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Thank you for taking time to read my story...

Kaution

“I Don’t Wanna Be a Playa No More”

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“Clouds tend to form when rain is in the air,” my grandmother use to say I remembered as I gave the once over look skyward. Thinking back on my childhood, my grandmother use to say a lot of nothing that somehow ended up meaning something; it would be so simple it had to turn out complicated when you thought about what she said.

I hadn’t given nana much thought over the last seven years since she died, hurt too much. When she passed there was no reason to stay in Baltimore. She was all the family I had. So I had the house she raised me in boarded up and I enlisted in the Army planning to never look back. Guess I changed my mind because I found myself sitting in my rebuilt Honda CRV in front of my childhood home wondering if I should get out of the car.

Looking around me I could see the neighborhood had saw better days. There were a lot of rehab jobs going on thankfully; the Franklin’s old row house was being gutted out down the street and a few other houses had already been completed.

Eight months back when I realized I was done with the military I decided that maybe home is where I should point myself and contracted some contractors to begin the much needed work on nana’s place. Seven years was a long time to stay empty; luckily she was such a fixture in the hood no one out of “hood respect” messed with the place.

Glancing out the window at the three story row home the under currents of mix feelings were beginning to catch up with me one more time. "Deon, why the fuck are you back here, gone is gone," I mumbled to myself while I watched some kids Heely down the street.

"Cuz this is home regardless of what you try to tell yourself; this is home," I sighed getting out my car. Grabbing my duffle bag from the back seat I made my way up the front porch. Grabbing my keys I heard the next door's neighbor's door open.

"I guess miracles can happen seeing as how you decided to return back to B-more and the block, eh Deon?"

Looking up, my eyes fell on one of the finest females I had seen in a minute. She stood around five foot five, with smooth hazel nut skin complexion; hair reaching pass her shoulders. Thankfully, it was a warm spring day even with the dark clouds overhead and she was wearing a tight red tee and a pair of Apple Bottom jeans. What stood out to me about this woman was her beautiful smile that danced across her full lips.

"What, you don't recognize me all of a sudden? Don't tell me you went jetting off to far off lands and got brand new on a sistah and forgot folks? Wait til Mike get's home; brother been waiting for your black ass to show up since those Mexicans began work on nana's place."

"Teresa?"

It couldn't be. Teresa was one of my child hood friend's little sister. When I left home seven years ago she was barely sixteen and had not filled out anywhere. Nothing about her then would have lead me to believe this was the same female that stood before me with hands on hips and a devilish smile playing across those kissable lips. I must've been staring too hard because her eyes dropped almost shy-like.

Dropping my bag I hopped over the porch wall that separated our two houses and swoop her up in a bear hug in my arms.

"Hell no flat pants; I wouldn't forget my fam like that girl!"

Her arms had snaked around my neck and I could feel all her grown woman attributes pressing hotly against me. My eyes met hers and she smiled down at me displaying the fine workmanship of her dentist with the aid of braces that had gratefully been removed.

"Well, I am far from flat pants these days, or haven't you had a chance to notice what I'm working with?" Her arms around my neck tightened slightly.

"I see you finally lost the metal mouth but not your smart ass tongue," I joked playfully still holding her tightly.

"And I see you stop chasing ass from continent to continent." She quipped back.

Letting her slip from my arms I shook my head. Her smart mouth was still intact definitely. I watched her giggle playfully noticing my slight discomfort.

"I see you're still sensitive Deon. That's definitely an unusual trait for a stud don't you think?" Teresa leaned up against her front door. I actually felt my face hue slightly under my bronze creo-colored skin.

"Are you staying here in Baltimore for good or you just here to sell nana's old place? Block ain't the same without nana and you Deon, you should think about moving back here for good. Momma and Michael would love having you back home, you know?"

I began moving back to cross the porch wall, "Just your momma and Michael, eh?" I flashed her one of my dazzling smiles. I don't know why I said that. Teresa and her family were like family to me and nana before she passed; I shouldn't be standing there flirting with her.

"To be honest, I haven't decided yet about staying; a lot has changed and this may not be home to me anymore. You know what they say, you can never really go back home. Right now I just want to evaluate some things going on in my life and go from there." Teresa watched me open my front door.

"What time does Mike get in?"

Before she could answer a car horn blew. Turning to look over my shoulder I notice a blue Lexis pull up to the curb in front of her house. Her eyes darted to the car whose horn went off again despite the fact she was waving to the driver.

"—Hurry the fuck up woman, your ass should be ready. I'm ready to go—"came the voice of the male driver.

"I'll be down in a sec. Chris, okay," Teresa pleaded to the guy who impatiently sat behind the wheel of the Lexis with the 22 inch rims.

Turning back to me, Teresa looked flushed with embarrassment. "I gotta go Deon. Michael will be home late tonight probably around 11 pm. I'm glad you decided to come back home even if you decide to leave in the end. I missed having you around."

We looked at each other briefly before she pulled her door shut and went down to the waiting car and the dude at curbside watching her move with a pissed off look on his face. It never ceases to amaze me why any intelligent, fine ass woman would put up with a muthafucker like that. But guys like that be pulling up women left and right.

I could hear him as I stepped into the house, "Bitch don't have me waiting on your ass no more or you'll find some other bitch warming that spot up, now get the fuck in the car."

Shaking my head, I flicked the light switch steeling myself to any memories that would flood into me while pushing out the thoughts of Teresa and her "man" problems from my mind.

The room illuminated with soft white light from the recess lighting in the living room. The row home had been totally transformed from my childhood home to a modern brownstone. I could not have been more pleased with the finished product of the house.

On the wall opposite the stairs was exposed brick; the stair itself was a floating stairway. Where there was once a kitchen with no updates was now a combined dining room kitchen separated only by a stand alone island. The fireplace had been restored and updated with a modern touch. The living room and dining room was separated by two, two foot square glass block columns that had light enclosed inside.

“Nice.” I spoke to myself taking it all in. I had all new windows put in that were wide with hurricane metal shutters that served more as a security measure than for hurricane protection. I had purchased furniture and home décor items months before in preparation of living comfortably; the movers had everything placed where I instructed with only a few things I was planning to change.

Moving up the stairs quickly two at a time I made it to the top of the stairs only to be taken back. The upstairs was two bedrooms with two baths. The walls between the rooms were glass block allowing natural light from the skylights above and oversized windows to pass through. The fireplace came up into the large master bedroom into an open pit.

Walking into my bedroom to my bed I wondered briefly what Teresa would look like laying a cross it. “Shit, I need not even go there,” I thought moving towards the French doors that lead to a deck outside the bedroom that held a spiral staircase that went up to the roof and a separate deck.

“This is definitely not grandma’s house anymore,” I smiled thinking about what nana would have thought of the old house now.

I was truly back home; grown with bills, troubles, life experiences that were both bad and good. I was home in the house I was raised in, a home without the only woman who truly loved me whole heartedly for who I was—nana.

I had spent my youth in the streets of Charm City, running with the fellas, playing kick ball in the streets, Basketball in the recs; never accepting such limitations that most females had to play. I chose my path and lived my life my way.

I was going through than a Tom Boy stage and I believed my grandmother knew it. Whenever the other women in the neighborhood or church had something to say about me, nana told them that God gave her a healthy, intelligent, kind hearted grandbaby and if I turned out to be a “bulldagger” than the luckier it would be for all those little girls who took up with those trifling boys running the streets nowadays.

If nana only knew I ended up just like those “trifling” boys for a minute when it came to womanizing. She would have busted me a new ass for that I was sure. But, nana wasn’t around anymore and I didn’t personally believe in regrets or guilt so whatever I did in the past I did and that was that.

I had never been in a relationship, opting instead to have fuck friends. It was less complicated with me being in the military and wanting to enjoy life beyond an inner city. Women seemed to be out there in abundance so why hook up with just one when I could have many?

Leaning back onto the bed I found myself thinking about Michael's little sister Teresa, who was certainly not little any longer. I had watched her grow up from a crying ass baby to an awkward, less than attractive pre-teen.

She was knocked kneed, with buck teeth hidden behind metal braces; a pair of thick glasses adorned her cherub cheeks. She had remained flat assed and flat chest entering high school. But the worse thing about her was her stank, ass attitude. She had been a bratty ass bitch.

Remembering back when we were younger, Michael and Teresa's mom always had to work which meant Michael always had to baby sit Teresa. Being that I was the only kid in my grandmother's house I wasn't use to having to deal with no other kid the way Michael had to, much less sharing any damn thing. Even as she got older she seems to show up, or force her presence by tagging along with us. She cocked block on Michael so many times I wouldn't be surprised if he just lost his damn virginity.

As I thought on my childhood sounds of an insistent knocking on my front door pulled me back to reality. "What the fuck?"

Making my way down the steps two at a time I quickly reached the door. Whoever the fuck at the door was about to deal with me for hammering on my damn door like that. Unlocking and opening the door, ready to cuss or punch out the person on the other side I was met by Greta Bivens, Michael and Teresa's mother.

Greta seemed to have aged slowly, for she still looked the way she did when I was a kid, fine as hell. She had put on a few extra pounds but it definitely looked good on her deep chocolate skin.

Pulling me into a soft embrace she quickly looked me over from head to foot. I had grown taller over the last seven years and now stood a respectable 5'-10" framed on 165lbs of healthy muscle. I wore my hair long in cornrolls that just passed my shoulders. I was wearing a tight fitting t-shirt and a pair of baggy jeans; my ass stomping boots were the only things with age.

"My, aren't you the handsome woman? Look at you all grown up Deon."

I found myself smiling down at this woman. "I see Teresa told you I was home?"

"Yes, see did. Actually she just called me wanting me to come knock on your door in an attempt to get you to do a favor for her." I stepped to the side, motioning her to come in off the front porch.

"A favor? Hell, I haven't been in town a good hot minute and she's got you trying to get a favor from me. What's she want Ms. Greta?" I asked feigning anger.

Looking around the house in appreciation Greta took a deep breath.

"It's that boy she's messing with, Chris. He done got pissed with her and left her stranded up in the Bladensburg. She wanted to know if you could go pick her up." Handing me a piece of paper she continued, "Here's her cell number. I would have gotten Mike to go get her silly ass but he's working a double tonight and I don't own a car."

Bladensburg. Damn, she's got some boyfriend. Bladensburg was about twenty to thirty minutes away down interstate 295. No place to find your self stranded and far removed from a bus line.

"I wouldn't have asked you myself Deon but honestly I didn't know what to do. That boy she fooling with ain't worth shit and if Mike found out—"

"Maybe Mike does need to find out. " I cut her off.

"Deon, you know Michael has a bad temper—Hell that's why you two always got along and got into so much trouble, you both had a bad temper growing up. But he don't need no more trouble; especially with him trying to get through school and doing something with his self. I will even make it worth your wild and fix you a home cooked dinner Sunday to celebrate your homecoming."

Taking a deep breath I just say "okay." Greta Bivens helped nana keep me in line the best she could after my mom died. For her I would do just bout anything for.

Greta moved towards me, looking intently into my eyes almost as if she was looking for something.

"I can see your mom and grandmother in you Deon. Your grandmother use to say you had the best of them in you. Your dad didn't deserve your momma, but she was my best friend to the end and I stood by her despite the love she had for that man; if he only knew. I can only pray to God my only girl child does not take down that road. It scares me to death."

I watch her eyes tear up. Putting my hand on her shoulders, I looked over my mom's best friend and godmother. "Teresa will be fine Aunt Greta." I heard my voice whisper, using a term I had stop using years before.

Her eyes had a far off look and I knew she was thinking about my mom. My dad had shot my mom right in front of me simply because she didn't want to be with him any longer. She'd finally grown tired of all his abuse and cheating ways. It was Greta that found me huddled to my mom's dead body covered in her blood a day later when I was only two years old. No, she didn't want her only daughter to end up like her best friend, my mom. I understood perfectly. I whipped away a lone tear from her cheek.

Finally she smiled making her way towards the door.

"I'm glad you are home Deon, I knew you had to go in order for you to grow, experience life and find yourself. We missed you around hear." I watched her cross the porch wall before shutting the door.

Reaching into my pocket I retrieved my Blackberry punching in Teresa's number.

"Wow, I was beginning to think you would leave a chick stranded." I heard Teresa's velvet voice reach out to me through the cell phone.

"It had crossed my mind to be honest. You know if it wasn't for your mom your ass would stay out there in no bitch land right?"

"I heard her suck in her breath before answering, "*I don't know why you would be any different; everyone with their damn lectures.*" I could hear her breathing through the cell.

I really didn't have time for this. "Where you at Teresa?"

Thirty minutes later, Teresa sat beside me as we made our way back down 295. She was upset; I could see she had been crying at some point. Her eyes were red and puffy. When she entered my car she mumbled "thank you" but hadn't broken the silence since that point, instead she sat looking out the car as the terrain passed us by.

When we finally pulled up in front of the two row homes Teresa grabbed my wrist stopping me from opening up my door.

"Look, I don't really want to deal with my mom right now, do you think I can hang out with you for a bit?" She asked with a hint of pleading behind her sexy eyes.

I knew I should be sending her home; but for some reason hopefully beyond her incredible 36C's and come fuck me lips, I felt she needed to just chill out for a bit.

"Yeah, I guess, but on the condition you tell me what the fuck happened tonight and why you messing with a dumb fuck like ole boy that left your black ass out in the Blade."

We held eye contact for a minute. I remembered the head strong spoiled brat she use to be and could see her weighing her options.

Without giving her time to think I left her sitting in the car, it was up to her to follow. By the time I made my way into my living room I heard my front door close; Teresa had followed and was standing just inside the doorway appraising my upgrades.

"Nice crib Deon. Some woman will enjoy kicking up in here with you I'm sure." Teresa remarked as she made way to the brown Italian leather sofa. Tossing my keys into a dish on an end table I sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Who said anything bout anyone being up in here with me? Hell, I don't want your ass in here so how am I gonna deal with another female invading my space and tranquility?"

Her soft, sexy laughter greeted me for the first time.

"That's always been your problem; you always had to play all hard and shit Deon. You make it hard for a woman to fall in-love with your ass no matter how sexy you are."

Teresa licked her lips slowly as she once again sized me up. "I use to have this big crush on you when I was a kid. But you and Mike were so mean to me." I watched her lips turn slightly down in a cute pout.

Leaning closer towards her feminine frame I could feel the heat from her body and smell the sweet scent of her skin.

"Little girl, don't you know it's not smart to play with grown ass women like me? Stick with those fake thugs."

I could see the hurt rejection in her eyes. But what else could I do to prevent something from planting its seed and playing out in my life. I didn't have time for the curious, thrill seeking female looking to step on the "wild" side.

"Fuck you Deon. Who said anyone wanted your ass? And besides, what makes you think you are any better than the men I've hooked up with in my life? You have always fucked bitches and dropped them when you were done with them when you were in Baltimore and I seriously doubt you changed your M.O. one damn bit." Her eyes blazed in anger; her full breasts rose with each burst of angry sentences that passed her lips.

"A lot of mouth coming from a girl who let's guys talk to them any kind of way and then leave them ass out and stranded far from home. Maybe you should be giving him that speech instead of me, what do you think?"

"Don't think you can talk to me like I'm some stupid child." Teresa's eyes were blazing; God she was sexy when she was mad.

"Stop acting like one."

I didn't anticipate the slap across my face. We both stood quickly at the same time; me towering over her shapely form and she looking up at me. I had barely been back home five hours and already I had some female slapping me.

"Like I said stop acting like one and grow the fuck up. You play pussy you get fucked in life whether it be by me or some other dude just wanting some ass from a chick who thinks she's hot but in reality she just one of the many hot freaks giving it up. You flirt with me and you most certainly are flirting with danger." I pushed her back onto the sofa standing over her.

"I think it's time for you to go home, your mom's worried bout you," I growled as I moved away from her moving to my front door to open it.

I could see the tears welled up in her eyes as I stood holding the door out to her. I'm a lot of things but a person who intentionally went around hurting other folks simply wasn't me. Maybe my words stung enough to make her stop and think and she stopped dating bastards like the dude who Put her out his car and left her stranded.

Quickly Teresa walked passed me out the door. Not bothering to say anything more I closed the door behind her.

That night as I slept alone in my bed I could still feel the sting of her slap across my face and the heat between my legs which told me I wanted to bed her badly...

“Be Continued”

Once again, thanks for reading. I promise not to let this story end up a “dead” story or take too long to finish it. I’m a big fan of Nifty and Literotica and hate getting into a story that leave you the reader just “hanging.” It’s not easy to always write a story when you deal with life and all the trials and tribulations that we all go through. Or the characters that grow from one’s mind somehow no longer hold your desire to bring them to life. Stuff like that happens but it sucks for a reader who get’s all into it and wants to know what happens to the story. This story I am doing has installments which means I could be guilty of not finishing this piece which is why I am promising to finish it—good or bad.

Readers support the writers and writers—support each other and never forget your readers...

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