

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 3 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Something is happening. I don't know what it is. Our parents are too happy. Atticus's parents are shaking hands with my parents like they're about to make the biggest deals of their life. And while I should be overjoyed over this, I can't help but feel nervous and a little skeptical about the entire thing.

For one, my siblings were nowhere around for this 'important' business deal. If it were that important, they would be here as well. Why were my parents so strict about me being with them? Something tells me that I will get my answer very soon.

"What is going on?" I ask my mother when I finally get her alone. "There is something you're not telling me, and I want to know what it is."

I can't help but tap my fingers against the glass impatiently as I wait for a response—a proper one.

There is a reason why she brought me here with her. I should have realized that she wouldn't have dragged me all the way here without a hidden agenda.

Maybe I should have tried harder to get out of this. I knew that trouble was up ahead; I just wasn't sure what kind of trouble it would be.

My breath gets stuck in my throat when the door to the front of us slams open and reveals the man of my dreams. Atticus Fawn. Time stops in those few seconds, just like it always does when he enters a room. His broad shoulders fill the entrance, making it look smaller than it actually was.

His eyes are cold and dangerous as he searches the room for someone. Behind him are his brothers. Damon and Dante both look as uneasy as he does. I'm too busy staring at Atticus to care about what's troubling them. His eyes briefly connect with mine, and his hands tighten into fists.

Is it just me, or is he angry that I'm here? During these past few years, Atticus has barely shown me any attention, and the one time he acknowledges me, this is the reaction I get from him?

His walk is mighty as he moves forward toward his target. I notice then that there is a magazine in his hand. Not just one; there are at least a dozen.

There are multiple gasps throughout the room as he flings the magazines in front of his parents.

I catch a picture of myself on the front cover.

My heart skips a beat.

I'm not the only one in the magazine; there is also Atticus. The pictures aren't what has me in a daze however, it's the title at the top.

Atticus Fawn To Wed Autumn Rivera.

"What is this?" He asks, his voice is calm, but his expression is anything but that.

This is what my parents had been keeping from me. This is the reason they were all so happy. They were celebrating our marriage without telling us about it.

How could they? Isn't this something we should have agreed upon first? How many people already knew about this? There were already magazines printed, which meant that we were probably the last to know about this. Judging by his actions, Atticus had also just found out.

Wasn't he supposed to be on a date with Anya right now? Did this mean that she also saw the article? I hope that she knows I had nothing to do with it. I hope she knows that I didn't agree to this wedding. She was my best friend, and while I wasn't happy with some of her decisions, I wouldn't intentionally sabotage her relationship with Atticus.

"Atticus." His mother greets him. "It's nice of you to grace us with your presence finally. As you can see, we have guests right now. If you had a question, you could have asked without throwing these magazines all over the floor."

"And you're late." His father adds. There is no hiding the disappointment in his voice. "If you were on time, you wouldn't have had to find out this way."

"Find out what?" he asks. "That I'm getting married to a woman I don't want to marry?"

I fight the ache in my heart at his question. I knew he didn't want to marry me. He wasn't the one in love. I was. And he didn't know how much I loved him. I've hidden it well.

"She's right there." His mother snaps. "Have some respect for your future wife and the future daughter-in-law of this family."

Atticus takes a step toward his mother; his eyes flash with anger as he says, "the only woman I will marry is Anya. No one else."

He doesn't say anything else as he storms out of the room.

I watch him go, my eyes lingering on the entrance until I can't see him anymore.

"Don't feel bad about his words." Carol, his mother, tells me. "He's just in shock. The wedding will happen. Next week is the official engagement. All of the preparations have already been made."

"He has a right to be angry," I tell her, trying not to sound disrespectful. "Neither of us was informed about this wedding. Don't you think it's unfair to us? Anya is my best friend. Everyone knows he loves her. How can I marry a man in love with my best friend?"

She takes my hand in hers, "Anya doesn't suit our family. She will not fit in well. We are saving her the trouble; if she marries Atticus, she will not be happy, and none of us will." She explains. "You are the perfect woman for him. The both of you match in every way. And our families have been friends for a long time now. This is the best match; no one else will suit our son more than you."

I bite my bottom lip. I knew that Anya wasn't the right woman for him. I knew that I would suit him better. But he didn't see it like that. And that's what's important. As long as Atticus doesn't see me as the woman he wants to marry, how can I marry him?