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K a u t i o n

“I Don't Wanna Be a Playa No More”

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Part 7

Teresa must've left not too long ago; the spot in my bed was now empty. It was early Monday morning and I had offered to drive her onto campus before I made my trip down to the train station to get to work.

It had been a long time since I allowed myself to enjoy waking up to a woman instead of just fucking her and sending her home. With Teresa I was beginning to want her to stay.

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It was early Monday morning and I'd had just hopped off the subway on Saratoga Street. Meeting up with Tammy my club buddy and old high school friend on the corner above ground I tried not to think about my possible situation especially since things looked to be moving in the right direction between Deon and myself.

Just a few hours before, I'd kissed Deon good-bye before making my way back next door to my house; I didn't want Deon to see me become ill. This was the fourth morning in a row I'd felt the nausea and the light headedness. I wanted to discount it as nothing; maybe a stomach virus but as I pulled my face from the toilet bowl, face flushed, I realized that I had not seen my period this month and that shit was prompt monthly like a Sprint cell phone bill.

I didn't want to admit it but this sickness I had been feeling didn't feel like any damn stomach virus or flu I'd ever had.

No, I needed to be sure; I prayed that I wasn't pregnant. God, what the fuck would Deon think and do?

It was nearly impossible that I'd gotten the elusive, relationship shy woman to remotely consider hooking up exclusively with me. I couldn't imagine her wanting to be with me with a man's baby in the picture.

"—Thanks Tammy for going with me to Plan Parenthood, I damn sure didn't want to do this by myself." I gave the girl a quick hug. Tammy was a thick girl with weight in all the right places. She was top heavy, hip thick and ass phat; the kind of girl that drew the guys to her on a dance floor in the club. She had an angelic face but in reality was far from angel like in behavior. On this day she wore a black t-shirt with glittered words across it that spelled out "B.I.T.C.H 24/7"

"What the hell you gonna do girl if you are, I mean whose is it?" The girl asked a little too loud for my likings. Cutting her a pissed off, annoyed look towards Tammy who was doing what she could to get noticed by all the dudes that passed us. I wasn't about to let her make me out as anybodies' ho.

"Tammy you know damn well I'd been seeing Chris only. Ain't no loose pussy here, okay?" I snapped feeling my nerves get the best of me as we made our way down Howard Street. Chris was one person I truly didn't want to think about. Why me? We'd had sex many times but I always made him wear protection—except for the one time a little over a month or so when he slipped it off without me knowing until afterward.

"Girl Chris already got two kids he don't take care of." Tammy replied cutting me off. She was right; if I was pregnant then I was pregnant by a piece of shit that didn't take care of his own flesh and blood. I couldn't have this baby if I was pregnant. What about school? What about Deon? No, I was going to go in, get the test and find out that I was not pregnant by his sorry ass. Shit will be all good by the time I meet Deon at her house later this evening.

We were now in front of "Planned Parenthood." This trip downtown was one I never thought I would be taking. Grabbing the glass door's handle I stepped into the possibility that my world would be changed forever.



It was already seven and still Teresa was still not at my place. I'd called her cell a few times but didn't get an answer from her until thirty minutes ago when she texted me telling me she w3as on her way.

Shit was going a lot different than I'd expected it. I was use to females waiting on me to show up instead of the other way around; guess I got a lot of learning to do as a retired playa.

Grabbing a slice of pizza I had ordered from Domino's I made my way to my bedroom where my laptop sat. I'd gone through most of the weekend without checking my email so while I waited for Teresa I might as well go through my mail.

"Junk, junk, junk..." I breathed deleting shit from my inbox. If I got one more Viagra email I swear I will lose it I mumbled to myself. Just when I was getting into the groove of deleting emails I saw a new email from my ex Lita accompanied with attachments.

"Deon, if you open these attachments the odds are she's sent you nude shots and the shit is going to fuck your head up bitch," I spoke out loud to myself enjoying the perks of living alone. Taking a deep breath I clicked the attachment file watching the box pop up asking me if I wanted to download the file. Clicking "yes" I watched the screen; what opened was what I feared as well as secretly wanted to see—a photo of Lita posing nude poolside somewhere. Her lean, taunt torso tanned bronzed by the sun, hair wavy and flowing around her face. She was lounging in a pool lounge chair, arms above her head, breasts standing at attention, one leg slightly bent and spread revealing a nearly shaved pussy mound with her clit peaking up at the camera as if it was looking at me.

"Damn," taking one last look I "X'd" out of the photo. "Damn you could have at least sent a closer "close up" shot, fucking tease." I laughed taking another bite of the pizza. Lita was definitely one of the military's finest; sexy bitch.

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What the hell was I going to do? There was no way I could hide a damn pregnancy from my new girlfriend; Deon would not understand—especially when she had just beat up the baby's father.

Maybe if I didn't tell her for a few months so we could build on our relationship—maybe she would want to be with me, baby or no baby. I just didn't have an answer yet. The only answer I had was Chris wouldn't and couldn't know.

I'd left Tammy hour's earlier downtown after leaving Planned Parenthood. The girl got on my damn nerves; bad enough I was pregnant but then she wanted to talk about bullshit that at this point meant nothing to me.

She couldn't understand that I was now seeing Deon—a woman and had no intentions of hooking up with a guy from this point on—baby or no baby. I had a lot to work out. Walking into

that place I was willing to have an abortion but as soon as the nurse told me I realized I didn't want to take that option even if it meant losing Deon.

I sat on the number 10 bus riding up Eastern Avenue with my hand touching my small waist as the bus quickly approached my stop. I didn't know how I was going to tell my family; how I would tell Deon or when. Shit ain't ever easy in the hood I thought grabbing my backpack to get off and walk the rest of the way home.

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--So what you saying is, Tammy told you that bitch was pregnant with my seed and going to raise it with that dyke she with now?" Chris angrily confronted his boy Tyree who was Tammy's current baby daddy and she told him about Teresa. He had not forgotten the fact that dyke had along side that bitches' brother jumped him on the street. Chris had a rep to protect and he sure as hell couldn't protect shit if anyone got wind that a bull dyke beat him up; it was bad enough that people were taking notice that Teresa wasn't with him but was now seeing a woman. He'd had to deal with hearing word get back to him that her ass was always up in some gay club.

"Look, all I know is what Tammy told me and what she said was that she and Teresa went downtown and she got tested; bitch is pregnant and it's supposed to be yours and she ain't planning to tell you." Tyree shook his head as if it was a terrible thing he was relaying to Chris.

The two men stood outside a liquors store in Park Heights talking.

"Ain't no bitch claiming my seed." Chris snapped making his way to his car angrily. He was on his way to make sure he put a "monkey in that fucking wrench;" fuck them bitches.

Tyree just shook his head. In his mind he couldn't understand why Chris was getting so upset. Hell, he wish some bitch would claim one of his seven kids; that would be one less trip downtown to child support. Besides, it wasn't like Chris took care of the two he already had.

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"Damn babe I would have picked you up from Morgan, you didn't need to ride the bus home from campus woman." I said pulling her to me when she walked into my living room. Looking at her I could tell something was up?

"What's wrong Teresa?"

I watched her smile at me. "Deon, I'm fine just a long day and I didn't do well I think on a test. But all and all, my day is now better because I am here with you." She looked over at the closed pizza box.

"That is if you left me any pizza."

I wasn't convinced, my street sense told me she wasn't being straight with me but what could I say, she would either tell me or not. I took her by her hand and lead her to the sofa.

We sat on the sofa making small talk while watching television. I was enjoying the fact I now had a girlfriend that I could do that with. It was still hard to believe that I was seeing Mike's baby sister but it was true. Just thinking about having only one woman instead of a few too many was an enjoyable thought.

As we were about to watch a new movie my cell phone vibrated in my pocket. Taking it out I realized it was Greta. Looking at Teresa I answered.

"Hey Greta, what's up?"

"Hey Deon is T.T with you?"

Looking at Teresa I answered, "Yeah you need her?"

"Yeah, her phone's not on and I keep getting her damn voicemail."

Handing my cell to Teresa I stand up grabbing the pizza box to take to the kitchen to give her some privacy. I didn't believe in being all up in anyone's damn business simply because I didn't want anyone up in mine.

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I spoke softly into the phone to my mother on the other end of the line. Barely had the phone to my ear before my mother's voice reached me.

"--T.T. that boy Chris just called here looking for you--"

"What did he want?" I asked feeling the pit of my stomach collapsed in me. Today was not the day to be dealing with his ass, Deon was already asking me what was wrong. I swear that woman had ESP.

"Teresa he called saying he wasn't letting you or some she-man raise his child. What the hell is he talking about, are you pregnant girl?" My mom's voice cracked worried.

Oh god, how the hell did he know already, I had only known for a few fucking hours—Tammy? And that was supposed to be my girl. Bitches ain't worth shit. I trusted her to not tell anybody but I guess home girl loyalty didn't mean shit to her ass.

"Teresa, are you pregnant by that boy? He ain't got shit going for him—what about school?"

"Mom look don't worry bout anything, okay? I'm grown—"

"Teresa that boy said he was on his way over here. I just called your brother because there's going to be trouble. How long have you been pregnant?"

I looked up trying to see where Deon was. She was still in the kitchen straightening up. This was not good; he was on his way and Deon didn't know. I hadn't told her and there was not enough time to break any shit like a baby to her. Not now.

"Why did you call Mike you know what he'll do? Did you tell Chris I wasn't home?" I whispered loudly near panic mode. I didn't want to deal with this situation right now; was it not bad enough I was pregnant.

"Girl, he don't care! He got his ass beat last time he brought his bullshit down here yet he is still showing up Teresa."

I hung up the cell. Wasn't any use of wasting time talking to her I needed to talk to Deon quick before things went ugly. Mike was on his way, if he got here before Chris he would be here telling her himself. If Chris got there first then she would find out that way. No, I needed to tell her my self.

Breaking me out of my thoughts, Deon came over to me and sat down beside me on the sofa.

"Everything okay with your mom sweetheart?" Deon asked looking concerned. She looked so sweet right then looking at me with concern. I knew in a few moments shit would change; this I was sure.

Taking a deep breath I began to speak fast. "You know how you asked me what was wrong tonight right?" I rushed. She just nodded eyeing me strangely.

"Well, I need to tell you something and really I wasn't ready to tell you only because I needed to sort through some things about the situation first. But before I tell you what I have to tell you I want you to know you are really important to me and I want us to be together."

I watched Deon sit up straight on the sofa. She had that harden, black face on she used for the streets to hide her thoughts; she said nothing just watched me. I was forced to continue nervously.

"I have a situation that I hope you would be able to accept and understand. It is not something that I knew would happen but it happened and I am dealing with it, okay?"

"Aiight Teresa, enough of the bullshit, just tell me what you gotta say. Spit the shit out on the floor." Deon cut me off, her voice sounding distant and cold already before I had even told her.

I tried to reach for her hand but she pulled a way. I was afraid—no way would she understand what I had to tell her. Taking a deep breath I tried to began.

"Deon I—"

I heard the car's horn blow outside loud and long and knew it could only be Chris. He was outside and I hadn't been fast enough to tell Deon. We both looked at each other and then towards the front window. Without saying anything Deon stood going to the front window

peering out between the blinds; my future with Deon was about to take another turn and I had a feeling it was for the worse.

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Outside my house was the guy Teresa had been seeing. I felt numb; this fucking shit couldn't be good. Looking over to Teresa I felt my stomach tighten and my anger coming to surface.

“—Deon, please don't go out there. We need to talk. I—“

I could hear him yelling something outside. Moving to the door she tried to grab my arm to hold me back but I was going to go find out what the hell was up. Ain't nobody going to be outside my damn door yelling shit up at me in my fucking crib.

My hands reached the door knob and I unlocked the door stepping outside my porch confronting the dude who stood at the bottom of my porch stairs. Greta was now standing on her porch looking at the guy. So that's why Greta called Teresa, she was trying to warn her ass of this bullshit.

“—Teresa bring your fucking ass out here, you ain't having my baby with no damn bitch as the daddy. This shit ain't no muthafuckin' “L” Word bullshit drama story.”

Did I just hear him say my new girlfriend was having his baby? That was too much to hear; Teresa now stood beside me on the porch. I couldn't even look at her. How the fuck was she going to not tell me before his weak ass showed up outside my door; his bitch ass tells me out in public.

“Deon I was going to tell you, I just found out today about the baby—“ Teresa was trying to explain. What kind of bullshit game was shit playing on me?

“Really, then explain to me why he knows and I didn't? Tell me that shit.” I looked from her to her mother and then down on the guy on the sidewalk. I'd left the military and my ex behind what I now realize was petty shit compared to this did she really think I was going to be with her and him and baby like one big happy family all up in the hood?

“--Yo Teresa you ain't having my seed with that female, you heard?” The guy who Teresa called Chris I think yelled up at us on the porch. Who gave him the idea I wanted anything to do with her or their fucking baby? He had shit all twisted on the real.

I moved down my steps towards the guy who stepped back posturing up like he was expecting a confrontation. He didn't have anything to worry about; there was no need for a confrontation. This here old playa wasn't bout to be played. Standing in front of him I was going to say my piece and if he wanted to have more words then he could have them by his damn self. If he wanted to scrap then we could do that again too. Made no never mind to me. But what he wasn't going to do was make me look like a bigger fool than I already was looking or feeling right then and there.

“Let’s get something straight—what’s your name? Chris is it? I don’t want your baby or to even try to raise it so I don’t know where you got that dumb ass idea from but wherever you got it you can fucking take that and keep it. I don’t know you and you don’t know me outside the ass whipping you got from me so let’s keep it like that, aiight?”

I could feel Teresa standing now beside me on the pavement; I turned around to see her crying—hurt by the sting of my words. I didn’t care; she was trying to play me I felt. How she going to be pregnant and “not” tell me?

“—And you Teresa, you stay the fuck away from me because this time around you and I don’t need to talk shit out. I don’t want you to explain nothing to me because you lost the chance to explain things to me because this fool right here did it for you. I rather sleep in shit or suck a dog’s dick before I give you the opportunity to make me look like a fool again.” I looked up at her mother Greta.

How could they put me in a position to look like a fool like that? This shit ain’t no joke, muthafucka end up dead for lesser shit out here.

“Don’t say shit to me Teresa, don’t call me, don’t knock on my door and don’t think in a week or two you can talk to me or have somebody come talk to me. Your ass should have come correct.”

I didn’t want to slip back into old habits again, didn’t want to live the life I had lived; I didn’t want to be a playa no more but women made it so hard to go right and do right out there. It wasn’t totally the fact she was even pregnant. It was the fact she didn’t tell me and I had to find out like that.

I stuck my hand in my pocket and could feel my car keys; I was wearing a pair of baggy jean shorts and an Affliction tee. I needed to get away from there before I hurt somebody.

As I was starting up my car I could see in my rear view mirror Mike’s car pull up; I pulled away from the curb. Right now I didn’t feel like talking to him either. Teresa could stand there with those crocodile tears running down her face and explain it if she wanted to but I wasn’t for it.

I didn’t know where I was driving until I ended up in front of the El’s strip club. I hadn’t been here in many years. But tits and ass was what I needed to help me think about anything but Teresa.

Teresa was pregnant.

Was it a question of pride that made me walk away from her tonight because she was having some man’s baby thereby making me and my feelings less important by interjecting his presence forever in her or should I say our life because of the baby.

My phone went off with a text message as I sat in my car trying to clear my head. It was from Mike asking me where I was and to call him back.

“Nah Mike not tonight,” I sighed to myself alone in my car. “Tonight I needed to find the familiar. I needed to reach for what seemed real to me—

Women.

To Be Continued...

I want to thank everyone for their patience with the wait of this addition—I had lost part of the story and had to recreate aspects of it.

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

[360 Degrees of Difficulty](#) which is listed in the lesbian **Adult Friends** section of [Nifty.org](#)

Feel free to check out my blog site: [“A Word of Kaution.”](#) On it you can check out an excerpt of my book:

“**Nothing Short of a Rainbow**” release date: 11.15.2208.

As well as catch up with earlier release updates of my stories featured on Nifty as well as new stories that I will be adding interactively in the next few weeks.

My [MySpace](#) page is now up and so feel free to add me on your friend list or drop a comment my way at: [myspace.com/kaution187](#)

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zyons_touch@yahoo.com