

# Untouched

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"Chris, I would never do anything with him." I try to reassure him about the dance, running my hand up and down his back and pulling him closer. He just stares down at me. His face looks like he's in agony.

"No, you wouldn't because I won't let you near him." His mouth takes mine in a punishing kiss. It's hard, and it demands my surrender—something he already has. I can feel his need to mark me, and I should probably be scared by his intensity, but I'm not. I crave it, want it more than anything else in the whole world.

No one has ever made me feel the way he does. Like he can't breathe without me. "I need you." My legs drop open a little more at his words, giving him what he wants, letting him fully slide between them. His big body cages mine. He feels so good pressed against me. My heart pounds and desire rushes through me.

He doesn't wait for permission, no build up or foreplay. He pushes inside my body with all the strength in his powerful thighs. His cock thrusts against the tight muscles of my pussy, and I feel a delicious ache as he bumps against my cervix.

"You feel that? I'm going to drain every drop of me into you, and your greedy pussy is going to soak it all up. Isn't it?"

I moan at his words; it's all I can get out as my pussy clenches around him, begging him to do it. My body jerks beneath him as he starts to thrust in and out of me. Each thrust is more forceful than the last. Using his hand, he holds me in place, thrusting deeper, like he can't get far enough inside me.

Our moans fill the room as he begins to pound into me at a punishing pace. I know I'll feel the aftermath of this love-making for days to come. Waves of pleasure so intense wash over me, I'm not sure how much I can take. He rides me hard, making me scream out his name. The climax strikes me without warning, ripping through my body like an explosion.

My body locks up under his, every muscle tensing as the orgasm courses through me.

His cum shoots into my body, his warm jets filling me up. My pussy clamps down around him, trying to greedily suck up all of his cum.

“Who the fuck is she?” The shrill words jolt me from my lust-sodden mind, Chris’s body goes rigid against me.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” he bellows, getting up.

The woman standing in the door looks completely unfazed by Chris’s hard words. She’s well put-together, her short red hair falling to her shoulders. It’s completely straight, with not a strand out of place. Her dark lipstick is a dramatic contrast to her pale skin. She looks like she’s at least six feet tall, with killer heels helping her get there.

She stares at me with her nose scrunched in disgust, like I’m some kind of bug. It’s then I realize I’m completely naked and so is Chris, standing there next to the bed in all his glory.

“Turn around, don’t look at her naked,” he barks out, but the woman just stands there staring at me. If anyone should get dressed, it’s him.

“Megan, bathroom. Now,” he says, noticing the woman in the doorway isn’t moving. “Megan!” he snaps again, sending me into motion and scrambling for the bathroom. I see Chris sliding on a pair of boxers as I slam the bathroom door, and I’m somewhat relieved.

Dressing quickly, I’m thankful that my clothes are in here as I listen to the yelling on the other side of the door.

“What are you doing here, and how the fuck did you even get in, Delilah?”

“I’m sorry Chris, I shouldn’t have responded like that, I know we aren’t exclusive.”

The word ‘exclusive’ makes my stomach clench.

“You didn’t answer my question.” Chris’s words are sharp and angry. I’ve never heard him talk like this.

“Well, I just thought, you know, we could never be together before because you traveled so much, and now, well, you’re here, I’m here.”

“Go down to the kitchen and wait for me,” I hear Chris say, making a lump form in my throat. Why isn’t he kicking her out? Are they still in some kind of relationship?

It makes me wonder if how he acts with me during sex is how he acts with every woman. I’m new to this. Maybe he’s just always this intense. Maybe he likes talking dirty, and I’m just one in a long line of many.

I jump when I see the door handle wiggle. “Megan, unlock the door.”

I wipe the tears from my eyes, not sure what to say. I don’t want him to know I’m crying.

“I’ll be out in a minute. I’m just going to jump in the shower...” I pause for a second to steady my voice so it won’t crack. “Why don’t you go take care of your—” I stop because I don’t know what to call her.

“All right, baby. Don’t leave this room, you hear me?” His voice is stern and not to be questioned.

“Okay,” is all I can manage, thankful the one word is all I need. A minute later I hear his footsteps leave the room. Releasing a breath I didn’t realize I was holding, I seize the opportunity. Slipping from the bathroom, I peek out the window that overlooks the front yard.

Shit. We’re in the middle of nowhere. No way could I walk. I see Chris’s pants on the floor so I go over and pull out his keys.

Now I just have to get out of here without being noticed. As I sneak down the stairs, I pause when I hear the woman say, “We were going to get married. You said you wanted babies, and I’m ready for that.”

It takes everything in me to hold back the sob that wants to escape. I feel like I’m about to vomit. I can’t listen to any more of this. I sneak around

to the garage, and it's then I see how the woman got inside. Chris had left the garage door open. Sliding into his SUV, I text my mom.