

"Imo make you believe it nigga..." I said, between licks and slurps of his hot hole. "Now gimmie that ass" I said while sitting up on the sofa, causing him to move further down my legs into a keeling position while I pulled his left leg on the sofa. This way I got a better view of that pretty hole... this boy's hole was downright perfection. It is

the pretty complexion of his body, until you see beyond his ass ring that I got open with my tongue action and my index finger and you can see that pretty pink center. Wishing that I had some more light to see more of that pretty hole, I continued eating him out along with sticking my single fingers. I was mainly switching between my index and middle finger in his ass. After a couple of minutes, I took my left hand and started stroking his dick. By the way that he's leaking from the tip of his dick-head and the way he's groaning I could tell wouldn't be long before he cum again. Then I feel his right hand feeling around for my dick; soon he finds it and begins to jack my dick again, now I know it won't be long before I cum myself.

Soon I am jacking his dick off and on trying to make him last longer so we could cum closer together, but it's not working cause could tell he was close by the way that he is pushing back against my tongue and invading fingers. In between his groans and moaning I can feel him kissing my right shin and calf. Just as soon as I was thinking: "I could I eat this boy's ass forever and a day", I felt him getting ready to cum.

"Oh SHIT... uhhh.... Oh my God, oh my God...uhh, uhh, ohh, oh Jesus... I'm cuuuming, ohhh hell yeah, yes, yes" was all that you could hear throughout the house as Davante spoke in a much louder tone than before.

I started to cup my hand at the tip of his dick, so that his cum doesn't stain the micro-fiber like it did the last time I had sex in the den. But, all of that reaction took me by surprise and the next thing I know, I started to cum as well and knowing how I cum when excited I didn't want to spray cum all over the sofa.

"Oh shit, I'm bout to bust... shit" I said, and so as soon as I felt it bout to shoot out, I scooted out from beneath his body while my first cum shot went directly on the sofa. I stood up on the sofa in time enough for the second shot to spray all over his back. "Oh shit, you so fucking sexy... shit" I said, while my third shot, which was stronger than my second cum-shot, went directly on the back of his head and on his back. "oh shit...my bad" I said, slightly laughing, while still jacking my own dick I still feel that I had more to come so I bent my knees and pointed my dick lower than I did before. And then my fourth cum-shot and the weakest one, that I fully expected that it would shoot like the ones before, didn't shoot far at all and actually shot directly in his asshole. I was speechless watching a huge glob of my cum going directly inside of his hole; it was like once the cum hit his asshole the motherfucking thing opened up. Still jacking my dick while watching this boy's hole twitch with my cum in the middle of it, I distracted by his next words.

"Ohhh fuck yeah Mike... bust that shit all up in my ass" by that time, I just had only a little bit of cum coming out of my dick. But, I did put the tip of my dick up on his asshole and squeezed the base of my dick and the middle of it just to get the rest of my cum out. While I only put the tip of it inside of him, from the good ass-eating I gave him I could tell that with a little effort I could've put my dick head inside of him. But I knew that this would not be the last time we hook-up like this, and I really should give him the choice of whether or not he wants my dick in that way. Instead, I pull back to see his asshole and I did cum quite a bit more than I thought, enough for it to be running out of him down the back of his scrotum. Pushing the throw pillows off of the sofa, I kneeled back down and put my mouth back over his asshole and began sucking my cum out of his ass. "Shit, that feels so damn good" He said, while turning his head to watch me over his left shoulder. Once I had enough of it, I stood up on the floor and grabbed his left arm to let know I wanted him to straighten up while still kneeling on the sofa. Once he did, I went in to kiss him with the cum in my mouth, I wanted to see whether or not he really liked eating cum. Realizing, what I had in mind, he willingly opened his mouth when I stuck my tongue against his lips. And we were swapping the cum, and soon he was searching my mouth, with his tongue, for more cum. Once I realized that he had swallowed the cum I had transferred into his mouth, I broke off our kissing.

"Shit boy, this was the most fun I had in a long-ass time" I said, smiling at him.

"For real?" he question, with a pleasantly surprised look while he moved off of the sofa to stand.

"Fuck yeah... shit, it's been a long-ass time since somebody has made me cum like that. You got that fiya

playboy"

"Naw that was all you, for real! You done showed me so much..." he exclaimed. "I done seen some of it on the net, but this was...was, um..."

"for real and in the flesh..." I said, completing his thoughts.

"Right... and I never knew that this shit would be this damn good. And I never would've guessed that you would do this with me... I mean, I knew how you got down and I so wanted to get to know you more but, after your rim shattered and oh-boy lied on you..."

"Whoa... hold-up" I said, slightly laughing while I moved to sit down on the mess we made on the sofa. " '[you] knew how [I] got down'? How is it?"

"What?" He questioned. And I could tell that he was getting a little bit nervous thinking he had said something wrong.

"How it is... that I get down?" I said, with a little bit more clarity with the most stern-look I could muster up. "You said: **you knew**" repeating again the words he just said, but in a angry tone and waiting for him to react or say something.

"My bad, dawg. I was just...." He started to say, but was cut off my laughter.

"Boy, I was just fucking with you" I said, while grabbing him by the waste and making him sit down on my lap. By then he was also laughing flashing that sweet ass metal-smile; every time I saw that smile before today, I wanted to kiss him and now I can. Sitting back on the sofa while keeping him close to my body I dove in for another kiss. Which I could tell he wanted as much as I wanted, by him putting his legs up on the sofa and his right arm around my back and pushing my head more in to our kiss.

After sitting there making-out for a couple of minutes, I realized that we really lost track of time. I had left my watch upstairs before we even started playing ball. Coming out of our kiss, I asked him round what time was he supposed to be at home.

"Shit, George don't care what time I come home, just so long as I am there before Momz get's home. She's working at the nursing home tonight."

"George?" I questioned. I do remember the first time I met the next door neighbors they introduced themselves as Mr. and Ms. Gibson, now I knew Davante's Mom's name is Tanya Gibson cause it was on the check she wrote me for the damage on the Tahoe.

"Yeah, my Mom's husband. Cause I damn sure ain't bout to call that nigga Dad or even my step-Dad." he explained, while looking away from me.

"Oh for real? I never knew that you wasn't his biological child." I said. "Wow, that explained a lot about why the nigga never spent time with Davante" I thought to myself. I would see the Muthafucka outside watering his grass

and sitting out-back on his deck drinking and smoking, and never paying attention to the boy. I just chocked-up to bad parenting, which it is, actually, if you think about it. Just because you're the boy's father by marriage, doesn't mean you're off-the-hook on helping raise the boy.

"His Biolo-gical child" he said smiling, in his best impersonation of a nerdy-voice.

"Shut-the-fuck-up" I said, laughing at this silly-ass boy. And then I noticed him coming in again to kiss me again. So, I kissed him two times on the lips and then I said: "Yo, we gotta get cleaned up before you go home. And speaking of going home... um, I hope you know that what happened here tonight cannot go beyond these walls."

"Come-on now... I mean, dawg, why did you think that I wanted my first time to be with you. I mean, don't get me wrong, you are fucking phine-as-hell and I been fantasizing about this moment for a long-ass-time, but there are plenty of fags in school I could've been messed around with. But you know exactly how young niggas be running they mouths, and you know exactly what would happen if Mufucka's found out I'm in to dick."

"True, I feel you on that. But also just make sure that you be discreet than a muthafucka when coming over and please don't tell me you the type of nigga that loves to write your experiences down in a journal or diary. "I said, slightly laughing.

"Aw, nigga, now you go-ahead and shut-the-fuck-up" he said, while smiling and rolling his eyes.

"Come on, let's go upstairs and take a shower." I said, after planting a little kiss on his lips. By the way the tension of my sticky cum, on his back, was sticking to my arm, we definitely needed a shower.

Friday evening, 10:54 pm

"Around what time will your Mom's get home?" I asked, finally upstairs in my on-suite Master bathroom looking at the wall clock. Still trying to adjust my eyes to the light I just turned on. After not getting a answer, I turned around to look at Davante. And I knew exactly what he was thinking, this was the first time that we seen each other naked in full light. When I turned fully in front of him, I heard him gasp a little while looking directly at my soft dick. But, I knew exactly how he felt, looking at this beautiful young boy stark naked in front of me. His body was pure perfection, though he seems to think that he needs to buff up his chest, I love it. The definition on it is perfect and those nipples are just right for sucking. Not to mention his very noticeable six pack of abs going down to his pubic hair, which has not even grown up to his navel yet. By following the 'V' made by his stomach I can see that when he's soft his dick is deceiving by shrinking down to about a 1.5" size.

Without saying anything, I motion, with my head, for him to come closer. Once he's close enough I stoop down and put both of my hands on the backs of his thighs and proceed to pick him up straddling his legs around my waste. By then, he gets the picture and puts his arms around my neck while looking at me. I then I move us over towards the stand-up shower in my master-bathroom. When I make sure that I have him stable, I take my right hand and turn the shower on and regulate the water.

"I'm serious, round what time will your Mom's get home?" I whispered to him.

"She won't get home till after 1am."

"OK, then we should make this a quick shower and go downstairs to get your clothes on and clean up."

"Damn, I was hoping that we would on too round three" he said, laughing.

"We gone hook-up like this again, right?" I questioned him.

"For sure!"

"Alright then, we will have plenty of time to mess around. Right?" Thinking that I should try to get him home, just in case his Mom's get's home early or before anything like that can happen.

"Yeah, I guess dawg."

With that, I kissed him and stepped in the shower so that the first thing to be washed off was his back.

End of Part 5

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