

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 2

It had been two weeks since classes started and I had not run into Kristen or Mya on campus. I'd blended myself into the scenery while in the pursuit of higher education; I guess that's just my fancy way of saying I am introverted who knows?

Within the two weeks of being free of captivity I had gotten myself settled into my little apartment which was off of Moravia near the campus. As long as it had a bed, toilet and a window and no damn rodents I was okay with it. It was just a place to crash.

Vice had given me the keys to our grand father's old ass Maxima so I could get around town in and look for a job; I wasn't even kidding myself about that one. A job was the last thing on my damn mind now. When I had walked away from the home I had intended it to go that route but then I found out that life had played me a raw deal and gave others what should be mine. I threw my hustle down and begin to make my money the fast way.

Sitting in the student Union with my hoodie over my head, and my mp3 player flooding my ears I studied my English 101 textbook trying to ignore all the hot girls passing by in tight hip huggers. Without knowing why my eyes darted over to the entrance where my eyes found both of them walking through—smiling; laughing.

How could they even smile right now? How could Mya my so called friend to the muthafuckin' end be smiling knowing fully damn well she set my ass up and got my girl? How could the woman who had my heart walk anywhere so carefree, without a care in the world; knowing that I was and for all she knew was still languishing behind someone else's control?

Oh, these two bitches got nerve.

Leaning into the protection of my Ecko hoodie I watched Kristen; damn her momma and daddy really did have good genetics up in them. Kristen was fine; very.

Her hair was now longer and she had dyed in a light brown. Even from across the room I could see her long eyelashes, full lips, and her dimple that adorned her right cheek. Her breast were full, hips curved which must be accentuating a round ass.

And she held onto Mya's arm. It should have been me she was holding onto. It should be me that she was smiling up at, not her. And it should be me that felt the warmth of her love instead of all the emptiness and despair that was my now constant companion.

I'd never felt her sweet lips, or her body pressed close to mine. Never got a chance to be the one she called out to hen she was happy and sexually satisfied.

No, I knew only quick fucks in dingy cleaning closets or cellars of foster homes. It was always someone else's lips that brought me to surface satisfaction in the cold of the dark. Never being truly loved, never fucking being even loved at for that manner. It was always just a fuck-me fucking someone I gave not a shit about or they fucking me and not giving a shit about me. Each female I was with over those four lonely years wasn't her—no matter how hard I tried to pretend they were I still knew. Walking back into a lit room or sunlight and looking into there faces I could see what my heart had been feeling during all the groping, touching, licking, sucking...

They were not her.

My heart and mind did what I thought I had taught it not to do—it began remembering the past; the past and all the uncertainty that a young, poor ass dyke like me really should be forgetting about...

“...Kevo, you are really sweet helping me like this with my homework. If I flunk my mom is going to kill me.” Kristen sighed as we walked down the street getting closer to her house. I took her back pack from her not sure what I should say. It was getting close to mid-terms and Kristen was struggling along in our 9th grade Algebra I class we had together. Our teacher had asked me if I would help her out because she had waited too long to get help and all the peer tutors had been assigned to someone leaving her ass out.

I didn't respond, actually I was too nervous to say much to Kristin who held my inner most fantasies at her mercy and not even know it. Why would she? She was sexy as hell—she wore her hair just short of her shoulders with that haloed around her face. Her smooth brown skin and soft brown eyes made my heart jump in my chest whenever she was around. All girls “were not” created equal especially when put up against her looks and body.

“You know Kevo, you don't talk much do you? What's up, you don't like me or sumthin'?” She stopped at the corner beside me waiting for the cars to whiz by.

“Nah, it's not like that. It's just I'm not too talkative ya know?” I answered, staring down at my feet feeling like an idiot because I couldn't talk to her.

"Well I'm glad cuz I like you even if you are way too quiet and always got a hoodie on your head. People don't even know you're cute up under that thing girl." She laughed all the while making me blush through my light skin.

We crossed the street continuing on to her house with her talking to me and me barely listening because I was too consumed with the scent of her body soap and perfume.

"—So tell me, you got a boyfriend—"she was asking me catching me off guard. She was fine and I think nice to hang out with but I was starting to think she was a bit on the naïve side cuz it was no secret I didn't do guys. I shook my head no.

"No boyfriend?"

I stopped right on the street. I wasn't ashamed of who I was and wasn't in the mood to pretend to like guys so she'd hang out with me either.

"Nah ma, I don't do guys."

Kristen watched me and smiled. "So you like girls? Okay, that's cool."

We made it to her house there after and worked on her math; we'd study like this for the next six weeks. My feelings for her grew as did our friendship. She was popular in school; totally opposite of my school life but she and I began to hang out at lunch with me sitting with her and her friends.

My friend Mya kept telling me that Kristen would never give me a chance. Sure she had broke up with her last boyfriend but that didn't mean she would be available for me to make a move especially since I'd never been with a girl or had a girlfriend.

On one of my trips to her house I began to notice how she would put distance between her and her step father. One evening after leaving her house I realized I'd left my keys on her desk in her room and walked back the five blocks to her house where I noticed the foyer's door was unlocked. Walking in I could hear voices coming from her room.

"—Look, I don't have time to play with you, you either suck my dick or I'll tell your dumbass mother you been trying to get me to fuck you anyway. See what happens to your ass then bitch."

It was her stepdad talking to Kristen who I could hear crying. Peeping through the door I can see Kristen on her knees before her stepdad. This was beyond fucked up and I honestly didn't know what to do I just knew she didn't want to do it and I didn't want her to do it—she didn't know it but I was in mad ass love with her.

Standing all of five foot five and just under a hundred and fifty pounds I pushed the door open startling both of them in the process. To my dismay, I could see the shame on Kristen's face. I could also see that we were both in danger for her step father stood there with his pants open and his dick in his hands angry.

"What the fuck do you want you little dyke bitch? You want some of this dick too?"

Fear ran cold through me as I just stood there and he made his way towards me.

"Nah, I don't want none of your shit and she don't either. Leave her alone." I answered not recognizing my own voice and I trembled deep inside.

"Now see that's where your black, young ass is wrong. I think you do want some of this man meat or you damn sight wouldn't be up in my crib." He got closer; the guy was big. He had been in and out of prison off and on for years before hooking up with Kristen's mom who worked as a

administrator for Social Security. He didn't work but acted like it was his house, his money and apparently his pussy up in there to do with as he so pleased.

Reaching deep into my pocket I felt for my pocket knife that I carried with me at all times and began to step backward slowly. Without expecting it he leaped his 200 lb. frame at me grabbing a hold of my arms pinning me to the door's frame.

"Yeah, you're a fine piece of ass betcha never had dick before." He breathed into my face disgusting me. My knee flew up between his legs hard etching out pain on his face but it didn't put him down. I did it again only this time he threw me back into the bedroom in rage before he doubled over in pain.

I never saw Kristen move until it was too late and the baseball bat met the back of his head with a hard thud. The bat came down again and again until finally he was down for the count and everything was covered in blood.

"Oh god, what have I done?" I heard Kristen cry out dropping the bat at her feet. She stood looking around the room almost as if she didn't recognize it under all the blood.

"Kris, calm down please."

"Kevo what are we going to do? I think he's dead—Jesus I think I just killed him."

Getting up quickly from the floor I picked up the bat whipping the handle onto the front of my hoodie. Look, we got to call the police, aiight? And you need to tell them what happened except that it was me that killed your stepdad not you—"

"—I can't do—"

"Yeah you fucking can and yes you fucking will. You wanna go to jail or sumthin'? Look at him, he's goddamn dead and ya know what? He should be so make the call. When they get here you tell em what happened and you tell them I did it and not you, aiight?" I shook her arms trying to get her to snap out of her daze.

Within minutes the cops were there and they separated us. My grand dad was called and we made our way to Western district police station to be interviewed and then we were let go.

A few days later, I was picked up again and taken from school back down to the police station.

"—Alright young lady, we know you killed the man so you need to admit to it right now. You took that baseball bat to him because the guy didn't want you near his daughter anymore and you bashed his fucking head in, didn't you?" the detective came at me. I could only shake my head; where the hell were they getting that shit from.

"Look, you friend a ummm Mya Reynolds said you told her you killed the guy cuz he caught you trying to make out with his daughter and you beat his brains in to block him from stopping you from being with her."

I was stunned. I hadn't seen Mya in over a week since before Kristen busted ole' dude up. I hadn't even talked to her so where were they getting that shit from.

"Sir, I don't know what you're talking bout—" I tried to explain but was cut off immediately.

"Oh you don't eh? Well, she is your bestfriend right?"

I nodded my head as he lit a cigarette looking at me through the ringlets of smoke.

"Your young ass is gonna fry for beating a man to death, you do know that don't you?" He stood up from the beat up wooden desk we were sitting at. I sat there in silence; why had Mya lied like that? She knew I had said no shit like that. Hell, she knew I hadn't even seen her; that fat cop

must be lying. Mya and I had been friends since kindergarten bout ten years ago. We'd been through too much.

As I was pondering what was happening my grandfather arrived with a lawyer and I was released into his custody. Later that night I snuck out of the house to a pay phone to call Kristen on her phone.

"Kevo, what the hell is going on? The police was here wanting me to say you killed Mac because you and I—"

"Yeah, I know Kristen they picked me up from school. Listen, whatever you do don't change up what I told you to say, okay? This will be the last time we can speak for a while so I need you to understand you can not tell them what happened." I breathed into the phone as I stood out in the chill night air.

"But you can end up in jail Kevo, we need to tell the truth—"

"—Do you think they will believe the truth? Hell, your mom is trying to send you off to your aunt's cuz she's pissed about her fucked up rapist boyfriend. Didn't you tell me you already tried to tell her what he was doing to you?"

I heard her begin to cry on the phone. "But why would you take the risk Kevo, why?"

I laid my head against the cold metal of the phone box watching the puff of cold air escape through my parted lips and I sighed.

"Because I love you, aiight?" I felt the tear float down my cheek; the sound of her breathing filled my ear through the phone.

"I gotta go."

I hung up the phone.

I didn't realize that that would be the last time I would see her until my trial for murder...

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](#)

Anyway, here's my blog site: ["A Word of Kauzion."](#) 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...

Kauzion

Zyons_touch@yahoo.com

