

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 76 - Tips

0 17 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

"Is this the correct place?" I ask Damon. It looks too calm. I was hoping that Autumn finally listened to me. After almost losing her, I didn't want to put her in danger again. This time, I wanted to keep her safe. For once, I wanted to be able to protect my mate.

"It has to be." He answers me. "We didn't make any mistakes."

"I still think we should have left Clarissa with Autumn." He adds. "We don't know who or what we are up against. They were powerful enough to kill all of our guards."

"They may not be my biological parents, but that doesn't mean I don't love them." Clarissa hissed. "No one was stopping me from being here tonight. I can take care of myself. I don't need anyone to worry about me."

"This is not the time for ridiculous arguments," Dante growls. "We're all here, and we're the ones that they asked for. Let's get our parents back and get out of here."

"At least we know it can't be worse than our earlier battle." I try to be positive.

"To be fair, we aren't exactly sure of this." Griffin reminds us. "We aren't sure if the overlords or the council is behind this."

"They wouldn't have had enough time to prepare all this." Damon points out. "I agree with Atticus; someone else chose the perfect time to attack our home while we were not in it."

I can only hope that this was an easy battle to win. We were all exhausted from the earlier fight. fvck. I should be sleeping next to my mate right now. I shouldn't have to be away from her. We should be telling our parents about our victory; instead, we were doing the opposite of this.

"Do you think mom and dad are okay?" Griffin asks. His voice did not hide the pain we all felt at that question. We were hoping that they were alive and not harmed in any way. When I found the person responsible, I would rip their bodies into pieces.

"I'm sure they are," I respond, even though I couldn't be sure about this. I wanted to give him a hope; I wanted to give us all hope.

"I can see a house." Damon points to the far right.

I could see it too.

"I'm guessing that's where we need to go, then," I say.

We creep up to it, trying our best not to make noise.

We didn't want them to know that we had arrived. However, I knew the chances of that happening were very low, considering they would be expecting us.

We didn't say another word as we walked to the front door. We considered breaking through the window but didn't want to do anything that could bring harm to our parents. Before we can barge in, we hear footsteps.

My siblings all look at me. We knew nothing good was coming to greet us but at least the suspense of not knowing who had kidnapped our parents would all be over soon.

As soon as the door opens, there's a loud ringing in my ear. I groan and drop to the ground in pain. I'm not the only one, my siblings are experiencing the same pain.

"Fvck!" Damon hissed.

"Witches!" I shouted, but the warning was too late.

We were already surrounded, and they were dragging us into the house, one after the next.

What the hell do witches want with us? Did we piss some off recently? I doubt this had anything to do with Autumn, or they would have also asked for her unless this was a setup to get her alone with her parents.

My heart sank at that thought. I had to hope this had nothing to do with her, or "I'll lose my damn mind. I didn't leave her behind to put her life in danger. I left her to keep her safe.

The pain stops suddenly, but we're all on the ground, bound by chains by the time that happens.

They'd messed with our heads long enough so they could trap us. Did they think these things could hold us?

"Where are my parents?" I demand while thrashing against the chains.

The light in the room is suddenly switched on, and it takes my eyes a second to adjust to the change in lighting.

The first thing I notice is a middle-aged Noman, possibly close to my parents' age looking at me.

“Who the fvck are you?” Damon growls.

“Let my children go!” My mother shouts. Her voice was behind me. That meant that she was alive. My heart skipped a beat at the joy I felt at that fact.

I craned my neck to turn and look at her. Both my mother and father were tied to chairs with blood on their heads. A low growl tore from me, followed by growls from each of my siblings when they saw what I already did. They’d hurt them. They’d put their filthy hands on our parents.

“I’m an old friend of your parents.” She says.

“We went to the same academy, just like all of you. The only difference is that your parents betrayed me. That’s why we’re here today. To get my revenge.”

What the hell was she blabbering about? Why would my parents be friends with someone as crazy as she was? How could she hold a grudge for so long?

“What could my parents have possibly done to hurt you?” I demand.

“They fell in love.” She says bitterly. “Your father pretended to be kind to me; he pretended to have feelings for me. He made me look like a fool in front of everyone for loving him. I loved him with all of my heart, and in return, he destroyed my life. I thought we had something special; he would protect me from the other students who bullied me because I was a witch, and he made me feel like we had a chance to be together. And then, one day, he dumped me like I was a piece of garbage he couldn’t wait to get rid of. But your lovely father didn’t stop there; he wanted to hurt me even more than that. He married your mother right after. He treated me like a stranger, like someone he despised. He took everything from me when he broke my heart. Now it’s my time for revenge.”

There’s no way my father would do something like that. Unless he realized how psycho she was and decided to get out of the relationship with her because of it, that’s the only thing I could think of.

And even if he did do it, it still doesn’t make up for what she was doing now.

“You have everything wrong!” My father shouts behind me. “Everything I did was to protect you.”

“Ha!” She hissed. “Protect me? Are these more of your lies to protect your children from me? What could you have possibly needed to protect me from?”

“My feelings for you were real.” My father tells her, surprising all of us. I couldn’t believe he would admit that when our mother was right next to him. Maybe she already knew all

of this, and that's why she didn't seem to mind. "I didn't lie to you in the past about my feelings. I did truly care for you.

Letting you go was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do, but it had to be done. I received threats from my in-laws; they told me that if the marriage didn't happen, they would have killed you.

They had the power to do something like that. I wanted to protect you, and the only way for me to do it was to let you go. You may not believe me now, but I don't regret my decision. If I knew you were this kind of person, I would have never had any feelings for you. I made the right decision by listening to them. I have a wonderful wife who I love more than anything else in this world, and I have the most beautiful children anyone can ever wish for. You have convinced me that I've made the right decision. It's time that you move on from me, Deb. What we had is long gone. You know now that I never wanted to hurt you. Just let us go, please."

She looks shocked by his words, but she surprises us when she begins to laugh uncontrollably, like a psychopath. She really was insane, wasn't she? I'm sure my father regretted ever liking someone like this. He must hate himself for putting us in this situation.

"You expect me to believe this?" She asks. "I've come too far to let this go. None of you know the many things I've done to get my revenge. Do you think this is all I've done? You're all delusional if you believe that."

What the hell did she mean by this?

"What did you do?" I growl, already pissed.

"I've been messing with your family for a while now, Atticus." She tells me with a smile.

"What are you speaking about now?" I demand from her.

"The accident. Don't you remember a woman who came in front of your jeep that day? Can't you recall what that woman looked like?" She asks. "I know you've regained your memory by now. Surely you know who that woman was."

My eyes widen as her words sunk in. Now that she's brought it up, I remember what that woman looked like.

I couldn't believe this. Why did it take me this long to notice her?

It was definitely her. The hair, the eyes, everything. This was insane.

She was responsible for the accident that caused me to lose my memory.

I slam the chains onto the ground in anger, “why the fr*k did you do that? You’re the reason I lost my memory. You’re why I couldn’t remember who Autumn was to me!”

“Are you not listening to me?” She asks. “I’m sure I explained to you and your parents why I did all those horrible things. This is my revenge. All of it. I’m not leaving until I see your parents cry and beg me to stop.”

“What other horrible things have you done in our lives?” I demand. It seemed as though she was responsible for many things that I didn’t know about until now. What else could she have been doing behind our backs?

She smiles. She was waiting for me to ask this question. She got pleasure in telling us all the horrible things she’s done.

Damn it.

My parents have never once mentioned her to us. There’s no way that we would have ever suspected her of being responsible for everything we’ve been through recently.

“I’m happy that you’ve finally asked this question Atticus. This one is actually one of my favorites. While it may not have done exactly what I wanted, it did bring me great joy.”

“Just say it,” I growl. I didn’t need to hear all of this nonsense.

“I was the lovely anonymous person that told the council about your lovely wife. I let them know the full truth about her. I sent the video of Azai’s men k!lling her as proof. You see, Azai’s men were not the only ones prepared to kidnap her that day, I had my people ready to take her, but they beat them to it. The tattoos on them were proof of who Autumn was. The council believed me the instant I showed it to them. They knew that those men wouldn’t kidnap any random woman. They knew she had to be important to them.” She confesses.

“It’s because of me the overlords kidnapped Autumn. I’m responsible for all of it. It’s one of my best works.” My jaw clenches.

I don’t think I ever hated someone as much as I hate her right now.

She was the person who’d done it. All this time, we never even knew that she was responsible for all the mess in our lives. All this time, we knew someone had to be accountable but never once would we have thought it was her. Judging by my father’s expression, he also wouldn’t have considered that she was responsible.

“And that is not even all.” She says with a mischievous glint in her eyes. “There is someone I sent personally to destroy all of you.”

Who was she speaking about? Who could she have possibly sent to destroy us? What else did we not know about? I thought that thing with the council would have been the worst thing she's done but clearly, she didn't think so.

"Why don't you come out now and introduce yourselves to our guests?" She asks to someone inside with us.

I looked around the room, there were other witches present, but I don't think she was referring to them. She wasn't looking at anyone in the room with us.

I waited; we were all waiting to find out who else was helping her. It's understandable that she couldn't have done all of this on her own. She needed to have help from someone. And it had to be someone that knew us well, someone that could give her inside information. Who would betray us like this?

The door in front of us opens, and my eyes are drawn to the person's feet before I look up at their face. It took a few seconds before everything could sink in.

My eyes had to be deceiving me. This could not be the face of the person that was helping her. If it was true, it wasn't something I could ever accept. I can barely form words, but when I finally get the strength, only one name can come to my mouth.

"Anya?" I ask in disbelief. I can barely recognize my voice.

"Anya?" Damon asks. "What are you doing here? Don't you dare try and hurt my fucking mate!"

Damon doesn't seem to understand what she is trying to tell us. Or maybe I'm the one that's misunderstanding this entire situation. I wasn't sure what the hell was happening right now.

The woman laughs, and it's one of the creepiest laughs I've ever heard on a lady.

"Have you taken the time to realize the change in Anya recently?" She asks. "She's been different. Hasn't she?"

I frown. Different? I'm not sure what's her definition of different. But recently, she surely hasn't been the woman I was once in love with.

"What are you talking about?" Dante growls.

"What did you do to our mate?" She smiles, "nothing that serious."

"Tell us." Damon growls. "What have you done to Anya?"

"She was under my spell this entire time." She finally confessed. "She was doing everything that I wanted her to do. The moment I learned that she was connected to all three of you, all Fawns, I knew I had to use her. She was perfect in all of this. I commanded her to come between Atticus and Autumn. I commanded her to do many questionable things. She was under my control, and none of you knew it."

"You're lying!" I growl. "There's no way she's been under a spell all along!"

"She has." She smiles. "Hasn't she been a great help to me all this time?"

"Take that spell out of her!" Damon shouts.

"Break it right now!"

"I'm sorry, Damon, but if your love for her were strong enough, the spell would have been broken a long time ago. But I guess none of your love for this poor girl could have been true. Maybe I should try killing her right now. Would that hurt any of you present here today?"

Anya looks at the woman in surprise. Was that the only thing that had shocked her from everything she's just said?

"If you lay a hand on her, I will kill you!" Dante and Damon threaten her.

Something didn't seem right about this entire thing. How could Anya have been under her control all this time? She didn't look surprised until the woman mentioned killing her to hurt the rest of us.

"Oh, relax." She hissed. "This isn't about the girl. This is about your parents. I want them to see each of their children die before them today. We should start with Clarissa since she's adopted and may mean the least to them."

"Don't you dare fucking touch my sister!" I growl. Damon can barely form words when the witch grabs Clarissa by her hair and pulls her forward onto the ground.

We tried to pull apart from the chains, but it wasn't the typical kind; these were under her spells. Not just her spells, the spells of the other witches as well.

"Clarissa!" Damon shouts when the witch whips her back. I wince at the loud sound it makes. I couldn't watch this. I couldn't watch her hurting Clarissa.

"Stop it!" He roared when she did it again. "Take me instead! fucking take me instead of her! Please!"

"Let our daughter go!" My mother begged.

“Please don’t hurt her. Please leave her alone. She hasn’t done anything to you. We are the ones you’re upset with. Why must you hurt her?”

“Harm us!” My father shouts. “Harm us but leave our children out of this! They are innocent! If you want us to beg, we will, but please, leave our daughter. I’m begging you. She’s just a child. Let her go.”

“No!” The witch hissed. “I’ve waited a very long time for this very moment. I will get my revenge today. Your cries are like music to my ears. It reminds me of the cries I made every night since you both destroyed my life. Because of you, I never got the life that I deserved. I’ve already destroyed your home. When I k!ll your children, you will have nothing else to live for. You’ll be so alone that even you would want to end your pathetic lives.”

“Damon!” Clarissa cries when she wh!ps her again. For the first time in my life, I see a tear roll down Damon’s cheek. He’s crying because he can feel her pain, just like the rest of us.

“Ahhhhh!” He roars as he tries even harder to break free.

Why the hell couldn’t we break free from these spells? If Autumn had been here, she would have been able to free us from this mess in seconds because of how powerful she was. Maybe that’s why they asked for her not to come; they knew what she could do, and they knew that she could quickly put all of their powers combined to shame. They were prepared for us; Autumn was the only one who could throw their plans away.

“LET HER GO!” Damon roars at the top of his lungs.

And just like that, something strange happens.

It takes place in a few seconds, making me wonder if it had ever happened to begin with. Something glows on Clarissa’s arm, but it disappears before I can get a good look at it. As soon as that happened, we were all freed. Our chains were broken, and no spell was holding us back from attacking anymore.

Damon uses that opportunity to lunge for the witch’s throat.

I won’t waste another second thinking about what just happened. I tackle one of the other witches, and my brothers do the same. We each get our witch to k!ll, and we do it quite quickly now that we have the advantage. I grab my witch’s neck and rip it from her body. I use the fire from nearby to burn it to the ground.

I joined Dante and helped him do the same. Griffin had already k!lled his witch by the time we finished this one.

Damon had the mastermind behind all of this by her throat. He was taking his slow time in killing her. Her screams were like music to our ears, just like my parents' cries made her happy.

"Noo!" She tries to say as he continues to choke her.

Clarissa surprises us when she rips the witch's head from her body and throws it into the fire without any warning.

Where the hell did that behavior come out from?

"What?" She asks, looking at our puzzled looks.

Damon hugs her tightly to him before we can ask her any questions. She happily melts into his arms.

"I swear, sometimes they act like they don't care about the rest of us." Griffin sighs. "We survived also. Where are our hugs?"

Our parents rush forward and hug us then. I hold them tightly against me.

"I'm so happy you're alive," I tell them. "Don't ever scare us like this again."

~ANYA~

I had to watch my mother bleeding on the ground; dead, she was dead. Her head was torn from her body. Blood was everywhere, and Clarissa had just thrown her head into the fire. I couldn't do a single thing about it. I couldn't attack on my own, and I couldn't cry without them realizing she was someone close to me. They didn't know she was my mother, and it was a good thing I had asked my mother to keep it a secret when revealing everything else to them.

If they knew, I would have been dead along with her today.

I had to swallow my pain and pretend I was happy for the Fawns when I wanted to kill them all.

I was over my stupid crush on Atticus. He was partly the reason my mother was dead. They all had a part to play in it, but Clarissa was the one that pushed the knife through her heart. Clarissa was the one I wanted to punish the most.

She'd killed my mother. And she wanted Damon. I would do everything in my power to ensure she never had him.

I would be smarter this time. I would be the person my mother wanted me to be since the beginning. I would pretend to love them; I would pretend that the lie my mother told

them was the truth. I'd be the woman they all fell in love with through the spell the first time. I'll be more loving and kind; at least, I'll pretend to be that way until they all fully trust me.

"She placed me under a spell. She made me act all obsessed and crazy." I whisper to Damon as wrap my arms around his neck, knowing how much it would hurt Clarissa. I'd pushed her out of the way to get to him. I was going to do much more than hug him in front of her from now on. She wouldn't be ready for what I had planned. All this time, I've been focused on Atticus, and I never got the chance to focus on Damon. Now I realize that I was losing him to Clarissa. I couldn't make the same mistake I made with Atticus.

I would ensure that my last name was Fawn by the end of this year. One way or the other, I would marry Damon and kill Clarissa from heartbreak.

My mother's spell would be gone now, but mine was still there and strong as ever. I had a firm hold on Damon and Dante, and I would use it to my advantage.

"It's okay." He tries to soothe me. "Everything will be okay from now on, Anya. I'm so sorry you had to go through this. I'm here for you. I'll always be by your side, keeping you safe. No one is going hurt you like this again."

I wanted to get the remainder of my mother's body out of here. I didn't want them to burn everything to the ground.

"I want to take her body" I tell him. "I want to get rid of it myself. I know she not only messed with me but with your family as well, but I was under her spell for so long. I want to be the one to burn her body to ashes."

He stiffens, "are you sure that's what you want?" Of course, it was, not because of the reason he was thinking of but because she was my mother, and I wanted to give her a proper funeral. I didn't want them to get rid of her body like she was just a b****y object.

I had to do this the right way for both my sister and me. She wasn't even aware that our mother was now gone. I still had to break the news to her.

She would be just as devastated as I am now.

"Please," I beg. "Let me do this."

His parents look at each other before nodding.

Pretending to be kind may work out well for me.

They're all happy. They're hugging, rejoicing that no one in their family was killed. They have each other. I have no one except my sister. She's all I have to live for now, excluding getting my revenge on the Fawns for taking my mother away from me.

I wouldn't make the same mistakes I'd done in the past; I'd finally learned from them. I knew exactly what I had to do to gain their sympathy and trust.

I would do everything in my power to finish what my mother had started. They would never see it coming.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 77 - Tips

09 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

"I'm not sure I'm doing the right thing, mother," I whisper. "Atticus hasn't returned. It's been hours. I think we should go to them. I know where he is."

"I'm sure Atticus is okay." She promises me. "If he were in pain, you would have felt it. The fact that you're still standing means that he is okay. I'm sure he's already on his way back home."

"I'm scared," I confess. "So many things have happened to us in the past few days; I'm terrified that something will separate us again."

She hugs me, "if he doesn't return within half an hour, we will go with you."

"Thank you, mom," I tell her as I hug her tightly.

I was restless; I wanted to have him near me as soon as possible.

We'd managed to stop the fire with the help of hundreds of people who were friends with my parents. The mansion was still in a terrible state, but at least it hadn't completely burned down. The Fawns had enough money to fix it in a short period.

Their lives were more important than anything else.

I was still hopeful that his parents were okay.

"I hear something," I shout as I hear a vehicle approaching. I don't wait for my mother as I storm out of the parking lot and towards the mansion's entrance.

Atticus is already out of the jeep even before it stops, and my face lights up to see him. I run towards him, and his hands grip my waist as he lifts me into his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held on for my life.

"That's it; I'm never letting you out of my sight again." I tease him. "I'm so happy that you're back. Where are your parents?"

"We're right here, Autumn." His mother tells me.

Atticus placed me back onto the ground, and I ran towards them. They both hugged me.

"I'm so happy that you're both okay."

"And we're happy that you are. Life wouldn't have been the same without you in our lives, Autumn. We still believe that you're the only woman for our son, and we want to give a proper apology for what we've put you through when we learned of your background."

I shook my head, "it's okay. It's in the past. I know why you did it."

Mr. Fawn smiles, "I hope your parents can also forgive us for everything."

"I think they already did," I confess as I point toward their home. "It would have been burnt to the ground if they didn't bring friends to help save what was left of it. I think they've already put everything behind them."

Things in my life were already looking brighter. The Fawns and the Riveras were good friends again. We had all survived the battles thrown our way these past few weeks. And Atticus and I have never been more in love with each other.

"What on earth happened here?" Someone asks behind us.

It was Gerard Fawn. Atticus's grandfather. He had finally returned.

"Grandfather!" They all called to him as they ran to hug him tightly. He clearly wasn't aware of anything we've been through the past few weeks.

"I leave you guys for a few weeks, and this is what happens?" He demands. "You burnt our home!"

"We have a lot of updates for you," Atticus informs him.

"Maybe we should start with letting him know my real family's background," I tell Atticus.

His grandfather looks at me without a sign of shock on his face, "you've finally figured out that your father is Azai Reign." We all gasp.

"How did you know this?" I ask, confused.

“My wife, she was very close to you. I convinced Atticus to marry you because that’s what she wanted. She wanted you to marry into our family. Your biological mother was like a daughter to her. She loved her plenty, and she promised to keep a close eye on you. As you grew up, she fell in love with you like you were her own granddaughter. She knew who you were since the beginning because your mother told her the truth.”

All this time, Atticus’s grandmother knew my true identity. She loved my mother like her own daughter. I couldn’t believe this.

“Why didn’t you tell us the truth?” Atticus asks.

“Your grandmother promised me to let you find out on your own. She knew the moment Autumn found out; her life would be in danger. She wanted to make sure that she was ready for the truth.”

I can’t fight back the tears at his words. I loved her plenty. I cried a lot when she died. She was also like a grandmother to me. Not many had a kind heart as she did.

“I’m happy I listened to you, grandfather,” Atticus confessed. “Marrying Autumn is the best thing that ever happened to me.”

He chuckles, “didn’t I tell you that?”

He nods and grins, “I should listen to you more often from now on.”

We were back at my home since the mansion was under construction after the fire. Atticus was staying in my room. His family was staying in some of our guest rooms. We were like one big happy family, at least for now. His parents and my parents were close once more like they’d never even fought to begin with. I was delighted to see that their friendships weren’t broken.

“I’m surprised you listened to me,” Atticus whispers as he kisses my neck. We were finally settled in my room, and I was happy to have him all to myself.

I giggle against his kisses, “I knew I had to let you win at least one battle on your own.” I tease him.

“Surprisingly, I wasn’t even the one to kill that witch.” He says in deep thought. “Clarissa is stronger than I expected her to be.”

“You need to start having more faith in the women of this family.” I tease him. “We can take care of ourselves”

He chuckles, "I know you can take care of yourself. It's just something inside me that wants to keep you away from danger as much as possible"

I kiss his cheek, "I know what you mean. I'm always looking for ways to keep you safe also." He nibbles on my neck, and my body slowly drifts closer to his.

"You're mine. You've been mine since the beginning." I tell him as I tighten my hold around his neck. "No one is ever going to step between us again."

He moves his lips to my cheek, and I happily let him kiss me all over my face.

He smiles against my mouth, "I'm happiest being yours. I will never willingly want anyone else but you. I love you, Autumn. I love you so much. I never want to leave your side. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you."

I shiver when he runs his hand down my body.

"It feels good to remember everything about you. Like that night in the spring." I blush, and he kisses each of my fingers, "can you be more beautiful?"

I pushed him down onto the bed and climbed onto his lap to straddle him.

"What do you remember from that day?" I whisper as I grind my body against his.

His breath hitches, "remember how beautiful you looked. How irresistible you were to me. How hard it was not to touch you in the dirty ways my mind wanted me to."

I gasped when his hands grabbed my hips and guided my body in slow circular motions. I could feel his dick stir against my lower half, and so did my hunger for him.

"Do you remember the first time you were inside me?" I tease as I unzip his pants. I wanted to feel him, and I didn't want to wait anymore. We've been apart for too long.

"How could I forget?" He growls as his grip on my waist tightens.

I playfully nibbled on his ear, "but you did forget. Remember?"

He groans, "I'm still killing myself inside for forgetting Autumn. I wish I never had."

"Shhh, I'm not complaining," I tell him. "I know it wasn't your fault. I'm just saying that maybe you needed a reminder, that's all."

He pauses, and the desire in his eyes intensifies, "a reminder?"

I gently pull his dick out of his pants and stroke it a little, "yes. A reminder."

His breath hitches, and he mumbles a few curse Words.

“Fvck. Autumn.” He growls.

“Do you need a reminder?” I whisper as I tease him.

“I think I do, sweetheart.” He whispers like he’s in pain.

“First. Tell me. Atticus, what it feels like being inside of me?” I whisper.

I didn’t want to make it easy for him. I wanted him to work for it. Besides, I enjoyed teasing him. I can do this for as long as our need for each other allows.

“It felt like drowning, but in a good way.” He hissed when my fingers tightened around him. “Like I was finally where I belonged. It felt like something I should have been doing for years before. It felt like happiness. For once, I felt like the missing puzzle in my life had finally been found.”

His hands move to my h!ps as he grinds our bodies together. “fvck, this feels so good.”

I tease his !!ps and feel his growl against me.

“I can’t fvcking wait anymore, Autumn.” He hissed as he ripped my clothes off my body.

I cry out when he covers my b.reast with his mouth and simultaneously thrusts his d!ck into me. Before I can cry out his name, he covers my !!ps with his mouth, and I gladly swallow his k!ss.

Atticus pulls out slowly and pushes into harder than before. He repeats that motion, and I happily let him lead.

“I love you so much.” I cry out.

He bites down hard on my neck as he buries his seed inside of me. “I don’t think I’ll ever find the right words to tell you how much I love and need you in my life. Please never leave me again.”

My body drops onto his, and we both fall onto the bed, “I’ll never leave you again. I promise.”

He smiles and strokes my back with his fingers. We stay like that for a few minutes before he speaks again, “there’s something that has been bothering me.”

I lift my head from his c.hest to look at him, “what’s wrong?”

"It's about Anya." He answers me. "The witch said that Anya was under her spell all this time, and that's why she's been acting so crazy lately."

"Does it mean that Anya isn't as bad as we thought she was?" I ask. "Has she been under the 7 witch's spell all this time?"

He shrugs his shoulders, "I'm not completely sure. I don't know exactly what happened between them. But Damon and Dante are convinced that the witch is telling the truth. They want to protect Anya at all costs. I was too tired to fight with them over her. All we can do now is keep a close eye on her and see for ourselves if her behavior has improved now that the witch is gone from our lives for good."

I wanted to believe this. I wanted to believe that Anya still had some good in her. If it was true, how long was she under the spell for?

I didn't want to waste any time thinking about Anya. We've already wasted so much time on her.

"Let's not talk about Anya anymore," I tell him.

"Let's talk about us."

"Us?" He whispers.

"Yes," I say. "What do you think our child will look like? Do you think he will look more like you or me?"

His eyes widen, "our child?"

"Yes," I whisper. "I'm not pregnant. But I'm speaking about the future. I'm curious."

He laughs and covers my body with his, "how about we make it happen so that we can answer your question?"

I giggled as he covered my lips with his. I loved him so much. I couldn't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

"I love you, Autumn Rivera Fawn." He breaks the kiss long enough to tell me this.

"And I love you, Atticus."

~THE END~

Since Damon and Clarissa's story overlaps with Autumn's and Atticus's story, the second half of this book will focus on Damon and Clarissa. It will continue right here, and the first chapter is up next.

TEASER:

My fvcking Step-brother: "Clarissa!" Damon hissed. "What are you doing?"

I don't stop unb.ttoning my jeans. He had to know how I truly felt about him, and this was the best way for me to show it to him.

"Stop that." He growls.

I don't listen to him. Instead, I pulled the pants down and slowly turned around so he could have a nice view of my a*ss.

I heard his breathing get louder and felt satisfied.

I knew that he could see the tattoo of his name on the exposed skin. It's been hard hiding it all this time. Whenever we went swimming, in a pool, or on the beach, I wore clothes to hide them. He's the first person besides the tattoo artist that had it done for me to see it this close.

My body is filled with a sudden heat knowing that he was watching me, watching it. Finally.