

I ALWAYS DO!!

DANTE X READER [AMAB]

“My life is yours.”

He is very adamant that you know, that nothing in your being denies that he, and only he, is an extension of you. **Heart. Mind. Soul.** That every nerve in his body belongs to you. He is a weapon, tool, the fire that burns, the smoke which chokes, anything you wish, he will do. There is no doubt in his mind that he, without question, would kill for you. Though, he appreciates the human part of you, the beating of your heart, the kindness, the understanding that seems only humans can foster and understand.

Even if he condemns you.

His hands are warm against your waist, slightly burning your flesh, as his lips gently press against the junction where your neck and shoulder meet, leaving behind a trail of purple and black bruises, as his saliva cools against your skin, dripping down the side of your neck and down the center of your chest. You sit snugly on his lap, your arms hanging loosely off his shoulders, fingers tangling in the thick strands of his hair. Your clothing discarded, tossed somewhere in your darkened room, the window to your bedroom slightly open, allowing the cold breeze to fan across your back, combating the constant overwhelming heat.

You mutter his name desperately, feeling his nails slide across the edge

of your boxers, tugging at the elastic band, before a flash of heat darts across your waistline, sending a shudder along your spine. He burned it to ash, which flutters away in vanishing particles. You open your lips, ready to scold him for doing such, seeing as you had to practically beg him not to keep burning your clothing away. But his lips are on yours, a muffled whine resounding as his thick black tongue wraps around yours, taking over the majority of your mouth. Gold eyes staring at you through the dark. You muffled call his name, feeling saliva drip past your lips, landing on his bare chest and evaporating into steam with a slight hiss. His tongue slips away, slithering back into his mouth, letting out a satisfied sigh at the taste.

“I’ll find a way to buy you new ones.”

“You don’t have any money,”

He gently squeezes your waist, pressing a short kiss to your lips, before sending you a short wink, “I know a blue-eyed idiot who will.” Your eyes widen, open your mouth to retort, before Dante quickly moves, sending you falling onto your back with a yelp, your legs hanging off his hips, your hands holding his shoulders as he hovers over you.

“How can you even see?” You mutter quietly, barely able to make the faintest outline of his form due to the limited moonlight of the moon. Dante’s hand wraps around your wrist, moving them to rest over your head, his free hand digging into the flesh of your thigh, causing you to wince lightly.

“You know how.” He responds nonchalantly, letting out a low controlled breath, a wave of heat fanning across your chest and stomach, clearly amused as your body naturally reacts to his heat. He studies your body, slowly releasing your wrists, but sending you a silent warning to not move, slowly following the outline of your body. “I like your body.” A sudden wave of vulnerability washes over you, his gaze immediately snapping to you, eyes boring into yours.

Heart.Mind.Soul.

“I mean it.” You know he does, anything he says, he does, anything he does for you. He means it absolutely. Slowly, he moves closer to you, like a predator slowly closing in on his prey. Dante’s breath hot against your face. Your breath caught in your throat, body unmoving, similar to the day you first encountered him. You can feel the weight of Dante’s desire pressing down on you, overwhelming and exhilarating at the same time. His lips press against yours, sending shivers down your spine. His hands, always warm, always burning, always gentle when it comes to you, glide down your body, caressing every curve and dip, slowly teasing your waistline, his fingers wrapping around your leaking cock. Your body blindly reacts as he gently pumps your twitching cock. While his thumb teased the little slit upon your cock head. You’re surprised, muffled whine slips past your lips, your hands immediately flying to wrap around his neck, nails digging into his hair. Unbridled waves a pleasure shoot through you, your legs unconsciously spreading, your knees gently pressed to his shoulders.

Heart.Mind.Soul.

Heat fogs your mind, his lips leaving yours, whispering against your skin as he trails downward, “I’m completely yours.” Your stomach flutters, his pace slowly picking up, sending electricity down your spine, Dante’s tongue wrapping and teasing your hardened buds, licking the area around your nipples, a fumbled groan leaving your lips, hands begging for him to be closer. His fingers continue their relentless rhythm, your pre coating his fingers, that he spreads along your length, uncaring of the mess created.

“Dante—” Your voice cracks, feeling a knot form in the pit of your stomach, your hips bucking upward, desperate to quicken his pace. Your teeth digging into your lips, eyes half-lidded and hazily. Until he stops.

A panicked breath leaves your lips, eyes snapping open, and his hand drags upward, teasing your cock, before completely pulling away. “wait—wait—” Dante pulls away from your chest with a loud, ‘pop’, bringing his coated hand to his lips, tongue wrapping around his fingers and licking the fullness of his palm, savoring the taste of your pre. Gold eyes staring at you in pure mischief, his canines glinting as he grins, clearly taking pleasure of watching you come undone. Your hands falling from his hair, landing on the plush mattress beneath you.

“Why—Why did you stop?” You ask through shuddered breaths.

“...You know why.”

A wave of electricity shoots down your spine, his hands grabbing the space beneath your knees, pushing your legs upward to give him enough space to rest comfortably in between. He spits onto his cock, coating it in his saliva before teasing your ass, dragging his cock along your begging hole. He teases your entrance, poking and prodding at your wet cavern. You roll your head to the side, silently begging—*pleading*. “Dante... Please... Please... *Please...*” You feel his cock head slowly dip inside, your eyes flutter as your back arches.

“Focus—” Dante chokes on his breath desperate and heavy, sending a wave of heated air washing over you, slowly slipping his hardened length along your gummy walls, his forehead sinking and resting against your neck, groaning softly against your skin, his cock head nudging against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder.

As you lay there, lost in the heat of the moment with Dante, you feel his breath hot and heavy against your skin. You can sense his excitement building, his body tense with desire as he slowly moves inside you. The sensation of him sliding along your slick walls is—electrifying, sending shivers down your spine as his cock head nudges against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder. His thrusts shallow, slowly pumping, his tip gently nudging against your prostate.

Your nails dig into the fabric of your sheets, feeling Dante’s hands tighten, gripping the area beneath your knees, pushing them further into your chest, face still buried in the space between your neck and shoulder, his thrusts slowly growing, his pelvic area slapping against your ass, splattering your juices across his and your thighs, soaking the sheet beneath you.

He utters your name, repeating it again and again and *again*.

It's overwhelming. Every nerve, every section of your body seems to burn. Driving you closer and closer to your edge, the knot in your lower stomach growing tighter and tighter, ready to snap at any moment. If he simply—sharp canine teeth bite into your shoulder, a gasp and cry ripping from your lips as your back arches, hands flying down and clinging onto Dante, your eyes rolling into the back of your skull, unable to stop nor prepare for sudden release, your walls squeezing around Dante's cock, while your dick releases short sputters of hot cum, painting his chest and stomach. A choked groan leaves him, forcing him to stop, pressing his full weight against you, feeling your body shudder and jolt, chest heaving and body covered in a thin layer of sweat.

Gold Eyes stare at you in surprise, brows raised slightly, clearing unprepared. His lips change into a small mischievous grin, pulling away from you, hands still supporting your legs, watching you regain your breath. "One more." He gently pushes your knees further, resting his weight on his knees, fucking his pre into you. You shake your head, eyes barely open, but hips moving, barely able to match his building pace.

"I—I wanna fill you," You roll your head to the side, burying half your face into the sheets, feeling his cock throb and twitch, watching his expression zero in on your ass, watching you greedily take all of him. Every part of your body is on fire, consumed and driven by blinding pleasure.

"I wanna—" He chokes, saliva slipping past his lips and rolling down his chin, gold eyes unfocused, operating only on instinct. The air grows warmer—hotter, as his thrust slowly changes into something frantic. Your mind feels like a pure blur, your hands blinding reaching out for him.

"Dante..." You groan his name, his attention moving to your face, his hands immediately entwining with yours, pressing your palms closely to his. Dante's eyes flutter close, his breath growing ragged, his thrust slowly becoming sloppy. He brings your entwined hand to his face, pressing the back of your hand against his face and lips, pressing desperate kisses. "I'm yours. I'm yours. **I'm yours.**" He whispers it against your skin.

"I might cum again—" Your voice is a whisper, Dante's eyes slightly widening, letting out a throaty groan, unable to speak, his free hand digging into your hips, a surge of heat following intensely as spurts of his cum fill you, painting your walls, the sudden pressure making you cry out, squeezing his hand as you cum again. Your juices mix together, as he rides out his high, pushing his cum deeper and deeper.

Your chest heaves, riding out your high. Eyes fluttering shut and mind blank, the mattress shifts below you, warm arms wrapping around you and moving you to your side, resting your tired aching form against his body. His finger drawing shapes into your skin, listening to the beating of his heart, loving his warmth. "...Dante..." He lets out a low 'hm', letting you slowly move, giving you space to fully look at him. He has his eyes closed, black hair all over the place. "... There's a lot I wanna talk about still, without you distracting me—"

"Ask later." He pops one gold eye open, looking at you, before reclosing his eyes. "Just know what I said—I meant it. I always do."