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\*This work is a figment of my imagination. None of the characters written about are real, none of the situations depicted here have happened.

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

**K** a u t i o n

## **“360 Degrees of Difficulty”**

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### **Part 4**

The snow had stopped coming down and a few cars trudged along in the snow marking the beauty of its whiteness a thing of the past. I found myself sitting outside of a Mya's house a few doors down; trying to eat a few cold fries I'd gotten from McDonald's when my cell phone played its ringtone.

So much was rushing through my mind. Kristen said she still loved me but what the hell did that truly mean? So she was in love with me, the fact remained she wasn't strong enough to be with me through it all when shit got dirty.

And Mya...I should kill the bitch...I could only imagine how many times she laughed at the thought that it was "her" that was loving Kristen and not me. Laughed at the knowledge that she help put me in jail and in foster home after foster home after foster home...

The therapy they made me do only told me what I already knew—I got fucked over.

My mom once told me when I was a little girl—if you play pussy you'll get fucked, and that's what I'd done. I'd played pussy and got fucked; fucked by my so called best friend, the girl of my dreams and the damn system. They all fucked the shit out me and everyone else besides me got a nut.

But I grew up and I got smart. I wasn't as naïve anymore and Mya? Mya was going to meet the new Kevo who intended to become her new maker.

*"I need you to come back for me, I don't want to be alone and I don't want to sit up thinking about you Kevo especially since I know you've been angry with me all these years."*

Sitting there I didn't know what to say immediately.

"Kristen, last I checked you were involved with that fake ass identity snatcher Mya. I don't creep around or sneak around and I only want shit in my life that is mine and the last I checked, baby-girl you're not mine now are you?"

I was answered by her silence; the sound of her breathing was the only thing that told me she was still on the other end of the phone.

*"What if I wasn't her girl Kevo; what if you and I--?"*

"Kristen you asked two what if's too many." I snapped. Did she think that my life could revolve around her what if's and her needs? My needs were very paramount to me; they came first.

*"Whatever you want Kevo, I owe you; we both know I owe you. And it's not totally what you think about Mya and me."*

"And what is it you think I think about the two of you Kris?" I hated when people thought they knew what I was thinking. If they did, then they would have me figured out and that would be a problem.

Starting up my car I looked towards Mya's semi dark house. 'Yeah my old friend we got to hook up, past the time; discuss a few things—mainly why you fucked me over.' I thought to myself. Without much thought I spit words in the headset of my cell.

"I'm on my way."

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Thirty minutes later Kristen sat on my futon in my apartment. I'd only added a few things since moving in; Computer, TV and my mp3 player. Other than that the only additions were books. I watched her look around my place finally, her eyes rested upon me.

"Are you planning to decorate or is this just a place to lay your head at night?" She asked quietly studying me.

The truth was, yeah, it was only a place to lay me head; mostly I was gone most nights hitting the clubs or college dorms where I had 'customers'. Weed was as always a popular recreational drug. It paid my bills.

"Girls don't really care too much about that when they're staring up at the ceiling lights Kris." I replied studying her for any reaction; her eyes dropped to her hands but made their way back onto me.

"Are you trying to hurt me Kevo? If you are then its working because you are hurting me." Her eyes filled up but no tears fell.

"You know if I knew how mean you would become I would never ever allowed you to do what you did for me. You think you were the only one Mya played? No, Kevo you weren't; she lied to me too."

I watched her pull off her coat and her scarf. My little apartment was a hot box with the radiators pumping full blast all day. Following suit I yanked my hoodie and sweatshirt over my head tossing them onto the oversized chair in the corner leaving me in just a black tanktop. Taking a deep breath, Kristen continued.

“She told me that when she went to see you told her to tell me to move on, but I didn’t. My mom had thrown me out and at fifteen and really no where to go or money I was basically left fending for myself. I had to transfer schools and I ended up at Douglas where chicks there hated me.”

“Mya offered me a security blanket; a lifeline so to speak and I found myself one day taking it. She was I will admit great at first but after a few months shit changed. She changed. I felt like a trophy piece, a piece of ass to her.”

“And I’m supposed to feel sorry for you because of this?” I heard myself ask without giving any regard to her. I was angry and I was hurt. And more importantly, I felt betrayed. My anger was stronger than my love for her.

“Kevo I can’t believe you would say something like that to me. It’s like you’ve gone and did a total 360—”

The laugh that came from me took her totally by surprise. “Kristen yeah, I guess you could say I did a complete 360 degrees; 360 degrees of straight up difficulty and I’ll never be the same. It wasn’t what I went through all these years that changed me into this. No, it’s you turning your back on me.”

I walked over to her sitting on my futon, towering over her. She wanted sympathy; I had none for her. She wanted understanding and that too she was not fucking getting from me. She was in my apartment professing her feelings for me; but I wasn’t ready to offer any such feelings to her.

“Please just talk to me, tell me what happened while you were gone.” She pleaded.

She wanted to know how my life had been; how I felt, what it was that I thought. The cold, hardened part of me just wanted to laugh in her face but the part that connected with and to her obligated me to speak. I sat beside her, still guided but slightly more subdued.

“I didn’t think shit could get so bad. I really thought that once they remanded me into custody until the trial that I would be able to go home then. I mean, we told them your stepdad had assaulted you and I came in and caught him. It wasn’t deliberate that the fucker died. But your mom and then the shit Mya said—I’m just lucky I’m not doing time for it.”

We looked at each other. I wasn’t blind, I couldn’t help notice the fact her nipples were straining against her t-shirt; the fullness of her 36c breasts or her hips which filled out her tight jeans. We stopped talking and just sat there in the dim light of my studio apartment.

For some reason, I felt tired and I didn’t realize I had closed my eyes and leaned back onto the futon until I felt her cool hands stroke across the four inch scar that made its home on my abdomen under my navel. Immediately I shivered under her gentle touch. Quickly, I tried to move away—her touch was like scorching heat to me. I felt it in my head, heart and between my now wet legs.

“—And this? How did you get this Kevo?” She asked looking at me with gentleness as she traced with her fingertips the scar’s outline on my flesh. I choked on my desire for her.

“Chick pulled a box cutter out on me while I was at Cook County Juvenile Temporary Detention Center.” I remembered getting cornered on a stairwell by three girls who for whatever reason just didn’t like me. I woke up at the bottom of the stairwell with the gash across my stomach,

three cracked ribs, and a cut above my right eyebrow. It was one of the least brutal assaults during my time there.

“I’ve been through worse.” I added watching the look of concern on her face. Without warning she leaned over me, her soft warm lips caressed my old wound. Between the heat of the room and the heat of her lips the room spent on its axis beneath me.

“You’re sexy you know that?” I heard her whisper to me; my heart pounded in my chest while her hands slid further up my tank top. I wanted to reach for her, touch her—make love to her...

But I wouldn’t allow it. First step in survival was to always protect yourself. Just cuz shit looked good to you didn’t mean it really was. And the last time I checked, she’d done me wrong. She and Mya both did me wrong.

“Make love to me Kevo.” Her eyes met mind.

Pushing her hands away I sat up to clear my head. She spoke of making love. Making love? How could she expect that of me when she had been fucking the person that nearly destroyed my life?

“I don’t make love to tricks.”

The words left my mouth cold and hard. It was who I was now. I saw the hurt look in her eyes, I saw the rejection play its evil, twisted game on her ass and sadly I didn’t give a fuck. I wouldn’t let myself care.

“So that’s how you see me now Kevo; as a trick? You think I got off easy because you were the one that went away? No, maybe you think I ran straight to Mya’s waiting arms right? Pussy for her asking right? Bitch please; you know when I turned around and saw you today my heart lifted for the first time in so many years. For the first time in a long damn time I was in the presence of someone I knew for a fact loved me for me—loved me enough to sacrifice themselves for me to be happy. But you’re a cold and heartless bitch Kevo. It was bad enough we never got a chance to hook up, but you are preventing us to even have a chance now.”

“A letter.”

I didn’t say anything more.

“What?”

“I said a fucking letter Kristen! Where was one from you, first day, first week, first month, first year—where was a fucking letter from you where you just sent it to say hello or how the fuck are you? There wasn’t any. You knew she lied on the stand and still you hooked up with her. You’re in my crib, asking me to make-love to you and you’re her girl. And you got a nerve to take offense because I addressed shit as I saw it—you’re a trick doing what tricks do.”

My mind was racing with redline anger and hate. I was angry with her and I hated Mya. I should have killed her tonight instead of just parking in front of her house with another girl instead of Kristen.

“I didn’t know, she said she was doing what you said to do. I thought she was trying to help you—“

“So if that was the case, why the hell didn’t you write, why did you get with that bitch? You never once stop to think, hmmm maybe I should check with Kevo? You got a bunch of excuses and that’s about it.”

My cell phone began vibrating; I saw that it was my cousin Vice. We had a small fight after I got out because I didn't want to get a job instead preferring to sling shit on the streets. We'd made up somewhat and hung out almost daily before I made my nightly rounds.

*"Hey girl where you been all day? You home if so I'm stop on through—"*

"Vice you got bad timing right now, I got company." I answered cutting him off.

"Oh you do? Walk fresh drawers you got up there in the crib?" He laughed. I guess he noticed I didn't laugh back.

*"Don't tell me Shorty's up there with you Kevo? Haven't you gotten into enough shit behind that piece of pussy? Take my advice go get you something new...go hang out at Club Choices, or Coconuts or anywhere where there are freaks for days, but steer clear of that one."*

"I gotta go Vice." I replied into the phone before clicking off. He knew me too well. Turning to Kristen I spoke slowly with intent.

"Call her and tell her you are here with me."

I saw the confused look in her eyes. Looking at her I felt my heart beat with want for her. The tears that streamed down her face ran its course deep inside my soul. Why couldn't I forgive this? Why couldn't I just be happy because I got the girl?

Because the girl played me; did she intentionally play me? No, but nevertheless she played me. If it was so simple to move on then I would not be in so much pain.

Our eyes locked; without saying a word I watched her pull out her cell phone and placed the call. After listening to the low ring of her phone I heard a voice vaguely on the other end say hello. Still looking at me with her deep brown eyes I watched her talk quietly into her cell.

"Mya, look I need to let you know that I'm with Kevo at her place."

I watched her listen to Mya whose voice sounded agitated. I saw something in her face I wasn't expecting to see: fear. Why was she afraid of Mya?

Taking the phone from her I could hear Mya's words.

"Bitch, what the fuck you doing at her place? I'll fucking—"

"You'll fucking what bitch, hurt her, or maybe send that little freak you got with you home? How bout lie on your best friend and try to send her jail? Oh, I forgot you did that one. Closest thing you're going to do is send that bitch you got with you home, other than that you ain't doing shit. And before all is said and done, you and I got a confrontation to handle between the two of us. But for now, back your ass up." I spoke into the cell phone's mouthpiece.

"Kevo you ain't shit and you never was shit. Yeah, I help send your ass away; who the fuck cares? Your invalid, broke, shitting in a bed pan in a nursing home grandfather? Your cracked out brother? Or that trick of female you got feelings apparently still for? Don't make no nevermind to me homie, I done had her in everyway I wanted her and then some. I'm done with that ho' anyway bitch."

My head rung by her words but I held on, "You know, you thought you knew me and maybe you did. Thing is, you don't know me now. So know I'm coming for you Mya. When I'm done, you'll be begging to be my bitch just to spare you."

I tossed the cell phone back to Kristen who sat on the futon wide-eyed in shock. I moved swiftly towards her grabbing her by the arms yanking her up to face me. I didn't know why Mya had shit out for me and frankly I didn't care. What I did know was that I was going pay her back for what she did. We weren't kids anymore and I wasn't stupid.

“Now you tell me what happened that made you go and be with that piece of bulldogging shit and you tell me the truth.”

### **To Be Continued...**

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

[“I Don't Want to Be a Playa No More”](#) Which is listed in the lesbian adult section of [Nifty.org](#)

Anyway, here's my blog site: [“A Word of Kaution.”](#) And I have begun posting to it. I got a chance to shout at many of you that have dropped me an email. On it you can check out an excerpt of my book:

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

\*Also, I just want to say that I know this part probably has a few people going, a cliff hanger again (Yes, you Mel) but it's needed for this story, besides I think it brings a unique element if its done good. Since this story is about sex, lies, deceit, betrayal, the streets and probably more sex it makes for good reading.

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

~Kaution

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