The Teacher: Part Three

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Carmen and James Begin To Enjoy Thier Love Together, As Carmen's Little Sister Intervenes

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Through the night me and Carmen cuddled, fucked, made love and more. It seemed we never did any sleeping that night even in bed together, other than an hour or so of napping from exhaustion. I had taken Carmen in every conceivable fashion, and position and she was sweating all over by the time I was done with her. By the time we finally agreed to sleep, we were both drenched in sex-sweat and our breathing was ragged and hoarse. I closed my eyes, and held Carmen close against me with my cock now soft after fucking and cumming inside Carmen a further three more times.

Early Morning, 7:30AM, Carmen's House

My eyes slowly opened, it was a strain to open them as I was aching all over and spent. I opened my eyes, and looked over at the dresser beside the bed and the alarm clock positioned there, I could see it was showing '0730 HOURS' and knew it was 7:30am in the morning. I couldn't feel Carmen beside me now, resting her head on my shoulder as she had only a few hours before. I sat up in the bed, naked entirely with just the sheets to cover my hard cock. Only a few hours since I was spent, I was still sporting morning wood for Carmen. I slid out from under the sheets.

I padded my way over to the bedroom door, and found my boxers on the floor as I assumed Carmen had found the time before I woke to bring my clothes into the bedroom for me. I slid them on and over my erect cock, it was basically a tent now in my boxers. I slowly left the bedroom and began to walk down the corridor towards the kitchen when I heard a raised voice, it was Carmen.
I peered from around the kitchen door frame, and she was wearing a pair of tight fitting purple panties, a lighter tone than the pair she had on last night and a matching bra that strained to hold in her large bosoms. Even without make-up she was beautiful to behold. She held the house phone to her ear, and was speaking to someone.

"Aisha, I don't give a crap what mom or dad think. Derek was an asshole, I filed for divorce because he beat the shit out of me whenever I confronted him about his cheating, or his gambling. You saw

the bruises, you were on my side!" She exclaimed with a pant turning so her back was to me, unaware I was watching her. Her ass looked delectable, and was so thick and big my cock was now standing at attention trying to force its way out past the waistband of my boxers.
Carmen continued, now in a lower tone.
"Thank you, Aisha. I know mom and dad are pushing you to call me, but you know what he was like to me. I could barely go out of the house, fearing someone would see the cuts or bruises he gave me."

She listened to whom ever was on the other end of the line, who I assumed was her sister Aisha from what I was hearing.
"We were in debt to loan sharks, and money lenders because of him and he ran when they came looking for the money and left me to contend with them. They wanted payment in other ways Aisha, and luckily it never came to that. Derek had cash stashed away in the house, I found it and gave it to them. For thinking about protecting us both, I got a black eye and broken jaw from him when he finally crawled back home. Best thing I ever did was file for divorce from the bastard, and I will never give him another chance. I loved him, but that love was slowly killed off because of how he treated me, and how he wanted me to be. A silent wife, who did as she was told." She sighed, and I saw her twirl on the ball of her feet as she listened to her sister speaking.

"Do I have someone now? Am I seeing anyone?" Carmen repeated what her sister had asked her. I could see a smile on her face, and she twirled on her feet to face the door and most likely to look into the bedroom opposite where I should have still been sleeping. I hid behind the door frame, but listened
"Yeah, I met someone. The man I wanted Derek to be, and he's really nice. Maybe mom and dad will like him, I know you will Aisha." She giggled.
I watched her twirl on her feet, and watched her womanly hips swing and her large booty.
"Nothing is wrong with him!" Carmen laughed.
Carmen put her hand on her hip as she held the phone. I could see her purple panties now had rode up between her butt cheeks and up her crack, probably from the twirling.

"He's Scottish alright, accent and everything. Hes one of my students, and he came over from Britain." Carmen explained, and listened.
Carmen sighed, and looked sad now.
"He's younger than me yeah, but I mean it doesn't bother me and it doesn't seem to bother him. Hes not a child I can guarantee you, he's in his twenties." Carmen defended herself.
Carmen listened, and nodded to herself.
"Yeah, you can meet him. Come over today, I mean we are both here at my place and its the weekend now so we are just looking to relax together before Monday." Carmen offered, and her smile returned.

"Yeah you can see him, but don't gawp at him when you see him or giggle like a little girl when you hear his accent." She smiled and said her goodbyes, and that she would see her later on in the day.

Carmen put the phone down and I chose now to enter the kitchen, she turned to face me.
"How long you been there listening?" She grinned.
I smiled slinking into the kitchen leaning against the door frame.
"Long enough to watch that behind of yours twirl and swing, but also long enough to know your sister wants to meet me." I smiled.
Carmen was smiling leaning her back against the kitchen counter, and her smiled wavered.
"You heard the start of the conversation, didn't you?" She asked in a serene tone.

I nodded, with my own smile wavering also.
"Your ex husband, seems your mom and dad want you to give him another chance I'm assuming. From what you told your sister, I'm guessing he was a cunt towards you when you were married." I said trying to console her.
She burst out laughing, it seemed genuine but also forced to hide her deep seated feelings.
"Cunt doesn't even come close to how he was with me, James. My mom and dad refuse to acknowledge how he really was towards me, but my sister Aisha saw how he was. He would come onto her, flirt with her and try to get her alone when I wasn't around. The moment he first tried she told me what he had tried to do, and I confronted him. I got a broken lip for that, I'm afraid. When Aisha saw what he had done, she came over to confront him with me. He threatened to beat her, and me but she pulled a kitchen knife on him and he agreed to leave. My sister is all I have James, Aisha is the only one in my whole family who saw how Derek really was behind closed doors. She was the only one willing to back me up, and bear as witness to what he did to me for divorce proceedings. It's why she wants to see you, and meet you. She is my younger sister, but she is protective of me as I am of her." She said with a smile.

She watched my reaction, and nodded.
"Its alright if you don't want to meet her, I can tell her that you had to leave to do studying or something." She said turning away from me, with her back to me. I didn't waste a moment and padded over to her and gently touched her shoulder.
"I'm staying, if she's important to you then its important for me to meet her." I said gently kissing her shoulder.
She shivered, and moaned extending her right leg back and curled up into the air as she supported herself on the kitchen counter.
"She is, she will really like you so I better make it clear you are mine." She purred, and I leaned in closer pressing my body into her from behind and kissed her neck. My tent was pressed now into her big ass, gently grinding into her through her panties.

"I am yours, only yours." I smiled and kissed her earlobe.
"God you are a charming bastard aren't you." She cooed and moaned, as I felt her ass press back into my bulge.
"I'm already aching from this big prick inside me last night." She purred again, and pressed her butt into my cock.
"You know what I want don't you?" I asked taking grip of the waistband of her large tight fitting panties.
She purred and obediently closed her legs tightly, to allow me to roll down her sexy pair of panties.
I rolled them down, allowing my fingertips to grace her inner thighs as they rolled down and she purred at my touch.

"You want to fuck the ass off of me huh?" She moaned.
I grinned and pulled the panties fully off of her feet, throwing them aside now leaving her pussy and ass free of protection from me.
"Damn straight you sexy goddess." I gasped my cock now fully erect in my boxers, I began to pull them down.
"Shove it in, James." She purred.
I smiled, rolling down my boxers preparing to take my woman from behind over her kitchen counter.

A Few Hours Later That Day, 2:20PM, Carmen's House

We were at it for the next few hours, all over the house only taking a break for some breakfast. Carmen made some pancakes and bacon for our breakfast, with some help from me. However that was complicated, as every few minutes I would grope my lover as she tried to cook and we were literally only a few moves away from literally fucking over our food.
We dressed, if it could be called that; I put my jeans, and t-shirt back on whilst Carmen opted for a vest and a pair of tight fitting shorts. We sat back, and watched some television laying together on the sofa.

We even nodded off for about an hour, as I held Carmen on the sofa we slept and were awoken in the afternoon by the front door bell. I assumed it was Carmen's little sister Aisha, coming to see us both. She jumped up, and ran to put something else on quickly over her shorts, and quickly came out of the bedroom wearing some booty jeans. She ran to the door and opened it smiling, as I stood near the couch. I waited patiently as Carmen exchanged some words, and stepped aside to allow Aisha to walk in.
She was a younger and more petite version of her big sister. Aisha's hair was dark oil back, and in a laid back free hair style curling around her neck and ears. Her hair was dark and shiny in the light.

She had a darker skin tone to Carmen's, and they looked amazing as sisters. Aisha looked to be from where I was standing, about 5'3ft in height and probably under just about 180lbs in weight. Quite a petite package in all honesty, I had to admit. She was wearing a pair of loose dirty, ripped jeans and a black top. She literally looked a teenage girl wet dream for men, but for me I preferred older women, so Carmen didn't need to worry about us. She smiled, walking inside kissing Carmen on the cheek.

She looked quite young, there must have been quite an age gap between the pair of them. Aisha looked to be in her late twenties.
"Carmen, where is this new boyfriend of yours." She giggled, and her smile was infectious.
Carmen smiled closing the front door behind her little sister, and motioned towards me with her arms.
"There he is." She smiled proudly.
Aisha was beaming, I smiled back in a clumsy way as I was unsure how to introduce myself to her.
"Carmen has never spoken about any man as she does about you, James." She smiled walking towards me.
"You must be special." She giggled walking towards me.

I smiled, and I put my hand out as she came closer so we could shake hands but she went into me and swung her arms around me hugging me like a sister would hug a brother, or close friends would.
"Christ you got yourself a keeper don't you, sis." She smiled and I smiled back, as Carmen came over to us both.
"Easy Aisha, you'll break my man in two with that hug." Carmen grinned walking towards us both, also seductively crossing her legs as she came towards us aimed directly at me I assumed.

"You look after her, you hear me James." She smiled but her tone was serious, in a gentle way.
Aisha broke the embrace, and turned to face her big sister and smiled.
"He's a handsome bastard ain't he for a white guy." She smiled, in a sassy tone.
Carmen smiled.
"He ain't just any white guy, Aisha. Hes a wild untamed Scotsman." Carmen grinned.

Aisha grinned, and gave an astonished stare.
"Is he now, I have to admit I ain't ever met a Scotsman before." She smiled and with her back to me.
"So is he wild then huh?" Aisha asked seductively, yet innocently.
"That he is, but I have him tamed and all mine." Carmen said in an obvious ownership tone.

Aisha turned cutely to me, and smiled.
"Shame, but you always wanted a Celtic lover, you used to tell me." Aisha said and turned back to Carmen.
Carmen looked at me, smiling in a happy manner, as if she was content.
"Well we were going to make some lunch, come and help me Aisha. James you can get the table

ready for us." Carmen smiled, and I nodded moving off with a smile towards the dinning room to set the table.
A few minutes went by as I positioned plates, and cutlery for the three of us around the top end of the Oak table. I could hear things being moved around the kitchen, and food being prepared by Carmen and Aisha.

I finished with the plates and cutlery on the dinning table, and was about to go to the kitchen when Aisha came out before me and began to walk towards me.
"So, I ain't heard you speak yet James." She smiled with a sly seductive walk towards me.
I smiled back, and looked at her and was put on the spot.
"What do you want me to say?" I asked with a smile.
She giggled, and I could swear she was acting like a school girl, as I had met many like her in my school years.
"Now that was fucking hot." She grinned.
I burst out with a hard smile, and she beamed at me as I leaned against the dinning table.

"Well I can speak in my accent as much as you and your sister like." I flirted.
Aisha grinned, and moved closer.
"My sister has really struck lucky with you I'd say." She said standing so petite and cute, she only stood at height with my shoulders.
"Well I love her, and I really like her." I smiled.
Aisha grinned.
"Now listen to me, James. I liked you, and I can see Carmen likes you too. She must know about Derek, right?" She asked me, now serious in tone and manner.

I nodded, and she nodded back.
"I can see that perhaps you are nothing like he was towards her, but its still early days. I want you to promise me, if you ever get angry or such you walk out. You cool down, I know like anyone people get angry with each other. Carmen will never hurt you, she was like a goddamn angel with Derek no matter how much he hurt her. She would blame herself in the beginning, even as we all told her he was the problem." Aisha said.
I drew a deep breath, and relaxed against the table.
"I promise Aisha, I won't ever let it get that far, I love your sister.." I said gentle, but in my defense.

Aisha nodded, and smiled.
"I better get back in there, and help Carmen with the food." She smiled, leaving me alone in the room.
As I was alone in the room I thought about Carmen, how much it hurt to even imagine hurting her as Derek did.
I needed some air, and took the chance to go out for some air out on the garden patio overlooking the

small garden.
I returned a few minutes later, after a few moments of peace and quiet to the front room and saw Carmen with Aisha putting the food out on the dinning table.

"I'll go get the bread rolls." Aisha said, and she skipped to the kitchen.
Carmen passed her, and came out of the kitchen towards the dinning table with a plate of fried chicken and rice.
She smiled at me and leaned over the table, and flirted with me.
"You like me bent over like this, sweetie?" Carmen giggled.
I smiled, and looked around the room trying to see if Aisha was watching us both.
"Yeah I love when you are bent over like this." I grinned and came up behind her, my hands sliding along her hips and I took a hold of her.

The tight booty jeans Carmen wore were teasingly tight on her, both to her curves and hips.
My attentions were on her big ass, and the rest of my mind was a blank to anything else.
I leaned down slowly, and kissed back of her neck tenderly.
Carmen purred and I could feel kissing her neck, she shivered from my kiss. I wanted to make Carmen feel everything I had for her.

Every sensation, every touch, and every shiver I could give her from my own touch.
I began to inch my fingertips to the waistband of her booty jeans, and began to slide them inside her jeans.
"Stop god, Aisha could come in at any moment." She moaned deeply as I felt her hands feebly try to pull my hands away from her waistband.
I bent down behind her, with her big booty in my face I grinned and shoved my face between her booty cheeks through her tight jeans. It was slightly constricting but I got deep, and she gasped.
"Fuck how the hell you doing that through my jeans!" She shuddered, and I felt her press harder against the table.

I began to pull at the waistband of her jeans, and my hands grabbing for her zip.
Carmen was purring as she tried to stop me, but she was loving it I could feel it. My fingertips were touching her zip and about to pull it down to enjoy her without the jeans on.
I heard a sharp distinct female coughing behind us, and we both turned as Carmen now hot for me turned to look.
Aisha stood holding a bottle of wine in one hand and three glasses in the other, she was giving a mock expression of shock and surprise.
"I'm not interrupting anything am I?" She beamed.
Carmen was breathing hard, pushing me away from her ass and I stood up with the biggest hard-on in my pants. Carmen grabbed it and tried to hide it, for modesty reasons.

"I'm out of the room for only a few moments, and you two are at it like rabid dogs. You're acting like you're back in High School Carmen." Aisha giggled.
"So are we going to eat, or do you two want leave to go up to the bedroom." She laughed sitting down at the dinning table, down the side of the table so Carmen could sit at the head of the table and me to her right.

We all sat down, in our arranged places and me next to Carmen.
I smiled guilty as we began to dish out the food into our plates from the bowls on the table.
There was a brief uncomfortable silence, from the incident only seconds before as we dished out our lunch.
But we soon had the chicken, rice and gravy dished out as I poured Carmen and Aisha a glass of wine each.
They were both smiling now, drinking the nice wine and eating the meal.
We began to talk about how me and Carmen met, at the University and our slight age gap.
"Well I was a student in her class, I still am and over time it was clear we both liked each other." I said smiling.

Carmen giggled, playing with her rice on her plate.
"Well James was the one who pushed for it, I was still apprehensive over the age and me being his teacher." Carmen grinned and slyly under the dinning table, I began to rub her knee through her jeans gently as we talked with Aisha.
Carmen glared at me, but gave me a sly grin knowing how aroused I was and wanting her. I must have been like a rabid dog, wanting to hump all day and fuck all night long with her.
It mush have been a change from Carmen's ex-husband, I wondered if he ever wanted Carmen as much as I did or if his gambling habit was more important to him than his beautiful wife.

"I bet that first moment for you two together was amazing." Aisha smiled.
Carmen smiled, and it was a very smug smile as she turned to me and I felt her hand on mine atop of her knee.
"Yeah, it was. It was when I knew for sure about us." Carmen smiled squeezing my hand.
"Sure about what?" Aisha said, sipping her wine.
Carmen looked at her younger sister and smiled.
"That the man for me was still out there, and it was never Derek. He was wrong telling me I would be alone without him, I finally found someone who wanted me as much as I wanted him." She smiled, squeezing my hand.

I smiled and squeezed Carmen's hand back under the table.
Aisha smiled sipping her wine watching us both.

"Damn I need myself, a Scottish boyfriend." Aisha mused innocently, I could tell there was nothing there between us.
It would over time, become like she was my own sister.
"Well I know Scottish cousins and friends who are visiting me here in Chicago over the summer so I can set you up with one." I smiled.
Aisha grinned.
"Well I may take you up on that." She smiled drinking her wine.

The rest of the meal went slow, as we talked about everything from Scotland to how growing up for Carmen and Aisha in Chicago was like.
We shared smiles, some laughs and stories Aisha had from her work.
Eventually the food was almost gone and eaten, when Carmen brought out some chocolates for us all.
Finally we began to clear the plates on the table, and Carmen and Aisha went to put them into the kitchen.

I cleared the kitchen of the empty wine bottle, and cutlery as I saw Aisha watching me from the kitchen doorway.
I smiled at her being friendly, and she smiled back simply watching me. I didn't know what she was looking at, was something on my face or something.
"You take good care of her, you hear me." She said loud enough for me to hear, and I nodded as Carmen entered the room.
"Carmen I need to go, some last minute paperwork I have to go over before work on Sunday. But I'll be over tomorrow, to get to know James more." She smiled and they shared a quick hug, before she turned her attention to me and gave me a gentle hug, and broke it off slowly.
She turned to me smiling.
"I'll see you guys tomorrow, and remember be safe." She laughed, like a child as she left us both alone closing the front door behind us.
Now alone together, Carmen smiled at me running her hands around her ass over her jeans then let them rest on her hips.

"So she gave you the speech, I knew she would, I knew she would like you. I hoped she would approve of you, since Derek she has always been protective of me." She smiled.
I must have had a hilarious expression on my face, but I knew what she was saying.
"She was very nice, she approved I think but she made it clear to look after you. So I intend to do just that." I smiled.
She smiled and leaned in to kiss me on the lips deeply.
"You have my heart James, I've never given it to any man. Even with Derek, I never felt like I do with you when I was with him" She said with a smile.

She smiled and kissed me again, gently grazing my bulge with her hand.
I kissed Carmen back hard.
She moaned and I could tell she was primed already for me.
I continued to kiss Carmen, my hands exploring her ass through her booty jeans.

"Carmen." I moaned, entering bliss land with my lover.
Carmen purred as my hands paid close attention to her cheeks through he denim jeans.
I kissed her neck as I pressed my rock hard, hard-on into her crotch, and moaned to myself.
"I love you so much James." Carmen purred squeezing my cock through my jeans hard.
I gasped, and moaned feeling her squeezing my cock.
"Tell me how much you love me, baby." She gasped, her eyes glazed.
"A lot." I moaned.
Carmen kissed me and then looked straight into my eyes.
"Nu uh, I want to know baby. I want to know how much you love me, I want to know what you feell." She giggled.

I gasped, and kissed her open mouth.
"I've never loved a woman, as I love you Carmen. I don't love you, I'm in love with you." I groaned feeling pressure in my balls and cock.
"Make me happy, James. Make me feel how I've wanted to feel all my life." She purred in my ear, squeezing my shaft harder.
"Oh fuck, I'll make you happy Carmen. I won't ever hurt you, I will love you. I want it all with you, marriage and a life with you." I breathed harder, my voice ragged from the sensations.

"I love you James, you are my soul mate. Now let your sugar momma to make you feel good." She purred and slid my rock hard cock out of my jeans and at that moment we fucked like rabid animals then and there literally ontop of our strewn clothes.

A Few Hours Later, That Evening, 10:35PM, Carmen's House

I finally got a feeling of how bad Carmen's love life was with the likes of Derek, after our heavy sex session all over the house, and I even tied Carmen up with a pair of her tights and used her ass for like thirty minutes solid. Finally we took a break that same evening, and on the sofa naked we laid together drinking wine and getting to know one another more. We were lovers, and I wanted to know my lover.

"James it's really aright, its not as bad as it seems." Carmen said sipping her wine.
I was sipping my wine, I was rubbing Carmen's inner thigh as we laid against each other on the sofa.

"Tell me about Derek, I want to know how to make you happier than you ever were with him." I said gently.
Carmen sipped her wine and laid her head on my shoulder, the feel of her moist skin against mine felt nice.
"You've already done more for me, than he ever did for me." She said, in a submissive tone.
She began to explain to me.
"Derek came from the tower blocks on the East Side of Chicago when Aisha and me lived there with our parents. Since then they've moved elsewhere in the city, Derek was always an asshole. He would never relent, he continued to hassle me for a date, a chance with me. Like an idiot I gave him one, ignoring all the warnings from my friends, even though my parents thought he was an angel in disguise whenever he came around to speak to me." Carmen explained sipping her wine more, and the glass was almost empty.

I helped her, and poured another glass for her as I still rubbed her thighs.
"Anyway, Derek was a known drug dealer in the area. That didn't really effect things for me, in how I viewed him. I thought everyone deserved a chance, some people can't truly choose their careers in life. The rumors persisted, he was violent, an animal even to people not involved in his world. He was especially violent towards the women in his life, but these rumors were from mine, and Aisha's friends. They couldn't be proven, and as Derek liked to say, they were just out to get him. After our first date, he drew me into his charm and eventually I never believed the rumors. I believed his bullshit, but Aisha didn't. She tried to warn me, she came to me with some new horror story at first, and I never believed her. That was until we got married, and the beatings, and abuse started. That was when he changed, when the gambling started to get out of hand." Carmen sighed sipping the wine again.

She put her glass down, and continued her story.
"Once the ring went on my finger, to him it was as if he owned me. I became his personal punching bag, for him to take out his frustrations on. I thought I loved him, hell I even thought he loved me, even if it wasn't in an obvious way as I showed him. My parents thought it wasn't as serious as Aisha was portraying it as, telling me that perhaps it was my fault he was like this with me. I was causing the problems. It's quite a revelation, when your own parents don't believe you or your sister, even when they see the bruises. The final straw came one night, when the whole family was together celebrating a cousin's birthday, it was then that Derek whilst drunk came onto Aisha. Her immediate reaction was to run out, and tell me. Once I got home with Derek, I confronted him. He lashed out at me straight away, and struck me across the face with his fist. I went to bed that night, with a broken lip, fresh bruises and kept quiet."

Carmen poured what was left of the wine into her glass, and drank it as she came to a close about her story.

"The next day, when Derek was at work I called in sick to the University. Told them I wasn't feeling too well, when in honesty I didn't want people to see what he had done. His handywork, and talk behind my back about it. My colleagues, the other teachers knew how Derek really was. He had come onto the female teachers as well, flirting with them. I was completely oblivious to it. Aisha came around, and let herself inside with the spare key I gave her. She came upstairs, and saw the state I was in. A fresh bruise around my eye, and temple and a broken lip. She knew he had done it, she always warned me he would do it. She was adamant asking me to leave him, come and stay with her and our parents for the time being. She stayed for a while, even as I said nothing she stayed trying to talk to me. Then he came home, and when he saw her comforting me he immediately went into flirtation mode. He flirted with Aisha right in front of me, his charming self."

Carmen finished the glass of wine, continuing her story.
"Aisha was having none of it, and she confronted him forcing him out of the bedroom and out into the kitchen. I followed, fearful for Aisha. I could see it in his eyes, he wanted nothing more than to hit my sister, knock her to the floor as he had done to his ex-girlfriends according to the rumors. He then demanded her to leave, calling her every name you could imagine. Aisha called him a bully, an animal. He tensed his arms, and clenched his fists over and over again. He then grabbed her, he took hold of her hair and was forcing her towards the door. Aisha somehow got a hold of a kitchen knife on the kitchen counter top, and turned it on him. His smug smile disappeared then, he tried diplomacy hoping to talk her into putting the knife down. But she knew if she did that, he would beat her up regardless in front of me. Aisha made it clear for him to leave, and he did eventually. After that incident, Aisha helped me find a divorce solicitor, and start divorce proceedings against him."

Carmen drained a few small drops of the wine from her glass, putting it down on the table and sat in silence.
Slowly I leaned in, and wrapped my arms around her in a comforting way.
I kissed her lips gently, to comfort her and leaned down and planted a kiss on her inner thigh.
I did this not in an erotic way, but to try and put her at ease.
I wanted to share a story of my life, that not many, maybe only my family ever knew of.
I wanted to make her feel like she could trust me with anything, and so I chose to disclose a part of my life to her.

"I was once in a gang back in Glasgow." I sighed finishing my glass of wine, the bottle was empty so I put the glass aside.
Carmen gently touched my cheeks.
"What gang?" She asked beautifully, with a comforting stare.
I looked up at her.
"It was just a street gang, when I was in school. It wasn't innocent, I knew that but I got sucked in by the money and the street credit. It was knives though, in Glasgow we favored the blade over the gun

and we carried them with us all the time. It was about protection, protect ourselves from the stronger gangs in the city who would come over to rob us and such. I got out of the gang, after a bungled robbery. I was left out of it, some of the gang wanted more money than from simply selling Weed on the street corners. They tried robbing a local store, and got pushed back by the store owner. Three of the four, who tried to do the robbery went down for three years each for attempted armed robbery. The fourth guy avoided prison, by telling the cops who was involved turning informant" I said kissing her again.

Carmen gently held my face.
"How did you avoid it baby, why didn't you go with them?" She asked.
I kissed her lips gently, and pulled aside my arm from my stomach, where the most faintest scar was. Carmen had not noticed it since we met, mainly because when we had sex it was rough and fast paced and we never got a chance to inspect each others bodies. It was faint now, being a few years old but it was still there if looked at carefully.

"I was stabbed, by a rival gang member and was in hospital at the time of the robbery. Simply for walking onto another gang's territory, it was a little footbridge that crossed from our turf to theirs and I crossed over it one day. Someone must have spotted me, and knew what gang I was with and so when I made my way back across the bridge to my home I was attacked by about four guys. I never saw it coming, most of them were hiding in bushes or hidden from sight. I felt it, the knife sliding into me, cutting its way inside. There was lots of blood, and I blacked out. I awoke a few hours later in Accident and Emergency in a local hospital. Doctors said I was lucky to have been found by a local resident of the area, and she had called the police and ambulance service to the scene otherwise I wouldn't have survived as I had lost pints of blood. My father told me to get out of the life, when he came to see me. That was the first time I saw the poor bastard cry, I couldn't blame him I was a fucking mess to be seen. Tubes sticking out of me, and I looked like a scene from a Frankenstein film. I agreed to him and my mother to leave the life, and we moved to another part of the city on the city limits and left my gang family behind and started again in another school and area." I said looking up at her, expecting her to kick me out of her house in disgust. Instead she kissed me and gently touched my faint scar.

"I love you, James. Please I don't want to lose you." she said touching it, and she began to cry with her head down.
"Carmen angel, I'm not going anywhere. That life is behind me, I was a stupid idiot and I should have known that back then. The scar is just that, the remnants of the biggest mistake I've made in my life to date. I am not going back to that life, not ever again." I said lifting her chin up gently and looked into her eyes, I wiped away her tears softly.
"I love you too Carmen, so fucking much." I said with a smile.
"You came so close to death." She wept.

We kissed deeply as my hands moved up her smooth thighs where I cupped her wet mound in my hand.

"I'm here now Carmen, not even death could stop me from finding you." I said rubbing gently.
"Easy, you got me fucking emotional here and now you want to bury yourself inside me." She giggled kissing me deeply, her tears on her cheeks.
"So now you understand, what Aisha meant when she wanted to meet you in person?" She purred.
I nodded and kissed her.
"Now I know more about you, what you've been through in life. Derek never once did this with me, perhaps I never even wanted to know his story after how he treated me." She added with a beautiful smile, as she stroked my cock now which was at full girth, and length.
"Now sit me on that big cock of yours, James." She laughed shifting on the sofa, moving atop of me and into my lap hovering above my hard cock. Levering her onto my cock, I spread her legs wide over mine onto the cushions of the sofa, and she began to ease down my cock.

She slid down onto my hard cock, and inside I slid into her canal.
"Oh yes James, fuck!" She gasped.
I moaned and began to piston fuck her, pulling on her hair and wrists slamming her down on my cock. She didn't have much choice, with my cock pumping in and out of her snatch so hard her entire body bounced, including her tits and ass cheeks.
"Shit! Shit! Yes fuck!" She gasped, as with my hands now I paid a lot of attention to her nipples making them hard for me.

I felt Carmen was ready to explode, drench my cock in her juices and lay back in utter surrender for me. It was our way, I would work her out and make her cum like a wolf in mating season, and then use her hot, aching body to empty my seed in her and make her my mate.
I called it 'surrender and take-over' and it was my favourite kind of sex with Carmen, she would still kiss me and plant her hands all over me gently as I took her hard and fast.

"Oh fuck, James slow down you are too much! I'm going to fucking cum for you!" She gasped in a rasped voice, she raised herself up off of my cock knowing she was going to cum really hard, but I was still inside her by an inch or so and I took hold around her thick sexy waist and pulled her back onto me. Her back hit my hairy hard chest, and I began to rock her against my pelvis as I fucked her.
"You bastard, I can't take it anymore its going to be too much! Fuck I love you!" She rasped, with her eyes clenched shut.
I held hold of her dark hair and pulled back, not too hard but enough to take control of her body that was bouncing, and grinding against me.
"Use me you fucking bastard, I want you in me for the rest of my life! I am your woman, James!" She moaned hoarsely.

I smiled and holding her up whilst fucking her beneath her, I licked her neck gently before planting my lips on her neck and sucking deep on her motivating the eroticism of the fucking. It worked, I felt her shake and convulse atop of me as I rammed my cock home up her pussy so deep, I swear I must have hit the church bells in her womb as she let out a ear-piercing scream that even knocked me back momentarily so much I couldn't hold on, it looked like tonight I wasn't going to fuck her into a limp submission as usual after she came.

She came first drenching my cock, and lap in her juices. Some even reached the carpet in front of us, and marking it. Her cum coating my cock, was too much sensation for me and I exploded with her without a rubber on. I filled her with my seed, so much of it that it began to leak from her snatch down my cock shaft to my balls and eventually onto the sofa. I began to shake and shiver myself, holding Carmen in my lap I pumped her snatch hard, pushing my seed as deep as I could laying claim to my prize; Carmen herself.

"James no more, I am swimming in your fucking seed. Anymore and i'll burst lover, you've put so much in me I could end up popping out a whole fucking litter for you. I can even feel that way right now." She laughed gently, and her face showed some fear as if she had said something out of line. She was about to correct herself, and I shoved my mouth on hers kissing her. Breaking the wet slobber of a kiss, I smiled.
"You know the idea of you giving me kids, and being with me is a good thing. I like the idea of that." I said, meaning it and wanting to make her feel at ease of what she had let out.

Carmen was beaming, glowing even if I could say that. She kissed me and we laid there, exhausted on the sofa. Drenched in post-sex sweat, and in places our cum we laid together kissing gently as we just enjoyed holding one another.
I had to say it, I would eventually say it in a real proper way as Carmen had. That I loved this woman, I loved Carmen and I was looking to the future with her. Now all I had to contend with was Aisha, and eventually Catalina I would soon find out.

Any and all feedback is appreciated, and if you have any ideas for this series and the next part please comment. Thank you.