

“Take Caution: Some women you can have and some you can’t”

It's been a while since I have been able to post to Nifty. I truly thank everyone who is waiting for the next phase to **“Don't Wanna Be A Playa”** and **“360 Degrees of Difficulty.”** Turning them into novels is an undertaking by itself. I have experienced moments of revisions and then writer's block that I couldn't even begin to explain. Thankfully, **“Nothing Short of A Rainbow”** is doing well; if and when you get your hands on a copy (right now it can be obtained through Amazon and next month it will finally be listed on B & N, Books-A-Million, Borders and listed for bookstores to stock them) I am told that elements of my urban erotic nature shows thru and is greatly appreciated on a solitaire night. *Smile: that's a hint folks that I am a real freak--at least on paper so you should grab a copy when you get a chance. Anyway, this is a short story that does have an ending and not too many cliffhangers in it. It's not as hard edged like 360 or DWBAP but I think it's a good read and I hope you enjoy it; can't be a *gangsta lover* all the time.

Thank each of you for reading and supporting me; Thank you Nifty for giving writers like me a voice to be heard without censor. I will always find my way back to this site and I will always support you guys. Included is a discount code **YJATN6YT** and link <https://www.createspace.com/3362781> to buy direct the book from me for \$8.95 + S/H given exclusively to readers of Nifty which is 7 bucks less everywhere else and 4 bucks less than on Amazon. For every book sold using that code I will **donate a dollar to Nifty** to help with maintenance cost to keep the site going (and provide a list of everyone's name unless you specify not to..) to let them know how we feel about the site.

Now on to my warning blurb:

This story is a work of fiction and contains descriptions of explicit sexual acts between women and contain (or may contain) adult content, language and reference to violence maybe written within this story. If this type of content offends you; you are under the age of 18 or it is illegal to read or view such material please do not read it. This work is a figment of my imagination. None of the characters written about are real; none of the situations depicted here have happened. This story is the property of me, the author Kaution who gives Nifty limited online publishing rights under their specified terms. It can be downloaded for personal reading pleasure or sent to a friend but if you wish to re-post them at your own site, please contact me, the author for permission I'm really easy going so just ask and I will probably consent. You are more than welcome to email me with your comments, good or bad at: Kaution.mail@gmail.com or my old email address of zyons_touch@yahoo.com

“Take Caution: Some Women You Can Have and Some You Can't”

KAUTION

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It's funny, I never saw myself actually contemplating approaching a woman like her. I mean, what the hell would I ever have to offer her? I saw the types of females that dropped her off to work or picked her up sometimes. They had money and judging by the way they acted they were use to having some type of power. And most importantly, they had her.

Or at least for those few moments she gave them because she never stuck with the same head more than a few weeks. Girl had muthafuckas fallen all over themselves to be with her and frankly if I could I would be trippin' right over my street boots right along with them trying to hook up with her sexy ass.

“Hey stop checking out pussy you can’t have and drop those blueprints off or your ass won’t have a job where you can gawk at fine ass looking women like that Chris.” I heard a voice boom behind my head as the three rolls of blueprints tumbled down onto my desk in my cubicle.

I could only sigh; not even bothering to look up at Renee, another junior drafter and my cubicle next door neighbor. Renee was thick in all the right places. Far from the around the way ghetto girls I was accustomed to seeing on a daily. She was really cute in her own way with thick dark hair that haloed around her delicate face. Her dark chocolate like eyes and two cute dimples gave her the appearance of an angel but an angel Renee certainly was not. She had real fire behind those eyes and she could bring it when pissed with the best of them.

She stood on the other side of the cube wall; hands on her hips looking at me with one eyebrow raised almost daring me to say something smart back. Renee chest rose just high enough for me to see once again how ample god made her upstairs. Then again her ass was something to behold as well whenever she turned around and displayed the goods thereby revealing everything right in the world. My mind quickly jumped back to the time in the copy room when I was walking close behind her in heated discussion and she dropped a stack of papers she was taking to the copier.

Not having enough time to stop short I literally pulled up and banged right into all that firm, round big black woman’s ass! All I could do was wrap my hands around her waist to keep from knocking her over in the tight fitting black skirt and heels she was wearing and strain to keep myself from pushing up against her ass in that tight damn skirt.

When I got my damn composure together and realizing I was still holding on to her waist from behind I let her go expecting her to raise more hell with me because I was too damn close and from all appearances coping a healthy feel. Instead she turned towards me meeting my wide eyed stare and even wider open mouth.

“Chris didn’t your mother ever tell you not to be fucking with grown ass women? Watch yourself because I am a grown ass woman who could put everything you think you know about a woman into real perspective for ya ass Chris.” Her eyes bore deep into mine fucking my head up.

I didn’t even finish arguing with her about whatever it was we were beefing about; instead I walked away. I had to get away from that gaze she put down on my ass with some many mysteries lingering behind it.

Now I considered Renee my close friend so I didn’t fuck with her like that. Nor did I try to look at her with lust on my mind. She was real good people. Besides, she had a man and I don’t think she had notions on fucking with an insecure, unsure of themselves stud like me. I had to endure hearing her run her mouth for the first few months I started here as we got to know one another that she was “strictly dickly” like I gave a fuck.

“--Renee why the fuck you want me to deliver these prints, isn’t that the job of the

fucking courier service? I do have my own damn job to do—“

“Oh yeah you do and since that is our project that needs to make its way upstairs you need to get it up there to Jerry. I don't intend to stay junior shit much less a low level drafter for another damn year Chris. So take the blueprints up without crying like a bitch —“

“Yo Renee I ain't no bodies bitch—“

“If miss freak ass asked you to do it you would snap your fake dick in half to accommodate her phony ass—“

“Renee you don't even know her, so why you gonna call her phony and shit like that?”

“I don't have to know her personally lover boi, I know her nasty ass type. Thinking she all this and fucking that--”

That was it; didn't want to hear Renee any longer. Instead I stood snatching the shipping tubes up and bolting from my desk not bothering to look back or hear her finish her statement. We had both been on the job for close to three years and neither of us wanted to be stuck in a job we weren't recognized for doing. It just seemed lately, Renee was more persistent on moving up the proverbial ranks in the company.

My anger with Renee being a damn pain in my ass of late had me seeing red and I really wasn't paying attention to where I was going except around the corner to the elevator quickly. Turning the corner full speed and force I found myself running smack into someone—a woman who lost her footing in her heels. Being stocky in size I didn't realize who it was just that it was a woman and she smelled of every scent I could muster in memory that made me feel sexually aroused.

As she stumbled I reached, grabbing her waist stopping her progression to the ground. When my eyes made their way to her face I was taken back by the sheer beauty of this woman who clung to my shoulders as she rested in my arms mere inches from the commercial carpeted ground.

“—I'm so sorry I wasn't looking—“

She smiled warmly up at me as I began to collect my frozen thoughts and slowly right her standing again.

“—No, it was my mistake I came charging through like some football player and nearly knocked you on the ground. Please forgive me—“ I stammered embarrassed and still taken back that I was actually that close to her.

Her eyes looked me up and down making me feel for the first time uncomfortable in my own clothes. The khakis I wore felt too tight, The rocawear black polo shirt felt stretched and oversized. I felt like Target clothes on display in New York's upscale Macy's in Manhattan.

"I've seen you around before, I'm Candice," she spoke in what I immediately labeled a sing song voice. Not the kind of voice that sounded like she was singing everything she said but the kind of voice that was so soft and feminine that you just knew you wanted to hear her sing to you on your birthday or if you were lucky she would sing for you in the bedroom like only a woman whose being satisfied could.

"—And you are?"

She held out her hand now that her arms were no longer around my shoulders which left me feeling alone and uncomfortable underneath her observing brown eyes.

"Christine. Chris to most friends and family. Nice to meet you." I answered swallowing hard as I tried to regain my composure. In heels she stood around five foot nine to my five foot five muscular frame. Taking her extended hand I felt the coolness of her touch and noted how the contrast of my dark skin blended with her light flavored texture.

She wore an expensive sheer cream colored blouse that buttoned to the "V" of her cleavage and a charcoal colored thigh high skirt that was just barely professionally long enough for the office. She wore her hair pulled back off her shoulders loosely accentuating her angular face. Kneeling I bent to retrieve the three rolls of blueprints I had dropped in our human collision.

I tried not to notice the expensive clothing or the well maintained manicure hands that she had just briefly offered to me seconds before. God, I really wasn't in her league. Even with my gear being a little on the high price urban attire I still didn't have what it took to be seen in public with her; I felt exposed and outclassed just thinking about the women who escorted her fine ass to and fro.

"it was nice meeting you ummm Candice and I do apologize for the run-in we just had."

She smiled and followed up with a light carefree laugh that slipped from her lipstick coated lips. She took me of guard when she reached out and stroked my cheek gently almost daringly in a flirtatious manner while staff busied themselves about around us.

"Well being caught up in such strong arms was worth the collision Chris and it was nice to meet you. Don't be a stranger super hero." She looked at me again before walking by her hand lightly brushing my shoulder.

I felt the heat grow between my legs. "Damn."

That woman was snatched right out of a damn magazine and put right in this damn architecture company to make me see the shit in life my black ass can't have I thought to myself as I tried to collect my thoughts so I could continue the journey to the second floor.

Part 2

The cold, wet snow had picked up on its descent to the streets and getting home was all I wanted to do. I wasn't in the mood for downtown traffic and the harbor could be a real pain in

the ass to maneuver on Light Street thru Fells Point where my apartment awaited me.

Walking out the building's front door I said my good-byes to Renee who had calmed down a bit since earlier and seemed to be less of a bitch with me than she had been in the last few weeks. She was on her way in the opposite direction to the subway with plans of supposedly having some one on one time with her boyfriend Kevin and I was heading to the garage to get my car.

It wasn't much but it was mine so I never complained about the little Nissan Sentra that got me around to wherever I needed to go. As I made my way to the curb I noticed "her" standing there under her black umbrella trying to hail a yellow cab which of course none was stopping. Only in Baltimore would a cab driver waste his damn time passing by on a fare of a beautiful woman like Candice to race their asses to Penn Station or one of the hotels to just sit and park complaining they weren't making enough money.

I was surprised that there was no one there to meet her as was her usual M.O where some classy looking snobby female in a tailored woman's business suit came and picked her up but today was something different.

Almost backing out of doing what I was contemplating doing, I hurried over to the curb beside her. I could see she was not only getting frustrated with not being able to hail a cab but she was now soaking wet from the snow that was being flung up as cars raced down Pratt street.

"Say can I give you a ride somewhere?" I heard my voice strain through my uncooperating lips and teeth. Watching her turn to me, she recognized me immediately recognition putting a smile on her sweet lips. She was all bundled up tight in a expensive but not too warm a coat. The kind made for looking good but wasn't really practical because your ass was still cold in it that wasn't waterproof so the wetness seeped through the material through and through.

"Wow Chris—I really couldn't ask you—"

Cutting her off I knew now was the time to make my move. Even if I wasn't in her league I could at least get to know her. Hell, a few hours ago she didn't even know my name or would recognize me on a city street but now she spoke my name and recognized me instantly. To me that was progress. A baby step forward was still a step forward.

"Candice its snowing like crazy and granted you still looking fine and all but you're not dressed to brave this weather and there is no guarantee a cab gonna pull over for you. Besides I can at least repay you for damn near knocking you out with my fat azz."

Once again I was honored with her laughter.

"Chris there is nothing fat about you," She spoke looking me up and down appreciatively. I felt my face grow hot. Thank god I am dark skinned.

I scanned the big one way street noticing how traffic was picking up heavenly even as we spoke. I shifted my weight from foot to foot waiting and hoping that I could convince her to let me give her a lift to wherever she needed to go. I turned back once again when I heard her soft voice continue.

“But seriously, I seemed to have left my house keys at a friend’s so I can’t get in my place until later and they won’t be back until tonight on the train.”

What stroke of luck; a truly strained damsel in distress. Not knowing where the confidence was coming from I offered her a solution.

“—No problem, you can wait at my place until then.” I spoke finding strength in my game.

She only hesitated for a minute before she smiled at me taking me up on my offer. We made our way to the garage to retrieve my car. As I drove slowly through the downtown streets of Baltimore I could feel her eyes on me. The car was thankfully warm now; having been given enough time to warm up in the public garage. She sat with her coat slightly open revealing her shapely legs. Candice soaking wet, from the slosh of snow mixed with rain was uncomfortable. Her clothes clung to her displaying before my eyes when she wasn’t looking the outlined form of her incredibly fuckable body.



Finally I made it home with Candice in tow. My place wasn’t a hood home nor was it a high maintenance rowhome in Fells Point. It was a fairly decent place that I felt fit me in comfort and style.

I lead her to my upstairs second floor apartment where I directed her to my bedroom and handed her a spare robe to put on while we let her clothes air dry for the time being. It was the only thing we could do, for her clothes were all dry clean only and I didn’t want to take the risk of shrinking her shit.

While she was changing in my bedroom I turned on the stereo and made my way to my small kitchen to see what I could find in the way of food. Finding none I knew I would have to order out which thankfully wasn’t a problem here in B-more because food spots will deliver if it was raining fireballs and shit grenades. They know how a muthafucka loves to eat in this city.

Not hearing her approach in bare feet I was startled in my own place by her soft voice.

“I like your place Chris.”

Turning quickly I was greeted by the sight of Candice in the terry towel bathrobe I had gotten on my last trip to Atlantic City in the hotel. She had acquaintances I knew who had places that would make my humble home look like a cardboard box outside a upscale apartment building. Why she fronting like that? I was just a woman who grew up poor from a

struggling home where there wasn't a dad, or a grand dad to represent a male role model much less a real two parent family structure. I wasn't as poor as I once was when I was growing up but I sure as hell wasn't rolling in loot either.

“Aren't you going to change out of your damp clothes too?”

She asked moving closer to me. I could only stand there and watch her. Without slowing down her dissent towards me, the bathrobe which was a simple white terry cloth robe opened before me and I was blessed with the image of her pear shaped tits and smooth shaven pussy. There was no audible words that could come from me at that moment; no thought could I convey beyond the factor of total disbelief.

Here I was standing with a woman who I had watched, well, nearly stalked for six months stand before me in my own humble crib and she was in what appeared to me making a move on me. On me! Oh yeah this niggress was definitely looking like I was going to win one for the “home” team because I think that “if” and that little word really had big implications--if I could just get myself to move I may even be able to fucking...

Score!

My kitchen chair sat off to the side between us actually. She made her way to rest her bare foot in the seat of it revealing the smooth flesh between her legs to me.

“Chris are you one of those kind that get off on staring or do you like to get it on as well?” She asked taking my hand between her soft fingers guiding them towards her legs. She was commanding me and I was following her lead totally lost in the sheer presence of her.

When her lips brushed my neck electricity rushed through my body distracting me—I didn't even realize she had placed my fingers between her, inside her and I was strumming my fingers to her song.

The pussy was wet...

Real muthafucking wet...

That's the factor that snapped me out of my trance like haze. I felt like I had smoked a big fat fucking blunt. In a haze-like trance but ever nerve inside me was alive and on fire as my two fingers that now was inside her began to finger fucked her pussy. Her hips were beginning to grind and she rode both fingers; my palm gripping her sacred lips; the remaining fingers caressing the bottom half of her round ass. With her arms wrapped around my shoulders now tight she rode my fingers to the knuckles crushing her clit—and she purred.

I was oblivious to the feel of pain as she sunk her teeth into my neck. I doubt that it would even matter I was way too caught up to care. Her hands slipped down to stroke my breasts through my polo and I felt my nipples grow so hard it brought pain mixed with its own special

breed of pleasure screaming inside my head.

Being grateful for any action I would never complain about getting some fine ass woman especially a woman like Candice but the reality was I knew I needed to get us to my little bedroom and my queen size bed but she would not relinquish my hand from being buried inside her. And then it happened...

Or should I say we heard it.

...The sound of her cell phone going off out in my living room inside her purse. Please god don't let her decide to answer it—

“Umm Chris hold that thought baby, I need to get that.”

And without a second thought she dislodged herself from my pussy juice coated fingers leaving me standing in my own kitchen breathing hard.

I wasn't trying to listen to her on the phone talk to whoever the fuck it was preventing me from fucking her up in my bedroom. But I could hear her one-sided of the conversation and I knew shit was about to end up something I didn't want; her half of the conversation went like this.

“Hey baby, no I'm just hanging out with some girlfriends for a bit.”

Pause.

“—Oh you caught the early train in? Sure I can catch a cab and meet you at my place. Just let yourself in with your keys.” She giggled.

Wow. It was like that? She comes over to my place, comes on to me and then when however it was calls up she's like G.O.N.E.

My momma always said if you play pussy you gonna get fucked and Shorty right there just fucked me. Granted it may have been my fingers up in her wet hole but I just got fucked. I mean I know today was the first day we met and I know she is too damn fine to be single but hell she is up in my damn house naked and getting me all worked up over shit. I would have been cool with us just sitting out in the living room getting to know one another as the snow floated down to earth. But no, she had to stick my hand up her shit and get me and my mind all wide open. That was bullshit and I was feeling used.

She must have finished her call with the person because I heard her giving directions to what was probably a yellow taxicab from her cell phone. Damn, Shorty even scoped out my address on the way in. I leaned against the kitchen counter too shocked to believe I got played like that. Or did I? I mean, I could have told her “no” when she came at me with the open damn robe and the pussy and tits breaking out from behind the material.

As I am stand there with my mind trying to grasp everything that has just happened, I could

hear her moving around out in the living room probably gathering up her things. When I looked up Candice was standing in my doorway of my kitchen fully dressed, coat on and looking like a million bucks. Damn that woman was sexy even if she did just use me like a condom.

“Chris I’m going to head out, seems like I can get in my place now and—“

“Sure Candice, I understand. I mean the weather is bad and everything and you can now get in your—“ She never let me finish; instead her words were a rush in its execution of trying to escape me and my apartment.

“—Oh great I am so glad you understand Chris!” We both heard the cab’s horn blow loudly in rapid annoying succession.

“Well, that sounds like you cab. Let me walk you down—“

“Oh you don’t have to do that Chris I will see my way out.” Quickly she made her way to me kissing me on my cheek.

“We really need to hook up again sometime or something.” She breathes looking intently at me. I don’t respond; just nod trying to keep my pride in check.

I heard my front door open and close quickly leaving me alone in my apartment alone; saved only with the lingering scent of her perfume still clinging in the air.

Part 3

Once again its Monday morning and most of Friday’s snow had melted from the streets leaving Baltimore looking dull in the early winter daylight. The snow had melted away but the cold that came in with it stayed and I couldn’t help but long for the sun of springtime and summer to come.

It was just a few days before Valentine’s Day and I was still single. Months had transpired since my last girlfriend or should I say the girl I was dating occupied my time. Not that I needed to be in any kind of relationship it was just—well it would be nice to have someone to call my own. Do nice things for and they return the favor. Was that too much to ask?

I leaned over my drafting table concentrating on the design I was working on. I could hear Renee at her station arguing already with her boyfriend Kevin. It was nothing unusual about that despite it being just 9:30 in the morning. The reason they were arguing again was because Kevin had a real problem with hanging with his boys instead of spending time with Renee which made her mean as hell “most of the time” because he was out “most of the time” instead of with Renee chilling and handling his business on the home front. I had secretly began to think that Renee’s problem was she wasn’t getting fucked enough or at all for that matter and I personally wished that Kevin go and fuck her so I could get some peace. The only good thing about them beefing was I didn’t have to hear her proclaiming how much she “loved” dick.

Glancing up I saw Candice saunter between cubicles making her way towards me beside Joyce Grisom, daughter and VP of her dad's architecture firm. Joyce was a stately blond with long legs that carried her in a graceful way of when she walked. Even though I knew she had to be in her late forties she was still a work of art and that's saying a lot simply because I wasn't too keen on blonds by nature.

Candice was her personal assistant and the two seem to get along quite well. Just as they came to my cubicle Joyce stopped abruptly stepping in.

"Chris, you and Renee did a fine job going over the Richardson project and I was really impressed with your work on Grandeur Estate plans. Thank you for putting in the overtime." Turning to Candice she continued, "Candice would you please block in some time this afternoon for me to sit down with Chris?"

I stood there looking at Joyce who I had only had a few words with in passing. She was in overall charge of my department but left the day to day operations to William my supervisor who was to be frank a real bitch boy when it came to conducting his self.

Candice who was carrying a new Treo in her hand click away real quick before turning to me, "How's 2 o'clock Chris?"

I could only look at her and nod. By then Renee had hung up the phone with Kevin and was listening intently.

"Okay Chris I will see you at 2 in my office." She smiled displaying a set of beautiful teeth. When I got out of college one of the first things I invested in was getting my teeth veneered; nothing like a beautiful smile. Joyce moved briskly away from my desk with Candice following.

"By the way Chris, thanks for the all you did Friday. I really did appreciate everything." Candice spoke looking at me with those cat-like eyes of hers. Joyce looked from Candice to me and then back to Candice with eyebrow raised questioningly.

"Really it was no problem, glad I could help you out," I replied quietly. I was no longer ticked and feeling used by her or her actions but I figured if I didn't want my pride knocked around then I would steer clear from her. They both moved on down the pathway towards the elevator to return to the fourth floor where Joyce's office sat.

"—What the hell was that all about?"

Renee. I could feel her eyes beating me against my neck. I really wish I could answer her but the truth of it was I didn't know why Joyce wanted to see me. Hell, I had been employed there for three years and never had she summoned me to her office. And it couldn't have anything to do with Candice because I saw how she looked at her when she thanked me for rescuing her ass from the snow on Friday evening. She knew nothing.

Shaking my head I sat down at my computer station meeting Renee's gaze.

"I honestly don't know Renee." My eyes moved back to where the two other women stood waiting for the elevator.

Changing the subject I asked her what was up with her and Kevin. Looking at Renee closely, it looked like she'd been crying, a lot. Her eyes were red rimmed and slightly puffy.

She sighed before making her way into my cube. "Chris there is no more Kevin and me. I'm just so fucking through with his ass. He came by my place this weekend and I was washing his pants and why this nigga had photos of him and some other bitches on his cell phone stored?"

"You went through his cell phone Renee?"

Renee sat down in my spare chair. "Didn't have to, nigga had some hoe in his lap on blast as his screen saver. When I asked him about it he finally told me that was his baby momma."

"I thought he didn't have any kids?" I asked incredulously.

She laughed bitterly. "Oh I thought he didn't either but it would appear he has an eighteen month old little boy."

"Wait a minute. You two been together for almost three years Renee," I shuttered taken back. Renee had been with Kevin basically since we both started working here. She had met him just outside the building one day and struck up a conversation.

"Well, basically he's been doing his own thing on the side it would appear." Renee answered; anger dripping from every word she spoke.

"Damn Renee, I'm real sorry—"

"Don't be." She stood up stretching. "I'm going to grab myself a cup of coffee and then get some work done."

At 2 o'clock I was ushered into Joyce's office by Candice who was polite but cordial. It was almost like I never had my fingers shoved up inside her wet hole a mere two days before.

I was nervous but grateful that I had the right sense of judgment to forgo my usual attire for something slightly more professional. With black slacks and a off white button down shirt I walked into Joyce's office. She offered me a seat and I settled my five foot five, one hundred fifty pound frame into it.

Her office was spacious with a decent view of the Inner Harbor off to the left of her large windows. She had sparse furniture made mostly of glass and light chrome; it was the stuff you would see in Ikea only you know it cost more than Ikea type prices.

I ran my hand over my hair which as customary was pulled back into a lone, long ponytail down my back. Nothing complicated. I wasn't a complicated person.

"So Chris I just want to say that we have been very pleased by your work rate here at this firm. You are a strong employee the kind of employee we value and want to nurture into key roles with us. We are truly proud of both you and Renee might I add but especially you. That is why I want you to assume the role which was once held by William."

I sat there speechless. I was not expecting a promotion nor was I doing anything in particular to receive one. Not that I wasn't a high achiever I just figured it would take a while to move up the proverbial ladder so to speak.

"To make this transition easier, we want you to handle the role specifically of project manager with Renee assisting you in regards to personnel issues. This will allow you to transition into your new position smoothly. I don't believe in throwing anyone out there into shark infested waters and just adjusting to all of the meetings in its own right is an undertaking. But I think you can do the job." She sat back in her high back executive chair smiling faintly at me; thankfully allowing me time to take everything in she had said.

"I have plans on speaking to Renee tomorrow about your roles but first I need to know if you would accept it and secondly if you feel she would be of real support to you before I offer her this new position because she would be reporting to you as oppose to working directly beside you now."

My throat was dry yet when I wiped my hands over my pants I found them soaked in sweat. I couldn't find my voice; instead I nodded an affirmative yes.

Beaming, she stood up offering her hand to me. "Chris you deserve this. Don't let anyone and I mean anyone lead you to believe you don't. It doesn't matter that you went to a community college of you are not about to graduate from a big ten school. When you accept this chance, accept with the belief you are getting it because you earned it. I don't believe in giving away opportunities here without a person earning it. My father expects a lot from this company he built from out of a little room that was once a broom closet."

I nodded my head again taking in what she was saying to me. As I was leaving her office I turned to ask her a question.

"—Ms. Grisom what happened to William did he get promoted?" I inquired.

Still with her beautiful expensive smile plastered on her face she replied, "I no longer have need of William's services here Chris. I am a woman who detests little boys that carry on like a female dog. William's last day at work was Friday."

Part 4

Saturday.

The week went by fairly quickly; I moved my stuff to my new office which was small with no windows nor with a view but still an office of my own. It faced the open floor of cubicles where Renee and I had sat for three years. Renee had also moved work areas; she was now situated in the outer enclosed office area of my office where William's secretary once sat. His secretary had been reassigned to another location in the company. Looking out between the Venetian blinds in the door I watched the staff that was now under my supervision, still taken back by the sudden turn of events. When Friday came I was mentally exhausted and in need of some down time to get my head out of cloud nine.

I was looking forward to a real quiet Saturday--just me, Kobe, the Lakers and this extra large three topping Papa John pizza when my antiquated Razr cell phone vibrated on my glass end table. Reaching, I glanced down into my palm thinking it was maybe my mom--instead it was Renee's cell number.

Flicking it open I was greeted by the sound of Renee sobbing instead of her usually sexy "Hello" that I was accustom to hearing whenever she called my phone. Sitting up quickly my voice urgent and husky I asked:

"Renee what's up; what happened?"

I wasn't use to this "Renee" a woman who cried. I was use to the quick witted, sexy B-more diva who could pull out the sweetest of sweet, mixed with a hint of strong tough flavoring like a Black in Mild used to drag heavy on a fatty blunt.

Whatever she was saying, I couldn't understand--her sobs made it impossible to decipher anything from her lips to my ears. Finally things became audible and through her sorrowful tears she broke it down for me.

"--How could he--"

"How could who, Renee?" I broke in as she repeated those three words over and over again.

I waited patiently hoping she would make sense so I could help her; I mean she was for what it was worth a really good friend. We were tight; probably could have been tighter if it wasn't for her out of the blue homophobic type rave sessions that always and I mean always ended with how she was "strictly dickly."

"Kevin. Oh my god Chris, that nigga done fucked both my sisters up in my goddamn crib, in my fucking bed. Lexus didn't even have a place to stay and I let her trifling, nasty ass up in there even after she stole my checkbook and wrote those bad checks on me. And Robin is now fucking pregnant with his fucking baby Chris! Not one bitch pregnant by him but two hoes pregnant by my man!"

Her tears of anger broke through again as the magnitude of what she's just said hit me full force. Her fucking own sisters fucked her man, damn.

"Renee, look give me ten minutes and I'll be over there--"

"--No, I'm just five minutes from you; I'm coming over."

And with that the line went dead and I sat, waiting for Renee and all her sorrows to knock and come into my life...



I quickly tossed on a pair of faded black sweats over my boxers and opted to just stay in my white wife beater waiting for Renee's knock to greet me at my door. My newly styled closely cropped wavy black hair was covered up with a black bandana. At 30, I looked okay and women occasionally took notice in me. I couldn't understand why I was single but then one day a friend of mine pointed out only decent muthafuckas was alone--go figure it sure as hell seemed that way.

Even though I was expecting her knock, I was still taken back when I heard her soft rapping upon my door. Within a few steps across my small living room I was opening the door to find standing on the other side Renee in just a hoodie sweat shirt, a pair of jeans and a pair of white Nike's. Totally not like her; Renee if she was gay would be considered an ultimate femme by all definitions.

Without thinking much about it I reached out and pulled her shapely form inside the warmth of my apartment and into my arms for an embraced. The door closed behind us as I held her and she cried onto my shoulders; her tears literally running along my shoulders and down my chest soaking my shirt through.

I wanted to ask her if she was alright but to do so would mean I would be in my eyes insulting her intelligence. If she was alright she wouldn't be standing in my living room crying on my shoulders. So I just stood there with her while she cried hoping that she would tire herself out a bit and I could work on helping my friend out.

I found myself taking in everything about Renee; the way she smelled, the way she felt as I held her close to me. I enjoyed the closeness of her arms around my neck; her head resting on my shoulder. My own hands held onto her by the small of her back around her waist and unconsciously as we stood there they had crept lower to the curve of her full ass. Guiltily I brought both of them up quickly; pulling her tighter I pretended to support her but upright but in reality I held on tight to prevent me from doing actions I need not explore.

Five minutes passed and still she cried. I slowly extracted myself from her embrace and took her by her hands and lead her to the sofa guiding her to sit down. I stood in front of her while

she sat, eyes down cast; her hands lingering on my hips gripping my sweats in her fists. When she brought her brown eyes up to meet mine I felt heat between my legs and my own wetness crept from me coating the center of my boxer briefs under my sweats. Even with her unmasked sorrow her femininity touched me, sexed me, explored me; calling to me and damn I fucking wanted to answer.

She had a way even when distraught of looking sexy and I swallowed hard trying to clear my head and remember these three things about her:

A: She was my friend and co worker.

B: She had a man or at least she did.

C. She was straight and strictly dicky as she pointed out on numerous occasions.

Besides, she came there for support not to exercise my right to lay her in my bed and fuck her, suck her, taste her and then have her give me virgin lesbian head with those sweet sexual full lips.

Outside of last week's brief encounter with Candice I hadn't seen any action in months; my dick in the closet looked limp lately and my own pussy felt abandoned. Fucking around with Candice opened up some shit I'd finally gotten under control after months without any action until her freaky ass stepped up in my crib.

Fucking pussy tease...

I was pulled back from my thoughts by Renee who sat now with her arms around my waist and her head resting against my taunt six pack stomach--real close to the origin of where my heat came from. My mind envisioned her taking her teeth and grabbing the draw string to my sweats pulling them down low enough to snake her tongue inside the slit in front of my boxers. The thought made me shift unconsciously, causing her to once again lift her head up to look upward to me, questioningly.

Trying to gain control over my voice I began, "So what you going to do about Kevin, Renee--I mean are you umm going to ahh--"

She pulled back cutting me off sharply.

"Me and that bitch ass nigga are fucking over Chris. I can't believe you would even ask me some dumb shit like that. Those two sluts, ass bitches of sisters of mine can have his fucking broke ass. Not like he really could fuck good. How can a nigga with a dick as big as his still not be able to fuck is beyond me but hell they must love it enough to fuck him behind my back instead of being my sisters and hold shit down for me."

Her face contorted with anger as she spoke. Renee was by all accounts a good woman. Too good for Kevin no doubt but I never spoke my mind or express my opinions openly to her about him. I doubt if she would have listened and it could have cost me our relationship as friends.

"I told my sisters to be out of my damn house by tomorrow morning at ten. Not ten after ten, not three after ten but ten. I want them gone. They can go to his place to live see how he treat them then if he even let either of them stay at his precious apartment." She spoke spitting venom as she spoke thinking about Kevin and her sisters.

I took the opportunity to sit down beside her still trying to collect my thoughts and libido quickly before she realize something was up with me because of the way I was acting. I placed my feet on my cocktail table in front of me looking at my thick, white sweat socks beside the box of pizza that I had only had a chance to eat one slice of. Grabbing the remote I switched on the cable guide to see what time it was; six forty-five it said. My shades were closed but even without opening them I knew it was now dark outside.

Renee said she had given them until tomorrow morning to be out her place; did that mean she wanted to spend the night over here?

I had once offered for her to spend the night when she was having her place painted but she had semi flipped out talking bout that's all she needed was for people to think we were fucking at work even though everyone there should know she was...

Strictly dicky...

Pulling me out of my thoughts I heard the tail end of Renee's question.

--So if you don't mind Chris can I stay here for the night?"

Blinking my eyes several times trying to get my mind to catch up to my ears I stumbled to answer her.

"Yeah Renee I guess if that's what you want--"

Without warning to alert me Renee quickly wrapped her arms around me squeezing me tight, pressing her more than ample breasts into me making me appreciate so much more of Renee besides her brains and work ethics.

Just as quickly she grabbed me she let me go only to kiss me on my cheek.

"Thank you Chris."

To be continued:

This story is broken into three major parts meaning I have just 3 more submissions and yes, it has an ending. I am working on another short story to offer to Nifty readers entitled:

"My Father's Wife"

That story is short and gritty in delivery; typical Kaution style so I hope you like it when it's posted next week. The second part to this story will be out next week as well. Thank you for reading and supporting

me. To check out my book trailers you can take a peak at “Nothing Short of A Rainbow and “Don’t Wanna Be A Playa” book trailers at: www.myspace.com/kaution187 And please keep in mind even if you don’t use the discount code listed above for the book you can donate directly to Nifty thru paypal.

