

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 46 - Tips

~WILLOW~

“Okay,” I mumble as I pull away from him.

I angrily got onto the bed and pulled the sheets over me. “I’ll forget everything that happened between us tonight. I’ll make a mental note to pretend everything was just a dream. You can sleep peacefully, knowing that things are back to normal between us.”

I’m unsure if he can sense the tone of my voice, but he doesn’t bother trying to argue with me again.

Instead, he walks into the bathroom and shuts the door behind him.

I’m angry. Very angry.

Why did his words upset me this much? It’s not like I expected things to change between the two of us magically. I knew he didn’t love me.

But still, his mouth was on parts of my body tonight that would stick with me for the rest of my life. Those memories were not going anywhere, and even though Dante wanted me to forget them, I couldn’t grant his wish.

When Dante returns from the bathroom, he looks miserable. Something is bothering him, I can tell.

His hair was dripping wet, and it was leaking onto his body. He didn’t come out with a towel this time; instead, he was already wearing pants. It’s almost like he didn’t trust me around him.

Dante catches me staring at his chest, and he pauses for a few seconds. I could feel the tension between us intensify in those couple of seconds.

I watch as he swallows hard before joining me on the bed.

There’s nothing left to be said between the both of us.

I inwardly groaned at how sensitive between my legs felt. I felt like something was missing. Something that should have happened but never did.

"If you want, I can remove the pictures I still have of Anya." He says suddenly. "There are things I still can't do for you, Willow, but I'm willing to try and make things easier for you. I can't destroy the pictures of Anya, but I can move them to somewhere you won't ever have to worry about seeing them again."

I inhale deeply, "You don't get it, do you, Dante?" I ask.

How does he not understand anything about me at all? Were all men this clueless?

"Get what?" he inquires.

I turn to look at him, and I can't hide the annoyance from my face.

"I don't just want you to move the pictures because I asked you to. I want you to move them of your own free will. I want you to care about my feelings enough that you do it without me asking. If you take the pictures of my sister and move them to another location, then that doesn't do anything at all for me. I'll still know that you have them; I'll still know that you're finding time out of your day to look at them." I explain in the best way possible.

Dante looks surprised every time I explain how much it bothers me that he's so in love with my sister.

I'm sure he thinks that my love was fake, just like Anya's.

Indeed, I didn't know what love was, but I believed that what I felt for him was undoubtedly love. I saw the way Autumn looked at Atticus; it mirrored the way I looked at Dante. I knew she loved Atticus more than anyone else. I saw the same look on Clarissa's face whenever she gazed at Damon.

Whenever I stared in a mirror and thought of my husband, I had the same expression as they did for their mates.

"Willow, please give me some time to get rid of them." He pleads. "As I've said, it's hard for me to move on from your sister. I know this is the last thing you want to hear me say, but I don't know how to explain why I can't do as you ask without mentioning my feelings for her. I'm willing to do everything that you ask of me, but all I need is some time. Please."

“We’re husband and wife, Dante.” I remind him. “Would you be okay with me keeping pictures of one of your brothers? What if I was in love with Griffin and kept pictures of him with me? How would that make you feel?”

I was surprised when a low grow tore from his throat.

“Don’t ever fvcking*g say something like that again to me, Willow.”

I quirk a brow at him, “I think even I would have handled that better than you. Oh wait, I did.”

His jaw clenches, and I roll my eyes.

“I’m tired.” I snap. “I’m going I sleep. We can discuss this another time.”

Or never.

I didn’t want to bring this up again. I wanted Dante to do this for me on his own without me having to beg him for it.

I placed both hands on my tummy and closed my eyes while trying my best not to think about our time in the spring or the many things that happened after.

An hour passed. And then another.

I was waiting for Dante to fall asleep since I was unable to. I didn’t make a sound or a single movement.

He thinks I’m asleep. If he knew I was awake, he would have said something by now.

I heard him exhale loudly, and I wondered if he was wide awake because of the things I’d said to him earlier.

I don’t know where I found the courage to confess my love for Dante, but I didn’t regret my decision anymore. I’m glad that he knows how I truly feel. While Anya never loved him, I at least did. And maybe, one day, I can make up for all the wrong things she’d done.

I don’t say anything when I feel him come closer to me.

“Willow?”

I kept my eyes closed. I didn't want him to know I was still awake. I felt his hand move my hair out of my face. What was he doing?

I try to keep calm when I feel his lips on my forehead, "I'm sorry I'm unable to love you, Willow. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for loving your sister. Maybe things would have been different if I'd met you first. Please forgive me for all the pain I put you through."

I could feel my heart explode with excruciating pain at his words.

I was right.

Dante could never love me. As long as Anya was in his heart, there would be no space for me.