

Hoop Dreamin'

Author's notes: I am picking up this short story again as a way to relieve myself of the pressure of writing my book. So enjoy the continuation of Mike & Davante's story.

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I strongly recommend you re-read Parts 4-5, before continuing on this part.

Part 6

Saturday morning, 2:59 am

Between the ring-tone of my BlackBerry Storm cell-phone and the incessant ringing of my doorbell, I was woken up. Looking for the track-suit pants I had on earlier when Davante was over, I turn on the lamp on my nightstand. Then it dawned on me that I left them downstairs in the den, where Davante pulled them off. Reaching for the still ringing cell-phone I jump out of my bed butt-ass-naked and headed down the stairs answering the call by hitting the "Answer" button under a picture of my best friend Chink's face.

"What up?" I said holding the phone up to my ear.

"Open up the door"

"K" I responded, while turning on the foyer light switch above the bottom stair.

Realizing that it is Chink, I changed my plans of heading towards the den, to grab my pants. We have been naked around each other since we first met in High-school. Even though we stopped messing around back then, we were college roommates therefore we were naked around each other all the time.

More recently, last Christmas, Chink broke-up with his boyfriend of over three years over his boyfriends infidelity; therefore he felt that he was free to fuck around with whomever he wanted to. So we reverted to our college-day antics of having threesomes with some of the phinest dudes we could find, especially the ones on campus. Which was not that hard considering that fact that we both have been considered pretty-boys as far back as I can remember. And "pretty" was exactly what Chink is, aside from his flawless light-skin tone he has a beautifully cut-up body with a perfect chest with some of the pretties nipples that slightly stick out, I used to love sucking on them in high-school. While he is slightly shorter than me, about 6'1" or 6'2", our bodies are similar in size, but that's about where the comparisons end. Our faces are quite different, while I have a chiseled face; Chink has some distinct facial features with a narrow nose and plump and sexy lips. His hair, which can appear black at times but in direct sun-

light it shows that it has a red hue. Texturally it is quite soft with extremely loose curls. Lately he has been wearing it in a short 1/2 inch curly fro, lined with precision around his face and tapered all around his head. I always loved his hair, because he can do so much with those curls. If you were to pull a few of his curls, from the top of his head, out to their full length you would measure around two inches.

And then you have those eyes which he gets from his grandmother, who was some sort of Japanese and French West Indies hybrid. I met her just before she passed away, when we took a graduation trip to New York, during the summer of 2001. It was real interesting meeting some of Chinks NYC relatives considering that most of them spoke some sort of French/Creole and English mix. From meeting them, I saw where he gets his looks from.

Once I opened up the door, I realized that I should of went to the den first to retrieve my pants because Chink was not alone. Standing just behind him, holding open my storm door was our friend Tion, looking as surprised as I was to see him standing there.

"Shit, Chink" I say as I turn around and head towards to the back of the house to the den.

"Good MornTing" I hear Chink doing his version of Tyler Perry's Madea greeting, while chuckling as he enters the house. Aside from the smell of Alcohol wafting off his body, I notice it's his drunken chuckle. And he's wearing a pair of his sunglasses, in the dead of night, which also explains why Tion was there. Tion probably drove him over here, which was dangerous in that Tion does not have his license yet.

"Oh shit, I finally see what the big deal is, that's a mufucking monster" I hear Tion say when entering the kitchen behind Chink. I know exactly what he is referring to, even when flaccid my dick is quite impressive.

"Hey T, what's up with you" I said as I walked back in the kitchen, pants on, through the dining room door.

I go in to hug his 5'9" fit-frame, not only because I love each and every one of my boy's, but also because Tion is the youngest of our group, being only 20 years old. And it's because of his age that each of us feels like a big brother to him; however watching him interact with us I can say that he is slightly more mature than many of us. And just as cute, as us too. He has a flawless milk-chocolate skin complexion and physically fit body with real tight muscle definition. Yeah Tion is classified as Phine-as-hell and though he knows it, he remains humble with that cute bright white straight smile accented by those cute dark lips.

"I'm chillin, Daddy" He said, while laughing at our unusual encounter at the door. Just as I was letting go of him, I heard the text alert on his T-mobile Sidekick. He grabbed it from the breast pocket of his altered Marc Jacobs jean-jacket, with the sleeves cut-off, looking just like a model. In all actually Tion could be a model with his structured square jaw and perfect linear nose. Especially with his precision cut hair, which he wears really short with 360 waves all around, tapered to his straight hair line.

Tion continued: "I lost RPS (Rock, Paper, Scissors) to Dre... so I had to drive THIS alcoholic over here [pointing at Chink], before I meet up with my date" I look over at Chink who is sitting

at my breakfast nook table, with his head down resting on his right fore-arm, holding up his left hand middle-finger toward Tion.

"Whatever... your mammy" Tion said in response to Chink's 'fuck you' gesture.

Looking back to Tion, I said "That's real risky T, when are you going to take your final road test?" sounding like a concerned parent. "and what was Jayden and Dre so hard pressed to do that they couldn't take the ten minutes to drive him over here?" I continued, sounding more like a Momma scolding her kids. Tion started to answer, while also texting back on his Sidekick, before he was interrupted:

"I ain't need no-damn-body to drive my ass anywhere, damn-it. Those hoes ain't know shit they're talking 'bout... um talking 'bout: 'Shaun you too DRUNK to drive... you gone get a D...W...Iiii' ...fucking retards" Chink slurred, with a hilarious impression a retarded person.

Tion and I started laughing at Chink's silly drunk ass as he continued to go off about how he is NOT drunk while clearly he is. One way to be sure that 'Shaun [which is Chink's actual name, well Tashaun it is] has had too much alcohol is when he starts with those damn impressions of everybody, which is so crazy because Chink is so mellow when sober.

"OMG, I gotta get the fuck outta here... this bitch has been has been tripping since he saw Corey and his new boo tonight at the Woo [The Woodward Bar]" explained Tion. "Oh shit" I thought that then explained why Chink is so fucked-up. Corey is the most recent ex-boyfriend... the one he broke-up with after three years together. The break-up happened after it came out that the Muthafucka was fucking one of the employees he managed at Target, multiple times. Which I hoped that it wasn't the same boy that Tion is referring as Corey's "new Boo"... cause if it was, he was damn lucky I wasn't there. I hate when you fuck over my friends... and I consider Chink my very best friend.

"And Jayden wanted to go the Post... so Dre tagged along so he can see that 'straight' bouncer Martinez that every lil' FAGGOT has been trying to get with." Tion continued, answering my initial questions.

The Tom Phillip Post Banquet-Hall is a local ghetto-ass hole-in-the-wall on Detroit's very worn-out and battered eastside. After bar closing hours, early Saturday and Sunday mornings it turns into a after-hours joint, specializing in Gay Scene Ball's (which I will save you from a detailed explanation). Aside from the fact that they keep serving alcohol, well passed the legal time in Michigan (in the form a Fruit-Punch cocktail), I couldn't think of one reason I would ever go there after [club/bar] fall-out.

"Chink, was he there... with HIM" I questioned trying to find out if Corey was that damn tacky to show up in public with the little hoe he cheated with. Looking over at the table, I noticed that Chink had removed his sunglasses and it seemed like he was about to cry... struggling to hold back tears. With his attention being directed to his Sidekick, Tion didn't notice the change on Chinks face.

"I don't wanna talk about it... you got anything salty to munch on?" Chink replied, quickly changing the subject with his request.

"There's a bowl of Cheetos in the den... or I can fry up some bacon real quick." I offered, as Chink stood up from the table and made his way past me through the dining room door towards the den.

"Nah, Cheetos is good" he said while moving past me. I could also tell that he won the struggle to hold back his tears.

"Mike what's the street number over here?" Tion asked, looking up at me from the Sidekick.

"17561... You having somebody over?" I asked

"Nah, He's coming to pick me up... I'm going to get me some dick tonight... baby!" Tion exclaimed, while he and I started laughing at his remark. I could only imagine Tion doing his tricks on the dick... I have heard stories of my young friend's skills in bed. While he is certainly not considered a hoe in the scene, the dudes that he slept with all have rave reviews, I thought, laughing in my head.

"That's what's up, who is it?" I asked, looking at Tion's excited smile which highlighted his perfect cheek-bones. If we weren't close friends, I love to have one night with him. Have him on his knees with my dick in his mouth or on his back looking at that pretty asshole I heard he has. This one gay dude that works at that same hospital system I work at used to date Tion for a while. He was a patient transporter and used to come to my office, bragging to me about how good T's ass was. He described his asshole as completely hairless and tight like a virgin, with no wrinkles. Though he said when you put either your fingers or your dick in it, it accommodates it nicely like a wet silk-glove.

"It's probably Gabby's BFF... that tall-ass light skinned fem queen... the one that used to give off pure Trade... then started hanging around Gabby's drag-ass" Once again, Chink chimed in while crunching down some Cheetos, heading back to his seat in my breakfast nook. While I'm annoyed by Chink's interruptions, I was glad he was dishing-the-tea on who Tion was planning to fuck around with tonight.

"Oh Bitch, don't hate... Just 'cause you ain't pull him" Tion said, cutting his eyes at Chink. I know the guy they're talking about; Cole is his name, I have fucked around with him once at a Christmas house party. He is a really cute dude, but by him hanging around a Fem-queen in drag, he started picking up some less than manly qualities, sounding more like a fag... just like our friend Jayden.

"Bitch, don't nobody wants Cole's fairy ass... and Mike already FUCKED that little sissy at Kevin and Chester's Christmas function. Sooo... You bout to go get dick-ed-down from a dick-riding faggy bottom with a cute face." Chink said, in his "reading" tone. What Chink said came out harsh but it needed to be said, because it was the truth.

While I technically did fuck Cole last year at Kev and Chester's, we did not finish because neither of us had a XL size condom. Cole only had those regular Trojans in his wallet. The ones that always seem to break as soon as I get a dudes ass open enough to get a good stroke going. And being that it was during the Christmas holiday break, the prime time of the year when ass just falls out the sky, I was fresh

out of Magnums. I was happy that Chink was spilling-the-tea on Cole because when we were in Kev and Chester's master bath I started fucking the boy's ass raw with no protection. And he was totally into it, telling me to "keep going"... but I didn't because of his enthusiasm for my raw dick in his ass.

Just as Tion was about respond to Chink's read about his one night stand, the incoming-call ringer on his phone came on. Visibly annoyed, Tion hit the button under the "Answer" graphic and held the phone up to his ear. Hearing only one side of the conversation, Tion says "Yes, I BEEN ready to go, I'll be out in a second". Pushing the "End Call" button, he pushed away from the counter, totally ignoring Chink. I followed Tion down the hallway towards to the front door... once he was in my inner foyer between my living room and the stairs I reached out and pulled him into me, his ass to my front:

"Hey boo boo, you know that he is tripping right now cause of the shit with Corey. But, I still want you to be-the-careful fucking around with Cole... You have rubbers right?" I whispered into his ear. He nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Mike, you know I am always careful." He said in a low tone to match my whispers.

"Cool... And you know we love you... both of us" I whispered slightly louder than before and pulled him tighter into me. Again, he nodded his head.

"Umhmm, I know" He said. With that I planted a kiss on his cheek and loosened my grip on him allowing him to advance in towards the front door.

Once T left out the door, I stood in the doorway in the outer foyer watching him make his way toward the dark-colored tinted Ford Fusion parked directly in front of my house. I still had the inner foyer light on so I was sure that Cole saw me... Hopefully the sight of me did more to protect Tion than Chink's and my warnings. Though I haven't been in that many fights around the gay community, the ones I have been in I kicked the dog shit out my opponents. The word is out that I don't play around with the bullshit and I am extremely protective of my close-friends. While standing there, I heard Chink go upstairs... Once Tion got in the car, I stepped out the doorway, closed and locked the door.

Saturday morning, 3:33 am

I proceeded back towards the kitchen and turned out all the lights on the main floor. When I went upstairs I noticed that Chink made to it my bed; last time he was drunk and stayed over he passed out in the hallway. He even tried to get undressed; he had one shoe and sock off and had his shirt off one shoulder. But it that's about all seems he could pull off before passing out face down on my bed. I kneeled one leg down on the bed right next to him and proceeded to take his short-sleeved blue Burberry T-shirt off. He was snoring while I proceeded to down to his left leg and took off his other blue and silver mesh Prada shoe and ultra-short sock revealing his other perfectly pedicured foot. Still snoring, I worked his Burberry belt loose and opened the front button of his dark blue "7 FAM" skinny-jeans and worked down the zipper. I can see the top band of his underwear with the traditional plaid with Burberry spelled out on it. As I pulled his jeans off, by pulling them from his ankles, I saw the Burberry underwear were actually white briefs framing his beautiful bubble-butt. Rather than working to get him under my sheets and cover, I go to my linen closet and pull out a fresh duvet cover. Once I have him positioned on the

right side of the bed I cover him, and tuck him in. As I finish folding Chink's clothes and placing them on the bench at the foot of my bed, I notice the time 3:42 am. I proceeded back to the buff, pulling the track-suit pants back off. Though I was really tired I went to the master bath and got a warm wet wash cloth in order to clean the bottoms of my feet knowing full-well how OCD that is. I just don't like socked or dirty feet in my bed.

Once I get back in the bed I start thinking of Davante and our experience just about over 5 hours ago and I feel myself getting hard. While I briefly thought of jerking-off just inches away from my best friend, I decided that was tacky even though there was no way Chink was waking up. While holding on to my hard dick, I was thinking about how fucking sexy Davante was during our basketball game last evening. All throughout the game, I was wishing I could see that naked booty. Little did I know that less than 3 hours later, not only would I see it naked but I would be tonguing his asshole. Shortly after those memories were flooding through my mind, I felt myself drifting back off to sleep.

Saturday morning, 9:37am

Once and an in while, I've been woken up in the state of pure ecstasy. This was one of those times, it is one of the guilty pleasures of having a best friend that was, at one point, a lover. At some point during the early morning while I was sleeping, Chink took off the briefs I left him in and found his way under my covers. His warm body was clutched on my right side with his right arm stretched out over my chest and his right leg draped over my leg, with his head nuzzled up at my neck under my chin. I can hear his soft snoring; he had drifted back off to sleep after his position change. His sexy smell was intoxicating; gone was the alcohol smell, from earlier, replaced by a cross of Burberry cologne and the tea-tree oil he puts in his hair. I could feel his thick soft dick up against my hip and his smooth balls packed up against my upper-thigh... a feeling that was making me hard. I look at the clock on the night-stand noticing that we had been sleep roughly 6 hours and I didn't want to wake him up just to satisfy my desire.

Aside from kissing during our threesomes, there we're no times of full-on sexual contact between Chink and I since he broke up with Corey. During our years in college, the only thing that could be considered sexual contact was our infrequent double jerk-off sessions in our dorm room. Chink always knew how to stroke me good; every time he would stroke it I shot long and hella far. So this morning's contact is a rare... treat, I guess. I think that Chink is one of the phinest dudes I know and once we broke-up in high school we became best friends to the point of me thinking of him as a brother. Therefore, I am a little bit confused by all this. Although, It could be due to the fact that he ran into Corey last night.

You see back in 2005 Chink and I graduated from college together and I left almost immediately for the Marines. I was contacted by a US Marine recruiter that had been in contact with our college language department. For extra cash, I used to work for the Arabic language professor on campus, apparently when the Marines contacted the school he recommended me. And although my military tour didn't last, during the two and a half years I spent in the service Chink and Corey started dating seriously. Corey was one of the people that Chink and I had threesomes with... multiple times in our junior and senior years. During basic training, when I was at Quantico in Virginia, he and Chink started dating exclusively and they genuinely fell in love with each other. This was when Corey started becoming

jealous of Chink's and my relationship. No matter what we said, Corey was convinced that Chink and I were still fucking during my leaves. It would be totally laughable if it weren't so damn crazy. So this could be Chink's revenge... to mess around with the one guy that Corey was extremely jealous of.

Saturday morning, 11:10am

I feel the soft but firm grip of a hand going up and down my hard dick shaft. At first I thought I was dreaming, but once again I realized this no dream: I DID wake up earlier to find Chink cuddled up next to me. From the gentle stroking he was giving me and his extremely hard dick pushed up on the side of my stomach I could tell he wanted to mess around.

"What brought this on?" I questioned, in a hushed tone. But I got no verbal reply, but just a kiss under my chin.

I proceed to move my right hand across his back stroking from his shoulder down to his waist, just short of that bubble butt. I kissed the top of his head, while breathing in the tea-tree oil wafting off of it. I felt his left hand resting up behind my head and then I felt his head going down and over to my left nipple while he intensified his stroke. He remembered that move from way back, I always loved getting my nipples sucked on while getting stroked. My hand slowly made its way to his ass, gripping it; with my middle finger I found his tight hole. Apparently feeling on Chink's asshole was turning him on immensely, as he began to push back towards my hand and my probing finger. He repositioned his left leg forcing my left leg up to better intertwine our bodies and to split-up his bubble ass. I brought my right hand, from his ass, up to my mouth sucking my index and middle fingers making them moist. I then put it back on his ass feeling for that hole; once I found it I darted my middle finger in it. Chink started to moan, as I also inserted my index finger. He then began to rock back and forth on my rather large fingers. His tight hole started to loosen up as I started to separate the two fingers that impaled him.

Chink started kissing my abs on his way towards my fully engorged dick. I moaned loudly when he engulfed my large dick head with his wet mouth and began to take it down his throat. Till this day Chink is only one of three people that can totally deep throat my dick. My nuts tighten when I feel his tongue teasing the base of my dick, while the head pumps pre-cum down my best friend's throat. After giving me the deep throat treat, he came off my shaft leaving a lot spit all the way down to my balls. The duvet cover was only covering our legs until Chink untwined our legs and got up on his knees. He reached down, tossed the covers off and came back up pushing my left leg down in order to straddle me. With his thick erect dick leaking pre-cum all on his stomach, he put his right hand towards his mouth and put large amount of spit on his fingers. As I placed both of my hands on either side of his waist, he took that wet hand and lubed up his asshole. Closing my eyes, I pushed my head all the way back on my pillow, as Chink guided my hard member up in him. Moving extremely slowly I feel his wonderful asshole enveloping my raw hard dick. Chink's spit is a perfect complement to my dick, unlike the feeling produced by commercial lube, I can feel Chink's warm anal walls much better with the natural thin layer.

"Oh SHIT Chink, damn nigga!" I exclaim, as I feel his ass cheeks all the way down touching my balls. I feel my eyes rolling back up in my head and my toes curling as he starts coming back up the shaft half way. I moan when he slowly goes back down retaking his seat on my balls. He

moves up and down my shaft for about two minutes while increasing his speed. I can feel his natural anal cream making his anal cavity extremely moist, which tells me that his body is ready for me to take control of the fucking.

I move my hands from Chinks waist to his back pulling him down chest to chest to me. I move my legs up, planting my feet flat on the mattress in a sit-up position. I feel the soles of his feet making contact with my calves as I begin to make-out with him; I begin thrusting my dick up into him.

"Ah yea Mike, fuck me" Chink moans, between his sweet kisses. "ooh yeah, oh shit, uhmm" he moans as he moves backwards to meet my upwards thrust. I move my hands from his back to his supple ass-cheeks pulling them apart. I can now feel the copious amounts of his anal cream leaking down my balls and on the bed. His ass is supper wet and we have created a vigorous rhythm that is sure to have my dick spitting gallons of cum. He has his hands up under my pillow holding on to the mattress sheet "Oh shit MIKE!! Go faster, faster baby, faster... yesss" He yells out just as I got huge ropes of cum shooting up above my head spattering on my leather headboard. I keep fucking him while his untouched dick continues to shoot out more cum. His second cum shot hit us on his chin and my neck making him slightly separate from my chest, which caused his third shot to go directly on my mouth and nose.

"Ya ilahi!! Allah hu akbar!" Yelling out to God, in Arabic. The poignant smell of his cum was enough to send me over the edge. I held on to his cheeks tighter while wildly dumping my seed in his ass.

Tired and breathing heavy, Chink came back down and put his hands around my back while our supper hard nipples were playing sweat and cum tag. As he rested his head directly aside mine, I licked some of Chinks cum from my lips. I can still feel his dick twitching between our stomachs as I move my legs back to a laying position. I move him up slightly in order to remove my still hard dick from his sweet ass pocket, as I did I felt some of the cum I shot dribbling out of his wide-open hole.

"Push out babe" I said, instructing him to push out some of my cum from his ass. As I feel his legs constricting over my hips, I hear a loud cum-fart come out of his ass. Cupping my right hand underneath his open hole, I caught the cum and ass-juice mixture. I then brought my hand up to my mouth and licked the mixture off my hand.

I feel Chink starting to laugh and that puts a smile on my cum-filled face.

"Your, nasty-ass" he whispered in my ear.

End of Part 6

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