

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 31 - Tips

~DANTE~

My wife.

Ah, fk. I knew it was a mistake right after I said those words. I didn't know what happened to me. The second those men pulled up to us and started staring at Willow in front of me, I lost all f\*\*\*g control. The only thought in my head was to make them pay. When they started whistling and saying things, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold back.

Willow was getting under my f\*g skin. I've never seen her behave this way before. She was always quiet and well-behaved. Not like this.

Tonight, she was anything but quiet. She spoke what was on her mind, and I don't think anything has bothered me as much as this.

Why did I have to go and f\*g say what I just said?

"Suddenly, you acknowledge me as your wife?" Willow asks me with a judging look on her face. Her gaze was piercing, and fvck me; it made me nervous.

Nervous! f\*g nervous!

"You are my wife, are you not?" I ask her as the light changes. I don't wait for her to respond as I mash down on the accelerator. I needed the drive to distract me from her. I needed anything, anything at all, to distract me from her.

I stiffen when she unbuckles her seatbelt. What was she planning on doing now? I was very aware that she'd had too many drinks today. When I got home, someone had to give me some answers.

I don't believe that Willow willingly drank so much. Someone had to encourage her.

I quickly glanced at her and could see her trying to move from her seat now that she didn't have the seatbelt on her.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I demand. “That’s for your safety. Put it back on.”

“I’m answering your question.” She snaps, leaving me baffled. Removing her seatbelt was somehow answering my question. How?

I kept my eyes on the road; I didn’t want to have another look at her perfect body in that bikini. It’s why I asked her to cover herself, to begin with. It was too much for me. I knew I gave a different excuse, but the real reason was she looked too f\*

g good. She made me want things I shouldn’t. Usually, I could have control; today, something felt different. For the first time in our marriage, it felt like she was indeed my wife.

I shook that thought out of my head. I knew we were married by paper, but my heart could never belong to her. I loved Anya. Only Anya.

I hated myself for desiring her; I loved her sister, for crying out loud. Why did my **dk stir at just the f\*\*\*g** sight of her? My desire to have her was much stronger than it’s ever been for anyone else.

I can’t remember it being this hard to avoid her in the past. What was happening to me? And now she was acting very unlike herself. This side of Willow seemed very hard to control. Not that I ever wanted to control her. But this side of her made it more difficult for me to think.

She wasn’t giving me a chance to get a grip on myself.

Willow leaves me stunned when she suddenly picks herself off the passenger’s side and climbs on top of me while I’m still driving.

For a moment, my entire body goes entirely still. I don’t think I’ve ever been in this much shock before. I can’t remember the last time I fought this hard to remember how to drive.

“What are you doing?” I swallow hard.

“I told you I’m answering your question.”

“What question?” I demand.

“You just asked it.”

“What f\*g question, Willow?” I ask, barely recognizing my voice.

I couldn't remember anything; I could barely remember my name with her on top of me while wearing nothing but the tiniest pieces of cloth I'd ever seen. Damn, this woman. She should not tempt me this easily without even f\*g trying!

“You are my wife, are you not?” she repeats my question, reminding me of my own words. That's what she was referring to? I couldn't even remember why I asked that question in the first place.

“How is this answering my question?” I demand, finding my voice again.

I couldn't think clearly. She was making it so damn hard for me even to drive. If she kept this up, I would crash my damn jeep before she could explain what was happening.

“It's the best way to answer your question.” She whispers while looking at me.

My hands tighten on the steering wheel. I was losing my f\*g mind. It's even possible that the road was becoming blurry right before my eyes.

“I have to be honest with you, Willow. There's no possible way that this could answer my question.” I say. “So please, go back to your seat.”

Why was it so hard for me to tell her that?

“Not until I answer your question.”

I exhaled loudly; breathing was becoming a problem also. And fvck, her scent was filling my nose and making things worse for me.

My body turned to stone when Willow suddenly wrapped her arms around my waist and pressed her body tightly against mine.

Her scent hit me harder than before. And her skin, it was so f\*g soft. Softer than anything I've ever felt before.

“I am your wife.” She whispers. “That means that I'm allowed to be this close to you. It means that I'm also allowed to k!ss you.”

K!ss me?

My eyes widen when she presses her lips against my neck.

“Does that answer your question?”

“No.” My voice is a hoarse whisper. “It doesn’t answer my question.”

I was still totally lost, amongst other things. If she didn’t start explaining soon, I would lose my mind.

I stay still as she runs her hands up and down my bare chest. “Touching you, it’s allowed; as your wife, I’m allowed to touch you. Am I not?”

Touch me?