

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 41 - Tips

1 10 minutes read

"I don't think now is the right time to ask that question," I tell him, trying to remain calm. He was making it very hard for me, however. He doesn't realize yet that he wasn't prepared to hear the answer to that question.

I've kept my feelings for him hidden for a long time. Atticus doesn't know how much he means to me, that's why he doesn't understand why I would put myself in danger to protect him. He also didn't realize that I would do it again in the blink of an eye as long as it concerned him.

"Tell me." He growls.

I chose to remain quiet. My hands tightened into fists at my sides. I was fighting back the urge to tell him the truth. I'd managed to keep it a secret all these years, but he was digging it out from under me.

If he continued to ask, it was only a matter of time before I snapped. I had to get out of there before I caved and regretted it for the rest of my life.

Before he could ask again, I spun around, ready to leave. My hands are already on the door handle when he stops me.

"Answer me, damn it. Why Autumn? Why did you do it?" He demands. "You don't get to run away from this. I want you to tell me the truth. Can't you do that much for me?"

Can't I do that much for him? What kind of question was that? Does he even know the extent of what I'd do just for him?

I slowly turn back around and face him with a fierce gaze.

"Are you sure you want to know the answer to your question?" I ask him. I needed to confirm that he truly wanted to hear the answer before I went ahead and said the one thing that I knew would completely change our relationship for life.

His jaw clenches, "tell me. Explain to me why the hell you would jump in front of me like that knowing that Carter and his teammates could have attacked you to get to me! You knew that you could have gotten seriously injured by them, but you still chose to protect me. Tell me, why?"

That was it. I couldn't take it anymore. I could feel the truth pulling out of me. It threatened to destroy my peace and take everything from me as it continued to rise. I've kept this secret for so long that it's become a part of me. But I couldn't stop myself from telling him this time. It was too late for that.

“Because I love you!” I scream.

There is a deafening silence right after those words hit the both of us; hard.

His eyes widen when my words finally sunk in, but I don't plan on stopping there. This wasn't how I wanted to tell him. This wasn't how I wanted him to discover that I loved him, but he'd forced it out of me. He wanted to know so badly that the truth flew straight out of my body.

If Atticus had just taken the time to pay attention to me, he wouldn't have been this shocked by my response. Anyone could tell how much I loved him if they'd stopped and looked at me whenever I was around him.

“I've loved you for years. Since the first day I saw you, you were the only one I've ever wanted. No other man could ever make me feel how you made me feel. I had to suffer and watch you love Anya for years; I had to force myself to be happy for both of you because she was my best friend, and you were the man I was in love with. Both of your happiness always meant more to me than my own.”

Atticus is quiet as he listens to my words. I can see the shock on his face. He didn't know. He had no idea that I had loved him all this time.

“You have no idea how hard it's been for me seeing you with her. It hurt even more that I couldn't hate her because of it. It hurt more because I loved Anya as my sister. I felt guilty the entire time while being her friend because I knew it was wrong to love you when she was your girlfriend and mate. It didn't stop the pain I felt every time you chose her over me. I saw you first. I fell for you first. But still, she was the one that you wanted first. She was the one that caught your attention, not me.”

I take a deep breath, fighting back the tears. I've held this inside for so long. I've kept everything from Atticus and everyone that loved me this entire time. I was too scared and ashamed of myself ever to admit it. I don't know why I was finally letting it out. I wanted to wait for the right time. Why didn't I wait? And why couldn't I stop talking?

“I used to be lost in the background, loving you from afar. All I ever wanted was for you to be happy, even if it wasn't with me. That's why when the discussion for the wedding came forward; I chose to say no because I knew you didn't want to marry me. I knew that marrying me would make you unhappy, and I didn't want that. I didn't want you be unhappy because of me. I know everything about you, what you love, what you hate, your favorite color, and your favorite food. I know everything because, as I said, I love you, and I wanted to know everything that you loved well.”

Atticus inhales sharply, but he still hasn't said a word to me. I'm not giving him a chance, either. I wanted to get everything off my chest before I gave him a chance to break my heart.

"When I discovered that I was going to marry you, I was both happy and sad. Happy that I will get the chance to be next to you every day for the rest of my life. I was selfish; I wanted that. But still, I wasn't heartless; I chose not to accept that wedding out of my love for you and Anya. But when you insisted on marrying me, I couldn't say no to you. Because you said that you wanted the wedding to happen, I couldn't turn you down. Marrying you has always been a dream of mine. I know to others, it might be a stupid dream, but to me, it wasn't.

Marrying you and having beautiful children together, getting the chance to raise a family with you. I've dreamt of it all, Atticus. If I didn't marry you, I would have never married another man; that's how loyal I've been to you since the start."

I couldn't stop the tears this time. I was reliving everything, every time he broke my heart, every time I broke my own heart by wanting him when he was off-limits. I don't know where I'm getting the strength to continue, but I know that I wanted him to know everything. I didn't want to keep anything from him anymore. I wanted him to know how I truly felt for him from the beginning.

"Then we got married, and it was like a fairytale until I realized how far from a fairytale marrying you truly was. I was reminded every day of how much you loved Anya. I was reminded every day that you loved her and not me. You kept leaving me and running to her. You kept forgetting me and protecting her. From the start, I've seen you as this perfect man. I've seen you as the type of person that could do no wrong. I thought I knew you that well. I saw how loyal you've always been to Anya and how you would do anything to make her smile.

You protected her more than anyone else in your life. She always came first, and even though it hurt, I admired that about you. I saw the way you always respected your parents no matter what they said to you; I saw the way you protected your siblings.

Everything you did always amazed me. I knew that you wouldn't ever cheat on me after we got married.

I knew that you were too much of a good person to do that to me. But there were times when I started to doubt you, times when I wasn't sure if the smart thing to do was to trust you."

"Autumn—" he whispers. He spoke so softly that wasn't sure if I'd heard correctly.

"You broke my heart," I say in a broken voice.

“You broke my heart when I saw the video of you and Anya on our engagement night. You broke my heart when you ran to protect her when she fainted on our wedding day. I was right there. We’d just gotten married, you’d just said your vows to me, and you’d just placed the ring on my finger, but you still ran to her the moment that you realized she was hurt. And you kept on hurting me after that.

There were times when I felt that you had some feelings for me, and your actions towards me fooled me. Then Anya would be distressed, and you would leave me again to be by her side, to take care of her and protect her. Each time you were scared that Anya was in pain, that Anya was taking everything badly, but not once did you think about how I felt when you took care of her and forgot about me”

There was a strained look on his face as he listened without interrupting me again.

The tears are flowing more now. These things have broken my heart so badly that it hurts to even talk about them.

“Then the night at the spring happened. I was drunk when it took place, but I still remembered everything so clearly when I woke up. It was the first time I’d shown you how vulnerable I was. It was the first time you saw how much I wanted you.

Instead of embracing me and taking what I was offering to you, you stopped anything from happening. You didn’t touch me the way I wanted you to touch me. I thought that you had a good reason for doing it; I was sure that you were such a decent person that you didn’t let things go further because you wanted to make sure that you weren’t taking advantage of me in the state that I was in. I was convinced you were such a good person that you wouldn’t intentionally deceive or hurt me.”

He knows where I’m going with this; I can see it in his eyes.

“When I saw Anya hugging you that night after you promised me that you wouldn’t meet her, I cried myself to sleep and woke up on the cold ground. But my torture wouldn’t end there. Not long after, Anya sent me a voice note of you promising her so many things on our wedding day. On our wedding day. Then it occurred to me that you didn’t touch me on the night of the spring because you were keeping your promise to her. I didn’t think a voice note could hurt me as much as that one did. I felt like I didn’t know you anymore. The image I had of you in my head was broken. I knew I had to confront you about it because it bothered me. I was hoping you would come up with some excuse that could save the image I had of you. I didn’t want you to be someone else; I didn’t want you to be different from the man I always thought you were. But you didn’t stop hurting me there. You broke my heart once again when you left me at Austin’s home and went running to Anya. I sent you the voice note that night; I waited for you to listen to it. You saw how much I was hurting, but the moment you heard that Anya’s life was in danger, you left me there without a second thought. That was the last thing that did it for me. I knew I had to protect my heart from loving you after that last incident.”

Atticus looks distraught, and I'm glad that he didn't look unbothered because I was pouring out my heart to him. I wanted him to realize how much he'd messed up our marriage with his actions. I wanted him to know how badly he'd hurt me.

"I know it's a long answer after the question you asked me, but you're the one that asked. You wanted to know why I put my life in danger to save yours; this is the reason. Because even though you have broken my heart a million times since the day I fell in love with you, I still choose to protect you because I love you. No matter what you do, I'll always love you. But that doesn't mean that I will accept you the way I would have done in the past. You've done too much to me in a small space of time, too much that it's hard for me to love you as freely as I did in the past. My heart is guarded now, and it will stay that way until I feel safe around you. Until my heart feels safe around you."

I wiped the tears from my face, and even though I wanted to run to him to hear what he had to say in response to my words, I did the opposite. I turned and ran out of his room.

Clarissa calls out to me, and Anya smiles as she sees the tears in my eyes, but I don't pay any attention to them. I ran straight out of the hospital and into the jeep as I let out all the tears I'd been holding back.

Atticus knew the truth now.

He knew how much I loved him.

The secret was out in the open now, and I wasn't sure how I felt about it.

What would he think of me now? Would he hate me for loving him while he was with Anya? Would he believe I was a horrible person and friend for wanting him when he was in love with her?

I held a hand over my heart.

It had to be said. It came out sooner than I wanted it to. But at least Atticus knew the truth now. It was up to him to decide what he wanted to do with that information.

I just hoped he didn't break my heart any more than he'd already done in the past.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 42 - Tips**

0 11 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

Was this what it felt like to go into complete shock? Many things in my life have surprised me, but hearing Autumn say to me that she'd loved me all along has made my entire body numb from shock.

She loved me?

Autumn loved me? And she's loved me for years?

My mind is racing with all of the things she's mentioned to me. She saw me first; she fell for me. She wanted me before Anya even did. How did I not know any of this? How could I have been so blind?

Since the beginning, I thought Autumn didn't have any feelings at all for me. When we got married, I felt that my actions wouldn't have hurt her because neither of us had feelings for each other. Now that I knew she loved me for so long, I understood the pain I'd put her through.

I understood the damage I'd done without even realizing it.

I've been breaking her heart for years without even knowing it. I covered my face with my hand as I tried to come to terms with everything. I was unable to move, my body felt like it was glued to the bed. Nothing has ever managed to stun me as much as this had.

She wanted to marry me from the beginning. She's dreamt of having a family with me. Autumn loved me this entire time, me, and only me. She didn't want anyone else but me. I was the one that she wanted. So then, why had she flirted with Tyler? It was the first time I'd ever seen her flirt like that with anyone but me. It was something I never wanted to have to see again. My heart couldn't handle seeing Autumn be with another man but me.

Damn it.

She loved me.

What the fvck?

What was wrong with me?

Why did I do so many things to hurt her? Why did I put Anya above her so many times? I knew she had to come first, even before finding out she was in love with me, and yet I didn't treat her the way she had to be treated.

Was there any word to describe me?

I've been a complete a\*ss; why did she even love someone like me? I did not deserve her love. I never deserved her love.

I knew that I had to go after her; I knew that I had to say something, anything. She'd run out of here crying, and I'd done nothing to stop her because of how much her words had affected me.

But what could I say to her? She made it clear that she was not ready to accept me after what I'd done. I'd hurt her so much that she'd built a wall around her heart.

I couldn't just beg for her forgiveness. I had to show her that I had changed. I had to show her that she was the most important person in my life.

It was the truth. She was the most important person to me. I've never taken the time to think about my feelings toward her, but it was forced out of me today.

I've been avoiding thinking about it, but I couldn't deny it any longer.

Autumn saved me today. I don't know how she did it, but she was brave and fierce as she stood in front of me while she challenged not one but six fucking beasts.

I'd snapped, but not because I wasn't proud of her, but because I was terrified of seeing her get hurt for me.

The entire time on the ground, I felt like a useless a\*ss; I couldn't even fight to protect her. She had to protect me.

It should never have come to that. I should have been able to bring Carter and his team to the ground for her.

I was so scared when her Wolf lunged in front of me.

I was terrified that they would hurt her. I'd never been so scared over something in my entire life.

She terrified me. Autumn and her feelings and how she made me feel it all scared me. I wasn't prepared for her; I wasn't prepared for her confession, either. She was correct; I was the one who'd asked her to tell me the truth but not once did I think her response would have been that she loved me or that she loved me from the very beginning.

Her words kept replaying in my head. The more she'd spoken, the worse I felt. There were so many mistakes that I've made since we got married. So many mistakes could have been avoided if I'd just taken the time to see what my actions were doing to her.

She even brought up what happened between us at the spring. She remembered everything. Every single detail even though she had been drunk when it all happened.

How could she think I didn't want to touch her in the spring? I was fucking dying inside to feel her body against mine. To savor every taste of her, to fill her with my seed. I wanted every part of her that night; I wanted it all, even last night when she teased me in that tiny lingerie. It took all of my self-control not to take her right there on the bed.



I didn't do it not because I didn't want her, but because I felt like I didn't deserve that sacred part of her.

I felt like she needed to trust me enough before she gave that part of herself to me. I wanted to cherish her the right way before I allowed myself to take any more of her.

Autumn had misunderstood everything. And it was understandable after the voice note Anya had sent to her. And maybe that was Anya's intention from the start.

She wanted Autumn to think that I didn't care for her. I was stupid when I said those things to her; I was foolish when I made promises I knew I could never keep.

Now it was up to me to show Autumn how much I truly desired her. To prove to her that all those things I promised Anya in the voice note were a mistake and something I would never do to her.

She had to know how much I truly craved her. I hadn't exactly hidden my desire for her. Every time I was near her, I lost all control. I could see the vision I still had of Autumn spreading her legs for me on the edge of the spring, teasing me, making me die inside for her. Did she not see the pain and torture on my face? I wanted her so much that it fucking hurt. I hadn't been able to sleep peacefully since that night; every night, I would ache to be inside her. Every night I would deny myself the pleasure of touching her because I thought that she wasn't ready. If I'd known not touching her would have made her feel less desired, I would have taken her right then in the damn fucking spring. I would have had her in every possible way.

If she had a chance to read my thoughts, Autumn would understand the pain she put me through. She would know that Anya had nothing to do with me not touching her on those separate occasions. I was only thinking about her; I was only doing what I thought was best for her.

How could I not see how much I'd been hurting her all along? Now that I knew the truth, there were so many things I wish I had done differently. There were so many ways I could have shown her how much she meant to me.

If I'd shown my raw emotions to her, if I didn't try to stop my feelings for her, things wouldn't have been like this between us. She wouldn't have had to doubt me as much as she did now.

Damn it, Atticus. What the fuck did you do? Why? Why did you hurt her so much? I felt like punching the walls. I felt like doing anything to inflict pain upon myself for everything I'd put her through.



The door opens then, and I see my family walking in with worried expressions. I can't pay attention to any of them right now. Autumn is the only person on my mind.

She's been through so much, and she's kept it to herself this entire time. She's been tortured all this time, and she chose to bottle everything up inside of her.

I closed my eyes as the realization of what I'd put her through finally sunk in.

I'd been a fool this entire time. How could I have mistreated someone that loved me so much? Autumn loved me more than anyone, and I didn't even know it until now. How long was she planning on keeping this to herself? She wouldn't have told me if I hadn't pulled it out of her. If I hadn't insisted on her giving me an answer, I would have never known how much Autumn loved me.

"Did something happen?" Clarissa asks me. "Autumn left crying. Did you say something to her?"

I couldn't answer her. I was still lost in my thoughts of her. I couldn't believe how stupid I'd been not to notice how much she loved me. All of the signs were always there: I just chose to ignore them. Autumn wasn't good at hiding her feelings, but I wasn't any better at picking up on them.

She was like an open book, and I chose not to read it. I've never been this disappointed in myself as I feel now.

"Son," my mother whispers. "Is everything okay between you and Autumn? Should we get her?"

"I don't think that is necessary." Anya cuts in. "She didn't even care enough to be here while he was lying in this hospital bed. She went home to look for clothes.

Who does that when their husband is in so much pain? Atticus was right to put her in her place. She needs to give him some space and let him spend them with the people that actually care for him."

"Anya," Damon growls in a warning. For once, he'd stepped up to her. Even he realizes that she'd just crossed a very big line.

"What?" She asks. "It's the truth. Autumn does not care for Atticus. She's selfish and only cares for herself.

Look at the way we found him on the side of the road, but there wasn't a single scratch on her. It shows that she didn't care enough to fight back against the fearsome."

"Don't fucking talk about my wife like that!" I Anya's eyes widened at my words. She looked startled that I'd spoken to her in that tone. I've never once spoken to her like that

before. But she'd asked for it. She had no right speaking about Autumn like that. She didn't know anything. She knew nothing about Autumn and the type of person that she was.

"Atticus." She gasps. "I'm only trying to protect you.

Why are you defending her when she doesn't care about you? I can see it; I'm sure everyone else can too."

"Stop it," | growl. "You know nothing."

"Then please explain why you believe she cares for you." She huffs.

"Were you there when Carter and the other boys came to attack me?" I ask her. "Did you see the entire fight to make a foolish comment like that?"

"No." She says stubbornly. "But I can tell from your injuries while she has none."

My jaw clenches, and I grab the sheets below me in a rage, "she's the reason why my injuries aren't worse than it is now. She's the reason why I'm awake right now. Autumn is the only reason, no one else. She protected me from the fearsome."

"You expect me to believe that she protected you?" Anya asks in disbelief.

"What do you mean she protected you?" My father asks. "Autumn is not as strong as them. How could she have protected you."

How did I explain it without telling them what I saw?

I wasn't sure what had happened; all I remembered was being beaten on the ground when suddenly everyone flew in all different directions. When I looked over at her, her eyes were a different color. Powerful and glowing.

I didn't think even Autumn understood what was happening to her. Something was going on,; now I realized that tasting something strange in her blood wasn't coincidental. Autumn was not a regular werewolf.

She was a hybrid.

The power that she held was mighty. And it almost seemed like she had no control over it. There were many times that I saw her struggling to control it. Like the dinner with my family, I knew she was responsible for the incident. She was the one that had splashed all the soup and water over Anya, and now I understood why. She was in love with me; seeing how Anya acted around me must have pissed her off to the extent that she lost control of herself.

But why did her power only show itself now? Why did it take so long to reveal itself?

I wanted to explain what happened to everyone present, but I knew that Autumn wasn't ready to reveal the truth.

My parents weren't the most understanding either.

They would feel betrayed that her parents never told her she was a hybrid. They didn't like secrets and were likely to fuss over them. I didn't want that to happen. I had to protect Autumn even from my parents. When we had an explanation for what was happening to her, only then would I find a way to tell everyone. Until then, it would stay a secret for Autumn's protection.

But I wasn't the only one who'd seen what had happened. Carter and his friends had seen everything as well. But I knew them; they would feel embarrassed that a girl had kicked their a\*s\*s. Because of that, they would not dare tell anyone what had happened. She was safe for now. I'm sure they weren't even sure that they'd seen correctly. No one would say anything unless they were convinced that Autumn had magic inside of her.

"Atticus." My mother reminds me that they're all waiting for me to explain.

"Autumn shielded me with her body." I finally say.

"The fearsome could have attacked her, but she didn't care about her own life, she was only concerned with protecting mine. They chose to leave us because they didn't want to hurt her. She wasn't backing down. I watched her stand in front of me with so much bravery and strength that it filled me with pride to know she was my wife. She didn't have to do it, but Autumn protected me without caring about herself."

Everyone is shocked to learn this new detail from the fight. From their expressions, she hadn't even told them everything that had happened. Even though she'd risked her life for me, she didn't even bother boasting about her heroic behavior to my family.

Autumn was an amazing woman, unlike any other woman I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. And I was fucking lucky that she was my wife. I was even more fortunate that she loved me so much. I was a lucky man, and it took me this long to realize it.

"I can't believe she risked her life for you." My mother whispers. "We have to thank her."

"I always knew Autumn was an amazing person," Clarissa says. "Aren't we lucky to have her in our lives?"

"If you ever speak about my wife like that again in front of me, I will ensure that you never step foot in our house again," I warn Anya.

“Atticus.” She gasps.

“I did not marry you, Anya. It’s time you face the facts. I chose to marry Autumn. She’s the woman that I chose to spend the rest of my life with. I’ve been neglecting her because of you. I’ve been running to protect you instead of protecting her. All of that ends now. You had enough time to come to terms with my marriage. If you can’t accept it and if you can’t respect my wife, you need to stay away from the both of us.”

She doesn’t say anything; she stares at me in horror.

I was done caring for her. Now it was time for me to fulfill my duty towards Autumn.

I would not hurt her anymore. I would treat her the way she deserved to be treated from the start. Everything was about to change now. Everything.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 43 - Tips**

07 minutes read

~ANYA~

Damon tried to comfort me for the entire ride home. Or at least to the home he thinks belonged to me. It was a rented apartment; I wasn’t actually living there. There were many secrets that I was keeping from him and his family. And it would stay that way until my identity was finally revealed to them.

“Atticus is just angry; he doesn’t mean what he said.” He tries to soothe me. I knew it was a lie. I knew when someone was serious and when they’d said something out of anger.

His words had fucking stung. I cared about him enough to prevent my mother from harming him and yet he was threatening to stop me from coming to his home.

All of this was because of Autumn, he was never that disrespectful to me in the past. The past Atticus would destroy anyone who ever tried to speak that way to me.

I knew he saw the hurt in my face, but for the first time, Atticus didn’t look like he cared that he’d hurt me.

The only person he cared about at that moment was Autumn. Maybe seeing her cry had opened up his caring nature towards her.

“Please say something.”

I sigh, “I’m tired, Damon. We can talk about this another time.”

Or how about never? I didn't want ever to be reminded of tonight; I wanted to forget every word Atticus had said to me today. Though, I don't think I would ever be able to forget everything he's said. Those words still hurt. Even now when I was far from him.

Autumn wasn't there to see Atticus stand up for her, and that was the only positive thing about tonight. If she had been there to listen to the way he spoke to me, I would have felt worse than I did right now.

When I saw her leaving, I was happy to see her crying. I was sure that Atticus had been mean to her. I had a lot to say when he woke up, and the first person he asked for was her. I didn't hesitate to tell him that she'd been gone for a long time, supposedly getting clothes for him from the house. I thought everyone would finally see that he should have married me, not Autumn.

Somehow she'd managed to flip it in her favor. Now everyone thinks of her as the heroine for protecting Atticus.

But it still bothered me that I had no idea why she'd left crying. What had happened between the two of them? I'd never seen Atticus fiercely protect her before as he did after she left the room. Whatever it was, it had drawn him closer to her instead of further away. I'd been fooled into thinking her tears were unhappy ones. Maybe she wanted me to think that way to get the upper hand.

Autumn was a lot smarter than I initially thought she was.

After saying goodbye to Damon, I made my way to my actual home, which was a few minutes away.

My mother is already waiting for me in the living room. From the expression on her face, I can tell she already knows what happened. She always keeps a close watch on the Fawns. I wasn't her only spy. She liked to be a step in front of them. She wanted to know their every move. She knew more about each of them than they knew about themselves.

"I've completely lost control of him," I confess to my mother. I thought I would have had more power and hold over him, but I was wrong. Autumn has already taken complete control. She'd managed to beat me at my own game without even trying. "I don't think he will listen to anything I have to say anymore. Autumn is the one that can get him to do whatever she wants now. I've lost that privilege."

I'm not sure when Atticus changed, but he's not the same person anymore.

It meant that I couldn't protect Atticus from my mother as I'd done in the past. She would take revenge into her own hands now. I've been preventing her from doing

anything drastic to separate them, but after what happened today, there was nothing I could do anymore.

She wouldn't want to wait either. The Fawns had plenty coming their way and very soon.

"I should have never listened to you." She snaps.

"You told me to trust you. You promised me that you would be able to get Atticus back under your control. You've failed me yet again. I should have known if I wanted to get the job done, I'd have to do it myself. What's the point of having a useless daughter like you?"

"I thought he loved me." I snap. "I thought he would still listen to me and take my side over hers. I didn't think that I needed a spell or any other means. I was positive that he actually cared."

I always thought that once my mother removed the spell she had on Atticus, he would still have feelings for me.

She laughs, "The only reason Atticus showed any interest in you was because of my spell. Now that he's in love with Autumn, the spell means nothing; it doesn't exist anymore."

I take a deep breath. Hearing her say that he only showed interest in me because of the spell made me angry. I didn't believe it. I still wanted to believe that deep down Atticus still cared about me.

He was only acting this way because of Autumn and her fake innocence. She was the reason for all of this. I couldn't wait for a chance to get back at her for the embarrassment I felt today.

She was the one that left the hospital, but somehow I was the one that Atticus was angry with. I was standing up for him, yet he insulted me in front of everyone.

"I must find a way to get Atticus away from Autumn."

She tells me. "I may need to hire some friends to kidnap her."

Kidnapping her did sound like a great idea. Getting rid of her for good would be even more perfect. With her out of the picture, I would have a chance with Atticus again, and that's what I wanted.

"I want you to write down their every move for me. From what time they leave home, what time they reach the academy, and what time they leave the academy. I'll need

every single detail to make sure everything is done the right way. I'll also need you to distract Atticus long enough for it to happen."

"He told me if I didn't respect Autumn, he would ensure that I never step foot in their house again," I whisper.

My mother slams her fists onto the wooden table in front of me, "This is your chance to get your revenge on me."

Yes, revenge. The one thing that my mother wanted more than anything else in the world.

She was one of the scholarship students for the academy in the same year that Atticus's parents were attending. They were in the same class together. My mother was constantly bullied and picked on because she was a witch.

One person who never bullied and protected her was Atticus's father. Because of his kindness, she quickly fell in love with him. She thought that he had feelings for her as well. They started dating and being closer to each other when one day, he ended things with her and told her that he never wanted to see her again. She was heartbroken, especially when he got engaged to Atticus's mother a week later. She tried to fight for him; she loved him so much that she made a fool of herself in public for him.

She begged him to take her back in front of everyone. Everyone said that the only reason why he was ever nice to her was that she'd done a love spell on him.

They all believed a spell was responsible for his behavior before he ended things with her.

In front of everyone, he told her he was only nice to her because of a bet between the men. A bet to make her fall in love with him and then dump her. He claimed that he never once cared for her.

My mother was devastated. Still, she went to the academy every day and had to see him with his fiancée.

They were very much in love, and it completely destroyed her to see their love for each other.

When they finally got married, my mother was so angry that she vowed to make them pay for what they'd done to her. Her love had turned into hatred, she's been planning this even before my sister and I was born. My sister isn't aware of what we were up to, she was the more gentle one between the two of us, and my mother wanted to protect her at all costs since she reminded her of herself. She didn't want my sister to face any of her hardships.



The first time she revealed this story to me, I was so angry that I wanted to help her get her revenge on the Fawns. I was pissed that they'd played such a dirty game and messed with my mother's innocent heart just because she was a witch that was not rich like the rest of them. I could still see the pain on her face every day as she relived those incidents. She was stuck in the past, unable to move on from the hurt and betrayal she felt.

She was like this while the Fawns lived a lavish lifestyle. They were in love and had their perfect children. They lived a beautiful life while my mother suffered because of what they'd done to her.

I wasn't aware of her entire plan, but I knew she wanted to bring them to the ground at her feet; she wanted them to apologize for what they'd put her through. She wanted to destroy their perfect family and make them beg for forgiveness. Her plan was very close to finally being fulfilled. I was supposed to marry Atticus for everything to fall into place. I was supposed to cause a wedge between his family. I was doing a fine job at it, Atticus and his brothers were losing their bond because of me. They were always fighting over who should spend more time with me. Everything was working perfectly until that one fatal day.

Autumn was the only thing that was getting in our plans. She had to go. One way or the other, we had to get rid of her so our plan would work.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 44 - Tips**

0 8 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I spot Atticus walking towards the jeep. I watch his hair fall against his forehead while he walks. I watch the angry frown on his face, like something or someone was bothering him.

I saw his eyes sweep over the jeep, searching for me. At least, I hoped it was me he was looking for.

He doesn't look like he has anything to say to me. He tried hiding his annoyance after spotting me, but I'd already seen it. Was he angry with me for finally confessing to him? Whatever it was that had him angry had changed his mood for the worse.

I didn't want to care about any of that, but I would be lying to myself if I pretended it didn't bother me. Anything that affected Atticus would also affect me. Our bond would always ensure that happened, and even before we were bonded, things had always been the same. They were more prominent now, however.

Despite all of this, Atticus still looked good.

He looks like he hadn't been beaten just a few hours ago. Maybe that's why they let him out of the hospital so quickly. He had already healed at an impressive rate. I wouldn't expect anything less from someone like him.

His family is not far behind, and they're all separating into their vehicles. I can't imagine what they were thinking about me. I wasn't in the hospital while they were treating him, and I also left his room crying. It wasn't a good look for me. And I was positive that Anya had tried to make me look worse.

Anya and Damon had left earlier than everyone else. She looked unhappy when they'd left, and it had surprised me. She had been happy just a while ago when she saw me crying and leaving Atticus's room. What could have possibly happened in such a short space of time to cause her to leave the hospital in that state?

I don't have time to think about Anya right now. Atticus was nearing the jeep and I was going into panic mood.

I tried to stay calm as he opened the door to the driver's side. I held my breath when he jumped into the vehicle and shut the door behind him. He was quiet to my surprise. He was not saying a word. I'm not sure what he's thinking or if he's planning on staying this way for the rest of the night. I didn't give him a chance to say anything after running out of the room.

I know that I'm not prepared for his response to everything I'd said to him. That's partly why left, but I also knew I couldn't avoid him for the rest of my life.

I know that Atticus doesn't love me. I knew that he loved Anya. I didn't expect anything in return for my confession. I didn't expect anything to change between us. I was just relieved that I'd gotten it out of my chest; it's been inside of me for too long, dragging me down, keeping me back from being happy. It was finally out in the open, and I felt like I could breathe again.

"Autumn-"

"I don't want to hear anything you have to say, Atticus." I interrupt him. "I don't want you to try to make me feel better or make up lies just to comfort me."

His hands tighten on the steering wheel, and he doesn't try to say anything else as he starts the jeep and pulls out of the parking lot. My heart was racing in my chest, and it felt like someone was squeezing it in their hands; I felt like I was bleeding inside.

I'd poured my heart out to Atticus, and I did it sooner than planned. He knew my deepest, darkest secrets. Things I've kept inside for so long. He now knows them all.

The rest of the drive was a quiet one; my mind was racing, wondering what he wanted to say to me. Did I do the right thing by stopping him? Part of me had wanted to listen to him, but the other half was too terrified.

The jeep comes to a sudden stop, and it startles me.

“Why are you stopping?” I demand as I look around us for any signs of a threat. I was worried that Carter and his friends were up to no good again. Today had left me traumatized; I was constantly worried about him.

His family was ahead of us, just like Damon had been ahead earlier.

Atticus leans against his seat and closes his eyes; he looks in pain.

“What’s wrong?” I demand. “Do you need to go back to the hospital? Is somewhere hurting?”

He opens his eyes after hearing the concern in my voice. His gaze is now entirely on me, and he isn’t looking away. He’s looking straight into my eyes, almost like he’s seeing me for the first time in a completely new light.

My bottom lip trembles as he stares at me, breathing hard; it’s like he’s trying to read me, trying to confirm everything I’ve said to him. Almost like he didn’t believe that someone could love him as much as I claimed to.

He swallows, and his expression is one of sadness as he unbuckles his seatbelt so that he can reach forward toward me.

I’m not sure what he’s doing, but I’m not stopping him; I’m letting him do what he wants, at least for now.

He lightly touches my chin and slides his hand up my cheek so that he is holding it gently in the palm of his hand.

“Do you know how beautiful you are to me, Autumn?” He whispers.

W-what? That was the last thing I was expecting him to say to me.

“What are you talking about?”

I’m so stunned that it’s the only thing I can ask.

There were many things I knew Atticus would try to say to me, but I didn’t expect this to be the first words to come out of his mouth.

“Even before our marriage was announced, even before we got closer to each other, to me, you’ve always been beautiful. To me, you’ve always been a threat to my peace.”

My lips part.

A threat to his peace? What did he mean by that? How could I possibly be a threat to his peace?

“A threat to your peace?” I asked; I wanted him to explain more.

He nods, “yes, a threat to my peace. I kept my distance from you because I always felt something around you that terrified me. I don’t know how to fucking describe it. But all I can say is that it’s threatened my peace; that’s why even before we got married, I kept my distance from you. Even though you were Anya’s closest friend, I chose to stay away from you for my own good.”

I’m not sure how to feel about this. He wasn’t making any sense to me. His feelings for me terrified him? And did this mean that he had feelings for me even while he was with Anya? What kind of feelings were they?

“You’re the most beautiful woman in my eyes, and you’ll continue to be the most beautiful woman for the rest of my life.”

My heart skips a beat, and I don’t want it to. Does this mean he wasn’t angry that I’d loved him while he was with Anya?

His gaze drops to my lips, “there are so many things that I want to say to you. So many things that I want to explain. But I’m afraid that you won’t believe me even if I told you. I’ll spend every day proving how much you mean to me.”

He has left me speechless; what could I say to that? He slowly drops his hand from my cheek and turns the jeep back onto the road.

It doesn’t take long to get back home, and when we do, his parents are waiting for us. I’m surprised when his mother pulls me into a long hug. “Thank you, Autumn. Thank you for protecting my son.”

I freeze; how did they know that I protected him? Did he tell them everything that had happened?

“Atticus told us that you stood before him, not once considering your safety. You’ve proven we made the right choice by choosing you for our son. His father praises me.

I look at him, and I can tell he kept the part about me using magic from his parents.

"You are so brave for what you did." His mother tells me. "I'm so proud of you. You're a wonderful addition to our family. Thank you, Autumn. Thank you for being the woman I'm happy that my son got married to. You both have a bright future ahead of you."

They weren't the only ones; Clarissa held me tight, thanking me. She also said that she had something important to tell me.

"Autumn needs her rest." Atticus cuts in.

"Everyone can talk to her tomorrow when she wakes up."

I peer up at him in shock. Since when did

Atticus care if I needed to rest?

Clarissa sighs, "it's the one time I agree with him. I'll tell you everything tomorrow. Get your rest, Autumn; you deserve it after today."

I was curious; it seemed like good news. She looked excited to tell me about it.

Atticus waited for me to join him in the bedroom, and I didn't know what to think of this sudden change in his behavior. I knew I had to be careful because of how much he affected my heart.

He opens my drawer, chooses my nightgown, and starts the bath for me. What did this mean?

What was he trying to do? Was he trying to be nice to me because of everything? I didn't want his sympathy.

After I bathed and got dressed for bed, Atticus did the same.

We were both lying on the bed, and neither of us was saying a single word.

It was just like last night, only much, much different. Now Atticus knew that I was in love with him. Now he knew how quickly my heart beats and only for him. The truth was out in the open and screaming in my face. Was this another night when

I wouldn't be able to fall asleep? Would I ever be able to get a good night's rest again? The way I saw it, things would always be uncomfortable between us.

"Autumn." Atticus tries once more. There is desperation in his voice, and this time I want to know what he has to say to me. He'd called me beautiful before; I didn't ever once think that Atticus considered me to be beautiful, let alone the most beautiful woman in the world.

My breath hitches when he moves closer to me, so our bodies are inches apart. He knows how much his closeness would affect me; he knows everything. It makes me feel even more vulnerable than before. I know he's listening to how my heart raced while near him.

His nose is under my ear, he's inhaling the mark he left on me, and I can feel how happy it makes him that it's still there. How happy it makes him that I didn't put perfume over it tonight.

I'd listened to him even though I was tempted to test his patience. I loved when he got all hot and bothered because of me. I always wanted to have him on his toes around me.

"What are you doing, Atticus?" I ask in a breathy manner. Now it was my turn to be affected by his actions. He knew exactly what he was doing to me.

He knew how much it made me want him. He knew it would make me forget about everything I'd promised myself in order to stay away from him. He was intentionally messing with my mind and heart.

"Autumn," he whispers as he gently cups my cheek in his hand while still leaning into my neck. I can feel my pores rise from the way he said my name.

I swallow without answering him.

"Let me love you." He begs. "Please."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 45 - Tips**

0 20 minutes read

My heart felt like it had just gotten the shock of its life. What exactly was Atticus asking from me? Let him love me? There were so many different possible meanings to that sentence. I was breathing hard, and I knew that he could hear it. He could even feel it with how close he was to me. And I think that he loved the way my body reacted to him.

"I'm not asking you to let me touch you tonight." He whispers as if reading my mind. "I'm asking for a chance to let me prove to you that I'm different now. I'm asking for a chance to prove that you're the most important woman in my life no one else. I know I can't just say words and expect you to believe them, but please, give me this one chance. I can't function knowing you've given up on me, Autumn. I need to know that there is still time to fix things between us. After everything you've been through, this may be asking too much of you, but please, give me this chance."

My heart was practically jumping in my chest. I wanted to scold myself for getting so excited and happy over his words. I didn't want to allow him back into my heart that easily. I wanted to give myself time to forgive him for everything he'd done. I wanted

time to forgive him for his promises to Anya on our wedding day. I wanted time to forgive him for leaving me to go to her multiple times.

Many things still broke my heart every time I remembered them. It wouldn't be easy for me to simply forget about it. I needed the chance to heal from all of it.

And I think Atticus understood that. That's why he was being so gentle with me.

I loved him. And because I loved him, I was willing to give him one more chance to prove that everything he said to me was true.

"Okay," I whisper. "You have one chance, Atticus. One chance only."

He breathes a sigh of relief, and his happiness gives me life.

"Can I continue to hold you like this for the rest of the night?" He pleads.

I swallow; I loved having him this close to me. It made me act stupidly but would it be so bad to allow him to hold me just for one night?

No.

This was for me; I was doing it for me, not for him.

For my pleasure.

"You can." I finally answer.

I held my breath as his hand slid over my waist and pulled my body tighter against his. His face was now snuggled against my neck, and his hot breath tickled my skin.

I've never wanted to be held this way by anyone but Atticus. It felt so good to be in his arms. I never wanted to lose this. I always wanted to be here, right next to him.

We spend the rest of the night wrapped in each other's arms. It was the best sleep I'd gotten in my entire life. It was something I could look forward to every night for the rest of my life.

Our ride to school the next day was a quiet one.

Atticus didn't have anything to say to me. And I didn't say anything to him either.

Surprisingly, when we arrived, Damon and Clarissa had come alone. Anya was not in the vehicle with them.

It was very rare for her not to show up for the academy.



Where could she be?

Our first classes had been rushed, and it seemed like Atticus was uneasy about something for the entire day.

He looked like he was anxious, and it bothered me. The first thing on my mind was whether or not he was bothered that Anya hadn't shown up for class today.

I want to believe that he has changed, but I didn't think anyone could change their old habits in one day.

Dante wasn't here either. It was only the four of us as we walked into the cafeteria. Damon and Atticus excused themselves to get some food for Clarissa and me, and we watched them leave. As soon as they're a reasonable distance away from us, Clarissa turns to me with a massive grin.

"I need to tell you what happened in the hospital while you were gone." She says while clapping her hands in excitement. It must have been really good for her to be this happy. Did it have something to do with Damon?

But she's never confided in me, so it had to be something concerning Anya.

"What happened?" I ask; I knew I didn't have to worry about it being anything I didn't want to hear since Clarissa was telling the story.

"After you left the room crying, Anya started saying horrible stuff about you. She said that you didn't care about Atticus and weren't even there while he was healing in the hospital bed. Then she mentioned that it was clear that you didn't help him when Carter and the team attacked him, she claimed that was why he was so severely beaten, and you didn't have a single scratch on you."

I dug my nails into my jeans at her comment. I knew she would have done something like that. I didn't expect anything else from her. Anya was always looking for ways to drag me to the ground.

"But Atticus surprised everyone when he told her to watch her mouth." She says, surprising me.

"He did?"

She nods, "his exact words were, 'don't fvcking talk about my wife like that'. Everyone was stunned, speechless that he'd spoken to Anya like that. I've never heard anyone in my life ever speak to her that way before, and to know that it came from Atticus, was even more mind-blowing."

I couldn't believe Atticus had stood up for me like that. I was so scared that confessing my love would push him away from me, but it had done the exact opposite. But still, I didn't want to forgive him just yet. I needed more. I needed him to prove that he wanted our marriage to work. But he was heading in the right direction.

"That's not all. He also told her that he would prevent her from coming to our home if she disrespected you." She continues. "And that you're the one he married, you're the one he chose to spend the rest of his life with. I was blown away. I've never seen Anya so shocked and upset before. No one has ever put her in her place like he did yesterday, and I'm proud of him. It took him too long to do it, but at least he finally did it. If only Damon and Dante could do the same now, life would be wonderful."

He did all of that for me? Why? Why did Atticus suddenly change? He was acting like a different person, and I wasn't sure if I could allow myself to fall anymore for him. I was happy to see this change, but it was so soon that it was hard to believe that he felt something for me in such a short time.

It felt more like he felt guilty for all I went through.

He wasn't to blame for my heartache in the beginning; he never knew I was in love with him, and it only became a problem when we got married. It was then that I expected more from him as his wife.

"Did you hear what happened at the game last night?" she asks. "I couldn't believe what I'd heard. That score is the worst in our history. Carter has never misplayed before. I instantly thought of yesterday. They deserved it for what they did to Atticus."

I stiffen at her words. She didn't know that I had been there, and she also didn't realize that I was the reason they had lost the game, to begin with.

I didn't regret my decision. I was happy that I had gotten some revenge against them. In my eyes, this would have hurt them more than someone taking a piece of iron and beating them with it. The entire academy was pissed at the fearsome. They were accustomed to a good game. Everyone had turned against them in one night.

I knew they would make it up on the next game, and everyone would forget about today eventually, but I was still happy to see the result of my actions. They deserved this. They earned the hate.

"Where is Atticus?" I ask her when I don't notice him at the cafeteria.

"He asked me to keep you distracted for five minutes." She confessed.

"Distracted?" I ask. "For what?"

She smiles, "you'll see."

She takes my hand and pulls me forward along with her.

“Where are we going?” I ask.

“To the school’s ballroom.” She tells me as we keep walking until we’re in front of the large wooden door that leads to the ballroom.

“Aren’t you coming with me?” I asked her as I pushed the door open but noticed that she was staying behind.

“This is a special moment between you and Atticus.”

She tells me. “I don’t want to mess it up.” She was confusing me, but she sparked my curiosity. I push the door open, and I’m faced with the shock of my life.

The room is filled with red balloons and roses, and I mean filled. I could barely walk into the room because of how packed it was. My eyes widen when I see pictures of Atticus and me on our wedding day hanging all over the walls. There were also pictures our mothers had forced us to take when we agreed to marry each other. He had every picture of us ever taken inside of here.

I held my breath; my heart was aching but in a good way. I never thought Atticus would ever do things like this for me in this life, but here he was, making my dreams of him come true.

And then I see him walking towards me, through the balloons and roses he’d gathered just for me. He doesn’t stop until he’s standing inches away from me.

“I don’t know where to start,” he whispers. “I don’t know how to ask for your forgiveness. I’ve been so oblivious to your feelings. It makes me angry with myself that I didn’t notice it sooner. I hate that you had to tell me first for me to realize all of the pain I’ve been putting you through. Autumn, if I had even the slightest clue of what you were feeling, I know I would have done things differently since the beginning.”

I want to lean forward and kiss his lips. I know it’s the last thing I should be thinking about, but I desperately want to be close to him.

He takes one last step towards me and gently touches my cheek, “I’m so sorry for every tear that I’ve ever made you shed. I’m so sorry for being so dumb all these years. I’m so sorry for being even dumber after we got married. I’ve never met another woman like you, Autumn. Your innocence, your kindness, your precious heart, you’re the first woman I’ve met that has qualities that are so perfect. You were hurting for so long, and yet you never turned against me; I didn’t deserve your love, but still, you loved me; I didn’t deserve your protection, but still, you protected me with your life.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

He lightly traced my lips with his finger, “you don’t have to say anything, Autumn. You’ve said and done enough. Now it’s my turn to show you how much you mean to me. It’s my turn to put in the work in our marriage. I’m not going to disappoint you this time. I promise that I’ll do everything in my power to make you forgive me, to make you trust me. I’ll make you feel so safe and loved that you’ll never have to worry because of your love for me”

I smile even though I try to hold it back. It felt good to see him try this much for us, for me. This was all I’ve ever wanted.

I was filled with joy, and Atticus looked happy to see that his plans were working.

For the rest of the day, I smiled from ear to ear, remembering how sweet he was to me.

When we got home, Atticus was back to being quiet, making me wonder if he had more plans up his sleeve. He made it clear that he would try his best to get me to trust him again.

I felt this sudden urge to surprise him as well. There was one thing that still bothered me, and that was him keeping his promise to Anya about not sleeping with me.

I wanted to know if he would finally complete the bond between us if I pushed for it. I wanted to know if Atticus truly desired me. He never explained that night. He heard me talk about it, but he never tried to defend what he did.

I grab one of my sexiest lingerie and quickly put it onto my body.

Atticus was lying on the bed when I came out with a white thong and a matching bra piece. I know the moment that he sees it because of the way his breath hitches.

So far, so good.

“What are you doing, Autumn?” He demanded when I seductively climbed on top of him.

His hands are trembling when he grabs my waist and tries to lift me off him. I pressed harder on him, and he hissed as our most intimate parts grazed each other.

“Autumn.” He growls. “Please get off me.”

I shook my head. “I want you.”

He freezes at my confession, and I swear his body shivered beneath mine. He closes his eyes in pain, and with more force than before, he lifts me off him and places me on my side of the bed.

"I'm not touching you when you haven't forgiven me, Autumn." He says as he keeps me away from him. "I want to know that you trust me when I get that part of you."

"You expect me to believe that you desire me when you refuse to give me what I want while I'm dressed like this?" I ask.

I don't know what's wrong with me. I don't know why I'm pushing for this so much. I knew I was becoming uncontrollable, but this took things too far.

"If he desires me, let my heart see; if he desires me, let him show me."

What the hell was I whispering? Was that another spell? I can't control myself as I start to repeat his name.

His eyes widen as he realizes what is happening, and he tries to walk out of the room before I can complete the spell. His hand was on the doorknob when I said his name the third time.

He pauses, and at that moment, I feel the atmosphere change.

The Atticus that turns around to look at me looks like an uncontrollable beast ready to take what he wants.

He takes long strides toward me, and I squirm when he grabs my waist and lifts my legs, so I am straddling him. He's growling as his mouth is on my neck. He isn't kissing or sucking or doing anything at all, yet I'm already wet between the legs.

"Can you not feel my desire for you?" He growls as he shoves his hard dick against me. I can feel it throbbing against my stomach, and I gasp. He wasn't even naked, yet I could feel how big and hard it was.

"I want you more than I've ever wanted any other woman in my life, Autumn." He growls. "I ache for you every damn second of every fucking day. Do you know what it's like to want someone so badly and know that you can't have them because of how stupid you've acted towards them"

I gasped when he gripped my ass and slid my body up and down his; I could feel his dick as he continued with the motion, making me wetter.

"I can smell your desire." He says as he inhales my scent. "You smell so good; every single day, the scent of you drives me insane."

He groaned as I continued with the motion, grinding against him. I wanted him. I wanted to feel him inside of me. I've waited long enough for this. I was dying to have us joined, finally, in every way possible.

"It hurts." He says in a hoarse whisper. "It hurts how much I want you. No one should desire someone as much as I desire you. You're too good for me. You're too good for me, Autumn. You think that I don't desire you, but if you could read my mind, you'll be able to see how badly I crave you. It's not healthy; my need for you is the most unhealthy habit I've ever had."

I pulled his head towards me to touch our lips together. He sucks on my lower lip but only for a second before pulling away.

"I don't want to rush this." He whispers. "I want to savor every second I get to be with you tonight. I want to remember every touch and every taste for the rest of my life. I want the image of your body in my mind. I want to know every scar, every mole, every mark on your body; I want to remember it all."

He lowers his head, so his lips are buried in my neck. He wasn't kidding when he said he wanted to savor every second of tonight. He was slow and torturous as he kissed every inch of my neck.

He lingers on his mark on me, and know that's his favorite part. The mark he left on me. He loves that he's the one that left it there. His hands travel down my body, moving it up and down the sides.

"Do you know how happy it makes me know that I'm the only one you've loved all this time, Autumn?" He asks. "Do you even understand what that means to me? I had the most amazing woman loving me for years, and I didn't know it. I wish you had told me sooner. I wish I had known. There is no way I would have ever been able to say no to you."

I gasped when one of his hands traveled up my bare leg and inches closer to the part of me that was aching for him to touch me.

He stops halfway and touches his lips to mine. He eases me into the kiss until I feel like I'm floating on cloud nine. It's the best feeling in the world, being kissed like this by Atticus.

"Your lips are the softest I've ever had the pleasure of tasting." He growls. "And the taste of you. How the fuck have I not taken you sooner? How the fuck have I not known how kissable these lips are just by looking at them?"

His mouth is on my chest now, he's kissing his way from left to right, and my body arched against his. I want to be closer to him. I want to be as close as our bodies will let us be.

My hand travels down his face, to his neck, and down his chest. I'm ripping his shirt off his body aggressively, I've wanted him like this for so long, and I was happy that I finally had him. I didn't care that it was a spell; I didn't care because this was his genuine

desire for me; this is what he's been hiding from me. I wanted this. I wasn't denying myself having him like this tonight.

I've wanted Atticus for so long. Was it so wrong of me to take all that I could get? Something kept telling me that I wouldn't always have him this close to me.

Something was messing with my mind, screaming for me to run, I didn't know what it was, but I sensed danger.

Before anything happened to us, I wanted him this close to me. I was scared of our future. I was terrified of losing him.

I held him tightly as he continued to shower my body with his kisses. He pulled the lingerie down my body with his teeth slowly, his nose making a soft trail down my body as he did it. Atticus knew how to make me crave him even more. My body shivered with the need for him inside of me.

He stops when he's right in front of my pussy, he doesn't take the thong entirely off my body. Instead, he leans closer and licks my most intimate spot through the cloth. Atticus growls against my pussy, "you taste too fucking good, Autumn. I would fucking kill for your pussy."

I gasp at his words. How does he know exactly what to say to make me weep for him?

"I want you to know that night in the spring; I was dying to be inside you." He says before pausing to take another long swipe of his tongue. I tremble in his hands.

He was teasing me, giving me only a little at a time.

Maybe that wasn't such a bad thing; I didn't think I could handle any more than this. I was already writhing and aching for him.

"You thought that I didn't want to touch you because of a stupid promise I made. A promise that I regretted making for every second of each day that I had to watch your beautiful body walk in front of me. You thought I was fulfilling that promise when I refused to touch you. You don't even know how wrong you were."

Was I wrong about that? So then, why hadn't he taken what I gave him that night?

I gasped when he pushed the lingerie to the side and dragged his finger around my pussy, still teasing me. He knew that I wanted him to touch me there, but he kept on prolonging it.

"I wanted you so fucking much that night." He whispers as he buries his face in the one place that was crying for his attention. I gasped and held onto his head.



Atticus inhaled deeply.

“fvck fvck fvck!” He growls. “You smell fvcking amazing.”

“And so w\*et for me. I love knowing that you want me too, Autumn.”

“Atticus.” I moan as his finger slips inside of me. He pauses for a few seconds before pulling out and dragging the lingerie down. I fall against his body, and he holds me tightly against him as he pushes his finger into me once more. I cry out at the pleasure it gave me.

“How could you ever think I don’t desire you, Autumn?” He whispers. “How can I not desire a woman like you? Any man would be foolish not to want you. The only reason I refused to touch you in the spring was that you were drunk. I didn’t know if you would hate me for touching you inappropriately while intoxicated. I wanted to ensure that the first time I came inside of you, you were fully aware of what was happening.”

I wasn’t sure if I could believe him, and I think he sensed that. He pulls away from me, so he’s now standing face-to-face with me. He grabbed the back of my head and tilted my head back so that I was looking directly into his eyes, “look at me. I’m telling you the truth. I want you more than I’ve ever fvcking wanted anyone or anything in my entire life.”

And just like that, I knew that he was telling the truth. I knew that he meant every word he’d said to me tonight.

When he sensed I believed him, he grabbed my waist and pushed me up against the wall. I don’t have time to prepare as his mouth covers my pvssy. I cry out in shock and pleasure as he begins to svck and l!ck there, slow and then faster.

I grab onto his hair and push him closer to me.

“Atticus.” I cry. “I want more. No. I need more. Please”

“Look at me.” He commands.

My eyes, which were closed, are now open, and looking down at him. The sight of his mouth on my pvssy almost sent me over the edge, and my legs were now trembling beneath me.

I gasp when he adds a finger while he continues to taste me. Our gazes were locked as he devoured every last bit of me. I’ve never felt this good before. Nothing compares to this. I always knew it would be amazing with Atticus, but this had exceeded my expectations.

“FVCK.” He growls. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

Why was he apologizing? Was he going to say that this should have never happened?

“Why are you apologizing?” I ask.

“Because I can’t wait anymore. I need to be inside you before I fvcking combust into flames.”

I gasped as lifts himself so that his d!ck was now pressed against my pvssy. It’s positioned right where it needed to be, and all he had to do was to push forward a little.

But he wasn’t doing it; Atticus was utterly still like he wasn’t sure if this was the right thing to do.

His forehead is pressed against mine, “I don’t deserve you. I don’t deserve to have you like this. You’re an angel, Autumn. And I’m a fvcking demon for what I’ve put you through.”

I gently touch his cheek, “I want to have you inside of me, Atticus. I’ve wanted you for so long. I want this”

His eyes flashed with a dark desire at my words, and I knew I’d let the beast out. There was no going back after this. He wouldn’t be able to stop after this point, and I was okay with that; it was what I was hoping for.

He lifted me into his arms and gently placed me on the bed beneath him. He leaned down and touched our l!ps together, k!ssing me deeply. I broke the k!ss as I felt him push forward; he covered my cry with his mouth as he slammed in. I expected pain, but all I felt was an unbelievable pleasure. My entire body was trembling from how good it felt. It was almost too good to be true.

It felt like a dream. There is no possibility that this was real life. Nothing should ever feel this good and addictive.

Atticus’s body shook above mine, and I could tell he was trying his best not to move.

“Autumn.” He gr0ans. “Tell me if it hurts. Tell me if I should stop.”

I could hear the panic in his voice, and instead of making it easier on him, I wrapped my legs around his body, pulling him closer to me.

He hissed, “Oh FVCKK”

And then Atticus began to move inside of me. Slow at first then pounding in and out of me without holding back. He was giving me everything that he had. My eyes rolled back in my head; this wasn’t simple pleasure; it was much more than that. There wasn’t a word in the world that could describe what I felt right now.

Atticus was taking me to a place I'd never been to before.

I cried out when he bit down hard on my mark while he increased his speed.

"ATTICUS!" I screamed as I neared the edge. "I love you. I love you so much."

I didn't mean to say it, but it slipped out, and it's not like Atticus didn't know how much I loved him by now.

My words must have done it for him because his entire body shook as my sex squeezed him tightly. He buried his face in the crook of my neck as he pounded harder and faster into me, nearing his climax.

"Shit!" Atticus groaned. "You're going to fucking kill me"

I increased my pace along with his, helping him; I wanted to see Atticus lose himself in me. Seeing that would make me so happy. I grab his face and look directly into his eyes. "Give me every part of you. I want it inside of me. I want it buried inside of me. Give me all."

His eyes widened at my words, and I could see the last bit of control slipping from him as he gripped my waist tightly; there was a look of pain on his face as he finally gave in.

"FVCKKKK-" he roars as his seed comes rushing out of him and into me in great waves. Atticus kept on releasing, over and over again. His body continued to tremble even more than before, and I held him close. I didn't let go until he'd emptied every last drop inside of me.

We were finally joined in every way possible, and I couldn't be happier. The only other thing that could make this entire night perfect is for Atticus to tell me that he loved me too.

It doesn't look like he's going to, however. I knew now that Atticus desired me, and I also knew that he cared for me, but I didn't think that he loved me.

For now, I was at least happy to have him like this, to myself. I will remember this night for the rest of my life.

Nothing would ever make me forget it. And I hoped that he never did either.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 46 - Tips**

0 16 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

Ah, fvck, what had I done?

Autumn and her spells were becoming dangerous. I never wanted to sleep with her until I'd gotten her complete forgiveness. She hadn't forgiven me yet; I knew she hadn't. I would know when she'd forgiven me when she looked at me the way she'd done so freely in the past. Only then would I know that Autumn had forgiven me for everything I'd done to her.

I knew I still had plenty of work to put in, and I wanted to do them all before what happened last night.

I wanted to be worthy of her before I took such a sacred part of her. I knew Autumn wanted it but fvck me, even though I wanted it too, I wanted it to happen at the right time.

Was that so wrong? But I also didn't want her to think that I didn't desire her or that I didn't want to touch her because of the promises I had made to Anya.

She was all that I cared about. Her feelings were all that mattered to me. I didn't want to disappoint her or hurt her anymore. There were so many things that I had planned for us. So many things that I wanted to do for her; to make her smile. To make her trust me and to remind her that I was the same person she fell in love with. I wanted to show her that I would never disappoint her again as I'd done in the past.

She's still tucked in my arms. Last night was fvcking amazing. Spell or not, I wanted her like crazy. If it didn't happen last night, it was bound to happen some other time. I couldn't have kept holding back myself and yesterday was enough proof of that.

I gently moved her hair out of her face and gave her forehead a soft k!ss, she stirred in my arms, and when she finally opened her eyes, she got all shy and covered her face against my c.hest. I chuckle. She was adorable.

"How are you feeling?" I whisper.

I knew that she would be sore. Last night I almost took her more than once but thankfully, the spell had disappeared by then. I was still ready for her now, but I was forcing myself to be good. I had prepared breakfast and a warm bath for her already. I'd made sure to wake up early to get everything done. She deserved to finally be treated the right way.

"I'm okay. I'm still tingling down there." She whispers with a blush.

Fvck.

My dirty mind wanted to go down on her some more.

To help with the tingling, maybe add some more. But I won't do it. Last night I'd gotten more than I deserved from her. I had more to do before I ever got more of her.

"I prepared a bath for you," I tell her. We were late for the academy, and it wouldn't be long before my parents reminded us of that.

She nods and flies out of bed, giving me a nice view of her n.aked a.ss. My d!ck stirs under the sheets, and I stifle a gr0an. I wanted her again. Now that I knew what it was like to be inside Autumn, things had taken a more dangerous turn. I wanted her more than ever, and it would be harder to resist her now, especially when she walked around my room with nothing on.

Thad to get out of there and clear my head before I walked into the bathroom and fvcked her under the shower and against the bathroom tiles.

I shook that thought out of my head. Get a hold of yourself, Atticus. Autumn deserves more. Give her more before you take more from her.

I had other plans for tonight. So many plans. I was taking her for a private dinner, but it wouldn't be near our home. I was using our private jet for this one. I couldn't wait to surprise her. Clarissa had helped set everything up; now, all we had to do was keep the secret from her.

It was the end of classes, and I was prepared to get everything done for Autumn. The surprise was already going according to plan. She still wasn't aware that we were going on a date tonight. I had done an excellent job hiding it from her, and so had Clarissa.

I sp0t Anya on the way to the jeep, and I can already tell she's up to no good. After everything I'd said to her, had she not learned her lesson? She wasn't in the academy yesterday, but she was here today. I hadn't seen her in any of our classes, however. So it was a surprise to see her in front of us now. What was she doing here? I had to protect Autumn from her. We were finally getting on better terms, and whenever Anya came around, she made things worse between us. I wouldn't let that happen today.

"Wait for me by the jeep," I tell Autumn. "I'll deal with Anya."

She nods, and I can see the hesitation and worry on her face. I hate that I did that to her. She doesn't trust me around Anya at all. I couldn't blame her. I had caused this.

"What do you want, Anya?" I demand. "I thought I clarified how I felt about you?"

She sighs, "I came to apologize."

"To apologize?" I ask.

She nods.

"Do you mean one of those fake apologies that you love to do so much?" I demand.

Her cheeks are red as she stares at me, “of course not. I should have never said those things about Autumn to you. I crossed the line, I know I was wrong, and I wasn’t thinking. Please forgive me. I don’t want things to be weird between us. We’re all eventually going to have to live together. We need to have a better relationship with each other.”

I didn’t know whether or not I could trust Anya. She was good at hiding how she truly felt about something.

This could be another one of her tricks to make me trust her. She would use it against me in the future. I made this mistake in the past. I didn’t want to make the same mistake again.

“Did you apologize to Autumn?” I ask. “I’m not the one that deserves your apology. It’s her. If you apologize to her and she chooses to forgive you, then we can move forward from there.”

She says something to me next, but I don’t notice it.

I feel a cold, dangerous shiver run up my spine.

Autumn. I can feel that she’s in danger. But she’s not supposed to be; the academy was supposed to be safe for all students. It was protected. The administration was strict on keeping the compound strictly safe. But I couldn’t deny the horrible way that I felt right now. It almost crippled me on the spot. This was what real fear felt like—the kind of fear that left you completely motionless.

“Atticus, are you hearing me?” Anya asks as she steps into my vision.

I can’t fucking breathe. I’m fighting for air. What the fuck was going on? Anya is calling my name, but I can’t hear her anymore. I can see her mouth moving, but I’ve gone deaf.

I blink once, then twice, and my head hurts badly. I had a sickening feeling in my chest, which kept me from having a clear mind.

I felt dizzy; Autumn was connected to me, and I could feel when she was physically hurt.

I suck up the pain to look for her. I needed to find her.

My eyes are searching the crowd, and even though Anya is trying to get my attention, it’s not on her.

Where the fuck was she? I was becoming hysterical and desperate. She has to be around here somewhere.

And then my eyes land on her. My blood ran cold at what I saw. Her body was lifeless, and she was just thrown into a van.

Panic rushes into my body, and it takes a few seconds before I can move into action.

“AUTUMN!” I shouted as I pushed Anya out of the way and started to run after her. I don’t get there quickly enough. The vehicle is already speeding away with her in the back seat. Did they drug her? Was that why I felt so lightheaded?

I ran back to my jeep and pulled out of the parking lot, the fastest I’d ever done.

I’m racing behind the vehicle; the jeep roars as I accelerate as fast as it would let me go. I never knew I could be this terrified of losing someone. I had no idea who these men were or what they wanted with Autumn, but I couldn’t let them escape with her. I didn’t care what

I had to do; I was getting her back this instant.

“Call Damon,” I order. I could barely get a single word out of my mouth of the fear inside me. It was messing with my ability to think and act right. I had to get control back over my body before it was too late.

The phone rings once, then twice.

“What’s up?” Damon asks as he finally picks up.

“Block the fvcking roads.” I roar. “Call everyone we know and have them block all the exits. I don’t want a single car to get out of here!”

“Hold up. What the hell are you talking about?” He demands.

“Autumn was just kidnapped from the school’s compound,” I shout. “I’m chasing the vehicle now.”

I gave him all the details about the vehicle so he could give out instructions to everyone he called.

Damn it. How could this have fvcking happened?

Security was supposed to be tight at the academy. How did these people get in so quickly? Was it an inside job?

Whoever was responsible for this would fvcking die. I wasn’t about to let them get away with my wife.



My eyes widen as a woman jumps in front of the jeep.

“Fvck!” I roar as I pull away from her so quickly that the jeep flips over. I held onto the steering wheel as it continued to flip. My head slams against the dashboard as the impact from the next flip sends my body crashing in all directions.

I have to save her. I have to keep my mate. I have to tell her | I love her. I can't let it end like this. Autumn is the last person on my mind when it goes completely blank.

~ANYA”

“What did you do?” I scream at my mother. “Why did you hurt Atticus? You were only supposed to take Autumn away. You were never supposed to hurt him!”

“Relax.” She says. “I couldn't tell you this part of the plan because I knew you would have freaked out and spoiled the entire thing.”

“How is this part of your plan?” I demand. “Why did you cause that accident? I know it was you mother! Why did you cause it? You promised me you wouldn't hurt him, and you did the exact opposite of that. You're supposed to care about my feelings! What kind of mother are you?”

“You will realize soon enough what I meant to accomplish by causing the accident. Atticus was hit in the head pretty badly from the accident. That will work in your favor in the near future. I stepped in front of his jeep and was able to see everything happen right in front of me. You should have been there.”

What the hell was she getting at?

“Why are you even here?” She demands. “You should be in the hospital with Atticus. You need to make his family love you this time. You're getting a second chance with him; I suggest you take it. Don't make the same mistake that you made in the past.”

Why did she think that Atticus would want anything to do with me now that Autumn had been kidnapped?

I'm about to respond when there is a knock on the door. Two vampires enter when my mother opens it for them.

“Where is the girl?” My mother demands.

“The girl?” One of them asks. “We thought that you hired someone else to get her.”

What the hell? Why would they ask such a question?

Were they not the ones that had taken her today?

“What are you talking about?” My mother, demands as she looks between them. “Why would I hire someone else?”

“We were waiting for her, ready to do the job you hired us to do, when four men grabbed her and drugged her. We weren’t the ones that took her.”

“What?” I shout.

If they didn’t take her, then who were those men that had kidnapped her?

“Are you sure that’s what you saw happen?” My mother asks. “Are you trying to get more money out of me? Is that what this is? If that’s your aim, you can just keep her with you. I have no desire to give to any more money.”

They pull out their phones and show us their video footage of the incident. “We got a video of the entire thing. She was kidnapped but not by us. We don’t know who those men were. But they had tattoos on the back of their necks.”

Tattoos on the back of their necks? Who were these people, and what did they want with Autumn? Did she have more enemies that I didn’t know about? I wish I could give those people a hug for making my life so much more easier now that she was out of it.

“Maybe this is a good thing.” My mother says. “She’s out of our hands, which means that she’s not our trouble anymore. You can focus on getting closer to Atticus now that she’s out of the picture. You also need to get closer to his family. They play an important role in all of this, and you know that by now.”

But was Autumn truly out of the picture? What would happen if she randomly showed up?

Whoever kidnapped her was no ordinary person. No one would risk entering the academy and seizing one of the wealthiest and most popular students.

Autumn’s parents were important people, and so were her in-laws. She wasn’t any average person. We took a risk to hire men to kidnap her, but who else would want revenge so badly that they would also try and take her?

Did the Fawns have more enemies, or was this an enemy of Autumn’s family?

“Who do you think is responsible for her disappearance?” I ask my mother. She would have a better idea than I did.

“I’m not sure, but I think the tattoo on their neck can help us figure it out.” She says. “They all have the same tattoo, which meant they were involved with the same people.”

I’m about to ask her another question when she stops me.

“Get to the hospital now.” She commands. “You need to show the Fawns how much you care about Atticus.

Now that Autumn is gone, they will need someone else to marry their son. What better option than you?”

She was right. I didn’t have any time to waste. Atticus needed me now that Autumn was out of the picture. We would have a beautiful future together without her in it. That is until my mother stepped in and destroyed his family for good.

I called Dante and asked him to pick me up. I made my way back to the fake house and waited for him. He doesn’t take long to reach.

I can see how troubled he looks. Atticus was his brother, after all. And their relationship hadn’t been the best because of me. Either way, he would be in pain just like me now that Atticus was in the hospital. This time was a lot worse than the last time. Atticus’s injury was able to heal within hours the last time. He wasn’t going to be so lucky this time. He had a lot of broken bones and ribs. There was also a nasty injury on his head.

His body was filled with cuts from windows smashed by the crash. I saw the image of the crash all over my phone, and it wasn’t a pretty sight. I knew Atticus was a good driver and wouldn’t have crashed like that unless someone was responsible for it. That’s how I knew my mother had been behind the accident. It still bothered me that she hadn’t listened to me. He was the one person I begged her not to hurt. She had agreed, until now. Until Autumn. This was all Autumn’s fault.

If she had stayed out of his life, none of this would have ever happened. Ever since she became his wife, Atticus has constantly been in danger. Now that she was gone, he would be safe once more. I would do a better job at protecting him than she had done. He would realize soon enough that he would be happier with me.

Dante holds my hand, “he’s going to be okay, Anya. My brother is going to be okay.”

When we arrive at the hospital, the scene outside is not the best. My mother would have been happy to witness it. This was what she wanted. For the Fawns to be this unhappy.

They were all crying and praying that he would come out okay. Nothing was promised yet, even though my mother seemed convinced he would be okay.

I looked around me.

Autumn’s parents are also here, frantic for their daughter. They were busy making calls and trying not to panic, but they weren’t doing a good job at that.

“How does a child get taken away from an academy so easily?” Her mother screams.  
“Who took my baby?”

Her father is trying to console her, but he looks like he knows more than he's saying. They both do.

Calls are being made. They're sending out searches everywhere for her. I've never seen anything like this before. Everyone was getting involved for her. News of her disappearance has spread like crazy. There were hundreds of articles already published. There were also hundreds written about Atticus and the accident that was caused while he was trying to save her.

A day passes, then another. And another. Atticus hadn't awakened yet. His body was still healing from all of the trauma it had suffered. I hadn't left the hospital like my mother had asked me to. I was trying my best to make his family like me. I knew how much they weren't fond of me, but I might try to do better. This was for my mother. I had to do it for her. And I also wanted to do better for Atticus. Maybe then he would see me as the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

There was also no news about Autumn, and I was beginning to hope for the best. Maybe they had killed her and gotten rid of her.

Then she would be out of our lives for good, and everything could go back to the way that it was before she got married to Atticus and destroyed everything that I had worked hard for.

"He's awake!" Clarissa shouts. "Atticus is awake!"

Everyone jumps up from the waiting room with tears of joy. We don't waste any time as we rush into the room.

She was right. He was awake and aware of everything that was happening around him.

I was scared, scared of how he would react when he realized that Autumn was no longer here. He's searching the room, looking at everyone. His mother rushes forward and hugs him, "I'm so happy you're awake, son. It's so good to have you back with us."

His father does the same, showing him how much he loves him. The rest of his family does the same. I let them have their moment; this was what my mother taught me. I had to act more like Autumn if I wanted them to like me.

Atticus doesn't stop searching the room, and I know that he's looking for Autumn. I'm surprised, however, when his eyes light up when he sees me.

"Any." He says with a smile, "Come here."

We're all in shock.

I walk forward, and I'm even more surprised when he Wraps his arms around me, "it's so good to have you next to me again."

I watch the blood drain from everyone's face. I understood what my mother meant now when she said that she was giving me another chance. She was confident I would have Atticus again because she knew this would happen.

It felt good to have his arms around me again, to feel his love for me. It felt like the past when he wasn't in love with Autumn.

I hugged him back tightly; I wasn't about to let this opportunity escape me.

When Atticus falls asleep, we all exit the room to talk to the doctor.

"What's going on?" His mother demands. "Why does my son still think he's in love with Anya? He doesn't look like he even remembers that Autumn is his wife or that she was kidnapped."

The doctor sighs, "We were afraid of this happening. Atticus got hit more in his head than in any other part of his body. The damage was so bad that even his body's ability to heal quickly couldn't do a good job at it. He has temporary memory loss. It may even be permanent. Only time can tell if Atticus will remember his time with Autumn or not. But for his safety, I urge you not to remind him of her. The trauma may be too much for him. Give him time to heal before you tell him about his wife "

This was even better news for me. Now Atticus would know nothing about his marriage to Autumn. I had him back right where I wanted him to be.

Could this day get any better for me?

"We're going to have to remove all of the pictures of Autumn from the house and anything that would remind Atticus of her" His mother cried. "We have to protect him. That means all those articles about them must come down. I don't care what we have to do to make this happen, but I want it done by the time Atticus gets his phone back. Inform everyone at the academy what's happening. Let them know if anyone mentions his marriage to Autumn that we will do everything in our power to make their lives miserable."

"Atticus would want to remember her!" Clarissa screams suddenly. Her words echoed throughout the quiet hospital. "We can't keep this from him. We can't let him believe that he's still in love with Anya. He's married. Autumn is missing. We can't put up an act now; we need him to remember her! If he had a say in any of this, he would want us to tell him the truth."

"Clarissa!" Mr. Fawn scolded her. "This is a hospital; you can't be shouting. I don't want Atticus to hear you; you need to be quiet."

“How can you be so normal about this?” She demands. “When he remembers Autumn, he will never forgive you for not telling him about her. He got into that accident trying to save her; he would expect the same from his family!”

“No one said we are going to stop searching for Autumn!” He exclaimed. “The search will continue, but we must keep Atticus out of danger. We must ensure that his body doesn’t go into shock if anything triggers his memory of her. You also need to do the same as the rest of us. If you care about him, you will keep him from finding out about her. Just until we are sure that he has fully recovered.”

Clarissa looks distraught, and seeing her like this makes me happy. How much worse would she feel if she knew what I did? The men that kidnapped Autumn weren’t amateurs. She was most likely dead by now.

And I couldn’t be any more happier than I felt right now.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 47 - Tips**

0 17 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I don’t know where I am, but I know this is the worst way to wake up.

My hands are strapped to a table, and bright white lights are above my head. I tried to move, pulling against the straps, but it was no use; nothing was working.

Where the hell am I? I couldn’t see anything because of the lights, which made me panic more than before.

The last thing I remembered was being dragged from the jeep and someone placing a cloth over my mouth. I tried to call for help from Atticus, but Anya had blocked his view of me. And he hadn’t been looking in my direction either.

I remember feeling terrified, trying to catch anyone’s attention. It was the one time I wanted eyes to be on me, and magically no one was seeing what was happening to me. No one saw me being kidnapped. I was reliving the horror, and it made me feel worse than I already did.

I saw Anya saying something to Atticus.

That’s the last thing I remembered before everything went black. Now I’m awake and strapped to a table with no idea how long I’ve been here.

There were multiple machines around me, I could hear them, and I wasn’t sure what they were used for. A shiver runs down my spine as I wonder if those things will be used on me.

I was trying to stay positive, but no matter how I looked at it, this wouldn't be easy on me.

"Look who's finally awakened."

The voice echoed throughout the room, and my body went completely still. I didn't recognize the sound; it wasn't anyone I'd ever met.

That crossed out any of our known enemies being responsible for my kidnapping. So then, who was this?

What did he want with me? It was a male's voice; I was sure of that part, at least. But it didn't make me feel any better.

"Who are you?" I demand. "Where am I?",

"The question you should be asking yourself is, who are you? Do you even know who you are, Autumn Rosetta Reign?"

He was still far from my sight; his voice was the only thing that let me know I wasn't alone in the room.

"That's not my name." I snap. "I'm Autumn Rivera Fawn. I don't know who's Autumn Rosetta Reign and quite frankly, that's none of my business. Just get me out of here! I don't want to be here! You have no right taking me without my consent!"

He chuckles, "you're not leaving here without my permission. Not today, not ever. Your mother did an outstanding job at hiding you from us. If I had the opportunity to see her again, I'd tell her what a great job she did. Who would have thought that you were given to a billionaire and given a normal life to live like all those privileged rich kids? Not that it mattered since we still found you in the end. I rather find you at this age where you can be of assistance to us than when you're still just a child."

This man was insane. It's the only explanation I had for the nonsense that he was speaking. I wasn't given to a billionaire; I'm the daughter of billionaires; he has to have me confused with someone else.

Was there someone else that looked just like me and had the name Autumn? The more I thought of his words, the more I was convinced that I had been kidnapped by a lunatic.

"I'm sorry that you have me confused with someone else. This is just some small misunderstanding. Can you please let me leave so there won't be any trouble? You don't know my family. They will be searching for me. I'm sure there are already hundreds of people looking for me.



My parents, Atticus, his parents, his siblings, my siblings, my friends, the academy, everyone will be out trying to find me. If you let me go, I'll let this slide. If you don't, things will get very difficult for you." I warn him.

I was trying to intimidate him. I hoped that if I tried hard enough, he would feel pressured into letting me go.

However, the chances were not very high.

"I'm very aware that people are searching for you."

He informs me. "But you're out of luck. They can't find you where we are. We're underground, you see. Not many people know about us. We stay hidden. And we've been waiting for you for a long time, princess."

Princess?

I was getting a freaking headache from every word coming out of this freak's mouth. Who did he think he was? He had to be crazy to mess with me, knowing who my family was.

"This is your last chance to let me go," I growl. I didn't want to show him my power, but if it were the only way to break free from his hold, I would do it. I was desperate to get away from him. I was desperate to return home to the people that loved me.

He laughs, "what can you do? Show me what you can do, and maybe then I'll consider letting you go. Come on, Autumn Reign. Impress me. Let me see what you got."

That was it. I hope he eats his words after I'm done with him.

My hands are shaking as I try to use a spell to free myself. I barely knew how to control my power, but I was willing to do anything at all right now. However, nothing happens even though I'm trying the hardest I've ever done before. It shouldn't be this hard; the last few times I used my power, it flowed out of me. Maybe I'm not angry enough for it to work.

He chuckles, "well, that was surprisingly entertaining. I should inform you that you can't use your power. The straps on the table restrict your power and prevent you from using it. No matter how hard you try, nothing is going to happen as long as you're strapped to that table."

I gasped; he knew about my power. Suddenly, I didn't think he'd kidnapped me while thinking I was someone else; it seemed like he knew more about me than I knew about myself. I was even more terrified now that I knew things were a lot more complicated than initially thought it was.

Maybe that's why I was here, to begin with. Because of my power. Why hadn't I thought of that at first? The machines made sense now; the probability of them being used on me had just increased. I felt dizzy. I didn't know how to help myself. I didn't know what to do to get my freedom once more.

"You're suddenly very quiet. Do you realize now that you can't escape unless I want you to?" He asks.

"Who are you?" I whisper. I could barely recognize my voice; the fear was hard to miss. I can tell that he heard it as well. I can sense his happiness from all the way over here. He knew that he had trapped me. He knew that I was at his mercy. That's what he wanted all along, for me to realize that I didn't have any other options but to listen to him.

"Let's talk about you before we talk about me, shall we?" He asks.

I don't say anything. I didn't think I had a say in this.

He was going to tell me even if I said no. He's quiet as he waits for me to respond, but when I continue to remain silent, he says, "I'll start by telling you about your father."

"I know who my father is." I snap. I didn't need to know anything else about my own father. I grew up with him; I knew more about him than this stranger did.

"No." He cuts me off. "You don't know. Your father isn't some weak billionaire. Your father is a man with incredible power. The kind of power that terrified those around him. There's no one like him, no one of his kind that can beat that kind of power. Your father is none other than Azai Reign. The most powerful of his kind that ever walked the earth."

There is an awkward silence that follows after. He waits for me to say something, but I'm unsure how to respond. This had to be a joke.

Who the hell was Azai Reign? Why was I now hearing about him? If he was so powerful and people feared him, we would have learned about him at the academy by now. I paid attention to all my classes; I would have remembered a name like that.

He had to be messing with me. But why would he?

What would he achieve by lying to me about my father?

"I've never heard of an Azai Reign." I finally respond.

He sighs, “because people were so scared of him that they chose to pretend like he never existed after his death. They burned every single paper that had his name on it, burned every picture. They shut his worshippers up and promised to destroy their lives if they ever spoke a word about him. They did everything possible to wipe every memory of him out of this earth. And they succeeded if you’ve never heard of him.”

I took a deep breath, trying to stay calm despite everything that was happening around me.

“This is ridiculous.” I snap. “We’ve never heard of him because he never existed. He’s not my father. I know who my father is. He’s a Rivera, not a Reign. What is the purpose of this lie? What do you want to achieve by lying to me?”

He laughs once more. “Oh, believe me, you are his daughter. You look just like him. You look more like him than you look like your mother. Have you never wondered why your family all look so different from you? Has it never bothered you that your so-called siblings all had similarities to your parents, but you never had any? I’m surprised that no one else knew sooner that you weren’t their real daughter. I’m surprised that even you never recognized the obvious.”

My breath hitched at his words because they were the truth. I didn’t look like either of my parents, and I also had no resemblance to any of my siblings, even though my parents often tried to convince me that I did. I never had any reason to pay attention to it until now. I thought my parents were telling the truth; I thought I could trust them. Now I wasn’t sure who had been telling the truth this entire time.

“So what exactly is this Azai Reign, who may or may not be my biological father?” I ask.

I was beginning to believe his story even though I never wanted to. I wanted to believe that my real parents were the same ones who raised me from a baby; I wanted to believe that my life wasn’t a lie all this time. I wanted to believe that this man was lying to me.

However, I couldn’t be naive. I had to listen to what he was saying. I had to find out what was a lie and what was the truth. The only way for me to know that was to pay attention and try to figure it out on my own.

The stranger takes a deep breath, almost like he was waiting this entire time just for me to ask that one question. I held my breath, waiting to hear the worst.

“He’s the greatest sorcerer our world has ever known.”

One second passed. Then another. And another.

I can’t breathe.

A sorcerer?

A bloody sorcerer?

Was this where I got my power from? Was this why the power was beginning to consume me so much that I wanted to use it to get whatever I wanted whenever I was around Atticus? It terrified me how greedy my power became whenever I was around him. Now I was more worried than before.

I didn't want to believe my real father was a sorcerer, but I couldn't deny the facts. I had to get my magic from somewhere. And it wasn't from the Riveras'. That left this to Reign person.

"If he is my father, then who is my mother?" I ask. He mentioned that she had done an excellent job hiding me from them. Why did she try to hide me? What did they want from me? Why was I here?

Those are all questions that I needed answers

"Your mother was a werewolf. She wasn't anyone as important as he was. She fell hard for him; he had that dark aura about him that women were quite drawn to.

She was the only woman he made the mistake of getting pregnant. He had plans to take over the world and to have one king; he wanted to be the only king. And he would have succeeded if your mother hadn't betrayed him"

My mother betrayed him?

Did he truly want to take over the world? And why?

Why does anyone need to control the world?

What kind of psychopath was my father? If this story was indeed true, I was happy that I never had the chance to meet him. He was not someone I wanted to have raised me as a child. There is no telling the kind of person I would have been if I had been raised by him.

"How did my mother betray him?" I question, waiting for him to explain more.

He was still out of my view, and I had no idea what he looked like. His voice did not sound like an old person; he was young.

"She birthed not just you but two other babies. Your mother had triplets. Your other two siblings had the same dark symbol on their arms that your father had. A symbol of the control the dark magic would have on them and the power they would have within. You

were the only one that wasn't born with the symbol. Your father felt that you were weak because of it and wanted to get rid of you. He never wanted to have a weak child.

Azai underestimated your mother; he confided in her and told her the one way to kill him. She knew where to find the weapon, and while he was asleep one night, she murdered him before he could ever try harming you.

Then she ran with you and your siblings; no one knows where the four of you disappeared after that until now.

Because you used your magic, we were able to find you.

We couldn't find you before because you've never used it.

We're not sure why your power has suddenly awakened, but you are the daughter of Azai Reign, and because of that, you are a part of us."

A part of them? What the hell did he mean by that? I didn't want to be a part of evil. And that's what they were. Evil. Anyone that desired to take control over the world because of their greed for power was evil in my eyes.

I would never join something like that. I would never fulfill my father's wishes. I was better than that. I wasn't perfect, but I wasn't evil either. I knew that much about myself.

But what happened to my mother? He claimed that they never found her after the day she murdered my father and ran. And what about my siblings?

My entire life was flashing before my eyes. My parents weren't my true parents. And my birth parents had a messed up life. My mother fell for an evil sorcerer and had triplets, I was one of them, but I had no idea where the other two were.

My mind was spinning with all of this new information. I didn't want to be a part of it. I was happy with my life before they kidnapped me and informed me of things I wish I didn't know.

Did this mean that I would become just as horrible as my father was? He did awful things; he wanted to rule the world. That was what he desired the most, and his power paved the way for that to become possible.

I've done that without even knowing about him. I used my power to seduce Atticus; I used my power that night he slept with me.

I felt sick to my stomach. I wasn't that different from my father. This wasn't good. My power was already beginning to control me without me even realizing it.

"From the look on your face, I can tell you finally believe me." He says.

“Why am I here?” I demand. “My father is dead. My mother and siblings are still missing, and for all we know, they’re also dead, so why the hell do you want me?”

And you are you to my father? Why are you so determined to tell me these things about him?”

There’s a shuffling noise and the sound of a chair hitting the ground.

I held my breath as I heard footsteps; he was finally coming towards me. The light above me is suddenly switched off, and he’s now standing next to me.

My eyes fall on the tattoo on the side of his neck that traveled down to his left arm. It’s a tattoo of a serpent. My gaze travels to his face, and I’m faced with bright green eyes and a harsh jawline. He had a straight nose, a scar on his forehead, and a stubborn mouth. He wasn’t as bad looking as I thought he would be. He was quite the opposite, but scarily.

“Your father was my leader. I was only nine when your mother killed him. He was who I looked up to, and he also trained me at a young age. I was supposed to serve his future children, just like my parents had served him. I made a promise to help finish what he started. To make your father proud of me. I’ve always wanted him to be proud of me. That’s what my parents have always taught me, to make Azai Reign proud.”

This wasn’t getting any better for me. I had to figure out a way to make him let me go. I needed to go home. I couldn’t stay here.

“If you are meant to serve his children, doesn’t that mean you must listen to my command? I don’t think my father would have liked to see what you’re doing to his daughter.” I snap. “Let go of me now if you’re determined to make him proud.”

I was searching for anything, anything at all, to get him to listen to me. I wanted him to feel guilty. I wanted him to feel sorry for me. But the man in front of me clearly only had one thing on his mind. And that was to make the dead sorcerer proud of him. He had a weird obsession with my biological father. I don’t know what caused it; maybe his parents are to blame.

“I’m sorry I cannot do that, princess.” He tells me with a sinister smile. “You see, to fulfill your dad’s dream, I will need you. I don’t have either of your siblings. You are the only one that I have. I don’t know the extent of your power, but you are Azai’s daughter, so we need to train you. Once we get the hard part over, we can start the main plan.”

It was my turn to laugh. He couldn’t be serious. He thought that I would help him with this awful plan. How delusional was this man to believe something like that?

They would have to kill me before I ever agreed to do what he was asking me to do. Besides, I wasn’t as powerful as my father. I had no idea how to control my magic. I

barely knew any spells, and the only times I've ever used my power was because of Atticus and my love for him. Weirdly enough, he was the link to my power.

"What makes you think I would help you finish what my father started?" I demand. "I'm nothing like my father.

My desire is not to rule the world. Why don't you do yourself a favor and move on from the past? Your leader is dead; why do you have to ruin your life for someone no longer on this earth? He can never be proud of you because he isn't here. The smart thing would be to let me go, drop this stupid plan, and get on with your life."

"You never had the pleasure of knowing him; that's why you have nothing good to say. You don't understand what it's been like following in his footsteps. It's a shame that his own daughter has no idea how amazing he truly was. You should have been there to witness his power. It was mind-blowing. Every time I witnessed how powerful he was, I was left in awe. I can still see the images in my head. It's what keeps me going. I'm the key to keeping our people united even after his death. I'm their protector, and I will be your protector as long as you agree to help us get what we want."

"You said that he considered me his weakest child since I didn't have the dark symbol that my other siblings had. If you respect his decisions so much, shouldn't you also accept that he didn't want me to follow in his footsteps? He didn't have any hope in me. Why do you think I possess the kind of power that my father has? I don't. Listen to him and let me go."

He smiles, and there is pride on his face as he stares at me, "I was there."

I quirk a brow. He was where? What was he trying to say?

"Where exactly?"

"At the game."

I freeze. I knew right away what he was referring to.

"I saw everything, Autumn. I have been watching you for a while. Waiting for a sign to know whether you were worth the trouble. I saw how you protected Atticus.

Fearless, just like your father. He protected his own just like you protected yours. We were always safe and respected because of him. All of that changed the day your mother killed him. I saw what you're capable of when you're angry. You used your power to make those men lose that game. You did a good job at it too. No one was able to tell that you were behind it. That is the kind of power we're looking for. And it's even better that you're Azai's daughter. You haven't even unlocked an inch of your true power. You don't realize just how important you are to your father's people. How important you are to me."



Important to him?

“Is that why you have me tied to a table, unable to fend for myself?” I demand. “Because I’m important to you?”

“If I let you go. You’re only going to try to run. It’s not a risk I’m willing to take.” He answers me.

“You’re wasting your time,” I shout. “I’m never going to help you. I have a family back home. I have a husband that I need to get back to. I’m sure he’s losing his mind trying to find me. I want to get back to him. Please.”

He quirks a brow, “your husband does not miss you. Everyone is already returning to their normal lives without you in it. It’s almost like you never even existed, to begin with.”

I roll my eyes. Did he expect me to believe such nonsense? My parents would never rest knowing I was missing. Clarissa would also be worried about me. And Atticus. I knew in my heart that he would be looking for me.

“You’re crazy if you expect me to believe such a lie,” I tell him. “They love me; they’re all searching for me. You can’t convince me otherwise. You can stop trying to make me lose hope.”

“I’m not lying to you, Autumn.” He assured me.

“Atticus has already moved on with his life. He’s back with that woman he loves so much.”

I froze. He couldn’t be talking about Anya. Atticus already made it clear to me that everything with her was over. Clarissa told me how he stood up for me in front of her. I couldn’t let this man get to me. He was trying to mess with my head. I couldn’t let him win.

“Atticus would never do that to me.” I snap. “He may have done so in the past, but he has changed. I’m the one he wants to be with. Not Anya. I don’t believe a word you’re saying to me.”

He pulls his phone out of his pocket and types something in front of me.

“I hate showing you this, but you will have to see it eventually.”

I narrow my eyes, waiting for him to show me whatever lies he has up his sleeve.

He points the phone at me, and I drag my gaze from his face to the screen in front of me.

It takes me a second, but when I finally see what he's showing me, my heart drops. It's pictures and videos of Atticus and Anya.

Recent pictures. They're holding hands, kissing, and back together and happier than ever.

No.

My heart could barely take what he showed me; one after the next, he wasn't stopping. The pictures and videos kept coming at me. Like he was prepared to show this to me.

This couldn't be true.

Atticus wouldn't do this to me.

He wouldn't!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 48 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

"Hold me tighter," Anya says as I wrap my arms around her. I do as she says, but something doesn't seem right. She's still the same woman I fell in love with; she looks the same and acts the same, but there was something that made me feel uncomfortable about the entire thing.

Ever since I recovered from the accident that I had no memory of ever happening, my feelings for Anya felt wrong. I couldn't tell her that without hurting her feelings. So I kept it all to myself, but it was bothering me ever since I woke up and felt a surge of emptiness when she hugged me on the hospital bed. I hadn't been able to focus on anything ever that day.

Maybe the accident messed with my head and my heart. I constantly felt like I had forgotten someone important to me. I was searching the room for someone that day, and I never found her. I thought that it was Anya that I was looking for, but I soon realized that it wasn't her. It was someone else, but that didn't make sense to me.

I considered speaking to Dante and Damon about it, but they haven't been acting normal around me. No one was acting normal. They treated me like they were afraid I would snap any second now.

"Atticus?" Anya whispers.

Whenever I touched her, I felt like I was betraying someone else. But who could I possibly be crossing?

“Yes.” I finally respond even though my mind is far.

“Is everything okay?” She asks hesitantly. “You seem to be a bit distant with me recently. I feel like something is wrong. I’m here for you if you need someone to talk to,” I nod, “I know that you are. I’m just uneasy not knowing anything about the accident. No one wants to talk to me about it. The articles seem fake. The only proof I have of the accident is the jeep.”

Ah, yes, my jeep. I couldn’t believe it was that badly totalled. I didn’t want a new one. I wanted to fix it.

“Everyone is being secretive only because they want to protect you, Atticus.” She assured me. “The doctors made it clear that they didn’t want you to relive the trauma. To make that possible and keep you safe, we all agreed to take down all the articles; only the ones that can’t remind you of the crash are still up. Please, for my sake, don’t dig deeper into this.”

I sigh, “you know I always do what you ask me to do. If that’s truly what you want, I won’t try to find out more about the accident.”

She smiles, “You don’t realize how hard those days were for me watching you in that hospital bed, wondering if you would ever wake up. I’m so happy you remembered me. I’m glad the crash is the only thing that you forgot. I don’t know what I would ever do if you forgot about me and our love.”

I would usually melt whenever I saw Anya’s smile.

This time, I felt nothing. I feel nothing when I touch her, absolutely nothing except the feeling of betrayal.

I knew she didn’t want me to dig further into the accident, but I felt like it was the only way to get some answers about why I was suddenly feeling this way.

Something important had to be causing it; I was missing some critical information.

Clarissa walks down the beach towards us, and she looks annoyed, just like she always does when she sees me with Anya. The only difference I can spot is that there is a little more hatred than there was in the past. The tension between Anya and Clarissa had increased.

“What are you doing here?” Anya demands from her.

“This is my date night with Atticus.”

Clarissa snarled at her, "the last time I checked, the beach was a public space. Anyone can come here when they please."

"Well, do you have to be next to the two of us?" Anya demands.

"I'll leave after I ask one question," Clarissa answers her.

"And what is that?" She demands.

"I haven't seen Autumn around in a while. She's your best friend. Do you know if she's doing okay?" Clarissa asks.

I immediately stiffened at the mention of Autumn.

I've always felt uneasy around him, but this time when Clarissa mentioned her name, I felt a stabbing pain in my chest.

It was so bad that I wanted to let go of Anya and place a hand over my heart.

What the fuck was wrong with me all of a sudden?

Why was I behaving so weirdly?

"Autumn is on vacation with her family," Anya responds through gritted teeth. However, there was an edge to her voice that I hadn't heard before.

Why was she pissed that Clarissa had asked about Autumn?

Their behavior was extra weird today. It made me even more confused about everything happening around me. I was sure about something; there was an important detail about the crash that my family didn't want me finding out. They were hiding it from me because they wanted to protect me. Whatever it was, it had to be detrimental. They were afraid that when I found out, I would go into a state of shock. I'm assuming from everything Anya has told me, the doctors had to have warned them to keep me away from any news that could make me feel any worse than I already did.

"You don't need to get so defensive." Clarissa chimes happily. "Autumn is such a nice girl. Unlike you in every way, Anya. She would have suited Atticus better."

I rub a hand down my face. I was used to their constant bickering, but it was the first time I wasn't paying much attention to it. Ever since Clarissa had brought up Autumn, the feeling inside of me had intensified. I felt even worse than before.

Why did just the mention of Anya's best friend have such an effect on me?

What the hell was going on?

~AUTUMN~

My body shook with rage; I wanted to believe that those pictures and videos were all fake. I didn't want to consider that Atticus had moved on the second he thought that I was gone for good.

After everything we've been through together, why would he return to Anya the moment that I wasn't there?

Did my love for him mean nothing at all? Did he not care that I was missing? Did the both of them set this entire thing up so they could be together again? So many thoughts are running in and out of my head, one after the next.

My hands tighten into fists, and I can feel the power within me rising. The table began to shake as it tried to control my power.

Skyler, the guy from earlier, told me his name before he left the room. I was glad that he wasn't here to see this. I didn't want him to know the extent of my power. I didn't want him to see what I was capable of doing.

If I kept this up, not even this table could hold me to this room.

The image of Anya and Atticus flashed before me once more, and that was all I needed to push my power to its full force, at least the amount of force necessary to break free from the straps.

The table begins to shake more aggressively than before, and within seconds the straps break free.

There was a mirror in front of me as I sat up, and the dangerous glow in my eyes terrified me.

I was getting out of here. And when I did, I would be paying Atticus a visit.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 49 - Tips**

0 20 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

"Please," Anya begs. "There's this huge party tonight at the beach, and everyone will be there. I want us to go together. People need to see us out more often; I want pictures of us posted everywhere."

I run a hand through my hair. I didn't want to go anywhere. I still had this sick feeling in my stomach that something was terribly wrong. I kept trying to dig answers out from the

people around me, but everyone got quiet whenever the topic changed to the day of the accident.

Surprisingly, Anya was the most hostile whenever I tried to bring it up.

Their reactions only fueled my determination to find out the truth. Who could I trust to finally tell me every single detail of that day? It didn't make sense to me that my parents would go through so much trouble just to remove some articles about an accident. There had to be much more than that. They were keeping me in the dark, and it was making me furious. Why couldn't they just tell me? Why did they have to hide it from me? How horrible could this secret be?

"Atticus!" Anya snaps. "Are you hearing anything that I'm saying to you?"

I was; I couldn't concentrate or respond because of the many things flowing through my mind. Ever since they had mentioned Autumn to me yesterday, I couldn't get the girl out of my mind. It was absurd that I had more emotion within me from hearing her name than being beside Anya.

Her name didn't want to leave me. It kept replaying and it was driving me insane.

"When will Autumn return from her vacation with her family?" I asked Anya before could stop myself.

For some reason, I found myself wanting to see her. I couldn't explain it, but a part of me was almost desperate to see the girl. It worried me that I was feeling this way with a Anya right next to me. It felt like I was betraying her.

Anya looked like I'd just slapped her in the face for bringing up her best friend in our conversation.

"Why would you ask me that?" She demands.

"She's your friend. I thought you'd like to have a conversation about her. Is there a problem if I ask about Autumn?" I questioned, waiting for her to explain why she'd gotten so bothered by that question.

I knew Anya got angry at the simplest things but I didn't think this would be one of them.

"Yes, there is a problem." She snaps. "You barely ever mention Autumn to me. Why are you suddenly so concerned about her whereabouts? I was in the middle of asking you a question, a couple of questions actually, and you ignored all of them so that you could ask me about her. Is something going on that I should know about Atticus?" She demands. "Is there something that you're not telling me?"

That's the same question I wanted to ask her. What the hell was going on, and why was everyone so determined to keep it from me?

"I'm sorry if I offended you, Anya. I won't ask about her again if that makes you feel better." I promise her.

It was better to keep Autumn out of my head. I was restless because of her, and I had no clue why. The safest thing would be to stop thinking about her, the only problem was that I wasn't sure how to do it.

"Back to what I was trying to say before you interrupted me." She says. "The beach party tonight. Dante and Damon will also be there, but since I want to spend more time with you, they can find something else to do while at the party. We can spend more time together. What do you think?"

I sigh, "whatever makes you happy, Anya. I didn't want to go, but I'll do it just because you're asking me"

She grins and hugs me, "you're the absolute best. I'm going to choose my outfit. I can't wait for everyone to see us together. We're already the highlight of all the magazines now that we're back together."

"Back together?" I ask her, confused. When did we ever end our relationship? Some of the things she said to me after the accident kept confusing me.

She freezes but quickly hides her reaction from me, "you misunderstood. I meant that we are finally back together after your accident. Ever since you woke back up, we have been the talk of the town. We can't let everyone down and not show up for the party. We have to give the people what they want."

Give the people what they want.

I wasn't looking forward to the party. I was only going because of Anya. Hopefully, tonight I will feel better than I do right now.

It felt like I would never be my usual self until I discovered what everyone was desperate to keep from me. But how long would it be before someone snapped and spilled the truth to me?

~AUTUMN~

The second I smash the door open, an alarm goes off throughout the building. I didn't waste any time, I wasn't sure where I was heading, but I chose to run to the left of me.



The chase was on. They knew that I had escaped from the room. I'd waited for what I thought was the right time to break the door down. I can only hope that the voice inside me was right.

I saw two men running behind me and increased my speed. No one was in front of me for now, but I knew it was only a matter of time before more men showed up and tried to block my way.

My heart is racing as I kept moving forward in full speed.

Someone eventually appears before me, and I use my power to smash him against the wall. He wasn't the only one, they kept on coming after him, and I kept hitting each of them against the wall until I was finally able to escape from the building. I hadn't seen Skyler while trying to escape, which was a good thing. Skyler may be the strongest amongst them since he was the leader. He would have known what to do and how to stop me better than the rest.

I expected the building to be packed with people trying to stop me from leaving. It was the opposite.

Either they weren't here, or someone was messing with my head. Maybe they wanted me to believe that I had escaped so they could keep an eye on me. Anything was possible at this point. I knew Skyler was not some amateur kidnapper; he made it clear that I would only be able to escape from here if he wanted me to.

The thought of him messing with me made me feel sick to my stomach.

Despite my fear of their plans, I kept on moving. I had to see Atticus. I wanted to see for my own eyes that he had betrayed me yet again. After everything, I couldn't believe I was so stupid to believe even for a second that he cared for me.

I gave him my heart, and he stomped all over it. He was all over Anya; he didn't even wait until I was found, and he didn't even try to look for me. I thought for sure that he would be there for me, that he would protect me, that he would do all the things he promised to do for me, I couldn't have been any more wrong than I was about everything.

I had no idea where I was; I didn't know what direction to turn. I was no longer underground which meant that I could ask anyone for help. The problem was that there was no one around. And I couldn't just stay here and wait for Skyler to find me. For all I knew, he was already watching me and waiting for the right time to laugh in my face.

I had to get back to my parents; they needed to tell me everything they knew. Why did they choose to raise me? Why did they accept me from my mother even after knowing my father was Azai Reign? I've known them all my life, and they weren't the kind of

people that got involved in situations that could land them in trouble. So why did they agree to help my biological mother?

The more thought about it, the more it made no sense to me. Why did they do it? Why did my mother choose them to raise me?

I sighed; while I knew I needed the answers to all of these questions, I had to give my mind a break. I needed to breathe again. I was tired; my heart was exhausted from all of the pain and torture it's been through in the past few weeks. It's been a roller coaster ride, and it still hasn't stopped moving.

I'm in the middle of the forest with no one to turn to, no one to ask for help. I was hoping to find at least one person, but I was out of luck. I was the only one who could get me out of this place. I was the only person could rely on.

There's a lake to my right, and I gasp when I hear a whisper. Where did it come from?

"Who's there?" I demand.

I take a step forward and look around me frantically.

Had I imagined it? I didn't think so. I was positive I'd heard someone speak to me. I'm hoping that it wasn't one of Skyler's people or I would be screwed.

No one answers, and I keep walking, trying to find the person. I know that I wasn't delusional. I know they had to be around here somewhere. I just had to keep on looking.

I pause when I hear more whispers. I look towards that lake in horror; there's no way the water spoke to me.

But I couldn't deny it any longer; the voice was coming from the water. It was showing me the direction, telling me how to escape. How was that even possible?

Was my father also able to understand the water?

I've been terrified of water my entire life; why did it seem like it was on my side this whole time?

I shook that thought out of my head. I didn't have time to think about this. People were searching for me.

Since I didn't have a single clue about my whereabouts, I decided that the best thing was to listen to the whispers.

It was the only option I had left, and I was desperate to escape those psychopaths.

I shifted into my wolf; I could escape much faster this way. The moment that I do, I'm racing through the woods, trying to find anything that points to the direction of home.

I don't know how long I was racing through the forest, but I eventually spotted buildings. I wasn't sure if

I had recognized them yet, so I kept going, and finally, I found some hope.

I breathe a sigh of relief when I spot houses that I recognize. I wasn't too far from home. I wasn't sure what day it was, but I was going to Atticus's house first. He had plenty of explaining to do. The rage inside me only intensified as I remembered the videos Skyler had shown me.

It fueled my speed, and before J knew it, I had reached their home. Unfortunately, no one was there.

The guards were the only ones present. Where was everyone? It was almost seven in the evening: everyone should have reached back from the academy by now. And why weren't his parents at least home?

The guards were surprised to see me, but I explained to them that I didn't want anyone to know that I was back. I wanted to catch Atticus in the act. I didn't want to give him a chance to stop what he was doing with Anya.

I wanted to look him in the eye and show him how much he'd hurt me. Not that it would matter, he knew how much he hurt me in the past, and still, he betrayed me in the end. Nothing I said or did now would affect Atticus.

He was back with the love of his life. That was all that mattered to him. My greatest fear was finally thrown in my face.

I walked into our room, grabbed some clothes, and was about to walk out when I noticed that our pictures had been removed. And then I realized it wasn't just our room, the entire house; every single reminder of me had been removed.

I held a hand over my mouth in shock. Everyone knew that I had been kidnapped and the first thing they chose to do was remove every picture and memory of me from the house. I thought the Fawns had liked me. I had hoped that they had considered me as their family. Now I realized that they'd had me fooled this entire time. I thought Anya was the one his parents had a problem with, but it turned out that they hadn't liked me either.

Why else would they have removed every memory of me right after I went missing? They hadn't waited. None of them did. They all assumed I was gone for good and

decided to move on with their lives like I hadn't existed, to begin with. What other surprises were waiting for me?

What else had they done to prove that I meant nothing to all of them?

Did they think that I was dead? Were they hoping that I would have never returned?

I fell back against the bed in pain. Emotional pain.

This was devastating. I was never important to any of them.

And what about Clarissa? I thought that she at least genuinely liked me.

I let out a frustrated scream as I pushed his desk to the ground. Everything came crashing down, one after the next. Everything was a lie-my entire life. Since the start, everyone has been lying to me. And they haven't stopped. No one ever truly cared about me or my feelings.

I wouldn't let any of them get away with this. They would all pay for lying to me, hurting me, and replacing me like I was fucking nothing. I didn't care what I had to do, but I wanted an explanation. I wanted to know why they would treat me this poorly. What had I done? Had I not been good to each of them? Why did they hate me this much? Everyone close to me kept betraying me, apparently nothing had changed.

I emptied the drawers searching for a phone. There had to be something here that could tell me where everyone was. I wasn't going to sit here and wait for them to return home. I wanted to confront them in front of everyone. I wanted everyone to know just how selfish they all were. Even if everyone knew, what would that change? It's not like they were unaware of what was happening in front of them. They all knew that I was missing, they all knew that Atticus was married to me and Anya was his ex-girlfriend. Yet no one said anything.

They were all quiet and back to normal. Absolutely no one cared about me and my feelings.

Damn it. Where the hell could I find a phone? I didn't have mine; I was sure that Skyler had taken it from me when he had kidnapped me.

I storm out of the room after ransacking it. The room looked just like I felt right now. It was the least of Atticus's problems when I finally found him. I wasn't going to go easy on him this time. I was done being sad and depressed over him; this time, I was pissed, and this time, I wanted answers. And I was getting those answers even if I had to force them out of him.

And if I didn't like those answers, all hell would break loose. They would all pay if there wasn't a proper explanation for all of this.

I didn't stop in the room; I searched all over the house, still hoping to find a phone, and when I finally did, I didn't waste any time searching for the answer I was looking for.

My eyes zeroed in on an article about a beach party tonight. It had just started, and that's where they were, no doubt.

I slammed the phone onto the desk and stormed out of the house. Everyone was out partying while they all knew that I was missing. That's just how much I meant to each one of them. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry at my pathetic life. No one truly cared about me. My life was nothing but a game to each of them. They treated me like a pile of garbage; no, even garbage was treated better than this.

Skyler hadn't been lying this entire time. They were all already moving on with their lives as if they thought I was dead. Is this how everyone would have reacted if I had indeed died?

Would no one care at all?

I looked around the house for Atticus's jeep, and of course, it wasn't there. He must have carried Anya to the beach with it for the party. I searched for another vehicle, and within seconds I was out of the garage, speeding past the guards. They didn't try and stop me. Why would they? I was still the daughter-in-law of the house. At least the guards didn't forget that, as everyone else had.

My hands were shaking as I drove. I was terrified of seeing Anya and Atticus in person. Seeing them together in pictures and videos was difficult, but I knew it would be excruciating to see it in person. I knew that nothing would ever be able to prepare me for something like that.

I still wanted to believe that those pictures were all fake; I wanted to believe that Skyler had lied to me, but I knew better by now.

They both had no shame. I knew Anya hated me, but Atticus, I didn't think he disliked me this much. There was no way he cared for me after what he'd done. I expected so much more from him. I would have never been able to smile if the same thing had happened to him. I would be out there searching for him without getting any sleep. Instead, he returned to Anya like our marriage never even happened.

When I pull up to the beach, hundreds of cars are parked in all directions. I didn't even bother looking for a park as I jumped out of the vehicle and began searching the crowd for him.

I wasn't sure how to find them in such a large crowd, but I wasn't leaving here tonight until I found them.

I pushed through the groups, hoping to see at least one of the Fawns. Once I saw one, they would lead me to Atticus. I was sure of it.

I'm disappointed when I see no sign of any of them.

Was I mistaken? Had they not come here tonight? Where else could they be, then? Was there another party that I didn't know about?

Music was blasting the air, and crashing waves were just as loud. Everything was making it harder for me to search for them, infuriating me more than before.

Where the hell were those betrayers?

I couldn't give up. I had to have missed something. I knew they were here, I don't know how I knew it, but I just did.

I continued to search once more; I wouldn't leave without searching every inch of this place, no matter how big it was.

And then I see him. I was positive that it was him. I would know Atticus anywhere. He was leaning against Dante's jeep, and Anya was in his arms. I swallow, and my heart aches at the sight of them together.

So it was true.

He had returned to her the second he thought I would never return. All along, he's been waiting for the right opportunity to run right back into Anya's arms.

She looks the happiest she's looked in a long while. I couldn't tell whether Atticus was happy or not. The expression on his face was blank. I couldn't read him while he was with her. But did it matter at all?

I take a step forward but stop myself. I wanted to confront Atticus when he was alone. I wanted to hear what he had to say to defend himself when Anya was not around. I wanted a proper explanation. I deserved an answer after what he did to me.

I don't move; I watch them until Anya excuses herself. Maybe she's going for water; perhaps she was leaving him for an opportunity to kiss one of his other brothers. I wasn't sure where she was heading, but I didn't care. It was my turn now.

I wasn't leaving until I'd said everything on my mind.

I push through the crowd and don't stop until I stand before him. He didn't notice me at first, but when his eyes finally fell on me, there was a look of confusion on his face.

Was he confused that I was still alive? Was he disappointed to see me standing in front of him?

“Autumn?” He asks as he quirks a brow.

I clenched my jaw; his reaction to seeing me only made me angrier. It confirmed that he didn't care about me at all. Why did I expect more from Atticus? I should have known he would have done something like this to me. I should have known that he was nothing like the man I thought he was in the past.

I wanted to laugh at my stupidity.

“Do you have nothing to say for yourself?” I demand.

I tried hard to remain calm, but it was hard. How could anyone remain calm under these conditions?

He crosses his arms over his chest and stops leaning against the jeep, “I'm sorry. Am I missing something here?”

I laugh, “you're truly pathetic. Aren't you?”

He looks at me as though I've lost my mind. He was the one who'd lost his mind.

“I'm pathetic?” He asks. “I think there's something wrong going on here. Did you drink? What are you even doing here, Autumn?”

What was I doing here? Seriously? Was that the first question that he would look to ask me? He didn't even bother asking how I'd escaped or who had kidnapped me.

It was clear that Atticus would have been happier if I had never shown up in front of him again for the rest of his life.

“What am I doing here?” I ask with venom dripping from my voice. “What are you doing here with Anya? That's the question I should be asking you!”

He looked startled but also very interested in what I was trying to say to him.

“You're upset because I'm here with your best friend?” He asks, even more confused than before. “Is this some kind of joke? Is Anya playing a trick on me right now? If she is, it isn't funny.”

I gape at him. Did he hit his head somewhere? Why was he acting so clueless about everything that I was asking him? It was almost like he was back to the Atticus that barely knew I existed, which was absurd. We were married. I told him I loved him, and he gave me roses and teddy bears and decorated an entire ballroom with pictures of us.



How dare he act like none of those things ever happened? How dare he behave like we were never close?

“You’re the joke!” I snap. “I can’t believe I ever had feelings for someone like you! I wish I had never met you, Atticus. I wish I never fell for someone as horrible as you are! You’re weak and pathetic. You’re not the man I thought you were. You make me sick just looking at you.”

He unfolds his arms, and now he doesn’t look as unbothered as he’d done just a few seconds ago. He wasn’t happy with the words I’d just said to him. I could tell by the frown on his forehead that he was getting angry.

“Feelings for me?” He asked as he exhaled loudly.

“Now I know you’re fvcking messing with me, Autumn. You don’t have feelings for me. Did Anya tel you to put me up to this test? Is this some stupid game for the two of you? I’m done playing. I’m going to find her.”

He tries to step around me, but I push him back against the jeep.

He looked like he was getting tired of me, and I didn’t care. I needed answers, and he was going to give them to me. I didn’t care what he wanted; this was about me.

I was a few seconds away from losing my mind. I was trying my best to stay calm until I got my answers, but if Atticus kept acting like I wasn’t his wife, I would completely snap in front of him. And when I snapped, everyone at this party would know I was back. Everyone would see the power I had within me; I wouldn’t be able to hold it back. Then Skyler and his people wouldn’t be the only people I’d have to be worried about. Everyone who wanted to use my power for their benefit would come for me.

He looks down at my hands on his chest, and I refuse to move them. He wasn’t going anywhere until he told me why he did this to me.

“Let go of me, Autumn.” He growls. “I’m trying to be patient with you because of Anya, but you’re stepping on my patience.”

“Not until you give me answers!” I shout. “Tell me, Atticus. Why did you do it? WHY?”

“Do what?” He hissed. “I’m getting tired of this nonsense. If you don’t let go of me in four seconds, I will make you regret it.” He threatened.

I wasn’t scared. I didn’t care about his threat.

“One.” He whispers.

I don’t move, not even an inch.

“Two.”

His eyes are now narrowed, and I know he’s trying to intimidate me.

“Three.”

I roll my eyes. Did he think his countdown would affect me? Did he believe that he could frighten me into letting him go? He was about to get a rude awakening.

“Four.”

Nothing happens. He stands there glaring at me. We stay like that for a few seconds, neither of us saying anything.

Without warning, he grabs my shoulders and jams me up against the jeep.

“You have one minute to tell me what the fvck is happening here, Autumn. You’re supposed to be on vacation with your family. That’s what Anya told me.” He snaps. “You weren’t supposed to be here. Now suddenly, you’re in front of me and telling me things that make no sense. We barely spoke to each other in the past; why are you speaking to me like we are in some relationship?”

I don’t believe for one second that this is real. I know that something is going on. I know someone is trying to mess with my head. Do yourself a favor and tell me the truth now before I lose my fvcking mind!”

Vacation with my family? What the hell was he speaking about? Why did Anya tell him something like that? Did Atticus not know that I had been kidnapped?

Was that why everyone was so normal with my disappearance?

That day I remembered clearly that he hadn’t seen when the men had snatched me. I had blacked out and had no idea what had happened next. But even if that was true, it still didn’t explain why he was here with Anya being all r0mantic. It also didn’t explain why he said that we barely ever spoke. Nothing about this was making any damn sense to me.

I’m about to respond when his eyes narrow. Something else had caught his attention, and I wasn’t sure what it was. To my surprise, he moved closer to me so that our bodies were pressed tightly together. I held my breath; of course, he knew what his closeness would do to me. Maybe that was his plan; to distract me with his nearness.

It wouldn’t work this time.

He leans lower so that his face is now near my neck.

I remain completely still as his nose touches the mark he'd left on me below my ear.

Atticus surprises me when he suddenly breathes me in.

His body turns to stone. He stays completely still for a few seconds before moving again.

His hands are now on both sides of me, pressing against the jeep. His lips were right above my ear, and his body shook hard against mine. A low growl tore from his throat, and it startled me.

"Why the fvck is my scent all over your body Autumn?"

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 50 - Tips**

0 13 minutes read

I couldn't breathe. Not with the way Atticus was looking at me. His eyes looked drugged but confused at the same time. What was there to be confused about? I was his. He was mine.

How could he ask me that question? His mark was on me. I smell like him because he put that mark there. I smell like him because we're bonded; we are one.

The person standing before me didn't seem to know any of this, which was simply absurd. How could he not know?

I've been so confused by his reaction to me since I returned.

Why was he acting this weirdly? What could have possibly happened for him to be behaving like this? Did Anya do something to him while I was gone? Was I crazy for thinking that way? She was capable of doing something sneaky, and she had threatened me in the past already. That thought soon flies out of my head as Atticus's touch becomes more desperate.

He grabs my waist and pulls my body against his while inspecting my neck. His finger is slowly rubbing the mark, making me wonder what he's thinking. How could I stay mad at him when he was this close to my body? How could I be angry when my heart was racing because of his nearness?

He always knew what his closeness did to me; maybe he was doing it on purpose so that I couldn't make a scene in front of everyone.

His hands were warm, and they sent tingles throughout my body. It was hard to control my need for him, even though I knew this wasn't the time for any of that.

No. I had to find out what was going on before I let my heart flutter like this because of him. I made these same mistakes in the past; I didn't want to do it again. I was tired of letting Atticus win these arguments because of my feelings for him.

"How can you not know the answer to that question?" I demand. "The answer is staring you straight in the eyes. Are you blind?"

He looks even more confused at my words. His grip on my waist tightens, and it seems like he's having an inner battle with himself.

"What the hell are you doing?" Someone shrieks.

I didn't even have to look.

I knew that voice well. Anya. She was back. Her annoying voice was all I needed to know that she was here.

Couldn't she have stayed away a little longer? There was plenty I still wanted to ask Atticus, and I knew that with her being here, she would try her best to ensure I didn't get the opportunity to do so. I should have moved him. I should have continued this conversation somewhere else where no one could disturb us. It was too late for that now.

It's good that she was here. I had plenty to say to her as well.

She glared at Atticus, but when her eyes fell on me, they widened. She looked like she'd just seen a ghost. If one person were unhappy that I was back, it would be her. She doesn't try to hide her irritation at seeing me.

"Are you surprised to see me, Anya?" I ask. "I mean, I'm supposed to be on vacation with my family. At least that's what Atticus told me that you said to him. Can you tell me where exactly we went? I think my memory might be playing games with me."

Atticus looks between the two of us, and I can tell that he's completely lost.

"What's going on?" Atticus asks.

"I should be asking you that." Anya snaps. "Why are your arms still around her?"

He looked down at his hands still on my waist and cleared his throat before quickly letting go of me.

Why did he do it? Why did he act like touching me was wrong? I'm his wife; he can touch me without feeling guilty. Just how many things have changed around here after I'd been forcibly taken from the academy? Are there any more surprises that I need to prepare myself for?

“Did Autumn not go on vacation with her family?” He asks her. “It sounds like the both of you are arguing.

You’re best friends. I’ve never seen you fight before. Did something happen between the two of you? Is there something that I should know about?” Best friends? What world was he living in? We were far from best friends, closer to enemies, after I realized her true feelings towards me. Anya didn’t like me, and it took me too long to know the truth. I would have saved myself plenty of pain if I had recognized her dislike for me earlier.

“Of course I didn’t go on vacation with my family!” I snap. “Where have you been all this time, Atticus? How could you not realize that something was wrong?”

What other lies has she been telling him?

Anya grabs my arm and pulls me towards her, “watch what you’re saying to him. He’s not ready to hear the truth.”

Not ready to hear the truth?

Who was she to tell me what he was ready to hear?

“What’s going on here?” Damon asks as he joins us. He’s concerned about Anya, as usual, everyone is always worried about her. He doesn’t see me at first, but when he finally does, he takes a step back. His eyes are wide, like Anya’s when she first saw me. “Autumn?”

“Why is everyone so surprised to see Autumn here?” Atticus asks, looking between the two of us.

Why is he asking such a question? How much did Atticus not know? Everyone here seemed to know a lot more than he did, and it surprised me.

“Um,” Damon says as he tries to come up with a response to his question. “I’m just surprised to see Autumn here when no one informed me that she was coming, that’s all. It’s good to see you, though. I’m glad you’re here. I’m sure Clarissa will be overflowed with happiness to see you.”

Atticus looks at his brother as though he’d lost his mind.

“AUTUMN!” Clarissa gasps as she shows up right behind Damon. She’s the only one that looks happy to see me. But I wasn’t even sure if I could trust her at this point. I wasn’t sure who I could trust amongst myself anymore. They’d all let me down when I needed them the most.

She jumps forward and wraps her arms around me.

"I can't believe you're in front of me right now. My heart feels so happy. It's so good to see you. I've missed you so much."

Had she missed me? Then why was her home empty of my belongings?

"Am I missing something here?" Atticus asks. "Since when are Autumn and Clarissa best friends?"

Clarissa freezes when she realizes that Atticus is here with us. It almost looked like they were trying to hide something from him.

She wipes the tears from her eyes, hiding them from Atticus. The more I stood there, the more confused I got.

Something terrible was going on, but I couldn't figure out what it was. Something was not right. Everyone was acting strange. But none as strangely as Atticus.

"I've always preferred having Autumn around over Anya." Clarissa teases without looking directly at him.

"I'm just showing her how happy I am that she's here. There's nothing wrong with that. If you'll excuse me, Autumn and I have some important catching up to do."

Clarissa wraps her arms around mine and pulls me away from Anya and Atticus. I could feel their eyes digging into my back as I was dragged away.

I wasn't finished speaking to Atticus. I still had plenty on my mind to scream and shout at him. But I couldn't do it earlier because he was clueless about everything.

"I know that you must be both angry and confused right now," Clarissa whispers the moment that we're far enough so that Atticus can't listen to our conversation.

"But there is a reasonable explanation for everything happening right now."

Really?

I couldn't think of anything that would be able to explain the craziness happening around me. Atticus was acting clueless, and Anya was happy to rub it in my face that she had him back in her life. What had caused this massive change? Before I had been kidnapped, Atticus promised to be a better husband; what caused that sudden change in his behavior?

"I thought you liked me," I tell her. "I went to your home. Every single picture of me has been removed. My clothes are gone, and everything of mine has completely

disappeared. It's like all of you tried to erase my existence when you found out that I was missing. None of you tried to find me. Do you realize how that makes me feel? Do you—

Clarissa hugs me mid-sentence, “you have it all wrong, Autumn. Of course, we all like you; we don't just like you; we love you like family. You are our family.”

“Is that how you treat family?” I demand. Nothing was adding up. Someone was lying to me.

“I can explain. All you have to do is listen.” She begs.

“Once you hear what I say, you will understand everything.” I decided that she at least deserved a chance to explain herself. She was always nothing but pleasant to me. Maybe I could still trust her; I just had to listen to her explanation and decide whether or not she was telling the truth.

I crossed my arms over my chest and nodded; it was my signal for her to continue. This was the only chance that she would get.

“When you got kidnapped, Atticus saw everything. He saw the men throw you into a vehicle after drugging you. He tried to stop them, but they had already driven off; he didn't stop there; he chased the vehicle with his jeep, and that is when something horrible happened.”

She begins to explain. The look on her face worries me.

Something horrible happened? The fear in my heart exploded in my chest, I think I knew where she was heading with this, but I don't think I was ready to hear it. I was hoping that I was wrong.

“We don't know the exact details, but Atticus got into an accident. Before it happened, he called Damon and informed him that you had been taken. He ordered him to close down all roads so that your kidnappers couldn't escape. That's the last anyone heard from Atticus. When we arrived at the scene, Atticus's jeep was flipped over and smashed against a tree. You were nowhere to be found. We searched everywhere for the vehicle he described but couldn't find it.”

I covered my mouth as I waited for her to continue.

I can't breathe.

My heart aches so much with this new information.

An ACCIDENT?



Atticus had gotten into an accident while trying to save me. This entire time I was angry because I thought he had moved on because he believed I was gone for good. I thought he was happy that I had disappeared. I felt guilty after knowing I had been so wrong all along.

“When we pulled Atticus from the jeep, he was barely recognizable with all of the blood and bruises covering his body. I thought we had lost him. But the doctors did a great job at bringing him back. But even they couldn’t work a miracle. His body was trying to heal itself, but too much damage had already been done. When Atticus woke up, he surprised everyone when he hugged Anya. We weren’t aware of what was happening until we spoke to the main doctor assigned to him. It was the worst news that any of us were expecting.”

My heart was pounding against my chest; it was not easy finding out that the love of my life had gone through something so horrible, and I was nowhere around when it happened. I wasn’t there when he needed me the most, but it wasn’t my fault. We were both going through something awful at the exact time. But it only happened to Atticus because he was trying to save me. I was unconscious when the accident occurred; I had no idea it had even occurred until now.

An accident? Those words kept repeating in my head.

The more I thought about it, the worse I felt. How did this happen? How did his jeep flip?

“They said that his head had taken the most impact from the accident. The doctor claimed they tried their best, but this wasn’t something they could have prevented. Atticus has temporary memory loss, but the doctor also informed us that it’s possible it can even be permanent. Only time will be able to answer whether it’s temporary or not. We haven’t taken the news lightly. It’s been a rough few days, and we’ve been trying our best.

Everything made so much sense now. Atticus acted clueless because he was unaware of our marriage; he was unaware of my love for him. He was unaware of every time we’ve spent together, he didn’t have any of those memories, but I had them all.

I was the one that would suffer now that he didn’t remember me. I was the one that would miss him like crazy.

“We never wanted to remove every memory of you from his life, Autumn; I’m so sorry you had to find out like this.” She apologizes. “But when the doctor told his parents that reminding Atticus of you could cause more damage than good, they panicked. They removed everything that could remind him of you. Including all of the articles about your marriage to him. Even the articles about you being kidnapped. They worked hard to ensure that he never found out the truth. But I can assure you that everyone was still searching for you, your parents, Damon, and all of us who remembered you kept

looking for you. I begged them not to hide the truth from Atticus; I knew that the moment he regained his memories, he would never forgive them for not telling him about you. I mean, he almost died trying to save you, and Atticus would want to remember the woman he risked his life for. But no one listened to me.”

My body felt numb everywhere, Not only had Atticus gotten into a horrible accident, but he also had no memory of our time together. He couldn't remember anything about us.

I didn't know what to do. My heart was racing, and the devastation I felt with this news had only intensified.

Clarissa pulls out her phone and points the screen at me, “this is the jeep. In case you don't believe that I'm telling you the truth. These are all the articles that were removed from it as well.”

I look at the pictures, one after the next. It was printed in bold that Atticus had crashed while trying to save me. Clarissa must have kept them to show me.

Everyone knew the truth, but they kept it from Atticus to protect him.

I tried to stay calm, but nothing could stop my pain.

I didn't think my heart could hurt this much. I didn't know it was possible for anything else to cause me this much pain. Atticus got into an accident because of me.

Because of me. I close my eyes as the tears slowly build up. And now his memory of us was gone. I knew I was repeating myself, but I couldn't get past this. It was hard to accept everything that had happened while I was gone.

“Autumn?” Clarissa calls my name. I can't hear her; I can't listen to anything she's saying, not when I feel like this.

I know he doesn't remember me, but I need to be near him. We've been apart for too long. I couldn't take this separation anymore. I couldn't stand knowing the truth about everything.

“Autumn?” Clarissa calls my name once more. “Are you okay? You look pale!”

The fear in her voice is unmistakable. Before I know it, I'm turning away from her and running in the opposite direction. I don't know where I'm going, but there is only one person on my mind. I have to find him. I need to get close to him.

I held my breath when I spotted Atticus a short distance away. He's in a heated argument with Anya. I know they're in an argument because of the way they were both glaring at each other. Mostly Anya was the one glaring at him. How could she be that angry with him after the life-threatening accident he'd recently been in? I didn't believe

for one second that she was actually in love with him. I'm unsure what her intention was with Atticus, but I couldn't let her get her way.

I don't know what I'm doing; I can't seem to control my feet or the rest of my body, for that matter. I'm still running towards them.

Atticus looks up and spots me racing toward him.

His eyes are confused at first and then wide as he waits for the impact. He doesn't have time to prepare as I throw myself into his arms. His hands reach out and grab my waist to steady me. My hands are on his hair first. I couldn't stop the tears as my fingers dug into the strands, as I pulled our bodies closer together.

I know that he doesn't remember us, but I can't help myself. I need this. Knowing what I did now, I had to hold him at least once. Just once, I wanted to keep him close to me.

I didn't care what would happen next. I didn't care that Anya was shouting my name. I didn't care about anything but the man in my arms.

The man that risked his life for me. The man that I misjudged this entire time. My husband. My mate.

Yes. My mate. Mine.

I gasped at the sudden revelation. Why did it take me this long to realize it?

He's been mine this entire time, yet it took me forever to realize it. It made sense why Atticus was able to mark me. It suddenly made sense why I always loved him more than anyone or anything else. The answer had been staring me straight in the face all this time.

But what did this mean about Anya? Did he reject her? How could the both of us be his mate at the same time? And why did Atticus never recognize me as his mate even after marking me? Did he know all this time?

All these questions are threatening my sanity. What did I do from here?

"Get your hands off my mate!" Anya screams behind me.

I can feel the shock radiating off Atticus's body as I continue to hold him against me. How did I explain all of this to him?

Clarissa made it clear to me that her family did everything to make him forget about me in fear of him going into an incredible state of shock from finding out about me.

As much as I wanted to keep holding onto him, I knew I couldn't keep it up. I knew I had to do something to get a grip on myself.

But just for a few more seconds, I wanted this. I wanted to savor every second of this hug because I had no idea how long it would be before I had my Atticus back. I had no idea what would happen after this moment.

I was terrified.

Terrified of our future together. Terrified of never getting the opportunity to have him this close to me again.