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\*This work is a figment of my imagination. None of the characters written about are real, none of the situations depicted here have happened.

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You are more than welcome to email me with your comments, good or bad at: [zyons\\_touch@yahoo.com](mailto:zyons_touch@yahoo.com)

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

## Kaution

### **“I Don’t Wanna Be a Playa No More”**

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#### **Part 5**

“...Deon?” Teresa found herself waving her hand in front of Deon’s expressionless face. “*Deon, are you listening to me or you just decided not to answer my question?*”

Looking up I realized Teresa was talking to me. “What...I’m listening Teresa.”

She was still on top of me looking down at me.

“Then answer me, what are you running from Deon?” She looked worried. All I could do is shake my head; I just couldn’t tell her.

She laid down on top of me wrapping her arms around me. Being this close to her brought me nearer to a level of peace I had not felt in many years. I knew I should not have lived life in the manner I had but it was what it was and I couldn’t change the past, I could only concentrate on the future.

“Whatever it is and whatever you did doesn’t matter to me.” I heard her whisper. Somehow I believed her; problem was my past was now beginning to bother me.

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Deon slept beside me, I could hear her light breathing in the room’s darkness. Knocking lightly my mother stuck her head in casting light from the hall behind her.

"Teresa, you need to come here, don't wake Deon." She whispered looking at me. I wonder if she heard our love making. Without answering I slowly slid from beside Deon, grabbing my robe tossed across the bottom of my bed covering my naked body.

"Ma, what is it—"

"Not so loud you'll wake Deon and right now would not be a good time to do that." She cut me off looking at me seriously.

I realized something was up, "What's wrong Ma?"

"Teresa, that girl you were out with earlier is here at the front door. What the hell kind of situation you have hooked yourself up in? She has no regard to showing up in the early hours at my door, knocking. If Deon wakes up you are going to have problems, you know how she is. Now you listen and you listen good, you are no child but you are screwing up and about to face some stupid drama in your life if you don't nip it in the bud right here and now."

I nodded my head in agreement; she was right. This was not good; KJ was back and Deon was in my bed. It was like a tornado and a hurricane about to run into each other.

Moving quietly, I passed my mother making my way down the steps to the front door where KJ stood on the porch. She had apparently changed clothes because she now wore a grey jogging suit.

"I see you decided to talk with her like I suggested?" She began as she looked me up and down. I then realized that I was standing there in a sheer robe with nothing on underneath.

"I thought I told you to get rid of her?" she continued grabbing my arm tight. Wincing in pain I tried to pull away but her grip got tighter.

"What the hell are you talking about KJ, and let go of me you're hurting me!"

KJ pushed me up against the wall hard. "Did I need to spell shit out for you?" She reached down into her sweats waist band pulling out a gun. "Do I need to spell shit out for you? Well how bout this, get rid of her or I will." She pressed the cold steer against my cheek bringing a tear to my eye. What the hell was she thinking? I only went out with her one damn time.

"Look KJ, I'm not into you like that—"

"Oh but you are with her right?" KJ's eyes motioned behind me into my house. How did she know Deon was in there with me? Was she watching me? It didn't matter, what was a factor was Deon was in my bed sleep and defenseless while KJ was out here with a gun close to my head.

"What do you want KJ—?"

"What I want is for you to drop that bitch ASAP. I made the decision for you since you are having a problem making it yourself." She then slapped me; her eyes looking deadly.

"Do you now understand me? Cuz I will kill to get what I want; I will kill your friend if I need to Teresa." She hissed at me. All I could do was shake my head and she finally let me go backing away.

What the hell was happening?

KJ wanted me to leave Deon alone or she was going to kill her. She had to be crazy—yes, she was crazy; no one shows up to another person's house and makes the demands on someone as she was now making to me. I could not believe a five hour date would lead to all of this, but it had.

"I'll give you a call in the afternoon Teresa. Had your problem taken care of by then, okay?" KJ continued as she made her way down my front steps.

"Either you do, or I will; makes no never mind with me, Ma—believe that." She slid the gun back in her clothes concealing it once again.

Gathering my senses I opened the door quickly locking it behind me. This could not be happening. I had finally gotten the woman I a thing for so many years and now I'm faced with some crazy bitch telling me to let her go. I made my way up the stairs into my darkened room closing the door quietly behind me trying not to wake Deon who was still sleep on my bed.

She had rolled over on her back now, sprawled out looking cute under the moon's light that forced its way into my bedroom's window. I don't know how long I'd been staring at her but it was her voice that brought me out of my inner thoughts.

"Why you standing there watching me like that; you okay?" She spoke softly. I couldn't answer; instead I just stood there shaking.

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I was not expecting to wake up and find Teresa standing over me crying. Not only was she crying but she looked straight up afraid of something. Not one to sleep sound, I didn't even feel her leave my side but apparently she had for she was just standing there looking scared, crying and not answering me.

"Teresa?" I sat up reaching out for her; it was a warm night yet her skin was cold. "Whatever it is it'll be okay, but you got to tell me what the fuck is up with you."

"Deon, I made a mistake—"

"What mistake—"

"Look, I can't do this. I can't be with you. I've had time to think and I don't think we'd work out." She cried harder.

I sat there confused, glancing at the clock on her end table I realized only two hours had past. What the hell could have happened in two fucking hours to make her come at me with this?

“Are you telling me you don’t want to see me now?” I let her go; Teresa cried harder. Something was wrong, I knew it, and I just didn’t know what.

“You know what, that’s cool. You don’t have to see me but you will tell me the real reason you are giving me the jerk around bullshit.” I was yelling now, not caring. I didn’t have time for this soap opera shit. I stood up looking down at her on the bed.

“Three hours ago you were in here crying your fucking eyes out cuz you thought I was with another woman and we were together. Now that we are together you are trying to kick me to the curb five damn minutes later? Are you some crazy ass bitch that need attention? What the fuck?”

I slid my boots on my feet bolting towards the door down the steps. If I didn’t get out of there quick I was going to either break down and cry or break down and bust her ass because I was just that damn mad. Busting out her door I hoped over the porch fumbling to get my keys out of my pants as fast as I could. Stupid shit; straight up stupid and I didn’t have time for it.

“Deon!”

Looking over I saw Greta standing in the doorway. I didn’t want to talk to her; it was her crazy daughter that got me acting crazy right now. And I didn’t want to talk to Mike because if it wasn’t for him I would have kept my dumbass in my place tonight and not gotten myself caught up again like I was some young pup when I was really a grown ass dawg. I refuse to act like I was sprung.

“Deon, that girl that Teresa was with earlier was just here while you were sleeping. I don’t know what happened but she is probably responsible for it.”

I stopped in my tracks. What did she mean that girl was back here at the house; what the fuck was she up to? It was four-thirty in the morning.

“What the fuck you mean she was back here Greta when I was sleep? Did Teresa talk to her?”

“Yes—“

Before she could get beyond her “yes” I was moving past her up the stairs of her house to Teresa’s room. Pushing open her door I didn’t bother to knock; I startled her sitting at her computer crying; she had been typing something.

“So tell me, you on there talking to her right now Teresa?” I took two strides crossing the distance of the room pushing her chair which was on wheels away from the desk so I could see her screen where she was IM’ing someone. I began to read:

“—Look KJ, I did what you told me to do, I broke it off so leave Deon alone. I don’t have any feelings for you and if you think I will you’re wrong. I will love her regardless...”

It ended there; looking over to Teresa I saw the fear and worry etched on her face. So that's what happen, Ms. Slick Ass wanna threaten me and bump me out the box, eh? Wanna force Teresa to do some shit like this? Oh now there was a definite problem.

"So you was going to break up with me cuz some ho threatens me without talking to me bout shit?" I shook my head. Frankly, if that was how this female wanted to play it then she should have just stepped to me directly instead of putting pressure on her. But the situation was in truth not about Teresa but about "ME." This trick had a problem with me.

"You know you should have told me, right?" I looked back the computer monitor trying to steel myself from getting Angier than what I was at that point.

I leaned over the keyboard and began to type...

*"How bout this, Teresa ain't giving you what your bitch ass want...she's not breaking up with me. You don't like it, then come step to me and try to do what you told her you would do. Just know I give more than I take and I take all that I want."*

Waiting for a reply if one was to come I looked at Teresa who sat quietly looking at the screen and whipping her eyes.

*Handsomedyke: "You ain't shit so I'll deal with your azz. One."*

Yeah, she talks shit through a damn computer; what kind of shit was that? Want to scare me? Want to impress me? Well, don't hide behind a damn computer and talk shit like you got the "guns of Navarro" at your disposal.

"Deon—"

"Teresa look right now I don't want to talk, if anything I need to get some rest, clear my head out and calm down. When you get up why don't you come over?" I pulled my keys out removing a spare from my key ring.

"Let yourself in, aiight?" I tossed the key into her lap. She held the key tightly in her hand not looking up. She needed some rest. I needed some rest.

"I'll see you in the morning."

### **"Be Continued"**

Once again, thanks for reading. I hope this story has been thus far an entertaining as well as a different type read.

I want to thank anyone and everyone for the correspondence/support. Thus far I have been lucky enough to be able to respond within 24 hours. Maybe one day I'll be able to get a blog up to make life easier for me to convey my thoughts, who knows?

Please keep an eye out for my next story titled "**360 Degrees of Difficulty**" which I will submit respectful to Nifty on 10.15.2008. And don't forget...

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

*Kaution*

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