

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 1

- Tips

0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

Married. To my sister's lover. To the man that is still in love with my sister. To the man that I have a foolish crush on.

That's what my life had become in the past few days.

It was never supposed to be that way. The first time I saw Dante Fawn, I knew the feelings in my heart were strange. I couldn't stop staring at him; I'd never experienced such unfamiliar emotions in my life before.

However, the man has always only had eyes for my sister. They were lovers, him and my sister. I didn't know the whole story, and I wasn't sure how long they'd been lovers, but I knew it was at least more than one year.

When I first saw him, I had no idea who he was. I never knew my sister was in a relationship with him or that she'd also had relationships with two of his brothers. I didn't know that he loved her. I didn't know anything. My sister had kept me in the dark the entire time. She, just like my mother, always held the truth from me.

You're probably wondering why I was in this situation; you're probably wondering why I'm married to my sister's lover.

It all started the day of my sister's death. She was killed right in front of me and by none other than my husband's brother. Damon Fawn, one of my sister's lovers, was the one to kill her.

Before she died, she asked for something she shouldn't have. She begged the one man who loved her more than anyone else to marry me.

He was in so much pain that day; I'd never seen a man look so helpless and broken in my life until that dreadful day.

He was the only one besides me that loved Anya. My mother loved her also, but just like Anya, she was also dead. And her killers were the family I was married into.

This world was a strange one indeed, you're never sure what direction your life will take.

I continue to scribble in my diary. It was the one thing that kept me sane during this rough time.

My sister's world before she died was a very complicated one. It was filled with revenge and betrayal. She did horrible things, unforgivable things. However, I didn't entirely blame her. Whether or not I wanted to believe it, I knew my mother was to blame for everything. She never healed from her past and dragged Anya down with her.

If my mother hadn't done this, my sister might have been happily married to Dante. Since he was the one that loved her, I'm sure she would have fallen for him eventually. Since she was blinded by my mother's revenge, she never got to live an ordinary life. She did everything for our mother; she even lost her life because of her.

I didn't blame Damon for her death, she tried to kill Clarissa, the love of Damon's life, and he stepped in. I think my sister wanted to die that day. She didn't want to live. She purposefully got herself killed.

And part of me believes it was because of me. She wanted someone to take care of me. She wanted someone with power and money to protect me. She knew that I might have been dying, and she didn't know how to help me. She knew Dante would grant her wish if she was dying. Her dying wish. And she was right; he did marry me. And he married me on the same day that she died.

My wedding anniversary was the same as my sister's death anniversary. How unfortunate was that?

I remember Dante grabbing my hand and pulling me down the aisle with him. I remember the priest looking at us in horror. We were covered in my sister's blood. I didn't have a pretty wedding dress like my sister had on that day. My hair wasn't perfect like hers. My face had nothing on it, not even a blush.

I remember the whispers from the guests who were present. I remember the look of disbelief on his family's faces.

I should have said no that day. I should have done everything to stop that wedding from happening. He was my sister's lover, after all.

But in the end, I said yes. I said yes to marrying Dante.

Instead of I don't, I said, 'I do.'

And now I was the wife of Dante Fawn.

Willow Fawn. That was my name now. I was living the life my sister should have lived. I had taken her place, and she was the one that wanted it to be like this.

Life hasn't been a bed of roses since then. It has been the complete opposite.

Dante and I were sleeping in separate rooms. We did not act like husband and wife. Even at the academy, he acted like he didn't know me.

Everyone had the worst things to say about me. They said that I had stolen my sister's boyfriend. They said that I always wanted him. They said that I had this look of longing on my face whenever I gazed at him, and maybe that wasn't so much of a lie. I did find myself staring at him many times. Dante has never once caught me looking at him; at least, I didn't think so.

He was always in his own world. While his family has been trying their best to bring us closer to each other, nothing seems to be working. He was still in pain. He still blamed himself for Anya's death. I think he also still blamed his brother. Their relationship was now a strained one.

I hear a door slam outside and then some shouting. I gently close my diary and lock it before walking out of my room.

Could it be Dante? He'd left two hours ago, and I patiently waited for him to return.

As soon as I got outside, I saw Atticus glaring at him.

I gasped when I saw the bruises on his face. This wasn't an unusual sight. Since our wedding day, Dante has been showing up at home with bruises all over his body. He never has an explanation for it.

Could tonight be any different?

"Where the hell have you been?" Atticus growls. "Answer me Dante!"