

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 51 - Tips

0 17 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

Autumn fits perfectly into my arms. I've never held her like this in the past, but why does this feel so familiar to me? Why does it feel like this wasn't the first time?

She smells amazing-a mixture of my scent coupled with her own.

Since I returned from the hospital, my entire life seemed like a huge mess, a mystery waiting for me to solve.

Why was Autumn holding onto me like this in front of Anya? They were best friends, yet they seemed more like enemies now. I've never seen such hatred in either of them before. And Clarissa, when did she become close friends with Autumn?

Nothing could explain why Damon was so shocked to see her. Autumn made it clear that she wasn't on vacation with her family like Anya told me, so then, where was she all this time? And why was everyone except Anya so happy to see her?

How can I explain what I felt while holding Autumn? She was my mate's best friend, for crying out loud. This shouldn't be happening; I shouldn't feel like this because of her.

But was Anya even my mate anymore? Why did I feel nothing for her? Instead, my feelings are for the woman with her arms wrapped around me. Her hands are on my hair, and fvck me; it feels so good. I never want to let her go. I want to pick her up and hold onto her for the rest of my life.

Ah, fvck.

What was the meaning of these thoughts and feelings?

I still didn't understand how she still smelled like me. The only thing that can explain a scent this strong. . . I didn't want to think about it because it wasn't fvcking possible. I wouldn't have marked Autumn. That's something I would have remembered doing. I loved Anya too much to mark her best friend and not her.

Autumn slowly lets go of me, and my heart squeezes at the tears on her cheeks. Had she been crying the entire time while hugging me? I didn't think seeing someone cry would have much of an impact on me. I didn't realize I cared this much until now.

"I'm sorry." She whispers as she wipes her tears. "I didn't know about the accident. I'm sorry, Atticus. If I had known.

She didn't finish her sentence, and I had no clue what she wanted to say.

Everyone knew about the accident; why was she not informed? Where had she been to have not heard? And why did it seem like a secret, just like the events of my accident were?

Furthermore, why was she apologizing? She wasn't the one that caused the accident to begin with. What was she this upset about?

She claimed that she had feelings for me, at first, I thought that it had been a lie; I thought that Anya had asked her to mess with me. She was always doing random things like that. It wasn't something I wouldn't have expected from Anya.

Now, I wasn't so sure that Autumn had been lying to me. Her tears seemed genuine, and the pain on her face wasn't something anyone could easily fake.

My body wanted to go to her, to ease her pain, to make her smile. I shouldn't be thinking this way. I know it's wrong, and I know she's crying but damn it, Autumn never looked more beautiful. She's always been breathtaking to me. But today, she's radiant, messing with my heart and mind.

Does she even know what she's doing to me?

Does she even care? And what the fvck am I supposed to do with all of these unexplainable feelings?

~AUTUMN~

"That's enough from you." Anya snaps as she grabs my arm and pulls me away from Atticus.

I was surprised she didn't pull me away sooner.

Maybe she was too startled to act right away.

I was even more surprised when Atticus never pushed me away. He held me against him even though his touch was light. He seemed confused by my actions, and it was totally understandable.

"Get your hands off me." I hiss as I push her away.

I know that Atticus is watching us, and because of that, I can't tell her everything that I want to. I didn't think I would ever hate Anya as much as I hated her at this exact moment.

If she continued to mess with me, she would get what she was asking for.

She was even worse than I initially thought she was. What kind of person took advantage of someone who'd lost their memory?

Atticus made it clear that things were over between them; he made it clear that I was his wife.

Did she have no self-respect? Couldn't she take the hint by now?

"Are you insane?" She whispers. "You could-have made a mess out of everything because of that little stunt you just played."

"Do you have any shame at all?" I ask her. "I didn't think you could stoop any lower, Anya, but here we are today."

"I'm only trying to protect Atticus." She snaps.

"I don't have any ulterior motives. You're just angry that he's back to his past self. He doesn't remember marrying you, and I think that's for the best.

Marrying you was the worst decision he ever made. Ever since you entered his life, Atticus has been in constant danger. He almost died because of you.

Why don't you give up and let him go? At least with me, he was safe, no one was trying to harm him. I can't say the same about you."

My jaw clenched; I hated that her words were partly true. Atticus has been in constant danger recently.

"Autumn!" Clarissa calls out to me as she grabs my arm and pulls me away for a second time.

"We need to get you out of here." She tells me.

"I'm sorry for throwing all of that information on you. It was too much for you to take in all at once "

Maybe everyone was right. If I had reacted this way after learning of the accident, there's no telling how Atticus would take the news. I couldn't let my emotions get in the form of protecting him, no matter how much it hurt.

He risked his life for me. I could do this much for him.

She pulled me away, so we were next to Damon's car. After scanning her surroundings, she opens her mouth to speak.

"What did you say to Atticus?" She asks.

“Nothing that could cause any problems,” I assure her. “I just needed to hold him at least once. My heart breaks every time I think of the accident. It was all my fault. He was protecting me when it happened.”

“Stop that.” Clarissa snaps. “You had just been kidnapped. How is any of this your fault? If Atticus were in that situation, you would have done the same thing for him.”

It was true, but it didn’t make the pain any less bearable.

“I knew that we would have you back in our lives eventually. I knew that you were a fighter and that you would find a way back to us.” She tells me.

“I’m so happy you’re here, Autumn. But I need to know what happened. How did you escape your kidnappers? Did they let you go? If they did, why did they take you to begin with? And who was brave enough to mess with both of our families?”

I didn’t know where to start to explain. It would have been easier to explain to Atticus if he hadn’t lost his memory than to explain to Clarissa. He was the one that was aware of everything that happened to me while I was with him.

“My father was a sorcerer.” I chose to hit her with the scariest part first, and that was the fact that my father wasn’t a simple man. “My real parents aren’t the Riveras’. My real name was Autumn Rosetta Reign before the Riveras’ adopted me. There is plenty I still don’t know or understand, but my parents have a lot of explaining to do. They’ve known the truth but chose to keep it from me.”

Her eyes are wide, “you were adopted? Like me? This is insane. But what does that have to do with you getting kidnapped? Why would anyone do that to you and then let you go?”

Even I was trying to figure out the ‘letting me escape’ part of their plan. Why did they let me leave? What else were they planning?

“I don’t know if you’ve heard of the name Azai Reign. According to the men who kidnapped me, he wasn’t just any sorcerer. He was evil, desperate for power. He was filled with plenty of greed and wanted to use his power to rule the world. He wanted to be the only king of our land.” I explained in the best way I could think of.

I knew that this story would be difficult for anyone to stomach. It was even more challenging for me. All this time, I was someone different from who I thought I was. All this time, I was the daughter of a greedy psychopath. I was ashamed to know this truth. But I couldn’t keep hiding from it for the rest of my life. It was something I would have to learn to live with.

"if your father is a sorcerer... Then doesn't that make you one as well?" She asks. "But you're a werewolf, like the rest of us. I've never seen you use spells and magic before. That's something you can't just miss. Or have I been blind this entire time?"

"I'm a hybrid. My mother, even though I barely knew anything about her, was a werewolf. She was the one who killed my father. I'm also not the only child; my mother had triplets, and I was the only one out of the three that seemed weak to my father.

He wanted to get rid of me because he only wanted powerful children. I suspect he wanted to use all of us to help him gain more power. My mother realized his evil plans and killed him before he could cause any more harm. She killed him to protect us. And then she ran, she ran with her three children. I don't know how she got the Riveras' to take care of me for her, but I have no idea what happened after. They never found her, and they never found my siblings, either. The only reason they saw me was due to my power, it was suddenly activated, and because I was using it, it alerted them."

"You have power like your father?" She asks in amazement. "How long have you known? Why didn't you tell me?"

My cheeks are red at her question, "because I was embarrassed to tell anyone what I used the power for. I was also terrified because I didn't understand what was happening to me. I knew something had to be wrong; I thought I was only a werewolf; I wasn't aware of my true form until now."

She laughs at my expression, "you used it on Atticus, didn't you?"

My eyes are wide, and she laughs louder, "the expression on your face tells me all that I need to know. If it helps, I'm glad that you did. I trust you, Autumn; I know you won't ever do anything that would mess up your character. And I'm sure you only did it because you had no idea how to control yourself."

"I didn't only use it on Atticus," I confess. "That day when Carter and the fearsome ambushed us. I used my power multiple times on that day. I used it to throw them off him. And I also used it on the night of the game. Do you remember when I asked you to cover for me? I was there at the game. I used my power to ensure that the fearsome beasts lost that game. I wanted to get revenge on them for hurting Atticus, and I knew the easiest way was to hit them where it would hurt the most. I knew it would hurt their egos if they lost the game, and I ensured they did."

"What?" She shouts. "That's so freaking crazy! But in a good way. I can't believe you did that, and no one knew. That's amazing, Autumn. You're amazing."

I wouldn't say amazing, but I was happy that she was at least proud of me. I was afraid that others would judge me for what I'd done; it wouldn't have mattered if they had; I was just happy to get revenge on them.

“But that still doesn’t explain how you escaped from them.” She points out.

“They had me strapped to a table.” I start, and her eyes are wide with horror. “It was very frightening. I didn’t know what was happening. And then someone named Skyler explained why I was there. They want me to take my father’s place. They want me to fill the void that he left.”

“Are you saying they want your help to take over the world?” She asks. “That’s absurd. No one person is strong enough to cause such destruction.”

I sigh, “they believe that my father was capable of doing it, and because he was capable, they’re hoping that I can as well. Skyler showed me the pictures of Anya and Atticus together. I’ve realized that my power is the strongest when it concerns Atticus. I could only break free from the straps because of my anger at what I’d seen. I also wanted to see Atticus for myself. I wanted to confront him first before I did anything that I would regret. My life is still in danger. I know Skyler purposefully let me escape. Everything was too easy; I don’t believe they wanted to keep me trapped there. And there must be another reason for it. I’m just not sure what it is just yet.”

Clarissa hugs me again, “I’m so sorry all this is happening to you, Autumn. First, Atticus loses his memory, and now this. I’m here for you. I’m not leaving your side. If you need me for anything, just let me know.”

I smile, “I’m happy you never betrayed me, Clarissa. I’m happy you’re a true friend. And I’m sorry for ever doubting you. I can’t stay here, just like you said earlier. I need to see my parents. They are the ones that can fill in the blanks for me.”

And after hearing what they had to say, I would decide what to do from there.

But there was still Atticus and his memory lost. I would not let Anya have him. She didn’t love him as I did. She was using his loss of memory for her benefit. The moment Atticus regained his memory, it would be over for her. She continuously showed her true colors. She hadn’t changed for the better; she’d only gotten worse.

I tried to control my anger; I didn’t want to lose control of my body again. Crazy things happened whenever I did.

“I’ll take you to see your parents,” Clarissa tells me. “I’m sure they would be overjoyed to know you’re safe. They may have a better idea of what to do about Skyler and his people as well.”

“I already came with a vehicle,” I inform her. “I took it from your garage.”

She laughs, “why am I not surprised? “I’ll inform Damon what’s happening, so he doesn’t freak out”

I nod and wait for her to return; when she does, he comes with her, however. She looks irritated as she rejoins my side. I could tell she didn't want him to follow us for once.

"He doesn't want to let us leave alone." She sighs. "We're stuck with him for the night."

"How the fvck am I supposed to leave you both alone when psychopaths are looking for Autumn?" He demands. "We need to be extra careful and increase all security."

It seems that Clarissa had already told Damon everything I had said to her. I wasn't ready to inform others, but if she trusted him, I guess I could as well. He was Atticus's brother, after all.

"Your parents can't know about this," Clarissa tells him. "You know how crazy they would react if they realized who Autumn truly is. Atticus kept it from everyone even before he knew the entire truth because he wanted to protect Autumn. We need to honor his wishes and do the same."

He nods, "I already know that."

I look back at Atticus and Anya. He's looking at me as I leave, and it breaks my heart to know that he doesn't remember what we had. I was finally beginning to trust him again, he was ultimately trying to be the man of my dreams, and everything was destroyed in a second.

The ride to my home is a quiet one, and I can barely feel my legs when we pull into the parking lot.

As soon as I entered the door and my mother's eyes fell on me, she screamed with joy. My heart hurt as she ran towards me and pulled me into her arms. It felt different now that I knew they'd lied to me since the beginning. I still loved and respected them, but I was hurt.

If they'd told me, I would have understood. I spent my whole life never knowing they weren't my birth parents. I spent my entire life never learning about my father's terrible past. And I thought I was going crazy when my body started doing weird spells. I would have been more prepared if they'd taken the time to talk to me.

"I'm so happy that you're safe." She cried as she rubbed my back.

My father joins us then after hearing her cries, and he also hugs me tightly to him. It felt good to be in their arms. I wish they hadn't lied to me.

"We searched everywhere for you." My father informs me. "We're still looking. Your brother and sister are leading the searches. There are still hundreds of people out there. Everyone came together hoping to find you; we were never going to give up hope, Autumn. We were never going to stop searching until we found you."

“We would have done more if Atticus’s family didn’t want him to find out about you and the accident. We had to keep everything away from him.” My mother informs me. “We knew that you cared for him and would wish the same. To keep him out of danger, we made the hard decision not to inform him about you.”

“Mom. Dad.” I say, and they both look at me with fear, almost like they know what I am about to say. “I know you are not my real parents. I know that my father is a sorcerer. I know that his name was Azai Reign. I know he’s dead, and I know what he tried to do. I know almost everything. And I need you to tell me the truth. I need to know where my biological mother is.”

They look at each other, and I can see the panic in their gazes.

“How do you know this?” My father finally asks.

“Someone by the name of Skyler, he’s in charge of Azai’s people now. He wants to use me to continue what my biological father started. He told me everything. There’s just one thing I don’t understand. Why did you agree to help my mother? Why did you raise me as your daughter? And why did you never tell me the truth?” My mother sighs and guides me to the sofa, “Aura, that is your mother’s name. She was a good friend of mine as well as your father. We warned her not to get mixed up with Azai. We knew the kind of person that he was. Everyone knew. But she didn’t listen to us, and she fell deeply in love with him. He tricked her into thinking that he loved her too. Azai never wanted a partner; he never had a love interest. She was just another fling to him. What he didn’t expect was for her to become pregnant.” She tells me.

He tricked my mother into falling in love with him? My dislike for him had just doubled. How much did she have to endure because of him? I didn’t know anything about her until now, but it still broke my heart, she was my mother, and she sacrificed to save me.

It hurts that I may never have the opportunity ever to meet her and thank her for everything she’d done.

“When she told him, he pretended to be happy; he pretended to be in love. He saw this as an opportunity to gain power through his unborn children. But when you were born, along with your other two siblings, he immediately disliked you. I’m sure Skyler told you why already. Your mother killed him to protect you, and she begged us to adopt you. She couldn’t leave your brother and sister with us because they had the dark symbol. Anyone would be able to find them easily because of it. But you, you were easier to hide because you were the only one that didn’t have it. Because she was such a good friend to us and we fell in love with you at first sight, we decided to take you in as our own. It’s something that we have not regretted even to this day. Adopting you was the best decision we ever made.”

My heart swells with love for my parents. Both of them. They both took chances to save me, to give me a good life. I was lucky to have them.

I was also happy they didn't regret saving me by adopting me and hiding me from Skyler and the rest of them. But it still didn't explain why they didn't tell me. I hate that they chose to keep this truth from me.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth?" I ask. "I would have understood. I wouldn't have held it against you. I would have loved you more knowing what you did to protect me and what you did for my mother."

My father pats my head gently, "because we knew the kind of person you are, Autumn. We didn't want you to go searching for your mother. If you did, we knew that your father's men would have eventually found you. We were doing it to protect you. We promised your mother that we would always keep you safe. And we managed to fulfill that promise until now. I don't understand how they found you; we've been doing a good job protecting and hiding you from them. What gave your identity away?"

It was my turn to be flustered, "it's my fault."

"Your fault?" My mother asks, startled. "How could it be your fault when you knew nothing about them until now?"

"I started using my power. The same power didn't know that I had. Eventually, it alerted them, and they came to find me. They've been watching me for a while, studying me. After they realized that I had power similar to Azai's, they decided that I was worth going through all of the trouble for.

That's how they found me.

"You have your father's power?" My mother asks in horror.

I wince at the fear in her voice. She knows how consuming his power was. I nod, "I have it. I don't know how powerful it is, but it's there. And at times, it does feel scary, like it wants to control me. I've used it for my benefit multiple times already without realizing what was happening. It scares me now that I know what my father was capable of doing."

"This is not good," my father says. "We thought that you were lucky; we had hoped that since you didn't have the dark symbol that the power had not been passed down to you. We've been keeping a close eye on you all these years, praying that it never showed up. And it never did until now. But why now? What triggered it?"

"Where is my mother?" I ask. "She must have told you where to find her."

My mother gives me a sympathetic look, "I'm sorry, Autumn. She chose to keep that a secret from everyone for the safety of your siblings. She knew that people would want to use them for their bad deeds. She's staying hidden for their sake. If Skyler hasn't gotten his hands on them, that's a good thing. It means that her plan is working."

If I tried to look for my family, I would cause them more harm than good. It meant that I couldn't look for them without them getting hurt. There was nothing I could do about it. If my mother wanted to find me, she knew where I was. I can only hope that they were safe where they were.

In the meantime, I had to find a way to prevent Skyler from trying to kidnap me again. I knew it wasn't over. I knew that he still had plenty planned.

Evil plans. Plans to use me for his own greedy needs. I didn't have much time to prepare. I needed to learn how to unlock my power before it was too late.

I had to be prepared for when they came for me. I had to learn how to fight back to protect myself and everyone that mattered to me.

I had to fight back for Atticus. I had to remind him of us. And I had to do it in a way that would not cause him harm.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 52 - Tips

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It was my first day back to school since being kidnapped. My parents had increased security everywhere; the academy had tripled its guards. As per their wish, I had two bodyguards following me wherever I went, even in the academy, considering that's where I'd gotten kidnapped in the first place.

My parents were now afraid of every step I took away from them. I wouldn't be surprised if they were waiting for me in their vehicles right outside.

They didn't want me to return; they said it was too risky. I chose to do it because I wanted to be near Atticus. He wouldn't be able to remember me if I was nowhere around to remind him of us.

I was no longer living with Atticus; since he wasn't aware that we were married, I would have to stay with my parents for now. It wasn't easy knowing that things had changed so much between us in just a few days, but I had to learn to come to terms with it. I was just happy that he'd survived the crash.

I loved being near my family, but I loved being next to Atticus more. I wanted to be back in our room together, watching him sleep next to me and tease him when I wanted to. I wanted things to return to where they were before I'd lost him to memory loss.

I wish there were a way for me to return to the Fawn's home without Atticus suspecting anything. I didn't like being this far from him. I hated it so much. Now that I knew he almost died while trying to save me, I was even more desperate to be next to him. I wanted to thank him for trying his best to protect me, and I wanted to apologize for immediately thinking the worst when I saw the images of him and Anya together.

He wasn't the horrible one. She was. She knew the truth, yet she made him think they were still together.

"Are you okay?" Clarissa asks me. "I know it will not be easy pretending you're not with Atticus. And I know it will be harder having to see him with Anya. She will undoubtedly use this to her advantage for as long as possible. Don't let her get to you. Atticus was only acting like this because he couldn't remember anything. You got him to choose you once; I'm positive that he will choose you again. You need to remind him what it's like to have you in his life. And I know that's not difficult for you to do. Your presence is something that no one can ignore, not even Atticus. His eyes will always go straight to you whether he likes it or not."

I could do that. I could remind Atticus of what we had without causing him any harm. My problem was seeing him with Anya. Now that he thought they were still together, there was no telling what they would do. I didn't want to think of him touching and kissing her. It made me feel sick to my stomach. I didn't want him with anyone but me.

Anya played dirty to get what she wanted. That was the type of person she was. She didn't care about anyone's feelings but her own.

"Are they going to be following us everywhere?"

Clarissa asks me as she points at the two bodyguards behind us.

I nod, "it's the only reason my parents agreed to let me return to the academy."

She sighs, "I guess I'm okay with it as long as they keep you safe. I don't want to lose you again. It was a horrifying experience, and I never want to relive it."

We stop walking when we see Atticus and Anya in front of us. He's hugging her, and her arms are wrapped tightly around his neck. The immediate pain in my chest at the sight almost made me trip over my own two feet.

It's already beginning- the pain. What could I do to make this easier?

Clarissa held my hand, giving me the strength that I needed. "You can do this. Remember, you're the one he wants; his heart knows it even if his mind doesn't. His heart will always win the battle. Anya can't do anything to change that."

I was grateful to have Clarissa with me. I felt guilty for ever thinking that she had betrayed me. I should have known that she was genuine and kind.

Anya turns around and spots us. There is a triumphant smile on her face as she leans into Atticus. Her head is on his chest, and her hands are holding onto his arms.

Atticus follows her gaze, and his entire body goes rigid when his eyes fall on me. There is obvious tension between the two of us.

“He doesn’t even look at Anya like that,” Clarissa whispers. “And he doesn’t even remember being married to you. It’s proof that his heart still belongs to you; he must remember that.” Anya whispers something to him, and he looks away from me. I guess that she told him to stop staring.

“I’m so glad to have you back,” Anya says. “I was in shock yesterday since you didn’t tell me that you were returning. But today, I’m just happy to see you.”

Of course, she had to continue the lie she told Atticus. She also had to pretend that we were still best friends. That’s the last thing Atticus would remember, us being on good terms with each other.

“It’s good to be back as well” I respond.

“Things are different from what I remember them to be.”

“Well, sometimes change is a good thing, Autumn. You’ll be happier if you accept what it is now.”

Atticus looks between us, and I can tell how confused he is. He doesn’t know what we’re speaking about; he also doesn’t know that it’s all about him.

“We’re having a party tonight at our home,” Atticus says suddenly. “Why don’t you come?” Anya glares at him, surprised that he’d asked me. Even I was surprised that he’d invited me to his home. In the past, before we were married, Atticus never did things like this. He never asked me to any parties. What made this different? Maybe Clarissa was right; perhaps he still had our memories in his heart and couldn’t control his actions around me.

“Why are you inviting her?” Anya demands. Atticus looks taken aback by her question, “I thought that’s what you wanted me to do. You just said that you’re happy that she’s back. Wouldn’t you be happier if Autumn was there tonight?”

She was trapped. She was the one pretending that everything was perfect between us. Now, what could she say to defend her actions? How long would she keep pretending that she considered her friend? I knew her well. Eventually, she would slip up and tell Atticus the truth about us not being on good terms. Would she tell him why though? I knew the answer; she would make something up to make me look bad. She always wanted Atticus to hate me. Now was the perfect opportunity for her to do that.

“Of course, I want to see her there.” She lies.

"I'm just worried that she wouldn't fit in well. She barely knows anyone but me. Autumn is not popular, you know. She's nothing like me. Not everyone is as lucky as I am."

Clarissa rolls her eyes, "the only reason you're popular is because of Atticus, Dante, and Damon. No one would know you existed if it weren't for them."

"Clarissa," Atticus growls.

She puts her hands up in defense, "I missed the time when you didn't defend her every damn second of the day. I would have treasured it more if I knew it wouldn't have lasted long."

"Watch what you say." Anya warns her.

"Is there something everyone is purposefully keeping from me? I feel left out of almost every conversation since I woke up on that hospital bed." Atticus points out.

I want to shout the truth to him, but what good would that do me? It would risk him going into shock and causing more harm, or he would choose to stay with Anya. If he's defending her like in the past, I'm sure he would choose her over me, just like he did multiple times before.

"Nothing whatsoever," Anya says as she grabs his arm and pulls her forward with him.

"Just when I thought we were closer to getting Anya out of our lives, she comes right back in."

Clarissa sighs. "I'm sorry you have to see this, Autumn. I know it can't be easy."

"It's okay," I assure her. "Loving Atticus has always been a challenge for me. I never gave up in the past. I'm not giving up on us now."

I meant those words. Anya could try to separate us, and I knew she would do everything possible to make that happen, but I was not letting her take him from me.

Maybe in the past, when I thought Atticus didn't want to be with me, but I knew now that he did, I knew that he cared. I knew that he had given his life to protect me.

I didn't care who was trying to keep us apart; they would fail. As soon as we step into the classroom, all eyes are on me. They must have all heard the news about my return by now. No articles had been posted, but communication always traveled fast in our town.

Anya is seated next to Atticus, and it annoys me. That's my seat. Not hers.

I focused on the professor; I wanted him to do what I couldn't.

"I'll be in charge of the seating arrangements today." He announces as everyone groans at his words. "Autumn, you sit next to Atticus. Anya, you sit next to Brad," I didn't listen to anything else after that. I'd gotten what I wanted—a chance to be next to Atticus. The more time I spent with him, the easier it would become for me to help him regain his memories. If Anya continued to get closer to him, it would make things even more difficult for me. I couldn't let that happen.

Atticus surprised me when he pulled the chair out for me.

I sat beside him quietly, and he didn't try speaking to me while Mr. Henry started the class.

"I want to know more about this about the accident," I whisper. He tilted his head slightly so that he was now looking at me. "How are you? Are you traumatized from experience?"

I truly wanted to know everything. I hate that I couldn't be there for him while he was in the hospital.

"Traumatized?" He asks. "No."

That was good, but he could just be telling me that. His answer was short and nothing like what I was used to after marrying him.

I bite my lip and play with the pen in front of me; I don't know what else to say—the one thing I wanted to, I couldn't. I had to keep quiet, and I wasn't sure how much longer.

"But there are plenty of things that keep bothering me." He adds, surprising me. Was he able to see how disappointed I was with his dry response? Was that why he decided to tell me more?

"What is bothering you?" I question, waiting for him to explain further.

"It seems the people closest to me have been lying to me." He finally says. "These are people that I trust with my life. They aren't the only ones. I feel like the entire school is keeping secrets from me. Family, friends, everyone."

I held my breath; it was true; everyone was lying to him, including me. I didn't want to do it, but I was only trying to do the same thing he would do for me. If our roles had been reversed, Atticus would do everything in his power to protect me. I knew not telling him would only make me suffer, but what was love without a challenge?

"Did it ever occur to you that maybe everyone is keeping secrets from you because they want to protect you?" I ask. "It wasn't a simple accident you were involved in, Atticus. Everyone cares about you. That is all."

His gaze is on me, staring directly at my face, trying to read my expression. “You seem to know plenty, Autumn. Do you happen to know what everyone is keeping from me?”

My cheeks are red, and I’m trying hard to keep a straight face. I didn’t want to give anything away. “I think we’re getting distracted from class. We should listen to what Mr. Henry is saying before he puts us out of the class.”

He runs a hand through his hair, and he looks slightly annoyed, “of course, you wouldn’t be of any help. Why did I think talking to you would solve my problems?”

I’m startled by his question.

He thought that speaking to me would solve everything. Why?

“Why did you think talking to me would help?” I ask, curious to know what his response to that question would be like.

“It’s nothing.” He says. “Forget I said anything.”

I couldn’t let this slide. How could I? He wanted me to forget what he said, but that was impossible. It wasn’t something I could easily forget.

“Tell me, Atticus.” I insist. Now I was the one desperate for his answer. “I want to know why you said that to me.”

I don’t have time to prepare as he grabs the back of my neck and pulls my face closer to his.

What was he doing? We were in the middle of class, and everyone could see us if they had just looked up from their books. Not to mention the professor who was right in front of us. And did he have no care in the world that Anya could also see how close we were?

His eyes were closed as he pressed his forehead against mine, “because no matter what do, I can’t get you out of my fvcking mind.”

I gasp. Unable to move even an inch. Did I hear him correctly? Did Atticus really say that to me that even though he had lost his memories?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 53 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

“I’m on your mind?” I ask in a soft whisper. I was no longer concerned about where we were. I needed to know more.

His eyes are still closed, but the look on his face is one of pain.

“All the time.” He confesses. “More than I would like to admit to you or anyone else.”

I can't control myself as I lean closer into him and gently run my fingers from his temple to his cheek.

He inhales sharply and finally opens his eyes, “why do I feel like whatever everyone is hiding from me includes you? I think I'm going insane trying to figure out why I feel this way. As far as I know, we barely spoke to each other in the past, somehow right after the accident, everything feels different between us.”

His words remind me of where we were and our complicated situation. I remove my hand and place it between my legs to prevent myself from trying to touch him again.

I gasped when he grabbed my hand and placed it back on his cheek.

He narrows his eyes and pins me with his gaze, “things aren't the same. I can feel it. It bothers me that no one is willing to tell me why I feel this way. Why, out of everyone, are you also the one keeping secrets from me?”

I can't look away even if I want to. I'm locked in his gaze. Unable to move an inch. I want to tell him the truth; I desperately want him to know we're married.

But I promised Clarissa that I wouldn't say anything. It wasn't just because of the promise; I was scared of how he would react if he found out the truth.

He was practically stuck in the past; he was the same Atticus obsessed with making Anya happy. I knew Atticus well. I wouldn't be able to control my emotions if I told him the truth, and he still chose to keep Anya in his life over me.

I needed more time. I needed time to remind him of us before I finally broke the truth to him. I'm not only doing this for me but for him as well. He may think he's ready to know the truth. But everyone else knows that this wasn't the right time for him to find out that we're married.

Atticus gets a message on his phone, and he immediately looks at Anya, who's glaring at him. He gives her an apologetic look before putting more space between us. This was exactly what I was scared about; him pushing me away because of Anya. I already went through that once; I didn't want it to happen again.

He doesn't try speaking to me again for the rest of the class, and I don't know whether to be relieved or sad because of it.

I should be happy that Clarissa was right. Even if Atticus didn't remember our times together as a married couple, he could still feel the connection between us. His reaction to me, as well as the questions that he'd asked, was enough to confirm this for me.

It would make my work plenty easier. I still had a chance to bring him back to me: I just had to do things carefully without hurting him.

Now it was time to slowly remind him of what we had. It wouldn't be easy, and I knew that Anya would keep trying to push us apart, but I wouldn't give up. Atticus was everything to me. I was not going down without a fight.

Whatever Anya threw my way would not discourage me from doing what I needed to do to get him back. However hard she tried to separate us, I would make it my business to try even harder.

She would not win this fight. I would not let her take him from me this time. She had him once, and I'd let it happen; if I had shown my interest earlier, maybe Atticus would have been mine sooner. I wouldn't make the same mistake twice.

~ANYA~

I couldn't believe that Autumn was indeed back. I was hoping that yesterday was a dream, not a dream, a nightmare. I was sure that she was gone from our lives for good after she went missing for days. How did she survive? They'd kidnapped her; I saw the video; how did she escape from them?

She was unconscious when they took her. And I was sure that they intended to kill her or keep her.

Not once did I think we would see her back home without a scratch on her body.

Those men weren't as dangerous as I'd initially thought. If they were, they would have gotten rid of her, and I wouldn't have been so damn pissed right now. All of my plans had been squashed because of her return.

She'd managed to spoil everything just by showing up. There's no telling what more trouble she was up to.

"I can't believe this," I mumble as I hit a bottle the ground. "Why is she back?" I shout as breaks and shatters on the floor.

My mother enters my room upon hearing the noise, "what's going on?"

“She’s back, mom. Autumn is back, and already she’s making my life difficult. Whenever Atticus is around her, he completely forgets about me. He doesn’t remember his marriage to her, yet he’s still stuck to her like glue. You should have seen them together in class today. He totally forgot that I was in the room with them. They were practically close to making out in the middle of the classroom. It makes me sick just thinking about it.”

I’d mentioned Autumn’s return to her already, and she was pissed when she’d heard about it. But she’d also promised me that I had the upper hand. I didn’t think so anymore, not after what I saw today.

I felt like everything was continuously blowing up in my face. I was tired of having plans that constantly failed.

“You’re not trying hard enough.” She snaps.

“Atticus is very easy to manipulate. You should know that about him by now. You’re supposed to know all of his weaknesses. I told you that you’re at an advantage now that he barely remembers her. You can’t let this opportunity slip away from you, Anya. I didn’t go through all this trouble with his accident just so that you could mess my plans up for a second time. Go to that party tonight and make him fall more in love with you. Do everything that you need to have his full attention tonight. Make sure that Autumn doesn’t get a second of his time. If you truly want him, you will succeed tonight.”

It was easy for her to order me around since she wasn’t the one going through it. She had no idea how humiliating it was to see Atticus time and time again choose Autumn over me. He may not say it, but his actions were always in favor of her.

It was almost like she was the one that had put a spell on him, not us.

I inwardly groaned; it was so unfair.

“Those men that kidnapped her.” I point out.

“Did you happen to find any more information on them?”

My mother runs a hand through the candle in front of her and steps closer to me, “I’m afraid not.

Those tattoos seem familiar to me. I remember seeing them somewhere in the past, but for some reason, I can’t remember where. I’ve been researching and looking around, but there’s nothing about them. It’s almost like they’re under the radar.

I’ll keep on looking into them. Maybe I can find something that would help keep Atticus and Autumn apart from each other for much longer. The fact that Autumn escaped, or should I say the fact that they let her go? I’m not sure what happened, but she’s here

now. I still believe that those men are dangerous; they just haven't used her for their main event yet. I'm not sure what they wanted from her, but they must not have been able to get it from her. That's why they let her go. They're waiting.

Waiting for the chance to get what they wanted the most. I don't have any information on it, at least for now, but I know they will be back. Her life is still in danger; I'm sure she knows it. I hope they get rid of her in time for our plan to work."

Maybe I could try to find out more. Autumn was close to Clarissa recently. I hated both of them with a passion. Clarissa has always had a dirty mouth, and being around her has always been an immense pain in my a*ss.

And Autumn. Her innocence annoyed the crap out of me. She always made everyone around her feel sorry for her. I'd never seen anyone cry for attention the way that she does.

But since Clarissa may have had an idea of what was happening, I knew that there was a good chance that she'd also told Damon about it.

And Damon was still easy to control, just like Atticus had been before marrying Autumn. I could get him to tell me everything Clarissa had told him.

Once I knew the truth, I would report everything back to my mother. She would know what to do from there. She was good at plotting against the Fawns'.

I've tried to get closer to his parents this entire time that Autumn had been missing, but they didn't warm up to me; they were still worked up over her disappearance.

Now that she was back, I knew my work had just doubled. His parents were happy to have her back even though they still lied to Atticus about her.

Everyone was still lying to him, but he was constantly trying to dig further into the events of the day of his accident.

Why was it so difficult to keep this secret from him? I didn't know how long I had before he found out the truth. But when he did, I wasn't sure how he would take the news. Would he return to Autumn, or would he choose to be with me?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 54 - Tips

0 12 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

"Why do I feel like you're pulling away from me since the accident?" Anya asks.

She hasn't stopped asking me uncomfortable questions ever since she came over for the party.

She doesn't hide the hurt in her voice from me, and it fills me with guilt. I still didn't dare to tell her that my feelings for her had changed. I didn't know how to say to her that all of my feelings were for Autumn because even I didn't understand how any of that was possible.

Autumn? Why Autumn? Why her closest friend?

I've always feared that I cared way too much for Autumn, even while I was with Anya in the past. I kept my distance from her because of it.

But since when had those feelings become this dangerous? Since when had those feelings transformed into something else? And what should I do to prevent them from getting stronger?

I thought that I'd done a good job in the past at keeping her away from me. What the hell had happened to change that? I couldn't think of anything that could have possibly happened in that short space of time before the accident that could have caused Autumn and me to get closer to each other.

"Atticus?" Anya calls as she waits for me to say something.

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I forgot that she was speaking to me. What else has she been saying to me? I could only remember the last question she'd asked me.

I searched my mind for a response to her question which wouldn't hurt her feelings. Making her happy was always my main priority, and I didn't plan on stopping it now. She meant so much to me; even if my feelings were off, I still wanted the best for her. Hurting her was not something I ever planned on doing.

"It's because I feel like you've been lying to me, Anya." I remind her. "I feel like everyone is lying to me, and I hate being lied to. Ever since that fatal accident, I feel like I can't trust any of you, which is crazy since I trust all of you more than I trust anyone else. That's why it bothers me that the people closest to me are trying their best to hide so much from me."

She stiffens, and I can tell my words have hit a nerve. I wasn't trying to anger her. I was only telling how I truly felt. I was answering her question but not being totally honest with my answer.

"I'm not lying to you." She snaps. "I'm just trying to protect you from yourself. That's all."

Everyone wants to protect you. That accident scarred all of us, Atticus; I'm sorry that we can't tell you every little detail about that day. When we think you're ready, we will let

you know everything. You said that you trust us, and we were hoping you could continue to do that. This is not the time to lose what we have; this is our chance to get closer to each other. You haven't even touched me as you used to since the accident. Do you know how that makes me feel? It makes me feel unwanted."

She throws her arms around me, and once again, I felt nothing. Still, I held her to me because she's all I've ever known; loving her was the only thing I've known since meeting her. It felt weird how much of my feelings have changed just because of one accident.

I wasn't going to wait around to find out the truth anymore; I was going to do my own research.

It was clear that no one would ever tell me the truth. I may spend the rest of the year waiting for answers and never receive them. I was never someone to sit around and wait for the answers to come to me; when I wanted something, I went after it. This was no different. I wanted to know the truth, and I was going to find it.

"Atticus," Anya whispers, still in my arms. "Do you promise to love me for the rest of your life?"

I held my breath; I didn't want to answer that. I couldn't fulfill that promise. I'd already broken it. I wasn't even aware of what was happening in my heart anymore. I had to figure my feelings out before I answered her. I didn't want to lie to her. I never liked lying to Anya.

The door flew open suddenly without warning. Whoever it was hadn't even bothered to knock.

"There you two are," Clarissa says as she barges into the room.

I should have guessed only she would do something like this. There's a mischievous look in her eyes. Something tells me this was totally intentional.

I move away from Anya, who glares at her.

Their hatred for each other has intensified so much that I knew that plenty more had happened between them that I didn't know about.

Did they have another argument over Damon?

They were always fighting over who got to spend more time with him. I didn't bother asking. I knew by now that they weren't going to tell me anything. I didn't know how Damon was able to split his time between the two of them. But right now Anya seemed to be more concerned about Autumn than she was about Clarissa.

“What do you think I should wear for the party tonight?” She asks as she holds up two dresses in her hand. One was a light blue and the other, a black. One showed more skin and the other was a little more conservative but not by plenty.

I quirk a brow at her, confused by her question.

Since when does Clarissa care about my opinion on the clothes she has to wear? I’ve never once given my input. I’ve never really had to either since Damon was usually the one complaining about what she wore. Clarissa always did the opposite of whatever anyone asked her to do. Then why would she ask for my opinion or anyone else’s for that matter? It was clear that her opinion was all that mattered to her. She was in my room for a totally different reason, I was sure of it.

“Does my opinion matter?” I ask.

“Of course.” She says with a forced smile. “Your opinion has always mattered to me, Atticus.”

I held in the laughter inside of me at her blatant lie. What could she possibly be doing this for? It almost felt like she’d purposefully interrupted my time with Anya. That wouldn’t be so far-fetched, considering how much she enjoyed angering her.

“Whichever one is covering more of your skin.” I finally say.

She rolls her eyes, “this one?” She asks, pointing at the opposite of what I’d told her, just like I expected her to do.

I sigh, “whatever you want, Clarissa.”

She looks at Anya, “should you be inside here with him?”

The glare between them was deadly. Those looks could kill a person.

“I’m his girlfriend.” She snaps. “Of course, I’m allowed in his room. Why does that bother you so much?”

She shrugs her shoulders, “it’s nothing. I like pointing it out. Mother wants to speak with you, Atticus. You should go see her.”

I was glad for the distraction. I didn’t want to give Anya an answer to her earlier question. This was my opportunity to escape from having to answer her.

I quickly excused myself and followed Clarissa out of the room.

"I heard you and Autumn had a steamy scene in class today." She points out with a grin. "Is there anything you'll like to share with me?" I stop walking, "Where did you hear that?"

We did have a moment in class, but that was just me trying to get answers from her. I know I could have done it without touching her, but a part of me wanted to hold her close, and that was the closest I could get without doing too much damage.

"Everyone at the academy is talking about it." She answers me. "It sounds like you're both getting along well."

"It sounds like people at the academy should mind their business." I retort. "Enough about that." I say, distracting her from that discussion. The last person I wanted to discuss this with was Clarissa.

"What does mother want?"

"oh, nothing. I just said that because it looked like you were begging me to help you get away from Anya." She points out.

I pause. She meant that this entire time my mother hadn't once asked to see me? Since when did Clarissa become this sly?

"Clarissa," I growl.

"What?" She asks innocently. "Did you not want my help?"

I sighed, I wanted to be angry at her, but she was right. I begged her to help me without having to say a word. I was desperate for an excuse to leave that room with Anya still in it. When she mentioned not touching her, I felt uneasy. I didn't know how to touch her when I didn't feel anything at all for her.

She wouldn't understand even if I tried explaining.

"if you're unhappy with Anya, why are you still with her?" She asks. "I'm genuinely curious."

"It's complicated," I tell her. "I've loved Anya for so long, yet my feelings for her only changed after the accident. It just doesn't make any sense to me. I can't just break everything off like that because my feelings have changed. I also need to consider her feelings. I don't want to hurt her."

She sighs, "It seems like you should be with Autumn instead of her. There is more chemistry between the two of you."

I quirk a brow at her, "chemistry? What do you even know about that?"

"This isn't about me. Don't try to change the subject."

"You're suggesting I end my relationship with Anya and start dating her best friend?" I ask. "I'm not heartless, Clarissa. I could never do something she laughs like my words were some kind of joke to her. Did she know something that I didn't?"

What was so funny about that?

"I wish you only knew what you are capable of doing Atticus. Give yourself a little more credit." She says. "Anya and Autumn are no longer best friends. Do you see the way they glare at each other? Autumn has moved on to better friends." She claimed as she pointed at herself.

No one had to tell me that. I saw everything on my own. It's crazy how much has changed.

I'm about to ask her what she meant by that, but she turns her attention to Damon next. And once Damon had her attention, no one else had a chance of getting it also.

I considered what she'd just said to me. Dump Anya and date Autumn? The more I thought about it, the crazier it sounded.

I had to get my feelings in check. I couldn't keep feeling something I knew was wrong. Tonight, I had to avoid Autumn as much as possible. I couldn't let her get under my skin.

The accident messed with my head. It's the only explanation I have for everything happening. I wouldn't let it mess with my heart as well. It was time for me to get everything under control. Anya was hurting enough; I didn't want to cause her any more pain. Enough was enough.

~AUTUMN~

Atticus is on the dance floor with Anya, and it hurts my heart to see him with her again. It pains me even more, to know that he's like this because of an accident. He's no longer trying to assure me he was over Anya; it was the opposite now. I had to watch them together and act like it wasn't killing me inside.

"You got this," Clarissa assures me.

His eyes haven't stopped at me once. He doesn't know I'm here, or maybe he chooses to pretend that he doesn't know. Whichever one it was, it still felt like a stabbing pain in my chest.

I sucked in my breath and held my head high as I entered the dance floor with Clarissa. Even though I felt sad, I promised to try my best to get him back.

"I asked Damon to have them change the music from these boring slow songs to lively ones. She informs me.

The music changed after the song finished, and I began swinging my hips from left to right. I wanted to slowly remind Atticus of every moment we had together before the accident.

This would hopefully remind him of the day Griffin had took me to a party on the beach. It was a day I could never forget. He'd lifted me off the ground and carried me to his jeep. I still got butterflies thinking about it.

I'm not even sure that he can see me. I'm turned in the opposite direction. Usually when Atticus is looking at me I can feel his gaze digging into my back. I didn't feel that way and maybe he's too busy dancing with Anya to notice me.

"Look at Autumn go," Griffin says as he whistles loud enough for Atticus to hear him. He was also happy to have me back in his life. Griffin has always supported my relationship with Atticus; I'm glad it hasn't changed.

"Forgive me." Griffin apologizes as he pulls me closer to him. "I'm only helping you get my brother back from the evil one."

The evil one? I stifle my laugh. That's the perfect name for someone like Anya. It felt uncomfortable dancing with him knowing I was married to Atticus, but I was happy for any help I could get. Besides, I trusted Griffin; he would never cross the line.

"How has he been without me?" I ask.

"Not good," Griffin confessed. "He looks like he's missing an important part of his life, and he is.

Without you, Atticus is very unhappy. He needs to regain his memory quickly. If he doesn't, someone will have to tell him the truth. He can't spend the rest of his life never knowing that you're his wife "

It was true. One day, someone will have to tell him the truth. But I was still hoping my love would help him remember before it came to that. It would be easier for all of us if Atticus regained his memory.

"He's looking at us." He informs me. "And he doesn't look happy. That's a good sign. It means his feelings have not disappeared with his memory."

I was happy that he could keep me informed without having to look at Atticus dancing with Anya. It was easier when I didn't have to look at them.

"Thank you, Griffin." I meant it from the bottom of my heart.

“Don’t thank me yet.” He warns. “Thank me after you get my brother back.”

I smile, “You’re that confident I’ll have him back?”

He frowns at me, “Have you seen how he looks at you without even having any memory of marrying you? I think it’s safe to say that he’s still yours. Now it’s time that he realizes it on his own.

That’s why I’m here, to help push him in the right direction. You should know by now how good I am at pushing his b.uttons. That hasn’t changed at all”

It was true. There were many times that Griffin helped bring Atticus closer to me. I had to trust that this plan of his would also work.

He throws glances at Atticus while ordering me to pretend to laugh at his jokes. I didn’t have to pretend; Griffin was a joy to be around. And his jokes were actually funny, most of the time, at least.

“Now it’s time to spice up the fun.” He tells me as he takes my hand and pulls me out of the dance floor.

Spice up the fun? What could he possibly have in mind?

“Where are we going?” I ask.

“Anywhere that Atticus would not be able to find you.” He informs me. “When he realizes you left the party with me, he will lose his mind. I’m positive that he will come looking for you after.”

Griffin takes me out to the back of the mansion. We keep walking for a few minutes when something catches my attention. I freeze.

And I stayed that way for a few seconds.

“What’s wrong?” Griffin asks as he follows my gaze.

The jeep.

Atticus’s favorite. It’s the first time seeing it in person after the accident. I’ve never seen a vehicle look this destroyed before.

I felt the tears begin to form in my eyes as I walked closer to it. My hands are shaking as I slowly reach out to touch it.

"It's bad, I know." Griffin says as he watches my reaction to finally seeing it in person. "I'm happy you weren't there to see the accident. I'm glad you didn't have to see Atticus in that state."

"I feel horrible." I cried as the tears flowed down my cheeks. "I hate that I couldn't be there when he needed me the most. I hate that this happened to him because of me. I hate everything about this"

"Hey!" Griffin says as he hugs me like a brother, I would hug his sister. "You're not to blame for any of this. Atticus did his job as your husband to protect you. You didn't do anything wrong, and you're not to blame for this. These things happen, and sometimes there's no one to blame. Come to think of it, that isn't exactly true; those men who kidnapped you are to blame."

"Griffin?" A third voice says.

We pause, and when I turn, Atticus is staring at us.

We both freeze.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 55 - Tips

0 12 minutes read

Atticus looks between the two of us, and I can tell that he's conflicted. He doesn't know whether to be angry or sad. I can feel his emotions from over here. I can see it also. He doesn't try to hide it from us.

Even Griffin looked uncomfortable that he'd just seen us hugging. He doesn't know that Griffin was only comforting me because of him.

"What are you doing with Autumn out here alone?" He asks Griffin, not saying a word to me.

Griffin shrugs his shoulders as he grins, "what do I usually do when I'm alone with a girl?"

I glare at Griffin, and he winks at me. Why does he think angering Atticus would help us in this situation? The last thing I wanted him to feel was that I had something going on with his brother.

Wouldn't that push him further away from me?

"It isn't what you think-" I began to move towards him, but Griffin grabbed my arm and stopped me from going forward.

I look back at him, surprised, and I know he's trying to tell me to play along with his plan. I didn't know whether or not I wanted to anymore. How was he so sure that this would work?

Atticus approaches us, and I slowly lift my head to stare into his eyes. His gaze is hard and cold as he reaches forward and takes Griffin's hand off my arm.

"She doesn't want to be here." He tells him.

"This is Anya's friend. Find someone else to play with. She's not available."

My jaw drops at his words to his brother. Find someone else to play with? What did he think I was? A game?

Griffin grinned, showing his white teeth as he waved goodbye to us. Now it was just Atticus and me, all alone, standing near his totaled jeep.

I run a hand up and down my shoulder, and he doesn't miss it.

"Are you cold?" He whispers.

My heart skips a beat at the tone he's using with me. Almost like he's scared "I'll break any second now.

"A little."

He surprises me when he removes his jacket and puts it over my shoulders.

My heart is racing now, and there is nothing I can do to stop it. I can't control any part of my body when he's standing this close to me.

"I hate looking at it," I mumble before can stop myself.

"You hate looking at what?" He asks, confused.

I motion to the jeep next to us, "I hate looking at it." I repeat.

He follows my gaze, and his body turns to stone. His jaw clenches, "I hate looking at it too

"I wish I was there. I wish I were able to stop it. I wish I could have been in the hospital with you."

I can't seem to stop my mouth from blabbering. Someone needs to stop me before I say something I shouldn't.

He inhales sharply before moving closer to me until we're inches apart. His finger lifts my chin gently, "why does it bother you so much that you couldn't be there?"

My lips part slowly, and I don't know how to respond without giving too much away. I'm just happy that he's this close to me. The only thing that keeps me going is having moments like this with him. Without anyone else interrupting us. Especially Anya. She was the main person I was concerned about separating the both of us.

"The bigger question is, why the fvck does it bother me even more?" He demands.

It bothers him that I wasn't there. It doesn't make me feel any better than I already did. I could feel the tears returning, and I couldn't stop them as they slowly rolled down my cheek.

His breath hitches when he notices it. I stayed completely still as he slowly wiped my tears with his thumb.

"What's wrong, Autumn?" He asks. "Please tell me. What am I missing here? What don't you want me to know? Why is everyone so desperate to hide the truth from me? How bad could it possibly be? You're crying because you couldn't be there in the hospital with me, aren't you? If that's true, then just tell me the damn truth. Everyone seems to think that I'm going to break when I find out what happened that day, but they seem to be forgetting that I'm a grown man. I know how to handle pain. I know how to handle anything that life throws at me. I can take it. Whatever it is, it's not going to do me anything."

I open my mouth to tell him but quickly shut it. I couldn't do this. I would never be able to live with myself if I said something and it caused him more harm than good.

"Atticus!" Anya shouts from a distance.

I sigh; I can't hide the disappointment from him that we'd just been interrupted by her yet again.

She must have been looking for him when she realized he wasn't inside. I'm sure she freaked out when she realized I was missing as well.

Her eyes are glued to the jacket over my shoulders. His jacket that he placed on me earlier.

"Why do I always find you two together?" She demands.

She doesn't wait for us to answer as she says, "Atticus, let's go."

He looks between the two of us before finally listening to her. How long will T have to deal with Anya and her disturbing behavior? Why couldn't she give up by now? Why couldn't she let me be with Atticus without interfering with our lives?

Every day Anya was proving just how much lower she could stoop to get her way. I didn't know how long I could continue pretending that I could stand him. If she kept on pushing my buttons, wrong side of me would rise. I didn't want things to get to that point. I knew how dangerous my power could get when it was out of control. I didn't want that to ever happen around Atticus. I didn't want him to see me that way. I was scared of what he would think, and I was even more terrified of the people I would hurt without even realizing it.

I didn't bother walking after them. I was tired. I wanted some time away from all of the drama. I stayed back by the jeep, spending more time wishing I'd been there to stop the accident from ever happening.

After spending more time than I needed near the jeep, I finally took a long walk until I stopped by one of the pools. It was the longest one in the mansion, and it was out in the open, unlike the one they had inside.

The colors were constantly changing, sometimes blue, red, and even green. I sighed as I watched it quietly. I wish it had the power to light up my life just as brightly as it did the pool.

Part of me wants to get in and let the water swallow me. Another part of me was too terrified even to touch it. This wasn't just the longest pool; it was also the deepest.

I swallow, ready to walk away when I spot a shadow behind me.

I spun around to find Anya standing right in front of me, "what are you doing here?" I ask.

Wasn't she escorting Atticus out of here earlier? Looked behind her, searching for him, but he was nowhere to be found.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" She demands from me.

"Excuse me?"

"Atticus belongs to me now." She warns. "if you know what's good for you, you'll stay away from him. It's my final warning to you."

I cross my arms over my chest, "are you delusional or just plain stupid?" I demand. "Just because Atticus lost his memory doesn't mean I'm not married to him anymore. I'm still his wife. I'm still the one he belongs with. Not you."

She smiles, "I think you're the delusional one. It's obvious who he wants. In the past, he would choose to listen to you, but that's not the case anymore, I'm the one he listens to,

and I'm the one he wants to spend the rest of his life with. I hate to burst your bubble, but he wants me again. My Atticus is back. Yours is gone, and he's never coming back."

Her words flipped a switch, and it was hard to control my anger. She's crazy if she thinks he's gone. He's still there, waiting for me; he needs a little reminder, that's all.

"Is that why he told me in class today that he can't get me out of his mind?" I ask, repeating his words to me, "or do you have a better explanation for that?"

I smile when my words hit her exactly where I wanted them to. I could practically see the smoke coming out of her ear. Why was she trying to hurt me if she couldn't handle it when I fought back? I don't have time to prepare as she rushes forward and grabs my arm roughly in her hand.

"Get your hands off me," I warn.

Anya shoves me into the pool, and my life flashes before my eyes. My fear of water hasn't stopped even now after knowing the power I had within me. She knows it. She knew how much I was terrified of it. How could she do something like this, knowing it could kill me?

I gasped as my body went under while I tried to breathe. I pushed with my arms and legs, fighting to get out, but if anything, my actions only made it worse. I felt like I was going deeper into the pool. I opened my mouth to gasp for air and swallowed water instead. My eyes were burning, and the blood pounded in my ear as I tried to cry for help, even though I knew that no one would be able to hear me.

I close my eyes, trying to find the power inside of me, hoping that there was a spell or something that I could do to pull myself out. No matter how hard I tried, nothing came to me. I was helpless.

I couldn't believe that Anya would just stand there and watch me drown. It dawns on me that she was indeed trying to kill me. This couldn't be a simple game to her.

Suddenly, I heard something above me. I opened my eyes and saw a figure swimming towards me. My body is filled with hope.

Before I knew it, two arms grabbed me by my waist and pulled me upwards with them.

I knew who it was without having to see his face. Just his arms around me alone was all I needed to know.

Atticus.

He'd come to save me. My heart swelled with joy despite the current situation I'd found myself in.

I wrapped my arms around him and held on for my life. I'm gasping for air while trying to stay and it's all happening while he's still holding me.

"Shh" he tries to soothe me while running his hand down my back. "You're safe now. I'm here, Autumn. I'm here."

He pulled me out of the pool with him and sat me on his lap as he continued to soothe me in whatever way he could.

I tightened my hold on him as I fought back the tears. The one thing I was terrified of almost killed me. It was one of the scariest moments of my life.

Atticus wraps his arms around me and pulls me closer to him. When I open my eyes again, the first person I see is Anya. She was watching everything, pretending that she hadn't caused this mess, to begin with.

I feel the anger inside of me shift to uncontrollable rage. She had no right to throw me into the pool, knowing that deep waters terrified me.

"Are you okay, Autumn?" She asks, feigning that she cares about me. "I swear it was a mistake. I tripped and pushed you; I didn't intentionally try to hurt you. I hope you can forgive me. I begged Atticus to save you when I realized that I wouldn't be able to pull you out myself."

Atticus looks between us, and I'm not sure what he sees while he stares down at me, but his entire body turns to stone beneath mine.

I drag my body away from his and stand on my two feet despite my wobbly legs. It would not stop me from doing what I had to do today.

"Autumn?" He says in a hesitant whisper.

I can barely hear him. My main focus is on Anya. I'm determined to make her pay for what she did to me. I was tired of letting her get away with hurting me. Since the start of my friendship with her, I've always let her win. I've always stood back and let her hurt me however she pleases. This time was different. This time I was ready for blood.

Now that I knew she'd purposefully tried to harm me, to even kill me, I was not going to hold back. I'd held back in the past because I didn't want to be a bad person, but today was different. She deserved what was coming to her.

"Autumn?" Atticus repeats, this time more desperately.

I'm walking toward her in slow motion, taking my time. Her eyes are wide as she watches me. She doesn't look afraid, but she does look concerned.

She's never seen me like this before.

I'm aware of what I'm doing. I know that I'm making a mistake. I know that the last person I should be showing this side of me to is Anya, but I can't stop myself.

I'm pissed. I can hear the water crashing behind of me. I know it's not normal for pool water to behave that way, but I don't pay any attention to it. My full attention is on Anya. Her eyes are wide with fear, and it's good that she's feeling afraid of me.

I narrow my eyes and point my hands toward her. I'm unsure what I'm doing, but I'm not stopping.

I'm letting my body take over this time. I'm letting it do what it wants to.

"What the hell are you doing?" She demands.

"What are you doing, Autumn?"

I don't answer her question, and she looks over at Atticus for help.

"Atticus!" She shouts. "Look how crazy she's acting! She's worse than I thought she was. She's crazy! A psychopath! Get her away from me before she tries to hurt me!"

I whisper a spell under my breath, and her body begins to shake as she loses control. I watch as Anya begins choking herself. She's fighting for her breath, unable to stop herself from holding her neck. I'm controlling her hand; I'm making her do this to herself. I'm the one in control this time. I'm the one doing the damage. She stood by the edge of the pool and watched me drowning without moving a muscle to try and help me. Now I would stand back and watch as she choked herself under my command and do nothing to help her either.

I want her to feel what I felt when she threw me into the pool, even after knowing what deep waters did to me. She didn't care about me; I didn't want to care about her, either.

"Anya!" Atticus roars, reminding me that we aren't alone.

He rushes to her side. "Let go, Anya!" He shouts as he tries to pull her hand away. That wouldn't work. As long as I controlled her hands, nothing and no one would stop this from happening.

She points at me, trying to show him that I was responsible for what was happening to her.

He follows the direction that she's pointing, and his gaze connects with mine. His eyes widened as he realized what she was trying to show him. It doesn't take him long to respond after. He gently placed her on the ground before running to my side.

"Let her go, Autumn." He orders me.

He doesn't realize that even I don't know how to stop myself at this point. But the problem remained that didn't want to stop myself either. He may believe her lies, but I was there; I saw everything. She tried to hurt me. I was repaying the favor in the best way possible.

"Autumn, please stop this."

I don't listen to him. He doesn't realize that she's the one separating us. He doesn't realize that as long as she's here, we can never have a good life together. I had to get rid of her. I had to get her out of our lives for good.

"AUTUMN!" He roars as her skin begins to turn pale. "LET HER THE fvCk GO!"

He's shaking me now and shouting.

"WHO ARE YOU?" He asks disgustingly, and my heart shatters with those three words.

I regain control of my body again, but it doesn't reverse what I'd just done. He must hate me now.

I watched as her hands dropped to the side, and she began gasping for air.

I'd just tried to k!!! the woman he was in love with or at least thought he loved. I was finally getting closer to him again, but this, it would make him think differently about me, and not in a good way. There was nothing I could do to make this better.

I watch as he lets go of my arms and rushes to Anya's side. My body feels numb as I watch him lift her into his arms and race back into the house.

I'd done that.

I'd pushed Atticus away for good.

Congratulations Autumn. Your power managed to overcome you once again. You almost k!!!ed Anya because of it.

You're no different from your father.

You're exactly the same.

