

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 38 - Tips

~DANTE~

Why can't I stop noticing how beautiful Willow has been recently?

fvck. I can't stop staring at her. I would force myself to look away for a few seconds, and right after, I'm back to gazing at her.

Her sweetness was hard to ignore. I'd never met a woman like Willow before. It always amazes me how different she was from everyone else. I've loved Anya for so long that I've never looked at anyone else. But for the first time, another woman has my attention, and it turns out it's her sister.

Was it a coincidence? Was there something about both of them that called out to me?

It couldn't be. They were both opposite in every damn way. There's not one thing about them that is similar. They're nothing alike. Nothing.

So then, why do they both have the power to hold my attention? What was it about the both of them?

I take her into my arms again and walk with her down the yacht. I had to make up for being late. I tried not to let her scent fill my nose, but it was an impossible task.

I saw the worry in her eyes when I finally arrived earlier. I heard what those damn guests were saying. They were always waiting to say the worst things about Willow.

I was the reason behind it. Because of my stupid actions, they always found things to comment on. If I acted the right way, they wouldn't be able to say anything bad about Willow or our marriage. I knew it was all my fault.

I knew I should have skipped the fight tonight. I knew I had to be there for her. However, I couldn't do it. Fights are now my unhealthy addiction. It's the only way I can cope with the stress. I couldn't sleep last night thinking about the ritual and the possibility of seeing Willow n***d.

I'm torn between doing what was right and what my heart told me to do. I was still connected to Anya. I was still grieving for her.

I should not be able to feel anything for another woman until I recovered. But for some reason, Willow was the only person who could get to me now that Anya was gone. She was the only woman who could quickly gain my attention without even trying.

It was almost time.

I let my family take Willow into the beach house. I knew what would happen after this. They would cover her body in oil and prepare her for the ritual.

I was not prepared to see Willow n***d. I saw her in that bikini last time and almost lost my fvcking*g mind. I don't think I had the willpower to not look at her. Still, I didn't want to make anything uncomfortable for her.

I had to gain the strength to look anywhere but at her body. Her perfect body.

"Are you ready for midnight?" Atticus asks me as he joins my side.

I shook my head, "how did you survive that night with Autumn?"

Atticus had a familiar situation in the past. He wasn't in love with Autumn when he entered that spring with her; at least, I didn't think he loved her back then.

He chuckles, "It wasn't easy. She made it real fvcking*g hard for me on that night."

I quirk a brow, "she made it hard for you?"

He laughs, "Autumn did some surprising things that night. I was crazy for not taking her then and there. I waited too long to realize what I truly wanted."

I nod, "I'm sure it will be much more difficult for me. You always had some feelings for Autumn. I don't have feelings for Willow. I still have my heart filled by her sister."

Atticus nods, "I don't expect you to just throw Anya out of your heart. She was your first love, and unfortunately, she died before you could get any closure. Out of the three of us, you were the only one that truly loved her. We all understand what you are going through. I have someone that I love with all my

heart, and I can't imagine losing her one day. However, I don't think you know this yet, but I've seen affection in your eyes for your wife recently."

His words cut through me like a sharp knife. It was the last thing I was expecting him to say. When have I ever had affection in my eyes for Willow?

He must be mistaken.

My jaw clenches, "I don't know what you mean."

He sighs, "You can try to hide your feelings all you want, Dante. The longer you take to accept it, the harder it will be for you when Willow slips away."

My grip tightens on the cup in my hand. I didn't want to think about Willow ever slipping away from me. She was my wife; she was not going anywhere.

"I think you're mistaken, Atticus. I only have feelings for Anya. No one else." I growl.

He raised his hands in defense. "You don't need to get all worked up. I was saying it as I saw it. I was mistaken. I don't know you as well as I thought."

"You don't know anything," I shout. "I'm tired of you trying to control my life."

"Control your life?" he demands. "I'm trying to save your life, brother. I'm trying to bring you out of that hole you've dug for yourself. I'm trying to show you that I went through something similar. I don't want you to make the same mistakes that I made. That's all."

I exhale loudly and pinch the bridge of my nose. I was being an a*s for no reason. Why was I this pissed because Atticus suggested I may have feelings for Willow? I could have politely said no.

We both stop talking when the door opens, and Autumn walks out. I look behind her but don't see Willow anywhere.

Clarissa walks out next, and so does my mother. Where was she?

Why did I desperately need to see her?