

# Untouched

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Releasing one of her hips, I slide my fingers between her pussy lips, finding her hard little clit. Her body jerks in response, her juices covering me, making me wish I'd had the control to have eaten her cunt before I took her. I could have her taste on my mouth right now.

"Tell me you're mine. No one else touches you." I need her to reassure me after the little stunt she pulled tonight.

She responds instantly. "I'm yours, only yours."

I strum her clit a little faster, her words almost sending me over the edge. I need her to cum, for her to milk my release out of me.

"Then cum for me. Work all that cum out of my cock. Take me deep inside you," I grunt. I marked her neck, now I want to make that same mark inside her; cover the walls of her pussy with me.

I feel her pussy tighten, and I know she is going to go off. I rise and pull her to me, catching her mouth with mine, swallowing the sounds of her orgasm. Her body jerks against me as I cum hard, deep inside her. Just when I think I've emptied all I can into her, my cock jerks again, releasing a little more inside her.

She collapses onto my chest, and I wrap my arms around her. "I missed you so much," she says so quietly I almost don't hear her. I'm not even sure she knows she said it. Her breaths grow deeper, and I know she has fallen fast asleep.

I'd thought I could just touch her a little, give her what she wanted, but not fully take her. I was fucking shocked that first night when I'd gotten her sweet pussy underneath me, only to realize it was untouched. It wasn't bad enough I was fucking my friend's barely legal daughter in his own house while he was sleeping down the hall, but I was also taking her cherry.

I should have walked away, but it was too late. I'd already tasted her, and nothing would have stopped me from seeing her virgin blood coat my cock as I pumped in and out of her, filled her with my cum until it dripped down her ass and covered my sheets—sheets I stripped from my bed afterwards and kept.

I was past the point of no return, and I don't know why I ever tried to fight it. I'll never forget the day she walked into my life and flipped it upside down.

## Chapter 2 Chris

4 days earlier...

"Can I help you with something?" I ask Phil on my way out to the back deck, taking a long swig from my beer. He's grilling steaks for a family cook out. His daughter Megan is set to come home any minute, having spent the summer at a creative writing camp.

"I think I'm all set, Chris. Just ready for Megan to get home. I hate that the camp fell on her eighteenth birthday, but at least we get to celebrate it now that she's coming home. Her friend's mom is dropping her off soon. Hopefully she'll like the party," he says flipping the steaks on the grill.

Sitting on one of the patio chairs, I stretch my legs out. The beer is perfect after having spent the whole day out in the heat. Two days on the football field can be killer in the Texas heat. I'm just glad I have a place to crash, and I'm not sitting in some hotel room after a long day at work.

Phil and I have been friends since I was in college. I played football at Texas Tech, and met Phil when he was doing his clinicals. Part of his job was to see to the football players, and my knee wasn't the best so we spent a lot of time together. He and I hit it off right away, even though he was ten years older than me. He always gave me great tips on how to keep my body in working condition.

After I graduated from college, I went on to the pros, playing center for the Houston Texans. I played until my knee finally blew out. Phil did the

best to try to get my knee back in shape, but we both knew I was playing on borrowed time as it was. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have lasted as long as I did. He fixed me as best as he could, but I'd done some real damage. There was too much wear and tear, and if I went back on the field, I was taking a chance of never being able to walk again. It was a tough decision, but retiring was the right choice. I'd made a lot of money in my years there, saving and investing the best I could. I knew my knee could've gone at any minute, and it was time to hang up my jersey.

"Thanks for being here with us today. I know you're ready for your place to be finished."

I was, but Phil and Janet's home wasn't a bad place to crash for a while. It was huge, plus I got to talk football every night, and I could bounce ideas off him. Better than going home to an empty house, something that had been bothering me lately.

"I've enjoyed the summer with you and Janet, and I know you're both probably ready for me to get out of your hair," I joke, knowing they would have had the house all to themselves this summer if I hadn't been staying here.

"Are you kidding me? It's been awesome having someone to talk football with nonstop. I'm looking forward to seeing what you're going to make of the Wildcats this season."

I raise my beer and knock it against his. "Here's hoping my first year as a high school football coach is a winning season."

I had been talking to Phil one day, telling him how much I missed being a part of the sport, even though I didn't have the urge to play anymore. He told me his local high school was looking for a new head coach and I would be a perfect fit. Not soon after, I interviewed, got the job instantly, and made the move. Only my new house wasn't finished so Phil offered to let me crash with them this summer while I waited.

"I'll drink to that. Oh, and to your house being finished next week," he laughs and we clink bottles.

