

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 25 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

I can hear the surprised gasps around us, but I don't care. I want this. I want Anya to know that he's mine, my husband, not hers. Atticus is stiff beneath me, making me wonder if he hates this. Does he hate my kiss? Does he wish it was Anya instead of me kissing him? I can't stand the thought of that.

I gently pull away to look into his eyes. I want to see his expression, I want to know what he's thinking even though I can't read his mind. I can see the surprise lingering on his face, but there's also something else in his gaze, something that makes my heart swell with joy; desire. His eyes are dark with desire.

That was all I needed to keep going. This time Atticus meets me halfway as our lips make contact once more. My body shivers as his taste fills my mouth. Atticus tastes better than anything else I've ever had the pleasure of tasting.

I grab onto his hair and moan as his lips practically cover mine. It's like he's eating them alive, and I love it. I want him to want me. I want him to enjoy this as much as I am doing. He moves from my bottom lip to my top, then pulls them both in before repeating. I'm letting him take the lead, I want him to take control. No, I want him to lose control.

Atticus grabs my waist suddenly, squeezing and rubbing on the skin there. I'm desperately trying to get closer to him now. This isn't enough. It isn't about proving he's mine to anyone anymore. I'm practically trying to climb onto his body now with how desperate I am to get more of him. I think Atticus knows exactly what I want.

He spins us around and jams me up against the yacht before deepening the kiss. I immediately feel it all between my legs. I'm wet and aching for him. He was doing this to me—only him. No one else could make me feel like I was floating in the air and breathing happiness into my soul.

"Atticus." I cry. "I need—;"

I don't get to finish as he grabs my thighs and helps me wrap my legs around his body. I gasp as I feel something warm and hard the moment that he does this.

I cry out as his lips move from my mouth to my neck. He's kissing every inch, letting my body know what it felt like to be on cloud nine.

"ATTICUS!" Anya screams, breaking through my happiness. "What the hell do you think you're doing? Get her off you!"

We both stop moving at her words. He slowly lifts his face from my neck and stares at me as though he doesn't know what just came over him. Even I'm not sure what just

happened, the Atticus I knew would never lose control and kiss me so ravishingly in front of everyone he knew.

He looks at Anya behind us, and I do the same. She's red with rage; I don't think I've ever seen her like this before. I used that opportunity to smile; I wanted her to know that she wasn't the only one who could play dirty. If she tried to flirt with my husband openly, I had to remind her who wore the ring.

She narrows her eyes at me and I just know that if she wasn't so concerned about her reputation she would have tried to hit me again, but there were too many people here for her to pull another stunt like that.

Atticus slowly lets go of my waist, and I gasped as I slid down his body. I knew what I just felt. His pulsing hot but huge need. This proved that he wasn't unaffected by my kiss. It had impacted him as much as it had done to me.

He shifts on his feet, looking restless.

"You're drunk." He finally says in a disappointed tone.

Anya is still irritated behind us, but I'm not giving her any more of my attention. I was too mesmerized by Atticus to waste my time on her

He wasn't looking at me anymore; he was examining our surroundings, maybe trying to figure out who had seen our passionate kiss.

He seemed pleased with what he saw. Did that mean I hadn't caused as much trouble as I'd thought?

"Atticus." Anya hissed. She was trying to catch his attention. While she did succeed, he didn't go to her like I expected him to.

Instead, he gently takes my hand in his. "Let's get you some water to drink. We can't let my parents nor yours see you in this condition. Especially not when we have an important tradition tonight."

I could feel Anya's gaze digging into my back as we walked away. I could only move my feet because he was holding my hand; otherwise. I would have been swaying from left to right. I was drunk, yes, but that kiss had left me weaker than I was before. My knees felt wobbly, and my stomach had little butterflies in it.

"Why did you do it, Autumn?" Atticus whispers as he hands me the cup of water and helps me onto a stool near the bar. "You're aware of the trouble getting drunk today could have caused for yourself. You're not someone that drinks like this. You're lucky no one else saw what happened but my siblings and Anya."

I bite my lip, "you know why I did it."

He looks perplexed, "how would I know why you drank? Drink the water."

I refuse to do it, and he takes the cup from me only to hold it to my lips, "drink." He orders.

I take a small sip, and he tells me to drink more. I do as he says, and he finally places the cup on the counter next to us.

"You're the reason I did," I answered; I knew he was still waiting for me to explain.

I'm running out of breath, even in my state I know I shouldn't have said that. But I don't seem to have any control over myself. I'm blurting things that I know I will eventually regret.

He lifts his eyes to study my face, his gaze is electric as he asks in a smooth but alarmed tone, "me? I'm the reason? How can that be Autumn?"

He seemed even more confused now that I'd said that to him. How would he understand when he didn't know that I loved him? How could he understand anything that I felt when he wasn't aware of how much it hurt me whenever I had to see Anya flirting with him?

Atticus wasn't aware of my feelings for him; he was utterly clueless when it came to that.

"I'm the reason that you're suddenly drinking?" He asks once more in disbelief. "Is it because you didn't want to marry me, to begin with?"

I want to laugh at that question. He honestly doesn't know anything, does he? It was quite the opposite. I wanted his love and affection so much that I hated to witness another woman receiving it.

My gaze drops to his lips; I can't believe I've just been kissing them. And that's what I wanted to do again. To kiss him. And touch him.

To feel him once more against me.

I gently press my hands against his chest and I can't help myself as I look up into his gorgeous eyes, "you have it all wrong." I can feel the wild beating of his heart and I have to wonder if that's also because of the kiss we just shared. Or was it because of what I'd just told him? That he was the reason I'd suddenly started to drink.

He was right, I was not someone to do things like that. I was usually more obedient and definitely not a trouble maker. Recently, I've been taking risks and letting myself do things I normally wouldn't. And it was all because of this man in front of me.

He waits for me to explain, but I don't get a chance; my mother joins us then, "we've arrived."

I looked around us, she was right. The island was right in front of me. I was so preoccupied with wanting to kiss and touch Atticus that I didn't take the time to look at my surroundings. How long had the yacht even stopped? It wasn't moving now, and people were already on the sand preparing to get to the beach-house.

How lost had I been in him not to notice any of that?

"We've been looking everywhere for you two." She informs us, "Time is running out. We need to prepare for the spring. Let's get moving."

Atticus takes a step back from me at her words. The spring? Did I hear that correctly? They couldn't be serious.

Those words had managed to shock me even in my drunken state.

Was it time already?