

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 91 -

3 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I looked around me; I was in a room with glass walls. I was trapped with nowhere to run. Cassius was standing outside looking at me. He was standing there, staring, not saying a single word. He was creeping me out. I felt like he would snap any minute now and do something insane. Why were his eyes so scary but captivating to look at?

Another shiver runs down my spine and not in a good way. I couldn't believe this was happening.

I didn't know much about this man. All I knew was that he was Autumn and Clarissa's brother and had the power to destroy our world.

What more did you need to know about someone? The fact that he could destroy our world was enough to know the kind of person he was.

There was so much darkness in his eyes that it terrified me. I've never seen a man with such soulless eyes. It's almost like he was consumed by his need to take over the world. Just like his father.

"Are you not going to say anything?" I demand. The silence was making me feel ten times worse.

He doesn't answer me. Instead, he walks towards a table and grabs a drink.

Was this the appropriate time for him to be drinking? Wouldn't he already be consumed with his greed for power? What else did he need?

I jump when he slams it against the glass wall until it shatters into hundreds of pieces.

What the hell?

Why did he do that? How insane was this man?

He looks up at me and I can see the wickedness in his gaze. He'd intentionally done that to scare me and he had succeeded. I could see the victory in his eyes.

A true psychopath.

"You're terrified." He finally says. "I thought my opponent would be stronger than this. Not some weak girl who has no clue what she can do. You bring shame to your family, Willow. This was supposed to be an exciting night for me but you are making it quite the opposite of that."

"I'm new to this." I snap. "I didn't know who I was until a few days ago."

I needed to remind him of that fact. I don't think he cared about that.

With his tongue against his cheek, he does the same thing to another glass.

This time, I don't even blink.

He quirks a brow, "You learn quickly, Willow. It's a shame I'll have to get rid of you before we can get to know each other better."

"I don't think you thought this entire thing through." I point out to him. "You chose the worst timing to kidnap me. My sisters were right there."

"And they did nothing to help you." He says before I could continue.

"You didn't give them a chance to. You took the cowardly way out. You waited until they weren't around to snatch me. I thought you were powerful. Why didn't you try to take me when they were around?"

He quirks a brow, "I may be powerful, but I'm not stupid. There's always the right time to attack, and I always plan my calculations accurately."

"You're wrong." I snap. "Your calculations have failed you this time."

"And why is that?" He asks, suddenly uninterested in our conversation.

"Because Dante was there." I hiss.

"The husband who didn't want you to begin with?" He asks. "The same husband who watched me take you and didn't do anything about it?"

I wince at his questions but try to hide my facial expressions from him. I didn't want him to know what kind of effect his words had on me.

"I meant that his family would have already been on their way to get to him after the fight," I explain. "It means that Autumn and Clarissa will be there. Do you know what that means since you seem to know everything?"

His eyes narrowed slightly, and I knew he understood what I meant.

"Yes, Cassius," I smile. "My sisters will be there when Autumn and Clarissa arrive. It means that just like you're holding me captive, they can do the same."

I knew my sisters wouldn't hurt them. They couldn't. Not without me. He didn't need to know that however.

Cassius needed his sisters just like I needed mine.

"I guess you didn't think everything through." I point out. "Your plans were poorly executed."

His hands tightened into fists at his sides, and he angrily stormed off.

When he was gone, I fell back against the floor. I had to find a way to get out of here.

Did Cassius already know I was pregnant?

I was terrified of what he could do to me if he ever found out.

He didn't have to kill me, but he could hurt my baby.

I gently touched my stomach and felt my fear double.

I had to get out of here!

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~DANTE~

“I want every f*****g influential person we know out and searching for Willow!” I roar. “She’s pregnant with our child. Our baby. They’re both in danger, and I need everyone we know to help bring them back to me. I’m willing to pay as much as needed. All I want is the two of them safely back to me.”

“We’re already gathering everyone we know.” Atticus tries to assure me. “I know this isn’t easy for you brother. We are all here for you. We’re going to get Willow back.”

I was losing my damn mind.

My wife was pregnant. Pregnant. I was still in shock. I kept repeating that one word in my head. Why did I have to find out this way?

Why didn’t she tell me? Was she ever planning on telling me?

It’s not like I didn’t deserve it after the things I’ve said in the past. I deserved much worse than this after the pain I’ve brought upon her. I was a failure as a husband.

Why did Willow even love me after the horrible things I’ve done and said?

“You’re not going to magically find Willow!” Winter hissed at us. “You’ll keep searching and never find her this way. Cassius can only be found if he wants to be found. He’s been hiding all of these years, and he’s done a good damn job at it.”

“There are people amongst us that are trained trackers. Hundreds of them will be out in their numbers. Cassius has messed with the wrong person’s woman!” I roar.

“It isn’t going to be that easy.” Winter snaps. “We need to hold Clarissa and Autumn as hostages if we want him to let go of Willow!”

“What?” Atticus demands as he walks over to her with a penetrating gaze. “Why the hell would we do something like that?”

“Relax.” Winter hissed. “We’re not truly holding them hostage. It’s just to convince Cassius that his sisters are in danger as long as he’s holding Willow captive. Cassius needs both of them alive to make his plans work. Without them, he doesn’t stand a chance against everyone else. Unlike his father, he relies on his siblings. We just have to pretend that we’re holding them as

hostages. Then, we can convince him that we will make a trade. If given the right opportunity, we can kill him before he causes any more harm to our families.”

“And why the hell would we trust you?” Damon demands. “You made it very clear that you want to kill all three of Reign’s children. This could be a plan of yours to harm them both.”

“I can assure you we won’t do something that despicable.” Caroline cuts in. “My sister does have a bit of a temper, but she’s no liar. If she says she’s doing something, she will. You can trust us. We also desperately want to get Willow back.”

“I wish you would at least give us a chance to speak with Cassius,” Autumn whispers. “Something must have triggered this kind of behavior in him. He may think he can manipulate us into helping him, but we can do the opposite.”

“It’s not possible.” Winter snaps. “Why can’t you believe me when I tell you that he’s a freaking monster? That man will do everything in his power to destroy this world. He wants to be the only ruler. If given the chance, he can even kill the both of you and consume your power. I wouldn’t trust him with my life, nor should you.”

The fear in her tone told me she knew exactly what she was speaking about. I wouldn’t try to befriend him, not after he kidnapped my pregnant wife.

“I always hoped that he would be nothing like our father,” Autumn whispers. “I hoped he would live a good life with our mother.”

“Our mother?” Clarissa asks. “Do you know if she’s also by his side? From what I can remember, they were both supposed to be together. She gave up Autumn and me to give us better lives, but she kept Cassius. He wasn’t always this monster. He was once normal. I’m not sure what happened to him to cause this massive change.”

Winter shook her head. “No. We’re not sure where her whereabouts are. He may have already killed her before she did to him what she did to your father.”

Autumn and Clarissa gasped at her words.

“Would he kill our mother?” Autumn asks in shock. “His mother?”

“Cassius is a monster.” Winter snaps. “You’ll see for yourself soon enough.”

The more she spoke about him, my hatred for him grew. The panic in my chest was rising, and I could almost taste my fear.

I’ve never felt this terrified, not even when Anya died. My love for Willow was incomparable. I felt a bond with her, something stronger than what I felt for Anya. This was all the proof I needed. I thought I knew what pain was when Anya died. I was freaking wrong. This was pain.

If Willow died, I would die with her; that’s how much I f*****g loved her.

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~DANTE~

After searching for hours, we realized that Winter was telling the truth.

We were wasting our f*****g time, and I didn’t have time to waste. I had to get to Willow before that man hurt her and our baby.

“Are you ready to listen to me now?” She demands from us. “You can either do as I say or spend weeks or months looking for Cassius.”

My jaw clenched. I didn’t know if my brothers would agree to something like this. It was putting their mates in danger, which was the last thing they would ever want to willingly do.

I turn to them, “please.”

It’s the only word I could get out. What else could I do? I had no other choice but to plead with them to let this happen.

“We are willing to do it,” Autumn says. “Make whatever plans that you must. If this is the only way to get Willow back, so be it.”

I didn’t think I could love my brother’s mate more than I did now.

“It would be best if Winter and I meet our mother by ourselves,” Caroline suggests. “She isn’t even aware that we left home with Willow.”

“What do you mean?” I demand. “Why wouldn’t she know the truth?”

Winter narrows her eyes at me. “Willow was safe where we were. Cassius wouldn’t have dared to take her. But when you announced your fights, Willow found out and became frantic. She had to see you, and since we wanted to be good sisters to her, we let her come to you despite knowing the danger that was lying ahead. We thought we would be safe as long as the three of us were together, but clearly, we were wrong.”

I felt like she’d just punched me in the stomach.

I was at fault. All of this happened because of me and my selfish ways.

If I didn’t have to protect Willow, I would f*****g ruin my own life for my poor choices. The more I found out, the more I hated myself.

I was a fool, a fool who wanted his woman back in his arms.

“No one moves while we’re gone,” Winter warns us.

“I don’t trust them,” Atticus growls the second that they walk away.

“We don’t have another choice.” I remind him. “They’re my only hope.”

It takes an hour before they finally return. They were both quiet, and it looked like we were about to get bad news. I held my breath.

“We’ve made a deal with him,” Winter announces suddenly. “Our mother found a way to get into contact with him quite quickly. Actually, he was the one that contacted her. He has a few requests that he wants us to follow. We must meet exactly where he wants us to meet. There, we will pretend to make the trade.”

“I can’t believe we’re going ahead with this plan.” Atticus growls. “I don’t want to put Autumn and Clarissa in danger.”

“It’s okay.” Autumn tries to calm him down. “Willow is like a sister to us. We must do everything that we can to get her back. Cassius can’t hurt us. He won’t. Not when he needs us alive to do what he wants.”

Atticus and Damon looked like a mess, mirroring what I felt inside. This didn’t just include Willow; it had their mates as well. Cassius was the new villain in our story. He threatened the peace my family was close to achieving.

We wouldn't be able to rest until we'd gotten rid of him. It wouldn't be easy for Autumn and Clarissa; he was their biological brother.

It would be f*****g easy for me, however. Anyone that threatened the lives of my wife and my unborn child would have to feel my wrath.

I couldn't wait to get my hands on his neck and strangle him, amongst many other things.

"We're messing with a dangerous sorcerer," Hunter says as he walks into the meeting room with Austin and his family. "He can bring much harm to every single one of us if we don't think this thing thoroughly through."

"Hunter is right," Arthur says as he walks in with Gabriella. "We know enough about Azai Reign to know what his son can do. Unlike Autumn and Clarissa, he doesn't have anything to live for. He doesn't have a weakness except Willow and her sisters. We must keep the three of them safe if we want our families to live to see another day."

I close my eyes and try to fight the fear. My mate was in the hands of a f*****g maniac. The longer we took to do this exchange, the more harm could be done to her.

"He can't know that we're not planning on giving Autumn and Clarissa to him," Austin says. "He cannot know that we have other plans. Everything must go smoothly if we want to get everyone back alive."

"All we need is to get Willow back," Caroline says. "Once we have Willow back, we will have all we need to kill Cassius before he can kill the rest of us."

That's all I'm wishing for now that she's gone. I want to have her back in my arms. I want to shower her with so much love that she never has to compare herself to her sister again. I want her to know that Anya is no longer haunting my thoughts. I want her to see that she's the only one in my mind and heart from now on.

No one else. Only her. She was the only woman for me. Without her, I can't f*****g breathe.

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3 minutes read

~WILLOW~

“For an evil sorcerer, you don’t look that powerful,” I claim after watching him for hours. I was lying. I wanted to get under his skin. So far, he’d dismissed everything I’d said to him.

It probably wasn’t the best idea to provoke him, but I wanted to distract him as much as I could.

He quirks a brow. “Do you want me to hurt you and show you exactly the kind of power that I have?”

“Hurt me?” I grin. “You wouldn’t. Not when you need your sisters to save your plans.”

I was afraid, I truly was, but for some reason I couldn’t keep my stupid mouth shut. The words kept coming out of my mouth.

I didn’t like Cassius one bit. It was hard for me to believe that the man in front of me was the brother of Autumn and Clarissa. They were nothing like him.

He chuckles, “The plan was to bring you back alive. No one said anything about not hurting you in the process. I can take away that pain you’ve been feeling.”

“Pain?” I ask.

He nods, “emotional pain—unrequited love. You’ve loved him since the first day you met him. He was always the man for you. Unfortunately, he was already in love with the girl you thought was your sister. It’s such a shame that she never loved him, yet he would give his life for her.”

“Don’t you dare say anything else!” I snap.

He was doing to me the same thing I was trying to do to him; the only difference was that he was winning.

He quirks a brow, “but I’m only getting started, Willow. You fell in love with your sister’s rejection. She rejected him. She never wanted him; all she wanted was revenge. Your husband is a foolish man; I can never love someone as foolish as he is. How can he not love the woman who would do

anything for him but be willing to give up his life for a woman who wanted to take everything he ever loved away from him?"

"You don't know anything about him!" I hiss. "He isn't a fool for loving her. He thought that she loved him at first. She had him under a spell. There's plenty of information that you're missing. Leave my husband's name out of your filthy mouth!"

He chuckles, "I wonder if you'll still be speaking that way if your precious husband chose to save your dead sister over you. If given a chance, Dante would leave you in the dust and save Anya. She's not here presently to prove my point, but there's a way that I can make it happen."

For a few seconds, I couldn't move an inch. His words had left me completely speechless. How could Dante ever have a choice between Anya and me when she wasn't even here anymore? She was gone, and she wasn't coming back.

"What the hell do you mean by that?" I demand.

I didn't trust Cassius, and he was very good at freaking me out.

I knew he could do many filthy spells, but I hoped nothing would involve Anya or Dante. I wanted my husband far away from this monster.

"I possess the power to bring back Anya into this world." He answers me. "I can bring her back long enough to haunt your husband. He will be running after her the second that I do. If you want, I can prove to you that I am right. Dante will choose her over you in a split second. She's the one he loves."

I narrow my eyes, "you don't have the power to resurrect anyone. If you did, you would have resurrected your father a long time ago!"

His father was his role model. He wanted to be just like him. If he truly had the power to do something that insane, he would have done it a long time ago.

"Why would I want to resurrect someone that wants to achieve the same thing as I do?" He asks me. "There can only be one. And that's me."

"You're lying." I snap. "You can't bring Anya back."

“I can’t bring her back completely.” He admits. “But I can at least convince him that I can. Maybe then you’ll realize that you mean absolutely nothing to that man. You might as well kill yourself to protect your heart from the pain.”

I narrow my eyes, “we will just see about that.”

I was afraid of his plans. He definitely wanted to mess with our minds and emotions. I wasn’t sure what Cassius was capable of doing. He was too powerful. Even without Autumn and Clarissa, he had a powerful aura surrounding him.

He had years to prepare, and he was ready to achieve his goals.

But would Dante truly leave me to die if there was a chance that he could get Anya back from the dead?

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4 minutes read

~DANTE~

“Is this where he said Willow would be?” I demand. “She’s nowhere around.”

What was the maniac planning now?

“He said somewhere around here.” Atticus reminds me. “It’s the forest. She can be anywhere.”

“Willow?” I call. “Willow, can you hear me?”

Staying sane at a time like this was a task by itself. Before we knew it, we were all shouting her name.

“We must have gotten something wrong,” I whisper.

Where the hell was she?

“Maybe we’re looking the wrong way,” Damon suggests. “Let’s go back to where we started and turn left.”

I nod and let him lead this time.

“If that a*****e asks for Autumn and Clarissa, I will kill him.” Atticus growls.

“I don’t think it will be that easy brother.” Griffin points out. “It’s the first time we will be dealing with a sorcerer. You saw how powerful Clarissa and Autumn are, and they are new to all of this. He has experience and is extremely dangerous. He is also just as evil as he is powerful. We should all think twice before attacking with no solid plans.”

I stopped moving, and so did my brothers. I could see her. I could see my wife, and she was alive.

I couldn’t contain my excitement and relief. She was here. I wasn’t hallucinating.

She was tied to a tree in front of me. She looked tired and scared. That f*****g a*****e did this to her.

“Willow,” I say under my breath, and she seems to hear me. Her gaze flashes to mine, and I can see the happiness mixed with panic in her pretty eyes. She was worried for our safety. Of course, she would be. She was perfect—my perfect bride.

Before I could move toward her, a figure next to us caught my attention. I was too distracted by Willow to notice her sooner.

Time stops moving when the person comes into my view.

Oh, hell no.

This couldn’t be true.

I had to be hallucinating. Maybe the thought of losing Willow had finally driven me to insanity.

I blinked once, then twice. She was still the same. Nothing had changed.

Anya?

What the f**k?

Why was she standing in front of me?

“Is anyone else seeing what I’m seeing?” Griffin asks in disbelief.

"I sure as hell am," Damon mutters in surprise.

"This isn't f*****g happening!" Atticus exclaims. "s**t!"

They were all just as stunned as I was. It meant that I wasn't going completely insane. She was truly standing in front of me.

But that was impossible. Anya had to be dead. We were all there, we all saw her die.

"Dante," she gasps.

My chest squeezed tightly at hearing her voice after so long. This couldn't be real. Someone had to be f*****g messing with me.

"Don't come near us," Damon growls when she takes a step forward.

Her eyes aren't on anyone else but me. She's staring directly into my eyes.

"I'm so sorry for everything." She cries. "I was wrong for never loving you. I messed up the only good thing in my life, and I greatly regret it. I wish that you could give me another chance, Dante. I hope that you'll let me love you this time. I promise never to hurt you again."

"How the hell are you standing in front of me?" I ask in horror. "You were supposed to be dead. How are you here?"

Her gaze wavers a little, "That isn't important right now, Dante. I'll tell you after you admit that you still love me. I'm sorry for forcing you to marry Willow. I thought that's what I wanted. I thought that would be the best thing for her. I was wrong. You could never love her, and because of that, she got hurt. You both did. I'm here to fix all of the mistakes that I made. I'm sorry to you and your family. Please tell me you love me, and let's fix this. We can all be happy, Dante. All you need to tell me is that you love me."

"Don't f*****g believe a word she says." Atticus growls. "Anya was never capable of being nice to anyone. I don't know what the hell is happening here. I don't know if she's f*****g alive or dead, but either way, she was never good to us. Don't let her get into your head. This could be that a*****e's tricks. He's messing with our heads."

He was right. This could be a f*****g spell to mess with us. But it was also possible she was standing before me right now. Sorcerers as powerful as Cassius should have resurrection spells, but it always came with a deadly price.

“Tell my sister that you love me.” She begs. “Tell Willow to give up on you. Let her live her life peacefully. The only way she will ever let you go is if you admit I’m the only woman in your heart. Tell her the truth, Dante. Tell her that you only love me. Tell her!”

“I c-can’t.” I stammer.

“Of course, you can,” she whispers. “You love me. Don’t you?”

I can’t answer her. I’m lost for words.

“Cassius did this for me. He brought me back, but the only way for me to stay alive is for Willow to die. You must push a sword into her heart and kill her. Once she’s dead, I will return to you for good. I promise that I love you, Dante—only you. I’ll never hurt you again. End her life and give me my life back. We can be happy again Dante. You just have to kill her and end her misery.”