

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 61 - Tips

0 11 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I watch as Atticus carries bags of clothes my parents had just dropped off. They didn't want leave me with the Fawns, but since I insisted, they finally gave in. I understood that they felt I was unsafe now that the secret was out, but I was willing to take the risk if it meant I could be by Atticus's side.

He didn't stop pestering his parents until they'd gotten all the pictures of us back into the house.

Within two hours, everything was the same way I remembered it before he'd lost his memory.

Of course, Atticus couldn't remember what it looked like, but I did. I knew where every single picture of us was supposed to be.

I know that I didn't have him completely back to me, but I was at least happy that I was one step closer. I was back home, near him, where I belonged.

I still hadn't recovered from tonight; it felt like a dream. I was afraid I'd eventually wake up and realize that none of it was ever true.

I couldn't believe that Atticus told Anya he didn't love her. The look on her face was priceless.

When did he realize that he was no longer in love with her? Had he known this even before the accident? If he did, why did he never tell me what he truly felt? There were many times when I thought he was still in love with her and only her. If I'd known the truth, my heart would have been less tortured.

There were so many questions that I wanted to ask him, but I knew that he had plenty of questions for me as well. I wanted to give him a chance to ask me whatever he wanted.

He was pissed at everyone else for lying to him. I'd also lied to him. Did that mean that he was also angry with me? I didn't want him to be. I never wanted to anger or hurt him.

His mother walks over to me, and I can see the regret in her eyes. It must be hard for her as well as his father. It would be hard for his entire family now that Atticus felt like he couldn't trust them. As much as it hurt knowing that they removed me from their lives after I went missing, I knew why they did it. Because of that, I was not angry with them.

"We are truly sorry for everything, Autumn." His mother apologizes. "We never meant to hurt you."

We were only doing what we thought was the right thing for our son. But, as he rightly pointed out, we made a big mistake.”

I held her hand, “it’s okay. I know that your intention was not to hurt me. I know that you only wanted to protect Atticus. I understand why you kept the truth from him. I never once thought that you were trying to betray me.”

She gives me a grateful smile and pulls me in for a warm hug. “I still think that we are fortunate for choosing you to be our son’s bride. You’ve never let us down, and I don’t think you ever will. Judging by the way Atticus protected you, I think it’s safe to say that he also feels the same way. I never thought my son could fall out of love with Anya, but somehow you made that possible. My sons are learning to bond with each other as they did in the past before she entered their lives, and I wanted to thank you for everything that you’re doing for us.”

“What are you saying to her?” Atticus asks dangerously. The threat in his voice was not hidden, and it surprised me that he took that tone with his own mother. He must be angrier than I thought he was.

It’s quite obvious that he doesn’t trust his mother around me, not after everything he’d just learned. I knew they would return to normal very soon; Atticus couldn’t stay angry with his family for too long. I knew him well, and eventually, he would understand why they did it. Maybe he already did, but it would take him a little longer to adjust to the truth.

He’s waiting for me at the bottom of the stair, and his mother pats my back, “go to him. You both have plenty to talk about. I don’t want him to get any angrier with me. I have plenty to do to earn his trust again.”

I nodded and nervously walked towards him. He took my hand in his and guided me back to his room. Our room.

The pictures of us were on the table near the bed, and it felt good to see them there. We’re both quiet, and I’m unsure what to say to ease the tension in the room. I’m waiting for him to ask the questions I knew he wanted answers for.

I’m surprised when he doesn’t say anything after a few seconds. I’m about to move toward the bed when he finally makes a sound. My feet felt stuck to the ground as I waited for what I knew was coming.

“Where is your ring?” he asks, breaking the silence.

I swallow; it makes sense now why he kept looking at my finger today. He wanted to know why I wasn’t wearing my wedding ring. I couldn’t believe that he knew the truth and chose only tonight to spill it.

I should have realized that's the first thing he would ask me.

"In my purse," I answer him truthfully. Even though I wasn't wearing it, I still had it close to me at all times. I was honest when I told him that it was hard to look at the ring because it reminded me of him. But I also missed wearing it.

"Let me see it."

I dug into the purse and pulled it out. He took it from me and held it between two of his fingers. It looks extra tiny in his hand. I'm not sure what he thinks as he continues to stare at it.

Maybe he's trying to remember buying it for me. The silence in the room is deafening as I wait for his next move.

He lifts his head and pins me with his piercing gaze. My breath gets stuck in my throat at how beautiful yet fierce he looks.

I held my breath as he gently took my hand in his; I watched in awe as he guided the ring onto my finger. I didn't think not wearing my ring would have bothered him this much. His hand lingers on my own, and it feels good to feel his touch, even though it is not much.

"Never take it off again." He warns.

I'm speechless. I couldn't believe that this was the same Atticus that was once crazy in love with Anya. He acted like a completely different person.

What baffled me even more than this was that he had no memory of us. All of his memories were still about Anya. How could he still choose me when she was all that he knew? It was the first time that Atticus ever openly chose me over her in this manner. There was no mistaking it at all. What made him do it?

"Don't you have any questions for me?" I ask hesitantly.

Even though he was kind to me, I could tell he was still building a wall between us. I didn't want there to be a single thing separating us.

He takes a step towards me but still leaves some distance between us.

His jaw is tensed as he finally says something in response to my question.

"Why?" he asks.

That's all? What was he expecting me to say to just one word?

"Why what?" I ask, waiting for him to elaborate.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner that you were married to me?" He asks. "Why did you wait for me to force the truth out of you? There were many opportunities to say something, anything at all to me that would have told me who you truly were."

It was the one question that I didn't want to answer. If T did, it would open up all of the emotions that I was trying to bury deep inside of me.

"It's not something I feel comfortable speaking about right now." I lie.

His eyes narrow, "what better time than now is there to have this discussion, Autumn? I need to have all of these answers before we can move on from these lies. This isn't a simple secret that was kept from me. This was an important part of my life that I knew nothing about for days. I want to know why you couldn't just tell me."

"I never wanted to lie to you, Atticus," I assure him. "Clarissa told me everything about the accident. She also mentioned everything your parents and the doctor had said to her. Protecting you from the trauma was our main concern. No one knew how you would react after finding out you were married to me. I planned on telling you after you got the opportunity to spend more time with me. I was terrified of causing you more harm than good by telling you the truth. Besides, what would you have done if I'd told you? Would you have even believed me? I'm sure you would have treated me like I was crazy if I'd told you before you'd gotten the proof yourself."

He sits on the edge of the bed and faces me angrily. "You didn't seem that bothered that I was with Anya. I spent days with her right in front of you, but you let it happen. It makes me wonder if you ever had feelings for me when we were married. If you're okay with me being around another woman instead of telling me that you are my wife, how can I believe anything you're saying to me?"

I didn't think his words could have angered me this much, but I was utterly wrong. How could he, for even one second, believe that I had no feelings for him? I was freaking in love with him for years!

He was the one that didn't love me back in all that time, yet he's saying something like this to me.

I cross my arms over my chest, was he blind this entire time? It was obvious that I was bothered that she was taking advantage of his memory loss.

I was never good at hiding my feelings from him.

“You don’t know anything about what I feel for you!” I snap. “If you couldn’t see what it was doing to me, I don’t think you paid that much attention to me, to begin with.”

His eyes narrow dangerously, “Then why couldn’t you speak to me? If you’re my wife, you should let me know! Just a few words. ‘Atticus, I’m your fvcking wife’; it’s not that hard.”

“Do you think it was easy for me?” I shout. “Do you think I enjoyed watching you with her? I hated every second of it. You have no idea the kind of pain I felt because of it. It was difficult for me, Atticus. Very difficult!”

“And what about me?” He demands. “Did you think I enjoyed feeling like I was losing my fvcking mind? Every day I would wake up feeling like something important was missing from my life. I would watch Anya and feel absolutely no emotions toward her. I would be next to you and want to pull you into my fvcking arms every damn second that you were next to me. Nothing was making any sense to me. It bothers me that none of the people I cared about took a second to think about what this lie would have done to me!”

I never knew it was this hard on him, but everyone was only trying to protect him. Anya was probably the only one being selfish when she lied to him.

“Are you not hearing what I’m saying to you?” I demand. “We were all scared that something horrible would happen to you if you found out that you were married to me. When you woke up on that hospital bed, you couldn’t remember anything about our marriage; it was clear that Anya would be your main concern. To avoid anything horrible from happening, we lied to protect you.”

His jaw clenches, and I can see my words finally getting through to him.

“She was the first person you wanted to h.ug.

She was the first person that you were looking for. Clarissa told me everything. You never once asked for me. How do you think that made me feel after everything we’ve gone through together? I was hurting so much, Atticus. I felt guilty. Guilty because you were racing to save me when your jeep flipped. I felt like it was my fault, and it still feels like my fault. You went through all that, and I was nowhere to be found.”

My voice breaks as I whisper, “and then to see you with her after you promised me that you wouldn’t hurt me that way again. It was torture knowing there was nothing I could do; I couldn’t tell you how it made me feel, and I couldn’t complain because that would reveal the truth. I had to bury all of those emotions because that was the only way for me to protect you. I thought that I was doing the right thing. I knew it was the least I could do after you almost lost your life while trying to save me.

How can you still stand there and tell me that I don’t care for you? I’m sorry that I had to lie to protect you, but I would do it again in the blink of an eye because...I love you.”

His gaze darkens at my confession. His stance completely changed to predatory as he focused only on me. My lips part as I try to figure out his next move. He wasn't saying anything, and I wondered if telling him I loved him was taking it too far. We still were not allowed to shock him; my mind is racing now with regret. Should I tell him that I was lying? What should I do?

I gasp when he grabs my waist and spins me around so my back is now pressed against the wall.

He doesn't move his hand; he continues to hold me and inches even closer to me. His body is pressed against mine, and his eyes are searching my face; I don't know what he's looking for, but it's making me nervous.

My bottom lip trembles as his finger lightly trace it from left to right. He moves to the upper one and repeats. I'm not sure why he's doing it, but I never want him to stop.

"I don't understand how I could ever forget kissing lips like these." He growls.

My lips part at his words, and before can respond, he crashes his mouth to mine. Despite how it started, his kiss is surprisingly soft and slow.

I think he's trying to remember what it felt like to have his lips on mine.

"I want to try something." He says in a hoarse whisper as he breaks the kiss to jam me even more against the wall.

It's like he's waiting for my approval, and I slowly nod my head.

He moves his lips to my neck, and I cry out when he begins to suck on the mark. His mark. He knew exactly what he was looking for, and maybe he knew all this time. My body is trembling from having his hands and lips on me again. It felt, unreal, and I couldn't believe that this was happening.

His mark comes alive at his touch, and his face glows with triumph when he leans back and takes a look at his work.

"I was right." He whispers. "You're not just my wife. You're my mate. I marked you."

His eyes lifted to meet my gaze, and my knees felt like they were about to give up, "you're mine."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 62 - Tips**

0 12 minutes read

~ANYA~

“He said he didn’t love me!” I scream as I shove the books onto the ground in anger. “How could he do that to me? I’m the one that he remembers. Yet somehow, he still chose her over me? How can he not love me, mother? What have I not done for him? Why does he keep choosing her? What does she have that I don’t?”

I’ve been throwing things all over my house since I returned home last night. I couldn’t believe Atticus would betray me like that. I thought he would still choose me after remembering all our times and no memory of his time with Autumn.

He didn’t just betray me; he embarrassed me in front of his entire family.

“Calm down.” My mother tells me. “We no longer need Atticus to be crazy in love with you for our plan to work. I’ve thought of a much better one now that I know who Autumn’s parents are.”

“What are you talking about?” I demand. I was getting tired of these plans that never worked.

Everything kept backfiring, and now Atticus may even hate me.

“I know what we must do.” She continues, and there’s no missing the sparkle in her eyes. Whatever she was thinking must not be good news for Autumn. And that’s exactly what I needed, something that would hurt Autumn to the point that there was no turning back.

“And what is that?” I ask; it was time for me to focus and do what I had to in order to get rid of Autumn for good.

We were running out of options. Atticus had once again chosen her. He’d lost all of his memories of their relationship, and he still returned to her. I couldn’t think of a single way to make him not want her anymore.

I was tired of this back-and-forth nonsense. I wanted Autumn to get out of our lives forever. Why couldn’t those men that worked for her father take her away? What were they waiting on?

“Atticus’s parents would not be happy to learn that the Riveras had lied to them since the beginning.” She informs me. “We can use this little detail to our advantage. They will be pissed when they discover that Autumn is not their real daughter. Do you know how bad this will be for their reputation if word gets out? The Fawns care too much about their reputation to let this go without causing some trouble for Atticus and Autumn. And Atticus is someone that Listen’s to his parents. If we’re lucky, he will do whatever it takes to make them happy, even if it means letting go of Autumn.”

She had a good point. The answer was staring us straight in the face this entire time. Why hadn’t I thought about telling his parents sooner?

“They’re going to be even angrier when they learn that Azai Reign is her real father. His parents know who he is very well. They were never fans of his. His power intimidated them. It intimidated many of the most influential families around. I can’t believe I didn’t think of this sooner. This is what we need to do to get Autumn out of his life for good. His parents would make sure that they split after this”

I inwardly smiled at the thought of his parents hating her just like they did me. They only liked her because of who her parents were. When they learned all of it was a lie, they would freak out.

This was just another plan that would work in our favor. My mother wanted them to pay, this plan would only begin their torture. They would realize that they chose the wrong woman for their son.

How would that make them feel? I’d love to see the look on their faces.

All this time, they kept praising Autumn, telling her that she was the right choice. How would they feel knowing I was a much better partner for their son?

“Who should be the one to break the news to them?” I ask.

She quirks a brow, “isn’t it obvious that you are the one that’s going to tell them?” I stop smiling, “why must it be me?”

The Fawns hated me. They would most likely think that I was lying to them. Who would anyone ever believe that Autumn was Azai’s daughter?

“There’s no one better for the job.” She snaps.

“I understand that, but they already don’t like me. Why do you think they will believe me when I tell them that her real father is Azai Reign?”

They would think I was trying to stir trouble for Atticus and Autumn. They already knew how angry I was that they’d gotten married, to begin with. And they were also there when Atticus told me he didn’t love me. I’m sure they knew how pissed that made me.

“I’m sure that Autumn has not told them who kidnapped her. She would keep that a secret from his parents. Even Atticus wouldn’t know the truth. They would listen to you when you show them the video that we have of the men kidnapping her.” She informs me.

“Wouldn’t they ask me how I got this video to begin with?” I ask. “I can’t exactly tell them that the people you hired to kidnap Autumn first had taken the video of everything that happened when they took her.”

She sighs, “do I need to teach you everything, Anya?”



I watch as she hands me her phone. "Transfer the video to your phone. If they ask where you got the video, tell them an anonymous person sent it to you. Even if they don't believe you, they will be more preoccupied with discovering who Autumn's birth parents were to suspect you. That's what we will be counting on."

It didn't sound like a perfect plan, but it was better than sitting back and letting Autumn win.

"And what if that plan doesn't work?" I ask.

"I have other plans as well." She informs me.

"Many people would want Autumn dead when they learn who her father is." At first, I thought that her father being such a powerful sorcerer would make our lives much more difficult. Now I realized that it was a good thing that her father was Azai.

"What other proof do I need to prove to them that her father was a sorcerer?" I ask.

"You can take a picture of this page of the book." She informs me. "It has the picture of the tattoo. They shouldn't need any more proof than that. They would know Azai's men would not kidnap a random woman without a good reason."

"When do you want me to break the news to them?" I ask.

"Now." She informs me. "There's no use waiting any longer for them to know the truth. The sooner, the better. You can't let Autumn warm her way back into their lives. You have to do it now when Atticus still doesn't remember his past with her. He isn't that attached to her. When he also learns of the truth, he will also let her go."

I hoped that was true. Some of me still believed that Atticus would choose her no matter who she was. He wouldn't care that her father was a dangerous sorcerer. All he would care about was her safety and happiness. He was once that way with me. He didn't care about anything that anyone had to say about me in the past; all of that had changed now. As long as Autumn had anything bad to say about me, he listened to her.

I was more determined than ever to tell his parents the truth about her. I knew that it would not only cause a drift between Atticus and Autumn but also between their parents. And I was looking forward to the aftermath.

"What are you waiting for?" my mother asks.

"You have everything that you need. Leave now, and don't wait a second more to pass." I nod, and this time I don't ask Dante or Damon to come for me. I didn't want anyone but his parents to hear what I had to say.

When I arrive at their home, the guards let me in without any problems. I had Dante and Damon to thank for that. The guards knew how much they loved me and wouldn't dare to stop me from getting in even if T hadn't been invited.

I knew that around this time, his parents were usually in the garden, and it was the first place went looking for them.

I'm happy when I spot his mother first.

"Good morning, Mr. And Mrs. Fawn." I greet them.

They both turn towards me, surprised to see me without Damon or Dante.

"What are you doing here, Anya?" Mrs. Fawn asks. "Shouldn't you be in class with everyone else?"

"I have something I want to say to both of you,"

I inform her. "It's very important. I think the future of you and your family depends greatly on what I have to say to you today."

They look at each other, and I can tell they already don't believe a word coming out of my mouth.

"I don't think there is anything you can say to surprise us." His father says. "You can mention it to Damon or Dante, and they can tell us about it later."

"You don't understand." I try again. "This isn't something that Damon or Dante should tell you. I have all the proof to back my claims, and I believe you need to hear this from me, not anyone else."

His mother sighs, "if you believe that it's truly that important, then okay. You have five minutes to explain what this is about."

"Did Autumn or her family ever tell you who was responsible for kidnapping her?" I ask.

They look at each other, and I can tell from their expressions that they'd kept this detail from them.

"We were too occupied with Atticus to ask them the full details." His mother tells me. "But I'm sure the Riveras have a good reason for not telling us. They're probably trying to find the culprits before announcing it to everyone else."

I sigh, "you're wrong. They're not telling anyone the truth because they're afraid of what would happen if you find out who was responsible."

“Why would the Riveras want to hide something like that from us?” His father asks me.

“We are good business partners, and we have a great relationship now that our children have married each other. We trust them completely.”

I could see that they were already not believing what I was saying to them. I had to speak faster before they threw me out of their house and before I could tell them who her father was.

“Autumn’s parents have been lying to you this entire time.”

“What are they lying to us about?” His father asks sarcastically.

I ignore his tone; they will regret not trusting me when I show them the proof I brought with me today.

“They are not her real parents. Autumn’s parents are not the Riveras.” I finally confess.

They look at each other before bursting into laughter.

“You’re trying to tell us that Autumn is not a Rivera?” His father asks. “What proof do you have of that, Anya?”

“Why are you here?” His mother asks. “We know that you’re constantly trying to separate Autumn and our son. They’re married. You should give up now.”

“I’m telling the truth.” I snap. “She looks nothing like them. Have you never noticed how Autumn looks nothing like her parents and siblings?”

They know that I’m making a good point; I can see the confused look that they give to each other right after.

“If you’re claiming that Autumn is not their daughter, who’s daughter is she then?” Mrs. Fawn asks.

It’s the question I was waiting for them to ask me.

I knew they would think I was crazy when I answered that critical question.

“I want you to keep an open mind. Let me explain myself. Don’t completely dismiss my response.” I tell them.

“Just tell us who you think are her real parents.” His father tells me.

“Her father is Azai Reign.”

There is complete silence at my words.

They look at each other again, and I can see they don't believe me even more than before. That was expected.

"How do you know who Azai Reign is?" His mother asks me. "That name was wiped from all books. No one is allowed to speak about him. How do you know him, and how can you claim that Autumn is his daughter?"

I expected them to laugh at me, but instead, they were more concerned about why I knew about Azai than whether it was confirmed that Autumn was his daughter.

I couldn't tell them that my mother knew Azai; they knew nothing about my mother. I kept her a secret from them all this time. If they knew who she was, that would be our end.

"I know that she's his daughter; I don't think that she is. I'm certain he is her father." I tell them.

"The people that kidnapped Autumn are Azai's men. They want her to be their new queen now that her father is dead. They want her to continue where he left off."

"These are just words from your mouth." His father says. "How do you expect us to believe you? I think it's time that you leave Anya. We've heard everything that you've said to us, and frankly, it doesn't make any sense to either of us. I'm more worried that you know about Azai when no one your age is ever supposed to know about him."

I pull my phone out of my pocket and find the video of the man kidnapping her.

"Someone sent this to me," I tell them. "This was the video of the men that kidnapped her. You can see for yourself if you recognize something hard to miss."

They sigh and take the phone from me. I watch as they play the video repeatedly until I hear his mother gasp.

"That tattoo." She whispers. "Surely it isn't what I think it is."

"You're right." His father adds. "That's Azai's symbol that he left on his people. All of his men wore it proudly in the past when he was alive. What are those men doing with it?"

It turns out that they didn't even need to see the book to recognize the tattoo.

"They are his men," I assure them. "And they came for Autumn because they realized she was his daughter."

“How did they know that she was his daughter?” Atticus’s father demands. “She doesn’t have his symbol. All his children had them.”

“All except one.” I remind them. “One of his daughters did not have the dark symbol and could have been anyone. I’m telling you that she is Autumn. Why do you think they let Autumn go without a scratch? They never actually wanted to hurt her. Instead, they wanted her to work for them, to be their leader. Autumn is only back to destroy everyone around her. I’m telling you, she’s very dangerous. If you don’t listen to me today, you will regret it for the rest of your life when the truth is finally revealed. She is a threat to us all.”

“It still doesn’t explain why they thought that Autumn was Azai’s daughter.” His father says. “It sounds like you’re trying to drift us apart.”

“Autumn has the same power as her father,” I tell them. “I witnessed it myself. She almost killed me; you can ask Atticus about this. He was there, and it was only because of him that I’m still alive today.”

“What are you trying to say?” His mother demands. “I never once saw Autumn try to harm you. She’s a sweet girl. She wouldn’t try to kill anyone. If she’s had his power all along, why haven’t any of us seen it besides you and Atticus?”

“If you don’t believe me. Confront Autumn and her parents. Act like you know the truth. She will confess. Both Autumn and her parents will tell you the truth once you mention it to them first. They will tell you that she is Azai’s daughter. Do not ask if it’s true; tell her you to know that she’s his daughter.

I’m trying to protect Atticus from her. She’s dangerous to the people around her. If given a chance, Autumn will be just like her father, and your family will be in danger. Not only your family but everyone else on this earth.”

They still looked like they didn’t trust me, but now that they knew Azai’s men had kidnapped her, they had no reason not to trust me anymore. They would be even more skeptical now that they knew the Riveras had kept the truth from them about her disappearance.

“Autumn is at the academy.” His mother points out. “She’s with Atticus. I don’t think that he should be there when we question her. He would try to stop us, and he’s still angry about the lie we told him.

We need to find a way to stall him so we can get Autumn alone. We will confront her first and then her parents.”

This is exactly what I wanted; for Atticus not to be there when they were questioning her. She wouldn’t have anyone to stand up for her and would no doubt confess the truth to them.

My mother was right; everything was working out in our favor. I should have done this the same time I learned that Azai was Autumn's father.

"I hope that you are not lying to us, Anya." His father warns. "If you are, we will make it our business to get you out of our lives for good. We will find brides for both Damon and Dante and ensure you don't get a chance to step into our family. We will make your life miserable."

I wanted to laugh at his threat. He didn't realize that his family's life was in danger, not mine. I couldn't wait for the day my mother revealed herself to them. It would be the perfect opportunity to laugh in all of their faces. I had faith that my mother knew what she was doing.

I would be by her side every step of the way.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 63 - Tips**

0 10 minutes read

The moment Atticus and I stepped into the Academy, all eyes were on us. I'm guessing that they all expected to see him with Anya. They were all in for a shock, especially since he held my hand in his as we walked through the hallway.

When we reach my locker, Atticus surprises me as he leans into me, trapping me against it.

What was he trying to do in front of everyone?

"Everyone is looking," I whisper. I needed to remind him that we were in public and surrounded by people. And everyone was indeed still looking at us. They hadn't stopped since we stepped into the hallway together.

"And?" he asks, not the least bit bothered.

What did he mean by that? How could it not bother him that they were staring at us?

"What are you doing?" I ask as I try not to look around us nervously. It may be easy for him to ignore everyone else, but it wasn't for me.

"I want to remember you." He says as his lips near mine. "I want to do everything we did in the past; I want to try everything possible to remember every second I spent by your side."

My breath hitches; it's the last thing I expected him to say. Why did he choose now, when we were in front of so many people, to tell me something like this?

"They're still looking," I whisper.

“Let them look.” He growls. “I’m allowed to k!ss my wife.”

I don’t have time to ponder his words as his !!ps cover mine. His k!ss was rougher than last night, and I wrapped my arms around his neck to stop myself from falling to the ground. I needed his support to keep myself standing.

I wanted him to remember me, also. Every single second we spent together was special to me.

I didn’t want those memories to be gone for good. But so far, there were no signs that Atticus remembered anything from our marriage before the accident.

“They’re taking pictures.” I gasp between his k!sses.

“I don’t fvcking care.” He growls. “I want them to.”

He swallows my next word with a deeper k!ss, and all I can do is hold onto him.

He wanted them to take pictures of us k!ssing. Why?

Was he intentionally doing this in front of everyone? Did he have a purpose for it?

“Why?” I ask, almost breathlessly, as he moves from my !!ps to my neck.

“Because I want the news to spread. I want them to treat you like a Fawn, like my wife; I want them to respect and protect you. I want them to know that what I had with Anya is over, even if I can’t remember our marriage. This is the best way to get all of that done.” He tells me as his !!ps move to my mark. I gasp when he bites down on it, “I want them to know that you’re my mate. I don’t remember marking you. All the feelings were there, and it was the only reason I had a clue-my scent on you. My feelings for you. The way I couldn’t walk into a room without wanting to pick you up and have my way with you, it all shouted the truth to me, but I kept thinking that something had to be Wrong.”

Even I didn’t understand how our bond worked.

At first, I thought that Anya was his mate, but I had no idea when that changed. All of the feelings were there for me, but nothing made sense. Damon and Dante were still mates with her, then why did Atticus bond with her break? That wasn’t something that could easily happen.

I gasped when he leaned forward and k!ssed my forehead, “I’m sorry for not recognizing you as my wife sooner.”

He didn’t have to apologize. He didn’t have his memory. He was not to blame for any of this. It still surprised me that he chose to stay with me after finding the truth. It turns out

that even though Atticus didn't have our memories, all of his feelings for me were definitely still there. That's the main reason for his shocking behavior.

I gently touch his cheek and fight back the tears, "I'm scared." I confess.

"Scared?" He whispers as his forehead creases.

"Of what?"

Of losing you again."

His eyes widen in shock, "you never lost me."

"You still don't remember anything." I remind him. "There always seems to be something or someone trying to separate us."

His hand gently closes around my neck and he leans his forehead against mine, "I'm not going to let anything separate us. I promise you this. I'll fight for you always. Even without any of my memories I will make it my business to protect you. We will make new memories. Together."

I want to be positive, but it's hard knowing the many challenges we still have to face together. This was far from over.

"There is plenty I want to ask you." He says suddenly. "I still don't know the details of the accident. I don't know what caused it except that you were in danger. I want to talk more about that. Not right now, but I definitely want to know who was responsible for hurting you on that day."

I was terrified of speaking to him about it. Atticus didn't know that Azai was my father. I never got the chance to tell him, and I didn't even know how to begin to explain this to him.

Would he think that I was a monster because of who my father was? On the day that he saw me almost kill Anya, I felt that even then, he was disgusted by my behavior. However, how he behaved with me last night and today said something differently.

I was ashamed of my father; I was angry that out of everyone in this world, he was the one that was responsible for my birth.

I was angry with what he'd done to my mother; he was why I hadn't met her. He's the reason that I may never find her in this life. He's the reason why I could never meet my siblings. I felt sick to my stomach thinking about it.



For the rest of the day, everyone kept looking at Atticus and me together. The news was already spreading everywhere now that he was with me again. They were all asking for Anya. I'm not sure where she was, but again, she'd skipped the Academy.

"Damon and Clarissa will carry you home today," Atticus tells me right before we walk into the parking lot.

"Where will you be?" I ask, curious and a little upset that he would be away from me.

"My mother just called. She wants me to look after something important for her. I'll be home right after. I promise."

I smile, "drive safely. I'm waiting for you."

He walked over to me and surprised me when he lifted me into his arms and hugged me tightly in front of everyone else. "I regret not remembering you. With feelings like this, I know that you must have flipped my life upside down in the best way possible. I promise you that I'll do everything in my power to remember what we had."

I felt weak in my stomach from his words. I could barely move when he put me back down on the ground and rushed over to his vehicle.

"You are blushing." Clarissa teases me. "I have to say that Atticus surprised everyone after yesterday. At least he is speaking to you; he isn't speaking to any of us. The only words he's said to us for the day was to drop you home."

"I'm sure that he would eventually forgive all of you. It's still plenty for him to come to terms with." I assure her.

She nods, "if everyone had listened to me from the beginning, we wouldn't be in this situation."

"Did he give you a hard time last night?" Damon asks me. "I know he must have been upset with for not telling him anything."

I nod, "he was angry, but eventually, he calmed down. And then we fell asleep after talking for a little. We have more to talk about today."

Clarissa looks at me with concern in her gaze, "does it have to do with your father? Are you planning on telling him the truth?"

I nod, "I'm terrified of his reaction, but I know it has to be done. Maybe then I can find a way also to break the news to his parents."

Clarissa sighs, "they're not going to make it easy for either of you. I don't know if telling them a good idea."

"We've already seen what happens when you choose to keep a secret in this family." I point out. "I should at least try to talk to them."

"Whatever happens, just know that I'll be there to support you every step of the way." She promised me as she held my hand in hers.

"What is Anya doing here?" Damon asks as he spots her car outside his home. It's the last person I wanted to see today. We'd just pulled up to the house, and unfortunately, this was the first thing that we saw.

She shouldn't be here right now. No one invited her. No one wanted her here.

Did she skip the academy today so she could come to our home? What the hell was she thinking about doing now? If Damon nor Dante knew that she was here, it could only mean trouble for the rest of us.

Clarissa and I both tensed at his question. She had no reason to be here when her mates were not home.

"I don't think this is a good sign," Clarissa whispers as she looks over at me. "What do you think she's up to now?"

I didn't know how to answer that question. There's no telling what scheme Anya was planning again. I was tired of her interference in my life. She needed to know when to give up. Atticus made it clear that he did not want her anymore; what else did she need to leave us alone?

After she'd tried to drown me, I can safely say that she was most likely planning on something much worse than that.

"I wish I knew the answer to that question; even I'm worried about her next move. Anya doesn't take no for an answer. The more Atticus pushes her away, the more she tries to claw her way back into his life."

We rushed out of the jeep and practically ran inside. The Fawns were already waiting for us at the entrance; judging by how they looked at me, I could safely say that she'd told them something that could not be good news for me.

What did she tell them? Did she mention how I'd almost killed her after she'd pushed me into the pool and tried to drown me?

I'm not sure how far she'd gone while trying to make me look bad, but I was not ready to be confronted by the Fawns.

"Autumn, would you come with us, please." His mother says in a stern voice. "There are a few questions we would like to ask you."

Clarissa looked between us, and I could see the panic on her face, “what’s this about?”

“This does not concern you, Clarissa.” Mr. Fawn says. “We want to speak to Autumn alone.”

“Father.” Damon cuts in. “Whatever this is, you can say it in front of us. Atticus asked me to keep an eye on Autumn whenever he wasn’t around. I don’t want to do anything to disappoint him any more than I’ve already done.”

“Very well,” his father responds. “If it means that much to you, then stay.”

“Is it true that you and your parents have been lying to us this entire time?” His mother asks me.

“Before you answer, remember that we have trusted both you and your parents blindly; if you try to lie to us, there is no turning back. You are married to Atticus; I would hate for us to have a strained relationship.”

I was shocked by that question. If they knew that my parents had been lying to them from the start, they somehow knew that I wasn’t their biological daughter.

How could they know this? Since Anya was here, I guess she had to have told them. But how did she know this? How much precisely did Anya know about my family and me? Judging by the look on her face, things were about to get a lot worse than this.

It wouldn’t make sense for me to try and lie to them. I had to tell them the truth before things got any worse. I know this wasn’t going to be easy for me, but it had to be done.

I swallow, “there may be a few details that my parents have kept from you, but they’ve also kept those details from me. I’ve only recently found it out. I’m not sure if it’s the same thing you’re referring to.”

They both get tensed at my words, and I can see that it wasn’t the answer they were hoping to get from me.

“Is it true then that you are not their daughter?” His father asks me with narrowed eyes. Anya is smirking behind them, and I would love to slap it out of her face. She was determined to make my life miserable, and she would be even more desperate after Atticus told her that he didn’t love her.

“Answer us, Autumn.” His mother urges me.

“Are you not their daughter?” I take a deep breath before finally nodding my head.

His mother closes her eyes, and all the color fades from her cheeks.

“How could your parents do this to us?” She demands. “We’ve been loyal and honest to them this entire time. Do they take us for fools?”

“They don’t!” I insist, trying to defend their actions. “They only lied to you to protect me. They never wanted to disappoint or betray you. I’m sure you know how much my parents value the relationship they have with you. They would never intentionally try to jeopardize it.”

“It doesn’t seem that way to us anymore.” His father disagrees. “They have indeed betrayed Mrs. Fawn held her hands up to prevent me from saying what I wanted to say next.

“Is it also true that your father is none other than the great sorcerer, Azai Reign?” His father demands. My eyes widen at his question. Then it was true; Anya had somehow found out who my birth father was. How did she come across that information?

Who would have told her the truth? I looked at Damon; I knew that Clarissa did inform him of my secret, but even he looked surprised that his parents knew this little detail that could destroy my life.

I can see that they don’t want to believe it’s true, but the fact that they asked me meant that they already had proof.

I look to Clarissa for help, but to my surprise, she’s not there. When did she even leave?

I never liked admitting the truth out loud; it made me feel worse whenever I did that.

“Answer us!”

I close my eyes and fight back the pain in my chest as I open my mouth to say, “it is true. My father is Azai Reign.”

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 64 - Tips**

0 20 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

I couldn’t get her out of my head: her pretty eyes, inviting lips, and soft skin. Autumn was everything I always knew that she was and more. I couldn’t believe that the woman I’d always wanted, even when I knew it was wrong, was now my wife.

There were many times in the past when I knew thinking about her was wrong. There were so many times that Autumn stood out to me, and I chose to ignore my feelings because of Anya.

I hate that I couldn't remember all of the details of marrying her; it's something I would never wish to forget. It's crazy to think that so many things happened and were all missing from my memory. If I didn't have these feelings for her, I would have never believed any of the articles I'd read.

I still remember the first day my eyes fell on Autumn. She was always a little clumsy since I knew her, and she'd dropped her book onto the ground. She'd trapped me instantly with her innocence and pureness, but something had changed when Anya tapped my shoulder, and I'd looked up at her.

It's crazy to me how things have changed so much since then. I sometimes wonder, if I was supposed to choose Autumn since that day, what would have happened if Anya had never tapped my shoulder and I had continued to be mesmerized by Autumn instead on that day?

I kept one hand on the steering wheel while I used the other to trace my lips lightly. That was another thing I couldn't get out of my head.

Kissing her was like racing through the woods in wolf form: it made me feel wild and free, alive, like I had something wonderful to live for.

I'd never felt anything like it before, and it kills me to know that I must have kissed her multiple times before, but I couldn't remember a single detail of any of it.

Kissing her, touching her, holding her, talking to her.

How far did we take things between us? I could only imagine the torture of spending nights upon nights in the same bed with her. I must have crashed and given in eventually.

The thought of the many times I must have tasted her and gotten lost inside her was eating me alive. I wanted to remember it, what it was like to taste her sweetness. I kept trying to find the memory but fuck me; it was nowhere to be found. I knew it was the last thing I should be thinking about, considering everything we've both gone through recently but damn it; I don't know why I kissed her to awaken all these crazy desires.

I couldn't get her out of my fucking head.

The alert of my phone ringing forces my thoughts away from her. Finally, I didn't know how much more of this I could take before racing home to her and begging her to let me get just one taste.

Anything to help me remember what it was like.

"Hello," I answer on the first ring. It was good that I could get a distraction right now. I needed anything to stop me from thinking about Autumn and the things I wanted to do

to her. It was dangerous to feel like this when my memory was still messed up from the accident.

“Atticus!” Clarissa shouts on the other end. I pulled the vehicle to the side of the road; the tone of her voice was enough to tell me that something horrible was happening. There were so many surprises in my life recently that I wasn’t prepared for anything else so soon.

I was only gone for like an hour; what could have happened in that little time?

“What’s wrong?” I demand.

“You need to get home now!” She exclaimed.

“Why?” I ask. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

I needed more answers. “Our parents found out about Autumn. Anya told them everything. You don’t know the entire truth about her family. She never got the opportunity to tell you. You don’t know who her birth father is, but our parents know the truth now. Get home now before things get worse.”

I don’t need to be told twice; the moment Autumn’s name was mentioned; I’d already spun the car around.

“Atticus!” She shouts. “I know you want to get here back quickly, but please drive safely. We can’t have you getting into another accident. You know what happened the last time you got into one. Autumn had to suffer, don’t push yourself too much. I will be there for Autumn as long as possible until you’re here. You can trust me to try my best to protect her.”

I didn’t know anything about driving slowly when Autumn needed me. I’d promised her earlier that I would protect her; I meant it. Protecting her was more important to me than anything else. I hung up the call before Clarissa could hear the engine revving; I didn’t want her to panic. I knew I had to get to Autumn, and I wouldn’t do anything to get myself into an accident before I could get to her a second time.

~AUTUMN~

The look on the faces of Atticus’s parents is kllling me inside. This was exactly what I was afraid of happening. I had to get used to people looking at me like this from now on; whenever anyone found out that my father was Azai, they would react like this. At least not many people my age knew about him, but their parents, on the other hand, would know.

“Your father is Azai Reign?” His father repeats.

“The sorcerer Azai Reign?”

I was becoming sick hearing that name over and over again. There was a time in my life when I didn't even know a name like that existed; everything was much better back then. My parents did the right thing by keeping the truth from me. I was angry with them because of it, but I now realize they were protecting me from the truth.

They repeated the question, reminding me of where I was. I understand now why they sent Atticus away. His mother never needed him to do anything for her; they wanted to get me alone.

I bite my lip and slowly nod. I wasn't proud of it. But there was nothing I could do about it; I couldn't choose my father.

His mother placed a hand over her forehead like she was about to faint from this new information.

“I can't believe this!” She exclaims. “Azai! AZAI is her father?”

“How is this even possible?” His father demands. “As far as everyone knows, your real parents are the Riveras. How did they even pull this off? She was pregnant with you! We all thought she was. Was that all a lie so they could cover up who you were?”

I didn't know the exact details. My parents never explained everything to me. They answered most of my questions, but there were still some things that I didn't know everything about.

“Now that you've mentioned that, I remember we never saw her for months. She stayed out of the public eye until they could introduce Autumn as their daughter properly. And she wasn't even a newborn then. We thought they wanted their privacy, but not once would I have thought it wasn't even her child.” Mrs. Fawn says in horror.

“Why did your parents keep this lie from us?” Mr. Fawn demands from me. I didn't think this was a lie that any parent would ever want to inform anyone about.

“Because it was our secret to keep!” My father says from the entrance. “She's our daughter. We had a right to keep it a secret to protect her from everyone who would want to hurt her because of her biological family's background.”

When did he even arrive, and was my mother here as well? Who called them? Who told them that I might need their help? Were they keeping an eye on me? It must have been the guards that follow me everywhere. I almost forgot about them.

“You're a fvcking liar!” Mr. Fawn roars. “You tricked us. All this time, we thought that she was your daughter, and instead, she was the daughter of an evil, power-hungry sorcerer! How could you do this to us? I thought we were more than business partners. I

thought you were our friend! You've betrayed us! We trusted you. Are you not ashamed?"

"If we had told you the truth about OUR daughter, could we have trusted you with that information? Would you have treated her the same way you did before finding out who her biological father was?" My father demands.

"It doesn't matter how we would have responded to the truth in the past. All that matters is that you lied and broke the trust that we once had. We're cutting all business ties with you and your family." Mr. Fawn shouts. "I can't have liars this close to me. I've always kept the people I trust close to me and the people that I don't very far. I never thought you would be joining that side."

"Do you think I care about that?" My father demands. "We never needed you, to begin with. My business can survive without you like it always has. All that matters is my daughter."

I couldn't believe this was happening right now. My world was falling apart in front of my eyes.

They were ending their relationship because of me. They were becoming enemies because of me. I didn't want that to happen: They were supposed to remain friends. How could Atticus and I stay together when they were behaving this way?

"And you." Atticus's mother says as she glares at me. It hurt to see her look at me in that way when she was usually very kind to me. "How could you lie to us? Why didn't you tell us the truth? You kept this to yourself just like your parents did. You lied to us and broke our trust."

"Don't you dare bring my daughter into this!" My mother shouts as she joins my father. "She didn't know anything up until recently. We kept the truth from her for her safety. She never lied to you.

She only found out after getting kidnapped. If there's anyone to blame, blame us, not her."

"It's true." I finally say. "I only found out the truth after Azai's men kidnapped me. I was just as shocked and disgusted by the fact as you are now.

I'm not proud of who my father was. I, too, wish that my birth parents were my adoptive ones. The truth hurts, and I'm sorry that you think we betrayed you, but that was never our intention. My parents kept it a secret from not only you but me as well; they kept it a secret from everyone they knew to protect me from the danger lurking. You don't have



to cut them off because of it. If it were your child, you would have done the same in the blink of an eye.”

The Fawns look at each other for a few seconds, considering my words.

“Is it true that you tried to kill Anya?” Mrs. Fawn asks suddenly.

I knew Anya was selfish enough to bring that up to them without giving them the full details of that night.

I stiffen and slowly turn my attention to her. I hate just looking at her face. How could I have once considered her my friend? Why did I not see the truth like everyone else had so long ago? Everyone seemed to know that Anya was never my friend, to begin with. I hate that I took this long to realize it on my own.

“That’s not true!” Clarissa hissed as she rejoined us. I still wasn’t sure where she had disappeared to earlier, but I’m happy she’s here now.

“I’m speaking to Autumn, not you, Clarissa.” Mrs. Fawn snaps.

“But I’m telling you!” Clarissa insists. “How can you trust Anya? Why don’t you ask Anya what she did for Autumn to react the way she did that day?”

“Clarissa!” Mr. Fawn scolds her. “We want to hear from Autumn. Let her speak and tell us exactly what happened on that day.”

Damon gently held Clarissa’s shoulders, telling her by his actions to stay quiet. I’m happy that he did; I didn’t want Clarissa to argue with her adoptive parents because of me.

“On that day, Anya surprised me by pushing me into the pool outside. I don’t know if my parents ever told you, but I’m terrified of water. I have this great fear of being swallowed by it, amongst many other things. Anya knew this; she knew how scared I was of water, especially from a deep pool. She intentionally pushed me into it and watched me fight for my life. She did nothing to help me; she only stood there and watched me. It was one of the scariest experiences of my life, and she was responsible for it”

“That’s a lie!” Anya hissed. “Autumn slipped and fell into the pool. She blamed me right after because of it, but I swear to you, I never touched her. Before I could jump into the pool and save her, Atticus jumped into it and pulled her out. I didn’t have a chance to help her. I’m not at fault here. She is. She’s the monster. She’s the one that tried to end my life, not the other way around.”

“I’m telling you the truth. She pushed me. She tried to kill me first.” I snap. “I have no reason to lie to you about this.”

Why would they ever believe Anya over me? I've never given them a reason to not trust me. It was hard to accept that they were suddenly treating me like an outsider because of who my father was. My parents warned me that this would happen. Even now, I still wanted to believe that the Fawns weren't this unreasonable. Atticus's grandmother would have listened to me. She would have heard what I had to say. And his grandfather, he was away on a business trip, but if he was here, I just knew that he would have listened to me.

"So you did try to k!ll her?" His mother demands from me. My eyes widen. "I.. I didn't know how to tell them exactly what had happened. They already saw me as a monster like my father was. I couldn't blame them, even I, at times, wondered if I was just like him.

"You tried to k!ll her?" Mr. Fawn asks, waiting for me to answer.

"I couldn't control myself. I never wanted to hurt her. I was only responding to her trying to k!ll me first." I confess in defeat. Nothing I could say would make them think differently about me.

It was true that I tried to k!ll Anya on that day. Nothing I say or do would change that. I still felt guilty over it. I didn't want to be just like Anya or like my father. I was never that kind of person; I never liked hurting anyone.

"It was horrible!" Anya cries fake tears. "I'm going to be scarred for the rest of my life. She was so scary. The water behind her in the pool was at her command; her eyes were a different color, and she was forcing me to choke myself. She took control of my body. It was the scariest day of my life, and I would never want anyone else to experience what I had to endure. Autumn needs to be removed from your family. If she stays, she will harm Atticus; your entire family will be in danger because of her. She said with her own mouth that she'd lost control of herself. Autumn can't control the power inside of her. Everyone is in danger because of her, even her own family. She is just like her father; nothing will ever change that."

My bottom lip trembles at her words. I don't know how to respond to defend myself. It was true that I often lost control of my body whenever my emotions got the best of me. It was not something that I was proud of.

"it's true that you have your father's curse, then. His power wasn't just a curse to his family and everyone around him. He threatened the peace of earth, and there is no proof that you are any different from him." His father claims.

"How can you say that?" Clarissa demands.

"Autumn is the sweetest person I know. She would never intentionally hurt anyone! You're just angry and surprised. Please think it over before you make, any rash decisions!"

"You don't know how dangerous Azai was, Clarissa." Mrs. Fawn informs her. "None of us might have even gotten the chance to be here today if he was still alive. Autumn has that same power; I'm not saying she's just as bad as him, but with power like that, it will eventually take her over; it will consume her just like it did to her father. Autumn cannot be a part of this family anymore. She doesn't belong here. I'm sorry, Autumn, but the well-being and safety of my family will always come first. I've always made difficult decisions to protect them. It's what a mother does, she protects her children and her family. I'm sorry that we have to do this to you."

I close my eyes and fight the tears. I didn't want to be separated from Atticus again. Whenever we got a chance to be together, someone kept trying to keep us apart. I know that Anya was the mastermind behind all of this. She couldn't stop trying to take Atticus from me.

I've managed to stop her multiple times before; I could do it again.

"Let's go, Autumn." My mother tells me as she gently grabs my shoulders. "You don't need to stay where you're not wanted. They will regret their decision later down in life. You're nothing like your father. I am your mother; I stood by your side and watched you grow into a beautiful young woman.

I've seen you cry after seeing others get hurt. I've seen you fight for what is right. I've never met a kinder child than you, do not listen to them; your father does not define who you are as a person.

You're nothing like him. I'm your mother, and I can be proudly say that." I hug my mother but gently move away from her. I wasn't ready to leave just yet. There were still plenty of things that had to be said. Atticus's parents needed to know that I loved him. They needed to know that I would try everything I could to be nothing like Azai. I never had the chance to be around and spend time with him; he never had the opportunity to turn me into him. I was raised to be kind and gentle; they said so themselves many times in the past.

"Please," I beg his mother. "I don't want to be separated from Atticus again. His memory is still missing. He's trying to remember what we had, and I don't want to leave when he's already suffering from the accident. Please try and understand that I will try my very best to be nothing like Azai. Ever since I met Atticus, he's always been the most important person in my life. I will never hurt him. I love him. I love Atticus, and I want to stay by his side for the rest of my life. Please do not separate us because of who my father is. I'm begging you. Please don't do this to us. Atticus respects you; he always listens to you; I've always admired that about him. Don't give him a choice where he has to choose between his family. and me."

Her gaze softens at my words, and I know she also doesn't want to separate us. But my words are not enough to convince her. Her mind is already made up; I can see it in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Autumn." She apologizes once more.

"I know this isn't easy for you, and it won't be easy on him either. Surprising all of us, my son has grown quite attached to you. I know he isn't going to make this easy for us, but I must try. I love him also; I want what's best for him. If you truly love my son, you will leave him. I don't think you understand just how dangerous your real family is. You're a danger to the people around you. Atticus will forever be in danger because of you. We don't know the exact details of the accident, but Atticus was chasing Azai's men when it happened. Maybe they're somehow responsible for the accident that almost killed my son. That's the kind of danger he will constantly be involved in as long as you're in his life. As a mother, I can't allow my son to be with someone that could hurt him. It doesn't matter if it's intentional; I must protect him from you."

I'm about to respond when I hear something dragging down the staircase, we all follow the sound.

I'm surprised when I see Anya at the bottom of the stair with a suitcase in her hands. "You can take all of this and leave now. We're all doing this for Atticus. You claim to love him, but we love him more. We know how to make sacrifices to keep him safe. I wish you would do the same as well."

I hadn't even noticed when she'd left to do it. Who told her that she could be in our room? Anya was always behaving like she was his wife instead of me. Apparently, hurting her that day hadn't done enough to keep her out of our lives. She was still making trouble.

Maybe she was trying to anger me, maybe she wanted me to lose control over my body again. I wouldn't let her succeed. No matter how hard it was, I had to prevent myself from losing control of my power because of her sly ways.

"It's time to leave, Autumn." Mr. Fawn tells me.

"I'm sorry it has to be like this. I hope you can understand. Maybe when you have a child of your own one day, you will understand why we made a tough decision like this."

I look at my parents, and they nod for me to take the suitcase from Anya. I couldn't give up this easily. I couldn't let go of Atticus after fighting so hard for him all this time. But talking to his parents without him by my side would be like speaking to a brick wall.

I hung my head as I snatched the suitcase from Anya. I didn't even want to see her face. I just wanted to leave before this became any more humiliating.

If I got angry and used my power, Atticus's parents would only hate me more. It would prove their point, and that's the last thing I wanted to happen today. This had to be settled in some other way. Besides, I didn't want to hurt Atticus's family.

They weren't people that I hated. I also cared about each of them. I could never hurt them, even when they were trying to separate me from Atticus.

"AUTUMN!" I heard someone shout.

I freeze. That voice. That beautiful, beautiful voice. It was Atticus.

"AUTUMN!" He roars even louder when he doesn't get a response the first time. "Where are you?"

It sounds like he was running towards us. It doesn't take long for me to spot him, and when he sees me, his eyes are filled with relief.

Did he know that something was wrong? Who told him? I watch as he runs toward me and pulls me into his arms. The suitcase drops from my hands, and I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him tightly against me.

I close my eyes as he leans back and kisses my forehead. "I'm here. I'm sorry I took so long." He slowly lets go of me and puts my body behind his as he faces his parents.

"What is this suitcase doing here?" he demands after looking around him.

His mother sighs, "We asked Autumn to leave, Atticus." She informs him. "She was just leaving before you got here."

His body stiffens at her words, "Autumn is not going anywhere." He growls.

"I'm sorry, son, but this isn't your decision. Do you even know who Autumn's biological father is? Did she tell you where she came from and the danger surrounding her name alone?"

"I don't give a fuck about her biological father!" He roars. "I don't care about her past or things she can't control. I don't fucking care about anything except her. Autumn is staying here with me; she's not going anywhere!"

"SON!" His father shouts. "You know nothing. You're speaking like this because you have no clue about this situation. Why is it so hard to let her go?"

You are the one that didn't want to marry her, to begin with. You were always in love with Anya. We forced you into this marriage because we thought we were making the right choice. We realize now that we made a terrible mistake. We are trying to fix this mistake before it's too late for any of us!"

The muscle in his jaw ticks, which indicates how angry his father's words have just made him.

“A MISTAKE? How can you call something as sacred as a marriage a fvcking mistake?” He roars.

“I don’t remember anything from my marriage, but you admit to forcing me into the marriage? And now that I want to stay with Autumn, you’re now trying to force me to let her go? What kind of parents are you? You lied to me about her being my wife after you were the ones that wanted the wedding to take place, and now this madness because of who her biological father is? What’s wrong with you?”

I don’t think I’ve ever seen Atticus this angry with his parents before. He looked both pissed and disappointed with them.

“Why are you listening to them?” He asks me.

“You’re my wife. No one here can force you to leave. You belong here as much as any of us.” I didn’t want to leave, but I was also scared their words would come true. I was terrified that my power would consume me and force me to hurt the people closest to me.

“Atticus!” His mother hissed. “Autumn’s father is Azai Reign!”

He looks at her like she’d lost her mind, “am I supposed to know who that is?”

“He’s a sorcerer.” His father explains. “No one could control him. He had uncontrollable power, and he wanted to use that power to overcome the world. He would have done it if Autumn’s mother hadn’t killed him when she got the chance to do it. Listen to us when we say that staying with Autumn will ensure you have a difficult life!”

“I know you always get me to listen to you one way or the other, but this is where I draw the line.” He tells them. “There is nothing in this world that could get me to leave Autumn. Nothing. And this is even without remembering what it was like being married to her. I’m not leaving her side. Ever.”

“Are you not listening to us?” His mother demands. “Azai was so dangerous that all books of him were destroyed after his death. No one was allowed to even mention his name. In fact, we can get in serious trouble just by saying his name alone. And you expect us to keep his daughter in this house with us? If the relevant authorities find out that we have the daughter of Azai Reign living with us, we will all be in serious trouble!”

I’m surprised that any of this doesn’t faze Atticus. He’s only concerned about me. Suddenly, I couldn’t see anyone but him in this room. I didn’t think I could fall more in love with Atticus, but I was wrong.

I’m falling harder than I ever did at this exact moment. He didn’t remember anything, but still, he was protecting me. Still, he was insisting that his parents don’t try and separate us. He didn’t even care that my father was an evil sorcerer.

This was the Atticus I'd fallen in love with since the start; this was the Atticus that had captured my heart in the beginning, and he was standing right in front of me, but this time, I was the one he was protecting, no one else but me.

My heart swelled with joy at this revelation. I'm surprised when he grabs me by my waist and pulls me in front of him, capturing me in his arms.

"If you are that concerned over your safety, I will take Autumn, and we will leave. You will never see either of us again for the rest of your lives. You will not have to worry about your safety. Either you allow her to stay with me, or we both leave together."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 65 - Tips**

0 13 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I didn't want Atticus to leave his family because of me. I could see the horror on the faces of everyone here that loved him. No one wanted him to go.

I gently cup his cheek in my hand, "your parents are only worried about you. Maybe we should give them some time to calm down."

His arms tighten around me, "what is there for them to think about again? You're my wife, and you're staying my wife for the rest of my life. You're my mate also-my mate. I'm never letting go of you. I don't care what anyone says about you or your fucking father. You're mine, Autumn, and no one can ever change that."

My heart continues to jump in my chest. Atticus kept saying things that both surprised me and made me overjoyed simultaneously.

"Atticus!" His father shouts. "We've always protected you. We've always done what we thought was best for you. Don't you think we're doing this because we care about you?"

I think Atticus did know this, but he didn't care about that. I'm not sure what's going to happen now, but I wasn't letting go of Atticus either.

His jaw clenches, "I know that you care about me, but I'm not the only one that I want you to care about. I want you to also care about Autumn. This entire time I'm the only one that you've been thinking about. Not once have you thought about her and the way your actions have been affecting her. I don't want to separate from my family but if you force me to do it, believe me, I will. I'll do whatever I have to stay with Autumn."

His mother turns away from us, and I think it's possible that she might be crying. They seem helpless; I know that they want me to let him go; I know that it's the only way for Atticus to leave me if I let go first.

But I wasn't going to do it. I wanted to be with him, and I believed in my heart that I would never hurt him. I couldn't promise to hurt the people that tried to separate us, however. I don't think his parents realize yet how much I loved him. I don't think anyone but me knew what I would sacrifice to keep him safe.

I slowly let go of Atticus and walk towards them, "I'm never going to hurt Atticus. I know what my father tried to do was horrible. I know that he wasn't a good person. But I never knew him; I wasn't taught his ways. I admit that there have been times when I've lost control, but I'm working on trying to fix that. Please trust me. I'm not going to let anything happen to him or his family. I care about all of you. I would never intentionally do anything that would hurt any of you."

Griffin walks in then with Dante and takes a look at us, "what is happening here?" He demands, confused. "How much did I miss?"

There is a silent pause as he waits for someone to answer. I wasn't sure how to even begin to explain everything.

"Autumn is the daughter of an evil sorcerer," Anya answers him before anyone else gets a chance to say anything. "And Atticus knowing that she almost killed me with her evil power quite similar to her father's power, doesn't want to let her go."

She'd conveniently left out the part where she almost killed me first. Luckily, Griffin knew the type of person that I was. He wouldn't listen to Anya as his parents had done.

"Hold up," Griffin says, squeezing his temples.

"Autumn's parents aren't the two people standing in front of us now? And frankly, Anya, I don't believe Autumn tried to harm you without you doing something bad first."

"I'll tell you everything you need to know," Damon says as he taps his shoulder and carries him elsewhere. We didn't have time to catch Griffin up with everything.

I'm waiting for his parents to say something. Are they going to let Atticus leave with me, or will they let us stay?

I know that my parents are ready to snatch me back and carry me home with them, but my home was wherever Atticus was. I hoped that they understood that.

"Alright." Mrs. Fawn finally says. "If we can't convince the two of you to let go of each other, we need to do things differently."

"Differently?" Atticus asks as he walks over to stand behind me. His hands are placed gently on my waist as he waits for his mother to elaborate.



“Yes,” she answers him. “Differently. Now that we know the truth about Autumn, we must keep her identity a secret from everyone.”

“Autumn,” she says as she turns her attention to me. “You need to learn how to control your power. If you lose control because of your emotions, you’re bound to slip up, and others will find you. Now that we’re on this topic, why did Azai’s men let you go? If they want you to be their queen and continue where your father left off, why did they let you escape?”

Atticus looks at me then, and I don’t know what he’s thinking, but I can see the panic in his eyes.

We never had this discussion. There is plenty that he still didn’t know or understand. There was even plenty that I still didn’t understand either.

“You never told me what happened that day.”

He says suddenly. “I can’t remember anything, but it still bothers me that you experienced something that horrible and had no one to protect you.”

It was a day I wished that I could somehow forget. So many horrible things happened on that day.

I didn’t know if his parents would believe what I had to say in response to their question, but I had to give them an answer.

“I don’t know why they let me go. I was tied to a table that prevented me from using my power.” I confess. “I couldn’t escape from them at first because of it. But somehow, it eventually did work, and I was able to get out of their trap for me. They chased me, but I fought off each of them. Eventually, they stopped.”

“You already knew about your power all that time?” His mother asks me.

I slowly nod, “I didn’t know who my father was, but I knew I wasn’t just a normal werewolf. Atticus knew the truth as well. I often used it in front of him. On the day that Carter and his teammates trapped us and attacked him, I used my power to get them off him. He chose to keep that detail from you while he was in the hospital because I assume he knew you would have reacted this way if you found out the truth. That same day when I disappeared and said I was heading back home, I also went to the game. I wanted Carter and the rest of them to pay for what they’d done to him. I’m the reason that they lost that game so badly that night. I needed to do something to hurt them for hurting him, and that seemed like the best revenge without getting caught.”

His mother looks shocked at my confession. I never told them before; even Atticus never knew this.

“You’re the reason?” Griffin asks, walking back in with Damon. “fvck. That’s so fvcking cool.”

“I don’t remember anything about this,” Atticus says, confused. “Why did Carter attack me? We were never on bad terms before. What caused us to become enemies?”

“It’s a long story.” I admit. “I’ll tell you about it another time.”

“Tell us, why did they let you go?” Mr. Fawn asks, bringing me back to the fundamental question that they still wanted me to answer.

“I don’t know.” I confess. “I wish I knew, and I wish that whatever it is that they’re planning is over, but I know it’s far from over. I know they’re planning something big, and I’m a part of it. They told me that I could never leave unless that’s what they wanted to happen. There is something else that they want; I don’t know what it is. I always have guards surrounding me, but I don’t think that will be enough to keep them away from me. There are plenty of them, and they’re waiting for the right opportunity to come for me... a second time. It’s scary, and I’m constantly uneasy, but I will not give them what they want. I will not let them turn me into my father. I rather die than become evil like him.”

I can see that telling them this didn’t make things easier for Atticus and me, but I can also see that they all felt sorry for me. I know that his parents didn’t hate me; I know that they were only trying to protect their family.

I wanted things to be like they were in the past. I wanted them to be good friends with my family once more. I wanted them to be happy that Atticus and I were together. I didn’t think that was possible anymore.

“I think it’s time for Autumn to get some rest,” Atticus says. “You can ask her more questions tomorrow.”

“But there is still plenty to discuss.” His mother tells him. “Have you ever heard about the overlords?”

The Overlords.

I’ve heard very little of them, but I knew they weren’t people you could easily ignore.

“They, along with the black council, were responsible for getting rid of all books of Azai and making sure that his name vanished until now.” She explains. “The Overlords are just as cruel and controlling as the council. They do whatever they have to do to keep order in our world. They will no doubt see Autumn as a big threat to everyone. They

can't know who she is. No one else can ever find out the truth about her if you want to protect her. If Autumn used her power in front of Carter and his friends, then we're not the only ones that know about her. I don't understand why they chose to keep quiet this entire time."

Atticus's jaw clenches, and I know her words have definitely managed to frustrate him.

Even I didn't understand why Carter kept my secret. Maybe he spoke to Scarlett about it, and she convinced him not to say anything. Or maybe they just didn't want anyone to know that a girl had kicked their a\*s\*s'es that day. Though, they'd never actually fought me. They'd all left when they realized that I would protect Atticus with my life.

Atticus walks past me and straight towards Anya. There was unmistakable anger in his steps. He knew that she was the one that had told his parents the truth.

How did she even know about my father? Who told her the truth? She saw my power, but that alone shouldn't have been enough for her to figure out that Azai was my father. If his name had been completely wiped from all books, how could she find out the truth? Who was helping her? It had to be someone that knew my father and mother.

Who the hell was Anya? Were we all underestimating her?

Atticus grabs her shoulders roughly, and Damon rushes to protect her from his brother. Dante is right behind. They still loved her like crazy.

As long as they were in love with her, we would never be able to punish Anya as long as they were this crazy about her. If we tried to hurt her, it would destroy this family. This is what his parents tried to tell me once, that I had saved Atticus from this. But now, they also saw me as a threat to their son.

I had to find a way to prove to them that I wasn't a threat, at least not to him. Maybe then they would be able to be happy about us once more.

"Let her go!" Damon growls.

"Atticus!" Dante shouts. "Let my mate go!"

Atticus ignores them as he glares at her, "if anyone finds out who Autumn truly is, I know where to find you. If you know what's good for you, you will keep this secret with the rest of us."

She looks startled by his actions and remains that way even when he lets her go.

"I think Autumn should come home with us tonight." My mother says, worried that I was still in danger.

“No.” Atticus disagrees. “She’s staying here. With me.”

She looked at me, trying to find out if it was okay with me. I nodded, letting her know that this was what I wanted. To be with Atticus.

Atticus doesn’t wait for anyone else to say anything as he pulls me up the stairs with him. He didn’t stop walking until we reached his room, and he locked the door behind us. It was clear that he didn’t want anyone to disturb us again. Or maybe he was worried that someone would try to separate us. He didn’t seem willing to take any chances, even with his family.

He begins to pace in front of me. It was devastating to see. He was at war with his own parents because of me. He loved them like crazy.

I’ve seen Atticus grant their every wish because of how much he respected them.

“You didn’t have to do that,” I whisper after watching him pace from left to right for the tenth time since he’d locked the door.

I hate what this is doing to him. He turns to me with his thumb finger pressing into his bottom lip. He slowly lets it slide and narrows his eyes, “didn’t have to do what?”

“Go against your parents for me.” I know that I’m making him angrier. He might think I’m being insensitive after what he’d done to keep me here with him. It was quite the opposite; I only wanted him to be happy.

“Do you think it would have been better if I’d let them throw you out of our home like you were garbage?” He asks. “Would that have been the better thing to do?”

“Of course not,” I answer him. “But I hate to see you like this. They’re your parents, and they only want to protect you.”

“And I want to fvcking protect you.” He growls.

“We can’t all get what we want.” My breath hitched at his words. And I tried to calm my racing heart. It was pounding in my chest and threatening to break free.

“Why are you protecting me this desperately?” I ask. “You don’t even remember what it was like to be with me.”

I was happy that he was doing it, but I couldn’t deny how strange it was for him to do it, considering his memory of us was gone.

He grabbed my hands suddenly and pressed them against his chest so that I could feel the wild beating of his heart. “I don’t remember anything, but I have feelings. My heart fvcking beats for you, Autumn. Only for you. These feelings are something that no one,

not even a fvcking accident, could take away from me. No one could make me forget what I feel for you. I'm fighting this hard to protect you because I know my life will be fvcking over without you in it."

I could barely breathe at his confession.

I don't know how to respond to such raw emotion from him. I was not expecting that answer.

His hand gently touches my cheek as he forces me to look directly into his soul-sucking eyes, "I think about you every second of every day. I can't get you out of my fvcking head, Autumn. I want to h.ug you and k!ss you. I want to touch you and taste you. I want to get lost inside of you. I want to tell you how beautiful you are; I want to be the reason why you smile. I want to protect you ferociously from anything that could harm you. I want to mark you over and over again. One time isn't enough. Just because my memories are gone doesn't mean my heart has also disappeared. I want so many things, and all of them include you."

I gasped, and he leaned into me so that his lips were right above my ear, "even that little sound from your pretty mouth makes me happy. Everything about you makes me feel like a fvcking man. You're my woman, Autumn, my only one."

"Do you really feel nothing at all for Anya anymore?" I ask, unable to stop myself.

I know that he told her he didn't love her, but I wanted to hear it today, while we were alone and where I knew he could say to me the truth.

He pauses at the mention of her. I know I shouldn't bring her up, but I wanted to confirm just this once that he was speaking the truth before I completely believed him.

"I find it hard to believe that you loved her for so long and suddenly want nothing to do with her" I confess. "You had your reasons in the past to want to keep your distance from her, but after losing your memories, what made you step away from her? How are you no longer her mate?"

He inhales sharply, "Anya is the last person I want to speak about."

"I want to know." I insist. "Before you lost your memory, J still felt like you were in love with her. She was constantly a threat to our marriage. I want to know that you had truly wanted to let her go and be with me before you'd gotten into the accident that horrible day."

There's a pause as he thinks about my words. I don't think I'm making him any happier. His mood keeps growing darker by the second.

He surprises me when he throws me onto the bed suddenly and climbs on top of me. Both his hands are holding mine on the bed, and he's looking down at me.

"There are plenty of things that I can't remember, Autumn, but one thing that I know for sure is what I felt for Anya after losing my memory."

He says. "I'm sure I mentioned it to you already, but it still looks like you don't believe me."

"Tell me," I urge him. "What did you feel for her after all of your memories of me were gone?" His eyes sparkle with some unfamiliar emotions as he dips his head lower. "I'll tell you, but I want something in return."

"Something in return?" I ask. "What do you want?" He smiled, and I almost fainted from how se\*xy he looked.

My body went completely still as he left a long, soft k!ss on my neck. "I want to taste you." He whispers. "I'm dying to taste you, Autumn. I envy my past self. He knows what it was like to have his tongue inside of you. I want to be as lucky as he was."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 66 - Tips**

0 7 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

fr\*\*\*k. fvck. fvck.

I couldn't stop myself from taking what I wanted from her. I knew that I should behave; I knew that I was being selfish. I knew this was wrong at a time like this but damn it; nothing was going to stop me from tasting her tonight-nothing except her.

She was asking all these questions about Anya even though I was sure I had already told her I felt nothing for her. What the fvck had I done in the past for her not to believe me? How stupid must I have been? And how much did I hurt her before finally realizing my feelings toward her? I had so many questions about my past, so many questions about our marriage. Autumn was the only one that would be able to give me all of those answers.

But first, I needed to taste her. I needed it like I needed air to breathe.

"Do you want to know something?" She whispers suddenly. There seems to be a mischievous glint in her eyes and it's definitely trapped me.

"Once it's from your mouth, I'm all ears," I tell her. I didn't know if she was trying to change the conversation, but I was hoping she would let me do what I desperately wanted to.

“On our wedding day. Your parents told us we had to bathe in the spring at one of your islands.

Before we got there, I saw Anya openly flirting with you on the boat. I got instantly jealous and sad. I drank plenty that night and kissed you in front of her. I was thrilled when you didn't stop me. When he got to the spring, I did something you might not believe even if I told you.”

She'd sparked my interest. I wanted to know what exactly she'd done when we'd gotten to the spring. I found it hard to believe that she'd kissed me in front of everyone while on the yacht. And why the hell did I let Anya openly flirt with me in the past on my wedding day?

Suddenly, I wasn't sure if I wanted my memories back. If it were filled with me being a complete asshole toward Autumn, I wouldn't know how to forgive myself.

What else could have happened for her to think I wouldn't believe what she had to say? What happened in that spring? I wanted to know more about that incident than anything else right now.

She buried her face against my chest, and I didn't think I would love feeling her against me this much. It dawned on me that I would fucking kill to protect this woman. I would never let anyone take her from me. Never. Not even my family. No one would ever be able to separate us. I know that there was evil waiting to tear us apart, but I would fight till my death to keep her.

“I was naked in the spring, and after the ritual, I sat on the edge and spread my legs so that you could have a full view of my bare pussy.”

A second passes. Then another and another.

I don't think I can fucking breathe right now. It's the last thing I expected her to say to me.

“Repeat it,” I whisper sharply. “I don't think I heard you correctly”

There's no fucking way she'd said what I thought she did.

“I spread my legs for you on our wedding night; I showed you the most intimate part of my body.” She repeats for my sake.

Fucking hell. My dick stirs in my jeans almost immediately. It was very much alive and hungry for her. I was even more envious of my past self. He witnessed such a beautiful thing, and I hated how weak I was to forget something like that. How many moments like these have we had with each other that I'd forgotten because of the accident?

“Show me,” I say in a hoarse whisper. “Show me how you did it. I want to remember. I want to remember everything.”

Her eyes widen, “I don’t think I can do that.” Her cheeks are bright red.

“Why are you nervous now?” I whisper. “You did it already, and you’re the one that told me

“I was intoxicated when I did that. It was different then.” She says.

I grin, “you’re right. It is different now. This time you aren’t intoxicated. This time you will be aware of everything. This time will be much better than the last.”

“I don’t know.” She whispers. I kissed her forehead and rolled next to her onto the bed. I pull her into my arms, “we can cuddle then. I’m just as happy with that.”

I was still dying for a taste of her, but I wasn’t doing anything that she didn’t want right now. She surprised me by pulling herself out of my arms and walking towards a nearby desk to my left.

“What are you doing?” I ask, clueless.

I held my breath as she unzipped the back of her dress, and I watched it fall from her body.

The air gets stuck in my throat from seeing Autumn na\*ked in front of me. Forget anything I ever thought she looked like without clothes; she was unbelievably beautiful.

Her eyes were glued to me as she climbed onto the desk and slowly spread her legs open for me. “I

want you to remember.” She whispers. “I want you to remember every second that you touched me” I swallow.

How was she so fvcking gorgeous? I can’t fvcking look away; from her pretty eyes, her smooth skin, and her fvcking w\*et pvssy glistening in front of me.

She was w\*et for me. I didn’t think anything could make me as happy as this did at this exact moment. I can’t help myself as I climb out of bed and go after her. I had to have her in my arms.

“Tell me,” I growl as I finally reach her. My hands are on the desk to her side, and my lips are next to her ear. “What did I do after you gracefully spread your legs for me?”

Her finger lightly touches my chin and lifts my face so that I am looking into her eyes.



“I told you how much my br\*east s ached because of you.” She confesses.

My eyes narrow, “do they?” I ask. “Do they hurt right now?”

She nods innocently, “they hurt so much. Just like they always do when they want your attention.”

“Did I touch them?” I whisper.

She shakes her head, “no.” What the fvck? Why hadn’t I?

“I had to beg you first.” She admits.

“What a fg d\*k I was,” I growl. “If your br\*east s ached for me. I should have taken that pain away from you without you having to beg.”

“No.” She says as she shakes her head. “I didn’t believe you when you told me you didn’t want to touch me that night because you didn’t want to take advantage of me. But I eventually found out that you were telling the truth. You weren’t a complete d!ck; you were also kind and thoughtful to me sometimes.”

I chuckle, “not a complete d!ck? I guess there are plenty of things I still have to make up for.” Before she can say anything else, I duck my head and cover her br\*east with my mouth. I open my mouth wide and take the entire thing into my mouth, s.ucking as gently as possible. I didn’t want to alarm her, but I was dying to taste her like this again. Some of me hoped this would also help jog my memory but so far, it wasn’t any help.

“Tell me, Autumn,” I say before moving to her n!pple. Did I grab your legs and spread them wider like this?”

“Yes.” She gasps as I spread them fvcking wide.

“Do you remember?”

I hate to see the hope in her eyes, knowing that I couldn’t remember anything.

“No,” I answer her honestly. “I just knew that there’s no way I would have been able to leave you like that without wanting an excuse to touch you and see more of you.”

She gasps and stares into my eyes, “I love you.”

She whispers. “I love you so much, Atticus.” I close my eyes and let her words sink into my heart. Fvck. Those are the kind of words that gave a man a reason to live. Those are the kind of words that would make a man k!ll for his woman. Those are the kind of words that made a man feel complete. Autumn did all of those things for me.

“Can I taste you?” I beg. “Please.”

I couldn't wait any longer. I needed to taste her.

She bites her bottom lip and slowly nods. I didn't waste a second more. I gently placed her down on the desk and stood at the edge to get a better look at her. I was mentally preparing myself never to forget what she looked like today in my bedroom, on top of my desk, completely naked and waiting for me to taste her.

I gently slid my nose up her legs until I touched her opening and inhaled deeply. Her breath hitches, and she grabs onto my hair for support. I rub my nose up and down as I listen to her sweet moans.

Her hand on my hair tightens as I slowly let my tongue slide against her pussy, tasting her fucking sweetness and swallowing all of it.

“Atticus!” She cried as I began to suck before moving my tongue faster into her.

I love the sound of my name on her lips. I didn't want to stop until I had her screaming it at the top of her lungs. It would be fucking music to my ear.

“I'm never forgetting the taste of your fucking pussy ever again,” I growl. “I promise you that.” I didn't think anything could taste this fucking good. How did I go days and nights without having her in my mouth like this? I was fucking insane.

She cries out at my words, and I can feel her body tremble. She was close, and I wanted to bring her to her climax.

I'm about to do that when there's a loud knock on my door. Not just one knock but multiple ones that followed right after.

I growl against her pussy, upset that we'd been disturbed.

What the fuck did they want from us now? Hadn't they already said everything they needed to?

“Leave!” I shout for whoever is at the door.

“ATTICUS!” Damon shouts. “Get out here now! We need to get Autumn out of here. Immediately!”

I freeze. What the hell was he talking about? Why did we need to do that?

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 67 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Atticus leaves me inside the room to speak with Damon. I quickly get dressed, and when the door opens again, he's the first person I see.

I stopped moving and possibly stopped breathing as well. I see the panic in his eyes. Whatever Damon just told him has him almost hysterical.

What could have possibly happened? Did his parents change their minds again? Did we have to leave? There were many questions racing through my mind, but I couldn't find my voice to ask any of them. I somehow knew that it wasn't that simple.

"What's wrong?" I demand as I walk towards him, finally regaining control over my body.

I thought we would finally have a night together without something horrible happening, but I was terribly wrong.

"They're coming for you." He says in an almost restless tone.

I stiffen.

Was he referring to Azai's men? Did they finally get what they wanted and were coming back for me? I didn't want to go back to that sick place. I didn't want to be trapped again.

"Who's coming for me?" I ask. I had to hear it from his mouth before I could believe I own.

He grabs my hand and pushes me out of the room; he's moving so quickly that I can barely understand anything that he's saying to me.

"The council. The Overlords. They're all coming." He informs me.

This is worse than I initially thought it was. I stopped moving, my feet felt cold, and they had no idea what direction to run in.

"I can't keep running from them for the rest of my life," I tell him. "They will eventually find me."

"It can't be now, Autumn!" He hissed. "I'm not going to let them have you without a fvcking fight. If we can escape now before they get here, then we can create a plan that would save you from them. If they're able to take you now, I'm not going to have the chance to protect you. There's too many of them."

"How did they even find out about me?" I ask.

“Do you think your parents informed them?”

I didn't want to believe they would betray us like that, but they weren't exactly happy that we were still together. But when would they have gotten the chance to inform the others about me?

Atticus and I hadn't been in the room for that long. Someone had to have done it even before Atticus's family confronted me about my father. I still can't move. I'm in too much shock to run.

Atticus realizes this, and he picks me up so that I am now straddling his waist. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he raced down the stairs.

“Did any of you call them?” Atticus demands from his family at the back exit.

“No.” His mother promised him. “I know that you have no reason to trust us anymore, but I promise that we didn't do this. We would never intentionally put your or Autumn's life in danger. I'm sorry we've been such bad parents to make you think that way about us.”

We didn't have time to question them any longer, but I believed her, “We will try to stall them while you try to escape.” His father informs him. “Damon and Clarissa will also go with you for backup. But the four of you, even with Autumn's power, will not be enough to stop the council and the overlords together.”

I couldn't breathe. This was happening too fast. I didn't have time to prepare. None of us had time to prepare. Whoever told them the truth about me must hate me. They made it so that I didn't have a chance to escape without putting the people I cared about in danger.

“I think I should give myself up,” I say; I can barely recognize my voice. The fear was difficult to hide. “I don't want to put anyone's life in danger because of me.”

“No,” Atticus growled. “You're not going anywhere.”

“Atticus!” I try to say, but his hands tighten around me.

He doesn't allow me to say anything else as he runs out the back door with me still in his arms.

“What exactly is the plan?” Clarissa demands.

Even she can't hide the panic in her voice. “We can't just keep running on our feet for the rest of the night. We need to shift.”

"That's what they expect us to do," Damon says. "We need to get another vehicle. One that they wouldn't recognize. And we need to gather our allies. They caught us off-guard, and that's exactly what they planned. They didn't allow us to prepare. Now no one knew that we needed their help."

"Stop talking, Autumn." He growls. "I'm not letting you go. Let's think of some other plan. Didn't you say that you loved me? If you love me, fight to be with me, don't let them take you from me."

I gasp. I did love him. I did want to fight to be with him. But I didn't want him or his family to get hurt because of me.

"Atticus." I try to say again.

I didn't know what the right thing to do her.

A gut-wrenching scream rocks the forest, and we all stop moving.

"MOM?" Damon whispers before it dawns on the rest of us that the sound did, in fact, come from us."

"MOM!!" Atticus shouts along with Damon for a second time.

"I'm going back," Damon shouts. "She needs was.

"I'm coming with you," Clarissa tells him.

Atticus looks at me. and he seems troubled and conflicted about what to do.

"Your mother needs us. We can't leave her. We can't leave your parents." I tell him as I cup his cheek in the palm of my hand.

His eyes close for a second, and he leans against my touch.

I know he wanted to keep me safe, but I wouldn't let him leave his parents behind because of me.

When he opened his eyes, they were filled with so many emotions that I felt them throughout my body.

He grabs my cheek with one hand and crashes his lips against mine. "I'm sorry." He whispers through kisses. "I'm so sorry that I must take you back to them. I'm so sorry, Autumn."

He wasn't to blame for any of this. Whoever called the overlords and the council was responsible for our pain.

Atticus was right earlier. I had to fight to stay with him. I had to fight with everything inside of me to be with him. I wouldn't let them take me away from him. I wouldn't.

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 68 - Tips

0 18 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

Atticus slowly lets go of me as we near the house. I held onto his hand; I didn't want him to get hurt because of me.

I know I'm the one that convinced him to return, but it doesn't mean that it was an easy decision to make. Hearing his mother scream was all I needed to know that this was the right thing to do.

Whatever happened, I had to do everything I could to keep them all safe.

I still hear the terrifying shouts and screams; they're not making this easier for us. Damon and Clarissa are among them, but I can't tell what they're saying. They're all expecting us to be gone by now; they don't know that we are back just for them.

Atticus leans over and gives me one more kiss on my forehead. His lips linger on my skin, and I gladly lean into him. Neither of us knew what was about to happen, and it was terrifying not knowing.

I attempt to move forward with him, but he puts out his hand and stops me before I can make another step. His eyes held an urgency to them that brought me to a complete stop. He takes a deep breath, and I suck in one of my own. I knew what he was going to say before it left his mouth.

"Stay out here." He warns me. "Let me see what's happening inside first. If I think we need you, I will call you. If not, I want you to get as far away from here as possible."

As far away from here? As far away from him? I tilt my head to the side and frown at him.

He was crazy if he thought that I would leave him here with people that wanted to harm him and his family. He was the man I'd been in love with for many years, the only man I'd ever loved; I would never leave him when he needed me. However, now I had to agree if I wanted him to leave.

The shout gets louder, and I begin to panic. We were running out of time. If we didn't get inside there now, his family would be in more danger than they already were.

“Are you listening to me?” Atticus asks, waiting for my response; he hasn’t moved an inch. The urgency in his voice has just increased, and I find myself nodding despite my desperation to keep him safe.

I knew the moment that I heard the overlords hurting the people I cared about no one would be able to stop me from joining in. Atticus’s eyes are glued on my face, and his jaw clenches; he wants to believe I’m telling the truth. I try to keep an innocent expression on my face to make him feel less restless. He takes another deep breath and slowly lets go of me. I watch as he walks backward a few steps, still looking at me; it seems like he’s trying to memorize every little detail on my face.

I held my breath; how could I not love someone like him? He still looks conflicted, but eventually, he turns and walks back into the house. I waited for a minute, letting him believe that I was truly listening to his request, but the moment that I thought it was okay for me to move, I was right behind him.

Atticus doesn’t even bother trying to hide; he walks straight toward the enemies. Why would he do that? He told me that he was leaving me behind only to find out what was happening inside so that we would have a better idea of how to react. He’d lied. I couldn’t exactly complain since I’d also lied to him. We were both lying to protect each other. My eyes scan the room once more. I feel a chill run down my spine.

This is the first time that I’m seeing the overlords in person. From what I knew about them, they rarely ever left their home. They only left it when it was something very important. I swallow the fear and worry down my throat. It’s hard to believe that all these important people were here because of me, to take me down. I would never have thought I would have turned out to be this dangerous.

They were so terrified of my father that they saw me as a big threat, just like him. How much trouble did Azai cause in the past for everyone to react this way because of him? Even now, it is hard to accept that my father was terrible and heartless.

The overlords nod at Atticus the moment that they notice him. They were waiting, no doubt; they knew he would be back for his family.

This was insane. How did my life become such a big mess because of one secret? If anyone had told me this was what my life would be like at this age, I would have never believed them.

Atticus looks fearless as he stands next to his family. His mother was on the floor, and Mr. Fawn had her in his arms. Damon and Clarissa were guarding them along with Griffin. I had no clue as to where Dante and Anya were. Neither of them was here. They must have left before the news about the council and the overlords reached us.

My eyes are solely on the enemies of the room.

There were eight Overlords in total, and all of them were present today. They were dressed in very concealing black robes and looked like shadows of the night. I couldn't see their faces; they were covered by the robes. They often protected their faces when out of their home. They were also not allowed to have mates. Every five years, a new overlord is chosen, and the power is passed onto him.

They were all chosen at the age of eighteen; many parents trained their kids, hoping that their child would one day be selected. It was supposed to be a happy occasion, but I think it was far from it why would anyone want to live a lonely life? I believe that's why the overlords were always so bitter. They knew nothing about happiness or what it was like to be in love. They were all trained to be as heartless as possible in any situation; according to them; the heart forced you to make the wrong decisions.

My eyes traveled to members of the council. Not everyone was present, but I still recognized a few of them. They were just as brutal as the overlords, maybe even more at times. The council only cared about themselves, even though they often claimed they also cared about the people.

There were many at their mercy, and I often wished that they would appoint a new leader that cared about their people and didn't only want power.

"Where is the girl?" One of the overlords asks.

His chilling voice forced my attention back to them. I assume that he had to be the eldest of them all since the eldest was usually the one that did all of the talking.

There is a short pause, and I see the panic on Atticus's face a second before he masks his emotions from everyone else in the room. I think he can sense my presence; he knows I'm near. He knows that I've disobeyed him.

"What girl?" He asks, pretending to be clueless.

There was another awkward pause as they listened to his response, waiting for him to say more.

I flinch when they all laugh suddenly without warning, and another chill runs down my spine.

They laughed without any humor, and it was one of the scariest things I've ever heard, especially since it wasn't just one of them; they were align sync.

Even though they're laughing, I can still hear the impatience in their voice. It wouldn't be long before they started to drill him for answers.

My parents were not around, and the guards they left to protect me were nowhere to be found.



The overlords must have already gotten to them before getting into the house. Atticus was right; everything happened so quickly that we didn't have the opportunity to prepare for any of this. There were so many people that I knew would help us if they knew we were in danger.

I think they knew this; it's why they came without any warnings. They weren't people that ever showed up unprepared. We should have known something like this would happen; we should have prepared for it. We were so busy dealing with everything that we made a huge mistake. We allowed them to trap us.

"Your wife." The older overlord answers him.

"Where is she? Can you please answer truthfully and save us the trouble of having to extract that information out of you... painfully, might I add."

Atticus narrows his eyes, and I know he would rather be killed than tell them where I was. My heart aches at that fact. I would never let him do something like that for me.

"Why do you want to know?" He demands. The overlord stepped closer to him, and I dug my nails into my dress; if he dared to even lay a hand on Atticus, he would pay for it. I was waiting for the right moment to leave my hiding spot.

I watch as the overlords all chuckle. Do they already know that Atticus and his family know the whole truth about me? How could they have possibly known that? Did they have a spy watching us all along? How long ago did they find out the truth? How long have they been watching us? There were so many unanswered questions, and I doubt they would be willing to answer them for us.

"She's the daughter of a very dangerous sorcerer." He answers him. "Azai Reign. You may or may not know about him, depending on whether your parents followed our rules."

Atticus's jaw clenches, and he doesn't bother responding. He knows if he showed any emotion, his parents would be in more trouble than they were already in. He was doing the right thing by staying quiet this time. If none of us confessed and they had no proof, then they couldn't punish this family.

When he gets no reaction out of Atticus, he takes another step closer. I held my breath, hoping he wouldn't try anything stupid.

"Azai was a dangerous killer. A sorcerer out of control. He was greedy and hungry for power." He continues when Atticus remains quiet. "He didn't care about anyone other than himself. He didn't care about his lady, not even his children. That's why Autumn's mother killed him. She did what many others were already hoping to do. We're grateful

that she made our work easier for us. If we had the chance, we would have done it for her. After killing him, she knew that her life and the life of her children were still in danger even though she'd gotten rid of Azai. She knew that his men would have taken them from her. She knew that they would have found a way to kill her as well. So she ran. She ran to save herself and her children. We've been searching for Azai's three children ever since his death. His children will all suffer the same faith that he did; they don't have the inner strength to fight the darkness they were born with. Very soon, they will all follow in their father's footsteps."

"Autumn's mother? I think you're delusional," Atticus says. "Your story makes no sense. I've never heard of an Azai Reign. Is this some sick joke?"

He tried to convince them that he was clueless about the entire thing, but they didn't believe him. They must already know too much about our lives.

"We received an anonymous tip that his daughter is none other than Autumn Fawn. Of course, we thought it was all an unbelievable lie.

How could the Riveras' have the daughter of Azai hidden from us all this time? How could the daughter of Azai also be married to a Fawn? Both families hold such a high status in our society and, are favored by the people; why would they choose to protect the daughter of Azai?" The prosecutor from the council asks. "We were puzzled about this new information and even considered ignoring it."

I hated that they mentioned our families. Were they planning on also punishing them because of me?

I swallow; I wouldn't let them do that; I can't let them hurt my family. All they did was protect me; how could that be a reason for them to get punished?

"If you don't believe that it's possible, then why are you here?" Atticus challenges them. "Why are you trespassing in our home and threatening to ruin the good relationship that we have with both of you?"

One of the overlords laughs, the same one from before, "even though we thought that it was not possible, the claim was too serious for us to ignore it. We decided to wait until our source gave us some evidence to support their claim. Eventually, we received the proof we needed to believe it was true. We realized that the evidence was too great for it to be all a lie. She had to be his daughter. Now we want to see it for ourselves before we decide on what to do." He answers him.

Atticus takes a step closer and glares at him, "you have the wrong person. Autumn can't be his daughter. She's nothing like him. Whoever told you that must be trying to cause a conflict between us. My family has never broken the rules; whoever it was that gave you this information must dislike us and are looking for a way to cause trouble for us."

"I thought so as well in the beginning." He confesses. "But I'm even more convinced now that your family is trying to hide Autumn from us. If she isn't the sorcerer's daughter like you claim, then why are you keeping her from us? If she's not a threat to our people, why can't you just let us see for ourselves? Let us be the judge of whether or not our source was telling the truth. We promise to be gentle with her as long as we prove it's all a lie. We understand who she is and what she means to both families; she will remain unharmed if her father is not Azai."

Atticus narrows his eyes, "we have good reason to be this way after you came here without any warning, all of you, not one. You all came. It seems like a threat to me. Autumn is not only my wife; she is also my mate. It's only natural that I want to protect her from all of you. Rarely will all the overlords leave their homes to visit my family unless they are prepared for a fight. I have a right to protect the people that I love."

The people that he loved? My heart skips a beat, and I'm not sure if that's a confession from him or not.

"Didn't you lose your memory?" he asks. "Still, you're protecting her this fiercely? Weren't you also in love with another woman before marrying her?"

Your actions are quite interesting. Who do you genuinely love better between them? You seem to be continuously going back and forth between both women."

I narrowed my eyes; I was right; they knew everything about us before coming here. They were even trying to turn us against each other by mentioning Anya. How long have they been paying attention to our relationship? And who was the person that told them the truth?

Atticus' hands tightened into fists, "I think it's time that you leave our home. Autumn is not here."

I can tell that they already knew that he was lying to them. They all look at each other, and I have no clue why they keep doing that when all of their faces are covered by robes.

"You said she's also your mate," the overlord says in a chilling voice. "You should have said it since the beginning. It would have made this a lot easier."

Before we can react, he grabs Atticus by his neck and slams him to the ground. My heart almost jumps out of my chest at the horror in front of me.

"ATTICUS!" I scream; I can't stop myself as I run toward him.

All eyes turn toward me, and I can see the faces of the council members light up at my arrival. I know they did it to get me out of hiding, but I didn't care.

Atticus's eyes are wide with horror when he spots me running toward him. Before I can reach him, however, a council member grabs me. I gasped as he shoved my hands behind my back and held me close to him.

There is a loud growl, and I know it's from Atticus before looking up.

"Vincent!" Atticus roars. "Let go of my fvcking mate!"

"It's Sir Vincent." He corrects him. He's a vampire but not just any vampire. He's the primary representative of vampires in the council.

"It's nice of you to bless us with your presence." Sir Vincent says. "We've been anxious to meet you since we heard about you."

My eyes are glued to Atticus and the helpless look on his face. There were too many of them and too few of us.

"Let me go!" I hiss.

"We will." He answers me. "But first, there are a few questions that we want to ask you."

"You don't have to answer a single question they ask." Atticus intervenes. "Don't say a way word, Autumn." It was almost a plea from him. He knows that I would confess to keep him safe.

I gasped when one of the overloads kicked him in his face. He spits bl00d out of his mouth and glares at him.

"Let's put it this way." The overlord who'd hit him says. "If you don't answer our questions truthfully, your husband will die today." My heart squeezes at his threat.

"Don't answer," Atticus growls as he gets up from the ground.

"Don't do it," Griffin adds. They're trying to protect me, but I'm also trying to protect them. I was okay with them taking me as long as they left my family alone.

"STAY QUIET, AUTUMN!" Clarissa shouts. My heart swells with love for them. These people threatened to k!!! Atticus, but his family still trying to keep me safe.

"Ask me whatever you want to know." I finally say. "I will answer truthfully." I meant it. While they wanted to keep me safe, I also wanted to do the same for them.

The overlords all turned to me simultaneously, which was one of the creepiest things I've ever witnessed. It made it scarier that I couldn't see their faces.

"Autumn!" Mrs. Fawn shouts. "Do not do this. Please. Do not do this." I'm surprised that she was also siding with Atticus. Wasn't she the one that wanted to save her family from the beginning?

"You're like a daughter to us." Mr. Fawn adds. "Despite what we may have done or said while surprised, we care for you. Do not tell them anything. Let them do what they must to us but remain quiet."

I closed my eyes as the tears threatened to fall. I had no other choice. I had to answer them, and if they tried to hurt them, I would fight back. I would kill to protect the people that I loved.

"Is it true that your father is Azai Reign?" The overlords ask, all of them, at the same time. They were so much in sync that it surprised me. Was this something that they often did to frighten their opponent?

"Autumn, please," Atticus begged. His voice, breaks, and with it, my heart.

I opened my mouth to tell them the truth when Atticus surprised all of us. He attacked one of the overlords and threw him toward the wall. I cried out in terror when they all retaliated against him.

Atticus's first cry of pain sends my body into shock. It's all happening so quickly; his face turns red from the pain, and his eyes are almost white. They aren't even touching him, their hands are just pointed at him, and that's enough to hurt him.

"STOP IT!" I scream. They aren't listening to me; none of them are.

"STOP HURTING HIM!"

"Autumn." He groans right before he collapses onto the ground.

The scream that follows out of my mouth right after echoes throughout the mansion, and everyone goes flying in different directions. Sir Vincent also goes flying behind me. I attempt to move toward Atticus, but he surprises me when he rushes forward and grabs me into his arms first. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held onto him tightly. His eyes are already searching around us for a way to escape. I knew that it was hopeless trying to escape from these people now. It was too late. To protect Atticus and his family, I will have to let them take me.

Atticus attempts to run with me, but I stop him.

"Don't," I tell him. "We can't run anymore. They're going to hurt your family if you do. You have to let me go."

His eyes widen in horror at my words. His face says that he couldn't believe I could ever say something so horrible to him. He looked like I'd just asked him for a divorce.

"No." He hissed as he held me tighter against him. "I don't want to let you go. Not today, not ever."

Now that the overlords were on the ground, their robes had been lifted off their heads. I could see each of their faces clearly. Some looked very young, while others looked middle-aged. Why did I expect them to look old and cranky? Their eyes, however, were as cold as ice. Heartless, they were all heartless, no doubt.

"We have our answer, men." Sir Vincent says.

"She is indeed the daughter of Azai Reign. We have finally found her."

"What was so important?" I demand from my mother. "Why did you call me back home?"

"I had to get you out of there for your safety."

She informs me. "If you stayed there, your life would be in danger, and I didn't want that to happen." For my safety?

"What are you talking about?" I ask, curious.

"Why would I be in danger there? The Fawn's home is one of the safest places to be. I've never felt unsafe there except when Autumn tried to kill me"

I shivered at the reminder. I never thought Autumn would ever have it in her to scare me, but the witch was someone you had no choice but to fear. She was too dangerous and needed to be stopped.

"While you were at the Fawn's house, I sent information to the overlords and the council." She informs me. "I knew it had to be done, and I couldn't wait for your plan since your projects always fail. This one needed to be done by me."

Her words send a shockwave throughout my body. How could she do this without telling me first? If I had known, I would have found a way to get Atticus out of there in time! Now he's stuck in there with all of those dangerous men. My mother knew that Atticus would risk his life to protect Autumn, so why would she leave him there?

"WHAT?" I shout after finding my voice. "What do you mean? Did you tell them the truth? I thought you would trust me; I thought you would give me a chance to throw Autumn out on my own without involving them."

"Well, did you?" She asks. "Were you able to get Autumn thrown out of their home?"

I swallow and lower my head in shame, “no.” I answer. “I was close to it, but Atticus returned home in time to stop it. There was nothing anyone could do to get him to let her go. He’s too in love with her.”

She laughs. “I beg to differ. The overlords would do the job for us. They would force him to let her go even though he loves her. We don’t have to worry about her anymore. Instead, we can now focus on getting rid of the Fawns.”

Even though Atticus had hurt me multiple times since the spell had been broken, I still cared for him; I still didn’t want him to die, and I still wanted him to be mine.

“How are you so sure that they listened to you?” I ask.

“I’m sure.” She tells me. “I waited long enough to watch them join forces before leaving their homes. They are no doubt already causing an uproar.”

“But what about Atticus?” I demand. “I don’t want him to get hurt.” She narrows her eyes, “he embarrassed you multiple times and chose Autumn over you; why are you still interested in him? You can find any other man once all of this is over”

“You don’t get it.” | snap. “Atticus is different. I chose him for a reason. I don’t want anyone else but him.”

“I can’t promise that he will be safe. As long as he keeps protecting Autumn, he will be in danger, and there’s nothing you can do about that.” She points out.

“What do you think they’re going to do to them?” I ask her.

I didn’t want to see them torture Atticus.

“If the Fawns convince them that they don’t know Autumn’s true identity, they will give them a chance once they don’t interfere with their plans.

However, if they have proof that they already knew who she was and didn’t report it to them, they may be locked up in cells for the rest of their lives despite how rich they are. But that is not what I want. I want them dead; I want those people to suffer for what they did to me.” She answers me.

“I’m not going to let them get away that easy. I want them to lose everything that they have, and they will once the overlords and the council are finished with them. But after that, I want them to beg for mercy before finishing them off.”

There was no stopping my mother; her plans were working in her favor. It wouldn’t be long before the Fawns lives were destroyed for good. But if I had anything to say about it, Atticus would not die, and he will be mine one way or the other.

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 69 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

“The daughter of Azai Reign.” The overlords say in unison once more.

They’re all staring at me, their gazes digging into my skin. I held onto Atticus tighter, knowing I shouldn’t be afraid, but I was. I’m terrified of these people and what they could do to my family and Atticus’s hands moved to my back as pressed me tighter against him. If the overlords took me from him today, I wasn’t sure if I would ever be able to see him again. I fought back the tears as I buried my face against his neck.

“Your family doesn’t look surprised at her power.” Sir Vincent notes.

“Does this mean they knew about you all this time?” he asks. “Did they know that you were the daughter of the same sorcerer planning to kill all leaders so that he could become the only king?”

I inhale sharply. The evidence was already in front of them; they were waiting for me to confirm it, even though we all knew their minds were made up.

“No!” I defend them. “They didn’t know anything about me. Nothing. Even I didn’t find out until recently. They are innocent in all of this. How can they be guilty just because of my father? He was the one that caused so much distress, not them, not me. Why should we have to pay for something that he did?”

They don’t look convinced. They have already determined that we are all quality. I would rather be taken in than see everyone here punished because of me.

“And you found out the truth after you were kidnapped?” The overlord asks me. “Is this true?”

They must already know who kidnapped me as well. I still had no clue who had told them. If it wasn’t Atticus’s parents that only left Anya, but she was here the entire time, how could she have been in two places at once? Was there someone else working with her that we didn’t know about? There is a chance she told them before she told the Fawns.

“Yes,” I confess. “Azai’s people kidnapped me. I still don’t know why they let me go. They have their reasons, but as I told them, I’m not going to be anything like my father. I will not hurt innocent people. I don’t want to be a ruler or their queen. I’m happy with my life; I don’t need anything else but the people I care about close to me.”

“If you don’t want to cause any problems for the people in your life, I suggest you come with us.”



The overlord tells me. Atticus is still holding me, and I can feel him stiffen at his request.

“Don’t listen to him.” He whispers. “They are not to be trusted. We can get out of this. I promise.”

“What will you decide?” Sir Vincent asks. “will you go with them, or do we have to hurt your family first?”

“No,” Atticus growls. “She isn’t going anywhere with any of you.”

“Your family, as well as Autumn’s family, has broken the rules. Are you aware of what we do to people who break our rules?” He asks him.

I close my eyes in frustration. They kept them in cells for years; some were even killed depending on how great their crimes were. It was a threat, and they knew it. They wanted to scare me, and it was working. Atticus doesn’t realize how much I would give up to protect him.

My eyes flash open, “if you hurt my family. I will destroy all of you.” I promise them. “You know what I’m capable of doing. Atticus is the only reason I’m able to be this calm. If you take him from me, I will become someone even worse than my father. This I can promise you.”

They chuckle, “even though you may have some of your father’s power, you don’t have enough practice to get rid of all of us. The best thing for you to do is to come with us willingly. We are also calm; we could have been much worse than this. We’re trying to handle this situation in a civilized manner. We can only hope that you will also do the same.”

It was a difficult decision to make. I didn’t want to leave Atticus without a fight. But I had no idea what these men were capable of doing. There were too many of them, and I knew they were prepared to kill if they had to. I was not okay with losing anyone here. I take one last look at Atticus, memorizing every feature on his face.

His forehead creased as soon as I opened my mouth to speak.

“Okay” I whisper. “I’ll come with you willingly, but only if you promise not to punish my family and Atticus as well as his family. No one is to blame for any of this. If you punish them, I will not let it slide easily. If you let them all go without punishment, will not cause any trouble.”

They slowly looked at each other, and it looked like they were communicating in their minds. I wasn’t sure if they could do that, but it was possible with how in sync each of them was.

The eldest overlord eventually nods, "Okay, you have a deal." I breathe a sigh of relief, but Atticus does the opposite. His breathing is rough, and I can feel the wild beating of his heart. He's not okay with my decision. He's far from it.

"NO!" He hissed as he tightened his hold on me.

I lean into him and give him one last kiss on his lips. He held onto me as I kissed him aggressively, taking as much of him with me as possible.

"I'm not letting you go." He growls into my ear.

"You're not going with them, Autumn. I'm not giving you to them." I buried my hands in his hair and pulled him tighter against me, "please don't make this harder than it already is. It's better this way. You can come up with a way to get me released, if we fight back, we can lose everyone that we love. You know that this is the only way for now."

When he least expected it, I pushed him away from me hard. His eyes held a hint of betrayal as I walked over to the overlords, who wasted no time pulling me between them so that no one else could get to me.

"No!" Clarissa screams. "Don't take her!"

There's a lot of shouting afterward, but I can't see anything as I'm shoved out of the house and into a waiting vehicle. I know Atticus will try and follow us. I know that he isn't going to give up, but as long as they don't hurt him, I will keep my promise to them.

~ATTICUS~

"ATTICUS!" Damon shouts as he tries to stop me from running after Autumn.

"AUTUMN!" I roar. "AUTUMN, PLEASE!" I couldn't stop shouting her name.

How could she do this? How could she let them separate us? Didn't she realize that it was more fucking painful for me when she was not around?

She was trying to protect me, but I could only be happy when I had her in my arms. Without her, my life was fucking empty. Why didn't she realize that I needed her to fucking survive?

"Don't go," Damon warns me. "The last time you went chasing after her, you got into an accident. We almost lost you. You still haven't recovered from it. Let's all stay calm and think before we act carelessly and make this worse."

Before he can say anything else, I'm already out of the door.

“ATTICUS!” They all shout. I didn’t care what anyone had to say: I wanted to get my wife back. I wouldn’t be able to go a day without knowing that she was safe.

I jumped into the first car I saw and revved the engine before racing out of the driveway. I would not let them take her from me. Weirdly enough, that one thought awakened a distant memory inside of me. It wasn’t the first time I had thought those words. My eyes narrow as I spot the vehicles taking her away from me. There were many of them, not just one, and I wasn’t sure which one they had her in.

I mashed the accelerator harder; I couldn’t lose her for a second time. I couldn’t fail her again. I had to save Autumn this time; I had to protect her. I loved her. I loved Autumn so much.

Loving her, was another memory that was buried inside of me. I felt it all slowly coming back to me, making it hard for me to concentrate on the road.

I searched my mind for the rest. I wanted to remember her. I wanted to remember marrying her.

I tried to remember every chance I got to touch and kiss her, every chance I got to see her smile.

Even though it bothered me, I wanted to remember the times I hurt her so I could make it up to her. I wanted to remember every memory as long as she was in it.

My eyes widen when I spot a figure flash in front of the car, and I mash the brakes hard. As the tires screech, so does my brain. I can hear a ringing in my head as my mind triggers the memories that were buried since my last accident. I can see her now, Autumn, in her wedding dress. I can hear our vows. I

I remember making her cry; I remember hurting her because of my mixed emotions toward Anya. I remember her telling me how much she loved me for many years. It was all there.

My memory of the accident was also back; a woman had run in front of the vehicle, she was the reason I’d lost control, and if I didn’t stop the car now, I’d be in another accident. I can’t risk losing my memories of her all over again. I couldn’t let that happen. I never wanted to forget Autumn,

I tried to regain control of the vehicle, but it had a mind of its own and was heading straight toward a tree. A fucking big one.

“Fvck.. fvck... fvck!” I roar.

Why was this happening again? I can’t let it happen. I press down on the door handle and push it open, it goes flying as it hits a pole, and I don’t see it again.

Suddenly, there is a bright light, like a flash of lightning, and without warning, I'm pulled out of the car.

What the fvck was that?

I'm on the ground watching the car collide with the tree and go up into flames.

I'm not sure how I even managed to get out in time, to begin with.

I hear footsteps and examine my surroundings.

A man is standing in front of me; he looks my age, possibly younger. I'm not sure, not with my head still spinning. His hair is ash blonde, similar Autumn, but his eyes are a crazy mixture of silver and black. He looks cold and distant, dangerous also.

"Who are you?" I ask him. "Was it you that got me out of there so quickly?"

There is a slight pause as the car goes up into more flames. He doesn't even flinch like he's used to things like that.

"Ca.ssius." He answers. "My name is Ca.ssius."

"How"

"It looks like you were chasing someone. You're wasting time speaking to me." He cuts me off. I don't get time to ask any more questions as he gets into his vehicle and speeds off. The pain in my head and the memory of Autumn and how much she loves me were enough to make me forget about him, at least for now.

I close my eyes. It was no use chasing after the overlords now. They are already far. I would never get to them in time, and even if I did, what could I possibly do with that many of them?

Damon was right; I had to reason.

If I wanted to save Autumn, I needed to devise a plan first. But I knew that I couldn't do this on my own.

I had to seek help from just the right people, and I knew who to look for.

I dropped myself onto the road; every memory of Autumn was back. Fvck.

If I thought I loved her before, I realized that I loved her so much fvcking more now. The woman was the reason for my existence. I would do anything for her.

I can't believe I ever forgot our time together.

They're the most precious memories of my entire life. Autumn has always been the woman for me, and it took me too fvcking long to realize it.

I had to get her back. I had to save my wife, my mate, my everything.

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 70 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

"What was that?" I demand as I hear an explosion. I try to look back, but they grab my neck and keep my head facing forward.

"it's nothing for you to worry about." They assure me.

My heart is racing, and I know I can't trust them. Atticus warned me that they couldn't be trusted.

"If you're thinking that we broke our end of the promise, you're mistaken." Owen, the eldest overlord, said. I'd just learned his name after hearing the others call him that. "We did not hurt any of your loved ones. At least not yet; if you try anything stupid, that will change quickly."

I swallow and settle back into my seat without saying another word.

"Where are you taking me?" I ask after a few minutes have passed.

"Back home. Where we live." Alistair answers before Owen can. They were a lot more relaxed now that they had me. It was another side to them than what I just saw.

"Why are you taking me there?" I demand.

"Don't you want to klll me?"

"Don't tempt me to do it right now," Jagger warns.

I bite my lips to force myself to remain quiet. I'm not sure if they were carrying me to their home to torture me; I just knew that there was a reason that I was still alive; I had no clue what that reason was, however.

They weren't taking any chances with me; they made me switch vehicles multiple times throughout the trip back to their home. It's almost like they were scared that they would be ambushed.

Were they looking out for my father's men? I was surprised that they'd let me get taken by the overlords in the first place. Did they not want me alive? I was sure that they were keeping a close eye on me. They must know by now that the overlords have taken me.

"Finally." Jagger mumbles. "She's quiet." My eyes are closed, and he might think that I'm asleep.

"No one thinks you're asleep." Someone says. I opened my eyes wide, and it was the one with deep blue eyes; his name was Dash. How the hell did he know what I was thinking?

He smirks, "are you surprised I can read your mind, girl?"

I was so shocked that I felt sick to my stomach. How long has he been reading my mind?

"Since the very beginning." He chuckles. "I'm the one that told my brothers we could trust your words. I knew you wouldn't try anything stupid to protect Atticus."

I felt worse than before, knowing now that it was true. All this time, he could read our minds. It means they weren't surprised over anything except maybe when I attacked. They played with us while asking those questions, waiting for our responses.

How many people were aware that Dash could read their minds? I assume they're only letting me in on the secret because they knew they would eventually get rid of me. They weren't worried about me letting anyone else find out the truth.

What special abilities did the others have? Was Dash the only one that could read minds? He claimed that he was the one that confirmed they could trust me, which meant he had to be the only one that was able to tell I was being honest.

"Oh look, you scared her into being quiet," Jagger said, taking notes on how to get me to stay silent.

Dash chuckles, and I make a mental note to keep my thoughts out of my head. How does that even work? There had to be a way to stop him from invading my thoughts.

"You can just ask me." He says, surprising me again.

"Can you stop doing that?" I hiss.

He shrugs his shoulders, "no can do. It's my job to ensure you aren't planning something that could put the rest of us in danger."

I take a deep sigh as we pull up to their home. It's a black castle to match their black souls. Yes, Dash, I wanted you to hear that.

He laughed, and again, it surprised me. I didn't think the overlords were capable of laughing.

"Why wouldn't we be capable of laughing?" he asks. "We laughed earlier when Atticus tried to lie to us. Don't you remember that?"

I press my lips tighter together and try not to show him a middle finger. Would it matter? He can hear my thoughts either way.

I exit the vehicle with all eight overlords surrounding me. It's almost like they expected me to try and run. Where did they want me to go? I couldn't escape with all of them so close to me. I wouldn't try to leave, not when I was protecting Atticus.

"Get her to the room," Owen says to Jagger.

"We have a few decisions to make in the meantime."

Jagger looks annoyed that they chose him to escort me to my room, but he doesn't complain. He grabs my arm roughly and pulls me along with him.

"I would have walked on my own." I snap. There was no need for him to drag me with him. I would have gone with him willingly.

"I don't know that." He snaps. "I don't read minds like Dash."

"Don't tell me you're sour because you can't read minds." I taunt him through my words since he already didn't like hearing my voice.

His jaw clenches as he opens a door and pushes me into a room.

"You'll be staying in here until my brothers decide on what we're going to do with you." He informs me.

"What is this place?" I ask as I take a look around the unusual bedroom. There were books all over the room. On the ground, on the desk, and even on the bed.

"We didn't want you to be bored while you were here." He lies. "You may find the pink book to your right very interesting."

I narrow my eyes, "is that some kind of trick?"

I knew he didn't like me; he may even dislike me more than the other overlord did.

"Take a look at it and see if it is for yourself. It involves your mother."

My head snaps up at his words. My mother? He knew once he mentioned her, I wouldn't be able to resist. I hesitantly reach for it.

To my relief, nothing weird happens to me after touching it. I read the tiny writing on the front of it.

'Aura's diary.'

I gasp.

My mother's diary.

How did they get this? And how long have they had it? Was it possible that they found my mother and lied to everyone else? My heart was racing with the many possibilities after realizing the book belonged to her.

"After we kicked Azai's men out of their homes and forced them to live elsewhere, we searched his home. We found her diary there." He said, answering the question still in my mind. "Your mother didn't leave much behind for us to find."

I breathed roughly and gently wiped my hand the pink front cover. It was still in good condition, and it baffles me that they've kept this with them for so long. There was a mirror in the middle, and I stared at myself. I could see the terror yet curiosity in my eyes.

"You can read through it." He tells me. "We've already gone through it thoroughly, and it's quite useless to us."

I don't even bother to look up at him as he exits the room and shuts the door behind him. I heard a lock click and even the sound of a chain; they were trying everything to prevent me from escaping.

I was both excited and scared to read my mother's diary. This was probably something she wanted to remain private. However, to know more about her and her life with my father, I knew I had to read it and look for any hints that could help me.

I took a deep breath as I stared at the first page.

'My life has always been so dull with nothing exciting, nothing that makes me want to wake up in the morning. But that all changed when I met him.'

His gorgeous ash-blond hair caught my eyes first. I loved watching how it shone in the bright sunlight even in a well-lit room. He was beautiful. And dangerous. Everyone feared him, and everyone warned me to keep my distance, but I knew that he could never hurt me. Azai loved me. He told me he loved me. I still remember the first time he said those words to me, which completely changed my life in the best way possible. No



one made my heart beat the way that he did. I love him. I love Azai with all my heart, and I would do anything for him if it didn't require me to hurt anyone. He's mine, and I'm completely his.

My heart stopped beating at her words. So it was true; my mother was crazy in love with my father. She trusted him wholeheartedly, but he was only using her. He never was in love with her. There were many other paragraphs about the way he made her feel. She spoke about him almost the same way that I spoke about Atticus. It was sad that he didn't feel the same way about her. She must have been devastated when she realized the truth.

I flipped the pages, looking for a later date, something that would stand out as this page did.

"I'm so happy. Today I found out that I am pregnant with Azai's babies. I can't wait to tell him the good news. I can't wait to see his face light up like he's brightened my life.

I held my breath; I knew what was coming next. My mother could not have been prepared to find out that my father was only using her.

I skipped a few more pages, searching once more. Would there be anything in this diary that could help me? If there were, the overlords wouldn't have left it with me. At least I was able to learn more about my mother and the things she went through because of my father.

Another paragraph catches my attention, and I quickly read through the page.

"My babies. I don't care what I must do, but I must protect my babies from him. I have to protect them from the man that I love. How could he do this to me? How could he break my trust? How could he not love me the way that I love him? How could he not love his children?"

My heart breaks yet again. He was a monster to do this to her. She loved him, got pregnant for him, and it was all just a sick game to him.

My mother must have felt like she had no one to protect her. She was the only one that fought back against my father. And she'd somehow managed to win. I don't care what the overlords said; she was the only reason he got what he deserved. They seem to think they were powerful enough to kill him on their own if given a chance, but from everything I've learned, they didn't stand a chance and should be thanking her for saving the lives of so many people.

'Azai kissed me today. He kissed me after so many days, making me almost forget what I was fighting for. But then I held my little angel in my arm, my baby Autumn, my baby that didn't have the one thing that Azai wanted, the dark symbol. I know that I have to make things right for her. I know that I have to protect her from him. No one would

hurt her as long as I was alive. She was my baby, and no one, not even Azai, could change how I felt about her.'

I dropped the diary as tears filled my eyes. It was unfair.

It was unfair that my mother sacrificed so much to protect me, but I couldn't remember a single detail about her. What did she look like?

What did her laugh sound like? What did she look like when she was happy? What would it be like to hear her call my name for the first time?

There were so many things that I had no memory of, and I don't think there would ever be a chance for me to meet her in this life again.

I wasn't sure how long I had again before the overlords got rid of me. They were planning something; I could feel it. But I also knew that Atticus would be up to something big as well. I had to find a way to remain alive until he could get back to me. I needed to stay positive, at least for him. He will come for me. I knew it. Atticus was nothing like my father. He truly did love me, and he wouldn't just sit back and let the overlords hurt me. He would find me, and we would be together again. I was sure of it.