

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 61 -

3 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I woke up needy and missing Dante's touch. I'm not sure why I feel this way. I should be worried about my own life. Someone may or may not be out to get me. And if that person wasn't coming for me, he was after Dante, which terrified me even more.

Still, I couldn't stop thinking about the way he k****d me. Dante always kisses me so passionately that it's hard to think of anything but his kisses.

Did he also k**s Anya as he k****d me? Did he k**s her like she was the last woman on earth?

I didn't want to think about him k*****g my sister, but I couldn't help but wonder.

I wanted Dante to love me more than he ever loved her. I knew I was being selfish. I knew that I couldn't force someone to love me. I never wanted to force him to do anything for me. I wanted him to like me on his own.

I look around the room for him, but there is no sign of him. It was so crazy that I actually missed him so much at this moment.

The door flew open suddenly, and I held my breath when I saw him walking in.

His eyes are drawn to me on the bed almost immediately. I could feel all the blood rush to my cheeks at the reminder of what happened in the rain against his jeep.

Dante asked me to repeatedly tell him that I loved him. And then he thanked me for being nothing like my sister.

His actions confirmed that he had feelings for me, but he was yet to admit them to me. I think he hasn't even accepted those feelings and may possibly be rejecting them because of my sister. As long as he thinks he's betraying her, he will continue to push me away. But that only meant that I had to fight for him.

If I wanted Dante to open up to me, I had to show him more of my love and hope that it would be enough to make him accept his feelings for me.

“You’re awake.” He says as he moves towards me.

I try to find my breath. His sleeves were rolled up halfway, and his shirt was unbuttoned at the top. Every little detail about Dante had my heart beating faster and my body begging for a taste of him.

“I am,” I whisper. “Where have you been? I woke up, and you were gone.”

His jaw clenches, “I had to have a word with my family.”

I quirk a brow, “a word?” I ask. “About what?”

He looks angry as he says, “They should have never kept you in a room with Ares. You may be new to all of this, but they aren’t. Their actions were reckless, and I can’t have something like that happening again.”

“Why are you so angry with them?” I demand. “They care about you, Dante.”

He leans back against the chair and crosses his arms over his chest. “Let’s talk about something else.”

I didn’t understand how Dante could be so upset with his family but still love Anya. How could she not see how much he loved her? The more time I spent with Dante, the more I hated what my sister did to him. She messed with his heart and his life. And now I was left with all of the broken pieces.

“What do you want to talk about?” I ask. “Is there something else that you want to ask me?”

His eyes are dark as he asks, “What did you and Ares talk about?”

My eyes widen at his question. How did I tell him that we spoke about him the entire time?

I quickly turned my face in the other direction. I couldn’t look him in the eyes.

“Willow?”

I close my eyes and pretend to be asleep.

I gasp when I feel his hands on my legs. He drags my body to the edge of the bed and pulls me up to a seated position. He places both hands on either side of the bed and leans into me.

“I asked you a question.”

I swallow, “we spoke about his reputation and his family’s reputation. Apparently, they don’t have a good one when it comes to women. He said that most of the rumors were lies and that his family were actually good people.”

Dante’s eyes narrow, “and you believed him?”

I shook my head.

His jaw clenches, “what else?”

I could feel the heat in my cheeks as he waited for me to tell him more. I thought our conversation about Ares was over when I admitted that I didn’t like him. Why was he asking me so many questions?

“Willow,” he growls. “What else did he say to you?”

“Why do you want to know?” I whispered as I searched his eyes.

“I need to know if I have to kill him.” He answers me like killing him was the easiest thing in the world for him.

“Dante—”

“Answer me, damn it.”

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~WILLOW~

“We spoke about you,” I answer him.

“About me?” he asks.

I look down at my hands, unable to look him in the face. It was always hard to look at him when I was this nervous. I don't think Dante understands just the kind of effect he has on me.

"What did he say about me?"

Even though I was no longer looking into his eyes, I could still feel them on me. It didn't make this easier for me.

"I was waiting for you," I admit. "I was hoping that you would come for me. The entire time, I kept looking out for you. Eventually, Ares noticed that I was looking for someone and he correctly assumed it was you."

I couldn't believe I was telling him all of this. "For some reason, he was convinced that you would be there for me. I don't know why but he was sure that you were coming."

"And you?" he asks. "Were you convinced that I would be there also?"

I can't answer him, and he gently touches my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes.

"Tell me." he urges me to go on. "Did you think I would come for you?"

I couldn't lie, not after what happened earlier. "No," I confess. "I didn't think you would."

Dante looks upset with my response. Did he want me to have more faith in him?

"Is that all he said to you?" he asks me with deep concern in his eyes.

Was he indeed that wary about Ares and his family? Ares didn't seem dangerous to me, but Dante somehow saw him as a threat.

I looked down at my hands once more, and it was only then that I realized I was still in his shirt. Dante sees it at the same time as I do also.

"F**k." he growls. "How did I not realize how f*****g w*t that is still?"

It was still w*t and sticking to my skin. I stayed completely still as he grabbed the bottom of the shirt and pulled it off me.

“I let you sleep in this w*t—” he stops talking when he sees my bare breasts in front of him.

He swallows hard. I think Dante had forgotten all I had on underneath was a panty.

He walks into the bathroom and comes back out with a towel. He doesn't say a single word as he wraps me in it.

I was a little disappointed. Part of me wanted him to do more than look at them. Earlier, he acted like he was starving for me. Now, he looked like he had a bit more control. Was the moment already over between us? Would he never try to touch me like that again?

He walks over to my closet and takes out some pajamas for me. I noticed that he chose the ones that covered my entire body. It's almost like he was trying to cover me up so he wouldn't have to see any part of me except my face.

That bothered me. Did he not like what I looked like? We'd gone through this already; he told me he did. So that couldn't be it.

“You can put this on.” He tells me as he gives me pants and a top.

I dropped the towel from around my body so that he could see my breasts again. I wanted to see his reaction. I'm happy when his neck and face turn red. Does he realize that it was intentional?

I return the pajamas to him, “I don't want to wear those.”

He quirks a brow, and I can tell the effect I'm having on him. I think it's hard for him not to look at them.

“What's wrong with them?” he asks me.

I move from the bed and give him a good view of my a*s as I walk over to the closet and bend over. I heard Dante's breath hitch, and I inwardly smiled. He was looking at me.

I stayed that way longer than needed as I took a revealing lingerie from the drawer. I knew Clarissa or Autumn must have been the one to pack it in here for me.

Dante's eyes fall on it, "is that what you're planning on wearing?" he asks. "For the entire night?"

I nod, "is there something wrong with it?"

"Willow—" he pauses as he searches for the right words. "Aren't you cold? Shouldn't you wear something with a little more cloth in it?"

I walk over to him, and I almost smile when he looks down at my breasts. I was right; he couldn't look away from them even if he tried.

"I'm perfectly fine, Dante," I assure him. "In fact, I feel a little warm, and that's why I need to wear as little as possible. Or maybe nothing at all."

I could hear his loud breathing, and I loved having this kind of effect on him.

I slowly put the lingerie onto my body and walked over to the bed. I tried to be as seductive as possible as I climbed onto it. I heard his sharp intake of breath.

"What the f**k are you doing, Willow?"

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~DANTE~

I couldn't f*****g breathe. There's no way that Willow wasn't doing this intentionally. She was teasing me; I could tell. But she had no f*****g clue who she was messing with.

"What?" She asks innocently as she finally lays down on the bed. "I told you that I'm feeling warm. Is there something wrong with my outfit?"

That wasn't a f*****g outfit. She barely had anything on.

"Put those sheets over your body," I order her. "Cover yourself up from me."

She frowns, "why would I hide my body from you when you've told me that you enjoy looking at me?"

Did she forget already? How could she not remember why it was essential to cover herself up around me?

“Willow,” I growl. “I don’t know what you’re thinking of doing, but I beg you to please stop.”

“Didn’t you tell me you couldn’t sleep when I wasn’t in bed?” She asks me. “Come join me. You look tired. Since I’m here, you can get some sleep while I watch you.”

My entire body goes entirely still. “Watch me?”

She nods and smiles so sweetly that I almost lost all of my s**t. “Watch you. I like watching you while you sleep.”

Did she think I could f*****g sleep next to her when she looked like that?

“I can’t sleep with you looking like that, Willow,” I tell her.

She passed her hand down her body and f**k me; all I could do was helplessly watch like my life depended on it. “What’s wrong with this? It’s beautiful, is it not?”

My jaw clenches. “I’m not staying in here with you tonight.”

Her eyes widen, “but I don’t feel well.” She says with panic in her voice. “What if something happens to me again? Who will be here to look after me?”

Ah, f**k.

If I couldn’t leave her, I needed some time to myself to regain my strength. I rushed into the bathroom and headed straight for the shower.

I had to think about anything but shoving my d**k inside Willow’s sweet p***y. And it was f*****g sweet. Too sweet for a man like me.

I threw my pants onto the ground and tried to calm my f*****g d**k. It was begging to be inside of her. I held the damn thing in my hand and tried to get some release. I knew it was useless after my third attempt. This wasn’t going down anytime soon, not until it had gotten what it wanted, and that was the woman in a f*****g lingerie lying on my bed and waiting for me to return.

“Dante?”

What the f**k?

I spun around to see Willow in front of me. Her eyes were wide as she stared at my d**k still in my hand.

“MOTHERFUCKER—,” I growl as I spun around so that my back was facing her.

“What the hell are you doing inside here, Willow?” I demand.

“You were taking too long.” She explains. “I thought something had happened to you. I just wanted to make sure that you were okay.”

“You could have just called my name.” I point out.

“I tried that.” She says. “I called your name twice, but I didn’t get a response from you.”

Why the f**k was she still just standing there?

“Willow, don’t you think it’s time that you leave the bathroom?” I ask her almost desperately.

“What were you doing just now?” She asks me innocently.

My jaw clenches, and I try not to pound my fist against the wall.

“Nothing,” I growl. “So please, just get out. I’ll be out of the shower in a minute—”

I stop talking when she gets in the shower with me.

My body turns to stone when I felt her hand on my back.

“Willow,” I growl. “What are you doing?”

“Can’t I be in here with you?” She whispers. “Am I not allowed in here with you?”

My breath hitched at her question. She’s my f*****g wife. Of course, she’s allowed to be in here with me. But f**k, I couldn’t have that happening.

“I’m begging you, Willow,” I whisper. “Please get out. Now.”

“Why?” She asks. “Why do you want me to leave?”

“You know why!” I shout. “I’ve told you already what happens to me. I told you what I feel like doing to you. I told you that you deserve more than that. So please, listen to me and return to the room.”

“But this is what I want, Dante.” She whispers. “I want you to f**k me. I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it. I want to be as close to you as I possibly can. So please, Dante, please f**k me.”

I could feel my f*****g d**k doubling in size at her words. I’ve never seen it grow this f*****g large in my entire life. He wanted her just as much as I did.

I spun around so that I was facing her once more. Her eyes went straight to it, and I ignored how much that turned me on. The water was dripping onto both of us and seeing her like this with barely anything on made me want her even more than before. But I wouldn’t let this happen. I couldn’t.

I grab her arms and shove her against the wall hard. I pressed my body against her so that my d**k was resting on her a*ss. She moans at the contact and f**k me; I wasn’t expecting it. She was f*****g killing me.

This is the closest to her it could ever be. I wouldn’t allow anything more than this. My lips are near her ear when I hear her soft gasp. “I’m not going to f**k you, Willow. Ever.” I can’t resist biting her neck as I growl. “Get the f**k out of here. Now.”

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~WILLOW~

Dante’s teeth on my neck before he asked me to leave made everything much harder. It made me want to be with him even more than before. It made me want things that I knew I shouldn’t. Why didn’t he want to give me what I wanted when it was clear that he wanted it also? I could feel his arousal; he wasn’t trying to hide it from me. I don’t think it’s something he could hide, either. He looked ready to be inside of me. I bit my l*p hard at the thought of feeling him there.

“Willow.” He growls my name.

He wasn't going to do it. Not tonight. I could tell by the determination in his voice to get me out of the bathroom.

I spun around in his arms, and instead of running as he asked, I placed both hands on his chest and pushed him backward until he hit the wall. My breasts are pressed against his chest as I peered up at him, "You will f**k me, Dante Fawn. Maybe not tonight or tomorrow. But you will."

I could see the whirlpool of emotions in his eyes as my words settled.

They are dark with desire as he watches me leave. I make sure to move my waist seductively. I knew I was taking things a bit too far, but every single second of each day I spent with Dante was turning me into a woman that was starved of him. I was becoming desperate to have a part of him that I craved.

My heart is racing when I finally exit the bathroom and shut the door behind me. Where did I get the confidence to do something like that?

I place one hand on my neck and felt a shiver down my spine. Why did I enjoy his teeth on my skin that much? I wanted to walk back into the bathroom and ask him to bite me a second time and then maybe a third. I felt like begging him to bite other parts of my body, not just my neck.

I was getting through to him. I knew I was. I couldn't stop fighting, not now. Soon enough, he will accept his feelings for me.

I grabbed a towel and dried my skin, changing into a new lingerie. I wasn't going to make it easy for him. He was determined to keep his hands off me; I would do everything I could to help him change his mind.

I would do everything in my power to make him accept his feelings for me, and this seemed like the easiest way.

Dante finally exits the shower what seems like a whole hour later. It felt like he was hiding in there from me. Or maybe, he was doing that thing I'd caught him doing under the shower.

I'd never seen something so e****c in my life before, and I wanted to stare some more, but Dante didn't give me a chance to do it. Everything that he did, it had the power to make me stop and stare. I felt like I was under an incredibly powerful spell, and maybe I was paying for the horrible things my sister did to his family in the past. Maybe this wasn't something I could avoid.

I watched him walk toward the bed; I could tell he avoided looking into my eyes. He was shirtless, and there was still a bulge in his pants.

Did that mean he was still aroused?

My body was under the sheets, and he couldn't see my lingerie. I was waiting for the right time to show it to him.

He quietly gets into the bed with me and doesn't bother pulling the sheets over his body. He has one hand behind his neck and is looking at the ceiling. I can tell that he has plenty on his mind.

I knew he was trying to distract himself from me. And that wasn't something that I was okay with. I wanted to have his undivided attention, especially tonight.

I slowly pulled the sheets off my body and, without any warning, climbed on top of him. I make sure to position myself right above the bulge in his pants.

His eyes are full of panic as he feels my body on top of his, "what are you doing, Willow?" he growls.

"I wanted to show you my outfit for the night." I feign innocence.

"And you couldn't have done that in your side of the bed?" he demands. I knew he was fully aware of my intentions, but I wasn't going to back down. If this was the only way to get past Dante's thick walls, I was willing to do it.

I take his hand in mine and guide them to my waist, "can you feel how soft the material is?" I whisper. His eyes are dangerously dark.

"Not as soft as your skin." He says, and I'm surprised to hear him admit that.

I move his hands to my exposed chest, "are you sure?" I ask. "It feels much softer than my skin."

"Willow." he inhales sharply. "What are you trying to do? I already told you that nothing is going to happen between us. Not when I have no f*****g control over myself. I've told you a million times that you deserve more than what I'm willing to offer you. Stop trying for something that I can never give to you!"

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~DANTE~

She's going to f*****g kill me. I know it. Willow was out for my throat. If this was the way to go, so be it. I felt trapped under her seductive gaze.

How did she have so much f*****g power over me without even trying?

I didn't know how much longer I could deny her. I was using every single last bit of self-control to say no to her. She may not know just how close I was to losing this inner battle. If she only knew the thoughts in my mind, she wouldn't be asking for this.

Why was she insisting on having her way? Why did she want me even though I told her multiple times that I couldn't love her?

Why doesn't she understand that she deserves so much more than this? What more can I do to make her see that this wasn't the best thing for her?

I was only trying to protect Willow. I wish she could see things the way that I did.

What if I gave her what she wanted, and then she hated me for the rest of her life because I couldn't give her more than that?

I was only seconds away from f*****g her hard against the bathroom tiles just a few minutes ago. Luckily, she'd listened and left in time. But now she was back to taunting me with her body and her words. She was very good at taunting me.

I could feel my d**k stir beneath her p***y. The thin lingerie did nothing to stop me from seeing and feeling every part of her. All I had to do was move my pants out of the way, and I could sink into her softness.

f**k. I knew I would drown in the pleasure of finally being inside Willow.

Why was she suddenly behaving so recklessly? What had caused this change in her?

I didn't know what to do with this side of her. I didn't want to control her or demand that she listen to me.

But f**k, how the hell am I supposed to have a sane mind around her when she's acting this way?

I resisted the urge to growl when she rubbed her lower body against mine.

"Am I doing this right?" she whispers. Her eyes were half closed, and she looked drugged even though I knew she wasn't.

I grab her waist to stop her from moving. If she kept that up, I would do the one thing I knew she would eventually hate me for.

Her eyes widen as she watches me, "what are you doing, Willow?"

"I'm rubbing my p***y—"

"Shhh," I warn her. "Don't finish that f*****g sentence."

"You were the one that asked." She teases me.

I gently cup her cheek in my hand, "Willow," I whisper, "I know that you think you're in love with me, and maybe that's why you're pushing for something to happen between us. You may think this is what you want but believe me. It isn't. This will only cause more problems for both of us."

"I know what I want, Dante." She assures me. "You cannot know more than me. My feelings are my own; you don't know what I feel. Why can't you do this for me when I know you want it also?"

"Because it's wrong," I answer her. "It's totally wrong. If I let myself give into my selfish needs, I will only hurt you. I know that you may think everything I do is because of Anya, but I can promise you that I'm holding back for your sake. I'm not giving in to my desires because I want to protect your heart."

Her eyes looked sad as she gazed down at me, "you're truly convinced that you can never love me, aren't you?"

My jaw clenches at her question. I didn't have an answer for her. Not yet. I didn't know how long it would take for me to have an answer for her.

"I can't answer you," I confess. "I need time."

My words, for some reason, seem to fuel the determination in her eyes. Did I somehow give her hope?

f**k. I didn't want to hurt her.

I stiffen when she drops her body on top of mine and wraps her arms around me tightly.

What was she doing?

“Willow?”

“Can I just stay like this for tonight?” She whispers. “You don't have to do anything. All I'm asking is for you to hold me for the entire night. Please.”

I'm shocked to my core. I didn't know how to say no to her.

But if I said yes, the rest of tonight would be hell for me. Her scent was already surrounding me. If she stayed on top of me, I would also feel every curve of hers pressed all up against me.

That didn't sound like such a good idea.

“Willow,” I whisper. “I don't think that's a good idea either. It's just as bad as me doing things to your body.”

When she whimpered at my response, I knew there was no f*****g possible way that I could refuse her.

f**k!