

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 28 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

~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 shit 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 of 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 fuck 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. 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 l!ps 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 fl!cker of emotions in her eyes; this isn't fe****g 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 fr+k, 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 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 fvcking 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?”

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 29 - Tips

0 20 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

Wish I hadn't made such ridiculous promises to Anya. I should have been upfront with her from the start. But she wasn't the problem currently: getting Autumn to open this door was more important to me. I knock once, then twice.

"Autumn!" I shout loud enough for her to hear me. "Open the door. Please!" I try again but she shouted for me to leave her alone. Hearing her say those words to me bothered me more than it should. It was almost like her feelings affected mine. Like we were connected.

But that couldn't be possible. I was connected to Anya, not to her. My mate bond was with Anya, not Autumn. So then why did this hurt me just as much as it did her?

"Why are you wasting your time with her?" Anya demands. "She doesn't wish to speak to you. I'm the one that's trying my best to make things better between us. I'm the one that's fighting for you. Can't you see that Autumn doesn't care for you at all?"

"She's only ignoring me because of you." I remind her. "Are you purposefully trying to cause problems between us Anya?" She narrows her eyes and folds her arms stubbornly.

"Are you out of your mind Atticus?" She inquired. "It's not my fault that Autumn doesn't trust you. I was never like that when we were together. I knew you loved me, and I didn't have to worry about any other woman in your life. I know you still love me. That's why I can never let go of you. It's why I plan on fighting till the end for you."

I was right. Anya wasn't going to let our past go. She was determined to keep fighting for us.

I hear footsteps, and I see my brother walking up the stairs toward us. His eyes find us, and he looks surprised to see us alone together.

"What's going on?" He asks as he joins us.

"Everyone is waiting for you, Atticus. I didn't expect to see you with Anya. Did something happen between the both of you?"

Was Damon also about to misunderstand the situation? He should know that I would never disrespect my wife like that.

"Let's start the search," I say without answering his question about Anya. It was useless trying to get Autumn to talk to me now, and I had already promised her to bring her friend back safely. The longer we waited, the harder it would become to keep my promise to her. Maybe if I found her friend, then she would forgive me. That is if she remembers anything from tonight when she wakes up.

Did I want her to remember this? I didn't think so. The look on her face even though she was drunk told me that she wouldn't forgive me easily for this incident.

It was even more useless trying to speak with Anya about her behavior. She never likes when I ignore her, but when I try to be friendly and not hurt her, she does things like this which makes it difficult for me to be there for her.

"Are there any leads so far?" I ask him as I walk past Anya towards the stairs. Damon looks at her before following after me. He knows something has to have happened; he wasn't stupid. But lucky for me, he didn't try to ask any other questions.

"No, none except that Griffin confessed to provoking Kane before they went missing." He informs me.

"How did he provoke him?" I ask. Griffin was always looking for trouble. This wasn't news to me.

"This is where it gets interesting," Damon says.

"Kane is supposed to be mates with Maya, Austin's sister who they've recently been reunited with. It turns out Kane had something going on with the girl he went missing with. Griffin was trying to get him jealous by flirting with her. Apparently, Griffin promised to help her make him jealous. It worked."

"Are you telling me that it's possible they both ran away to be together?" I ask.

He shrugs his shoulder, "there is really no telling what happened until we find them. The way I see it, this is the least of our problems. When Austin discovers what Kane has been doing behind his sister's back, he might kill him if he isn't already dead."

"This doesn't make any sense. If they're mates, why is he cheating on her?" I ask.

That was a question I shouldn't be asking.

Anya was my mate, but it didn't stop me from desiring Autumn. It's not supposed to be that way; mates didn't desire anyone else but their partner.

Damon looks at me, and there is a guilty look on his face, almost like he understands Kane. Did he also desire someone other than Anya? We never spoke about feelings; we did in the past, but after Anya came into our lives, we'd drifted apart. It didn't feel right to explain what we each felt about her; it was awkward since we would be talking about the same woman. Now here we are, knowing very little about each of our feelings.

Damon looks tensed as Clarissa joins us, "how does my outfit look for the search?" She asks.

Damon and I look at her as though she'd lost her damn mind. "Where do you think you're going?" He asks her.

"To help you with the search." She answers him. "Isn't it obvious?"

Damon grabs her wrist and pulls her to his side, "you're not going on this search with us. When do we ever involve you in things like this? Stay here with the quests and keep out of trouble."

"Keep out of trouble?" She asks. "I am not a child Damon. I'm all grown up; this is not the body of a child, in case you haven't noticed."

What the fvck?

"Clarissa." I hiss. "Are you feeling okay? What the hell is wrong with you all of a sudden?"

I'm surprised that Damon didn't respond to her little comment, and I'm even more shocked when I turn to him and see that his cheeks are bright red.

"I'm perfectly fine." She assures me. "I hate that everyone treats me like I'm a kid. It's frustrating. I want to help. Why can't you let me?"

Was this really happening tonight? First, I had to keep Autumn from joining us, and now I also had to deal with Clarissa. We were wasting precious time.

"If it means that much to you. Fine. Join us." I tell her.

Her face brightens with a smile, and Damon looks at me like I've lost my mind.

"She can't come with us. We're not sure how long we will be out there. It's safer for her here." He complains.

"Well, then you try and talk her out of this because I don't have time to convince her not to come with us." I point out.

I knew Damon was even more protective over her than I was, but I couldn't stay here trying to convince her not to go when I had to find Autumn's friend. I was still pissed over what had just occurred. I was desperate to find a way to get Autumn to forgive me.

Clarissa grabs a bag and walks in front of us, "what do you even have in that bag?"

"Just girl stuff!" She shouts as she runs to the jeep.

Dante joins us and quirks a brow when she opens the back door and jumps in the vehicle.

“Clarissa is joining us?” He asks.

“You can thank fvcking Atticus for that,” Damon growls as he joins her in the backseat.

“You’re welcome!” I respond sarcastically.

“Do we have everything?” I ask as I start the jeep.

Dante nods, “should we have asked Anya to join us as well? She’s probably going to be pissed that I told her no, but allowed Clarissa to join us.”

My hands tighten on the steering wheel, and before they can agree on bringing her, I’m already moving the jeep into the pathway to the front of us.

I wasn’t giving them a chance to get her involved in this search. I was already in deep sh!t with Autumn; I didn’t want to worsen things. Besides, couldn’t trust myself around Anya; she would find some way to get us alone.

“Honestly, Atticus, I’ve never been more proud of you.” Clarissa cheers in the back. “Not having Anya with us is the best thing that has happened to me all day. It’s tiring being around her. I’m honestly not sure how you can stand being around her for more than a minute “

“No, the best thing would have been if you had stayed your b.utt home.” Dante retorts. “How did you convince Damon to let you come with us?”

“Damon isn’t the boss of me.” She snaps.

“I am right here,” Damon says in a dry tone.

“You’re speaking about me like I’m the one that stayed back.”

Was this what it would be like for the entire search? With these three constantly bickering and giving me a bl00dy headache?

“Are there any new updates?” I ask Dante. He’s the one that’s been in contact with Arthur about the search. “And where is Griffin? He should be in the center of the search since he’s partly to blame for trying to get Kane jealous.”

“There are no new leads,” he informs me. “And Griffin, he’s leading one of the searches, but it’s in a completely different direction. We’re trying to spread out as far as possible since we don’t know where they might be.”

That would make sense; we wouldn’t stop until we covered the entire island. I had to find them. I had to for Autumn.

“Griffin loves to cause trouble,” Damon says,

“I name one event we’ve ever had that he didn’t cause an uproar.”

Now that Damon had mentioned it, I realized that he was speaking the truth. I couldn’t find a single event where Griffin hadn’t caused trouble for the rest of us. This was only his most recent incident.

“The trail ends here,” I say as the jeep abruptly stops. “We’re going to have to walk from this point onwards.”

Damon turns to Clarissa, “are you sure you’re up for this?” he asks her. “You can still take the jeep back; we can shift and return to the beach house in no time when we’re done with the search.”

“I didn’t come all this way to be of no help.” She says.

She’s the first to step out of the vehicle, she attempts to grab her bag, but Damon takes it from her. “I’ll carry it. Just focus on walking.”

She practically beams up at him, and this is the relationship I’m accustomed to seeing between them-Clarissa in complete awe of Damon.

Dante looks at me, and I shake my head. We’re used to this. It wasn’t anything new for us. Though, their bickering has for some reason increased recently.

“I still can’t get over the fact that Kane is cheating on Maya. I’ve heard their story. Didn’t he go insane trying to find her when she went missing? How could he betray her like that in the end? You don’t just cheat on your mate. It’s not normal behavior.” Dante says.

“Well, maybe she’s the wrong person for him,” Clarissa says. “Look at Atticus, for example, Autumn is the better option for him than Anya, and she isn’t his mate. She agrees with him, and he’s so much happier with her than he ever was with Anya. Maybe you and Damon can experience that happiness if you give someone else a chance.”

“Here we go again,” Dante growls. “Just another reminder why we should have left you home.”

“I’m allowed to give my opinion Dante” She snaps at him.

“Do you smell that?” I ask.

Damon looks at me, and his body goes on high alert, “witchcraft.”

“Did we invite any witches on this trip with us?” I inquire.

“I can’t say for sure,” Dante answers me. “It’s not something I paid attention to.”

“Even if we did, no one came here to perform any weird ritual or whatever the fvck this is,” I say as I look down at the burning circle in the dirt.

“Do you know what spell this is?” Dante asks me.

I couldn’t say for sure. We’ve studied witches and their spells at the academy, but I can’t say I paid attention.

“It seems like a teleporting spell,” Clarissa says as she goes closer. “Someone used it to get out of the island.”

We all stare at her, completely stunned.

She looks up at us and quirks her brow, “what? Have none of you ever paid attention in class? I’m in a lower level but somehow, know more than ask.

Damon sighs and kneels next to her, “it looks like there was more than one person here judging by the size of these footprints”

“Do you think it was Kane and the girl?”

“They’re not witches,” Damon points out. “If it was them, a witch must have taken them.”

“This just gets weirder and weirder,” Dante says.

“I’ll give Griffin the update,” Damon says as he takes out his phone. “He can inform the others of what we’ve just found out. I don’t know how we will explain this, though.”

“So witches are involved in their disappearance?” Dante asks. “Is that the conclusion we’ve come up with?”

“We still can’t say for sure,” I respond as I scan the area. “We can’t jump to any conclusions, but what we could do is keep looking and hope to find some more clues.”

Witches. I never liked when they were involved.

They were tricky and could never be trusted. I’ve barely met honest witches; most of them were always looking for ways to trick you and benefit in whatever way they could. Their spells always freaked me out. Knowing that there were people out there that could make you fall in love with them through magic alone didn’t sit right with me. They had the power to control and make you do things you wouldn’t normally do, and there wasn’t

much you could do about it. If you didn't know that you were under a spell, how could you break free from it?

"Let's keep looking," Damon says.

My eyes widen as Clarissa almost walks straight into the fire. Damon grabs her by her waist and pulls her to him.

"Oopsie!" she whispers as she hides her against his chest.

"This is why I didn't want you here with us," Damon growls. "You could have seriously burnt yourself, and that's not even normal fire."

"I'm sorry." she apologizes. "I'll be more careful from now on."

"I think it's time I take you back to the jeep." Damon tells her. "We can wait there until they return."

"I told you that I could do this." She complains. Damon looks frustrated, but he doesn't try to convince her again.

We searched the area more than once, hoping to find other clues, but we didn't see anything that could help us find them.

"Let's head back to the jeep; we can check another area," I say.

They nod, and it doesn't take us long to get back to the vehicle. Even though I wanted to find Autumn's friend, I was still distracted because of what had happened earlier. She was constantly on my mind. I couldn't get over the look on her face when she thought that I'd lied to her.

"Stop the jeep!" Dante shouts suddenly. His words broke me out of my thoughts just before I'll could hit a tree.

"Where the hell is your mind at, Atticus?" He demands.

"We have Clarissa with us; you can't be so fucking careless," Damon warned.

"Sorry." I apologize. "I have a lot on my mind."

"You still didn't tell us what happened with Anya." Damon reminds me. "It looked like you were in an argument when I interrupted you."

Anya was the last person I wanted to speak to anyone about.

"Have you noticed recently that her behavior has drastically changed?" I ask them.

“She just watched her mate marry her best friend. I think she’s allowed to react the way that she’s behaving. You’re the one that doesn’t have any sympathy toward her pain.” Dante says with a hint of irritation in his voice.

This is why I couldn’t discuss anything with my brothers; they would instantly take her side.

“Or, and I mean this in the nicest way possible, maybe you’re finally able to see her for what she truly is. Her true nature is finally showing, and you’re finally opening your eyes.” Clarissa cuts in.

“We’re straying from what we came here to do,” Damon says. “Let’s continue with the search.”

“You’re right.” I agree.

“I think I’ll stay here,” Clarissa says.

“Why did you change your mind?” I ask her.

“You were confident that you could do it an hour ago.

“Speaking about Anya has given me an instant headache.” She complains.

I laugh, “You’re exaggerating.”

Damon sighs, “I’ll stay with her to ensure that no witches turn up and try to kidnap her. We’re still unsure of what’s happening.”

Dante and I don’t ask any more questions as we continue the search. I hope we find more clues that could lead us to Kane.

We’ve been searching for hours, and still, there was no sign of anything or anyone. I was beginning to believe that Kane and the girl were indeed kidnapped by witches. It’s the best way to explain their disappearance. We’ve been in contact with Griffin this entire time, but they haven’t found anything helpful to us either.

“Do you see what I see?” Dante asks me suddenly. “I want to make sure that I’m not hallucinating. We haven’t slept in hours, and we’ve been on our feet for a long time.”

He was right; we have been on our feet for a long time without rest. I follow his gaze; there’s a note stuck to a tree and a knife at the top holding it together.

“You’re not hallucinating,” I assure him. “Who will leave a note in the middle of the forest? How were they so sure that someone would find it?”

“Well, to be fair, we practically did find it. Whoever left it knew that there would be people searching for Kane” I grabbed the knife and pulled it off the tree.

Dante takes the letter and reads through it thoroughly. The frown on his face tells me that this was far from over.

“I think you should have a look at this yourself.” He says as he hands it over to me.

After reading it, I’m dumbstruck. What kind of sick joke was this?

According to the letter, Austin’s baby had been kidnapped.

How the fvck did this happen? Witches were definitely behind this; there weren’t any questions about their involvement anymore.

“We have to find Austin and the others! A baby is involved; it’s just gotten more serious.” I shout.

“Let’s get back to the jeep.”

I was even more desperate to get to the bottom of things now that an innocent baby was involved. The letter was threatening his life. How cruel were these people? How did they even get the baby from Austin and Lucy? And if this was true, why hadn’t there been an uproar by now? Did they not know that their baby was missing?

I slammed the jeep door shut as soon as we got to it.

“What’s happening?” Clarissa demands as she jumps up. She’d fallen asleep on Damon but was wide awake when she heard us return.

“Great job waking her up when I finally got her to get some rest,” Damon says, annoyed with us. He wouldn’t be when he found out what was happening.

“Read this letter,” I tell him. “You’ll understand why we’re in a rush.”

We give him a few seconds, and we hear his sharp breath intake the moment it sinks in.

“They kidnapped a baby?” He shouts. “Who the fvck did this?”

“A baby?” Clarissa gasps. “Who’s baby?”

“Austin and Lucy’s. They’ll freak out when they read this letter if they aren’t already aware.” Dante says.

“Get Griffin on the phone,” I command. “He needs to inform the others for us.”

"We don't have to." He says as another jeep pulls up behind us. It was Griffin; he'd come alone to find us.

"We know where they are." He informs us. "But need to hurry. Things are getting crazy out there between Austin and Kane. They're about to fight. We need to get there before someone kills the other."

"How do you know all this?" I demand.

"We saw everything through one of the drones Arthur's family sold us. Luckily I remembered we had one on the island with us."

"That's not the only problem," I warn. "We just found this letter."

He takes it from me, and he has the same reaction that we all did.

"This is messed up," Griffin says. "Since Austin is too busy trying to kill Kane, I think it's safe to say that he isn't aware that his son is missing. We need to get this letter to him immediately."

He was right. Austin must have found out that Kane was cheating on Maya with Autumn's friend, so he was trying to kill him for hurting his sister.

"Let's not waste anymore time." I shout as we jump in our vehicles.

"Do you think we will make it in time?" Clarissa asks. "I'm terrified for the baby's safety."

We all are. I knew one thing for sure, I wouldn't rest until we found him.

~AUTUMN~

The cold ground beneath my body was the first thing I noticed. Why was I on the ground? Slowly open my eyes, and to my surprise, I'm inside a bathroom. I winced as I tried to get up but fell straight on my a.ss.

I squeeze my temples as I try to remember what happened last night for me to wake up on the cold, hard floor.

The last thing I remembered was Scarlett and Clara offering me a drink. I remember asking for more than I should have taken. And that was it.

Everything went blank after that. I try once more to get up from the ground, and this time I can. I stare at myself in the mirror; why are my eyes so red and swollen? It looks like I've been crying the entire night. Where was everyone?

It was tranquil, and this wasn't a room I was familiar with. I open the bathroom door, and the next thing I see are roses all over the floor. I follow the trail to the bed, where rose petals are almost everywhere. It doesn't look like anyone slept there.

Was Atticus in here with me last night? I gasped as I remembered the spring. Did that even take place last night?

The headache increased as I tried even harder to remember what I had done last night.

I wince as my hand accidentally grazes my nipple. Why did it feel so sensitive? They felt different... What exactly happened last night?

An image of Atticus sucking on them flashes across my mind, and my body comes to an abrupt halt.

That's impossible. Atticus wouldn't do something like that to me when he had no interest in me at all. It must have been a dream. But if it was, why did my body feel all tender and needy?

Like it wanted something but didn't know how to get it.

"Autumn!" I heard my sister shouting as she continued to knock on the door.

I unlocked it, and she barged in, "what are you doing locked up in your room when there is so much chaos going on outside?" She demands from me.

"Chaos?" I ask. "What's happening?"

"Austin and Lucy's baby has been kidnapped."

She informs me. "There are so many other things that took place while you've been sleeping. It turns out Maya was a fake; the real Maya was the one that went missing with Kane. They found them."

What? My head was spinning with all of this new information.

"Where is Atticus now?" I demand. "I have to see him."

"They're organizing a helicopter to help find the baby before it's too late." She explains.

Did this mean he was planning on leaving without me?

Before my sister could stop me, I was already running down the stairs; I had to get to them before they left. I wanted to help; a baby was involved. A baby!

How could Atticus plan to leave the island without telling me anything? Has anything changed at all since we got married? Or did he just see me as a burden to him and his family?

I was still trying to figure out what had happened last night, but my stupid mind was still blank. I don't think I should ever drink like that again. I can only hope I didn't make a fool of myself again like I did the last time I had gotten so drunk.

"Where can I find the helicopter?" I ask Clarissa when I spot her.

"Autumn?" She questions as she studies my face. "Have you been crying?"

"I heard that Atticus was leaving; he didn't tell me anything," I informed her.

She nods, "he said you had a long night, and he wanted to make sure that you stayed here and got your rest. He asked me to take care of you before he left"

A long night? I couldn't remember anything about last night, and it was beginning to frustrate me!

"I can't remember anything from last night," I confess. "I think I had too much to drink" She giggles, "I'm guessing you don't remember walking up to Atticus and kissing him in front of us?" She asks. "Anya was pissed, and I enjoyed every second of seeing her like that. It would be best if you did that more often. I think even Atticus enjoyed it." We kissed?

What on earth was she talking about? I would never do something like that, not in front of so many people. I've never been that bold. But I was different the first time I'd gotten drunk, and this time I'd had more to drink.

"You really don't remember anything," Clarissa notes as she notices my tense posture.

"I don't have time to think about last night," I tell her. "I want to find Atticus." She takes me to Damon's jeep, and just as she promised, she gets me to the helicopter just in time.

Everyone is now getting on board. Luckily for me, Atticus was still outside, waiting for the others to get in. "Good luck!" Clarissa shouts as she waves goodbye to me.

I thanked her and ran towards Atticus. His gaze falls on me, and he looks surprised I'd come.

The moment I reached him and felt his closeness, something strange happened. I got another memory. We were kissing in this memory. at the front of the yacht. And it wasn't just a peck on the lips.

It turns out Clarissa was telling the truth. I did k!ss him in front of everyone.

“What are you doing here?” He asks. He has to shout above the loud noises the helicopter makes as its blades spin.

“I’m coming with you,” I tell him. It was hard to concentrate on his words when the memory of our k!ss was still fresh in my head. Why did he k!ss me back in front of Anya?

And it wasn’t just any k!ss. It was the most passionate k!ss I’ve ever had in my entire life, and why did I have to be drunk when it happened? I felt giddy inside from just the memory; I can’t imagine how good it must have felt last night.

“Autumn,” he says. “This is about to turn into a massive battle. I didn’t tell you for your good. I need you to stay back here. It’s where you will be safe.”

I frown as another memory crashes into me.

I could hear Anya shouting that she loved him. I covered my mouth with my hand as everything returned to me all at once. Our hot session in the spring, begging him to touch me. My friend going missing. And then, finally, Atticus promising that he wasn’t going to see Anya but doing the exact opposite.

The pain from last night crushes my heart. It explains why I woke up on the bathroom floor with puffy eyes. After everything that happened between us last night, how could he do that to me in the end? How?

Out of everything, I hated when someone lied to me. And Atticus was someone I trusted; I always thought that he wasn’t someone that would lie.

He promised not to see Anya, but he went and saw her right in front of our room, where he knew I would be able to hear them both.

Did he purposefully try to hurt me last night?

Why else would he have an entire conversation in front of our room? And it wasn’t just a conversation; they were hugging as well.

I take a step back from him, and the look on his face tells me that he knows I remember everything that happened.

“Autumn-“

“I’m going, Atticus. Nothing you say or do can stop me.”

I could barely face him anymore. He's not the man I fell in love with. The Atticus I loved would never betray me like this. He would never intentionally find ways to hurt me.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 30 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Atticus didn't try to stop me again. I think my anger was clearly showing and he understood not to refuse me. I didn't try to hide it from him. He knows what he did last night. He knows why I do not want to speak to him. He knows that I saw him with Anya and he knows what it did to me. If Clarissa could realize that I cried last night, he must see it also. Did he feel guilty at all?

I walk past him and straight into the waiting helicopter. They didn't have time to waste.

I hugged Maya as soon as I got onto it-that had been her name all along. Maya. And it turns out Kane was her mate.

After speaking to her and ensuring she was okay, I'd left her to be with her mate.

I could see how much they loved each other; he definitely loved her a lot. I could see it in his eyes whenever he looked at her, and I think she also felt his love. She knew he loved her plenty.

Why couldn't I have the same thing with Atticus? Why did he have to love someone else?

And why couldn't Anya leave us alone?

The answer was simple, Atticus was the reason she wasn't letting go. He kept giving her reasons for her to fight for them. He kept running to her and protecting her even though he knew his brothers could do an excellent job at that. He knew she didn't need him, she never needed him even from the start.

The more I thought about it, the more I got angry.

I've loved Atticus for so many years; all I've wanted was for him to feel the same way about me.

Yesterday, things happened between us that gave me hope that maybe, just maybe, there's a chance for us, a chance for him to feel what I felt for him. But him hugging Anya right after we came from the spring has dulled my hope.

How could he be so intimate with me and hug her right after? It made me feel sick to my stomach just thinking about it.

“Autumn,” he says as he joins my side, as if reading my mind.” I think we need to talk. About everything.”

“Does this look like the right time to have this discussion Atticus?” I snap as the helicopter lands.

He seems taken aback by my tone. I’ve never been this harsh with him and hate being that way, but I can’t seem to get rid of the anger.

“After all of this, I want to explain what happened.” He tries once more.

I didn’t think there was anything that he could say to make this better.

He helped me out of the helicopter even though I didn’t want his help.

Multiple vehicles are waiting for us, prepared to take us to our destination. The witch who’d taken baby Roman had made it clear who she wanted hostage. The women were preparing to save him.

They were risking their lives to bring him back even though some of them were pregnant, I admired their strength and courage.

A reunion follows right after. Lucy’s brothers joined us, and there were a few of them. I watch as they all hug and try to comfort her. I wish I could do something, anything, to make her feel better. I can’t imagine losing my baby and wondering if I’ll ever see him again. It’s something no mother ever wants to experience.

A notification on my phone catches my attention. I unlock it and stare at the message. I took a deep breath as I saw the name.

It’s from Anya.

I don’t want to look at it, but I can’t resist. I want to know what she has to say to me. Part of me already knows it’s about Atticus. Would she explain more about what happened between them last night after he’d dropped me in the room? Did he leave with her? I don’t know what happened after I shut the door, and I was scared to find out. I didn’t want to hurt my heart more than it had already been broken.

‘Listen to the recording. You might hear something important.

That was all she’d said. A recording? Was it from yesterday?

I didn’t have my headphones with me, so instead, I slowed the volume down and held the phone close to my ear as I listened.

"You will always come first, and 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 mates; 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.'

The phone drops from my hand. That was Atticus, and I would know his voice anywhere.

How could he make those promises to her?

How could he promise never to take me to bed when we were husband and wife? He made these promises to her; she didn't force him to do it. He willingly said those things to her.

The only reason why he's ever cared for me is because of his duty because he's forced to do it: he's never really cared for me from his own free will.

I'm reminded once more than Anya was his true love, not me, never me. It's always been her no matter how much it hurts me to admit it. I was stupid for thinking there was ever a chance for Atticus to love me. He's made it clear since the beginning how much Anya means to him. But hearing the way he spoke to her only made the pain harder.

Another thought crashes into my mind and I clutch my chest. It couldn't be. He wouldn't do that to me. But the evidence was here. I couldn't deny it.

Was his promise to her the real reason he didn't want to touch me yesterday? He claimed he didn't want to do it because I was drunk, but I didn't think that was his real reason anymore. He stopped anything from happening because of his promise to her. To never take me to bed.

I couldn't believe this. I felt sick to my stomach.

How could he do this to me?

"I will never look at her the way I look at you."

I knew that; I've seen it happen a hundred times before, but to hear him say those words to her... It was heart-wrenching. I could barely breathe.

This wasn't happening. It was destroying everything, all the hopes I had for our future. It was destroying it all before it even had a chance of beginning.