

KENT'S LEGACY



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ENYO DINTA

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Cover designed by Enyo Dinta

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DEDICATED TO YOU, MY DEAR
READER.

This had lived too long in my head that I no longer remembered when it happened or if it even happened. But it made sense to place it in the same year as the heartbreak of my lifetime.

Ever since, no one could make me feel that much pain, not even those who had done worse things than Ohi did. I had written a bit of it in "I Fell Too," but the recollections didn't align, and now my memory of the events is foggy because maybe they hadn't happened. I am writing this with the remaining fragments of my memory before I lose it all.

This is about Kent.

Ohi left me for the man, or the woman, he had been sleeping with at his bank job, without notice. I had been a silly girl who thought a man could belong to me just because I belonged to him. I could have taken him back if he had apologized, because silly girls ate whatever they were given. He ghosted me before my birthday, and when someone told me that he was with another woman, I texted to know why, and he told me it was the devil. That was all I got. I had been younger, and he had been way older and poor. He was a poor Nigerian graduate whose only job in the five years since his graduation had been a one-time volunteer position with an

NGO. So, no! I wasn't there because he had money. I was there because he was grooming me, and yes, he had done a great job. I had been very attached to him. He wouldn't let me fly and wouldn't hold me down. Then he did things that hurt me badly, things I couldn't get over, kindness I was no longer capable of because we don't heal from some humiliations. I had been a lover girl, so when he finally landed his marketing job in one of those old Nigerian banks, I was the happiest. To encourage him and show my gladness of heart, I baked him a congratulatory cake.

About a week later, I was around again, and I wanted to surprise him by bringing him food at work. I made the money from sewing a dress for someone with a borrowed sewing machine, then I took the entire proceeds to make him chicken sauce and rice. I found his workplace and wanted to go in, but a security person went to call him instead.

Ohi came out, and oh, the scary look on his face like he was hiding something. He didn't let me in. Instead, he asked me to wait outside the building, outside the gate. He came out about ten minutes later with his work bag and asked that we go home. It was still work hours. I knew

then that his newest victim was in that bank. I didn't confront him because my mother's church had taught me that women must be quiet and observe, questioning nothing, and that is how women gained their victory. Everything went downhill from there.

It was obvious that I was bound to lose because I was still a university student. The other person was already working in the bank and headed a team. Ohi was a digger. Men were like that.

I hadn't ever waited for any man to choose me ever again because men always chose themselves over any love, sacrifices, and whatever had been worked on, disregarding all the time invested. And before anyone chose to be stupid with their idiotic analogy, I was a good girl, not smart enough to even think for myself, so no, I didn't do anything bad to him. He just woke up, saw an upgrade, and jumped right into it. His family was right behind him on that.

Tribal fools. All that after making me believe I was a part of their lives. Made me run errands and give emotional support. Oh, was I hurt. I didn't have any dreams. All my dreams were to be with Ohi, do whatever he wanted me to do, and bear any number of children he wanted for him, nurturing him and his family.

Every dream I had was one he allowed me to have. Then I started dreaming for myself. I wanted to go to school. He didn't want it. He didn't say it outright, but he tried to discourage me. Telling me that my education would drift us apart, while that was probably true, he didn't wait. He wrecked it before my education could. He didn't want me to go to school, but went on to choose a graduate to do life with.

Funny bastard. He told me he didn't want a white wedding and said he didn't think it was a good trend because of some stupid course he took at the university. Stupid, stupid. But he later wed in a church, wearing an ugly, cheap suit and unpolished shoes. I saw how ugly he was and wondered what I had ever seen in him. I would make sure my daughters never dated until they were 25. I would want them to be smart and aware.

Then he went on to write trash about me on Facebook. I had never even talked about him until this moment, as I write this. And it had been over six years. I never spoke to anyone about him. The idiot went and wrote bad things about me just to usher in his new victim. I was sure he didn't love her. He just saw an

opportunity to upgrade and took it, something I knew he could do again if given the chance.

I regretted ever respecting him. He was stupid as fuck. Stupid, stupid. He also acted like he swung both ways. That bastard could do anything for an upgrade but not do the work. I was so mad that I wished them really ugly children and a lifetime of suffering. It was rage. I didn't regret the curses, but when I looked at it again, when I could think for myself, I was happy he left because I would have been the biggest mediocre in existence.

I look at everything I have become, and some since his exit, and the truth is that I couldn't have achieved any with him here with me. So, I lifted the curses and let them have whatever life they could afford.

Damn! I wouldn't have been able to make it out with his lazy ass holding me back from everything I have ever suggested. Lowly people will bring you down because misery loves company. I'm sure he still lives in his family's house built by his father, claiming his right as the first son. I could have ended up with a man who has never paid rent in his life, never afforded himself anything, always at home,

waiting for his mother to send him supplies every month so he can feed himself.

Jeez! He was broke, never bought me anything, and looked oddly sad when I got a new phone. He was the poorest man I had ever known. Still, no one would have known because he had a comfortable house his father built, had food supplies his mother sent every month to live by, had his in-laws sending him faded polo shirts to wear, and knew how to maintain his aged footwear so it would last.

Good Lord had blessed him with a height that made everything he wore sit well on his body, but with that growing tummy, I wondered what was left. He was in the house every other day, except for when he went to play football with the other village boys. That was the man I had been madly in love with.

My niece Mimi said that love was the closest thing to madness, and those words never left me. Never would they. I had been broken and needed redemption. It was wrong to find healing from the source of my pain, but being heterosexual felt like a curse on its own.

And we don't even know how much sex contributes to our life choices. You had to care.

You make decisions even as an asexual person based on who you could be open to sexually.

I tried to move on with life, but I didn't know how to do life when the only life I knew had been taken away from me. Ohi was my life, a bad one, but still a life. I didn't know what to do if I wasn't calling him or doing what he told me to do. I was dying slowly.

So, one day, I met a dying man. Kent. That part of my memory is covered in stuff, so I can't quite remember in detail how I saved him, but I did, and later found out I should have let him die, maybe. That was besides the point. Kent was the reason I could never settle for anything less than adequate.

Kent was so fine that even the international community envied me. He was tall and lanky, with a full beard.

Now, I don't remember Ohi's skin color, but I knew I was done with dark-skinned men.

After the rebirth, we met at a mutual reading party. I hadn't known he would be there, but thinking about it now, after my knowledge of him, he must have stalked me. He came in one of the cars in a long fleet. The others belonged to his friends. He wore a very silky shirt and loose

trousers, with footwear that looked like it had fallen straight from heaven. He smelled so good. I remember perceiving him before I even saw him. I was outside trying to get some air before the event started.

He walked over, leaned in without consent, and kissed my neck. How Ohi had all that autonomy and never did anything that sweet. I didn't know orgasm, so I didn't know why my middle itched like that. That was the very beginning of everything that would come later.

I smiled softly and casually adjusted my gown, trying to hide my timid expression. "You're extremely gorgeous, Mami," he said, casually brushing past me like he didn't just kiss my neck. This me would have called it a violation, but the me then saw it as romantic because who knew such a thing ever existed? I stood there flushed as his friends passed by me one after the other, stealing glances at me.

I soon recovered, found a cool spot near the pool, and sat there with a blank mind, waiting for the announcement of the event's commencement. As I sat there humming a sad song that had become my personality, I felt a hand on my shoulder, sliding towards my breast, then stopped midway. Surprisingly, I wasn't

startled, but I also knew I hadn't heard any footsteps. I patted the hand gently, tracing the veins. That was a hella veiny hand. It was one of my very early fantasies, one I have long outgrown.

I didn't look up to see who it was, but I could smell him. It was Kent. He stood there for a moment and then revealed himself. He sat opposite me and handed me a glass of a cocktail. All the while, he had a waiter with him. I collected it and took a sip. I didn't smile. We both sat there silently and just observed each other. At one point, I saw his eyes fixated on my bosoms. I kept looking at him look at my breasts, even though they were well covered in my dress. I could only wonder what his imagination was like. The next thing he said wasn't expected at all. "Do you like shopping, Mami?" he asked as if it mattered so much to him. I nodded faintly. He then stood up and opened his palm to me. I took it, and he held me. We walked to one of the cars. He asked if I liked it; I said no. Then he smiled and took me to another, and I affirmed. He opened the car door for me, and I entered. I couldn't compare that because Ohi never dreamed of a car, and so, I never have. It's hard to dream bigger than the man you're with, in

Africa. Just one night with Kent and I'm imagining what my first car should be.

I got into the car; he did too, then made sure I was okay, and drove off. He put on a romantic playlist, turned on the RGB lights, and created a relaxing atmosphere for me while he drove. My middle was itching again, and I knew I seriously needed a scratch. Not from anyone else but from Kent, and he sure was setting the atmosphere for it.

Success is sexy. It is too easy to fall in love with a successful person. I used to think it was just the material, but no, the material rubs off on the owner, and they're softer, and easier going and straightforward. Success is personality's lubricant. So, it's always funny when I hear men say things like, "Oh, she's just with him for the money," and act like they made a groundbreaking discovery.

Yes! Money is enough reason to be with someone, but that's hardly the case, and look around you, you'd be surprised how many men would let other people bend them over for the right amount. I know it comes from a place of great envy for what is available to women. Again, money makes loving easy. We all want ease, don't we? Don't mind that.

I wanted to be with Kent because I was curious about what life with him would look like, obviously in contrast to what I had with Ohi.

Damn! I need to stop talking about Ohi, but it's hard not to compare, plus I'm grateful he messed the hell up because putting the life I have side by side what he could have offered, I'd choose this one over and over because one has to be desperate for marriage to settle for a man like that who's waiting for a big bang that would cause his life to change instead of doing the needful to improve his own life.

Kent was taking me for a drive before anything else. He was speeding furiously, but in a sexy kinda way. It felt like a dream, but it was reality. I knew this because I wasn't allowed to dream of things like that.

It was slow, but I began to accept it and started being involved in my present. I switched the song to something louder and sang along heavily to Phyno's "Iyilu lfe." My energy was reborn, and I saw the feisty side I didn't know I had.

It made Kent smile for the first time. He sang along and sang it to me, which gave me a bit of a shock because he wasn't supposed to know

the song, but again, music is universal. Kent sped around the free roads, giving me a tour of the city. I took it all in. We finally stopped by the mall and actually shopped. Kent said I could pick whatever I wanted, so I did, and god! He loved me for that.

I picked all the books whose titles appealed to me, perfumes that looked good to me, clothes without checking the price tags, and shoes and bags and jewelry. I had my cart full, and he picked a few other things for me, too. Things he said he liked. I was hoping it would be a prank, but it wasn't. Kent paid for everything and had them load everything into the back seat of his car. Then he handed me the most premium parfait I had ever had. He held my hand and led the way, brushing past people to make way for me. I had never felt that much like a princess.

On our way back, we talked a bit in between pauses. He didn't want to talk a lot, but he wanted to know me. It has never worked like that with me. If you want to know me, you have to talk a lot, because I need to know what point you're meeting me at. But again, he didn't want to let on a lot. He was definitely scared he could screw his chances with me if he showed me his person. That's true, though. But I saved this

man's life, so yeah, he owed me. He thought so, too; I didn't.

I started to notice him; the smirk on his face when he looked at me was sexy as hell. Our moods were lit, and a lot was going on inside. My middle wouldn't stop itching, and I know for sure that I was chlamydia free. He reached for my hand, fondling my nails while he drove with the other. We just both hummed along to his playlist, which was filled with trap songs. He slyly let go of my hand and placed his on my left thigh, which had been visible all along as a result of the long slit on my gown. He pressed on my thighs a bit, trying to get hold of the entire meat, but it was too big to fit into his palm. I love his struggle. He fondled and rubbed my thighs with a rhythm I found quite intentional, and then gradually started moving his hand into my inner thighs. I just leaned out, spreading my thighs a bit to allow him access. I hoped it was subtle enough not to betray my desperation. Boy! My middle itched. My petals were on fire, and my roof needed a lot of pushing. It was dangerous to do that while driving, but isn't life itself already dangerous?

His hand kept reaching till his finger reached my hole, and he discovered how drippy I was already. I saw a dirty smile spread across his face. He dug deeper, parting my tired thong, and brought out his hand, soaked in juice. I acted oblivious to whatever was going on. I washed him slowly, reached for his face, and licked his finger like it was a taste of Coke. Next thing he sped off furiously again, and in no minute, we were in a parking lot of an apartment, I guessed was where he was staying for the event. Kent came out hurriedly, opened the door, pulled me out, and lifted me onto his shoulder, slamming the door hard. Everyone watched his urgency with amusement; that was when I knew it wasn't his first time, or that everyone around already knew how he behaved.

We got into the house, and he threw me onto the couch, quickly undressed, then turned to me and said, "Mami, please allow me." There was no time to waste. The man in front of me was a raging bull. I nodded softly with a smile for extra consent. Kent dared to rip my dress off me. These are some of the things only men with means are allowed to do. He then carried me to the washroom. I still had my rose-pink thong and bra on.

I wouldn't know when the washroom got set, but it was set. Damn, Kent was a planner. He lowered me into the tub and watched me in it, while he bit his lower lip. I wasn't sure if I was safe, but these are the kinds of things women do, and hope that god took the wheel. I looked at the shape of his penis. It mattered to me. He kissed me on the forehead and touched a remote control that started a slow song in the background. I knew heaven was on earth, and I didn't even need too much to be in it. Kent wanted to talk, but I want my middle scratched.

I sat in that clear, warm water with petals, looking at Kent's healthy body. Everything he hid under his clothes. I saw his abs, the marks dragging into his underarms, his hairy underarms, his tiny butt, and of course, his big member. He walked into the tub and rubbed on my body like I was as delicate as a newborn that could be scratched easily. He poured water on my shoulders, slowly allowing his thick member to rub on my back. My middle itched more. He spoke of the life he wished he could have with me; he also spoke of his incapacities as if they were something good. I didn't contribute to the conversation; it didn't matter. I just listened. When he finished talking, he stopped washing me immediately, got a towel, dried me up with

some sense of urgency, and then ushered me into the very soft bed that felt like it swallowed me. He came on top of me and kissed me hard on the lips. I could feel his cold member on me. He sucked on my neck so much that I knew I would get a hickey the next morning, but it didn't matter. It also didn't matter that I missed the reading party. Within a couple of minutes, we were both fully involved. We hissed like hungry animals, dragging onto any parts of each other's bodies as if it would be the last. The sense of relief that washed over me when he finally put his member in my hole. It felt like homecoming. It was worth the wait. He went on and on, maintaining eye contact. I held tightly onto the sheets. I already lost every control I had over my body. He was in full control.

Then I saw a teardrop fall from his eye as he muttered, "I do not deserve something so good, Mami, may the heavens forgive me for aiming so high." I heard him, but I was almost climaxing. I was going to orgasm for the first time, and not even his existential crisis could stop me.

I climaxed and had my juice, and his spilled everywhere. It was good.

The only right thing to do would be to hurry up and wash off, especially after unprotected sex

with a reckless stranger. But he held me back. He wanted everything to sit in. I didn't care. I lay there on his chest. About 20 minutes of silence passed, and we finally washed. Afterward, he gave me a glass of alcohol. Up until then, I spelled it as alchohol, so I could pretend to be ignorant of its poison. But that night was my first of many things. I took it, and that was all I could remember.

I woke up the next day, and everything wasn't the same. Kent was gone. I had a strange tattoo on my hand that read, "KENT'S LEGACY", and there were some bundles of money and a note that read, "keep on my legacy, queen."

It made me laugh because it was clear that he wasn't aware of the different phases of the menstrual cycle. It was my follicular days, so I was safe. I wonder why I would otherwise be comfortable like that.

Two weeks passed, and after I ran tests and found out I was neither pregnant nor infected, I started looking for Kent, and somehow nobody seemed to have heard his name before.

Tomorrow, I'll go for my appointment for the tattoo erasure. It won't be me keeping the memories of a dead man.

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Enyo Dinta, a once upon a time lover, is an erotica writer who enjoys bringing imagination to life through words.

Other erotica pieces by her include: Half A Six and Grey, Not A Cracksnacker, and other stories.



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