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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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PART 2

Thinking about Deon’s arrogant ass left Teresa boiling with anger. Nothing about her had changed; she was still the cocky, self-absorbed dom she was years ago except—except she was if that was even possible, sexier than she was the last time Teresa saw her seven years ago.

Teresa had tried not to let herself get sucked into Deon or her bedroom eyes and full lips but god it was so hard!

She felt Deon had toyed with her just like she’d toyed with the young girls back in the day that she messed with in the neighborhood.

Closing her bedroom door behind her she needed to “think” clearly in privacy. Her mother was in her own room and she didn’t want to talk to her; there was times when the two was close but that changed as Teresa grew older and begin dating the guys she dated. She knew her mother didn’t approve of her choice of boyfriends. And Michael was a point of friction there with them as well; her boyfriends were always it seemed to be “hood kings” or on their way there before a stop in jail or death by street life.

The men she dated treated her like property at times; less than the value of their ride's rims. Sure they spent money on her but it came with a cost she thought thinking about the way Chris her current boyfriend treated her.

He'd fucked her just hours earlier that night over his boy's crib in Bladensburg. It was rough fucking, the kind that was void of passion and she felt no pleasure from the experience while thinking about the slight throbbing pain of his dick pushing in and out of her sex. It was always like that with Chris; a rough, nearly violent act. She was thankful he didn't have a large penis despite being extremely thick with a huge bulbous head.

He had forced her onto all fours and took her from behind in the back bedroom while his boys sat out in the living room playing Spades, drinking Bud Ice and smoking blunt after blunt.

It was only after he wanted her to suck him off in front of them that she finally drew the line. She knew if she did that it was only a matter of minutes before they would have run a "train" on her and Chris would have moved on.

They weren't foolish enough to try and take it with force with Mike as her brother. Michael's reputation up in Park Heights and Edmonson Avenue areas was infamous. He had once held the "block" down when he was still running in the streets.

She probably wouldn't have let Chris fuck her out there but she had been so horny seeing Deon looking so good on the front porch. She'd closed her eyes while he pounded her from behind thinking about the way Deon looked; the way she filled out in her polo shirt and faded Sean John's—her pharaoh cornrolls done up tight and fresh.

Teresa's fingers absent-mindedly moved between her legs. She was standing in front of her dresser glazing at an old photo taken years before of Michael, Deon and herself. Deon had her arms playfully around her waist smiling deviously into the camera. She was fourteen when that photo was taken and she had put it on her mirror and never taken it down except to briefly reminisce about things she'd once felt for the handsome woman in the picture.

"Damn her," Teresa growled under her breath. She was twenty-three years old; way old enough for Deon to look her way. She was not conceited, having gone so many years from being kept humble by being less than attractive. But she knew she looked good now. She'd seen the way Deon looked at her across the porch wall—she "definitely" liked what she was seeing.

Teresa pushed her hip hugger jeans down her slender legs standing only in her pink lacey panties and baby-tee. She could see three-quarters of her image from head to upper thighs in her mirror. Her panties barely cover her clean shaven pussy mound which now throbbed strongly beneath her fingertips.

Dipping her finger into the elastic band of the pink undies she pushed her index digit into her tight, wet, swollen lips. The escape of "Ahhh" vibrated softly in her own ears. Leaning back she found the edge of her high standing bed where she laid back onto it, legs wide and gapping, hand cupping her soaking wet mound with her finger buried deep into her tightness.

She wished it was Deon; wanted it to be her—her fingers stroking, pumping her wet hole; wished it was Deon's lips devouring her pink pussy. So many nights she had stroked her own slickness thinking about Deon; imagining pushing her head between her legs willing her to feast off her flesh.

She could feel herself getting close to cumming, "Oh Deon, yes—"

She felt the first wave crash through her tunnel knowing from experience another one would quickly wash through her extending her orgasm. Finally, she felt the pleasure ebb despite the fact her clit was still throbbing. Pulling her hand from between her legs, she brought her fingers to her lips licking her own sweet love juices.

Fuck it, if Deon didn't want what she was offering to her then maybe it was a bout time she became open too the possibility of someone else fulfilling her needs. She had broken up with Chris and was single; she didn't want to do another man. It was time to give in and give herself what she really, truly wanted—a stud for her very own.

Living in Baltimore there was not a shortage of that. They came all shapes, sizes, colors and nationalities. She could have her pick; fuck Deon. As far as Teresa was concerned, she didn't have to acknowledge she'd ever come back to Baltimore or her life.

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A week has passed since moving back home and I had successfully avoided Teresa all that week. Mike and I had spoken a few times on the phone but his work schedule kept it hard to kick it around town. And our old running crew had grown up and moved on in their lives so I basically needed to get to know Baltimore all over again on my own.

I'd settle down into a semi-routine; work out early in the morning before trekking out to Penn Station to catch the Marc train to DC were I now worked in an insurance company while I waited for a seat to start the Police Academy in their next rotation of classes. At five pm I got off and commuted back home where I went straight home and amused myself with reading or painting.

It was now Friday and I was feeling bored and touched with cabin fever; I needed to get out. Go find something or someone to get myself into to occupy my mind for the evening. There was a new night spot that had opened months ago named Genesis that I had read in the City Paper was a hot spot to go and meet some sexy ladies. So donning a pair of black slacks and a black short sleeve form fitting Affliction t-shirt I grabbed my keys and headed for Genesis with the intent to find some convenient conversation for the evening.

The club was just located in Fells Point; parking was bad but worth the circling I mused to myself as I checked out all the attractive women moving around on the streets making their way to the different bars and clubs that called Fells Point home. The night was warm but not hot so cruising for a parking space near the club wasn't an issue.

I got lucky and pulled in behind a black Mercedes parked off Light Street just a few blocks away from Genesis which had a small line formed outside its door where a bouncer checked IDs.

Moving closer I could make out that the club catered to a diverse set of females from all nationalities as well as shapes and sizes. It was a smorgasbord of women.

Moving with a deliberate stride I could feel all eyes on me as I got closer to the line. Other studs gave me the once over trying to size me up and fems did their form of appraisal with lingering eyes. The female bouncer was close to six-four in height and well over two hundred pounds. As I got closer her face seemed familiar. She was a thick, well defined androgynous type woman with a bald head and smooth midnight skin. Her face was outlined in a definitive square jaw line. But what stood out the most on this hauntingly handsome being was her coal, black eyes that sparkled when the light reflected off of them.

There was only one person I knew in this city that could look at a person and leave them feeling like a hole had been burned deep to their core...

Rizzo.

Her real name was Antoinette but none of us was crazy enough to call her that, so instead we called her Rizzo after the character in the movie Grease which she loved as a kid growing up.

Rizzo was watching me approach, holding on to a girl's ID.

“—Look, you been already drinking and you’re smashed so I am not letting you enter the club honey. Go home and sober up and try tomorrow night.”

“Bitch I don’t wanna come back tomorrow night, I wanna get in tonight.” I heard the fake stud chick snap back at Rizzo. It was obvious the girl wanted to front in front of her friends but you just didn’t do that with Rizzo. Two friends of the girl moved close beside their friend as if to put up a united front on the situation; an even dumber move.

I pushed pass the line moving to the beginning of the line where I received evil looks for what others thought was line jumping. Trouble was in the air; even though I knew Rizzo didn’t need any help with the three young girls I made my way towards pending trouble. It was Baltimore, you never knew how trouble came, when it comes, it comes period.

“Gorilla, you gonna let me in this club or it’s on bitch.” The drunken girl slurred.

“—Then I guess it’ll be on, cuz you ain’t getting in the club; you and your running mates here.” I spoke quietly flexing behind them. The three females looked at Rizzo then back to me. None of the three had size to them much less fight in them; now instead on one “gorilla” to deal with them now they had two.

“You three are holding up the line and there are other people wanting to get in; its time for you to go home. Come back tomorrow when you are sober and get your party on. But until then go the fuck home,” I added.

They seem to consider their situation and without any words exchanged, turned and pulled out from the line of people. I watched them move down the street lamp lit street.

Turning to Rizzo I smiled waiting for some type of reaction. When I left seven years ago we parted on bad terms in a way. She thought that I had made a play for some chick she was dating and I didn't. To be honest, it was Michael's simple ass that pulled the girl up. I told his dumbass not to do it but he didn't listen and somehow I was the one to get blamed.

"I heard you were back in town, you here for good?" Rizzo asked locking those deep, dark eyes on me.

I didn't immediately answer, trying to read her. I made a few mistakes before I left town and Rizzo was one of them-only because I didn't try to explain to her what the truth was. I was wrong for that and I knew it. Right now I just didn't want to rehash on old bad shit or squabble with that big, crazy bitch either.

"Probably; House all fixed up." I looked towards the crowd of women still trying to get in.

"Yeah, your grandma would want you to come back. This is home, good or bad bitch, this is home." Rizzo looked steadily at me before smiling and pulled me into a bear hug.

I was relieved. Like I said, I didn't want to scrap with her. She was in my heart of hearts my friend. Sure we had disagreements but she was a part of my life I realized that mattered to me.

"You still a lady killa, dawg?" Rizzo asked after letting me go; her eyes moving down the line of women that was steadily getting longer. I watched her motion to the next female in line who pulled out her ID to be inspected. The girl looked like she had won the lottery when Rizzo motioned her pass. The girl smiled real sexy my way as she moved pass me through the club's doors.

"I am what I am Rizzo," I replied smiling up at her as she shook her head sharing in the inside joke.

"Well look, take your ass up in the club and I will catch up with you when I switch off and make it inside in a bit. Just stay outta trouble cuz I hate to toss your black ass out the club."

I moved passed her laughing as I made my way thru the club's door. It took me a few minutes to get my eyes adjusted to the darkness and flashing strobe lights of the club. The place was packed and it wasn't even eleven o'clock. Bodies were gyrating to the pulsating bass filled beats that the DJ pumped through the speakers.

Pushing my way to the bar where one lone bar stool stood, I made it there and proceeded to order a beer from the short blond behind the bar.

Feeling several eyes on me, I decided to just let them enjoy themselves and look. There was no need to acknowledge anyone yet, I had plenty of time to go on a "woman hunt." The dance floor held a lot of fast moving bodies. No one quite caught my eye on the floor I thought as I began to turn back around on the stool to drink the Corona that was now sitting in front of me when my eyes landed upon an attractive female with smooth brown skin that looked vaguely familiar. She was bumping and grinding with a woman around her five foot four height who was trying to pull her close to her.

"No fucking way—" I muttered under my breath. What the hell was Teresa doing hanging out in a gay bar?

She was wearing a short black skirt and a black tight fitting blouse that had a revealing bust line. She was slightly taller than her dance partner; her feet were adorned in a pair of come fuck me black stilettos and her honey colored hair hung loosely around her face onto her shoulders.

She was gorgeous to say the least I thought as I watched Rizzo make her way to me at the bar.

"Mike's sister is one work of art ain't she?" Rizzo stated in a question that didn't really need a response, she was put together that was obvious, "Takes after her mother."

Trying to recover from my shock and what felt like a hint of jealousy that was forcing its way out into the open as I watched the stud feel all over Teresa's sexy body.

"What the hell she doing up in here Rizzo, she a regular?" I asked trying not to seem to curious about her. Rizzo wasn't fool by my so called inattentive question.

"Why you asking Deon, you interested in her?" Rizzo just shook her head at me. "That's Mike's baby sister and to top it off, girl don't know what she want I don't think. She up in here religiously every damn weekend, but won't give anyone a chance in hell with her all the while still dating dudes. She's a tease Dee."

Putting my bottle down I wanted to know what Rizzo meant by her statement.

"See how it looks like ole girl may get lucky and take her home? Look how she is all comfy on the dance floor, she don't look like she no stranger to Sapphic love now do she? Guess what, Shorty ain't walking up out of here with Teresa mark my words. Ole girl gonna be just like everyone else that tries every week, looking stupid while I call Teresa a taxi to take her home at closing time."

I just nodded my head at Rizzo's statement taking it all in.

"It got so bad, chicks wanted me to bar her from getting in here cuz they said she was drama. Problem with that theory is, she don't start shit and behaves herself like a perfect little lady. There's been a few times some bitches tried to step to her but I tend to frown upon that shit and put them respectfully in their place. She is Mike's sister."

My eyes went back to the dance floor where Teresa was still dancing. "Does Mike know?"

Rizzo only shrugged, "I doubt it, only Greta knows."

I turned to Rizzo questioningly. "Greta knows?"

Rizzo stood up extending to her six foot plus frame. "Yeah, I told Greta a while back. Look, seeing as how you are home now and don't know everything that has gone down I will enlighten you a bit. Me and Greta use to be an item. Mike found out and got all bent so she broke shit off between us. We're still friends, just not the type of friends with benefits."

Stunned, I just looked at Rizzo. Rizzo was a year older than me and the same age as Mike. She was thirteen years Greta's junior. In all my year's I would never thought Greta would swing that way. Guess my gaydar was broke; it would explain some things I'd noticed in the past with Greta though.

"Check it out; I see the way you were looking at Teresa out there on the floor pal, that girl use to have a thing for you when she was a kid. Don't go fucking with her head if you still the same old dogging Deon that use to fuck 'em and leave 'em. She's family to us Deon, remember that. I'm not saying don't fuck with Shorty; what I'm saying is don't fuck with her if your intent is to only, and I do mean only, fuck her or you and I will scrap, aight?" Rizzo's eyes blared down on me as I sat on the stool.

"Teresa's one step from being wild and out there Deon; girl ain't been loved right and if you ain't up to that sort of challenge don't mess with her. It's bad enough she fucks with the wrong type of guys."

My eyes took in her form on the dance floor. Her dance partner was becoming extremely aggressive; I could see Teresa trying to push off the girl's hands as they pawed at her shapely ass as she pulled away from her. The girl was trying not to have any of that. Rizzo began to move towards the floor but I grabbed her arm stopping her.

"Why don't you let me take care of this one?" I spoke motioning to the scene on the floor. I watched Rizzo think it over before consenting with a slight head movement and I began making me way towards a pissed off Teresa who was now telling the chick to let her go.

"—You wanna let her go like the lady said?" I asked standing close behind the girl who was considerably shorter than me. Even though I was tall and muscular the girl upon realizing it wasn't Rizzo was relieved. She didn't know me or my reputation so she opted to ignore me.

I watched Teresa look at me surprised to see me standing there; she blushed realizing that I was there, knowing she was in the club.

"Who the fuck are you, her daddy?" the girl snapped letting go of Teresa's arm.

"As a matter of fact, I am her daddy, trick, so let go of my girl's muthafuckin' arm before I break you with it." I growled tapping in on my temper as I move to stand closer to her, towering over her smaller frame.

I watched the chick shrink inward; fear in her eyes. She knew that she was about to get smashed up in the club. I was a dangerous character at times and she was about ready to find this out.

Looking from me to Teresa who stood there red faced and eyes cast downward the girl realized shit was about to bounce off.

"Last time I will tell your little piss ass to back up off my girl before I hammer your bitch ass up in here." I squared my shoulders.

Thinking quickly over the situation the girl decided it was smarter to walk away.

Teresa and I stood in the middle of the dance floor surrounded by dancing bodies. I could feel the definite attraction between us and knew I wanted her bad. The tempo of the music slowed down and the flashing lights stopped blinking rapidly. The club illuminated a soft hued yellow light that only allowed for limited visibility.

Moving closer I stopped just inches away from her. "You okay Teresa? She didn't hurt you did she?" I asked through the music. Lifting her head upward by her chin our eyes locked and her body closed in the small distance between us; her arms wrapped around my neck and her head leaned onto my chest.

My own arms wrapped around her soft form and I pressed her to me. I heard her gasp as she felt the hard form of my phallus inside of my pants; I could feel her heart beat quicken. Our bodies swayed gracefully to the music.

"You know I have come here for the last two years looking for someone that made me feel like I do right now with you Deon."

I understood what she felt. Never had I been with any woman and felt all the emotions or thoughts I was thinking than I did right then and now. Instinctively I pulled her in closer.

"Take me home Deon. Take me home with you right now, please?" Teresa stopped dancing with me and looked deeply into my eyes.

I had attempted to avoid her; avoid the attraction I felt for her. Thinking I was crazy this week because I found myself doing things that made me wonder what it would be like if she was with me. I had sworn off ideas of just pulling a female up.

I wanted her so much but I wasn't sure if we should do this. If I should do this with her; I didn't know if I could have sex and have it mean something. I didn't know if I wanted to have sex and it meant anything. I'd never wanted anyone in that manner before. Fucking was fucking and I knew how to do that, but this wasn't about just fucking. This was making love type of shit. I could even have good sex but that wasn't what my soul wanted right then with Teresa. I wanted more...

"What's wrong Deon, are you not attracted to me still after all these years?" her voice asked me as her eyes filled with tears. "Look, no more braces," she smiled as a lone tear ran its course down her cheek. "No more flat chest or pimples or thick glasses thanks to Proactive and laser eye surgery. Am I not attractive to you still?"

I couldn't believe it, she was questioning if I found her attractive or not. I now realized that when we were younger she tagged along with us because she did like me.

She had watched me date a lot of women; I didn't try to hide my sexual orientation, I was a lesbian and didn't care who knew it. Nana must have noticed how Teresa felt, for she'd use to say not to be so mean to Teresa that she would do anything for me.

I didn't believe it; all I knew was that she was a spoiled brat that got Mike and me in trouble with her snitchin.' Guess she really did it only because she wanted my attention.

"Teresa you're beautiful now and you were a beautiful kid, it was just a matter of you blossoming. It's just that I'm trying hard to let go of my womanizing ways—"

"Okay, so start by hooking up with one woman—me." She smiled realizing I was having a hard time making up excuses not to take her home with me.

"You got a man Teresa!" I exclaimed feeling myself weaken. I had decided months ago when I came home to change. I had thought I'd fell in love with a girl over a year ago but I wouldn't commit to her. She'd found out I was fucking other women on the side just taking her for granted and decided to pay me back.

She'd fucked my first sergeant and company commander at the same time. My entire unit knew what went down. There was not a damn thing I could do about it—it was still a "don't ask, don't tell" world in the military. I had to deal with my CO's and first sergeant's comments every chance that presented itself about how they fucked her.

Lita Justice, my ex got her "justice" and then some. After that, I decided to call it quits and not reenlist. It hurt my pride more than anything and I realized I'd hurt others the same way.

"Deon, did you or did you not just tell that chick I had a "daddy" and it was you?" Teresa looked sternly into my eyes.

"Yeah but that was just a smart ass comeback woman—"

I was trying half-heartedly to get myself out of this situation I was in.

"So you telling me the thought of you being my "daddy" don't appeal to you at all? I mean, to be honest it kind of caught me off guard but turned me on as well." She moved back closely in my arms swaying to the slow music.

Still talking into my ear she continued, "I never had one of those before. Some of my friends have been in relationships that had such dynamics and some of my friends say it's a stupid concept. Up until a few minutes ago I never entertained the idea for myself til you said it."

She pressed her body closer; the phallus making a definite statement between the two of us.

"Deon wouldn't you like to be my daddy? I mean, I'm young enough and I think I'm sexy enough and trust me I am definitely freak enough for you; I heard all about how you like them. What's a girl to do to feel your love Deon?" I felt her press tighter against the rubber mound I was packing in my pants that night.

Looking over her head I could see people watching us. Word in the club must have made its way around. Club regulars were use to seeing some female putting the moves on Teresa but they were not use to Teresa being all up on someone as the aggressor. All they knew was she was definitely feeling the stranger who made their presence felt in place. My eyes met Rizzo

who stood near the front entrance. She was on her cell phone talking but watching us on the floor.

“So tell me, would it make your heart and mind feel better if I was to choose you to be my “daddy” or do I have to pass your “bottom bitch test?” Teresa asked smiling, revealing a dimple in her right cheek. I couldn’t help but laugh.

Who was I kidding? I wanted Teresa. I couldn’t deny that. And she made it perfectly clear she wanted me. Taking her hand I moved us across the dance floor towards the entrance where Rizzo was standing. I knew all eyes were on us in the club.

“So what’s up Deon?” Rizzo asked standing in front of the doorway blocking access out.

“You won’t need to call Teresa a taxi tonight Rizz, she’s leaving with me.” I stood almost eye to eye with her. Rizzo looked at the both of us. I felt Teresa’s hand unconsciously grip mine.

Not looking at me but instead Teresa, Rizzo spoke directly to her. “You decide to leave with Deon?”

Teresa nodded her head in affirmative. Rizzo looked from Teresa to me and back to Teresa.

“Well you are grown; you been wanting this for a minute T.T. so I won’t try to talk you out of it.” Rizzo continued. I noticed she called Teresa “T.T.” which was something only her mom or nana called her. It didn’t seem to bother her that Rizzo used it.

“I’ll be okay Rizzo, this is what I want. So please can we get by before soak though my panties, I’m horny as hell.”

“Be Continued”

Once again, thanks for reading. I hope this story has been thus far an entertaining read. I want to thank anyone and everyone for the correspondence/support. Comments good or bad is welcomed. The next part is completed so there will be no long wait for the next installment. I opted to put more story and less sex to help build the story up a bit; fluff for the mind, ya know?

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