

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 25 - Tips

~DANTE~

I was a f*g a.ssh0le. Anya asked me to protect her sister, not say words to hurt her. I was in such a mess. I had no idea how to deal with the strong emotions stuck in my c.hest.

When Willow asked me why I acted the way I did, I was thrown off-guard. The truth was that even I didn't have the answers to give to her.

I knew I was lying to myself about many things, but even I wasn't sure what those were.

My mind was in shambles.

I felt horrible for speaking that way to her. Not once but twice for the f*g day. She kept catching me off-guard, and my reaction to her behavior was to lash out at her. It was not a good one, and I did not know how to stop. I've never been this big of an a.ssh0le, but lately, I can't seem to stop.

I keep picking fights with my family and Willow. I had to find a way to have more control over my actions and words.

'If you're only going to help me because of her, don't.'

Those were her words, and it was stuck in my head, adding to the t*e. It was true; for everything that I did for Willow, my excuse was always that I'd done it because it was what Anya would have wanted me to do.

It wasn't an excuse. It was the truth. I only married her because Anya asked me to do it. The fact was that I could never give my heart to someone other than Willow's sister.

Whenever I k!ssed Willow, I felt like I was betraying her sister. Whenever I got closer to her, I felt like I had to take a few steps back. I wasn't doing any of this on purpose. My heart and mind were constantly in a battle with each other to do the right thing; they both had different ideas of what the right thing was.

"You look like you need a drink," Damon says as he joins me in the kitchen.

I needed more than a drink. In fact, I don't think drinking would help me even a little. Nothing could help me out of this mess. If given a chance, I'm sure that I would somehow find a way to make everything worse than it already was.

"I'm not in the mood to be lectured right now, Damon," I warn him.

I wanted to be alone; that way, I could bury myself in my guilt. Besides, I was tired of my brothers trying to make decisions for me. None of them understood the pain I was going through. They had the woman they loved with them for the rest of their lives. They had no f*g right to judge me.

"I'm not here to give you a lecture." He assures me. "I'm here to have a drink. You can join me if you'd like. Of course, you can also say no. It's your decision. I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do."

He goes to the fridge and gets two glasses from the cabinet. After pouring the liquor into the glasses, he hands one to me.

I stare at it briefly before finally taking it from him. I don't waste a second as I gulp the entire thing in one go. It wasn't a magic drink; I still felt like sh!t.

Damon doesn't say anything as he does the same. I watch as he refills my glass.

"Are you trying to get me drunk?" I ask him suspiciously.

He shrugs his shoulder, "I'm just trying to help you to loosen up a little bit. You've been too tensed lately."

I took the glass from him and winced when the liquor went down my throat again.

Every time I took a drink, Damon would refill the cup for me. I wasn't even sure if he was refilling his cup as well.

"How is Willow doing?" he asks me.

I sigh, "She's angry with me. For the first time in our marriage, she's truly angry with me."

"Why?"

I glance at him, "I was a complete a.ssh0le to her. That's why."

He hands me the refilled glass once more, "I know that you still love Anya. None of us can truly understand why you still love her after she betrayed you and after she betrayed all of us. However, don't you think you should try to make your marriage work with Willow?"

My jaw clenches. "Let me ask you something, Damon. If Clarissa died and you were fvckingd to marry her sister. Would you be able to give her sister a chance? Would you be able to make that marriage work after knowing she's the only person you could ever love?"

It wasn't like Willow even wanted me, either. She was fvckingd into this marriage just like I was.

Damon doesn't say anything.

"Your silence tells me everything I need to know," I tell him.

He sighs, "I was just trying to show you that you might be happier if you let go of the past. I never said it would be easy. However, Willow seems like a nice girl. Unlike Anya, she is kind and gentle. She's also innocent."

"You don't need to remind me that she's nothing like her sister," I growl. "I think I've had enough of this conversation."

I attempted to get up from the chair but quickly held onto the counter for support. I'd had too much to drink; it would seem.

"I'll help you," Dante says as he puts my arm around his neck. He walked with me up the stairs, ensuring I didn't fall flat on my face.

I try to walk on my own when I see my room door. "Take it easy," he tells me as he tries to steady me. "I think you should get some sleep now."

I couldn't fvcking sleep with Willow in the same room as me. Didn't he understand that? Sleep was fvcking difficult for me ever since she entered my life. It wasn't about to magically get easier tonight.