

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 21 - Tips

0 12 minutes read

-AUTUMN

I haven't seen Atticus since the engagement night. I've tried to contact him multiple times, I just wanted to see him at least once, but for some reason, he's completely cut me off. It's like he's changed overnight; he no longer wants to spend time with me.

It's not like he wanted to in the past, but he had never avoided me like this before. It almost feels like he hates the sight of me. Why else would he avoid me so much?

His sister and parents made up excuses, but I knew he was the one that was refusing to see me. It hurt. I thought we were finally getting somewhere. I was finally getting the chance to be closer to him, and all of that had changed in one night.

It all happened that night he went looking for Anya. The night he'd learned that she'd slapped me. What could have caused this sudden change? Did she tell him something?

I'd seen videos of them in a heated argument, but I didn't know what the argument was about. I couldn't hear it, not with the amount of noise the other guests were making that night. But Anya had left crying, and I have to wonder if he felt guilty.

Maybe he was doing it for her. He didn't want to hurt her anymore, and the more time we spent together, the more she would shatter.

But did this mean that he was seeing her during the time that he was avoiding me? I didn't want to think like that, but I couldn't precisely dismiss this thought either.

There haven't been any recent videos of them circulating, which was the only thing that kept me calm during this time.

All of that was about to change, however. Today was our wedding day. Staying calm was not an option. I would finally be seeing him after dreaming of him every night.

I would be standing in front of so many people as we made vows and made our joining official. Everything was finally sinking in, and I was beginning to panic. After today, I will be living with Atticus and his family. This was my last day at home.

I would have a new home.

I place a hand over my chest as I try to remind myself how to breathe. This would have been perfect if Atticus had been in love with me. But he wasn't. He was still in love with Anya.

“Miss Rivera.” Lola, our family’s hairdresser, says. “Everything is now finished. You look absolutely beautiful. The most beautiful bride I’ve ever had the honor of dressing.”

I take a deep breath as they pull a long mirror in front of me. I’m too stunned to speak. I can barely recognize myself.

The lacey white dress was a combination of classy and se.xy all in one.

“Atticus will be unable to look away from you today.” She assured me. “You’ll be the center of everyone’s attention. I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you so much, Lola.” I thank her as I try to stop the tears. “You’ve been like a sister to me all of these years. We’re truly blessed to have you in our lives.”

“Leave something to say to your actual sister,” Alaina says as she walks in.

I smile and hug her, “You know I love you. I can’t imagine waking up and not seeing you or Hayes every morning. Not having you two annoying me surely will be missed.”

I knew that today would change my life forever. Whether Atticus or Anya liked it, we will be married after today. We will be husband and wife. After today I will be Mrs. Autumn Fawn. Just the thought of it sends shivers down my spine.

## ATTICUS

My eyes are on the mirror before me as I straighten my tie. I never once thought that I would be marrying Autumn Rivera.

These past few days have been harder than I thought they would have been. Ignoring her hasn’t exactly been easy. I thought it wouldn’t be a problem, but my body had other ideas.

It wanted to see her. Almost like it craved being next to the woman that was not our mate. It was absurd how weirdly my body has been acting around her lately. It’s almost like it didn’t know how to feel around her.

That was one of the other reasons I chose to ignore her.

However, I couldn’t ignore her after today. We would be sharing a room. It would be almost impossible to pretend like she didn’t exist. These were my last moments without her constantly by my side. I didn’t want to admit it but I was petrified over sharing a room with her. I still tasted her in my mouth since the last time she was in my room.

I knew I must have hurt her feelings while trying to avoid her, but I needed to do it. After the engagement and not knowing if she’d hit Anya first, I needed some time alone. Away from the both of them. Even now, I didn’t know who to believe.

I didn't know Autumn well enough to trust her blindly. On the other hand, even though I knew Anya well, I knew she wasn't herself lately.

It occurred to me that I could confront Autumn, but I knew that she would deny it. There was no way for me to find out the truth. At least not anytime soon.

The door opens suddenly, and Damon walks in.

"Are you ready for your big day, bro?" He asked me as he lightly shoved my shoulder.

"No," I answer honestly.

Damon sighs, "I guess what I have to tell you isn't going to make anything easier."

His words spark my interest, and I turn to look at him, "and what is that?"

I'm worried that it has something to do with Autumn.

"Anya wants to see you before the ceremony starts."

Ah—fvck.

I run a hand down my face, "you know what happened on my engagement night? I don't want a repeat of it. I'm still hearing about it from father till this day."

Not to mention the many articles published daily about that dreadful night.

"You owe her this much, Atticus." He pleads with me. "She loves you, and we all know you still love her. You will never forgive yourself if you don't see her and hear what she has to say. Things wouldn't be the same after you become a married man. You know that just as well as I do."

I knew he was right, and I always hated when that happened.

"Where is she?" I ask.

"She said to meet her in the spa room in five minutes. She will be waiting by the door. I'll make sure no one is around to take pictures. It's the least I can do for asking you to do something like this on your wedding day."

I nod and follow him towards the spa room. Every step towards it feels like a mistake. I know how quickly things could get out of control especially after what happened a few days ago. And my life was always like that; scandals loved following me around.

But it's something that you couldn't avoid when your family was as famous as mine. There was no running from it; you just had to be extra careful all the time.

My body tenses when I see Anya in a white dress, even I understood that only the bride should be wearing a white dress, and the one that Anya wore could be easily mistaken for a wedding dress.

I push that thought out of my head as she guides us into the room. Damon remained outside to keep an eye out for anyone taking pictures or videos just like he promised he would.

The moment we're left alone, Anya's eyes are filled with tears. I swallow. I hate to see her cry. And so far, I've been making her cry for weeks.

"Please don't cry," I whisper.

"How can I not cry, Atticus?"

"I tried every way possible to get out of this wedding," I tell her. "There is nothing else that I can do to stop it. It's too late now. There are too many people here today to walk out. You know that just as much as I do. If I walk out today, my parents will lose faith in me. I can't do that to my family. We've worked too hard to get to this point."

"I understand that!" She hissed, "But you're my mate! And you're marrying my best friend. I can't believe she didn't think once to try and stop this wedding. How can I see the people I love so much get married? I'm hurting. You're supposed to keep me happy.

You promised me that. If it was Damon or Dante, I'm sure they would have found a way to get out of this wedding for me. But you're not trying hard enough."

"Why would you bring up my brothers?" I growl. "You already know how hard it's been for me to share you with them. It kills me every day to know that you belong to them just as much as you belong to me. I know you're hurting, but you don't have to throw salt on my wounds."

"Just answer me one thing." She tells me.

"What is that?" I whisper. I hate seeing her like this. I hate doing this to her. But I also hate how much I'm worried about Autumn seeing us together once more on another important day.

She'd had her engagement night spoiled already; I didn't want to destroy this day for her as well.

"Is this the end for us?" She cries. "Will you forget about me after you marry her? I don't want to lose you. I love you, Atticus. I don't want Autumn to know you the way that I do. I don't want you to touch her. I don't want you to care for her. I don't want you to even look at her the way you look at me."

I am quiet. How could I promise her this when I'd already tasted Autumn and loved it more than I should?

I fvcking dreamt of her mouth every night.

"These are promises that I can't make you, Anya." I finally say, "Autumn will be my wife from today. At the same time, I could never love her as I love you. I can't mistreat her, either. You will always come first, you know that I'm not sure what will happen after today, but I promise I will never look at her the way I look at you. We are males; I can't look at another woman like I do you.

But right now, sweetheart. I can't tell you I won't care for her. After today, I have responsibilities toward her, and I won't be able to ignore all of them. If you want me not to touch her, you know that certain traditions will require me to touch her; I can promise not to take her to bed, to not sleep with her. That's the most I can do for you, my mate. I'm sorry for failing you like this. I'm so sorry."

Anya's tears are flowing more now. "Why have you always been the perfect one? Why did I have to lose you? Why did it have to be you?"

The door flew open and I'm in shock when I see a beautiful wedding dress at first. But even more beautiful than the dress stood my wife to be. She looked breathtaking. I could barely keep my eyes off her.

But this wasn't how I wanted her to see me on her wedding day; alone in a room with Anya. I'd managed to fvck this up again, haven't I?

"I shouldn't be surprised, should I?" Autumn asks. Her voice is calm, but her hands are shaking. I didn't like seeing it, in fact, I wanted to reach forward and take them in my hands, to make it better.

"Autumn," Anya whispers. "You know that I love him. Can't you stop this wedding? He is my mate. You know more than anyone else what my feelings are for him. I can't just ignore him after this wedding and pretend like there was never anything between us.

And you know he loves only me. He will always only love me. Do you get that? You can never be happy with a man that loves another woman. Especially not when that woman is your best friend."

I'm taken aback by her words. This wasn't the best time to say those things to her.

Autumn is silent for a few minutes before saying, "Is that what you want? For me to find a way to destroy this wedding and destroy the relationship between our families? Should I tell my father what the two of you are doing less than an hour before the wedding? Would that be something both of you would like me to do?"

I didn't think that a few words would strike my body this hard. I didn't want her to stop this wedding. It was the last thing I wanted to happen but I can see why she would think otherwise since I've been avoiding her ever since our engagement night. She must think that I'm having second thoughts or cold feet.

"Anya," I say as I turn to her. "Can you please leave us alone?"

She tries to protest, but I stop her in time, "please, Anya. I need to speak to Autumn alone."

I couldn't deal with the both of them at the same time. And it was more important for me to speak to Autumn than Anya right now. She was the one that I needed to give an explanation to.

I watch as my mate storms out, slamming the door behind her. Damon would have to care for her now, I'm sure he was still outside waiting.

"It's bad luck to see the bride in her wedding dress before the ceremony." I finally say when we are left alone.

Autumn doesn't seem to be amused by my words. She's very upset, I can tell. I should be comforting her but all I want to do is tell her

how beautiful she looks in that wedding dress. I didn't think I would love seeing a woman in a wedding dress as much as I enjoyed seeing Autumn in one. It's like it was made for her which probably was the case but everything about it suited her well.

"What are we doing, Atticus?" She asks. "You don't love me. You love my best friend. She loves you along with your two brothers. This marriage will be a burden on both of you."

Along with my two brothers? Yes, that's what's always been wrong with our relationship. Knowing that she also loved Damon and Dante, not just me. But this wasn't about Anya anymore. This was about Autumn and me.

"And it won't be a burden on you?" I demand from her.

She is quiet, too quiet for my liking, I thought that would have been an easy question for her to answer. I'm not the only one being forced into this. But I'm not exactly being forced, am I? Anya was right; I didn't try hard enough to get out of this marriage,

"I asked you a question. Do you want me to cause a scene? Do you want me to find a way to stop this wedding? This is your last chance." She shouts.

It's unlike Autumn to get this loud. I'd succeeded in making this day miserable for her.

Good job, Atticus.

I take a step closer to her; her soft gasp does something to me, something that I'm unwilling to acknowledge. And suddenly I want to kiss her, not just kiss her, I want to ravish her mouth. I don't do either of those things however. "Our worlds don't revolve around us.

We don't do things for our benefit. Our families didn't get to where they are today by making rash decisions. Every move is well calculated and executed in a way that would benefit us. I will not ask you to turn against your family for me. Anya asked you to do it, but she isn't thinking straight.

This wedding will happen today whether we like it or not because this is the right thing to do for our families. And us Fawns always put family first above everything else. Nothing will ever change that. And I think it's the same for you. Is it not?"

She is quiet and I know what her answer is without her saying it.

"Are there any other questions you would like to ask me before we get married, Autumn?" I ask. I wanted to ensure that she was okay with this before I walked out of the room. I did not want to force her into it like our families were trying to do with us.

She slowly shook her head.

I ignore the feeling of relief that washes over me from her response as I walk out of the room leaving her behind. I had to get out of there quickly before I gave into my desires. I didn't want to believe that I wanted this wedding to happen so badly. What was so wrong with admitting that however?

It was clear to me that I wanted to fulfill my grandmother's wish. That was all. It's not like I wanted to marry Autumn. This was all about making my grandmother happy, wherever she was in this world, I wanted her to look down on us and see that I was still her grandson, I was still trying my best to put a smile on her face.

Today, it was all for her. No one else.