

Untouched

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“Yes, Coach Burns,” they say in unison.

I pick up my playbook and storm into my office, throwing it down on my desk. She’s gotten so deep under my skin that the mention of her name is all it takes to send me over the edge. That little fucker claims he gave her that mark. That mark is mine. She’s mine. I laid claim to that body first. I am the one who broke in her pussy nice and sweet. She’s only had me inside of her. Not some skinny little fucker just trying to get a nut. I’m working myself up, but I can’t stop it. I check my watch and see that her last class is done for the day. I looked up her schedule on the school computer system, memorizing it, and I know she should be nearly home. I grab my keys off my desk, having already made up my mind.

I bust out of the locker room and out on the field, and I see Coach Evans running Anderson. I give him a chin lift as I approach, and he walks over with his arms folded. “How many does he need?”

“Enough to make him remember what happened in there, but not enough that he can’t play tomorrow.”

“Fair enough.” Coach Evans turns back to the field and watches Anderson make a lap.

I go out to my truck and slam the door, cranking it up and hitting the gas. I’ve got to get to Megan. I’ve got to see her right this fucking second to calm this beast inside me.

I take the back roads to get to Phil and Janet’s house, driving as fast as I can. When I pull up to the driveway, I thank God neither of them is home. They shouldn’t be back for a few hours, but one can’t be too careful. I jump out and pass Megan’s red Honda in the garage as I jog into the house to look for her. I blow through the kitchen and living room, taking the stairs two at a time. When I get to her door, I don’t bother knocking, I just push it open.

She's standing there in a loose t-shirt that reads, 'I run because Gandalf told me to' and baggy cut-off shorts. She has a pencil through a messy bun in her hair, and her big glasses are nearly falling off the end of her nose. She's more gorgeous every time I see her, and right now, I want nothing more than to take what someone said isn't mine.

Kicking the door shut behind me, I reach back and lock it, just in case. She slowly backs away from me, until the backs of her legs hit her bed. I stalk towards her, my steps careful. I want her to see me coming. This isn't sneaky and this isn't a surprise; I came here to take her.

"Chris, what's wrong?"

"That little prick Croy Anderson was spreading rumors about you two today, and I happened to overhear him."

I take another step, and she tries back away further, but she's run out of room.

"What did he say?" she asks, her eyes widening.

"Said he gave you that mark on your neck. Said your pussy was still cherry, and he was going to get it Saturday after the dance. Know anything about that?"

She squares her shoulders and puts a hand on her hip. "Are you seriously asking me that? You're the one who put the hickey on my neck for the whole damn world to see. And I'm pretty sure we were both there the night we first...um...when I lost my...you know..." She loses steam as she tries to say I got in that tiny cunt first.

"You mean when I got inside you first? You mean the night you came to my room, and I popped your cherry, and got your virgin blood all over my dick?"

Her face turns bright red and she looks away, nodding her head.

I get in front of her and grab her chin, making her look at me. "Best night of my fucking life, baby."

I lean down and take her mouth, devouring her with my kiss. I reach down, pulling at her shorts and panties, pushing them off her hips to the floor. I break the kiss long enough to take off her t-shirt and bra. Getting her naked as fast as possible is my only goal. When she's completely bare to me, I push her hips, causing her to fall back on the bed. I grab her legs and pull her to the edge, throwing her feet over my shoulders, and use my fingers to spread her pussy lips open for me. I dive in, rubbing her ripe cunt all over my face. I want her scent all over me when I fuck her, so I rub her sweet honey all over my mouth and nose. I want to be covered in her sticky sweetness so I can smell her pussy as I fuck her. I push two fingers inside her, rubbing her sweet spot as I lick and suck. She needs one quick orgasm, and then she'll be soft and ready for my dick. I want her squirting on my cock as I fuck her hard, and she needs at least one orgasm first.

I stroke her g-spot and suck her clit as she rides my face hard. She's got my hair gripped in both her hands, humping my face like a horny slut. Knowing she's never been like this with anyone else before turns me on even more. Only I get to see her like this. I work her harder, moaning against her sweet cunt. It doesn't take long before she's cumming on my face, leaking out her sweet honey and coating my fingers. When I pull them out, I see they are covered in sticky juice, so I lean up and rub it across both her nipples. I want her titties tasting like her pussy too. She's too fucking good to only have that flavor in one spot. I wish her whole fucking body tasted like that sugary cunt.

I strip quickly, keeping Megan's ass hanging off the edge of the bed. Once I'm naked, I push her knees up, opening all of her to me. I line my cock up and thrust home inside her warmth. She's still virgin tight, and I keep thinking at some point she'll loosen up. But so far it's almost as if she gets tighter every time I get in her. Her cunt is primed and my strokes make loud smacking sounds. "Goddamn, Megan. You're so tight and sweet. Tell me who you belong to, baby. I've gotta cum in you again. I need you to tell me who owns this pussy."