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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 4

Teresa couldn't believe Deon would have the nerve to make a damn date right in front of her while she was sitting there. She couldn't understand how Deon could do such a thing. Granted they only had sex up against Deon's car but that did not mean anything.

She sat in her room in front of her computer checking her email, trying to take her mind off of the situation. She still hadn't found sleep and the sun had rose and was graciously shining bringing in the morning's day.

She'd only taken a quick shower donning on a pair of worn pair of short shorts and an oversize University of Maryland College Park t-shirt. It was thankfully Saturday; a day she didn't have to attend any courses on campus where she studied Psychology at the prestigious college campus.

If Deon had no problem with just going out with Lela then there was nothing she could do or say. It was only a brief encounter they shared together not a promise of marriage.

Scanning through her emails, she ran across an email from “HandsomeDyke” a cyber pen pal she'd met online on MySpace just six months ago around the time she knew Deon was possibly returning home. “HandsomeDyke” was a student at Howard who wanted to take their cyber friendship further by meeting which Teresa always found excuses to avoid.

Opening the email she began to read the note quickly:

“Hey lady whatz poppin’? How was your week? I have to ride down to B-more on Saturday evening to handle some business and wanted to know if you wanted to grab dinner? Don’t try to give excuses just say “yes”. Here’s my number…”

Teresa thought it over. She had put off meeting KJ (HandsomeDyke) for no other reason except Deon. She had a need to know what “if” when it came to Deon. Well now, now Teresa knew. There was no reason not to meet KJ and go out with her. She’d waited, even had sex with Deon and thought things could possibly happen between them and then reality hit and Deon right in front of her accepted a date from another woman.

She didn’t want to think about Deon Garrett any longer. Picking her cell phone up from beside her on her desk she dialed the phone number that seem to glow out from the email on the computer screen.

“—Hello?”

“Hey I heard you looking for a date tonight, is that true?” Teresa laughed into her phone. She was greeted by a pause and then laughter intertwining with her own.

“Yeah well, that’s the rumor circulating around. Hopefully, I can hook up with this honey tonight and see what’s good.”

“I see, so where would you take a date if you convince her to go out with you?” She asked flipping into one of her email folders which contained a photograph of KJ. The woman in the photo stood about five foot, eight and wore her height on a lean body frame that weighed around one hundred, fifty pounds. She was extremely light complexioned with short twists in her hair. She was just as her cyber moniker claimed—“handsome.”

“Well, Vizzini’s may be a place or we could go where ever she wanted to go; doesn’t matter to me as long as we hook up, ya know?”

Teresa found her self planning to go out with KJ on the phone. They talked for about another twenty minutes making arrangements. She hoped briefly that Deon would call her or come by and that would stop her from going out with KJ but she knew that if anything, Deon was at home resting up for her date with Lela later on that day.

Ending her conversation, Teresa sat her phone back down, logged out of her email and laid down to sleep for a few hours before it was time to get ready for her date with KJ.



I found myself pulling up in front of the rancher style home owned by Lela. I’d went to sleep that morning only to wake up with reservations about going out with Lela. Truth be told, I really

wanted to be sitting beside Teresa but instead I was parked outside at another's woman's house.

In the pit of my stomach I felt something was wrong with the fact I was there and not with Teresa. I couldn't figure out why I'd accepted the "date" or the why I'd let Teresa to know that I did.

Glancing at my watch I pushed my weight from my driver's seat and made my way up the driveway. When I made it to the front door it opened and Lela stood there with a sexy smile etched on her face.

Lela Martinez was five, six with long wavy black hair. She was half Puerto Rican, half Japanese with olive skin. Lela was a striking beauty; with size 36c cup that topped her five foot six hour glass figure. Her slanted brown eyes revealed her Asian heritage, her incredible curves told of her Hispanic lineage. She was the complete package of a fine ass woman.

I'd honestly forgotten how sexy she was in her hauntingly beautiful way. She wore a smart denim jumpsuit that clung to every curve she had. The zipper in the front of the jumper came down partially revealing her ample cleavage. The sun's "kiss" had gently darkened Lela's skin bringing out her exotic look even more.

Lela threw herself into my arms squealing with feminine excitement. "Deon!" she gushed melding into our embrace.

I pulled her away from me so I could look her over again to make sure my eyes were seeing all that I thought it was and that my hormones weren't fooling me; they weren't.

We had dated each other back in the day while I was in high school and somewhat while I went to college before nana died and I enlisted. She had been the closest thing to a steady girlfriend I have ever had. Her parents hated me which made her of course want me more so we spent a lot of time together.

"So you weren't planning to call me since you are back in town?" Lela pouted. She was fine as hell, but totally spoiled which was one of the reasons I never even considered dating her longer than a lukewarm second.

"You never even wrote Deon, damn!"

Untangling her arms from around me again I shook my head, "Not my style Lela, not my style."

I watched as she gave me the once over again; if she was pissed by my answers then that's on her. I tried to be an honest person especially when it came to females; I have a reputation as a womanizer I'd be damn if I have the reputation of a womanizer and a liar.

Looking up to her house I asked her if her folks were in town. I guess she must have thought I asked that question because I wanted to come in to get busy with her. Truth be known it was the opposite, I just wanted to say hello to them and apologize for some of the stunts I pulled in their presence. Not everything I did when I was younger was cool.

Lela grabbed my hand pulling me towards the doorway smiling.

“Yo, Lela, I just wanted to say hello to them. It’s not what you think woman,” I stood firm not moving beyond the door.

“Deon, really—like what’s up? You’ve changed.” Lela whined, her mouth turning into a frown/pout. She was right I had changed. I grew up, I was once a soldier, I’ve been thru the best and the worst life had to offer and thankfully I was still standing. I also didn’t want “casual” sex.

...Which brought me back to the thought I had when I pulled up in front of her house:

“Why the hell I was I there with her and why I wasn’t with Teresa.”

Teresa.

She probably was pissed with me. I wouldn’t blame her, not like she was tying me down or anything.

“— Look Lela, something just came up that I forgot about. Why don’t you let me get a rain check on this shit?” I heard myself speak while looking at my watch. I just wanted to bounce up out of there and go find Teresa wherever she was. I had some apologizing to do.

“Oh I know you joking Deon right now. I got all dress and shit for you! You got’s to be playing with me with this shit—“

Shaking my head as I started back up, “Look ma, we can hook up later or sumthin’ but I really do need to go check on something elsewhere but I’ll call you, aiight?”

I didn’t want a scene with her and Lela was a scene maker so I turned moving quickly to my car’s door.

“Deon how dare you!”

Getting into my ride, I just shook my head, what the fuck was I thinking? Here I am talking bout making a change and then I go out and do something this damn seriously stupid? I put my car quickly into reverse and peeled out of her driveway all the while Lela was cursing me out my name.

There was only one place I needed to be and the sooner I got to it the sooner li could get shit right.

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I knew I didn’t want to go out with KJ; my heart was despite what I tried that day to do was on Deon. How can you just forget hot sex when a sexy woman takes you on a darken street and makes you basically theirs in everyway? The heart had always been hers since I was a young girl but now the pussy was as well.

KJ was incredibly sweet on our date and lived up to all she had professed about herself to me thru emails. We went to dinner, walked along the water at the Inner Harbor and we talked. She was handsome, funny and sweet but so was Deon. KJ was like Deon, the complete package.

We stood on my porch talking a bit as our date together winded down for the night. It was midnight; a beautiful night actually with a light breeze blowing through the clear blackened sky. Mike and my mom were both home I noticed; Mike's car was parked out front. Deon was apparently still out with Lela probably; her car was not outside.

KJ was talking and I was pretending to listen intently, so I thought.

"Teresa? Teresa, are you okay?" KJ asked waving her hand in front of my face; she was standing really close to me now.

"I umm, I'm just a little bit tired I guess, long week." I made the excuse.

"Well, maybe I should say good night to you then?" KJ asked moving closer to me; I could feel the heat from her skin and smell her body oil float into my nose.

"Maybe we should—"

Before I could finish I felt her body press against me, her lips quickly found mine. As I tried to find my thoughts that had some how abandoned me I heard Deon's car pull up in front of the house; its headlights illuminating the dark street. It was the only sound I heard on the quiet street besides my own heart beat. Her car door opened and then closed with a loud slam.

Willing my mind to work I pulled away from KJ whose eyes followed mine towards Deon who was moving from around her car to the sidewalk. Looking back to me, KJ's eyebrow raised questioningly; then she smiled broadly clutching me towards her tighter.

Deon made her way up her steps onto her front porch without saying a word; her glazed locked on KJ and me. Forcing my eyes to meet hers, I saw the flame of anger burning deep from her coal black eyes.

My eyes dropped; one part of me was pissed with Deon, how dare she treat me like a piece of ass she could just fuck and discard when she had her way with me. Yet, another part of me was afraid of what she thought and felt seeing me with KJ.

"— Friend of yours?" KJ spoke quietly into my ear. I could only shiver unconsciously thinking about Deon standing there blaring down on me. I didn't expect this from her. When I was young watching her with women she never got jealous or cared one way or another, what a woman did. If they screwed up she'd replace them before the wind would blow.

Why should I be here feeling like I did wrong, she's the one who went out with Lela, not me. I lifted my head, my lips just inches from KJ's, "No, at least not a close one," I replied answering her question.

Fuck Deon, she'd hurt me. If she didn't like this shit she should've came correct, but her ass didn't so like I said, fuck her.

I glanced over at Deon who was just standing there very still. Deon was known for having a quick temper which I didn't want to inflame anymore than what I was doing already.

Thankfully, I heard her put her key into her door. Without looking over at her I felt her presence go; she had gone inside.

Breathing a sigh of relief I relaxed in KJ's arms.

"—I take it that's the reason why I couldn't get a date with you all these months?" KJ asked motioning over to Deon's place.

"Well no—I mean yes. It's complicated KJ really, I'm not sure I know what's up with it." I ran my hand through my hair slowly.

"You two in some kind of relationship or sumthin'? Ole girl look like she got issues with you being with me tonight, cuz if that is the case then it's her problem not mind. She evidently did sumthin for you to be with me tonight and not out with her seeing how you are one fine ass looking female."

I felt KJ's hand stroke across my ass seductively. Despite the fact I was upset with Deon I felt myself get wet.

"Teresa, she's a joke and if she ain't a joke then she's stupid. Now here's what I'mma do, I'm going to give you the rest of the weekend to figure out if you're smart enuff to move on from whatever you got going on here." She motioned once again towards Deon's place before she pressed her lips to mine again—hard before pulling away.

"Remember, you just got this weekend to stew on this, aiight?"

KJ eyes held mine briefly before she turned and moved away. I watched her make her way down my front steps to her car leaving me speechless. I didn't come to until I realized I was staring at her tail lights descending down the street into the night.

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I knew I didn't have a right to be angry with Teresa; her being out there with some other woman was my own doing. But damn, that knowledge didn't keep me from being pissed and heated over the situation. It wasn't like I didn't try to call her all fucking afternoon after I left Lela's. Every time I tried her number it went straight to voicemail.

Plopping down heavily into my oversized chair in near darkness because I really wasn't feeling any light in the crib, I tried hard to still the pounding between my ears and in my chest. Unfortunately, that was hard to do because I couldn't push out of my head seeing the woman's

hands roam all over Teresa's body. Jealousy was foreign to me; at least it was up until twenty minutes ago.

I could see why being a playa was much easier to be, it beat out being played any day. Was it really worth it? Was trying to clean up my act with women truly worth all the bullshit that came with doing shit right?

Reaching over to the end table I grabbed my laptop. As I absent-mindedly logged into my email I wondered where things would end up in my world of worlds. Once I check my emails maybe a little healthy net surfing can help me forget what's dogging me tonight. Forget the fact I screwed up seriously and probably pushed Teresa to someone else. Smashing down the rage making its way up me I tried not to envision me punching the woman she was with in her smug face. Chick thought she was a "playa" but she really wasn't shit.

I watched the screen light up and I typed in my email's webpage. As I was greeted by "You got mail" I began scanning through my inbox. Surprised, there was one email from Teresa and one from my ex Lita Justice. One part of me wanted to read both emails but then the other part of me wanted to resist and delete both of them.

Taking a deep breath I opted on opening Lita's first:

*Deon-I want to see you, will you agree to meet me? I know shit's not right with us but I wanna see you. Think about it, please?*

I wasn't sure I was ready or wanting to see Lita. Some things are better left alone. When I left Ft. Bragg, I left all the bullshit I'd gotten myself into back there as well. Besides, she didn't have to do what she did to get back at me.

Clicking Teresa's email that she sent earlier today I began to read:

*Deon-*

*I just want you to know that what you did was really fucked up. Sure we aren't nothing but two friends that enjoyed one another's company but still, I deserve to be treated with something that resembles respect.*

*I was honest when I told you how I felt about you for all these years but I guess it was all about you and what you want. But of course isn't that your personality? Did it even matter that you were my first female I'd ever been with?*

*I hope you and Lela enjoy your "date" I too have decided to go out and "spread the love."*

*Teresa*

Yeah, I got what I deserved. I hurt someone again in my life. I really needed to get my act together.

Getting up from the chair I grabbed a bottle of Hypnotiq from my small bar. Drinking wasn't going to solve shit but it will sure as hell help me not care for the time being if I hit the shit hard

and fast enough. Feeling the liqueur go down my phone in my pocket began to vibrate. Pulling it out I saw it was Mike.

*“Yo, was up with you and sis, dawg? She up in her room crying and shit. I know you ain’t fucked up this damn quick after you got my blessings?”*

“Mike, I don’t know why she is crying, she wasn’t with me tonight—“

*“Nah she wasn’t and I already know that. She was out with some slick bitch that got more game than she needs to. I don’t know what the fuck went down between the two of you in less than twenty-four fucking hours, but homie you need to fix this shit before my baby sis gets hurt.”*

Any other time I wouldn’t let Mike talk to me on that level but since I am in the wrong on this I kept my mouth shut and respected him enough to just listen.

That’s what a lot of folks don’t do when they are wrong—they don’t stop and listen so they can come correct when they get a chance to come back around again when its there chance to.

“What the fuck you want me to do Mike—“

*“Muthafucka, I want you to bring your azz ova here and make it right!”* Hs deep baritone voice broke through the cellphone.

The line went dead and I knew he was expecting me to bring my ass over to Teresa. I swear he’s lucky he’s my “boy” and shit. Taking a deep breath I tried to gather my composure before I crossed over the porch to see her.

Pulling off the Polo shirt I was wearing leaving on just my white wife beater and my jeans. I hadn’t even finished my drink; fuck it, let me just go over and talk to Teresa. I hated the thought I made her cry if in fact I am the one that caused it.

*...Five minutes later...*

I found myself standing outside Teresa’s bedroom door listening to the sound of her crying. Knocking lightly I waited a brief second before trying the handle to find it unlocked so I entered without waiting for her to reply.

She was curled up on her bed with her face buried deep in her pillow. Usually I am rarely moved by tears even from a woman but this was different. I felt different about seeing her cry. It broke my heart and made me see some shit bout myself I just wasn’t feeling.

Moving quietly towards her bed I stopped short of reaching out to touch her face. She must not have heard my knock or knew I was standing there looking down on her crying; she didn’t move.

“You shouldn’t be crying right now Teresa. If its bout me then I’m really sorry ma, never meant to upset you much less hurt you,” I began, my voice two decibels higher than a whisper. Rolling over quickly trying to wipe her eyes she sat up glaring at me. Just as quick she move to cover herself with her sheet, I was so caught up in her sadness and tears that I didn’t realize she was in just a bra and her jeans.



“What are you doing here Deon? I really don’t have shit to say to you. You got what you wanted just like you always do; so why you here?”

My eyes met her sad ones, “Teresa, I came over here to apologize for being stupid yesterday—“

“No, you came over here because you saw me with another chick and you didn’t like that shit Deon. That’s really why you’re here now isn’t it?” Teresa spat.

Was that why I was over there, because I couldn’t handle her being with some slick ass bitch?

No, I didn’t think that was the reason. I shook my head “no.”

“Is that what you think woman? That it’s about that half ass, cheap bling wearing, slick chick you had trying to promote to your ass? I seriously think you need to really reevaluate yourself on that. She ain’t even in my league, aight? So now that I made this clear why don’t you sit here and listen to why I am really here not some shit you wanna speculate about.”

See, that’s why it’s so hard for a “playa” to change, cuz there is always somebody out there trying to pull your card to see what you were all about. I had played this situation all wrong and had no problem saying so. But Teresa needed to let me first.

I watched her drop her wet eyelashes before turning her head away from my direction. I took that as meaning she was open to hear why I was there.

“Teresa, I didn’t think before I accepted the lunch invitation from Lela. And when I realized you were there listening to me on the phone, I did this female, macho dyke thing and tried to do the very shit that I’m trying to stop doing; taking a woman for granted, one that I care about very much.” I sat on the bed beside her only to see her move slightly away from me; that stung.

“I wanna make it up to you Teresa if you let me. Not because you were with someone else but because I think we got a good vibe going between us.” I cupped her chin turning it back around to face me again.

I hoped she would accept my apology; she was meant to be with me I felt and hope she agreed. Her brown eyes welled up again spilling down her tear soaked cheeks. I could see the doubt behind those beautiful brown eyes.

“Deon, you really hurt me. I don’t know if I can trust my heart with you. Once a playa, always a playa—“

“People change Teresa. I changed.” Reaching out I grabbed her shoulders turning her completely to face me.

“Deon, I have known you all my damn life and I have watched you through the years with women. The way you played them, used them and discarded them all because you could. All because you could; you didn’t want to change—why am I to believe you have changed and I’m the one you wanna kick it with? Because you say so?”

In a sense she was right. Why should she believe me?

“Yes, Teresa because I say so.” I pulled her into my arms holding her against me. Ignoring her attempts to push me away she finally stopped trying and just rested her head against my shoulder, crying.

Slowly she pulled away from me. The slap that followed was followed up with a second one. Feeling the stinging sensation brought tears to my eyes but I couldn't and wouldn't lose my temper or patience with her.

“Don't ever treat me like that again Deon,” her eyes were blazing in anger at me. Without warning her lips met mine gently. I was hoping this meant she'd forgiven me. Hopefully she wasn't out for revenge the way Lita had been at my indiscretions towards that relationship.

Taking her once again into my arms I pushed her down onto her bed. I could feel her body relax beneath me; arms encircling me, her legs opening and wrapping themselves tightly around mine. A deep moan escaped from her lips.

“God I can't stand your arrogant ass,” she hissed and moaned simultaneously; I smiled as I unhooked her red bra from the back.

“You love my arrogant ass and you know it.”

I heard her whimper as I bit on her neck, her hands snaked up to my cornrolls and she grabbed onto my hair.

“Yeah, I do.”

Working my way to her jeans I hastily fumbled with her button trying to reach her wetness that I could now feel soak through her pants. Quickly she realized I was having trouble with her tight pants and began pushing them down around her hips.

Burning a hot trail down her body I began kissing her working my way between her legs—the place I had envisioned being at all day. She let out a sigh that reached into me deeply and urged me onward to what awaited me below.

She laid there wearing only a pair of red thongs that did little to hide her swollen pussy lips. Gently I grabbed hold of them on both sides bringing them down her legs. Finally, she was revealed fully to me. I stopped to take in her sexiness which made her slightly uncomfortable I guess under my gaze.

She was beautiful in everyway...for the first time in my life I saw the complete beauty in a woman that went beyond her sexual organs. I wanted her...

“Deon, there's something I need to know.” She breathed heavily with arousal now trying to pull my wife beater over my head.

“Yeah?”

“Did you fuck Lela today?” Teresa stopped moving. She watched me intently. I have to admit, she’d caught me off-guard with her question especially this close to us about to have sex in her room.

“You really want the truth Teresa? Can you accept it and not question it?” I asked meeting her glaze. She bit her lip and nodded eyes casted downward; suspecting the worst; that I had fucked Lela.

“No, Teresa, I didn’t fuck Lela. To be honest I didn’t even go out with her, I left her place shortly after I got there. I didn’t want to be with her, it was you I wanted to be with, okay?”

I watched her appraise me to see if I was on the up and up. Finally she smiled, looking the happiest she been since I walked into her room.

“Damn Deon, I think old age got you mellowing. Never thought you be the one to say something from your lips like that.” Once again I was greeted by her sweet sexy laugh. “Hell, I think I turned you out!”

I could feel my face hue slightly, damn woman. She was right in a sense, stuff like that didn’t break forth from my mouth. Not knowing what else to say I decided to just let her have her fun at my expense. Rolling over on my back I pulled her with me; we now laid with her on top looking down on me, her legs on either side of mine, hands resting above my head.

“So can I ask you something Deon?” She posed the question softly to me. I nodded my head yes.

“Why did you come back, what are you running from? I mean, when we were young you always said you wanted to see the world—leave Baltimore behind; forget the streets. I know nana left you money and you could have sold the house at anytime if you needed more. I just need to know because I don’t want to get all caught up on you and then wake up and find you have decided to bounce from here again.” She pushed her hair back from her face.

“I got feelings for you, even if you are not sure what we are doing between the two of us. I have goals too, and I really can’t see myself dealing with someone that is caught up with running away from shit in circles. You can’t get anywhere like that Dee.” Teresa ended by kissing me gently on my chin.

*...I would have never put things that way, but she was right, I had been running...*

I ran away from Baltimore for the reasons she stated but also because I had gotten hooked up in some shit she didn’t need to know about.

Back when Mike and I didn’t give a shit about doing anything with ourselves or our lives; it was all about the dollar, dollar bill and the bitches we put down. Looking back on it, no, I’m not proud of this fact, but, I am honest about it and that’s what was up back then. Getting whatever we could as fast as we could without working too hard to get it.

So we did our dirt and we moved whatever the masses wanted to party with at that time; hell it was the new millennium; everybody was trying to make a quick greenback and get high.

One night up in the “EI” strip club while we were watching one of the dancers slide down on one of the poles, one of our associates walked in and told me and Mike that this guy Fat Black was looking for us and he was gunning our way. Fat Black was a straight up beast of a dude, the kind you would prefer to avoid if you could. He was seriously one of the ugliest, meanest men I’d ever saw on the block and I saw a lot of shit on the block. His boys and our boys had as of late run into each other on the not so friendly tip out on the streets. Shit was getting nasty between both parties at this point; it was only a matter of time before something jumped off.

I remember Mike looking at me before I answered the guy passing along the message in my typical fashion at the time, “Fuck Fat Black, ain’t nobody scared of that bitch. He wanna see me, he wanna see us tell him send me a letter.” Looking back at Mike and our entourage of boys, I ended my speech with, “Fuck Fat Black.”

Little did I know my words would insight some bullshit between us and Fat Black’s that night. Fat Black was just one of the many thugs out there that wanted to run the streets as if there wasn’t enough streets to go around with corruption. There was no one King of the concrete jungle, there was many. Only a fool would believe they could rule something that wasn’t even really theirs.

As the night rolled on and Mike, Little Eazy and I loaded up in Eazy’s Pathfinder and started down Lombard Street. After going some distance I looked out the side passenger window to see a black car riding on us. Little Eazy like Mike, Rizzo and I all came from the same block. We played together as kids and grew up tight—some would say tight as “thieves.”

We called Eazy “Little Eazy” because he had this cool, calm, easy going demeanor about him even when he got mad. He was about six feet tall but weighed only about one hundred and fifty pounds with two dimples in his cheeks and light skin. Eazy had a way with the women; he was a playa for sure with green eyes and wavy hair. Not too many people gave Eazy credit for being tough but the kid was and that’s why he was our road dog. Where we went he was more than likely close behind, doing dirt with us.

“Mike what’s up with the car behind us, is that bitch tailing us?” I remembered saying.

“Dee that car been with us eight blocks already,” Eazy grumbled nervously looking up and the rear mirror while driving. “What the fuck we gonna do? That bitch might be Fat Black”

I glanced back at Mike who looked at me worried. Mike was my boy and shit, but the brains of our operation was all me, he was the muscle.

“Eazy pull on into that Aldi’s grocery store loading dock off Highland’s and Baltimore Street and kill your lights.” I answered reaching into my pants for the nine millimeter I had hidden in my waist. Mike followed suit pulling out his piece and taking the safety off.

Little Eazy did what I told him and pulled up into the deserted loading dock area which was one way in, one way out basically backing us up into a dead end. The car pulled behind us ten twenty feet to our rear.

I watched Eazy reach under his seat to grab his gun. I could see the sweat running down his forehead. I was scared but not worried; if shit popped off then I knew my worth and I knew the worth of the two I was riding with. It was a thing where the three of us was ride and die to the end.

The car behind us turned on its high beams attempting to blind us; luckily for us Little Eazy's SUV it was heavily tinted.

"—Aight, I know your dyke ass is up in that car so come the fuck on out here and give me the message you gave ya boy to give to me bitch!" I heard Fat Black's gruff voice bellow from the car before the sound of gun fire erupted from behind us.

"See why I gotta be all this *dyke* this, *bitch* that? Stupid fat fucker—" I mumbled to myself kicking open the door, gun in hand. At the same time I could hear both Mike and Eazy start to laugh, those two muthafuckas was high. I quickly took cover behind the now opened back door that Mike had open for me. He then opened the other back door to give Eazy cover; Mike dropped to the ground quickly laying close to the 22" rims.

Without thinking I popped off five bullets from my clip; Mike and Eazy's guns joined mine shattering the quiet night. Squeezing off five more I grabbed my other clip from my pocket reloading.

As soon as it started it gun fire stopped; all that could be heard was the sounds of groaning coming from the car behind us. Mike shot their car's headlights out leaving us now in darkness. Moving slowly from around the door of the car I made my way towards them. There were four bodies on the ground I could now see; only one was moving.

Eazy had come up around the other side of the car with Mike covering us still from the ground. I didn't see anyone hiding in the car as I got closer to the form on the ground; it was Fat Black himself.

He'd been hit it look like in the leg and chest, blood was spilling from his mouth.

"You Fat stupid muthafucka, you know you done fucked up now don't you?" I hissed through my lips.

"—Ah, shit shorty don't kill me, don't kill me!"

I now stood over his hulking form. Fat Black lived up to his name. Dude was as black as a tar pit and as fat as a baby boar. I shouldn't leave out the fact that Fat Black was also one ugly bastard.

"How the fuck you gonna plead for your life bitch and you just tried to take mine and my peoples dude?" I clicked off a round into his knee not even blinking an eye. I heard him scream.

“—Look, you can have my grounds, Yo Shorty you can have my loot and hell take my girl if you want that ho, just don’t kill me or shoot me again, damn!”

Eazy started laughing again. “Dee, this muthafucka said *take his bitch!* What kindda shit is that? Would you take his nasty ho after he done been all up in that shit?” Eazy thought the shit was funny. He was laughing so hard he didn’t see Fat Black slowly lift his gun that was still in his bloody hand and point it at him from the hip.

\*Bang\*

My gun echoed its final round that night into Fat Black’s head. His gun also fired; luckily his missed its aim.

“Shit Dee that bitch almost got me!” Little Eazy yelled. Mike ran up to wear we were standing looking down at Fat Black then back to me.

“—Aiight we been out here too long, Deon we need to bounce, those fools are dead and stinking and the cops are only down the street, they’ll be here quick.” Mike yelled grabbing my arm. Without thinking, Little Eazy, Mike and me ran back to the truck, this time with Mike driving. Looking over to me in the passenger seat he waited for me to tell him where to go. Quickly I direct him back to the club.

Mike pulled the SUV slowly around the car and the bodies on the ground turning left in the parking lot opposite of the way we came in. When we finally was back on the street two blocks away, Mike turned the headlights back on and took us back to the “E1” strip joint where he parked us right where we had been parked before we left. Looking down on my wrist, I saw we’d been gone a total of fifteen minutes.

A lot can happen in fifteen minutes I sat in the passenger seat thinking. I had just killed a man.

Damn.

My heart was pounding in my chest and I could hear Little Eazy talking to his self in the back seat.

“Yo, Eazy man, chill out, aiight.” Mike spoke softly watching Eazy in the rear view mirror.

“Man, if Deon didn’t cap that bastard I’d be fucking dead. He bout shot me where I was standing; shit, you didn’t think twice bout it Dee, Yo dawg I don’t even know what to say. You saved my life.”

“—Muthafucka, say nothing that’s all you gotta do to show your respects to her, say not a goddamn word and shit will be cool, aiight?” Mike growled; he had a seriously sinister look on his face.

Eazy just nodded his head. I sat there staring out into space trying to figure out what the fuck just happened and what the fuck was I gonna do. Nana didn’t raise me to be a killer.

“Deon why we out here at the club dawg instead of getting the fuck outta town? Po’Po’s probably going to be all up in the neighborhood, I can hear the sirens from here.”

“Cuz we need an alibi, now shut the fuck up.” Mike snapped answering for me; I could tell his patience was left back at the shoot out. Just then a couple of the dancers came out the club and Mike rolled down my window closest to them.

“Hey ma, what’s good with you tonight?” Mike leaned close to me looking out the window at the four girls. One of them, the bartender peered into the truck and recognized us and immediately started grinning.

“Hey Mike, Deon what’s up? You got sumthin’ in mind for tonight?” She asked, making her way to the car.

Swallowing hard I tried to push down the dryness in my mouth before answering. “Yeah, we’re bout to grab a room out by the airport in Linthicum you wanna roll with us tonight? We gotta plenty of “green” and drink. We’ll bring you back to the city unless you wanna follow behind us in your own wheels.” I forced myself to look the girl up and down like I wanted her; she blushed some.

“Well I don’t know let me check with my girls is that cool?”

I nodded and watched her walk back over to the other three standing in front the club talking to the bouncer who looked over at us and nodded acknowledgement. Good, one more person seeing us here.

I thought about laying out our situation the; bar tender walked back to the truck.

“Okay, we’re good. My girl’s gonna follow behind yall.”

Looking at Mike I nodded my head towards the street. “Take interstate 695, no streets on this okay?”

Mike did as I instructed and we drove out near the airport with the girls following behind us. I kept looking in the mirror at Eazy praying he didn’t start freaking out but as we drove on he began to get a hold of him self. By the time Mike got us in front of the Days Inn, Eazy had relaxed slightly and was no longer looking out the window behind us every three minutes.

“You good Eazy?”

He smiled back at me, “Yeah Dee I’m good. Let’s go party.”

I got out the car going into the lobby to register using my real driver’s license. After getting the keys I made my way back to the parking lot where Mike and Eazy had been joined by the four girls.

“You ready to do this?” Mike asked looking at me. I didn’t answer; I was too concerned with looking over Eazy’s truck for tell tail signs of gun fire.

“Deon, its cool, those bitches couldn’t hit shit, Eazy don’t have a scratch on his truck, okay?” Mike put his hand on my shoulder trying to reassure me.

“Look, you did what you had to do, it was either them or us and it couldn’t have been us. As long as Eazy can stay cool then you and I are alright.”

It was just like Mike to speak as if he had pulled the trigger with me. That’s why he was my boy, closest thing to a brother I had. I was worried about what would happen; there were four dead men up behind that grocery store. I needed to get in the room and dismantle those three guns we fired and get rid of its pieces. All we can do is hope no one saw us pull in or out of there. Tomorrow we needed to get Eazy a new truck or something just to be safe, but tonight we would hang low with the girls and be oblivious looking to the daily murder rate that was a legacy to Baltimore, one of the nations leading cities’ in murder per year.

“Come on; let’s get this shit going so it can look good. I’m not crazy bout partying but it’s got to be done.” I was only twenty-one and I had killed a man...

“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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