The Scar - Part 2

By CobaltLacy

Published on Lush Stories on 17 Jul 2013

I get it on with my history teacher...part 2!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/the-scar-part-2.aspx

Unfettered waves of heat rolled through my body in a strengthening tide, and I trembled as he pressed himself harder and harder against me. *Why Mr. Werner,* I thought*, you* do *know how to get a girl turned on.* The clothes, though… they were beginning to get on my nerves…

My mind flicked back to the memory of him locking the door, and I knew that his mind must be on the same track as mine. The kiss that locked us together was as intense and lusty as I'd ever experienced, and I knew he was just as turned on as I was. Finally, though, we had to come up for air, so while his mouth wandered along my jawbone, my fingers found their way to the knot of his tie. He didn't notice at first that I was untying the knot, but when I slid it from around his neck, he froze for an instant. Only a moment, though. He continued kissing and gently biting at my neck, but this time I could feel that his lips were stretched in a poorly controlled smile of apprehension.

Taking this as permission, I let my hands explore his chest until they found the buttons of his collared dress-shirt, and I began to undo them. I pulled the tails out of his pants too, and then let my hands stroke his bare skin. It was electric.

He drew away from me then and grasped the hem of my shirt, his eyes locking with mine in a heated stare. I looked back with just as much intensity and pushed his hands up, telling him with my actions that I wanted him to continue. He did, eagerly, and I was soon standing before him, shirtless. His eyes roved my body hungrily, and he reached for my skirt zipper, just as I reached for his belt buckle. It didn't take long before we were both only clothed in our underwear.

For a moment we just stood there, admiring each other's bodies and letting our breath get somewhere close to normal again. The bulge in his jeans was very noticeable, and I focused much of my attention there, just as I knew he was admiring my substantial cleavage and obviously clean-shaven mound. I saw it the instant he couldn't stand it any longer – just before he rushed at me and kissed me even harder than before. His erection pressed against me and throbbed in unison with my heartbeat as our hands roamed freely, touching, caressing, massaging…

Well. I think the rest of that little scene is none of your business. Afterward though, we lay on the floor on top of our shirts and just looked at each other, studying the other's face. He reached out a hand and brushed his thumb down my jawline while he studied my eyes for the millionth time since we'd come to know each other.

"You know, your eyes are the first thing that I noticed about you," he said. I loved his voice. So smooth and gentle... so beautiful. I smiled and glanced away for a moment before looking back and giving him a sympathetic look.

"Your eyes were the *second* thing I noticed about you," I said, but put my hand on his cheek to soften the words even more. "And that's all it took." I had to smile then, as I took my hand back. "Well, maybe not quite," I amended as I turned until I was lying flat on my back. "Your voice captivated me. And after I noticed your strength – both of will and character... well… you know…" I looked away as I could feel my cheeks reddening.

He turned my head back until I was looking at him and said, "I love you." Just like that – short and simple. My breathing froze for a moment, and my eyes widened. He smiled, and oh the things that smile did to my heart! My expression lifted, and I told him, "I love you too."

He took my hand and looked at it, turning it over and studying it. "So flawless…" he murmured. Absentmindedly, his other hand reached up and lightly fingered the scar on his own face. I don't think he noticed what he was doing until he saw me watching, but when he did, he dropped his hand quickly and looked away, pain palpable in his eyes.

"Hey," I whispered. "Do you want to talk about it?" I had guessed a few things myself, just from watching him and thinking through the facts I knew about him, but I hadn't been able to figure the whole thing out. He sighed and looked at me, as if contemplating whether I could handle the truth.

"My ex-wife threw an already broken wine bottle at me during the last of our fights," he said bluntly, in a tone that I can only describe as emotionless. "We've been separated for almost seven months now." I sat up at the news.

"This is that new?" I asked in surprise as I took another look at the scar.

"Yeah. If that's how you define 'new.'"

His tone stopped me again. He was speaking robotically, and I would recognize that way of speaking anywhere. It was the tone of someone who was speaking of a recently past hurt – one that had yet to

heal.

I didn’t know what to say, though. I knew enough of hurt to know that at this stage, nothing anybody could say would make the pain any easier to bear. But, at the same time, it was that same stage that began to allow for change to happen – hence his new relationship with me. Only time and personal introspection could bury it away under layers of new experiences and normal changes in life.

All this I knew, yet it still left me speechless. Apparently, though, my hesitation worked to my benefit. He had noticed the lapse in the conversation and looked over at me, noticing my expression. I met his eyes and saw them soften into sympathy. I could tell that he knew what was going through my head.

“They say emotions are the way to bond the closest with someone,” he said. “You’ve had this sort of thing happen to you before too, haven’t you?” It was more of a statement than a question. I nodded, trying to say everything in that one gesture, since I had no idea what to actually say… *I’m so sorry… I truly do know how you feel! It hurts, but the pain goes away eventually… Time and change are the best remedies…I’m here for you…… I’m here for you.*

“I- *I* love you, Derek,” I said eventually, stressing that now *I* was there to love him, that he didn’t have to hurt anymore.

“I know,” he said, and there was such a look of tender love and trust in them that I knew he understood.

And so, my best friend was right. Sometimes love hits us at the times we least expect – even in the midst of un-healed pain. And *always* does it take us by surprise and do things to us that we never imagined. Derek, my high school history teacher, was 25 years old, and a new college graduate when we met. I was 18, and in my last year of the four worst years in life. If I’d never met Derek, I think I’d still hold to my old personal belief that anyone more than 6-ish years older than you is out of your league.

Obviously I was wrong. Love is… well… a life changer.