

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 16 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

Did I hear him correctly? There's no possible way that Dante just asked me not to take part in the k!ssing booth. I knew it wouldn't bother him one bit.

"I don't understand," I whisper. "Why don't you want me to take part? Aren't you also taking part in it?"

He nods, "I am." He answers me. "But I have no choice but to take part in it. I'm asking you to stay out of it for your own good."

"My own good?" I ask, confused.

His jaw clenches, "yes, you're unlike many of those girls who will be participating in it. They're experienced. They've probably k!ssed dozens of men already. They know what they're doing. You're innocent; you're not like them. K!ssing a stranger would make you uncomfortable."

"Are you trying to say that I'm a bad k!sser?" I demand, surprised that he would even hint at that.

I could feel my cheeks get red with anger. I knew that I was innocent; I knew that I was also very inexperienced. However, he didn't need to point this out without considering how it would hurt my feelings.

He turned his face to look at me; I could see the surprise in his eyes.

"When did I say that you were a bad k!sser?" He demands.

"You just said that those girls knew exactly what they were doing while I don't." I remind him of his own words.

I was embarrassed that my first k!ss was so horrible for him. I knew he didn't want to k!ss me; he was thinking of my sister. Still, hearing him admit how bad it was for him made me very upset.

"Willow—"

"In case you didn't know, that was my first k!ss!" I snap. "I've never been k!ssed by any other man before. Not on my cheeks or my l!ps or my c.hest or my neck—"

He covers my mouth with his finger, stopping me from saying anything else.

His eyes were cold and almost dark as he glared at me, "I never said that k!ss was bad." He finally says.

My eyes widen. Does that mean he enjoyed it as much as I did? I'm sure that's not what he meant, but my heart would happily assume that's what he was trying to tell me.

He seems to be searching for the right words, "I'm just saying that guys from the academy are **fg horny bastards. They'll put their hands all over your body and try to touch places they shouldn't. And if I find out that anyone put their fg hands on you, I will chop each of their fingers off!**"

My lips part in surprise. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I thought I felt butterflies in my stomach. I didn't know hearing a man mention cutting off someone's fingers for me would ever make me this giddy, but I was learning new things about myself every day.

"You'll chop their fingers off for touching me?" I repeat his words, unsure if I'd heard him correctly. I needed him to confirm it for me.

Someone needed to pinch me; this had to be a dream. Why would he ever do something like that for me?

Realization seems to hit him finally, and he quickly clears his throat, "I meant that Anya would want me to do that if anyone touched you inappropriately. I promised to protect her sister, and that's exactly what I plan on doing. If anyone takes advantage of you, I'll make them pay. So please, for your sister, don't participate in this."

I flush at his words. Again, he was only doing it because of my sister. Everything he did for me was only because she'd asked him to do it.

For once, I wished he would do it for me and only for me. Thinking like this would get me nowhere.

I sigh, "If it means that much to you. I won't take part."

I wish I could ask him to do the same for me. I hope he can find a way to avoid letting another woman k!ss him. I knew Sharon and the other girls that threw themselves at him were waiting for this opportunity.

Girls seemed crazy for the Fawns, and I knew exactly why. If Anya hadn't asked Dante to marry me, he would have never looked my way. I would have been like any other girl

trying to catch his attention. I think my sister knew this. She knew that she was the only person who would be able to get him to marry me, and she used that to her advantage.

It's still crazy that she never fell for Dante's apparent charms. How could she not see him the way that I did?

He seemed to relax a little after I told him I wouldn't participate in the kissing booth. I hadn't heard about a kissing booth until they mentioned it today.

He walks into the bathroom and does his usual routine before coming to bed. I was beginning to enjoy seeing him come out of the shower every time he was preparing for sleep. I was worried that it was something I would soon be looking forward to every night.

I could still smell the soap on him when he pulled the covers over his body. He smelled so good.

He always does.

I turned to the other side to not stare at his back. I closed my eyes and tried to force myself to fall asleep. I was learning that it was very difficult to fall asleep when a sexy man was sleeping right next to you.

Every sound he made, even the sound of his breathing, the little movements of his sheets, I was aware of it all.

Screw this.

I was turning back around to stare at him, even if it was just his back.

However, when I finally did turn around, I was surprised to be face-to-face with him.

Dante swallows hard, and so do I.

"You look nothing like her."

I gasp.

I knew I looked nothing like Anya. Did it bother him that I didn't?

He turns on his back and stares at the ceiling.

I guess looking at me was painful for him. I angrily closed my eyes and fucking myself to fall asleep.

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0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

"I'm not taking part in the kissing booth," I tell Autumn.

She gapes at me.

"Why?" She demands.

"We had so many plans for today," Clarissa complains. "And all of it included getting Dante jealous."

"He doesn't even like me; why do you think he will get jealous?" I ask her.

She sighs, "I don't think you know much about men like Dante. I'm telling you that we need to get him jealous."

"He asked me nicely not to take part in this," I explain to her. "I don't want to do anything to make him upset with me."

Autumn quirks a brow at me, "Are you telling me that Dante asked you not to take part?"

I nod.

She looked at Clarissa, and they both looked excited about this news.

"He's so jealous." Clarissa laughs.

"No, he's not." I disagree. "He said that Anya would be upset if he let me participate in something like this. He said that the guys from the academy may try to take advantage of me and that I was too innocent for this."

Autumn doubles over in laughter. "I can't believe that's what he said to you."

"Dante truly does have a way with words, doesn't he?" Clarissa asks.

I wasn't sure what was so funny.

"I'm sorry, Willow, but you are taking part in the kissing booth this year," Autumn tells me.

My forehead creases, "what are you talking about? I already told Dante that I wouldn't be taking part in this."

"We have a plan," Autumn whispers. "Atticus will let us know exactly who's entering the room so we can enter at the right time. You won't have to k!ss a stranger. None of us would."

I frown, "isn't that against the rules?"

"I don't care about the rules when it involves Damon." Clarissa mumbles. "I rather burn this entire place down than let him k!ss another woman."

"Are you sure that this plan will work?" I ask them.

I didn't want there to be a possibility of their plan not working. If that happened, I would be fvckngd to k!ss a stranger, and that's the last thing I wanted. Dante was the only man I wanted to k!ss, even if he didn't want to k!ss me.

"Oh, we're sure," Autumn assured me. "I'll do everything in my power to ensure it does."

Sharon is right in front of us with a group of her friends. I watch as she purposefully puts on l!p gloss in front of me.

"I'm sure Dante is a great k!sser." She shouts. "I can't wait for my chance to k!ss him."

Autumn and I again had to drag Clarissa away before she could make a scene in public.

"I swear one of these days; she's going to get what's coming to her." Clarissa growls.

"We know that she wouldn't get an opportunity to k!ss him," Autumn says. "There's no reason for us to get worked up over her."

"You're right," Clarissa says, finally calming down.

Girly screams suddenly erupt around us.

"It's starting," Autumn tells me as she drags me forward.

"I'm not sure if this is a good idea." I protest. "I'm sure if I get Dante, he wouldn't even want to k!ss me."

"It's better than him k!ssing someone like Sharon, right?" She asks me.

I frown; the thought of Sharon k!ssing him angered me.

I nod, "Okay. Let's do this."

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~DANTE~

"Are you hearing those screams?" Griffin asks. "Those women can't wait to get their hands on one of you."

Atticus looks sick after hearing it.

"We have a plan," Atticus says as he looks for Damon for confirmation.

What did they know that they weren't telling us?

"You have a plan?" I ask him.

He nods, "It's nothing that you have to worry about. Didn't you say that Willow won't be participating?"

I nod; thankfully, she'd listened to me. Unlike my brothers, I didn't have anything to worry about.

"It's starting," Damon says. "Who's going first?"

"Griffin," Atticus answers as we watch him enter the room from the back entrance. "He's signed up to take part more than once."

I chuckle, "I wouldn't expect anything different from our younger brother."

One after the next, everyone around us takes their turn. It was almost time for me to enter. I just had to get it over with.

"Aren't you curious to find out who you'll be k!ssing?" Atticus asks me. "You can check upfront. The first person in line will k!ss you in the next few minutes."

I wasn't curious, but I still wanted to know who it was. I walk out to the front, hoping that none of the girls would see me looking. I didn't want to hear their screams again.

Luckily, they were too excited to look my way. I follow the line, searching the faces, Sharon is first in line, but the person behind her makes everything spin.

Willow.

What the hell was she doing there? She agreed not to partake in this event. So then, why the hell was she in line?

My hand tightened into a fist as I fvckngd myself to have some self-control. I wanted to walk over to her and pull her out of the line, but that would cause too much attention on us.

I storm back to Atticus, who looks surprised to see me looking like I wanted to k!!! someone.

“After me, who’s next?” I demand from him.

“Eric.” He answers me. “Eric is next.”

My eyes are narrow when they zero in on the person in question.

I walk over to Eric and grab him by his shirt, “switch places with me.”

“W-what?”

“Don’t make me repeat it, or I’ll drag you out of that room the second you enter it.” I threaten him.

His eyes widen as he slowly nods, “It’s not that big of a deal. You can have my sp0t if you want. All you had to do was ask.”

I let go of him and storm over to Atticus.

“What’s wrong with you?” He demands.

“I can’t believe she lied to me,” I growl. “She f*g lied!”

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0 5 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I was having doubts about this. What would I do if someone else was inside that room? Would they allow me to back out?

“Willow.” They call my name. “You’re up next.”

I watched as Sharon exited the room with a pissed look on her face. Whoever she’d gotten to k!ss wasn’t who she wanted. That’s a good sign? Isn’t it?

It meant that she didn’t get to k!ss Dante.

“Willow?” They call my name again.

I build up the courage to take a few steps forward. My hands shake when I open the door and enter the room.

Music was playing, canceling out the noise from outside. The lights were dimmed but I could still see clearly. I look around the room for Dante. At least, I was still hoping that it was Dante.

The door in front of me opens, and I breathe a sigh of relief when I see the familiar face of the man I married.

It was him. Autumn and Clarissa were right. They made it happen.

He doesn't look surprised to see me. Did they also explain to him about their plan?

Dante looks angry, and I think it's possible that he knew nothing about this unlike what I was hoping. He still looks like someone who thought I wouldn't participate in the kissing booth.

This wasn't good. I didn't want to upset him, but he now seems furious.

“Are you surprised to see that it's me?” He asks me; I can barely recognize the tone of his voice. I don't think I've ever seen Dante this angry in the past, and it felt horrible to know that his anger was directed toward me.

“No,” I answer honestly. “I was hoping that it would be you.”

He chuckles, and I can sense the sarcasm, “is that another lie?”

“I don't know what you're talking about, Dante,” I answer him truthfully. His questions were confusing me.

“Is that what you wanted, Willow?” He demands. “To be kissed by a stranger?”

I gape at him. “What the hell is wrong with you? Why are you so angry?”

He takes a step towards me, and I take one back. I wasn't used to him reacting this way.

“You lied about not taking part in this event.” He explains as he takes another step forward. “I saw you getting ready to enter the room, and I knew it was all a lie. You said that you wouldn't take part. I had to f*

g switch places with that motherfvcker so he couldn't kiss you.”

I gasp. Was there initially someone else? That couldn't be possible. Autumn said that Dante would be the one in the room. Was there some mistake?

Something must have gone wrong. I knew they would never purposefully let me kiss someone other than Dante.

"I think you're misunderstanding—"

"I don't think I am Willow." He growls. "If you wanted to kiss someone that badly, you could have just said so."

I don't get time to respond when he grabs me by my neck and pulls me towards him.

"What are you doing?" I gasp.

"The room is rented out for a kiss." He answers me. "You paid for a kiss, and I will give you one."

My eyes widen when his lips crash onto mine. For the first few seconds, all I could do was stare at him wide-eyed while he devoured my lips.

I'm in shock. I'm not sure what to do. He was right, I did pay for a kiss, but he seemed to be under the impression that I wanted to kiss someone else. He didn't realize that this was exactly what I wanted. A kiss from him. No one else.

His taste, like mint, explodes in my mouth, making me whimper. I felt him shiver in my arms and I wonder if it had anything to do with the sound that just came out of me.

He picks me up and pushes me against the wall. I gasp against his mouth. What was this strong feeling in my chest? I've never been kissed like this before. My last kiss with him was nothing like this.

This kiss was possessive and almost desperate. I could feel the anger radiating from his body, transferring onto my lips.

What made this special was knowing that, unlike our first kiss, this time, he was very aware that it was me he was kissing. He wasn't thinking about my sister. He thought of me even though he only did it to prove a point.

I couldn't believe that another girl would be experiencing this right now if Autumn and Clarissa hadn't convinced me to take part in this event.

I was so happy that I had listened to them.

I could hear a knock on the door, but I don't think Dante did.

He continued to kiss me, ignoring the sound from outside. They were trying to get our attention but were failing miserably.

Dante picks me up and throws me onto the couch before climbing on top of me. It almost feels like he'd lost control of his body.

I heard another knock; this time, it was louder.

"F*ck leave us alone!" Dante lifts his mouth from my own long enough to shout those words before going right back in.

This doesn't seem like him at all. Was I dreaming? If I pinched myself right now, would I wake up and realize it wasn't real, to begin with?

I gasp when his hand travels up my leg. He was touching me. His hand felt warm and big. I had this uncomfortable feeling between my legs; for some weird reason, I wanted to feel his big hands there as well.

Was something wrong with me? Why was I acting so strangely?

"Willow!" Someone shouts. "Your time is up!"

He ignores them as he moves his mouth from my lips to my neck. I bury my hands in his hair as he nibbles on my skin. I wanted to bring him even closer to me.

Why did this feel so good?

The door flies open suddenly, and the room light gets brighter than it was just a few seconds ago. Both Dante and I freeze.

"I'm sorry to break this up but you only paid for five minutes, and ten minutes have just passed." The woman who'd let me in earlier says sternly.

Dante lifts his head to look at me. I can see the shock on his face. I was right; he wasn't even aware of what he was doing.

I've never seen someone look this disgusted with themselves as he did now.

He moves from on top of me and aggressively wipes his lips. It's almost like he wants to get my taste out of his system. His head was slightly thrown back and it looks like he was fighting for control.

His jaw was tight as he ran a hand through his hair.

I slowly got up from the couch while fixing my dress.

Dante seemed to be getting angrier by the second. His hands are fisted and I can see his veins oh so clearly.

I watched in horror as he slammed his fist against the wall without warning before storming out of the room.

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0 4 minutes read

~DANTE~

What the fvck was wrong with me?

Why did I lose control like that? When I saw Willow inside that room, waiting eagerly and all innocently for a stranger that she didn't even know, everything snapped.

The k!ss was supposed to be a lesson; there wasn't even supposed to be a k!ss. That decision happened in a split second.

Atticus grabs my arm the second I exit the room, "what's wrong?"

"Willow was inside that room," I answer him.

I can't remember the last time I've ever been this angry. I was f*g furious, and I didn't know how to calm down.

Why did she tell me that she wouldn't take part if she were going to do the exact opposite?

"She was?" Atticus asks. "I wonder why she said differently. So she's the person you were referring to earlier? The one that lied to you."

I run a hand down my face. "I told her how many f*g a.ssh0les attended this Academy, and she still chose to participate. K!ssing wasn't the only thing that could have happened inside that room with one of those a.ssh0les."

"Did you just storm off on her like that?" Atticus demands. "You should have spoken to her. Find out why she did it. I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding."

"To hear her say what?" I demand. "That she wanted to k!ss a random stranger?"

"We don't know if that's what happened." He disagrees. "Why are you behaving like this? Why are you so angry?"

I take a deep breath, digging deep for an answer to his question. The first thing I could think about was Anya and my promise to her.

“Because Anya begged me to protect her sister while dying,” I growl. “I promised to do everything possible to make her last wishes come true. If Willow lies to me again, I won’t always be there to protect her. I don’t want to disappoint Anya even if she isn’t here. I don’t want to let her down.”

Atticus takes a deep breath and looks around us, checking if anyone is listening to our conversation.

“I don’t understand why you’ve always loved her so much.” Atticus sighs.

His words angered me. “You may have forgotten all of the years you’ve spent with her because of Autumn, but every second I spent with Anya still lives rent-free in my head. I’m not going to magically forget about it just because I married someone else.”

Atticus nods, “I’m sorry I said anything. You can’t help who you fall in love with. I hope one day you can learn to love—”

“Can you make sure that Willow gets home safely?” I ask my brother, stopping him from finishing that sentence.

He looked shocked when I asked him, “And what about you? Where do you think you’re going?” He demands.

I clenched my jaw, “I can’t stay here. I have to go somewhere to clear my head. If I don’t, I might say something I regret.”

I knew I should stop and listen to Willow’s explanation. However, I was too angry to converse with anyone, especially her.

I had to calm down first. And there was one thing that had proven in the past to calm me down.

I said goodbye to Atticus and walked away before he could ask questions. I’m sure he had an idea of where I was going. He knew that the fighting ring was where I went when things got this heated.

I’m surprised that he didn’t do more to stop me.

When I reached the vehicle, I quickly got in and pressed my forehead against the steering wheel. Things kept getting worse for me. Whenever I felt like this, the first thing I did was look for Anya. All I had left of her were pictures.

I pulled my wallet out of my pocket and removed the picture of her.

I held it between my fingers and gazed at her beauty.

"I didn't mean to k!ss her," I whisper. "I'm so sorry."

I felt like I had betrayed her in some way. Crossing her was something I would never be able to forgive myself for.

This wasn't the first time I'd k!ssed Willow. It was the second f*g time, and this time I had no damn excuses.

"Why did you ask me to marry your sister Anya?" I asked the picture in front of me, knowing it wasn't possible to get an answer from her.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and dialed a number I didn't think I would be calling tonight.

"What can I do for my favorite fighter today?" Jaguar asks as soon as he picks up my call.

"I'm going to lose the fight tonight," I tell him.

"What?" he asks, surprised. "I wasn't even told that you would be on tonight."

"It's a last-minute decision," I explain. "I need to be in that ring tonight, but I won't win. I'll let the opposition win tonight."

There's a long pause.

"Hello?"

"Why would you want to lose willingly?" he asks me. "Everyone loves to see you win."

"You can win the bets if I lose tonight." I try to persuade him. "Think about it. Everyone else would be voting for me. If you vote against it, you'll win big time."

He chuckles, "If that's what you want. Who am I to stop you?"

"I'll be there in less than an hour," I inform him. "I don't want to wait for the fight when I arrive. I'm hungry for a fight."

"I'll make sure that everything is prepared for you." He assures me. "You're about to make me richer tonight."

I sat back against my seat and let out a breath I didn't know I was holding.

I wanted to lose the fight tonight. I deserved to get beaten up. I should never have k!ssed Willow. I should never have betrayed Anya.

Tonight I'll make sure that my body pays for my mistakes. I'll never do something like that again. I'll make sure that I learn my lesson.

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0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

"We don't know what happened." Autumn apologizes as soon as she sp0ts me. "You were supposed to enter the room with Dante, but something went wrong."

"He was very angry with me," I whisper, still shocked by our k!ss.

Dante was a very good k!sser; I knew that without having to k!ss anyone else to compare.

"He thinks that I lied to him." I continue to explain. "I didn't get a chance to tell him I changed my mind, but only because I knew it would be him inside that room."

"It's all my fault." Autumn apologizes. "We should have told him you were participating. I didn't think it would upset him so much."

"I think he's more angry that she almost k!ssed a stranger," Clarissa suggests. "According to Atticus, he insisted that the guy after him switch places with him so he could be in the room with you. All we need to do is explain that something went wrong."

"What the hell did you do?" Someone screeches behind me.

I spun around to see Sharon glaring at me.

"Excuse me?" Autumn demands. "Who do you think you're speaking to?"

"Stay out of this!" Sharon snaps at her.

"What's wrong with you?" I ask her.

It seems as though everyone is angry with me today for unknown reasons.

"I paid plenty of money to k!ss Dante today!" She hissed. "I know that you three had something to do with this. Someone made Dante switch places with Eric, and I want to know who was responsible for it!"

"You paid to kiss Dante?" Clarissa demands. "How desperate do you have to be to pay someone for a chance to kiss my brother?"

"Your brother?" Sharon laughs. "Isn't Damon also your brother? As far as I know, you're waiting for a chance to stick your tongue down Dante's throat as well!"

My eyes widen as her dress is suddenly up in flames. Sharon starts to scream when she realizes that her clothes are on fire.

There was a pool near us, and she jumped straight into it.

Autumn glares at Clarissa, "What did you do?"

"What?" Clarissa asks innocently. "You know that she deserved it."

"I know she deserves it, but I warned you that you must be more careful. We can't let the overlords find out about you, Clarissa. Do you forget what they almost did to me? I don't want them to come for you as well."

Why were they so scared of the overlords? I knew nothing about them or why they were after Autumn and could be after Clarissa. However, I could tell how serious this entire thing was by Autumn's expression alone.

"I think it's time we get out of here," Damon says as he approaches us.

Clarissa looks guilty as she stares at him. "Did you just see that?"

He stares at her, and I can see that even he is a little upset, "I did. It's time to go. Tonight was much more eventful than any of us were expecting."

Clarissa hugs him, and that seems to calm Damon down a little. He picks her up into his arms without warning, and she buries her face against his neck.

"They loved each other and kept it a secret for so long," I whisper. "I'm happy for them. I wish my sister could have been as well."

Autumn holds my hand, "there was a time that I considered Anya, my closest friend. I wish things were different as well."

We joined the others at the parking lot. Atticus immediately shouts for everyone to get into their vehicles.

"What's wrong?" Autumn asked him as soon as we got inside.

"I f*ck knew it." He growls. "I put a tracker on Dante's jeep. I know where he's heading."

"Where?" I demanded before I could stop myself. I couldn't hide the anxiousness in my voice. I was worried about him.

His anger could cause him to do something stupid, and that's the last thing I wanted to see happen.

"He's going to that *fg fighting ring again!*" Atticus growls. "*I don't care what he has to say; I'm stopping that s*t tonight!*"

Autumn looks over at me to see my reaction, and I know she can see the horror on my face from learning this new information.

He would come home with bruises again if we didn't get there in time.

I didn't want to be the reason for his bruises. I didn't want to cause him any harm. If I had known this would have happened, I would have never taken part in the kissing booth. If Dante had given me a chance to speak, he wouldn't have been so angry with me.

I held onto the door as Atticus mashed down on the accelerator. We were speeding on the roads faster than I'd ever experienced.

Damon and Clarissa were behind us and moving just as fast. They were all trying to stop Dante from harming himself.

When we arrive at the underground ring, Atticus speaks to the receptionist and hands her some money so that she can let us in.

When we entered the fighting arena, I could hear women screaming Dante's name.

We were too late. I follow their gazes and felt my heart drop. Dante was on the ground with another man punching him repeatedly in his face.

He wasn't even fighting back.

"The fvck?" Damon growls. "Why is he just lying there and not fighting back?"

"That a.ssh0le wants to lose the fight," Atticus shouts. "He's intentionally losing. He wants the pain."

I close my eyes to stop myself from seeing any more of it.

I couldn't do this.

I couldn't see Dante get beaten up right in front of me.

"We have to stop this." Clarissa hissed. "He's going to kill him at this rate!"

"There's too much security." Atticus points out as he examines the arena. "It's too dangerous to get you girls involved. We should have left you home."

I wasn't going to sit back and watch this. Before I knew what I was doing, I was already halfway down the pathway toward the ring.

The security stopped me before I could go any further.

"I'm his wife!" I shout. "Let me go to him!"

The man chuckles, "Almost every woman here pretends to be his wife daily. I don't believe you, chick."

"DANTE!" I scream. "DANTEEE!"

His eyes which were once closed, immediately snapped open.

My lips part when he searches the crowd until he finally finds me. The look he gives me startles me.

Oh.

I think I was in more trouble than before.