

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 86 -

4 minutes read

~WILLOW~

I was too late. Dante was lying on the ground while they announced the winner. He wasn't moving, and his eyes were closed.

My mind and heart were racing together as I fought back the tears. How could he let them do this to him?

Everything was so loud but nothing was as loud as the wild beating of my heart, threatening to explode in my chest.

I've seen Dante get beaten before in the past, but nothing could compare to this. There was so much blood everywhere, and it wasn't easy to recognize his face. My heart could not handle it. It was bleeding just as much as he was.

His opponent was standing above him with a look of pride on his face. He was happy he'd done this to him. While I knew this was just a match, I've never hated someone as much as I hated him now.

"DANTE!" I scream at the top of my lungs. He wouldn't hear me, not with the loud spectators around us. Dante was everyone's favorite, and he'd lost all matches. They were all in disbelief.

I tried to rush past security, but they weren't letting me get through.

"He's my husband!" I shout. "We went through this last time! Let me in! I beg of you, let me go to him!"

"No one is allowed back there." They growl. "It's only for fighters. Stay back, or we will have to escort you outside."

"Please!" I beg. "I need to go to him."

There was no one tending to his wounds. Everyone was more concerned that he'd lost the match, while others were happy that the opponent had won. Everyone who placed bets against him was grinning from ear to ear.

It was hard to watch.

“Escort her out!” Someone shouts.

The second they started to move me backward, I couldn’t control what happened next, even if I wanted to.

I narrowed my eyes, and there were surprised gasps everywhere when the ground started to turn to ice. My gaze dropped to the floor in surprise. I was also in shock, just like everyone else.

I look back at my sisters, and they shrugged their shoulders. This wasn’t their doing; it only meant that this was all mine. I was freezing the floor.

The security guards around me all let go as they looked down in surprise.

They were distracted, and it was exactly what I needed right now—a distraction to get closer to Dante.

I used that opportunity to run into the ring. Everyone was too surprised with what was happening to pay any attention to me. It was the first time I was grateful for the power to do something like this. It wasn’t a good idea to use it for the first time in front of so many people, but all I cared about was getting to Dante.

My heart squeezes tighter when I drop myself onto the ground next to him.

“Dante!” I shouted when I got a closer look at him.

It was even worse than I initially thought.

Why did he do this to himself?

Why?

He doesn’t move even when I call out to him over and over again.

He must be unconscious. They’d beaten him so badly that they’d knocked him out.

The second my hand touches his cheek, his body jumps. He still doesn’t open his eyes. I moved my other hand onto his chest; I was as gentle as possible. I didn’t want to hurt him more than he already was.

His head thrashes from side to side; he is waking up.

“Dante,” I whisper. “Wake up. Please wake up.”

I can see him trying to open his eyes. He was forcing it. I move my hand to his neck and place his head on my lap.

“W-Willow?” He croaks as he finally manages to open his eyes a little.

I can’t stop the tears this time now that he’s looking directly into my eyes. I can see the disbelief in his face. He doesn’t believe that I’m here. He thinks it’s a dream.

“Why?” I demand from him. “Why did you do this to yourself?”

I wanted to grab him by his arms and shake him, but I refrained from doing that. He was already in so much pain.

“How could you do this Dante?” I demand once more. “Why did you let them beat you like this? Why did you do this to yourself?”

I was still in shock. I still couldn’t believe he’d let them do this to him. I knew how strong Dante was; he could have won these fights if he wanted to.

He could barely lift his hand as he tried to touch my cheek. I moved my hand to the back of his to support him as he touched me.

“Am I dreaming?” He whispers, I can hear the pain in his voice.

My bottom lip trembled as I shook my head. “You’re not dreaming, Dante. I’m here. I’m here in front of you.”

His eyes widen a little at my words. He still doesn’t believe it, but he hopes it is the truth.

“Willow,” he whispers again.

“Why?” I ask, unable to hide the distress from my voice, “Why did you do this?”

“For you. I did this for you.” He whispers just before his hand falls from my cheek, and he becomes unconscious again.

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~WILLOW~

Caroline and Winter rush to our side.

"Please help me get him out of here while everyone is still distracted," I beg.
"He's badly injured."

They both nod, and we successfully carry him through the back without anyone stopping us.

"I need to tend to his wounds," I tell my sisters.

"We don't have time for that Willow." Winter hisses at me. "We must get back before our mother finds out we are missing. You used your power in front of hundreds of people. Cassius must know exactly where we are by now. We need to get moving."

"No!" I shout. "I'm not leaving Dante. Not when he is like this."

"He's not going to die." She points out. "He will live. Your life is more in danger than his at this moment. So please, let's go."

"Willow," Dante croaks. His eyes are still closed as he shifts uncomfortably on the ground.

He was waking up again.

"Willow." He tries again. He's waiting for me to respond.

I grab his hand and squeeze it gently, "I'm here."

I felt his body relax slightly at my words, "Don't leave me again. Please don't leave me, Willow."

"We have to go!" Winter shouts.

"I'm not leaving without Dante!" I repeat myself. "I'm not. You'll have to force me, but I'm not willingly leaving him when he's like this."

She sighs and holds her head in frustration. "I can't believe this is happening right now. Are you risking your life and everyone else's for his right now?"

I don't bother answering her.

"Just let her do what she has to." Caroline intervenes. "Our sister loves this man. If she wants to tend to his wounds, let her. We will leave soon. Do not worry."

Winter walks away from the both of us angrily. She was pissed, and I was sure we would both get a lecture about this when it was time to return home.

"You told me once that my power can help heal someone as long as it isn't one of Azai's offspring," I say to her. "Please teach me how to do it."

Her eyes widen, "if you use your power to heal him, you'll be extremely weak for two days. Are you sure that's such a good idea?"

I nod, "I want to heal him as much as possible before leaving. I'm not going to see him again after this. I want to ensure he's safe from danger and back to his normal self."

She sighs, "place your right hand over his heart."

I do as she says.

She grabs my left hand and pulls her blade out. My eyes widen when she cuts the middle of my hand.

"Let your blood touch his lips." She orders me.

I don't waste another second and I do as she says. I can feel myself grow weaker as Dante's body slowly begins to heal in front of me.

"It won't be enough to heal him completely, but he should regain consciousness any minute now." She informs me.

"We can't have him following us," Winter says as she returns.

"He won't," Caroline assures her. "While Willow's blood will heal him, it will also make him incredibly dizzy at least for an hour. He won't be able to follow us. You know this sister. I don't need to remind you of it."

I move my hand from his heart and gently move his hair from his face. He stirs slowly, and I don't make a sound as he opens his eyes.

He slowly takes in his surroundings before finally looking at me. It takes a few seconds for everything to hit him.

When he realizes I'm in front of him, his eyes widen in shock.

"Willow?" He calls my name in a whispered surprise. "Are you really in front of me?"

I nod and can see the pain in his eyes so clearly that it hurts.

"I knew you would come." He whispers. "I knew that you would come."

"You said earlier that you did this for me." I remind him. "Why would you do something like this for me, Dante? Why would you hurt yourself over and over again for me? Do you not know me at all? Why would seeing you in pain ever make me happy?"

He tries to sit against the wall, and I rush to help him. He was still frail. I could see the stain of my blood on his lips. I was surprised that he hadn't asked me about it yet.

"I should have been honest; I didn't do it for you. I did it for my selfish reasons." He confesses.

My lips part, "for your selfish reasons?"

He nods, "I wanted to see you again, Willow. I wanted to bring you back into my life. I knew that it wouldn't be possible to have you in my life again when I searched every f*g place I knew that you could be and didn't find you. I knew you were hiding from me or being held against your will."

Caroline and Winter were nowhere around now that he'd opened his eyes. They were either giving us some privacy or making sure that he didn't see them.

"I was scared I would never see you again, but then I remembered you loved me. I remembered you loved me so much that it would hurt you if you saw me in physical pain." He continues. "I didn't want to hurt you, but I had no choice. Like I said, I'm f*****g selfish when it comes to you. I wanted you back in my

life one way or the other. I planned these matches for you, Willow. I lost each of them, hoping you'll see and return to me. Each night, I waited till the end, watching as every person came into that arena and kept hoping that it would be you."

I'm left dumbstruck by his confession.

All of this, him hurting himself in front of hundreds of people, was only to get me back into his life?

Why?

Why would he go through all of this pain for me to return?

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3 minutes read

~WILLOW~

"Why?" I whisper. "Why do you want me back into your life when it's clear that Anya is the only woman you'll ever love?"

His eyes are dark as he growls, "Anya is my past. She's in the past, Willow. I promise you that she's in the past. I will never let her come between us again. I swear on my life."

Even though it felt good to hear him say this, I knew that it was a lie. I knew that she wasn't in the past. I knew he was still crazy about my sister.

I close my eyes to hide the pain. "I don't believe you. I waited for you to get over her, Dante. I waited for weeks, hoping that you would be able to move on from her. I waited like a fool, dreaming that you would love me as you love her. I don't want to be your second choice. I don't want to be someone you fall back on because you cannot be with the woman you love."

His forehead creases, and he tries to move towards me. He winces when the dizziness hits him.

"Don't try to move; you're not fully healed." I remind him.

He exhaled sharply, "You're not that woman."

“What?” I ask, confused.

“You can never be my second choice, Willow.” He explains. “I didn’t know you when I fell in love with Anya. I didn’t know you even existed back then. It was never a choice between you and her.”

“Are you telling me you would have chosen me if Anya was still alive?” I ask, even though I already knew the answer to my question.

His eyes are sad as he looks at me, “if I had met you first. I would have been completely and wholeheartedly yours. I can promise you that.”

“That’s not what I’m asking Dante,” I whisper. “I’m asking if Anya was still alive. Would you have chosen me?”

He winces again, and I don’t think it’s from the pain.

I pick myself up from the ground, “you don’t have to answer that question. I think it’s time that I leave. I’ll call someone to alert your family about your condition. You’ll be dizzy for an hour and unable to move from that spot. I’ll make sure someone finds you and drops you home safely.”

“No!” He exclaims. “Don’t leave me, Willow. Please don’t.”

I can hear the desperation in his voice.

“I can’t stay by your side any longer, Dante,” I tell him as I walk away.

“I’m sorry!” He shouts. “I’m sorry for everything. I don’t deserve you, but please give me one last chance. Please, Willow!”

The tears are running down my cheeks at his pleas for me to stay with him. I wanted to stay, but he didn’t say the one thing I wanted him to. He didn’t tell me that he loved me, and he didn’t say that he would choose me over Anya. If he couldn’t say those two things to me, I wouldn’t accept him back into my life. I couldn’t do that to the both of us all over again. The pain was too much.

Even if he said those words to me, I didn’t live a free life anymore. My birth mother was determined to keep me with her. If everything she’s said to me is true, I have no choice but to stay with them until Cassius is defeated. I couldn’t be selfish. I had others to think about, including my unborn baby. Our baby.

If I opened my mouth and told Dante I was pregnant, he would never stop looking for me. I couldn't let that happen.

"Hello. . .Willow."

A shiver runs down my spine at the deep but creepy voice. I've never heard it before, but somehow I already knew who it was. No one else here should know my name.

My sisters had left to give me some privacy with Dante. I knew they were close, but were they close enough to sense that I was in danger?

I slowly turned around to see the enemy face to face.

Sharp silver eyes are the first thing I see, followed by shoulder-length dark blonde hair. A sharp jawline. He was tall. Very tall. I couldn't stop the shivers down my spine; they were spiraling out of control at his nearness and not in a good way.

I expected him to look scarier, but he was surprisingly strikingly handsome. I shouldn't have expected anything else. Clarissa and Autumn were extremely beautiful; obviously, their brother would also look similar to them.

I don't get time to scream when pain pulses through my veins. I try to open my mouth, but nothing comes out.

Cassius grabs me by my hair, and I try to hold onto his neck, but my hands can't move.

The last thing I hear is Dante shouting my name before everything goes completely dark before me.

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4 minutes read

~DANTE~

I wasn't sure what the f**k was happening.

Who was that man?

Why was he taking Willow with him?

I was trying my f*****g best to get to her, but for some reason, everything in front of me was blurry. I couldn't even see the a*****e's face clearly.

"WILLOW!" I roar as I helplessly watch him carrying her unconscious body.

My eyes are wide with shock when they disappear right before my eyes.

Was I hallucinating again? Since Willow left me, I've been hallucinating a lot. Maybe this was another one of those hallucinations. However, this one felt real.

"NOOO!" I roar. "WILLOW—,"

Two women rush over to me and grab my shoulders, "what happened? Where is Willow?"

I frown at them. I couldn't recognize their faces.

"Who are you?" I demand.

"That's not important!" One of them hisses at me. "Tell us what happened to Willow. Why are you shouting her name?"

I could barely keep a clear mind, "someone took her. I couldn't see his face. Everything is f*****g blurry. I can't even stand. I couldn't get to her, and he took her. He f*****g took my wife."

"Cassius." One of the women gasps. "He came. He took her."

"I told you we shouldn't have come here, Caroline!" The other one shouts. "I told the both of you that we had to leave here! Instead, she stayed back to help this a*****e who never even loved her!"

She was pointing at me.

She's wrong.

So f*g wrong.

I do love Willow. I love Willow with my entire heart. I f*****g love her more than I loved Anya. I never got the chance to tell her. I wanted to speak out to her at the right time when I wasn't f*****g dizzy and could hardly move.

"What do you mean she stayed back because of me?" I demand. "Is Willow's life in danger? Who was that man that took her?"

There were so many questions, and it didn't help that my mind was already spinning.

There were so many questions, and it didn't help that my mind was already spinning.

"I'm sorry, Winter." Caroline apologizes. "I knew how much Willow loved him. I knew that she wouldn't forgive us if we took her away before she got a chance to help him. We haven't seen our sister since she was a baby. I wanted to earn her trust. I wanted to have a good relationship with her."

These two women were Willow's sisters?

"Willow only has one sister. That's Anya." I tell them. "Who the hell are you two?"

"I'm sorry to b***t your bubble, but we are her real siblings. Anya was never her real sister; she was lied to by Anya's mother. She was kidnapped as a baby by Anya's father. It's a long story, and I don't have the time or patience to tell you." Winter snaps.

It was clear that she didn't like me. That was fine with me; I didn't like myself either. I was angry with myself for putting Willow through so much.

Even though her life was in danger, she still came for me today. She still came to protect me. Willow loved me more than anyone else, and I felt the exact f*****g way about her.

I hate myself for taking this long to realize it. When she asked me if I would choose her over Anya if she were still alive, I shouldn't have hesitated; I should have told her immediately that I would happily choose her over anyone else. I didn't care who it was; I would always choose her. She was the only woman for me. I wish I had realized this sooner. I wish I had learned how much I loved her at the right time. Now, it felt like it was much too late.

“Are you telling me the truth?” I demand.

“Are you blind?” She asks me. “Can’t you tell the resemblance between us?”

“He’s still a bit dizzy because of Willow’s blood.” Caroline reminds her.

Dizzy because of her blood?

I was f*g lost in this conversation.

“DANTE!”

It was Atticus.

He was here.

He must have seen the match from his phone. Or maybe someone had called and told him I’d gotten my a*s beaten to the point that I lost consciousness.

When Willow hadn’t shown up at first, I’d totally given up. I wanted to die inside that ring tonight. I thought she was gone for good. I’m glad that I didn’t. I got to see her again. But now she was gone again, and her life looked like it was in danger.

“DANTEE!” I hear Clarissa’s terrified scream.

Did they all come?

I felt Clarissa’s arms around me. “Why the hell did you let them do this to you?” She demands from me. “Are you insane? Why are you trying to get yourself killed?”

“Someone took Willow,” I say without answering her question. “He took Willow against her will, right there before me. And I couldn’t f*****g do a single thing about it!”

“Someone took Willow?” Autumn gasps. “She came to see you? Is he the reason that she’s been missing?”

“Who would do such a thing?” Clarissa demands. “Why would anyone want to hurt her?”

“Your brother.” Winter hissed. “Your brother is the one that took our sister.”

Suddenly, everything was clear again. I could see everyone in front of me. I could even move my feet and stand. Atticus rushes to help me up, and I let him.

Winter was right; she did resemble Willow. She was telling the truth. It meant that she was most likely telling the truth about this as well.

“My brother?” Autumn asks in surprise. “How do you know my brother?”

“That isn’t important.” Winter snaps. “All you need to know is that your brother has our sister, and he will kill her if we don’t stop him in time!”

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4 minutes read

~DANTE~

“Kill her?” I can’t recognize my own voice. “Did you just say he wants to kill her?”

Every vein in my body threatened to b***t at the thought of someone hurting Willow. I f*g watched that bastard take her away from me, and I could do nothing about it. Not only did I fail her since the start of our marriage, but I also managed to fail to protect her as well.

I was useless when it came to keeping Willow happy. I realized too late that I loved her. I took too long and let my past ruin our future, and now I would have to pay for it for the rest of my life.

“Yes,” Caroline answers for her sister. “Cassius plans on killing her.”

“I don’t understand.” I frown. “Why would anyone want to kill Willow? What had she ever done to anyone?”

“It’s not what she has done, it’s what she’s capable of doing,” Caroline explains.

“And what is she capable of doing?” I demand.

They weren't making any sense at all. I didn't even know Willow had sisters until now. All this time, we all thought that Anya was her sister. It would explain why she was so different from her.

"She's capable of killing him." She answers me. "Cassius, Autumn, and Clarissa, the three children of Azai Reign. They possess the power that could destroy our world. My sisters and I possess the power to stop them."

My brothers and I all freeze at her words. They had the power to kill Reign's daughters? It meant that both Clarissa and Autumn were in danger around these women.

They couldn't be trusted even though they were Willow's sisters. They seemed trained. It meant that they were preparing all these years to get rid of them.

"What the hell do you mean by that?" Damon demands. "You're not going anywhere near Clarissa and Autumn. If you try to lay a finger on them, I would rip you both apart."

"I can't promise for the future, but right now, I can assure you that we don't want to hurt them. We need them to get Willow back safely." Winter hisses at him. "This isn't about any of us; this is about the safety of our world. Cassius must be stopped before he causes any more damage. For that to happen, we need to get Willow back alive!"

"I think if we are given a chance to speak to our brother, things might be different," Autumn says. "Clarissa and I have no intention of taking over the world. We are nothing like our father. If Cassius is anything like the both of us, we can help change his mind."

Caroline sighs, "It isn't that easy, Autumn. You may think he's just like both of you, but he's just like his father. He's already just as evil as he is. My sisters and I are the only people standing between him and what he truly wants. You may not believe me when I say this, but if he gets into your heads, he will have the power to control both of you. He's already more advanced and powerful than the two of you combined. You're both new to this; he had years of practice."

Clarissa and Autumn look at each other, and I can see the fear in their eyes. I don't think they're concerned about themselves. I believe they are scared that they will lose their brother before getting to know him.

"There is one other thing you should know," Caroline announces suddenly.

Everyone turns to look at her. What else could she possibly have to say to us? She'd already said some things that were freaking hard to believe.

"Is it more bad news?" Griffin asks. "Because we can all do with some good news after everything you've just dropped on us."

"It's a mixture of both." She answers him as she turns to look at me.

Something in her eyes made me feel uneasy. Whatever it was, it was most definitely a serious topic.

"Should you be the one to break the news?" Winter asks her. "If Willow chose not to say anything to him, we shouldn't either."

Caroline looks at her sister, "he needs to know what he's about to lose if we don't get Willow back in time."

"What the hell are the two of you talking about?" I demand. "What did Willow not tell me?"

I didn't understand how anything they had to say to me could be more important than Willow getting kidnapped.

"Willow isn't the only one in danger." She finally answers me.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I demand.

"Willow is pregnant with your child Dante." She announces. "And now Cassius has them both. There's no telling what he's going to do."

P-pregnant?

Pregnant?

This couldn't be.

"No," I whisper. "That's not possible. She can't be pregnant."

"Are you saying the two of you didn't have s*x?" Winter demands.

My face pales at her question.

“She went into heat—”

I can't finish my sentence.

It's all too much for me to take in at once.

Willow was pregnant? With my baby?

I didn't think there was anything in this world that would make me feel worse than I did before, but I was wrong. It felt like someone had just ripped my heart out of my chest. I'd done so much to hurt Willow, and now she was pregnant. Pregnant.

And now a psychopath f*g had her.

No.

This wasn't f*g happening!