

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 56 -

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

One second passes. Then another. And another. I see the moment my words finally hit Dante, striking him.

I wait to see his reaction. It was slow at first but I was finally seeing the effect of my words.

I can see the shock on his face as he tries to come to terms with my confession.

My lips part when he stops the jeep in the middle of the road without a care in the world. Luckily, there was no one behind us.

He slowly turns to look at me, and I can see the disbelief in his eyes. "What did you just say?"

He doesn't want to believe he'd heard me correctly. It makes me scared to repeat my words.

"You asked me if I liked Ares. I said that I do like him." I repeat, even though it was one of the hardest things I've ever had to force myself to say. It was also one of the biggest lies I've ever told.

Dante always claims that everything he does for me is to fulfill his promises to my sister. This time, it can't possibly have any links to her. He couldn't get upset just because I liked someone else. She didn't ask him to prevent me from liking someone other than him. She asked him to marry me and protect me. That was all. If he was angry with me because of what I'd said, it would have nothing to do with Anya.

The only reason Dante could ever get upset over this is if he had some feelings for me. This was my only way of confirming this. So far, I was almost completely positive that he did, in fact, have feelings for me.

I watch as his forehead creases and his eyes narrow a little. His hands are clenched to his side; he's no longer holding the steering wheel.

“You like him?” he asks in disbelief. I can barely recognize his voice. I’ve never heard him speak so softly in the past. I almost didn’t hear him.

I nodded even though my heart was begging me to stop. I couldn’t. I had to know the truth. I had to know that Dante at least liked me.

“Does it hurt?” I whisper.

He frowns at me, “What?”

“Does it hurt when I say that I like him?” I ask.

I can’t hide the desperation in my voice.

“I don’t understand,” he whispers. “What does that have to do with any of this?”

“Can’t you just answer me?” I demand. “I want to know if it hurts when I say I like him. Do I need to say it some more?”

He doesn’t give me an answer.

“Fine.” I snap. “I’ll keep repeating it until you give me an answer. I like Ares; I like Ares, I like—”

I don’t get to finish my sentence when Dante grabs me by my waist and pulls me on top of him.

He grabs my cheeks and buries his face in my neck. I couldn’t move. I can’t breathe. If he kept this up, I would die from no air in my lungs.

“Yes, it f*****g hurts Willow.” He finally admits. “It f*****g hurts so much. Is that what you want me to say? Why do you want me to admit that it hurts? Does that somehow make you happy?”

I was happy with his response, but I was not happy that I was hurting him.

I can’t find my voice. I want to tell him it was all a lie, but I can’t seem to form any words in my mouth.

“I don’t know why it hurts.” He whispers. I can hear the distress in his voice. “It shouldn’t hurt this much, but it does, and I don’t f*****g know why, Willow. I’ve never felt pain like this before. You told me that there was a chance that you

loved me. When did that all change? How can you love me but like him? It doesn't make any sense. Are you just like Anya? Are you trying to play with my f*****g heart as well?"

I stop moving at his question. It was true that I was playing with his heart but for entirely different reasons. Anya wanted to gain his trust and use him. All I wanted was his love. We were not the same. We wanted completely different things. She never saw him the way that I see him now. How can we be the same? I knew I couldn't keep this up anymore, not when he reminded me of everything my sister did to him.

I didn't want to be like her. I didn't want to be the reason that Dante was in pain.

"I don't like Ares." I blurt out. "I said I did, but I was lying, just like you lied earlier."

His body freezes against mine.

"I can't possibly love you and like him at the same time Dante. Just like you said." I explain to him. "I lied. I promise that it was all a lie. I'm not my sister. I will never do the things she did to you. I will never take advantage of your kindness."

My hands are now in his hair as I try to comfort him. He may not know why it hurts, but I did. His family was right; he did have feelings for me. Because of his love for my sister, he didn't want to accept it. I understand that now.

"Why did you lie to me, Willow?" He asks suddenly, his question crashes into my thoughts, and I swallow hard.

What should I say to that? Should I tell him the truth?

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~DANTE~

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Why would she do this to me?

She'd made me vulnerable in front of her. Just like Anya had done, she claimed she was nothing like her sister, but for the first time since I'd met Willow, I could finally see similarities between them.

"Why Willow?" I croak. "Why did you intentionally lie to me? What could you have possibly gained by doing that?"

She doesn't answer me, and I slowly move my face from her neck to stare into her eyes. They're wide with panic. What does she have to be so scared about?

I grab her arms and glare at her, "Are you sure this wasn't a game for you like it was for Anya? She constantly played tricks like that on me until, one day; she finally spoke the truth. She confessed that she never loved me. Are you doing the same thing your sister did to me, Willow?"

Rain begins to pour around us heavily. Willow winces at the roaring thunder and flashes of lightning. I don't move an inch. I'm focused on every single movement that she makes as I wait for her to give me an answer.

I squeeze her arm tighter, "Answer me, Willow. Answer me!"

My jaw clenches, and I push the door open despite the rain. It didn't look like I would get an answer from her.

Her eyes widen, "what are you doing?"

I lift her off me and place her on the seat as I walk out into the rain, leaving her behind. I knew I was in the middle of the road. I knew I was doing something f*****g risky by being here, but I had no care in the world right now.

I was pissed, confused, and filled with many emotions I didn't understand. I needed to calm down before I spoke to Willow again. I didn't want to say anything to hurt her.

"Dante!" I could hear Willow screaming my name. "Get back in the jeep! You're getting soaked!"

Why did she care? She didn't care a second ago when she lied to me about liking Ares. How do I even know for sure that it was a lie? Maybe she'd lied to sneak around with Ares behind my back. That was something Anya was good at doing.

No, Anya didn't even have to sneak around behind my back. She did it in front of me.

I let out a frustrated roar at my miserable life. The pain never stopped. It always got worse. With Willow in my life, the pain was not getting any easier for me to handle. She brought a new kind of pain with her.

I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't realize Willow was running towards me until it was too late. She crashes into my arms and hugs me tightly against her body.

"I'm sorry for lying, Dante." She cries. "I never meant to hurt you. I did it for selfish reasons. I promise you that I'm nothing like my sister. I will never do the things to you that she did to you. I will never hurt you as she did. Anya may not have loved you, but I promise I do."

I didn't think there was a single word in this world to ease the pain in my chest, but hearing Willow admit that she was nothing like Anya, hearing her admit that she truly loved me did something to me. It calmed the storm in my heart.

"I love you, Dante." She cries against my chest. My breath hitches when she grabs my shirt and screams, "I love you. Only you. I don't like anyone else. I promise you're the only man I'll ever love for the rest of my life. I'm not my sister. If I say I love you, I mean it. I love only you."

I grab Willow from her waist and push her away from me. Her eyes widen, and I can see the pain in her eyes from my rejection. f**k me. I couldn't say no to her. Not when she looked at me like that.

The rejection doesn't last long because it only takes a second for me to give in to her. Her eyes widen when I move towards her, she doesn't move backward from me, and it only pleases me more. I grab her by her waist and shove her against my Jeep.

I pulled her hair; her head was pushed back so that she could stare straight into my eyes. Damn it. Why was everything about her so damn perfect? Why couldn't I gaze into her eyes without acting like a man who was starving for his woman? What hold did this woman have on me?

"Say it again."

I needed to hear her say it. I needed to know that she loved me.

Her eyes are filled with raw passion as she whispers, "I love you."

I move my lips to her ear, gently touching her skin as I growl "louder."

"I love you." She obeys.

"Still not f*****g loud enough, Willow," I growl. "I need you to shout it so that the f*****g world knows you belong to me. I need you to scream it loud enough so men like Ares Prince know you're f*****g mine."

"I LOVE YOU, DANTE!" She screams at the top of her lungs, and my heart is filled with so much joy that I can barely contain it.

"Thank you for not being anything like Anya," I whisper against her lips before crashing my mouth to hers.

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4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I cry when Dante grabs my legs and guides them around his waist before pressing me harder against his jeep. His mouth was aggressive and hungry as he practically devoured my lips. I've had his kisses in the past before, but none of them compared to this one.

It felt wild and free like he was finally k*****g me without the thought of my sister in the back of his mind.

He didn't give a care in the world that we were in the middle of the road, and for some reason, neither did I.

I m****d into his mouth and buried my hands in his hair. I was dying to bring him closer to me.

"Your body is the softest I've ever had the pleasure of having in my arms." He growls against my lips before deepening the k**s even more.

I pull on his hair to force his lips apart from mine. His eyes were wide with surprise that I'd just stopped the k**s.

“What’s wrong?” He whispers. “Was I too rough?”

I could see the horror in his eyes at the possibility of being too rough with me.

I shook my head, “touch me.” I beg. “Please touch me.”

His eyes darken with passion and need, “where?”

I guide his hands to my breasts. His eyes are growing darker by the second as he stares at them through my dress. I didn't wear a b*a today. The white dress was a thin material, and I knew he could see everything now that it was w*t and sticking to my skin.

“You didn't wear a f*****g b*a to meet that a*****e!” He growls. “Why didn't you wear a f*****g b*a Willow?”

Was he jealous?

“He's not the one I'm in the middle of the road with, in the pouring rain begging that he touches me.” I remind him.

His eyes lit up at my words, and a low growl tore from the back of his throat.

His lips are against my ear once more, “he also doesn't get to see your bare breasts as you're pressed up against my jeep.”

My bare b-breasts? But my dress was still—

My eyes widen when he rips my dress from my body. “You wore this to see him today. I'll get another one for you.” He hissed before burying his lips in my neck.

“No.” I cry out as he continues to devour my neck. “I didn't wear it for him; I promise I wore it for you. To get a reaction out of you. But you passed me straight in the hallway. You didn't even spare a second to look at me.”

My bare breasts felt happy to be pressed against him. I wish his shirt weren't between us.

He moves his lips to my chin, and he kisses me there before moving closer to my ear, "I had to." He confesses. "I couldn't look at you, Willow. If I'd seen what you were wearing, I would have lost my freaking mind. I knew I would have begged you not to go if I saw you. That's why I f****d myself not to look at you, but I swear to you, it wasn't f*****g easy. It's never easy to ignore someone like you."

It was a shock to know that Dante had wanted to look at me. It was even more shocking to learn that he would have begged me to stay home and not go to the party. If he'd done that, I would have listened to him. I would have stayed with him.

"Don't ever leave like that again." He demands from me as he moves his mouth closer to my breasts. "I couldn't f*****g sleep, Willow. I don't know what's happening to me, but I'm already so f*****g attached to you. I need you in my bed every night beside me, or I'll never be able to sleep a day in my life again."

I cry out when he covers my n****e with his mouth, he sucks on it, but he's very gentle as he stares into my eyes. My back moves off the jeep, and Dante opens the back door and pushes me inside as he climbs in right after me.

"Where do you want me?" He asks as he buries his face against my breasts. "Where do you want my lips, Willow? Where do you want my hands? I'll do anything you want from me tonight."

I could feel the aching between my legs. I wanted him there, but I didn't want his lips or his hands. I wanted something else. Something that only he could give to me.

I didn't know how to say it. I didn't know how to tell him what I needed. So I decided to show him instead.

I slowly move my hands down his chest, to his stomach, and then lower. I could feel him hard and ready for me between my legs.

"f**k Willow." He growls when I finally touch him down there.

My eyes widened at how big he felt in my hand, his jeans were still on, and even that couldn't prevent me from feeling him.

A loud crash sends my body flying; Dante grabs my head and cradles me against his chest so that he gets most of the impact.

What the hell was happening?

His jeep stops moving briefly, and Dante gets up to see who'd just crashed into us. He still has me cradled against his chest as he stares out the window.

His eyes widen, "Get out of the jeep, Willow!" He roars suddenly.

W-what?

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3 minutes read

~WILOW~

Before I could understand what he was trying to tell me, I heard another loud bang. Whoever it was that had hit us a few seconds ago was doing it again.

It wasn't an accident; they intentionally hit us from the back.

Dante throws his shirt over my body before throwing me out of the jeep. I thought I would hit the ground, but to my surprise, he shifted right before my eyes, and my body fell on top of his wolf before I even had a chance to hit the ground.

It was the first time I was face to face with Dante's wolf. Strangely, he brought me great comfort. I held onto him as he raced through the woods with me on his back. I couldn't resist rubbing my hands on his black fur; there were even some spots of brown. He was beautiful and huge. He looked like he could take down multiple other wolves simultaneously.

He moved so quickly that I couldn't tell if someone was following us. I buried my face against his fur and held on even tighter as he increased his speed.

Dante doesn't stop until we are in front of his home. When he slowed, I slowly got down from on top of him.

His wolf turns to look at me with curious eyes. He slowly moves towards me, and I don't move an inch. I let him sniff my neck and my hands before he moves backward.

Damon's jeep pulls up beside us, and he gets out with Clarissa. Autumn and Griffin exit next.

Dante shifts back into his human form, and Damon throws him his pants.

"What the hell happened?" Damon demands. "I saw your jeep, and it's f****g totaled. Did you get into an accident?"

Dante looks at me, ignoring Damon. "Are you okay?" He asks as he approaches me.

I'm shocked by his concern.

I nod, and only when he seems convinced I'm not hurt does he turn back toward his brother.

"Someone hit us from the back." He tells him. "At first, I thought it was an accident, but then they intentionally hit us again. I took Willow and ran with her. I didn't stop until I saw the house."

"Someone attacked you?" Clarissa asks in horror. "Who the hell is after you?"

Dante shrugged, "It looked like a grey truck, but I couldn't get a good look at it or the driver since it was raining so much."

"What the f**k is happening again?" Griffin demands. "Do we have another psycho person out for us?"

I wince at his question. I knew the last psychos after his family happened to be my family.

"Sorry, Willow." He apologizes when he remembers that I was here.

"It's okay," I assure him. I knew the damage my mother and sister had brought to their family.

Dante runs a hand down his face, "I should have stayed back. I should have fought, but I was too worried about Willow. The thought of whoever it was coming for her terrified me. I had to get her out of there to safety."

My lips part, and Clarissa's eyebrows nearly hit her head. Autumn's expression mirrors her own. They're both just as surprised as I am to hear Dante admit he was worried about my safety.

I don't think he even realizes how concerned he is for me. He's too caught up in everything to understand what he'd just said in front of everyone.

"You think they were there for Willow?" Damon frowns. "Why?"

"I don't know." Dante sighs. "I can't explain it. I just had this bad feeling in my chest. I hope I'm wrong."

Autumn turns towards me, "is there someone that could be after you?" She asks me. "Did your sister and mother have any enemies you may have neglected to tell us?"

I shook my head, "I don't think so. My mother and sister often kept everything from me. I didn't even know about their plans to destroy your family until I heard from you. They kept every single thing from me. I was always locked up at home. They never let me go anywhere unless they were also with me."

They all look like they pity me, and I hate the look on their faces.

"That seems strange, doesn't it?" Clarissa asks Damon. "Why would they hide her from the world? Why would they keep her locked up and away from everyone else? It almost seems like her mother was hiding her from someone."

I never thought about it like that. Why would my mother need to hide me from anyone? She never mentioned anything to me. I always thought that they kept me from school because they didn't have enough money to send me. But could there have been another reason all this time?

Were those people responsible for hitting Dante's jeep after me and not him?

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5 minutes read

~DANTE~

The thought of someone being after Willow makes me sick. I would never stand back and let someone hurt her.

But why would anyone want to hurt her? I can't help but steal a glance at her and that's when I notice something I've seen multiple times in the past.

"It's happening again," I shout as Willow begins to faint right before me.

I grab her just before she can hit the ground and rush into the house with her in my arms. The last time this happened, I took too long to get her in front of the fire. Not today.

I moved as fast as I could.

I held her close to my chest as I waited for her body to return to its normal temperature.

"Why does this keep happening to her?" I demanded from Damon even though I knew he couldn't answer me. None of us knew what this was.

"We can't keep letting this happen," Clarissa says. "We need to find answers. If the doctors can't help us, we must find someone else. There's something wrong with her, and we must find out what it is before it worsens."

I agreed. I knew it was serious, but now the real fear was kicking in. I'd never been this terrified of seeing her like this.

"Do you think those people were really after her?" Clarissa asks. The fear in her voice mirrored the fear that I felt in my heart.

"I can't say for sure, but if they are, they will have to go through me before they can even think about getting to her," I answer her.

"Her color is returning," I whisper. I could feel the warmth coming back into her body. I take her into our room and place her on the bed as her eyes open.

"D-Dante?" She whispers.

I gently cradle her face, "I'm right here."

"I'm scared." She cries.

“I’m not going to let anyone hurt you,” I promise her. “And I’m also going to find someone to help you with this illness. Nothing will happen to you. Not when I’m alive.”

She shook her head, “that’s not what scares me.”

I frown, “then what does?”

Whatever it was, I would do everything I could to protect her from it.

Her eyes are almost filled with tears as she says, “I’m scared that one day you’ll realize you can never love me. I’m scared that one day you’ll realize you can’t move on from my sister. I’m scared that one day you will leave me.”

Her words shock me to my core. Not once did I ever think about leaving Willow. I’ve been so lost in my grief of losing Anya that I didn’t think of much, but I at least knew all along that I would always stay by Willow’s side because of my promise.

Now I realized that she was the reason I wouldn’t be leaving. It no longer had anything to do with my promise to Anya. I didn’t want to leave her, ever.

I lean forward and k**s her forehead, “I’ll do everything I can to not hurt you anymore, Willow. I’m sorry that I hurt you in the past. Now that I know how you feel, I’ll take away all the pain I gave to you in the first place.”

Her bottom l*p trembles as she whispers, “I know you don’t love me. I don’t want you to force yourself to do anything for me.”

I still loved Anya. However, feelings were growing inside of me, and they were all directed toward Willow. All I needed was some time to understand those feelings before I could admit to Willow that there was a possibility that I could love her.

I take both of her hands in one of mine, “You’re not forcing me to do anything for you. From now on, everything I do for you will be of my own free will.”

I’ve done so much to hurt Willow. I couldn’t live with myself if I hurt her again. I didn’t f*****g care that I didn’t love her; I would treat her like she was the only f*****g woman in this universe from now on. I would act like I was in love with her if I had to do it. I would not let her ever worry about me leaving her.

“You need to rest,” I tell her. “I’ll be back soon to check on you.”

I wait until she closes her eyes before storming out of the room.

I found the people I was looking for in the kitchen.

Damon turns to look at me, and he quirks a brow at the deadly glare I was giving him.

“Why the f**k did you let her hang out with Ares?” I demand as I grab his shirt. “She’s my wife. You know the reputation that those assholes have. I will never do something like that to you.”

Damon clenches his jaw and shoves me backward, “we were there the entire time. Nothing happened.”

“Why did you pretend that you were drunk?” I demand. “You wanted me there. Is that what you three are resorting to now? Games? Playing with my feelings? Have I not been hurt enough by the person I loved the most? Now my own family is playing games with me.”

“That’s not it, Dante!” Clarissa tries to defend their actions. “We’re only doing this for you. I swear, we weren’t ever trying to hurt you. We thought this could help you open your eyes and finally accept Willow as your wife.”

“I accepted her as my wife the day I walked down the aisle with her. I accepted her as my wife the second I said, ‘I do.’ I don’t need your help for that.” I roar.

“We didn’t think you would react this badly,” Autumn whispers. “We’re sorry, Dante. We shouldn’t have taken things so far.”

“Did any of you even once think about Willow and the rumors all of this could have caused? She would have been seriously bullied over something like that. She already gets bullied because of me; if anyone had seen her with Ares, she would have had to deal with a new group of bullies.”

“Thankfully, no one saw them talking to each other,” Damon assured me. “We were there to make sure none of that happened.”

“I would like all of you to stop interfering with my life with Willow,” I ask of them. “From now on, stay out of our personal lives.”

“Why do you keep pushing your family away?” Clarissa demands. “We’re only trying to help you.”

“I think we should all stay calm.” Autumn cuts in. “Someone may be after Willow. We can’t be reckless with her. From now on, someone must always be by her side, including you, Dante. We must protect her.”

The problem with staying by Willow’s side more than usual was the fact that she tempted me, unlike any other.

Her scent was still on me, and f**k me; I wanted her all now. Why did I crave her to the point that I felt I would f*****g lose my mind if I didn’t have her soon?