

Untouched

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“You’re mine now,” I say, feeling her nod against me.

I still can't believe that was only Saturday. She passed out before I even pulled myself from her body, so I had to carry her back to her room. I hated leaving her, but what choice did we really have? I cleaned between her legs before returning to my own room, where I stared down at the bed. Her virgin blood and my cum were mixed together on the sheet. I pulled it from the bed and folded it up, hiding it away in my dresser. What I really wanted was to hang it out the window for all the world to see. It now made sense when I heard tales of kings hanging sheets smeared with their virgin bride’s blood out for all to see.

Glancing over at the clock, I see it’s 1 a.m., and she’s fast asleep on top of me. I came in here to talk to her, but seeing her sleeping like that got the better of me. We both have to be up early for school, and I know I need to talk to her, reassure her of what’s happening here. I’ve been avoiding and ignoring her as best I can.

Sunday, I spent the day with her father, but she came into the room, and I could tell she wanted to talk, so I stuck close to Phil. Once school started back on Monday, I had to pass her in the hall, and it was the worst feeling in the world. Wanting to reach out and grab her, but knowing I couldn’t, and it’s why I’ve been staying away. Tuesday and today were the same, not being able to talk to her or touch her drove me to the edge of insanity. It’s somewhat easier to show no expression, but clearly that was hard on her. I started locking my bedroom door to keep my distance, but every night I waited for her to break in. I’m moving out Friday since my place is finally ready, and I’m sure that’s probably freaking her out too.

When I heard her on the phone tonight, it got the best of me, and I needed to feel her again. Remind myself of what we have, and remind her body that I own it. I just have to figure out how we’re going to do this. How we can do this without fucking up her life? I want her, and I have to

have her, but I want to do it the right way. It's time we sat down and had a talk.

Chapter 3 Chris

"Take a lap, Anderson."

It's Thursday afternoon, and we've got our first game tomorrow against the Badgers. Their defense is going to kill us if my quarterback doesn't get the plays down.

After a hard practice, the boys are tired but ready. I think we are all feeling the adrenaline of the first game of the season and I've got my fingers crossed. It's my first ever game as coach. I send them all to the showers as I talk to the assistant coaches, making sure everyone is ready, giving them assignments to go over tonight. This isn't just a big game for the school, it's also a big game for me too. I want to show everyone that these boys have what it takes. With this being my first coaching job, some of the media is bound to be here, and if there are scouts watching, I want these boys to have the best opportunity to show off.

When I walk through the double doors of the locker room, I head to my office, which is off to the side. I pass a row of lockers, and stop short when I hear the Megan's name.

"Who knew little dorky Megan would sprout up like that? Never knew a Harry Potter shirt could give me a woody. I bet that pussy of hers is cherry tight."

"Oh yeah, nobody's gotten in there yet. I plan on getting it first Saturday night after the Homecoming dance. She's gonna be all mine."

It takes everything in my body not to rip apart the lockers separating me from the boys on the other side. I heard one of the juniors, Atkins, talking, but I know Croy Anderson is the one talking about fucking her. I should go over there and break it up, but my fists are clenched and I'm gripping the playbook so hard I'm about to rip it in half. I can't beat a student, I can't beat a student, I can't beat a student, I keep chanting in my head over and over.

“I saw that hickey you left on her neck. Nice way to mark your territory, Anderson.” I hear a slap on the back.

“Oh yeah. Gotta let everybody know she’s claimed property. Can’t let anyone get that cherry before I do. She fucking loves it when I suck on her. She likes it everywhere, if you know what I mean.”

My eyes go blurry and I blink a few times, trying to remove the red from my vision. I’ve had all I can stand, so I stomp around the lockers to the other side. When I round the corner, everyone looks at me, but my eyes are locked on Croy.

“Anderson! On your feet!” My voice echoes through the locker room, and he pops up off the bench looking like a scared little shit. Good. He should be scared. I want to rip his lying face off, but I control it. I can’t go to jail, because then I’d be without Megan, and he’s not worth it. “I don’t want to hear that kind of talk in here again. Do you understand me, boy?”

He nods his head nervously, but I wait for a response. “Yes, Coach Burns.”

“I want you back out on the field. You’re running laps with Coach Evans, and once he feels like you’re done, you’re going over the playbook front to back. Then you’ll come in early to go over it with him. We clear?”

“Yes, sir.” He looks defeated as he walks past me, back out of the locker room, but I don’t give a flying fuck.

I turn to the other players, and slam my playbook on the bench. “I don’t know what kind of locker room crap your last coach put up with, but that’s done and over. If I hear anything like the conversation I just heard ever again, you’ll all be warming the bench come game day.” They all look at me with wide eyes, but I’m beyond enraged. I know it’s because they were talking about Megan. This kind of talk always happens when guys get together, not just in locker rooms. But I’m blinded by my anger, and I don’t care. “Everybody clear on this?”