



The Rival (At Last #1)

Author: *Wendy Hawthorne*

Category: LGBT+

Description: Competition runs through my veins. I work hard, I play hard. Maybe I'm not headed for the NBA anytime soon, but I take my local basketball league seriously.

So when the final game of the season is a rematch between my team and our cross-town rivals, I'm not going to let us experience another heartbreaking loss. Tonight's game is about revenge.

It doesn't matter if Jason Alvarez, the other team's captain, is sexy beyond belief and a little bit my type. He's been my rival in every sense of the word since I started playing in this league.

And it's going to stay that way.

Total Pages (Source): 6

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

On a Saturday night that should have been like any other, my basketball rival became more than just a player on the opposing team. He became my match, on and off the court.

Every weekend during the season, the Alameda County men's basketball league hosted a game.

Each city had its own team, with the league split into two brackets.

Those of us who stayed local after college had a home in the league.

We could still play competitively even if we weren't destined to play professionally.

People around here took basketball seriously at every playable level.

Competition started early, with parents enrolling their kids in youth basketball as soon as they were old enough.

Alameda County produced more than a handful of NBA prospects, motivating every bright-eyed basketball hopeful to play their hearts out.

Compared to the stakes of the NBA and the NCAA, the county league's games should have been friendly, but city pride was on the line every Saturday night until the season ended.

Each team wanted the trophy proudly displayed in their town's city hall.

Add in a couple corporate sponsors pledging to donate to the winning team's charity of choice, and you had a potent brew of feisty players and fans determined to come out on top.

Tonight's game matched the two best teams in the league against one another: the Eastvale Eagles versus the Westvale Wildcats.

I led the Westvale Wildcats, and we were on a winning streak, unstoppable in our half of the county bracket.

Everyone on my team knew we'd end up facing Eastvale in the finals.

We were chomping at the bit to retake our rightful place as the best in the overall league after last year's heartbreaking loss.

Eastvale, our sister city, had always been our rival.

The two cities were founded by a pair of gold-mining brothers in the 1800s who bickered over stakes and land claims. The feud carried past their deaths, spanning generation after generation, feeding into anything remotely competitive, from education to construction contracts to sports.

Over in Eastvale, rich families lived in gated communities with their homeowner's associations. People ate at their bougie-ass restaurants and played golf on the weekends at the local country club. They were snobs, all born with silver spoons already in their mouths.

People from Westvale were normal, the kind of folks who lived within their means and were happy despite hardships.

Born and raised in Westvale, my parents taught me as a child to never take anything

for granted.

Every day we worked hard, and we never minded a little dirt under our nails or sweat on our brow.

For some of my peers, they couldn't wait to graduate from the constant struggle and make it big elsewhere.

Me? My hometown was my pride and joy, a part of my lifeblood, and I had no intention of ever leaving.

So like every other generation of Westvale boys before me, I gave the Eastvale-Westvale rivalry the gravity it deserved.

Basketball was more than just a hobby to me.

The moment my sneakers touched the court, all my everyday worries, my doubts, and my struggles seemed to just fade away.

Basketball was my life, and the county league gave me the opportunity every year to marry my love of the sport with defending my hometown's honor.

With the way Eastvale's players cruised around their city with their fancy cars and stylish clothes, you would think they would be pushovers.

Yet on the court, they played aggressively.

Most guys after college struggled with balancing exercise with a busy work schedule, but Eastvale must've given their residents a free gym membership with how fit their players were, taking their workouts to the next level.

No other team in the league made us work as hard for a win as Eastvale.

The most competitive Eastvale player was their team captain Jason Alvarez.

He was the pinnacle of smug snobbery: perfect hair, an even tan, and a job he clearly loved.

He had confidence in spades, making him a magnet for attention on and off the court.

Somehow people could overlook his arrogance, mistaking it for charisma.

I hated guys like him, and I made sure he knew I wasn't a fan every time we played against one another. In my mind, Jason and I were the poster boys for the longstanding Eastvale-Westvale beef.

My team had worked hard in the offseason to ensure there wouldn't be a repeat of last year's mistakes.

Eastvale wasn't making tonight's final game easy.

They set strong screens, and their players drove hard into the paint, fighting for every point.

Every rebound was a battle, every loose ball a scuffle.

As with all Eastvale-Westvale games, there were more than a handful of fouls.

Somehow the ref's never saw when Eastvale set an illegal screen, but when me and one of my guys moved an inch, the whistle blew.

Whenever I protested a call, I was reminded that the league's stakes were "for

charity, for the kids who needed positive male role models” and that I needed to “calm down.”

The game was close, a constant back and forth.

In the fourth period, with five minutes to go, I had earned four fouls, so I had to play conservatively.

Thankfully, Jason was in the same hot water as me with four fouls too.

We gave each other a bigger buffer than we usually did, not wanting to foul out of the game and be forced to watch the final minutes in disgrace from the bench.

We played out of our minds, and in the end, when the final buzzer blared, the better team came out on top.

Westvale 74 to Eastvale’s 73.

Winning the tournament alone would have been enough to make my night, but winning the tournament by defeating Eastvale in the final game, in their own home arena no less, was perfection.

Raising the gold trophy over my head instead of watching Jason Alvarez hoist it over his own was the kind of petty victory that would sustain me for months.

After the game, the rest of the guys on my team wanted to celebrate at the big sports bar just down the road and raise some hell. Nothing like a good old-fashioned victory parade through the heart of your rival city’s downtown to keep the adrenaline high going.

As much as I intended to join my friends, I wasn’t about to go out in public smelling

so rank. Maybe they didn't care about stinking up Eastvale, but I sure as hell did, rival city or otherwise.

"Come on, Matt," Cameron, our team's center, said while draping his arm over my shoulder, "we can't party without you!"

I caught a potent whiff of his body odor and was immediately reminded why I wanted to hit the showers in the first place. A clean t-shirt and a swipe of deodorant wasn't enough to mask the smell of a well-fought basketball game.

"I'll catch up in a bit," I reassured. "I want to clean up first."

Further illustrating my point, when Cameron untangled himself from his hold on me, his arm and my shoulder had fused together in a sticky, sweaty mess.

"Just don't linger too long!" Kyle, our shooting guard, teased. "I bet there'll be some ladies out tonight who'll want a piece of the winning team's captain."

I rolled my eyes. My friends were always trying to get me laid after a game, as if our small time status as local celebrities carried any real weight. At best, Kyle was looking at a handful of single moms enjoying a night off parenting. Not exactly my scene.

"Not sure they'll wanna be near any of you with the way you stink," I shot back with a sly smile.

"Are you kidding?" Kyle nudged me in the ribs. "Everyone knows a little sweat's a chick magnet. Pheromones, animal instinct, yadda yadda."

"I'm not so sure that's how it works..."

“Hey, you want to clean up, be my guest. More babes for us.”

I wasn't eager to face the pressure from the guys anyways. They had no clue my preference swung towards men.

“Get out of here already,” I said, gesturing for them to take off. “And try not to get kicked out before I join you!”

My friends and teammates left, holding the league trophy over their heads like spoils of war. If the guys were already acting this rowdy, then Eastvale was in for a rough night once they were full of expensive drinks and hot wings.

Sparing a glance to the arena, the stands were already near empty. Eastvale's side had cleared out quicker, and their own team was nowhere to be found. I couldn't blame them for scattering like roaches.

On my way to the locker room, a few fans stopped me for a photo or to sign something.

Our league's games attracted a small, loyal following, especially among kids.

It was nice being a star, even if it was temporary.

After tonight's game, I was officially the league's best point guard and the team captain who had brought Westvale a much needed win.

I was more than happy to bask in some long overdue glory.

When the crowd thinned at last, I headed deeper into the arena to find the locker rooms. To my surprise, for having the hottest new sporting complex in the county for their local high school, the Eastvale Eagles didn't have two functioning locker rooms.

The away team's locker room was undergoing emergency renovations.

Both teams had to share—a potentially dangerous idea considering how serious we all took the game.

Thankfully, none of the sore losers had stuck around to lick their wounds.

I could only assume they wanted to be as far away from the court as possible.

For Eastvale to lose by one point? That had to have stung.

If my team had been in that position, I'd have stormed out of the stadium in half the time and made an ass of myself.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

I found an empty locker to shove my duffle into temporarily, and that's when I heard it: the sound of a shower turning on. I quietly peaked around the corner of the lockers to see who had stuck around.

To my eternal dismay, none other than my biggest rival stood underneath the steamy spray, his back turned to me: Jason Alvarez, now the second best point guard in our league who was also the shortest.

Jason had always been Eastvale's golden goose, the kind of man who'd enjoyed success as a teen at this very school years ago and didn't stop peaking ever since.

His family had built their wealth over the course of several generations, and he was continuing down the same exact path.

He owned a swanky restaurant in downtown Eastvale, the kind of place people from Westvale drove thirty minutes to so they could enjoy something chic and modern instead of the old school mom and pop places we had.

Serving as the captain for one of the best teams was just another feather in his cap. He was used to success, to winning.

Except tonight's game hadn't gone according to his plan in the slightest. He was taking the loss hard, his whole body rigid, his hands curled into fists against the tile wall of the shower.

With a competitive, type-A personality, Jason was likely analyzing every moment of the game, wondering how his team could have won had they played differently.

Some small (very small), empathetic bone in my body wanted to turn and leave, to give Jason the space he needed, forego showering, and head out to meet my teammates like I'd promised them I would.

Yet another pettier part wanted to stay and gloat, to shove myself into his space and make him see me for what I was—the better player, and most importantly, the better team captain.

I was driven by the same competitive spirit which drove Jason to play his heart out on the court. This was just another challenge from Jason, and I wasn't going to back down.

So I undressed as quietly as possible and placed my clothes into the locker. I didn't want him to realize I was here and spoil the surprise. Seeing the shock on his face would be as satisfying as our win.

Besides, I had no issue with showering with other guys before; this wasn't the first bare ass I'd seen.

Being in sports meant being used to a whole lotta skin on display.

Even though I was gay, it didn't mean my eyes wandered to just anyone.

I had a type. I knew what I liked, even if I was too busy to date.

With my head held high, I walked into the showers with a bar of soap, stopping beside Jason, and turned on the shower head to his left.

“Oh, hey Jason,” I said, nodding my head and trying my best to smother my shit-eating grin with an air of class. “Good game earlier, huh?”

If Jason heard me over the water, he didn't make it known. He kept leaning under the spray, letting the hot water wash over his bare, stiff body, ignoring my blatant taunt. Since Jason didn't take the bait, I upped the ante.

"Do you have any advice on charities we should donate to this year?" I cupped my chin as if I was deep in thought. "I'm thinking the Westvale Children's Hospital, but I'm open to suggestions."

Still, Jason didn't budge. He was the guy who always talked so much shit during the game. But now, when it was just the two of us? He was silent.

In an act of irritation, I began humming the Westvale High School anthem to myself while scrubbing my arms with my bar of soap, expecting Jason to snap at last and tell me to shut up and fuck off. Once I got a real rise out of him, I'd be able to gloat freely about Westvale's victory.

But once again, Jason didn't react, even as I hummed louder, more aggressively. He didn't even turn his head to glare. He just kept looking at the water swirling down the drain. When the song came to an end, I let out a sigh.

Fine, so we'd shower in silence then.

Man, Jason was boring when he was upset.

Couldn't the guy lighten up? I didn't shut down after last year's loss.

I went to work the following Monday without acting like a baby.

He needed to man up and learn to take a loss in stride.

When the roles had been reversed last year, Jason had acted like a tool and paraded

the trophy around the arena for all his adoring fans.

The Westvale Wildcats hadn't stooped to pouting.

We were dignified in defeat, leaving the gym in silence.

Idling under the spray for so long, I grew restless. I needed to get as far away from Jason Alvarez and his piss poor, Debbie-Downer attitude. His moping was bringing me down, and I had won the game.

Yet in my haste, I made a critical mistake.

While washing my chest, I lost my grip on my soap. It was almost cinematic how slow the bar swan dived through the air. For all my skills with a ball on the court, I was butterfingers, fumbling and scrambling, unable to grab a simple bar of soap.

When time caught up, the soap crashed down to the tile floor with a pathetic anticlimactic splash.

A tense beat passed. I glanced over at Jason, and his attention was on the bar.

Of all the things to pique his interest since I'd stepped into the shower, of course it would be this slipup.

Jason noticed my hesitation in picking it up, the smug prick, and let out a soft chuckle. Annoyed, I knelt down to retrieve it.

Yet as I moved to stand, my eyes fell to Jason's body, fully on display, and I was unable—unwilling?—to look elsewhere.

Jason made up for his height with thick, powerful thighs.

I could only assume the kind of workout and nutrition routine he put himself through to get so muscular.

Whatever he was doing at the gym, the man clearly never skipped leg day.

To my surprise, he had a large, nasty scar on his thigh trailing down to his knee, and I couldn't even begin to imagine what kind of injury could have caused it.

My eyes were already in the area, and they inevitably drifted to the soda can he had for a dick hanging between his legs.

As if the universe hadn't blessed him enough already, Jason Alvarez was hung too.

But if I was being honest, this wasn't a shocker; I'd brushed up against him a few times while trying to penetrate into the paint or going for a rebound, and I'd felt it by accident.

Still, it was different seeing it in person.

If only I could forget who it was attached to.

"See something you like, Swanson?"

Hearing him call me out by my surname in a mocking sultry voice jerked me out of my stupor.

I stumbled to my feet so fast my hand lost its grip on the sudsy soap bar that had gotten me into this mess in the first place.

How could I not look? Anyone would have, gay or otherwise.

It wasn't like Jason was trying to cover himself for modesty.

"I get it," Jason feign-reassured, slowly running a hand down his slick chest and abs. His fingers slid through a wet trail of hair leading downward. With him facing me, nothing was left to my imagination. "You can't help but look. I know I'm hard to miss."

His comment was all the encouragement my body needed to betray me. My gaze couldn't help but follow the path his hand made down his body, and my mouth watered at the sight of him touching himself.

This wasn't the first time I'd seen Jason without his shirt; I should've been immune to it by now.

Around the court, Jason was always eager to flash his abs to the ladies in the stands.

Every game, a group of women showed up to ooh and awe at him, calling themselves his unofficial fanclub.

It was so annoying to play against Eastvale because his mobile cheer-squad always banshee shrieked whenever he made a great play.

Whenever he wiped the sweat off his face with his jersey, he would show a little flash of skin and toned muscles, and it would only make them scream louder.

Everyone in the league said Jason was a notorious playboy.

People claimed Jason had a woman for every single day of the week, but if this was true, none of this seemed to smudge his gold-star reputation across the county.

Even the older moms who managed the booster clubs for the local high school sports

teams loved him and thought he was the “pinnacle of manhood.” Their husbands could only look on in pure envy, wishing they could mimic whatever workout routine Jason had mastered in order to earn a similar body.

It was nauseating to witness, even if I could understand the feeling.

I had been down this road before. When I first met Jason, yeah, sure, even I could admit I’d checked him out in a moment of weakness.

Back then, I thought I would have to reign in my desire if I had any hope of playing against him in this league.

Thankfully, Jason made it easy by opening his mouth and squashing whatever seedling of attraction had tried to grow in my heart.

Alone with him in the shower, I was having a hard time focusing on anything other than the rhythmic movement of his fingers as they rose up the meridian of his chest, stopping to draw circles on his sternum.

It was mesmerizing, and I realized I was losing ground fast. If I wanted to keep the high ground, I had to catch myself before it was too late.

What the fuck had he said? That he was hard to miss?

“That’s... That’s not what your shooting percentage says,” I mocked.

Jason’s smirk fell, and his hand dropped to his side. “We scored the same amount of points.”

He was right, but I couldn’t help but rub it in. Westvale had won, after all. He hated being reminded that there was a slight discrepancy in our stats now after tonight’s

game. Worse, the numbers would remain that way until basketball season returned next year.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

A beat passed as he rubbed his jaw, contemplating his next move. His eyes flashed down at the slippery soap bar near the drain. He bent down to retrieve it with ease and then offered it to me.

“Relax. What guy hasn’t accidentally looked a time or two,” he said, shrugging like it wasn’t a big deal. His smile was all teeth. “There’s no shame in it.”

Looking back on this moment with hindsight, this was the turning point. This was Jason offering me an out.

Except he was wrong. There was a degree of shame in it, because the moment people found out the truth, you couldn’t go back in the closet.

Some guys couldn’t stand the idea of sharing a locker room with someone who wasn’t straight.

I had no reason to believe Jason wasn’t one of those guys, so I figured if I just played dumb about what he was insinuating, then maybe he would let it go.

Maybe after being humbled by my slipup, he would consider us even.

I snatched the soap out of his hands and shifted away from him. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I mumbled to the tile wall.

Except Jason had no interest in letting this go.

“C’mon. I was watching you,” he teased. “You tilted your head earlier. You were

checking me out.”

“As if I would ever! Why the hell were you watching me anyways?” I snapped my head to the side, mindful to keep my eyes fixed on his. “Mind your own business.”

“Or what,” he growled, stepping closer into my space, “you’ll elbow me in the face again?”

I gawked at him. “You’re really holding a grudge over something that happened years ago? That was an accident!”

“Yeah.” He scoffed, shaking his head. “Sure.”

“It was! I would never deliberately hurt someone, asshole, even you.”

Where did this guy get off? If he was salty over one accidental elbow, then I deserved to open my own Himalayan salt mine for all the times he wasn’t called on a foul during games. Injuries happened, but none of them were intentional.

Jason stared me down—or rather up at me, to his chagrin. I had a few inches on him, and now more than ever, our minor height difference turned me into a smug little shit.

“You’re not the first guy to get a black eye during a game, Alvarez.”

“Only a dirty player throws elbows.”

“It was an accident! I’d tell you to get off your high horse, but it’s more of a miniature.”

“If you want to gloat over some inches that don’t actually matter, be my guest.” Jason laughed mirthlessly. “I’m not surprised you’re focused on making size comparisons.”

My face flushed in embarrassment and rage. The absolute nerve of this guy! He wasn't even that much bigger than me.

"You immature asshole!" I yelled, chucking the bar of soap at him. "Our dicks are the same size!"

Jason didn't flinch as the soap bounced off his pecs and landed on the tile floor yet again. Instead, he cocked a brow, and his eyes flashed down between us.

That's when I realized my mistake. He hadn't been referring to our dicks. His comment had been in reference to his height, but I was so blinded by my own anger and pride, I assumed he had been talking about something much more personal.

"You sure about that?" He taunted, hand on his hip.

I rolled my eyes, but deep down I was scrambling for a way to turn this around. "Of course you'd turn our rivalry into a literal dick measuring contest."

"I wasn't, but you brought it up. So go ahead," he said, shrugging. "Measure it for yourself."

In any other context, Jason's suggestion might've thrown me for a loop.

I was conflicted, torn between taking the bait and backing down.

Some part of me had always wanted the opportunity to get my hands on a guy in a context other than basketball, but I never once thought the chance would play out like this: naked in a shower with my longtime rival.

I tried searching Jason's features for an answer, but he gave nothing away. Was this a joke? What was going on?

When Jason gestured down to himself, my breath caught in my throat. There was no doubt in my mind this was more than just a challenge. This was an outright invitation.

I wasn't a coward. I reached for his dick, and all the air was sucked out of the showers.

A hush fell between us, the sound of water smacking tile overwhelming.

I blinked down at him and blushed from a startling realization: I couldn't even get my whole hand around his length.

It was heavy, uncut, warm, and what the fuck , he wasn't even erect and he was this massive.

"They need to be side by side so you can see the difference for yourself, Matty."

Before I could process what Jason was implying, his hand was wrapping around my own length, fingers circling it with ease. He tugged me closer and lined the two of us up, and the contrast couldn't be denied: Jason was bigger than me in every way.

"Maybe you were top dog on the court today, but I think it's obvious who's on top here."

I shivered, overwhelmed by how good it felt to have someone else's fingers exploring me. His hold on me was gentle, and the slightest shift made me audibly gasp and turn pink from more than just the hot water.

"I think it's about time you admitted what we've both known all along."

What was Jason talking about? Were we still beefing over the game, or were we keeping score over something else?

I blinked at him, confused. “That... That you’re a sore loser?”

Jason grabbed me by the chin and forced me to look at him. I should have pushed him away, but then his thumb started stroking along my lips. The taste of my own cock lingered on his finger, salty but not off-putting. I’d never been so bold as to taste my own cum in the past.

Jason laughed, eyes darkening. “You’re lucky I’ve always wanted to tame a smart-mouthed brat.”

“That’s funny coming from the guy who’s—”

But just as I was about to finish my snarky comment, I moaned from Jason burying a hand into my wet blonde hair and tugging hard enough to force my neck to arch back.

He licked a bead of water near the knot in my throat with the tip of his tongue.

When he took hold of my length again, my cock twitched, growing hard and full in the tight vice of his palm.

I rocked into him, desperate for friction, and Jason hummed in appreciation, satisfied with my response.

“Rumor has it you don’t get around much. You work all week, then you’re busy playing ball all weekend.” His teeth scraped my neck, and I gasped. “You’re not big on the dating scene. No past girlfriends, boyfriends...”

I blushed in embarrassment. How the hell did he know any of this? Why would he care about my personal life?

“Maybe no one’s ever been Mr. Right. Maybe you tell yourself you’re too busy to

waste your time, but maybe you've been looking in the wrong place."

Jason's voice was as low as a whisper, but it somehow seemed to echo off the tile. If someone else was nearby, they would've heard him and everything he was suggesting.

"Either way, it's no wonder you're wound up so tight."

I swallowed thickly. "You... You don't know anything about me."

Jason smirked. "That's where you're wrong, Matt," he purred. "I know more than you realize."

My mind was too clouded by desire to dig further into what he was implying.

He was pressed into me, leaving little space between our bodies.

I had never let someone handle me the way I was letting Jason, falling under his spell with ease.

This close, I could smell the spiced soap he must've used before I joined him, rich, heady, and tempting.

"Let's help you relax a little," he said, hand loosening in my hair. "Go ahead. Stroke me."

It was a command, and without thinking, my hand moved on its own accord, running along his length in tentative, slow movements.

It was like his order had flipped a switch inside my brain before I could use proper judgment.

My pulse quickened, and my lips parted when I glanced down and saw he had begun to harden in my palm.

Jason was either so full of himself he didn't care who was touching him so long as someone was touching him, or he was into guys touching him.

This wasn't two men from opposite teams taking a petty rivalry to a new inappropriate level—or maybe it was from the permanent smirk on his perfect face. He seemed to be enjoying my attention.

“That's right,” he encouraged, dark eyes half-lidded. “Use both hands. Get me nice and hard.”

Using two hands was the right suggestion.

I needed both just to get a real hold on him.

Watching him get hard was an out-of-body experience.

Touching him while he touched me was so different than just touching myself alone.

Hearing his every response, seeing him flex his muscles beside me, feeling his warm breath on my skin, his clean smell—it was overwhelming.

Yeah, Jason definitely liked this. He was breathing hard like he was out on the court, and he was rocking his hips into my hands with his eyes unmoving from mine.

His own hand began to move faster around me, coaxing little sounds I'd never made before in the presence of another human being.

I tried to match his pace, to time my movements with his so we could be in-sync.

My inhibition waned as it became clear he was far more experienced than me.

I found myself wanting to let him show me how to pleasure another man properly.

I couldn't believe how my body was reacting.

I couldn't believe I was doing this—jacking another guy off, that said guy was Jason...

that I was glad it was him. He was murmuring encouragement and praise into my ear, telling me how to touch him, how much pressure to use, and I was eagerly following his every suggestion, waiting on bated breath for him to tell me I was doing it right.

Every nerve ending across my skin was on fire, with goosebumps rising on my arms despite the overwhelming steamy heat inside the shower.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

Jason's head was angled so close, crowding into my space, I thought he might kiss me.

If he kissed me, surely I would push him away.

I hated him, didn't I? He was stubborn, rich, snobby, and overconfident.

Even now, standing under the shower spray, he was so certain he had me wrapped around his finger—and I hated him all the more because he was right.

Our eyes held as we stroked each other, I couldn't help but wonder what his lips would taste like, if they would be as soft as his hands.

He was talented at so much already, would he be an amazing kisser too?

From the way women seemed to fawn over him game after game, undeterred by his 'play-hard-to-get' attitude, I could only assume so.

But I refused to make the first move. No way.

If I kissed him, and he ended up shoving me away because he didn't want to cross that line, my pride wouldn't be able to take the blow.

If we were going to kiss, then he needed to be the one to initiate like he had initiated everything else up to this point.

But even that wasn't the full truth. I wanted Jason to take charge, to make me forget

everything but this unexpected, intimate moment. I already managed so much out in the real world. I had worked for everything since high school. Why couldn't I be taken care of for once?

Seconds ticked by. His eyes kept boring into mine, his thumb kept swiping over the head of my shaft, and I grew more and more flustered under the weight of his gaze.

"Stop doing that," I muttered.

"Doing what?"

He knew damn well.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

The tip of his tongue darted past his lips, wetting them even though they were already slick from the shower.

"Because I know how much it gets under your skin."

"It... It doesn't."

And yet it did. God, did it get under my skin.

Another devilish smile spread across Jason's face. "Admit it," he whispered. "You want me to kiss you."

I shuddered. Jason made it sound so simple, yet nothing ever could be around him. He was taunting me like he did when we were on the court.

With his hand still in my hair, Jason angled my head so our foreheads pressed

together. The sound of our hands stroking each other was slick and sloppy, crystalizing how pointless it was to deny how far gone I was in this situation.

“Tell me you want it,” he said, his every word dripping with honey, “and I’ll do it.”

Was sparing my pride worth passing on the opportunity? No, it wasn’t. I’d never even been kissed before. I’d already surrendered countless little moans and whimpers to Jason, what was one more ask? Even if he was right, I didn’t have to be happy about it.

“Damn you, Jason,” I groaned, but I was too weak, “kiss me already.”

And just as he promised, Jason surged forward to kiss me, and my eyes fell closed with relief at last. His lips were smooth as velvet, flawless.

Mid-kiss, his free hand fell to the small of my back, its presence as hot as a brand.

My heart stuttered, and I arched into him.

Jason understood my cue, and his hand slid lower, following the curve of my ass to splay wide over my cheek.

I didn’t have as great of a lower half as Jason, but I still did the occasional round of squats at the gym, so there was plenty to grab hold of.

He gave me a gentle squeeze, and I whined into his mouth and held his cock a little tighter in my palm.

Jason groaned, and I couldn’t help but wonder if he was more of an ass guy from the way his fingers held me so possessively.

I almost regretted the fact that he'd only ever seen me in basketball shorts before tonight.

When his fingers found my hole, I gasped, startled by how much I unraveled with a single point of contact.

I wasn't so unused to the sensation of feeling fingers at my entrance—I'd played with myself there a few times while jacking off alone—but it was completely different to have another person do it.

I leaned into him, craving more, seeking out his touch.

He swiped his tongue along my lips, parting them to slip inside.

Jason sucked on my tongue while pushing his forefinger past the rim of my entrance, making me whine into our kiss from the stretch.

Driven by desperation, I stroked him faster between us, smearing the steady stream of precum leaking from the head of his cock with my thumb.

When a second thick finger joined the first and started moving in and out of me, I was unable to stop myself from trembling against him.

I tried to tear away from our kisses, but his lips chased after mine, hungry, needing to devour every little deafening sound I made.

I was forced to clutch onto him for some semblance of stability as his fingers picked up the pace, fucking me faster, pushing my desire to dizzying new heights.

Jason was in total control of my pleasure.

Not even an hour ago, I had been the king of the court, the one dominating him and his team.

Now, inside the showers, I was surrendering in every way to Jason, finding it so easy to do when it was just the two of us alone.

No spotlights, no roar of the crowd, no teammates watching and waiting for the perfect pass.

I couldn't help but wonder, had this desire for Jason always been inside of me?

Had I just been waiting for a chance to have him all for myself?

"Turn around," he ordered. "Let me see you."

Functioning on pure adrenaline, I obeyed him without hesitation, disentangling from him.

My heart thundered so hard in my chest I feared it would burst. This was escalating so fast, but I didn't want it to stop.

Nothing else had come close to making me feel more alive than this moment. Not even winning the championship game.

"Good boy," he praised as he settled in behind me.

Jason bent me forward, forcing me to brace myself against the tile wall of the showers.

He grabbed two fistfuls of my ass and spread my cheeks so his dick could rest between them.

It was like having a hot, throbbing spear pressed against my entrance where no one else had ever touched me before.

My lips parted in shock, and a pitiful moan spilled out when he moved ever so slightly in the slowest grind along my cleft.

“That’s right. I just knew you’d be a natural bottom deep down.

” He reached around with his free hands to play with my nipples, pinching them.

“Had you pegged from the start. Always backing this tight ass up into me while you’re dribbling.

” He chuckled, the vibration sending shivers down my spine.

“You love the way my cock feels sliding against your hole, don’t you? ”

With his weight behind me, arms holding me in place, I wasn’t in a position to deny what he’d accused me of doing all along. I had given in to Jason with little resistance. My biggest rival was manhandling me, and I was letting him.

Was all this happening because I’d never been laid before? Was I just sexually-frustrated to the point I would’ve given in to anyone? Work had kept me busy, and sure, Jason was right, I didn’t have time to date...

No, this was uncharted territory. I’d never explored my sexuality—I’d never had the chance during high school or college.

Everyone just assumed I was too busy, but I had never met someone worth making time for.

Westvale boys had to hustle to get some kind of scholarship or a decent job.

I'd burned the candle at both ends to make my parents proud.

My relationship with Jason felt different.

I never kept track of other players in this league the way I kept tabs on Jason during the off season, telling myself I was just scouting out information my team could use when basketball came back the following year.

We considered each other enemies on the court, constantly in each others' orbits.

Our history was fraught with unresolved tension.

I just hadn't realized there'd been a sexual nature underneath it all.

No, even that was a lie. I'd known all along.

The warning signs had followed me from the moment we first met.

I had known from the very beginning that Jason was my type, and as much as I tried to play up the rival angle, as much as I insisted upon hating him, it was an entirely different story in the privacy of my own home.

My private porn collection was filled with videos of guys who looked damningly similar to Jason.

I'd called it moments of weakness, horny-fueled lapses in judgment on lonely nights.

Dreaming of Jason was a wicked whim, something I kept between myself and my laptop.

I had no idea what Jason intended to do to me, but I was putty in his hands. I was always vocal about my opinions, always quick to have a smartass comeback, but with him pressed into me, back to chest, ass to dick, I was at a loss for words. I'd do whatever he wanted as long as he kept touching me.

But what did "whatever he wanted" actually entail? I wasn't clueless... but being with someone, being completely at their mercy, was new. I didn't know if I was ready to go all the way inside a high school locker room's shower, but the chance to fulfill one of my deepest desires wasn't lost on me.

What was Jason getting out of all this, anyways? Had my taunting offered a chance for him to smooth the edge off his post-game adrenaline? Was I just another one of his many conquests? Fuck, was I just a warm body to him?

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

When I glanced over my shoulder back at Jason, his focus was on me and me alone.

His dark hair had fallen into his eyes, his chest rising and falling with heavy breaths.

When he noticed I had turned to look back at him, he cupped my chin and tilted my head for another scorching kiss.

The way he held me, the way his hands roamed my body as if I already belonged to him, the way he moaned my name straight into my mouth...

This was something else entirely. This felt far more charged.

This was more than just playing around to blow off steam.

Mid-grind, Jason's dick caught on the rim of my entrance, causing me to let out a choked gasp. He stopped moving, let out a soft sigh, and ran his hand through my blonde hair as if he were comforting me.

"Don't worry," he whispered. "I'm not going to fuck you."

A rush of disappointment flooded my system.

He was doing all this, and he wasn't going to do anything more?

It was enough to make me let out a pathetic whining noise.

As questionable as the idea was, I was keyed up to the point where I would've let him

fuck me if he was interested, inexperience and all.

“Not here, at least,” he teased, sensing my embarrassing distress. “Maybe if you beat us again... next season.”

“Next season?!”

“What?” He kissed my shoulder. “Don’t think you can hold out that long?”

Before I could complain about the proposed timeline, Jason’s hands slid down my wet torso, stopping when they reached the slope of my abdomen and the trail of light hair leading down.

My dick bobbed against my stomach, woefully smaller than him but no less desiring his attention.

I was already leaking from the head, and fuck, I needed him to touch me everywhere.

“I should make you beg for it,” he growled into my ear. “You had the gall to gloat over a one point difference. I bet you thought you’d be out with your teammates, partying late into the night to celebrate.” He laughed and added, “But instead you’re here, desperate for my cock.”

I nodded, submitting to him in the hope he would circle his fingers around me and bring me off at last. His hands were so close to where I needed them, and Jason knew. His fingers traced along my inner thighs while he rocked against me.

“Say you’re sorry for elbowing me.”

Every competitive muscle in my body despised the idea of giving in to any more of his demands, but I was also beyond caring about my pride. I needed him to touch me

or I was about to start sobbing, and I'd never be able to live that down.

"I'm sorry," I rasped.

"...And that it won't happen again."

"It won't happen again," I repeated.

"Sportsmanship's important, sweetheart," he said, his teeth grazing my ear. "Just cause we're rivals doesn't mean you have to play rough." He laughed. "We can do that after the game."

"Just touch me, already, Jason!"

"So impatient," he snickered. "Do you have any idea how long I've been trying to get you alone?"

Maybe if you hadn't elbowed me two years ago, I might've asked you out sooner, and we could've been fucking by now.

You've been playing hard to get, and now you're trying to rush me? No. I'm savoring this."

My lust-filled brain wasn't ready to process the implication behind him saying he'd been attracted to me for a while.

I'd unpack that can of worms some other time because at last, Jason wrapped a hand around my dick again and started giving me some meaningful strokes while grinding harder between my cheeks.

He was manipulating my body like a master, pushing me faster and faster to an end

which I didn't see coming—literally.

Jason held me up as my legs gave out as I came.

I didn't care if he'd bested me in this way, unable to last longer than him.

He stroked me through the duration of my climax, and then he let go of my waning dick to bend me so I was slumped forward, face pressed against the tile wall to catch my breath.

“Spread yourself open for me.”

With shaking hands, I reached behind and spread myself.

Water followed my spine and slid down my cleft, making me shiver.

I watched as best as I could as he rutted against me, showing me exactly what he would do if he could properly fuck me, if I could somehow take the entirety of him.

My mouth hung agape, eyes half-lidded as I heard him grunt a loud curse, and then his balls twitched as he blew his load on me in hot, thick ropes.

It just kept coming, with some splattering on my thighs and lower back.

Jason was right. What did it say about me if I was willing to let my rival debauch me so thoroughly?

Arms wrapped around my waist and pulled me upright. His mouth was on my searing skin, kissing along my shoulder blades and neck with intense hunger that would definitely leave lasting marks.

“God, you’re so fucking hot,” Jason groaned as he pressed feverish, open-mouthed kisses across my skin.

He was holding me with some kind of possessive, all-consuming desire I’d never experienced before, but it was dizzying, addictive.

In such a short span of time, he had turned my whole world inside out.

Unable to move on my own, Jason guided me under the spray so I could wash up. We faced each other, and even though I couldn’t meet his gaze for longer than a few seconds, he didn’t seem to mind—not if the satisfied grin was anything to go by.

This was the man who had been my cross-town rival.

We had competed in the same basketball league, each serving as team captain and point guard for our respective teams. He was from the wealthy town next door.

He oozed self-righteous success. He was a sore loser.

I shouldn't have wished he would continue touching me so intimately.

But God, Jason was incredible, and I didn’t want whatever the hell this was to be over the moment we went our separate ways when we left the locker room.

We could keep or leave the rivalry; the feud paled in comparison to our true potential.

From what he had described in the throes of passion, maybe he didn’t want it to be over either.

“Cheer up, Matt,” he said, cupping my chin so our eyes met. “Maybe if you’re lucky, I’ll treat you to dinner at my restaurant sometime. Wouldn’t that throw our teammates

for a loop.”

I let out a shaky breath. All the snarky responses I could come up with were lost in translation the moment they reached my tongue. I didn’t know what to say with all these feelings swirling inside me.

The showers turned off. Jason wrapped an arm around my waist and led us back to the lockers where the air was hot and humid.

When he let me go, Jason turned away towards his side of the aisle to get dressed into fresh clothes. At first, I didn’t move. In one deep breath, I mourned the loss of his contact; in another, a powerful reality check sucker-punched me.

What was I still doing here? Why hadn’t I just gone out with my friends and teammates to celebrate our victory?

When I started getting dressed, each movement was in slow motion, my brain on auto-pilot as I pulled on a hoodie and a different pair of basketball shorts.

I finished getting dressed before him, and even though I tugged my duffle strap onto my shoulder, I didn’t move to leave. I stood frozen in the aisle, my stomach twisting into knots.

Once one of us left the locker room, what would happen then? Would we just go on acting business as usual? No, even if we pretended, our dynamic would be forever changed. I wouldn’t be able to forget.

Shit, would I still be able to play basketball with all this baggage?

Then it hit me. Had that been Jason’s goal all along? Was this some kind of revenge for losing?

I couldn't breathe, my hand clenching around the strap of my bag.

"Did you mean any of it?" I finally choked out, heart fluttering a mile a minute in my chest. What would I do if he laughed in my face and said no?

Jason finished tying the laces of his Oxfords before rising to his full height.

He had dressed into a dark gray button-up and black slacks.

His brown hair was already starting to dry from the heat, and he had worked some product into his hair to smooth down wayward strands.

He looked like he was about to go out on the town or go straight back to his restaurant instead of going home.

"What do you think, Matt?" He asked while fixing the cuffs of his sleeves.

I felt tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. "I think you shouldn't answer a question with a question."

Jason fell quiet. Minutes ago, he was rutting against me without abandon. An hour ago, he was a whirlwind on the court, fighting to keep his team alive in the league's final game. Now he was quiet and nonchalant, acting as if he wasn't the same man who had confessed to carrying a torch for me.

It was strange to see his sudden transformation, and I wasn't sure I was prepared for his answer, if he would even give one. My pulse thundered in my ears, and I was already preparing my aloof, I-don't-give-a-shit speech if he said what I dreaded hearing.

Right as I was about to slam the locker shut and storm out, Jason caught my arm to

stop me. I stiffened, and my duffle bag fell off my shoulder, landing by my sneakers with a soft thud.

Jason cupped my cheek and tilted my head so our eyes met. “Of course I meant it,” he said softly.

And just like that, a heavy weight was lifted off my chest. A tear of relief slid down my cheek, and I grimaced as Jason caught it with his thumb.

I hated how he had completely dismantled my resolve.

On the court, I was so confident and in command of the game as a point-guard.

I didn’t let people push me around, and if someone tried, I’d push back.

So why was I getting so emotional over something like this?

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 6:45 am

Because I had felt a connection to Jason the moment we met years ago, because no one pushed me the way he pushed me to be a better player, a better person.

I had invested so much into our rivalry, that if he denied me, if he said it meant nothing, it would cheapen everything I had experienced up until this moment.

“I’m just...” Jason let out a deep sigh. “I never thought we would get to this point. I never thought you’d give me a chance.” He scratched his neck, and I was shocked to see Jason’s cheeks flushed. “Go easy on me, Matt. I’ve been dreaming of this moment for a long time.”

I laughed despite feeling as fragile as glass. To my relief, Jason must have felt as nervous and vulnerable as me, for he rolled his eyes and poked me in the ribs.

“Don’t laugh. This is serious.”

“I just never thought I’d hear you of all people, Jason, asking me to go easy on you.”

Tension eased from Jason’s shoulders. His smile turned crooked, and then he pressed me up against the metal locker.

The hand cupping my cheek moved to stroke my lips which parted for him already on instinct.

My eyes fell half-lidded, and all my doubts and fears ebbed as he gazed into my eyes, threatening to unravel me all over again.

The same misshapen desire I felt before came roaring back, starving for Jason to fan its flames.

“You love playing rough and dirty, don’t you Matty?”

Before I could respond with my own flirty comment, Jason crashed into me, stealing the breath from my lungs with another sordid kiss.

I moaned into his mouth, grinning as he crushed me, chest to chest, against the metal locker.

My fingers clutched onto his shirt which probably cost as much as I made in one month’s paycheck.

His hand grabbed my thigh and cradled it against his waist, and then his palm slid underneath the fabric of my shorts to feel the muscles of my leg, rising higher to caress my ass.

Fuck, we had just gone through the trouble of getting dressed, and now I wanted him to strip it all off and for him to have his way with me again. I’d had a taste of Jason Alvarez, and now I needed more, more, more.

Jason had better restraint than me. He drew away, and I keened, clawing at him to stay close, but he stopped me by grabbing my wrists and pinning them above my head.

I didn’t struggle, I didn’t fight, not as his lips ghosted along fresh hickeys on my neck, not as his nose brushed the knot in my throat.

“Do you have any idea just how long I’ve wanted you?”

I shook my head. He said as far back as the elbow to his face, but something told me

it could easily have been for longer—maybe longer than I realized.

Had we played against each other in high school too?

Had I encountered Jason then and not even registered it?

How far back did our rivalry actually go?

“Yeah,” he said, his voice low. “You don’t. So you’re going to have to be patient.”

Then his mouth slotted against mine, and I was a goner.

I was down bad for Jason, willing to break every rule I had made for myself for him.

He was trouble incarnate. He would ruin me if I wasn’t careful, but maybe it was only fair.

Apparently I’d fired the first shot at some point during our winding history without realizing.

Jason released me, tearing his mouth from mine. His eyes raked over my form, pleased and satisfied with my just-fucked state. My lips were red and swollen, eyes wide under the dim locker room light, hair askew in all directions.

“Fine,” I huffed, wiping a trail of saliva sliding down my chin. “I’ll try to be patient. But I’ve never been with anyone, period, so...”

“I know.” Jason patted the Westvale Wildcats logo on my chest and stepped back. “That’s why I’m trying not to fuck this up.”

Some would argue we already had by driving past dating and careening over the guardrail by getting handsy in a locker room shower. We were rivals. Up until less

than an hour ago, I thought he was a self-righteous prick and a poor loser. We were doing this completely out of order.

But maybe that was just narrow-minded thinking. We had played against each other in the same league, maybe more, and we had courted each other through our own language: a mutual love of basketball and healthy competition.

“I’m heading back to my restaurant for a late dinner,” Jason said, grabbing his keys and wallet from his locker. “Would you like to come?”

Again, Jason was offering me an out, but this time there was no doubt in my mind over what I wanted.

I hefted my duffel bag onto my shoulder again and flashed him a grin. “I’m not sure I’m dressed for the occasion.”

“It’ll be a private dinner for two,” Jason reassured.

I swallowed thickly and shoved my hands into my hoodie’s pockets. Damn, so he really did mean everything. We were about to go on a date. This was really happening. I could hardly believe it.

I needed to regain some ground, keep him on his toes.

“Alright then,” I said with a sly grin. “I’ve always wanted to try your place anyways. See if you’re as good at food as you are at basketball.”

Jason wrapped an arm around my shoulder and leaned in close to whisper into my ear while we headed for the locker room’s exit.

“Oh, Matthew, if you think basketball is my best skill, you have much to learn.”

* * *

That night , I enjoyed Jason's cooking, sampling a handful of his favorite dishes off his restaurant's menu. I thought our night would end shortly after I had taken the last bite, but I was wrong.

Jason took me to his home, and to my relief, I didn't have to wait until the next season to sleep with him.

Hours later, the sun peered through his blinds, casting warm rays across Jason and I.

He slept deeply, and I was curled up into his side, dozing against his naked, solid frame.

Waking up next to someone was new to me, but some part of me had always craved a morning like this—something beyond work, sports, and everyday struggles.

At last, I had something which belonged to me and me alone.

Jason Alvarez made for a fantastic rival, but I came to learn he made for an even better lover.