

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 27 - Tips

0 15 minutes read

“How can they possibly be missing?” I ask. How does anyone go missing from a yacht? We’ve never had an incident like that in the past. People don’t just fall out of a boat as big as that one.

“Griffin was the last person to see them on board.” He tells me. “We’re not sure what happened after he spoke with them, but they never made it to the island with the rest of us. Chances are they fell off the boat, but none of us know how it happened.”

Fell off the fvcking boat? Again, that didn’t just happen. Were they drinking or did something else happen?

I ran a hand through my wet hair; I was already not fvcking thinking right after Autumn literally just spread her legs and mesmerized me with the view of her beautiful and tempting body. I’m unsure if I can even walk with how much I wanted her. The fact that I couldn’t have her was torture and it was only about to get worse for me.

“Are you listening to me?” He demands. No, I wasn’t. I hadn’t heard a word he’d said. “We need to help Arthur with the search. It has already started, but they can’t search this island on their own, they will need us.”

I nod, I knew we had to help. But there was something I had to see about first.

“I have to get Autumn back to the house,” I tell him. “I can meet up with the others after.”

“She can come with us.” He offers. “We can’t waste any time. We’re not even sure that they’re still alive. Can you imagine the headlines if that happens?”

Yes I can, I knew how brutal the article headlines were when our family was concerned. They were always waiting for a new story concerning our lives.

But I was still not okay with Autumn joining us.

I immediately disagreed, “She’s drunk, Dante. She’s in no state to join us on a search and rescue. As soon as I get her back home, I will join the others on the search.”

He nods, “I’ll inform Damon that you’ll be joining us in half an hour or less.”

It was good that he had agreed to this, I didn’t want us to start a damn argument over Autumn in the middle of the woods.

This was fvcking serious. Where were those two? What caused them to fall out of a moving boat? Is that even what happened to begin with? How much of this incident were we not aware of?

I walk back to the spring and pause when I see Autumn. She's lying on the ground with the robe partially covering her body. Her hair is soaking wet and sticking to her face. I clutch my heart and feel a sudden stabbing pain while staring at her. I wince, unsure of what the hell this pain means. It isn't the first time it's happened to me. It's been happening ever since that first day we kissed. Anytime I got closer to her, the pain got more excruciatingly painful. This time was no exception and I wasn't even standing close to her.

She senses my presence and immediately lifts herself off the ground to a sitting position, "you're back." She says with a bright smile.

She had a beautiful smile, one that could brighten up anyone's day. It was innocent and pure, something you didn't see every day. I realize I've only ever seen her smile like this when drunk. Does that mean that she's never been genuinely happy around me unless she was intoxicated?

That sudden realization makes me feel uneasy. I was bothered by the idea of Autumn being unhappy especially around me. But there was still plenty that I didn't know about her. Things that I wish she would trust me enough to tell me. I asked her earlier if not wanting to marry me was the reason she'd suddenly started drinking. I never got the answer I was waiting for.

I walk towards her and stoop down on the ground next to her, "we need to get you back to the house. There is something that I need to get done in the meantime. I'll feel better if I knew you were safe and getting your rest. You're not in a good state to be anywhere with me at least for the rest of tonight."

Her smile immediately faded, making me want to kick myself. I didn't want her ever to stop smiling. What had I said that was so wrong? I only wanted to keep her safe. I knew that she didn't want to leave the spring earlier, was that why she was so angry with what I'd said?

She attempts to move, but I stop her, "I'll carry you."

She still wasn't in her best state even though she'd improved a little. I was also using any excuse to have her close to me again. If she would let me.

She pushes my hand away and walks to the jeep herself. I frown at her reaction. What the hell just happened? Her mood completely switched from happy to angry.

What did I do to piss her off in a few minutes? I follow her to the jeep and rush to open her door before she could lock it.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

She folds her arms and refuses to look my way. It's bothering me; I don't think I've ever seen her this upset with me before. Has she ever been upset with me in the past? This feels like the first time. And I'm not liking it. Autumn has always been calm and loving, seeing her like this was making me anxious.

"We're getting late!" Dante shouts from his jeep. I look away from her to glare at him, he's not helping but I know there are more important things to focus on now. Though, I know it will bother me the entire time not knowing why she's suddenly so angry with me.

I gently close the door and rush over to the driver's side. I glance at Autumn one last time before starting the jeep and racing through the forest. She's still trying to avoid me; now she's looking out of the window and pretending that I didn't exist.

My grip tightens on the steering wheel; why the fvck was this bothering me so much? I never thought that her behavior would ever affect me like this but as it turns out, I was learning new things about myself every damn day, especially when it involved her.

"Autumn," I growl. "Tell me what's wrong. What did I say or do to upset you?"

Nothing. She says nothing at all. In fact, inside this jeep has never been this damn quiet since it was created!

I tried to remain calm, but it was becoming difficult to do. Eventually, we're back at the beach house and still I've heard nothing from her. She's making it her business to not speak to me.

I can see search parties still forming in front of me. It reminded me of the gravity of the situation.

Autumn opens the door before I can even stop the jeep, and it comes to an abrupt halt when I mash down on the brakes to prevent her from harming herself.

I jump out of the vehicle and trap her on the other side before she can try to walk away from me. She was swaying on her feet just earlier today, but somehow to get away from me, she seems much steadier. How the hell was that possible?

"I'm not letting you leave until you tell me what is wrong," I warn her.

I meant it. I didn't care that I had more important things to do anymore. I didn't care about anything else but finding out why she was so damn upset with me. Seeing Autumn like this was more troubling for me than anything else that was going on around me. She had my full attention and I was not letting this go until she gave in and told me what the hell had caused this weird behavior.

Her lips pout almost stubbornly, and fvck me; it's the cutest thing I've ever seen. How does she make even that look so good? Anything looks good on this woman. And it's

beginning to irritate me. I couldn't look at her once without wanting to kiss her or hold her in my arms.

Why? Why was this happening to me? What did Autumn have on me?

These questions were buzzing in my ear but I still was not giving up until she answered me.

"What's wrong?" I ask but in a gentler tone this time. "You have to tell me what's wrong for me to fix it."

I frown as her forehead creases, and I swear it looks like she's about to cry. Did I hurt her this much by what I'd said?

fvck.

"Please don't go to Anya tonight." She whispers, shocking me to the core.

-ATTICUS

Out of all the things I was expecting Autumn to say to me, this was the last thing I expected to hear. She was upset with me this entire time because she thought I was leaving her tonight to see Anya?

What did I say for her to jump to that conclusion? Did Autumn already not trust me?

The unmistakable distress on her face stunned me. I never thought that being around Anya would affect her this much. We weren't in love with each other; we barely knew each other. She's never shown me before that she didn't like me around Anya.

She's always been fond of Anya and always looked after her. The only time I saw a reaction out of her was on our engagement night, and her response that night was still not as bad as this.

But again, she was intoxicated; how do I know this was how she truly felt? Autumn acted totally different when the alcohol was out of her system, she was understanding, and she didn't mind when I took time to care for Anya. It was like she was a totally different person.

I realized that she was still waiting for a response from me, and the more I remained silent, the more she would think that I was planning on seeing Anya tonight when the truth remained that I was only joining a search.

That was the last thing I wanted her to think about after tonight. I've always known that Autumn has never had any love interests. For her to give a part of herself to me tonight

would surely upset her tomorrow, I wanted her to know that it was something I would treasure and not take for granted.

She'd never had a serious boyfriend, and boys have always chased after her, but I've done my part of telling them she was off limits. No one knows I did that. Even I wasn't sure why I'd done it. At that time, I told myself I was protecting my mate's best friend from heartbreak.

I knew none of those men were ever worthy of her, and I was positive that they would hurt her. I made sure that it never happened. And if I had an opportunity to do it all over again, I would. If I'd known Autumn like I did now, I'd have been even more protective of her in the past.

She attempts to walk away from me, and I pull her straight back so that her back is now pressed up against the front of me. I ignore how good it felt to hold her like this. If I kept those thoughts, I will be of no help to the others.

"Autumn," I whisper, "I'm not going to see Anya. I've been told that two of our guests have gone missing. I'm joining the search to find them before things get worse."

She shouldn't have any problems believing that since anyone can see what was going on around us.

Her lips form a small 'o', and her face brightens. And then she smiled that beautiful smile that crushed my heart, "who's missing?"

"Kane and a woman that I don't have a name for. She's lost her memory for a while now. I don't know what to call her." I try to explain to her in the best way possible.

Her eyes widen, "that's my friend! She's the woman that was with Gabriella in the spa room!"

Spa room? I wasn't sure what Autumn was speaking about. When did they become friends? Why were they in the spa room?

"I need to go with you!" She shouts. "We need to find her."

I'm immediately tensed because of her words. I didn't bring her back to the house so that she could join the search. There wasn't any room for discussions about this. She was not going.

"No," I growl. "You're in no position to be out there searching with us. You need to rest."

"But she's my friend Atticus. She's a good girl. I want to help find her." She begs. I hated saying no to her when she was this desperate to find her friend, but I'd made up my mind. She could barely stand straight; how could she survive hours of walking in the

forest? There is no telling how long this search was going to take. We're not even sure if they're on the island; we're just hoping for the best at this point.

I pick her up into my arms when she tries to move toward the search party. I wasn't putting her life in danger; besides, I wouldn't be able to help if I had to keep making sure she was okay every second. And that's what it was like whenever Autumn was around me, everything revolved around her and ensuring she was okay.

"I want to go with you." She continues to say while I'm carrying her. "I can help."

"The only place you're going to is your room," I tell her as I walk into the house with her still in my arms. I notice a few stares our way but that's the least of my concern. She's my main concern.

I open the room assigned to us, and to my surprise, it's decorated with roses all over the ground and even on the bed. My parents have obviously thought about everything. Did they expect something to happen between us tonight when this was more of an arranged marriage than anything else?

But things did happen, something that I wasn't sure how Autumn would react to tomorrow.

I gently placed her on the bed and covered her with a blanket, "Get some sleep. I promise to find your friend. I'll bring her back here and prove to you that I keep my promises."

When I step out of the door, Anya is waiting for me. I pause, unsure of what to do now that she's here. Things are awkward between us for the first time since I met her a few years ago.

I know that there is plenty she wants to say to me. I can tell she's holding back, but after a few seconds of us just staring at each other, she finally gives in. I knew I couldn't avoid this confrontation forever. It's better to get it over with now than later when things become more complicated.

It was already complicated. I wasn't sure what was this s****I tension between Autumn and me. It's stronger than anything else I've ever experienced in my life before. After tonight, I'd need plenty time just to come to terms with what had happened at the spring.

"Did you have to do that in front of me?" Anya asks, successfully breaking me out of my thoughts. She's no longer trying to hide her anger from me; she's letting it flow freely.

"Do what?" I ask, even though I know what she's speaking about. If she was this angry about a kiss between Autumn and me, how would she react if she found out what happened between us in the spring?

It reminds me of the promise I'd made to her. To not take Autumn to bed. What the fvck was I thinking? After tonight I didn't think it was possible to keep that promise. I always kept my commitments, but I've been breaking all my promises to Anya recently. It makes me feel guilty, but I can do nothing about it.

I'm not sure what Anya expects from me anymore. I'm married. There is nothing I can do about this thing between us. I'm not a cheater. I've never been that, and I don't plan on being it now; I would not do that to Autumn, no matter how much I loved Anya. I was doing us both a favor by keeping her away from me. How would she like it if the articles announced her as my mistress? No one would respect her if anything like that ever hit the news.

But was I truly keeping Anya away from me? I still cared for her, and I still ran to her whenever she was hurt. I hadn't completely cut her out of my life, even though now was the perfect time to do it.

What was I waiting for? All of the memories and emotions I had tied to her were preventing me from doing what I had to. Even now, I couldn't bring myself to ask her to step out of my life for good.

I hear a noise inside the room, which puts me on high alert.

Anya shouldn't be here. Autumn may get the wrong idea if she walks outside and sees her with me. She asked me not to see Anya tonight. Did this mean that I was going against her word? I didn't tell Anya to meet me here. I wasn't even aware that she had followed us up here.

"K!ss her in front of me!" She hissed. I'd forgotten that we were still speaking about the k!ss. I was already panicking while thinking about Autumn and what could go wrong if she opened that door. "Out of every possible way you can hurt me, this is how you choose for it to happen?"

"I didn't expect Autumn to k!ss me." I point out. "But she's my wife, Anya. She can k!ss me whenever she pleases. We're no longer together. This has to stop. I can't keep comforting you, or Autumn will get the wrong idea. I don't want to ruin my marriage even before it starts."

"I'm not asking you to ruin your marriage for me!" She shouts. "I'm asking you to at least have some consideration around me. In case you haven't realized, Atticus. I still love you. It hurts to see you with her, but you don't care about that! All you care about is her! My best friend!"

I looked behind us; her voice was getting louder. I was afraid that Autumn would hear her.

"Can you please keep it down?" I tell her.

“No!” She shouts even louder than before. “I love you!”

Before I can react, she throws herself at me and wraps her arms around me. I’m too shocked to respond quickly, and of course, that’s when Autumn opens the door and finds us together. Her lips parted as she stared at the two of us. She looks from me to Anya and then

back to me again. I can see the flicker of emotions in her eyes; this isn’t fucking happening to me right now. Things were improving between us, and this will surely ruin that progress.

Her eyes are filled with tears as she looks between us, “you lied to me.” She whispers.

I didn’t think four words could hurt me this much but fuck, the pain I felt was almost unbearable.

“Autumn, this isn’t what it looks like.” I try to say.

“It’s exactly what it looks like, Atticus.” Anya cuts in. “I’m hugging you while explaining how much I love you. Autumn hasn’t misunderstood anything.”

I grab Anya by her arms and shove her away from me. I should have done that a long time ago; I was just too startled by seeing Autumn. I didn’t want there to be any misunderstandings between us. I wanted her to trust me, also, but if things like this kept happening, how could she trust me? Even I wouldn’t be able to trust myself under these circumstances.

“Autumn,” I repeat as I take a step toward her.

She takes one back, “you said you were going to search for my friend. You said that you weren’t going to see Anya tonight. Every word that you said to me was a lie. I don’t want to hear anything else you have to say to me, Atticus.”

“Give me five minutes to explain. I’ll tell you everything.” I tried to convince her, but she wasn’t being reasonable. She didn’t want to listen to a word I was saying. And Anya wasn’t making this easier for me.

Why didn’t she tell her the truth? Why was she purposefully trying to hurt her?

“Autumn!” I shout as she slams the door behind her. I hear the loud click, knowing she’d just locked me out of the room.

I run a hand through my hair as I try to remain calm.

“I can’t fucking believe it.” I roar. “What the hell were you thinking, Anya?”

“What was I thinking?” She demands. “I was thinking of the promises you made to me right before you got married, Atticus. Did you forget about them? I thought you were a man of your word. Or are you someone else now that you’ve married Autumn? Do you even know yourself anymore?”