

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 43 - Tips

~DANTE~

fvck ME.

If I didn't get Willow down from that jeep in time, I would have fvckingd her hard against it without a second thought.

I wanted her. I fvcking\*g wanted her.

I felt like I would snap the second I got my hands on her sweet body. That's why I stopped it before anything could happen.

I know I'd managed to hurt her again. I could sense her sadness from my seat.

fvck.

Her scent burned the fvcking\*g air. I could smell her. I could smell her everywhere. And damn it. I wanted to spread her legs and bury my nose in her p.ussy.

"Did I do something wrong?" She whispers.

Ah—sh!t. Even her voice was pulling me in.

She did do something wrong. She spread her fvcking\*g legs wide for me without me asking. When I looked at her legs, I wasn't planning on looking there. I wasn't prepared for Willow spreading them so wide and displaying her p.ussy for me like it was a painting in a damn museum.

I breathed in hard and immediately regretted it. I'm hit with her powerful scent. My hands tighten on the steering wheel. I can't find the strength to speak. All of my inner strength was preoccupied. It was too busy keeping me off Willow.

"Dante, please tell me what I did wrong."

I close my eyes for a second before opening it back. As much as I wanted to drive the jeep off a cliff and end this t\*\*\*\*\*e, I couldn't. She was in here with me. And I at least had to keep her safe.

“Stop talking, Willow,” I beg.

Please stop talking. I don't know how much longer I can hold myself back. I was considering leaving the jeep for her and getting back on my damn feet—anything to stop me from doing something stupid.

“Is it because I spread my legs for you?” She whispers. “Did you not like that?”

MOTHERFVCKER.

How can she ask that? It was pretty evident how much I fvcking\*g loved it. Her innocence was dangerous. Did she not see how fvcking\*g hard my d!ck was? I'm sure she did. I saw her looking at it. And she shouldn't have done that. I enjoyed it more than I should have.

I loved it a little too much. In fact, every night that I went to sleep after today, I would dream of her pretty pink cl!t waiting for someone like me to devour it. I'll dream of her hungry eyes looking at me. At it.

“I don't know why I did it.” She continued to ramble on even though I begged her to stay quiet. “I just wanted you to see that part of me. I can't explain it. I've never felt that way before. I needed you to see my—”

“Willow,” I growl. “I'm begging you. Please stay quiet. I don't want to talk about this. You asked me to look at you finally, and I obliged. Please just let this go.”

She finally stopped speaking, and I felt only a little relaxed. I still had to get her back to the beach house. I needed to be around people. That way, I wouldn't lose control. I wouldn't do something I could never take back.

I promised myself to keep my hands to myself for Willow's sake. It was for Willow. Not for Anya. Not touching her was solely for her. I didn't want to take advantage of her innocence.

She didn't understand what she was offering to me. If Willow did love me, I couldn't hurt her like that. I couldn't do it to her. She deserved only the best. She didn't deserve to be fvcked by an a.ssh0le like me. She deserved someone who would make love to her. Someone that would worship her body. I wasn't capable of that. Not now. And I didn't know if I'll ever be capable of it.

My heart was still stuck in the past. As long as it remained there, I couldn't take such a precious thing from Willow.

Just a few more minutes again; that's all I needed to get far away from her and get my sanity back.

I'd never had to do anything this damn difficult in my life. Never. Except probably accept that Damon would marry Anya in the past, a wedding that never happened. Even marrying Willow wasn't as difficult as this.

Deep breaths. Think about something else. Anything but her spreading her legs and displaying her fvcking\*g p.ussy to you. And I swear it was the prettiest p.ussy I'd ever seen in my life. I knew it would have been like that. I knew it would have been perfect, just like every other part of her. That's why I didn't want to look. But when she asked me, I could not say no to her. I didn't have the willpower to say no to her.

I feel a sharp pain in my c.hest when I hear Willow wiping her nose and sniffing beside me.

I stole a glance at her and felt even worse when I saw her wiping tears from her face.

Congratulations a.ssh0le. You made her cry again.

"Willow," I whisper. "Please don't."

"You don't have to force yourself to care for me, Dante." She says as she continues to wipe her tears from her cheeks. "I know everything you do for me is because of Anya. Please don't fake anything for my sake."

"Willow, I asked you to get inside the jeep for your own good." I try to explain. "It's not because you did anything wrong. You didn't do anything wrong; I can promise you that."

"Then, did you not like what I showed to you?" She whispers.

I stopped the jeep and leaned back against the seat.

"Willow, that's not it either," I answer her. "It's not that."

Why couldn't she listen to me and drop this?

"Then why?" She demands. "Why did you behave that way?"

“Because I wanted to fvck you!” I growl. “I wanted to fvck you, Willow! And that’s not something a girl like you deserves. Do you understand that?”