

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 20 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

ATTICUS

I've never been this angry with Anya before. I've never known her to be like this. She's had her stubbornness in the past, but I always thought she was better than this. Why would she hit Autumn? How was Autumn to blame for any of this?

And to do this on her engagement night of all nights was something I would never expect from her. I knew that she was having a hard time coming to terms with this marriage, but that didn't give her the right to mistreat Autumn, who has been nothing but good to her.

Everything felt like it was changing all too quickly. Things shouldn't be like this between Autumn and Anya.

I walk out into the ballroom and search the crowds like a hawk. She had some serious explaining to do. I wouldn't rest until I found her and heard what she had to say,

When I do spot her, she's surrounded by my brothers. I knew that I had to choose my words wisely around them. Whether Anya was wrong or not, my brothers always took her side. I was the same way in the past, but this time I couldn't defend her. She was wrong for what she'd done.

push through the crowd, ignoring the girls screaming my name to try and get my attention. I'd gotten accustomed to all the attention by now. Half of the girls here didn't come to see me get engaged; they came specifically to see me.

Anya's eyes are wide when she sees me coming her way. Damon tensed when he spotted me. He can sense the anger, no doubt. His first instinct would be to protect Anya. I remember when that used to be my first instinct as well. It feels weird approaching her for something other than affection,

Dante holds up his hand and warns me not to step any closer. Just like I expected, they're ready to throw fists for her.

My jaw clenches, "why did you hit her?" I ask, my voice is soft, but there is no hiding the rage within.

A few seconds pass before she gives a reaction.

She narrows her eyes and pouts her lips, "How can you ask me that?" She demands. "Is she all that you care about now? I'm sure she told you her side of the story, but what about mine? She wasn't exactly nice to me either, Atticus. I did what I had to defend myself."

“People are staring,” Clarissa says as she joins us. “Maybe we should talk about this somewhere private.”

I knew that the right thing to do was to listen to Clarissa, but I was too angry to act logically. I knew I would regret it when I calmed down, but I would deal with the consequences after I got the answers I was looking for.

“Since when do you behave this way?” I hiss. “What you did to her is not okay, Anya; it was very wrong and so unlike you. You should apologize to Autumn, and you should do it immediately.”

She laughs, “it’s funny how I’m always in the wrong in your eyes when in the past I’ve always been right. You are changing, and it’s not a good look for you. And why should I apologize to her when I was only defending myself?”

“You know that’s not true; you’re not always wrong in my eyes,” I growl. “Your actions recently are so out of character. First, you hit Autumn on her engagement night, and then you try to kiss me. And now I have to wonder if you were the one who had someone set that camera up. How else did they know exactly where to find us?”

Anya covers her mouth with her hand and stares at me with a look of betrayal on her face. Dead silence follows as she tries to recover from what I’d just said to her.

Was I too harsh? The look on her face told me that I was. Maybe I shouldn’t have accused her of something so horrible without having the proper evidence. She’s still my mate; when she hurts, I hurt as well.

When the first tear leaves her eyes, I feel a piercing pain in my chest.

“You’ve never accused me of something like this before, not in all those years I’ve known you. You’ve never not trusted me before.

You’ve never questioned my character. I feel like I don’t even know you anymore. Is this how you treat the woman that has loved you for so many years? And so what if I tried to kiss you? It might be easy for you to drop me Atticus but it’s anything but easy for me. If you’d just heard what I had to say before jumping to assumptions and listening to everyone else but me, you would have realized how wrong you are to say those things to me.”

“Anya—,”

She holds up her hand to stop me. “I will never forgive you for speaking to me like this in front of so many people. I wasn’t the one that hit your fiancée first. She started it. Maybe she conveniently left that part out, but you, out of all persons, should have known the type of person I am.”

It's then that I notice the red bruise on her arm. Was this true? Did Autumn hit her first? Was Anya only defending herself all this time? Had she been the victim?

if that were the case, I'd made a terrible mistake. I've known Anya longer than I've known Autumn; we've shared so many personal things between us. I've never doubted her before. How could I turn on her when she needed me the most?

I watch with a heavy heart as she turns and storms out of our home. Dante runs after her, but I know under these circumstances, will have to watch her leave without doing anything. I'd already done plenty of damage for the day. I had to watch my actions, at least for the rest of tonight.

"Congratulations." Damon hissed. "After everything she's been through, you've made it a hundred times worse for her. I hope you feel good about yourself now, brother."

"Do you believe that lie?" Clarissa demands from us. She seems to be the angriest amongst us. That's expected since Anya isn't her favorite person in the world. "Autumn is one of the sweetest girls I've ever met. And she loves Anya. She will never hurt her.

Not in the way Anya wants you to believe. Do you really think Autumn would have tried to hurt her physically? She already feels guilty about the entire thing."

"Clarissa," Damon growls. "Why do you always have the worst things to say about Anya?"

Clarissa folds her arms stubbornly, "am I the only one? Isn't it clear that she doesn't like me either? You're always so blind when it comes to her, Damon; it makes me sick. For once, I wish you would wake up and see her for who she is!"

Before Damon can say anything, Clarissa is the next one that storms out. It's just the two of us now. And I think we both have plenty on our minds. Damon always listened to Clarissa; the only time he didn't was when it concerned Anya. I don't think this time would be any different.

But what about me? Who would I listen to? Who could I trust? I was confused and conflicted about what to do.

If Autumn did lie to me, that would make things worse between us. Our relationship would feel strained. I wouldn't be able to trust her anymore.

And maybe that's a good thing. I was getting too involved in her life way too quickly. I had to take a step back and give myself time to adjust to everything

That meant I had to keep my distance from Autumn, at least until the wedding. I would have to keep her away from me as much as possible.

