

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 24 - Tips

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"You haven't moved for ten minutes." Clarissa points out to me. "I can safely say you're not taking the news well."

I didn't think there was any other way to take news such as this one. I was in deep trouble. And there was no way for me to escape it.

"I'm not sure what to do with that information," I confess. "It's not like I can back out now. We're already married, and I'm already on this yacht."

One would think that I would be excited to see Atticus completely naked after being in love with him for so long. But I wasn't in the least; I was freaking out. This wasn't the way I wanted it to happen. Though, Atticus had seen plenty of me already, not completely naked but he saw more of me than I saw of him.

Are we allowed to keep our eyes closed throughout the entire thing? That may make it easier for me. I wasn't sure what was allowed for this tradition and what wasn't. No one warned me of this before we got married.

"I'm sure it's going to be okay, you're husband and wife now; eventually, you were both bound to see each other naked. Now is your chance to get it over with." She points out. "Besides, it's only a matter of time before our parents start asking for grandchildren. They will wait for you both to finish academy, and then they'll be harassing you every damn day."

It was true. I could see my parents insisting that I get pregnant as soon as I finished school. And I can see his parents being the same way.

They were very similar in that way. Grandchildren were something I've already heard my parents discuss multiple times before, and that was even before I had gotten married or knew that I was marrying Atticus.

"Let's get you into your dress," Clarissa says as she brings out the long silky white dress laced with silver patterns.

Unlike me, she had already gotten into an elegant but sexy green dress; she'd done that while I was dormant for ten minutes. I did happen to notice in those few minutes how she made sure to hide the tattoo from me, however, which only helped to confirm that my eyes hadn't deceived me that one time I saw it.

I knew she wouldn't be ready to confess that secret to me. We were only getting to know each other. In the same way, I was not prepared to confess my feelings about Atticus to her either.

Clarissa helped to retouch my makeup after the dress was on me.

“Let’s make Atticus fall to his knees when he sees you tonight,” Clarissa says. “You look hot. He may want to take you to the special spring earlier than midnight when he sees you.”

I gape at her, “Clarissa! That’s your brother you’re talking about!”

“Hey, step-brother. We’re not blood-related in any way.” She teases. “Besides, someone has to help bring the two of you closer. While Anya keeps trying to pull you apart, I’ll be your guardian angel, bringing you together.”

I smile, “I’m still so happy that you’re my sister-in-law.”

She laughs, “believe me, I’m so happy you’re mine and Anya didn’t take your place. I don’t think I could survive living in the same house as her. I could barely stand being in the same room with her for more than five minutes. I can’t imagine having her around all the time.”

I couldn’t imagine it either. The both of them would drive each other crazy. In many ways, it was better that I had married Atticus.

Now it was time for him to realize this as well. Everyone else seemed to know it but him.

“Shall we go surprise everyone outside?” Clarissa asks as she extends her hand,

I smile and accept her invitation, “we shall.”

When we got outside, we caught the attention of many guests, but they weren’t the ones we wanted attention from. The first thing I notice is Atticus standing too close to Anya for my comfort. I’m not sure if he went to her first or if she did. Either way, I’m upset. I wanted to see his reaction to my dress. Instead, I have to watch his reaction to having Anya by his side and not me.

I know everyone kept telling me that Anya made him unhappy, but if she did, why was he always by her side? Why stay with someone that kept hurting you?

The answer was simple; people tolerated anything for the one that they loved. No one knew that more than I did.

Jealousy is overcoming every other emotion that I feel. I don’t think I’ve ever felt it this strongly before. Maybe it’s because I’ve always known they were together in the past, and I knew how wrong it was to feel jealous. I never allowed myself to give in to jealousy in the past because of this exact reason.

This time was different; Atticus was my husband, not hers. They're supposed to be keeping a certain distance from each other. But no one seems to care that he's now a married man. If anything, Anya is closer to him than ever.

Everyone was already gossiping so much about the three of us. They were not helping our situation by being that close in front of so

many people. But this was what Anya wanted all along; she was getting her way.

Clarissa senses my anger, and she gently rubs my shoulder, "don't let her get to you. She's doing this to hurt you. You can beat her at her own game. You're the one that Atticus married, not her. Someone just needs to remind her of this little fact."

She pulls me along with her but stops halfway when she spots Damon. Their eyes met, and I noticed how her entire demeanor changed. While Clarissa seemed to be nervous, Damon looked like he was annoyed. And I'm sure I saw him checking her out from head to toe. I think it isn't a one-sided crush; Damon must also have some feelings for her.

But how was that possible? His mate was Anya. He's not supposed to have feelings for anyone else but her. Maybe it wasn't the kind of emotion I was thinking of. I'm probably reading too much into it like I usually did.

I soon forget about those two when Anya leans into Atticus and openly starts flirting with him. I close my eyes and exhale slowly.

Deep breaths, Autumn. Don't let her get to you. Don't let her ruin what's supposed to be a special night for you.

"I'm going to have a word with Damon," Clarissa informs me. "He looks angry. I want to know what's wrong."

I nod, "I'll be right here."

"Don't you want to confront Atticus and take him away from Anya?" She asks.

I shook my head, "I shouldn't have to confront him for him to know that he's doing something wrong. He should realize it on his

Own."

She nods in understanding, "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere. We can deal with Anya when I return."

I didn't want to have anything to do with her tonight. I've already tried my best to rekindle our friendship, but she was doing too much now.

I fake a laugh, “there isn’t anywhere I could go except in the ocean, and since I’m terrified of the water, I’ll be right here waiting for you.”

Jumping into the ocean didn’t sound like such a bad idea after today.

I watch as Clarissa leaves to join them. Damon watches her like a hawk, and I can tell they’re about to argue. Both sides look pissed at each other.

My eyes are drawn back to the man I married today. I wanted to go to him but not when Anya was there. I didn’t want to hurt myself anymore. I’ve gone through this so many times in the past before; Anya and Atticus openly flirting while he was totally oblivious to my feelings for him.

I turned around; I didn’t want to see more of them. I’ve seen enough already for today.

I let the wind caress my hair and take a moment to enjoy the beauty of the ocean. While the water has always terrified me, I’ve never let that take away from its beauty.

“Autumn!” A familiar voice shouts my name. I look behind me to see Scarlett and Clara. They’re the last people I was expecting to see here tonight, but it doesn’t mean I wasn’t delighted that they were here. I shouldn’t have been surprised; their family was also filthy rich. Of course, the Fawns would include them tonight.

“Congratulations on your wedding!” They scream as they pull me in for a hug. “We’re so happy for you.”

I happily return their hug.

“But we have noticed Anya all up in your husband’s space. She needs a reality check.” Scarlett points out. “If you want, I’ll give it to her.”

“There is no need for any of that,” I assure her.

“And here he comes,” Clara warns me.

Here who comes?

I follow her gaze, and to my surprise, Atticus has just joined us. “Autumn.” He greets me. He pauses when he sees my dress. His gaze lingers on it for a few seconds, setting my body on fire. “Do you want to join us? We’re at the front of the yacht.”

I knew where they were; I saw him at the front with Anya too close to his side.

“She’s good here with us.” Scarlett steps in.

“Right.” Atticus says in not the happiest tone. “Aren’t you the one that let her get drunk that night at the beach? I think you were drunk as well.”

Scarlett gives him a thumbs up, “at least you have a good memory. Hopefully, you remember that you’re married to Autumn and not Anya.”

His jaw clenches, “are you coming with me?” He asks as he returns his attention to me. It was pretty evident that these two were not getting along. Scarlett didn’t look like someone who kept quiet; she spoke her mind.

I looked between my new friends and Atticus; I knew the answer before I even began to speak.

“I’ll come in a bit.” I finally respond.

He doesn’t look pleased with my response, but he doesn’t try to convince me again. My answer would have been different if I was the one that had held his attention since we got onto the yacht, but that was far from what was happening.

“I hope you’re not going to get her drunk again.” Atticus points out. “There are many guests here. I would hate for there to be a repeat of last time.”

“Don’t you worry.” Clara cuts in. “We will take good care of her.”

He looks hesitant to leave, but he finally attempts to do so.

Scarlett waves at him as he walks away.

He goes straight back to his brothers, not just them but to Anya as well. She smirks at me and walks over to him once more. She’s intentionally trying to provoke me. And it’s working.

Scarlett rolls her eyes, “now I want to get you drunk tonight.”

I laugh, “as much as I’d love to help you piss him off, I don’t think that’s a good idea. He’s right; there are many important guests present tonight. My parents are here as well. I don’t want to get into another argument with them because of my actions.”

“I understand,” Scarlett says. “But if you ever change your mind, the bottle isn’t far away. It will help ease all your stress. Clara always told me how good it made her feel, but I only got to experience it at the beach that day. Though, the next day all the pain comes rushing back in.”

She didn’t have to explain the feeling to me; I also knew what it felt like after that beautiful yet dreadful day at the beach.

I had mixed feelings whenever I thought of that day.

“Thank you for coming,” I thank them wholeheartedly. “I’m happy to see you both here. I’ve been feeling a bit depressed, but you have definitely brightened up my night. There’s just something about you; I always feel better when I’m around you.”

“We weren’t missing it; we promised to be your friends. We’re just keeping that promise.” Scarlett tells me. “And we’re just as happy to spend more time with you. We should meet up after this. The academy is about to start back; we can plan something then.”

Ah, yes—the academy. The place where everyone would be waiting to bombard me with questions.

“We’re happy to be here, Autumn,” Clara said as she poured herself a drink. “Are you sure you girls don’t want to join me?”

I look back at Atticus; it irritates me to see Anya still standing so close to him. He came all the way here to ask me to join him; how did he expect me to join him when Anya was standing in my place? She acted like they were the ones that had just gotten married.

“Maybe one drink won’t hurt,” I say as I accept the glass from Clara. It’s almost like she knew I wasn’t going to refuse. I take one large gulp, swallowing it down, praying that it drowns the pain.

I knew that the consequences of my actions tonight would be worse than that day at the beach. This time family and friends surrounded us. We were on a yacht, and it was my wedding night. People expected me to behave a certain way on this day. No one would expect me to be drinking. My parents already warned me the last time this happened, and ended up all over magazines and articles everywhere.

But could anyone really blame me? I’m sure I’m not the only one seeing what was taking place right in front of my eyes.

I can feel the pity stares digging into my back. They should understand why I was doing this on my wedding day.

Even though I knew it was wrong to accept another drink, I couldn’t help myself when I saw Anya take yet another step closer to Atticus. I hate that I have no control over myself because of them. I hate that I’ve spent my entire life letting their actions hurt me.

Clara poured me yet another drink, and I did the same as before. I drank it down in one go.

“Cheers to your marriage!” Scarlett says as she clashes our glasses together. “May Atticus open his eyes and notice the gem in front of him before it’s too late!”

Clara sighs, "men do mess everything up."

I knew she was referring to her breakup with Carter. Scarlett's face looks guilty after hearing her sister's words. It makes me wonder if she was hiding something from her.

I don't have time to ponder that thought as Clara pours more for me before doing the same for Scarlett.

"Who does she think she is anyway?" Clara asks. "Her relationship with Atticus was over when he agreed to marry you. You need to go there and show her that he's your husband."

"I agree," Scarlett shouts. "Go and do something that proves he's yours."

They were right. He was my husband. Maybe both Atticus and Anya needed to be reminded of that.

I spun around, glaring at both of them. They were deep in conversation. Did Atticus not even care that I was drinking anymore? Was he so busy with her to notice what I was up to?

My hands tightened into fists after I shoved the glass into Clara's waiting hand. I felt like punching the smiles out of both of their faces. They were too happy.

A small part of me was begging for me to behave myself and not cause a scene. Sober Autumn would never do anything crazy on an important night like this. But that was the problem; I was no longer thinking straight; I was way past that point.

"I'm going over there," I inform both girls.

They cheer for me as I approach my husband and his ex-girlfriend.

I can feel myself begin to sway, but I don't let that stop me from reaching him. He doesn't realize my presence until I'm already a few feet away. That's expected since Anya was telling him something so 'important' that nothing and no one else seemed to matter to him but her.

She's the first one to see me; her nose wrinkles in disgust as she looks at me. I would have lunged for her if Atticus didn't turn simultaneously. It takes him a moment to realize that it was me standing before him, but when he does, his forehead immediately creases.

He looks at me with wide eyes, "Autumn?"

I don't wait for him to say anything else. I grab him by his shirt. I sway a little.

He grabs my waist to help steady me, and I'm happy to have his hands on me even though he was only doing it to prevent me from falling flat on my a.ss. Now, this was my Atticus. The man that wouldn't let me fall no matter what. I leaned further into his body; his warmth was already filling the emptiness inside of me. Whenever I was this close to him, I felt complete; I felt like the missing puzzle in my life had finally been found. And whenever he left, the opposite happened.

"You're mine," I whisper against his ear. His body turns to stone beneath mine.

Good. He heard me.

Before he could respond, I used my grip on his shirt to pull him closer to me until our lips were inches apart. I gently run my finger over it, and his lips part under my touch. I close my eyes as I finally give in and crash our lips together.