Body Language, Part 2

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Allan and Karla struggle with their secret affair...

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Part 1 was originally written by Taverner, but he graciously allowed me to write a sequel with his characters. Enjoy.

Krystal stood up on the altar in her wedding gown, in all her glory, standing beside her future husband, Mark, a good man whom I approved of, and who I knew would make her happy.

As I admired my 23-year old stepdaughter, whom I raised, I looked over at my younger stepdaughter Karla who was standing beside her, now 20 and turning into a gorgeous young woman.

Karla smiled as she admired her sister, and I could tell that by the look on her face, she wanted to be there someday. And when Karla looked back at me and winked, I felt a sudden tinge of guilt.

It was after the reception, when the bride, groom, and guests were long gone, when Karla and I were in my bedroom once again, tearing our clothes off each other as we made out passionately.

It had been like this for two years, and the passion hadn't subsided in the least for either of us. It started the night after the wedding of my niece, when Karla and I finally gave into each other's feelings for each other, and made love for the first time.

Things were tentative for a while; I felt guilty about succumbing to temptation with my stepdaughter, but the ever persistent Karla pushed the issue, whether it be by innocently brushing up against me or wearing provocative clothing around the house to tease me, or being slightly more brazen and climbing into bed with me in the middle of the night.

Eventually, I once again succumbed to temptation, and after I made that decision to make love to her for a second time, there was no turning back. For the next two weeks, we fucked wherever we got the chance--every night before bed, every morning in the shower, in the kitchen, in the living room...

And while things calmed down a little bit, we still maintained the passion that we had for each other

on the first night we were together. But after seeing Krystal move on and tie the knot with Mark, I wanted the same thing for Karla, and knew that we could never make it official like Krystal and Mark.

The night of Krystal's wedding, I had planned on telling Karla that this was the last time that we were going to be together; that it had to stop and we had to move on from each other so we could live happy lives, and not live in secret any longer.

Being with Karla was hard to give up, though--she was so vibrant, so energetic, and we had such great chemistry. But I kept thinking in my head: if I truly loved Karla, I would let her go.

She didn't make it easy though.

"Oh, Allan, yes, that's the spot", Karla panted as she grabbed hold of the sheets with both of her fists, arching her back as I thrusted deep inside of her, kissing her neck and causing her to moan once again.

"Allan", she moaned, then opening her eyes and looking straight into mine, "you're incredible."

I stared into her eyes intentfully as I replied, "No, you are baby."

She moaned again as I thrusted with more force, feeling myself start to cum.

"Cum for me baby", she encouraged. "I'm ready."

I thought for a quick second that this would be the last time I would ever cum in this pussy. I sighed as I spurted hard inside her, closing my eyes in deep pleasure, trying to take in this amazing feeling one last time, and enjoying every second of it.

I collapsed on the bed, spent. She wrapped her arm around me, and held me close. I kissed her on the cheek, then sat up and looked at her lovingly.

"I love that we have this, baby", I told her.

She smiled. "I love it, too."

I looked down as she smiled back at me, and she sensed that something was wrong. "What's wrong?" she asked, concerned.

I decided that now was the time, I had to break it off, I had to let her go and let her be happy with

someone else, someone she could go out with in public, someone who could make her happy for the rest of her life.

I reluctantly opened my mouth. "Baby, we need to talk."

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3 YEARS LATER

It had been three years since I broke things off with Karla, and life had completely changed. For one, I got married. I met Cindy about six months after breaking up with Karla, and things quickly progressed from there.

Cindy was younger than me; in her late 30s, and like me, a divorcee who never had kids of her own. Because of that, she wanted to have kids badly when we met, so I made the decision to get the vasectomy I got when I was with Lyndall reversed, so we could try having kids.

We've been trying to have kids for about a year, but haven't had a whole lot of luck. I've wondered to myself if perhaps I just have a bad seed, and I'm not meant to have kids. Whatever it is, it was frustrating me.

I had kept in touch with Krystal and Mark, who actually moved into our neighborhood and popped by almost every day. They recently had a kid together, a little boy, and even though I'm not biologically related to him, I still see him as a grandson.

Karla had been away for college for the last three years, leaving town pretty much right after I told her that we had to stop our relationship. While she came over every now and then for family dinners, she seemed to keep me at a distance. I suspect that she was still hurt over what happened, but according to Krystal, she has had several boyfriends, so I guess I shouldn't be too worried.

Things changed once again on one Thanksgiving night. Karla had come down to spend Thanksgiving with the family, and she was staying in the new guest house that Cindy and I had built. It was the first time that Karla got to see her little nephew, and I could tell that she was excited to be home.

"So, Karla, how has school been?" Cindy asked.

Karla smiled politely and said "Fine." I could tell that she always felt uncomfortable conversing with Cindy, and I guess I knew why.

"You got another boyfriend?" Krystal teased.

"No!" Karla said lightheartedly, though I could tell she was a little embarrassed.

"I've heard you've been quite the heartbreaker", I teased to Karla.

She smiled and threw her napkin at me. "Shut up, Allan!", she teased, and all of a sudden, I turned red.

I hoped nobody would notice, but of course Cindy teased me, "What are you blushing about?"

I smiled and looked at her, then back at Karla, who winked at me slyly as she went back to her dinner.

A couple hours later, we were hanging out in the living room watching TV. Karla, Cindy, and I were on the couch, while Krystal and Mark were on the loveseat. At around 9, Krystal and Mark went home to put the baby to bed, while Cindy, Karla and I stayed up for another hour watching a movie.

About halfway into the movie, Karla fell asleep, and rested her head on my shoulder. I looked at her lovingly, and brushed my hand across her forehead.

I looked over at Cindy. "That's so sweet", she said, kissing me on the cheek. "I'm going to go to bed though, you going to follow me?"

I hesitated. "I think I'm going to stay up and watch the rest of this. I'll come up in a bit."

Cindy nodded and went up the stairs. For about another 15 minutes it was just me, watching the movie with my stepdaughter and former lover resting her head against me.

At about 10:15 her head fell from my shoulder to my lap. For a minute I thought she was still sleeping, but when she nuzzled her head against my crotch, I suspected otherwise.

I felt myself growing hard, and decided to wake her up before she felt anything.

"Karla", I said, slightly nudging her shoulder.

At that she stirred, pulling herself away from my lap and sitting upright.

"Oh, did I fall asleep?" she asked, looking at me with those sweet eyes. "Sorry if I kept you up."

I smiled. "You didn't."

She kept her hand on my leg as she turned her attention towards the movie. "So what's going on in the movie?"

I filled her in. "They broke up; even though they still love each other. He knows that he can't fully give her his whole heart, so he's letting her go because he wants her to be happy."

As soon as those words escaped my lips, I realized that I wasn't really talking about the movie.

She looked at me knowingly. "But it doesn't have to be like that", she said. "He can give her his whole heart, he just doesn't want to, out of some...misguided guilt or something."

We looked at each other, and for a brief moment, I held my hand in hers. She smiled at me just for a second, but the smile faded when I rose up from the couch.

"Well, I'm off to bed", I said as I got up, but Karla held my arm.

"Wait", she said, pulling me back down to the couch. She looked at me with those intense eyes of hers, those same eyes that made me fall in love with her in the first place.

"It doesn't have to be like this", she repeated.

I looked down, not wanting to face those eyes, before I replied, "I can't."

She shook her head in disappointment as I walked away from the couch.

As I walked up the stairs I heard her call out, "You know why I never come around anymore?"

I looked back at her, knowing the answer.

"Because it hurts too much", she said as she stormed out of the living room, and towards the guest house.

I watched her as she ran out the back door. As I made it up the stairs, I realized that it was pouring down rain, and she had probably gotten wet running towards the guest house. I grabbed a towel from the bathroom and followed her.

After running through the rain myself, I knocked on the guest house door. She opened the door, her curly, now wet hair now completely down and covering the shoulders of her wet T-shirt. I couldn't help but see her nipples pushing out of her wet shirt.

My hand presented the towel to her, but instead of simply giving it to her, I found myself wrapping the towel around her wet body. All of a sudden, my arms were wrapped around her, and our lips were inches away from each other.

It didn't take long for a spark to ignite. Suddenly we started kissing, hard and fast, hungry for each other after being apart for so long.

She pulled me into the guest house and closed the door behind us as we continued making out, my arms wrapped around her tight little body as we fell onto the bed together.

I looked deeply into her eyes.

"It's been so long", she moaned as she took her shirt off, exposing her breasts to me.

She's right, it had been a long time, so long that I could barely hold back, and as soon as she presented herself to me, my mouth went directly to her breasts, sucking on her nipples.

She moaned and arched her back. When I finished making love to her breasts, I moved my mouth down to her stomach, kissing and licking around her bellybutton. She giggled as she grabbed my shirt, and pulled it off.

I continued to move my mouth further, unbuckling her pants and slowly sliding them down her body. All that she had left on were her sexy pink panties, which is where I put my mouth on next, licking her sweet pussy underneath her underwear.

Karla groaned for more, so I finally slid her panties off and started to taste her pussy for the first time in so long. Having known her intimately for so long, I knew exactly where to go, even though it had been a long time.

I knew I had her clit when Karla moaned louder than ever, clutching the sheets with her fists, just like I remember her doing the last time we made love.

"Now, baby..." she panted. "I need it now."

She sat up and unbuckled my pants, pulling down my pants and underwear as she came face to face

with my rock hard cock.

It didn't even take a second for her to take her cock into my mouth and start sucking like she never had before.

Karla was sucking me fast and furiously, as if she was starving and hadn't had a meal in years. She greedily sucked on my cock until I pulled my cock away from her, and put her face into my hands.

"Baby, if you keep sucking like that, I'm going to cum right now", I kissed her on the cheek and then whispered into her ear, "I have to be inside you now."

She moaned again as she lay down on the bed, with me towering over her, kissing her passionately. My cock was at her slick entrance, but before I entered her, I looked at her sweet face.

"You have no idea how much I've missed this", I told her, and with that we were kissing again, completely oblivious to the thunder and rain pelting down around us.

After I broke away from her kiss, I finally entered her. Karla let out a soft moan the second I fit myself inside her, and all of a sudden, I was thrusting, and she was meeting my thrusts with perfect harmony. It was like old times.

We kissed and ran our hands down each other's body, feeling each other for the first time in years. As Karla began to climax, I felt her fingernails scraping against my shoulders, which only made me kiss her harder.

We weren't fucking, we were making love, which is what we always did best, and what I always loved about being with Karla--there was so much passion, so much emotion when I was intimate with her--I had never felt like that with anyone else before, and I'm guessing she hadn't either.

It didn't take long for Karla to fully climax, as I felt her pussy start to milk my cock, and her panting grew louder and more frantic. I was just about to feel myself start to come when I realized something--unlike all the other times I was with Karla, I wasn't protected. Because of the reverse vasectomy, I could actually get her pregnant.

"Wait baby", I said, trying to stop myself from coming inside her, but she was having none of it. She only held me tighter as she panted.

"Come for me baby", she panted, "I want you to come inside me."

At this point, the last thing I wanted to do was pull out, and I wasn't exactly weighing the consequences of the situation. I just kissed her passionately and let myself go.

I spurted hard inside her, thick streams of my semen filling her young pussy. She moaned one last time as she felt me come inside her, and we both collapsed on the bed, spent.

After a few seconds, she looked over at me.

"Baby, that was amazing." She then kissed me, rubbing my chest lightly with her fingertips. I was so overcome with emotion and confusion, I could only bring myself to nod and kiss her lightly on the forehead.

She smiled, and after a few more moments of light kissing and cuddling, she turned to me with a more serious expression.

"So what's next?"

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SIX WEEKS LATER

It had been six weeks, and while Karla and I exchanged a few flirty messages, there was no further sexual contact between us since that night. However, it was more about timing than it was about me avoiding her. The truth was, I wanted her again, and despite three years of trying to rebuild my life and forget about my passion for Karla, I realized that I was fighting a useless fight. Karla and I loved each other, and we had a connection that I don't think I had with anyone else before.

But just a couple days after that night, she went back to college, and wasn't around for Christmas break since she went to Cancun with her friends. So there just wasn't an opportunity. But a phone call about a week after New Year's changed everything.

"Hello?" I asked the person on the other line.

"Allan?" the female voice asked, and I immediately knew who it was.

"Karla?" I asked, "Is everything okay?"

Karla hesitated, then uttered the words that changed everything. "Allan, I'm pregnant."

TO BE CONTINUED...