

# Untouched

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I debate it for half a second before I change my mind. Though I love when I get Chris worked up and crazy, and Croy seems to be his hot button, I opt not to. Tonight's the first game of the season, and he doesn't need me adding to his stress. No matter how much I want to go over there in protest of Miss Heart sitting on his desk, I refrain. Isn't there a freaking thirty-year-old history book she should be updating or something?

Making my way to the front of the classroom, I sit in the chair directly in front of them, dropping my bag on the floor next to me. Now I'll be able to hear everything they say. Miss Heart shoots me an annoyed look, like she notices this as well, but she quickly covers it up. She leans down close to Chris, and it's then I realize my mistake. Now she'll just have to lean in close to him to whisper.

I can't do anything but stare at her. The famous Miss Heart. And by 'famous', I mean all the boys have talked about her since I can remember. She teaches ninth grade history and runs the cheerleading squad for the varsity football team. Today is game day, so the cheerleaders wear their uniforms, the players all sport their jerseys, and all the teachers and students dress in 'spirit' gear, something I've never participated in. I've never even gone to one of the games. Living in Texas, people worship high school football; something I still don't understand.

Like everyone else Miss Heart is all dressed up for game day. She has her dark hair in a high ponytail with blue and white ribbons. Her jeans fit her almost like a second skin, and I wonder how she breathes in them. Her school shirt has a deep V down in the front, and the further she leans down towards Chris, the more her boobs show.

I look over at him and see his eyes are locked on me, not paying any attention to Miss Heart.

"Chris," she says louder, making him look back at her. I bite the inside of my mouth.

“We could really use your help on Saturday. Afterwards everyone is going out, and you’re more than welcome to join us. You can meet the rest of the staff. I’m sure we’ll be celebrating your win.”

“I don’t think I can, Kim. I’m moving this weekend.” His voice is dismissive, and it warms my belly. Normally, girls like her get all the guys, but for some reason Chris wants me. It’s attention I’ve never gotten from the opposite sex before. Well, not until recently. But to be honest, I hadn’t wanted it until him. Chris is different. I knew it from the moment I ran right into him. My mom always told me when I found the one, I’d know it, and she was right. Seeing him and feeling him for the first time, it was like my body came alive. And like most things I’ve wanted in life, I just went for it. When I decide on something, it’s final and there’s no holding me back. That’s what I’ve been doing with Chris, but sometimes I think I bit off more than I can chew. I know this could end badly, and that maybe our timing is wrong, but I also know that it would take something like this, something hard and fast and consuming, to change me.

“How about you come Saturday night, and I’ll come over Sunday and help you.” She leans in closer to Chris, and I hear her say in a hushed tone, “Or I could just stay over Saturday night, and I’ll be there in the morning to help you.”

“Megan.” I jump when Croy says my name and it pulls me away from hearing Chris’ answer to Miss Heart’s innuendo. I don’t turn around to look at Croy, because I know he’s taken the seat behind me. I can feel him leaning up closer to me, and I want to cringe.

“Yes, Croy,” I say, pulling out my notebook from my bag, trying not to stare at Miss Heart and Chris. I don’t want to watch her flirt with him, and I know there’s nothing I can do about it.

“You change your mind and decide you want to come to the dance with me? Broke my heart when you cancelled.”

It’s hard to contain the snort I want to release. First off, it wasn’t me who cancelled the date, it was Chris. He took my phone and texted Croy. I’m not even sure what he said because he deleted the text and blocked his number. I don’t know what Croy’s deal is. We’ve gone to school together

since middle school, and I don't think he's ever talked to me in my life until this year. It's got to be these boobs. I glance down at my shirt and see my boobs straining against it. I really need to get some bigger sizes. I had no idea this was going to happen over the summer. This has to be more than late blossoming.

"Hmm..." I struggle to find the words. I've not been big on talking to boys. Chris is the exception, but he's definitely no boy.

I feel Croy pull one of the pencils out of my hair, making my locks fall, hitting my shoulders. I'm annoyed, and I start to say something, but luckily I'm saved from having to answer him.

"Anderson, why don't you go to my office and watch those game tapes? I've got them sitting on my desk."

I look up to see Chris glaring over at us. Why is he angry? It's not like I can control where Croy chooses to sit. It's freaking study hall. Seniors come and go as they please. But I love that he's feeling a spark of the jealousy that I'm feeling right now.

Getting up from his seat, Croy tugs on a piece of my hair, making me look up at him. "You coming tonight?" he asks, and I know he's talking about the game.

I just nod my head.

"Wait for me after and we'll talk." He pauses for a second, and then leans down so he can look me in my eyes. "Since you won't respond to my texts."

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"Sorry, I'm terrible about charging my phone." It's not a total lie. I'm the worst with that thing.

“Croy!” Chris snaps again, making both of us jump. Even Miss Heart backs off his desk.

Croy throws his hands up in an apologetic gesture, but he looks back at me, and then at Chris, before he shakes his head and leaves.

“All right. Why doesn't everyone head out.” I glance up at the clock on the wall and see school isn't out for another fifteen minutes, but everyone hops to, excited about the early dismissal. Miss Heart continues to stand there, so I grab my bag, hating that I'm going to have to leave them both in here alone.

“Megan, I need to speak with you. Your father asked me to give you a message.” I can tell from his tone that he's pissed, and for some reason it makes my nipples hard. Hearing the authority in his voice does something to my body I didn't expect. After the Croy incident yesterday, he fucked me until I could barely move. Everything between my legs has been so sore today, but just his tone makes me wet with need.

Miss Heart stands there like she's waiting to hear the message herself. I bet she's hoping he gives me the message and then I'll leave, giving her the alone time I can see she's chomping at the bit to get. But I have a feeling Chris is going to give me more than a message.

“We're done here, Kim.” His words are final and dismissive, and I almost feel bad for her. Almost.

She lets out an irritated breath, and I can tell she wants to say something, but she won't because I'm standing there. “Guess I'll see you on the sidelines tonight.”

“Keep your cheerleaders away from my players, or they'll be cheering from the stands.”

My eyes bulge at his words, and I wonder what she'll say, but she just clenches her jaw and slams the door behind her. Chris follows after her, and I wonder what he's going to do, but when he reaches the door he locks it. He pulls down the window shade, and then turns to look at me.

My whole body starts to buzz as I feel his eyes on me. If I didn't know him I'd probably be scared. Chris isn't a small man by any means. He's well over a foot taller than me, my head just coming up to his chest. It's clear he still maintains the build he had when he played in the NFL, because there isn't a soft spot on him. He's muscled everywhere, and sometimes when he takes me, I feel completely caged under him. Right now, his dark brown eyes seem black, and I see him take a slow deep breath, release it, and squeeze his fists at his side.

"Bend over the desk." His words come out as a growl, and I hardly recognize it. Nodding, I head towards the desk he was just sitting at, and do what he says.

Dropping my bag back on the floor, I get to his desk and bend over. Once I'm in position I wait. I stay there for a few minutes and nothing happens, but I know not to move.

"Chris?" I ask, the silence killing me.

"Again."

I don't understand what he means, but now I can feel him behind me. I can feel the soft touch of his pants against my legs.

"Say my name again."

"Chris."

As soon as his name passes my lips, he flips up my skirt. He told me to wear one this morning after he fucked me against my bathroom door. He had to rip my pants down my legs, and afterwards he told me, "Enough with the pants shit." He said he needed easy access to me, so I dug through my drawers to find this skirt.

In a flash, my panties are down my thighs, but he doesn't pull them off. He uses his feet to kick mine further apart, stretching the white material of my panties. It makes the cotton bite into my thighs, and the feeling puts me on edge. I hear the sounds of his belt buckle coming undone, and

then his zipper going down. My pussy knows what's coming, and my clit starts to pulse.

"This is going to be quick. I need this to calm me down before I can let you leave this room. I know I won't get to see you until tonight." I can hear the pleading tone in his voice, so I push my ass back further, letting him know I want this.

"I'm yours. Do whatever you like with me."

"Fuck!" He thrusts all the way in, and his long thick cock fills me so I'm just at the threshold of pain. I'm so much smaller than him, and his cock is so big, but I'm starting to stretch for him. I want to take everything he gives me, and feeling him inside me is beyond heaven. My pussy clenches all around him, loving the feel of him inside me. I wish we could stay joined like this all the time.

Gripping the desk on either side of me, he starts to pump in and out. His hands land next to mine, gripping the desk with me, his knuckles turning white. We both hold on as he fucks me hard, filling every inch of me with his enormous dick. There's not a centimeter left inside of me that he hasn't filled, and being stretched and pounded like this turns me on even more.

"I can't stand it when any of them talk to you. It's fucking ridiculous, but I don't care." He starts pumping fast, his words pushing me to my own orgasm. I have no idea why his jealousy turns me on, but it does. To think this man is so crazy for me, that I drive him to the brink and make him lose control, gives me so much power. I love that he's so far gone with me that he's beyond reason.

"Beg me." He's grunting against me as he starts to fuck me faster. I can tell by the grit of his teeth he's doing everything he can to be quiet.

"Please, Chris, fill me with your cum. I want it so bad."

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“Show me, Megan. Milk it out of me.”

He releases his grip on the desk and reaches down to my clit. That’s all it takes, just the slightest touch, and I start to cum. I feel my pussy gripping him as he pounds into me from behind. The desk scoots across the floor from the force of his thrusts, and I’m cumming hard. I’m doing just as he asked and milking his cock. I feel his warm release splash into my body as he drops down onto my back, kissing my neck. His final twitches inside me are a sweet feeling as he whispers against my skin.

“Thank you, baby.”

“I think I should be thanking you.”

I let out a giggle, and he leans back, pulling out of me. I feel him drop down, and he’s between my legs, pulling my panties the rest of the way down.

“Love the skirt. Step out.” He indicates for me to lift my foot so he can pull them all the way off. “Don’t move, let me clean you.”

Using my panties, he wipes between my legs while I watch him over my shoulder. I wait for him to tell me to step back into them, but when he doesn’t, I turn around and watch him put them in his pocket

“For luck tonight.”

He smiles, and I feel myself blush. How I could possibly still have anything left to blush about, I don’t know. Chris stands up, fixes his pants, and then he straightens my skirt.

“Stay away from him, Megan.” I don’t have to ask who he’s talking about.

“Stay away from her!” It’s a bratty comeback but I don’t care.

“Who?”

He legitimately looks confused, and it just adds to my irritation.

“Miss Big Boobs, Kim Heart.”

“She has tits?”

I hate it, but his comment makes me smile, and then it turns into a laugh. He comes over to me, wrapping me up in a hug, and I nuzzle into him, wishing we could get out of here.

“I won’t let you pretend to be with someone else just because we can’t be together yet.”

“I know.”

“Now go home and get ready for the game tonight. I need to see you in the stands, cheering me on.”

I nod my head, and he leans down to kiss me. Feeling his warm lips against mine has me ready for more, but we don’t have time, and this isn’t exactly the best location. I’ll just have to do what we’ve been doing. Wait.

## Chapter 6 Chris

We took down the Badgers in a blowout. I was nervous about it all coming together, but thankfully it turned out all right. The boys performed better than I expected, and I was right to push them so hard. There were scouts in the stands after the media came to film my first game. I even saw a few of my old coaches walking around and taking notes.

It takes a couple of hours after the game to talk to everyone and have the locker room speech with the players. Afterwards I have to do some handshakes with the news and a few boosters to talk about the upcoming season. Overall, it’s a lot more politics than I bargained for, but it is what it is. I guess if I want to continue to coach, this side is the bullshit I have to deal with.

The worst part about tonight was having to do an interview and having to watch helplessly as Croy went up to Megan after the game and put his hands on her. I had a news camera and a microphone in my face, so I kept it together. He reached out to touch her, but she just stood there



with her arms crossed. Her big tits were perched on top of her folded arms, making them look obscene, and I'm sure that's why Croy was hanging around.

Phil and Janet were close by, and they looked like they were having a chummy conversation with him too. That fucking kid makes my blood boil, and I'm pissed off that there isn't shit I can do about it while I'm his coach.

I made it through the interview without incident, and as I walked past them to the locker room, Megan and I locked eyes. Her parents were so wrapped up in their conversation with Croy they didn't see me signal to Megan to check her phone.

When I get to my office, I grab my phone and text her.

ME: TELL YOUR PARENTS YOU'RE STAYING WITH A FRIEND TONIGHT.

MEGAN: WHAT FRIEND?

ME: DOESN'T MATTER. TELL THEM I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE SINCE IT'S NEAR MY HOUSE. I'LL DROP YOU OFF TOMORROW TOO BECAUSE I HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET MY STUFF.

MEGAN: SO YOU AND ME ALL ALONE TONIGHT?

ME: IF YOU TELL THAT FUCKER TO KEEP HIS HANDS OFF YOU.

MEGAN: MEET YOU AT YOUR CAR XOXO <3

I toss my phone in my bag and head out. I'm irritated, even though this should be a great night. Maybe it's just different being on this side of things. When I was a player, the celebration started after the game, but it seems like I can't get away from people wanting to do interviews and parents wanting to ask about playing time. All I want to do is get Megan and go home so I can sink inside her in peace.

I got the keys for my new place from the builder this morning, but Megan still hasn't seen the inside. I plan on showing her every square foot after

I get her out of here. The thought causes me to smile, and as I'm not paying attention, I almost run right into Kim.

"Hey, Coach Burns. Great win out there tonight."

"Thanks." I start to sidestep her, but she follows me.

"Listen, I know you said you've got to move tomorrow, but what about a celebratory drink tonight? I promise I know how to show you a good time, you know, you being new in town and all."

I look over her shoulder and see Megan standing there with her family and Croy. She's pissed, and I am too. We've got to get away from all this shit. "Kim, I appreciate the offer, but I'm not interested. I have a standing policy to never date coworkers, and I'm sorry if I gave you any impression otherwise."

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Her cheeks flush and she looks away. "I...I just meant as friends." She's backpedaling and we both know it. "You may be some big shot NFL player, but that doesn't give you the right to be an asshole." She spins around and stomps away like I was somehow rude to her.

I just shake my head and try to pretend that didn't just happen. I go over to everyone waiting for me. I speak to Croy first. He's my biggest problem, and I need to get rid of him.

"Hey, Chris, congratulations on the win!" Janet beats me to the punch and gives me a hug. I can't help but smile. She would have made a great cheerleader. She's beaming with pride.

"Looks like you did an outstanding job of coaching our star quarterback as well." Phil pats Croy on the back, and I try not to roll my eyes. He fucked up no less than a dozen plays tonight, but luckily my o-line is strong and saved the day.

“Yeah,” is all I can manage to say as Croy beams, clearly taking the credit. It’s a big win for him, and I don’t want to cheat him out of it. But that kid needs some work if he wants to play college ball.

“So, Megan said you’re going to be able to give her a ride tonight.”

I nearly choke on my own spit at Janet’s question, but I just nod and smile.

“Yeah, Mom. Coach said it was on the way to his new place, and then he could just bring me back in the morning when he comes to get the last of his stuff.”

“Okay, sounds perfect, as long as he doesn’t mind. Your car is still in the shop getting new tires.” Janet looks at her phone distractedly. “You’ll just need to be back before noon so you can get your hair done for the dance.”

“You’re going?” The words come out as an accusation. Croy answers, which just pisses me off further.

“Yes, we finally worked out the details. I’m going to meet up with some of the guys tonight.” He turns, looking at Megan expectantly, and she just nods her head at him. “Okay, I’ll pick you up at five tomorrow. We can do dinner before.”

Megan’s eyes go wide, but she doesn’t respond. Phil turns to Croy and shakes his hand, telling him he did a good job tonight. I give him a chin lift, and he heads out, leaving the four of us.

“All right, husband, we’re kid-free tonight. Let’s go get wild.”

“You mean ice cream, don’t you?”

“You got it.”

After Phil and Janet leave, I walk to my car, Megan trailing behind me. I hear her quick footsteps trying to keep up, and it’s all I can do not to turn around and throw her over my shoulder. I’m aggravated, pissed off, and horny. Not a good combination.

I climb in the SUV and wait for Megan to get in and close the door. I crank it up and pull out of the parking lot, waving to people as we leave. Once we are away from school and on the road, I grip the steering wheel with both hands.

“So you’re going with Croy? After I just said you needed to stay away from him?”

“He put me on the spot in front of my parents. What was I supposed to say? ‘Sorry I have a boyfriend, and oh look, here he comes now. You guys might recognize him.’ No. My mom jumped at the chance for me to go to a dance. She wanted me to experience the last part of my high school years, and I guess that included Homecoming. You act like I had a choice.”

I know she’s right, but I can’t think clearly when it comes to her. “Fuck.” It’s the only thing I can say. I feel like an asshole for putting us both in this position, but we’re stuck, and I can’t claim her out in the open. Yet.

“Show me your pussy.”

“What?”

“You heard me, Megan. Pull your skirt up and show me your cunt. Let me see what’s mine.”

I see her shaky fingers go her hem as she scoots her ass to the end of the seat. She pulls it up, spreading her legs wide. I can’t help myself. I reach over.

“Spread your lips for me.”

When she does, I rub two fingers over her wet clit, and then sink them deep inside her. I finger-fuck her for a few minutes, and then pull them out, licking them clean. Fuck, I love the taste of her teenage cunt.

“Let me see your tits too.”

“Chris.” She sounds shy, but I need it.

“Show me, Megan. Now.”

She lifts her shirt and pulls down the soft cups of her bra, letting her big tits bounce free. I reach over, pinching one hard nipple, and then the other. I want my mouth on them so bad, but I’ll have to wait a little longer.

I reach down and undo my khakis, pulling my cock out. “Come suck me off before we get home. I want you too much right now, and I won’t last.”

She crawls over to me, leaning over the center console, and starts sucking me right away. Feeling her hot little mouth on my dick is heaven. She’d never sucked a dick before mine, and fuck if that doesn’t make me love it more. She said she watched instructional videos on it, wanting to make it good for me. It’s working all right, because she gives the best head I’ve ever had. She reaches down, stroking my shaft down to my balls and teasing back up as she twirls her tongue around the head. Her warm wet mouth sucks and licks, begging for my cum. I pull over on a back road and grab her hair with both hands, pulling it back out of the way for her while she gets me off.

I cum hard and fast, and goddamn, her sweet little mouth sucks it all down. “Oh God, baby. The best. Best.”

I breathe heavily as she sits back against the passenger door, spreading her legs wide for me. Seeing her glistening pussy and how she got off on sucking me makes me start leaking cum all over again. I’ll never get enough of her.

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“I want you to rub your pussy until we get there.”

I put the car in gear and pull back onto the road. I glance over every few seconds, seeing her rub her pussy and hearing her sticky sounds of pleasure. The SUV smells like her cunt, and I wish it smelled like this all

the time. I'm tempted to tell her to rub it all over the car, but we're pulling into the garage and I don't want to waste any time.

Once the garage door closes, I get out and Megan follows. Before she can open the door between the garage and the house, I scoop her up and carry her across the threshold.

"What are you doing?" she laughs, but I don't answer. I just smile and keep walking.

I carry her down the long hall and straight to the master suite. I bypass the mattress that's sitting on the floor, and go to the bathroom.

"I need a shower after that game, and I want you to help me break it in."

I had some furniture delivered this afternoon. Basic essentials I knew I would need for my first night. The bulk of the furniture and all my boxes from storage will come tomorrow.

Walking over, I set Megan on the bathroom counter between the double sinks. "Yours is on the left," I say, kissing her nose and moving to turn on the shower.

"I have a sink?"

"You have more than that." I toss over my shoulder, letting her think what she wants to.

Once the eight shower heads are running hot, I turn and strip, and then do the same for Megan. I pick her up and she wraps her legs around me as I carry us both to the shower. My cock is hard and jutting up between us. I'm leaking cum, and it rubs between us, making me even harder.

I had the builders put in a high seat in the shower, big enough for me to sit on. As it turns out, it's also the perfect height for me to sit Megan on while I wash her, and when I fuck her.

After I set Megan down, I hit the built-in shampoo dispenser the designers put in. I make her lean back as I lather her hair, massaging as I

go. She moans with pleasure, and that's when I move between her legs, pressing my cock to her opening.

"I'm going to fuck every inch of you. In every inch of this house. Starting right now."

She reaches between us and grabs my cock, guiding me in while I continue to shampoo her hair. I fuck her slowly, unhurriedly, because we've got all night. I've already taken the edge off, but I know she needs to come after our playtime in the car.

"Reach down and rub your clit, baby. Use my dick to get off."

She does as I ask, rubbing her clit while I fuck her. The only point of contact between us is my hands in her hair, and my cock in her pussy. She moans and grinds against me, taking her pleasure.

"That's it, baby. Be as loud as you want. This is our home, and you can scream the fucking roof down."

Megan moans louder, letting it echo off the shower walls. Fuck if her sounds don't make me want to cum. I feel her pussy start to squeeze me, and her back arches away from the tile. She rubs hard and fast, and I watch as her orgasm hits her. She's beautiful when she cums, and being able to just watch is fucking amazing. Seeing her lost in her pleasure triggers my own release, and I thrust against her, holding my cock inside as far as I can go, emptying all of my seed inside her.

When I catch my breath, I don't pull out. I just pick her up and tilt her head towards the shower head to rinse her off. Afterwards, I move her back to the seat and soap us both up, still not breaking our connection. I want to be inside her as much as possible tonight. My goal is to not pull out one time. Just one continual fuck fest.

I kiss her sweet lips and lick water droplets off her nipples as we rinse off. It sparks off our need all over again, so when I step out of the shower, I just take her down to the tile floor. The cool marble chills our hot skin and creates a slick surface for me to fuck her on.

“You should really get a rug in here.”

“You pick it out, I’ll buy it,” I say, licking the water drops off her neck.

“I think a Star Wars-themed bathroom would be pretty badass.”

“Whatever you want, love.”

## Chapter 7 Megan

“You're not going,” he whispers in my ear before he nuzzles my neck, the morning light shining through the windows, giving it a little nip.

“Chris, my mom...” I try to reason with him, but my words cut off as he pulls himself from me. I instantly miss the warmth of his body.

The bedroom is bare, with only a king-size mattress on the floor. Chris paces the room like a caged lion wanting out. The tense lines of all his muscles show. Okay, maybe not a tiger, more like a bear.

“Come back to bed.” Sitting up, I let the sheet drop away, hoping it will entice him back into bed. I don't know how much longer I have until the movers show up, and I want to soak up every minute of alone time we can have together. These moments are rare, and I want every second I can get. A moment without having to worry about being caught, or what people will think. It’s just him and me in our safe bubble.

"Fuck!" he bellows, and then turns to look at me. His curse sounds angry, but his face doesn't show any trace of that. “I can't do this.”

A sudden panic hits me at his words, and I can feel the blood leave my face. Gripping the sheet, I pull it to cover myself.

“No, no, no, baby.” He's on me instantly, his big hands cupping my face. “I meant this hiding shit. I can't do it, and it’s driving me fucking crazy. I don’t know what’s wrong with me, but the thought of you going anywhere with that kid drives me nuts. I don’t think I’d make it through the night without losing it.”