

Untouched

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“Like in my books. You look just like I thought,” she says. Then she throws herself at me. She wraps her arms around my neck, taking me by surprise.

Chapter 2 Alexander

Closing my eyes, I let her warm curves mold against me, and I selfishly take what she’s offering. I wrap my arms around her waist and pull her closer, knowing I should stop but unable to. She fits against me perfectly, like she’s meant to be mine. Made just for me. Perfection that I intend to keep.

“What’s your name, little one?” I ask, trying to soften my voice, not wanting to scare her as I press my face into her long, dark chocolate-colored hair and smell the sweet scent of rose petals. It’s the sweetest thing I’ve ever smelled in my life.

She pulls back only just slightly to look into my eyes. Her blue eyes are big with wonder. “Liliana.”

Her smile is warm, and she’s looking at me like I’ve come to save her. Maybe I have. The trusting look is almost enough to bring me to my knees. It’s innocent and pure, like nothing dirty has ever touched her, not like the women who usually hit on me. They look at me like I have an edge. They think because I look rough around the edges, maybe even a little dangerous, that that’s what I’ll give them. Sweet and innocent never even look at me, but this one just threw herself at me.

She doesn’t even know she should be scared, that when she jumped into my arms she sealed her fate.

“I’m Alexander. And you’re mine now, Liliana,” I say, moving my hands lower and cupping her ass in a possessive hold. “You belong to me.” I squeeze her soft flesh, showing her just how true my words are. Only me. She belongs to only me.

She smiles again and nods her head, making her ringlets bounce. “What took you so long?” she whispers, that look of awe still on her face.

I can’t help but let out a little laugh. “I had to find you, princess. You were hiding from me,” I tease. I have no idea what is going on, but I don’t give a shit. Can’t bring myself to care. All I know I care about in this moment is making sure no one takes her from me and that her sweet little ass stays right in my hands.

She presses her breasts against my chest and puts her weight on me. I pick her up from the stairs, and she wraps her legs around my waist like she’s been doing it for years.

“I’ll never hide from you again,” she whispers.

I grind her body against my hard cock and push all coherent thought out of my head. This is my greatest fantasy come to life, and I’m not about to question it. I’m not going to concentrate on anything else other than Liliana and making every inch of her mine. Because a part of me thinks this is too good to be true. Maybe I’m still at home in my bare, cold condo, asleep and dreaming of the perfect girl. Because that is what she is. She is everything I’ve ever dreamed of. Those nights when I lay in bed and stroked myself to release, I’d been thinking of her.

“No you won’t. You’ll never be out of my arms again,” I growl, pulling her even closer, not wanting even a sliver of space between us. I won’t give her the chance to hide.

“What happens now?” She looks around the house, and an unsure look crosses her face.

“Now, my sweet princess, I carry you upstairs and you show me what belongs to me.”

Her eyes come back to mine, and she blushes. “I’ve read about what happens next in my books.” She hesitates for a minute, her cheeks turning an even darker pink. Her fair skin looks like it’s never been touched by the sun. I didn’t even know women could blush anymore. “I’ve never done any of that before.”

“Good,” I growl, a deep barbaric need coursing through my body knowing I’ll be her first. Her last. Her everything. I’ll teach her everything she’ll ever know about sex. Every kiss, touch, orgasm will be at my hands.

Taking the stairs two at a time, I make sure my grip is firm on her.
“Show me your room.”

She points me in the direction and I head that way. My cock is leading me, and I’ve left all sanity at the front door. I have a feeling that with her, I might never have it again. Not with all the thoughts rushing through my mind. Thoughts I’ve never had before. Desires, wishes, hopes - all things I’ve never conceived of until now.

I carry her down a long hallway, and when we come to the end of it, I’m faced with large double doors. I walk in and kick them shut behind us, locking us inside. I want as many locked doors as possible between us and the rest of the world.

Her room is somewhat bare. Just a large four-poster canopy bed draped in white gauzy fabric. A dresser is off to the side, but there’s no other furniture to speak of. Large stained-glass windows encase the room, spilling in color and sunlight.

After my quick glance around the room, my need pulses, and I can’t be held back any longer. I take her to the bed and sit her on the edge, then I kneel in front of her.

“Uncover it, Liliana,” I say through gritted teeth. “I want to see what I own.”

I see her nervous fingers reach down and slowly slide up the sheer white nightgown until it’s at the tops of her thighs. Impatiently, I push her thighs wider, letting her know I’m ready. My mouth is watering at the sight of her creamy thighs, and I can see through her nightgown. She isn’t wearing panties. I know that in just another inch or two, she’ll be revealed to me, and I won’t be denied.

She pulls up the gown the rest of the way, showing me her little pink pussy. There is a small patch of hair above it, but otherwise she looks

young and wet. Her lips are damp with need, and her tiny clit pokes out, all of her begging for my mouth. I push her knees wider apart, wanting to see if her hymen is still in place. When she tilts back and I see her opening, I feel my cock leak a little in my pants. She's virgin fresh, and I nod in approval.