

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 71 -

4 minutes read

~DANTE~

The thought of another man taking care of Willow in this state made me lose all control.

“I was yours since the second I saw you, Dante!” she shouts. “So, can you please just do this for me?”

She didn’t have to beg me. I wanted to. If she could read my mind, she would realize how badly I needed her. I needed to be inside her more than she needed me. I felt like I would f*****g die if I didn’t bury my d**k inside Willow right this instance.

“I beg you not to hate me after this, Willow,” I growl before shoving her hard against the truck.

“I could never hate you, Dante,” she whispers.

I don’t wait for her to say anything else as I rip her dress and cover her n****e with my mouth. Her a*s flew off the truck, but I held it in place as my d**k continued begging to be inside her. The damn thing was just as hungry for her as I was.

“Please don’t think of anyone else tonight.” She cries out as I push a finger into her p***y.

I knew what she meant. I knew she asked that I didn’t think of Anya when I f****d her tonight. I hate that there was ever a doubt in her mind. I hate that I did this to her.

I grabbed her hand and placed it on my d**k, “Do you feel that? I’m this way because of you, only because of you, Willow. I can assure you that I wasn’t thinking of anyone else, and I still am not. You are the only person on my mind right now, and it will stay that way for the rest of the night.”

Willow m****d at my words, and I hissed when she started pumping my d**k in her hand.

“How the f**k do you know to do that?” I growl. The thought of her doing that for another man made me f*****g pissed.

“I’ve been doing some research.” She blushes. “I wanted to give you as much pleasure as you give me.”

Her words take me aback. Anya never once considered my needs any time in our relationship. Yet Willow kept looking for ways to please me.

I was in love with the wrong sister all along. I should have met Willow a f*****g long time ago. Things would have been so different for both of us.

I push her hand away, “If you keep that up, I will explode in your hand, Willow. There’s somewhere else that needs it desperately, and I’m going to f*****g give it exactly what it needs multiple times for the night.”

She gasps when I position my d**k right above her opening. “Are you sure this is what you want?” I asked her gently, even though I didn’t think I could stop anymore.

She nods, “I’ve never been more sure of anything else in my life Dante.”

My eyes narrow, and I don’t wait for her to change her mind. I thrust forward as hard as I could, trying my best not to hurt her. Her eyes widen, and I swallow her cries with a k**s.

I slowly pull out and push right back in. Each time I did, I got deeper inside of her. “Tell me, does it hurt?”

She nods, “It does, but not because of you. I need you to release inside of me. I need to feel it everywhere inside me, Dante; I need it buried inside me.”

Her words push me over the edge, and I’m pounding in and out of her suddenly, like a f*****g madman. I can’t stop. I let her scream, shout my name, and it’s like f*****g music in my ear as I continued to pound in and out of my wife, the only woman who’s ever loved me like this.

The only woman that deserves all of me.

I roar as the pleasure takes over; I don’t stop until my seed is buried deep inside her. Willow screams my name and buries her teeth in my neck. I let her bite and scratch me as much as she wanted. This was all about her and what

she needed tonight. I would f*****g give my soul for her right now if she needed it.

I slowly pulled out of her and caught her body before it could hit the ground.

Her eyes are filled with so much love for me that I almost lose all my s**t just staring at her.

So this was what it felt like to have a woman that loved you and only you.

She's about to say something when she gasps and reaches for me a second time. I meet her halfway and don't waste another second as I thrust my d**k into her. She screams my name and f**k me, I loved hearing it.

"Say my name and only my name for the rest of your life," I growl as I f****d her over and over again.

I didn't care how many times I had to be with Willow tonight; I didn't care about anything but taking her pain away. I wouldn't think about anything else until I knew she was safe from all pain.

I'd never felt anything like this in my life before. Being inside of Willow was the most pleasure I'd ever experienced in my life.

After tonight, I knew I would be drugged. I knew I would need this every second of every day to f*****g breathe again.

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4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I woke up in Dante's room, but there was no sign of him anywhere. I felt sore between my legs but was totally satisfied. I can't remember ever feeling this happy. In fact, it's the happiest I've ever felt in my entire life.

I was only worried that I had pushed Dante too far. I knew he wasn't ready to sleep with me, but I couldn't help myself. When I went into heat, all I could think about was him being inside me. I'd never felt anything that intense before, and it was impossible for me to ignore it.

Thankfully, Dante gave in and did what I needed the most.

I walk over to the mirror and am not surprised when I see his markings all over my body. Dante had bitten and sucked on every part of my body last night. I blushed at the reminder of how passionate he'd acted. He behaved like a man who'd lost all control for his woman.

I shivered at the reminder of having him inside me multiple times last night. It was a mixture of pain and pleasure. It was painful when Dante wasn't inside me but the moment that he was everything felt amazing and perfect.

I didn't think that there was anything that could possibly make me happier than I felt right now.

I was walking on cloud nine when I exited the room after getting dressed. I wore his marks proudly, and I knew that everyone would know what we did last night. However, I didn't care, not even the least.

There was just one problem. Why did he leave? Why didn't he wait for me to wake up? Was he having second thoughts about everything?

That was the only fear that I had at this moment. Dante wasn't exactly ready for it at first; it was only because of my pain that he gave into it finally.

I try to push those negative thoughts out of my head as I walk into the kitchen in search of him.

"Someone looks like she's been busy last night." Autumn teases me as she winks at Clarissa.

They gave each other knowing looks, and I tried hard not to blush.

"Do you know where Dante is?" I ask them. "He wasn't in the room."

Autumn nods, "he's talking with Atticus about something in the family room."

"Thank you!"

I didn't wait for them to tease me anymore as I ran toward the room. I had to see him. After last night, I wanted to be close to his side, not apart.

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~DANTE~

I didn't know what I was feeling inside. My emotions were in a f*****g mess. I'd slept with Willow. I'd f*****g slept with Willow.

I'd done the one thing I promised myself not to do. I'd been staring at Anya's picture all morning, and I couldn't help but feel guilty. I promised Willow that I wouldn't think of anyone else but her last night, and I did just that.

Now that it was the next day, I couldn't help but think of Anya.

Why did I care about her so much that she affected my life even when she was gone?

I didn't regret sleeping with Willow, but I still felt guilty. I still felt like I'd done something wrong.

I was a damn mess and needed someone to talk to before I did something stupid like make Willow feel horrible about last night.

She'd looked so peaceful sleeping in my bed earlier. I didn't want to leave, but I couldn't get these f*****g thoughts and feelings of guilt out of my head.

Why couldn't memories of Anya leave me alone?

"You look like you've had a rough morning," Atticus tells me as he takes in my appearance.

I didn't even want to look at my face in a mirror.

"It's possibly the worst morning of my life," I admit. "I don't know what happened last night. First, Willow went into heat—"

"Wow." Atticus stops me. "That would explain why the two of you never showed up at the party. We were worried when you weren't answering your phones, but when we returned home, your truck was parked outside."

I nod, "I don't know where to start. So many things happened that my mind feels like it's a mess."

"Take it easy." He tries to calm me down. It wasn't helping. I don't understand what's happening to me.

I didn't want to hurt Willow, and last night was f*****g amazing. Being with her made me feel all kinds of good. However, this guilt was eating me up inside. I had to get it out. I had to find a way to get it out of my head.

"I f*****g messed up, Atticus," I shout, unable to stop myself. The words just kept flowing. "I slept with Willow. I slept with her while I was still in love with her sister. I promised myself not to do that to her. I tried my best to be the man she deserved, but I caved, and this is the worst thing I could have possibly done."

Atticus is about to respond when we hear a loud crash outside.

I look at him, and he looks back at me with wide eyes.

Panic runs through my body at the thought of anyone hearing me.

Please tell me it wasn't Willow. Please.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 73 -

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

My lips are parted, and my hands are clutching my chest. It's just as I had expected. He regretted everything that happened last night.

I could hardly breathe. I held onto the wall for support, but I felt like my heart couldn't take the pain.

Nothing has ever hurt this much, not even losing my sister. Nothing should ever hurt this much but it did, I was falling apart. I only had a few seconds before I crashed.

Dante's words had just completely shattered my heart. I turned to run away when I accidentally knocked down the vase next to me. My eyes widened; if he walked outside, he would see me. Then he would know that I'd heard him.

I didn't want him to know. I didn't want him to see what he'd done to me. If he did, he would try to apologize and I didn't want his f****d apology. I ran as fast as I could, and I didn't stop until I reached his room. I quickly shut the door behind me.

I climbed onto the bed and pretended I was asleep when I heard his footsteps. He was running; maybe he'd seen me. I still hoped that I was fast enough.

My eyes were tightly shut when the door flew open. I could hear his loud breathing and knew that he was most likely panicking.

"Willow?"

I open my eyes and see him right above me. His eyes are searching my face for answers. He was trying hard to find out if I'd heard him without asking me.

He couldn't hide the worry from his eyes. I could see right through him.

"What's wrong?" I ask him.

He looks around the room; I'm unsure what he's searching for.

"Did you leave the room just now?" He asks frantically.

I quirk a brow, "leave the room?"

He nods, "were you downstairs?"

I shook my head immediately. "No. Did something happen?"

His eyes widen, "no."

He seems to relax a little now that he believes me. It's also possible that he's still trying to convince himself.

I was trying my best to hold everything inside of me. It was hard. I wanted to cry and scream. I wanted to blame him for everything, but I couldn't. He made it clear multiple times that his heart belonged to my sister. He made it clear that I would get hurt if he did what I was asking him for. Last night, I finally got what I wanted but it came with a price.

He was right all along. A part of me always hoped that Dante would learn to love me. I was wrong for dreaming of something like that.

"Are you sure you didn't leave the room?" He asked me for the second time today.

I force a smile on my face, "I'm sure."

He scratches the back of his neck and looks around the room nervously. "How are you feeling? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Yes. My heart is bleeding, Dante. It feels like you took a knife and stabbed me there. It feels like it's no longer beating for you or anyone else.

"I'm okay," I whisper as I fight back tears.

He nods, "is there anything you want to eat or drink?"

"I'm craving something." I lie. "A book."

He quirks a brow at me, "A book?"

I nod, "it's something my mother always read to me when I was younger. It's called 'The lost girl.' Can you get it for me?"

I wanted him to leave. I wanted an excuse to get some time for myself.

He nods, "is there anything else that you need?"

I shook my head and waited for him to leave. He looked hesitant at first, and maybe a part of him already suspects that I'd heard everything he'd said. Still, he doesn't bother to ask me for a third time.

"I'll be back as fast as I can." He promises me.

The second he shuts the door behind him, everything falls apart. I'm screaming, crying, throwing up in the bathroom.

I stay on the tiled floor for a long time before walking to the bed and searching for my diary. When I found it, I grabbed the pen and started writing.

My dearest husband,

Here is where our story ends. After last night, I thought things between us would finally improve. I thought I would finally have your heart. Now I know there was never a chance for that in this life. Your heart is and always has been my sister's. I'm sorry for loving you so much. I'm sorry for making you do something that you regret. I'm sorry for everything Anya did to you. I'm sorry I could never be anything like her. I wanted to be strong; I wanted to stay for you. I wanted to make this marriage work. I can't take the pain anymore, Dante. I can't. My heart is bleeding, and there is nothing I can do to stop it. If

you ever read this, please know that I love you more than I've ever loved anyone else. The happiest moments of my life were spent with you. Last night, you gave me a part of you, and I'm taking it with me for the rest of my life. I love you, and I hope that you can be happy. I know that I make everything worse for you; now that I'm no longer here, you can find your peace again.

I couldn't stop the tears as I took the ring off my finger and placed it on the desk beside the diary.

This was the best thing I could do for him. He was not ready for marriage and may never be. I couldn't keep forcing him to have feelings for me.

It was time for me to go.

I couldn't say goodbye to everyone else; I knew they would call Dante or try to stop me.

I had to leave when no one was watching me.

I didn't want to say goodbye, but I had to. I had to be strong. I needed to be strong. I had to prove that I could survive on my own.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 74 -

3 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I'd safely made it out of the house without anyone seeing me. I didn't leave a note, but if I ever saw them in the future, I would give them a proper apology for leaving without an explanation.

I didn't just love Dante; I loved his entire family. They accepted me despite everything my sister tried to do. She'd done unimaginable things and they still treated me like their own. This is the last thing I wanted to do to Dante and his family but I had to do this. It may be hard at first but maybe we could both be happier after this.

I took a deep breath and wiped my tears from my face. I could barely see through them. Everything was blurry, and my mind felt foggy.

I don't know how long I walked, but I eventually saw a woman driving slowly next to me. Thankfully she stopped and dropped me close to the place I once called home. It was my very first home. We'd moved around a few times, but this was where I had all my childhood memories.

My mother never explained why we had to move so much, but now I had an idea. She moved because she wanted to be closer to Dante and his family. Her entire life revolved around them.

This pain, it must be my punishment for the things they'd done. It had to be. I was paying for their mistakes.

I didn't think it was possible to ever recover from this heartache.

Before I could walk into the house, I felt a shiver down my spine. I looked around me but couldn't see anyone. Suddenly, I was reminded that there was a possibility that someone could be after me. I wasn't thinking about my safety when I left Dante. I was only thinking about his happiness. I knew he would be happier without me there.

I would no longer be a burden to him.

My eyes widen when a car pulls to my side, and two women step out. They were dressed in all black and had shades over their eyes.

"Get in the car!" One of them orders me. "Now!"

"Who are you?" I demand as I take a step back.

"We will explain everything in the car, but you must trust us. If you don't, your life will be in danger."

I don't know why I believed their words but I felt like I could trust them. I quickly got in after them, and within seconds they were driving away.

"How much time do we have, Daisy?" The girl with blue hair asks.

"Enough," Daisy answers her.

"I'm Dana." She introduces herself. "And this is my sister Daisy. We work for your mother."

My eyes widen at her words.

My mother?

“You work for mom?” I ask. “But I’ve never seen either of you in my life. If you work with her, I should have met you at least once.”

I knew my mother was involved in some crazy stuff, but I didn’t think she had women like this working for her. They looked skilled and like they knew how to fight.

They look at each other for a few seconds. “Should we tell her?” Dana asks her sister.

“Tell me what?” I demand. “Why is my life in danger? I’ve harmed no one. Why would anyone want to hurt me?”

Did this mean someone was really after me the night Dante lost his Jeep?

Was someone trying to hurt me that night?

“The woman you thought was your mother all these years is not your birth mother, Willow,” Daisy says suddenly.

I could hear ringing in my ears at her words.

What on earth was she saying? How was she not my birth mother? She had to be. There were no signs that she wasn’t my real mother. Why were they telling me this now? What did they want?

“Is this some kind of joke?” I demand. “Did Dante send you two to find me?”

That would make more sense than what they were trying to tell me. He must have read my diary and sent these women to bring me back. His family was wealthy and powerful; he could easily send people for me.

I wasn’t going back. Not after what I’d heard him say.

“Dante?” Dana asks. “The man you married?”

I nod. “You don’t have to pretend in front of me. I know he sent you. You can drop me here; I’m not returning to him.”

“Willow,” Daisy tells me calmly. “We are not here because of Dante. He did not send us. We’ve been following you for a while now. We wouldn’t reveal

ourselves until we were sure you needed us. And today, you need us. Cassius is after you. If he finds you, you'll be dead."

I'll be what?

Who the hell was Cassius, and why did he want to kill me?

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4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I had this uneasy feeling in my chest. I am terrified that Willow heard what I'd said to Atticus. It has been on my mind ever since I left home. I kept repeating my words in my head and thinking how she would interpret them.

She claimed that she was in the room the entire time, but I could tell that something was bothering her.

I'd gotten the book she wanted me to find, but that's not all I brought back. I had balloons and roses and teddy bears—everything you could give a woman after what she'd given to me last night. But nothing could ever compare to what she offered me last night.

It was a night I would never forget. Willow brought me the kind of pleasure I didn't think possible. I didn't care that she'd completely drained me last night. I was happy to be of service to her. Despite the guilt in my heart, I would do it again.

If she'd heard me, I had to find a way to apologize. She was never supposed to hear that conversation with Atticus. It was supposed to be between the two of us. I was having a mental breakdown, and I said some things that I shouldn't have.

I would go down on my knees and beg for her forgiveness if I had to. A part of me was still hoping that she hadn't heard anything. A part of me was praying that she was telling the truth.

"Wow!" Griffin says when he sees me walking into the house with my hands full. "Is all of that for me?"

“Get out of my way Griffin,” I growl.

My words offended him, “Who screwed with you this morning?”

“No one screwed with him.” Clarissa laughs. “He’s just excited to get back to his wife. I have no clue what the two of them were up to last night but judging by the love bites on Willow this morning; I’m sure it’s something special mixed with some spice.”

I freeze in my spot. Did she see Willow this morning?

I dropped everything onto the ground and turned to look at her. “You saw Willow this morning?”

Autumn walks in just then, “what’s going on?”

I swallow as I try to collect my thoughts. My head felt like it was about to explode.

“I left Willow in my bed this morning. She was asleep. Then I went to have a conversation with Atticus.” I tried to explain, but the words weren’t coming out fast enough. “Did she leave the room while I was speaking to him?”

Autumn looked at Clarissa; they both didn’t understand why I was behaving this way.

“She did,” Autumn answers me. “We saw her earlier, and she looked excited to find you. She asked us where you were, and we told her you were conversing with Atticus. Is something wrong?”

“f**k!” I shout.

I don’t wait to answer any of their questions. I had to tell Willow I was so deeply sorry.

I was racing up the stairs; I didn’t stop running until I’d barged into the room. My heart drops when I don’t see her lying on the bed where I left her earlier.

“Willow?” I call. I walk over to the bathroom and knock on the door. There was no response. I leaned against it; there was no sound coming from inside.

“Willow?” I try one more time.

“What the hell is going on, Dante?” Damon asks me as he barges into the room with everyone else.

I ignored him as I knocked on the bathroom door one last time.

“Dante!” Clarissa shouts my name. “What the hell is going on?”

I can’t pay attention to anyone else but Willow right now. I pushed the door open, and I felt even worse when the bathroom was empty. There was no sign of her in the room.

“Where is Willow?” I demand.

They all look at each other in confusion.

“Wasn’t she supposed to be in here?” Autumn asks me. “None of us has seen her since she asked us where to find you. Didn’t she come to meet you this morning while you were speaking with Atticus?”

My brother walks in just then and senses the tension in the room.

“What did I miss?”

“Dante is acting weird, Atticus,” Autumn explains to him. “Did Willow not come to the room earlier while you two were conversing? Did she not meet Dante?”

His eyes widen at her question. He immediately looks at me. He was there; he knew someone had heard us. We were both worried that it was Willow. This was the confirmation we needed.

“She heard us?” He asks in disbelief. “She heard everything you said?”

I ignore him as I barge out of the room, shouting her name.

I wouldn’t stop until I searched every corner of the house. She had to be around here somewhere. She wouldn’t just disappear like that. And she wouldn’t leave without telling me first.

Everyone joined me in searching for her. When it was evident that she wasn’t in the house, I went out to meet the guards. If she left, they would have seen her.

“Did my wife leave?” I demand from the first one I see.

He nods, "She left almost two hours ago Mr. Fawn. Right after you left."

My blood runs cold at his words.

She left?