

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn

Chapter 1 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

There he is. The love of my life kissing my best friend. He doesn't know that he is the love of my life; of course, no one knows it, not even my best friend. She's been leading him on, unable to decide if she's in love with him or Damon; I can't forget Dante either. The sad part was that all three of these men were brothers. I've watched their crazy love go on and on for years, if that is even considered love.

I've pined for Atticus, felt his pain, and went through it all with him without knowing a single thing. Every time she broke his heart and ran toward Damon, I felt the pain that he felt. Every time she left them both and ran to Dante, I also felt it. I couldn't understand how three men could be that in love with a woman that couldn't choose one.

It shouldn't be that hard. She should have chosen one; she shouldn't have them all wondering who she would run to next. Atticus didn't deserve this; none of his brothers did either.

They all believed that she was their mate. I didn't think that they could all have such bad luck to end up having the same girl as their mate. I felt like something had to be wrong. But I was the only one that seemed to think that way.

It didn't help that Anya was my best friend. I loved her since she was the closest friend that I had. I'm supposed to support her in this even though I had been in love with Atticus since the first day I met him. I remember it like it was yesterday. I'd dropped my book onto the ground by mistake, and he'd gotten down on the floor to pick it up for me. Our hands touched for the first time that day while he was returning it to me and the sparks I felt were enough to make me wet between my legs. I thought he felt the same way until I realized he wasn't looking at me. He was looking at Anya. It was then that I realized he was in love with her.

At that time, I thought it would be okay; I thought that what I felt was just a simple crush. I was wrong. So wrong. I was fourteen then; I barely knew what it meant to love someone. Now I knew that it could rip your heart into a million pieces seeing the person you love be in love with someone else. And it hurt more knowing that the person he loved kept hurting him by being indecisive.

That day I thought it would stop with Atticus; I thought she would want to be with him alone. But when Anya met his brothers, she experienced the same feelings she did with

him. And she didn't try to hide it from any of them. They all knew that she couldn't choose. They all knew she wanted the three of them, not just one. But they were not okay with that. They weren't happy. The brothers didn't like to share. I couldn't blame them. But why wouldn't they try to let another girl into their lives?

I've been waiting for Atticus to notice me, just once. I've wanted to tell Anya that I have loved him since I first met him. I wanted her to know he was the one I wanted to be with. But like I said, at that time, I didn't know what love was. I didn't know what to expect or how to handle my feelings. And when I did finally bring up Atticus to her that day, she cut me off; she didn't let me speak; she was the first to say that she liked him, that she wanted to be with him.

I didn't want to be the girl that couldn't step aside for her best friend. It's not like Atticus would have chosen me either. If I were the one that had made the first move instead of her, he would have turned me down in the blink of an eye. Maybe that was another reason I never told Anya the truth about my feelings for him. And I didn't think that now was the time for me to spill that truth to her or anyone else. It was too late for that now. It was too late for us. There would never be anything between Atticus and me. It was something I would have to learn to accept.

"Autumn!" My mother calls my name as she barges into my room. "Why are you still not dressed? I told you that the Fawns have invited us to their home for an important meeting."

The Fawns. The same family I couldn't stop thinking about.

Atticus Fawn. Dante Fawn. Damon Fawn.

There were other siblings. But those three are the ones I knew the most about.

The Fawn family were business partners with my parents.

They are the reason why we're all attending the Angelites Academy For Supernaturals. Everyone knows that only the richest attend that school. Our families were billionaires. Anya did not fall into that category. She was the only girl in our year that wasn't rich. There was always one girl or boy that the principal would allow to join our school. It was a rule that they stuck by even though not many of the wealthy families agreed with that decision.

While the school usually did as the wealthy parents asked, this was one rule that was allowed despite the backlashes it received. It's because the principal wasn't a complete d!ckhead. He wanted to give at least one average child the opportunity to have a good education at our school. But I was sure that this rule would change when a new principal was appointed. Not many had the guts like Sir Alex Smith.

I put the phone away. I didn't need to see another post of Anya and Atticus together.

“Mom,” I say while looking down at my t-shirt and jeans. “I am dressed.”

She folds her arms across her chest and wrinkles her nose like she always does when she’s displeased with me, “I’ve grown you up better than that, young lady. Just because your father and I were nice enough to let you wear this at home, it doesn’t mean that you can dress this way in public. Especially not around the Fawns. You will be in a dress when you meet them tonight.”

“I don’t understand,” I pout. “You always go to these things alone. You and dad. Then why are you dragging me along with you this time? I don’t see you asking Alaina or Hayes to join us as well.”

“This meeting happens to involve you.” She snaps. “When it’s Alaina’s turn, she will join us as well. As for Hayes, your brother is out entertaining yet another girl. I would pray for him if I were you. He’s bound to cause trouble one day.”

What did she mean by when it’s Alaina’s turn? Usually, I would jump at any opportunity to see Atticus, but I already knew he was meeting Anya today. She told me that they had a date. It was their night. Tomorrow she will see Dante, and on Sunday, she will see Damon.

It’s crazy that they even agreed on this weird schedule. Their relationship freaked me out a bit.

My mother walks out of the room only to return a few minutes later with a royal blue dress. “Put this on. We are leaving in ten minutes; I expect you to be in the car by then.”

I sigh; just my luck. The one day I’m visiting the Fawns happens to be the one day Atticus wouldn’t be present.