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My Father's Wife

~Kaution

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Part 2

I watched her standing there hands clasped in front of her, eyes cast downward. She was what a woman was supposed to be--smart, caring, loving, beautiful and--fuckable. And she was standing there in my doorway...

My father's wife...

I laid there watching her stand there on unsure ground.

"Kellie, I know you hate me and I can't blame you I really can't. And I can't believe I am even about to ask you this--" She rung her hands tightly now as I waited for her to continue.

"Can we talk? Just about anything; I just don't want to be alone another night in this--this house."

She wanted to talk; I wanted to fuck. One too many options--one of them needed to be eliminated.

"What do you want to talk about Kenya?" I asked slowly sitting up to make my way over to her. As I walked over to her I could see her eyes traveling over my body. When her eyes made their way back to me mine, what stared back at me was a look filled with questions.

Opening the door wider I motioned her into my room. Watching her make her way in I had expected her to sit at my desk where my computer and books sat; instead she sat down on my bed and after briefly hesitating I joined her.

--Do you think you could ever stop hating my Kellie? I know it's asking a lot especially in light of what happened in the past but I really would like to be your friend." She replied brushing a few strands of her braids back.

I had heard enough of her phone call with my father to realize maybe she wasn't a willing adulterer and home wrecker as I thought her to be. My father was and is selfish--he wasn't above lying to get what

he wanted. And what he wanted ten years ago was Kenya.

"I don't know about that Kenya, seriously. You two fucked up my life and my mom and sister's life--"

--Is that why you're--you're gay?" She asked cutting me off not meeting my eyes. Inwardly I laughed; did she think it was as simple as that? Well, maybe it was for some people but for me, being gay didn't have shit to do with my father leaving us. Hell, I just loved pussy.

I found myself laughing; not the kind of laugh that is a chuckle under your breathe but I serious fell out laughing at the absurd notion of me being gay because of my father Leo. He wasn't man enough or strong enough to cause me to be gay. I was gay because of something a little bit more divine in the greater scheme of things. It was my destiny.

"Nah Kenya I just love pussy; ain't got a damn thing to do with you two fucking over me and my people."

I could see her blush under the dim night table's lamp light at the word pussy. Oddly, she didn't ask me not to use it around her. Interesting...

I excused myself and went over to my closet grabbing a pair of sweats and unbeknownst to her my 8 inch dick from its box in the closet. Excusing myself to the bathroom to change into something more than my boxers I slipped into my harness with one thing on my mind.

Fucking my father's wife...

When I returned she was as I had left her, in deep thought sitting on my bed with the nightie barely covering her thick, sexy thighs. Returning to my pace back on my bed beside her she didn't suspect I was strapped and about to make a few dreams into reality--for the both of us.

I didn't anticipate what was to happen next. Her lone tear or her moving, falling into my arms the way she did. The unexpected weight pushed me back slightly as her hand reached out to steady herself landing on partially my thigh and the bulged hidden between my legs. Quickly her hand pulled away as if it had touched something hot.

I'd expected her to pull completely away from me; out of my arms and out of my room. Instead we continue to half sit, half lay on my bed with my arms around her waist now. The two of us stayed like that for awhile. Thankfully my pillow was prop high and I could lean back on it and still hold Kenya; somehow I must have drifted off.

Unsure of how long I had been out, I was awakened by the softest hands caressing my bare stomach. I could feel my tank top slightly pushed up; her manicured nails trailing across my flesh slowly working their way lower where they paused just short of my sweat's waistband.

How far would she go--my father's wife? Was she game to find out what I could and would do to her fine ass if I got a chance?

Her hand moved lower gripping the thickness of my rubber friend in her small hand. Reaching for her hand I covered it with mine making her hold it tightly. I wanted her to envision what it would feel like--what it could be like between the two of us if she wanted it. Without looking at me she spoke.

"Kellie I can't, I shouldn't--oh god, this wrong. But I want you so bad. From the moment you walked in here I wanted you. You look so much like him and I've wondered maybe that's the reason I want you--"

I felt my anger rise as I heard her compare me to "him." Fuck him; I was nothing, nothing at all like him!

Pulling her to me I roll us fully onto the bed with me now on top of her; my leg pushing hers apart now. Leo Strong was a taker, he didn't know what it was to give. But me, his daughter was a giver and a taker. I was going to "take" his wife in his house and "give" her pleasures she never imagined in her freakiest of private dreams believe she could experience.

My hands took control of her body; everywhere they traveled they traveled hungrily exploring her in their quest to claim my new possession--her body, sex and mind. I could feel her struggle underneath me--fighting to give in and fighting to hold out. Her arms were wrapped around me; legs opening wider and attempting to close themselves to me.

My father's wife, the great honorable Pastor Strong's wife now found herself face to face with her own devil in the form of her husband's daughter.

My lips found it mark; her neck and shoulder they trailed blazing fire and brimstone kisses along it pulling her further and further into her awaiting hell or heaven depending on whose viewpoint wins out.

I had pushed the material of her nightie up revealing those full breasts I had tried so hard to ignore--now they laid exposed to my greedy hands that held, caressed and squeezed them under my grip. Her legs crept around my legs; and slowly I began to feel her body move as she began to rock and grind her panty covered pussy against the strapped on mound hidden inside my sweatpants.

Her tempo of dry humping picked up and I could hear her jagged breathing in my ear. I pushed down against her teasing her with promises of what was still to come--pleasure that my father could not ever bring her that of his wife was now in reach from the hands, lips, and tongue of his very own daughter.

Her hands pushed between us trying to make their way into my sweatpants--grabbing the shaft and tugging on it to set it free. Reaching for her hands now confined in my sweats I stop her; desire etched on her beautiful face.

"Tell me you want it Kenya." I instructed grinding against her gently. "Tell me you want me to fuck you my father's wife; that you want to get fucked and pleasured by your husband's own daughter. Tell me."

I felt my anger, felt my pent up sexual frustration of wanting her and needing her--but I wanted this conquest more than surface pleasure. She hesitated and I pushed her leg slightly wider with my own. Without warning I leaned into her; my lips to her lips forcing my tongue between her lips.

And then I felt her...

Hands everywhere...pulling me into her, gripping my ass tightly; a wild abandoned look of pure sexual desire staring up at me.

"Fuck me Kellie, fuck your father's wife. Baby, it's you I want inside me."

No longer a dream--this shit was reality. In the wee morning hours I took my father's wife and she gave it up willingly. Kenya was full of surprises; when I thought she was spent and satisfied and I didn't want to push the boundaries "too" far she surprised me.

Unhooking my harness straps she crawled down the length of my body. She knew nothing of "the don't touch" stud rule and I wasn't about to explain it to her. As her virgin lips found my center it was only so much I could do to not scream out like a bitch instead I found myself moaning out over and over again her name.

With her sweet lips buried between me and her hot serpent like tongue searching out my deepest places the pressure built up within me until finally my female ejaculation flooded her lips and mouth. My body shook until I was spent. As I came back around she was still between my legs licking hungrily for

whatever was left of my juice.

Taking her head gently between my hands I guided her upward. She had a glow about her and a new awareness to her--that's what pussy will do to you the first time. It'll leave your eyes wide open shut.

We'd done it in every position--I claimed my father's wife. And she let me; even begged for release and I acted like her key and set that azz free. It was when I took her from behind, arms locked around her waist watching her stroke her own clit as she felt the thickness of my dick bang that pussy out.

As we laid there in each other's arms she began to slowly talk to me and I listened to taken back to speak as "her" story of being my father's wife unfolded before me.

Back in the days when my father was still a deacon he met a very young and naive Kenya who was new to Baltimore. She'd lost both her parents a few years ago; her dad to a car accident and her mother to sickle cell. She was attending school paying for it through the scholarships she'd earned and living off the small life insurance policies they left her. While attending school a professor recommended she seek out the good deacon Strong for counsel and she did.

It was only after a few weeks of discussing her unhappiness she found herself stretched out on his couch letting him take away her virginity. She didn't know he was still married; he had told her his wife left him and took his kids. Didn't know his wife was pregnant with his fifth child

When she asked why he drove with a child car seat he told her it was for when he offered car less mothers a lift somewhere. And she believed him and all his lies until she found out by attending service that he had a family. By then it was too late she thought; she had given him her virginity and believed him when he said he loved her.

When she saw me run away on that Christmas service she knew then she had made a mistake. That what she did was destroy people lives. My pain was evident. My father had dismissed the thought that we were suffering; he was sending child support--one hundred and fifty dollars a week for all five kids. What more did we need he asked.

He blamed my mother's woes in taking care of us on her inability to manage her finances saying that she was careless.

Careless?

When he left, he took the car and what little was in the bank saying he needed the money to start his need life.

I laid there thinking about those old memories; the memories that fueled my hate for him. How could anyone be that stupid to believe all the shit she was telling me he fed her. But she did; she believed him.

After they were married she said, he became less attentive and she became more of a trophy bride. Doing all the right things, saying all the right things--the perfect pastor's wife and then I walked back into my father's life.

My mother had come to their door. Already looking older than her forty-two years she knocked and Kenya answered. My mother told her about having to go south to take care of her aging mother; that I was in my second year of college and needed a place to stay. She wanted desperately for my father for once to help; she had not asked for anything over the years--never once demanding anything. But this time he needed to be a father and help his oldest daughter get through school.

The two of them talked; surprising like old friends and Kenya promised my mother that I would get through school. She wasn't expecting for me to walk in that first day the stud of her dreams.

My mom had warned her I was gay; had told her I had been in trouble with the law but that was all past me now. She just wasn't expecting me to look like him and my mom to some degree with dark skin, raven hair, and haunting eyes. She told me that when I looked at her she felt unnerved and exposed under my gaze. She couldn't still her heart that beat rapidly.

And when that night came and my father entered her as he normally did; it was not his face she saw as she laid there eyes closed shut but mine...

For the remaining of the week while Leo was away, Kenya and I spent almost every second I wasn't in class fucking. She told me that the things we did, she'd never experience. With my father it was always the same way--missionary or doggy style with his needs being the only needs that mattered.

She'd never had an orgasm with him; instead it always came from means of her own hands while she guiltily brought herself to a hasty climax in the shower. That is what she was doing that day I had ran into her leaving the upstairs bathroom.

I found myself falling for her...

My father's wife...

...Quickly and without abandon. It never crossed my mind what was to happen when he, my father, her husband returned back to his house and his wife who I had in my mind claimed to be my own.

Reality was, she was my father's wife whether she loved him or not. And leaving him to be with me I found never crossed her mind...

On Friday he returned home while I was finishing the last of my weekly classes. When I entered the house instead of the usual greeting I had begun to look forward to from Kenya I was met with a empty foyer as I stepped in. I could hear his voice vibrating through the downstairs from the dining room and resentment reached me before his traveling words did.

"--It would be an opportunity of a lifetime; their congregation totals close to 8000."

"But Leo what about your congregation here in Baltimore, don't you think they need your guidance and ministry--"

"Woman, this is a dream come true! Georgia will allow me to reach so many. There is nothing more can do here. Nothing."

So once again my father the opportunist was leaving another "family" behind; this time his church, his congregation. And he was taking Kenya his "trophy" wife with him.

Moving towards the living room I found them sitting at the oak dining room table--I stood in the door. He took his time acknowledging my presence standing there; making me stand until he spoke first.

"Kellie,' He began clearing his throat. "We need to talk. I have been offered a position in Atlanta with another church. I am putting the house up for sale but will pay for an apartment for you for one year while you attend school--"

I ignored him instead my eyes stared at Kenya who stood beside my father with her head downcast

like a chastised little puppy. Even though I knew the answer before I asked it, I still had to ask. I needed her to tell me.

"And what about you Kenya, are you going with him?" I heard the hardness creep into my voice as I stared at her.

"You can at least look at me when you tell me no, right?" I continued the hardness in my voice cutting through the now tense air.

"Kellie, it's not that simple what you want from me--"she replied finally looking up at me from across the room.

"And why not Kenya? You don't love him we both know that so why can't it be that simple?" I was angry now and hurt.

It should be a no issue with it. It was only last night that she finally whispered those three words any muthafucka truly would die to hear. She told me she loved me and not him. Did she think that she could just tell me that and shit could continue as they once were with me there and she remaining...

My father's wife?

It was Leo who answered instead of Kenya. "What are you talking about Kellie?" I looked at the man who helped to conceive me twenty-five years ago with unbridled hate.

"You know what Leo why don't you ask your wife."

With those words I turned and walked away from the both of them. I could hear Leo yelling at Kenya who was now crying as I made my way upstairs to retrieve my shit. I wasn't staying there in that house--I had got caught up on a woman who was really all about her needs. She can explain to him how we fucked morning, noon and night while he was away. How she told me she loved me and always wanted to be near me.

I had to get out of there.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Well this story is a completed story finally! I have taken the liberty to break it down in 3 parts with this being the second part. I will say it took a life all its own in the finally words to the last page (24 pages total I believe). The final part is definitely different and the events even I didn't expect; I just woke up and knew how it should "end." The 3rd part will be submitted in about a week.

Stories posted 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

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