

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 2

- Tips

0 4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

“Why the fvck do you need to know that?” Dante growls.

Atticus crosses his arms over his chest and I can’t remember the last time I’ve seen these two this angry with each other.

“A f*g underground fighting ring?” Atticus growls. “Are you a lunatic?”

A fighting ring? What was that exactly?

Dante looks surprised that Atticus knows the truth.

“Did you follow me there?” He asks him. “Did you f*g follow me there, Atticus?”

“Of course I did!” He roars. “You kept returning home with a million bruises and acting like everything was okay when we all knew it wasn’t. Why the hell would you join something like that?”

Dante narrows his eyes and moves closer to his brother, “You may not have loved Anya, but I did. She’s dead. She’s dead, Atticus. Tell me you wouldn’t do the same if Autumn died. The woman I love is gone, and now I’m stuck in a marriage to her—”

He stops talking when he hears my gasp. I covered my mouth; I didn’t realize I’d made a sound until now.

Atticus turns to look at me as well, and I felt uncomfortable under both of their gazes.

Before anyone could say anything, I opened my room door and safely got back inside.

I knew he didn’t realize I was standing there, but he’d said exactly what he was thinking. It wasn’t a secret that Dante never wanted to marry me. It also wasn’t a secret that he didn’t love me, not even a little bit. I think it’s even possible that he hates me. He hates being married to me.

A knock on my door fvckingd me to open it. I was expecting to see Atticus there, but it surprised me when it was Dante. He barely ever says a word to me. Not unless he had no other choice.

“Willow—” That’s all he gets out of his mouth before I reach over and gently touch the bruise on his forehead. I don’t know why I did it; I also am not sure why I haven’t moved my hand.

Dante has a look of shock on his face, his eyes are wide, and I think he may have forgotten what he was going to say.

When he finally comes to his senses, he moves my hand.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper. “Your bruises. They’re just worst today.”

I knew how much he hated it when I touched him.

His bruises were worse than before. This fighting ring, was it someplace that men went to fight? It would match the name.

“About what I said earlier—”

“You don’t need to explain yourself.” I cut him off. “I know that you loved Anya, and I’m happy she had at least one person who truly loved her besides my mother and me. I’m aware that the only reason you married me was because she asked you to. I don’t need an apology.”

“Willow—”

“I’m okay, Dante. Please don’t embarrass me further. Please.” I stop him once more.

I didn’t want to hear how much he loved her. While it was confirmed that I was happy his love for her was genuine, it didn’t make any of this easier.

It didn’t help that I had all of these bottled emotions trapped inside me, all directed at him. He just was clueless in this matter.

He’s about to say something when his mother rushes to his side. “Dante!” She hissed. “What have you been doing to yourself, my son?”

I knew it wouldn’t be long before his entire family stood in front of my room, scolding him.

“Look at what you’ve done to your face!” She shouts. They were all losing their patience with him.

I didn’t think the shouting would help. He’s in too much pain emotionally.

“Fighting?” His father asks behind him. “Is that what you do for fun now?”

Autumn joins us next with Clarissa. Those two were inseparable, especially since they discovered they were biological sisters. I often wanted to be as close to them as they were with each other, but I could never really bond with them freely. It felt weird knowing my sister's history with both of them.

"I don't want to talk about it," Dante growls.

"I don't care what you say," his mother says. "You are opening up about this right now. I'm tired of seeing you this way Dante. Enough is enough."

"I said, I don't want to talk about it, mother." He repeats.

"You need to listen to your mother!" His father shouts. "Why are you hurting yourself?"

"It will heal soon," Dante tells him. "These physical bruises, they all go away eventually. It's the emotional one that leaves the scar."

Their gazes softened at his words, but I could see this was far from over. Dante was not backing down, and his parents were not happy.

"You will listen to us. You will quit." His mother snaps. "You will leave that place and never step back inside that fighting ring again."

"No," Dante growls. "I will do no such thing. It's the only thing keeping me sane, and I don't plan on stopping it anytime soon."

"Why are you not listening to us?" His mother demands. "You've never been this stubborn in the past. I know you're still hurting from Anya's death, but you need to learn to move on, son; stop hurting yourself, none of it was your fault, and you're aware of that."

Oh no. Something was terribly wrong.

I gasp. It was happening again. I could feel my body begin to freeze like I was trapped in a freezer.

All eyes turned to me, and I could see the shock on everyone's faces when they realized what was happening.

"I think she's going into shock again." Dante's mother gasps. "Call the doctor!"

"Willow?" Autumn whispers as she holds my hand. "We're here, okay. Nothing is going to happen to you. Stay calm."

"We need to get her close to some heat!" His mother shouts. "Now!"

I try to say something, but my lips are stuck together.

"Willow?" Dante says my name. It's the last thing I hear before going unconscious.