

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 17 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

-AUTUMN

“What happened to your face?” My mother asks as I step out of the car. She was too occupied earlier to realize how red it was just my luck that she chose to pay attention to me now.

“Anya slapped me,” I answer her. There was no use trying to hide it from her. My mother could always easily tell when I was lying.

She gasps, “I never liked that girl. Why would she hit you on your engagement night? If I’d known she would be so bitter, I would have never let her into our home.”

“I don’t know, mother; maybe it’s because I’m marrying her mate.” I point out, answering her question with the most obvious response.

My mother sighs, “that gives her no right to hit you. Why don’t you stand up for yourself more? You’ve always let that girl walk all over you. We grew you up to avoid confrontations and arguments, but that girl was never your real friend to begin with.”

“That’s not true.” I try to defend her. I know she’d just hit me, and what she did was wrong, but I still understood why she did it. I didn’t want to completely kick her out of my life because of one incident.

“It isn’t?” She asks. “So then, why did you cry whenever you returned home from spending time with her?”

I look away from my mother’s penetrating gaze. I cried because I had no choice but to see Atticus with her. Being her best friend left me no other option. I cried because I hated how much she hurt him. I cried because she always tried to put me down and tell me I wasn’t as pretty or popular as she was.

“Your silence proves my point.” She says as she takes my arm in hers. “It’s too late to put anything on your face now. We will have to fix you up inside.”

I didn’t know what I expected to see when I stepped inside, but nothing could prepare me for the hundreds of guests looking straight at me. I knew the wedding would be a big one; I didn’t think the engagement would also be this massive.

I recognized a few faces, and it was safe to say that half of our school was present. I was glad my mother was holding my hand as she guided me through the back, where no one else was.

She pulled me into a room; it wasn't any random room; this must be where everyone got their makeup and hair done.

My lips part when I see Atticus already dressed in his black tux. I try not to let his presence affect me but just as always, I fail big time. As long as we are in a room together, there is no avoiding this man.

He turns when he hears the door close behind us, and I lose my breath when his gaze locks with mine. He takes his slow time examining me from head to toe. Does he not see my mother in the room with us? I don't think he cares at this point. I squeeze my hands tightly into fists as I try to fight the nervousness. It's hard for me to focus when he's looking at me like that.

"Your dad is looking for us." My mother says to me, breaking the silence. "I'll go find him. See what you can do about the redness in the meantime."

I'm not sure whether my father was really looking for us or my mother was using that as an excuse to leave us in a room alone.

Atticus takes a step toward me when she closes the door behind her, and I stop freaking breathing. He doesn't stop until he's a few inches away from my body. His eyes are locked on my face, and I have to wonder if he can see the mark that Anya left. If my mother could, he undoubtedly could as well.

He lightly tilts my chin to get a better look at my cheek. There is a cute frown on his face as he studies it. "What happened?"

That confirms it.

I'm surprised that he sounds concerned, however. Darkness clouds his features and I know that he's getting angrier by the second.

"It's nothing." I lie to him. I know that telling him Anya hit me would not make things easier on any of us. She was hurting. I was trying to be understanding. I might react similarly to her if I was in her position. We've been inseparable for years, and it's the first time we've ever fought like this.

Maybe my friendship meant nothing to Anya but she will always have a place in my heart. I didn't get rid of the people I loved that easily. She would have to totally betray me for that to happen.

"Are you sure?" He asks. "It almost looks like someone hit you."

That's because someone did hit me—your mate. I wonder if Atticus would still take her side in a situation like this. Knowing how much he loved her was enough of an answer for me.

“I need to put some makeup over it, and I’ll join you. It really is nothing for you to worry about.”

He doesn’t seem to be convinced, but something else holds his attention next.

“Where did you find that necklace?” He asks, his eyes locked on my neck. I lightly touch the diamond necklace. It was a gift from his grandmother. He must have recognized it. I didn’t want to accept it, but she insisted. She was one of the kindest women I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing. I wish she were still with us today.

“Your grandmother gave it to me the week before she died. She told me to wear it on my engagement night as well as on my wedding day.” I confess.

A look of surprise and anguish crossed his handsome features. I know that speaking about her would also be hard for him.

“I never knew you were that close to her.” He admits. “That necklace was her favorite piece of jewelry. I’ve always asked about it, but my grandfather never told me you were the person she’d given it to.”

He leans closer and lightly brushes it with his fingers. My heart rate accelerates from his closeness. I’m drawn to the way his forehead creases as he continues to take a closer look, even his eyelashes were perfect. I still couldn’t get over how beautiful he was.

“I was waiting for the right moment to give this to you,” I whisper as I pull the ring I’d bought for him out of my purse. “I know you said you would get it yourself, but I wanted to get it for you.”

Atticus takes the jewelry box from my hand and opens it. He stares at it for a few seconds, and I’m worried he doesn’t like it. I was sure that he would; was I wrong?

He lifts his gaze towards me, “how did you know I love red diamonds?”

I bite my lip as I try to come up with a response. I knew because I’d been so in love with him that I paid attention to anything concerning him. I learned more about what he loved than even Anya did.

“Anya mentioned it once.” I lie.

His face turns grim at the mention of her. I shouldn’t have brought her up on a day like this.

“I know this is probably the last thing you want to hear from me, but Anya asked to speak with me before the ceremony starts. I wanted to make sure that you at least know this before I see her.”

Of course, she will want to speak with him today. I wouldn't expect anything else from her after what she did.

I should be happy that he at least told me before seeing her, but I'm anything but that. I'm worried. Scared of what she had planned.

If she'd hit me earlier, there is no telling what she would do when she saw Atticus.

"As soon as I'm finished speaking with her, I will join you, and the ceremony can start."  
He assures me.

I try to hide the fear from my eyes, in order to do that I had to look away from his piercing gaze.

"I will not take long." He promises as he walks out of the room.

I lean against the door as soon as he leaves.

All I could do now was hope that Anya wouldn't try anything else to ruin my engagement night.