

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 26 - Tips

0 16 minutes read

-ATTICUS

Autumn sways on her feet, and I know that her mother is watching. I didn't want her to get into unnecessary trouble; she was clearly going through plenty that she wasn't telling anyone about. Things that were causing her to drink like this. Her parents were not understanding and neither were mine.

"What's wrong with her?" Her mother asks.

"It's a tradition that I pick her up and carry her out the yacht," I say without answering her question. Before her mother can ask any questions, I grab her waist and take her into my arms.

Autumn gasped at first, but then she gently placed her head on my chest and snuggled closer into me.

I swallow; it's hard to ignore how perfectly she fits against me. No one had ever felt this good against me before, and it was something I'd noticed even before this moment.

I'm still bothered about her words from just a few minutes ago. Why did she blame me for her drinking? This was something I would have to discuss with her when she was sober and not while she was in this condition. I couldn't believe every word she said when she wasn't even aware she was saying it.

When we were out of the boat, I noticed something that immediately caught my attention. Griffin was having a conversation with Arthur and Gabriella; they looked worried. And Griffin was not someone that ever looked like that unless something terrible was going on. If something was happening that needed our attention, I had to go to them and help solve the problem.

I step in their direction when my father blocks my way, "where do you think you're going?" He asks. "The spring is in that direction. We have less than an hour to prepare everything before midnight. There is no time to waste."

I inwardly groan. I barely made it out alive when Autumn kissed me in front of everyone; how would I survive seeing her completely naked? And this time, we will be alone with no interruptions.

I needed something to stop me from doing anything stupid while in there with her. Maybe if I didn't look at her during the ritual, it would pass quickly, and I won't be tempted by her. I had to keep reminding myself that Autumn was intoxicated; she wasn't aware of the things she was doing. Like that last time, she'd gotten drunk and didn't

remember anything the next day. But did she truly forget everything that had happened? It felt like she was lying to me at that time.

I look down at her and almost trip on my own two feet. She's staring up at me, and I've never seen anyone look at me with so much admiration. It took everything inside of me to look away from her gaze, but I had to keep moving, and I couldn't risk walking into a tree just because I wanted to keep staring at her.

I've noticed Autumn's beauty multiple times in the past, more than I'll ever admit, but it's always been dangerous; I chose to ignore it because she was my mate's best friend. Avoiding her had always been my mission, and it had worked for years. But now avoiding her was out of the question. And I don't think I was prepared for it. Nothing in this world has prepared me for Autumn. Absolutely nothing.

It was hard to believe that this woman was now my wife.

Why did she kiss me earlier? I could still taste her, and I wanted to savor it.

'You're mine.'

She'd also said those words to me. It was so unlike Autumn. She was turning into someone I wasn't familiar with. But had I ever truly known her from the start? We barely spoke; even now, we've only spoken a few words to each other.

But as it turns out, it didn't take many words to affect me as long as those words were coming from Autumn's mouth.

'You're mine.'

Those words had undone something inside of me, I wasn't sure what it was, but I'd wanted her like never before. Even holding her in my arms was risky at this point. I was testing my limit.

"We're here," I say to Autumn as I place her on the ground. I was relieved to finally put some distance between us, even though I knew that it wouldn't be for long. We're in front of the beach house. The jeep is waiting for us; there are clean clothes and towels in the back seat, as well as two robes for both of us.

Autumn doesn't bother looking around; her eyes are still locked on me. How long has she been staring at me?

Fvck.

Why does she keep doing that? She's making it so damn hard for me to keep myself under control.

“Why are you just standing there?” My mother demands. “You’re late. We must get Autumn inside the house to prepare her for tonight.”

I can only hope that they don’t realize how intoxicated she still was. Hopefully, they’re too concerned about fixing her up for the ritual to realize something was off. If they figured out that she was drunk, all hell would break loose.

They take her from me, and I’m left alone with plenty on my mind. I had so many things to think about.

A few minutes later, they return with her, and all thoughts flow out of my head. She’s walking towards me, and she has that beautiful smile on her face; she’s seductive without even trying to be.

I swallowed; my heart was pounding as they brought her to me in a robe. She wasn’t even in fancy clothes, yet my blood was boiling with how much she affected me. Her body was covered, but she smelled divine. They’d rubbed her down in oil, and the little of her skin that I could see was glistening under the moonlight.

I swallow hard for the second time. Tonight wasn’t going to be easy. I knew that from the start, ever since I was reminded of the ritual, I knew that! would be tortured tonight. And I was not wrong, the torture had already begun, and it was standing right in front of me.

I was struggling to keep a clear mind, and she hadn’t even removed the robe. Knowing that she had nothing underneath it did not help my situation either. It only doubled the pain that I already felt.

I guide Autumn to the jeep and help her into the passenger’s side. I buckle her in, and her hands lightly touch my hair without warning. I freeze. Her scent traps me for the hundredth time.

Why was her touch always so gentle? No one has ever touched me like her before. Her touch was the softest of touches, and it could melt any man that had the pleasure of experiencing it.

I’m suddenly reminded that she was completely n*ked beneath that robe. All I had to do was look down and I could see her exposed chest. And if I let my hands move the silky material just a little to the side, I can see even more than that.

Ah, sh!t. This was not helping.

I gently removed her hand; as much as I enjoyed it, we had somewhere to be. I rushed to the driver’s seat before my parents could scold us again. It didn’t take long to reach, not with the speed at which I’d been driving.

When we arrived, someone was playing the violin a little distance from the spring; he was positioned close enough so we could hear him but far enough so that he couldn't see what was happening in the water.

Not that anything would be happening. It was just to walk in there with Autumn at midnight and let the water touch every part of our body while we held hands. That was all I would be allowing tonight. No matter how much I wanted more, I would not let it happen.

-AUTUMN

Atticus is unusually quiet when the jeep stops; it looks like he has plenty on his mind. He jumps out of the vehicle and walks over to my side; he opens the door for me and unbuckles my seatbelt before helping me to the ground. He then opens the back door and removes his robe from the seat.

"I'm going to get changed." He informs me. "You can wait near the spring for me. Remember, we need to walk in together. That means that you can't go in without me, or it will defeat the purpose of this entire trip."

Why would I ever want to go in without him? I wanted our marriage to last forever. This wasn't a ritual that I planned on messing up. I was terrified of him seeing me n*ked for the first time, but that didn't mean I was about to let that prevent us from having a successful marriage.

I walk over to the spring when he leaves me alone. It's beautiful and crystal clear; his family has done an excellent job of keeping it this clean. Considering how important it was to their family, it was expected that they would protect this part of the island. It was decorated for us, with candles and flowers everywhere. It was one of the most romantic settings I've ever had the pleasure of witnessing in person. And that, coupled with the beautiful music, made this the perfect night.

Atticus walks over to me, and he also has a robe on now. I wasn't sure if I was prepared to see him completely bare.

"Are you ready?" He asks me. "It's one minute to midnight. The alarm will ring when we need to get in."

I nod despite the nervousness that I feel. Where was the confident girl that walked up to him and k!ssed him in the yacht tonight? The drinks were not helping this time. Maybe I needed more.

No. I could do this.

I loosen the tie around my body and let the robe fall. Atticus isn't looking at me, I can tell. Maybe he's avoiding it. He's avoiding looking at my n*ked body. For some reason, it angers me. I want him to see; I want him to notice and like me.

He removes his robe as well, and the alarm starts to ring at the exact time.

He takes my hand in his without warning, and we both begin to walk. The water touches my feet, and its warmth spreads throughout my body. I've taken baths in springs before, but none has ever made me feel like this. It was filling me with some unknown emotion, and I tightened my grip on Atticus's hand to help calm my racing heart.

It felt overwhelming, but not in the wrong way. I loved that Atticus was the one I was doing this with. I was happy that the spring was shallow, considering how terrified I was of water. If it were any deeper, I would climb onto Atticus and beg him to take me out. Thankfully I was saved from embarrassing myself tonight. Not many knew of my great fear of water. It was something I was scared to admit because I knew how people have judged me for it when I was a child. I shake that thought out of my mind. This wasn't the time to think about the past.

"The water needs to touch everywhere." He reminds me before we both dipped our heads into the water until every inch of our bodies was soaking wet.

"I, Atticus Fawn, choose Autumn as my partner in this life and any other life that I'm blessed with. She is the only woman I want to spend the rest of my life with." He murmurs while looking up at the moon. It shone brighter than usual tonight.

I knew that these words were only part of the ritual, and he didn't mean it, but it still brought a shiver down my spine.

"I, Autumn Rivera Fawn, choose Atticus as my partner in this life and any other life that I'm blessed with. He is the only man I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Unlike Atticus, I meant every word. I wanted to spend the rest of my life by his side.

He was still refusing to look at me, I stole a glance at him, and I was mesmerized by how smooth his chest was despite it being so toned and muscular. I swallow, wanting to look lower but knowing that I shouldn't. My cheeks are red when he catches me staring.

"It's the end of the ritual." He informs me. "We can leave now."

Leave? I didn't want to leave. He wasn't even looking at me. Was I not desirable to him? Why else was he avoiding looking at me so severely? And it also seemed like he was desperate to end this ritual as quickly as possible. He wasn't even trying to enjoy the beauty of the spring or the warmth that flowed through our bodies because of it.

"No," I tell him. "I do not want to leave."

Atticus looks shocked by my words. Did he think that I'd only want to spend five minutes in here with him?

"Why?" He asks. "The ritual is over."

"It's because you haven't looked at me once since I removed my robe." I point out.

His jaw clenched, "I respect you. By not looking."

"I'm your wife." I snap. "You're disrespecting me by not."

"Autumn." He growls. "You're drunk; that's why you're behaving this way. You don't know what you truly want. I'm not going to look

at your body when you're drunk and may not even remember anything you did today. Just like you've done in the past."

"Is it that I'm not good enough?" I demand. "Am I hideous to look at Atticus?"

Atticus draws in a deep breath, "why the hell would you think something so ridiculous?" He demands. "Have you ever looked at a mirror?"

His words have given me the confidence I needed. I walk over to the edge of the spring; Atticus may think I'm trying to leave like he'd asked me to. I was only doing the opposite. And he was about to find that out.

I lift my body off the spring until I'm sitting at the edge, where he has a full view of my n*ked body. I don't want to be shy anymore. I want to show him what could be his if he just opened his heart to me.

A low growl tore from his throat suddenly, and I'd never seen him look this s3xy and dangerous all at the same time before. He's hungry, but not for Anya or anyone else; he's hungry for me. Happiness explodes in my ch3st. Seeing Atticus look at me with such raw passion makes me the happiest person on earth.

This is what I've always wanted. To have his full attention and for him to want me. It almost feels like a dream, and maybe that's what this is, just a dream. If that's the case, I'm going to make the most of it. No one is going to take tonight away from me. I'm taking what I want.

It makes me feel even more confident. It gives me the courage to spread my legs wide and give him direct access to me. I'm swollen, wet and aching.

His eyes go utterly dark as his pupils dilate.

“Autumn.” He growls. “Do you understand how fvcking dangerous this game is that you’re playing?”

I shook my head, pretending not to know what he was talking about..

“I’m a fvcking man and a dangerous fvcking wolf all in one package. You’re teasing me. You’re inching me closer to insanity. And I’m losing all fvcking control. Do you know what it means for me to lose control?” He demands. “It’s not something you want to see. I can promise you that.”

I slowly run my hands down my body, stopping at my bre*asts. “They hurt.” I cry out. “I don’t know why but they hurt so much.” “Maybe because you’re fvcking pinching them.” He growls.

“Am I?” I whisper, feigning innocence. “I wasn’t aware of it.”

I slowly ran my fingers down my stomach ignoring his continuous warnings for me to stop. If he wanted me to stop, he had to come and stop me himself. So far, Atticus was trying his best to keep some distance between us. That wouldn’t continue if I had anything to say about it.

“AUTUMN, don’t you fvcking dare put your hands any lower.” He warns, there is venom dripping from his mouth, and he may think it’s scary, but to me, it’s just a turn-on.

I like when he’s all hot and bothered because I’m spreading my legs for him.

“Why shouldn’t I?” I ask in a sedvctive whisper. “What if I want to put my hands because I’m all swollen and needy down there? You’re not doing it for me. Someone has to ease the ache I feel there.”

“You’re drunk.” He says as he tries to remain calm. I can tell he’s failing, however. “You don’t know what you want or fvck stop that. It’s time to leave. The ritual is over.”

“Oops,” I say as I pretend my hand just slipped and landed between my legs. “I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

His eyes darken a shade, and before I can touch my swollen cl!t, he’s moving. And he’s moving towards me. My eyes are wide when he finally gets to me.

“I told you not to do it.” He roars. “You want me to see your fvckingg swollen pvssy. I’m going to fvcking see it up close.”

I gasped as he grabbed my th!ghs and spread them wider than I thought possible. Atticus is anything but shy as he openly stares between my legs. His eyes are growing darker by the second, and I love it. I love what I’m doing to his body. But that’s not the only thing that I noticed.

His d!ck, I didn't think it could get any bigger, but I was so wrong. It was growing by the second, and I wasn't sure how it could fit inside of me, let alone any woman on this planet.

I f!ck my n!ps; he's making me hornier than I already felt.

"Ah fvck, Autumn." He growls as my pvssy gets even wetter than before. "What the hell are you doing to me?"

I grab onto his hair and try to rub my legs together.

"What the fvck do you think you're doing?" He asks as he spreads them even wider apart. "I want to see your pvssy; you're not hiding it from me after exposing it to me just a few minutes ago."

Was that all he was planning on doing? Just staring at them for the entire night? That wasn't what I wanted. I wanted more, and he knew it. Why wasn't he giving it to me?

I attempt to touch it, but he grabs my hand and pushes it away.

"It hurts so much, Atticus." I cry.

"If I let you touch your sweet pvssy I'm not going to be able to stop myself tonight, Autumn. Tonight will end with me inside of you,

and I'm not going to let that happen while you're drunk and don't know what the hell you're doing."

"You touch me then," I beg. "Touch me anywhere. Just fvcking touch me."

His hand f!cks my n!pple, and I cry out. It's just one touch, but it's already making me drip even more.

"They're so fvcking responsive." He says as my n!ps poke up, begging him for me. He leans forward and takes my n!pple into his mouth; I grab onto his hair, pulling at the strands. I've never felt anything this good before. I was aching, but in a good way. The wetness was flowing out of me and dripping onto the ground.

Atticus growls, "I don't know how to stop this. I don't know how not to want you when you're so da*n desirable."

My body loved hearing him say that I was desirable. I arch my back as he moves to my next n!pple, showering it with k!sses before he starts to svck on them.

"I love it when you touch me," I confess. "I love it so much. I never want you to stop."

“Yeah?” He asks. His eyes are drugged, and it’s all because of me. “I love touching you too, Autumn. Your body comes alive when I touch it, and I fvcking love that baby. I love the way your pvssy swells and pushes juices out; I love the way your n!ps get all hard for me. I love the way your eyes light up when they’re looking at me. fvck I love everything about your beautiful body.”

I gasp.

“And I love it enough not to touch your pvssy tonight when you’re unaware of what I’m doing to it. I love it enough not to stick my d!ck in you even though it’s going to fvcking k!ll me. I’ll have to pay for that for the rest of my pathetic life. But I don’t fvcking care about my greedy monster of a d!ck right now. I care about you and what you need.”

He leans his forehead against mine, “to not take advantage of you or your body while you’re drunk.”

“But-,” she begins to protest.

“Atticus!” I hear Dante’s voice from a distance.

What the hell was he doing here?

I grab the robe from the side of us and cover Autumn’s n*ked body.

“Are you decent?” He shouts.

“Not as yet,” I warn him. “I’ll come to you.”

If he’s here, something must have gone wrong. But what could that be?

Did something happen with Anya again? I left her earlier; I chose to be there for Autumn instead of her. It was a hard decision to make, but I knew it was the right one. I knew that Anya would hold it against me, but marrying Autumn meant she came first.

I’d only been around her earlier because my brothers had begged me. They said that Anya was in a lot of pain and they were scared of what she would do to herself if I didn’t try to comfort her.

That was all I was trying to do; to be there for her and cheer her up a little. But when Autumn approached me drunk, all my attention was stuck on her. I couldn’t think about anyone else but the woman that had declared I was hers and k!ssed me in front of everyone.

All I wanted to do was to take care of her after that. I tried to find out what was bothering her, and I hate to admit it, but I wanted more than just a fvcking k!ss.

But I knew that couldn't happen as long as she was drunk. I'd already let things get too far today.

"I'll be right back," I tell her. "Don't go anywhere."

She nods, and I walk over to where Dante stands, waiting for me after putting on the robe.

"What's wrong?" I ask, waiting for an explanation of his interruption.

Part of me was pissed about the interruption, but the other half was grateful. I needed someone to stop me from doing something I would never forgive myself for. And I don't think Autumn would have forgiven me either when she returned to her senses. I wasn't about to do that to her.

"Kane is missing." He informs me. "He and the girl we met with Arthur, the one that didn't have a name to give us. The same girl that had lost her memory."

I knew exactly who he was speaking about.

"They're missing?" I ask, repeating his question.

"Yes." He answers me. "We've looked everywhere for them on the yacht. They're nowhere to be found."