

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 56 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

My blood was boiling, and my heart pounding against my chest. I wasn't sure what the hell I'd just witnessed, but it was fucking crazy.

Autumn wasn't a typical werewolf. I've never seen power that intense before.

She'd commanded Anya to hurt herself. There weren't many people I knew that could do something like that. Why did she do it?

Anya apologized to her. She made it clear that it was a mistake; she told her that she didn't intentionally throw her into the pool. Then why did she react that way? But more importantly, who the hell was Autumn Rivera?

How was she capable of doing something like that?

Anya clings to me in fear, "did you see that, Atticus?" She cries. "Autumn tried to kill me. To kill me! I accidentally pushed her into the pool, but she purposefully tried to end my life. She's a monster! She isn't normal!"

I held her tight against me. It terrified me of what I'd just witnessed. I was terrified when I thought that I wouldn't be able to save Anya's life.

I wasn't sure what had caused Autumn to stop, but I was glad she'd done it. Anya wouldn't have been alive if I didn't get her to finally listen to me.

That wasn't the only thing that had terrified me, however.

Something else would be the reason why I couldn't fucking sleep tonight.

It bothered me that it scared me more when I saw Autumn drowning in the pool than when I thought Anya would die.

I couldn't sleep last night because of the things I wanted to do to her. To kiss her, hold her, keep her close to me, and much more fucking things that were inappropriate considering I was dating Anya.

Fuck, none of those things were appropriate as long as Anya was still the woman in my life.

My heart was still racing wildly, primarily because of Autumn.

Why?

What the hell was Wrong with me? I should be pissed with Autumn for what she's just done.

Instead, I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry with her. I was startled and upset with myself but not her. My feelings were a cause for concern. What was going on in my head? And my heart? I felt like they were at war with each other. Neither knew what my body wanted.

"What happened to her?" Clarissa demands when she sees Anya shaking in my arms.

"Autumn tried to klll me!" She hissed.

Clarissa's eyes widen, but she isn't surprised by Anya's words. I expected her to say something in return, but she did nothing. Instead, she's suddenly panicking. I can see the fear increase in her eyes. It seems like Clarissa knows something that she isn't telling the rest of us. Maybe Autumn explained to her that she wasn't just a werewolf because I'd never seen a pure-bl00ded werewolf that could do something like that.

"Where is she?" She demands as she looks behind us for her.

"By the pool, but you shouldn't go there. It's not safe" I don't get to finish the sentence as she's already racing for the pool. I should have known better than to tell her. She was already close to Autumn.

Ah, damn it. But it was better that someone was out there taking care of Autumn. I fvcking hate that it couldn't be me.

What the hell was going on in my life? What direction did I turn from here? Should I be angry that Autumn just tried to klll Anya, or should I be worried about her? She looked like she'd lost all control of her body.

It's crazy, but I feel like I know her. I somehow know that Autumn would not intentionally try to harm Anya. That wasn't the kind of person that she was. Anya didn't seem to think so, however.

Whatever happened before I lost my memory must have pushed them apart.

"Atticus!" Anya cries. "I don't want to stay here.

I don't want to be near Autumn. Either she goes, or I go."

I stop walking, "are you asking me to kick her out of the house?"

She sighs, "would you want someone that tried to klll me to stay in your home?"

I searched my mind for the correct response even though the answer was supposedly an easy one. If it were anyone other than Autumn, I would have been able to answer within a split second. But this was Autumn that she was talking about; I didn't know how to respond.

"What happened to her?" Damon demands as he takes her from me.

I rubbed the back of my neck; I wasn't sure that this was something I wanted to tell my brothers. And this time, it wasn't Anya I was trying to protect; it was Autumn. I didn't want anyone to know what I'd seen.

"She tripped," I say before I can stop myself.

She looked at me like I'd betrayed her, and I winced. I wasn't sure what came over me; I was so desperate to protect Autumn that I chose to lie.

"That's not what happened." She snaps.

"She hit her head a little too hard." I continue to lie. "I wouldn't listen to what she's saying. Anya gapes at me, and I know I'll pay for this later.

"Get her to your room or mine. Whichever you please, and get a doctor to check on her." I tell him.

He nodded, but I could see the worry on his face as he looked at me. What had my brother so edgy? I've never seen him look that worried over me in the past. Did the accident cause this reaction from him?

"I don't want to go to anyone's room!" She snaps. "Carry me home, Damon. I don't want to be here anymore around people that do not care about me." I watch as Damon walks away with Anya still in his arms.

When she was out of my view, I couldn't stop myself as I rushed back to where I'd left Autumn earlier. To my disappointment, she's no longer there. Clarissa must have taken her inside. Her clothes were wet from falling into the pool the last time I saw her, which meant they probably went to get her outfit changed.

I always thought that something was wrong but now I was sure about it. I pull out my phone and search for any news about my accident. I've done this before, but I was hoping that there would be at least one article that would help me figure out the truth.

Autumn was not just Anya's friend to me; these feelings I had for her were strong, and they weren't going away. It meant that I was right all along; whatever they were keeping

from me included Autumn. She was a big part of the lie. And I was not going to rest until I found out the truth.

Tonight.

I was finding the truth tonight and didn't care who tried to stop me.

~ANYA~

As soon as I got home, I shouted for my mother to join me in the living room. I had to tell her what happened at the party tonight. She was right all along. Autumn was much more dangerous than even she thought she was.

What she did today was stronger than even my mother. Her strength was insane; I wasn't even aware she could do something like that.

I'm freaking out inside, and I don't know what to do to stop myself from feeling this way. She'd tried to k!ll me. Autumn tried to freaking k!ll me. If Atticus wasn't there, I might not have been alive today.

It pissed me off to know that even after seeing what she could do, he never once tried to throw her out. That was the perfect opportunity for him to hate her, but for some reason, he was hesitant to do what he was supposed to do.

Atticus may have lost his memories, but his heart still belonged to Autumn. He couldn't hide his feelings from me. It wouldn't be long before I lost him again. And Autumn wouldn't be easy to get rid of either. Knowing her power, I understood what this meant for my mother and me. Our plans have just become a hundred times more difficult because of her return. Why didn't she stay where she was? Why didn't her kidnappers get rid of her for us? Since they didn't do a proper job, we were the ones who were left to handle her.

"MOM!" I shout even louder.

She slams the door open and glares at me, "what's all the shouting about? And why are you back so early from the party?"

"Autumn tried to k!ll me!" I shout. "She's powerful, just like you said she was. I tried to shove her into the pool like you suggested since she's terrified of water. Atticus jumped in and saved her.

But she turned into some crazy b!tch right after. Her eyes were glowing, and her body shook with power. I've never seen anything like it before, mother. One minute I asked her what she was doing, and the next, I lost control over my body."

"You lost control of your body?" She asks. I nod, "she forced my hands to choke me. If Atticus hadn't been there while she was trying to kill me, I wouldn't have been able to survive her attack. I was not prepared for it at all."

"How weak are you?" My mother demands.

"How can you let that girl take advantage of you without fighting back?"

"I'm not weak." I hiss. "I was just surprised, that's all. Why would I expect something like that from Autumn? The girl has never once raised her hands at me. I didn't think she would try to kill me for pushing her into the pool."

My mother takes a seat on one of the chairs, and she looks like she's deep in thought.

"Tell me more about what you saw." She orders me.

"It all happened so quickly, and I can barely piece together my thoughts," I confess. "She was moving towards me and pointing her hands at me. I think she also whispered some spells. I couldn't hear her. But even the water behind her seemed like it was at her command. How is that possible? The same water she was terrified of looked like it was on her side. She created waves in the pool while her eyes glowed. It looked like a rough ocean waiting to destroy everything around it. Mom, I've never seen anything like it. She's almost scary."

My mother's face suddenly turned pale, and I'm not sure if it was just my Words that caused her to look this way.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"GET ME THAT RED BOOK!" She shouts as she points to the shelf.

"What?" I ask.

"THE BOOK" She hissed. Her hands are almost shaking, and I'm confused by her actions. What was causing her to act like this?

"I don't see it!" I tell her. Was she losing her mind? There was not a single red book on the shelf.

"Can't you tell there's a spell making it invisible?" She demands as she removes the spell.

Why was the book invisible to begin with? Was it a book that she wasn't supposed to have, or was it something that could cause trouble if it ended up in the wrong hands?

I rush forward and grab the only red book on the shelf. She takes it from me and places it on her lap.

Her hands trembled as she opened it and started searching through the pages. I'm not sure what she's looking for, but she seems to have a pretty good idea about it. I didn't want to disturb her; she already wasn't in the best of moods.

She finally stops, and her eyes are glued to the page.

The first thing I notice is a drawing of the tattoo I'd seen on the men that kidnapped Autumn.

"What is that?" I ask her.

How did she know that it would be there?

"Azai." She whispers. Her eyes were wide with horror as she repeated the name once more.

"What's wrong, mother?" I demand. "You're scaring me. Who the hell is Azai?"

"Azai Reign." She continues. "He's only the greatest sorcerer that ever walked the earth."

The greatest sorcerer?

"I'm confused. What does he have to do with Autumn?" I ask.

"Can't you tell?" She demands. "He's Autumn's father. Azai Reign is her fvcking father!"

What?

"That's the craziest thing I've ever heard!" I exclaim. "Autumn's parents are the Riveras; how could her father be Azai Reign?"

A sorcerer? And the greatest one to walk the earth? That was simply insane. I knew she was powerful, but there was no way her father was the person my mother was talking about. This be some kind of mistake.

"It all makes sense." She says more to herself than me. "The Riveras' were good friends with Aura. She must have begged them to take care of Autumn after she killed Azai. All this time, they had the daughter of Azai Reign under their care. This is crazy. I sensed the power in Autumn, but not once did I think that she could be his daughter. I thought Aura and her children would be dead by now. The tattoos on those men that kidnapped her, they all are a symbol of Azai's faithful men. That's why they came for Autumn

because she is their princess. They want her to take her father's place. This is much bigger than I thought it was. Autumn just became an even bigger threat."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was this really true? Autumn? A sorcerer's daughter? How crazy was this?

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0 7 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

"Where are you going?" Damon demands as I grab my key from the counter just as he'd returned from dropping Anya home.

"I need to clear my head." I lie.

"Do you want me to come with you?" He asks.

"To keep you company. I'll be quiet, I swear." I shook my head, "this is something I want to do alone "

He nods, "just know I'm one call away if you need me."

I don't wait for him to say anything else. I was desperate to find the truth, and since no one was willing to tell me, I had to do all the digging on my own.

There's one place that wouldn't be able to hide the truth. And that's the warehouse where they kept all of the magazines.

I was sure there had to be at least one that could tell me everything I needed to know. The problem was breaking into it. No one would let me inside without causing a scene. But I knew at least one person would accept a bribe from me. That's why I had a good amount of cash with me.

Everyone is supposed to be home by now, everyone except the guards.

Once I got through to the main guard, everything else would be more accessible.

I mashed down hard on the accelerator when I felt a painful memory of the day of the accident. I mashed the brakes and pulled to the side of the road before I could lose control of the vehicle.

What the hell was that? I tried to replay the five seconds of memory over and over again.

I was racing after a vehicle on that day. I clutched my chest at the pain I felt at the reminder.

It wasn't anything significant, but it was enough to make me wonder what the hell had genuinely happened on that day. Why was I racing after a vehicle? No one mentioned that to me, but they hadn't mentioned anything at all about that day.

Autumn had asked me once if the accident traumatized me, and my answer was no. Now, I wasn't sure that was the correct answer. It was the first time I'd chosen to drive this fast since the accident, and I wasn't expecting to have this kind of reaction.

It meant that I was speeding that day the crash took place. Even if I was speeding, I always thought I was a good driver. I should have been able to stop the vehicle. Nothing about that day made sense to me. Something had to have caused the accident.

But what was it?

I pulled back onto the road; I couldn't let this stop me from finding the truth. It's not like I could ask anyone for help; no one would do it.

I chose to drive slower; I hoped that would help with the unsettling feeling in my chest. It takes longer than it should for me to reach my destination.

I park the car on the side of the building and found the guards at the main entrance.

"Do you have written permission to be here?" One of them asks.

"No," I answer honestly. "But I have plenty of cash to give to you if you let me through and keep this just between the four of us."

They looked at each other skeptically, and I pulled the money out of the car as proof. "And what do we do about the cameras?" He asks.

"You can leave that to me," I assure him. Arthur and his family had provided me with gadgets to shut off cameras within a certain distance. I'd brought it with me today.

After handing them the money, they open the gates for me to pass. I didn't waste any time as I opened all the doors that gave me access to the room I was looking for. Luckily, the keys had been left with the guards. No one would know anything if I didn't make a mess inside there. That was the plan. To keep everything the same way it was when I got here.

I walked into the storage room and felt discouraged by the thousands of magazines they had in boxes.

It would take me forever to go through everything. I searched the boxes for dates, but they weren't labeled. How could they not label their boxes? Ah, fvck.

I felt like shoving them all to the ground, but I knew that would only make things much harder for me.

I start with the box closest to me. How would I know which of these articles included stories about me? And how would I know which of them included the information that I was searching for?

I went through them one after the next. I only checked the front page of each magazine. That's usually where the stories about me were printed.

The first box had zero reports about me. The second one had, but it wasn't what I was looking for.

I spent hours searching through hundreds of boxes, hoping to find at least one thing that would be helpful to me, but to my disappointment and frustration, nothing here had anything to do with the accident.

I dropped onto the ground and held my head in my hands. Where could it be? Did they remove everything from that day?

My family was more desperate than I initially thought to keep the truth from me. They must have thought about all of this. The fact that no one in school mentioned it to me meant that they forced everyone to keep their mouth shut. I knew how my parents acted when they were desperate for something not to come out in the open. They had enough money to shut the mouths of millions.

It only made me more determined to keep searching. Why were they making me go through this? All they had to do was tell me the fvcking truth. I couldn't even be pissed at them. They kept saying that they were only trying to protect me.

I move from the storage room and into the main office. I wasn't about to give up. I came here for answers, and I wasn't leaving until I'd gotten them.

I opened one drawer after the next, but there wasn't anything that could help me. There was only one more thing I could think about doing, and that was accessing their work on the computer.

"Fvck." I hissed when I realized that there was a lock on it. The only persons that could help me with that were the Blackners, and they weren't here. I didn't have time to call them for help either. I wasn't sure if they would've helped me either.

There's no telling how many people my parents have bribed or warned to prevent me from knowing the truth. I walk out of the room with plenty on my mind. I wasn't successful in finding the truth. I'd failed yet again.

On my way out, I notice a sign pointing to their dumping grounds. It's where they kept the magazines they had no use for again. Would I have any luck inside there? It was worth a try.

I barged my way into the room, and I instantly felt discouraged. Everything had been shredded.

But it wasn't so bad that I wouldn't be able to put the pieces back together. I grabbed the ones with my face on them and spent hours searching for the missing pieces.

When I'd finally gotten the front page back in one piece again, I slowly read what was written on it.

'Atticus Fawn gets into an accident while trying to save his wife, Autumn Rivera Fawn.'

The blood drains from my face as the realization hits me over what I've just read.

Wife.

My wife?

Autumn Rivera Fawn?

What the fvck?

When did Autumn become my wife?

It took my body a while to recover from what I'd just read. It felt like some kind of joke, yet deep down inside, I knew that it was the truth. It was a big enough secret for my parents to want to hide from me.

I placed the other magazine's front page in front of me.

'Atticus Fawn To Wed Autumn Rivera.'

Another proof of the marriage that happened, yet I still have zero memory of it.

I had no memory of ever marrying Autumn. I knew that my feelings for her had certainly changed or intensified, but not once did I think that I was married to her.

Another magazine had a picture of the two of us on our wedding day.

She looked absolutely beautiful. Radiant.

Stunning. How could I not remember something like that? The way she looked on that day should be instilled in my memory. So where the fvck was it?

Was this the big secret everyone was keeping from me? Were they scared of what I'd do when I found out?

How much of my memory had I lost after the accident? How much was missing?

It explains everything Autumn had said to me the first night that she saw me after the accident.

She thought that I was betraying her by being with Anya. She also didn't know anything about the accident until after.

It would also explain why she hugged me while crying that night. She'd just found out about the accident; I'm assuming Clarissa had to be the one to inform her about the entire thing.

I squeezed my temples as I searched my brain for anything that could remind me of being married to her. But nothing was coming to me. All of the articles were here, and they were the proof, but they did nothing to remind me of our times together.

The only thing that reminded me was how my heart beat only for her. I felt it, but I didn't have the memories to align with those feelings.

If she had no idea of the accident, where exactly had she been while I was in the hospital? If we were married, shouldn't she have been by my side?

The first article stands out to me, the one that mentioned the cause of my accident. I was trying to save her. I was driving so quickly, chasing after a car only because I wanted to save Autumn. It's the only memory I had of that day. Chasing after the vehicle. Now I knew why I was chasing it.

What danger had Autumn been in? What exactly happened on that day? Who was trying to hurt her, and if I got into an accident trying to save her, what happened to the people trying to hurt her?

Did they escape? Did they hurt her?

I needed to fvcking know these answers before I lost my damn mind.

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0 20 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

I wanted to speak with Anya before I talked to anyone else. I trusted her with my life, and I wanted to believe that she would be honest with me if I gave her a chance to explain.

I knew there had to be a reason she pretended that we were still together even though she knew I was married to Autumn.

Her eyes brighten when she spots me near the park where I told her to meet me earlier.

I watched as she ran to me and threw herself into my arms. I stiffened, not sure what to do now that I knew who Autumn was to me. This felt wrong. Holding Anya felt like I was making a big mistake.

"I'm so happy that you came to see me today," She said as she hugged me tightly. "I couldn't sleep last night. It was hard for me, Atticus; you have no idea how traumatized I've been. I'm still shocked by what Autumn did to me last night. I can't believe she's such a horrible person. I loved her like a sister, but she tried to kill me yesterday. I wish it were all a dream. It would be better for all of us if she were the same Autumn as in the past."

I stared at the ring on my finger, not paying attention to what she was saying. When I woke up on the hospital bed, one of the first things I noticed after returning home was the ring on the table near the bed. I'd asked Anya about it first since she had joined me in my room that day. She'd told me that this ring was something she'd bought for me. Now, I knew it had to be a lie. I don't know why I hadn't realized it was a lie sooner. When had Anya ever been able to give me something like this in the past?

I'd been so caught up in my lost memory and everything I was missing to realize that she had been lying to me since then.

How stupid have I been this entire time? Why did it take me this long to go looking for answers? Have I been afraid to learn the truth this whole time?

"You said once to me that you were the one that bought this ring for me." I finally say, running my finger over it. "Is that not true?"

She smiles, "yes, it was my promise to be yours for the rest of your life. A promise ring. A ring of our love for each other. I remember how happy you were when I first gave it to you. It's a memory I want to keep with me for the rest of my life."

I nod and stare into the distance, "How could you afford something this expensive?" I ask. I was giving her a chance to tell me the truth, and she kept digging a hole deeper for herself.

I thought that I could trust her. I felt that Anya would at least tell me the truth or something close to it if I kept asking her questions. Not once did I think that she would make up even bigger lies to convince me that it was the truth. I was both disappointed and angry with her. But I didn't want to show her my genuine emotion. There was plenty that I still wanted to do before I confronted her.

She wasn't the only person I had questions for. Everyone close to me, everyone that I trusted, all had explaining to do. And I wanted to give them all the opportunity to tell me what I wanted to hear.

Her eyes widen, "what are you insinuating?" I shrug my shoulders, "it's a reasonable question considering your condition. I'm not trying to insult you if that's what you're thinking. I'm curious about who gave you the funds to get this for me. It doesn't look like a promise ring, either. It seems like something much more than that. It looks like a ring a wife would get for her husband."

I can see the uncertainty in her eyes as she tries to respond. Was she searching for more lies to cover up her other lies?

I exhaled before taking a deep breath once more. I had to remind myself to stay calm.

She smiled, "since I couldn't afford it on my own. I got Damon and Dante to help me. But that doesn't change the amount of love I placed into getting this for you. Look how well it suits you. Who else would know exactly what you like?"

My jaw clenched; she was no doubt continuing to lie to me. This was my fvcking wedding ring. All of the articles showed it. Knowing my parents, they wouldn't have missed the opportunity to get pictures of this ring and Autumn's in the magazines. It hurt to know that Anya could lie so easily to me without remorse. It hurt that my entire family could lie to me as well. And Autumn.

I had no idea what to think about her. Could I trust her? She had plenty of opportunities to tell me the truth; why couldn't she tell me that she was my wife? All of the proof was there; I would have believed her. My heart would have understood her.

Instead, they all made me look like a fool. The entire school. Everyone. They fooled me. They made me think that I was still with Anya. At this time, my conflicted feelings, fighting myself, feeling guilty for wanting Autumn when I should have been with Anya, everything was a blasted lie that they all made me believe. And I was foolish enough to believe them because I trusted each and every one of them.

My hands tightened into fists at my sides. All this time, I hugged and kissed Anya while I had a wife. A WIFE.

They let me kiss another woman when my wife was still in my life. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I've never been that way. I've never been a fr****g cheater.

That was for a weak man. If I had gotten married to Autumn, there was no way I would have touched Anya inappropriately. The fact that my feelings were still there for Autumn, even after losing my memory, was proof of that.

They'd all betrayed me. They'd all let me down, and for what?

What was their reason behind it? Why did they think the best thing was to keep the truth from me? I'd made a mess out of my life because of this lie.

Still, I couldn't find it in my heart to hate them. Still, I partly knew why they did it in the first place.

But fvck. This just made everything so much worse. I didn't understand anything that happened. How did I ever marry Autumn when Anya was my mate? How did my feelings for Anya change, and all of them suddenly turn towards Autumn? Nothing made sense to me. The last thing I remembered was loving Anya like crazy; I would do anything for her in the past, so what had caused everything to change and so quickly?

I had no idea what had happened before and during the accident. I wish I knew. I wish I could remember every single detail that I was missing. There were still plenty of things that were unclear to me. And I needed them to fill in those missing blanks for me.

Did Autumn truly have feelings for me? I know the feelings I had for her, but I wasn't sure that hers were real. If she was willing to let me be with Anya even while we were married, what does that say about her feelings for me?

I expected her to try and separate us, to do something, anything to make sure that Anya didn't take her place. But she stood back and let it all happen. She never said anything when Anya hugged me, and not once did she try to stop it.

Well, that wasn't exactly true. There were certain times when she showed her real emotions, but I never paid enough attention to them.

The only proof I had of her feelings for me was what she did to Anya yesterday. But I wasn't even sure if that was for me.

Maybe the signs were there, but I wasn't looking for us.

Everything she said when she saw me at the beach party or yesterday when she cried while looking at my jeep were all signs of what we shared. If those emotions were real, I wasn't the only one who cared between them.

Maybe I should at least give her a chance to explain what happened to us. Perhaps I could trust her more than I did Anya at this point. Anya was no longer someone that I could trust. Everything that she did was suspicious to me now.

If Autumn also had feelings for me, why couldn't she be honest with me? Why this big secret?

Maybe my parents had something to do with it. I knew how influential they were. There's no telling how far they went to keep this secret from me. Did they threaten her to keep quiet, or did she decide to lie to me on her own?

"Atticus?" Anya calls out to me. It was the reminder needed to know that she was still in front of me.

I didn't care what anyone said to me anymore. I didn't care what my parents had planned or what Anya wanted from me. Now that I knew Autumn was my wife, it didn't matter that I couldn't remember our times together, she was my wife, and it meant that she had to be treated like it.

"Did you kick Autumn out of your home last night?" She asks.

Her words cut through me and ignited the anger I felt. How could she ask me that, knowing that Autumn was my wife while she wasn't?

"Tell me, Anya, why are you and Autumn no longer good friends?" I ask. "She was your closest friend, but I can't help but notice how the both of you treat each other ever since I lost my memory."

Her eyes are surprised, and it's the reaction I was expecting from her. Someone that had plenty to hide would react this way.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've only been unhappy with her after she tried to kill me yesterday. Did you already forget what happened?" She demands. "It was traumatizing for me, Atticus. Do you even know what it feels like to almost die at the hands of someone you used to love?"

I nod, "I remember, but I didn't see everything that happened. I only arrived when Autumn was still in the pool. I didn't see you move an inch to try and help her get out. Unlike Autumn, you're a very good swimmer. You could have easily jumped into the pool and rescued her."

My body still hadn't recovered from the shock of seeing her inside that pool. All I could think about was saving her. I had never panicked so much about another person in my life.

Last night I didn't pay much attention to Anya not trying to help her, but after knowing what I knew, I realized that she wasn't completely innocent in all of this.

I thought Autumn had retaliated for no reason, but now I knew I was delusional to believe that.

“What are you accusing me of doing, Atticus?” She demands. “I thought you, out of everyone else, would know the type of person I am. I can’t believe you would ever think so low of me”

Why did I feel like I’d heard words like that out of her mouth already?

I shook my head. “I’m not accusing you of anything. I’m asking you to explain so I can get a better idea of everything.”

“The truth. Are you sure you want to know the truth?” She asks.

I nod, “tell me everything I need to know to understand what’s been going on between the two of you,”

“I found out something disturbing. That’s why I decided not to be friends with Autumn anymore.” She explains.

“And what did you find out that made you make that decision?” I ask.

“I found out that Autumn has feelings for you. I realized she was only friends with me to get closer to you. I felt betrayed because of it, and I decided to let go.”

I stiffened. It’s the last thing I expected her to say to me.

She was lying. Once again, Anya was lying to me.

I knew that she was.

I would have believed her if I didn’t know I was married to Autumn. My marriage to her best friend is most likely what caused the drift between them. I gave her the opportunity to tell me the truth, and she still chose to lie.

“Is there anything else that you think I should know?” I ask, giving her yet another chance to come clean.

She looks at me suspiciously, “why are you asking all of these questions so randomly?”

I shrug my shoulders, “am I not allowed to be curious? Things have changed plenty since I woke up after the accident. I’m allowed to ask questions. Why are you so threatened by them?”

She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at me, “I’m not threatened by them. It’s just surprising to me that you’re asking them today. I thought you would be more

concerned about what type of monster Autumn was. The power that she contains is not normal. That kind of power is not something you'll see every day. Why aren't you questioning her instead?"

I was aware that Autumn's ability to control Anya yesterday was not normal, but finding out she was my wife was more shocking to me. I was trying to deal with one thing before moving on to the other.

"I'm in a relationship with you." I reminded her even though I knew the truth now. "You're the one I have to question. Not her. Unless there's something else that I should know about Autumn, is there?"

Her eyes widen, "of course, nothing else concerns you. I'm sorry. I'm just surprised by your questions. That's all. You can ask me whatever you want to; I will answer all of them with complete honesty."

I nod, "I have plenty more questions, but I'll leave them for another time." She smiles, relieved, "are you taking me for dinner tonight?"

I shook my head, "I want you to come home with me tonight. I may have a small gathering with all of my family members present. Since you're close to me, I want you to be there too."

Her face brightens, "I'll be happy to join you." My jaw clenched; it wasn't the gathering she was hoping for. Tonight she would find out why I'd invited her.

~AUTUMN~

"Are you okay?" Clarissa asks me. It's the next day after the party, and I'm still feeling gloomy.

I haven't seen Atticus since I attacked Anya. It still bothered me how angry he'd gotten with me. He doesn't realize what she'd try to do to me. He still trusted her, and it frustrated me that he didn't remember anything. If he remembered even a little about our past, he would know she wasn't someone he could trust. Instead, he chose to believe the lies she was constantly feeding him.

My plans to bring us closer together were not working, and it hurt. Why couldn't he believe me? Why couldn't he see the truth right in front of his face?

I wasn't able to sleep at all last night. The disgusted look on his face after I almost killed her was constantly haunting me. I couldn't get the image out of my head. I hadn't intentionally tried to hurt her. Just maybe a little, but my intention was never to kill her. I didn't want to stoop as low as her, but something dark came over me last night. The fact that she'd tried to hurt me first triggered the dark side inside of me.

I wasn't even sure a dark side existed until yesterday. I was still hoping that I was nothing like my father, but it would seem that I couldn't hide from my past no matter how much I wanted to. I couldn't hide from the sins of my father either. It was out to destroy my life, and I wasn't sure what would happen when the truth was revealed to everyone else. It was clear that everyone around me who knew who Azai was would freak out when they discovered he was my father.

How much longer could I hide it from them? Carter and his teammates knew I wasn't normal, and now Anya also knew the truth. She hated me passionately; she could easily make my life a living hell.

"Autumn?" Clarissa asks. "Are you okay? You didn't answer me the first time. I'm very worried about you. Please talk to me; I'm here to help if you need anything from me."

"Not the best. I'm terrified of what my future has in store for me." I confess. "Is Atticus upset with me? He never once returned to see whether or not I was okay after almost drowning. He was more concerned about Anya than me."

I knew he was only acting that way because he'd lost his memory, but that didn't make it any easier for me.

She sighs, "Atticus never came home last night."

Her words have managed to shock me to the core. How could he not have returned? Where could he have gone without letting anyone know of his whereabouts?

I stopped walking and turned towards her. "He didn't return home last night?" I repeated her words to ensure I'd heard her correctly the first time.

She nods, "we tried calling his phone, but he never answered. No one knows where he is or where he went last night. He was very secretive about it." Fear coursed through my veins.

"Do you think something happened to him?" I demand. "Shouldn't we be looking for him?" Maybe he went to see Anya and chose not to tell anyone. I don't know why he would want to keep that a secret.

"Damon and Dante went looking, but they never found him. Damon said that he looked suspicious when he left last night. No one knows why he chose to leave."

She answers. "I don't think anything bad happened to him, or we would have heard about it by now. It must be hard for him not to remember anything. I think it's affecting him negatively. I knew my parents should have told him the truth from the beginning. When Atticus learns what happened, he's not going to trust anyone. He will feel betrayed. I always knew that this would happen. When he remembers that you'd been missing and

they still chose to lie to him, he will lose his mind. I hope that they're prepared for his wrath."

"I'm not sure we're doing the right thing." I agree. "I feel we're doing more harm than good by not telling him."

At first, I was too afraid to hurt him. But that wasn't my only fear. I've always been terrified that he would choose Anya over me. I've seen him do it all my life; I was scared that he would still do it even after knowing the truth because he'd lost all memory of me and my feelings for him.

"I can talk to my parents again." She says. "I can convince them that it's time for him to know the truth. We've waited far too long. What are they waiting for? For him to ask Anya to marry him? They're playing a dangerous game, and they don't realize how wrong it is. They're trying to protect him, but they're choosing the Worst way to do it."

Her words have increased the worry inside of me. She was right. If Atticus didn't remember he was married to me, there's no telling what he would do for Anya. She was crazy enough to ask him for a wedding.

It was time that we made the hard decision and told him the truth. The look he gave me yesterday flashes before my mind. I swallow.

"I'm not sure that would make a difference after yesterday. You should have seen the way he looked at me. Likel was a monster. And maybe I am one. After all, my father was a crazy maniac greedy for power."

I wanted to see Atticus today, but I was also worried about how he would react after what he'd seen yesterday.

"Atticus could never think that way about you. He was most likely just startled by what he saw. Besides, Anya deserved everything. She pushed you into the pool and watched you fight for your life. You wouldn't have retaliated if she hadn't hurt you first."

"Have you seen her?" I ask as I search our surroundings.

I'm sure she would have plenty to say to me after what she saw. Her hateful comments would only get worse from now on. I was prepared for all of them. Her opinion of me did not bother me; the only person whose opinion mattered the most was Atticus.

"She won't be here today," Clarissa answers me.

"According to Damon, she's not feeling well and chose to skip the academy. Her not being here is already a sign that today will be a good day. Hopefully, Atticus shows up as well."

If Atticus never shows up today, I could only assume he chose to spend the day with her. He was probably still trying to soothe her.

My Atticus would have done the opposite. He would have taken care of me instead. I needed to remind myself that he was still inside of him somewhere. I couldn't give up.

Clarissa's face brightens when Damon approaches us, "aren't you late for your class?" He asks her.

She nods, "I am late, but that's fine." He sighs, "let's go to class, Clarissa. You'll have plenty of time to speak with Autumn afterward." She pouts, but after I also agree with him, she goes without insisting on staying back.

I watch as Damon walks her to class, and I'm left alone in the classroom until he returns. Dante was not present either, he was probably out searching for Atticus, or he could also be with Anya.

The rest of the class passes quickly, most likely because Atticus never showed up. Not seeing him had certainly dampened my mood.

I'm just praying for everything to pass quickly so I can return home. The guards were the only thing keeping me company at this point, and even they didn't try to speak to me. They couldn't. Our family was strict about that.

Clarissa and I are reunited at the cafeteria later in the day, and I'm relieved to have her next to me again. Something about her always managed to calm me down.

"How were classes?" She asks.

"Boring."

"Same." She tells me as her eyes scan the cafeteria.

She looked over at me after, and I could tell she'd seen someone or something that made her concerned about me.

"Atticus is here." She finally says. My heart skipped a beat at her words. I followed her gaze, and she was correct; he was, standing next to Damon. They were deep in conversation, but something about Atticus didn't seem right.

"He looks angry," I tell Clarissa. "I don't think I've ever seen him be that way around Damon before."

"I think you're right, but I doubt you're the one he's angry with." She whispers. "I don't see why he would be upset with Damon either. Something else must be happening that we don't know about. Maybe it has to do with why he went missing last night."

Even though my feet were itching to go to him, I decided that the safest thing to do was to stay next to Clarissa and let him approach me. If he wanted to talk, he would come.

I knew things had worsened after yesterday, and I didn't want to push him.

I close my eyes and fight back the pain I felt in that memory.

Everything that I did was to get Atticus back, help him regain his memory, and bring him closer to me. I knew that Anya deserved what happened to her after pushing me into the pool, but I wouldn't have stooped to her level if the power hadn't consumed me. I wish Atticus knew this. I hope he knew the type of person that I was.

I was fearful of myself. I was scared of how much of my father I had inside me.

My body shook with worry. I didn't know who I could speak to that would be able to help me. The only person I could think about was my biological mother, but I had no idea where she was or how to find her. I wish she would show up. I wish she would see me at least once and help me get through this.

"Hey." Clarissa whispers. "Do you need anything? You're shivering."

I tried to stay calm next to her, but it was becoming difficult. The fear was consuming me. I knew I should fight it; it was possible that it could be the power inside of me trying to scare me, to become dominant.

"I'm okay." I lie. "I just need some time to recover from yesterday."

She nods, "you don't have to force yourself to come to the academy. Everyone knows you're going through plenty. You can—"

She pauses, "they're coming." She warns me suddenly.

I followed her gaze, and she was right. Atticus and Damon are walking toward us. I tried to prepare myself mentally, but even that wasn't easy to do at this point.

Something about the way he's looking at me makes me uneasy. I feel like he knows more than he did yesterday. Did he somehow find out who my father was?

Was that where he had disappeared to? Did he go searching for answers about who I was?

I was surprised that there weren't headlines about what I'd done all over the school by now. Anya wasn't someone that liked to keep anything to herself.

Something that made me look so horrible; I thought she would have rushed for the opportunity to expose me.

Maybe that's why she didn't come to the academy today. She was plotting her next big plan to get rid of me.

She wasn't the only one. Now I also had to watch out for Skyler. In every direction I turned, my life was in danger, and still, my main concern was bringing Atticus back to me. I didn't care what was happening around me; I didn't care that my life was in danger; all I wanted was a chance to bring my Atticus back to me. I missed him dearly. I wish I could have what he had in the past. I fought for him for so long, and I'm still fighting.

I wanted to feel his arms around me, to feel his warmth engulf me.

I missed having him next to me, and I was tired of having to see him with Anya. I was tired of watching her use his memory loss to her advantage.

"Are you sure you want to be near Atticus right now?" Clarissa asks me as she looks for a way to help me escape.

"It's okay," I assure her. "I have to face him eventually. I can handle whatever he has to say to me."

She nods, and not too long after; they're both standing a few inches away from us.

"Where have you been?" Clarissa asks Atticus, not giving him a chance to say anything. "Dante and Damon looked everywhere for you last night. Where did you run off to? It's unfair to everyone else that you just chose to disappear without saying a word. You don't think we would have all been worried after that last incident that almost took you from us?"

He doesn't look guilty at all. Instead, he seems almost irritated by her questions. His actions were very disturbing. Atticus had to know something that he wasn't telling us. He wouldn't react this way without a perfectly good reason.

He looks directly at me then, and my breath gets stuck in my throat, "I had some answers that I needed to find. I disappeared to get them."

She quirks a brow, "and did you find those answers?"

I can feel the tension increase at his words. His jaw clenches.

"I found some answers." That was all he said. His responses were short like he didn't want to tell us. His eyes travel to my hand, and I'm unsure what he's looking for.

He looks even angrier now, "I invited Anya over tonight for a family gathering." He announces suddenly.

My body goes completely still at his words. I was right. He had been with Anya all this time. He was comforting her while I'd been worried about him like crazy.

It didn't make me feel any better. "Shouldn't she stay home and rest?" Clarissa asks, annoyed.

"No." Atticus snaps. "She will be there. I expect all of you to be there as well, including Autumn." I gasp. Did I hear him correctly? Including me?

Why did he want me there as well? What was Atticus planning? Did he want to expose me in front of his entire family?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 59 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

I wasn't sure if seeing Atticus today was a good idea. I kept getting a bad feeling about it.

I knew I could trust him in the past, but now that he was back with Anya, I didn't think I could trust him anymore. He would do things in her favor, not mine. He would be thinking about her, not me.

"You don't have to go there tonight." My father tells me. "I know you think you have to be by Atticus's side because he's your husband, but I'm tired of seeing you get hurt because of his memory loss. We can finalize a divorce with his family, and you'll never have to see the Fawns again."

I sigh, they were the ones that got me into the marriage in the first place, and now they wanted to get me out of it? I didn't want to divorce Atticus. I wanted him to remember me. I wanted to make him remember me. And nothing and no one would stop that from happening.

"Atticus lost his memory while trying to save me. He got into an accident while chasing after the men that kidnapped me. Why would I leave him when he's going through the hardest part of his life?"

"I'm just suggesting it for your own good, Autumn." He tells me. "I know you may think that I'm being unreasonable, but I only care about you right now. His family is looking after him; they're putting his needs first. I'm trying to do the same for my daughter. We don't know if Atticus will ever regain his memories. And if he does, we don't know if he will ever be the same. There are so much more things to worry about. If the Fawns find out who you really are, if they find out that we lied to them, your relationship with Atticus will have to end. I'm Just trying to protect you from all of that. I can see that you've

already grown attached to him. I'm scared to see what will happen to you if you're forced to let go of him for your own good."

Why does it have to end? Why would his parents separate us because of that lie? I wasn't the one that lied. I never knew whole was until today. Were they that heartless to separate me from him because of that? I hoped not. I thought the Fawns were nice, I thought that they were good people. I understood that they didn't like being lied to, but they liked me, at least, I hoped that they did.

Maybe if my parents asked for their forgiveness, perhaps then they would put this all behind us. I was hoping for a miracle at this point.

"I'm sorry we can't protect you from everything." My mother apologizes. "When your father and I decided to adopt you, we promised Aura that we would keep you safe. We promised her that we would keep you happy. I thought we were doing a good job at it until now. I'm so sorry, Autumn. I wish there were more that we could do for you."

It's not the first time that she's said this to me.

Thug her, "it's okay, mom. I know that you're trying your best. I know that these things are out of your control. It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself."

I wish they knew where my mother was. Or my siblings. Being around people that suffered the same faith as me would have made this a lot easier.

Unfortunately, I was separate from them, and it didn't look like I would ever be able to find them again in this life.

Even though I wanted to search for them, I knew I had to let them go; I was already in danger because I'd been found, and I didn't want anyone else to be in trouble because of me.

I would keep them safe in whatever ways I could. And right now, staying away from them was the best way to do that.

"Tell us if anything goes wrong." My mother tells me as they pull up to the Fawn's home. I nod and promise her before getting out of the vehicle. They would be returning for me tonight. No one wanted me to drive without company. Just like they asked, the guards would be staying by the front entrance in case anything happened.

Apparently, my parents didn't even trust the Fawns around me. I've never seen them this terrified of anything before.

If I had any doubt of them loving me in the past, I didn't have it anymore. They were trying to protect me, and I loved them for it.

I understood why they were hesitant around the Fawns. They knew that the second that Atticus's parents saw my power, they would know the truth.

And since my power kept resurfacing recently, there's no telling who would be the next person to see it. I had no control, and as long as I had zero control, my life would be in danger. Not only my life but the lives of everyone around me as well.

I took a deep breath before I walked into the home that was once mine before Atticus lost his memory of us.

Everyone is already on the patio, waiting for me. It turns out that I was the last to arrive. It doesn't help with my nervousness. I'm not sure what Atticus had planned, but I had to be prepared for the worst.

Anya's eyes narrowed the moment that she saw me. From her reaction, I could tell that Atticus never told her that he had invited me over tonight.

Why did he keep it a secret from her? Knowing Atticus, he would want to do everything to keep her happy. Why did he invite me over, knowing how much she disliked me? Why did he invite me after what I almost did to her yesterday? Nothing he was doing made any sense to me.

It kept pointing to one thing, and that was him exposing who I was to everyone else. At least Clarissa already knew the truth. Damon did as well.

I wasn't sure how much Clarissa had told him, but he did know more than everyone else present here.

Anya looked at Atticus, but he wasn't looking at her; his eyes were glued to me. My breath got stuck in my throat as his eyes grazed my body from top to bottom. I can't remember the last time he looked at me like this. Like I was his, like I belonged to him.

"It's nice of you to join us, Autumn." His mother says as she hugs me. I wish that they always remained this kind towards me. I didn't want their behavior towards me to change after they found out the truth.

"It's always a pleasure to have you visit us." His father agrees.

"You already know how happy you make me whenever you're around," Clarissa adds as she hugs me.

Atticus hadn't said a word to me while everyone else had taken the time to welcome me. Yet he was the one that had invited me. His actions only made me more worried. What did Atticus invite me over for? What did he want from me?

Was it really as bad as I thought it would be? I wanted to hope that my Atticus was still in him, and if he were, he wouldn't do anything that could put my life in danger tonight. I knew that I was hoping for too much, but I was trying to stay positive despite every bad thing that had happened in my life recently.

"Is there a reason you wanted us here tonight?" Damon asks now that all of us are present.

"I had plans today," Griffin adds. "Whatever you have planned, I hope it's worth skipping the party I wanted to attend."

"It's worth it," Atticus assures him. "Trust me. Unlike the rest of you, I can be trusted. I keep my word."

We all got quiet after what he'd just said to us. What did he mean by that? Did he not trust anyone here? Since when did Atticus not trust his family? He's never made a comment like that in the past.

"Are you trying to say that you don't trust us?" His mother asks hesitantly.

He chuckles, "It's a joke. You guys need to lighten up a little. Look at your faces; some of you look like you've just seen a ghost."

That was his definition of a joke? Nothing about that was funny, considering the big secret we were all keeping from him.

"So then, why are we here, son?" His father asks, he still hasn't given us a clear answer.

"We will get to that in a bit." He answers. "There is no need to rush. We have plenty of time tonight."

Why was he stalling it? What was he waiting for?

"You're acting a little weird." Clarissa points out.

"I have to agree with Clarissa for once," Anya adds. "Are you sure you're okay, Atticus?"

I think everyone here can agree with them. He laughs without any humor, "I'm the one that's acting weird? Me? Yet no one thinks that anyone else present here tonight hasn't been acting suspicious the entire time my memory has been missing?"

"I don't understand what you're asking" His mother says, but I can see the fear in her eyes. His parents were the ones that wanted to lie to him this entire time. I understood why they were doing it, but it didn't change the fact that it was indeed a lie.

We all realize this wasn't just some simple gathering that Atticus wanted with his family. His words weren't matching his actions. He was angry even though he tried to mask it from the rest of us.

He was acting like he'd found out the truth about us. But that was impossible. There is no way that Atticus knows unless he has regained his memories.

"Why is everyone so tensed?" He asks. "I'm trying to do something good tonight for the people that I trust the most in the entire world. There's plenty to eat and drink, don't let me stop you."

"Is there something that you'd like to say to us?" Damon asks. "You've been on edge the entire day with everyone. First, you disappeared last night without letting anyone know where you were, and now you're acting very strangely. You already brought us here; why can't you cut to the chase?"

Atticus sighs, "my dear brother. Brothers. Mother. Father. Sister. There's so much I want to ask, and so much I have to say, but the time will come. Please, enjoy the food in front of you first."

I noticed that he didn't mention Anya or me. Were we not included in whatever he had to say? So then, why did he invite the both of us tonight?

"Atticus," Anya whispers. "If you don't want to talk to anyone else, then at least talk to me. Where did you go last night? Why are you not telling anyone?"

His eyes move from her to me, "I want to talk. But the person I want to talk to is her." My lips part. He was still looking directly at me. I held my breath as he took slow steps in my direction.

Was this where he told his entire family about what happened between Anya and me last night?

Since no one asked me any questions, I knew that neither he nor Anya had spoken a word about it. Maybe they were waiting for this exact moment to say what was on their mind.

Atticus doesn't stop until he's inches away from my body; I'm still holding my breath when he takes my hand in his.

I gasped when he began rubbing his finger where my wedding ring used to be, the ring that he bought for me.

“Why aren’t you wearing your ring?” He growls.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 60 - Tips

0 9 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

There is complete silence as Atticus’s words shock us all. They’d all heard him. I hadn’t been delusional. He’d just asked me why I wasn’t wearing my ring. How could he know about that if his memory was lost?

Was it possible that Atticus had regained his memory yesterday and chose to keep it a secret from the rest of us?

Why would he do something like that? It was very unlike him. His memory still had to be missing. My Atticus would have run to me with hugs and kisses if he’d remembered me. I wouldn’t have been able to get his hands off me.

“How do you know that Autumn usually wears a ring?” His mother asks as she waits for an answer from him.

I could feel the anticipation as everyone waited for him to explain.

This night just kept getting stranger and stranger. He knew that he had everyone on edge, and I think this is exactly what he wanted from us.

He wanted us to be confused and scared until someone slipped up and gave in.

“I don’t.” He says. “But you just confirmed it for me, mother. Why does she wear a ring on that finger? Is Autumn married to someone?” It felt like Atticus was playing with all of us.

Was he giving us a chance to come clean with everything?

His entire family stood up from their seats and looked at him. Damon and Dante gave each other an alarmed look while his parents were practically gazing at him with fear.

“What do you know, Atticus?” His father asks.

“Tell us what you want to find out. Why are you playing these ridiculous games with your family? there’s something that you wish to ask, just do it.”

“Because my family, who I love and respect dearly, are the ones who chose to play ridiculous games with me first.” He Snaps. “What’s wrong if I also join your game? I don’t have only one question to ask you. I have multiple questions, so I asked each of you to be here tonight.”

His father glares at him. "No one is playing any games with you. You're reading too much into nothing."

"Autumn." He says, returning his attention to me. "You never answered my question. Why aren't you wearing your wedding ring? Aren't you married?"

My lips part. Either he knew I was married to him and testing me, or he thought that I was married to someone else. Maybe Anya made up another lie and told him. That was expected from someone like her.

But Atticus didn't look at me like he thought I was married to someone else. He almost looked as though he knew I was married to him.

"Yes, I am married." I finally say. I spoke softly, and I wasn't sure if he'd heard me. His family surely had, however.

His parents looked at me, and I could tell that they wanted me to keep my mouth shut. They'd wanted me to stay quiet since the beginning.

I didn't want to lie to him anymore. I wanted him to know the truth, that is, if he didn't already know everything.

"Autumn doesn't like speaking about her marriage." His mother interrupts me. "I don't think that you should make her uncomfortable. She's our guest."

"Why don't you let Autumn speak for herself, mother?" He demands. "I would like to hear the words straight from her mouth. No one else should speak for her."

I took a deep breath. If he wanted to know the truth this much, I would tell him. There's no use hiding it any longer.

"I don't wear my wedding ring because it reminds me of my husband," I confess. "And thinking about our past brings me great pain."

He tilts his head to the side and studies me. I knew he would not stop until I told him everything he needed to know.

"Great pain?" He asks, curious. "Why does it bring you great pain? Is your husband no longer a part of your life? Did something happen that separated you from him?"

My bottom lip trembles at his question. I wasn't sure if he was playing with me, but I didn't like it. He had no idea how hard it's been for me this entire time. But since he wanted to find out this way, I would continue.

"Yes," I say. "My husband got into an accident."

I can feel the tension rise at my words. Anya glared at me, warning me with her eyes to keep my mouth shut. Didn't they realize by now that Atticus already knew more than he was supposed to?

He wanted to see how far everyone would continue with their lies. I didn't want him not to trust me. I wanted him to know that I was someone he could blindly trust.

"An accident?" He repeats. "Like the one I'd gotten into?"

I fought back the tears and bit down on my lip hard. It was difficult for me to even speak about it. Whenever I thought about Atticus crashing his jeep while trying to save me, I felt great pain.

"Yes," I answer him. "Just like the accident, you got into."

I gasped when his hand cupped my cheek and lifted my face so that I was staring directly into his eyes." Tell me, Autumn," he whispers. "What is the name of your husband?"

My breath gets stuck in my throat, and even though I want to say his name, I suddenly can't remember how to speak.

"Atticus!" Anya hissed. "What is the meaning of this? Why would you ask her that?" He holds up his hand to silence her.

"Son." His father tries next. "This is not the time or place for that. Let Autumn have her privacy. It's difficult for her to speak about her marriage. Don't remind her of the pain."

"I'm speaking to Autumn." He growls. "Anyone who has a problem with that can just leave." They all got silent after his warning.

"You can tell me." He says softly. "Don't listen to anyone else. Just talk to me." Our gazes are locked, and everyone else disappears around us.

"Atticus Fawn," I whisper. "That's the name of my husband."

His face brightened at my words, and it almost seemed like he was happy that I'd chosen to tell him the truth.

He slowly lets go of me and turns toward the rest of his family. "Don't listen to her," Anya shouts. "You're not her husband. Don't let her take advantage of your memory loss."

He glares at her, “she’s not the one that took advantage of it. You’re the one, Anya. You are the one that lied to me. You are the one that made me believe we were still in a relationship. You are the one that I can no longer trust.”

She gapes at him, “I can’t believe you’re choosing to believe her over me.” He laughs, “how much longer are you going to keep up the lies, Anya?” He demands.

Her eyes widen, “do you have your memories back?”

His body stills, “no.” He says. “Unfortunately, it’s still missing.”

“Then how are you so sure that Autumn is telling the truth? Why do you believe her when she says you are her husband?” Anya demands.

I couldn’t believe her. She was only making Atticus doubt her even more.

But I was also curious: How did Atticus find out the truth? Why did he believe me when I said that he was my husband?

I was surprised that he was on my side tonight. He seemed to be against everyone else but me. He pulls out his phone and shows her the screen. I can’t see what he’s showing her, but her face goes completely still. He passed the phone around to the rest of his family. None of them could speak a single word after seeing whatever it was on his phone.

“It’s pictures of the shredded magazines you all tried to hide from me.” He tells them. “I trusted all of you. I thought that I could blindly trust my family. Now I know how wrong I’ve been my entire life. How could you keep such a big thing a secret from me? A wife? Who doesn’t tell a husband about his wife?”

“Atticus.” His mother cries. “You can trust us. When you woke up that day at the hospital and hugged Anya, we all knew that something had to be wrong. When we spoke to the doctor, he informed us that you had temporary memory loss. He mentioned that it could also be permanent from all of the trauma you’d suffered. We were only listening to the doctor’s orders. He told us to keep the truth from you until we thought you were ready to learn who Autumn was. You still thought Anya was your girlfriend and we were scared of what would happen when you learned the truth.”

His jaw clenches, “you lied to me, mother. And I don’t know how long you were planning to lie to me. Autumn was in our home, in my school, and almost everywhere I went, she was present. Yet I never once knew that she was my wife. How do you think that makes me feel? And did any of you ever once consider her feelings?”

My lips parted, shocked that Atticus cared about my feelings. He was more concerned about what I had to go through because of this lie than what he went through.

"We knew it would have been hard on her," his father confesses. "But we were concerned about you, son. We wanted to make sure that you had fully recovered before we mentioned that you were married. The first person you were happy to see was Anya. We thought that telling you about Autumn would have made you devastated. That's the only reason we chose to keep it a secret from you. I know it may look bad considering the extreme measures we took to make this lie believable for you, but we never had any bad intentions."

"Damon." He says. "Dante. Griffin. I thought we had a better relationship than this. You all kept this secret from me. Every single one of you. And did any of you even bother to look after Autumn?"

Clarissa was the only one that was there for her this entire time. What about the rest of my family? If she's my wife, I expect my family to treat her better than that. If you were forced to pretend that I was never married because of something the doctor said, why didn't any of you ensure that she was okay?"

His family looked guilty and disappointed in themselves.

"What about me?" Anya demands. "You don't even remember her. You remember nothing about your marriage to her. I'm the one that you still remember. My relationship with you is what you remember. Why are you still allowing her to separate us? You have no feelings for her, Atticus; you love me. Not her."

His hands tightened into fists at his sides, and he glared at her, "you're wrong." That's all he said.

"What do you mean by that?" She demands.

"You're wrong because I don't love you." He snaps. "Not anymore. Not in the way I used to love you. I may not have my memories with me, but it's clear what I feel in my heart. You're not the one in it. I'm sorry, Anya, but I didn't want to hurt your feelings; I chose not to tell you the truth to protect you, but I realize now that I was wrong. I should have told you the truth and not strung you along. I guess none of us are perfect."

Anya looked like he'd just slapped her across her face. Everyone had a look of shock on their faces. No one ever expected him to tell Anya something like that, especially not when he had lost his memories of us.

What had caused him to react this way? "We're sorry." His mother apologizes. "We're so sorry for everything. We thought we were doing the right thing by hiding the truth from you. Not once did we think that it would cause more harm. I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me, to forgive us. Everyone chose to follow this lie because we asked them to. If you have to blame anyone for lying to you, blame your parents. We're the ones that pushed for this without properly thinking everything through."

I didn't think he was ready to forgive them, not by the expression on his face. He was still outraged.

"I want everything that belonged to Autumn to be returned. Every single item of hers that you removed to make this lie believable, I want you to return it to its rightful place." He orders them. "It should have never been removed, to begin with."

I didn't move an inch since Atticus started confronting his parents. I was in too much shock to do anything but stop and stare.

"Call her parents." He adds. "I want Autumn to move back in today. Let them know that she's staying here, where she belongs."