

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 21 - Tips

~DANTE~

I must be hallucinating. Willow wouldn't be here. There's no possible way that she's standing a few feet away from the ring while screaming my name. Yet, it all felt so real. She looked real. All of this looked real.

Maybe I'd been punched so much in my face that I was seeing things. But why, out of everyone, would I see her?

I looked behind her, and to my horror, my siblings were also there.

fvck.

They were all there. Everyone except Griffin. It meant that I wasn't hallucinating. Willow was indeed here. That wasn't the only thing that made me panic. The fact that those f*g guards had their hands on her made me furious. No one should ever put their hands on her unless they wanted them cut off!

My eyes widen when I see her eyes roll back in her head. It didn't take me long to realize what was happening.

She's going into shock. It's happening again. I knew what came right after. I knew what was going to happen.

fk! fk! fvck!

I had to get to her. She needed me.

I grab my opponent by his wrist when he tries to hit me with another punch. I pulled him onto the ground and trapped him in an arm lock. I don't let go until the referee stops the fight. I didn't care that I'd just won the fight after planning to lose it. All I cared about was getting to Willow.

I jump out of the ring before they can announce me as the winner.

"Get your f*g hands off my wife!" I growled at the security guard, who still held her without realizing something was happening to her.

Just as I forcefully took her from him, she went completely still in my arms.

“Willow,” I whisper.

No response.

Damn it.

There are gasps all around me as I pick an unconscious Willow up into my arms and storm out of the arena with her. I could hear everyone asking for her name, but I ignored everything as the door closed behind me.

“We need to get her to a fire!” I shouted to my siblings, who were right behind me. Anything with heat would help. We weren’t home, and that made it harder for all of us. She should have never been here, to begin with.

I ran into the parking lot and placed her in the front seat of the vehicle.

“I can start a fire, but it can’t be here,” Clarissa tells me.

“We can drive into the woods,” Damon suggests. “There’s a track like a minute away. We don’t have to go far in. Just somewhere that’s secluded.”

I nodded and quickly got into the vehicle. I mash down on the accelerator and don’t stop until inside the track Damon mentioned.

When I was sure that we had a safe spot, I lifted Willow out of the jeep and sat down with her still in my arms as Clarissa started a fire in front of us.

She was cold against my warm skin. I’ve seen this happen to her in the past, but this is the first time that I felt something tug in my chest at the sight of her unconscious in my arms.

I was scared. f*g terrified as I held her close against my chest.

“Why is this taking so long?” I demand. “It’s never taken this long before.”

“Maybe we took too long to get her in front of the fire,” Autumn suggested with worry etched in her voice.

“It’s so unfair.” Clarissa whispers, “Why does this keep happening to her?”

I placed my hand against her cheek; it was still very cold.

“Willow?” I whisper.

There wasn't any response, not even tiny movements of her fingers or toes.

Her lips were turning f*g blue. I was beginning to panic.

Was I the reason for this? Did it scare her to see me in the middle of a fight?

I tightened my hold on her, hoping to give her more of my warmth.

Clarissa held out her hand in front of her.

“What are you doing?” I demand.

“I'm trying to create heat; I'm trying to warm her up.” She explains.

We all wait patiently, hoping that this will at least work.

Clarissa gasps suddenly, and we're all shocked to see a cut forming in the palm of her hand. I watched with confusion as her blood dripped onto the grass.

Damon rushed over to her and held her hand in his as he examined it, “how the hell did this happen?”

“I don't know.” She whispers. “I tried to focus my power on Willow, but this happened instead. I couldn't help her, and I now have this wound in my hand.”

Autumn and Clarissa stared at each other as they tried to figure out what was happening.

What did this mean?

“Do you think this disease isn't natural?” I ask them. “Is it possible that she's under some kind of spell?”

Was that why no doctors were able to see anything wrong with her? Could that be the reason?

“We can't say for sure,” Autumn answers me. “It is weird that Clarissa couldn't help her. We have to do more digging into this.”

“I just warmed this cloth,” Clarissa tells me. “Wipe her arms and face with it.”

I took it from her and gently rubbed it all over her arms before moving to her face. I could slowly see the color returning to her skin and l!ps the more I rubbed it on her body.

I moved the warm cloth to her neck, hoping to see her open her eyes soon.

“She’s waking up!” Autumn exclaims.

My hand stops moving as my gaze moves from her neck to her face.

I sigh of relief when her eyes slowly open and blink at me.

She looks surprised to see me.

I held my breath when she gently rubbed her hand on my cheek, wiping away the bl00d from my earlier fight. I was so desperate to keep her safe that I forgot all about the fight.

This just reminded me of something that made me pissed. I slowly let go of Willow and jumped to my feet.

I grab Atticus by his shirt without warning, “Why the fvck did you bring Willow to the fight?”