

Untouched

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I won't last long like this, but I don't care. I'll make sure she gets off after, but right now I've got to fill her little pussy up. My balls are tight and achy. It's like I haven't gotten off inside her four times already today. The animal inside me needs her. I look down at where we are connected, seeing my dick pull out of her tight cunt covered in her cream. She's so wet for it, I've got a ring around the base of my cock from her juices, and it drips down my nuts. Sticky syrupy sounds echo in the empty garage as my wet balls smack against her pussy.

Once again she's my prime breeding machine, taking my big cock all the way inside and begging for more. Her fertile cunt opens for seed, my seed. Seeing my cock disappear inside of her and feeling her tight pussy squeezing it to the point of pain are enough. I thrust hard one last time, pumping all of my cum into her. She squeezes me and sucks me dry. When my last drop escapes, I pull out and spin her around as I go down on my knees in front of her.

Megan's shorts and panties are still around her knees, but I don't need much room. I'm at eye level with her pussy, and I bury my face in the softness there. She can't spread her legs because her clothes restrict her movement, but I grab her hips, pulling her to me to get my tongue on her clit. I lick her all over as her hands go to my hair and her moans fill the garage. I suck her clit into my mouth, biting on it slightly and making her shout. She tastes like the two of us mixed together, and I fucking love it. Sucking her cream-covered clit and hearing her sounds have my cock leaking all over again—a fresh batch of cum ready for her.

It doesn't take long before she's tensing up and throwing her head back, lost in pleasure. Her orgasm causes a flood of juice to flow between her thighs, and I feel it dripping down my chin. I pull back and see a big smile on her face as she catches her breath. I smile back at her, but flip her around again, pulling her ass towards me as her hands grab the hood.

"Jesus, Chris. Again?"

“Just one more, baby, and I swear I’ll be done.” We both know that’s a lie, because she can’t go to sleep without my cock inside her.

I fuck her on the hood of the SUV, fighting between my instinct to be gentle and the urge to wear her pussy out so much that she won’t be able to walk tomorrow. She’ll be sore sitting down as it is, so I’m trying not to break her cunt. I grab her ass with both hands, pulling it to me as I fuck into her tightness. She bounces against my cock, and the feeling of her welcoming softness against my hardness is so fucking perfect.

The need to cum is so strong I feel like a goddamn teenager with his first dirty magazine. But it only takes me a few minutes until I’m pouring into her cunt again.

When I pull out, my cock is a sticky mess. Between her cum and mine, I’m covered, but I don’t give a fuck, and I tuck it back into my jeans, smearing our juices all over my underwear.

I help Megan pull her panties and shorts back up, since her legs are so shaky. Once I straighten her out, I kiss her on the nose and then on the lips.

“What do you think about the new place?”

She lets out the cutest snort and then makes an exaggerated motion of looking around the garage. “I love it.”

I don’t take my eyes off her when I whisper, “Me too.”

Chapter 5 Megan

Pulling on the door, I come up short when I see the sign: ‘Library closed for Homecoming dance committee meeting until end of the school day. Study hall open in room 213’. Crap. I don’t know why I elected to come my senior year. I could’ve graduated at the end of my junior year, but my mom reminded me of all the things I would miss: school dances, graduation, and all the great things normal teenagers apparently do their senior year.

I'm not normal, but I know part of my mom isn't ready for me to leave home yet. I am still her baby on some level. She always wanted a big family, and with the way things are going, that might be happening rather soon. Making my way back down the hall, I head to room 213. I'm only enrolled in two classes this semester, and neither of them are credits I need or care about. Opening the door to study hall, I stop when I see six sets of eyes turn and look at me.

A blush hits my cheeks when their gazes linger over me, and I see Croy among the students. He gives me a cocky chin lift. It takes everything in me not to roll my eyes. I can't believe he was telling people he gave me that hickey. I've only been back at school a week, and it seems things have changed. If I walked into this room last year, none of them would've turned to look my way. Now six of the school's football players are staring at me like I'm the 'precious' from The Lord of The Rings.

"Megan?"

My heartbeat accelerates when I hear my name. I know that voice all too well. I look over to see Chris sitting at the front of the classroom, but my eyes shoot over to Miss Heart, who's sitting on the corner of his desk. She's smiling at my Chris, being extra flirty, and it makes me clench my teeth.

"Sorry, Coach Burns, the library..." My words trail off when I realize everyone is still staring at me. It's not something I'm used to or really care for. I prefer to blend in with the crowd and keep to myself. Even more so in high school.

"Why don't you come to the front of the room and have a seat?" He says it without having to hear the end of my sentence. He glances over to the back of the room where Croy and some of his teammates are sitting, and then back to me. His eyes are hard, and it doesn't take a rocket scientist to get his silent message: Don't fucking sit by them.