

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 22 - Tips

~WILLOW~

Everyone is shocked to see Dante's anger towards his brother. One minute he was this gentle person taking care of me, and the next, he was this raging beast ready to take on his brothers.

I didn't understand why he was this angry. So what if they brought me along with them? Why should that make him this angry?

"Why are you blaming Atticus?" Damon growls. "It's your recklessness that f*g caused all of this in the first place!"

"Please calm down, Dante." Clarissa tries to lighten the mood. "I know this entire experience was stressful, but there's no need to blame anyone. We can all be adults about this. The main thing is that Willow is now safe from any harm."

"None of you were supposed to be there!" He growls. "It's the one place I go to release my anger. Yet all of you followed me there and messed everything up! I was supposed to lose that f*g fight!"

"What the hell were we supposed to do?" Atticus demands. "Watch you get beat up? And what the f*k is *wrong with you? Why did you lie there and let that man kick your as? Why are you constantly happy to get your a*s beaten up?*"

"f*k!" Damon growls. "*If you want to get your as beaten up so much, you could ask the two of us. We would happily knock some sense into you!*"

I knew they were only angry because they cared about their brother. It was their love for him that made them react this way. I wish that Dante could understand them.

"Guys," Autumn says as she steps between Atticus and Dante. "Please remember that Willow has still not fully recovered. I think it's best we leave this for another time. Dante should take her home so that she could get some rest and heal the right way."

I'd almost forgotten about fainting.

Dante looks over at me the second she mentions my name.

I watch nervously as he approaches me, “does anywhere hurt?” he asks gently.

The genuine concern in his voice takes me by surprise. He was angry with me earlier; why was he acting so differently suddenly? Did he forget all about the kissing booth already?

“I’m okay.”

I was okay, physically, at least. Emotionally I was a wreck, and he was the reason for it.

Seeing him at the fighting ring with blood all over his body made me realize something I didn’t know before.

My feelings for him weren’t just some simple crush. It’s much, much stronger than that, to the point that it would hurt me ever to see him in pain. I wasn’t sure what that meant; all I knew was that it was no longer just a crush.

A part of me would do everything in its power to protect him. While Dante always protected me because of his promise to my sister, with me, it was different. I wanted to protect him because I personally couldn’t be happy if anything ever happened to him.

He walks me to his jeep and helps me get in. I held my breath when he leaned into me to fasten my seatbelt. The scent of his blood mixed with his sweat hit my nose, and I was surprised that even that was something I enjoyed.

I didn’t understand my own body at times.

When he enters the driver’s side and pulls out of the track, I can’t help myself as I blurt out, “I didn’t know someone else would have been in the room.”

He had to know the truth. I didn’t want there to be any misunderstandings between us. He didn’t give me a chance to explain before, and this may be the best time to tell him everything.

His hand tightens on the steering wheel, “it’s okay. I think I overreacted a bit. Let’s forget that happened, okay?”

Forget it happened? Just like that? Was this the same person from before? I was not okay with just forgetting it. I had to give my side of the story before he continued to think the worst of me.

“It’s not okay for me,” I whisper as I play with my fingers on my lap. “I truly wasn’t planning on taking part in the kissing booth. I planned on doing just like you asked and staying as far away from it as possible. However, Autumn and Clarissa told me that they had a plan. They said that if I participated, I wouldn’t have to kiss a stranger. I know you think I went into that room thinking I would kiss some stranger, but you’re mistaken. I didn’t go into the room hoping to see someone else; I went into the room hoping to see you. I wasn’t surprised when I saw you, Dante. I was actually relieved that it was you.”

I watch the movement in Dante’s throat as he swallows hard. He doesn’t say anything. I’m not sure what he’s thinking. I hoped this confession would make him happier; however, I was disappointed when I didn’t get much of a reaction.

Did telling him this change anything? Did he still think that I was wrong for taking part in the kissing booth?

There were so many questions in my head, and I didn’t know if I should ask them or not.

“I owe you an apology, Willow.” He finally breaks the silence.

My lips part. Did he really just say that?

“It’s okay,” I assure him. “You thought I’d lied to you.”

His jaw clenches, “is there anything that you may have possibly neglected to tell us?”

I frown, “why are you asking that out of nowhere?”

He looks directly ahead, “Clarissa tried to warm you with her power earlier, but she couldn’t. Instead, she was harmed trying to help you.”

“Harmed?” I gasp. “Harmed in what way?”

“There was a cut in the middle of her palm. It appeared out of nowhere. We haven’t confirmed if it was because of you or something else.” He explains.

What did this mean? How was that even possible?