

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 66 -

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I was doing everything to get closer to Dante. I didn't want to give up on us without a fight. But I didn't know how long I would keep this up. If Dante kept pushing me away, eventually, I would give in and let things drift apart between us.

"You're not going to make this easy for me, are you?" Dante whispers. My head was against his chest, and my arms were wrapped around him.

Finally, he was catching on.

"I'm not going to stop until you admit that you have feelings for me as well, Dante." I finally admit. "You're denying your feelings for me, and you're preventing the both of us from being happy. I know why you're doing it, but I wish that, for once, you would think about someone other than my sister."

He doesn't say anything in response. I held my breath when both of his arms were suddenly wrapped around my body. He hugged me back, and I think my chest exploded with joy.

"Just for tonight." He whispers.

I nod and felt my eyes begin to shut close slowly. I was drifting off into a peaceful sleep. I always felt safe in Dante's arms. He always made me feel like no one could hurt me as long as I was with him. But the only danger around me felt like it was him. His words, his actions, all of it had the power to crumble me. He was my weakness.

It's the middle of the night when I wake up to Dante's cries in his sleep.

"Any!"

I felt sick at hearing my sister's name in his mouth once again.

He's having one of those nightmares again. I gently rub his chest as I whisper his name soothingly. I'm hoping I can help him even though he's dreaming of her. I hate when he dreams of Anya. I hate when he even thinks about her.

Why does he turn me into this kind of a person? I've never been this jealous of anyone in my life.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He cried some more.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He cried some more.

I closed my eyes. How many times would he apologize to her when she was the one that hurt him? She should have been the one begging for his forgiveness.

When he finally stops calling her name or saying anything in his sleep, I slowly move his hands and get down from on top of him. Every time he said her name, it pushed me further away from him.

I walk to his desk and take his wallet out of the drawer.

I take a deep breath.

I knew exactly why I was holding this in my hand. I knew what I wanted to find out. I just wasn't sure if I was ready for it.

I avoided checking it because I knew how much it would hurt if Dante still had a picture of my sister in his wallet.

By his actions, I could rightfully guess what I would see, but I still wanted to believe that he cared about me enough to at least move the picture.

I slowly opened it and jumped when I felt Dante behind me.

"What do you think you're doing?" He demands.

"There's something I need to confirm," I answered him even though my heart was pounding against my chest.

He looks at my hands, and I see the panic on his face. I've never seen Dante look this guilty in front of me. It's the answer I needed. However, I still wanted to look for myself.

"Give me my wallet Willow." He demands as he takes a step closer to me.

My lips part, "It's still there, isn't it?"

His jaw clenches, and he takes another step closer to me. I move backward. I wasn't giving it up until I saw that her picture was still inside.

"Willow," he growls. "Give it to me."

I opened it in front of him, "Willow—"

My eyes are wide as I stare at my sister's face. My hands tremble as the wallet falls from my hand and hits the ground. The silence that followed after was deadly. I don't think Dante knew what to say. But I knew what I wanted to tell him.

"After everything I told you. After all of the pain this has caused me in the past, you still chose to keep her picture in here?" I ask in disbelief.

He looks like he's in distress as he tries to answer me.

"I—"

"You don't need to give me any explanations!" I snap. "All this time, I thought there was a chance you had feelings for me. I kept fighting because I thought there was a chance for us. Everyone kept telling me that you cared for me, maybe not as much as you cared for Anya, but I was beginning to actually believe it."

"Willow, will you give me a chance to explain." He tries to reason with me.

"You don't need to explain anything, Dante!" I shout. "You didn't want to touch me earlier, no matter how much I begged for it. You refused to give me what I wanted because of some dumb excuse that you're protecting me. You weren't trying to protect me at all; you were trying to put more distance between us, Dante!"

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~DANTE~

I'd screwed up. f*****g big time. Willow was visibly upset. I'd done this to her by keeping that picture of Anya in my wallet. I'd gotten rid of everything except that picture, and the longer I held onto it, the more I hurt Willow.

Why was I so f*****g dumb when it came to things like this? I should have known that Willow would eventually want to look for that picture in my wallet.

Damn me.

Why did I keep screwing things up? Why couldn't I do something right for once?

She still believed that I was denying her only because of Anya. She still thought that I didn't want her. She still didn't realize that if she let me, I would f**k her in every single part of the room. No matter how many times I explained this to Willow, she would still believe that I was pushing her away because I only wanted Anya.

I didn't make it better by leaving that picture in my wallet, either. Now I didn't know how to make things easier for her to trust me.

"Willow," I whisper as I try to take a step closer to her. When she moves away from me, I felt it straight in my chest. I didn't like it when she pulled away from me. She never did before. She always let me come closer to her.

"Why did you love my sister so much?" She demands. "What did she ever do to make you happy?"

I stop trying to get closer to her. It was a question many had asked me before, but hearing it from Willow's mouth had more of an effect on me than others.

Why did I love Anya? Why did I give her my heart without asking for anything in return?

She never did anything for me. Even when Anya was somewhat good to me, it was all a pretense. It's something that has always puzzled me. I knew I was under a damn spell at one point but that damn spell was long gone.

It's not fair. Why couldn't I forget her like my brothers had so easily done?

"I was planning on getting rid of the picture." I finally say. "It's the last—"

"Please stop lying to me." She snaps. "I'm tired of the lies. You don't have to lie anymore to 'protect' me. I should have never listened to your family. I should have trusted my gut. You don't care for me; you don't even like me a little. The only person you care about is Anya, and she's not even here. She

never loved or cared about you, but somehow she still has your heart. I hope you can be happy with her in your heart from now on. I won't try to get closer to you anymore, Dante. I'm done trying."

I stiffen at her words. "What the hell are you saying, Willow?"

"What's so wrong with what I just said?" She demands. "I'm tired of waiting. It hurts too much, Dante. Can't you see that? Can't you see the pain in my eyes? What would it take for you to accept me, Dante? How long must I wait for you to heal from losing my sister? What do I have to do to make that possible?"

"I don't know!" I roar. "I don't have answers to any of your questions! I've told you multiple times that I don't have your answer. I keep searching for the answers, hoping to give you one, but I don't have one. They're not here yet, Willow. Please try to understand that!"

"No." She snaps. "I'm done waiting for a husband still trapped in his past. I'm done, Dante. You can continue the rest of your life grieving for someone that never loved you, and I'll pretend that I'm okay with it. That's how our marriage will be from now on."

I didn't think words could hurt this much. She was the one pushing me away now. She was giving up, and I didn't want her to. I didn't want her to give up on me. If she did, I don't know how I could keep going.

When Anya died, I thought my life was over. The only reason I'm still here is Willow. I didn't know it before, but I know it now.

She was the only reason I didn't do something stupid to get myself killed. She's the only reason I didn't give up on life.

She's my reason for living now.

"Please don't," I whisper. I knew I should let her go for her own good. I knew begging her to stay would make it harder on her, but I would be selfish because that was the only way I would survive in this cruel world, by having her fight for me.

"Please don't what?" She demands.

I step towards her, and this time she doesn't try to move back from me. It gives me hope that I hadn't completely lost her.

"Please don't give up on me," I whisper. "You're why I haven't given up on life yet, Willow. So please, don't give up on me yet. Please."

I meant every word. I would even get down on my knees if I had to.

Willow may think that she didn't mean a lot to me, but she did. She meant more to me than she would ever know.

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~WILLOW~

The desperation and fear in Dante's eyes took me by surprise. I've never been more sure that I was in love with him than I am now. Seeing that look in his eyes made my heart feel like someone was squeezing it.

How did I say no to him when he looked at me like I was his only reason for staying alive? I could hear my own heart pounding louder than ever to his confession. It was the last thing I ever expected to hear Dante say to me.

I move closer and place my hand on his cheek, "okay." I whisper. "I won't give up on our marriage. I'll keep fighting for you. I'll keep fighting until you no longer feel the pain of losing my sister. I'll keep fighting until you whisper my name in your sleep. I'll keep fighting until I'm the only woman that you'll ever need in your life. I'll keep fighting Dante but I need you to fight back as well. I can't keep fighting for this on my own. You need to help me from now on."

I couldn't believe I was the only reason that Dante wasn't giving up on life. I couldn't believe I was his motivation to keep fighting.

Hearing him admit that made everything feel so much better. My heart felt like it could finally beat again. This was all I needed from him. Just some proof that I meant something to him. I didn't want to get it out of him in this way, but I was glad that he at least begged me to keep on fighting for him.

He picks the wallet up from the ground. He stares at Anya's picture briefly before slowly removing it. I place my hand over his, stopping him.

“Don’t,” I whisper. “You don’t have to do this today. Do it when you’re ready. I’m sorry for rushing you into this, Dante. You lost someone important to you. No amount of time could help make the pain go away. I know this because Anya was someone close to me as well. Despite everything she’s done to you and your family, I still love her and would do anything to see her again.”

I gasped when Dante grabbed me and crushed me against his chest. He buries his face in my hair and whispers, “Thank you, Willow. Thank you for not giving up on me.”

I couldn’t move or breathe. All I could do was hold onto him as tightly as I could. For the first time in our marriage, it felt like Dante needed me as much as I needed him.

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It’s been a week since that night in Dante’s room. Things have been better, but we haven’t touched each other since. I’ve been giving him the time I knew he needed. I wasn’t trying to rush things anymore. I wasn’t trying to force him into anything he didn’t want to do.

It’s been hard keeping my distance when all I wanted to do was k**s and get closer to him. But I realized this was the right thing for both of us.

Dante needed this time for himself.

I should have realized sooner how hard all of this was for him. I should have known that the pain I felt in my heart for my sister must be even worse for him. He never got closure from her death. She died with so many secrets. He never got a proper explanation or apology from her for all the wrong she’d done to him.

I was happy to know at least that he wanted me here.

“There’s this party tonight,” Autumn tells me as she walks into the kitchen. “I don’t know if Dante mentioned it to you already, but we’re all going.”

I nod, “he did.”

I was surprised when he told me. He said that he wanted me to go with him, unlike the many other times when his family invited me to accompany them.

She smiles, "I've noticed that the both of you seem to be in better moods recently. Did something happen that you're not telling the rest of us?"

I returned her smile, "Not anything important, but I think we understand each other more than before."

She hugs me, "I'm so happy to hear that. We were all worried that we messed things up. Dante was so mad at us that we felt horrible. We're not going to try anything crazy tonight. Trust us."

I hug her back, "I know you didn't have any bad intentions. I know that you and everyone else were only trying to bring us closer, and even though Dante was mad at you, I'm sure he knows the truth as well."

She nods, "Do you have a dress for tonight, or do you want my help?"

"I think I need your help," I confess.

She grins and pulls me towards her room.

I already had an outfit planned out, but I knew Autumn loved dressing me up; I didn't want to take that away from her.

After getting dressed, I'm pleased when I find Dante waiting at the bottom of the stairs for me. He didn't hide the desire in his eyes from me and it made my toes curl in my shoes.

I didn't know how I could survive the night with him looking at me like that.

Would I be able to control myself?

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~DANTE~

She was so f*****g beautiful.

Keeping my hands off her would be so damn hard for the rest of the night.

How would I survive if I didn't at least get on taste? But I knew one taste would only lead to something else.

Willow hasn't tried seducing me since the wallet incident. I was happy that she was willing to still fight for our marriage even though I didn't deserve her or her patience with me.

I've done nothing but give pain to Willow. None of the pain was intentional, but that didn't make it any better.

When I thought back to the things I'd said and done, I knew that I was a lucky man to have her as my wife.

I often questioned Anya's decision to force me to marry her sister, but for once, I was happy that she'd done so. I knew she did it for selfish reasons; I knew she was only thinking about herself and her family when she asked me to marry Willow. But that didn't matter because she unknowingly gave me someone that made me want to keep living.

She'd done something for me without even realizing it. In the past, Anya has always done things to make my life more difficult. This was the first time she'd done something good. It just so happened that she did it for totally different reasons.

She gave me the one person that she cared about more than anyone else in this world.

I was foolish for ever seeing Willow as a burden. I was stupid for thinking that my marriage was some punishment. My eyes were finally opening, and I wish I'd seen these things much sooner. That way, I wouldn't have hurt Willow on multiple occasions. Seeing the hurt in her eyes when she saw that picture of her sister still in my wallet was my undoing.

That look in her eyes still haunted me, as well as the hurt in her voice. I couldn't get it out of my head. I wanted to find a way to make it up to her but I still had no clue what the hell I was doing.

Inviting her to this party and properly introducing her as my wife was my first step. I wanted everyone to know how important she was to me.

I didn't like her silence, and she's been silent the entire road. I was the reason for this. I'd hurt her with that picture of Anya in my wallet. And then I begged her for more time.

She was giving me that time, but part of me wanted her to return to the woman trying to get closer to me.

"Are you okay?" I ask her when the silence became too much for me.

Something was wrong. I could tell. She wasn't talking, and she kept clutching her stomach. Why didn't I notice this sooner?

"I don't know." She whispers.

"Is your body becoming cold?" I ask her gently. I had to know if we needed to get her in front of a fire pit or anything to help return her temperature back to normal.

I didn't notice her body turning pale or any of the signs I usually saw.

"I feel weird." She gasps. "Something is wrong with me, Dante. I don't know what it is, but I'm scared."

I pulled to the side of the road and jumped out of the truck. I walked over to the passenger's side and opened the door.

"Tell me where it's hurting," I tell her as I look around for help. There were no vehicles around; my brothers were already at the party. We were the last two to leave the house.

"I don't know." She gasps.

"Your forehead is sweating," I whisper as I press my cold hand against it. Usually, it was freezing cold, not hot.

Was the opposite happening to her?

I stay completely still when she grabs my face and buries her lips in my neck.

"W-Willow?"

I'm in shock. I don't know what she's doing. I don't move, not even an inch. My body is filled with immediate heat at her touch.

"I don't know what's happening!" She cries out as she lifts her mouth from my neck.

She grabs my face for the second time and, this time, shoves it hard against her chest.

"I need you, Dante." She cries. "I need you to do something. Anything. Please."

I'm nestled between her breasts and still completely lost as to what was happening.

I stay completely still when a strong scent hits my nose. It took my brain a few seconds to figure out what was happening. When I do, the blood in my veins runs cold.

She's rubbing her legs together and gasping my name, continuously begging me to help her.

I freeze.

This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be what I thought it was.

But it was. I couldn't deny it. Her scent was getting stronger. It was becoming difficult for me to see anything else but her.

No.

Oh f**k no.

This can't be true. It f*****g can't.

I'm his by another strong wave and I have to grab the truck for support.

She's going into heat.

Willow was going into f*****g heat.

I'm going to lose my mind. I'm going to f*****g lose my mind.

What the hell am I supposed to do?

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~DANTE~

"I'm taking you home," I inform her.

She grabs my arms, stopping me from going anywhere. "No!" She gasps. "I can't wait that long, Dante. I need you now. I need you to help me."

I can't. I can't help her.

That would mean doing the one thing I wasn't ready for. I didn't want to take something so special from Willow when I wasn't prepared to give myself fully to her.

"Willow," I growl. "No. I can't."

She grabs my hair and stares straight into my eyes. "It hurts Dante. I need you to stop the pain."

Her head hits the seat, and she screams. My heart doesn't know how to handle her pain. What the hell was happening to me?

"What's happening to me?" She cries. "Why is it so painful?"

I had to do something, anything, to make the pain easier for her.

I took her into my arms and carried her into the truck's backseat. I sat down and pulled her on top of me.

"Dante?" she cries. I swallow at the confusion in her eyes. She knew nothing about this. If she'd known, she would have had a completely different reaction.

"You're going into heat." I try to explain to her.

"What does that mean?" She gasps. I could feel her tears against my chest, making me growl. I didn't like her crying; I didn't like seeing her in any kind of pain. I wanted to do anything possible to ease that pain, but I wasn't ready for this. Not in the least.

"It means that unless I bury my seed inside you, you'll be in plenty of pain, Willow."

I see the surprise in her eyes as my words finally registered in her brain.

"W-what?"

She wasn't understanding me. It seems that Willow's mother didn't teach her anything about werewolves or witches. Maybe that's why I'd never seen her do anything like her mother. She didn't know how to perform spells or bond with her wolf.

"It means I have to f**k you, Willow," I growl. "I have to f**k you over and over again. Multiple times until your body stops hurting and calling for me."

Her eyes are wide with shock, "f-f**k me?"

I'd told her multiple times in the past that I wouldn't do that to her. Not until I was sure that I was worthy of being inside her. It wasn't time. But I never expected this to happen to Willow. In all my years of being with Anya, she's never gone into heat. Willow was younger than her sister, but yet this was already happening.

I didn't know how to deny her what she clearly needed from me. I'd run from it long enough; now, there was nowhere to escape.

She grabs my shirt and pulls me closer to her, "you have to, Dante. You have to. I can't take this pain. It's too much for me. I'm in so much pain. Please, do this for me. Please."

"Willow," I whisper as I grab her face with both hands. "I can't do this to you. I can't. You deserve more than this. You deserve so much more."

She grinds her lower body against mine in a desperate attempt to convince me, "You're wrong. I'm in love with a man who loves my sister. I'm jealous of my dead sister, who has done nothing but love me. I'm not a saint. I don't deserve more, Dante. This is what I deserve."

"Don't make me do this to you, Willow," I beg her. "Please."

"I can't stop it, Dante!" she cries, and my d**k stirs in response beneath her.

f**k. f**k. f**k.

My eyes almost pop out of my head when she reaches into my pants and pulls it out. It's in her hands now, and damn it; it's the hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

Willow holding my f*****g d**k in her hands was unlike anything I'd ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

A string of curses leaves my mouth when she tries to rub it against her p***y.

"Why the f**k aren't you wearing anything underneath?" I demand. She was bare under there. Wearing nothing under that dress.

She cries out as the tip touches her opening, and I wince at how good it feels.

Motherfucker.

"F**k—ah. Stop." I g***n.

She was going to make me lose my f*****g mind.

She grabs my hair and pulls my head backward, "I want it inside me. I need to feel you inside me, Dante."

My eyes widen when she bites my l*p until I can taste blood. I'd never seen this side of Willow before.

If she kept this up, I would f*****g explode in seconds.

"You don't know what you're asking for," I growl against her ear. "You're going to regret this, Willow. You're going to hate me."

"No." She cries, "I will hate you if you don't stop this pain tonight. I will hate you if you don't give me what I want when I need it the most. I will hate you if you can't do your duty as my husband."

My jaw clenches, and my hands on her waist tighten.

I angrily push her away from me and step out of the vehicle.

Her eyes are wide with shock. She doesn't realize that I'm angry with myself, not her.

I should be able to do this for her. I f*****g wanted her more than I've ever wanted; another woman in my life at this exact moment, even more than I've ever wanted Anya. Yet, I wasn't easing her pain. I was still pushing her away.

What the f**k was my problem?

"Fine!" She shouts as she spreads her legs for me to see. I almost lose all my s**t when she pushes a finger inside her sweet p***y in front of me. "I'll find someone else to ease my pain since my own husband can't do anything for me!"

My eyes narrow dangerously. A loud growl forces its way out of my throat.

I storm over to her and pull her out of the truck. Her legs are now wrapped around my waist as I pull her hair back. "No man is allowed to f*****g touch you, Willow. You're mine!" I roar.