

Hoop Dreamin'

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Part 3

As we sat around getting to know each other another half hour passed, I remembered what I was going to do just before Davante showed up at my door. And looking at the time I knew I would only have a little time to shop for his replacement balls.

"So look dawg, I feel real shitty about fuckin up your balls like that. Look, here's your rim" I said as I moved to my pantry to pull out the unhinged hoop & net. "I want to go out and get you some new b-balls though"

I'm looking directly into his eyes trying my hardest to let him know how sorry I am for fucking with something he loves so much. By getting to know him, over these past couple hours, I know he will probably say "that's okay" or "you don't have to do that". But I can also tell that those balls meant a lot to him and I know he wants them back.

Just as he was shaking his head to say no and saying "Yo, that's okay dawg, I can...", I waived my right hand in front of my neck in a vertical slicing motion as to sign: "cut it out"

"Naw playboy, I fucked your shit up, I need to get you some new balls. I'm about to go up to Fairlane [mall] right now and buy you some new shit." Finishing up the last of a can of Coke I gave him while we were talking, Davante looked down to the floor, raised his eyebrows, and then looked back at me.

"That's so tight dawg, thanks..." silence for a moment and then he continued: "for real though, I mean most nigga's wouldn't think of doin shit like that. Hey... you should let me ride wit cha, up there. I been to wanting to ride in the new Caddy..."

By now, I'm thinking that this situation is crazy as hell. Just a few hours ago I took off early from work to set this guy up and now we're riding out to the mall together, like two best friends going shopping. I never thought that talkin' to someone as young as Davante could be so interesting. So many of the things he talks about... well they just remind me of what life was like for me at his age. The kid has a great sense of humor, too. In the few hours that we've spent together, we've developed a bond that's sort of hard to explain. I want to say that it's like a big brother, little brother type bond. Or, at least, that's how I imagine he sees it. I, on the other hand, am fighting back the feelings of attraction and lust I have for this fuckin' hot ass teen. I mean, what could I possibly do with a damn 16-year-old kid? Well actually, I could think of a lot of things to do to him; and that's the problem. Besides the fact that he's still a fucking minor, he's living right next door to me (with his parents no doubt); that's just way to close for comfort. But why even waste time thinking about this, truth is, he's probably straight and homophobic, like most inner city kids his age. But, one the other hand, a nigga proclaiming he's straight ain't never stopped me; just ask the married medical-intern I fucked in my office this last Monday.

I don't know what he thinks about me; I have a few female friends that might visit when I have a few people over for dinner or something. But, I've never had a regular woman at my house, spending the night and shit. I know that Davante and his friends hang out, on his porch, really fucking late over the summer months. Therefore, I know he's had to have seen a fair share of different dudes arrive at my house pretty late. Most of the guys I have over for sex don't stay all the way through the night. Actually, it's more like I've never met a guy that I was so interested in, I would want to see him the next morning. Since all of my one-night-stands, are just that, "night-stands", that are out my house well before dawn breaks, maybe he knows what's up.

Thursday evening 9:15 p.m.

Returning from our really fun trip to the mall, I pull up in my driveway and notice Davante's Mom's car in their driveway. In some strange way, I feel relief in seeing her Silver Explorer in its usual place. It would probably mean that Davante would have to go home. And him going home means that I won't be tempted to test the waters with this kid and get myself into some serious shit. I can see the headlines now: "Male Predator nabbed attempting to seduce a neighborhood teen". No, I'm going to even put myself in a position where anyone can question my intentions. Although I can't help but wonder about just how far I could take this "friendship"; all throughout our trip to the mall, I was getting those curious vibes. Fellas that like to date "straight" boys know exactly what I'm talking about. Davante was probing me with questions about my romantic life, but without specifying a gender. With statements like: "With a truck like this, you must be pulling a lot of [phone] numbers" or "I bet with all the money you make, you can take out anybody" The trick is to see if I'll insert a gender by saying something like: "Hell yeah, dem hoes just be throwing they [phone] numbers and panties at me".

Now knowing the straight up sex hound that I am, I had to play along, so I kept my responses gender ambiguous. Either because we simply didn't have enough time, or I was just too leery to carry on, we never finished our conversation. But this is it... I've made up my mind; although we've formed a bond and I got the curious vibe from Davante, I'm going to keep limited contact with him. I can feel it, my attraction to this kid is growing and I want to cut it off before it blows up. But, it seems that just as I make up my mind to keep away from him, the kid makes an offer I can't refuse.

"Yo dawg, since you bought me these, I want you to be the first to try 'em out. So... come over to my crib, when you get home tomorrow, and we'll play, one-on-one" Davante's invitation came while he was reaching over into the back seat to grab the large Sports Authority bags.

Everything in my mind was saying "Make up an excuse... don't do it" as I sat in my truck watching Davante's shirt lift up while reaching for the new b-ball equipment. My dick is stiffening as I see the "Sean John" signature printed on the band of his black underwear, peaking over the top of his sagging shorts.

"Oh, yeah... that'll be cool" I can't believe I just said that. The words just rolled off my fucking tongue and there's no way to take 'em back. So, instead of looking stupid, I'll just play the shit off.

"But, uh I gotta let yo ass know, now... don't feel bad when I whip dat ass on the court. Cause, you may be the shit around here but, you've never played a real baller... ah-hem, like myself" I wish that I had a camera, right now, to catch the look of complete surprise Davante is giving me in response to my shit-talking. He's searching for the words to respond, but I can tell he's damn-near speechless. All that I got, for a few seconds, was his fucking beautiful smile; even though he wear's braces the dude's smile makes my heart beat a little faster. And on such a cute face with a cute button nose, naturally arched eye brow's and perfectly plump lips... Shit, I can't help but stare.

"Awww, Nigga.... it's on now.... It's so fuckin on! Okay dawg, okay... I got you" I've sparked that fire within, the same fire I had in high-school when someone would dare question my skills on the court. "I can't wait...I can't wait...I'm gone fuckin'... oooh...okay playa, we'll see, we'll see. Tomorrow then."

"Tomorrow" I responded as we laughed, each believing that we will run circles around each other. Each knowing that Hoopin' is our passion and no one can beat us.

Friday afternoon, 4:32 pm

I got home from work, this afternoon, around 4 pm. I had been in the house for about a half hour or so when the side doorbell rang. I instantly knew it was Davante coming to meet yesterday's challenge. I let him in to sit and have a bottle of Dasani while I proceeded to grab my Jordans and a tank top. Honestly, I had been thinking of this evening all day long. I planned to get ready the minute I walked in the house, therefore when Davante came to my door I was ready. Well, halfway ready, or at least that was what I made him think. I purposely, and probably dangerously, left my shirt and shoes off. I put on my silver Nike basketball shorts with a pair of black Nike ankle sweat socks. Bare-chested with only my dog tags swinging between my two very well defined chest muscles, was

how Davante was greeted today. I could tell, by the look on his face and the slightly extended stare at my chest, that he was surprised at the sight of my bare upper body. But he quickly regained his composure before stepping in the house.

Still slightly looking at my chest, that I decided to let stay bare for a minute while he sips on his Dasani, I just posed there holding my Blackberry, pretending that I was checking my text's, emails or whatever. When I looked up at him I startled him... a slight silence and then he stated: "I ain't know that you was in the army" and as though that was he looking at, my dog chains and tattoos. Although, secretly, I knew he was staring directly at my nickel-sized nipples.

"Yep... actually the Marines, for a couple of years" I responded, just wishing that he doesn't know that a full tour of duty is four years. I didn't want to have to explain my DADT (Don't Ask, Don't Tell) discharge just as I was preparing to be station in Afghanistan as Arabic translator. My year's with my Saudi-Arabian mother had paid off and just before I was getting ready to be transferred, my ass got caught fucking the shit out of this new recruit just out of basic training.

"That's what's up... I guess that's how you got so many muscles" he said, kinda joking, with an awkward, but still cute, smile. I just smiled back and then proceeded to put on my black wife-beater while thinking "nah playboy, I been had these muscles all throughout high school... and you sure ain't the first straight dude to stare at em."

Friday evening, 7:28 pm

"Dawg! You got fuckin skillz!! Damn, nigga... I mean, you should be playin' fuckin professionally" I stopped counting the number of games we played after eight.

We played for damn near three hours and if I can say one damn thing about this kid, he's got a lot of determination and drive. He didn't want to give up until he won a game. I knew this, so I convincingly threw a couple of our games, just to make him feel good.

"Thanks bruh, but I gave up that dream a long fuckin time ago. But, I really do appreciate that coming from a off da hook baller, like yourself." I thought I'd make him feel better about himself. The kid has skills and I can definitely tell that he's comfortable in his own court, or backyard I should say. His lay-up is perfect and he didn't miss one shot from his backyard version of mid-court. He was good...but of course, I'm better. But all that's just because I've been balling for far too long to loose at some simple games of 21.

"Yo thanks dawg, but damn... for real though, you got it going on." I reveled in all the praise Davante was pouring on me. He's standing in my kitchen again as I grab us both a couple more Dasani's from the refrigerator.

"Ha, well don't sell yourself short playa... you got a mad crazy good game. I was surprised... I had to kick up my game for you Shorty"

"Yo, I just hope that hoopin will get my ass into school dawg. On da real, if all I eva do is play college ball, I'll be happy than a mufucka" I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was dead serious; it's like his drive to get a good college education is so strong, I've never met a young dude like that, at least not in the city.

"Ah Shorty, I feel you... I played college ball. You got the skillz, you just need to keep up with it and practice and then strength train like hell." By the intensity apparent in his eyes, I could tell that he hung on my every word.

“Yo, I know right... I wish I could get as big as you though.... Yo, I can definitely see you work out, but I don’t evah be seeing you looking like you goin to da gym.” That fact was very true, I hate going to the local gyms.

“Yeah dawg... I work out right here. I got a mini gym set up in da basement free weights, a bench, cardio machines, a treadmill... basically all I need to keep up my body.” At one point I worked out at a few local gyms... but dudes and females just kept hitting on me constantly. But, because I try to be so focused when working out, I just couldn’t take it any more, so I dropped like \$6,000, from my savings, and put in my own homemade gym, with mirrors and everything.

“Yo, that shit is so tight dawg, I wish my moms would get me some shit to work out wit. I be having to use the shit at school, but it always be so fuckin crowded.”

Hoping that I don’t regret what I’m about to say, but I just let it out:

“You know what shorty... you can jus come ova here to work out... no problem”

“Are you serious dawg! Hell yeah, I can’t believe dis shit... you are so fuckin’ nice dawg... I can’t believe how fuckin cool you is... Yo, Mike dawg,” Davante, leaning up against the counter across from me, stayed silent for a few seconds looking down at the floor, then he spoke: “Dawg, I jus wanna apologize for actin’ like a lil’ bitch to you... I um.... Well, I was just listen to all the wrong people in da hood bout you and dat shit was just stupid. I’m sorry dawg.”

Taking me totally by surprise, Davante pushes off the counter and heads in my direction. He reaches out his hand waiting for mine. I grab his hand, thinking he just wants to shake or give me a dap or whatever. But as I grab his hand, he continues to move closer to me and with our hands clasped close to his chest, between us, I feel his left arm reach up over my right shoulder as he moves in to hug me. His touch felt so good, I could hardly stand it. All I wanted to do was pick him up, wrapping his legs around my waist, and carry him up to my bed. But, I still wasn’t sure where this whole thing was headed, I could’ve been dead wrong and this boy could simply be looking for a friend, someone that doesn’t want anything from him. Although my natural instincts got in the way of my clear thinking and instead of simply wrapping my left arm around his shoulders, my arm went lower and my hand ended up right at the small of his back. Realizing this, I knew I had to break the hold so I did so, by patting his back (higher than I had originally placed my hand) and slowly pulling away.

“Yo shorty don’t worry bout dat old shit, we boys now... no lie, you can feel welcome in my crib dawg. Whatever you need, you got it. Consider my crib a place for you to chill boy... fo sho”

“Yo thanks dawg... dat shit really means a lot to a nigga dawg.

End of Part 3

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