

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 16 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

AUTUMN

The engagement party was here. It all still felt like a dream to me. I thought by now, I would wake up, and Atticus would tell me that he wasn't going to marry me.

So far, none of that had happened. I was still at home. I couldn't find the strength to move my feet. I'd been standing in front of the mirror for more than an hour. My mother kept reminding me that we were late, but I could barely hear her through the pounding of my heart.

I was getting engaged to the man I wanted since I knew what it meant to love someone. I was fourteen when I first saw him, and now I am nineteen and sincerely in love with him. Atticus Fawn had my heart without even trying. He had my heart because of the person I knew him to be. It wasn't just his looks that caught my heart; that was just a given bonus.

"Autumn!" My mother shouts. "Someone is here to see you."

The door opens before I can ask who it is; I slowly turn and am shocked to see who is at the door.

"Anya," I whisper.

She was the last person I was expecting to see today. At least not in my home. If anything, I expected to see her at the engagement party. She's ignored all of my calls and explanations before today, so then why was she suddenly here on my engagement night? What does she have to say to me?

I knew that she's tried to contact Atticus multiple times since I'd been locked up at home. I knew this because everyone has been sending it to me. People were sending me videos and pictures. They all claimed that Atticus was cheating on me with her.

This was something else I knew I would have to get used to. It didn't mean that I believed any of it however.

I knew Atticus. If he agreed to marry me, he will honor his words. He will not do anything to intentionally hurt me.

Anya was angry. Very angry. I could see it so clearly on her face. She wasn't trying to hide it from me. But Anya was never someone to hide her feelings. Her black hair hung over her shoulders, and she looked as beautiful as ever. She was dressed for a party which meant that she would also be there tonight.

Her jaw clenched when I said her name once more. Were we going to stand here and stare at each other for the entire night?

I remain calm as I watch her take her first steps toward me. Her eyes are filled with hatred as she stands right before me. There is very little space between us now and I'm waiting for her to say something.

I don't have time to prepare as she slaps me hard across the face. My body is in shock. It takes me a moment to recover from what she'd just done.

I covered my burning cheek with my hand; I couldn't believe she'd just hit me. We've been friends for many years, and neither has ever laid a hand on the other until today.

"How could you?" She shouts. "How could you take Atticus away from me? You know that he's my mate. You know how much I love him. Marrying him is all I ever talk about, yet here you are taking my place. I thought you were my friend Autumn. I thought I knew you better than this."

My hands tighten into fists. I know that she's hurting. It's the only reason I'm not retaliating. I know this is something she had to get out of her chest one way or the other.

I don't think she realizes I couldn't stop this wedding even if I wanted to. The only way I could stop it was by running away. And it's not something that I was willing to do. Running away was not an option.

It's not like I didn't give Atticus the chance to stop it. That was the only other option for the wedding to stop, by him refusing to let it happen, and he wasn't doing that. Not even for Anya. I still didn't know the reason behind it.

"I tried contacting you all this time," I tell her. "I've never wanted to hurt you. Our parents are the ones behind this wedding. I've loved you like a sister. I would never intentionally do anything to hurt you. And no one knows better than me that Atticus was hurting the more he had to see you with his brothers. If you love him, don't you think you should try letting him go?"

She laughs and claps loudly; the sounds echo throughout the room, "how long have you been practicing that speech? Don't you think I would have noticed how infatuated you've always been with Atticus? You don't think I know you're happy you're finally getting the chance to be with him?"

My eyes widen, "Anya,"

She lifts her hand in the air to stop me, "there is no use trying to deny it. You've wanted him all along. You couldn't stand that he's always wanted me.

Well, I have news for you. No matter what he says or does, Atticus will always love me. Nothing will ever change that. When he sleeps with you at night, I'm the one he will be thinking about. Nothing you do for him will ever be good enough for him.

I hope you remember my warning. This is not a marriage; you will become each other's nightmare. You wait and see."

I open my mouth to say something but nothing comes out. Her words have managed to hurt me. She was right. I did want Atticus.

but it wasn't lust; it was love; I've loved him all these years. His happiness meant more to me than anything else. I was willing to watch him be with her because I knew all along that's what made him happy. At least, that's what I thought until recently, eventually.

I saw that she was hurting him constantly. It didn't mean he would be happy with me either, but I wouldn't choose anyone else over him. He will always be my first and only choice. That was the difference between the two of us.

"And one last thing." She says before turning to leave. "You look hideous. There is no way that Atticus will like how you look tonight."

I couldn't believe she would stoop to that level to mess up my engagement night. I knew she was hurting but did she have to bring me down as well? And why did she wait for tonight? Why my engagement night?