

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn**

### **Book 3: Chapter 47 -**

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

Dante was sleeping next to me when I woke up the next day. I was still very heartbroken; it possibly even felt worse now that I wasn't half asleep and wide awake.

I couldn't believe I'd confessed my feelings for Dante, and instead of hearing something nice in return, I got the worst possible response.

I didn't know how to face him anymore. Not after last night.

Things could never be the same between us again.

I hate how good he still looked to me. Even after breaking my heart without realizing it, Dante still looked like a masterpiece on the bed.

I took my diary out once more. It was where I could express my true feelings without the fear of someone finding out.

My dearest husband,

I always knew that you didn't love me. Since the beginning, I've known that Anya was the only woman you would ever love. However, a small part of me always wished that there were some feelings for me in your heart. Last night you confirmed that you could never love me. Last night you admitted that there was no room for me in your heart. The hardest part is knowing that I can't blame you for anything. I can't force you to love me or even like me. My heart hurts, and there is no possible reason for me to tell you this. Admitting my feelings to you has only made things worse between us. Now I'm stuck with this horrible feeling in my chest—

"What are you doing?" Dante asks beside me.

I jump at his question. I didn't expect him to wake up so quickly. He looked like he was in a deep sleep just a moment ago.

I quickly shut the book and shoved it into my suitcase. "Nothing." I lie.

He runs a hand down his sleepy face and sits up against the bedhead.

“I saw you writing something.” He points out. “What was it?”

“Am I not allowed to have some privacy?” I demand. “Sometimes I write in my diary. That’s all.”

He looks surprised once more.

“A diary?” He asks.

“Yes.” I snap.

Why does sleepy Dante look so hot? Why couldn’t I behave?

“A diary?” he repeats.

Please stop asking questions about it.

I’ve never seen him look this curious about anything before.

“Read something from it for me.” He says suddenly.

My eyes flash to him. “What do you mean to read something from it?”

He quirks a brow, “Exactly what I said, Willow. Read from it. I want to know what you write about.”

I could feel myself begin to panic at his words. Those were my private thoughts. I didn’t want him to ever read from it.

“No.” I hiss. “It’s private.”

He gets out of bed and moves towards my suitcase. I quickly got out and moved in front of him before he could get to it.

“Why are you so protective of that book?” he asks me. “Are you sure it isn’t a book of spells?”

My eyes widen at his accusation. That’s why he was so interested in it. He thought that I was practicing spells.

“What are you implying?” I hiss.

I don't think I've ever been this upset with him. I've never thought about using any spells on him or his family. I wasn't my sister. Besides, I couldn't do any spells even though my mother was a witch.

"I've been so f\*\*\*\*\*g confused recently, Willow," he growls. "You're making my head spin, and it's not normal. I need to know what's in that book."

I laugh without humor, "are you accusing me of putting a spell on you?"

His jaw clenches, "I'm not accusing you of anything. I want to see what's in there. If it's nothing bad, why can't I see it?"

I cross my arms over my chest angrily, "The one person you were supposed to accuse of putting a spell on you; you didn't. Yet, the innocent sister, you're so ready to accuse her of doing things that the woman you're still in love with did. Congratulations Dante. I hope you're happy. It's up to you if you want to look at my diary or not. I will not stand in your way anymore, but I would not stand here and listen to you accuse me of such horrible things."

I angrily storm out of the room and find Autumn waiting for me.

"How was your honeymoon night?" she asks brightly.

I don't get to answer her when Dante rushes out of the room to find me.

"I'm sorry, Willow." He apologizes. I knew he didn't read the diary; he couldn't have possibly read it that quickly.

"I don't need your apology, Dante." I snap. "I just want all of this to be over. I don't want to stay here with you anymore. The ritual is over. Can we go home now?"

I knew they planned more fun activities for us today, but I was not up for it. I didn't care that everyone would start rumors once we left earlier than planned. I was just tired and stuck with a broken heart.

"What's happening?" Autumn asks as she looks between Dante and me.

I take her hand and pull her down the stairs with me. "I'll tell you everything when we're home," I promise her. "For now, can you ensure we leave right away?"

Autumn looks surprised, but she doesn't have to do anything. Dante passes us and walks over to his parents.

"After what you did last night. I'm not taking part in your games anymore." He tells them. "I want to take Willow home. Now."

His parents look horrified at his words.

"But Dante—"

"If you don't leave now. I'll find another way to get Willow and me out of here."

They looked at each other, and I could see the defeat in their eyes. Dante wasn't happy with either one of them.

"Okay." His mother agrees. "If this is what you want, we will leave right away. But don't blame us when you're bombarded with questions about your decision."

I watched as everyone scrambled to get things done as quickly as possible to take us back home earlier than planned.

I hugged myself when people weren't looking and closed my eyes as I fought the tears. Why does it hurt so much?

I miss you, Anya.

Part of me wishes she was still here, while the other part of me was scared of what that would have meant for my marriage to Dante. I was scared of losing him.

He was never mine since the start. How could I lose someone that never belonged to me?