

Untouched

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The woman giggles and leans up on her tip toes, licking my neck and giving it a small bite, like she needs a taste of me. I nearly cum in my pants, and just as I'm about to, she pulls back, ducks under my arm, and walks down the hallway. I watch her go, feeling like I just got hit by a linebacker, and before I know it, I'm following behind her, watching her ass wiggle.

"Megan! There you are!" I see Phil scoop up the woman, giving her a big hug. Then I hear Janet scream "Megan!" while wrapping her arms around the two of them. The family of three embrace, and I'm just standing there with my jaw on the floor.

Well, fuck.

After a second I shake the fog away and grit my jaw, making sure I wipe the confused look off my face before anyone notices. I think about what could have just happened. I should apologize to Megan, to her family, but I can't find the will right this second to mean it. I've never been so struck by a woman before, and it's laughable considering she literally struck me.

Phil and Janet turn to look at me. "Megan, do you remember Chris, an old friend of mine? He took the head football position at your high school."

Her nose scrunches at Phil's words. I step forward and hold my hand out and she takes it. "Good to see you again, Megan." I rub the inside of her wrist with my finger, feeling her pulse pick up.

"Hmm, it's good to see you too. Not sure I remember you, though." I study her for a second, not really shocked she doesn't remember me. It was over ten years ago and we only met once. I never hung out with Phil at home because I was usually on the road.

"Megan doesn't care much for football, or sports for that matter so she might avoid you like the plague," Phil jokes, and I almost want to laugh

at his words. If he only knew what happened moments ago. That was definitely not avoidance.

Regretfully, I release her hand, and Janet pulls Megan toward the back deck. As they go, she looks back over her shoulder at me, one of her dimples showing, and her blush returns. My dick twitches, and I curse under my breath. I storm to the bathroom and splash some cold water on my face, trying to get my head straight. I look in the mirror and give myself a pep talk. 'Jesus, Chris, she's your best friend's daughter, and she's barely eighteen. Get it together.' I reach down and adjust my cock, trying to hide the fact that the thick bastard is hard as a rock and ready to fuck.

When I make my way out back with the family, I look over and see Megan saying hello to everyone who's come to celebrate her homecoming and birthday. I grab my beer from the patio table, retake my chair and just watch her.

It's then I realize how young she really does look. When she was pushed up so close against me I couldn't see all of her, more just feel her.

Her long blonde hair hangs in waves to her ass. Her bright blue eyes are partially hidden behind her oversized glasses, so I can only catch a glimpse of them here and there. She wears a shirt that fits tight to her tits and reads: I never received my acceptance letter from Hogwarts, so I'm leaving the Shire to become a Jedi! Whatever the fuck that means, I have no idea. She has on loose jeans that she's rolled at the cuff, and simple white tennis shoes.

If she wasn't so curvy I would think she was trying to downplay her looks. It's almost like she rolled out of bed and just threw something on. Not something that typical of a young woman. I can't keep my eyes off her as she moves around the backyard, talking to people and saying her hellos. She glances over at me every so often and as time goes on she gets bolder whenever she looks, her glances lingering.

I try not to stare at her, but it's hard. Looking around, I start to notice that everyone here is my age or older. Shouldn't this place be loaded with other teenagers? I just push it to the back of my mind, thinking maybe

it's just for adults, and Megan will have another party with her friends later.

"Coach Burns." I pull my eyes away from Megan at the sound of my name. I see Croy, my starting quarterback, standing in the doorway of the back porch. "You said I could stop by and grab that playbook," he says before I can ask what he needs.

"Yeah, I'll go grab it." I completely forgot he was stopping by, and I'm sure that has something to do with the woman I can't seem to keep my eyes off of. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

Making my way upstairs, I grab the playbook off the desk in my room, but stop outside Megan's door. I've never had the desire to open it before, but I find myself pushing it open now. I'm not sure what I expected to find, maybe pink walls, fluffy pillows, and posters of teenage heartthrobs on the wall, but what I get is something completely different. Her walls are a bright green, with a model of the solar system hanging from the ceiling. Books cover every free space. Three computer monitors sit on her desk, a screensaver of the periodic table divided across the screens. Her walls are indeed covered in posters, but I don't understand half of the slogans and phrases emblazoned across them. The one that says "Dear Nasa, Your Mom Thought I Was Big Enough" gets a bark of laughter from me.

She's a dork. And fuck, why does that turn me on even more? Get it together, Chris. Shutting her door, I try to push all thoughts of Megan out of my head. Off limits. I tell myself again. When I get back to the deck, I look around for Croy, and my jaw tightens when I spot him. Megan has her back pushed to the wall of the house, and I see Croy leaning into her, his hand resting beside her head. She's smiling at whatever he is saying.