

Untouched

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Chapter 1 Alexander

“I just want it torn down,” I tell Matt, the agent I bought the estate from, as I exit the car. I toss my suit jacket into the back seat, then roll up my sleeves. The house - if you can even call it that - looks like a fucking castle. It sits twenty miles outside of Chicago, and it’s the perfect spot for my planned private landing strip for the Boeing 747 I bought last month. I like privacy and this will give me that. The fewer people I have to deal with, the happier I am. I like to go to work and back home, but sometimes travel is unavoidable.

There’s enough space here to build the landing strip and keep the house, but there’s no need for it. I’d just have to hire people for its upkeep and I’d never use it. Might as well rip the thing down. Not like I have a need for a place like this. It’s breathtaking with an old-school feel, but my condo in the city is all I need. I live alone and I’ve never met a woman who tempted me to change that.

I’m doomed to be alone and I’ve settled into that. Work is my life. The thoughts of ever having a family of my own are long forgotten, though my mother still thinks there’s hope. I can’t even count how many times she’s told me the story of when my father found her working in some small coffee shop and practically picked her up and carried her out and he’d never let her go. Which is true. He has her tucked away on a nice little island right now, enjoying retirement.

“I thought maybe you should look inside first. You bought the whole estate as is, and I’m guessing there are still a lot of personal items inside. Maybe even art.”

I glance around the property. I hadn’t even looked at a single picture before I bought it. Just found out the land size and purchased it unseen. But looking around now, I can tell the place has a history to it. A stone wall surrounds the home, which is located in the center of the property.

It looks like a fortress. It's beautiful, but more than one man would ever need.

I run my eyes along the front, counting the windows and sizing up just how big it might be on the inside. Then I catch something out of the corner of my eye. Movement.

"It's empty?" I ask, looking back over at Matt.

"Yes. There had been some staff still servicing the property, but they were informed that yesterday was their last day," Matt says.

"I saw it, sir," Black, my head of security, says, coming to stand next to me.

"Let's go find our trespasser then."

We head for the front door, my interest now piqued. Might as well take a look around if I'm going inside. I've already come all this way, and I cleared my morning schedule for this little trip.

"Sir, maybe I should-"

I cut Black off by just holding up my hand as I continue walking towards the front door. He might be my head of security, but I still do what I want, even when he advises otherwise.

"Keys," I snap, turning a little for Matt to throw them to me. I catch them and slide the key into the lock and the door pops open with a loud creak.

Then all the air leaves my lungs at the sight before me.

Standing at the top of the stairs is a young woman. The sunlight streaming in through the open door hits, and it creates a halo of light around her. Her hair is dark as chocolate and such a contrast to her creamy white skin. And even from this distance, I can see she has the brightest blue eyes I've ever seen. Her full, lush lips part just a little as she stares at me. My eyes travel down her body to the white nightgown that looks transparent in the light, showing off all her curves.

I feel myself harden at just the sight.

“Shit,” I hear Black say from behind me in awe.

It makes blood rush to my ears and jealousy course through my body like I’ve never felt before. It wraps around my heart, making me clench my fists.

Mine.

The word pounds though my head. I’ve bought the estate and everything in it. As of yesterday it’s all mine. That makes her mine, too. I can’t stop the irrational barbaric thought from forming.

“Out!” I shout to the room, making Matt jump and Black pull his eyes from the girl and take a step back. “Out.” I growl it this time, and both turn and step out of the door. I slam it shut and click the lock back in place.

I can’t bring myself to turn around. She looked like a fucking angel. Maybe she isn’t real. She looked too perfect to be real. The thought makes the air leave my lungs again. Slowly, I turn, and this time she’s closer than before, having come down the stairs. Her head is cocked to the side like she’s studying me.

I find myself taking the ten steps to get closer to her, stopping at the bottom of the stairs. It brings us eye level with each other. She just stares at me. Her eyes seem so big and bright now, her long black lashes giving her a doe-eyed look.

Her hand comes up, reaching out and touching my face. She runs it along the stubble on my jaw, and her mouth parts a little as her tongue comes out, wetting her bottom lip. It takes everything in me not to groan at the simple action. I want to taste her plump bottom lip for myself, then push my tongue into her mouth.

“You came,” she says, her voice filled with wonder. The sound is soft and sweet.

“I came?” I ask, not understanding what she means. She just nods her head, her dark curls bouncing with the movement. I can’t stop myself from reaching out and grabbing one. She doesn’t flinch like a lot of people do around me. I’m a big guy and my size can be intimidating. The scar running from the top of my left eyebrow down to my jaw doesn’t help, but she doesn’t seem scared at all. No, she’s looking at me like I’m looking at her. I’m no angel, far from it. But I like her eyes on me.