

Untouched

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He'd pulled me from the tub and dried my hair and brushed it, then placed me on the edge of the bathroom sink, putting his mouth between my legs once again, and licked me until I begged him to stop, until I couldn't take any more. Then he stroked himself to release, spending on my skin and rubbing it in again, saying he had to put back what we'd washed off. He'd said I was never allowed to be without some of him on me.

I didn't know what to think of that but my heart just fluttered at how possessive he was being. It made me believe he'd never leave me. I'd never be left alone again.

"I guess I mean more," he adds, his hand reaching out, touching the little marks on my thighs.

Okay, maybe they weren't so little.

"You can put them anywhere you like," I tell him. I love them, too. They make me feel cherished and wanted.

"You need rest, little one, and I think maybe I should give her a little rest, too."

I stick out my bottom lip, never wanting him to give me a rest. I'm tender, but I'll be fine. He just laughs, leaning in and kissing me. He pushes his tongue into my mouth in that demanding, possessive way of his. It feels like he's claiming me each time he does it.

Soon I'm on back, trying to wrap my legs around him, but he rolls so I'm on top. Releasing my mouth, he wraps his arms around me, and I lay my head on his chest.

"Rest. It's my job to take care of you, and I'm sure those pouts will work on me most of the time. But not when I know you need something more."

“Mmkay,” is all I can say, because I love the idea of him taking care of me. No one really has. I never knew my parents, and for as long as I can remember I’ve lived in this house. My grandma was never very loving, I always felt like a burden, like someone she was forced to care for, and I just tried to stay out of her way as best I could. She barely left her room herself. She left the women she’d hired to handle everything, even teaching me.

It’s why I became so engrossed in books. They’re all I’ve ever had, but not anymore. Now I have Alexander. He’s my hero come to life.

“Promise me you’ll never leave me,” I say sleepily wrapping myself around him.

“Never,” he growls in a deadly tone. I feel it deep in his chest, and it makes me feel safe while I drift off to sleep.

* * *

When I wake, the bed is empty, and panic hits me hard. Flying from the bed, I grab my nightgown off the floor, putting it on in haste. I take off at a dead run, throwing open the door to my room and heading down the hall as fast as my feet will carry me. I’m down the stairs and almost slip, but catch myself on the banister without slowing down. I can’t. I have to find him. The thought makes a loud sob escape my throat.

It can’t have been a dream. It must have been real. I can still smell him on me, feel him in me. He wouldn’t leave me. Please, no. I throw back the front door and see him standing with the same two men from before. They’re standing in front of a car, and one of the doors is open. Ready for someone to enter.

He’s leaving me.

He turns at the sound of the front door hitting the wall with a loud crash. His face is unreadable. I run towards him and fling myself at him, grabbing him as tight as I can. He catches me easily, and I bury my face in his neck.

“Leave, now. I’ll call you later,” I hear Alexander say, and I start to cry. Tears slip free of my tightly closed lids.

I feel us moving back, and I can’t bring myself to open my eyes or loosen my hold. “You promised,” is all I can say between sobs. I feel him sit down with me still in his arms.

His hands start to rub my back, and it only makes me cry harder.

“Calm down, little one. You’re going to make yourself sick.”

“You promised,” I say again, this time sitting up to look at him. A slash of anger arcs through me now. “Why does everyone leave? Why am I always left alone? Is there something wrong with me?”

“Oh, sweetheart.” I watch as his face crumples in pain. He cups my face. “I did promise you, and I meant it. I’ll never leave you. Ever.” He brushes some of the tears away with his thumbs. “Those tears are going to kill me.” He leans up and starts kissing my cheeks all over. “Never leave you,” he says, before each kiss he places on my face until all my tears are gone, then he places a soft kiss on my lips.

“Then what were you doing?” I ask, looking up into his eyes, which have gone all soft and warm.

“I was telling them to go home and that I’d be staying here.”

“Forever?” I push, wiggling closer to him in his lap. He drops his hands from my face, bringing them to my hips.

“Forever. Unless you want to go somewhere else, then we’ll do that. Whatever you want, little one. Anything you want.”

His hands grip me tighter. “I love you.”

I feel so much relief at his words, and I throw myself at him again, wrapping my arms around him.

“I love you, too,” I mumble into his neck. I’ve never said that to anyone and I’ve never had someone say it to me before. But I think I’m going to have a lot of firsts with Alexander.

“This will never get old,” he says, holding me tightly. When I finally push back, I jump off his lap and run over to the far wall of the living room. I go to the bookcase, grab a book, and bring it back over to where he’s sitting, where I then crawl back into his lap.

I open it.

“These are the places I’ve always wanted to go.”