

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 81 -

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I fainted for the second time in one day. I had hoped I was dreaming when I opened my eyes, but Caroline was there to remind me that I was pregnant.

“We aren’t even allowed to be with a man.” She tells me. “Our mother is very strict about that. She didn’t get the chance to control your life, but she has been controlling ours.”

Maybe it wasn’t such a bad thing that she was controlling their lives. They weren’t the ones pregnant for a man in love with their sister.

Pregnant.

I was pregnant with Dante’s child.

I place one hand over my tummy and felt a sense of pride hit me all at once. Not once did I think about getting pregnant the night we consummated our marriage. This was quite a shock to me.

I was given such happy news, but Dante was not here to celebrate it. But would he have celebrated it? He wouldn’t want to have a baby with me, not when he was still in love with Anya. Our baby would be a mistake to him.

I could see the look of disappointment on his face in my mind. I didn’t want to think about it. I wanted to pretend that there was a world where Dante would be happy with the news of our baby.

It didn’t matter if he didn’t want our baby because I knew that I would love our child with my whole heart. I would love our baby so much that he wouldn’t have to worry about his father.

“You can’t let our mother know this,” Winter warns me. “She will force you to get rid of your baby.”

Caroline nods, “Mother is kind at heart, but she doesn’t like to show it. She doesn’t care about anything but getting rid of Azai’s offspring.”

“You’re willing to keep this secret of mine even though it could get you in trouble?” I ask, surprised by their kindness.

Why would they do this for me? It’s true that we were sisters, but they grew up together. I was nowhere around for a bond to form between us.

“Of course,” Caroline assured me. “You’re our sister. Even though you didn’t grow up with us, you’re still one of us. We will do anything and everything to protect you and your unborn child.”

My heart warms at their kindness.

“I hope that one day I can repay your kindness,” I whisper.

Winter nods, “You can by helping us to stop Cassius and his sisters from destroying our world.”

I stiffen at her words. “Clarissa and Autumn are family to me. I will not be able to hurt them, and I will fight anyone who tries to harm them.”

I don’t hesitate to tell them what I feel about their plan.

Winter looks at Caroline, and I can see that my words didn’t make this easier for us.

“Is there some way that we can stop Cassius without harming them?” I ask. “I’ll do anything to protect them.”

Caroline sighs, “If we get to Cassius before he can manipulate them into helping him, we might have a chance. However, if we cannot stop him, we must choose between them and the world. That decision will be in your hands, Willow.”

A part of me still wished that all of this was a lie. I was pregnant, and so many dangers were lying ahead of me. I wanted a normal life with my baby and my loved ones by my side. It didn’t seem like I would be so lucky to have that.

“How soon do you want to challenge Cassius?” I ask them. “We need to do it before your mother realizes that I’m pregnant. I don’t want anything to happen to my baby. I will fight with my life to protect my child.”

Caroline nods, “The faster we get rid of him, the faster we can return to normal lives. There’s just one problem. You have no experience, unlike Winter

and me. Mother will not be willing to attack him when you have zero control of your power.”

It was true. I wasn't even aware that I had any power until now.

It means that I have to try as hard as I can to impress my birth mother and prove to her that I can win a fight against Cassius Reign. I had to prove to her that I was strong enough to take him down with my sisters by my side.

It was up to me to show her that I wasn't weak.

If my sisters and I could defeat him, then Autumn and Clarissa would be safe. They would be able to live their lives peacefully. That's all I wanted. For Dante and his family to be happy and away from all danger.

“Can you please help train me?” I ask. “I prefer if my sisters train me rather than a stranger.”

Caroline smiles, “I'll talk to our mother. I will convince her you'll learn faster if we train you.”

“We will make you as strong as us in no time,” Winter assures me.

Without their mother, they seemed a lot more gentle and caring. They are f\*\*\*\*d to act emotionless, just like her, whenever she's around. I much prefer this side of them.

“Defeating Cassius will not be easy,” Winter warns me. “There is even a chance that none of us will make it. It's a sacrifice we must make for the sake of everyone else. You must be prepared to lose everything, Willow.”

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 82 -**

4 minutes read

~DANTE~

It's been more than one week since I'd last seen Willow. More than one f\*\*\*\*\*g week. I've searched every damn corner of this place, and there hasn't been any clue pointing to her.

Wherever she'd gone, she was hidden well. Even Austin and his family were no help, and they were the very best.

"Someone must have taken her," Hunter says. "Willingly or unwillingly."

I closed my eyes; the thought of someone holding her against her will made me feel even worse than I already did.

Each day that passed without Willow felt like t\*\*\*\*e. The pain only increased every second of every day.

I hate myself for the things I'd said after our night together.

That was the best night of my f\*\*\*\*g life, and I messed it up because of my past.

"We're not going to stop the search anytime soon," Austin assures me. "When my sister went missing, and we couldn't find her, it was hell for us. I know what it feels like."

I nod, "I appreciate it. I want Willow back. I'm the reason she's gone, and I feel sick every time I think about what she went through because of me."

Austin sighs, "We've all done foolish things we wish we could take back. At least you realize your mistake. Once you get her back, please don't hold back; tell her how you truly feel. Trust me; she will forgive you."

"I think it's time we head back home," James says as he checks the time.

Hunter nods, "Isabella must be restless. She's already upset she couldn't be here."

They were parents now; they couldn't be around as much as they could in the past when they didn't have babies to worry about.

They say their goodbyes, and I watch them all leave. When I was left alone, I slowly walked back to my room. As usual, I'm hit with a wave of sadness the second I step into it and don't see any signs of Willow. Even her scent was disappearing from the room, and I hated it. I tried to keep her in here with me, but everything was slowly fading with time.

I grabbed my wallet and stormed out of the room. I don't stop until I'm next to the fire pit. Without a second thought, I threw the damn thing into the fire.

I should have done this a long time ago. I should have gotten rid of everything that reminded me of Anya. I shouldn't have made Willow feel like I didn't want her.

I f\*\*\*\*\*g hate myself. I hate myself.

I took too long to do it, and now it was too late. Willow was long gone, and it didn't look like she was returning to me. I grabbed more things I knew reminded me of Anya and angrily shoved everything into the fire. I didn't want anything reminding me of her anymore. I didn't want anything in my life that would push Willow further away from me. I was done with my past, f\*\*\*\*\*g done with it.

Willow. Please. Please come back to me. Please.

I couldn't even beg her because she was no longer around. I had no one to talk to.

I angrily punched the wall over and over again.

"Dante!" My mother shouts. "What are you doing?"

I don't stop despite her desperate pleas to stop me from hurting myself.

She grabs my hand and tries to stop me from punching the wall again, "Talk to me, son. Please."

I couldn't talk. I couldn't.

"Dante!" She begs. "Please. I'm your mother. Tell me what's going on. What happened between you and Willow?"

"I made a mess of my life," I whisper. "Willow is gone, and it's all my fault. She isn't coming back. I let my past ruin my future. I can't go on without her mother. She's my only reason for living, and she's gone."

"Don't say that," she whispers. "We are all here for you. And Willow is a sweet girl; she will come back. She wouldn't leave you for long."

She only said these things to comfort me, but it wouldn't work. It's the first time my mother isn't concerned about what the public would think about us.

I haven't gone to the academy ever since Willow disappeared, and I don't plan on going back until I have her in my life again. I couldn't focus on anything except her.

"If she knew how much pain you were in right now, I know she would return." She tells me.

I pause at her words.

Why hadn't I thought about that before?

Willow never liked to see me physically hurt. Her love for me was the reason she wouldn't be able to bear seeing me like that.

I know what I had to do to get her back now.

I had to get back in that ring and let my opponents beat the s\*\*t out of me.

"Thank you!" I whisper as I hug my mom tightly. She tries to talk to me some more, but I'm already out of the house before she can stop me.

I knew no one around me would let me out of this house if they knew what I was up to; I couldn't let any of them know of my plan to get Willow back to me.

I quickly dialed the one number that would help me in this situation.

"What can I do for my favorite fighter?" he asks the second he answers the phone.

"I need you to set up some matches for me. I'm going to lose each of them." I tell him. "It's not going to be like last time. This time I will lose every single one of these matches." I promise him.

It was a promise I planned on keeping.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 83 -**

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

“My tummy is already showing, and it’s only been a few days,” I whisper. “How long will the baggy clothes be able to hide it?”

“I’m not sure,” Caroline whispers back.

We were trying to be as quiet as possible; we didn’t need anyone hearing this and reporting it to my birth mother.

I missed Dante every single day that went by. I knew I did the right thing by leaving, but that didn’t make it easier. I wanted to see him, but even if I decided that I wanted to go back, there was no way that my birth mother would let me leave this place. I was trapped here for a long time.

They were convinced that Cassius was waiting for the right time to attack. I didn’t even know what this man looked like. There were no pictures of him; I don’t think they had even seen him. They just knew that he was waiting to kill us.

I sighed as my thoughts went straight back to Dante.

He was probably happy now that I was gone. He would be able to live his life more peacefully. He would no longer have to worry about hurting my feelings.

This is what I wanted. It’s why I left so that he could be happy again.

I push thoughts of him out of my head. I started thinking about Cassius and how we would defeat him without harming Clarissa and Autumn.

I’ve been training for a few days now, and I haven’t seen much improvement. I was nowhere close to my sisters and their advancement.

I notice a few of the women looking at something on their phones. They were all glued to the screen like it was something important.

“What’s happening there?” I ask Winter. “What are they looking at?”

She looks over at them. “I’m not sure. I’ll go see.”

Caroline and I wait for her to return.

“I’m sure it’s nothing important.” She dismisses it.

The women all look over at me after Winter said something to them.

I could see them whispering in front of me. It was obvious that they didn't want me to know what they were talking about. I didn't like when anyone kept secrets from me.

Winter looks at me then, and I can see the worry in her eyes. She quickly tries to hide it from me, and it only makes me feel more curious than before.

She walks over to us, and instead of speaking to me, she pulls Caroline to the side and starts discussing with her. What were they keeping from me?

"I can see you." I wave at them. "I know you're trying to keep something from me. Just tell me what's going on."

They look at each other.

"What's going on?" I ask Caroline a second time. "What are the two of you keeping from me? Please tell me. Why does everyone seem to know something that clearly involves me?"

They look a bit nervous to tell me. The longer they took to say anything, the more anxious I got.

"You're scaring me," I admit. "Did one of you finally come face to face with Cassius? Or did he threaten you guys over the phone?"

Winter shook her head. "No. That's not what we're talking about. This has nothing to do with Cassius."

"Then tell me." I insist. "What's happening?"

"It's about your husband." Caroline finally answers me.

I freeze at her words.

My husband?

What about Dante?

"Did something happen to him?" I demand. "Is he looking for me?"

For some reason, I felt excited at the thought of Dante searching for me.



“No, he isn’t looking for you.” She sighs. “He’s kind of busy doing something else.”

I pause. Doing something else? A million thoughts flashed through my mind at those words. Was he already seeing someone else? That’s not likely; he was too crazy about my sister to start seeing someone else the second I left.

“Let me see.”

They hesitate once more.

“I don’t think this is something you should see, Willow,” Winter tells me. “I don’t even think it’s a good idea that we are discussing this right now. It’s just a distraction, and it’s the last thing you need right now. You already have too much to deal with.”

I grab the phone from her and stare blankly at the video in front of me.

“What is this madness?” I demanded when I could find my voice again.

“The fighting ring. He’s doing a fight every night for one week.” Winter explains. “This is already his fifth night. He has two more left.”

My eyes widen, “this doesn’t make any sense. Dante never loses his fight unless he wants to, and he’s losing this one. He looks awful!”

My heart hurts at his condition. What the hell was he doing to himself? Why was he just letting that man beat him like that?

“He’s lost all other four matches.” She informs me. “And he’s going to lose the fifth. Maybe he’s finally facing stronger opponents.”

No.

That couldn’t be it. There has to be more to this.

“I’m telling you. He never loses a fight unless it’s intentional!” I exclaim. I was beginning to panic.

He was about to do this same thing to himself tomorrow night as well.

“I’ve heard the opponent gets stronger each night,” Caroline whispers. “It’s only going to get worse from tonight.”

“I can’t let this happen,” I whisper. “I need to get there. I need to stop him before he does something stupid!”

“What?” Winter demands. “You can’t leave here, Willow. It’s unsafe, and our mother will never allow it!”

“I must!” I insist. “Please. You need to let me go. I need to see Dante! I have to stop him!”

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 84 -**

4 minutes read

~ DANTE~

“What the hell are you thinking?” Atticus demands from me. “Are you trying to get yourself f\*\*\*\*\*g killed?”

I glare at him. “Do you know what it feels like when your wife leaves you, and you’re the f\*\*\*\*\*g reason, why?” I demand. “Do you know what that guilt feels like?”

I can’t f\*\*\*\*\*g breathe without her Atticus. I’d rather die in that ring trying to get her back than sit back and do nothing.”

His jaw clenches. “Why the f\*\*k do you think this stupid plan of yours will work?” he demands.

“Because she loves me.” I roar. Then softer, “she loves me. Willow loves me. If she sees me getting my a\*s beat in that ring, she will come. I know she will.”

He grabs me by my shirt, “And what if she isn’t even watching those matches? What if she doesn’t even know what you’re up to?”

I angrily shove his hands off me. “It doesn’t matter. At least I know there’s a chance that she’s watching. At least I know there’s a tiny chance that she would come. That’s all I need to know to continue with these last two fights.”

He looks at me like I’d lost my mind. And maybe I have lost my mind. Willow is the only woman I’ll ever do something like this for. She’s the only woman I’ll sacrifice everything for. She’s the only woman that ever deserved everything I had to offer.

“Everything you worked for, your reputation, is going down the drain. Your opponents see you as a joke now!” He snaps. “I’ve never been supportive of this side of you.

I’ve never liked seeing you in those fights, but I’ve grown to accept it because I saw how good you were and what it was doing for you. Now, I’m f\*\*\*\*d to see you get your a\*s beat, night after night. I’m tired of seeing you destroy your life, Dante. It’s mentally draining!”

“I don’t f\*\*\*\*\*g care about any of that!” I roar. “AH that matters to me is getting Willow back. Can’t you see that?”

I know he understands me; I know he feels my pain because he went through it once before. Yet, he was still trying to stop me from doing what I had to.

“It’s not like we aren’t searching,” he points out.

“Everyone is out in their numbers looking for her. We’re at looking. Why can’t you look with us instead of doing something this risky?”

“I have been looking.” I remind him. “And each second of every day I don’t find her, I lose my reason to keep living. This is my last desperate call for her to return to me. This is my last hope, can’t you see it? If this doesn’t work, Willow will not return home to me.”

“Do what the f\*k you want!” *he shouts at me. “But I won’t be there when you get your as beaten in that f\*\*\*\*\*g cage. I’ve seen enough already; I can’t watch it anymore. I’ll be out with our family searching for Willow. I hope you can change your mind and come with us instead of letting someone beat you in a damn cage.”*

I ignore him. I knew he was frustrated with me and lashing out. Nothing any of my family members said to me could make me back out of these last two fights.

Since the last five nights didn’t work, I’d moved my last fight to tonight. Instead of one match, I’ll have both matches tonight. I think that’s why Atticus was freaking out this much. He knew that tonight would be much worse than the other five.

Every day, I returned home with bruises all over my body, breaking everyone's hearts. Yet, no one's heart was as broken as mine when I looked up from the ring each night and didn't see Willow.

I would lay on the ground, defeated for a few minutes, under all the screams and blood, waiting for her to show up.

Tonight was my last chance to see her. I knew she wouldn't show herself again after this.

"She will come," I tell Atticus. "She will come, because she loves me."

I don't know why I was saying these words to him; maybe I was trying to convince myself by telling him this.

Maybe I was trying to give myself hope to keep going.,

"And if you care about her, why would you hurt yourself knowing it would also hurt her?" He asks me.

I knew it was his last resort to try and convince me to stop.

"Because it's my only chance of returning her to me," I answer him. "I need her in my life Atticus."

He doesn't say anything as he storms out of the family room.

I didn't want to hurt Willow, but if this was my only chance of getting her back to me, I was taking it.

So far, my plan was not working. She hasn't shown up for the first five nights. Either she didn't see the matches, or someone held her against her will.

I'd made sure to have each of these matches broadcast everywhere. I wanted to try everything I could so that she would know exactly what I was up to without her there.

As I make my way out of the house, I see each of my family members watching me with disappointment in their eyes. The fear was there also. They were scared of how badly I would get injured tonight.

I don't bother saying anything to them as I jump into my truck. This was it.

My last chance to get Willow back into my life.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 85 -**

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

“I can’t believe we are sneaking out for the first time,” Caroline whispered as we entered the elevator. “It feels like I’m suddenly wild and free.”

“You don’t have to whisper anymore,” Winter tells her. “They can’t hear us in here. Don’t get too excited, there’s still a chance for someone to realize we’re missing and raise the alarm.”

Caroline shrugs her shoulders, “I still feel like they can hear us. I’ll be whispering for the rest of the night until we return home.”

I’d convinced them to let me see Dante one last time. However, they’d only agreed because they were tagging along. They didn’t want me roaming around alone, especially since Cassius would be watching our every move from now on.

“Remember, you’re only going there to stop the fight.” Winter reminds me. “We’re not staying long. Dante can’t know where you’re staying. You have to keep everything a secret. Once you stop the fight, we will be returning home immediately. We can’t risk mother finding out what we’ve been up to. If she finds out, we will all be punished severely. Especially you. I can assure you that you don’t want to know what her punishments are like. Since you’re pregnant, we want to avoid mother’s punishments.”

“I know,” I answer her. “You’ve told me this fifteen times for today alone. Trust me; I remember every word.”

I wasn’t even exaggerating. She kept repeating it to me. I knew I couldn’t stay after stopping the fight, but part of me wanted to be by Dante’s side a little longer. I know that I was the one that made the decision to leave him but it was never an easy one.

“The fight already started,” Caroline informs me. “We aren’t going to make it in time to stop it. Are you sure you still want to go there?”

“What?” I demand as a shiver runs down my spine. “How could it have started already? That’s not the time I was told it would be starting.”

I wanted to get there to stop it, I didn’t want to reach there when Dante was already bruised from head to toe from his match.

“They started earlier today for some reason.” She informs me. “It looks full. It must be a sell-out. Most of them are girls still hoping that Dante will win this last match. He has a lot of female fans.”

Of course he did, even in the academy, there were plenty women who were crazy over him.

“There’s something else,” Winter notes as she checks her phone. “Willow just might make it to his last match. He’s doing both tonight instead of leaving a match for tomorrow.”

Tonight? Two matches?

Was he insane?

Why was he doing this to himself? It seemed like Dante was determined to suffer tonight. He wanted this. He was intentionally hurting himself.

“He must feel guilty towards Anya. He must be using this opportunity to hurt himself now that I’m gone. He knows if I were there, I would have stopped him from doing something that risky. Now that I’m no longer there, he’s doing what he wanted to do since the day she died.”

It’s the only explanation for this. He always wanted to harm himself after Anya’s death. This was his chance to do it without me there.

But what about his family? Why weren’t they stopping him from doing this?

They must have tried. Dante was very stubborn when he wanted to get something done. I’m sure they are all worried about him.

“Are you sure you’re ready to see your husband again?” Caroline asks me. “I know he’s still hung up on Anya. I know the pain you went through because his heart was never yours. We were keeping an eye on you. We know everything. I’m surprised you are concerned about him after everything he did.”

We were already in the car, and I was thankful it was dark, and she couldn't see my eyes.

It still hurts every time I'm reminded that Dante never loved me.

"Indeed, he never loved me, but it's also true that I've loved him since the beginning," I tell her. "I can't see him destroy his life and do nothing about it. I hate to admit it, but I miss him. I knew it would be difficult, but my emotions have intensified since I got pregnant."

Caroline sighs, "It's a good thing our mother never allowed us to be with a man. I can't imagine loving someone and having him rip my heart into a million pieces. It must be harder to know that he's in love with someone you originally thought was your sister. Men are such fools sometimes. Anya tried to destroy his family; she never loved him, and still, he seems to love her. You're the one he should be crazy about; you're the one that cares about him."

I knew this, everyone around him knew it as well. Dante was the only person that didn't see it that way. His love for her was pure and true. My sister was very lucky and she threw it all away.

I could feel my heart begin to race as we pulled into the parking lot that brought me nightmares.

"You don't have to do this." Caroline repeats. "We can turn back around and forget any of this happened before it's too late."

I narrow my eyes, "I have to. He's the father of my unborn child. I can't let him do this to himself. I love him."

She nods and exits the vehicle. Winter is next, I'm the last to climb out of it.

I could feel the fear in my heart increase with each step that I took closer.

The cheers and cries were loud. I could hear it even though we hadn't reached the arena.

The moment I pushed the door open, everything around me begins to spin.

My heart squeezes tightly at the sight in front of me.

Dante.

No. No. No. No!