

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 5 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

I move away from the crowd, including Autumn. I know she also saw that it was Anya calling me.

I take a deep breath as I slide to answer, "Anya."

"Atticus!" she shouts from the other end. "What are these articles? Why on earth does it say that you are going to marry Autumn? It's a lie. You wouldn't agree to marry her knowing we are mates, especially when she's my closest friend."

I run a hand through my hair, "I'm so sorry, Anya. I only found out today from the articles. My parents didn't tell me anything about it. I confronted them, and it turned out that it was true."

"No," she whispers. "It can't be. Please tell me that you're going to find a way to get out of this wedding. You can't marry her. You can't marry Autumn."

How did I tell her that I had already agreed to the marriage? How did I tell her I wasn't about to back out of it?

She will never understand my reason behind it. And I wouldn't blame her. No one would want to see their mate marry their best friend. Anya never understood when I put my grandmother first before anyone else; she wouldn't understand why I chose to accept this marriage for her either.

"I'll come to you," I tell her. "We can talk about this in person."

"What is there to talk about?" she demands. "You're not marrying Autumn. You need to contact the people that wrote these articles and tell them that it was all a lie. It would help if you did this, Atticus. I will never forgive you if you don't."

"Anya," I whisper; I can barely find my voice. I try to come up with words to make this easier for both of us, but nothing comes to my mind.

"Don't come here." She screams at me. "I don't want to see your face. I will only see you if you fix this mess that your parents caused!"

I don't get to say anything else to her as she cuts the call. I stare at the screen with a blank expression on my face. I can see my image looking back at me. I swallow; what the fvck am I doing?

My life was already complicated before this. I remember the first day I found out that Anya wasn't just my mate but my brothers as well. It had ripped me apart. I spent days, months—fvck, years trying to be okay with it. It's safe to say that I still wasn't; none of

us were. We all knew that a day would come when she had to choose one of the three of us. She's wanted all three of us, but it's something that we couldn't do. Sharing wasn't my style. I could never share the woman I was in love with. And definitely not

I knew that my grandfather was right; I was making things easier on everyone by agreeing to marry Autumn.

I've always protected my siblings since I was young. I've looked out for them. Once more, I had to make a huge sacrifice to make them happy.

Now it would be between Damon and Dante to decide.

I'm sorry, Anya. Family comes first. It always has. It always will.

.....

~AUTUMN~

I bite my lip to keep myself from losing my calm. This wedding was going to drive both Atticus and Anya insane.

I didn't understand him. Why did he agree to this marriage? Just a few minutes ago, he said that the only woman he would marry was Anya. What caused him to change his mind this quickly? And I could see that he was not okay with it.

I know Anya was the person who just called him. I understand that this meant she had just found out the truth. The articles must have finally reached her.

Our entire school must know by now. This was going to rock everyone's world. All the students knew that Atticus belonged to Anya and how crazy the three of them were crazy over her; they also knew that Anya and I were best friends.

This wedding would be the talk of the town for a long time. Judging from the number of articles already published, our faces would be on the front pages of many magazines for weeks to come.

"Would it kill you to smile, sweetheart?" my mother whispers near me. "Everyone is looking at you."

I try not to roll my eyes, "mother. Smiling is something that only happy people do. I am not happy."

"Smiling is also something that can easily be faked. At least do that for me, please." She pleads.

I glare at her before putting on my fake smile.

"Is that okay now?" I ask through my fake smile.

She grins, "that is lovely. Now keep that smile up because you'll have to change that dress into an evening gown. You and Atticus have a photoshoot right here in the next hour."

"I did not walk with an evening gown," I hiss. "In case you haven't realized, I was unaware I would be marrying anyone."

"That's already taken care of," she informs me. "Your brother and sister are here. They picked up the dress for you. All that is left for you to do is change into it."

"Of course," I mumble. "You have already thought of everything."

She smiles, "you know I always am prepared. Let me take you to Atticus's room. It's where you will change."

"Atticus's room?" I ask, alarmed. Why would she take me to his room? Their mansion had plenty of other rooms that I would happily change in. Why did it have to be his?

"Yes," she confirms. "After you get married, both of you will share the same room. There is nothing wrong with using his room to change; he is your future husband."

I looked in his direction; I didn't think he would be okay with this. But I don't think my mother would give me an option to say no.

I follow her into the house. This was the first time I would ever step into his room. I've always wondered what it would be like.

It took us a while to get there; the distance from the garden to his room was longer than I expected.

The door opened, and I held my breath. It smelled like him. It was the first thing that I noticed. I wanted to bury my hands in his shirt on the bed and inhale.

"I'll leave you to change." My mother tells me as she shows me the dress lying right next to his clothes. "And don't take too long. The photographers are already here."

She closed the door behind her, and I sighed the moment I was left alone. I never thought I would ever be in the room that belonged to Atticus Fawn. The interior was black, his favorite color. Just like I imagined it to be.

I want to take my time taking in more of it, but I know my mother will come knocking any minute now.

I unzip my dress and pull it down my body before stepping out of it. I'm left in nothing but my underwear.

I pick the silver backless dress up from the bed. I hear the doorknob turn, did mother return so soon already?

The door flies open, and I say, "mom; I'm not finished—"

I don't finish my sentence; I can't. I'm too stunned to speak. The person in front of me is not my mother.

No.

It's Atticus.