

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn

Book 3: Chapter 49

4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I had the pictures of Anya in my hands. Looking at her now, I didn't think it would be so f*****g hard to let go of every single one.

Willow didn't want me to store them somewhere else. I asked for some time, and it's been a few days since that incident. Willow has been very distant with me, and part of me still worries that she'd heard me that night.

I knew she needed to hear it to understand that I couldn't give her what she wanted. However, I never wanted to hurt her. f**k, I never wanted to hurt a sweet girl like Willow.

I wish it weren't like this. I wish she was given a better life than this. After losing Anya, she shouldn't have to feel the heartache that I've been giving to her since I married her.

How did I say goodbye to the only woman I've ever loved so that I could give her sister a better life?

My brothers were luckier than me. They could find love, and even though it wasn't easy, they still had the women of their dreams in their lives.

I wasn't that lucky.

I wanted to make Willow happy. I didn't want to hurt her anymore. And this wasn't because of Anya. I wanted to make her happy because she deserved to be happy.

I've never met anyone like her in my life. She didn't deserve any of this. None of it was her fault. She got mixed up in the mess her sister and mother created. She was innocent. At least, I hoped she was. I didn't want to trust her and then have her betray me just like Anya did. I wanted to believe that she was indeed nothing like her sister.

I wanted to hate Anya. I knew what she did to me. I knew what she almost did to my family. I'm very aware of the wrong things she's done. I've tried to hate her, damn it; I've tried so f*****g hard to hate her. Even now, I wanted to hate

her to make this easier. However, I couldn't; no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't hate her.

If everyone knew our story, they would call me a fool for loving her after everything she'd done to me. They would laugh behind my back, and even that wouldn't change the way I saw Anya.

I angrily shoved the pictures into the garbage bin in front of me. Maybe hating her would be easier if I did things like this.

There was only one picture left of her, and it was still inside my wallet. I know Willow had seen that picture once. I remember feeling guilty when I caught her looking. I felt like I was being unfaithful to her. Now, after knowing how she truly felt about me, the guilt felt much worse than before.

I wasn't ready to get rid of that picture yet. It was the last one I had of Anya. I'd already deleted everything about her from my phone. None of it was easy for me. I was trying to clean any trace of her out of my life. But even if I did all of this, she would still be stuck in my head and heart.

I'd tried everything possible to move Anya out of my life, but apparently, I wasn't trying hard enough.

I'd gotten a soft spot for Willow. I now cared about her feelings. I've always cared about her feelings, but it's gotten worse. I couldn't stand to see tears in her eyes, ever. Especially not tears caused by me.

"You don't look good." Damon points that out when he sees me walking back into the house after getting rid of something I thought I would keep in my life forever.

"I've been having a shitty day," I admit.

He sighs, "Anything I could do to help you?" He asks.

I shook my head. "Anytime you or Atticus try helping me, I always end up in an even worse situation. I'll rather you two keep your suggestions to yourself."

He shrugs his shoulders, "I was just offering."

"I know."

He nods, "You should know your wife plans to go out with Clarissa and Autumn today. I don't think they're up to any good."

I pause at his words, "Why would you say that?" I ask him. "Did you hear something?"

Autumn and Clarissa were never up to any good. They encouraged Willow to do things that drove me f*****g crazy. I didn't want to think about what they were up to again.

"I didn't." He answers me, but I'm sure he's lying. "But they're going to Carter's party later. His family's infamous yearly party. You know the kind of s**t that goes down at that beach house. His brothers will be there, looking for a new girl to target."

"And you're f*****g letting Clarissa go to something like that?" I demand. That didn't sound like my brother at all.

He sighs, "My mate doesn't listen to me. You know this. The most I can do is join her. Besides, I trust her; I know she wouldn't do anything bad."

"You've gotten soft, brother." I point out. "In the past, you would have found a way to stop Clarissa."

He chuckles, "I don't know what you're talking about. Willow is the one you should be worried about, not Clarissa."

"Willow?" I ask. "Why should I be worried about Willow? She doesn't do anything crazy as long as Clarissa and Autumn don't get involved."

Damon nods, "And they're both going to be at that party tonight. I don't know about you, but if that were my wife, I would be there."

My jaw clenches at his words.

Things weren't good between Willow and me. I wasn't sure if it was a good idea to go to that party tonight.

"I'm sure she will be fine," I say, even though my heart beats uncontrollably. "Will you keep an eye on her for me? Ensure that she's safe, and no one is bothering her."

Damon sighs, "I can't promise you anything, but I'll try my best."

I didn't feel good about this, but I wanted to give Willow some space. Now that I knew how she felt about me, I didn't want to be around her and make things worse for her constantly.

I wanted her to be happy. I was tired of ruining things for her.