

Untouched

(Page 10)

Why shouldn't it? She's the reason for it. Since she came stumbling into my life a little more than four days ago she's been taunting me. Well, she's about to learn what happens when you taunt a man. I'm not one of those dipshit high school boys she's used to, the ones who probably do everything she asks in hopes of getting her into bed. I'll take what I want from her, and she really needs to understand the difference between a boy and a man.

Her chest rises and falls with soft breaths as she lies there sleeping, her big tits straining against her tee, her hard nipples trying to break free. She looks like a sexy innocent angel that was sent to bait a man's will, and she has. She has no clue of the predator standing over her while she sleeps. Maybe she thought she was safe from me because her parents are asleep down the hall in their own bed.

I'm on her before she can react, one hand over her mouth, the other around her throat. I can't chance her parents catching me in the act if they hear her. Her legs spread wider for me, and I feel her pulse pick up in her throat, but she doesn't try to scream. My cock is already rubbing against her pussy, the wetness turning me on even more. It takes me a moment to catch it, but I realize that it's too wet to just be my cum leaking from my cock—something that seems to happen when she's near me.

She's wet. No, she's fucking primed and ready for me. I tighten my grip around her throat a little more, and I growl in her ear, her soft blonde curls tickling my face, "You better have been dreaming about me." The idea that she could've been thinking about someone else drives me fucking nuts. I didn't know jealousy until she came into my life.

When I feel her nod in agreement, I release my hand around her throat and replace it with my mouth. The need to leave a mark on her rides me hard. She moans into my hand, making me suck her harder. Yeah, that will definitely leave a mark. Look at me, like a fucking high school kid

leaving a hickey, sneaking into her room at night. I'd never marked a woman in my life. I can't wait to walk past her tomorrow and see it on display. Everyone will know she belongs to someone.

Using my free hand, I push her tee up to grab onto one of her tits. I didn't know an eighteen-year old could have tits as big as hers, but the proof is in my hand. I knead and pull on one, making the nipple even harder. Her legs spread wider for me, begging me to take her.

I should make sure she's completely ready to take me, eat her sweet cunt until her juices cover my face, but I can't. I have no control left. It all left the second her phone rang after dinner tonight while we were cleaning up the dishes. Her parents were still in the room so I couldn't react. I had to stand there and listen to her take a call from the high school quarterback, Croy, and agree to go to the Homecoming dance with him because, as she put it, "No, I'm not going with anyone already. I don't have anyone in my life right now." I knew the last part was just for me. She stood there with a smirk on her face, one of her perfect little dimples showing, but her eyes were pissed. They had been for the past three days.

It's like my cock knows where it belongs. Slipping through her pussy lips as it slides right home, thrusting to the hilt and her tight little pussy clenching around my dick. I close my eyes, trying to get myself under control, but she pushed me too far. I'm afraid I'll fuck her so hard she won't be able to walk tomorrow.

I look down into her eyes. Not even a trace of fear. Here I am, looming over her in the middle of the night, and I think I just played right into her hands. Not that I can blame her. I had pushed her away, but I think she thought I meant pushing her away for good. I hadn't. No, I was just trying to get my head back on straight, figure out how I was going to get us out of this mess we'd made before it crashed down all around us.

"You're mine. Have been from the moment I laid eyes on you, since I sank into you Saturday night, took your cherry and claimed you. Do you understand me?"

She nods her head again, removing my hand from her mouth. I don't give her the opportunity to speak because I know questions will pour from her mouth. I still don't know what's happening, or what is going to happen. All I know is that she is mine. I take her mouth with mine. Slow and sweet, letting her know this is more than just getting off, that I've missed her, and that she has driven me to the edge. She soon takes over, thrusting her tongue into my mouth, clinging to me like she never wants to let go.

I feel her trying to move her hips, wanting me to move with her. I'm barely hanging on to my control, and it doesn't help when she comes at me like she's starved. I release her mouth and flip us over, but before she can protest, I plunge my cock inside her.

"Ride me. Show me how much you want me." I've never sought out a woman's attentions before. I didn't have to, and I never craved the need to know one wanted me, but with her I need it. I love seeing how much she wants me. It's like an addiction. I feel like a puppy begging for a scrap.

Her hand lands on my chest, and she stares down at me wide-eyed, probably because she's never done this. The first and only time we'd ever had sex, when I took her cherry, I was on top, the one in control. Now I'm giving it to her. Not that she really has it. I grip her wide hips, my fingers digging into her soft skin, and I move her. I love that she has no idea what she's doing. Who knew that could be such a fucking turn on? I'll teach her everything she'll know about sex.

It doesn't take her long to see how I want her to move. She slides back and forth on my cock, her juices coating me more. She looks like a goddess on top of me. Her hips sway, her tits softly bouncing, her nipples hard and begging for my attention, her head thrown back, her curly blonde hair so long it brushes my balls as she rides me.