

Untouched

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“Remind me never to build again. It’s taken them a month longer than they said, but they’ve guaranteed it by next Friday. Either way, I appreciate you letting me stay with you this summer. It’s clear those boys needed me here as soon as possible; they were a fucking mess. I thought I was going to have to do three a days if that’s even possible.”

Phil lets out a laugh as he closes the grill lid. “No problem. Megan was gone the whole time, so someone needed to fill the silence.”

“Ha ha. Whatever,” I say, rolling my eyes. He and his wife have been far from quiet. I’m not sure if they always go at it like that or if it is because their kid is out of the house. “I’ll go check out front and see if she’s back. Wouldn’t want you taking your eyes off the grill. Remember the last time you got distracted?” I say this as Janet comes up behind him and puts her arms around his waist.

“I remember having to order out because the steaks were so burned. Good thing I didn’t marry you for your grilling skills.”

Phil turns around and scoops her up, kissing her lips. I take that as my cue and walk out. I’ve tried to give them their privacy this summer, but I can’t help but see them in moments like this and feel a spark of envy. I’ve never felt that way about a woman before. Never had a single thought of wanting something like that.

They are older than me, so I keep telling myself I have time, but at thirty years old, one would think I’d have felt something close to love. As it is right now, I just fuck to get off, and the women I’ve been with know the score. When I played college and pro, I kept my head in the game, even when it was off-season. I knew after I was done playing football I could try for something like that, maybe have a family, but it’s been a year since I left and I’ve still not felt any pull to want that with a woman.

As I walk through the living room, I look at all the birthday decorations, eyeing a Star Wars cake in the middle of the table. What kind of

eighteen-year-old girl would have a Star Wars cake? Maybe there was a mix-up at the store. Taking a step closer, I see Megan's name written across it in pink icing. The last time I saw her was when she was eight years old, trying to get me to buy her Girl Scout cookies. I'm happy I get to see her again after all this time. I wonder if she looks like her mom. If so, I'm sure Phil has his hands full. It's probably why he sent her off to that creative writing thing. Janet is tall, with legs for days, tanned skin, dark hair and bright blue eyes that stand out against her complexion. If Megan looks even a little like her mom, Phil is in trouble with the boys from school.

I walk around the corner, thinking about their little family, and run into straight into a woman. The collision knocks us both down on the ground, and I land on top of her. I brace myself, trying to make sure she doesn't take the impact of my weight. I'm not a small guy, and I still carry all of the muscle I needed playing center in the NFL.

"Oh shit, I'm so sorry," I say, pushing up on my arms and looking down at her. Suddenly, my cock goes hard as a rock as I see this knock-out under me. It's like I've never had a chick this close before. Blonde waves frame her face as ice-blue eyes look up at me through thick-framed glasses. Her soft full curves press against me in the best way possible, and all I can think about is how she's so soft.

She raises an eyebrow and spreads her legs a little wider. It's then that I realize our position, me between her legs and her spread out under me. "Wow. Don't apologize," she says, her cheeks turn a little pink, but a smile forms on her face, showing two perfect dimples.

This must be the friend who was dropping off Megan, and though I want to stay in this position, I don't want Phil's daughter walking in and seeing us this way. I sit up, pulling her with me and helping her off the hardwood floor. Her arms go around my neck instantly, like she misses being pressed up against me. Who am I to turn down an invitation like this from the hottest woman I've ever seen in my life? That's saying a lot with all the groupies and jump-offs I had running around me when I played pro. I turn us both so we are in the shadows in the hallway, blocked off in case anyone happens to walk by. She presses her hips to my groin, pushing her body against my hard cock. Her softness fits me

perfectly. She's so tiny compared to me in height, but her curves let me know she could handle me. Like I said, I'm not a small guy, so I could grab onto her and not have to worry.

I feel the heat between us light up fast, and I need to know more about this chick. "So I shouldn't apologize for knocking down a gorgeous woman?"

"Not if you're going to greet her like this," she breathes, rubbing her body against mine a little more. Her actions are bold, but her cheeks redden even more. Shit, she looks innocent like that.

Jesus, who is this chick? Fuck if I'm not harder than I have ever been in my life, and that's just from being pressed up against her. Her smell, her softness, everything is pulling me in. I feel like I'm drowning in desire. Maybe it's been too long since I've been with a chick. My mind has been so focused on my new job that women haven't even been a blip on my radar. Some of the teachers have been trying to throw themselves at me since I started, but I didn't have time or inclination. But this little curvy bundle of softness has got my attention.

"Megan?" I hear Phil calling from the back of the house. I feel the woman in my arms freeze, no longer rubbing up against me.

"Hey, we better get out there before Megan walks in. Give me your number. I want to see you again," I say, looking down and searching her eyes, but her big-framed glasses hide them from me. Shit. I can't remember the last time I asked for a chick's number. Normally they are slipping them to me, but no way am I letting this one get away. Something about her feels different. Feels right.