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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 6:**

Without opening my eyes I could feel her beside me in my bed, pressed up against me with her head upon my shoulder. I wasn't sure how long Teresa had been laying there beside me, hell it didn't matter. What did matter was that she was in fact there beside me. Glancing at my alarm clock illuminating in the semi darkness it read 11:30 am; she must have slipped in sometime this morning without me realizing it. Damn, I was never a hard sleeper.

The sun tried to push its self through my drawn blinds; it would be a nice Sunday. Hopefully a day where I could get pass some of the bullshit drama I didn't like taking part in. Shorty had me tripping and in troubles a lot in two short weeks. I'd already been in three situations behind her. That shit has got to chill if I intended to get in the police academy next month. Who would have thought that after the way I lived my life I would one day decide to flip the script and be a gate keeper to the natives instead of a native that needed to be kept?

If only Eazy could see my ass right now...

When I decided to enlist, Eazy decided to enlist with me on the buddy program. We'd been split up in basic training but hooked up once again for MP training before heading out to our very first unit. We'd stayed together for the first four years before orders pulled him elsewhere and he ended up in Afghanistan and I went on for airborne school. The day I made sergeant was the

day I got word that he died entering a dwelling where he faced off with his squad a group of hostiles.

He'd gone through the roughest streets that Baltimore had to offer only to end up dead in a foreign land. I blamed myself for the longest time—it was me that talked him into enlisting.

As I accompanied his body home I finally felt the tears flow down my face on the plane. Michael flew in to Georgia for his military funeral. He'd gotten me to see that Eazy ended up loving the military; it had changed his life for the better. Eazy died doing something he felt mattered than to die on the streets behind dumbass bullshit drugs.

I knew that I needed to chill with all this dumb drama; me getting on the force was for me and Eazy. I'd left the rough stuff in my life alone. At least I hoped.

Teresa wrapped her arms around my waist. It was time to talk some ground rules out with Lil' Mama and we were going to start off with that slick piece of shit chick that she was out with last night.

“—Teresa, wanna wake up beautiful?” I whispered pulling her closer to me. Her hair hung loosely around her face. “By the way, when did you sneak your ass in here? I didn't hear you come in.”

I watched her grin with her eyes still closed; she was awake.

“A little after seven this morning; I couldn't sleep and I really wanted to be next to you. Seems like whenever we get close something happens and we never get to this point.” She opened her eyes partially staring into my own.

“Before you say anything Deon I just want to say I was wrong for not telling you about the situation with KJ. That was the first time I'd met her face to face. We'd only chatted online and shit. I didn't know she was on some stalking type bullshit. When she pulled a gun out on me—“

I sat up, “She did what?” The thought of a gun being pulled on her shook me fully awake. “You're saying she pulled a gun on you?”

Teresa sat up, her arms encircled around me; I could feel her breasts pressed against my back, her chin upon my shoulders.

“This is why I didn't want to tell you. Deon there is something wrong with KJ she's dangerous. If it meant doing what I did to protect you I would do what I did again?”

“—I don't need any protection; I'm a grown ass woman who lived through the streets and then some. You wanna do something for me then just be ready to satisfy me, aiight?” I snapped pissed. I had spent a lifetime proving myself to the guys on the block and to the guys in the military. I earned my way to respect even if it was respect by force.

“Did you just come at me with some chauvinistic, macho dyke shit Deon? Why is it your nature whenever you get pissed bout something for you to go and act out like that? Christ, you would have thought by now you would have grown out of that shit.”

“Look Teresa, you should have told me what she did to you.” I snapped upset.

“For what? So you could confront her and maybe kill her or you get killed? Deon I wasn’t willing to let that happen because both instances I still end up losing you and I’ve waited far too long to be with you to let that shit happen.”

I could understand her reasoning for not telling me what had happened it just upset me to know that I had been asleep only a matter of a few feet while this fake stud pulled “heavy” on her. Everyone ain’t a victim; I don’t get scared off just because of some empty threats tossed out at me.

“Deon, let’s just forget about her, okay?” Teresa pleaded. If it was only that simple; if the woman was crazy enough to pull a gun out on her on her own property than she was serious enough to try something. This was a problem; this KJ was a real issue that needed to be dealt with before it got worse.

“Teresa, it’s not that easy. Do you know anything about that trick?” I watched her for a response and realized she knew nothing about the female.

I took a deep breath; she had psycho bitches and semi dangerous thugs all up in her life. If I wanted drama I would have stayed with Lita and the military.

“Why is it whenever we are together we don’t talk we argue?” Teresa shook her head annoyed at me. She threw her hands up. I was not going to let her just pretend I was making more out of this situation than it was needed.

“Why do you bring drama with you? Maybe if you didn’t so much we could do something like oh maybe make love or something noble like that instead of me getting mad and then us arguing.”

“Nana said loving you would be hard—“

Teresa’s words took me by surprised, what the hell my grandmother had to do with this and what did those two talk about before she died?

“What do you mean nana said it would be hard loving me?”

“Nothing—“

“Nothing my ass Teresa, what did you and nana talk about before she died?” I untangled her arms from around me and turned to face her. The situation with us seemed to twist up even more.

“If you want us to work out then you need to come correct or baby-girl don’t come at all. I’m feeling you and all that but you are giving me way too many reasons to want to say fuck it. I’m not with Lela I’m trying to kick it with you.”

I watched her drop her eyes; there was no way she didn't know she was not entirely right.

"When I was younger I use to watch you so much and want to be around you so much that I guess nana noticed it. After convincing me that it was okay to talk to her I told her how I felt about you." Teresa sighed deeply before continuing.

"Nana said that you were a good person with a big heart but you were at the stage in your life where you were selfish and self centered. She also said that one day those flaws would be less but the fact that you could be difficult to understand and love would still be apart of who you were."

She leaned back onto my pillows, glazing at me.

"Anything else my grandmother decided to share with you?" I asked irritated because they spoke on me behind my back.

"Yeah, actually she did say something else." Teresa added looking at me with those sexy brown eyes of hers.

I felt the sexual tension between us grow. "Oh yeah, and what the hell would that be?"

"She said you were like your father, you were a playa; never content with one woman always with a different female, but you were also like your mother in the fact you wanted to be with one person if you could find that one person. She said that it would be up to me to make sure if I wanted to be with you then I needed to be that person you could trust with your heart."

My eyes filled with tears; I never stopped missing my grandmother or wishing she was still around to see me become the person I was now becoming.

I had put her through so much before she died while I was running the streets. She died knowing I was out there selling drugs and hurting people; her only grand child. I was the only child her own daughter had given birth to, she died worrying about my life even on her death bed in the hospital...

*...My mind went back into time to when my grandmother still lived...*

*"..Deon, you got's to stop carrying on like you are before you get yourself killed or locked up throwing away your life girl. I didn't raise you to be doing the stuff you're out there doing."*

*"Nana you shouldn't be worrying bout me right now, you need to get better so you can come on home."*

*"Girl, I don't think the good lawd or as you like to say, Allah going to let nana just walk on up outta here this time. It's almost time for you to begin this journey on your own girl." She tried to smile at me from the hospital bed but was too weak from the spread of cancer to really bring herself to do it.*

*"Nana I'm not ready for you to leave me ole lady—"*

*“Hell chile, what makes you think I’m thrilled about going? Not every old folk is ready to lay on down and see the promise land. I thought I still had some clubbin’ left up in me.” This time I saw her smile break through completely and I found myself smiling even with the tears flowing down my face.*

*“But you’ll be okay, you got Mike and Greta and you got that gal Teresa; all of them are like family to you and they will watch out for you.” She took a labored breath, closing her eyes; I knew her time was coming to an end soon.*

*“Do something more with yourself Deon and you got to give folks a chance. I know you ain’t understanding what I’m saying altogether just yet but try to remember it ain’t always what you can get outta folks but what you can also give to them in a positive light.”*

Pulling myself from my own inner thoughts I realize that I was coming up with reasons to find fault with seeing Teresa. No relationship came without problems, this one wasn’t no different.

Without speaking I moved over to her stretching my body’s length onto hers causing her to look up at me questioningly. I had been so caught up in disagreeing with her from the time we woke up that I failed to notice the sheer black baby doll nightie she wore.

My mouth found hers; “I want you right now, aiight?” I whispered into our kiss. She only nodded yes.

“We can argue and shit later.” I continued, smiling. Our hands somehow found each others and I pulled her above her head without resistance from her. Her heart pounded in her chest in anticipation.

“I guess I get to break your new sheets in.” she joked back with a playful grin on her face. She made me smile with that one; guess she knew she was going to end up here—maybe I did too.

I released her wrists as I began to burn a hot trail down her neck between her deep cleavage. I wanted her in my bed minus the clothes; minus any damn barriers preventing me from feeling her wetness on my lips, her tightness surrounding my fingers, her legs around my hips rocking with me to bring the both of us to satisfaction. Yeah, I wanted to fuck her in the worse of way. Granted it wasn’t love making I was planning on but I knew it would be just as good and damn near nearly better.

“God just fuck me, no teasing no playing around just fuck me hard Deon, fuck me hard.” Teresa panted with a near desperate need in her eyes. Once again her hand reached for mine grabbing onto it bringing it down between her legs willing my fingers to force its way into her hot, tight hole.

My index finger entered her and I felt her walls grip around my finger and I slowly pushed inside of her deep before pulling back out and in again. My lips found hers and our tongues collided.

Her arms gripped my back and I felt her nails dig into my shoulders, “I need to feel you Deon, harder baby harder—“

I pushed my second finger inside her strumming my thumb over her clit. Her pussy opened and then closed around my fingers spraying my hand with her wetness; her hips rocked in time with the strokes of my finger fucking. We were in sync, almost a perfect rhythm.

She her raise her hips to meet my finger pounding. “Oh god, just fuck me—“When she raised up higher my third finger pushed into her anal canal causing her to gasp in surprise.

“Relax Teresa, relax and I promise you’ll enjoy it. Just let me love you aight?” I whispered into her ear and she held me tighter to her and I slowed the strokes of my fingers alternating between the two orifices. Slowly she relaxed and began to ride my hand as I fucked both her ass and pussy deep and slow; I could feel her sexual tension building, her moans came deep and sensual to my ears. No words did she utter, just the sound of sexual pleasure escaping her full lips close to mine.

I heard her gasp and moan; almost a whimper, “Deon...I’m cumming...oh god I’m cumming—“

Her knees came up high against my waist tightly as the walls within her squeezed my hand before washing it with her juices. I could feel her nails dig deep into my back as she orgasmed under me in pleasure.

We laid there bathed in our own sweat; she with her eyes close and mine fixed on watching her beautiful face relish in her pleasure. I realized at that moment that I was indeed caught up in this woman beneath me despite all the bullshit perils that came with our liaison of a union together.

Today I would spend my day making love to her; tomorrow I would deal with the issue of KJ.

### **“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. I am working on m blog but its taking back seat to getting thru this story and my next submission.

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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