

As promised...

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My Father's Wife

~Kaution

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"Oh god fuck me Kellie oh god fuck the shit out of me!"

Heat radiating from my body; sweat dripping from her as our bodies' rode it out. She was humping and grinding; twisting and riding the thick, rubber man-like phallus strapped onto me by the nylon straps that bit into my flesh rocking me with pain and pleasure as I felt her thighs tighten around mine. Her nails dug into my shoulders as her azz bounced hard up and down making the bed squeak. A look of sheer determination and sexual joy etched across her beautiful brown face. My hands hold her waist to steady her ride; her ride on my womyn dick.

"Bringggg."

The shrill sound of my alarm clock awakened me from my sexually troubling slumber. Damn, another fucking dream about her, what the fuck? I breathed into my overstuffed pillow in my small room upstairs above the father and his wife's bedroom on the second floor. I was twenty-four years old; a second year college student. I'd been living with my father Leo and his wife Kenya for just two months.

I didn't want to be there.

But I had not too many options to exercise. My mom had my younger sisters to take care of and now my grandmother in Alabama. And I couldn't afford to relocate with them nor could I just leave without gaining permission from the court system since I was on parole. My only option was to move in with the man that fathered me and the woman he left his wife, my mother and his kids to live in poverty for. I hated that muthafucka with a passion yet his phony ass wanted to pretend like he didn't know or couldn't figure out why I hated him.

"Or my father's wife."

To me, she was a bitch; a home wrecker, man stealer. She was the thing that kept my father Leo away from home, not by my mother's side while she carried my younger sister in her womb. But instead buried up to his balls deep inside her wet pussy night after night all the while we wait. Me and my siblings; we wait watching by the window for him to return but he wouldn't; he didn't. He never came back.

He stayed with her; she was fucking fine as hell--younger than my mother. More refined, educated--she moved with sensuality and hot sexuality. The bitch was what a fuck fantasy was supposed to be like.

For years I hated her...

Now I found myself wanting her...

My father's wife...

The alarm went off again and slowly I sat up alongside my bed; tank top and boxers my standard sleep wear. The house sounded quiet. I knew he must be off to the church. Yes, the church. I forgot to mention my father was a deacon when he left my mother. But the church is a forgiving place so in time he became a pastor at a new church across town. They didn't seem to mind he was an adulterer, a fornicator and a man who abandon his family to struggle in the rough and rugged Baltimore streets.

My father's wife...

Guess the pussy was good.

Real good.

Who was I kidding; Kenya was a young, thirty-four year old woman with smooth brown skin and black onyx colored eyes. She wore her hair long and micro braided down her shoulders; lips full and inviting. She was ten years older than me; I was ten when my father found his way into her bed. He was eleven years her senior; suppose to be a spiritual advisor to her. Instead he fucked her in our old Delta 88 back bucket seat night after night.

And my mother, she knew; but what could she do? There was four of us and another on the way. She did what she had to and tolerated finding torn condom wrappers tossed carelessly in the infant car seat left by my father. The man had left us for another life, another woman.

Stretching I stand; my eyes so much like his fell on my reflection in my dresser mirror. It was his eyes, his raven black hair upon my head in corn rolls and thick silky eyebrows that stared back at me. It was the only thing I am glad I took away from him—

My lips were full like my mother's, then skin tone a cross the product of their combined genes. My father's mother was Peruvian and his dad a Nigerian immigrants that found their way coming through New York's port.

My father was a handsome black man but he was a selfish man. He met my mother when she was planning to go to college only to get her knocked up with me ending her dreams of school for the time being.

After he left us, I saw my father and her only once when I was fourteen. I was with the youth choir of our church and we were visiting another church in celebration of Christmas. There at his church--the new one. I saw him there standing up at the pulpit preaching God's word while the

other kids, the older ones who remembered the “good” deacon Leo Strong, my father whispered and spoke on how he left my mother. How he left his family; must’ve been something we did cuz God surely would have punished him if he was the one in the wrong they said.

My father wrong?

No, not in their eyes and so their whispers between hymns became more accusing in tone. Yes, it had to be my mother that made the good deacon go astray I heard them say; their words echoed by the few older church members who should have stood by my mother’s side; always the faithful follower; proud flock member of that church. She was the one pregnant; she was the one carrying that nigga’s fucking child.

At the end of his sermon, at the end of his service I stood in the back near the doors waiting and wishing they would hurry and rush us out into the cold winter air to the church van. But no, that shit wasn’t about to happen. Luck like that don’t go that way especially for a kid like me. They crowded around this man. This man that fucking left us, no money and my mom having to go to social services begging them bitches for food stamps to care for his now five offspring who had barely shit up in the house to eat.

“Oh Pastor it’s been a long time who are you doing?”

And...

“Oh pastor we surely do miss you at the church every Sunday...”

I stood there amazed. It was like looking at black folks forgiving OJ, or pretending R. Kelley didn’t piss on that girl or Michael didn’t have little white boys up in his bed...

I was confused...and angry but at fourteen what could I say?

And then they pointed me out to him and he turned and looked my way. Eyes that mirrored my own stared at me and it was then that I hated him. I hated him with every dpi of my young body. I stood there across the church staring him down, willing all my energy into to creating so much energy that his sorry azz would engulf in a flame. Burn faster than a blunt--from my lips to the air...I wanted him to pay for hurting momma and leaving us alone to hurt. And then it happened, he had the nerve to walk over to me and his deep voice reached my ears when he stopped before me looking me up and down after four years of not seeing me his words reached me.

“Kellie I had raised you with better manners than to not speak to the host of this church? You cannot address your father respectfully when you enter his church young lady?”

I took it all in. Was he for real?

It was then that I saw “her” talking to a group of his congregation near some pews and she saw me--him--us.

Then I was just a scrawny girl. All arms and legs draped in cast off, thrift store clothing too big for my slender frame. She came over to where we were standing, him towering above me, arms crossed before him like he deserved my respect.

Fuck him...

Before he could continue, she touched his arm stopping him, smiling at me. Her smile warmed my insides and I felt for the first time new emotions--feelings I straight up wasn’t use to; a deep steering between my legs and throbbing in the center. I felt like I had just peed myself when

she looked at me with those eyes and that smile. I knew I had to get away from there--out of the house of the lord, away from his arrogant, selfish ass away from her--her womanly qualities that made me feel things I had never in my fourteen years had felt.

I turned...bolting out the double doors of the church, past the van in the parking lot, through the snow that had begun to fall while we sat for service into the cold. I ran. Luckily I had some loose change in my coat pocket and hopped on a bus getting an all day pass to ride. I didn't want to go home to my mother who would be mad with me for what I'd done; still taking his side. The side of the husband who had abandoned her and her children for another woman...

The woman who would ten years later haunt my dreams...

I hated her...

I wanted her...

My father's wife...

Grabbing a pair of baggy jean shorts and another t-shirt I make my way out my room and across the hall to the upstairs bathroom to grab a shower before classes that afternoon. It was already ten thirty in the morning and I was just waking up having been out the night before with friends club hitting and drinking. If there were beautiful women to be found then me and my two buddies Dre and Kia found them that night. There was no safe pussy around us.

I wasn't expecting to find her opening the door as I was reaching for the doorknob to the upstairs bathroom in just a towel wrapped around her body. My eyes took all of her end as I scanned over her small five foot five frame that the small blue colored towel barely covered from my observing eyes.

"Shit Kellie, I didn't realize you were here. You startled me."

I just stood there.

She continued, "I umm had to take a shower up her because the bathroom downstairs toilet is backed up and your father says he will fix it," she sighs, "But hasn't gotten around to fixing it and it's been a week already."

She self consciously wrap her arms tightly around her full breasts. I think I made her very uncomfortable.

"Yeah well if you keep waiting for him to make good on his fucking promises you'll be one exhausted woman after that wait. He ain't gonna do shit, aiight?"

I watched her nose squint up disturbed I was sure on my use of profanity. She took being a pastor's wife seriously. To see her sitting on the church stage all prime and proper was unbelievable every Sunday I was sure. I hadn't stepped foot inside a church since that cold winter day when I ran from my father and those fake azz people who called themselves praising the lord but truly being of the devil's kin with their gossip and willingness to harbor an adulterer and his harlot; the woman he took night after night as my momma cried herself to sleep.

"Kellie you shouldn't speak so ill of your father--"

"Really?" I began moving closer to her almost backing her up into the doorway's framework. "Tell me Kenya why shouldn't I speak ill of his azz? Because he was the sperm donor that made

me? Or maybe cuz he's busting your guts every night? Well he ain't my bitch so I really will say whatever I fucking want about that piece of work."

I was just mere inches away from her; my five nine frame looming over her; I was almost certain I saw her shiver from the anger from me; from the nearness of us.

"Let's get a few things straight aight? I do not like Leo, he and I will never be cool and if my mother hadn't disgraced herself by coming here and begging him to take me in after I got out of jail to attend school I wouldn't be here."

My eyes narrowed onto dark slits.

"It is the least I could do since it was her wish and since she humiliated herself by coming her on my behalf. She never asked shit of me but this one fucking thing so I am here. And I will at least stay until I can afford to move out on my own. Nothing has changed in fourteen years and nothing will change after this. I fucking despise the man and I ain't to thrilled bout you either."

Kenya's eyes began to tear up and I felt the desire between my legs grow stronger. Yeah, that's right drop a muthafucking tear just like my momma did bitch I thought forcing the sexual energy that I was feeling back down to the dark regions of my hidden desires.

But just a quick they formed in her eyes she got control over her emotions and the tears in her eyes were replaced by anger.

"Okay Kellie I get your point--you hate your father for cheating on your mother and leaving his family and you hate me for being the woman that caused all of this. I get it, really I do."

"You, me and him never ever have to get along in life but at least respect my wishes and refrain from cursing. You think you can do that?"

She did wait for an answer; instead she pushed passed me down the stairs. As she rushed my I was graced with the view of her round ass peeking out from the blue towel that did not and could not cover all of her.

Part II

He was once again out of town; this time for a Baptist retreat in Montreal. It was the second trip he took since I had moved in two and a half months before; this time he would be gone for a week. I could see the disappointment on her face as she stood in the side kitchen door watching him pull off in the airport shuttle van; his cell phone I noted to his ear already talking to someone else instead of waving to his loving "wife" who stood by watching him drive away. The scene was all too familiar to me. Only this time I wasn't standing around like some damn fool believing he loved us ad would miss us.

No, I was grown now and didn't believe in fairytales cuz in the hood happily ever afters rarely came true. I watch her; she stood there long after the van had disappeared down the street and out of view. Leo, my selfish father and Kenya's selfish husband had gone off to in my mind do what he had done to my mother...

Fuck another woman.

It wasn't any kind of epiphany or any revelation. It was just--it was what it was; I knew it and when she finally turned around walking back into the kitchen I believe she knew it. Leo my father

was just a straight up hoe.

A small part of me wanted to feel sorry for her; but did she feel sorry for my mother or her five kids? I pushed the thought of compassion from my heart and mind as I downed the last bit of fruit juice in my cup down before rinsing it and putting it in the dishwasher.

I could feel her watching me; I wanted to turn around and yell at her to quit looking at me. If she had something to say then just fucking say it but instead I kept my silence pretending I didn't know she was watching me.

Today was off from school and work so I was looking forward to chilling in my room especially since he was away and I didn't run the risk of bumping into him in his own fucking house. Turning my eyes caught Kenya's; she stood there looking embarrassed almost.

"So I guess you have plans with your *friends*?"

Neither Leo nor Kenya liked to address my two closest friends, Dre and Kia. Course he didn't like the idea of me being a dyke either. It was really funny, he had no problems with folks knowing I spent time in jail but people knowing I licked pussy was a hush hush affair. Yeah, with me being gay he didn't even try to get me up on his church--if I was a weak bitch I be tripping with him acting like Shug's preacher daddy in the Color Purple---

"See's daddy, I's a dyke daddy, I's a dyke."

"Actually I'm going to hang out upstairs studying and knocking out some assignments," I replied nonchalantly stretching and flexing my arms over my head showing off the new tribal tattoo that covered most of my left arm.

I thought about earlier this week when I walked in the door with it the first time three days ago Leo had a fit. He had stormed out the house on his way to bible study at his church telling me like I was a child we were going to have a "talk." No, Leo you are going to have a talk--with your damn self but I wasn't going to be there to listen I told him just before the front door slammed behind him.

I stood shaking in raged; who the fuck did this bitch ass nigga think he was? Too late to play daddy now bitch boy. I thought; my anger stroking my hate for him. I didn't notice Kenya who stood now beside me fingers gently touching the swollen, raised flesh of the freshly inked skin.

"Does it hurt much?" She asked holding my arm gently between her soft hands a look of concern etched deeply upon her beautiful face. I was touched by her concern. It was real.

"No," I say self-consciously aware at how close she is to me; the smell of her feminine bodywash reaching my nose. She looked at me as if she didn't believe me; her fingertips now stroking my arm.

"I'm good." I continued pulling away as I backed away from the nearness of her...

"Kellie...?"

Kenya's hand was waving in front of my face; trying to get my attention worry behind her eyes.

"I'm good Kenya. I just better go study aight?" I stumbled trying to push my father's wife from my thoughts...

Hours had passed and like a good little college student I kept my black ass in my books. The sun had been out when I came upstairs but now it was getting dark. Looking at the alarm clock time had slipped away from me and it was after nine I'd been at it for hours. Feeling beyond hungry I got up making my way downstairs to find something in the fridge to grab to eat. Ahhh, left over domino pizza, perfect.

With the pizza in the microwave heating up I contemplated going out that night with Dre to the club. Kia had a new girlfriend so her hangout time was limited these days. Just as I was pulling out my cell I heard what I thought was quiet sobs coming from down the hall of the house. Deciding to ignore it I punched out the first six numbers to Dre's cell phone...410.298...

I can hear her voice now...yelling and screaming angrily. Sighing I stick my phone in my pocket and made my way down the hall towards their bedroom. When I got to the end of the hall the door stood slightly ajar and I could see her sitting on the side of the bed, her back to me on the phone. She wore only a black lace bra and matching panties.

"--Leo don't you think our marriage needs attention? I'm here and you're wherever sleeping with whomever. What about me? What about this marriage? And Kellie? She despises you--us. Don't you think you should try to fix that?"

Pause.

"She hates me Leo and I can't blame her. It isn't my place to fix things between you tow. Nor should I be the one to explain to her how you lied to me and pretended you were not married when we got together. I was young, foolish and naive' bought into your games. And now you are back at it with god knows who."

I stood there listening to her plead with her, the way my mother pleaded with him I'm sure. Telling him things like we can make it work; that she would try harder--she would lose weight, be sexier for him if only he would come home and stay home; be faithful.

My father's wife...

Eventually he ended the conversation and she sat there on their bed still cradling the phone in her hand; her head held low. Not much had changed; my father, the great Pastor Leo Strong was once again up to his selfish ways.

Cheating on his wife...

I awoke once again in a hot sweat, still feeling the almost familiar touch of her hands upon my body. It had felt so real; and when she screamed out my name as my tongue stroked her closer to coming it echoed off the walls in my room yet...

Yet, she was not in my room and it was merely a dream and I wasn't tonguing down her pussy between my lips and tongue. It was just me lying in my sweat, soaked sheets with my own hand rubbing the harden nub between my legs lusting after my fucking father's wife...

He was still away and two days had passed since I secretly stood outside her bedroom door while she begged him to give her another chance to make his worthless as happy. I found myself feeling less anger towards her and more simply and compassion--something I never thought I would have for the woman who my father ran off with leaving his family for.

It seemed like after that night Kenya moved around the house in a sad haze not venturing pass the mailbox too broken up cuz he didn't want her love. Couldn't she see she was better than that; that she was more than that--her worth was more than just being Pastor Strong's wife.

To me my father was merely a step away from being cut from the cloth of a pimp. The only thing that separated him from them was the pretty, expensive leather bound Bible he carried around with him. Glancing over to my nightstand I saw it was just midnight. I couldn't keep this shit up; wanting fuck my father's wife.

Just as I was drifting off back to sleep there was a rap at my door.

"Kellie?" Kenya's soft voice came from the opening of my doorway. Even in the dark I could still make out her form. How could that dumbass bastard cheat on a woman like that? If he knew what I was feeling about her he wouldn't leave her alone with me. I was his offspring; cheating should run in my veins.

I watched her waiting there for me to answer; unsure if she should enter my room and awake me or just leave. She began to back away slowly with the door closing behind her.

"Yeah?"

She stopped slightly startled by my husky voice still filled with desire from dreaming of her fucking me in my head. She wore a sheer white nightie, standing there in my doorway. Didn't she know better than come to my bedroom's door half naked in a see thru babydoll?

I pulled my damp fingers from my boxers under the sheets tempted to bring them to my own lips instead I felt my lips turn up gently; leering and sneering at her—

My father's wife...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Well I hope you enjoyed this one even though a good friend will probably be mad at me for the cliffhanger and stopping where I did (Mel). Everyone has helped me I feel become better at storytelling and allowing me the opportunity to tell me tale in my own way and using my own voice. It is because of that I feel I am growing and becoming a better writer and storyteller. Next part will be added sometime soon before the end of next week.

Stories poster here on Nifty by me (in case you didn't know) all in the Lesbian section(s) of course.

- Don't Wanna Be A Playa
- 360 Degrees of Difficulty
- Take Kaution: Some Women You can Have and Some you Can't

Side notes-Facts about me because folks email me with these questions sometimes:

- I am female.
- I am Dominican
- I got a wicked sense of humor
- Yes, I can "relate to many of the elements I write about but in the end it's still "fiction"

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.