

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 39 - Tips

~WILLOW~

I'm nervous while walking out the door. It takes me a few seconds to build up the courage.

I can feel Dante's eyes on me the second that I'm in front of his view. It feels weird being n\*\*\*d under the robe. It's almost like he can see everything even though my body is covered. That's what it felt like.

"Have a great time!" His mother shouts behind us. "Remember to be in that spring at exactly midnight."

Dante helps me onto the jeep and I try to hold in the gasp when his hand accidentally touches my b.reast. He doesn't realize it because he doesn't show emotion as he buckles me in.

My heart is pounding as I watch him enter the driver's side.

The silence between us was awkward, but it allowed me to look at him and take everything in. He still wore clothes, but soon enough, he would be n\*\*\*d before me. Why did a part of me want so badly to see him like that?

"Do you still think that I'm perfect?" I whisper before I can stop myself.

He glanced at me for a quick second before turning back to the track in front of us. "Why do you ask that?"

I held the robe tighter against my body. I didn't think that I would ever worry about what someone thought of my body or the way I looked without any clothes on. But the thought of Dante seeing me utterly bare for the first time made me a little nervous.

I was scared that he wouldn't like what he saw. I was afraid that he would compare me to my sister. I knew it was stupid. He didn't love me. I shouldn't worry about this, but I couldn't help myself. I cared about Dante's opinion.

He always told me how perfect I was. I didn't want him to think less of me. I never knew it meant this much to me until now.

“No man has ever seen me n\*\*\*d before. You always tell me how perfect I am.” I whisper. “I’m worried that you wouldn’t like what you see.”

“fvck Willow.” He growled. “How can you say that so easily?”

I can see the shock on his face. I knew my face must be even redder than it’s been in the past. I don’t know why I blurted out the truth to him. I should have kept it to myself.

“I just—”

I don’t know what to say.

His hands tighten on the steering wheel as he accelerates the vehicle. “I’ve seen plenty of you already, Willow. I can assure you that there is no possible fvcking\*g way that I won’t like what I see.”

I gasp.

“Not that I’ll be looking.” He adds. “I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable. It’s just for the ritual, and I can keep staring at your face instead of looking at your body. But if I were to look, you don’t have to worry about me not liking what’s in front of me. Not when you’re the person in front of me.”

I looked down at my chest; something was happening to me again. My heart was doing things it’s never done before.

I look at Dante again, and once more, I felt my heartbeat increase. He was responsible for this.

I’ve never known what it meant to be in love with a man before. It’s why I didn’t understand my feelings. I loved my sister and my mother; I knew what that kind of love was.

But this love, it was unlike anything I’ve experienced before. Did that mean I loved Dante? Was I in love with him? Was I in love with the man that still loved my sister?

I close my eyes at the pain I felt from that one question.

I’m sorry, Anya. I’m sorry for loving someone that once belonged to you. I’m sorry for feeling envious because of his feelings for you.

She was all I had after my mom died. Seeing her every day always gave me a reason to fight my sickness. I never thought that I would ever want something she once had.

I turn to look at Dante once more. His jaw is tight, and his shoulders look tense as he stares straight ahead. I know he's intentionally trying to keep the focus on the road instead of on me.

I must make him uncomfortable. Why wouldn't he be after what I just asked him?

"Willow," he says suddenly. "Can you please not stare at me while I'm driving?"

I quickly look away. "I'm sorry for making you uncomfortable."

He exhaled loudly, "You're not making me uncomfortable, Willow. You're more of a distraction than anything else. When you do things like that, I tend to forget that I must not crash my fvcking\*g jeep."

I bite my lip and try to focus on anything else but him. It was a hard task, but I fvckind myself to do it.

"We're here," Dante says as the jeep stops abruptly.

I could feel my heartbeat move even faster now that we'd arrived at the spring.

Dante leans back against his seat with closed eyes, "I can hear your heartbeat, Willow. You don't need to feel anxious. I told you I won't look."

He misunderstood me.

I do want him to look. Knowing he wouldn't be disappointed, I felt more confident. I wanted him to see every part of me.

Part of me wants to tell him this, but the other half tells me to keep quiet.

"We have five minutes." He announces. "I'm going to get undressed. I'll wait in the water for you."

I nod without saying anything.

“If you hear music, don’t be startled. It’s something they do to make the ritual more romantic.” He adds before shutting the door.

I leaned back against the seat. I couldn’t believe this was happening.

I checked the time, and when I had two minutes left, I got out of the jeep and removed my robe. I had nothing on my body except the oil they’d rubbed me down in.

This was it.

It was time.