

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 29 - Tips

~WILLOW~

We had just arrived at the pool party. Dante and his brothers had some business to care for and would be here in about an hour. Because of this, Dante never got to see what I wore before I left the house. According to Autumn, this would make him lose his mind. She always chose outfits for me that she thought would have a major effect on him.

“Remember, tonight is about making sure you clear your mind. It’s all about having fun.” Autumn reminds me.

Right. Having fun. I can surely do that, can’t I?

Clarissa brings a glass of wine and hands it to me, “I think this might be enough to help you ease the tension.”

I look at her alarmingly, “are you sure?”

She smiles. “It will help. Trust me.”

“This reminds me of spending time with Clara and Scarlett.” Autumn chuckles. “I miss them. Have you heard from them recently?”

Clarissa nods, “I’ve heard a rumor going around the school.”

“A rumor?” Autumn asks her.

I didn’t know these women that they spoke about. But they seemed to be good friends.

“I think Clara caught Scarlett and her ex-boyfriend making out,” Clarissa answers. “Details are kind of sketchy and I might be wrong but it can be the reason why they have been missing the Academy recently.”

“But isn’t that what Clara wanted?” Autumn asks her. “She wanted her sister to flirt with Carter and make him fall in love with her so that she could break his heart.”

This story was a bit confusing. I was lost. Clara and Scarlett were sisters? And according to Autumn, Clara asked Scarlett to flirt with her ex-boyfriend and break his heart when he fell for her. That seemed like a recipe for disaster.

“Clara didn’t know about this specific hook-up,” Clarissa informs her. “I think it’s possible Scarlett likes Carter.”

Autumn sighs, “I was worried that something like that would happen when I first heard of their plan. I mean, it’s Carter Prince; he knows how to charm almost every girl that comes his way. He must have found a way to get to Scarlett. Now her relationship with her sister is in jeopardy.”

“I have to say, I’m happy we never fell for the same Fawn brother.” She adds.

Clarissa wrinkles her nose in disgust. “Of course not. Atticus is my brother. But Carter has always been such a damn player. When will he learn?”

Carter Prince. I wasn’t here long enough to know everything about him, but he was indeed popular with the girls, just like my husband was. Even I had heard of him already.

“I hope we see them around soon.” Autumn continues. “I miss them so much. I hope this doesn’t cause a rift between them. They love each other.”

Clarissa nods, “I believe they would no doubt move on from this. It’s Clara and Scarlett. Those two are inseparable, and no guy will change that.”

Clarissa handed me another glass; this one was not wine. I was sure of it by the taste. It burned my throat.

“We don’t plan to stop handing you drinks tonight,” Autumn warns me. “From my experience, it helps a lot. It brings you closer to your husband. Trust me when I say that.”

She looks at Clarissa, and they both begin laughing. They knew something that I didn’t.

“How much longer must we wait before our men get here?” Clarissa asks, looking around. She seemed to be bored and restless. I could tell that she didn’t like to be away from Damon for too long.

“It shouldn’t be long,” Autumn answers her. “I called Atticus not too long ago. They will be here in a few minutes.”

“I’m sure Damon is just as restless as I am,” Clarissa says as she blushes. “I love him so much.”

“When are the two of you planning on getting married?” Autumn asks her. “You have to get the Fawn last name once again.”

Clarissa sighs, “I’ve been asking Damon daily for an update. However, he wants to do things the right way. He doesn’t want to jump straight into the wedding.”

“I bet he’s planning to propose to you!” Autumn exclaims.

Clarissa’s eyes light up at the possibility of Damon proposing to her.

“He has been very secretive lately.” Clarissa points out. “I never thought I would live to see the day Damon proposes to me!”

“Don’t get too excited; I don’t know for sure,” Autumn whispers.

Clarissa tenses as we suddenly have uninvited guests next to us.

“Why did you even show up to a pool party?” Sharon asked as she glared at me. “This is only for women with a nice figure. You’re hideous to look at. I feel so sorry for Dante; this is what he has to see every night when he goes home. It makes sense why he’d want to sleep in separate rooms.”

Autumn grabs Clarissa’s hand. We both knew what happened the last time Sharon said something that made her angry. It appears that she didn’t learn anything from that incident.

What would it take for her to leave me alone finally?

“Are you still upset that you didn’t get a chance to kiss my husband at the kissing booth?” I taunt her. “Why don’t you look for available men instead of hunting for married ones?”

She narrows her eyes.

“Or is there a possibility that none of the available men want you?” I ask her. “Did they also reject you? It would make sense. Everything is coming together now. You’re after married men because none of the available wants you.”

She steps towards me, and both Autumn and Clarissa move to block me from her. “Don’t you dare take a step closer to her.” Clarissa threatens her.

She rolls her eyes, “are these your bodyguards, Willow?” She asks. “Are you so afraid of me that you need two grown-a.ss women to protect you? It’s sad. Dante was never into weak women with hideous bodies like yours. Have you ever seen your sister in a bikini? She had men turning to look at her from all directions the second she stepped into parties like this one. I can’t say it’s the same for you. No one is interested in you. Not even your husband.”

“Don’t listen to her, Willow,” Autumn tells me. “She’s just jealous.”

“Jealous of what?” Sharon demands. “It’s quite obvious that even Willow does not have the attention of Dante, and she’s supposedly his wife. That man does not want her. It’s almost as though he hasn’t even consummated their marriage.”

Autumn stiffens at her words, and I’m unsure what Sharon is trying to tell me. She pauses to look at me.

“It’s true, isn’t it?” She taunts me. “You and Dante have not even consummated your marriage. Have you?”