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You are more than welcome to email me with your comments, good or bad at: zyons_touch@yahoo.com

Author's Note:

I want to apologize and thank everyone for being patient with me on my continuing this story and my other story "360 Degrees of Difficulty." Your emails are always welcomed. Now that I have taken care of my house buying issues and not having enough space to write we can get back to all this drama I like to stir up with my characters... ☺

Thank you for taking time to read my story...

K a u t i o n

"I Don't Wanna Be a Playa No More"

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Part 8

Sitting there in the darkened strip club I nursed on a bottle of Bud Ice pretending I was watching intently the girl dance in front of me for a few of my dollars wedged in my pocket. The club had been remodeled but it still somehow looked the same—tacky. Still smelled the same of hard up guys sweating and females perfumed up, sweat drenched asses. I wasn't drunk but I wanted to be drunk; But I was driving and I didn't do dumb shit like that.

I wasn't expecting to see the big, dark figure looming above me before pulling up in the seat beside me silent. Even after all these years Michael still knew my habits enough to be able to track me down. I guess that's why we were so tight; once long ago.

“Deon, you plan on sitting in this titty joint all night or you gonna go home?” Mike spoke just over the music. I didn’t answer instead I motioned to the dancer to move closer to so I could stick the five in her G string. Michael’s eyebrow furrowed tightly.

“You’re not going to talk to me, what you mad with me too? Look, I know you’re mad and hurt about Teresa but it’s no point in not talking to me. Hell, you’ve avoided me the entire time you been fucking home. Teresa is my sister and I love her but you’re my best friend and I love you too so quit your shit and talk to me.”

Michael grabbed my beer and took a drink killing the bottle before motioning to the waitress to bring over two more beers.

“Mike I’m not for your sister’s shit. Granted we all got issues but hers is one I don’t plan to deal with. Fuck her, that bitch ass muthafucka she having the baby with and the baby, straight up like that. So if you got a problem with what I’m saying to your ass right now then I suggest you hop in your ride and bounce cuz I don’t give a fuck. I’m no woman trick daddy.”

Michael didn’t say anything; we sat there mean mugging each other.

“Deon you a cold ass bitch, you know that? Doesn’t even love break your ass?” Michael shook his head sadly at me. I decided to just avoid his last statement.

“And as far as avoiding you, well, it wasn’t my intent. Shit just happens that way.” I continued softening my tone slightly. I could see it bothered him us not hanging out like back in the day.

I turned to watch a new dancer walk out on stage. I’d been there for a few hours and all the dancers that made their way on the floor were nothing noteworthy; this woman was the exception. Michael watched my eyes roam over the shapely olive complexioned dancer.

She stood around 5’-7” on heels with shoulder length hair that gently waved around her face. I watched as her hips began to sway effortlessly before she grabbed the chrome pole. For some reason I thought I’d seen her before; lips like hers are hard to forget, but I couldn’t recall any female I’d gotten down with before I left town that looked like her.

I wanted to forget my troubles; maybe I wasn’t meant to be with just one female? Maybe I wasn’t meant to be in love with any body but my damn self. When you’re selfish you don’t hurt cuz you too caught up on hurting to get what you want and need. There were no risks involved with that methodology.

My eyes locked with hers and she watched mine lower over her body while she danced. Some dude over on the far side by the door motioned to her and she made her way slowly towards him. I watched; it didn’t bother me that she was dancing for him. That was one of the great things about being in a strip club. None of the females were with me and I wasn’t with them. Every man up in there knew the rules and paid for what they wanted—a damn fantasy. Fuck the shit that goes on in the back cuz if you ain’t ballin’ you ain’t ever going to get back there any fucking way. Since I never needed to pay to get some ass I balled and got what was good—

fantasy plus some. That's why there was no need to trip; if I wanted it I could get it. That's what money bought up on the pole.

I glanced to Michael who was shooting "Ike Turner" like looks at the dancer in front of us. What the fuck did he think he was doing, running interference for his knocked up, pretending to-love pussy, fucked up ass sister of his? Fuck her and fuck him too if he don't like it.

'I'm taking her home with me tonight, fuck Teresa.' I found myself thinking as I watched the young woman finish her set. Without a word to Michael I stood moving towards the back where the VIP section was. There was no need to turn around to see if she would follow; she would follow this I knew because I was and would forever be a certified motherfucking playa to the end.

Nodding to the big man that stood in back of the room I grabbed a seat and closed my eyes ignoring the strobe lights flickering under the soft glow of a black light. I'd been gone along time but folks still remembered how hard Mike, Eazy and me were on the streets. We use to be young, dangerous, and certified street entrepreneurs with pull.

"—You waiting for me?"

Her soft sexy voice asked; I opened my eyes. She had donned most of her clothes she wore to the stage back on. My eyes lingered over her body before resting at her pouting lips. Holding out a c-note in the air I waited on her next move.

The music in the room grew louder and I watched her body easily pick up to the slow tempo on the song. Bikini top came off as she wrapped her legs around my thighs straddling me. Those soft, pouting lips brushed against my neck and immediately I forgot my issues with Teresa. What I was feeling at that moment was raw.

"I take it you like what you see Deon?" she whispered into my ear bringing me back to reality. Confused my eyes once again met hers and she smiled.

"You know if my best friend knew I was giving you a lap dance she'd probably would no longer be my best friend," she continued as she darted her tongued over my earlobe. What the fuck was she talking about—?

"Tanya?"

Now I knew why she seemed familiar to me. I was getting a lap dance from Teresa's best friend. Will my luck get any worse?

I could see Teresa wasn't the only one that grew into her features. Tanya was once a homey, shy kid with nappy hair and buck teeth. Well, her hair was no longer nappy, teeth wasn't bucked the fuck out and her chest didn't resemble a brick wall. This woman was a nice piece of ass.

As if reading my mind her hands grabbed mine bringing them up to caress her breasts while she continued bumping and grinding slowly on my lap grinding her damp pussy against my stomach.

Looking over my shoulder to the big guy who stood watch making sure patrons didn't "touch" the dancers he only gave me a nod before turning his head away.

"--Then again if it was all like that between the two of you, you would be there with her instead of here with me wanting you to fuck the shit outta me tonight, right?" She dipped her finger into her G string and brought it to her lips licking away her own wetness slowly.

I found myself hesitating on answering her.

So she was Teresa's best friend. As long as she had a pussy, wasn't burning between her legs to the point she could be an alternative to the country's energy crisis and was fine then she was fuckable in my book of playas.

"Teresa told you we had hooked up?" I asked moving my hand down to grab her round ass.

"Yeah, she told me you were back in town and that you and her finally hooked up. That girl a trip tho. How she gonna just flaunt the shit in my face when she knew when we were growing up I liked you too? I got so pissed I been ignoring her calls and shit."

Before I could respond I felt my cell vibrate in my pocket. Slipping my hand between the two of us I pulled it out only to see the call was from Teresa; I hit the ignore key. Looking at the phone log she'd been blowing up my phone all night; fuck her.

"So what's my best friend done to piss you off and run you up into a strip club? She ain't treating you right? Not giving you enough loving?"

I didn't like her pushing my buttons about Teresa and me. Street rules say no snitching and mind your own damn business; girl was breaking one of those rules.

"—You know, you grew into being a sexy little freak but you fucking talk way too goddamn much for me. I broke you off a note to dance and not work those dick sucking, pussy licking lips of yours woman so can you do that please or do you need help back here from one of the other dancers to fulfill my needs tonight?" I snapped getting back into playa mode. She had irritated me by asking me shit none of her business. I didn't have time for all that "chick" shit games she got going on with Teresa; she was just a ways and means right now to fuck in my eyes. Conversation was not what I wanted.

For the first time in months I felt like "myself" assured and confident. I watched her eyes drop and her face get flush by the sting of my words. Girl was hurt; maybe I was too rough on her.

"Eh check it, I just don't wanna talk bout Teresa or any shit that went down between she and I. The only thing you need to worry bout is whether or not it'll be you or one of the others making their way home with me tonight, cuz I'm not going home alone. You limit your mouth and maybe you and I can work this out for the evening. If not, it was nice seeing you again and thanks for the lovely dance, aight?"

I waited, a little unsure if I had just Od'd her with my typical blunt mentality. Within seconds she nodded her head she understood. The song finally came to an end and slowly she got up off my lap.

"I'll be out front for about another 30 minutes, you wanna roll with me be dressed and standing in front of me and we can bounce on up outta here, aiight?" I spoke quietly through the pause in loud music. She nodded her head again; must have understood me about not talking so much. She was always a smart kid. I wondered why she was out there dancing and not at some school like George Washington or Howard for Law?

Making my way back out into the open section I saw that Michael was no longer sitting where I left him. Scanning the club I realized he was gone; it was for the best. This didn't have anything to do with him. This was a matter between his sister and me and not his sister, me and him.

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My life had undergone so many changes; I'd found love with Deon and now lost it just as quickly.

...And the baby...

God, what am I going to do with a baby? Chris' baby no less. Life wasn't supposed to be this way. Lifting my head up from the kitchen table at the sound of the front door opening my tear smeared eyes met my older brother's eyes.

"You okay Teresa?" I watched Michael sit across from me heavily. How could I answer his question? No, I wasn't doing well, but I knew I needed to keep my head up regardless of what laid down the road for me.

My mother moved into the kitchen quietly and took up one of the two empty seats at the table. I felt her hand reach for mine; it seemed like a long time since I felt my mother be there for me. I hoped it wouldn't be short-lived.

"Michael, were you able to find Deon?" I asked feeling my eyes fill back up again before overflowing down my cheeks.

"Teresa, look Deon—Deon is not ready to talk to you or me and I can't blame her. Give her some time little sister; you gotta give her some time."

I nodded; he was right. The three of us sat in silence. Being startled by the sound of what sounded like two car doors slamming shut, I sat up. Without thinking I moved quickly to the front door hoping to confront Deon and try to make her understand I never intended for this to happen; for her to be hurt or for me to be pregnant. Michael reached for me but I side stepped his hands—I needed to confront Deon.

...I was not prepared to see my best friend giggling, draped on Deon's arm coming up the front steps.

“Tanya, what the fuck are you doing?” What tears had fallen and was falling had stopped and dried the fuck up quick as my anger flared.

My best friend was a mere few feet away from me with my woman and it didn't look like she was bringing her home to work shit out with me.

“—Hey girl, I didn't expect to see you tonight,” she replied looking me up and down with a smug look across her face. She tried grabbing onto Deon's hand but Deon stuck her hands in her pockets looking away from me briefly before eyeing me angrily.

“No, it doesn't look like you were planning on seeing me Tanya.” I looked at her feeling like smacking her across the face and raking her damn eyes the fuck out. Instead I turned back to Deon.

“Deon, I know you're mad with me and shit but I never would have thought you would hook up with my so called best friend to hurt me. That's some grimy shit and we both know it. Granted I am pregnant with Chris' baby, but that happened before I got with you. I wasn't out hoeing around. You—you won't change because your sorry black ass can't change. Pussy and ego means more to you then self respect or an ounce of real pride.” Deon stood three steps below looking up into my eyes. As she was about to speak I cut her off.

“I can't believe you could—that you would bring another bitch back to your house to fuck. I can't believe you would fuck my best friend or that my so called best friend was going to fuck you.”

I felt light-headed; closing my eyes briefly to get myself together.

“Loving you ain't worth this bull shit Deon. You or all the whores you need to make you feel good or give you comfort when shit don't go your way. I don't need you or the sorry ass father of this child to be alright, because I will be okay. So go fuck this skank and the next bitch too, but leave me alone and I will do the same.” I didn't give either a chance to rebut my words; I walked back into my house where my mother stood waiting for me on the other side of the door. I just needed to get away from Baltimore and my current life I messed up to start new...

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I don't know why it hurt so much seeing Teresa see me with Tanya. But it did; and I wanted to run to her but thug/stud pride wouldn't let me be that kind of woman. Instead I lead Tanya into my place.

The girl was a freak.

I'd excused myself only to return to find her standing in my living room in just a pair of red panites and 5" heels.

Her body was incredible, yet, I knew I really wasn't feeling her like I was earlier after just seeing Teresa there hurt and crying. Besides, how many times had she ended up at somebody's house

standing buck ass naked like that? Hell, why was I even thinking bout that shit? I wasn't looking for a lady; I was in search of a freak two steps shy of whoredom. This was suppose to be me moving on with a vengeance.

Tanya held a glass Corona bottle in one hand and the other hand on her hip looking like she was ready for the fuck of her life. Moving over to my sofa she leaned her long, leggy body up against it while running the cold beer bottle between her legs waiting for me.

"I guess you have no problems with being up in here with me after your best friend said her peace?" I asked walking over towards her. "Do you even care?" I now stood in front of her, my eyes blaring almost into her causing her to drop her eyes.

"Should I care?"

Tanya shifted her weight; I watched her take a deep breath waiting on me to reply. What kind of best friends were they? Hell, I could never see myself doing some shit like that to Mike or Eazy and they damn sight wouldn't have with me. Nothing but chick shit for real; fucked up chick shit at that.

Instead of answering she slid her arms around my neck and shoulders pulling up close against me. I could feel her breath against my neck and hear the words she whispered next to my ear.

"You don't seem to be worrying too much on Teresa either Deon. We both know you ain't anything but a playa and this ain't anything but a situation of two people out to get theirs Deon. You were a playa when we were young and you're always going to be a playa. Who the hell do Teresa think she is by trying to reform your ass when no bitch out there could or did. She ain't all that; always acting better than everyone else."

I felt myself taking a step back. Its one thing to wanna fuck, it's another thing to wanna fuck your so called best friend's woman just because you're jealous of her.

"She ended up with all the hot boys on the block and then she got you acting brand new and playing housey with her. No, what she needs is a real wake up call like the rest of us bitches out here on the grind." Anger and attitude dripped from her like funk on a dirty dude up in a hot, crowded club on a Friday night.

"Yo for real tho, she suppose to be your girl and shit, how you gonna let jealousy and a bitch get between you two?" I asked moving away from her across the living room. I heard her laugh.

"I know you ain't trying to get righteous Deon. You done fucked so many bitches and their mommas. How you gong to try to enlighten me to any damn thing?"

Turning to look directly at her I realized she was right. Who was I to judge her? I could admit I did fuck females and played them as chickenheads in my life. And I didn't know if I could or would change much less even if I wanted to change my behavior. I just knew I was too old for this type of shit. Rule one of being a good playa is don't get played.

And I realized right then and there that every playa got played; it was a part of the game.

“Nah, I ain’t trying to get righteous Tanya, not my style,” I began moving closer to my front door; a smile started to plaster across her pretty face.

“Quite honestly, I don’t have the right if that is what you’re implying, because fucking bitches was a past time sport to me—then.” I held open my door.

“So check this out, I got real issues with what you were willing to do with me on your home girl and nah, I ain’t feeling that shit in no way. It’s all good you a freak and all but you’re a trifling freak and I can’t get with that, not even for a few minutes for some free ass. So, what I want you to do is quickly get your shit on and get the fuck out of my house. Don’t move slow or you will leave wearing whatever little bit of shit you got on. Makes no never mind to me cuz I am that kind of playa aight? Now get the fuck out my house.”

My voice had turned frigid cold by the time I finished speaking my peace. Tanya thought about speaking but I guess the look in my eyes shut her down from even taking it there with me. It was apart of my reputation to say what I mean and mean whatever I said.

Quickly she began to get dressed and I turned my back from her. I just wanted her out my crib with a “quickness.” I wasn’t putting her out for Teresa but I was putting her trampy ass out because she lacked respect for herself. That type of female couldn’t be with me even for one night; she needed to get out my house that was all.

It was like a fast breeze blowing by when she passed me exiting my home; I knew she had something to say once she cleared safely my door and I was prepared fro her ass.

“Deon you ain’t shit, you ain’t even all that; fake ass man wanna be—“

I just closed the door in her face. It wasn’t about getting into a confrontation with her silly ass; that’s what studs did wrong. They got into that game of acting out with some chick shit when dealing with a femme on some disagreement shit. I wasn’t bout to lose any dawg points by going there with her.

I made it to my sofa now realizing once again, I was home alone, no ass to call my own and horny as fuck.

I needed to talk to somebody, was there a support group for playas? Had to be something because this shit wasn’t working...

To Be Continued...

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](#)

It’s really good to finally add another segment to this story and hopefully get the other one updated. Everyone thanks for all your emails and yes, patience. I have split this chapter in half

so that I can pick up the story and reacquaint myself with the characters once again so yes, there is more.

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

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

~K a u t i o n

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