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Kaution

“I Don't Wanna Be a Playa No More”

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Part 3

I lead Teresa down the street. I was parked on a slightly darkened one way street which was lined with expensive, narrow rehabbed row homes. We walked in silence with me holding her hand towards my car.

For some strange reason the sound of her heels clicking on the sidewalk excited me. Finally we made it to my car and Teresa turned to me on the sidewalk. Without saying anything I turn her around leaning her up against my car her back pressed up against me. I could smell her excitement as my hands roamed down her body stopping at her skirt's hemline. Her breathing came in short breaths and I kissed her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips and I pressed slightly harder against her ass causing her to push back against the hard phallus I wore in my khakis.

“Oh Deon, I want you so much right now please get me home “daddy” quickly.”

My hands pulled her skirt up slowly exposing her smooth skin on her shapely thighs exposing her thong covered ass in the night air.

Without speaking I tugged on the thong, pulling it downward where it dropped around her ankles and I stroked her wet pussy lips while palming her ass check at the same time. She was dripping wet.

“Not here Deon—“

It was nearly 3 am in the morning on a deserted street. The closest form of life was a few distant vehicles that could be heard off into the distance at the Inner Harbor. I took my free hand and unzipped my pants, grabbing the rubber member pulling it free of my slacks.

“No one is around Teresa and I can’t wait; I need you now. Bend over baby.” I lean her slightly forward unto the hood of my car while I spread her legs, parting them with mine.

I looked around making sure we were the only ones on the street. I could feel a shiver of excitement run through her body; pressing my fingers into her pussy I realized that despite being very wet she was extremely tight.

“Oh god you got me so wet, I can’t believe I’m about to let you fuck me right here on the street. I can feel how big it is Deon and I want you to fill me up with all of it.”

Teresa was nearly panting. Without wasting anymore time I grab the rubber dick positioning the head between her thighs pressing it forward. I heard her suck in her breath as she leaned further forward trying to accommodate the full thickness of it. Slowly I worked some of its length into her before pulling it out; her pussy gripping it like a strong handed glove.

Finally, I felt her ass cheeks pressed firmly against me; she now had the full ten inches buried snug, deep within her tight pussy. Laying on top of her back I waited briefly as she became accustomed to the thickness and length.

Slowly I began to move on top of her still form beneath me pulling her out of her slightly dazed state.

Picking up the pace I could feel her pushing backward meeting my steady thrusts. Grabbing her hips I fucked with long strokes.

“Oh god Deon, you fuck me so good. Please don’t stop, take it, take all of it. Please just pound my pussy Deon, please.”

I began to pick up the pace watching her squirm beneath me. I could feel the sweat roll down my back as I fucked her. She was moaning loudly, forgetting the fact we were on a city street at 3 am.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh help fill the night air with her deep, sexual moans. Our sex scent met my nose and turned me on even more.

“Oh Deon I’m cumming—“ Teresa moaned before I felt her body tense and her juices spray my thighs where my pants once were before they fell around my ankles while we fucked. Her body shuddered several times before she went limp below me; I felt my desire rise to a fever pitch between my own legs and wave after shock wave of desire flooded down my legs. For the first time in my life I almost fainted from fucking.

I laid there for a few moments before pulling out of her wetness. Looking around once again I quickly pulled my pants up while getting a chance to view Teresa’s round, shapely ass on eye level. If we had more time I would have rimed her ass and licked her dripping pussy until she

awoke from her current state. But instead I knew I needed to get us in the car and onward to home.

Teresa stood up straight slowly. She pulled her skirt back down around her waist as she turned to face me. Her eyes were hazy, still filled with apparent lust.

“That was—“

“That was great sex.” I finished for her. She stepped out of her thongs around her ankles picking them up.

“Deon, wow I don’t know what to say, except that it was really incredible.” Teresa leaned forward reaching upward bringing her lips to mine for our very first kiss. I once again felt her shiver in the cool night’s air.

“Let me get you home Teresa, it’s late.” I opened the car’s passenger door for her to get in.

Quickly I got her in to the car and followed suit. I didn’t mean for things to go as they did, it was just I got caught up in the moment.

As I maneuvered the car onto Pratt street heading towards Canton I glanced over at Teresa who sat quietly staring straight ahead.

“Teresa—look, I hope you don’t feel like I was disrespecting you; that’s not what it was about.”

Turning she looked at me smiling; her dimple showing. “That may be a hard sell Deon; you just fucked me up against your car on a street. Is that part of your charm?”

“No, not usually; but seeing as how you are sitting here in the car with me with all smiles it must work so I will make a note of that so whenever I need to be charming, it’s like wham! Up against a car will do it every time.”

Her sweet, sexy laughter met my ears. “You’re silly Deon, you know that?”

Smiling back at her I stopped at a red light.

“And you’re sweet. But look I gotta know, what’s up with you. Few days ago I see you with some dude then I find out you been haunting dyke bars. What gives?”

Once again I was met with her laughter. “Deon, I’ve been dating guys for a minute. I just happen to like “dykes” too. I just never found one that I wanted to really hook up with.”

“So I take it you’re bi then?” I asked moving the car forward on the green light.

She sat there quietly for a moment thinking before answering, “Mmm, probably not. I think I like bitches more than guys. But then again, I like females like you who got the best of both worlds going on, you know?”

I drove on in silence; when we turned onto our street I saw the blue Lexis parked in front of Teresa's door. This could only spell out trouble to a night that was going so well.

"Not Chris tonight; Deon don't stop, can you just drive on by please? I really don't want a scene and Chris is bad news—"

Pulling up in front of the guy's car and parking along the curb I realized she was afraid of him. But I wasn't; turning the key off in my ignition I felt under my seat for the small .380 caliber handgun that I carried and slipped it into my pants.

"Teresa, I have no intentions on driving by, you will either go home to your people or you will go home with me tonight. Fuck that punk ass dude, he don't own you and as far as I am concerned."

I didn't bother to look at her or give her a chance to respond; instead I got out the car making my way to the passenger side door to open it for her. She hesitated briefly before taking my hand that I held out for her and stepped from the car.

Just as I anticipated I heard the sound of the guy's door open and his form stepped from his car.

"Damn it Teresa, where you been, I've been calling you all fucking night!"

Teresa's hand clutched mine tighter as we stood on the side walk. I quickly stepped in the front of her pushing her behind me away from him.

The guy was about my height and weight with long dreds and a Fila track suit on, nothing to be alarmed about. But this was Baltimore and even the smallest of dudes carry guns.

"—Chris, we are not talking anymore. I don't want to see you anymore—"

"Woman, I ain't got time for this—. " Chris moved towards Teresa forcing me to posture up to him.

"Nah dawg, she don't wanna talk to you. You need to go on home." I motioned towards his car. I could see him size me up, he wasn't about to let some female punk him down, plus hold on to "his" girl. This was going to get nasty.

"Yo bitch, mind your—"

Before he could finish I struck him with the butt of my gun across his forehead following up with a punch to his stomach. I'd caught him off guard knocking some of the fight out of him. Staggering he lunged for me and I side stepped bringing my knee up to his jaw putting him down; I heard Teresa scream. Behind me lights turned on in her house and one or two other neighbor homes.

Grabbing him by his collar I was about to slam my fist into him again when I felt another set of hands grab him and slam him into his Lexis. Hitting it with a thud the guy dropped to the ground and Michael began stomping him on the ground.

Quickly I moved in on the beat down, stomping and kicking the guy along side Michael. Michael had filled out beyond belief. He had to weigh at least two sixty, two seventy and stood no less than six four.

“Michael, Deon stop it! Stop it before you kill him!” I heard Teresa and now her mother Greta yelling at us as they both tried to pull us off of the guy on the ground.

Realizing the guy was a bloody mess I grabbed Michael’s arm pulling him back with difficulty.

“Mike stop man, they’re right we gonna kill the dumb ass if we don’t stop!” I felt Michael reluctantly stop after a few well-placed kicks.

The guy was a mess as he staggered to his feet, “—You nuthin but a dyke Teresa. I wouldn’t have your ho ass.”

I moved in front of her, grabbing her hand. “Man get the fuck in your car before I fuck you up some more,” I gritted between my teeth. I watched him stumble into his car barely able to pull off from the curb.

As his car turned the corner I felt Teresa’s hand relax in mine. “You okay?” I asked pulling her in my arms. I felt her nod her head against my chest. It didn’t matter to me where we were, all that mattered was Teresa. I’d pushed away the knowledge that Michael and Greta was standing out there with us.

“—What the fuck? You’re home less than a week and you done fuck my sister Deon? No fucking way!” Mike stood staring me down. This was the first time I had a chance to see Michael since returning home; our schedules kept crossing and we kept missing each other.

He had not changed much except for the fact it looked like he worked out every waking minute he had. Teresa and Mike didn’t have the same father; both looked like their mother to some degree but then they didn’t look like each other. Where Teresa’s hair was naturally wavy, Michael had kinky hair. His skin tone was at least three shades darker.

“Michael, it’s not like that man—“ I tried to explain.

“So what is it like Deon, don’t lie to me. My sister is all up on you in the middle the damn street and you just finished whipping that nigger’s ass behind her. So don’t tell me no damn lie Deon!”

Michael was upset; he stood looking at me holding his sister.

“Look Mike, I’ve changed, I’m not a playa no more and I do like your sister—“

“Deon, playas don’t ever change, they just up their game. You shouldn’t have fucked with Teresa dawg, she my sister!”

I gently stepped away from Teresa. Was Mike right? I will admit I was a playa but that was then before I came home, before I thought about meeting a woman and getting serious with one. But still, maybe I had crossed the line with her.

"I can't believe you Deon, Yo, you really done fucked my sister!" Mike was yelling.

"Mike you wanna stop yelling I fucked your sister? The damn neighbors don't need to know!" I yelled back. He was being unreasonable. Besides that, I really didn't want to get into a fight with him, Mike was a big guy; a big, mean tempered guy.

"Why not, you ashamed that the neighbors will know you fucked my sister now?"

I heard Teresa began laughing followed by her mother who stood outside with her robe clutched around her and a pair of house shoes on her feet. Michael moved and stood directly in front of me.

"Deon, how long have you been doing her?"

Jesus, what a question to ask; Michael was like a brother and deserved the truth but the thing was, he may not like the truth. I felt Teresa let go of my hand.

"—She's been doing me for all of about an hour now Mike if you must know! And just maybe you won't break us up like you did mom and Rizzo." Teresa snapped moving in front of me.

"Teresa, you're not gay—" Mike began before she cut him off. Moving closer to her brother Teresa stood looking up to him.

"Mike, yes, yes I am. I always have been and I am tired of living a lie. I've had feelings for Deon for years and I think you have known that since we were little. Please, don't ruin this for me."

Teresa looked for help from her mother pleading in her eyes.

"Michael, your sister is right and she deserves to live her life on her terms not yours or mine. You have known Deon all her life; do you think she would hurt Teresa? I don't care how many women she's been with, do you think she would do that to her? If she was that type of person then you got a strange choice in friends Mike." Greta looked directly at me.

"Deon, Teresa is twenty-three, you're thirty. She ain't lived life like you. My baby is a wild child and you can be a terror this I'm sure. But you did leave with a reputation that I hope is behind you. I pray that for tonight all can become calm again, I'm going back to bed. I'll see you in the morning Teresa. Michael come on back into the house you got work in the morning. Goodnight."

I watched Greta turn and move towards her house. I stood on the sidewalk staring at Michael who glared at me unsure of what he should do. Greta basically told her son to stay out of it. At this point Teresa was going home with me for the night.

"We'll talk in the morning Mike, okay?" I held out my hand to my closest friend. Instead of taking it in good gesture he turned making his way up to his house leaving Teresa and me alone curb side.

"I guess I am going home with you tonight?" Teresa smiled softly. "You need to get in the house and get cleaned up; you got blood all over you Deon."

Looking down at my clothes I noticed she was right, it looked like I had been in a fight; thankfully it was one I at least won.

Taking her by the hand I pulled her up the porch steps onto the porch to my house. Too many things in my life were happening much too fast. I came home to forget my troubles, to forget for a while women. Pussy can be one powerful drug to try to shake. I thought I had gotten a hold of my poison but apparently I was mistaken. Teresa was younger than me by a few years but I felt the age difference and felt bad. Some would say I just turned her out by being her first.

“You regretting tonight Deon?” she asked looking me into my eyes.

Shaking my head I replied no. “I’m just wondering if I should not have—“

“If you shouldn’t have what Deon? I knew what I was doing, I knew what I wanted. There are no excuses unless you want them to be.”

Teresa slowly backed me up against the wall; I could feel the cool, exposed brick on my back; her eyes held mine intensely. Her breasts brushed against me and I felt her nipples harden on contact.

“Deon, you wanted me and I wanted you. What happened tonight—well, I wasn’t expecting to be fucked on a darkened street but I can live with it. And I can live with the fact I like being fucked by you.” Her lips met the curve of my neck and I felt her teeth graze over my skin sinking into me enough to arouse my body. Teresa’s fingertips pulled on my nipples through my shirt; her nails digging into my breasts. I felt myself swallow hard.

“You know Deon, seven years age difference use to be a problem; I use to think you didn’t give me the time or day because I wasn’t one of those hot freaks you went after. Then when I turned eighteen and I looked like your type and wanted to run off and find you when you were stationed at fort Hood, Rizzo said you had boundaries even you wouldn’t cross, I was still too young.”

Rizzo knew me well, I chased women true but underage or under twenty-one wasn’t my style.

“Do you think you turned me out or something? Honey I’ve wanted to be with a woman all my life—it just so happened I had a soft, wet spot between my legs for you.” Her nails dug in deeper bringing me pain and pleasure at the same time. She had begun to burn a hot trail of kisses down my neck to my chest making my breathing shallow to my own ears.

“Oh, I am so ready to be your bitch tonight.” She moaned as she grinded her body hard against mine.

“Mine eh?” I asked, my eyebrows raised questioningly. She stopped looking up at me smiling mischievously.

“As a matter of fact I’d like to be that little girl, you know, the one that plays with a grown ass woman like you and basically leave the fake thugs alone from now on.” Teresa brought her lips back to mine slowly snaking her tongue between my lips touching my tongue to hers.

I couldn't help but smile hearing her use my words back on me. "You got jokes I see."

I moved my hands down to her curvaceous ass squeezing it. As I began to inch her skirt up once again reminiscent of the hot sex scene we shared up against my little CRX I felt my cell phone vibrate in my pants pocket.

I'd been home for a week and my cell phone had not gone off once; I'd left my old hang out military buddies in the past and no one really knew I was back home. It was close to 4:30 in the morning so no one should be hitting me up.

Teresa must have felt the vibration from my pocket between us because she looked at me with a bemused expression on her face. It really wasn't important to me who it was, hell, it could be a wrong number for all I knew, I decided to ignore it and it stopped.

"You don't wanna answer your call? Teresa asked pulling back slightly.

"Nah, it's probably just a wrong number. "

Before I could finish the vibration began again in my pants. I sighed, one call maybe a wrong number, call right back and it was probably for me. Pulling my phone from my pocket I looked at its caller ID; private number. Shit, it must be for me. Bringing the Blackberry to my ear I answered my cell.

"Hello?"

"So when you get back in town? I had to find out from Mike you were back yesterday? Damn Deon I thought we were better than that?" I heard the voice coo on the other end of the line.

I turned slightly moving a few steps away from Teresa who stood watching me closely.

"—So you don't remember me after all those nights I snuck you in my room while my mom and dad was home and you and I—"

"—Yeah, I can remember Lela. Those were the times but still it's the past." Shit Michael had ran into Lela and gave her my number. Years ago we use to mess around when I was younger and wilder. I remembered briefly the two of us fucking in her snobbish parents' hot tube out in Columbia where she lived.

"So you ran into Mike and he gave you my number?" I continued quickly eyeing Teresa who now sat on my sofa looking pissed to her self.

"Yes, and I wanna see you soon to catch up on old times. How about later for lunch; I'm not taking no for an answer."

I quickly thought it over; why not have lunch with Lela to catch up on old times? Teresa and I just fucked, we weren't an item yet. I was still a free agent. I wasn't trying to go back a step and chase the women but I wasn't trying to quickly and hastily get into a relationship until I knew that "she" whoever "she" was, was the right one.

“Alright, how bout noon?” I agreed quickly wondering if Teresa would trip if she knew what I was up to.

“Great, noon it is, why don’t you pick me up around that time; you do remember my house right? My parents moved to Palm Beach and I kept the house here.”

Agreeing to lunch I quickly got off the phone. Making my way beside Teresa I could feel her coolness towards me. She didn’t pull away from me when I pulled her into my arms leaning back with her but she made no effort to appear receptive back towards me. I could not tell if she was angry or not.

“You’re having lunch with Lela tomorrow?” Teresa pulled away from me. I couldn’t read her face; sex was by no means an invitation for relationship yet between us. I stuck my hands into my pants pockets.

“She invited me to have lunch so I took her up on it, is there a problem with that?” I asked; this is where we needed to draw boundaries on shit between us.

I watched her nod her head slightly as she thought over what I said. I couldn’t tell if she was upset or not, her facial expression didn’t change.

“Okay, that’s cool Deon.” Teresa pulled her hair back from her face. “—look, it’s late, or should I say early? I should make it home probably, I umm have a full day ahead of me and probably you do too.” Teresa stood up.

Not wanting her to leave I stood quickly reaching out for her only to have her step back dodging my outstretched hand.

“—You don’t need to leave—“ I stammered.

“No, really Deon I do need to leave. I’ll see you around but thanks for the evening and umm everything else.” She moved to the door quickly leaving. I was greeted by the sound of the door closing and her sweet scent the only thing left in my presence.

“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.

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

Kaution

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