

This story is a work of fiction and contains descriptions of explicit sexual acts between women and contain (or may contain) adult content, language and reference to violence maybe written within this story. If this type of content offends you or you are under the age of 18 or it is illegal to read or view such material please do not read it.

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

Author's Note:

This story is the property of the author. It can be downloaded for personal reading pleasure or sending to a friend, but if you wish to re-post them at your own site, please contact me, the author for permission.

You are more than welcome to email me with your comments, good or bad at:
zyons_touch@yahoo.com

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

Kaution

“360 Degrees of Difficulty”

Copyright October 2008 All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER: I

The first words out of my counselor's mouth was, “You're now free to go.” But this clown really failed to explain to me just exactly where that place was; for as far as I was concerned, it didn't exist for me.

I was now on my own, period.

Once again I was faced with B-more's rough and ready “rocked” streets whether I was ready for it or not. At eighteen I was to the youth program, the state government and any other bleeding heart bull shitter not their problem any longer.

That is, until I got caught doing something else and then they would gladly take my young, black ass back into the hardened embrace of the “system.”

But for now I was to enter the world and become a productive, tax paying citizen.

Not bothering to reply to Reilly the dumbass who had been my counselor for the last eight months at the youth home I was in, I reached over his battered wooden desk and signed my papers acknowledging my release.

“Now look Kevo, if you keep your nose clean, maybe find a job you can do something with your life. You're a smart—”

"Reilly since I just signed those papers telling me I am free to go, does that mean I don't have to hear your bullshit any longer?" Not waiting for him to reply I just stand up grabbing my backpack which held the few belongings I owned.

"Ms. Ba'lial, you really shouldn't behave--"

"Look, you know you're probably right, I shouldn't behave like I am, but I am. My choices, my paths are of my control, not yours. Advice isn't warranted or welcome so keep 'em."

Reaching onto his desk I grab the envelope which contained the five hundred dollars I had managed to save the last six months working a part-time job at McDonalds.

It was basically time to make my exit from this place; turning away from Reilly's stupid face, I just move to the door.

Not letting go of my breath until I hit the sidewalk outside the non descriptive home I had slept in for eight months on this last transfer from group home to group home I wondered where the hell "Vice" was.

He was supposed to be out here waiting for me to take me to the small apartment the state helped set me up in on a subsidy housing voucher.

Thank god it was a mild fall day and wasn't too chilly outside. 'Fuck this,' I muttered, deciding to make my way down the street towards the bus stop. I had no intentions of hanging outside any group home.

Vice was my cousin and I loved the muthafucka to no limit, but he never could stay on fucking point on anything. Much less be on time for shit. He once had a job for the summer that his mom had got him.

They told him he was to start work at 8:30 am but his ass wouldn't show up til 9 o'clock which was the time he really was suppose to be there.

Bout halfway down the block, I heard coming up behind me a car slow driving. Not bothering to turn around I keep walking, hoping it was my fool ass cousin and not one of those prejudice hicks that didn't like darkies or dykes out in their neck of the woods.

The group home was basically far out in Carroll County and sometimes being black in the sticks is not the thing to be if you are walking alone, which I was.

"—You gonna keep walking or you plan on getting in you busta?" I heard Vice's all too familiar voice call out over one of DJ Quick's underground mix CDs.

"Dude, you were suppose to be here 20 minutes ago. Bitch you can't tell time or what?" I snap back irritated with his ass being late.

I threw my bag in the back of his little Doge Colt before getting in beside him.

"Well Kevo, it's nice seeing you too after what muthafucka, eighteen months?" Vice snapped right back. We were both eighteen years old with only 2 days separating our births—me ending up the older of the two.

There was no mistaking we were related, to look at the both of us side by side we both had deep cocoa skin, medium height and build that worked well on our dark frames and even darker eyes that some say can from our grandfather Gavin Ba'Lial a old time southern Baptist preacher man.

Grand dad was the one who named both my younger brother Kush and Vice who full name was Vicereo, and me his only granddaughter Kevo Horacio Ba'Lial.

My grandfather had questionable tastes in names.

"It's cool Vice, it's just that I'm a little on the tweatin' side right now. Hell, I've been away off and on since grandma died four years ago. I haven't been on the streets really without someone clockin' me 24/7."

"Yeah, I feel you Kevo and I am sorry bout getting here late— I know you wanna clear this place in a hurry dawg, my bad, where to?"

"To the spot they got me so I can see what kind of dump I'll call home." I answered not looking at him, my mind on "her" instead.

By her I meant Kristin the girl I grew up wanting so much that I ended up taking a charge for. I had not seen her in years since the trial and didn't know if she was even around, she never wrote back to any of the countless letters I sent her.

Almost reading my mind Vice solved the mystery for me, "She's starting school at Morgan in a few weeks I heard. You'll probably run into her in some of your courses."

So she was going to Morgan too; figures. Most black kids end up at Morgan, it's the one of three black institutions here in the city with a strong name.

"Yeah, and she's got a girl too." Vice cut a questioning look my way. "You're out of trouble; you need to stay out of trouble."

I stretched my compact frame out in his car not answering his remark. Even though he was right I didn't want him to feel like he could lecture me. I was sick of all the lectures I had to endure for four years.

"Kevo are you listening to me?" he snapped angrily.

I continued looking out the window before deciding to answer, "She still look good Vice?"

I turned and grinned over at him. I watched as his eyebrows tightened like granddad's before they relaxed and he began to grin back.

"Yeah, that bitch is hot that's why I'm telling you to stay away from her. She definitely got the goods to catch you some more charges Kevo.

I turned back to watch the trees as we drove by, lost in my own thoughts. I really did plan to leave Kristen Edwards alone. It had been four plus years and she never once tried to contact me so why would I open old wounds? I did what I did because I cared about Shorty. Granted she didn't know at first how much I cared and in what way I cared but she had to know I cared about her from all the letters I wrote her telling her my inner most feelings; all of which she ignored.

I use to think it was because I was gay and that scared her off but now knowing she got a girlfriend and all, well, that changed the game all up. She definitely had no excuse.

I needed to get a job or something to help me get by cuz five hundred dollars wasn't going a long way. Thankfully, all my textbooks were covered seeing how I ended up a ward of the state and got free tuition to any state funded school. Morgan seemed like the best place to go and study Engineering.

"One more thing Kevo you should know." Vice spoke quietly to me as he handled the little car back into Baltimore.

"What's that?"

"The person she's seeing is Mya."

Wow, I was not expecting that. Mya use to be my best friend until she helpped put me in jail by lying on the stand at my trial. Reality was, every person I called myself caring about outside of my blood fucked me over and forgot me.

So Kristen was with Mya—yeah, some shit in life was grimy like that. Thing was, it didn't surprise me; all the time I thought Mya was my friend in reality she was out to get me.

Well, Baltimore was a small town and everyone was either related to each other or knew everyone so I was sure I'd run into them sooner or later. Right now I needed to get my hustle on and the only place I knew I could get help in that department was with Red. I needed money, I needed a ride, I needed fresh gear, and I needed to get my life rolling fast. I had a special date with my old friend Mya Daniels because she was not rolling through life thinking I was going to "play pussy and get fucked" by her, she didn't put me out of commission she just put me on ice for a second. Well, now the global warming was thawing shit out and it was time for dues to be collected.

"Yo Kevo, you aiight?" Vice asked looking over at me when we finally hit the city limits.

Yeah, I was alright, planning to be better once I settle some scores and began my life I would be fine. I now had a clear picture of my priorities—school, money and correcting a lot of wrongs that was done to me.

Mya didn't know it, but she had made a deadly enemy of me...

To Be Continued...

Thank you for reading this story and if it is the case, my other story:

["I Don't Want to Be a Playa No More"](#) Which is listed in the lesbian adult section of Nifty.org

Nifty has been a constant favorite site of mine for years and I am excited to now contribute to the site. For everyone who dropped me an email: **Thank you**. For everyone wanting more stories: I'm trying.*smile* Maybe I'll be able to write a real short story fairly decent enough.

Anyway, here's my blog site: ["A Word of Caution."](#) Bear with me, its brand spanking new so the content will be up soon. On it you can check out an excerpt of my book:

"Nothing Short of a Rainbow" release date: 11.15.2208.

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

Kaution

Zyons_touch@yahoo.com