

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 15 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

AUTUMN

Clarissa's words have shocked me to the very core. I knew exactly what had happened last night and the last thing I wanted to see was those events plastered on the covers of magazines.

I take another look at Atticus and realize that I was wrong earlier. He looked tired and like he's been on the phone the entire morning. My hands are shaking as I reach for my own phone. I'm scared to see the headlines. Terrified. I knew how brutal they could be.

And I knew how quickly news spread. Our wedding was still the talk of the town, now this incident would be an added bonus for all the gossipers.

The first thing I noticed when the phone lit up was the many missed calls from my parents. I swallow. They already saw everything. There was no use trying to hide it from them anymore. I was so screwed. My parents were going to kill me.

I keep scrolling, and I don't have to look far. There are multiple videos posted from yesterday at the beach. It starts with me drinking and getting drunk. Then it shows Atticus walking towards me.

'Get your fucking hands off my wife.'

My body shivers at those words. I couldn't remember him saying this earlier. Now that I've seen the video, the memory is back and stronger than ever. He'd called me his wife. I never thought he would ever openly shout it for others to hear.

I slowly look up at Atticus, and he's staring at me. He knows what I just saw. He would have heard it also. He's searching my face, trying to read me. Can he tell how much I loved that he called me his wife even though we aren't married yet?

My cheeks turn red when I see myself dancing on him. I wasn't even aware that I could dance like that. Judging by his face in the video, Atticus also didn't expect that from me.

Damon and Dante walked in suddenly, and they looked pissed. Atticus breaks eye contact with me to look at them.

"What the hell are you doing, Atticus?" Damon demands. "You're supposed to be making things easier for Anya. She's been screaming and throwing up the whole morning after seeing all the videos that have been posted. Didn't you once think about her and how she would feel?"

I notice the way Clarissa's happy smile dies down when Damon mentions Anya.

Anya. I didn't even think about her. Atticus always protected her. It must be difficult for her to see him protecting me now.

He looks troubled now that his brothers have spoken about Anya. I knew that the last thing he ever wanted to do was hurt her.

"Where is she now?" He asks Damon.

"She's outside in my car. I'm carrying her to watch a movie to help clear her mind." Damon answers him. "What?" Clarissa demands. "You promised you would take me to the movies today." Damon stiffens at her words. It is clear that he doesn't like to upset her.

"I'm sorry, Clarissa." He apologizes. "I promise to make it up to you."

She folds her arms stubbornly and storms out of the room. I watch as Damon runs after her almost immediately.

"I'm going to see her," Atticus tells Dante.

My hands tighten into fists as I watch him leave. I know that she needs him, but it's still hard watching him take care of her. I don't ask to come with him like before. I already knew what his response would be like.

I'm left alone with no one to talk to. I'm not sure what to do now. I had to face my parents eventually,

I sigh and walk out of the room. I didn't want to ask Atticus to drop me home. I was still embarrassed about everything. Calling my parents didn't seem like a good idea either.

I freeze.

I would know that voice from anywhere—my father. I didn't have to call them; they're already here.

I looked for a way to escape but then remembered that running away wasn't an option for me.

My father's voice is louder now, and I follow the sound, walking straight into the trap.

When I see him, I also spot my mother, along with my brother and Atticus's parents.

Why was I facing them alone? The answer was simple. I was the reason all of this happened in the first place.

“Since when do you drink alcohol?” My mother asks me. “Since when do you embarrass your family in front of so many people?”

“I’m sorry mother.” I apologize. “I’m not sure what came over me. Once I started, I couldn’t stop. I wasn’t aware of what I was doing afterward.”

I wasn’t even aware that so many cameras were on me. I should have known it would have been. Ever since word had traveled of my wedding, I had all the attention on me.

“This kind of behavior is unacceptable.” My father shouts. “When the Fawns agreed to make you their daughter-in-law, they thought they were making the right decision. You’re no longer only representing our family but that of the Fawns as well. Can you not see that? Do we need to teach you everything?”

“Mistakes happen.” Atticus’s mother steps in. “As long as it doesn’t happen again, we should be fine. Besides, last night may have shut up the rumors claiming that my son doesn’t love his bride-to-be. He showed a side I never expected to see.”

“It will not happen again.” My father assured her. “Especially since Autumn will not be going anywhere before the engagement.”

I knew this was coming. I wasn’t surprised that they would punish me for my actions.

“Now, that is not fair at all,” Griffin says as he walks in. “I’m the reason all of this happened. I should get punished, not her.”

“How are you to blame?” His father demands.

“Atticus asked me to drop her home. Instead of taking her home, I carried her to a beach party. I introduced her to new friends. I should have kept an eye on her since she isn’t used to such events. I’m at fault. Punish me instead.”

I’m surprised that Griffin was taking the blame for me. “Autumn is not a child. She knows right from wrong.” My mother tells him.

“I think you can join her punishment.” His father adds. “You and that other son of mine. Where is Atticus? He was supposed to carry Autumn for the ring and return her home. Not send her with you.”

I stiffen at the mention of Atticus. I know his parents would freak out if they knew he was with Anya. They were already angry; I didn’t want to see them get angrier.

–ATTICUS

“Anya!” I shout as she hits her fists against my face.

"I hate you!" She screams. "How could you do this to me?"

"You and that fake friend of mine!" she shouts. "She's no better than you are."

I'm somehow annoyed that she's mentioned Autumn. She is not at fault. No one is to blame but our parents.

"Autumn is not to blame for anything." I correct her. "I know this is hard, but you two have loved each other for years. You shouldn't hate her for something out of her control."

She laughs, "are you trying to tell me how to feel now? Are you telling me that you would have handled it better if you had to see me marry your best friend? Would you have been able to remain friends with that person?"

My jaw clenches, "what do you think I've gone through these past years seeing you with not one but two of my brothers? Did I disown them? I know what it feels like, Anya; believe me, I do. I'm not happy I have to hurt you, but eventually, something like this was bound to happen. You couldn't have had all three of us for the rest of your life."

Her lower lip trembles, "funny that you should say that. If you hadn't chosen to marry Autumn, I would have chosen you. But now,

we will never get a chance to see what our lives would have been like. That is unless you cancel the wedding and run away with me."

I'm taken aback by her words. She confessed that I would have been her choice in the end. Why would she choose to tell me now?

Why now when I was in the middle of wedding preparations? It was too late for any of that.

"I'm going to pretend you didn't just ask me to run away with you and leave everyone behind, including my brothers, who love you more than anything else in this world. I'll also keep this conversation from them. You've lost me; I don't want you to lose anyone else because of your anger."

"I've lost you?" She asks with a broken look on her face. "I guess we can finally agree on something. I hope you don't live to regret

this decision, Atticus. Once I turn my back, you'll never hear from me again."

I was already regretting everything just by seeing her this hurt. But I'd made my decision already. It was too late to turn back now.

Too many people were involved.

And Autumn. I couldn't hurt her too. Her innocence was pure, and her joy brightened up a room. I didn't have the heart to leave her when I promised to marry her. I couldn't walk out on her. She didn't deserve that.

Anya didn't deserve any of this either. I reach to give her one last h.ug, but she pulls away from me. "Tell Damon i'm ready to leave. I don't want to be next to you anymore."

I turn to find my brother, but he's already heading toward us. He's not alone. Clarissa is also with him.

He looks nervous as he joins us, "Clarissa will be joining us for the movie."

Anya glared at my sister, "Are you kidding me? Does everyone want to ruin my life today?"

"Aren't you a little too dramatic?" Clarissa demands.

"it's just for today, sweetheart." Damon apologizes to her. "I promise to make it up to you another time."

Clarissa h.ugs me and says goodbye. I could sense the tension in the air as they got into the car.

I watch Anya leave with my heart in her hands. I knew that I was acting cold towards her, but I was doing it for her own good. I had to make her hate the thought of being with me. I had to. For any of this to work, I had to keep pushing Anya away.