

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 32 - Tips

~DANTE~

I don't know how to answer that question.

A part of me screams yes. Another part, the part of me that still belongs to Anya, shouts no.

I swallow hard once more, "do you want to?"

I don't know why I'm entertaining this conversation but I want an answer.

Her nose is pressed against my throat, "do I want to what?" She asks.

Maybe I shouldn't be driving when she's distracting me like this. It wasn't a good idea at all.

"Do you want to touch me?" I ask her. I don't know why I'm even asking this. But I need to f\*g know her answer.

"I already am." She whispers as she presses a k!ss to my throat. I swear I f\*g see stars.

Stars? I must be losing my mind.

"You can touch me too." She whispers seductively as she rubs her lower half against mine.

**"fk!" I hiss when I feel my dk** stir some more. The damn thing was now hard as a rock. I was sure she could feel it under that tiny bikini bottom. It barely covered anything, to begin with. If I looked a little lower, I could see more of her.

fvck!

No. I would not think like that about her. I can't. I would never forgive myself if I did.

My hands tightened on the steering wheel; I had to keep my grip on the damn thing before I used my hands to do something else. Something that I knew I couldn't, not even if I wanted to. Not even if she begged me to do it.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Willow." I try to tell her.

She pouts at me. My gaze lingers on her lips longer than needed. I quickly turn my attention back to the road. Again, I knew the right thing to do was to stop the vehicle, but I knew if I did, I wouldn't have anything distracting me from her. And I was scared of what I would do if given that opportunity.

"Because you're drunk right now," I explain. "You don't know what you're saying or doing. I don't think this is something you want."

My breath gets stuck in my throat when she presses harder on top of me.

Motherfvcker.

"Would you consider doing it if you knew I wanted you to touch me?" She asks me.

The vehicle comes to an abrupt stop at her question. I couldn't stop myself this time. Was this just the alcohol talking?

I grab her head to stop her from hitting the windshield when she is fvckingd backward. This time I had no choice but to touch her—one hand on her back and the other still on her head, cradling her against my chest.

Both of us are breathing hard. The radio wasn't on, making it much easier to hear every sound from her tiny body.

"You want me to touch you?" I ask in a hoarse whisper.

Not once did I ever think that Willow would want that from me. I wasn't even aware she had thoughts like this on her mind. However, I knew there was a possibility that all of this was only because she was drunk. I couldn't tell for sure, not until she'd sobered up.

My breath hitches when she grabs my hands and guides them to her breasts.

My eyes widen as I watch her beautiful breasts in my own hands. They fit perfectly, like they were made for them.

This couldn't be happening. The rain pouring onto the vehicle pulls my attention away from her for a few seconds. Where did this rain come from?

I soon forget about the rain when I hear a soft moan from Willow's mouth. I snap my head in her direction, her lips parted and cheeks flushed. All the blood drains from my face when her arousal hits my nose. It was so fucking high that it was possible she'd just. . . That can't be true. She wouldn't have climaxed just from my hands on her breasts.

"I'm your wife." She cries as she continues to rub her lower body against mine. "Please repeat it, Dante. Tell me that I'm your wife. I want to hear you say it. Please."

fk. fk. fvck.

The desperation in her voice was doing unspeakable things to my body. It was like a damn spell, an enchantment. She was trapping me with her voice and scent. She was snapping my control in half.

No.

I couldn't let this happen. I wouldn't betray Anya.

I would never do that to her, even if this is what she would have wanted.

Still, I wasn't a **fg saint. I can't help myself as I squeeze Willow's breasts still in my hands. Why were they so fg soft and perfect?** I was right; every single part of Willow was perfect. Nothing and no one can change my mind about this.

"Dante." She cries out and fvck me; I loved hearing her say my name like that. I loved knowing that I was the one touching her and not some random asshole.

"Say it, please." She begs again. "I need you to say it. I need to hear you call me your wife."

I move my hands from her breasts to bury them in her hair. I know I'm seconds away from losing all control. I could feel it slipping even though I was fighting back with everything inside me.

I lean into her and move my mouth to her ear, “why?” I whisper. “Why do you want to hear me say it so badly?”

She doesn’t answer me, and I pull her closer, “why, Willow?” I ask again, this time with a low growl.

“Because—”

She doesn’t get to finish. Some f\*g a.ssh0le decided to disturb us just when I was about to get an answer.

A low growl tore from my throat as I looked back to see what vehicle was flashing lights behind us.

Ah, fvck.

Of course, my brother Damon.