

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 31 - Tips

0 20 minutes read

~AUTUM~

Atticus turns to me at the sound of the phone hitting the ground; he kneels to pick it up. I'm trying to keep my emotions hidden from him under the circumstances we are currently facing.

"You dropped this." He says as he hands it to me. I take the phone from his hand, but I refuse to look him in the face.

He's not the man I thought he was. He was a completely different person.

I want to play the recording for him; I want him to know that I've heard everything he said to Anya. I want him to realize that he can stop pretending to be nice to me now. I know he doesn't care. But I know I can't let my pain get in the way of finding Roman. A baby would always be more important.

No matter how hard it was, I had to ignore my feelings this one time. I would have plenty of time after to confront Atticus about everything that was said in this recording. I didn't think there was a single excuse he could use to justify what he said.

These weren't harmless words; they were words meant to destroy our marriage. Promises that he made to Anya without once thinking about me and how I would feel if I ever found out, which I did. And out of everyone, Anya was the one that sent it to me; she was the one to throw it all in my face to remind me of who Atticus has always loved since the beginning.

Atticus gets distracted by something Arthur said to him, and I use that opportunity to breathe again. I don't know if I should laugh or cry. All I've ever done was wish the best for both of them. Now it felt like they both wanted to hurt me.

My hand tightened around the phone; I wanted him to feel the same pain that I was feeling: I wanted him to hurt the same way I did after listening to this recording. It's the first time I've ever wished for something this awful, but I'm angry, so angry with what he'd done.

Atticus didn't try to talk to me again as we entered one of the vehicles waiting for us. It's possible he is also putting his feelings aside for the mission. We both understand that this is bigger than any of the problems in our marriage.

Lucy and Austin were in a mess, their baby was in danger, and no one knew whether he was still alive or not. I'd never seen a child as loved as him; many of the most powerful of our kind were present ready to bring him safely home. No one cared about their well-being; he was all they cared about.

When the vehicles stop, the women that Morgan, the witch, asked for in exchange for Roman all separate from the rest of us.

The men were in emotional distress after their mates left. They were trying to comfort each other, but it was a depressing sight to see. Everyone here loved their mates, they couldn't hide it, and they weren't trying to.

"I can't believe we have no choice but to fvcking wait here while our mates are locked in an abandoned castle with fvcking witches," Hunter growls. "I've never felt this useless in my entire life"

"They can handle themselves," Lucas says with a fierceness in his eyes. "They're strong; I believe that they can do this. I know they can."

Paige Snow, another witch they'd invite help, approached me. I was surprised that she had even noticed me under the circumstances. I didn't think anyone was paying attention to me.

"What is your name?" She asks.

"Autumn," I answer her. Her eyes are almost white as she scans my face. What was she looking for?

"You seem familiar." She said as she held my chin and turned my face slightly to the left as if to get a better look at me, "fascinating. Very fascinating."

Her words didn't make any sense to me. What was so fascinating about me? It seemed like she knew something that I didn't.

"Do you like water, dear?" She asks in a strange tone.

It was a weird conversation to ask someone if they liked water. But for me, it was even stranger that she'd asked that when I have always been terrified of water.

"I'm terrified of it," I confess.

She nodded as if she'd already known my response before I said anything. She was a powerful witch, according to everything I'd heard about her; maybe she was able to look into my past or my future and saw something there that caught her by surprise. I knew that she was able to receive visions. Was that why her eyes had turned white when looking at me?

Everyone I knew was always terrified of witches or at least disgusted by them. In our academy, it was no different; the witches in our school were often mistreated. No one trusted them. I've never felt uncomfortable around them, however. Instead, I've always

felt sorry for how they were sometimes treated. Some of them didn't deserve it, while others did.

A howl rocks the woods, and it distracts Paige from asking me more questions. The tension has just doubled.

"They're in trouble!" Hunter roars. "I can feel Isabella's pain."

We all held our breaths when we saw Gabriella racing toward us with Roman in her hands. There is a remarkable silence as we watch her move with incredible speed. Austin took him from her and kissed his forehead before reluctantly giving him back to her. Sadly, their reunion couldn't last long.

He was worried about Lucy and the others. I barely knew those women, but something about them had drawn me closer to each of them, and I wanted to keep them safe. I wanted to protect them even though fighting was never something I'd been good at.

Multiple howls follow, different from the last; these are no doubt cries for help. I winced, feeling their pain from the sound of their cry alone.

"Let's get moving!" Austin shouts. "Paige, our wives need you. We need to get you to them, and we need to do it now. That's the most important task at this point."

"It isn't going to be that easy," Paige says.

"They're coming. Her eyes are white once more, and it's a little scary to look directly into them. Who was coming? We didn't know who she was speaking about, but the concern on her face told us all we needed to know.

Within seconds, we're surrounded by vampires and werewolves hungry for every single one of us.

Everyone takes their position as they attack one, sometimes three, of the enemies simultaneously. I'm amazed by the way they fought.

It's my first time seeing a battle as big as this one up close. I was usually protected by my parents and had never had to experience anything like this until now.

Atticus has more experience than I expected; his attacks are smooth and controlled as he brings his opponent to the ground.

He grabs my hand as more approach and pulls me closer to Gabriella, who's still holding Roman in her arms. I'm surprised he's concerned about my safety, but I'm reminded that he's only doing this because of his duty as a husband; he isn't doing it because he wants to keep me out of danger.

"This is worse than I expected it to be." He says.

"Always expect the worst around us," Gabriella responds.

Arthur chuckles despite the gravity of the situation, "I'll believe her when she says that. It's nothing but the truth."

"I'm so happy that you got Roman out of there safely," I tell Gabriella. "And I'm happy that he's safe"

Despite the fear I felt for the other women, I knew we would all make it out alive; the men on our side were powerful and knew what they were doing.

Hunter roars in frustration as he tries to kill as many as possible to get back to Isabella in time to save her. I've never seen men as in love as these groups of men in front of me. They were terrified of losing their mates.

My eyes widen when I spot a vampire advancing on me. I don't know what happens next, but he somehow slows down just as he nears me; he's slow enough for me to stab him with the stake in my hands. He drops to the ground before me, but something else catches my attention.

I can hardly breathe as I stare at the water droplets frozen in the sky; it feels like they're almost speaking to me, like they are alive and waiting for my command. Atticus looks back at me in shock, but he doesn't have an opportunity to ask me if I am okay as another vampire tries to tackle him.

"I didn't know you could fight," Gabriella says in a surprised whisper. "I'm impressed"

Even I didn't know that I knew how to fight. When Atticus had given me the stake earlier, I didn't think I'd know how to use it, but I was full of surprises today. I look at the sky again, but the water droplets have disappeared. What was that? I still wasn't sure what had forced the vampire to slow down, but I was happy that I was able to protect myself.

Kane is shouting and panicking as he realizes that we wouldn't be able to get Paige back to the other women in time. They were on their own. Their lives now depended on their own strength.

"There are many witches inside the castle," Gabriella informs us. "There is no telling what kind of spells they're using against them. We have to find a way to get back there. If I didn't have to protect Roman, I would be rushing to get back to them."

The tension kept rising as everyone realized how much more dangerous this entire mission had turned into. Atticus glances at me, and I'm not sure if I saw correctly, but he looks relieved to know that I am here with him and not in as much danger as the other women were in.

No Autumn. He doesn't care for you. That voice note was the proof you needed. Don't get fooled, don't let your heart bleed anymore because of him.

You've let yourself hurt too much over him. It was time that you started to care for yourself and protect your heart at all costs.

"Lucy!" Austin shouts suddenly; there's no hiding the joy on his face. I followed his gaze, and it was indeed her.

He kills at an incredible rate to get to her. When he finally does, he pulls her into his arms and kisses her for as long as the enemies would let him.

She runs to Roman next and takes him from Gabriella. She showers him with kisses, and I've never seen a baby this happy before; he's ecstatic to be in his mother's arms again.

"How is Maya?" Kane demands. "Is she okay?"

He can't hide the desperation in his voice as he waits for confirmation from Lucy. I think we all held out breaths as we waited for her to answer. It doesn't look good that she was the only one to return. Her body was covered in bruises and blood.

"She is," Lucy assured him.

"And Isabella?" Hunter shouts as he knocks a werewolf to the ground. "Where the fuck is she?"

"They're all safe." She assures everyone as they all begin asking for their mates. "They will be here soon, they're just finishing up with the other witches. The danger is over on that end. Now it's time to finish here and get my baby home and away from danger."

Not long after she's said that, the other women show up. I'm happy to see everyone reunite with their loved ones. I think everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Everything would be okay now, Roman was safe, and the women were back safe and sound.

"KANEEEEEE!" The piercing scream rocks the forest. I freeze; I think we all do. Did I speak too soon?

It was Maya. She was the one to scream. We all look up and are shocked to see Kane falling to the ground with blood pouring out his chest and mouth. My heart sank at the heartbreaking sight in front of me. This wasn't happening. She couldn't lose him. They

were too much in love, and she was pregnant with his babies; they couldn't separate from each other. It was unfair.

Gabriella screams when she sees him on the ground; he's her brother, and she's also hurt to see him losing his life in front of her. She kills the vampire responsible for stabbing him and returns to Maya's side as quickly as she can.

It's hard to hold back the tears, I barely knew them, but I could feel their pain. They were good people; they didn't deserve this. Despite my anger with Atticus, I still reach for his hand. He tightens his hold on it as we watch with tear-filled eyes.

Lucy rushes to their side, and something unusual happens next. Roman begins to fuss in his mother's arms, and it looks like he understands exactly what is happening around him. He reaches forward and touches the wound on his chest after Lucy gives him to Maya; I gasp when he begins to glow in a dazzling light. I can't see anything; I don't think we can. But something is definitely going on.

When the glow dies down, it's shocking Kane's wound healed, almost like it wasn't there, to begin with.

How on earth was that even possible?

What's even more impressive is Kane waking up right after like nothing had happened. How was he alive? I've never seen anything this amazing in my entire life.

Everyone surrounds them, amazed by what Roman just did. The enemies were either all dead or seriously injured; it was safe, at least for now. I had to hope that there were no more surprises. I don't think we were up for any more surprises after what happened today. This was enough.

"News will spread like wildfire," Atticus notes as he looks around us. "Your family lives up to their name."

We all knew how powerful Austin's pack was, it was feared throughout the supernatural world, and his achievements have even been discussed at the academy. Now that his family kept growing, his power was only intensifying. It also meant that his enemies were also increasing in numbers.

Austin shakes his hand, "we are thankful for your help today. You and your wife have shown your loyalty. If you need us for anything. I promise we will be there."

I watched as they hugged and told each other how grateful they were to have them in their lives. It was so good to see. Roman was showered with kisses from everyone present. He was being passed around and given a few seconds with each couple; they expressed their joy at having him back safely.

"We're hosting a party tonight in honor of having both Maya and Roman back in our lives. You are invited, of course. We will be happy if you can attend." Austin informs us.

Atticus agreed and shook his hand once more.

"We have some time." He answers him.

I can see that he still wants to speak to me, but I've been avoiding him. I wasn't ready to have a good conversation with him. We were still around others, and after everything they'd just been through, I didn't want to cause any more problems for this family.

When we arrived at the palace, owned by Austin's parents and Maya had reunited with her parents, the women separated from the men to get dressed for the party, pulling me along with them.

"How are things with Atticus?" Maya asks me.

"I saw when Anya fainted for the wedding; then she was all over him in the yacht." Gabriella points.

"Many of us noticed it, and we're angry that they would act that way in front of you." Everyone noticed how close they were that night? At least I knew I wasn't being unreasonable.

"Things were improving a little," I confess. "But that happiness didn't last long. Things are worse now than they were in the beginning."

"Worse?" Maya asks in surprise. "I was hoping it would be better now that you're away from Anya. Maybe we can get the both of you to spend more time with us; that way, you don't have to worry about her getting between your relationship with your husband."

Even when Anya wasn't around, she was still causing problems. She didn't have to be here to drift Atticus and me apart. The voice note was enough proof of that.

"It's too late for that," I whisper. They looked at each other, and I needed to explain myself adequately. They needed to hear for themselves what I'd heard.

I take my phone out and play the recording for them to understand what I meant.

They both gave each other a knowing look, and neither was surprised. How could that be? Why weren't they as surprised as me when I'd first heard it? It's almost like they already knew what he'd said to her.

"We were in the spa room when this conversation took place," Gabriella confessed. "We heard the entire thing."

So this is when the recording was taken. On my wedding day, while they were in the spa room together. If Anya has had the recording since then, why did she choose today to send it to me? It's almost like she was waiting for the perfect opportunity to use it on me. My heart hurts to know that I never knew Anya, even after all the time we've spent together. I thought she was my friend, but my mother seemed right about her this entire time.

"Anya sent this to you?" Maya asks to confirm.

I nod.

Gabriella rolls her eyes, "I can't believe she recorded him. I'm sure he doesn't even know she did that. I thought she was a nice person and just hurting because her mate was marrying you. But something tells me that there's more to her. She's a sneaky little bltch."

"You're right." Maya agrees. "She does seem sneaky. And she's out to break the two of you up,"

"Did anything other than this recording happen while you were in the room with them?" I ask. It always bothered me. Did they do anything else but speak to each other? The video I saw of them on my engagement night still haunted me.

Gabriella sighs, "Anya kept begging him to stop the wedding. She told him how much she loved him and that she didn't want him touching you looking at you the way he looked at her. I think that's when the recording started, him responding to her. Other than that, nothing else happened."

It didn't make me feel any better. I was hoping that Atticus was forced to say those things to her, that he didn't mean it, but I knew I was hoping for the impossible. Every minute since we got married has been a roller coaster ride for me, and it doesn't seem like it is about to ease up anytime soon.

"Don't let her win," Maya tells me. "He's your husband. He married you. It may not look like it now, but he chose you even if he doesn't realize it yet."

I wanted to believe Maya, but I knew she was only trying to comfort me. She would say anything as long as she thought it would make me feel better about the situation.

I know they can see how much this is affecting me. It was always hard to hide my feelings whenever Atticus was involved.

I didn't want to fight for Atticus if he wasn't fighting for me. What was the point of fighting for him when he made it clear that he would never look at me the way he looks at her? I could read between the lines. He could never love me, not when his heart already belonged to her.

“Let’s get you dressed up,” Gabriella says as she pulls me into Maya’s room.

“I have plenty of options for you,” Maya tells me. “Since you aren’t pregnant, we’re pulling out the se\*xiest dresses I own.”

She hands me a selection of her dresses, and Gabriella and I leave the room so that she can have her spicy time with Kane. We knew they wanted some time alone after everything they’d been through. It showed in her eyes how much she wanted to be near him.

“I think you should wear this white dress,” Gabriella says as we enter the guest room. “You’ll take his breath away when he sees you in this. I’m sure of it.”

It’s very short and revealing. But it’s beautiful. I wasn’t sure if it would make any sense to do this anymore, however. Anya is the woman he wants and can’t take his eyes off. If I went through all this trouble and he didn’t bother even looking my way.

I didn’t want to do that to myself anymore.

“I know things may seem hard now, Autumn, but I promise you that life improves.” She says.

“One day, you’ll look back and be happy that you never gave up.”

“Thank you, Gabriella.”

She didn’t have to be this nice to me. They’d just had their problems, yet she was, trying to comfort me. It’s crazy that women like this existed all this time, yet I chose Anya as my best friend. If I’d known that this was what true friends were like, I would have known that Anya was a fake from the start.

Gabriella nods, and after we both take a long shower, she pulls me toward the mirror to add some makeup to my face.

After getting dressed, we both step into the ballroom, which is packed with hundreds of people.

Half of them I’d never even met before. The invitations were only sent out today; it’s crazy how quickly the guests arrived.

It’s easy to spot Atticus, he’s speaking with Arthur, and they seem to be getting along very well.

“Look at our men; it’s good that they’re bonding since we’re going to be great friends, and they need to get used to being around each other,” Gabriella teased.

I laugh, "you're right. It's good that they learn to get along to prepare for the future. However, I think they've been friends even before we entered the picture.

She laughs, "I think you're right."

Atticus turns and sees me; he turns back to Arthur without acknowledging my presence. But then he slowly glances back at me, almost as though he didn't recognize me the first time.

His eyes travel up my legs, and I can see the flicker of emotions in his gaze. Did he like the dress, or did he hate it?

Arthur hugs Gabriella as we join their sides.

"You look beautiful." He compliments her.

It's a bit awkward for Atticus and me as they shower each other with kisses, Not that it wasn't beautiful how much they loved each other, it's just that I know it's different between us; we don't have the kind of relationship that Arthur and Gabriella has. Ours is messed up, and my husband is in love with my best friend.

Atticus swallows as he glances at me, "Do you think now is a good time for us to talk?"

I looked up at him, unsure if I wanted to hear what he had to say. The wounds were still fresh from listening to the voice note.

"What do you want to talk about?" I ask.

Someone bounces into me and pushes me straight against him. He grabs me by my waist and glares at the man. I close my eyes as his hands on my body remind me of our time last night together.

It was magical, something out of this world. I wish it could always be like that between us, but I know it's just not possible as long as Anya is between us, keeping us apart.

He gently moves my hair out of my face and tucks it behind my ear; my lips part, and I hate how much my heartbeat speeds up because of his small gesture. Why does every single thing that he does affect me this much? Why can't I be stronger than this and forget this spark I felt whenever he touched me?

"The kiss." He says, and my face turns red at those two words.

"Do you remember the kiss?" He elaborates as he searches my eyes. I pretended not to remember the last time I got drunk; I didn't want to do the same thing this time.

"I do," I confess. "I remember everything about the kiss."

His eyes flash with some unknown emotion as he nods; he hasn't let go of me yet. His hands are still on my waist, holding me against his warm body.

"I do, too; I remember every second of that kiss." He says. "And I remember what you said to me right before you kissed me."

What was the meaning behind that confession?

What was he getting at?

"What are you trying to tell me, Atticus?" I question. "What is the point of bringing it up now?"

His hands tighten on my waist, "do you remember what happened after?" He asks.

Why was he avoiding my question?

"What?" I ask, pretending not to know. He leans into me so that his lips are right above my ear, "the spring."

Just those two words, and my blood is already racing in my veins. Why was he bringing this up to me now? I could barely keep a straight face with the reminder of everything that had occurred between us in the spring.

My body was still tingling from his touch and the way he stared at me like I was his most precious treasure. Our time in the spring was what had fooled me into thinking that there was a chance for our marriage to work. The heat, the need, the spark, it was all there but apparently, that wasn't enough for Atticus.

He needed something more that I couldn't give him, and that was his mate. I'd come between the two of them. And I was still paying the price for it. Anya warned me before; she knew this would happen from the beginning. It turns out she understood him better than I did; I thought I knew almost everything about him, but I hate how wrong I've been all this time.

"I'm not sure what you're speaking about." I lie.

He pulls away to stare into my eyes, "You don't remember what you asked me while we were in the water?"

"I was drunk." I remind him. "I know there is plenty that I did and didn't say; what is your point?"

I was trying to fight the strong desire to kiss him again, but I was losing the battle and fast. It was hard to resist when he kept reminding me of time together; it brought all of the feelings rushing back into my body.

“I want to know that I made the right decision last night, Autumn.” He says, making me even more confused. “But your reaction to me today makes me feel like I made a fvcking h.uge mistake.”

He did make a mistake. His mistake was every promise he made to Anya before marrying me. He shouldn't have done that and especially not on our wedding day.

“I don't know what you're referring to,” I say once more, making it harder for him to explain.

He breathes roughly, “Let's talk about what you saw when you opened your door and saw Anya with me.” He says, ignoring what I just said. “It wasn't the way it looked to you.”

Those words angered me because I knew exactly what I saw last night. My eyes did not deceive me; it didn't matter if I was intoxicated or not; I knew what I saw.

“Then tell me, Atticus. Explain to me what happened.” I whisper. “Tell me why I should ever trust you again after what I saw with my own eyes last night.”

“I wasn't aware that Anya was waiting outside for me after I left the room.” He explains as one of his hands slides to my lower back. “I did not ask her to meet me there. I was telling the truth when I told you I was going to help search for Maya. I did not lie to you.”

“If that's true, why was she h.ugging you and screaming that she loved you?” I demand. “I may be kind, and may let others walk all over me because I care for them, but I'm not stupid, Atticus. I know what I saw between the two of you, and it's not the first time I've seen it happen. It happened on my engagement day, my wedding, and the same night that was supposed to be special for us. I refuse to believe you weren't at fault in any of these situations.”

I know what I saw. He can't convince me that something else happened. He needed to explain himself better than this, and maybe then I would consider what he had to say.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 32 - Tips**

0 6 minutes read

Atticus takes a deep breath, and I can tell that words have broken his composure. He drops his gaze lower so that his eyes are glued to mine.

“I know it doesn't look good, Autumn, but I swear my intention was never to hurt you any of those times. And I'm telling the truth. I didn't know Anya was going to be there. She's having difficulty coming to terms with this marriage; she's been acting out because of it. I'm only trying to help her.”

He tries to reason with me. "I'm not saying that I'm innocent in any of this; I'm just trying to prove to you that I'm not as bad as you think I am. Ask anyone here; I was helping to look for Maya last night. Ask Clarissa if you want to; she won't lie to you; she likes you. She will tell you the truth. I was with my siblings the entire night, and Anya was nowhere near any of us. I'm not even sure what she did after we left the house. What you saw in front of you last night was the most that happened between us. I left her there. I didn't speak to her again since then. And that's the truth. I know you have no reason to trust me after everything that's happened since this wedding was announced, but I'm asking that you please trust me this once."

While his words did make me feel a little better, they didn't dull the pain completely. This explanation still didn't cover the voice note. And I knew that he actually said those things; Gabriella and Maya confirmed it for me. They were there; they heard everything. What made this harder to accept was the day he chose to make those promises to her. The same day we repeated our vows; his promises to her were more meaningful than the ones made to me.

"I've listened to your explanations, but there I still something that I'm not okay with," I confess.

"Something I don't think I'll ever be okay with. I don't think there is anything you can say to make up for it, but I still want to give you a chance to explain yourself."

His body stills, "what is it? Tell me so that I can at least try and fix it. I don't want things to be bad between us, Autumn. I want to make this work."

I can see the curiosity and worry on his face as he waited for me to give a proper explanation. I take a deep breath as built up the courage to confront him about the one thing that broke all of the trust I had in him and our marriage.

"The voice note." I snap; my voice is sharper than it's ever been in my entire life. "I want you to explain the voice note to me. I want you to explain everything that you said in that recording."

He looks surprised by my words. "Voice note? I don't know of any recording. Are you sure it was me?"

I took my phone out and sent it to him. I could have played it for him from my phone but I wanted him to always have it with him so he could replay it and remember how much he'd hurt me. I wanted these words to haunt him just like I knew they would haunt me for the rest of my life.

"I just sent it to your phone," I inform him. "You can listen to it and tell me your thoughts on it. I want your opinion on what I should do after you listen to the recording. I want to

know what would have done if you were in my position and someone sent something like that to you.”

He’s about to open our chat when Damon’s caller ID shows up. I frown; why was he calling now? He ends the call in front of me, showing me that I was more important to him now. However, Damon calls again in a split second; it has to be serious.

Dante messages at the same time and insists that he picks up his phone.

“Give me one second.” He whispers before walking away to answer his brother’s call.

~ATTICUS~

I wanted to hear what else Autumn had to say to me, but I knew my brothers wouldn’t be this impatient for any trivial matter.

“What’s going on?” I ask as I answer Damon’s third call.

“Come home now!” He shouts from the other end. I stopped walking; I could hear the panic and fear in his voice.

I’m now frozen on the spot. What could have happened while I was gone?

“What’s wrong?” I demand. I held my breath as I waited for an explanation.

“Anya tried to harm herself. She threw herself out of the yacht.” He explains. “She almost drowned. She’s in the hospital. She’s in critical condition. We need you here with us. She needs you.”

I can’t move; his words have left me dumbfounded. I knew Anya was taking everything hard, but never once did I think she was capable of trying to hurt herself over this.

“I’ll tell Autumn, and we will both return home as quickly as we can,” I promise him.

“And Atticus,” he adds, “please don’t say anything that could hurt her feelings when you return, it’s hard to see her like this.”

I take a deep breath; I’ve been an a.s.s to her this entire time; never once did I think Damon would ever have to ask me to watch what I say in front of Anya.

“You don’t have to worry about me. I’ll be good.” I promise him.

I end the call and walk over to where Autumn stands, a little distance from me. She was still hostile toward me, but I didn’t have time to fix it anymore. Anya needed both of us. My brothers needed me home as well. I never let them down, and I didn’t plan to do it now.

I can only hope that Autumn would understand my situation. As soon as this was over, we could continue this conversation.

“We need to get home now,” I tell her.

“Something horrible just happened. Everyone needs us back home.”

Her entire demeanor changes, “home? But I’m enjoying the party. Why must we leave? What could be so bad that we must leave right away?”

“Something happened with Anya-” Her eyes immediately darken a shade at the mention of Anya.

“Are you being serious right now?” She demands. “Are you trying to ask your wife to leave this wonderful party so you could get home to your mate and ex-girlfriend? Do I look like a joke to you, Atticus?”

When she says it like that, it sounds worse than it was. I would never do this if it weren’t this serious. But Autumn doesn’t think that way and it’s understandable why she’s reacting like this.

I don’t have time for this, however; we could talk about it in the vehicle.

“Autumn-“

“I don’t want to hear anything you have to say to me, Atticus. I’m not leaving this party. I don’t care what you have to say.” She snaps. “I’m happy here. These are my friends and unlike the person you want me to look after, they actually treat me well.”

I exhale loudly and run a hand through my hair,

“Autumn, she’s in the hospital. She almost drowned. She tried to hurt herself. I know your friendship is strained, but she was your friend at one point. Don’t you want to make sure that she’s okay? She needs you right now. She needs both of us. My brothers need us. Can’t you put your differences aside just this once?”

She looked surprised by what I said, and I saw the flicker of concern in her eyes. She still cared about Anya, even if she tried to deny it.

Her gaze hardens suddenly, and she folds her arms stubbornly, “what does that have to do with us, Atticus? She has your brothers to tend to her. They do a good job of protecting her. She doesn’t need me.”

She wasn’t listening to me.

“Anya needs me, Autumn,” I growl. “I’m leaving now with or without you.”

I know my words have struck her, but I needed to get back home. I know I'll regret leaving her, but I'm not thinking right. Hearing that Anya was in the hospital sent me into a panic mood.

"Then go." She hissed. "I'm staying here for the party. Since I'm not the one that you care about, I'll find my way back home on my own."

"Okay," I say. "If that's what you want, so be it."

I turn and walk away from her without saying anything else. I know I'll pay for this shortly.

Leaving Autumn here is the worst thing I can do tonight. I felt my heart squeeze the further I went away from her.

I hope she forgives me.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 33 - Tips**

0 20 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I couldn't believe Atticus had left me to go to Anya. I could never forgive him for this. He's just proven that everything he's said in the voice note was genuine. She would always come first. And I hated that I had to live with this for the rest of my life.

I already knew it was true, but to see him prove it on the same day I received the recording does not make any of this more manageable for me.

Everything was changing for me in a split second.

The image I had of Atticus in my head was slowly drifting away. Was the man of my dreams entirely made up? Was he indeed this horrible toward me?

"Are you sure you're okay?" Gabriella asks me.

"You can tell us if you need anything; we are here to help."

"We are," Lucy assured me. "The girls caught us up with everything you're going through. We are here to help make it better. Anything you want, tell us."

There was nothing they could do to help the pain that I felt in my heart to know that, yet again Atticus had left me stranded to ensure that Anya was okay.

Every second I'm reminded of the voice note Anya sent me and how true everything was. How could it not be true when it came from Atticus's mouth? He hadn't said those

words to Anya to make her feel better about the marriage; he said it because it was the truth.

After everything, I still hate how worried I am about Anya despite everything she's done to me recently. Part of me wanted to go with him and ensure she was okay. The other half that won reminded me that she hated me and was desperate to separate us from each other. To me, this was just another plan of hers to get Atticus to leave me and run to her. Why would she send me that voice note and then try to harm herself? It didn't make any sense. The only thing that made sense was the truth, she only did it all to separate the both of us.

Why did I ever think that marrying Atticus would be a good idea? I wasn't thinking clearly; I thought that being near him would help make me happy; I thought that it would be like living a dream because I would constantly be around the man I was in love with. I realize now how wrong I'd been to think that way.

For the rest of my life, I'll have to be reminded that Atticus loved Anya. Every day I would have to live with this truth, and it's something I can't put myself through. If Anya weren't around, things would have been so much easier for us, but she wasn't about to allow us to be happy. She will always be around because of Damon and Dante.

What had I done? I'd ruined my whole life by agreeing to this marriage.

I couldn't keep this up. I had to find a way to stop this, to stop myself from hurting. But I couldn't just ignore my feelings. I wish there were an off switch, one that I could use whenever I was around my husband.

"You don't look too good," Maya says as she guides me to a chair. "Would you like some water to drink?"

I shook my head, "I'm good, thank you."

"I can't believe Atticus is such an ass!"

Gabriella hissed. "How could he leave you here for her? Sometimes men do the shittiest things, and I don't know how we ever forgive them because they don't deserve us!"

Wasn't that the truth? Men were always screwing us over and then expecting us to forgive them as if nothing happened. Did they not realize the pain they put us through?

"Wow," Arthur says, pretending to be hurt by her words. "Remember, your anger is towards Atticus, not me. We're good; he's not, we are. I hope he doesn't make things rough for me tonight."

Maya laughs, "I'm sure she knows that, Arthur. Do not worry so much. You're safe. We know where to direct our anger."

“Of course, you can say that since you made up with Kane.” Gabriella teases her.  
“Talking about Kane, the man hasn’t been able to keep his eyes off you for the entire night. If you weren’t already pregnant, you would have been again by the night’s end.”

Maya blushes and hits her arm. Gabriella was only speaking the truth; Kane was mesmerized by Maya the entire night. The man was in love.

Insanely in love with his mate.

“We’re straying from the main point, and that’s Autumn. Let’s do something fun to cheer her up.”

“I don’t think I’m up for anything,” I confess. “I just want to get back home.”

Not to Atticus, but I need a place to rest and forget that today ever happened. Maybe I could return to my parents for a day; I would make up a lie and hopefully they wouldn’t question why I wasn’t with Atticus.

“Please stay one night, and tomorrow, I promise we will get you back home early,” Gabriella begs.

“We hate to see you like this. We at least want to make you smile once tonight; that’s all we’re asking for.”

I knew what I had to do. I kept making it easy for Atticus and pretending like whatever he did, didn’t affect me; all of that would change from today.

“I just have one thing I want to do,” I tell them.

“Can you show me to the washroom?”

After following their directions, I shut the door to the bathroom.

I looked through my contacts on my phone and dialed the number when I found what I was looking for.

“Mrs. Fawn.”

“You can still call me Rivera, Peter,” I tell him.

He was our family’s lawyer. But he has always been kind and loyal to me. I trusted him; it’s the only reason why I called. Anyone else, I wouldn’t trust them to keep this a secret.

“What can I do for you?” He asks with a chuckle.

“I want you to prepare divorce papers for me,” I answer him.

There is a pause on the line, “you just got married. Are you sure this is what you want to do? Do your parents know what you’re up to?”

I exhale loudly, “No, they do not know this, Peter, that’s why I called you. You’re the only one I trust with something like this. I want those divorce papers by tomorrow morning.”

“I don’t understand. You know they can ruin my life if they find out I did this for you.” He reminds me.

I sigh, “I promise they won’t find out. This is not going to be made public.”

I’m not even sure if I’m going to go through with this. I’m angry and not thinking logically.

Maybe I’ll change my mind by tomorrow, but for now, I knew that I wanted those papers. And I planned on giving them to Atticus. I know it’s the last thing he’ll be expecting from me, and that’s what I wanted, to shock him just like he did to me tonight.

I want him to feel what it’s like to feel betrayed by the person you married. To do things that your partner hated. I know this was a drastic decision, but I was ready to treat him the way he treated me.

Instead of putting him first, I was putting myself first.

~ATTICUS~

I rushed into the private hospital; this was where Damon and Dante had brought Anya to. It was the safest hospital of our kind. We knew the owners well, and they’d given her one of the best rooms available.

I was happy that they did, I still cared for Anya, and she only harmed herself because of me. I felt guilty, like this was all my fault. I was too harsh on her; since the beginning, I’ve been too hard on her.

“Mr. Fawn.” The receptionist greets me. “How can we help you today?”

“I’m looking for Anya Edwina,” I tell her. “What room number is she in?”

“Number ten.” She answered me. “It’s to the end of the first floor. It’s a big room; you can’t miss it.”

I nodded and ran in the direction she pointed to me. My heart drops when I spot the room, I’m scared of what would be waiting for me behind that door. I push open the door and rush inside. I scan the room for her or my brothers. Damon is the first person that I see, and he’s holding his head in frustration. He looks like he’s just been through hell.

When the door closes, he looks up.

"You've made it." He says as he spots me. I squeeze his shoulder before moving toward the bed. Anya's eyes are closed, and multiple machines are hooked up to her. It's a terrifying sight to see. I never once thought that I would have to see her like this. We always kept her safe and away from all harm. It was difficult seeing her like this for the first time.

I took a seat on the chair next to her, Dante was on the other side, and he looked pissed. Maybe he's angry with me; he knows I'm to blame for this. I try to speak to him, but he ignores me. I turn to Damon instead; at least he was the calmer one between the two of them.

"How is she doing?" I ask Damon.

"Not good." He sighs, "I'm not good at all. The doctors are trying their best; she was close to losing her life, Atticus. I felt everything flash before me in those few seconds. It all happened so fast. I had to move quickly to save her; I'm glad I got to her in time. This could have turned out differently for all of us. She might not have been here if I didn't see her when she fell out of the boat. I was lucky to have been there at the right time. I can't believe she did this without thinking about the rest of us and what would have happened if we'd lost her."

My brother looked traumatized, and I can't imagine how much harder it must have been for him to have witnessed everything right in front of him.

Hearing this was not making this entire situation easy for me. It was making it a hell of a lot more difficult to handle my emotions.

I kept remembering the way I treated her when she tried to hug me that night. I was so concerned about Autumn opening the door and seeing us that I didn't recognize Anya's cry for help. She needed me that night, I knew she was acting out, but I chose to push her away.

I didn't know what the fvck to do anymore. It was wrong to keep running to her side, but how did I not show up when something like this happened?

She nearly died. How could I ignore something like that? And it wasn't just her that I was there for; I was also trying to support my brothers during this difficult time. We always stuck together.

"I think you should look at this," Damon says as he hands me a letter. "Anya had written this for you before she tried to take her life. She wanted you to have it."

My hands closed over the flimsy piece of paper; I slowly opened it; I wasn't sure if this was something I wanted to read right now. The guilt was already eating me alive. I move away from him and lean against the wall; I want some privacy while reading it.

'Dear Atticus, I know that you'll be reading this after my passing. I know you may be wondering why I did what I did, but I'm doing this for both of us. I can't stand the thought of seeing you with another woman; it's even harder for me knowing that it's Autumn. I've lost both my mate and my best friend at the same time.

The pain is too much for me. I'm sorry for everyone that I know I'm going to hurt from my selfish actions tonight. I wanted you to know how much I love you. That's why I'm doing this. I keep coming between you and Autumn, and I don't want to do it anymore. It's not my intention to separate the both of you. I can't stop my actions sometimes, and it's only because it's hard for my body to accept you with her. I'm tired of trying to be strong for both of us.

I realize that you're ready to move on from me. I realize that you don't love me anymore, I can feel you slowly drifting away from me, and I rather die than live to see the day when I'm no longer the number one woman in your life. I'm sorry for loving you this much and for being selfish when it comes to you. Goodbye Atticus. I hope that one day you can forgive me. It should have never ended this way between us. Love Anya.'

My hands were shaking as I leaned against the wall, staring at her pale, unconscious face. I can't stop the tear from flowing down my cheek. I didn't know that a letter could have such a strong effect on someone. I was fighting hard to hold everything together. I walk over to her motionless body and kneel on the ground beside her.

I gently held her hand in mine, "I'm so sorry, Anya. I'm so sorry for everything. I hope that you can forgive me. I never meant to hurt you. I never meant to make you cry or push you to hurt yourself. I'm sorry for all the promises I had to break. You deserve better. You always have."

"She does deserve better." Dante snaps. "That's why Damon and I will be by her side every second of the day, making up for your betrayal."

It hurt to hear my own brother say something like that to me. Hurting Anya meant that I was also hurting both of them; it's why he was so angry with me.

"Dante -"

"I don't want to hear what you say, Atticus." He hissed. "I can never forgive you for this. She told me all the things you said to her. You're the one that pushed her to do this to herself. You're the one that's been making this entire situation harder her."

His words didn't make me feel any less guilty than I already felt. I didn't know what the right thing to do anymore was-trying to push Anya away so that I could make my

marriage with Autumn work had pushed Anya to her breaking point. I was the reason she was in this hospital bed.

How could trying to do the right thing turn into something so wrong? I was having a constant battle within myself. A part of me was crazy about protecting Autumn, and another made sure I ran to Anya's side. I was conflicted about my feelings; I didn't know how to explain or act on them.

I'll have to fix my relationship with Dante after today; I've never seen him this angry with me. I didn't want today to cause a strain on our brotherhood.

"Where is Autumn?" Damon asks me. "Did you leave her home?"

I swallow; the reminder of where I left her didn't make me feel better. I had screwed up my life in all possible ways to do so in just one night. Everyone was hurting because of me. It seemed I was the problem; I caused trouble wherever I went. Anya was in here because of me, and Autumn was hurt because I kept putting Anya first.

"She stayed back with Austin's family. She's getting along well with the women there. Making new friends." I explain.

Autumn was good at making friends. People loved her quickly.

Damon knows by my response that it isn't as simple as I'd made it seem. Anyone would realize that Autumn and I argued when I chose to come here tonight.

"You should get some sleep," I tell Damon. "You also, Dante. I can keep an eye on her until she wakes up. It's the least I can do after everything I've put her through."

"We're not going anywhere," Damon tells me.

"I'm staying by her side." Dante says as well. "I can't trust you to take good care of her anymore." I nodded. I understood that they weren't going anywhere until they knew she was safe from danger. I would have done the same thing as they were doing.

It was the next day, and we were still waking for Anya to regain consciousness. I's been an entire night of torture for the three of us as we waited for updates on her.

None of us had slept, and we weren't planning on getting any until she'd awakened.

I called Arthur last night to give me an update on how Autumn was doing; he didn't get to say much before Gabriella grabbed the phone and ended the call. Apparently, they were also pissed at me.

Now I was left wondering what she was doing and whether or not she was still pissed at me for leaving her yesterday. The more I thought about it, the more I got angry with

myself for leaving her there. I should have insisted she'd come with me, fvck, I could have lifted her and taken her with me.

Anything would have been better than leaving her and making her think the worst possible things about me.

"Anya!" Dante gasps, and all three of us rush to the side of her. She blinks a couple of times before her eyes settle on the three of us before zeroing in on me.

"I'm sorry." She cries. "I'm sorry for scaring all of you and thinking about only myself. Please forgive me. I was wrong. I'm so sorry."

Her apology squeezed my heart, threatening it to explode. "Don't apologize. I'm the one that needs to apologize for everything, Anya. I'll be more careful now and choose words that don't hurt you. I promise to do better from now on," Dante hugs her, and Damon does as well.

I excused myself, giving my brothers time alone with her. I knew she wanted me there, but I had plenty on my mind. Now that I knew she was out of danger, I couldn't get Autumn out of my head.

The voice note was staring me in my face. I never got the chance to listen to it. I wasn't sure that it would change anything now. I'd ruined chances for Autumn and me to have a good relationship after running out on her last night. She stayed back with people she barely knew; I left her there on her own.

The least I could have done was have a vehicle sent back for her. Anything would have been better than just walking out on her like she was just some average person in my life. I kept messing things up in every direction that I turned. Nothing was going well, my entire life was a fvcking mess, and I had no idea how to fix it.

I pressed play; I had to at least listen to what had her upset with me to know how to fix it. I knew I had a lot of making up to do after yesterday. This was an excellent way to start.

As the voice note begins to play, my blood runs cold. This couldn't be what I thought it was.

The more it played, the more it was confirmed.

This was everything I'd promised Anya on my wedding day. Promises that I regretted making.

How did she get this recording? There wasn't anyone else but Anya and me in the room at the recording time. And I was sure that I didn't record our conversation. That only left Anya.

Would she stoop so low to push Autumn and me further apart? How could I question her when she was still recovering from almost drowning?

I walk back into the room, and Anya sits on the bed, eating. It's just the two of us in here now.

Damon and Dante left to get her some get-well presents. They were about to shower her with hundreds of gifts.

She smiles brightly, it's an innocent smile, but there is only one thing on my mind after listening to that voice note. And that was finding out if she was the one that had sent this to Autumn. It would mean that she had evil intentions from the start. It can also prove that she was the one that posted that video of us from the engagement night. I don't want it to be true. I don't want to believe that Anya was this sneaky. I also don't want to start an argument after what happened just a day ago.

I'm conflicted about what to do.

"I'm so happy you came back to see me, Atticus." She whispers with a twinkle in her eyes.

It's the happiest I've seen her since I'd gotten married. "I thought I had lost you for good, but this proves that you still care for me. You still have me in your heart. I'm still the most important woman in your life. I feel like the luckiest girl alive with you by my side. Thank you for coming for me."

"You're that happy that I came back just to make sure you're okay?" I ask.

She grins wider, "I am. So so happy. Can't you see it, Atticus? Can't you see how happy you make me? No one else does this for me but you.

"If I made you that happy by coming here to see you, can you give me something in return?" I question her.

She pauses, unsure of how to respond to that.

I'm not one to ask her for favors; I knew this would have surprised her.

"What is it that I can do for you?" She asks hesitantly.

"I want you to answer me truthfully" I explain.

"Answer you?" She asks, confused. "But you haven't asked me any questions."

I unlock my phone and found my chat with Autumn. Without a second thought, I pressed play on the voice note.

I paid close attention to her expression as my voice filled the room. Her face goes a pale white, and she can barely look me in the eyes.

“Did you or did you not send this voice note to Autumn?” I ask.

She goes reticent, trying her best to avoid me.

“I don’t feel too well, Atticus.” She says as she hides behind her blanket.

“Anya,” I say through gritted teeth. “Did you record me when we were in the spa room? We were the only two people in there. I didn’t record us. That leaves you. Did you record me and send that voice note to Autumn?”

I push the chair backward, and it flies into the wall. “I can’t believe this.”

I was trying my best to stay calm since we were still in the hospital, and she was still recovering, but it was damn hard.

“I came here; I left Autumn by herself so that I could come here and make sure that you were okay. I still consider you Anya, I still care for you but do you care for me? Do you care for Autumn? I keep putting a strain on my relationship with Autumn because I want to protect you, but how can I protect you when you keep doing things like this? How can I trust you? How can I be your friend when you keep betraying me?”

“Friend?” She says the word like its poison to her. “Why do you think I want you to be my friend?”

“I’ve had enough of this.”

Before she can say anything else, I’m out of the door. I had to get back to Autumn. I had to apologize for acting like a fool. I had to beg for her forgiveness. I was wrong about everything. I should have never come here, I thought I was doing the right thing, but it was a big mistake.

I was such a fool.

Damon spots me as I head to the jeep, “where are you going?”

“Back to Autumn,” I shout. “She’s still with Austin and his family.”

“Autumn’s home.” He shouts back. “You don’t have to go far to get to her.”

Was she home? What was she doing at home? I was sure that she would have found any opportunity to avoid me after what I’d done. And that’s what I would have deserved to begin with.

“How do you know that?” I ask.

“Mom called; Autumn looked visibly upset when she returned home this morning. She wanted to know if you had anything to do with it.” He explained.

Ah, fvck.

“What about Anya? Where are you going?” Before he can finish, I’m already driving out of the parking lot. I didn’t want to hear about Anya. I was tired of letting her control me like this.

My mind is racing for ways to get Autumn to forgive me. Would showering her with presents get her to forgive me?

I dialed the flower shop and requested two thousand roses delivered to our home. I stopped on the way and bought a giant teddy bear as well as a dress that I knew would look perfect on her. I knew none of these things would be enough, but I wanted to do as much as I could to get her to forgive me. I would leave everything in the car and surprise her later with it.

I didn’t think Autumn was anything like Anya; gifts wouldn’t be enough to make her happy. But I wanted to at least try. I didn’t want to apologize to her with only words. I wanted to do something special, something that would make it hard for her to not forgive me for how stupid I’d been all along.

I pulled up to the house and practically jumped out of the jeep as I raced into the house.

“Atticus!” My mother shouts as she tries to stop me.

“Where is Autumn?” I demand from her. “I need to see her.”

“We need to talk.”

“I need to see her first. Please. We can talk after.” I assure her.

She sighs, “she’s in your room.”

I nod, “thanks, mom.”

I ran up the stairs and straight into my room. The door flies open, and I find her sitting on the bed with a paper in her hands.

She looks up at me; she doesn’t even look surprised to see me. The usual sparks in her eyes are not there, and it bothers me to the point that I want to tell her about it. She doesn’t look happy to see me. What else should I expect after what I’d done to her?

I checked the time on my watch, wondering how long it would be before the roses arrived.

“We need to talk,” I tell her as I shut the door.

“There is plenty that I have to say to you. I listened to the voice note, and I-“

“I want a divorce”

I pause, dumbstruck. I refuse to believe that I’ve heard her correctly. She couldn’t have possibly just asked me for a fvcking divorce.

I step toward her, and she puts her hands out to stop me, “I need you to keep your distance from me, Atticus. I want to keep a clear mind when I’m giving these papers to you. I need you to sign them today.”

“Autumn,” I growl. “We just got married. I can’t fvcking divorce you.”

“If you can leave me stranded so that you could go running to be there for your ex-girlfriend, you can also take the time to sign a paper, Atticus. It’s not that hard. I just need your signature.” She shaps.

“We’re not getting a divorce. We got into this because our parents forced us. Do you think you can just say no to them now? Do you think they’ll allow their names to go down in the gutter because you suddenly decided that you don’t want to stay married to me?” I demand.

“Our parents don’t have to know about it.” She says. “That’s the whole point of it. We can stay in the same house and act like we’re married, but they don’t have to know anything. That way, you can keep seeing Anya whenever you like. It wouldn’t be like betraying me when you leave me to run to her side anymore. It would be completely normal and the least of my worries. That way, I can also meet new people, ones who want to spend time with me, and that won’t leave me to go to their ex.”

What the fvck? New people?

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 34 - Tips**

0 6 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

“Autumn. Do you fvcking hear yourself?”

I was fuming both on the inside and the out. I hated the idea of Autumn getting to know any other man but me. Why would she even propose such an idea to me? Why did she think I would ever agree to something like this?

“Our lives are already tied together. Marriage is not a fvcking joke. Every second we spent in that spring was meaningful; it was a ritual meant to tie us together for life.” I growl. “Why are you talking about divorce like it’s nothing?”

Did all of that mean nothing to her?

“It was a joke to you, Atticus. The spring was a joke to you. Marriage is a joke to you, or you wouldn’t treat me as you did since I said I do. I’m not the one that disrespected you every step of the way. That was all you. You’re the one that lets everyone say the worst things about our relationship. Have you seen the articles? The most recent one has a lot to say about you rushing to the hospital without me after Anya almost drowned.

You should take some time to read it. That’s not the only one. There are hundreds of them that speak the truth about your relationship with me and your relationship with her. I might as well hand over the recording to them; I’m sure they will have a wonderful time playing it for the whole world to hear. Maybe Anya has already done that, and they’re just waiting for the right opportunity to post it for everyone to listen to it. You bring embarrassment to our marriage; why should I want to stay married to you?”

Her words cut through me like a fvcking knife.

Since when has Autumn ever been this brutal? I know I messed up; I knew when I found out that Anya had sent her that recording. I didn’t realize that she could stoop that low; if I’d listened to that recording before Damon had called me with the news, I would have never left Autumn there. I would have known better. I understood now why Autumn didn’t want to come with me to visit Anya.

Anya had already done something this horrible to hurt her; Autumn had every reason not to want to see her. Did this mean that Anya had lied about the incident where she’d slapped Autumn? Was I foolish for believing her then as well?

“I’m not doing these things to hurt you, Autumn. I swear I’m only doing it because I feel guilty for hurting Anya. She’d been through a lot since we agreed to marry each other, and I felt sorry for her. I’m sorry I keep doing things that lead to articles like those, but I promise I’m not trying to hurt you. I thought you wouldn’t be this affected by it: I’ve known all along that you don’t have feelings for me, and that’s why I didn’t think it would be this bad if I chose to protect Anya. I didn’t think being there for Anya would affect you this badly since I knew you also cared about her. But now I realize how wrong I’ve been. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, Autumn, for everything. If I had known from the beginning this would not have happened. I would not have been so stupid.”

“You don’t mean it.” She snaps. “Your apology lacks any sincerity Atticus. I thought I knew you; you were someone I could trust blindly. Now I know that as long as Anya is in our lives, I can never trust you. I had this perfect picture of you in my head; now I realize

how wrong I've been all this time. I didn't know the real you. Anya knows the real you, and maybe that's why she knows what to do to get I running to her. I can't keep living like this. I want a divorce, I want my freedom away from the both of you, and I want you to give that to me."

A perfect picture of me in her head? I never even knew that Autumn paid that much attention to me, to begin with. To hear that I'd damaged the image of myself in her mind makes this so much more painful for me.

Her words are fueling something dark inside of me. It's eating my control away, grasping onto my sanity. No one has ever been able to make me feel like this; no one has made me lose my control by just talking. Autumn was teaching me every single day about my own body.

I hated that I had disappointed her; what had I done? She trusted me; she thought I was better than this, and I'd proven her wrong time and time again. She was gentle and patient with me, and instead of protecting her, I did the exact opposite. I hurt her without even realizing it.

How did I make this better? How did I prevent her from trying to get a divorce? I didn't want one; I was sure of it.

"Please, take a second to think about what you're asking from me, Autumn. At least wait a day before you decide what you truly want." I beg.

I couldn't believe that I'd reached the point of begging her to stop this.

I was still fighting the darkness inside of me that threatened to break free at the thought of losing her because of my stupidity. I knew that leaving her yesterday was the wrong move from the moment I saw the look of betrayal in her eyes; I knew that I would have to pay for that one mistake, and yet I still took the risk. This was my fault. I was paying for my stupid decisions. What hurts more is knowing that I'd done this for Anya only to discover that she'd secretly recorded us.

She narrows her eyes; I miss her kindness; I miss the way she always stared at me with passion in her eyes. Now all could see was hurt and disappointment.

"I know what I want, Atticus." She snaps. "I've already signed the paper; all I need is your signature for it to be official."

Had she already signed it? That easily? Without a second thought?

"You already signed it?" I ask in a dangerously low tone.

"Yes." She hissed.

I grabbed the paper from her hand and ripped it into a few pieces, ensuring there was no way to piece it back together.

“What the hell are you doing?” She demands as she steps toward me, staring at the pieces of paper on the floor.

I grab her waist and push her onto the bed with me.

“Atticus!” She gasps. “What are you doing?” I don’t know what’s happening. I have no control over my body. I’ve never felt this possessive over another woman in my life. I wanted to keep her.

She was mine. fucking mine. I didn’t want anyone ever to have her.

I grabbed her hands and held them high above her head as I hovered over her. Our gazes lock, and we’re both breathing hard. How is she this fucking beautiful? I’ve never seen a woman that could take my breath away as she can. Her beauty is out of this damn world, and I meant that. Even now, when she’s pissed at me, she’s still the prettiest woman I’ve ever seen.

“Let go of me.” She shouts.

I hate those words. Letting go of her was not a part of my plan.

“Never,” I growl. Before we can figure out my next move, my mouth is on her neck.

She gasps, and I love the sound she makes when I touch her. She tasted so good, and it wasn’t enough as I began to suck on her skin. I wanted more. More. So much more of her.

“Atticus!” She gasps; I love the way my name chimes from her mouth. It makes me want to do things to her irresistible body just so that I could hear her say it some more.

When her hands tighten on my hair, I get the urge to go on. To do what I wanted to from the beginning.

She cried out as my teeth pierced her skin. I tasted blood first and swallowed all of it, connecting us, bonding us, joining our minds and soul. I can feel my dick growing, ready to join us in another way.

Fvck. The desire to take her was intense. I had to stop this before I did something else that we both regretted.

I knew she wasn’t prepared for that and so I pulled away before I could give in to what it wanted.

I look down at her sprawled out on my bed with my mark fresh on her neck. It was fvcking beautiful seeing it there. Made just for her. Pride filled my chest as I realized what I'd just done. I always thought that marking Anya would make me feel complete, but I was fvcking wrong. It was Autumn who'd done it for me.

"Now you're fvcking mine."

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 35 - Tips

0 19 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Atticus had just marked me. How was that even possible when we weren't even mates? How was he able to mark me, and why does it feel this way? Why does it feel like we are mates when it simply wasn't possible? I would have recognized him as my mate a long time ago if that was true. But all I've ever known was that I loved him, nothing else.

The feelings inside of me have only intensified now that we are bonded. I wanted him more than ever. How could he do this when I was finally trying to move on? Or at least pretending that I was ready to move on.

He lifts his body completely off mine so that he can now look me straight in the eyes.

"Now everyone will know that you're fvcking mine. Nothing will ever change that." He repeats.

I gape at him as he storms out of the room. It took my body a while to get used to the bond; I was still in shock by his actions. What made Atticus mark me? He wasn't making any sense. One minute he was running to be by Anya's side, and the next, he was calling me his. Why was he this conflicted over what he wanted?

Still, I can't deny the joy I felt knowing he refused to divorce me. It's all I wanted, a sign that showed that I should still fight for him. This was the sign I needed. If he wasn't willing to let me go, it meant that there was something between us; I hadn't imagined it. He felt it too.

I've been trying to be nice to Anya because of our past, but I was done now. The voice note was the last straw. It was clear to me now than ever how badly she wanted to end my marriage. I was not about to let that happen.

I would have been in that hospital with Atticus if I thought she was indeed injured. I didn't believe it one bit.

I knew it was just Another excuse to get Atticus closer to her. It did work, but it also gave me the courage to start fighting for my happiness. I was always so concerned

about others and what made them happy; I kept doing things with consideration for everyone's feelings but mine. I wasn't going to do it anymore.

I never truly wanted to divorce Atticus; I was just angry. But now I was glad I'd done that. It made me see that he didn't want to divorce me, and it also got him to mark me. Something that I didn't even think was possible until now.

This wasn't something that I would be able to hide.

Anyone would be able to smell him on me after today; they would know I belonged to him. Just like women would realize he belongs to me.

What possessed him to do this after always running to Anya's side? Why did he choose today of all days when I asked him for a divorce?

Was that the way to get him to be ultimately mine? To act like I didn't want him to begin with?

The academy was resuming classes tomorrow. This meant that things were about to get twice as tricky.

Everyone at school would be keeping a close eye on us. They would be watching every little move waiting for one of us to slip up so that they could leak the information to any popular magazine. It's not like they needed the money; only scholarship students would benefit from making money from leaking a story. The others were doing it for fun.

I force myself out of bed to look at the fresh mark on my neck. I still couldn't believe he'd done this to me.

Atticus Fawn had just marked me. This was the last thing I would ever expect from him. I knew we were forced into this marriage by our families, but no one forced him to join us in this way. Atticus chose to do this out of his own free will.

I slowly touch it and gasp at the rush of emotions that swarmed into my body from that little contact.

Touching it made me want him even more. Was that how it felt for all who were marked?

I couldn't let him know how much this affected me. I realize now that everyone was right from the start; I was too nice. It's why I kept getting hurt. No matter how hard it was, I had to start fighting back for what I wanted.

Anya started this war, and I was going to end it. She knew what she was doing; It was no longer just because she wanted Atticus; she was purposefully trying to hurt me. I wasn't having any of it anymore.

They would both see a side of me they'd never seen before. My eyes flash to a bright purple, and I gasp. I cover my mouth with my hand. How did my eyes change color? I blink, and it returns to normal. Had I just mistaken that?

The anger I felt inside was unlike anything I'd felt in the past. I was almost scared of myself or the person I'd just seen in the mirror. She looked like someone that could quickly go out of control.

I shook that thought out of my head. I was reading too much into it. I didn't plan on leaving this room for a long while. I needed time to think about things and how I would deal with Anya and Atticus in my way.

It was the first day back at the academy as a married woman. I was now officially part of the Fawn family.

We'd connected our families and, in turn, made us more powerful than we already were.

Atticus didn't return to our room yesterday. Part of me was disappointed, but the other half was relieved that I had gotten some time to come to terms with everything that had happened between us. No one had mentioned anything about him marking me, and it feels weird to me that they refused to acknowledge it.

The stares that went my way as I stepped through the door to the academy proved my earlier thoughts.

Atticus is by my side, and I know I'll have to get used to all the extra attention now that he's by my side. It's not just him; Clarissa, Damon, and Dante are behind us.

Anya was still in the hospital, but I knew she was most likely faking it, hoping that Atticus would worry about her and rush to see her again. I was pleased he hadn't done it, but I didn't want to jinx it. I kept trying to act like I still enjoyed the idea of divorce, but I didn't want to push him over the edge, either.

Damon separated from us to walk Clarissa to her class; she was in a lower level than the rest of us.

The stares don't stop even when we step into the classroom.

"The Fawns are late." Mr. Samuel announced. "Let's give them a round of applause for keeping that tradition alive."

My cheeks are red. I was never late to class in the past, but I'm a Fawn now as well, aren't I? Things were different now. It felt that way... Different. I hadn't gotten used to it yet.

"Our topic today is witches." Witches. Again?

“And a few important spells. Some that can cause more harm than good.” He says, pointing at the slides on the board.

“First, the infamous love spell.”

More like a dangerous love spell. I’ve heard of many stories where witches made men think they were in love with them, breaking up families and couples everywhere.

There were some selfish witches, and then the good ones stopped them. The world was a constant battle between good and evil.

“I hope none of the witches in this classroom are planning on memorizing this spell to use on their crushes.” He warned. “I’m only making you aware. Let me clarify that no one is to practice any of these spells.

They are very dangerous and can cause plenty of damage to those around you, including yourself.”

He goes through each of the slides and the last spell for the day happens to be the seduction spell.

To seduce a man or woman? Why would anyone need to know a spell like this? I didn’t like the idea of forcing someone to want you without them even knowing it.

“To activate the spell, a witch must repeat the words three times with a deep desire for it to work.” He explained as he zoomed in on the spell so that we could all get a better look at it.

“With this fire, give me what my heart desires; with this name, ignite our flame!”

It’s the beginning of the spell. A candle has to be near for it to activate. Then you must repeat the person’s full name three times. The class barely pays attention; they’re too busy making fun of the spell, laughing at the witches. I wouldn’t make the mistake of doing something like that. They had the power to mess with our minds and hearts; that’s not something I would ever want.

I look at the spell again, Atticus is next to me, and I suddenly have this weird urge to use it on him.

My hand tightens on the edge of the desk. Why was I thinking like this? It was scaring me.

Thankfully, the bell rings, signaling the end of class.

I didn't want to hear more of these spells; I'd had enough for today.

"Let's get to Clarissa's classroom," Damon says as we walk into the corridor.

"I'm leaving the academy now," Dante informs Damon. "Someone has to check on Anya."

Damon nods, "call me if anything serious happens."

I glance at Atticus, waiting for him to also ask for an update on Anya, but to my surprise, he doesn't say anything. He's silent as Dante walks away. He looks down at me, and I think he knows exactly what I'm thinking. Our gazes lock, and I try not to be affected by his beautiful eyes.

"With this fire, give me what my heart desires. My cheek turned red as I realized what I was doing. Why was I repeating a spell in my mind? What on earth was happening to me?"

I quickly look away from his intense stare. I couldn't look at Atticus without thinking of the spell. It's not like I'm a witch, and the spell would work on him, but it was still weird to me.

There wasn't even a lit candle around us. There was nothing for the spell to work, so why was I so flustered by repeating a few words in my head?

Damon was already ahead of us, and I walked faster to catch up with him. Maybe Clarissa can help break this tension between us. I needed a distraction from Atticus, anything that prevented me from wanting to seduce the man.

Clarissa is already waiting outside her classroom when she spots us. It's almost like she was expecting Damon to come for her. Was this something he often did?

It does seem like it wasn't unusual. He truly was very protective when it came to her. He scans the classroom for something, and I'm not sure what he's looking for. He seems satisfied with whatever he sees as he smiles at her.

"How was class today?"

She beams up at him, "it was wonderful. I'm just glad you're here now."

Atticus quirks a brow at her and then gives Damon a weird look. So I'm not the only one noticing their reaction to each other? Clarissa barely hid her emotions around Damon; he, on the other hand, was harder to read than she was.

I look up at Atticus once more, and he catches me looking at him. We haven't spoken much to each other since he marked me. I know that there is plenty for the both of us to say to each other, but for some reason, there never seems to be the right opportunity.

Clarissa clears her throat, "should we give the two of you some privacy?"

We break eye contact, but before we can say anything, players run our way, chanting 'the fearsome,' catching our attention.

Atticus grabs my waist and pushes me backward before I can get trampled by them. They were members of the fearsome beasts, our academy's football team.

Every one of those players was popular; they made our school proud. They were better than good at what they did; everyone was skilled.

I gasp from having his hands on my body. Now that we were bonded, the feelings have intensified to the point that I felt like I needed him every second of the day.

The look on his face makes him seem like he's in pain. Was he struggling just as much as I was? The fact that we were bonded meant that I wasn't the only one feeling this way. He would also feel the connection as strong as I did.

"Easy, felas!" Griffin shouts. "You almost knocked down my sister-in-law!"

He stops in front of us, and Atticus slowly lets go of my waist.

"Sorry about that." He apologizes.

"You're spending plenty of time with the fearsome recently. Are you planning on rejoining the team?" Damon inquires.

Griffin shrugs his shoulders, "I'm still thinking it."

"There's something I wanted to talk to you about," Damon says suddenly to Atticus. They both excuse themselves and leave the three of us behind.

"They're waiting for me," Griffin says as he looks over at Carter, the star player of the fearsome and also the man that broke Clara's heart. I didn't like him after knowing what he did to her. Cheating was never okay. "I'll see you girls later."

"It looks like it's just the two of us now," Clarissa says as she looks around us. "I heard what happened. Atticus should have never left you behind after he heard what happened to Anya. I know she faked everything. It must have been her plan all along. The moment she learned that you and Atticus had left alone to help Austin and his family, she'd grown hysterical. I know she devised that plan last minute to get Atticus back. She was terrified of you two being alone with no one to separate you."

She had nothing to be terrified over. Nothing special happened on that trip between us; if anything, it separated us more after she sent that voice note.

“I always saw Anya as my closest friend,” I confess.

“I realize now how stupid I’ve been trusting her all these years. All the signs have always been there; I just chose to ignore them. I wanted to save our friendship, but I realize now that there was nothing to save, to begin with. How can I save something that was never there? She’s shown her true colors to me. I’m not going to sit back and let her hurt me anymore.”

Clarissa smiles, “I can’t tell you how happy I feel to hear you say this. I’ve always felt like it was just me against Anya all these years. The guys have always been so blind around her. She would do awful things, and they would forgive her in the blink of an eye. It’s good to know someone else can see straight through her lies.”

“Well, look at these two gorgeous women in front of me.” Tyler, one of the players from the fearsome, says.

He was sweaty and smelled awful.

Clarissa and I gave each other the same look. We didn’t like him speaking to us one bit.

“Who will T be lucky to take home tonight after we win the game?” He asks.

“I don’t know, Tyler,” Clarissa says in a flirting manner. I give her a confused look. She nods her chin to the right, and it’s only then that I see Atticus looking our way. He wasn’t the only one, Damon was as well. “Maybe we will decide after you win the game.”

I smile flirtatiously, “Clarissa’s right. Maybe you can take the both of us out to dinner if you win.”

It felt wrong to flirt with another guy when I was married to Atticus, but I was only doing it to get him mad. I wanted him to feel what I felt every time he ran to Anya when he should have stayed with me. There were too many times to count. Every time I allowed myself to fall more for him, he did things that pushed us further apart.

It was my turn now. And it was up to him to fight for me, for this marriage.

Tyler holds my hand, and I hate the way his touch feels; it’s nothing like the touch Atticus gives to me. I pull back but try to play it off with a smile.

“We will be at the game tonight. I hope you don’t disappoint us.” I warn.

He grins and winks at me. “I’ll see you girls tonight after we’re holding the trophy. Don’t be shy and come looking for me; if you don’t, I’ll find you.”

Clarissa sighs when he leaves. "I can tell you hated that just as much as I did."

"Was I that easy to read?" I ask her. If she could figure it out, then Atticus would be able to as well, wouldn't he?

~ATTICUS~

My blood was boiling at the sight of another man near my wife. Who the fuck did he think he was? Everyone in this school knew she was fucking mine; marking her should have kept him away from her. Then why was he still around my woman?

And why was she entertaining him? First, she asked me for a divorce, and now she was flirting with a man that wasn't me. Autumn was pushing my limit now. I can't remember the last time I've ever felt this angry over something like this.

I would be paying Tyler a fucking visit later; I would make sure it's the last time he ever steps near my woman. He wouldn't even look at her after today.

Hopefully, it would be a lesson to any other man that tried to get near her.

"You marked Autumn," Damon says, forcing my gaze away from Autumn and Tyler. I knew that everyone noticed already, it wasn't hard to notice her scent on me or mine on hers, but Damon was the first to mention it to me. I knew it was only a matter of time before someone did.

"I did," I confess. "I didn't even think it would be possible for us since we aren't mates, but I don't know."

I feel so confused. She felt like my mate right before I marked her. More than Anya ever did. But something still pulls me towards Anya even though I marked Autumn. I can't explain either of these feelings. They're both different but strong in their ways. I'm puzzled. It doesn't matter what I feel for Anya; however, Autumn is my wife, I'm done hurting her because of Anya. I know where my priorities are now; I shouldn't have left her at Austin's like that. I was wrong. I'm trying to fix it, but I'm unsure if she will let me. I feel like I've already let her slip away even though I never had her to begin with."

I'm fucking confused by my own emotions and thoughts. Why did it take me so long to feel a strong connection with Autumn? Why did I mark her when she asked for a divorce, and why was it even possible when Anya was my mate? Many unanswered questions were in my head, and I was dying to find the answers.

"Maybe it's for the best." He says. "I've noticed that I've been making things harder for you since you married Autumn. I should have realized that she's your priority now. I guess I've just been so upset with being unable to make my mate happy that I was blaming you to make myself feel better. I'm sorry, Atticus. I should have done better as your brother. I'm not going to insist that you look after Anya now; I understand it's not

your place anymore. Autumn should come first. It's the right thing to do anyway. I'm glad that you're choosing to do the right thing. I wish I had your strength, to begin with. I can't imagine ever leaving Anya to marry someone that our parents chose. It just isn't something I can ever do to her or myself. You're a lot stronger than I am. I'm proud of you, and I look up to you."

Hearing Damon say that to me made me feel at peace inside. There was this wedge between us for the longest while, but with just those few words, I felt it breaking free.

I grin, "where did all of that come from?"

He chuckles. "Don't look for more of it anytime soon. That's the first, and the last time I'm saying those words to you."

"Thank you, Damon." I thank him in a more serious tone. I want him to know just how much those words have impacted me. "That means more to me than you will ever understand."

"Something seems to be bothering you still." He notes. He could always read me well. He never paid much attention until now; maybe that's why he's now noticing it.

He was right. Something else was bothering me; it's been bothering me since yesterday. I haven't been able to wrap my finger around it, and maybe that's why I'm so miserable.

"When I marked Autumn, I could taste her blood," I explain.

"And?" he asks. "Did it not taste as good as you'd think it would?" he teases.

No, it was fucking amazing. But that wasn't what I was getting at.

"It was different." I try to explain. "I know what a werewolf's blood tastes like. Her blood was a mixture of something else. Almost like a hybrid. But I know my head must be screwing with me because both of her parents are werewolves; she can't be different."

"Autumn has always looked different from her parents." Damon points out.

It was true. She was a bit different from them, even from her siblings. But that still didn't make any sense.

We would have known if they weren't her birth parents.

That was something they would have mentioned to us before the wedding arrangements were made. My parents are the type of people that loved doing background checks on anyone that came close to our family. They would have looked into something like that.

"I think my mind is playing tricks on me," I repeat.

"It's nothing. I'm reading too much into something that isn't even there. If Autumn was a hybrid, I think someone would have noticed by now. There isn't anything different about her than any other she-wolf."

That was the truth. I had to put that theory to rest since it made no sense.

My eyes return to Autumn and Tyler; I'm pissed when he holds her hand.

"Since when are they so close to Tyler?" I ask Damon, though it comes out as an aggressive growl.

He followed my gaze and immediately tensed.

"Why does he think it's okay for him to talk to Clarissa?" He demands. "I think I need to pay the fearsome another visit. I need to remind them she's completely off limits."

"I can never understand how you're so overprotective over her. She needs to live a little." I remind him. "She's coming of age. She can date."

"Says fvcking who?" He growls. "She's too young. She is not ready for dating."

"And when do you think is the right time for her to date?" I ask him.

I quirk a brow when he's unable to give me an answer.

"That's what I thought." I point out. "Give her chance to experience what you have with Anya."

"Anya and I are mates." He reminds me. "Just like you and she are. Clarissa's mate is nowhere around. She doesn't need to waste any time looking for anyone that isn't her mate. That will only bring her pain."

I sigh, distracted by Autumn once more. The anger intensifies by the way she smiles as Tyler walks away.

What exactly did they talk about? I wouldn't rest until I found out the answer to that question.

"Go get your girl," Damon says suddenly. "I can see you want to go to her."

My girl? I loved the sound of that. I stroll over to her, and she watches me all innocently like she hadn't just been fl!rting with Tyler a few minutes ago.

“Clarissa.” I say, without breaking eye contact with Autumn. “Damon will take you to your next class.”

Autumn and I have something important to discuss.

Clarissa mumbles something under her breath but she quickly obeys.

“I don’t have anything to say to you.” She snaps as soon as Clarissa is gone.

I grab her waist and shove her into the storage room with me.

“What the hell are you doing?” she demands as I lock it.

“Do you forget that you’re married to me, Autumn?” I demand. “Why the fvck are you letting other men flirt with you?”

She laughs, actually laughs in my face. “Do you think I can control who flirts with me, Atticus? I’m not running after other men like you are running after other women. I’m sorry to disappoint you.”

“Tell me,” I growl. “What did the two of you talk about? What was Tyler so happy about when he walked off?”

“How should I know why Tyler was so happy?” She hissed. “I can’t read minds, Atticus.”

“I want to know what the conversation was about,” I repeat, my anger holding onto a thin thread. “If you don’t tell me in the next few seconds, I will find him and beat the answer out of him. Do you understand what I’m saying to you, Autumn?”

She gasps, “you can’t be serious.”

“Oh,” I whisper as I move in closer to her. “But I’m very serious.”

“He invited us to watch the game tonight. He wants to take Clarissa and me to dinner if they win the game. We promised to go with him as long as they won the game.” She answers.

Her words only pissed me off even more than before.

Why the fvck were they promising him to go to dinner?

“Why did you agree to that?” I demand. “Your last name is now Fawn. You are my wife. It’s disrespectful to accept dates from random men.”

“And it wasn’t disrespectful when you hugged Anya in front of me on our wedding night?” She demands.

“I already explained to you what happened that night.” I remind her. “It was not intentional, and you misread the entire situation. When did you become this stubborn?”

She gapes at me, “stubborn?”

“Yes, stubborn,” I repeat for her benefit. I lean into her, my nose close to hers. She lifts her chin, and my nose travels to her neck. I growl as I inhale my scent on her. It was fvcking se\*xy. I loved how her body was covered with my scent, and it wasn't fvcking enough. I wanted every inch of her to be covered in my scent. I wanted men like Tyler to back off the moment they got a whiff of her because they would know who she belonged to.

I slowly pull back, refraining from taking things further.

Her eyes glow a strange purple, something very unusual, and suddenly I want her. Like fvcking dying for air kind of want. It's never felt this strong before.

I grab her waist and shove her hard against the wall behind us. She cries out, and fvck, what the hell was going on? I barely have control over my body as I rip her blouse open. I don't know what I'm doing. My hands are on her b\*ra, pulling it off her body. I'm seeing everything happen so fast in front of me, but there is no way for me to stop.

“I don't know what I'm doing.” I manage to gasp out right before my mouth closes over her breast. I suck, and she moans, spreading her legs open for me to settle between her.

“Touch me,” she whispers. “Touch me, Atticus.”