

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 30 - Tips

~WILLOW~

“Consummated out marriage?” I ask.

She looks at me like I’m insane, “Are you some freak? Do you not know what that means?”

“Who the hell do you think you’re talking to?” Clarissa demands as she moves closer to Sharon. I was scared that she would do something.

Autumn takes my hand and guides me back to where the others are. Dante and his brothers had just arrived. “What was she speaking about?” I ask her. “What did she mean when asked if we hadn’t consummated our marriage?”

Willow looks at Griffin, and he quirks a brow. He seems surprised and a little flustered by my question.

She took me further away, just the two of us. “It means to you know. . . Complete the marriage by sleeping with your husband.”

I frown, “Dante and I have already slept in the same bed together.”

She smiles, “That’s not the kind of sleep I’m referring to. It means *s/l i\* e* with that person. When you join your bodies, everything fits together like a puzzle.”

I can tell it’s hard for her to explain this to me. But now that I understood what she meant, I felt a sharp pain in my stomach.

Sharon was right. We hadn’t consummated our marriage, and I don’t think we ever will.

“You don’t need to worry about her,” Autumn assures me. “Atticus and I didn’t consummate our marriage right away either. It took us a while. It will happen when both you and Dante are ready for it.”

Autumn seemed to believe that Dante would one day change his mind about our marriage. I didn’t see him ever changing. He was too stuck in his past to see a future with me.

“I think I’m ready to leave,” I tell Autumn.

“We just got here.” She pouts. “Are you sure you want to leave?”

I nod, “you don’t have to leave early because of me.” I assure her. “I’ll ask Dante to take me home.”

She nods, and we walk over to where the guys are still standing, looking at us. Had they all heard me earlier? That was a bit embarrassing.

“Can you please take me home?” I ask Dante.

He looks surprised and worried at the same time.

“What’s wrong?” he demands. “Did something happen while we weren’t here?”

I shook my head, “My head feels like it’s spinning. I want to go home.”

He nods and hands the drink in his hand to Griffin. “Let’s go.”

All eyes are on us as we leave the party early. I’m sure everyone was wondering why. Sharon would know the truth and most likely spread the news to everyone. By tomorrow, everyone would know that Dante and I hadn’t consummated our marriage yet.

When I enter the jeep, Dante hands me his shirt from the backseat. “Put this on.”

I turn in my seat to look at him, “why? I’m not cold.”

I try not to stare at his bare chest. It was a masterpiece.

His jaw clenches, “your body is exposed. I’m asking you to please use this to cover yourself up.”

I laugh without humor, “Are you saying my body makes you uncomfortable?”

“It’s not what you—”

“Am I that hideous to look at Dante?” I demand as I put the shirt over me. “Does it make you feel to puke when you look at me? Be honest with me. What does it make you feel when you see me this way?”

“What the fvck Willow?” he asks. There is a shocked look on his face.

“What?” I shout. “Did I say something to offend you? Did I ask you to cover your body, hinting that it disgusts me?”

“What has gotten into you?” He demands. “You’ve never been this—”

I won’t let him finish his sentence as I raise my hand to silence him.

I can’t explain it. I don’t know why I feel like this. I don’t know why I’m acting out. Maybe it’s those drinks from earlier. All I know is I must say everything on my mind, or else I’ll go crazy.

“You didn’t answer me, Dante.” I remind him. “Am I that hideous to look at? Does my body bother you that much?”

“Willow, can you just drop this?” He asks, almost pleading.

“I guess it’s true then.” I come to my very own conclusion. “You do find my body hideous to look at. Maybe that’s why you haven’t consummated our marriage. Technically our marriage isn’t even complete because you never fulfilled your part as my husband.”

Dante exhales loudly and puts the jeep in reverse. His hands are tight on the steering wheel as he pulls onto the main road, “who told you that you’re hideous to look at? And why would you believe them when I’ve already told you how perfect you are?”

I bit my lip angrily, “Right, I’m perfect, and because I’m perfect, you can’t find a reason to end this marriage. How very tragic for you.”

“Did my sister give you something to drink?” He demands. “This isn’t like you. I can even smell the alcohol on you.”

“It sounds like you already know the answer to your question.” I snap.

His jaw clenched, and I could tell he was growing impatient with me.

I grab his shirt and pull it off my body. He breaks eye contact with the road to look at my exposed body again. “Why the hell did you remove it?”

“Aren’t you looking at the road?” I demand. “Weren’t you the one that said my body is perfect? If that’s true, then it shouldn’t bother you at all.”

Dante suddenly stops at a traffic light, and there's a group of men in a vehicle right next to us.

"Willow," He growls. "Cover yourself."

I ignore him even when the men look at me and start whistling.

"WILLOW," Dante says, my name louder. "If you don't cover yourself—"

"You'll do what?" I demand while glaring at him.

I'm surprised when he steps out of the jeep and walks over to the strangers from the other vehicle.

My mouth parts when he grabs the driver's hair and slams it against the steering wheel.

"DANTE!" I shout.

He ignores me as he goes for his other victim.

What was wrong with him? He didn't stop until he'd punched every single one of them. When he finally returns to the jeep, the men drive off quickly. They looked terrified of him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I demand. "You didn't have to go that far!"

"They will live." He says dryly. "Won't they?"

"I can't believe you," I whisper in shock. "Why did you do that?"

"Those men were staring at you with lust-filled eyes!" He growls. "Of course, I had to do something about it. No one can look at you that way and not get something in return."

I placed a hand over my forehead and rocked back against my seat. "Why Dante? Please tell me why no other man should look at me that way when you don't even want me to begin with!"

I can feel the anger radiating from him, filling the atmosphere.

"Because you're my fucking wife, Willow!" He roars. "You're my wife, and I will not stand back and let another man disrespect you in front of me!"

