

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 14 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

–ATTICUS

I don't know what the hell I was thinking about agreeing to let Autumn stay the night with me. Every second with her felt like a ticking bomb, ready to explode. She was unpredictable when she was drunk. She said and did things that shocked me to the very core.

And her fvcking scent was all over my jeep. I could smell her everywhere. Her scent should not be this strong. And now it would be stuck with me for a while.

Her brother didn't sound happy that she was staying with me tonight, and I didn't blame him, even I didn't trust myself around her.

Not when she asked me things like permission to touch my hair, and not when she leans into me, and f*g smells me like I'm her next meal.

Drunk Autumn was dangerous. I'm happy that this is her first time; at least, I think that it is. I didn't want any other man to experience what she was like when she was drunk.

"Atticus." She whispers my name, and I pretend not to hear her. I do that because I'm actually terrified of myself right now. Terrified of what I would do if I looked into her eyes and she asked me for something else. I didn't know if I would be strong enough to deny her.

I breathe a sigh of relief when I finally sp0t my house. Just a little bit again, and I would be able to place her in the guest room. Then her compelling voice and scent wouldn't affect me anymore. I would be able to act rationally again.

As I drive into the garage, I jump out of the jeep and walk over to her side.

She looks drowsy, and it may not be long before she falls asleep.

The moment I open her door, her eyes open wide, and she smiles at me. Her smile is dazzling, and I wonder how I've never been lost in it before.

"Let's get you inside," I say as I inwardly scold myself for noticing things I shouldn't.

"Okay!" She shouts as she wraps her arms around my neck and pushes her body against mine. I grip her waist to steady her, and she uses that opportunity to wrap her legs around my waist.

Ah fvck. I wasn't planning on holding her this way. She was too close like this. Way too close for my sanity.

"Autumn, "I growl as I try to put distance between us. She clamps her legs tighter around me, and I stop moving altogether. If she kept rubbing against me, she might awaken something that I didn't want to f*g deal with right now.

How am I supposed to walk into the house with her wrapped around me like this? I had to hope that everyone else was already asleep.

I sigh and move with her still in my arms. Autumn snuggles against me, and I try to ignore how perfectly she fits in my arms.

I'm relieved when I don't see anyone as I make my way through the house. When I turn the corner towards the guest room, pause. My dad is right there, and he's on his phone.

D*mn it.

I spun around before he could see me and raced towards my room. I know it wasn't the best idea, but I could keep her there until i was sure everyone was asleep.

I open the door and walk inside. Autumn giggles as I close the door and lock it behind us.

I grab her th!ghs and use more force to untangle her from my body. She whimpered, and the sweet sound caught me off guard. It was so unexpected that I was unprepared for when she grabbed my shirt and pulled so hard that I fell with her onto the bed.

Autumn gasps beneath me, push my hand on the bed to prevent us from k!ssing, but I don't do it fast enough. My l!ps are on hers before I can stop it from happening, and the contact sends a shockwave throughout my body.

I attempt to move, but she surprises me by m0aning. The sound makes something stir in my pants. I swallow as she pulls my bottom l!p into her mouth and svcks on it like it's fvcking candy.

I grab two pillows above us; it's my attempt to keep myself from touching her. My nails dig into them as I let her k!ss me. She doesn't k!ss like an amateur. It makes me wonder if she's ever done it before and with who. That thought angers me.

I knew I had to stop this before things got more heated between us. She was drunk and wasn't aware of what she was doing. I would hate for her to remember tonight and hate herself for it.

Autumn m0ans again, and I freeze when she grinds her lower body against mine. I gr0an and can't resist taking one bite of her l!p. Just one taste. That's all I'm letting myself have tonight. I bite down gently on her bottom l!p before pulling it into my mouth. Autumn lifts her body off the bed as I finally k!ss her back. Why is her taste so damn addictive? Everything about her sent warning bells straight to my head.

A low growl leaves my throat as I rip my body away from hers. She pouts, and I mutter a few silent curses because all I can think about is how good she looks lying there in the middle of my bed.

There is no way I can keep her in here with me for an entire night.

I couldn't trust myself alone in a room with her. If she asked me to touch my hair again, I would lose it; I could barely keep my cool in the jeep with her on top of me. And I almost lost it when she kissed me. I was not risking it anymore.

I pick her up into my arms again. It would be the last time for tonight. I knew where I was heading. I keep walking until I reach my destination. I knock on the door in front of me.

"Clarissa!" I shout when she doesn't come fast enough.

The door flies open, and my sister's eyes widen when she sees Autumn in my arms.

"What happened to her?" She demands as she helps me place her onto her bed. Thankfully Autumn is halfway asleep by now and isn't trying to hold onto me anymore.

"She got drunk at a party. She isn't like herself at all. I think it's more appropriate for her to sleep in your room than mine." explain.

"Oh," She whispers as she studies me. "What happened to your lips? And your face and neck. It's red."

My body goes still at her question. I quickly play it off and tell her that I need sleep. She doesn't ask any other questions as I storm off. I breathed a sigh of relief as I got back to my room. I soon realized, however, that it wasn't about to be an easy night. I can still smell her everywhere. What is it about her? Why does she affect me so much?

—AUTUMN

The first thing I noticed when I woke up was that I was not in my bed. My eyes were still closed, but I still knew this wasn't mine.

So where was I? I try searching my mind for answers, too scared to open my eyes and freak out more than I already was.

One by one, the events of last night replay in my head. With each new memory, I felt like I was going to die.

My eyes open, and I rise so quickly that I fall straight out of bed. What the hell did I do last night? I got drunk. I danced on Atticus and caused him to carry me to his jeep. Then

I asked him to touch his hair while he was in the middle of driving. In the middle of freaking driving! I ran a hand through my hair as I tried to remember more.

What the hell was wrong with me?

I let out a screech of frustration as the rest of the memories hit me.

I k!ssed him! I k!ssed Atticus! I must be out of my damn mind. I've never been so reckless in my life before, and the one time that!

did, it just so happened to be with him!

I don't think I've ever been so embarrassed in my entire life. I hear the bathroom door opening, and I quickly jump back into the bed to pretend I was asleep. I was too embarrassed to see anyone right now. I wasn't sure when I'll ever get the confidence to leave this room.

I hear footsteps and the sound of a drawer opening. I peeked through one eye and was surprised when I saw Clarissa in a top and underwear on. I was about to close my eyes again when I noticed something on her body. My eyes widened when I realized what it was.

Was that Damon's name tattooed on her bVtt? I quickly closed my eyes again while my heart raced against my chest. Why did she have her brother's name there?

She might have known someone else with his name, but at the same time, there was a massive possibility that it could also be him. Clarissa was not their biological sister; she was adopted. Which meant that she could have a crush on Damon to the point that she did something like that, but I knew how public our lives were, and that would make things difficult for the Fawns. I could imagine the

headlines that would follow if anyone saw that tattoo. Maybe I'm wrong; it's possible I saw something that wasn't even there. She was a little distance from me when I saw it. It would be better for us if I pretended like I hadn't seen anything.

I open my eyes again when she leaves the room. I place a hand over my chest; I touched Atticus last night. Our bodies were pressed

together more than once. I felt for the first time in my life what I've always dreamed of experiencing with him. And it was amazing. Even though I was intoxicated, I still remember how good it felt to touch him. To be on top of him. To feel his body heat and to rub my hands through his soft hair. Not to mention k!ss him. And he'd let me do it. He let me k!ss him last night. Why would he? Why didn't he push me away right away?

My cheeks turn red when the door opens after a knock, and this time Atticus steps inside the room. He didn't look as embarrassed as I felt, it had me wondering if I had imagined everything that had happened between us last night.

How could he be this unaffected?

"How are you feeling?" He asks me as he walks closer to the edge of the bed.

How did I feel? I felt like burying my face beneath the sheets and hiding there for the rest of my life.

"I'm okay." I lie. "I hope I didn't cause too much trouble for you last night."

His eyes search mine. He may be trying to figure out if I remembered what I'd done. Couldn't my nervousness give him the answer he was looking for?

"Do you remember what you did?" He asks.

I immediately shook my head, "everything feels like a distant blur." I lie.

"Okay." He says, believing me or at least pretending that he did. He probably realizes that both of us should pretend like yesterday didn't happen.

Clarissa walks back in, then says, "oh, you're finally awake. I can lend you some clothes if you want to shower." "I think I should just get home," I tell her. "My parents are probably freaking out."

Clarissa gives Atticus a look, and I wonder what else happened while I was asleep.

"What's wrong?" I ask, looking between them.

"You might want to look at your phone," Clarissa tells me. "You and Atticus are all over the headlines again."