

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 44 - Tips

~WILLOW~

I gasp when I felt myself grow extremely wet between my legs just from Dante's words.

Did he want to f-fvck me? Why did that turn me on so much? At the academy, you learned plenty from the girls in the bathroom. I even heard this from them as well. I knew what it meant. At least, I think I did.

"I don't understand," I say. "Why is that such a bad thing? Doesn't that also mean consummate our marriage?"

"Willow." He groans. "You're not a girl that's meant to be fvckingd. You're the kind of girl that you worship. You're the kind of girl that deserves love. You need someone to make love to you, not fvck you. And right now, that's all I'm capable of doing. And I won't fvcking*g do that to you."

Here goes my heart again. Why does every single thing that he says to me have such a strong effect on me?

"What if I want you to fvck me?" I ask.

Dante snaps his gaze my way at my question. I don't think either of us realized I was still very n***d until now. We'd left so quickly that I didn't bother covering up myself.

"You don't know what you're asking for, Willow." He growls. His nails were digging into the sides of him, and I knew I was pushing it.

I wasn't crying anymore now that I knew why he was pushing me away.

"Please, Dante," I whisper. "I want this."

He shook his head and covered his face with one hand. "Stop saying that, Willow. You don't know what you want."

I turn towards him, knowing exactly what affected him. He glances at me, and I can see the worry on his face.

“I know what I want.” I insist.

“Willow—”

I open my legs wide in front of him for the second time tonight. I wasn't scared that I was doing something wrong anymore. I knew now that my actions made him want to fvck me. His words. Not mine.

I watch as a whirlpool of emotions runs through Dante's face.

A low growl is torn from his throat before he grabs my legs and pulls me towards him. My back hits the door as he buries his face between my legs.

What was he doing?

My eyes widen when I felt his nose right in my intimate sp0t.

“D-Dante—”

Was he smelling me down there?

I felt my cheeks begin to burn at that realization. I hear another low growl before I felt something that sends my a*s off the seat.

Dante's tongue. It's inside my p.ussy. Deep inside.

Oh. Oh. I don't know what to do with myself. I can feel something begin to grow inside of me. It was so strong that it made me feel like crying.

“Ah—,” I cry as I bury my hands in his hair. Dante's hold on my th!ghs tightened as he pulled me closer so his tongue could go even deeper than I thought possible.

“FVCKKK!” Dante roars against me. His voice vibrates against my p.ussy, and I cry out some more.

“Even the taste of you is fvcking*g perfect, Willow.” He growls as he continues to taste me with his tongue. “It's wrong. It's so fvcking*g wrong how perfect you are. No one should be allowed to be this damn perfect.”

Was this what it meant to be fvckind? Because it didn't feel like it. It felt more like him making love to me. I must be crazy for thinking this. But he was so

gentle. He wasn't rough. He wasn't hurting me. He was giving me so much pleasure. It felt so good.

Even his words to me were kind. He always tells me how perfect I am. No one has ever called me perfect before him.

"Dante, please," I beg for something I didn't even know I wanted. I'm moving my body faster against his face.

I'm begging him, and I'm unaware of what I'm begging him for.

He angles his face and begins to move faster inside of me. I can't help but stare at him while he slides his tongue in and out of my p.ussy.

With each swipe of his tongue, Dante took in as much of me as his mouth would let him. I was fascinated looking at him.

He suddenly pulls away from me without any warning and covers my body with the robe. I'm startled by his actions yet again. What was happening?

"Someone is here." He says before I can ask him what was wrong.

He winced as he adjusted his pants. I could still see the big bulge. It looked painful. Was he in pain down there?

I don't say anything as I watch him jump out of the jeep and look around us.

My eyes widen when he shoves someone against the front of the vehicle. He grabbed him by his hair and shoved him up against the door next. The man's face is pressed down hard on the window.

Who was he? Why was he following us? This was their private island, as far as I knew. Dante should know everyone here, but it didn't seem like he knew this person.

"Who the fvck are you?" I can hear Dante shout.

"Your parents sent me." The guy answers him.

"My parents?" Dante asks; I can hear the surprise in his tone. "Why the hell would my parents send you here?"

“To take pictures of you and Willow.” He answers me. “They want everyone to see that you’re in a real marriage. They want everyone to believe that you’re in love. I’m here to make sure that the pictures show just that.”

I think Dante just saw red; I can practically see the smoke coming from his ear.

“Did you take any fvcking*g pictures of Willow n***d?” He roars.

My eyes widen. I didn’t think of that. Please tell me this man didn’t see me n***d.

“No!” He answers him. “I swear I didn’t. I was only supposed to take pictures of you two returning. I didn’t get a chance to take any. You can check yourself.”

Dante grabs the camera from him and smashes it to the ground before mashing it with his foot.

“My camera!” The man cries in horror. “What the hell are you doing?”

“Get out of my face before I fvcking*g k!!! you.” Dante threatens him.

The guy doesn’t need to be told twice as he leaves the camera behind and runs away from Dante.

His mood is worse when he enters the jeep again. “My parents.” He growls before starting the vehicle and racing back towards the beach house.