

# Untouched

## (Page 14)

I have the sudden urge to punch him right in the face, which is contrary to what I've been doing all summer: making sure his ass doesn't get hurt so our season doesn't go to shit. Wouldn't look too good if the coach punched the starting quarterback right in his pretty-boy face.

"Anderson!" I snap his last name like we're at practice, and it achieves the effect I want. He snaps to attention, looking like a deer in headlights. "Here's your book. Now get your ass home and get some rest. We had a long day today."

"Sure thing, Coach," he says, but not before he turns and tugs a strand of Megan's long hair. "See you Monday."

My grip tightens on the playbook, but he releases her hair and makes his way over to me before I can snap at him again. Handing it over, I resist the urge to tell him to stay away from Megan, who's just staring over at us. I wish I knew if it was me or Anderson she had that dreamy look in her eyes for.

Croy makes his departure, and Megan continues to stare at me. Fuck, I can't do this. I break eye contact and walk back over to where I was sitting. I go through the motions for the rest of the night—staying long enough to eat and sing happy birthday so I don't seem like a dick for bouncing out too soon.

I make the excuse of a long day out on the field with the boys, and head to bed. I debate masturbating; my cock is still hard from watching Megan bounce around the backyard all night. She would sometimes huff out a laugh that would turn into a snort, making her blush with embarrassment, and fuck me, if that didn't get me hard too. I decide against rubbing one out. I know I'd think about her while I did it, and that wouldn't help the urge I was struggling to keep away. I'll just go without as a little self-punishment. Stripping out of my clothes, I climb

into bed, letting images of a curvy blonde play through my mind as I slowly drift off.

It's not long after when I hear a click, and my eyes pop open, unsure of what the noise was. I wait a second, and when I don't hear anything else, I start to drift back off.

Moments later, I feel the blanket shift, and my eyes fly open. I see Megan standing beside the bed, her hand creeping under the bedclothes.

Reaching out, I grab her wrist, pulling her close to me. A gasp escapes her lips, and she's probably shocked by my fast movement. My heart starts racing, but I want to be quiet so her parents don't hear us.

"What are you doing?" I whisper, looking over to the door. I see that it's locked. Megan must have flipped the lock when she snuck in. Her parents are just down the hall, and they could hear us if we're too loud.

She leans in and whispers just as quietly into my ear. "I couldn't sleep. I thought maybe..."

Her words trail off, but I feel her hand run across my naked chest and down my stomach. It's then I realize where her hand is headed, and I'm not wearing any underwear. I like to sleep naked in the summer, and I'm thinking that wasn't the best decision with her in the house, but my cock has been hard all night, pressed against my pants, and I'd wanted to let it breathe.

"You need to go back to your room," I say through gritted teeth, but I don't let go of her wrist or push her away. I look down and see she's wearing an oversized t-shirt with the neck cut out, so it hangs off one shoulder, exposing her collarbone to me. I'm so fucking hard at being this close to her, seeing her skin, and smelling her sweetness. I breathe deeply and I catch a hint of something more, something that smells like desire. I close my eyes tightly and try to be strong. "Leave, Megan, or you'll be sorry you stayed."

Her hand pushes forward under the covers, and I feel her fingertips touch my dick. Cum starts to seep out of the tip at this slight touch, and I have to hold it back to keep from cumming.

“Megan,” I warn, but she doesn’t stop. Instead, she leans closer to me, putting her neck against my mouth and grabbing my cock under the covers. I moan at the sensation, but lean back to try to break free. As I do, she puts a knee on the bed, making her t-shirt rise, and opens herself to me. I can smell her pussy, and my mouth starts to water. Her juices must be coating her legs, and I look down, seeing her teenage cunt open and ready, begging to be taken.

“Please, Coach Burns. I need this. I know you want me. I want this too.” She pauses for a minute, as if she’s looking for the right words. “I want to get off, and get you off too.”

I look into her eyes, and scoot back in the bed. I’ve never been tempted like this before, and goddamn do I want to sink inside her. I look to the door, double checking that it’s locked, and think it over. I could do this. I can just get her off and she can leave. I’ll jerk off about a dozen times after, but I can make this quick. It’s the only way to get her to go, and we don’t want to be caught. I’ll do this for her and she’ll go, I lie to myself. “Fine. But you’ll be quiet. I don’t want your parents finding out. And this stays between us, right?” I look into her eyes. They’re finally free of her glasses and look so much bigger and brighter now.

“I promise not to tell.” She puts her other leg on the bed, and gets in, lying down beside me. I pull the covers back, exposing my naked body, and she pulls up the hem of her t-shirt, showing me her wet cunt. “You can take me if you want to. That can be our little secret too.”

“Fuck.” Her words make more cum leak out of me, and all I can imagine is dumping a load inside her young pussy. I want to wear her cunt out and make her remember who’s been there. I have this urge to mark her like she’s mine, but I know I have to hold myself back. She might be eighteen and legal, but I still work at the school she goes to, and her father is a good friend to me. “I’m getting you off. That’s it.” I shoot her a hard look so she knows that’s all we’ll be doing.

