

Untouched

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“Good girl, princess. You waited for me.”

Reaching up, I pull at the top of the gown, tearing it a little in my excitement. The thin material falls open, revealing her hard, upturned nipples, dark pink and tight. They’re small, maybe enough that I could fit a whole one in my mouth. She’s young, and maybe they still have growing to do. But I love them just as they are. Small and pert, ready for my attention.

I unbutton my dress shirt as I stare at her cunt, licking my lips as I do so. I’m unable to pull my eyes away.

“Are you going to kiss me there?” she asks, her voice barely loud enough for me to hear.

“Oh yes, Liliana. I’m going to kiss all of you.” There won’t be one spot on her body my mouth won’t touch. I’ll know what every part of her tastes like.

As I pull my shirt off, I grab her thighs and pull her to the end of the bed, making her back hit the mattress. I grip her thighs with both hands, pulling her up even with my mouth, her ass hanging in the air.

My mouth descends, the warm flavor of her hitting my tongue. I open wide and slip it inside her, tasting her virgin pussy and that sweet hymen. I moan, and somewhere in the distance I hear her moan, too. Our first kiss is my mouth on her cunt, but we’ll have more after this. Many, many more.

Once I’ve tongue-fucked her until she’s starting to shake, I move my mouth to her sugary pearl and suck on her clit. I nibble on her lips, letting the flat of my tongue drag across each one, then move to the crease between her pussy and thighs, teasing her.

“Have you ever orgasmed before?” I ask against the tender skin of her cunt.

“I don’t know. Alexander, please. Something is happening.”

I smile, knowing that I’m going to make her cum. She’s going to have her first orgasm with me, and I wonder if I want to do it with my mouth. She’s so close, and I want to give her this, but I’m also a selfish beast and want her cum on my cock. I want her virgin blood on my dick as she cums and throbs under me.

Decisions, decisions...

Chapter 3 Liliana

I stare up at the most handsome man I’ve ever seen, my body shaking with a need I didn’t even know I could feel. Well, the only man I’ve ever seen outside of the pages of books I’ve read. I feel like I’ve waited for this moment my whole life, never believing that one day the man of my dreams would come for me.

I thought that those things only happened in the pages of the stories I read over and over again. I willed them to be true for me, too. But I was sure it would never happen. That I was doomed to be on my own after my grandmother died over two months ago, leaving me alone except for the few women who’d helped keep up the house. They’d barely spoken to me, except for yesterday when they told me they wouldn’t be back.

Then I was absolutely alone. It was like he knew. He had to come and save me, and he did. Looking like I’d always thought he would. Short midnight hair, with eyes nearly bluer than my own. Even a scar ran down the side of his face, making me wonder if he was the tortured hero who also needs saving. I want to give him everything he needs to be whole.

His eyes travel up my body, finally locking with mine. They’re filled with an intense hunger like nothing I’ve ever seen before.

“Please.” The one word pops from my mouth, and I’m not even sure what I’m begging for. I just know it’s something only he can give me.

A predatory smile crosses his face, making that need reach higher.

“What do you want, little one?” He slowly releases me, putting me back down onto the bed. I run my eyes over his body. Every inch of him is hard, and I want to feel him against me.

“You,” I tell him simply. There is nothing else I want. Nothing at all.

His hands come down on either side of my thighs, my legs hanging over the edge of the bed and him between them. His fingers dig into the sheets, clutching them tightly. I want them back on me, holding me close.

I’m craving the human connection. I need it from him. No one has ever touched me like this. No one has ever really touched me at all for as long as I can remember. I need him. Crave to be close more than I crave my next breath.

“Oh, you’re going to get me.” His face hardens a little, and I spread my thighs more, wanting him to have all the space he might need. Opening myself to him. Leaning down, he places a kiss on my stomach and starts trailing more up my body, his tongue leaving a wet path.

My body bows up into him, wanting more. “You’ll let me do anything I want to you, won’t you?”

I nod my head, even though it didn’t really sound like a question.

“Say it,” he growls against my nipple before taking it into his mouth. The action causes me to moan and buck under him.

“You can do anything you want to me. I’m yours.” My hands go to his head, digging into his short hair, not wanting him to take his mouth off me. I wrap my legs around him, rubbing myself against him, trying to get friction right where I need it most. I’m so close I can feel it in every cell of my body.

One of his hands slides between us and I feel him tugging at his belt, pulling it free and tossing it next to us on the bed. Then I feel his hard cock against me, brushing up against my clit and making me moan out

his name. He frees his mouth from my breast, making me dig my fingers into his hair tighter, trying to pull him back.

He smiles at my movement but doesn't do anything as I try to get him back where he was. He reaches for the belt, then pulls my hands from his hair and wraps the belt around my wrists, pushing my bound hands above my head.