

Hoop Dreamin'

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This is the first part of a series of stories and is totally fictional. Any similarities to actual people or events are purely coincidental. This story contains sexual situations involving two males (one younger than 18). If this subject offends you, please stop reading this story now.

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Jayboichitown@yahoo.com. Enjoy!

Saturday morning 11:17 am

It wasn't the unforgiving rays of the Saturday morning sun, shining in on Mike's face that woke him from his deep comfortable sleep. It was the sound of a football crashing into the taillight of his one month old '09 Cadillac Escalade and the vehicle's alarm that caused him to sit up in bed. Completely naked, Mike popped straight up... throwing back his Calvin sheets, he quickly searched for his long pajama bottoms and a t-shirt. Just as Mike's front door burst opened, his next-door neighbor's door was slamming shut. Barefoot, Mike padded out to the sidewalk to look at his truck. "Damn" He thought out loud. "I can't believe this shit". Immediately Mike knew who the culprit was; besides the fact that he heard his neighbor's door shut, he knew his neighbor's teenager was a menace and could be the only one to blame.

Saturday morning 11:25 am

After assessing the damage to my new ride, I walked back into my house to decide how to handle this. The home I live in was a beautiful gift from my Dad. I love it for so many different reasons; my Pop owns over 11 properties in the Metro-Detroit area and he picked this house out for me. The house was special because when he chose it, it was part of an extremely peaceful and quiet neighborhood. The surrounding community was saturated with retired couples that raised all of their children and were content in spending their golden years in peace. Well, about one year ago those retired couples started putting "For Sale" signs on their lawns. And for whatever reason (property upkeep, unnecessary space or for not reading the terms of their refinancing contracts) it seemed that they all decided to abandon ship and virtually all at the same time. Suddenly this new breed of neighbors, families with kids, started taking up residence... and so my drama began.

Eleven months ago a middle-aged couple moved into the home next to mine. I have to admit, the first day I met them I was happy that I got them for neighbors. They seemed quite the happy and peaceful neighbors most everyone dreams of. But, that was only the first day; it wasn't long (the second or third day) before I met another one of the home's occupants. His name: Davante... the couple's then 15-year-old son. Now, I'm not opposed to living around teenagers, hell, I'm only 26, myself. And I grew up around this neighborhood all my life. But, I am opposed to being around a lot of noise and if I knew then the kind of stupid shit I would go through over the following 11 months, I would've put my house on the market right then.

Being as I'm now fully awake I walked upstairs to get ready for the day. I have to hurry up to the car dealership, although they have pretty long Saturday hours, everybody (and their Momma) is bound to be out there trying to get service on the one day I need service. I had decided that I was going to figure out another way to get the kid back, I mean, I'm fucking sick of just telling this little shit's parents and them apologizing for his "mistakes". Besides, the truth is... I had no proof that the kid actually threw the football. His parents would probably only offer to give me the money to fix my taillight and the kid (denying everything) probably wouldn't even get talked to. So, I decided to take this matter into my own hands. It wasn't that long ago that I was a teen myself rippin' and runnin' the streets being bad as all hell. So, I know there's a better way to handle this boy. As I turned on the shower

faucet, I started to think of a devious plan, ideas seem to always come clearer to me with hot water massaging my back muscles.

I'm a single 26-year-old black guy standing at just about 6'3". I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the bathroom mirror as I reached out of the shower for a bottle shampoo. Not trying to sound too conceited, I can say, with confidence, that I'm a strikingly handsome guy. I have a smooth light-almond complexion due to the fact that my mother, who died over ten years ago, was full Saudi-Arabian (and migrated from Egypt, without her father's consent, just to marry my father). My hair sheen is jet black and is kept very short and I wave it with a gel pomade. Being very anal about my appearance, I keep a distinct razor sharp hair line that remains precise. If I were to let my hair grow to my shoulders, people would be quick to label me Hispanic or Native American. And that wouldn't be too far off point; although my father always says he's just plain ole' black, the fact is my father's father (my Grandpop) was a full-blood Cherokee Indian. In fact, although people see me and quickly put me in the category of African-American, the only African-American blood running through my veins comes from my Dad's mother. While I am tall, my body is definitively toned and quiet muscled-bound. At 170 lbs, I have a muscle-bound basketball player's build. As I stood in the middle of my bathroom, staring at my reflection in the mirror, I noticed how I've been able to keep this physique in shape. Although I've gained muscle mass, I've been able to keep the less than 3% body fat figure I had in high-school, where I was a star athlete in basketball, swimming and wrestling. I have hazel brown eyes, from my mother, which people tend to stare at in conversation. My skin is flawless (I've never had a problem with Acne) and my teeth, thanks to my mother making me get braces at age 10, are perfectly straight. I used to keep my face free from any facial hair, but I grown to like a little mustache hair connected to a light goatee (also kept razor sharp). I have very handsome, almost chiseled, facial features which I attribute to my Native American genes.

Throughout high school I never had a problem finding a girlfriend, in fact girls used to basically throw the pussy at me. Aside from my popularity and all the attention I got playing ball, there was this girl that I fucked, my sophomore year; she told her all of her friends that I had a big dick and the shit spread around school. I mean I'm not going to tell you, like most guys do, that my dick is so big I can barely walk and all that shit. Although my dick is bigger than all dudes I've seen, I don't think it's a monster. I never measured the thing, but I doubt I'm breaking any records. But like I said, I've never seen one bigger than mine, and I've seen quite a few. See, around the end of my high school junior year, while on my school's swim team, I ended up messing around with another guy on the team. His given name is Tashaun but everyone calls him Chink (because he's a really light-skinned pretty boy with uniquely slanted eyes). Everyone in the hood, being ignorant, would say he was Chinese and in turn gave him that dumb-ass nickname. Well as it turns out Chink is gay and all throughout the summer, after my junior year and into the first part of my senior year, Chink and I fucked around. We did just about everything two horny-ass teenage guys can do. We stopped after one last great bang on homecoming night; after that Chink found a boyfriend that could be with him like he wanted. We're still really good friends, in fact I would call Chink one my best friends. The only reason we didn't go together in high school or even after (we both went to the same University) was that I sort of struggled with the idea that I would want to be in a "relationship" with a guy. I had grown up around my Dad, the proverbial "playa of all playas", my dad loved to talk about how good it is to have a good woman. But, after Chink turned me out, I found how good it was to have a good man. But, at that time in my life I was not ready to commit to a guy the way Chink wanted me to, and I definitely didn't want it going around school that I was gay. That was then... and although I don't go shouting it out everywhere I go, I'm no longer confused about what I want. Although, I want as many dudes, with bangin' bodies, as my bed can hold, I also know that I want to eventually settle down with a good guy and live the rest of my life content in a gay relationship

The hot shower had loosened me up and while toweling off on my California King bed, I began to relax. I started to think about how to teach Davante a lesson.. then, like magic, it came to me.

End of part 1

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