

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 45 - Tips

~WILLOW~

Dante is fuming when he storms inside the beach house with me right behind him.

“Look who’s finally back!” Atticus announces as he spots us first.

“Father!” Dante shouts. “Mother!”

Both his parents turn to look at us.

“Is something wrong?” His mother asks. “Did something happen? Did you not complete the ritual?”

Of course, that’s the first thing everyone will be concerned about. The ritual. Thankfully, it was complete.

“Can someone explain to me why there was a fvcking*g photographer waiting to get pictures of Willow and me returning from the spring?” he demands as he throws the broken camera onto the ground.

His father walks towards us, “Did you get rid of the footage?” he demands.

“Of course I did.” Dante roars. “That ritual was supposed to be something private between Willow and me. How could you send someone to take pictures of us?”

“He didn’t take pictures of you in the spring.” His mother tries to explain. “He was only supposed to take pictures of the both of you returning together.”

“I can’t believe this.” Dante spat angrily. “Forcing me to complete this ritual wasn’t enough? You had to send a photographer to let the entire fvcking*g world know what we’d just done?”

I gasp. Dante looks at me when he realizes what I’ve just heard.

I don’t wait to hear anything else as I rush up the stairs and away from everyone else. I could hear his parents scolding him for saying that in front of me, but I didn’t wait to hear more of their argument.

After everything that happened tonight, hearing Dante say that he was fvckingd to complete the ritual with me was the last thing I wanted to hear.

He was fvckingd. fvckingd.

And I didn't help by forcing him to look at me tonight. I was worse than his parents.

I angrily pulled the robe out of my body and changed into a nightgown.

I grabbed my diary from the suitcase and pulled out a pen along with it.

My dearest husband,

Today I'm sorry. I'm sorry for asking for something you weren't ready to give me. I'm sorry for telling you I think I'm in love with you. I'm sorry for making everything so much harder for you. I'm sorry you were fvckingd to marry me by my sister. I'm sorry you were fvckingd to do a ritual that may or may not guarantee a long marriage to me. However, I'm not sorry for the feelings in my heart. I'm not sorry for loving someone like you. I'm not sorry that even though my sister didn't love you, I still do. I'm not sorry that I got to experience such pleasures with your tongue. I'm not sorry that my taste is still in your mouth. I'm not sorry that I'll go to sleep smelling like you tonight. And I'm not sorry that I'll dream of today for the rest of my life. . .

A knock on the door forces me to put the diary away. I wasn't sure if bringing it with me was a good idea, but now I knew I needed it. Leaving little messages for him in my diary made me feel much better, even though I knew he would never get the chance to read it in this life.

When I open the door, I'm surprised to see Dante right before me. I didn't expect him to come after me.

Did he feel sorry for me? I didn't want his sympathy.

"Willow, I'm sorry." He apologizes. "I was angry with my parents. I wasn't thinking properly. I didn't mean to say what I said."

"You don't need to apologize, Dante," I assure him. "You can't control the way you feel. You weren't thinking, but you said exactly what was in your heart. You were fvckingd into all of this. It's not new to me. We all knew that you were fvckingd into everything."

“Still,” he tries to say. “I would never intentionally say something to hurt you. I mean it when I say I wasn’t thinking. I willingly got into that water with you tonight. No one put a g*n to my head and fvckingd me into it.”

I knew he was only trying to make me feel better. However, I didn’t want him to go through all of that trouble for me. I can handle the truth. It was hard to stomach but I rather his honesty than his lies. As long as he wasn’t mentioning his love for Anya, I would be okay.

“Dante, I’m sorry about everything.” I apologize. “Tonight, I went too far. You made it quite clear that my sister was the love of your life and still is. Yet, I insisted that you do things for me that I should have never asked for. I’m sorry if I made tonight difficult for you.”

Dante looks horrified by my words. Would he not accept my apology?

He steps into our room, and I take one step back.

“Willow.” He says softly. “Tonight is the last thing you need to be apologizing for. Again, no one fvckingd me to do anything.”

“Stop lying, for my sake!” I exclaim. “You didn’t want to do it. You made that very clear to me at first. You said it would make you feel guilty, yet I still begged you to do it for me.”

Dante grabs my face roughly in his hands, forcing me to look directly into his eyes. “Listen to me, Willow. Just listen. Let me talk. Do not apologize for something that wasn’t your fault. We had a ritual to do. I think we both got a little carried away because of it. You said some things, and I did some things. But you don’t need to apologize for any of it.”

“But—”

“What I did tonight, you couldn’t have possibly fvckingd me to do it.” He cuts me off. “Do you understand that? So please, let’s forget it. Let’s forget everything that happened and return to how things were between us.”

Forget everything that happened?

How could I possibly do that?

I confessed my love for him! How was I supposed to act like things were normal between us when it never was, to begin with?