

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

0 4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I pick Willow up into my arms and carry her downstairs near a fire pit.

“Why does this keep happening to her?” I ask my mother. “It doesn’t make any sense. Even the doctors don’t know what is wrong with her.”

I’m tired of seeing her like this. Anya asked me to protect her sister and I wasn’t doing a damn good job at it. If she was here, she would be disappointed with me. I hate myself for not granting her wish.

Why couldn’t the doctors help her by now? What more was needed to help her?

“It is a bit strange,” Autumn whispers. “I’m worried about her.”

I was also, but not because I cared about her. I was worried because I promised Anya that I would protect her. I didn’t want to break my promise to her.

She wanted me to marry her sister to give her a better life. What good was marrying her if I couldn’t figure out what was happening to her?

“Just keep her close to the fire Dante.” My mother orders me. “If it’s anything like the last time, she would be okay in a few minutes.”

I did as she said. I held Willow close to me. It was the first time I was willingly holding her like this. I’ve made sure to keep a distance between us in the past. However, today was the first day I allowed myself to be this close.

I don’t know why. I can’t explain it.

I can’t stop myself as I gently move her hair out of her face. I couldn’t deny that Willow was beautiful, very beautiful. She was like a breath of fresh air in my dull life. She was someone I had to keep away from my darkness; if she got any closer, it would pull her in and destroy her life just like it had done to mine.

Willow looked nothing like Anya. I was scared at one point that she would remind me of her sister; I was terrified that it would be painful if she did. However, it turns out that not only did she look nothing like Anya, but she also had a completely different personality. They were two completely different women.

I didn't know how to feel about it. Part of me hoped that I could find some of Anya in Willow, while a more significant part of me wanted the opposite.

I could feel her skin returning to its average temperature, and I let go of a breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

"Her color is returning," Autumn says.

"What's happening?" Clarissa asks as she enters the room.

"Did something happen to Willow?" She gasped when her eyes fell on her.

Before anyone could answer, Willow opened her eyes; I was the first person she saw. Her lips part, and her cheeks turn a bright red.

Her reaction confused me. She almost looked flushed under my gaze.

"How are you feeling?" I ask her.

She bites down on her lip before saying softly, "I'm fine. Did it happen again?"

I nod, and her eyes grow sad. "Am I going to die?"

My jaw clenches at her question; it's the last thing I expected her to ask me. I don't know why I felt angry because of that one question. It made no sense to me.

"Of course not," I growl. "You're not going to die. Anya asked me to keep you safe, and I'll do just that. We called a different doctor. I hope this one will have more answers than the last, and even if he doesn't, we will find someone else. I won't stop until I get some f\*g answers."

She looks surprised by my response. It took me a few seconds to realize I was still holding her. I abruptly let go of her and stood back, letting my family take over for me.

I don't say anything else as I storm out of there. I didn't want to care for Willow. I didn't want to worry over her, and I sure as hell didn't want to hold her like I did just a moment ago.

I knew Anya never loved me, and I knew that she used me since the beginning. I knew everything after her death. However, that didn't change the way I felt about her. She claimed that I was under a spell; she claimed that I would forget about my feelings for her after she was gone.

It's been weeks since then, and I still haven't recovered. I think I love her even more now that she's gone.

“Hey,” Damon says as he joins me outside. “Can we talk?”

My hand tightens into a fist at my side. I didn’t want to talk to him. Things were still rocky between us. It was hard to forgive Damon for stuff he’d done in the past. He was my brother, I knew that, and I would die before I let anyone hurt him. However, I was still so damn pissed. He should have told me the truth.

Instead, he kept me in the dark. If I’d known, then Anya may have still been alive today.

“Now is not a good time Damon.”

“When will it ever be a good time, Dante?” He demands. “I’ve said I’m sorry a million times. Tell me, what can I do to fix this?”

I spun around and growled at him. “Go back in time and undo what you did. Maybe then I could forgive you.”

He sighs and throws his hands in the air. “You’re never going to let this go, are you!”

I don’t answer his question. Even I don’t have the answer to give to him.

“At least answer me this.” He says suddenly. “When the hell are you planning on stopping?”

“Stopping?”

“Yes.” He says. “I know about the fighting ring. When are you going to give it up? Don’t you think you’ve suffered enough already?”

I want to laugh out loud at his question. Suffered enough already?

I could never suffer enough after letting Anya die. Never.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 4 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

Another doctor. Same answer. Each doctor did not know what was wrong with me. They kept saying that it wasn’t anything serious and that I shouldn’t worry.

Why shouldn’t I worry when it felt like I could freeze to death any day now? Why couldn’t they see how terrified I was of dying?

I felt like these doctors couldn't help me. They were useless in my case. We had to find someone else who knew what was happening to me. But who could that be?

I was surprised earlier to see Dante holding me. It's not something that I expected to wake up to. He's always kept plenty of distance between the two of us. Just the thought of it made me feel butterflies in my stomach. Even the slightest bit of attention from Dante made me all giddy inside. I don't think he even knows what he does to me.

'I won't stop until I get some f\*g answers.'

Those were his words, and even though I knew he was only protective because of Anya, it still made my stomach flutter. It made me happy to know that he was that determined to help me.

I didn't understand how my sister didn't fall in love with a man like Dante. He was everything a girl like me could ever dream of marrying. His green eyes sparkled under bright lights, and his dark brown hair begged to be touched. His muscular arms were built for protection. You could tell that Dante was a protector, someone who protected those he loved fiercely. He was also loyal; even after my sister's death, he never looked at another woman. She's all that he could see. There were so many qualities about him that stood out to me. He was like a dream come true. If only Anya had seen in him what I saw in him now.

But if she'd done so, wouldn't things have been much different now? I wouldn't have been married to Dante and she would have been in my place. I'm not sure how I felt about that. The thought of anyone with Dante other than me bothered me to the point that I felt uncomfortable.

I've never really gotten the chance to learn about men. However, the men at the academy were a huge letdown compared to Dante. He was different from them. He wasn't wild and a jerk like some of the others. He was gentle but fierce. He was soft to the people he loved but could kill his enemy in the blink of an eye.

I grabbed my diary and touched the pen to the clean page.

My dearest husband,

Today you held me in your arms while I was unconscious. You were the first person I saw after waking up. Your eyes were filled with concern I've never seen before. My heart flutters whenever I'm reminded of how worried you were about me. I wish that one day I could tell you how I truly feel. I wish that one day I would feel your lips on mine...

I gasped and threw the book onto the floor. What was I thinking? It was one thing to have a crush on him but to dream of him kissing me.

It was wrong.

But was it? I was his wife, after all.

I close my eyes and drop myself onto the bed. Yes. I was his wife, but he didn't treat me that way. He was also still in love with my sister. Dreaming of kissing him would only end in heartbreak. I shouldn't do that to myself.

A knock on my door forces me out of my thoughts. I quickly ran to open it, after putting my diary away.

"We have a party to attend." Clarissa reminds me with a big smile.

"And we are here to help you get dressed," Autumn says, forcing herself into my room.

"She's good at these things," Clarissa assured me. "You will look stunning when she's done with you, not that you aren't already beautiful."

"We've noticed that your wardrobe isn't vast," Autumn tells me. "That's why Clarissa and I went shopping for you. We have a selection of outfits that you can start wearing tonight. We even chose some stuff for the academy."

"You did that?" I ask in surprise. "For me?"

I've always loved seeing my sister dressed in fancy clothes. I've often wished for a chance to have that, but my mother always clarified that she could not afford to get me more than I already had. I never complained, but looking at the outfits packed in the boxes in front of me, filled me with excitement.

"I love that look on your face," Clarissa says enthusiastically. "This is good. It means we made the right choice. We feared you'd be upset with us for being so pushy."

"Why would I be upset?" I ask, confused. "You did something nice for me."

Autumn smiles and hugs me, "I knew you were awesome since we first met you."

"Time to unpack and switch up your style." Autumn winks at me. I watch as both girls empty the boxes of clothes onto my bed. Even though it was plenty of outfits, it didn't take them long to sort everything out.

"This is what we want you to wear tonight for the party," Autumn informs me.

I gape at the outfit in front of me. "Where is the rest of it?"

"It's a mini skirt and crop top." Clarissa points out the obvious. "It's meant to look like that, don't worry."

Autumn and Clarissa always tried to get me to wear outfits like this. I remembered that one time they made me wear a bikini; it was the first time I'd ever seen Dante look at me. I was happy for days because of that one look of desire. At least, I'd hoped it was desire.

"Okay. I'll wear it." I tell them. Hopefully, this would also help me to get a reaction out of Dante.

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 5 - Tips

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~DANTE~

We were waiting over an hour for the girls. They always kept us waiting like this. It wasn't anything new.

"From now on we need to give them the wrong time for an event." Damon groans.

"That's actually not a bad idea brother." Atticus chuckles. "I might have to try that the next time."

"They're coming!" Griffin announces. "And damn, why do they have to belong to my brothers?"

Atticus taps him on his head, "Can you not be an a\*s for once?"

I follow their gazes and felt all the hairs on my body stand up.

Long, creamy legs, bright red lips. Smooth exposed stomach. I felt like my eyes were about to betray me.

What the hell is she wearing? Whenever Clarissa and Autumn helped her dress, I always felt smoke coming out of my b\*\*\*\*y ears.

It's not like I could tell her about it either. I barely spoke to Willow begin with. If the first thing I said to her was to change her clothes, I would sound like a complete a\*s. That's the last thing I wanted to do.

I've already been a bad husband to her. I didn't treat her like she was my wife. Instead, I treated her like the sister of my wife. I acted like I was married to Anya and I was just doing her a favor. And maybe I acted that way because that's how I truly felt. I couldn't accept Willow as my bride no matter how hard I tried.

I hope that one day she could forgive me for all of this.

"We're late but it's totally worth it." Atticus says as he kissed Autumn.

Damon lifts Clarissa into his arms and it's still hard for me to see the two of them together after knowing what I knew. However, I was trying hard to be happy for them.

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We were finally at the party and it was not going well. Willow had bumped into Sharon and she was being a pain in my a\*s.

"Come on, your marriage is a fake, and everyone knows it," She says as she rolls her eyes. "You don't even have a wedding ring on your finger. What woman doesn't wear a wedding ring? Even Dante doesn't have one. It doesn't matter if you're married on paper; if Dante doesn't recognize you as his wife, you're a nobody, and everyone else is free to date him."

What the fvck was her problem?

I've never gotten a ring for Willow because of my commitment to her sister. I felt I would disappoint Anya if I ever put a ring on Willow's finger. It also felt like I would accept the marriage if I bought her a ring. So far, I hadn't accepted that Willow and I were married. However, I didn't like what everyone said in front of her face and behind her back. It was pissing me off.

"I've forgotten how f\*g mean the girls from the academy can be." Atticus growls.

"Can you ensure Willow doesn't leave this party until I return?" I ask Atticus.

He quirks a brow at me, "Why are you leaving?"

"There's something I should have done a long time ago," I answer him.

There's a knowing look in his eyes as he lets me leave.

As soon as I got to the jeep, I dialed a number I didn't think I'd need until now.

"Josh," I say when he answers.

"How can I help you, Dante?" He asks me.

"I need something from your jewelry store," I answer him.

"At this hour?" He asks, surprised.

I nodded even though he couldn't see me. "I need it urgently. Can you meet me there?"

He sighs, "You're lucky you're a favorite customer."

"It does have its perks." I chuckle. "I'll see you there in a few minutes."

Getting a ring for Willow was the last thing I ever expected to do. I thought we'd spend the rest of our marriage without getting one.

Josh pulls up at the store just as I did. He shakes my hand before pulling out his keys and opening the multiple locks at the front gate.

"What can I help you with?" He asks as soon as we step inside.

"I need a ring for my wife," I answer him.

My wife. It felt strange saying those words.

He turns around, surprised. Did everyone know that I was not in love with her? That was a stupid question. Of course, everyone already knew. I wasn't good at hiding it. That's why Willow was being bullied at the academy. Because of me. Because I couldn't let the past go no matter how hard I f\*g tried.

No one understood how much I loved Anya. She was everything to me. I was willing to let her go just so she could be happy, but in the end, even that wasn't enough.

She made it clear that Atticus was the only one she ever had feelings for. It's not like I didn't already know it. I always knew that she liked him better than me and Damon. All of the signs were there. When he'd married Autumn, the light in her eyes had slowly disappeared until I couldn't see it anymore.

Everyone saw her as this crazy woman, but I could never see her that way. All I saw was the girl I fell in love with. I loved everything about Anya, even her flaws. After learning about the horrible things she'd done, I still couldn't bring myself to hate her.

"Dante?" Josh calls out to me. I must have spaced out while he was talking.

"What do you think of these?" He asks when he has my undivided attention.

"I don't want to look at any," I say to him.

"Pardon?"

"I don't need to see the ring. I want it to be the most expensive ring you have inside of here." I answer him.

I wanted to shut Sharon up. I wanted her to stop harassing Willow. When they saw the ring, they would have fewer things to say about our marriage.