

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 6 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I couldn't find Dante anywhere. After Sharon had the worst things to say about our marriage, he'd disappeared.

A part of me was hoping that he would defend me. However, I knew that only in my dreams would Dante ever stand up for me in front of so many people or even treat me like his wife.

"I swear I hate girls like Sharon." Autumn mumbles. "Why can't they just mind their own business?"

"Because that's their business," Clarissa answers her. "Gossiping about everyone but themselves."

"I can see now why my mother never wanted me to attend any schools," I say while deep in thought. "She kept me home to protect me from the outside world. But it also left me without any experience. This is all so new to me."

"Dante's back," Autumn informs me.

I can't help myself as I follow her gaze. I wanted to stare at him even if he could see me.

His eyes aren't on me; it's on Sharon and her friends. I've never seen him look at another woman except my sister; it made me uncomfortable to see him look at her. She catches his gaze and blushes.

I cringe at the sight. His eyes are emotionless as he approaches me.

"There's something I want to give to you, Willow." He informs me.

Something that he wanted to give to me? What could that be?

"I should have given you this a long time ago." He says as he pulls something out of his pocket. "I'm sorry that I took this long."

When he opens the tiny box, I'm almost blinded by the diamond inside. My lips part, shocked at the ring in front of me.

"This is for me?" I ask in disbelief.

He nods, "You're my wife. This is your ring."

My bottom lip trembles at his words. This couldn't be real. It had to be a dream. There are gasps all around us as he removes the ring from the box.

"Give me your hand." He tells me. "Please."

I do as he asks, and he quickly puts the ring onto my finger. It was a perfect fit. How did he know my size?

"Don't ever take it off." He orders.

I could hear the gasps all around me as everyone admired the ring now on my finger. When did he buy this ring for me? And why did he decide to get it? Dante has never once acted like my husband. Why would he suddenly do something like this in front of so many people?

His actions confused me and also made my heart flutter. I didn't like it. I was okay with having a crush on him, but this feeling was much stronger. It made me want him even more than before. It was almost unbearable.

"Can I see it?" Someone whose name I couldn't remember asked me. She wasn't the only one; everyone surrounded me while trying to get a better look at the ring.

"I've never seen any ring this beautiful." She whispers while admiring it.

"Let's give Willow some space," Autumn announces as she takes my hand and helps me to escape.

I look behind me, searching for Dante. He'd disappeared in the crowd.

"Why did Dante get me a ring?" I ask Autumn as I stare at the sparking diamond before me. "It's beautiful. The most beautiful thing I've ever owned."

Autumn smiles, "it's about time he did something nice for you. But I'm just as surprised as you are. Maybe he's finally growing a conscience. Either way, I'm happy that he did. You deserve this and much more."

I didn't do anything to deserve something like this. Dante's actions had me very confused.

"It fits you perfectly," Autumn tells me. "It means he had your measurements already."

"How?" I ask. "I've never given it to him."

She shrugs her shoulders, "Only he has that answer."

My lips parted when I saw him speaking to Sharon. What could he possibly be saying to her? She looked excited that he was giving her some attention. It made me angry. My eyes narrowed, and I felt like pulling her hair.

"You're jealous." Autumn points out in excitement. "You're jealous. My suspicions were right. You do like him."

"Why is he talking to her?" I ask. "She was so mean to me earlier."

I bite my lip to stop myself from saying anything further. I didn't control Dante; he could do as he pleased. However, the anger inside of me only intensified the longer he stood talking to her.

"He's never even given another girl a second glance. Anya is all he's ever been interested in." I point out. "I don't understand why he would talk to her."

"I'm sure there is a logical reason." Autumn tries to assure me. "He's your husband, Willow. If you have a question, you can ask him. I also feel like it's times you sleep in the same room with him."

"They don't even sleep in the same room?" Someone asks behind us. Autumn freezes.

We both spun around to see who it was, but the girl was already running and announcing this new information to everyone. The girls were laughing and giggling while pointing at me.

Autumn slaps a hand over her head, "I'm so sorry, Willow. I didn't know anyone was listening to us. I should have paid better attention to our surroundings."

"It's okay," I promise her. "It's not your fault. I'm sure they would have found some way to get this information. Everyone should know now than finding it out later."

I didn't want Autumn to feel bad; she was too nice. I was getting used to the bullies from the academy. It still hurt when they tried to bring me down, but I was gaining the experience I needed to fit in.

Dante looks over at me as the laughter continues, and I think I see regret in his eyes for a split second.

My jaw clenches when Sharon leans into him.

"I don't want to be here anymore," I tell Autumn. "Can we please leave?"

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0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

"I wanted to slap each of them on their ugly faces!" Clarissa hissed next to me. "Why didn't Dante say something? He just stood there while they all had so much to say."

"To be fair, there wasn't anything he could say to make it better." Autumn points out. "They are indeed sleeping in separate rooms."

"At least he got her this beautiful ring," Clarissa says as she brings my hand closer to her face. "Even though he upsets me sometimes, I must say that Dante at least made one good decision tonight. Did you see Sharon's face when she saw the ring?"

Autumn nods, "Sharon is just upset that she didn't get a chance to have Dante herself. She knew that there was nothing she could do as long as Anya was around. Now that Anya's gone, she thinks she can have him even though he's married."

"Women like her makes me so angry." Clarissa mumbles. "Damon was holding me back the entire time; if he weren't around, I would have fried her hair!"

Autumn covered her mouth, but even that couldn't stop her laughter. "That would have been such a funny sight to see."

I had to agree. Seeing something like that happen to Sharon would have placed me in a better mood.

"Damon and Atticus aren't happy we left the party early." Autumn sighs.

"Are you sure they aren't following us back home?" Clarissa asks. She looks behind us to confirm.

"They'll stay to keep Dante company," Autumn answers her. "They know he hasn't been himself lately."

Clarissa nods and then looks over at me. "You haven't said a single word. Are you sure you're okay?"

I nod, "I'm sorry. I never know what to say around the two of you."

Her eyes widen, "do we make you nervous?"

I shook my head, “you’re so close to each other. You’re sisters. I sometimes feel like it may be hard for me to—”

I wasn’t sure how to explain myself.

“Just because we’re close doesn’t mean that we don’t have space for a new sister. We may be sisters by blood, but we’re open to another. And we think that you’ll be perfect to fit into that position.” Autumn assures me.

“I agree with Autumn. We need someone like you to complete us. So please, feel more comfortable around us. We promise that we will always protect you.” Clarissa promises me.

I’m surprised by their kindness. Anya and my mother have been nothing but mean to them both. They’d done things I still hoped were not true. Still, Autumn and Clarissa treated me like I was, indeed, their long-lost sister.

We pulled up to the mansion. They walked me back to my room. They asked if I wanted to spend more time with them, but I was too sad to join them. It still bothered me that everyone knew Dante and I didn’t sleep in the same room. The rumors would only get worse from now on.

Women like Sharon would throw themselves at Dante now that they knew he had no feelings for me. I grabbed a pillow from the bed and buried my face into it. The thought of women like her throwing themselves at him made me frustrated. I knew there was no chance he would ever give them what they wanted, but it still bothered me.

I went back to my diary. The one place I felt safe.

My Dearest Husband,

Today you did something that left me breathless. You gave me a ring and placed it on my finger in front of hundreds of girls who wished you were theirs. It made my heart flutter once more. It scared me because it made me want you more than I already did. I want you to continue to be nice to me, but at the same time, I wish that you didn’t. Because if you did, my heart would lose this battle, and if it did, I won’t be able to stop myself from taking what should have been mine since the beginning.

I dropped the pen onto the bed and placed the diary where it belonged. I don’t know why I put my thoughts into that book. It was a disaster waiting to happen if anyone ever tried to read it.

My door opens suddenly, and I’m surprised to see Dante standing at the entrance. What was he doing back already? He should still be at the party with his brothers.

He usually knocked before entering. Did something happen?

I slowly got up from the bed and walked over to him. "Did something happen?" I ask.

The first thing I did was search his face for any bruises. However, to my relief, there were none.

"Take your things. You're moving out." He announces suddenly.

My lips part. Moving out?

"I don't understand," I whisper. "Did I do something wrong? Are you kicking me out of your home?"

He runs a hand down his face impatiently, "No, Willow. You're moving into my room."

I'm left speechless.

"Moving into your room?" I ask; I don't think I'd heard him correctly. Dante didn't want me in the same room with him in the past. Why would he ask me to move into his room the same night he gave me a ring? What was he up to?

"Yes." He says. "Get your things. It's time that we stay in the same room together."

I lick my lips, and his eyes linger briefly before he looks behind me. "What are you waiting for?"

"Why are you suddenly being nice to me?" I demand. "First, you gave me a ring in front of everyone. And now, you're asking me to stay in the same room with you even though you were the one who asked for separate rooms to begin with."

He steps towards me, and all of the organs in my body freeze. It's almost like all of my life was suddenly sucked out of my body.

"I'm tired of the f*cking rumors." He growls. "I'm tired of what people are saying about you. If this is what it takes to shut them up, then please listen to me and get your things into my room."

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- Tips

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~WILLOW~

I couldn't believe it. I was in Dante's room for the first time. He's kept this part of him away from me since marrying me. It felt strange yet exciting to finally be inside here.

However, it felt natural to be in here, like this was meant to be.

All my things were packed in a corner, and he promised to have a place for them soon. I wasn't sure what was happening.

"If you're uncomfortable sleeping in the same bed with me," he says suddenly. "I can sleep on the sofa."

I bit my lip. Was I uncomfortable with him sleeping in the same bed with me? I didn't think I was. I trusted him.

"It's okay." It was barely a whisper, but he'd heard me. He nods and brings a sheet out of his closet.

"You can use this one." He told me, and I quietly took it from him.

I knew my cheeks were red, but I couldn't stop it even if I tried.

I barely moved when he grabbed his t-shirt from the bottom and pulled it over his head. Dante was now shirtless in front of me, and I could see each of his muscles. The lights were dimmed, and I was grateful for it. I knew I should turn away, I knew that I should look away, but my body had a mind of its own.

He walks into the bathroom, and I finally let go of the breath I'd been holding. Could he tell that I was looking at him?

What did Anya think when she asked Dante to marry me? Was she okay with me wanting someone she once had a relationship with? Was she indeed okay with him loving her and not me? Because I was not okay.

For the rest of my life, I would be married to a man that was in love with my sister. If that wasn't bad enough, I wanted him. I didn't want to like him but I did.

I try to catch my breath when he walks out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist and water dripping from his hair onto the floor. Do all men exit the shower looking that good?

I force myself to close my eyes. I couldn't keep staring at him; I didn't want to make him uncomfortable if I was caught.

My eyes are still closed when he walks over to the bed and sits on it. I know when he's next to me, I can hear his uneven breaths.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. Having him this close was doing unexplainable things to my body. I wanted to close the distance between us. I wanted to get on top of him and bury my hands in his hair. I wanted to lean into him and inhale his scent.

"Why were you speaking to Sharon earlier?" I ask quietly. I couldn't stop myself this time. It was bothering me.

He turns to look at me, "why do you want to know that?"

I exhale, "because she had the worst things to say to me. It bothered me that you would still stand there and speak to her after everything she'd said."

He frowns, "It bothered you that I spoke to her?"

I flush at his penetrating gaze. I didn't want to admit to it, but those were words straight out of my mouth. I had no way to back down from it now.

"You've always only had eyes for my sister," I say finally. "You've always been faithful to her. So faithful that you wouldn't even look my way. So yes, it bothered me that you're suddenly looking Sharon's way."

He inhales sharply and traps me with his penetrating gaze. "It's not what you think." He finally says.

"It isn't?" I ask. "So then, why were you speaking to her for so long?"

He placed one hand behind his neck and looked at the ceiling, "I wasn't happy with the things she'd said to you earlier."

I held my breath, "were you speaking to her about me?"

He nods without looking my way, "I had to find a way to get her to stop. I wanted to speak to her first, to give her the opportunity to stop now before I used a different method to shut her up."

There it goes again. Flutter. Flutter. Flutter.

My heart is fluttering. For him. Because of his words that weren't even meant to have this kind of reaction on me.

"Oh."

That was all I could say to his words.

“Is that the only question you have for me?” He asks, still staring at the ceiling.

No. I had plenty more, but I knew this wasn't the right time to ask them. We weren't that close yet. I had to take my time, especially with Dante. His heart was still bruised, and he could take things the wrong way.

“Yes.” I lie. “That's all I have for now.”

He turned onto his side so that he wasn't facing me. That was good; it was easier for me to speak to his back.

“Thank you, Dante,” I whisper.

His back stiffens, “why are you thanking me, Willow?”

“Because of everything you did for me today and in the past,” I answer him. “I know you're not doing any of this for me; I know you're doing it because of my sister, but it still means a lot to me.”

He sighs, “Get some sleep. I don't deserve your thank you.”

I won't bother disagreeing with him. If he wanted to sleep, I would let him.

I close my eyes as well, and soon enough, I drift off into a peaceful sleep with him right next to me.

“Anya!”

I woke with a start. I stare at Dante next to me. He was thrashing against his pillow.

It seemed as though he was having a nightmare.

I move closer to him. “Dante,” I whisper.

“Anya!” He shouts again.

How often has he been having these nightmares? I hesitantly touched his arm, trying to wake him up. His eyes flash open, but I don't think he was seeing me.

“Anya,” he cries.

I gasp when he pushes me back down onto the bed and rolls on top of me.

I don't have time to prepare as he crashes his lips to mine.

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0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

My eyes widen at the sudden attack on my lips.

Dante was kissing me. My husband was finally kissing me for the first time in our marriage.

I should have been happy, and I probably would have been under different circumstances. This wasn't how I wanted our first kiss to be. He wasn't thinking of me while his lips were on mine.

In his mind, he's kissing my sister. He was still dreaming of her. I felt my heart sink at realizing how pathetic my life was.

This couldn't be happening to me. How much more cruel could this life be to me?

I lost my sister. I married her lover. He's finally kissing me, and she's the one he's thinking about.

The worst part about this was that I couldn't compete with Anya. She wasn't here for me to compete. And even if she were still alive, I wouldn't dream of doing that to her. I had nothing but love in my heart for my sister. I knew she wasn't perfect, and I know she did some horrible things, but she was still my sister, and I loved her. While she was alive, she has always protected and loved me as well; even while dying, protecting me was on her mind.

Dante groans, and it sends a shockwave throughout my body. I gasped when I felt something between my legs, a strange yet pleasurable feeling I'd never felt before.

I'm not happy that I'm enjoying this kiss. It wasn't meant for me. I shouldn't like it as much as I did. Dante's lips were soft against mine, and his hands were now on my waist. Even they had a powerful hold on me.

I should be pushing him away. Why wasn't I doing that?

When he finally lifts his lips from mine, I can breathe again but not for long. Dante surprises me by moving to my neck. The moment his lips touched my skin, I lost all control of my body. I can't stop myself as I bury my hands in his hair.

It's surprisingly soft. Dante smells better than any perfume I've ever had in my entire lifetime. It makes me feel like I'm intoxicated even though I've never experienced what it was like to be intoxicated before.

I felt dizzy with pleasure and need combined as one.

He growls against my neck, and I swear I feel something wet between my legs.

"I can f*g smell you." He says in a husky whisper.

I gasp.

Can he truly smell me? My lips part, and I don't think I've ever felt this good. It was like a paradise I'd never known about until now.

It was wrong. A dark paradise that I had to escape before things got worse.

"Dante," I say his name as I place both hands on his shoulders and try to push him off me. As much as I enjoyed this, I couldn't let him continue. I couldn't use his pain to feed my pleasure.

"Please don't stop me." He begs. "I need you tonight, Anya. I need you, Anya. Only you."

His words made everything inside of me turn to ice.

"I love you, Anya."

And then that ice shatters.

"Get off me!" I shout. "Get off me, Dante!"

My voice finally manages to get through to him. He blinks once, then twice, before looking at me. I knew that he could see me this time and not Anya.

"Willow?" He croaks in confusion.

I don't say anything. I'm not sure what to say to make this better. I couldn't exactly tell him that I was encouraging his kisses earlier.

I don't think I need to tell him, however.

He looks at my swollen lips before sniffing the air, and his eyes widen in disbelief.

I suddenly remembered what he said earlier about being able to smell me. I feel all the blood rush to my cheeks. Could he still smell me now?

Can he somehow tell my body was enjoying everything he'd done to me?

"What did I do?" He whispers in horror.

I don't think he's speaking to me. I think he's speaking to himself.

He touches his lips, still in denial.

"I think you were dreaming." I try to explain what happened. "You were shouting Anya's name. You were having a dream about her."

He drags his gaze back to me, "Did I—" he swallows like he doesn't even know how to form a sentence.

"Did I kiss you, Willow?" He asks.

The pain in his eyes makes me want to lie to him. I did not want to make him feel worse than he already did.

"I don't think that's important right now." I try to say.

He narrows his eyes, "Just answer me. Please."

I bit my lip and slowly nodded. I couldn't bring myself to say it.

He inhales sharply and closes his eyes. He acts like he'd committed a grave sin by kissing me. Was it indeed that bad?

I watch as he buries his face in his hands. "Fvck."

"Dante—"

"Don't." He stops me. "Don't try to make me feel better."

Does he enjoy the pain? Does he enjoy hurting himself that much?

I'm helpless as I watch him beat himself up for something he'd done without realizing it. He wasn't aware of what he was doing. Why was he so upset?

"Can we talk about this?" I ask him gently. "It isn't a big deal."

It was in fact, a big deal to me. It was my very first k!ss with him. And it was more magical than I ever expected it to be. Minus the part where he called me Anya and said he loved her.

“I have to go.” He says suddenly. “I thought this would work. I thought it would be easier than this. I’m sorry, Willow. I can’t do this, definitely not tonight.”

“Wait—” I try to stop him, but he’s already out the door.

I wanted to run after him, but I knew that it was useless.

I slowly rubbed my finger across my bottom lip. I could still feel him there.

I inwardly groan as the feelings between my legs intensify.

Why was this happening to me?

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0 4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I can still f*g taste her. Smell her. Feel her. Willow was softer than any woman I’d ever had in my life in the past, including her sister.

I was angry, f*g angry that I had done something so unforgivable, even if it was in my sleep.

How could I have thought that she was Anya? I should have awakened the moment her scent hit my nose. It wouldn’t have taken me long to know that it wasn’t Anya beneath me but Willow.

Damn it.

What the hell was wrong with me? I brought Willow to my room to protect her from the rumors; I did not bring her to bury my d!ck inside her.

Why did that thought even cross my mind?

I felt sick to my stomach. I was a sick bastard.

She was Anya’s sister, for crying out loud.

I couldn't stay here. Not tonight. Not when her scent still surrounded me. I hated to admit it, but the moment I'd tasted her in my mouth, I wanted b****y more.

I must be going insane; that's the only explanation for this. As a man, my need to have a woman beside me was messing with my head. That would explain my desire for something more.

To hell with that. I rathered spend the rest of my life without a single woman than have strong desires for a woman that wasn't Anya.

When I married Willow, I promised myself never to touch her. I didn't even k!ss her on the altar. It was all about fulfilling Anya's dying wishes, nothing else.

And today, I'd broken that promise. If she hadn't woken me, there's no telling how far I would have taken things while thinking it was Anya beneath me.

I grab the keys from the desk in front of me.

"Where are you going this hour?" Atticus asks me.

Ah fvck, just what I needed today.

Why was he even waking at this hour?

"I need to go for a drive." I lie.

"Why?" He asks. "Did something happen with Willow? We noticed that she isn't in her room."

I clear my throat, "I asked her to move into my room."

He looked surprised.

"Are you telling me she's sleeping in the same room as you?" He asks for confirmation.

"What's so weird about that?" I demand. "She's my wife, isn't she?"

He quirks a brow at me and places both hands in his pockets, "I know that. We all know that. However, I just never realized that you knew it as well."

My jaw clenches, "is this another one of your lectures, Atticus? Because I could do without a lecture tonight. Save it for someone that needs it."

He nods, "I can see that you're not in a good mood. I'll let you go. We can speak in the morning. Hopefully, by then, your mood will change."

I'm grateful that he didn't press on this subject.

I was going to the one place my family would disapprove of. It's the place that has kept me sane for the past few weeks. And it was the one place that stopped me from thinking about Anya. It was my safe place.

I walked into the garage and started the Jeep.

The drive to the underground ring wasn't an easy one. Usually, Anya was the only person I could think about. Tonight was different. Since Willow's scent was still all over my body, she was on my mind tonight.

Why was she not disgusted that I had kissed her? She should have been angry with me; instead, she said it wasn't a big deal. How was it not?

My hands tighten on the steering wheel. Was it, not her first kiss?

My jaw clenches. Whether it was her first kiss or not had nothing to do with me.

I pulled up to the gates for the underground ring, and the second they saw my jeep, they let me in.

After parking, I leave the vehicle and head to the first booth. The receptionist smiles brightly when she sees me.

"What a pleasant surprise this is. You're not on tonight Dante." She whispers seductively. "Why are you here? Is it to see me?"

I flip the bottle cap in front of me. "Are there any spots available?" I ask her, ignoring her question.

She smiles, "I'm sure I can squeeze you in. The bets will rise once they know you'll be on tonight."

I nod. Good.

I needed a fight more than ever. I had to get Willow out of my head. It's the first time she's the one that I needed to get out of my mind and not Anya.

I walk down the corridor and into the first door on the right. The stadium was packed tonight, and a fight was already in session.

“Look who made it in tonight.” Jaguar, the owner of the underground ring, greets me. He was always happy to see me.

There were a few gasps as the women across from us spotted me. It had zero effect on me.

“Those women will pay good money to sleep with you,” Jaguar informs me. “Why don’t you give one of them a chance?”

“I don’t care about the f*g money,” I tell him. “Do you not know who I am? Money isn’t important. This has nothing to do with that.”

He chuckles, “This makes you more desirable to these women. The fact that you don’t give them any attention. All the other men throw themselves at them. You’re different. They want you.”

Hearing that they wanted me did nothing for me. I didn’t want them. None of them.

“What brings you in tonight?” He asks me. “Not that I’m not happy to see you. I’m always happy to welcome you into the ring.”

“What brought me in shouldn’t matter, should it?” I ask him.

He chuckles. “You’re right.”

The bell rings suddenly, signaling that the fight is over.

“It looks like you’re up next.” He tells me as he taps my shoulder.

Finally.

Time to bury my pain.