

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 99

4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I'd finally gotten Willow alone in my room, where I'd been dying to have her. It felt unreal to have her back here after all of the craziness we've had to go through the past few days since she left me.

"Go ahead." She says without any emotion. "Say what you want to tell me. I'm listening."

"I'm so sorry, Willow. For everything." I apologize. This is the most sincere I've ever been in my life. I meant every word I was about to say to her. "When you entered my life, I was still getting used to the idea of Anya's betrayal and losing her simultaneously. Our marriage wasn't easy for me initially; it happened too quickly after Anya's death. I was confused and lost. I'm not trying to make excuses for my actions; I just want you to know that I wouldn't have been such a fool if I'd met you under different circumstances."

She doesn't say anything as she waits for me to continue.

"But then I got to know you. Little by little, you made your way into my heart. You showed me what it meant to be loved by someone. Not the fake kind of love that Anya showed to me. With you, I didn't feel lonely; I didn't feel like I was fighting a losing battle. You made everything better, Willow. You gave me hope again; you gave me a reason to live. You gave me everything and more than I ever wanted from Anya." I whisper, staring intensely into her eyes.

"You loved me when I was impossible to love. You did things for me that no one would have ever done. You shined your light into my life and made it into something wonderful." I tell her. "Willow, I've never known another woman like you. I'm sorry for ever making you feel like a second option. I'm sorry for ever making you believe I could never love you. I'm sorry for taking so long to heal from Anya. I'm sorry that I didn't give myself to you right away. I'm sorry that I was a horrible husband. All I want to do from now on is to make it up to you, Willow."

"Dante—"

“I know I was wrong, Willow.” I cut her off. “Those things that I said to Atticus that day, I didn’t mean any of it. I was in shock. That night with you was the best night of my f*****g life, and it terrified me to the point that I thought it was wrong. I thought the feeling in my chest wasn’t allowed. I was foolish back then. I knew I needed you; I couldn’t live without you, and I was afraid of losing you. I didn’t want to take advantage of your love for me, and it felt like I’d done just that. I’m so sorry that you heard those horrible words from my mouth, and I’m even ashamed that I said those words to you.”

I don’t wait for her to say anything else. I had to do everything possible to make her understand and believe how much I loved her.

“When you left, everything fell apart. I felt like my entire life was over. I missed you like f*****g crazy. All I wanted was to have you back into my life again. I wanted the chance to tell you all of the things I’m saying to you now. Willow, at this point in my life, you’re the only woman I am in love with. I swear to you, there is no one else but you. After learning that you’re pregnant with my baby, our baby, my whole life flashed before my eyes. Cassius had kidnapped you, and he was holding you captive with our unborn baby. It was a terrifying time for me. It made me realize that I would f*****g die without you. When Anya died, you were my only reason for living, and you still are. Without you, I see no reason to stay on this earth.”

I take a deep breath. “f**k. I just love you so much. I f*****g love you Willow and it would mean the world to me if you could give me one last chance. Please. I’ll never hurt you again. Never.”

The words were pouring out from me one after the next. I had to make sure she understood just how deeply in love I was with her. I had to make sure she knew that Anya was in the past and would never come between us again.

“Did you know that it was a shapeshifter?” she asks me.

“What?”

“When you stuck the knife into her chest. Did you know it wasn’t the real Anya?”

I swallow. “I didn’t know at first. I was shocked to see her, that was my initial reaction. I only knew it wasn’t her after I stabbed her.” I confess.

“Two weeks.” She says suddenly.

Two weeks? What could she possibly mean by that? I expected her to say more to me, but this left me surprised.

I frown. "Two weeks?"

She nods, "That's all I'm asking for. You can't touch me, k**s me, hug me. You need to keep your distance from me. We will sleep in the same bed, but you won't be able to do anything but speak to me. That's your punishment."

"Don't you think that's a little too harsh?" I ask. I would rather she punched me multiple times than not be able to touch her.

I couldn't imagine having her in the same bed as me and not being able to touch her the way I wanted to.

She narrows her eyes, "then I won't even return home to you. I'll stay with Winter and help her search for Caroline."

I pull her into my arms without a second thought, "I accept. It's a small request after all of the s**t I've done to you. I can do it. I can do anything you want from me, Willow. Just don't ever leave me again. I can't live without you. I can't f*****g breathe when you're not by my side."

She smiles against my chest, "You're breaking the rules right now." She whispers. "You're not supposed to touch me for two weeks."

I growl, "just a few more seconds, please."

And then add on the rest of my life.