

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 46 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

After everything, how could he still hold her in his arms and treat her like he was in love?

I grew closer and closer to hating Damon every second that passed by. The man that I was once crazy over, the man that once was my protector, was also the reason for my pain.

Things have changed so much for us. Still, despite everything, I wanted to protect him from Anya. I would not let her hurt him. I would not let her hurt any of us.

When Damon lifts his face and finally breaks his kiss with her, he doesn't look at anyone else but her. It hurt my feelings to see him behaving this way. In all their years together, I've never seen him act like she was the only woman he cared about.

Was he trying to change for her? Did he feel guilty and want to make everything up to her? Was he trying to be a good husband to her?

"I don't understand," Autumn whispers. "Just a second ago, Atticus told me that Damon—"

She didn't get to finish; Damon turned and saw me next. His eyes widened, and his gaze lowered to the bruises all over my body. He's taking in everything. He seems shocked as he tries to figure out what happened to me.

I watch as he slowly lets go of Anya, and before I know it, he's running toward me. My heart skipped a beat, and I felt like stabbing the damn thing for betraying me at a time like this. I should not be happy to see him; I should not be satisfied that he was running towards me, not after the way he kissed Anya just a few seconds ago.

Anya's eyes are one of panic as she watches him leave her side. "Damon!" She shouts to try and catch his attention.

He doesn't listen to her. He's still moving towards me.

"DAMON!" She screams again, but then her eyes fall on me before moving to her sister, who's still standing behind me.

I see the moment real fear touches her eyes. She knows it wasn't a good sign that her sister was with me. She knows it wasn't a good sign that I had survived her trap for me.

She was surprised I had made it out alive and terrified that I had somehow found her sister. She knows I've found something she never wanted anyone to know about her. But she may not know that I knew the whole truth just yet. I didn't want to alert her, and I didn't want her to try and run, either.

Damon grabs my arms gently the moment he reaches my side.

"What happened to you?" He demands as he scans my body. "Why are there so many bruises on you? Who did this to you?"

I didn't want to answer him. I was still pissed that he was kissing Anya after shattering my heart.

I can hear the concern and anger in his voice, but right now, all I'm concerned about is getting Anya out of our lives for good. I was done with her messing around with my family. I wanted her gone for good.

"I need to tell you something important," I tell him. I can see Anya approaching us from the corner of my eye. I needed to distract her.

I turned towards Willow; she was the best distraction that I could use at this time.

"Go to your sister and ask her what she's been keeping from you," I tell her. "Ask her to tell you the truth about your mother and why she died."

She nods and leaves my side. She looked determined to find out the truth from her. That's exactly what I wanted. From the looks of it, Anya at least cared about her sister if she didn't care about anyone else.

Damon looks at me like I've lost my mind.

"Her sister?" He asks. "Anya doesn't have a sister. How do you know that woman?"

"Look," I told him as Willow joined Anya's side. "Anya has been lying to all of us. That woman is her sister, her younger sister. I have the proof other than the fact that the girl told me she's her sister."

"What?" He asks, baffled by this new information. "Why the hell would she keep her sister from the rest of us?"

"I think we should ask her that ourselves," I tell him. I wanted to hear Anya's excuse for lying about not having a sister.

I would pretend that I didn't know who her mother was. I would give her the opportunity, to tell the truth even though I knew she wouldn't.

Atticus joins us next, and he can already tell that all is not well. He knows when something awful is about to happen. Just one look at me, and he already knows I haven't been up to any good. He told me to stop risking my life, but I didn't listen. If the fire hadn't guided me today, I would have been dead, and Anya's plans would have been successful.

I still didn't understand what had happened, but after all this was over, I would have to tell Autumn everything that happened to me inside that house.

"What's going on?" Grandfather asks as he senses the tension in the air. I needed everyone to join us. They all had to know.

"Why don't you ask Anya that?" I say. "I would like her to tell everyone here why she's been keeping the fact that she has a sister from the rest of us. What does she have to hide?"

Anya looks like she's finally been cornered. It felt good to see her look this scared. She had no idea what was coming to her.

"Her sister?" Dante asks. "You told me that she was a friend."

Her friend? When did Dante even meet Willow?

"We can't have this conversation when everyone is around," Atticus says. "We need to leave."

"During the wedding?" Dante asks. "There will be a million rumors."

"And a billion if everyone listens to this conversation," Atticus adds. "We can take this to our new pack house."

Of course, the new pack house. After the many, many attacks on our family, we were working on rebuilding our pack, making it stronger to fight against anyone that threatened our peace with the help of Austin and his family. Since they were so successful, they were willing to help us. We needed protection against people like Anya and her mother.

"And what do we do about everyone else here?" Griffin asks.

"We can deal with them when we return," Atticus answers him. "Something tells me that this can't wait."

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~CLARISSA~

Autumn, Atticus, and I were in the same vehicle together. Griffin and Damon were with Anya and her sister in the vehicle ahead of us. And Dante was with everyone else behind.

“Do you mind telling us where you were?” Atticus asks me as he looks at me through the rearview mirror.

“I had to get answers,” I tell him. “Once we reach the pack house, I’ll explain everything. But Autumn, we were right about Anya all along. However, she’s much worse than any of us ever thought.”

Atticus’s hands tighten on the steering wheel at my words. I had finally cornered her. She had nowhere to run to. Her time was very limited.

“I told you not to go there without me.” Autumn scolds me. “I knew how dangerous it would have been. Look at your condition; why must you always put yourself in danger?”

Now she sounded just like Atticus, scolding me for putting my life in danger.

“Where did she go?” Atticus demands. “And how do you seem to always know more than me when it concerns Clarissa? How much have you been keeping from me, Autumn? I thought that there were supposed to be no secrets between us. What exactly have the two of you been up to all this time?”

Autumn gets silent at his questions. She knows just as much as I do that there was plenty she was keeping from him.

“Tell me.” He insists. “What have you both been hiding from me?”

Before she can give an answer, we hear a loud explosion behind us.

“What the fvck was that?” Atticus asks.

I looked back to see that another vehicle had just crashed into Dante’s jeep. What’s happening? This wasn’t good.

Another vehicle overtakes us and moves to block Damon’s jeep from going any further.

“What’s happening?” Autumn asks in horror.

They're not the only vehicles. There's more coming. Four others, to be exact.

"It's an ambush," Atticus shouts. "We're under attack!"

He pulls the jeep to a stop at the side of the road, and we all get out.

"It's Anya!" I shout. "She must have had this plan all along. This must be her backup plan if the marriage didn't take place. They were waiting for us!"

"Why would she want to attack us?" Atticus demands, clueless like always.

"Because we killed her mother!" I shout. "The witch that claimed to have Anya under her spell, the same witch that tried to kill me, and the same witch that wanted us all dead is none other than Anya's mother."

I pull the picture out of my dress and show it to them.

Atticus's eyes turn dark with fury as realization finally hits him.

"I can't believe it. All this time, she's been our enemy. All this time, it's been her." Autumn gasps. "How could she do this?"

Atticus ran a hand down his face and pinched the bridge of his nose. He looks like he's in a state of shock. Of course, he will be; at one point, Anya was the love of his life; at least, that's what she wanted him to believe.

"And who are all of these people?" Autumn asks as they jump out of their vehicles.

Dante and the others joined us next.

"It must be friends of Anya or friends of her mother," I answer her. "She was planning to marry into our family. She must have wanted to get closer to us, to gain our trust before she attacked. She didn't expect me to find out the truth before she could marry Damon."

"What madness are you saying, Clarissa?" Dante asks.

"Are you not realizing that Anya is no longer beside us?" I ask him. "She's joining the others."

At my words, he looks around for her and is surprised to see her with the enemy.

"What is going on?" Damon demands.

"Anya's mother is none other than the witch who tried to kill me, Damon," I answer him as his eyes widen.

"Yes, that's right. The woman you were planning to marry, the woman that I begged you to stay away from, turns out to be the same woman that was almost responsible for my death." I taunt him. "She isn't the sweet, innocent girl the three of you thought she was. This was all a plan that she came up with along with her mother. She was sent to harm us. And she did a very good job at it."

I push the picture onto his face, and he grabs it from my hand. His eyes narrow as he crumbles it.

"ANYA!" He roars. His voice rocked the atmosphere but had no effect on her. She didn't look afraid now that she had others on her side.

Dante is the only one that looks heartbroken, maybe because he's still under her spell, unlike the others.

He walked over to her even though she was now surrounded by people who planned to harm us.

I tried to stop him, but Atticus held me back.

"Is this true?" He asks her gently. "Are you responsible for everything that has been happening to my family recently? Was everything just a plan to get closer to us so that you could hurt us in the end?"

Her eyes were emotionless and cold as she glared at him. She didn't have to pretend anymore; she could show her true feelings.

"Of course it's true." She snaps. "Did you think I was truly in love with you all this time? Are you blind? It was obvious that I didn't love you. I liked you the least out of those other two. The only one I ever had feelings for was Atticus, and that asshole broke my heart when he chose to be with Autumn. I tried my best to protect him from my mother. She had plans to get rid of all of you just to hurt your parents, but I asked her to protect Atticus. I should have never listened to my heart because, in the end, it cost me, my mother. I never loved you, Dante, and I never loved Damon. You don't love me either; you're under a spell I put on you. At first, it was my mother, but after she died, I had to continue with her plan. I had to finish the job for her."

How could she speak to him like that? He was in pain, for crying out loud! Why wasn't the spell breaking? Why was he the only one that still loved her so much?

"I know my f*g feelings, and it's not because of a damn spell!" Dante roars. "I love you, damn it. How could you betray my feelings for you? I trusted you. I protected you. Why would you do this to me? Why Anya, why?"

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~DAMON~

I still couldn't believe it. Anya was a traitor all along? The woman before us looked nothing like the woman I once thought I was crazy in love with. She was a completely different person that had us all under her spell.

fvck.

How could she do this to me? How could she do this to my brothers? This couldn't be happening. This had to be a f*g nightmare!

"How could you?" Dante asks in a broken voice.

I could feel his pain, and I wanted her to pay for everything she'd done. She didn't deserve to live, not after all the pain she's brought to my family.

"Despite everything you've done, I still f*g love you, and I hate it!" He shouts. "I still love you, Anya, damn it! I still love you!"

Only then do I notice that she has a knife in her possession? When did she even get that? And was she planning to use it on my brother? For her sake, I hope she didn't.

"I wish I could say I'm sorry, but I'm not." She hissed. "Your family killed my mother. They killed her like garbage, and they would have disposed of her the same way if I hadn't been there to stop it!"

Of course, she'd ask for a chance to dispose of the body for us. Not once did I think it was because the witch was her mother. All of the signs were there, and I chose to ignore them all.

What the hell was wrong with me? Why didn't I realize this before? How did Clarissa even find any of this out?

"What?" Anya's sister demands as she finally exits the vehicle, even though Anya had told her to stay in there. "Are these people responsible for our mother's death?"

Anya's eyes soften as her sister comes into her view. She was probably the only person that Anya actually cared about. "You weren't supposed to be here today. You weren't supposed to see or hear any of this. It's only because of that stupid Clarissa that you're here."

I growl at her words. I was pissed at Anya; hearing her say things about Clarissa only worsened everything.

“Why did they kill our mother?” She demands from her. “What did you and mother do? They seem like nice people. What caused all of this to happen?”

“They are not nice people,” Anya growled. “They are anything but nice. You have known me your whole life. Do you think I’ll lie to you, Willow?”

Willow looks hesitant, but she wants to believe her sister.

“Lying to your sister now?” Dante asks her with a sarcastic laugh. “First, you lied to all of us, and now you’re also lying to her? Tell her the whole truth. Tell her how you placed us all under a spell so that we would love you; you made my brothers think that you were their mates. You made the three of us fight for you. If Autumn didn’t enter the picture, Atticus would have still been under your spell. Tell her how your mother kidnapped my parents and almost killed our sister. Your mother is only dead because she tried to mess with our family first. She left us no choice. We had to kill her. We never wanted to. We didn’t even know who she was until the day she kidnapped mom and dad. She was obsessed with hurting our family, and I’m afraid you are no different from her.”

Dante turns to Willow, and the poor girl has tears running down her cheeks. “Do you know what she told me when I asked her who you were? She said that you were just a friend. A friend. Why would she lie to me about that? She never told us that she had a sister. Never. It was just another lie that Anya had told to hide her dark secrets. Are you ashamed of your sister, Anya?”

“Anya.” Willow croaks. “Please tell me this is all a lie. Please tell me that you’re not like this. There has to be a mistake. There has to be a reason why you and your mother did all of this. I don’t believe that you’re a bad person.”

Anya is glaring at Dante, avoiding her sister’s innocent gaze. She’s angrier than before and has no reason to be.

“How dare you speak to her?” Anya roars. “She’s my sister. You’re not allowed to speak to her like that! You’re not allowed to fill her head with lies about me! Your family is good at acting like the victim. It’s easy for you since your family has the money and power to do as they please. I grew up in a home where we had to fight for everything we had, which isn’t even much. I’m tired of seeing you happy. Tired of it! I want you all to pay for killing my mother!”

My eyes widen when she lifts the knife into the air.

“DANTE!” I shout. “Watch out!”

“Noooo—” Willow screams, surprising all of us when she jumps in front of him to protect him.

Anya stops mid-air and looks at her sister in surprise.

Dante looks shattered inside after realizing that Anya is truly willing to kill him.

She was heartless. b****y heartless.

“No more killing. Please.” Willow begs her. “You have to stop this. You can’t keep going. This is not you. You’re not like this, sister. You’re nothing like this.”

Unlike Anya, Willow was nothing like her sister. It was a strange sight to see. How were they so different?

“These people killed your mother, and yet you’re protecting them?” Anya demands from her, surprised by her own sister’s actions.

“This is wrong,” Willow tells her.

“Grab her and lock her in the vehicle!” Anya orders the other witches surrounding her.

Dante growls and picks her up into his arms before they can get to her.

“Let my sister go!” Anya screams.

“Now you know what it feels like when someone purposefully tries to harm the people you care about.” He tells her.

I know he was only bluffing; there was no way he would hurt the girl. He walks over with her still in his arms. He placed her on the ground while Anya pierced holes in his back with her angry gaze.

Willow looked scared, and she shouldn’t be. Our family wouldn’t hurt her.

I watched as Clarissa tried to calm her down and felt my heart warm with pride.

“If you want to live, you will not try anything stupid.” Autumn threatened her. “You know what I can do when my family is in danger. This is your last warning. Your mother didn’t have to die, nor did you, Anya. Make your choice.”

“I don’t care about dying as long as I take at least one of you down today.” She answers her.

Her words make my blood run cold.

The only person that will be dying today if anyone gets hurt from my family, is her.

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0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I held Willow in my arms as I tried to calm her down. She wanted to run back to her sister, but I couldn't let her. This would soon turn into a battlefield. It would be better for her to stay on our side, where we could easily protect her.

"Please," Willow begs. "Let me go to her. I can stop this from happening. I can talk her out of it. I need some time."

"She will not listen to you, Willow." I try to tell her. "Here is the safest place for you. We can protect you if you're on our side."

"Please don't kill her." She begs me. "She's all that I have. Please don't kill her. I beg of you."

I tried to reassure her, but even I wasn't sure if Anya would make it out alive today. It all depends on her actions. I didn't want to take away Willow's only family member, but if she tried to harm my family, I could do nothing to stop her death.

"Bring my sister back to me and kill whoever you must to get to her," Anya orders the witches around her.

We were stronger than all of them combined. What was she thinking? Did she intentionally want to get herself killed?

Griffin and Atticus shifted into their wolves, guarding the rest of us. Autumn moves further back, preparing herself to attack if she needs to.

I know the moment the first witch attacks us, I feel it. But the pain doesn't last long; it's all thanks to Autumn. She's been practicing her power. She knows how to shield us from their spells, but it wouldn't last long. We will have to attack while she is giving us the advantage.

Atticus doesn't even wait a second before he lifts his head back and howls loudly. It was a howl to alert the pack that we were in trouble. I didn't think we needed them, however, it was always a good idea to call for backup.

Griffin attacks first, and Atticus goes next. We stood back and examined our surroundings, I expected more witches to come out and try to surprise us, but so far, these witches seemed like our only problem.

Grandfather joins in with my adoptive parents next.

“They don’t even seem to need our help,” Autumn whispers next to me.

“Please,” Willow begs once more. “Please let her live. I know what she did was wrong, but please, don’t hurt her.”

Hearing the pain in her voice tugged at my heart. We never wanted to hurt Anya. She annoyed the hell out of us, and she did very unforgivable things, but we never wanted to kill her. Especially not now when we knew how kind her sister was.

“I can’t stop them much longer,” Autumn tells me. “The pain will return. We’re going to have to keep going despite it.”

I nod. I was prepared to take the pain. Our family had already killed three of the witches. There were four left, and then there was Anya.

I knew Autumn didn’t want to use her full power for fear of anyone trying to come for her again after what happened in the past. I didn’t want her to use it either. That would bring more trouble for us than Anya did.

She would be left for last.

Dante was refusing to fight. He didn’t want to hurt Anya, but I knew he would step in if someone in our family got hurt.

How could Anya give up someone like him? She could have been happy. She could have gotten everything. If she wanted money and power, Dante would have happily given everything he had to her. He would have given her sister a good life as well.

All she had to be was honest from the start. She should have never taken her mother’s battle as her own. She should have done the right thing and told us the truth.

“It’s happening now!” Autumn shouts to alert the rest of us.

Damon jumps in after her warning. He takes down another witch within a second by catching her off-guard. He grabs her by her neck and rips her head off her body. I wince at her screams before she died.

“Stop this now, Anya!” I shout. “Your sister doesn’t want to watch you die. We can’t protect you if you keep going. Think about her! She needs you! She needs her sister.”

I don’t know why I’m trying to protect her. Maybe it’s because of Willow, or perhaps it’s because I cared for her without even knowing it. We did spend plenty of years around each other. Even though it wasn’t the best time of my life, it was still time spent together.

Another howl rocks our surroundings, and I know what that means. The pack was on its way. They were close. These witches did not stand a chance. If they wanted to live, they would have to run.

Was this all Anya had planned? Did she have others willing to help her that didn’t know she needed their help? Did she think that this would be enough to kill us?

“Okay!” Anya shouts suddenly when there’s just her and two other witches left. “You’re right. I don’t want to die. I want to live for my sister.”

Everyone pauses mid-battle.

“Bring her to me.” She begs me. “Please just bring her so that I can leave and never come back. I promise never to bother your family again. All I want is my sister back.”

Damon’s wolf looks at me, and I can tell that he doesn’t want me to listen to her.

When I make one step forward, he shifts back into his human form. I know he wants to tell me to stop, but no word comes out of his mouth as he watches me walk closer and closer to Anya.

Could I trust her? Was she offering peace between our families, or was this a trap?

My entire family was on alert. They watched her like a hawk, waiting for her to try something stupid.

Willow’s hold on my hand tightens, and I slowly hand her over to Anya.

Anya smiles and hugs her sister tightly to her. “I love you so much, Willow. I love you.”

It was good to see them embrace. Was this indeed the end? Was the battle over?

“But I’m sorry. I can never forgive them for what they did.”

I frown.

Before I can understand her words, she pushes Willow onto the ground and tries to stab me with the knife. I gasp in shock, but before her knife can touch me, a blade is pierced

straight through her heart. Anya cries out at the pain, and I'm surprised to see Damon behind her.

How did he get here so quickly? He's looking at his hands like he can't believe he'd just stabbed her. The pack surrounds us then, and the other two witches have nowhere to run and hide.

Anya drops to the ground with her mouth and eyes wide open.

A piercing scream touches my ear, and I look down to find Willow screaming her sister's name.

No.

I tried to stop it. I tried to prevent Willow from losing her sister.

Why couldn't Anya just let it go? Why did she have to do this to herself?

Why?

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

Anya was dying in front of us. Even though I didn't like her, it was still hard for me to watch. I never thought that Damon would be the one actually to kill her.

I thought he would never be able to do something like that.

"Anya!" Willow screams as she holds her head in her lap. "Please. No! No! No!"

Anya gently touches her cheek and gazes up at her. "Don't c-cry."

"You're all that I have!" She screams. "Please don't leave me. I beg you. Please don't go."

Dante drops to the ground next to her with tears in his eyes. Even Damon and Atticus seemed to be affected by seeing her like this. None of them wanted her dead despite everything she'd put them through.

Anya drags her gaze away from her sister to look at Dante. Her hands are shaking as she takes his hand in hers. "I know it's too late to—" she coughs up blood but still tries

to speak. "To apologize. I'm all that Willow has left. I know after I die, the spell I left on you will disappear also. But please, I beg of you. Please."

"Please, what?" Dante asks her almost desperately as she continues to cough up blood. I can see the fear in his eyes. He knows that he's losing her forever. I can't imagine the pain that he must feel to know that he will never see her again.

"Please marry my sister."

A dead silence follows.

We're all shocked by her words. No one is making a sound except her. She's crying, begging him now to marry Willow. She's repeating herself, over and over again.

"Anya—"

"Don't refuse me." She begs. "Your love was never real. It was a spell. I know that. You don't owe me anything, not after how much I've hurt and betrayed you. But please, I'm begging you, please marry her. She has no one. No one. She needs someone in her life. Out of everyone, I know you'll protect her the most. I trust you the most to take care of her."

Dante looks heartbroken as he listens to Anya. I don't care what she says; he loves her, spells or not; Dante was in love with her. How could he marry her sister?

"She's just a child." Dante tries to tell her. "She's too young."

She wasn't just a child. How old was Willow?

"She's s-seventeen." She disagrees. "You're not that much older than her. I can only go peacefully if you promise to marry her, Dante. Please. Please do it for me. I'm begging you. I'm b-begging."

It was hard watching this. Willow wasn't even getting the chance to grieve for her sister.

"What if I promise to care for her without marrying her?" He asks her desperately. Dante didn't want to marry her, I could tell. Why would he? Anya was the one he loved, and she was dying in front of him.

"No." She cries. "It's not enough. If you marry her, she will have a good life. Everyone will be fvckingd to accept her. Let her join the Academy with you. Please, marry her, Dante. It's my dying wish. I know I don't deserve anything, but please, I need to know that you'll marry her."

Dante looks at Willow, crying for her sister, and I watch the moment he decides to make her wish come true.

“I promise.” He whispers. “I promise to marry Willow.”

The promise for some reason has left a weird feeling inside my heart. Maybe it's because I know the sacrifice Dante is making for her.

I can see the peacefulness his words have on her. She doesn't deserve to die in peace, but Willow did deserve to see her sister happy before she died.

As soon as those words left his mouth, Anya's eyes slowly closed, and she breathed her last breath before us all.

I closed my eyes as Willow's screams echoed around us. You could hear the grief in her cries. I couldn't imagine her pain. That was her sister. Her sister. No matter how bad of a person Anya was, she was still a good sister.

“We need to get back,” Atticus says as he touches Dante's shoulder.

He was right. We couldn't stay here.

We all watch as Dante lifts Anya's dead body into his arms and walks with her to the jeep. Willow runs after him, still crying.

I didn't want to look at Damon. I was scared to see him grieving for her as well. He was the one that had killed her. I knew he would feel guilty for the rest of his life even though she deserved it.

He was only protecting me. Like always.

The drive back home was an incredibly sad one. No one could form any words. We had a mixture of emotions.

“I can't believe he's going to marry her.” Atticus finally breaks the silence. “He loved Anya. He did. It had nothing to do with the spell.”

“I hate this,” Autumn says as she gently rubs Atticus's shoulder. “It should have never ended this way.”

When the jeep stops, we all get out. Dante gives Anya to one of the maids, asking them to take good care of her body until he returns.

He surprises all of us when he grabs Willow's hand and starts to walk with her.

“Dante!” Atticus shouts.

“Where the hell is he going?” Damon demands.

He wasn't stopping for anyone. We all ran behind him, unsure of what else to do.

“Please tell me he isn't going to do what I think he is,” Autumn says as she covers her mouth with her hand.

We watch in horror as he pulls her into the hall where Damon was supposed to marry Anya. Gasps were all over the room as the guest's gaze fell on them. This wasn't happening.

He wasn't going to marry her, not like this. It wasn't right this way. Her sister had just died. He'd just lost the love of his life. They weren't even dressed appropriately, and they both had blood on their bodies!

The music starts to play, and everyone sits down despite the look of horror on each of their faces.

It finally sinks in that he was serious about this.

This was indeed happening.

Dante was going to marry Willow!