

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 8 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

"This is perfect!" The photographer says. "For someone that didn't want to do the kiss, to begin with, you did an excellent job."

Atticus looks anything but happy with his praise.

I couldn't believe it. I've been dreaming of kissing Atticus since I first fell in love. I've always wondered what it would be like to have his lips on mine. I knew now that it was more than I'd ever hoped for from him. I clutched my chest; my heart was racing, pounding hard and fast.

I watch as Atticus storms out before anyone can say anything else. I knew he was even more upset than he was showing.

I slowly bring my finger to my lips, still tingling from his kiss.

"Did I say something wrong?" The photographer asks.

His voice reminds me that I wasn't alone. I didn't want everyone to see how affected I was by his kiss. Though that wouldn't be such a bad thing since strangers needed to believe that we were in love. While they would easily be able to tell that Atticus was not in love with me, I feel like anyone would be able to read straight through me like an open book.

"Do not take his actions to heart, Mr. Asanto." His mother assures him. "My son is a little stressed from all of the preparations. That's all."

She lied with so much ease; it was a shock to me. It would seem that my parents weren't the only ones with this skill.

I know that I shouldn't follow after Atticus, but my feet are moving without my permission. I want to ensure he is okay and doesn't do anything stupid. I keep searching for him until I finally do spot him.

He's entering his car, one of the many his family owns. They were the best in designing fast vehicles and manufacturing them. They also added special features, whatever their customers desired. They were brilliant when it came to fast cars. That's why once someone bought a car from them, they didn't bother looking elsewhere.

I wasn't sure if Atticus should be driving under these conditions.

I try to get to him before he leaves, but he's already speeding past me. My hair flies all over my face from the force of it. I sighed; now I had to hope that he drove safely and

didn't act recklessly because of the wedding. My heart races with fear as I watch his car drive off with him in it.

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~ATTICUS~

The engine revs as the car accelerates. I have plenty on my mind. There is so much, yet I can't focus on anything else but the k!ss I just shared with Autumn. Her l!ps were soft like b.utter, and her taste was still in my mouth. Her taste was like a sweet apple, and her scent was like fresh roses. I swallowed, and it felt like I was letting the taste of her into my body by doing so.

The guilt was eating me alive, not for k!ssing her but for how it made me feel. I had a mate. I had someone I couldn't live without. So why did one k!ss bother me this much? Why was the impact so strong? This was wrong. So fvcking wrong.

What the fvck was my problem? Why couldn't I have some control? I've always had more self-control than this, even around Anya. What had changed now? What was it about Autumn?

I felt like a damn failure.

Anya was crying and in pain, and yet I was fvcking enjoying a k!ss with her best friend. The least I could do for her was not feel any emotions around Autumn, and I couldn't even do that.

What would she do when that picture of us was posted? What would she do when everyone she knows sees it and asks her about us? Everyone in school knew of our relationship; they would bombard her with questions. How would she feel? It was supposed to be a peck, nothing else. But when Autumn wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled our bodies closer, something inside me snapped. It was unlike anything I'd felt in the past. I was disappointed in myself. I should have been stronger.

I'd never done something like this before. Never. Not once.

Autumn always could make me feel things I didn't like; it's why I tried my best to ignore her in the past. But this time, it was out of my control. I couldn't run from her anymore. She was to be my wife.

Avoiding her would be stupid at this point. She would soon share the same room as me, the same car, the same house. We already attended the same school; I couldn't avoid her anymore.

To make matters worse, I had seen her almost n.aked. I mutter a few curse words. Her body was very desirable. I hated that I noticed it the moment I saw her. I hate how much

I wanted to stop and stare. Autumn has always dressed appropriately. She barely showed much skin. But this time, I was able to fvcking see more than I've ever done in the past, and I wish I hadn't. It wasn't something I would ever be able to forget, no matter how hard I tried.

"Call Anya," I command.

"Calling Anya."

My jaw clenches when she cuts the call on the first ring. Shouldn't she at least hear what I had to say?

I wanted to give her a proper apology. One that she deserved after everything. She has done nothing but make me happy, and now I was hurting her. I was a failure as a mate. My brothers deserved her more than I did. They'd already left home to look after her. At least she wasn't alone. I knew that they would make up for my absence. They would give her the love that she deserved.

"fvck!" I roar as I pound my fist against the steering wheel.

When will this nightmare end?