

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 33 - Tips

~DANTE~

Willow falls on top of me suddenly, and it takes me a few seconds to realize she'd fallen asleep.

I sigh, maybe it's for the best. A sleeping Willow was much easier to handle than a drunk one.

I slowly pick her up and gently place her back on the passenger's side.

There was a knock on the door right after I buckled her in.

I open my door and find Damon standing there. "What are you doing parked to the side of the road?" He asks me. "Did something happen?"

Something did, but I wasn't about to tell him that.

"No." I lie. "I just needed to make sure that Willow was okay. She fell asleep, and I worried she was too cold."

I grab my shirt and cover her body.

He nods, "alright. Drive safe. I'll see you at home."

I nod and shut the door. I'm not sure what the fvck just happened, but I knew I had to take a very cold shower tonight to help with my situation.

After tonight, I knew that my life would be a pain from now on.

The feel of Willow's breasts in my hands was not something I would easily be able to forget. Every time I looked at her from now on, I would keep thinking about them and how good they felt.

I wasn't sure what happened to me tonight. She shouldn't have tempted me that much. I never knew how much I wanted her until tonight.

How long have I felt this way? It wouldn't change the fact that I didn't love her, however. It also wouldn't change the fact that I loved Anya.

Still, something about Willow made me want to forget about everything else, including her sister. I wasn't sure what it was, but it was f*g intense.

Pulling into the garage, I quickly exited and took her into my arms. I swallow at how good even this felt.

I stormed into the house and went straight for my room. I didn't feel like answering any questions tonight. I knew my parents would have plenty after seeing me carrying a sleeping Willow in my arms.

I gently place her onto our bed. She looked beautiful even while she slept. I walked over to her closet and pulled out a satin robe.

I tried not to look at her body while I placed the robe over her. I quickly pulled the covers over her body when I was done. I didn't want to be tempted for the hundredth time tonight.

When she's safely tucked into bed, I storm out of the room. I needed some time away from her.

I had to get her f*g scent out of my head.

I was halfway down the stairs when I remembered something. Before I knew it, I was walking back to the room.

I pushed the door open and strode over to her. I leaned over and gently moved her hair from her face before whispering, "You are my wife, Willow. And you always will be."

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~WILLOW~

I gr0aned and held my head in pain. Why w as it hurting this much? I sat up from the bed and slowly opened my eyes. I wince as the light hits my face.

How long was I asleep?

I freeze when I see Dante coming out from the bathroom in nothing but a towel—something I love seeing. My head hurts so much that I cannot concentrate on him.

He stops walking when he sees me awake. There's this heated look in his eyes that I haven't seen before. It makes me curious. What was that look about?

"You're finally awake." He says as he walks over to me.

Why was he walking over to me? He barely ever gave me any attention unless it was necessary. Was I missing something?

"Why do I feel so horrible?" I ask him.

He sighs and hands me a drink. "I had this made specifically for you." He tells me. "Drink it; it will help."

"What happened?" I ask. "Did I hit my head somewhere?"

He shook his head, "Autumn and Clarissa gave you way too many drinks last night. They should have known better than to do something like that."

He looks angry with them.

"They were only trying to help me relax." I defend them. I couldn't remember everything clearly, but now that he mentioned it, I remember drinking multiple times.

Another memory makes everything run cold.

"Is something wrong?" Dante asks, sensing the change in my mood.

I nod even though I feel sick to my stomach.

'You and Dante have not even consummated your marriage. Have you?'

That's the question Sharon asked me at the pool party.

"You don't look okay," Dante says as he studies me. He looks a little flustered, which surprises me.

"Do you remember what happened last night?" He asks hesitantly.

Why does he look so worried?

“Do you mean the part where Sharon asked me if we consummated our marriage?” I ask him; I can’t hide the anger in my voice. It upsets me every time that I think about it. She had no right sticking her nose into our married life. I was more upset that Dante and I didn’t act like a married couple, however. That’s what honestly had me feeling this way.

Dante looks surprised at my question, making me wonder if he was asking about a different incident.

Did something else happen last night? I tried my best to remember, but nothing was coming back to me. Maybe I was reading too much into nothing.

“We have a problem,” Autumn announces as she barges into our room without warning.

It must be severe for her to enter without even knocking.

“What’s wrong?” Dante demands.

She pushes a magazine into his face, and I watch him pale.

I moved to his side and took a look at the headline.

It was titled the virgin bride. Under the title was a picture of me. I let out a surprised gasp and covered my mouth in horror.

This wasn’t happening.