

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 7 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

His eyes narrow. However, instead of coming after Ares, Damon does the exact opposite. He turns and storms out of the room. I blink once, then twice. Did he truly just leave like that? I watch as Anya runs after him. I think she was also in shock at first to see that he'd left her in the middle of the dance floor without saying a word. She didn't look in our direction and probably doesn't realize that he'd been looking at Ares and me before storming out of the ballroom.

What kind of a reaction was that? I couldn't tell what he was thinking after fleeing the room like I wasn't important to him anymore. He didn't say anything to Ares and he didn't try saying anything to me either.

I expected him to cause a big uproar. I expected him to throw Ares out of our home.

Walking away from us, I was not expecting that.

Didn't Atticus also say that Damon would ruin the party if he saw me with a guy tonight? Was he also wrong?

"I'm surprised." Ares whispers into my ear. "He just left. That's unlike Damon. After all the threats he's made to everyone at the academy, this is a huge surprise. Maybe he likes me for you after all."

My jaw clenched, and my hands tightened into fists. I didn't like the sound of that. If Damon liked him for me, I didn't. Damon was the only man that I wanted and I had my reasons for feeling that way.

"I need to use the washroom." I lie. I had to find an excuse to get out of this room. I didn't want to be here anymore. If I had to stay another second dancing with Ares I would lose my damn mind. He was already starting to get on my nerves.

"Do you need me to walk with you?" He asks. "I can wait until you're finished."

"I'm fine," I assure him. "I'll be back soon. You can look for another partner in the meantime so that you don't feel lonely. I know from your name alone that it wouldn't be hard for you to do."

I knew there was no way that I would be back here after what had just happened. This party wasn't going the way I wanted it to. I don't wait for Ares to respond.

I turn and push through the crowd, hoping he wouldn't be stupid enough to follow me.

“What’s wrong?” Autumn asks me as she sees me leaving. I pause just so that I could explain everything to her.

“Damon just left,” I answer her. “He didn’t try to do anything to separate me from Ares. There was no reaction out of him at all. I don’t even think it bothered him. I guess we were both wrong about this. I don’t see why I should stay for the rest of the party. It’s boring without him here and Ares is already annoying me. I can’t stand being in the same room with him right now.”

I was extremely disappointed by his reaction to seeing me with Ares. I expected so much more; I think everyone else did as well. But I was slowly realizing that there was nothing I could have done to change his reaction. Whenever Anya was around, he loved to forget about my existence. Tonight was no exception.

“Where are you going?” She asks. “I’m sure there’s a logical explanation for what he just did. I’m positive he was upset. I saw the look on his face. He couldn’t have been as unbothered as you believe he was. He’s probably just trying to control himself for the party. He wouldn’t want to bring attention to our family. I’m sure that’s his reason. He knows that our family has been through enough already, he doesn’t want to add to it.”

I thought I’d seen the look on his face too, but his actions said otherwise. I think we’d both misread him. Maybe he was finally ready to stop being so overprotective of me. Just the thought of it made me sad. I didn’t want him ever to stop being that way with me. I looked forward to it and couldn’t imagine not having that in my life.

“I want to get out of here,” I answer her. “It’s all too much for me, and “I’ll rather keep away from Ares now that I know it doesn’t affect Damon.”

She sighs but finally nods. “I understand. But if you change your mind, you know where to find me.”

I fvkced a smile on my face in hopes that she didn’t worry about me. I didn’t want my troubles to spoil her night; she’s already been through enough, and I didn’t want to burden her with my problems.

I tried to avoid everyone that I knew as I made my way out of the room. I didn’t want to have to speak to anyone else for the rest of the night.

I was relieved when I finally made it out. I rushed up the stairs. Next, I headed straight to my room. I was done socializing for the night. All I wanted to do was get into my room and forget that tonight had happened. Everything about it was a mess.

Damon’s room is only a few feet away from mine, and I must pass his room first to get to my room.

I was tempted to step inside and wait for him there. However, I didn't want to be surprised by Anya and him making out like I'd had to see earlier on the dance floor.

I pause when I hear something; it sounds like someone is pounding the wall. Was Damon in his room? Did he leave the dance to go back to his room? Why did he do that? And what was he doing inside of there? Was Anya in there with him?

I knocked when I heard something crash onto the ground.

What the hell?

I don't bother knocking as I barge into his room. Luckily, it wasn't locked but Damon's room is usually never locked.

My eyes widen when I see the mess he'd made.

He was standing in front of his broken mirror, and his hand was bleeding. There was even blood dripping onto the ground where he stood.

"What the hell happened in here?" I demand as I rushed toward him.

There were even broken chairs against the wall.

I could see pieces of it everywhere. I don't understand what could have possibly resulted in this mess. I knew he had to be responsible because of the injury on his knuckles but I couldn't understand why.

I grab a first aid kit from the bottom drawer of his desk and push him onto the edge of his bed.

"What happened, Damon? Why is your mirror broken and your hand bleeding? Did you hit it?"

"There was a bug." He answers. "I wanted to get rid of it."

I gape at him. A bug? He couldn't be serious.

After cleaning the cut, I wrapped his hand with the bandage even though I knew it would heal without my help.

He's quiet while I'm tending to his bruises.

When I'm done, I finally look up at him.

I gasped when I found him looking at me.

“What are you doing here, Clarissa?” He asks me.

My lips part, “do you not want me in here with you?”

“You were dancing with Ares the last time I saw you. Ares Prince. Carter’s brother.” He answers me.

“I thought you would still be there with him. The brother of our rival.”

I wince at the tone of his voice. I was right. He was upset with me. I’d hurt him.

That was the last thing I wanted to do. I wanted to bring him closer to me, not further apart.

“I told him I had to use the washroom,” I explain. I don’t tell him every detail, however.

“And you couldn’t use the washroom downstairs?” He asks me. “Why are you here?”

I swallow, “I wanted a break from all the noise. I was heading back to my room when I heard something from your room. I wanted to make sure that you were okay, and that’s why I barged in without warning. I’m sorry. I tried knocking, but you didn’t answer.”

He nods, “are you going back down to Ares? I assume he’s still waiting for you to finish that dance.”

I bite my lip, trying to hide the pain from my eyes. How could he ask that without any emotion?

Did he not care if I danced with Ares?

“If that’s what you want, for me to return to the dance, that’s what I will do,” I murmur. His jaw clenches as he stares at me. I wait for him to say something. I wait for him to tell me that he doesn’t want me near Ares. Of course, he does nothing of the sort. He continues to watch me in silence.

I bite my lip and turn to leave. Before I can do that, he grabs my hand.

“Do you know that Ares is a player, Clarissa?” He asks. I can hear the edge in his voice. He is worried about me. My heart is filled with so much warmth at this realization.

“I’m aware,” I answer him.

“And you’re still willing to dance with him?” He asks, and he sounds angry again.

I turned back around to get a good look at his face.

“Are you upset with me?” I whisper.

He sighs and runs a hand through his hair.

“Why do you think I’m upset with you?”

“You have that look on your face, the look that tells me you’re angry. Since I’m the only one in the room, I’m assuming that I’m the one you’re angry with.”

He closes his eyes for a few seconds, and in those few seconds, his breathing gets louder.

I almost lost my balance when he finally opened his eyes again and trapped me with his dark gaze.

“I’m more fvcking upset with myself, Clarissa.” He answers me. “Not you. Never you.”

He was upset with himself? Why would he be upset with himself? He’s done nothing wrong. He never does anything wrong.

“What could you possibly be upset about?” I ask him. “There’s nothing that you can be angry with yourself over.”

He chuckles, and I’m taken aback by his smile. Everything about Damon is beautiful to me.

“You can say that because you can’t read my mind.” He tells me.

I frown. “Then tell me. What are your thoughts?”

He sighs. “You’re asking too many questions. If you’re not going back to the dance, why don’t you get some sleep? I’ll feel more at ease if I know you’re safely in your room and not getting swept off your feet by some fvcking player.”

I gasp.

His gaze softens. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that.”

No. I’m happy that he did. It’s the first words out of his mouth that seemed genuine about how he felt when he saw me with Ares.

“I’m not going back to the dance,” I tell him, and I can’t help but smile after seeing the relieved look on his face. “But I’m not going back to my room either.”

He frowns. “If you’re not going back to the dance and you’re also not going to your room. Where are you planning on going?” He asks, confused.

I didn't know how to tell him what my following plans were. I hadn't thought the entire thing through.

"I don't want you to get upset with me," I whisper. "But I want to stay here for the night. With you."

His eyes widen, and my heart stops beating as I wait for his response.

I can't believe I'd just said that to Damon. I've done some crazy things in the past, but I don't think anything beats this.

What was wrong with me?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 8

- Tips

0 6 minutes read

"What are you saying?" He finally breaks the awkward silence with a question. "Why will you be staying here instead of in your room?"

I bite my lip as I fidget with my hands. "I want to spend the night with you."

"Clarissa." He groans. "Do you hear what you're asking me? I'm supposed to be your fucking protector. You're my adopted sister. How can I let you stay in the same bed with me?"

My eyes widen, "I know it sounds crazy but I only want to sleep next to you tonight."

"Why?" He asks. "Why are you suddenly asking me for that? If anyone sees you here in bed with me, they will get the wrong idea. Especially Anya."

Where was Anya anyway? Was she even still at the party? I saw her when she ran after Damon.

Why wasn't she in here with him? How did he get her to leave him alone? She wasn't someone to get rid of easily.

"I've had these nightmares recently." I lie. I'm using any excuse I can think of to get him to listen to me. A nightmare seemed like the best excuse for now. Damon usually listened to every word I said to him, and I hoped that he did the same tonight.

He straightens his back and stares at me with a worried look. It was working. My plan was working.

“Nightmares?” He asks.

I nod. Since when did I become this good at lying to him? I was this close to getting him to agree, I could feel it.

“It’s so bad. I wake up terrified almost every night with no one next to me. Tonight, I don’t want to be alone. Just for tonight, I’ll like to be next to someone.” I whisper. “And if I must choose, I choose you. No one else. Besides, everyone else is at the party and I don’t want to disturb them.”

And I also want to kiss you and hug you. That’s also what I wanted to say, but I’d already said too much for the night. I didn’t want to push my luck.

He runs a hand down his face. “Why didn’t you tell anyone about these nightmares before?” He demands. “How long have you been suffering by yourself?”

“I didn’t want to be a burden to anyone.” I lie once more. I didn’t like lying to him, but I didn’t see any other way to get him to agree. Even I knew that I was asking for something quite insane. It would take a miracle for him actually to agree to this.

He sighs, “Clarissa, you know you can always come to me with any problems. I’ve always protected you from harm. At least I always try to protect you. I hate that you didn’t feel comfortable enough to tell me about this.”

His words made me feel guilty about lying to him. He had no clue that I was making all of this up to get him to agree to sleep in the same bed as me.

“I know I can tell you anything,” I promised him.

Everything except my true feelings for him. And it turns out that’s the one thing I wish I could be open to him about.

My breath gets stuck in my throat when he gets up from the bed. My hands are shaking when he walks over to the door. Was he planning on leaving me inside here all alone? Was he that upset with what I was asking him to do?

I was shocked when I heard the lock on the door click.

He just locked the door with me inside. I turn to him in surprise.

“I had to lock the door.” He explains. “If you’re staying the night in my bed, I can’t let anyone barge into my room and get the wrong impression. That could mess up your reputation and cause unnecessary trouble for the both of us.”

I bite my lip and nod; I'm happy he's even considering doing this for me.

"Does anyone know that you left the dance?" He asks me.

I nod, "I told Autumn. She thinks I'm in my room."

"That's good." He says. "At least someone knows where you went; that means no one will come looking for you. They will think you're sleeping. Besides, they should be preoccupied with the party."

Everything about this screamed wrong, but it also felt right.

"I'm going to spread some pillows in the middle of the bed. You can take one half, and I'll take the other. That way, if you get one of those nightmares, I'll be right next to you."

Pillows? Was he separating us with pillows? I didn't want to be separated. I wanted to sleep in his arms.

I couldn't come right out and ask him for that, however. I had to be smart about the entire thing.

I suddenly got a bright idea. I could pretend to be getting a nightmare. He'll have no choice but to take me into his arms and remove the pillows between us. I didn't think a nightmare could become so useful to me until now.

"Okay." I agree, pretending I was okay with his decision to separate us by pillows. I never thought I would dislike a pillow as much as I do now. He was so close to me yet still so far. Too far. I didn't make up this lie and went through all of this just so that we would be sleeping so far apart. I had to fix this before this night ended.

"Are you comfortable?" He asks me as I settle into his bed. It felt incredible being in the same bed with him but at the same time, it wasn't enough for me.

"Yes," I answer him. "But, can you turn off the lights?"

With the lights off, it can set the mood for us. I knew Damon would never do anything inappropriate with me but I was still doing everything I could think of.

He pauses, "wouldn't the darkness make you feel more scared?"

I shook my head. "I actually can't sleep with the light on."

He nods, "lights off."

The room immediately turns into darkness. I can't see a single thing. But I could hear everything from the sound of his mini fridge right next to the bed to the wild beating of my heart.

I pretend to fall asleep next, waiting for the right opportunity to use the nightmare to my advantage.

I know Damon isn't asleep. I can only hope that he doesn't know I'm awake, also. I groan softly and thrash under the sheets. I'm trying to make this as believable as possible.

"Clarissa?" Damon whispers. I could hear the panic in his voice, and even though it made me feel guiltier, I continued.

I cry out, and he shoves the pillow away from us to pull me into his arms. I breathe in his scent as he runs a hand down my hair gently. "Shh," he tries to soothe me. "I'm here. I'm here, Clarissa. Nothing is going to hurt you. Not while I'm around."

"Damon?" I whisper.

"Yes." He answers me. "What's wrong?"

"Can you hold me tighter, please?" I ask him.

He doesn't say anything, but his arms tighten around me. I inwardly smiled in triumph. I finally had him the closest we've ever been, making me so happy.

"Your heart is racing," I whisper as I place my ear to his chest.

He swallows, "so is yours."

"I just had a nightmare." I lie.

"And I just had to witness you having one." He says.

I leaned closer to him and placed my nose at the base of his neck. He freezes at the contact.

"What are you doing?" He asks. His voice was strained and he seems anxious as he waits for my response.

I inhaled deeply and almost fainted with happiness and contentment. "I'm smelling you," I say like it's the most natural thing in the world.

"Why?" He croaks.

“Because you smell good,” I answer without any hesitation. Damon inhales sharply at my words but he doesn’t ask another question after that. I’m happy when he lets me smell him and doesn’t try to push me away. I always knew his scent was addictive but tonight it was even stronger than in the past.

Maybe it’s because I’m in his bed, where he always sleeps.

“Can I ask you a question?” I ask, I wasn’t sure where I was going with this, but I knew what I wanted.

“Anytime.” He answers me.

“Did it upset you when you saw me with Ares tonight?” I blurt out. I knew I shouldn’t bring it up to him after we were having such a good time but I still wanted to know the truth.

There’s a long pause as I wait for his response.

I think he stops breathing, but so do I. Should I have kept my mouth shut?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 9

- Tips

0 10 minutes read

“Why do you want to know?” He finally breaks the silence.

I inhale his scent once more, and I listen to his sharp intake of breath. “I just want to know,” I answer him.

I want to know because it would mean so much to me if it bothered you to see me with him. Again, I don’t say those words out loud for him to hear. I say it in my mind and hope that one day I would have the courage to tell him the truth.

“Ares Prince. A known womanizer. Brother of Carter Prince, someone I’m not very fond of for obvious reasons. I wasn’t upset with you, but I was upset about the situation. He’s the last person I want to see you with.” He answers me. “He’s not good enough for you, Clarissa. He’s an as*s. He plays with the hearts of so many females, pretends to be interested in them, and moves on to another the moment that they fall in love with him. It’s all a game for him. It’s sick.”

It wasn’t the exact answer that I was hoping for, but it still made my heart skip a beat.

“Out of curiosity, who do you think is good enough for me?” I ask. I wanted to ask as much questions today, I didn’t want this conversation to stop.

I knew he would never say the name I wanted him to, but I was still hoping that he would.

“So far,” he whispers. “fvcking no one. You’re too good for all the men around you.” I gasp. I couldn’t believe he’d actually said that.

“Don’t you think you’re setting your expectations too high?” I ask. “If you keep thinking that way, I’m not going to end up with anyone.”

He growls, and I gasp as I feel the vibration from his chest on my body, “I only want the best for you. I will not let you settle for less than you deserve.”

“Damon,” I whisper.

“Yes, Clarissa.” He answers me.

I don’t know how he’s always so gentle and patient with me, but it’s part of the reason I was so deeply in love with him.

“You’re the only reason why I stayed,” I whisper.

His body goes entirely still next to mine. He doesn’t respond immediately, but I feel the tension in his body. I wanted to kiss it away.

“What do you mean by that?” He finally asks.

“You stayed because of me? That doesn’t make any sense. When were you planning on leaving to begin with?”

I take a deep breath. I’ve never told him these things before. Damon and I have always been close but there are so many things that I’ve kept from him. I don’t know where I’m getting the strength to finally tell him some of these things.

“When your family adopted me. I didn’t want to be here. I wasn’t sure that I would fit in. You were all so rich and different from what I was accustomed to. The constant bullying at the academy didn’t help either. But you, you made everything better; you made me experience true happiness. I’m my happiest when I’m next to you.” I confess. “I wanted to leave but the moment I saw you, the moment you protected me, the moment you fought for me, all of those times, you made me want to stay, just for you.”

It wasn’t the full confession that I wanted to make, but it was the safer option for now.

There’s another pause and once more I wondered if I’d said too much.

“You’re being very honest tonight.” He points out in a strange tone of voice.

I was expecting him to say more than that. Again, I was disappointed. What did I expect from him? Was I expecting him to say that I did the same for him? Did I want him to tell me that I made his life happier as he did mine?

"You're suddenly quiet." He notes. "Did I say something to upset you?"

"No," I answer him. "It's just that you had very little to say after I opened my heart to you."

"Clarissa," he sighs. "Isn't it obvious that you've also been a big part of my life? Do I need to say it? I've never been this protective of another woman except for Anya. And she's my mate; that's expected from me. You, you're not even my blood, but yet I would kill for you. I would lay down my life for you. Does that make you feel better?" I shook my head. "No. It does not."

My heart says otherwise, however. It wasn't the confession I wanted from him, but it was better than nothing. I knew he would lay down his life for me. I knew he was very protective of me. Hearing him say it did give me butterflies in my stomach, however. At the same time, it terrified me. I didn't want him to ever choose my life over his.

"I don't ever want you to lay down your life for me, Damon," I add. "You need to stay alive, no matter what."

He chuckles, "luckily, most of the danger has left us for now. We don't need to worry about anything crazy happening for a while. That means you don't have to worry about me laying down my life for you, and I don't have to worry about some crazy witch trying to kill you, either."

I didn't want to think about the crazy witch and what she'd almost accomplished. I had to distract myself and Damon was the best distraction.

"This is nice," I say with a contented sigh. "I wish we could do this every night. Just you and me in your bed, talking."

Touching. Kissing. Making love.

"As lovely as that sounds, Clarissa, it's just not practical." He answers me. "It can cause too many problems that neither of us needs."

He's wrong. Those are the kind of problems I would happily accept.

"I wish-" I pause to yawn, and Damon pulls the sheets around me.

"It's time for you to go back to sleep." He says before I can continue. "You're tired, and if you have that nightmare again, I'm right here with you to keep you safe."

I wanted to continue our conversation, but I knew that it was useless at this point. I'd already gotten more than I'd ever hoped for. I could be content with this, at least for now. Maybe later, I could convince him to allow me in here for another time. I'm sure the nightmare trick would work again.

I snuggle closer against his chest and smile as I listen to the loud pounding of his heart. It's the last thing I remember before sleep engulfed me.

"Damon!"

"Open the door!"

"DAMON!"

I frown as I try to figure out why someone is shouting Damon's name so early in the morning. I blink once as I felt a warm body shift next to mine.

I slowly open my eyes, and I gasp when I find Damon next to me. It takes my mind a while to catch up to the view in front of me.

Last night wasn't a dream. It had actually happened. I'd slept in the same bed as Damon and it was the best night of my life! Sleeping next to him in his bed has always been a dream of mine and it was finally a reality. This was crazy. I try to remain calm despite the excitement in my heart.

"DAMON!"

I gasp once more. Damon's eyes which were just closed, slowly opened. He looks at me next to him and runs a hand down his face as he realizes the mess we were both in.

"Fvck." He growls.

We were in trouble. Plenty trouble.

"Damon, why the hell aren't you opening the door?" Atticus demands.

"He can't find you inside here," Damon mumbles more to himself than to me. I was aware of that. But what could we do?

"Get on top of me." He tells me.

"If you don't open this door in the next minute, I'm breaking it down!" Atticus threatens him. What was so important that he was this impatient?

I climbed on top of Damon, so my legs were on either side of his waist, and my head was lying on his chest. He pulled the cover over my head to look like it was just him on the bed. His sheets were thick enough to keep me hidden without anyone being suspicious.

He pressed the button next to his bed that unlocked the door without him having to get up.

"Fvck Atticus!" Damon shouts. "Can't I sleep in peace?"

The door flew open then, and everything went silent for a few seconds. I'm scared that Atticus would somehow know that I was here.

"Why did you take so long?" he demands. "And since when do you lock your door at night?"

I shifted a little to make myself more comfortable, and Damon hissed under his breath.

My eyes widen when I felt something hard between my legs.

Surely that couldn't be what I thought it was? I couldn't be that huge. I could feel my heart begin to race, and I didn't try to move again after that. I stayed completely still, but that also meant I was directly on top of it. I could feel my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

I've heard about this. His body wasn't reacting because of me, he'd just woken up, and that was the only reason why.

"Why is your face so fvcking red?" Atticus asks.

Damon growls, "can you tell me why you came here to wake me up from sleep?"

His face was red. Because of me? I try not to smile underneath the sheets. His sheets. In his bed top of him. On top of Damon for the first time in my life. And it feels so good. It would feel even better if there was nothing between us.

"I can't find Clarissa anywhere." He tells him.

"She left the party early last night. We all thought she'd gone to her room, but when Autumn looked for her today, she couldn't find her. It's very unusual. I'm worried, the last person she was seen with last night was Ares Prince, and you know we don't have the best relationship with his brother. I was hoping you'd know where to find her. Maybe she told you where she was going since she's closest to you."

Damon's body goes entirely still beneath mine.

I feel him swallow before he says, “she left earlier this morning.”

“To go where?” he asks. “We don’t have to go to the academy today.”

“To the beach. With some friends.” He lies.

“The beach?” Atticus asks. “With friends? And you believed her?”

“Why wouldn’t I believe her?” Damon asks him.

“Clarissa barely has any friends from the academy. She spends most of her time with us.”

Wow. Did he have to make me sound so pathetic? I didn’t need any new friends, the ones that I had were enough for me. Besides, Autumn was the best, and it was even better now that she was married to Atticus. I didn’t need anyone else.

She was both a friend and family to me.

“She has a few.” Damon disagrees. “Not plenty, but they’re there.”

“Do you want to head down there to ensure that she’s telling the truth?” he asks. “I don’t trust Ares. He’s Carter’s brother. I wouldn’t want her sneaking out to meet him. Those two seemed a little too close for my liking last night. Did you see the way Ares looked at her? Like she was his next target. I’ll much prefer that he stays far away from her as possible,”

I could feel the anger radiating off Damon’s chest at his words.

“You don’t have to worry about that.” He answers him. “I trust Clarissa. If she told me she was heading to the beach with some friends, I believed her. Would you get out of my room now that you know where she is?”

There’s a pause before Atticus says, “you’re acting weird today. It’s very unlike you to let Clarissa go to the beach unattended. What are you hiding from me?”

Damon sighs, “you should know by now that if I’m this relaxed, it means that Clarissa is safe from danger. If I didn’t think that she was safe there, I wouldn’t have let her go on her own.”

“Alright.” Atticus finally gives in. “I should also tell you that Anya is waiting downstairs for your date. Should I send her up to you?”

“No!” Damon shouts.

Atticus chuckles. “I’ll tell her you’ll be down in a few minutes.”

They had a date today? Why didn't I remember that? The news of their date had just fouled my mood. I was no longer happy to be in the same bed as Damon. Anya knew exactly how to ruin that.

As soon as the door shuts, Damon removes the sheets from my head. I placed my hands on his chest and slowly lifted my upper body so that I could look at him.

The slight movement caused some friction between us, and Damon hissed once more. He grabbed my waist and turned us over, so that he was now on top of me. The sheets were between us this time, preventing me from feeling him.

"I'm sorry." He apologizes.

Why was he apologizing?

"It's okay-"

"It's not." He growls. "This can't happen again, Clarissa. It's not okay. Next time I may ask Autumn to stay with you if you're having another nightmare.

I'm a man. You're a young woman. There have to be some boundaries between us no matter how close we are"

I bite my bottom lip in frustration.

"What was so wrong about last night?" I demand. "It was nice. Nothing bad happened. You just held me while I needed you. Why can't it happen again?"

He sighed and pressed our foreheads together for a few seconds.

He doesn't answer me. Instead, he let go of me and climbed out of bed.

"I need to get ready for my date with Anya. Atticus cannot see you for at least an hour. And he definitely can't see you exit the room. I'll look outside; once no one is near, you can return to your room. Maybe you can call Autumn and let her know you're back home. Make it look like you came back from the beach."

His date with Anya. That's all he cares about now.

I angrily climbed out of bed and stormed out of his room without bothering to see who was outside. I could hear Damon's curses behind me as he followed me out of the room.

Luckily, no one was around to cause any trouble for us.

He grabs my waist and spins me around. "What the hell was that? Someone could have seen you."

"Why are you acting as if something happened?" I demand. "We shouldn't feel like we did something wrong when we didn't. I'm going back to my room to stay there for an hour as you asked me to do. Have fun on your date with Anya. I can see that's all you care about right now."

"Why do you always do this?" he demands from me.

"Do what?" I hiss.

"You always get upset whenever I have a date with Anya. You always throw a tantrum."

I gape at him. "A tantrum?"

A tantrum?

How dare he say that!

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 10 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

"Well, I'm sorry that I throw a tantrum whenever you have a date with her." I hiss. "Do whatever you want. I'm going to my room."

"Clarissa!" he growls as he grabs me and traps me against the wall. "I've seen you upset before but never this bad. What's going on? Tell me what's wrong. There must be something that's bothering you that's causing this change in your behavior."

We're both breathing hard, and the tension in the air has just doubled.

I can't tell him the truth. I can't say to him that I love him. I can't tell him I don't want to see him with anyone. He wouldn't understand; he would think something was wrong with me.

"Damon?"

We both freeze. It was Anya's voice.

I turned to look at her, and she was glaring at us.

"Is something wrong?" she finally breaks the silence.

Damon slowly lets go of me before he walks over to her. I'm unsure what he tells her, but it brightens her mood almost instantly. I turn away before seeing him kiss her in front of me, again.

It was unfair. I've been saving my first kiss for him. Yet he didn't care each time he kissed her in front of me.

I knew I wasn't capable of kissing anyone else but Damon. I would freak out if that ever happened.

I'd chosen him, and I wouldn't be able to accept anyone else.

I slam my room door shut. So much had happened in one night, but it still felt like too little.

Did that even make sense? It wasn't much progress. We didn't kiss. He still only hugged me.

What happened this morning was an accident and not something that he had intended. I wouldn't have been on top of him if Atticus hadn't woken us up and tried to barge into the room.

Nothing had changed between us. Damon was still going on dates with Anya; he was still kissing her and touching her in ways I wished he'd touch me.

There's a knock on my door, followed by Autumn asking me if she could come in.

They weren't supposed to know that I was still in the house. Atticus could find out that Damon had lied to him earlier.

"Come in" I answer her.

She locks the door behind her and sits beside me on the bed.

"How did you know that I was home?" I ask her.

"Damon told Atticus that I went to the beach."

"I saw what happened with you and Damon; I was behind Anya. I'll cover for you." She says. "But you need to tell me where the hell you've been. You had me so worried. And why would Damon lie to Atticus about where you were? And what were the two of you arguing about?"

"I did something I probably shouldn't have last night," I tell her.

“What did you do, Clarissa?” she asks. I could hear the worry in her voice.

“I lied to Damon. I told him that I’d been having nightmares. I asked him to let me spend the night with him. In his bed.” I confess.

Her eyes widened, “you did what?”

“I couldn’t control myself after seeing the way Anya kissed him at the dance and then him not bothering that I was dancing with Ares. I snapped.” I explain.

She sighs, “I’m guessing since Damon made up that lie about you going to the beach with your friends, he must have allowed you to stay the night with him.”

I nod, “and it was the most magical night of my life. He had his arms around me the entire night, and he didn’t try anything inappropriate even though I wish he had”

“Clarissa, I know what you’ve been going through. I know it isn’t easy, but if anyone had found you in bed with Damon last night, you could have been in serious trouble. You need to be more careful next time.” She tries to warn me.

“I will,” I promise her. “I acted without thinking. I shouldn’t do anything that would result in Damon and me being further apart.”

“What was the argument about?” she asks. “It sounds like you had a magical night. What spoiled it?”

“I was angry because Damon said it couldn’t happen again. He also said that I always throw a tantrum whenever he has to go on a date with Anya.” I answer her.

She rolls her eyes, “who wouldn’t throw a tantrum?”

I laugh. “You’re just saying that to make me feel better.”

“I think I know how to spoil their date today.”

She tells me.

“How?” I ask. I was desperate for any ideas. I didn’t want him to be alone with her today.

“Ares Prince.” She answers me. “He wants to see you today. They’re having a beach party in an hour.”

“A beach party?” I ask. What a coincidence.

“Yes.” She answers me. “Atticus was convinced you would see Ares today, but he also wanted to believe Damon. I can tell him I’m going with Griffin to the beach to keep an eye on you. He would happily agree with me. We need to sneak you out of the house without anyone seeing.”

“But wouldn’t that mean we must let Griffin know what we were up to?” I ask her.

“I’ll make up something. All he needs to know is that we want to go to that beach party. Griffin isn’t as strict as his brothers. He won’t make a big deal of us going to Ares’s party.” She explains.

“But how would this ruin Damon’s date?” I ask her.

“It just so happens that Damon and Anya are going to a party opposite where we would be staying.” She tells me. “He’s going to know you’re there. I’ll make sure of it. When he sees you with Ares, he will end his date with Anya to take you home.”

“Are you sure he will leave his date with her just to carry me home?” I ask her.

“Yesterday, Damon didn’t seem to care that I was dancing with Ares.”

But he did say last night that Ares was the last person he’d want to see me with.

“Oh, it will work this time. Especially since you’ll be in a bikini” She informs me.

“A bikini?” I demand. “I can’t wear one. Remember the tattoo of his name on my as*s? I can’t let anyone see it on me.”

“We will just get you a cover-up.” She explains to me. “A black one just to be safe.”

I nod. I was okay with this. I was willing to do this only because I didn’t want Damon to be with Anya. I was scared that he would one day find out everything I’d been keeping from him. I was afraid that he would one day know how much I’ve always loved him and how hard I’ve tried to keep him away from Anya. And it wasn’t only because I wanted him for myself but also because I didn’t trust her.

Anya was a liar. Nothing anyone said could change my mind about her. Everyone wanted to believe that the witch was responsible for her horrible behavior in the past, but I knew that was the real her.

She had everyone fooled again because she was pretending to be kind for the first time in her life, but she would have to do much more than that to convince me.

“Are you ready to blow Damon’s mind away?” Autumn teases me as she shows me the bikini in her hands.

I grin. "I've always been ready. I think you're the one I've been missing all along. Because of you, I may finally have a chance with Damon."

She smiles, "I'm just repaying your kindness, Clarissa. Now, let's get you dressed for the party!"

I could barely breathe with how nervous I felt but I couldn't wait!