

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 42 - Tips

~WILLOW~

I knew I should stay quiet. I knew I shouldn't be begging him for this. I didn't think I'd ever turn into someone like this. Why was I so desperately looking for Dante's attention? Why did I need him so badly? Why did it feel like I would die if he didn't touch me soon?

I had so many questions and no one to help answer them. My mother never taught me any of this. She never taught me what it would be like when I finally had feelings for a man. She never taught me what it meant to love someone other than my family.

I was learning every new thing about my body on my own.

I had to be in love with Dante. The more I thought of it, the more confident I was that the feelings in my heart were love and nothing else.

"Do you know what you're asking me to do Willow?" he asks. I can barely recognize his voice. It sounded much different than it usually did.

"I said it, didn't I?" I remind him. "I know what I want. You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I was just telling you how I felt. I don't expect you to do it."

I gasped when Dante grabbed me by my waist without any warning and lifted me out of the water. He guided my legs so that they were now wrapped around his waist.

Oh.

Even that felt amazing. Clinging onto him without any clothes on. We were both still very naked. I tightened my arms around his neck and leaned against him as I allowed him to walk with me. I wasn't sure where he was taking me, but I would let him carry me wherever he wished.

My back hits the front of his jeep suddenly. He leaves me spread out on top of it as he walks backward without looking at my face.

I shivered from the loss of his warmth. My body was still wet from the water, and the coolness of the wind did not help.

“Dante—”

“Shh.” He stops me. “Tonight, I’m going to study every inch of your body like it’s a fvcking*g a.ssignment.”

My eyes widen, and I felt all the bl00d travel to my cheeks. It was burning from the intensity of his words and his stare.

There was so much passion in his eyes as he gazed at my body; it made me feel like I would pass out.

I watch him as his gaze drops from my neck to my c.hest. He was breathing hard, so hard that I could hear him from over here.

He wasn’t moving quickly; he was taking his sweet time sweeping his gaze from my c.hest to my b.reasts.

I think I heard his breath hitch, but it’s also very possible that the sound came from me and not him. I wasn’t sure, not now. I couldn’t look away. I felt like I was under some spell.

His eyes moved even lower to my belly b.utton. He stayed there for a few seconds longer than I expected him to. I think he’s hesitant to carry his gaze any lower. My legs were shut tightly, and I knew I wanted him to see that part of me between my legs.

I wasn’t sure why I needed it so much.

When Dante finally drops his gaze lower, I can’t stop myself as I spread my legs wide enough for him to get a good view of the one place in my body that aches the most for him.

Dante swallows hard, and his eyes darken to a different shade. Almost black. I’ve never seen it look this dark before.

And then I saw something I hadn’t seen before. Dante’s d!ck gets bigger right in front of my eyes. I gasp at its size. I’ve heard girls talking in the academy about this before. I knew what it meant. He was aroused. I was doing this to him. I felt overjoyed at this fact. It meant that he did honestly like what he saw.

I'd heard girls say that they weren't satisfied by their boyfriend and the size of his. . . But Dante, I didn't have anything to compare, but I was sure nothing could beat this.

Was that supposed to be inside me? I flushed at the thought. Why was I thinking so far ahead? I was sure Dante was not about to do anything more than look at me tonight. He's still looking, in fact.

He doesn't take his eyes away, and surprisingly, it doesn't make me nervous. It makes me want to touch myself and show him.

I didn't think I would ever have such dirty thoughts. But with Dante, I had no control. I wanted things I'd never wanted in the past.

His eyes flash to mine, and I gasp at the hunger I saw in the depths of it.

"Get in the jeep." He says suddenly, surprising me.

I'm startled by it. I thought he was enjoying this. I thought he wanted to keep looking at me. I don't know what changed in a few seconds.

"But Dante—"

"Get in the fvcking*g jeep Willow." He growls even louder than before.

My eyes widen by his tone. He's never spoken to me in that tone before. I'm shocked. All the happiness I felt suddenly shattered like it wasn't even there, to begin with.

When I don't move fast enough, he storms over, picks me up roughly in his arms, and shoves me into the jeep.

He doesn't ask me to wear my robe or cover my body. His d!ck is still very erect and almost hungry. It was a beast. A beast that I wasn't scared of.

He grabs his clothes from the ground and puts his shorts on before throwing everything else in the back seat.

I'm quiet when he finally gets in and shuts the door so loudly that I jump in my seat.

What was wrong?

