

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 36 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Atticus...

Atticus...

Atticus..

I'm doing it. I'm repeating the spell. And somehow, it's working. Somehow Atticus wants me. I can tell by the way he moves that this isn't him. He isn't doing it out of his free will. And for some reason, I'm not stopping it.

How did you even stop a spell that you weren't even sure how you started to begin with? Mr.

Samuel never explained how to stop it. How could a teacher give a spell and not tell his students how to end it?

The worst part was that I didn't want this to end. I wanted him to keep touching me. He was ripping my clothes in half. And I didn't mind one bit.

I didn't want him to stop. I cry out when his hand grips my pvssy through my pants. He's rubbing me, easing the ache but making it worse simultaneously. How was that possible? How could I feel both things at once?

"Is that where you want me to touch you?" He whispers against my ear before his tongue pulls my earlobe into his mouth. "In your sweet pvssy. Do you want me to touch it bare? Without any clothes on? Would that make it better?"

I gasped at just the thought of his hands there without any barriers between them. I grip his shirt and pull hard; that's my answer without having to say the words. I want it. I want it so much.

He shoves a few cleaning products onto the floor from the table next to us and puts me on top of it. I gasped when he spread my legs wide.

My eyes roll back into my head when he shoves his face between them so that his mouth is now pressed against my aching we.tness. I still have the pants on, and I hate them so much. I want it to be gone. I want to be able to feel it more than this. His tongue takes a slow, long, brutal swipe, and I cry out at the feelings that pulsed through me just by looking at how he did it.

I gasped as I remembered why he was even doing this in the first place. No matter how good this felt, I couldn't allow him to continue with this. I will never forgive myself if I let this continue.

I grab his face and push him backward. "Stop!" I shout.

And just like that, I can see the spell leaving his body. Just like that, it was all over.

Atticus stares at me with a look of confusion and horror. I don't know if he understands yet that I'm the reason he just lost control of his own body like that. But I know the truth even if he didn't, and I'm now terrified of myself.

I wasn't a witch; I shouldn't have been able to do something like this. So what the hell just happened?

His eyes travel down my body, focusing on my torn clothes, clothes he'd just ripped.

He runs a hand through his hair and turns around, no longer looking my way. He mutters a string of curses; I think he's blaming himself. I also insisted that he stop while he was in the middle of touching me. He may feel that I didn't like it. It was quite the opposite of that, but I couldn't say anything because that would mean that I had to explain why exactly I had stopped it, and I wasn't ready to do that.

"I'll get some clothes for you to change into." He says suddenly. "Don't go anywhere." I don't think it was possible to leave this room half-na\*ked. I wasn't going to try and escape if that's what he was worried about.

I lean against the wall when he leaves; I have plenty on my mind. I still wasn't sure what exactly had just happened. It may be a good idea to mention this to someone that may be able to provide me with the answers I needed, but I was terrified that they would say that something was wrong with me. A werewolf that knew how to perform spells? I've never been able to do anything like that in the past, so what was happening to me?

Was it just the spell of seduction, or could I also cast other spells? There were a few spells that were mentioned, but I've never paid plenty of attention to any of them.

And I was too scared to try anything at this exact moment. I was still in shock at what I'd just done to Atticus. He only touched me like that because of a stupid spell. I never wanted him that way; I wanted him to desire me without needing magic for it to work.

Atticus returns a few minutes later with a dress in his hand.

"I'll wait for you outside." He says as he exits and shuts the door behind him.

I remove what's left of my clothes and throw the dress on over my head. I'm nervous when I walk out the door. I'm not sure if anyone will notice the change of clothes. It would be easy for practically any person to realize that this wasn't the same thing I'd been wearing earlier today. That thought made my cheeks feel hot with embarrassment.

What could I say if they asked what happened?

An easy response would be that something spilled all over my clothes, and I had to change into this.

I'm waiting for Atticus to ask me what happened in there or to explain, but he's reticent. I'm not sure what he's thinking.

When we meet with Clarissa and Damon, things are still awkward between us, and I think they can see straight through us.

"Did something happen to your clothes?"

Clarissa asks. "I know this isn't what you were wearing earlier."

I blushed, unable to stop, "I spilled some juice all over it." I lie.

She looks at Atticus, and he's as stiff as a board. I don't think we're doing an excellent job at selling this story.

"Where did you get the dress?" She asks. "It's beautiful."

Atticus looks nervous at her question, making me wonder where he truly got the dress from so quickly. It was my size and almost like it was made just for me.

"Where did you get the dress?" I repeat her question.

"I bought it for you." He finally answers. "I just never got the chance to give it to you."

Did he really buy this dress for me? It was short but not too short, and it wasn't fitted either; it was perfect for me.

How did he know that I would like this?

"Were you planning on giving it to her along with the hundreds of roses we saw delivered to the house yesterday?" Clarissa asks.

Hundreds of roses? When were roses delivered to the house? Atticus glares at his sister, and she covers her mouth after realizing I wasn't aware of what she was speaking of.

My gaze shifts to Atticus as I wait for him to explain. I never got any roses, but Atticus and I did have a fierce fight yesterday before he marked me and disappeared for the rest of the night. Was he planning on giving me roses to ask for forgiveness after leaving my side to look after Anya? Would that have changed anything?

It made me feel a little better but still not enough to stop the pain I felt every time I thought about him leaving me to go to her. It felt like he'd chosen her again, even though we were now married.

I shook the thought out of my head. I promised myself to stop letting them hurt me. I promised myself to be stronger. I wouldn't let Atticus into my heart again until he proved that he wanted this marriage to work. It didn't matter that my heart would always only belong to him. I was done crying over him because of Anya. I wouldn't let her win; I wouldn't let her continue to bring me down.

But that wasn't my only problem anymore, I had other things to sort out, and that was to figure out how on earth a werewolf has the power to cast spells.

And who could I trust to tell this secret to? The truth was that this was the first time it's ever happened to me, and maybe it's possible that I was reading too much into nothing; the only way I can know for sure is if it happened again.

"I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to that game tonight." Clarissa grins. "I can see us having so much fun. Plus, I want to see if Tyler tries to win and take us to dinner."

The truth was that it didn't matter if Tyler played well; all of the attention and hope would be placed on Carter. As long as he performed, the fearsome beasts would win the game. This would mean that Tyler would expect us to go to dinner with him tonight; while I would want Atticus to think that I was going to the dinner, I wouldn't actually do something like that. I don't believe Clarissa would, either. This was all about teaching him a lesson, nothing else. I wasn't actually interested in Tyler, but he didn't have to know that.

It was better for him to think he wasn't the only one with my full attention. I tried that before, and it didn't work in my favor; now, I was doing the opposite.

"Why are you suddenly interested in these games?" Damon demands from Clarissa.

What's wrong if I want to see the game, Damon?" She asks. "I'm just going to have some fun with Autumn. We deserve a girl's night out."

I could also have Scarlett and Clara join us. That would make it even better.

"I'll invite Scarlett and Clara."

Atticus stiffens at the mention of them, “every time you hang out with those girls, everything goes wrong.”

“That’s not true.” I deny. “I think it’s quite the opposite. Everything goes wrong whenever Anya is in the picture, not those nice girls. They’re my friends. You will learn to like them because they’re here to stay.”

He quirks a brow at me, but he doesn’t seem annoyed or angry. Instead, he looks impressed.

What was he so impressed about? I disagreed with him; didn’t he get that?

“You guys can attend the classes together without me,” Damon says suddenly. “Dante told me that Anya wants to see me. I’ll be leaving now.”

Clarissa doesn’t hide her disappointment at his words.

“Keep an eye on Clarissa; make sure no one tries to bully her while I’m gone.” He warns Atticus before leaving.

At least his last words, before walking away, managed to brighten her mood a little.

Now we had to survive the rest of the classes together. Hopefully, it has nothing to do with spells or witches.

It’s time for the game. Luckily Clarissa had enough clothes for the both of us in her locker. That meant that we didn’t have to go home to change; we were able to change in the bathroom.

I didn’t want to remove the dress Atticus gave to me, but I didn’t want him to think I was in love with it either.

“Do you have to follow us everywhere?” I ask Atticus. He’s walking behind us like our bodyguard, looking at everyone who came even a few feet too close. I think he was waiting for Tyler to show up.

He doesn’t answer me; he’s too preoccupied with scanning the area.

“Do you spot Scarlett?” Clarissa asks me. Before I could respond, a random woman approached us out of nowhere; she was dressed in a long white dress, and she didn’t look like she had come to be a part of the game.

“I can see your future so clearly.” She says to me before turning her attention to Atticus. “You as well.”

"I'm fine; I don't need you to tell me about my future." He cuts her off before she can say anything else.

Was she another one of those older witches that loved to tell someone about their future in return for some money? What was she even doing here at a game like this?

I couldn't understand how security would let her through the gates.

"You have two women in your life." She continues, making me uncomfortable. "One of them you're in love with, and the other, you're forced to have her in your life. Autumn and Anya. You know what order they go in."

I freeze. She did not just say that.

His jaw clenches, "is this some kind of joke?"

Anya joins us just then, with Damon and Dante on both sides of her. I try not to let her presence affect me, but I can't deny how unhappy it makes me now that she's here. I expected her to drag on the hospital trick for as long as she could; I didn't think she would be out of there so quickly. I think it's only because Atticus didn't go back to check on her; that's the only reason she's out of the hospital.

"They're both here." The woman notes, waving her hands. "If you had a choice to save one of these women, who would it be?"

"Is that a fvcking threat?" Atticus growls as he steps towards her.

"Are they just letting anyone into these games now?" Damon demands as he looks around for security. Though they didn't need it, they could quickly get her out of here if they wanted to.

"No, son," she says in an apologetic tone. "I'm not trying to be disrespectful. I think that this is a question that you need to answer if you want to be able to move forward with your life. I can tell it's holding you back."

I fold my arms and look directly into his eyes, "who would it be, Atticus? It's a simple question. What's your answer?"

He's silent as he scans my face, trying to figure out if I truly wanted to know the answer to her question.

I'm not sure what he saw, but he doesn't even blink as he says, "you."

It's one word, but it makes my heart skip a beat. Did he really just say that? In front of both Anya and me? Or was he only saying it because everyone was looking at us?

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 37 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~ANYA~

“Did you hear his response to my question at the game?” My mother asks me as she throws a glass in the sink, almost breaking it.

“Yes,” I say through clenched teeth. I heard his response to her question, and it still haunted me. It still hadn’t sunk in that I’d completely lost Atticus.

Part of him was still connected to me, but it was almost completely gone. He was too lost over Autumn to realize how much I missed having him around.

I’d left the game when he said that one word to her. It wasn’t very comfortable to stand there while he claimed that he would save Autumn over me.

Damon and Dante tried to stop me, but I didn’t listen to either.

How could Atticus embarrass me like that in front of everyone? We weren’t the only ones present. Many people were surrounding us, waiting for his response, and he chose her.

I knew he was angry that I’d sent the recording to Autumn, but I don’t think that’s the only reason he’d said what he did. He was being honest. He would choose her if he had to pick between saving one of us.

“One job Anya, you had one job to do, and you couldn’t even do that.” She snaps. “Are you even my daughter?”

I cringe at her question. My mother never loses the opportunity to insult me. I was trying my best; everything I’d ever done was to please her. I was stuck in this situation because of her.

When I first saw Atticus, I wasn’t very fond of him. I never wanted to date him, but my mother had other plans. She was obsessed with getting her revenge on the Fawns, and I was her ticket to making that possible. Doing things to please my mother has always made me feel like I’d accomplished something great, and I have enjoyed doing this for her until now.

My mother was a full-blooded witch, and I was a hybrid; my father was a werewolf. He died when I was younger.

“I did all the hard work,” she snaps. “I helped you put those spells on all three of those Fawn brothers. All you had to do was keep Autumn away to prevent her from ever finding out that Atticus was her true mate. And you couldn’t even do that much.”

"I don't think Autumn knows he's her mate." I snap. "I made sure that she wouldn't recognize him as her mate. However, even a spell can't completely wipe out her feelings for him. She loved him so much since the beginning that it was hard for the spell to even work on her. But still, she doesn't show any signs that she believes he's her mate "

"How did Atticus mark her if he didn't recognize her as his mate?" She demands. "Eventually, they're both going to realize something is going on. And if he don't work fast, all of my plans will be squashed in a split second. I've been working on this for years, building everything up to blow it up in their aces at the right time, but that damn Autumn girl I spoiling everything. I always knew I should have gotten rid of her a long time ago."

I fidget with the bracelet in my hand, which Atticus had gifted me. He's always surprised me with presents, and they've somehow made me fall for him. Out of all three of them, Atticus was the only one that had clawed his way into my heart. I wasn't in love with him, but he was the only one I've always cared about. I didn't expect that losing him would have impacted me as much. While I was only doing what my mother wanted, it didn't take away from the fact that I was partly doing it because of my feelings for him.

Keeping him away from Autumn these years had been so hard. If his parents hadn't planned this wedding, I would still have him wrapped around my finger. The wedding was what spoiled everything for me. I remember how shocked I'd been after seeing the articles and reading the many messages on my phone.

"I'm going to have to plan something to stop the two of them from getting closer." My mother breaks into my thoughts. "I need to make sure that I separate them. If he keeps falling for her and you can no longer get to him, that would spoil everything for us. Autumn is dangerous. I can sense something in her, something that no normal werewolf possesses. Being near her tonight has only confirmed this for me."

What was she talking about? I've always sensed something in Autumn, but I've never paid much attention to it. Now that my mother mentioning it, I had to wonder if she knew more than I did.

"You promised me that no matter what your plans were, you wouldn't harm Atticus." I remind her. "You know that he's the only one I care about. Do what you must with the others but leave him alone."

She laughs, "are you still not over your small crush on that boy? You can give up the little play now. He's married to Autumn. Not you. He chose her, you may not see it that way, but it's clear who he chose to marry. Even the spell on him didn't stop that."

"Promise me."

She rolls her eyes and returns to studying the spell book in front of her, “don’t worry. I won’t hurt your little crush. He will be fine. But I have to find something that would buy us some more time.

Those two are falling for each other at an alarming rate; I can’t waste more time, and neither can you.

Please do whatever you must to keep separating them. Do not go easy on him. Make sure he feels guilty for marrying Autumn. You’re not trying hard enough, and that’s why he’s slipping away from you. I can see that he still cares a little; you need to learn how to use that to your advantage without it backfiring on you.”

She was right. Everything I’d done so far had somehow found a way to backfire on me. I had to play the innocent victim. I had to pretend at least to be lovely to Autumn so that I could get closer to the both of them. The closer I was to Atticus, the stronger the spell would work on him.

I couldn’t let Autumn have him, this wasn’t just about my mother anymore. I didn’t care that he’d married her. She couldn’t have him. I would make sure of it.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 38 - Tips**

0 17 minutes read

ATTICUS

“Hey, Tyler!” I shout. Autumn may think I left her with Clarissa to run after Anya, but I had other matters to deal with. I didn’t want her to know what I was up to. She may not be too happy about it, and I was already on her bad side; I didn’t want to make it worse.

I’ve done many things recently to make her unhappy with me, but this one had to be done. I had to teach Tyler a lesson; he had to know to stay away from Autumn. While I was just pissed that she’d fl!rted with another man, I was also concerned about her safety. Tyler was not to be trusted around any woman. And he definitely couldn’t be trusted around my wife.

He turns around, and his eyes widen the second he spots me, “oh sh!t.”

That is precisely what I was thinking. My stride is long and fast as I grab him by his t-shirt and shove him up against the wall. “What’s this that I’ve heard about you wanting to take my wife to dinner tonight if you win the game?”

He coughs and clears his throat as he looks around for help. I’m positive that he’s looking for his teammates.

They all stuck together, but I chose the perfect timing to catch him by himself. Not that I was scared of the fearsomes. It was just less messy this way, and I had to keep it that way to prevent Autumn from finding out. I didn't want her to get any angrier.

Damon joins me, "look at you starting the fun without me. What part of wait on me didn't you get?"

"The part where you were taking too long," I inform him. "The game was about to start, and I had to pay our little friend a visit before he went and tried to win the game without talking to us first."

"I'm sorry, guys. I didn't know it would cause a problem." He apologizes. "I shouldn't have asked Autumn out. Or even spoken to her. I understand my mistake now. It won't happen again."

You bet your a\*ss it won't happen again!

"Why the fvck would you think that it wouldn't have caused a problem?" I ask.

Had he been away from his phone all of this time?

Why would he think I would be okay with him flirting with my wife? News of Autumn and me had spread like wildfire. There is no way that he didn't know she was married to me. So what the hell could be his reasoning for his dumb statements?

"Everyone knows that you still love Anya." He points out. I stiffen at the mention of Anya. Why was he bringing her up when the conversation was about Autumn?

"I didn't think you would be so concerned about who Autumn was seeing. If I had known, I would have kept my distance from her. I can see now that she means something to you."

Of course, she fvcking meant something to me. She was mine!

I press my elbow tighter against his throat, "stay the fvck away from Autumn. If you ever talk to her again, I'll ensure you can never play a game of football again. Do you understand me? You won't even be able to stand again after I'm done with you,"

He holds his hands up in the air, "you don't need to tell me twice. I misread the situation. I'll keep my distance from her."

"While keeping your distance from Autumn, keep your distance from Clarissa as well." Damon adds.

I knew he was waiting for his chance to inform him that Clarissa was also off-limits.

"Your sister?" He asks. "Why would I do that? It's not like you want her."

It might have been a joke to Tyler, but we didn't take it lightly.

I let go of him then because I know Damon is the one who'll want a piece of him now. Not that I didn't want to punch his face. But I knew that Damon wanted it more than me, and I'd already gotten my chance.

I have the pleasure of watching Damon's fist connect with his jaw, "there is plenty more where that came from if you even dare try anything stupid around her. I'll come and find you if I hear anything, even if it's a fvcking lie, so make sure there aren't even any rumors about you next to her."

Tyler spat out the bl00d from his mouth and rubbed his jaw. "I understand. Now can I go play my game? They're all waiting for me."

"Let's go, Damon," I tell him. "Good luck in the game tonight!" I add as we finally allow him to leave.

Tyler glares after us, but he doesn't try to do anything stupid. He knows he's no match for us.

"I think we should have done more than that," Damon says as we walk away. "Guys like Tyler don't learn so easily. You need to make an example out of him to keep him and others away from Autumn."

"Are we only speaking about Autumn or Clarissa as well?" I ask.

I've been noticing his strange behavior around her recently, and I wasn't sure what to think of it.

"Autumn, Clarissa, Anya. We must protect the women in our lives from men like him." He answers.

Anya.

I was still pissed at her and what she'd done. But I also felt terrible after telling Autumn that I would protect her if I had to choose between saving her and Anya. I saw the hurt on her face, and there was nothing I could do about it.

But I hadn't lied. If I had to choose, it would be Autumn. I don't know when my feelings changed or how long I'd felt this way, but the moment that she asked me the question, I knew the answer right away. It shocked me, but I didn't have to hesitate. I would save her in the blink of an eye; without a second thought, she would be the one I would run to. If there were a room full of people that needed saving, it would always be Autumn; she would always be the first one I would fight my own life to save.

I had to prove to her that I was telling the truth. I'd hurt Autumn to the point that she didn't believe a word I was saying to her.

It still bothers me every time I think about it. She deserved better.

She still does. And I was going to fvcking be better from now on. I didn't care that she didn't believe me. I would prove to her that I had changed for the better. This is who I should have been to her from the beginning. I was too caught up with Anya to realize the s\*h!t I'd been doing all along, I was finally opening my eyes, but I could only hope that I was not too late.

## AUTUMN

Watching Anya leave the game because Atticus told me he would save me over her if it ever came to that was the highlight of my night.

I wanted to believe that he meant those words, but I didn't want to get my hopes up yet again to have him disappoint me in the end.

The witch who had asked the question disappeared simultaneously with Anya. There was something weird about their interaction. They seemed very familiar and like they knew each other well. I think I'm the only one who noticed it, but I could be wrong about the entire thing. After all, they hadn't spoken to each other even once.

Something told me that she only approached us to ask that specific question, almost like the answer to that question mattered to her. Was she possibly hired by one of those magazines to get more information on us?

"Honestly, I have never been happier in my life," Clarissa claims as she practically beams next to me.

"The way Anya walked out of here in embarrassment and anger, I wish I had recorded that exact moment. It was priceless. I would pay money to see it again."

It was true. I would also pay money to see the expression on her face again. It was priceless, just the way Clarissa had described it. Anya had finally gotten a taste of her own medicine, and I can safely say that she didn't like it one bit.

"It was epic, wasn't it?" I ask with a grin.

She laughs and puts a finger over her mouth to quiet me down as Atticus and Damon return to sit next to us. I don't think Damon would be happy to hear us laughing at his girlfriend, even though she deserved it.

“Where did you two run off to?” Clarissa asks.

They both look uneasy at her question, but there is also this strange look of satisfaction on their faces. It makes me a bit suspicious.

I notice Tyler going onto the field last; we’re close enough to the area for me to see the bruise near his mouth. What exactly happened to him?

“We just had to visit an old friend,” Damon answers her. “Nothing for you to worry about.”

His words prompt me to look at Atticus; why does he look so guilty? I look back to the field at Tyler and then back at him.

He wouldn’t? Right? There is no way that they were both responsible for the bruise on his face. But the more I saw the smirks on both of their faces, the more I was convinced that they had a significant part to play in it.

The nasty glare Tyler shoots them confirms my earlier suspicion.

I don’t believe this. I’ll have to confront Atticus about this the moment that we are left alone.

“The game is about to start.” Clarissa cheers as the two teams begin to face off each other.

“Where are Scarlett and Clara?” I ask as I look around for them. They were supposed to be here with us by now.

“It looks like Scarlett is in the field,” Clarissa says as she tries to get a closer look.

She’s right. That was Scarlett running onto the field where Carter was. He doesn’t notice her at first, but as soon as he does, he pushes away from the rest of his teammates as soon as he spots her. I’m unsure what she’s telling him, but he looks uneasy. There is something strange happening between them, and it makes me begin to worry. Was Scarlett okay? For her to confront him like that in front of the entire crowd meant that it had to be urgent.

“What’s going on between them?” Clarissa asks.

“I’m not sure,” I tell her. “Clara did say that she asked Scarlett to pretend to be in love with Carter so that she could break his heart just like he’d broken hers. I’m not sure if this is a part of that.”

“Oh, right,” Clarissa says. “That makes so much sense. I always wondered why Scarlett would be so close to Carter when he’d cheated on her sister. She’s good at acting like she’s in love with him; even now, she can have almost anyone fooled.”

While I believed Scarlett could be a great actor, I didn’t think that was the case here. I’m not so sure this was acting by the looks of it.

There seems to be something authentic going on between them.

She storms out of the field, and instead of starting the game, he runs after her.

“What the hell is he doing?” Damon asks. “He’s the star player of the game.”

“That’s a good thing that he’s leaving. Tyler will lose.” Atticus says with a smile. “Why are you complaining, Damon? This is what we want.”

I gape at him, surprised that he would say something like that; I’ve never seen him this happy. It’s like he’d accomplished something big. And to him, maybe he just did. From the looks of it, Atticus was not very fond of Tyler. Was that all because of me?

Damon agrees and sits back down with a grin on his face. I couldn’t believe those two; you could quickly tell they were brothers by their similarities.

There is chaos on the field as Carter doesn’t even bother saying anything to the coach or his teammates. I don’t want to be him when everyone blames him if we lose this game.

Despite him being gone, the game begins, and everyone forgets about him, at least for now.

“Should we go and check on Scarlett?” I ask Clarissa.

“We could, but we have no idea where they both went. But where is Clara?”

That was a good question. Clara was also supposed to meet us here tonight. There was definitely trouble.

“I thought you both were interested in the game?” Atticus asks. “Neither of you is paying attention to what’s happening on the field.”

“Oh, so you want us to pay attention?” I ask him.

“Okay, Clarissa, don’t you find Tyler looks amazing on the field? He’s surprisingly good.”

"You're right." She says as she pretends to be interested in him, she is playing along so well. "Look at him go. Such a good player. Are you seeing the way he flexes those muscles?"

I almost choke at her words.

"That's it," Atticus says as he gets up. "it's time for us to go home."

I turn to him in shock, "the game just started. Why are we leaving?"

"Our parents called and said we have a family dinner to attend," Damon answers for him. "Everyone must be present, and we have an hour to get dressed and meet them at the Loreo's Restaurant."

Damon also looks completely fed up; he has agreed with Atticus since the beginning. It was Clarissa and me against Damon and him.

"How is it that I didn't hear anything from them?" Clarissa asks suspiciously. "They would have told me if there was a dinner that we had to attend. I think you're both just making up things for us to leave the game, and then you're going to say something stupid like they canceled the dinner last minute."

She had a good point. I also believed that this was their devious plan.

"We only just received the message on our phone," Atticus answers her. "You know how they get when we don't arrive on time for their plans. So we have to leave promptly."

I couldn't tell if they'd just made up the entire thing. But I guess we were about to find out.

Atticus drove the fastest I've ever seen him towards the house. When we got home, we all dressed as quickly as we could and met in front of the house where a car was waiting for us. This time, there was a driver; neither Damon nor Atticus was driving. They joined us in the back seat.

"Please tell me Anya is not going to be there." Clarissa groans.

Damon quirks a brow, "I guess I won't tell you then."

She rocked back against her seat and squeezed her temple. "Just when I didn't think this night could get any worse," Was Anya truly going to be there? As long as Atticus didn't do anything stupid that could jeopardize our relationship; there shouldn't be anything to worry about.

When we arrived, Atticus opened the door for me and helped me get out of the vehicle. There were so many things he never did in the past that he was doing now, and it did catch me off guard.

I'm nervous as we walk into the restaurant. The stares never stop when you're a part of the Fawns and their family. I was still getting used to all the attention, and it hadn't been the easiest thing. My parents were also famous and had their pictures taken almost everywhere that they went, but it was still different with Atticus and his family.

I take a deep breath when his family waves over to us. So they had been telling the truth all along. I spot Anya next to Damon, and it angers me.

She is dressed in an almost see-through white dress. Did she think that was appropriate for dinner with his family?

"Did she not get the dress code?" Clarissa whispers to me as we take our seats.

I try not to get bothered when she tries to sit right next to Atticus. I'm on his right side, and she's on the left. I'm not sure if he noticed it, but he does look my way, looking for a reaction from me.

"I'm glad you could make it in time." His mother praises us with a warm smile. "Let's order whatever you all like on the menu."

A photographer snaps our photo, and Clarissa groans next to me, "they've already started."

"What are they doing in here?" I ask her.

"My parents always allow a photographer to take at least one photo of us whenever we have an event like this. They have a deal that makes both sides a good amount of cash."

Oh, I should have known; my family wasn't any different. They didn't become billionaires without working hard for it. They were always thinking of ways for more fame and money.

"How are you feeling now, Anya?" Mr. Fawn asks her.

It's the first time I've seen his parents concerned about her. I knew that they didn't like her, but they must have been worried after she almost 'drowned' after jumping off their yacht. It must have looked bad in the articles, and now they're forced to show affection toward her, especially for the camera.

She smiles, "thank you for asking; I'm doing better."

It's still a bit hard to breathe at times; I keep remembering how fast my life flashed before my eyes.

I'm so sorry for making everything so chaotic for you when it was supposed to be a happy occasion. I promise never to do something like that again."

"That's good; my sons were pretty shaken up from seeing you that way. You must take better care of yourself, especially with this family." He tells her.

It was a warning, but he'd put it in the most kindest way possible.

Anya just looked happy that they were paying her attention.

"And Autumn, we're looking forward to a grandchild soon." He says as he tilts his drink in my direction.

I blush; Atticus and I hadn't even slept together for that to be possible.

I notice the way Anya narrows her eyes the moment he mentions my name.

Good.

She needs to be constantly reminded that Atticus is married to me and not her.

"I hope you're doing your duty as a man, son." He says to Atticus, who in turn almost chokes on the drink still in his hand.

Atticus coughs, and Anya leans forward to slide her hand up and down his back, "are you okay? Do you need something?"

I clenched my jaw; she'd already started to get on my nerves.

He pulls away from her slightly and leans more into me, "it's okay, Anya. I'm good. I was just caught by surprise, that's all."

"I'm sure Atticus is doing a good job," Griffin says.

"His scent is all over Autumn. I could smell it from over here."

Now it was my turn to choke on absolutely nothing.

"Griffin," Atticus growls.

"What?" He asks innocently. "Why do you always get offended by whatever I say? I'm defending your honor. You should be thanking me."

Clarissa sighed, "and what about you, Griffin? Are you doing your job as a man?"

He chuckles, "do you have to ask that question? It's me. I'm doing more than my job requires of me. Rest assured."

Clarissa pretends to gag at his response, and she also looks like she regrets asking him in the first place.

"I'm going to use the washroom." I excuse myself. I was partly trying to escape from the conversation but also needed to use it. It was a good excuse and the only one I have now.

I rushed out of there as quickly as I could. I was scared that they would somehow know that Atticus and I hadn't consummated our marriage yet. And I wasn't sure if that would ever happen anymore. There were times when we got carried away, but something always came in between. I stopped it once because I felt like the spell I was the only reason he was touching me, and he was the one who had prevented it from going any further the last time.

After using the washroom, I was surprised to see Anya washing her hands by the sink. Did no one find it weird that she came to use it at the same time that I did?

I don't say a word to her as I approach the sink right next to it. I didn't want to entertain her anymore. She wasn't necessary, at least not after everything she's done to me.

"You think you've won just because Atticus said one thing in your favor, don't you?" She asks me.

"No," I tell her the truth. "But it was nice to hear. And it's only the first; he will take my side from now on. Just wait and see. I wasn't fighting back before, but I am now. If I were you, I'd be scared."

She laughs, "scared?" She asks. "Oh darling. You have no idea what fear is yet, do you? You're going to eat those words eventually. You wait and see. And then I'll be the one laughing."

What did she mean by that? It sounded like it was a threat. What else was Anya planning on doing?

"Know that I'm not going to sit back and watch you try and destroy my life anymore. I'm onto you, and this time I'm not going to let you hurt me."

I don't wait for her to say anything else as I storm out of the bathroom. I couldn't believe the nerve of this woman. She tried to act like a saint in front of everyone else, but behind closed doors, she was a different person.

If I were her, I would be embarrassed. She was a complete fake, and there were only a few people around me that knew that about her. Her lies completely fooled the others. I couldn't blame them; I was stupid enough at one point to fall for it as well. Now I knew how foolish I'd been since the beginning ever to become friends with someone like her.

I finally had good friends and knew what it felt like.

She was nothing like my friends, and I was thankful for that. She made me realize how much of a gem they were, and I could appreciate their kindness and generosity more now that I knew the kind of person that she was.

"Autumn and I just had a heart-to-heart conversation in the bathroom." She informs Atticus, who looks over at me before returning his attention to her.

"Things are going to be okay for us now. You don't need to worry about my friendship with her anymore, Atticus. I'm going to take good care of her."

I watched as she rubbed his arm gently. How did she have no shame?

What was her problem? Didn't she know by now that Atticus was off-limits? Him telling her that he would save me over her was not enough to get this girl from stopping trying to ruin my marriage.

My hand tightens around the fork as I felt something growing strong and fast inside of me. It's powerful and uncontrollable. It's hard to explain, and I'm slightly frightened by it. It's taking control of my body and fighting to get free. I gasp when the soup in front of her splashed all over her body.

Multiple gasps follow right after. Everyone is shocked to see what just took place in front of us.

How the hell did that happen? It was not the only thing; the water from the glass had been emptied on top of her.

I cover my mouth with my hand. It's not possible that I was responsible for that. But I couldn't deny that it only happened after I was pissed off with her. And why did it only fall on her?

"Ew!" Anya screeches as she watches her dress.

"This dress is brand new, and it's designer!"

Clarissa stifles a burst of laughter next to me, "if you ask me, it looks a lot better now."

Atticus doesn't try to help her, and I'm pleased by his behavior. Dante and Damon, on the other hand, are already trying to clean her up.

“How did that even happen?” Atticus’s mother asks.

That was the question that was on everyone’s mind. How did it happen? Was I really responsible for that? And if I was, who exactly was I?

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 39 - Tips

0 20 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Anya looks directly at me, and it almost seems like she knows I’m responsible for it. Who else at this table could have done it? There weren’t supposed to be any witches amongst us.

“Is that a death glare she’s giving to you?” Clarissa asks in disbelief. She attempted to confront her, but I held her hand to prevent her from making a scene. Clarissa was not afraid to stand up for herself or those close to her. I was happy to know she was this fond of me.

We were supposed to be having a peaceful dinner with the family. I didn’t want to cause an uproar for everyone present, especially not in front of their parents.

“I’ll take you home,” Dante tells her as he puts his arms around her.

“I don’t know what she’s so upset about; she isn’t the one that bought that dress,” Clarissa says dryly. “It was Damon who’d gotten it for her, and I’m sure he will get another one now that this one got ruined.”

I can tell that she’s upset that Damon was the one who’d bought it for her. I knew the bracelet in her hand was gifted to her by Atticus, and it bothered me every time I had to see it on her.

At least I was the one wearing the ring. “How can someone like her be blessed with three mates all at once?” I ask. “It just doesn’t seem right to me. She doesn’t even appreciate them.”

Clarissa nods, “she was the same way with Atticus until he married you. Now, suddenly she can’t live without him. I call bullshit. She’s only trying to mess with you. She was never this crazy over Atticus until he was off-limits. If you ask me, Anya only wants what she can’t have.”

It was true. Everything she’d just said was absolutely true. I’ve been friends with Anya long enough to confirm it.

Something about Anya felt off to me; I wasn’t able to spot it before, but there was something that stood out, and I just couldn’t put my finger on it.

What was she hiding from the rest of us? We watch as she walks away, clutching her dress, “look at how she pushes Dante away when he’s just trying to help.” Clarissa points out. “How can he love someone like that? They all deserve better; I’m happy that at least Atticus could break free from her terrible hold on him, and we all have you to thank for that, Autumn.”

I smile, happy that at least Clarissa was grateful I had entered Atticus’s life.

“What are you girls whispering about?” Griffin asks. “Share it with the rest of us. I’m looking forward to a good story.”

Clarissa shows him the finger, and their mother tells them to act mature at the table. I’m sure she was concerned if anyone would record their behavior and have it posted.

“Can someone explain to me what exactly happened here?” Their father asks. “A bowl of soup doesn’t just magically lift into the air and splash onto a person. That’s the work of a witch.”

“Someone must have been prying on us,” Griffin suggests. “We’re not alone in the restaurant. Maybe someone here doesn’t like us or doesn’t like Anya, which is understandable, but that’s the only explanation I can think of.”

Everyone seemed to accept his explanation for what had happened, but I hadn’t. Anyone would think I was crazy for believing I was responsible for everything without any proof except that I’d gotten angry with her, but I knew that it was me. I knew that power had been released from inside of me. I didn’t know I was capable of this.

After finishing dinner, we all got into separate vehicles to return home.

“I’m surprised you’re not with Anya right now.” Clarissa points out to Damon. “You’re usually rushing to be with her whenever she is angry about something.”

He sighs, “It’s Dante’s night to be with her. I’m giving them their time alone.”

I knew they were her mates, but it still seemed so weird that brothers had to share one woman. It didn’t seem right.

Atticus is unusually quiet, and I can tell he has plenty on his mind. Was he thinking about the incident at dinner? Would he find it strange that all these unexplainable events only occurred whenever I was around him? I knew that I would be suspicious if I were him.

I breathe a sigh of relief when we’re finally back home.

I was happy to get some time to myself as I all but rushed into the house and straight to our bedroom. It doesn't last long, however, as Atticus walks in a few minutes after me and reminds me that this room also belonged to him.

My heart began to pound loudly as he walked back into the room with his hair slightly wet with nothing on but short pants. His chest was also damp and glistening. I force myself to look away as he starts to dry his skin.

I couldn't let my horny mind control me today.

The last time that happened, I used a seduction spell on him. I still wasn't sure if I had been responsible for that, but I wasn't taking any chances.

I couldn't deny how good he looked. He wasn't the only one that could dress inappropriately for bed. Two can play that game.

I walk back into the bathroom even though he'd seen me there just a while ago. My sister had played a prank on me and packed sexy lingerie for me to sleep with. I never thought I would use them until tonight.

I dabbed some perfume onto my neck, where his mark on me was.

When I step back into the bedroom, Atticus is already lying on his side of the bed.

His gaze lifts to my exposed legs and slowly travels up my body. His jaw clenches, and I swear I saw his hand grip the sheet to his side, but I might have imagined it.

I try to be seductive as I climb onto the bed, but with my luck, I may have looked slightly retarded. I tried not to overthink as I lay on top of the covers.

I didn't want to hide under them; I wanted him to see everything. His hands are behind his neck, and I can practically hear his loud breathing next to me. Did that mean that my plan was already working? He usually breathed like this whenever he was affected by my actions.

I'm thinking of something to say to break the tension, but I can't think of anything. The only thing I could think of was shouting at him, screaming how much I loved him. To think that I've loved him for so long and he never knew. But I know I can't tell him yet; I need to make him want me; I need to make him regret ever choosing Anya over me. Only then would I confess. Only then would I tell what's been in my heart all this time.

We both turned on our sides simultaneously, and our gazes met. I held my breath, and I noticed the way his throat moved as he swallowed hard. I hate how attracted I am to him. It doesn't help that he doesn't have a shirt on. I can see each of his perfectly defined muscles, and they're screaming for me to reach out and touch them.

Where was my control? I couldn't let myself be dragged into this again. I had to stop myself from doing something that I may or may not regret in the near future. I didn't trust my feelings; they kept fluctuating.

His gaze drops to my lip before going lower to stare at my tiny lingerie, barely covering my body.

My nipples hardened as his gaze lingered on my barely covered breasts. His eyes narrow, making me wonder if he knows how responsive they are to him.

I rub my legs together, and his gaze drops to them; it slowly travels higher until it settles on the one area that aches for him.

It's so unfair. Why do I crave his touch so much? Why do I want him even more than before?

Which was crazy considering how much I've liked him in the past.

I shook my head and lay down on my back instead of facing him. I wasn't dragging myself down that road again, no matter how much my body was screaming for me to let him touch me.

I'd only dressed this way to tease him, to make him crave me; I wasn't planning on anything else to happen tonight between us. I was still pissed at him for what he'd done in the past, for the many things he's done while trying to protect Anya instead of me.

Just thinking about it drove me up a wall; why did he have to cause so many problems between us? And for Anya? She didn't deserve him from the start, and neither did she deserve his brothers. Yet she was the lucky one to have all three of them, and it had been that way for years. Clarissa was right. I was the reason that had changed for Atticus, but I wasn't sure if it was really over between them.

Atticus still cared a great deal for her, and I knew that it would continue to bother me for a long time.

I run a hand down my body, and I hear Atticus's sharp intake of air. Was that because of me? I dare not turn to look at him. Instead, I shut my eyes and tried to think about anything but him.

I'm not sure if a few minutes pass or even hours; all I know is that I haven't been able to sleep with him lying shirtless next to me. I hadn't opened my eyes once, but I could still feel his body heat right next to me. I could even smell him. On me, on him, his scent was everywhere. It filled his room, and I wish he didn't smell so heavenly and masculine all in one.

My eyes flash open when his hand suddenly cups my a\*ss. I wouldn't exactly call it cupping, his hand was big, and they were resting there. I look at him, but his eyes are closed, and I wonder if, by some miracle, Atticus has already been asleep.

How could he fall asleep so quickly in a situation like this? I was still struggling; it was unfair that it was so easy for him while it was difficult for me.

It felt good to be able to stare at him now that his eyes were closed. His w\*et hair had fallen over his forehead, leaving his forehead glistening.

Ignoring all the warning bells in my head, I reach forward and gently push his hair back, it was as stubborn as he was. I watch as it falls back down as soon as I move my hand.

I take a deep breath as dark desire washes over me. I could feel the seduction spell on the tip of my tongue, waiting for me to command it, to scream it at the top of my lungs.

My body felt like it had a mind of its own as I moved his hand from my a\*ss and climbed onto him. Atticus's eyes flash open the moment that I do. I can barely recognize them; they're dark and dangerous and filled with desire. He wants me. I can feel it now that we're bonded. I can feel how much he craves me at this exact moment. He craves me so much that it hurts.

It turns me on knowing how much he wanted me at this exact moment. Did this mean he could also tell how much I wanted him right now? Does he know how much I was dying to have him touch me?

"What are you doing, Autumn?" He asks in a hoarse whisper. His voice. Why was his voice So se\*xy? Why did it make me want him more?

His hand travels up my legs and to my wa\*st. His eyes look hypnotized as he watches me in a way I've never seen another man look at a woman.

My body shivers, and I want him to always look at me this way.

One of his fingers traces my belly b.utton while he watches me. I gasp at the rush of emotions that flow straight through me.

I run my hands down his exposed c.hest; I've wanted to do this for so long. I've dreamt about touching Atticus like this ever since I understood what it meant to love someone. His body trembles under my touch, making me never want to stop.

I should stop this. I shouldn't give in to what I wanted; nothing good ever comes from doing what I wanted. But even though I knew what the right thing to do was, my body had another mind of its own. It knew what it wanted, and that was the man beneath me.

Atticus lets me touch him, making me more confident as I bend towards him so that my mouth is so close to his bare chest that if I leaned forward a little, I could kiss each of his hard rock abs.

I run my nose down the middle of his chest, and I watch as his chest bulges towards me, begging for more attention. I'm doing everything but kissing and licking, even sucking; I'm preventing myself from doing all those things even though I'm dying to do it.

I let my nose travel to his neck, and he freezes. I'm tempted to bite down on him as he'd done to me. I'm almost desperate to do it; my body is screaming for me to let it happen.

"What the frk?" He growls suddenly.

I held my breath, afraid that I'd just crossed some line. His body is shaking with rage, and I'm not sure what has caused this sudden change in his mood. What had made him so angry in a split second?

To my surprise, he leans into me and sniffs my neck. I freeze. What was he doing? I gasp when his hand tightens on my exposed waist as he brings me even closer to him. My body was practically sprawled on top of him, and his nails dug into me as he searched for something.

"Why did you put perfume over my mark?" He demands. "Are you trying to cancel out the Scent?"

Alarm bells rang as I realized what had caused his sudden anger. He was pissed because I'd covered his scent with another. I didn't think that would have caused such a reaction. It didn't matter if it was another man's scent on me or an innocent fragrance; he didn't want anything but him on me.

He lifted me off him and climbed out of bed. I'm unable to move for a few seconds, still in shock.

What was so wrong with putting perfume over his mark on my neck?

Atticus returns from the bathroom a few minutes later with a wet cloth. I'm not sure what he's doing until he tilts my head to the side and starts to wipe the perfume out of my skin.

"Why are you doing that?" I demand as I try to push him away. "I put it there for a reason. It isn't such a big deal, Atticus!"

He holds me still and keeps wiping until he's satisfied with the result, "never put any other scent on your body other than mine." He growls. "It's the only scent I want to smell on you."

I gape at him; it was the last thing I was expecting him to say to me.

I never thought that wearing perfume would be able to piss him off like this. Now I knew what else could turn on his anger switch; I could use this to my advantage in the future if I wanted to get this reaction out of him.

I gasp when he lays me on the bed and covers the mark with his mouth. I can barely breathe when he begins to s.uuck on the skin. I grabbed onto his hair as he assaulted my neck in the most pleasurable way possible. I sigh happily as he doesn't stop; he keeps s.uucking on the skin, I know what he's doing, but I don't care; I want him to do it.

He pulls away suddenly and stares at his work; a triumphant smile lights up his face, and I almost drown in it. I've never realized how much more beautiful he looked when he smiled. Maybe because I've rarely seen him give a genuine smile like this one, to know that he was this happy because of his mark on me made my knees feel weak, and I wasn't even standing, which I was grateful for if I had been standing when he'd smiled at me like that, I would have ended up in the ground. And that would have been embarrassing.

Atticus lays back down on the bed after covering my body with the sheets. Suddenly, his mouth is near my neck as he whispers in a threatening tone, "if you want to make it through the night without my dlck inside of your tight pvssy, I'll suggest that you don't try teasing me for the rest of the night."

Does he even know how dirty my mind was when it came to him? I wanted that to happen; I wanted to be joined by him in every way possible.

But he was right; tonight wasn't the night. And so, even though I wanted to provoke him some more, I decided to do the smarter thing and finally closed my eyes to get some sleep. There were many other opportunities like this shortly, and I would have plenty of chances to s.educe him and take what I wanted from the start.

I hadn't slept the entire night after what almost happened between Atticus and me. I was terrified of myself and how uncontrollable I was becoming.

It was as though my body wanted to take whatever it craved. That was not okay; it was scary.

It knew that it wished for Atticus, and because of that, it wanted him through any means possible.

Did my parents know the truth about me?

Could they tell from the start that something was off about me? They've never told me anything, and I've never been able to do things like this in the past.

"Are you okay?" Clarissa asks me. We're in the jeep, and Atticus is driving. We're on our way to the academy.

She must have seen how stressed I was; it was easy to tell since I hadn't slept.

"I wasn't able to get any sleep last night," I explain.

Atticus looks at me through the mirror, and I blush at the look he gives me.

"I don't need to know about your se.x life with Atticus," Clarissa says as she covers her ear.

Atticus begins to cough at her words, and I gape at her. How could she assume something like that?

My eyes widen, "you're mistaken. I just wasn't able to sleep."

She gives me a look that says she doesn't believe me, but the conversation ends there as Atticus pulls up to the academy. We exit and Damon pulls up right next to us with Anya in the vehicle.

Clarissa and I look at each other when she gets out of the car.

"I smell trouble," Clarissa says.

I nod, agreeing with her.

"It's lovely to see you, beautiful women, this morning," Anya says, and I almost choked on absolutely nothing.

Did I hear her correctly?

It's the first time Clarissa doesn't have a comeback for something Anya has said. Was she being friendly for a change?

"She's definitely up to something," Clarissa warns me as Anya hooks her arm through Damon's, and they both begin to walk in front of us.

She was correct; I wouldn't believe for a second that Anya had magically become nice overnight.

Just yesterday, she had plenty to say to me in the bathroom, and it was clear that she was up to an evil plan. Did her sudden behavior change have something to do with it?

Was she trying to be nice to get Atticus to trust her again? I hope he was smart enough not to fall for her poor acting.

"I'm going to class," Clarissa says. "I'll see you after." I nod, and Damon excuses himself to drop her to class just like he'd done yesterday. Anya looks visibly annoyed that he's left her to care for Clarissa, but she tries to hide it. She was too late, however; I'd already seen the look on her face, the real her, not the person she was trying to fool us into thinking she was.

Unluckily for me, witches were also on the topic for today. I didn't want to learn about spells; I was afraid my mind would find ways to use them on the people around me. Yesterday, I hadn't even used a spell on Anya; I was just angry when everything splashed over her.

Anya looked uneasy as they spoke about the spells, but it made me wonder what else she was hiding. She was a werewolf like the rest of us; she had no reason to be this bothered.

The rest of the day went quickly, and thankfully Anya hadn't tried anything stupid today. She was still pretending to be nice to everyone for a change.

It was a little creepy, considering we were all accustomed to the horrible side of her.

Why couldn't she have been this nice from the beginning? I knew it was only a matter of time before she showed her proper form. She couldn't keep this up for a long time.

Clarissa chooses to return home with Damon and Anya; I knew she only did it to be closer to him; she wasn't joining them because of Anya.

We were in the jeep, getting ready to back out of the parking lot when I noticed something strange. Tyler was looking straight at us, and it looked like he was telling something to his teammates. Atticus wasn't paying attention to them, but I noticed how angry they all were.

This couldn't be good. It was possible that I was reading too much into their expressions, but it still bothered me.

"Atticus." I say, "did something happen yesterday with Tyler?"

I already knew the answer but wanted to hear it from him.

His hand tightens on the steering wheel, "that's not important."

"of course, it's important." I disagree. "Tyler part of the fearsome; they're not a team to play with."

"I'm not fvcking scared of them, Autumn." He growls as he reverses and turns onto the road.

I look back at them, and they're also getting into their vehicles; Tyler isn't joining them, however.

He's the only one that stays around.

He didn't deny that something had occurred last night.

"Why do you look so worried?" He asks me. Damon was driving so quickly that he wasn't in front of us anymore.

I look back, and they're still following us. Before I could respond to Atticus, they overtake us and pull in front of the jeep. Atticus mashes down hard on the brakes, and the vehicle abruptly stops.

Atticus looks at me, "are you okay?"

I nod as I remove the seatbelt; this was the least of our troubles.

Atticus looks in front of us and mutters a string of curses as he exits the jeep.

They also do the same, and I'm not far behind.

Carter Prince was in front of us, but he was not alone; he had five teammates by his side. They all looked pissed at Atticus, I didn't like the situation in front of me; I should have spoken up before it came to this. I knew that something felt off, but I didn't want to alert Atticus for nothing. At the same time, I didn't think they would stop us in the middle of the road.

Atticus takes a step towards them after ensuring that I was safely tucked behind him, "is there a reason why you're blocking my way?"

"Tyler told me something; I want to find out if there is any truth behind it," Carter says as he flexes his shoulders.

"Since it doesn't look like you're letting us pass, ask away" Atticus tells him.

I could feel the tension in the air, and my body shook with worry for Atticus. I knew this had to be about Tyler; why else would his teammates have anything against Atticus?

"Is it true that you and Damon cornered him yesterday?" He asks. "Tell us where Damon is. He's the one that punched him and bruised his face, isn't he?"

Atticus quirks a brow, "My brother Damon? I'm afraid I can't give you that information."

Were they looking for Damon? Oh no. Atticus would never tell them where his brother was. I knew that much about him. This was even worse than I initially thought it was.

Carter takes a step toward him, “are you willing to take the punishment in place of him for harming one of our players?”

Two of them were vampires; the other four were werewolves. I kept looking from one to the other, trying to remember their weaknesses. I had to do something quickly to prevent this fight from taking place. It was six against one; that was not fair at all!

“Atticus,” I whisper. “Let’s go around the other side. Don’t entertain them.”

“I’ll listen to her if I were you,” Carter says. “Just tell us where Damon is, and we will let you go without causing a scene.”

Atticus grabs him by his t-shirt, “you better stay the fvck away from my brother.”

“Atticus!” I hiss. He was not making this any better by initiating the fight first.

Carter grins, and his smile is scary to me. Before Atticus can see it coming, he slams both of their heads together so that he lets him go.

“Fvck.” Atticus growls.

Within seconds Carter and his three other teammates have shifted into their wolves. Carter’s black wolf growls as he moves left to right in front of us. The other three are starting to circle us while the vampires bare their fangs at him.

I couldn’t ask Atticus to turn away anymore; it was too late for that. They weren’t about to let him get away without a fight now. He was about to pay the price for Damon hitting Tyler, a member of The Fearsome Beasts.

I’ve always known they were very protective of their players, but not once did I think that what happened yesterday would have led to something this dangerous. I wasn’t even sure that Damon and Atticus were responsible for the bruise on Tyler’s face. What was meant to be just some innocent flirting with Tyler to make Atticus jealous had turned into something neither Clarissa nor me ever expected.

If I had known Atticus would be in danger because of my actions, I wouldn’t have ever done something like that. I didn’t think he would have gone as far as to confront Tyler over what we’d spoken about in front of him. Now, I was left fearing for his safety.

I gasp as Atticus shifts before me to reveal his beautiful grey wolf. It’s the most beautiful grey I’ve ever seen on any wolf before, and he looks back at me for a second before circling me, protecting me from the others even though it’s his life that is in danger. They were here for him, not for me.

I looked around us helplessly; there was no one here that could help us. Even if I were to scream, that wouldn't be useful to either of us. Instead, it may even make things worse.

The vampire attacks first, and Atticus grabs him by his leg and flings him to the side. Before he can prepare, Carter's wolf grabs him by his neck, and I scream when I see blood.

Atticus looked back at me to make sure that I was okay, and when he had confirmed it for himself, he slammed Carter's wolf against another one.

They were moving so quickly that I couldn't keep up. I kept seeing blood and hearing claws tearing skin as they continued to fight against each other.

Even though Atticus was powerful, it was hard for him to fight against all five of them at once. As soon as he attacked one of them, the other five were on him simultaneously before he could recover from the last.

This wasn't happening. Never once did I ever think I'd be in a situation where I would have to see Atticus beaten up in front of me, and there was absolutely nothing that I could do about it.

Carter's wolf cries out when Atticus bites down hard on his leg, but he doesn't take long to recover as he grabs him by his neck again, and they both tackle each other on the ground.

I gasp when the other two wolves trample down on Atticus's wolf and keep him down on the ground, buried beneath them.

They've trapped him.

My heart is racing in horror as I watch them begin to bite and scratch at him.

When he cries out, I completely lose all control.

A scream rocks our surroundings, and it's only then that I realize it is coming from me. Something unbelievable happens next, the werewolves, as well as the vampires, are lifted off Atticus and thrown into the air.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 40 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I don't have time to ponder over what just happened as I shift into my wolf and lunge in front of Atticus to protect him from the rest of them. They're still on the ground, but they're looking at each other in confusion.

They don't understand what flipped them in so many different directions. I've never seen a group of strong vampires and werewolves look this startled before.

"What the hell are you doing!" Atticus mind links me.

'Stay away, Autumn. Don't join the fight. It's dangerous.'

I was not about to listen to him. I was not going to let them hurt him anymore. They will have to go through me to get to him.

I tilt my head towards the sky and howl aggressively, letting them know I'm ready to fight each of them to protect him. I don't care what will happen to me; his safety is all I'm concerned about. I've never felt this protective over anyone in my entire life.

The howl shook the atmosphere, and Carter's wolf looked straight at me. I can tell that he doesn't want to fight me. He only wants Atticus. None of them tried to attack me. As long as I stood before him, I could prevent the fight from getting any worse than it already was.

They looked at me strangely, like they weren't sure what to think of me after what had just transpired. Even I wasn't sure what to think of myself.

It wasn't a coincidence anymore. I had magic inside of me. Powerful, uncontrollable magic that was waiting for a chance to break free. I wasn't the only one that knew this anymore. They all did; Atticus would realize it as well. What did this mean? Were they going to report me to the principal? If they did, they would send me to be experimented on to confirm who exactly I was. I didn't want that to happen before I got a chance to speak to my parents and find out what the hell they were hiding from me. They must have known something. A power like this couldn't have stayed hidden my entire life to only show itself now.

My wolf growls as she waits for someone to make the first move. She's aggressive and angry; she wants to take out her anger on something or someone. I've never seen her this protective before; she's just as protective as I am; she seems to like Atticus; no, she loves him, just like I did.

We were marked now. It was expected from her.

I sigh with relief when Carter orders the rest of them to follow him. They jumped into their vehicle and sped away back to the academy. I watched as they left us alone, at least for now. I could only hope that this was over. I didn't want to have to witness something like this again.

I don't know why they chose to leave, but I was happy they did. I wasn't sure that I would have been able to tackle all of them at once and still make it out of here alive.

Maybe that's why they left; they didn't want to kill me. I don't think they intended to kill Atticus either; they would be banned from the academy if they ever did something like that. This was just to teach Atticus and Damon a lesson. But it should have never reached to this point.

I knew why they did it however.

If they'd let him get away without a scratch for hurting Tyler, then others would try to do the same, and that wasn't what the fearsome wanted for their team.

They wanted others to be so afraid of them that no one dared to mess with any of their players.

Atticus shifts back into his human form, and his groan reminds me that he needs my help.

My wolf takes slow steps towards him until she's standing above him, still lying on the ground. She reaches down and licks the wound on his neck.

His eyes are barely open as he gently reaches for her head and strokes it. My heart warms at this gentle side of him.

She was happy as I switched back to my human form and knelt on the ground next to him.

"Atticus," I whisper. "We need to get you back to the jeep."

He blinks at me and gently cups my cheek in the palm of his hand, "why did you do it?" he whispers.

What was he asking me?

"Why did I do what?" I ask him as I place my hand over the wound on his neck, trying to stop the blood.

"Why did you put your life in danger for me?" He grits out.

Was this the time to be asking these kinds of questions?

It was obvious why I chose to protect him. He may not know why but I knew the answer to his question.

This wasn't the time to give him an answer, however.

He's losing consciousness, and I'm beginning to panic. I rush to the jeep and dial Clarissa's number.

She answers on the second ring, "where are you?" She asks. "You guys were supposed to be behind us, but we do not see you anywhere. I was now about to call you."

"We got ambushed by the fearsome," I inform her.

"They're gone now, but Atticus is seriously injured. We're on the side of the road, not too far from the academy. Please hurry; we have to get him to a doctor immediately."

Atticus always has extra clothes in the back of his jeep, and I throw one of his jerseys on and place a pair of shorts over him.

I lift him onto my lap and cradle his head. He was still awake but was barely aware of what was happening.

I'm trying hard not to cry, seeing him like this was breaking my heart. I wish I knew how to stop the pain.

I spot Damon's vehicle speeding towards us, and it comes to a screeching stop when they see us. Griffin and Dante pull up on the other side as they all rush toward us.

"Help me get him to the jeep." Damon orders Dante.

I watched as they carried him to his jeep and laid him in the back.

"I'll sit with him in the back," I tell them. "Just to make sure that he's okay."

"No!" Anya hissed. "I should be there with him. He needs me, Autumn. He's in pain. The person that means the most to him should be by his side."

She tries to come before me, but I stop her, "I'm his wife. I'm taking care of him. Know your place."

Before she could say anything else, I got into the back seat and cradled his head once more.

Damon and Clarissa jumped into the front seats while Dante and Griffin drove the other two vehicles. Anya wasn't happy, but she was forced to get into the vehicle with Dante unless she preferred to stand on the side of the road.

"I'm going to fvcking k!!! them!" Damon roared as he slammed his fist against the steering wheel.

"They wanted you," T inform him. "You're the one they were coming for, but Atticus refused to give up your location. They beat him in place of you."

"I don't understand," Clarissa whispers. "Why were they looking for you?" Damon's jaw clenched, "I punched Tyler yesterday before the game."

She gasps, "why did you do that, Damon? You know how protective they are of their players. Why would you do something so risky and put your life in danger?"

"He was fvcking fl!rting with you." He growls. "He should know not to mess with you by now."

She gasps, and he looks over at her and immediately realizes what he'd just said, "I'm sorry, Clarissa."

"I don't want you anywhere near them." She finally breaks the silence.

"But look at what they did to Atticus"

"If you care for me, you'll let this go. You punched Tyler; they hurt Atticus, they should have never pushed it to that extent, but I don't want to see any of you hurt like this again, so please, promise me that you will leave them alone. As long as they don't come for you, don't provoke them."

I understood what Clarissa was trying to say. She wanted to protect Damon. I couldn't save Atticus from this. But I wanted my revenge. I didn't want Carter and his other teammates to get away that easily. Damon was wrong for punching Tyler, but that was all he did; he didn't beat him until he became unconscious, like what they'd done to Atticus.

Damon sighs, "I promise, but if they mess with any of us again, that's it. I'm hitting them harder than they've ever been knocked down in their lives."

They had a game later today-an important one. Carter had run out on the game last night because of Scarlett, but I was sure he wouldn't miss this one. I wanted to hit them where they hurt the most. I would be at that game today, and I would make sure that the fearsome lost this match so badly that it went down in history.

They would never know that I was responsible for it and so Atticus and his family would not be threatened.

I'd put his life in danger already by fl!rting with Tyler; I wasn't about to do anything like that again. Damon got us to the hospital in fifteen minutes; his parents were already waiting for us, and a few doctors were waiting to tend him. They rushed him into a room, and we were forced to wait outside while they took care of him.

"I'll have to pay the principal a visit." Mr. Fawn says.

"How can his students conduct themselves in such a vile manner?"

"We started it, father." Damon cuts in. "You don't need to see the principal."

His father glares at him, "have I not spoken to you and your brothers about this kind of disgusting behavior?"

He swallows, "can we leave this conversation for later? We're all worried about Atticus."

His mother agrees, "there is a time and place for everything. You'll have time to punish them for their irresponsible behavior."

It's an hour before a doctor comes to see us, "he's still unconscious; luckily, it wasn't as bad as it looked. He will heal at his normal pace; the healing process has already begun. He needs some rest, and he will be back to normal in no time. We've given him some medication to help with the pain; it will keep him unconscious for some time."

That was good. I wanted him to stay unconscious; it would give me enough time to get to the game without him stopping me or asking me what I was up to.

"Clarissa," I whisper. "There is something important that I need to do. Can you cover for me? Tell them I'm going home to get a change of clothes for both Atticus and me. Come up with any more excuses you want if they continue to ask any more questions."

"Where are you going?" She asks.

I knew if I told her I was going to the game, she wouldn't let me go.

"I'll tell you everything when I return. Please, do this for me"

She nodded, and I waited for everyone to get into the room before I ran to the exit. I got into his jeep and raced back to the house. I picked up the clothes for Atticus and dressed in a hoodie and jeans. The stadium was already packed when I returned to the academy.

I wait for each of the players to come out, and I don't start my plan until it's the middle of the game and everyone thinks that the fearsome beasts are going to win.

I try my best to stay hidden; the hoodie over my head, as well as the shades over my eyes, would help keep my identity a secret. I didn't want anyone to photograph me at the game.

Carter has the ball, he's running toward the goal, and he's about to score another point. I narrow my eyes and command the ball to move straight to the opponent. I don't stop

there; I protect the opponent from the other players until he scores. I kept it up until the end of the game.

All teams are given a unique bracelet to prevent them from using their power during the games. It gives everyone a fair chance.

The opponent team is one of their biggest rivals, the Raging Beasts; they always fight over who's better.

Now the opponent team would have the advantage, and Carter and his team would feel the wrath.

Time is up, and the Raging Beasts have won the game. There was an uproar in the crowd; since the game was held in our stadium, there were more supporters in favor of the fearsome. Of course, they would be pissed.

I don't wait to see what happens next. I rush out of there before things could get crazy. When I made it back to the hospital, Atticus was already waking.

"Why did it take you so long to get clothes?" His father asks me as they meet me at the door. They were now leaving.

"The jeep broke down on the side of the road," I lie. "I had to call my brother to help me since didn't want to disturb the rest of you. I should have called; I'm sorry."

"Atticus has been asking for you." His mother tells me. "You should go see him. That Anya girl is getting a little too close for someone not married to him."

My jaw clenches at the mention of her. I knew she would use this opportunity to get closer to him.

Atticus's eyes are on me as step into the room. He doesn't look happy to see me. Instead, he looks pissed.

"I brought clothes for you," I informed him as I placed the bag on the ground.

"Can everyone please leave the room except Autumn?" He announces suddenly.

Anya looked at me with a smirk as if to say I was in trouble.

I could only imagine the number of horrible things she's put in his head about me. He may think I did not care about him after I left the hospital when I should have been by his side. He will never know that I went to get revenge on the men who did this to him.

"How are you feeling?" I ask, unable to hide the concern from my voice.

“Why did you do it?” He asks. It’s the same question he’d asked right before he lost consciousness.

“I don’t know why you keep asking that question, Atticus.” I snap. “What else did you want me to do?”

“WHY?” He roars. “WHY PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER FOR ME? WHY AUTUMN? WHY?”