

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 16 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

I rushed to the door but caught myself just in time before I could make a fool of myself. I didn't have to act excited to see him like I usually did. This time, I was upset with him, and he was probably still upset with me.

I wasn't sure what had brought him to my door, but I was still happy he'd come. I slowly pull it open after promising myself to behave. I gaze up at him and try not to be affected by him like I usually am. However, it was a total failure. He looked like he'd just come out of the shower. His hair was dripping wet, and the white vest clung to his chest in the sexiest way possible.

Damon's eyes fall on the bikini still on my body. He frowns for a second before his eyes darken a shade.

"Why haven't you changed?" he asks. "It's been hours since you left the beach house. What have you been doing all this time?"

I take a deep breath; be calm, Clarissa, don't let his words bring out the worst in you. I was tempted to tell him the truth, but according to Autumn, I had to take things slowly with Damon.

"I've been in bed, sleeping." I lie.

He looked around my room as though he was searching for proof that I was telling the truth.

"Did you get any more.." he pauses to look at me. He's searching my eyes for something, but I don't know what.

"Any more?" I ask, waiting for him to continue.

"Nightmares." He finishes. "Did you get any more nightmares?"

I cross my arms over my chest and glare at him.

"Why do you care?"

His jaw tightens, "I always care. When have I ever not cared about your well-being?"

"This morning." I remind him. "When you told me I couldn't spend another night in the same bed with you."

He swallows, “you know why I said those words to you. Sleeping in the same bed as me is inappropriate. I said no to you because of that, not because I didn’t want to be there for you. I told you that Autumn would gladly stay with you if you need someone with you at night.”

I narrow my eyes, “you don’t get it, do you? I don’t want Autumn, Damon. I want you. You’re the one I’m closer to. You’re the one that makes everything easier for me. You’re the only one that would help me while I’m going through something that terrifying. Autumn, with her kind heart, would try her best, but it wouldn’t be the same as having you there.”

His breath hitched at my confession. He eventually sighs and looks down the corridor. Maybe he’s checking to see if anyone was coming our way.

He turns his attention back to me, and I can see the inner battle that he’s having within himself. “I don’t know what you want me to do, Clarissa. I’m always willing to make everything better for you, but this seems like something you can get into serious trouble for. We both can end up in deep trouble. I hate putting you in that situation, even if it’s to help you.”

I step closer to him, and his body stiffens at my nearness. I was so close that I could smell everything I loved about him.

“I don’t care about any of that,” I tell him. “So please, do this for me. It’s what I want.”

I can hear his loud breathing and see the concern in the depth of his eyes. He was worried about me.

“I’m sorry, Clarissa.” He apologizes. “It just seems too wrong. I could never forgive myself if you got into trouble for something I gave consent for. I’m supposed to know better. I’m the older one. I’m supposed to guide you and protect you.”

Here he was, acting like my big brother again. I didn’t want that. I didn’t want him to be a big brother; we were not siblings. I wanted him in a completely different way.

Why couldn’t he see that by now?

I angrily spun around and swung my hips as I made my way back to the bed.

“What is that on your fvcking a\*s Clarissa?” He demands from across the room. His voice echoes throughout the room, and I freeze.

My eyes widen. I looked down to see if I still had the cover-up on. Luckily, it still was there. However, it was twisted a little. Could he see the entire tattoo? I quickly adjusted it so that it was fully covering it again.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” I answer him, but I can’t hide the nervousness in my voice.

“CLARISSA.” He growls. Why was he saying my name like that? My cheeks were hot as I placed my hands on them. Did he see it? Please tell me he didn’t; that would ruin everything. He would think I was a freak for getting a tattoo with his name on my as\*s.

I gasped when I heard his footsteps coming closer to me. What was wrong with me? Why didn’t I think about this when I got up from bed? I didn’t know I could have ever been this stupid. His reaction told me that he most likely saw it, but I still wanted to believe that he didn’t.

I shiver when he grabs my shoulders and slowly turns me around to face him. His hands on my skin were hot and felt like it was burning me. And I loved every second of it.

“Did you get a tatto0?” he asks me. My eyes widen. Does this mean that he saw the tattoo, or did he only get a glimpse of it?

“Clarissa,” he growls, growing impatient. “Tell me that my eyes are fvcking deceiving me. Tell me that you didn’t put ink on your beautiful skin.”

My body trembles at his tone. My beautiful skin?

That was the only thing my mind chose to hear. He thought my skin was beautiful?

“Why aren’t you saying anything?” he demands.

“I didn’t put ink on my skin.” I lie. I knew he wouldn’t believe me, but it was worth a try. Judging by his choice of words, he hadn’t seen that the tattoo on my as\*s was his name. That was the only good thing about this situation.

His breath rasped in his throat as he tried to find the right words to say to me.

“You’re lying.” He says between his shallow breaths.

“You’re lying to me, Clarissa. You’re fr\*king lying.”

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 17 - Tips**

0 17 minutes read

I bit my lip, and he surprised me when he pulled my bottom lip from under my teeth with his fingers, “don’t do that in front of me.”

Couldn’t I bite my lip in front of him anymore? It didn’t bother him in the past. Why did it bother him now? He’s confusing me with his words and actions. I have no idea what it means anymore.

“So maybe I did get a small tattoo,” I mumble. “I don’t see why it’s such a big deal to you.”

I didn’t want to lie to him anymore. But at the same time, I was unwilling to tell him I’d gotten a tattoo of his name.

He swallows, “I thought we told each other everything.”

“Why are you so upset about this?” I ask him. “Why does it bother you?”

I was not going to let this go. I wanted an answer to my question.

I watch the frustration on his face as he tries to come to terms with what I’ve done.

“Because all of the things that you do, no matter how small they are, it always affect me.” He finally answers me.

My lips part at his confession. I couldn’t believe he’d just admitted that to me. Was it true? Did everything I do really affect him so badly?

“How does it affect you?” I whisper as I search his eyes. How does a tattoo affect him? It’s on my body, not his. Unless he already knew that the tattoo had his name on it. I quickly dispose of that thought. He doesn’t know. I’ll know when he does.

He takes a deep breath, “I love your skin just the way it is. You didn’t need to get a tattoo. It was already beautiful.”

I sighed; I had to explain to him that I didn’t get it just for the sake of getting one.

“That tattoo holds sentimental value to me,” I explain. “I didn’t get it because I wanted to see what it would look like. I got it because it actually means something to me. I got it because it helped me be closer to someone I know I’ll never get the chance to be that close with.”

His eyes narrow, “you got it because of someone?”

I pause and immediately realize my mistake.

I bite my lip; I'd said too much. I kept making the same mistakes over and over again. What would he think of me if he assumed that I'd gotten the tattoo for some random guy that he'd never heard about before?

"Forget I said anything," I tell him. There was no way I would show him whose name was on my ass. I knew I would cause more damage than good if I let him believe it was for a guy, but I had to do it.

I knew that one day soon when I thought it was the right time, I wouldn't hesitate to show him. For now, I'll let him believe what he wants to.

He suddenly laughs, and it surprises me. What was so funny? It didn't seem like a genuine laugh, more like a sarcastic one.

I watch as he runs a hand through his hair and steps back from me.

"Clearly, I don't know you as well as I thought I did." He whispers more to himself than me.

"Damon!" I try to stop him. I'd somehow hurt him with my words.

"It's okay, Clarissa." He stops me. "I'm not upset with you. Never with you. I wasn't upset with you earlier either; I lied."

I watch as he walks out of the room and closes my door behind him. He doesn't even wait for me to respond. He may not be upset with me, but he did seem to be hurt. I stood completely still for at least ten minutes, thinking of how to make this better. My relationship with Damon has never been this strained before. My desperation to get him to see me how I saw him was beginning to create problems between us.

I had to make things right.

After showering and finally changing from the bikini into jeans and a top, I decided it was time to leave my room for at least an hour. If I kept locking myself inside here, my family would know that something was wrong. I didn't want them to start showing interest in my life and the crazy things I've been up to lately.

Besides, I wanted to speak with Damon again. I didn't like where our last conversation had ended.

Everyone was having dinner when I got downstairs.

"Finally, Clarissa," Atticus says as he spots me. "I've heard you had a very exciting day today. It's good you came down for dinner after locking yourself in the room for so long."

Did he hear everything? Did he find out that I kissed Damon while playing a game?

I don't think he did; his reaction would have been worse than this.

"I'll rather not talk about today," Griffin says; he was still traumatized from seeing me kiss Damon.

"That's a good idea," Autumn says with a fucking smile. "Let's not talk about today."

Atticus quirks a brow at her, and I can tell he wasn't finished speaking to her about today. He may be quiet now, but they would have more to talk about later.

Damon walks into the room and sees me. His eyes lingered on me for a second before he took the seat furthest away from me. It hurt. Damon always sits next to me at the dining table.

"Did you two get into some kind of a fight?" Atticus asks. He was the first to notice what Damon had just done.

"No." Damon answers him before I can say anything.

I force a smile on my face, "of course not."

Griffin quirks a brow as he looks between the two of us. I know he's wondering if the kiss had pushed us further apart.

"What exactly happened today?" Dante asks as he looks at the four of us.

"Nothing for us to speak about," Autumn says. "Let's just have a nice dinner."

Grandfather walks in just then. It was good to see him after he'd left us for a while.

"Why do you kids look so unhappy?" He asks. "Especially you, my Clarissa."

He, as well as my adoptive grandmother, were always very loving toward me. They took care of me like I was their biological grandchild.

I take a bite of the fried chicken in front of me and chew quickly. I couldn't hide my nervousness. I was scared that everyone would find out what I did today.

"Damon and she seems to be fighting. And from the looks of it, this fight might be a serious one." He informs him.

Grandfather sighs and takes Damon's spot next to me.

"Fights are normal between siblings. They will get over this." He says.

I almost choke on my food after hearing him call us siblings. Every time someone referred to us as that, I felt sick to my stomach. Did Damon ever feel the same way I did, or was he more upset that I had crossed a line today?

The rest of the dinner passes very quietly. No one says a word after that. Everyone except grandfather. He kept talking about the past and how different things were when our grandmother was around. He loved talking about her, and we loved listening to his stories.

Damon doesn't even finish his dinner when he gets up and leaves without saying a word to anyone. I bite my lip and slowly let go of it as I remember what he said earlier.

I wanted to follow him, but not when everyone stared at me, waiting for my reaction. I force a smile one more time and wait at least five minutes before I excuse myself.

I went to his room, but to my disappointment, he wasn't there. I ran back down the stairs and walked outside. His jeep was still in the garage. Where was he?

"Do you know where Damon went?" I ask one of the guards.

He nods, "he went for a run, miss."

I thanked him and ran out of the gates, searching the roadside for him. He wasn't there either. He must have gone into the forest.

I needed to speak to him. I had to see Damon.

I knew they didn't like me going into the forest without someone with me, but I wasn't technically alone if Damon was ahead of me.

I didn't waste a second thought as I followed his scent.

He couldn't have gotten far. I kept running for a few minutes before finally stopping when I saw three vampires in front of me.

"What is a pretty girl like you doing in the woods alone?" One of them asks.

"I'm looking for someone," I answer them.

"I assume we're the ones you're looking for." Another one comments.

I press my lips tightly together and glare at him. "I don't want any trouble. It was nice talking to you, but I have somewhere that I need to be right now."

I make an attempt to go around them, but one of them grabs my shoulder.

I sigh, "are you going to make this difficult? My family is not far from here. Maybe you've heard of them. The Fawns. If you're smart, you'll step away from me, and no one will get hurt."

"The Fawns?" They laugh. "If you were one of them, you wouldn't be out in these dangerous woods by yourself."

"I'm Clarissa Fawn." I introduce myself.

One of the vampires takes a few steps closer to me, "you mean the adopted girl? No wonder you're out here by yourself. They don't actually care about you. You're not their real child."

I don't even flinch at his words because I know it's not true.

"Can you let me go?" I demand from the vampire, that still has his hand on my shoulder.

"I will." He answers me. "Right after, we have a little fun together."

I felt my nails grow sharper, and before he has time to prepare, I scratch his face, making sure to get a good piece of his eye.

He screams from the pain, and I use that opportunity to grab him by his neck and squeeze hard.

The other vampires move swiftly around me. One grabs my hair, and the other bites down on my shoulder. I scream as I felt his teeth pierce my skin.

A piercing howl covered my scream, and before I knew it, Damon's wolf was on top of us. It takes him seconds, f\*g seconds to k!ll the vampires in front of me.

I'm left with a lot of bl00d on my body and a bite wound on my shoulder.

I'm suddenly hit with a feeling of dizziness. Damon catches me; I hadn't even realized he'd shifted back to his human form.

"He poisoned you," Damon growls as he examines my shoulder.

"Clarissa?" He calls my name, and I can hear the panic in his voice.

I try my best not to cry in front of him. I didn't want him to know how much it hurt. But it did. It was the first time I'd been bitten by a vampire, and it was just as horrible as everyone had described to me.



"I'm going to have to s.u.ck the poison out of your body Clarissa." He tells me gently as he cradles me in his arms.

I gasped when his lips touched my skin without warning. I tried to grab his hair with one hand as he continued to s.u.ck the poison out of my body. He stops and spits it onto the ground. I try to stay awake. It wasn't good to fall unconscious after a vampire poisoned you.

Besides, I know this was the wrong time to have my inappropriate thoughts, but I loved the feeling of Damon's mouth on my body. I wanted to be awake to remember this.

"I'm happy I got bitten by the vampire," I whisper through the pain.

Damon paused for a second on my shoulder but soon continued removing as much of the poison as he could.

I turned my face slightly to the side of me so I could look at him while he was saving me yet again.

He's saved me so many ways, and he doesn't even realize it yet.

He stops, and I can't hide the disappointment that I feel.

"We need to get you home. A doctor needs to see you and ensure the poison is out." He informs me.

"No." I stop him. "I don't want to leave. I want to stay here with you."

He gazes down at me in his arms, and it's only then that I realize he's completely n\*\*\*d beneath me. If I weren't still so dizzy from the vampire's bite, I would have been losing my mind all now.

"Clarissa." He says in the calmest way possible. "I can't stay here with you and not have a doctor take a look at you. You can barely open your eyes."

I fought against the pain in my body and fvckngd myself to shift slightly to wrap my arms around his neck. My face is pressed against his c.hest as I listen to the pounding of his heart.

"I'm fine. You saved me. You got the poison out of my body." I promise him. "I don't need to see a doctor."

"You are not fine." He growls.

I cry out suddenly from a sharp pain in my arm.

“What’s wrong?” Damon asks as he tries to help me.

The last time I felt something like this was the same day the evil witch had tried to kill me in front of my family.

“I don’t know,” I confess. “My arm is hurting.”

He runs his hands over it, and just like that, the pain disappears. It’s almost like my body responded to his touch.

“How did you do that?” I ask in shock.

“Do what?” He asks.

“Stop the pain,” I explain.

Suddenly the bodies of the vampires next to us go up into flames. My eyes widen at the sight in front of me.

“I don’t understand,” I whisper. “Did you set them on fire?”

“No.” He answers me in amazement. “Something crazy is happening right now.”

He picked me up into his arms, and I held onto him as he walked with me through the forest.

“I told you I didn’t want to leave yet,” I complain.

“And I told you that we need to get you home. Quickly. Besides, I don’t know what the hell just happened. We need to get out of this forest.” He tells me.

“Damon,” I whisper. “I want to stay here. With you.”

He closes his eyes for a second as he stops walking. “Why? Why do you want to stay here with me instead of letting a doctor take a look at your shoulder, Clarissa?”

“Because I need to make things better between us,” I whisper. “You’re upset with me. Or you’re upset about our situation. I don’t know what’s bothering you, but I want to fix it. I can’t stand us being so distant from each other. I’m not used to it.”

He takes a deep breath and starts to walk again.

“Damon!” I snap and wince as my head immediately starts to hurt from shouting.

He stops walking again. “We can talk about this after when you’re better. I want to make sure that you’re out of any danger Clarissa. You know how dangerous a vampire’s bite

can be. You're lucky he didn't try to turn you into one of them. We must ensure that the poison has left your body and can't hurt you anymore."

I was tired of this. He wasn't listening to me. I was trying to improve things between us but apparently, Damon was okay with how bad things had gotten between us recently. The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. The dizziness was slowly fading away and I knew I could walk on my own now. I didn't need him to carry me anymore. If he didn't want to listen to me, I wouldn't listen to him either. I would make things very difficult for him.

"Put me down." I snap.

"No."

"Put me down, Damon."

His hands tighten around me. "I'm not letting you go, not until I get you home."

"If you don't let me go, I will scream," I warn him.

"Clarissa." He warns. "Why are you being so difficult? I'm trying to protect you."

"If you don't let me go, I will do even worse than scream since that doesn't seem to scare you at all," I warn him.

He looks at me like I've lost my mind, and maybe I have lost my mind.

"What do you think will be worse than screaming?" He asks, suddenly amused. "Are you planning on hitting me?"

I narrow my eyes. "No. I'm planning on kissing you if you don't let me go. You know, as I did in the game."

He freezes, and I can see the panic immediately begin to sink into his eyes.

He doesn't let go of me like I expected him to do, but he does look more alert now.

"You wouldn't do something that crazy."

"As you can see, I have my strength again. I will do it if you continue to go against my wishes." I warn him for the last time.

Damon sighs and resumes walking with me still in his arms. I couldn't believe him. He didn't think I had it in me to follow through with my threat.

I'll show him!

I grab his hair and pull him down to meet my mouth halfway. His mouth opens in shock at my kiss, and I use that opportunity to thrust my tongue between his lips. Damon stayed completely still against my lips like he'd done earlier at the game until he realized he had no choice but to kiss me back.

"Clarissa." He growls against my lips. "Stop this."

I broke the kiss long enough to whisper, "I'll stop it when you let me go."

When he didn't let me go, I wrapped my arms around his neck and deepened the kiss. He lets me kiss him, and I'm surprised he's letting me go this far. I wrapped my legs around his waist and buried my hands in his hair. I could feel the hunger inside of me intensify. The more I kissed him, the more I wanted even more of him.

"Clarissa." He growls.

I bite down on his bottom lip hard and run my tongue over it. Damon shivers under my touch, and I'm unsure if I'm finally getting a reaction out of him. Maybe I imagined it.

He grabs my hair and pulls my face away from his. His breathing is loud enough to hear as he glares at me with dark eyes. "Do you know how *fg wrong this is, Clarissa? This isn't some fg game.* You're playing with our lives."

"I warned you." I remind him. "You're the one that wasn't listening to me."

"That's because I didn't think you would do something like that!" He exclaimed.

"If you don't let me go, it will only worsen." I threaten him.

He glared at me, and his hands slowly let go of me, but my arms were still wrapped around his neck. I attempted to climb down from him when I felt something hard pressed against my ass. My eyes widen as I peer up at him.

He doesn't even look surprised. His glare tells me that I am the culprit.

I couldn't believe it. Damon was aroused, very aroused. And this time, I knew it was because of me. I was sure of it.

I'm tempted to look down at it. I mean, he was still n\*\*\*d, and I could feel it more now that he didn't have any clothes on. It was warm, very warm.

"Are you not climbing down from me?" He asks. "I'm no longer holding onto you."

I clear my throat, "Damon. . .I can feel—"

He growls and pulls me off his body. I fell flat on the ground. I lift my head, and I can finally see it. He's long, hard, and pulsing for me. I don't think I've ever stared at something the way I was staring now. I know I'm making a fool of myself, but I don't know how to look away.

"Ah fvck." Damon growls as he turns away from me.

He pushes his head back and stares at the sky. I'm not sure what he's trying to do, but maybe he's trying to get it back to its normal size.

"There's a bag with clothes on one of the trees nearby." He tells me. "I'm going to get dressed. Don't go anywhere."

I knew what tree he was speaking about. This part of the forest often had clothes in bags for us. Plenty of clothes were provided by our family for situations just like this one.

My cheeks are burning as I watch him leave. Even his a\*s was a sight to see. When the hell had my mind turned to this inappropriate monster? All I could think about was what his body could do to mine, especially after what I'd just seen. I've always imagined what it would look like, but I didn't have to imagine anymore.

I didn't move from my spot, not after what had just happened. I'm not sure what this means for Damon and me. Things kept getting crazier by the second, and I wasn't sure how to keep track of everything.

I can't look at Damon when he walks over to me, fully clothed. But somehow, I could do it when he was n\*\*\*d in front of me. I didn't understand myself at times.

Damon sighs, "I think you understand that this, just like this k!ss isn't something I'll like to speak about again."

I finally look at him, but it's to glare at him with anger.

He runs a hand down his face. "And now you're angry again. I don't know what the hell you want from me, Clarissa, but this is so unlike you."

I ignored the hand that he was offering as I finally picked myself off the ground. I didn't bother listening to anything else he had to say to me as I walked out of the forest.

Why was he so clueless? Couldn't he tell by my actions that I wanted him? Why was he constantly pushing me away?

.....

~ANYA~

Being a good girl was not working in my favor. I was trying to play nice to fool the others, but somehow Clarissa still seemed to be getting closer to Damon. If I didn't act fast, I would lose Damon the same way that I'd lost Atticus.

I didn't want to bring up marriage until I thought it was a perfect time, but I realize now that I don't have much time left.

This meant that I had no choice but to let go of Dante. They wouldn't allow me to marry Damon unless I were sure that he was the one I wanted. If I had done this since the beginning, I would have never lost Atticus. I took too long to choose him because of my mother. This time, I wouldn't make the same mistakes. My mother was no longer here, and I was the one left to make the hard decisions. I can only hope that this time my plans will work.

"You're finally home." Willow, my younger sister, says as I walk into the living room. She looks lonely as she wrinkles her nose and closes the book she is reading.

"I am," I say.

"Where did you go?" She asks me. "It gets lonely here now that mother is no longer around."

I close my eyes as I felt instant heartache at her words. I still hadn't gotten over my mother's death. The wounds in my heart were still fresh.

"I was out with a friend," I answer her. It wasn't exactly a lie. I couldn't tell her that I was planning on getting married or even that I was in a relationship with two brothers. She wouldn't be able to understand anything.

"When are you going to introduce me to your friends?" She asks me. It wasn't the first time she'd asked me this question.

"Very soon." I lie.

I've kept the truth about my family from the Fawns for obvious reasons. I couldn't introduce her to them now. Willow wasn't aware of what mother and I had done. And if it were up to me, she would never find out. It was my duty to protect my sister from the things we'd done. She didn't have to get tied up in all of this, it's what my mother would have wanted; for me to keep her out of this.

"I can't wait." She tells me with a bright smile. Willow was only sixteen; she was turning seventeen in a few months. I didn't want to get her involved in my mess. I wanted to protect her as our mother protected her in the past before she died and left us both.

I took a seat on the couch next to her, and she placed her head on my legs. I gently squeezed her head as I thought about ways to convince Damon to marry me. Once I convinced him, everything would work in my favor. Everything.

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0 4 minutes read

~DAMON~

“What the fvck is wrong with you?” I demand from myself.

I’m inside my room. With the door locked. Lying on my bed. With my eyes closed and all I could think about was her. Not Anya. No. I was thinking about Clarissa.

Clarissa.

She was the only one on my fvcking mind. I tried to get her out of my head, but I couldn’t.

I couldn’t no matter how hard I tried.

I couldn’t fvcking trust myself around her anymore. That’s why I locked my door tonight. I couldn’t risk her coming inside here and asking me to let her sleep in the same bed as me for a second time. I almost didn’t survive the last time that had happened. I couldn’t allow myself to lose control. I had to keep fighting back as much as I could.

If I let her sleep in the same bed with me again, there’s no telling what would happen.

No. Just the thought of it terrified me. She couldn’t stay in the same bed with me, not again, never again.

Not after what happened today in that forest. Clarissa kept on shocking me. She’d k!ssed me not once but twice. I never thought I would k!ss her in this lifetime, but she found a way to make it happen.

Both times, not k!ssing her back was one of the hardest things I’ve ever had to do in my life.

My d!ck hardened and demanded attention at just the thought of the way she’d stared at it.

I swallow.

I couldn't get the look in her eyes out of my head. I thought Clarissa would have looked away. I thought she would have gotten shy and done anything to get away. I was standing still, letting her see the monster that my d!ck was; I wanted to scare her. I wanted her to turn away and never look back. However, the sweet girl that I once thought was innocent widened her eyes and openly stared at my fvcking d!ckk. My d\*k was as hard as a rock for her. Hard because she k!ssed me. A damn k!ss! She didn't have to touch me anywhere else; all she had to was k!ss me, and I was ready to drop to my knees in front of her and do anything she asked me to do.

Even now, she had me wrapped around her tiny fingers.

I kept denying the attraction and s\*\*\*\*l tension between Clarissa and me. But this time, I couldn't deny it any longer. After today, I couldn't deny the obvious.

I fvcking wanted her. I wanted a girl that was supposed to be like a sister to me. fvckink, she had my last name. She was considered my sister by most outsiders. Yet, I knew I could never see her as my sister. I would always be protective of her, but not because I wanted to be her fvcking brother. I wanted something else. Something that I could never have.

The tension between Clarissa and me had just increased after today. It would be even harder to control my need to have her, but I didn't care what I had to do; I must fight it.

I still had a fvcking mate, damn it. I was betraying her trust by encouraging this thing between Clarissa and me. And what sense would that make when we could never be anything but siblings? That's what the world saw us as; it's what our family saw us as. It wouldn't be easy to change everyone's minds and make them see us as anything else.

I knew I had to speak to Clarissa. I knew I had to explain to her how wrong this was. But it was hard to explain anything to her. She was stubborn. She wouldn't listen to me. Instead, she would do something drastic to make me change my mind. I was avoiding that from happening as much as I possibly could.

When Clarissa was determined to get something, she didn't give up until she'd gotten it.

I'd made her angry multiple times today, but I was only trying to protect her from herself. She wasn't thinking about the future; she wasn't thinking about her life and what would happen if anyone ever discovered everything that had happened between us recently.

Why did I ever think I could get over the strong urge to have her?

All this time, I thought it would be easy because Clarissa didn't see me as anything but a brother, the way it was supposed to be. But now I'm beginning to realize how wrong



I've been this entire time. Someone who saw someone else as a brother wouldn't stare at his fg d\*k like it was something she wanted to eat.

I punched the wall behind me; I needed to stop thinking about her staring at it. fvck. Why did she do that? How long has Clarissa wanted me? How long has she craved for things I thought I alone craved?

I'd wanted her so fvcking much today. So much that it fvcking hurt like a motherfvcker. I still want her. Even now, I'm hard for her. And it might be hard for days to come if I didn't get the release I needed.

She didn't know what she was doing to me. Well, now she might have a fair idea after seeing it for herself. It would be hard to convince her that it had nothing to do with her. I had to find a way to make her give up on this thing she was trying to achieve. It would only harm her. It would only bring pain, and she didn't realize that. Clarissa didn't realize how horrible things could become if she continued down this path.

I had to find a way to show her. I had to find a way to convince her.

Protecting her has always been the most important thing to me. That would never change.

I knew that my words hurt her today, and that wasn't easy for me to do. If I wanted her to stop this madness, my words would only get harsher. I wasn't prepared to hurt her. I wasn't prepared to break her heart. But if that was the only way to protect her from herself, it had to be done.

But first, I needed to find the damn strength to do it. I needed to remind myself why this had to be done. I needed to remind myself that I couldn't have her. I couldn't have Clarissa. I could never have her. She's not mine to keep. She never was.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 19 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

"How did this even happen?" Atticus asks me. "Why did you go out into the woods alone?"

It was the next day after getting attacked by vampires. The doctor had already seen me yesterday and confirmed that the poison was out of my body. I was already back to normal, which meant everyone around me was ready to ask some questions. I'd already gotten plenty of questions for the morning, I guess it was now Atticus's turn to ask.

He didn't look happy with me at all. In fact, he looked extremely disappointed that I would put my life in danger like that. In my defense, I didn't think I would bounce up three vampires in the middle of the woods. I was hoping to meet up with Damon, but no one else.

"I wanted to join Damon on his run," I answer him. "The guard informed me that he went for a run. I wanted to catch up with him, but the vampires saw me before I could make it any further. I didn't think I would be in danger when Damon was also there. Besides, it wasn't that far from our home either."

He takes a deep breath and I try to prepare myself for his words.

"Do you know how dangerous your actions were, Clarissa?" Atticus demands from me. "You could have waited for Damon to return. You didn't have to go after him. I know you two are having a fight, but it can't be so important that you would risk getting hurt."

He was wrong. It was important. I felt like I was running out of time, and I had to fix things with Damon before I lost him. Atticus wouldn't understand this even if I tried to explain it; that's why I refused to say anything in return. It would be better if he thought I agreed with him.

Yesterday, things took a turn for the worst. If I thought things were bad between Damon and me before, I was clearly in for a surprise. Every day we have been pushed further apart from each other.

I wasn't sure what were the proper steps to take anymore. If I sat back and did nothing, Damon would never make the first move. I knew him; he was not like that. And when I attempted to get closer to him, he pushed me further apart. Nothing was going how I wanted it to go.

Damon walks into the living room then and looks at Atticus and me; he quirks a brow, he's probably wondering about the conversation we were having.

"Did you know she was following you into those woods?" Atticus asks him.

Damon narrows his eyes, "do you think I would ever allow that if I knew she would do something like that?"

Atticus sighs, "I want you both to talk about whatever it is bothering you. It's causing too much trouble already. We're not used to the two of you fighting. You're old enough to fix this before it gets worse."

It wasn't something that could be easily fixed. Atticus wouldn't know that because he didn't know what we'd been up to recently.

"I can't have that discussion with Clarissa today." Damon answers him. "I have to meet Anya today. There's something important that she wants to discuss with me."

Something important? My body immediately stiffens at his words. His eyes fall on my fingers, gripping my dress tightly. He swallows, and before Atticus can respond, he's already out of the room.

I couldn't believe this. What could they possibly have to talk about that was so important? Was she going to bring up the kiss from the game to him again? Would she demand something from him in return for her forgiveness? I knew how sneaky Anya was; I should have known she would be up to something.

"Why do you look so worried?" Atticus asks me. "I've been noticing a change in you recently, Clarissa. I've also noticed the tension between you and Damon. I want you to know that you can always talk to me if you need someone to talk to."

I look to Autumn for help. She'd just walked into the room. She cleared her throat and asked Atticus to help her with something. I thanked her with my eyes, and she smiled.

I wanted to speak with Damon before he left, but we weren't on speaking terms after last night. I didn't want to be the one to start a conversation between us.

I just had to hope that Anya didn't have anything planned that could ruin my life.

.....

~DAMON~

I met Anya for lunch at her favorite restaurant. Whatever she wanted to discuss with me had to be very important. She made me promise that I wouldn't end our date early this time like I'd done last time because of Clarissa.

"Is there a special occasion?" I asked her as I saw the beautiful white dress that she had on.

She smiles, "there is something special about to happen."

I quirk a brow and take a seat opposite her. "Do you mind telling me what all of this is about?"

"Before I tell you why we are here, there's something that I wanted to discuss with you first." She explains.

I nod, "I'm listening."

I was worried that she would bring up what had happened yesterday. I wasn't sure how I would be able to make it up to her. But according to Autumn, she was just as guilty for kissing someone other than me in the game.

I would have felt less guilty if I didn't have inappropriate thoughts about Clarissa the entire time.

"I've decided that I can't go on having a relationship with both you and Dante." She blurts out.

I stop moving, shocked to my core. What did she mean by this? Was she saying what I thought she was?

"I don't understand." I finally say. "What do you mean by this? Are you breaking up with both of us?"

She laughs, "why would you think that?"

What was she so happy about? For years she couldn't choose between us. When Atticus got married, she went almost crazy from the pain of seeing him with someone else. How could she be this calm after announcing something this important?

"I'm just repeating what you're saying to me," I tell her.

"I've decided that I want to be with you." She finally confessed. "Only you. I don't want anyone else but you, Damon."

My lips parted at her words. Ever since I fell in love with Anya, that's all I've ever hoped to hear from her mouth. I thought that my life would be complete once she said those words to me, but all I felt right now was gut-wrenching panic.

"You don't want Dante?" I asked; I needed to confirm it with her first.

She nods with a bright smile, "I don't want your brother. I want you. And to show you how serious I am, I want us to get married by the end of this month. I want to have your last name. I want to be completely yours."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 20 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

~DAMON~

Marriage?

“Marriage?” I repeat. “You want to marry me?”

She nods, “I was waiting for the right moment to ask you. I think today is a perfect time.”

I frown, “shouldn’t I be the one to ask you?”

She sighs, “I don’t want to wait, Damon. I want to have you now. I want us to be one. I want you to mark me and complete our bond. It was a hard decision for me to let go of Dante. It was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done besides watching Atticus marry someone else, even though I was still in love with him. This time, I know what I want. This time, I will not lose the man in my heart.”

I leaned back in my chair; my heart was racing, and so was my mind. I never thought this day would ever come this quickly. I thought Dante and I would fight for her affection for most of our lives. Now I realize that I was wrong. Somehow, Anya has decided that I’m the one that she wants.

I want to be happy. I truly do, then why do I feel so conflicted?

“Have you spoken to Dante about all of this?” I ask her. “Do you know if he’s okay with us getting married? It can’t be easy for him. He loves you just as much as I love you.”

She sighs, “I thought that we could do this together. I don’t want to be the one to break his heart, but I know that it has to be done.”

This was not good. This could cause a drift in my relationship with my brother. We always knew there was a possibility that this day would happen, and we always hoped that Anya would choose the one she truly wanted.

“I thought you would have been happier than this.” She frowns. “You always told me how hard it’s been for you to see me with your brothers in the past. You always told me that you wished that I was only yours. Then, why are you acting like I’ve given you the worst news possible?”

It’s true. Seeing her with Dante and Atticus was always so damn hard. I spent most days wishing that she was only mine. It was like that for a while but things had changed recently. Ever since Autumn married Atticus and Clarissa started acting differently, my feelings had become a puzzle. A puzzle that I hadn’t figured out as yet. I was still trying to figure out what I truly wanted. I was still trying to figure out what were the right decisions to make in my life.

I swallowed; I couldn’t tell her the truth.

"I am happy." I lie. "I do want to marry you, Anya. I'm just worried that Dante would hate me for the rest of my life for marrying you."

"You're wrong." She says as she holds my hand. "Dante knows that he would have also married me if I had chosen him. He knows that he wouldn't have denied me because of you. He will be understanding. He won't hate you. I promise you this."

I take a deep breath. "I don't know if this is the right thing to do, Anya. I feel like another wedding is the last thing our family wants right now. It hasn't been that long since Autumn and Atticus got married. These things take time to prepare. I don't want to throw this onto my family without any warning."

I didn't want to shock Clarissa. She was the main person I was worried about. I was scared of how she would react if she found out I was marrying Anya. Things between us were still in a mess; I hadn't fixed it yet. I would only make things worse if I announced my wedding.

"Damon," Anya whispers. "Please don't say no to me. I chose you. I could have chosen Dante, but I chose to be with you. Please don't break my heart. I want to marry you, and I don't care about the consequences. So please, say yes."

I could see the tears in her eyes, which was one of my weaknesses. She knew I could never see her cry.

I still didn't want to tell her yes. I still didn't want to hurt Clarissa.

fvck.

What the hell was I supposed to do in this situation? Should I say yes or no?

If I rejected Anya today, I would never be able to forgive myself. If I said yes to her, I would risk destroying my relationship with Clarissa for good.

But if I didn't marry Anya, Clarissa would continue trying to make moves on me. Dangerous moves that could destroy her peace for the rest of her life.

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed that marrying Anya was the right thing to do.

"Okay." I finally agree. "If you want to get married, we will get married."

Her eyes lit up at my words, and she hugged me tightly. I wrapped my arms around her as my heart pounded in my chest.

I wasn't sure I was doing the right thing, but I couldn't turn back now. I'd already said yes. The hard part hadn't even begun yet. My parents were not very fond of Anya;

however, recently, they have been nicer to her. It's possible that they were warming up to her.

I wasn't sure if that was enough for them to agree on us marrying.

"I can't wait to tell everyone!" She shouts.

I slowly pull her away from her to look into her eyes, "I don't think we should announce this right away."

"Why not?" She demands. "I'm so happy to announce it to the world. What are you waiting on? Why can't we announce it?"

I wanted the chance to tell Clarissa before the announcement was made. I wanted to make things right between us before she found out the news. I knew that she wasn't going to accept this easily. Clarissa didn't like Anya; she never did.

"I want to tell my family," I explain to her. "I want to ease them into this news."

"Why do you have to do that?" she demands. "Won't they be happy that you're marrying me?"

"The first thing that needs to be done is speaking to Dante." I remind her. "He needs to know that you're rejecting him before anyone else finds out. Then we need to give him some time to recover from the shock. When I feel he's okay, we will announce it to everyone else."

Anya didn't look happy with this plan, but she had to agree with it. I was not going to announce our marriage without a proper warning.

"I'm so happy, Damon." She whispers as she leans forward to k!ss me.

I pulled back slightly without realizing what I'd done until it was too late.

For some reason, I didn't want to k!ss her. For some strange reason, it felt like I was cheating on someone else.

fvck.

How could I not k!ss the woman I was planning to marry? What the hell was wrong with me?