

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 19 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

–AUTUMN

I couldn't believe my eyes. The video was on replay in front of me. This was no doubt from today. Anya and Atticus are dressed in the same clothes that can clearly be seen in the video. Plus, Atticus did tell me that he was going to see Anya before the ceremony started. And he also showed up late.

Not to mention the scent of her on his body. I got a horrible whiff of it the moment he joined us. I knew she had to be closer to him than I would have liked. It's the reason why I'd been avoiding eye contact with him since he joined us. I couldn't look him in the eye.

I was scared of what I would see. If he'd been that close with Anya, there is no telling what happened between them. My heart hurts from just the thought of what happened after the camera had cut.

The video had cut right before she tried to kiss him, and I wondered if he'd let her. I knew Atticus would never cheat on me once we were engaged, but the truth remained that he wasn't officially committed to me when this video was taken. Did he take one last kiss to remember what it felt like before he destroyed his life by marrying me?

I feel my body sway at the thought of him kissing her on our engagement night. First, Anya slaps me, and now this. How could things get any worse than this? My biggest fear of tonight was coming to life. I was right; Anya was out to destroy my engagement night.

I held my head as the whispers got louder. The crowd wanted to know more. I couldn't hold on much longer; my legs were failing me.

Atticus rushes forward and picks me up into his arms before I can hit the ground.

I'm not aware of what happened after he walked me out of the room; I'm still in shock from the video. Everyone would have plenty to say. I'm sure half of our school was laughing at me, and the other half, feeling sorry for me.

Atticus slams his room door shut as he lays me down on his bed.

I watched as he paced up and down in front of me. It looks like he was having an inner battle with himself.

"I'm sorry, Autumn." He says suddenly. "This should have never happened. Especially not on our engagement night."

I don't know what to say to that. I'm hurting, but I don't want him to know. Though, almost fainting in front of everyone didn't exactly help my case.

There is just one question on my mind. Did he kiss her? Did he kiss my best friend on our engagement night? Was she even my best friend anymore? It was clear that Anya didn't consider me anymore. What she did on my engagement day proves how much she dislikes me now. She was determined to make today a disaster for me, and she succeeded.

Atticus takes a few steps toward me; soon enough, he's standing right before me. He looks bothered now that I'm not speaking to him. It's not intentional; I'm too stunned to speak.

"Please say something. I don't know who took that video, but I will find and make him pay."

The person that took the video was not the problem.

I can't stop myself as I ask, "did you kiss her?"

I can barely recognize my voice. I couldn't hide the pain, not this time. Not after knowing what it was like to be in his arms, not after knowing what his kisses felt like. The thought of him kissing her destroyed me.

His eyes searched mine. I could hear the clock ticking on his nightstand and the pounding of my own heart now in synch. I'm not prepared for his response. If he said yes, that would change everything. It would change how I see him; he wouldn't be the man I've loved all these years.

The Atticus that I knew would never do that. He was too loyal and consumed with pleasing his family to do something so scandalous on such an important night,

He slowly shook his head, "I did not kiss her. The camera conveniently cut right as I pushed away from her. Whoever took that video had intentions of ruining our engagement night."

I breathe a sigh of relief. I'm not happy that he was so close to her, but I'm relieved to know he didn't kiss her. And he didn't let her kiss him either.

"I feel like you don't believe me." He says, and I hate how much the softness in his voice makes my already stupid heart melt.

Everything about him screamed danger.

"I do not have any reason not to trust you, Atticus. If you said you didn't kiss her, I believe you. But if there is the slightest possibility that you've lied to me, my trust in you

will immediately be broken. But I do not believe that you are lying. I know of your character: I know that you're good. You will never do something like that, not on our engagement night."

He looks surprised at my faith in him.

We are both quiet as he continues to stare at me in amazement. He slowly raises his hand, and it looks like he's about to cup my cheek, but I never got to find out.

The door opens, and our parents walk in. His father looks just as upset as his mother as they glare at us.

"What the hell were you thinking, Atticus?" His father demands. "I told you to stop seeing that girl. She will continue to cause problems for our family. You continue to disobey me, and then I am left having to clean up your mess."

"No one was supposed to take a video," he explains. "She asked to see me one last time before I got engaged. After everything, I owed her that much."

His father laughs, "Do you think that girl wasn't aware of what she was doing? I'm sure that she was the one that got someone to film the entire thing. And, of course, you just had to fall straight into her trap. Because she knows she has you trapped."

That's impossible. Anya was not like that. She would not stoop that low to get what she wanted. But what if she did? She was out to destroy the wedding; it's possible that she was also responsible for that video.

"Did you ever stop and once think about Autumn before you made such a foolish decision?" His mother asks. "You've not only made things difficult for us, but you've also made them hard on her. Do you think it will be easy for her when this news gets out?"

"I know what I did was wrong," he assures them. "But Anya will not stoop so low."

"Really?" My mother asks. I stiffened; I hoped she wouldn't say anything I didn't want her to say. "Then why did she visit Autumn today, and instead of being there for her, she slapped her hard across her face."

A look of surprise crosses Atticus's face at her words.

"Mother!" I hiss. I didn't want Atticus ever to know this. I didn't want him to be disappointed or angry with her when she was hurting.

Atticus turns to me; I can see the look of horror and disbelief on his face.

"Anya slapped you?"

I can't find my voice; I don't want to answer him.

"Autumn," he growls as he moves closer to me. "Tell me. Did Anya really hit you today? Was that how you got that red mark on your face?"

I bite my lip, I don't want to say yes, but I can't say no either.

He's staring at me, and eventually, I give in with a slight nod. "Atticus wait—" I call after him as he storms out of the room.

Oh no.

What was he going to do?