

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 22 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

-AUTUMN

I wasn't sure that I was doing the right thing. Can I genuinely marry Atticus when everything Anya had said to me was true? We can never be happy if he didn't love me. We can never have a successful married life if he was still in love with Anya.

But my stupid heart didn't care about that. All it wanted was a chance to be loved by Atticus. And it didn't mind the pain of being married to him while he was in love with someone else as long as it meant it could spend time with him.

What was I doing to myself? Was it truly worth the pain?

I lean against the door and drop myself onto the ground. I know I shouldn't be doing this in my wedding dress, but these past few days have been overwhelmingly hard. But I was responsible for all of it. I could have easily told Atticus I didn't want to marry him to protect my heart, but I chose to do the complete opposite.

"Why did it have to be you, Atticus?" I cry. "Why did it have to be you?"

Why did I have to love him out of every other available man on earth I couldn't recall how often I've drowned myself in guilt for loving Atticus while he was dating Anya. I felt like something was wrong with me. And I had good reason to think that way.

How could I have fallen for my best friend's mate? And it was pretty clear that I didn't hide it well enough if Anya had known about it all along.

That to regain control over my emotions. I couldn't let it rule me, especially not today.

I slowly lifted my head, and it was only then that I saw something that made my entire body go completely still. I was frozen. This whole time, we weren't alone in the room.

Two women were hiding inside here, and I wonder if they were responsible for the video posted on my engagement night.

Did they also get everything on tape that happened between Atticus and me a few minutes ago? That was not good. It would ruin everything. I couldn't let them ruin this wedding.

"Please don't scream!" One of the girls exclaims.

"This isn't as bad as it looks," the other woman tried to assure me. "I got a glimpse of the spa and wanted a better look at it. Then Atticus and Anya barged in, and we didn't know what to do, so we hid since we weren't supposed to be inside. We promise we

were only looking for the bathroom, and then all of this happened. We got stuck in here.”

Her explanation has managed to calm the pounding in my chest. I didn't think that they were lying. There also weren't any signs of cameras on them. They had to be telling the truth.

“I'm sorry you had to see me like this before the wedding.” I apologize. “This must not be a very good first impression.”

They just saw me having a mini breakdown. Not only did they see that, but they also saw the exchange between Atticus and me. They would have also seen and heard the entire conversation between Atticus and Anya. Should I ask them what they spoke about?

A part of me knew that I should just let it go even though the other half was screaming for me to ask them.

I eventually decided that I didn't know these women well enough to ask.

“Are you kidding me?” The woman with long black hair asks. “Look at the both of us. We aren't exactly giving off the best first impression either. I'm Gabriella, by the way.”

“Nice to meet you, Gabriella. I assume you know I'm Autumn by now.”

“We know,” the other woman says. “I don't have a name to give you, that's a long story on its own. But it's a pleasure to meet you, Autumn.”

She doesn't have a name to give me. That seemed a little strange, but I didn't have time to ask her more about her situation.

“I would love to stay and chat, but I have a wedding to return to. There isn't going to be a wedding if the bride is missing.” I explain. I knew they would understand. A bride shouldn't be locked in a spa room a few minutes before her wedding ceremony starts.

The woman without a name smiles warmly, “we understand. We will be cheering for you in the crowd.”

I returned her smile and clutched my wedding dress closer as I rushed out of there. I ran into my mother on the way, and she looked pissed.

She must have been looking everywhere for me; it's possible she even panicked and thought that I'd run off before the wedding could begin. How epic would that have been if I'd done that? If the groom was any other man, then I may have done just that. Since it was Atticus, I was staying; I wasn't going anywhere.

"Where on earth have you been, Autumn?" She scolds me. "I had everyone looking everywhere for you. We were all thinking the worst!"

"I'm sorry, mother." I apologize. "Something came up, but I'm here now."

"You look beautiful." She whispers suddenly as she pulls me in for a hug. "I know you may partly hate us for forcing this marriage onto you. I hope you know that I love you even if I may not always show it. I know what's best for you, Autumn, and marrying into a

successful and powerful family such as the Fawns is the best decision you'll ever make."

"I love you too, mom," I tell her. "I'm going to miss you plenty."

"You won't need to miss us. We will visit so much that you'll get tired of us." She teases me. "Now, let's get you ready. The crowd is growing restless, and so is Atticus. He looked uneasy the last time I saw him."

I nod and follow her to the entrance of the area the wedding was being held. My father hugs me before he links our arms together.

This was it. The music that signaled my entrance was playing in the background. There was no escaping now. It was finally here.

My father begins to move first, and I have no other choice but to start moving as well. There are a few gasps of awe as I step into the spotlight. All eyes were on me, I felt nervous under all of the stares, but all that changed when I looked down the aisle and saw Atticus waiting for me.

My lips parted at the darkness in his eyes, I could be wrong, but it felt like it was dark with desire. I had to be incorrect. Atticus would never look at me with raw passion like this. The bright lights above us must have been messing with my eyesight.

My father confidently gives my hand to Atticus, and the moment his hand closes over mine, I know; I just know that I'm making the right decision by marrying him. There is no other man worthy of marrying me. No other man made me feel like this.

Everyone gets extremely quiet as the ceremony officially begins. I should be paying attention to everything being said, but my heart and mind have managed to shut everything out except Atticus.

Our eyes are locked, and neither one of us is looking away. I'm happy that we both discussed this wedding more than once. It's relieving to know that we both agreed on it taking place. Neither of us was forced to do this. We may have agreed for different reasons, but that wasn't important, at least for now.

"I do." Atticus says suddenly, and it takes me a moment to realize that they are waiting for a response from me. I wasn't even aware that we had already reached so far into the ceremony.

"Do you, Autumn Rivera take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to live together in holy matrimony, to love him, to honor him, to comfort him, and to keep him in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?"

They've repeated the question for my sake.

Someone clears their throat, and that's my cue to speak up.

"I do," I say as confidently as Atticus had done.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

I try not to panic from those words. I was still tingling within from our last kiss. I didn't feel comfortable kissing him in front of so many people.

Atticus moves forward, and I slowly follow him, we are close enough to touch our lips together, and he is the one that closes the distance between us. Sparks fly immediately after our lips touch, but it doesn't last long.

"Anya!" Someone shouts, and it forces Atticus and me to pull apart.

I looked around me as I tried to find out what was happening. Damon and Dante are rushing forward to someone. And I can easily spot her, the only other woman in a white dress.

Anya.

She'd just fainted.