

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 23 - Tips

~WILLOW~

“Do you think your mother placed a protection spell on you?” He asks me. “She’s a witch, which makes you one. Do you have any idea what it might be?”

I bit my lip hard. It was true that my mother was a witch, and so was my sister. However, according to my mother, I’ve never shown any signs of being a witch.

She’s always thought that there was something wrong with me. I’ve never been able to do anything a witch could. I don’t know spells and even if I did, I wouldn’t be able to create magic.

“It’s hard to say,” I answer him. “It’s possible. My mother has always been very protective of me.”

He nods and opens his wallet to check for something. I’m about to ask him what he’s looking for when something catches my eye.

Why does he have a picture of Anya inside of his wallet?

I knew he loved her, but he was married to me. I felt some strange emotion in my chest that I immediately recognized.

It appears that I might be jealous of my own sister. That was impossible; I loved Anya with all my heart and wished she was still with us. So then, why do I feel this way?

Dante catches me staring at it, and he quickly shuts his wallet, almost like he doesn’t want me to see it. Was it possible that he felt guilty? Why would he? He’s never felt guilty in the past because of his feelings for her. He’s never tried to hide it, either. He was always very open about how much he loved her.

We’re silent for the rest of the drive home. There was nothing left for either one of us to say. I had to accept that Dante would never look at me differently. I will always be the sister of the woman he was in love with. He will never see me as his wife.

It felt like I was giving up without even putting up a fight. However, how could you win a fight that you'd already lost?

I couldn't compete with someone that was no longer here.

"Why did you let that man hurt you when you could have won that fight?" I finally ask him, breaking the silence.

We had just pulled into the garage, and Dante was waiting for me to step out of the vehicle.

His hand stops at the door, "why do you think I could have won that fight?"

I knocked out before I could see what happened in the end, and still wasn't sure who'd won the fight. After fainting, I wasn't aware of anything; how could I be?

"I know you," I whisper.

He frowned, "you know me?"

I nod shyly, "I didn't need to see you in a fight to know how strong you are. I'm positive that you were letting that man win. What I don't understand is why you would willingly do something like that unless you wanted to feel pain."

It brings me back to what his brothers said when they saw him lying on the ground. Was that truly what he wanted? To feel pain?

He doesn't answer me. My hands tightened into fists when he opened the door.

"Did I do something wrong?" I demand. "There must be a reason why you hate me this much. You hate me to the point that you would rather get beaten up after kissing me. I don't think I've ever done anything to disrespect you. I don't understand what I've done wrong, so please, help me to understand."

He ran a hand down his face, and I could see how impatient he was becoming. Even speaking to me was painful for him.

Would he be happier if I kept my mouth shut from now on? Would that make him more comfortable around me?

He gets down from the jeep without answering me.

“Dante!” I try again.

I wanted an answer. I needed a solution.

“Just leave it alone, Willow.” He says in a low growl.

“As your wife, don’t you think I at least deserve some answers?” I demand.

His eyes flash dangerously at my question. Dante didn’t like when I referred to myself as his wife. What would he prefer I call myself?

He slams his door shut and walks over to my side. When he opens the door, I’m reminded of how se.x.y Dante is, even when he fumes with rage.

This discussion was not going in the direction I had hoped.

“Do you want to know the truth?” he demands.

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t.” I retort.

He buries his hand in my hair and pulls my face closer to his. “Remember that you’re the one that insisted on hearing this.”

I pressed my lips tightly together as I waited for him to continue.

“You’ve indeed done nothing wrong, Willow.” He whispers. “You’re not to blame for how messed up my life is. You’re just an innocent girl that got caught up in the games of your mother and sister. You’re not the reason that despite everything Anya did to me and my family, I still love her. You’re not the reason I still can’t **fg get her out of my head. You’re not the reason that I wish things were different. I still wish that she was here. I still wish that she fg** cared for me more than she did Atticus. It’s not your fault that she never even cared for me, to begin with.”

His voice broke with that last line, and so did my heart.

“It’s not your fault that you look nothing like her. It’s not your fault that I keep searching for pieces of her in you. It’s not your f\*g fault Willow.”

Please stop.

My heart was begging for him to stop. It couldn’t handle it. I knew I was the one that asked for this, but I didn’t expect it to hurt this much.

Why was it this painful?

“You’re not the reason that I still dream of her every night.” He chokes. “It’s not your fault that Anya begged me to marry you. None of this was ever your fault. You did nothing wrong, and that’s the f\*g problem!”

I gasp.

Was he upset because I did nothing wrong? How could that be any reason to be upset with me?

“Because you did nothing wrong, I can’t find a single fvcking flaw in you. I can’t find a reason to say this marriage cannot work. Because you’re so damn fvcking perfect, I don’t have an excuse to leave this marriage. I’m stuck in it because of Anya and how f\*g perfect you are.”

“Please stop.”

They are words from my mouth; I hadn’t even realized I’d said them out loud until I saw the expression on his face.

“I don’t want to hear anything more.” I cry. “So please, stop, I beg of you.”