

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 13 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

-AUTUMN

My head is spinning, but I'm happy. I'm letting myself enjoy the music as I swing my hips along with the beat. Scarlett is next to me, and she's doing the same while Clara laughs and takes videos of us on her phone. I didn't think I would enjoy the company of these girls that I barely knew anything about. Especially girls that were popular. They're definitely not like the others.

I'm happy Griffin introduced me to them. He was telling the truth all along, and I was delighted I could trust him.

The music gets louder, and the only thing that can improve tonight is having Atticus with me. But I knew that wasn't possible. He was probably still looking after Anya. I shook my head and pushed him out of my mind. This wasn't the time to be thinking about my troubles.

A hand on my waist causes me to stop dancing. I spun around to see a red-haired guy grinning at me. "Can I join in?"

Was he asking for my permission after putting his hands on me? I narrow my eyes, but before I can push him away, I spot a familiar figure heading our way. I would be able to tell it's him even in darkness.

"Get your f*ck hands off my wife," Atticus shouts. My jaw almost hits the floor. Did he really say that, or was I so intoxicated that I was seeing and hearing things?

The boy raises his hand in self-defense and moves away from me. Atticus takes a step towards me, glaring at me as though I'd also pissed him off.

"It's time to go, Autumn." He tells me.

I smiled, thrilled that he was in front of me. I grabbed his shirt and pulled myself closer to him, so there was no space between us. I spun around, so my back was now pressed against his still body. And then I begin to move my body against his. Grinding my ass against him.

Atticus hissed, and his hand immediately reached out to grip my hips.

"Autumn." He growls in a warning.

I'm not listening to him. I'm too busy enjoying this moment. I loved the feeling of having his body heat while I swayed my hips and pressed my ass up against him. And the songs playing matched how I felt right now. Hot and ready for him. Only him. No one

else ever made me feel like this. He was the only man I've ever had eyes for. And nothing would ever change that.

"fvck...AUTUMN!" He gr0aned.

He used his hands on my h!ps to spin me around so that I was facing him once more. My hair was wet and sticking to my face, but I didn't care, not with the way he was looking at me. Without warning, he lifts my body off the ground and throws me over his shoulder.

I giggle and continue to dance on top of him.

I waved goodbye to Clara and Scarlett as he began to walk with me. They were gaping at us, and their faces made me giggle even more.

I see Griffin as Atticus walks past him, and I shout his name. He watches me, and I think he's holding in a laugh. He says something to Atticus, but he ignores him. Atticus seems to be angry with everyone today.

He opened the door to his jeep and gently placed me on the seat. He leans in to buckle my seatbelt, and I use that opportunity to inhale his divine scent. Atticus freezes against me, and I think he knows what I just did. He ignores it, however, and shuts the door before moving to the driver's side.

He's quiet as he starts the vehicle and reverses. I can tell that he's not happy about something. That dulls my mood a little. I didn't want to upset him.

"I'm sorry for upsetting you." I pout.

He looks at me for a second before returning his gaze to the road, "You did not upset me, Autumn. You never do."

I smile, "that makes me happy." I tell him before adding quietly. "You make me happy."

His hands tighten on the steering wheel, but he pretends not to have heard me, or maybe he doesn't bother replying. It doesn't matter, not after what he's just said.

"I'm sorry for earlier. I thought Griffin would have carried you home safely. I didn't think he would take you to a party and get you drunk."

"It's not your brother's fault," I mumble; Griffin was only being friendly to me.

Wisiswclenches "it is. But it's also mine. Another man touched you, put his hands on you while you were drunk, and there is no telling what else he would have tried if I didn't get there in time."

I'm suddenly dizzy with happiness. Hearing the concern in his voice makes my body shiver in a way it's never done before. Before I know it, my hands are on the seatbelt; I need to be closer to him. I don't know where I'm getting the strength from, but I'm not about to stop tonight. I've stopped myself in the past; tonight was different.

"What the hell are you doing?" Atticus asks as I unbuckle my seatbelt.

His eyes are on me, but he also has to keep them on the road in between. He repeats my name, but I ignore him as I move over to his side. His eyes are wide as I climb onto his lap while he's still in the middle of driving.

His eyes are wide as he holds the steering with one hand and my waist with his other. He's trying to steady me. I'm swaying a bit, but his hand is helping plenty. His grip is firm on me.

"I've always wanted to touch your hair," I whisper. "Please, can I touch it?"

Atticus swallows slowly and hard, and my eyes are drawn to his throat.

His eyes are blazing with heat as he nods. I gently place my hands on his cheeks and slowly drag them upwards until I run them through his soft hair. It felt better than I always imagined it to be. Atticus's breaths are coming faster now that my hands are on him. I can feel him between my legs, and I desperately want to rub my lower half against him.

I lean into him and run my nose down the middle of his throat. I take a deep breath when I reach the base. I love the way his body shivers and I absolutely love listening to his sharp intake of breath. It makes me want to do more and see how his body reacts to it.

"Autumn," he whispers. "It's time to return to your side. I can't fucking focus on driving when you're on top of me, and I need to get you home safely. If you keep this up, the last thing you'll be is safe."

I hold onto him tighter. I want to stay like this; I don't want to be separated from him. He says my name once more, warning me to stop so that he can continue to drive without any interruptions.

I'm about to protest when he grabs my waist and lifts my body off him. I'm not sure how he manages to place me back on my seat while simultaneously driving without causing an accident, but he does.

I'm tingling all over from getting to be so close to him and finally getting the chance to touch him. At least a part of him. There was plenty more I wanted to put my hands on, but even in my drunken state, I knew not to do it.

He stops in front of my house and pulls out his phone. I'm not sure who he's talking to, but he's asking questions about my parents. Is he worried about dropping me home drunk?

That was a terrible idea. My parents would flip if they saw me like this.

"Please take me home with you," I beg. "They will freak out. I know that they will."

His eyes are worried when he turns to look at me. He runs a hand through his hair and leans his head against the seat. He closes his eyes, and I wonder what he's thinking.

"Don't let my parents see me like this." I try once more.

He sighs and dials another number, "hey." He greets the person. "Autumn will be staying with me tonight. I'll drop her home tomorrow."