

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 51 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

Dante was now married. Married. And to Anya's sister, Willow. Nothing we said stopped him. He was determined to fulfill Anya's dying wish and he'd done it right after her death.

Even Willow didn't try to go against him. But I knew she was also doing it for her sister. Despite everything Anya had done, they both still loved her like crazy. It was the one thing that they had in common.

It was a horrible day for our family. So many things had happened one after the next.

I can't even imagine the kind of articles we would have to read tomorrow about this entire thing. They would report on Anya's death and that Dante had married his mate's sister.

Whatever they wrote, it was bound to anger us all.

I didn't want to think of the picture that would be posted alongside those articles. There were no wedding kisses at the end of the ceremony; there was no hugging, nothing except crying.

Willow hadn't stopped crying since Anya had died. I didn't expect her to stop crying anytime soon. But Autumn and I would try our best to comfort her. I knew what it meant to lose someone close to you.

We tried our best to save Anya. We tried our best to give her another chance, but ultimately, she chose death. Maybe she felt like that would be the best decision to make for her sister. Perhaps she knew that Dante would marry Willow if she died.

I wasn't sure of her reasons, but in the end, she didn't get everything she wanted. I knew she at least wanted to kill me, but even that didn't happen as she had planned. Damon had come to my rescue yet again.

"There is something you need to know," Autumn tells me as we finally get a chance to be alone.

The guests had all just left even though they all had many questions for us.

My grandfather was good at getting them all to go. He was always good at that.

“What is it?” I ask her. It felt like she’s been trying to tell me something since I returned with the news about Anya.

“Damon was planning on ending—”

She doesn’t get to finish when Damon enters the living room. His eyes fell on Autumn before they fell on me.

“I would like to speak with Clarissa privately, please.” He asks Autumn.

I didn’t want to talk to him. I was still angry with him.

If I hadn’t found the proof against Anya, he would be married to her by now. Then everything between us would have been over for good.

Autumn looks hesitant to leave, but when she realizes his desperation, she finally decides to leave us alone.

Damon sits opposite me, and it looks like he’s trying to find the right words to say to me.

“Don’t say anything.” I stop him before he can say a single word. “It’s clear that this thing between us was never going to work out.”

He swallows but doesn’t give any emotion away.

“I tried my best to get you to fight for me. To fight for us. But you did the opposite each time.” I remind him. “You broke my heart over and over again.”

His two hands were clasped tightly together as he quietly listened to everything I had to say.

“You were right to want things between us to stay the same. Our relationship before I made things complicated was much better than it is now.”

He still says nothing. He still leaves me to ramble on.

I’m unsure where to go with this, but I don’t stop.

“I thought I was doing the right thing by fighting for you. I thought I was doing the right thing by constantly offering myself to you.” I confess. “I was so blinded by my feelings that I let my heart lead. I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable with my actions.”

I closed my eyes to find the strength I needed to continue. “When I saw you kissing Anya earlier, my heart shattered. It was the reminder I needed to know that you and I

were never going to work out. I was stupid for thinking that love would prevail. I was stupid for thinking that everyone around us would happily accept our relationship. While you were able to have your relationship with her public, it will never be possible with me.”

Damon tries to say something, but I raise my hand to stop him.

“You don’t need to apologize for your actions, Damon. I’ve heard your apology a hundred times already; nothing you say can be different from what you’ve said in the past. I understand now that there can never be anything between us.” I confess. “And the tattoo. It was a stupid decision on my part. I will find a way to get it removed.”

His jaw clenched, and I knew I had struck a nerve.

It was a lie. Despite my frustration with him, I was never removing that tattoo.

“You always wanted things to go back to normal between us. I’ll try my best to get things back to where it was before. I’ll try to ensure it’s no longer complicated, how you like it.” I assure him.

“Clarissa—”

“You were planning on marrying Anya today, Damon.” I remind him. “You were going to put a ring on her finger and give her your last name. The reality didn’t sink in until I saw you kissing her in her wedding dress. I’m tired of fighting for us. I’m tired of fighting for you.”

I don’t want to cry in front of him; I don’t want him to show him my weakness anymore.

“I think you were right all along,” I confess. “I need to have my own life. It shouldn’t revolve around you anymore. I need to get out there and start dating. I need to do things that make me truly happy. I thought my happiness was only being with you, but you’ve brought me only pain the past few days. It just proves that we aren’t meant to be like I initially thought.”

Damon finally gets up from his chair after not moving an inch since he’d sat down.

His face is emotionless as he asks, “is that truly what you want, Clarissa?”

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0 5 minutes read

~DAMON~

Clarissa's words f*g hurt. I wasn't sure if this was intentional or if she truly felt that way about us.

I was finally ready to fight for us. I was prepared to give her everything she wanted but she didn't seem to want it anymore. I had hurt her too much in the past.

Her eyes are sad as she says, "yes. This is what I want. It's what's best for both of us. We are not good for each other. You were right all along. It was never going to work between us. Our family will never be able to accept it."

I want to get on my knees; I want to beg her to give me a chance. I want to do anything to make her change her mind.

But I didn't want to go against her wishes. I've already gone against them in the past. If this was truly what she wanted. I would stand back and let it happen no matter how much it f*g pained me.

Hearing her say she would get rid of the tattoo bothered me a lot more than it should. It was her body; it was her choice. But damn it; I loved it on her. I didn't want it gone. Knowing my name was on her body made it seem like she was mine. If she removed it, she was allowing someone else to take my place.

This was all my fault. I'd done this. She'd wanted me for so long. She gave me many opportunities, as she'd said earlier.

I didn't want to show her how upset I was. I didn't want to worry her. I deserved this pain; I deserved to be unhappy after the number of times I've made her cry because of my dumb decisions.

I'd realized my mistakes too late. Maybe this was for the best.

But she was f*g mine, damn it.

Now I understood why I've always wanted her so much. Anya was never my mate, to begin with. Her spell was the only reason it became easier to stay away from Clarissa.

Now that every last bit of that spell was gone, my need for Clarissa had grown at an alarming rate.

I wasn't sure how I would find the strength to stay away from her.

Even now, her scent had filled the room. My body felt sensitive to it. Anytime I walked into a room now, I would be overwhelmed with the need to taste her because of that damn scent.

How do I move on from her? How do I let her go?

I took another step toward her and felt satisfied when I heard her heartbeat increase. It meant her feelings were still there; she was trying her best to control them.

"I didn't get the chance to tell you what I wanted to," I say in a low voice.

"Does it matter?" she asks. "You were going to apologize, weren't you?"

I exhale slowly, "no." I breathe out. "I wasn't."

Her eyes widened a little, "then what were you going to say?"

My gaze softens, "I don't think it makes sense for me to say it anymore, Clarissa. It seems like you've made your mind up."

Her lips part, and she looks curious.

"There you two are." My mother says as she finds us standing a little too close to each other. "What are you doing in here? Everyone is about to leave."

Clarissa's cheeks are red as she turns to look at her.

"Where are we going?" I ask her.

"I know Anya wasn't exactly the best person. She's done a lot of wrong things, especially to our family. However, I think her mother brainwashed her and the things that she did was because of that. Your brother still loves her; it seems his love had nothing to do with the spell. And he's now married to Willow, who's her sister. Willow is now a daughter-in-law of this family and needs to be treated like one. Since they both care deeply for her, I think it's only fair that we bury her and give her a proper send-off."

My hands tighten into fists at my sides. I knew before she died I wanted her to pay after finding out about the things she'd done. I felt like she deserved to die, but I couldn't deny the pain I still felt in my heart at knowing she was gone. Despite all the wrongs she'd done, I'd grown an attachment to her. It felt worse knowing that I was the one to kill her.

But it had to be done. I would always choose to save Clarissa over everyone else. She's always the first person I run to protect. Anya could have given up; we were willing to let her go. But she was too blinded by revenge. She wanted to kill Clarissa. She wanted to hurt us all. If I hadn't killed her, someone else in my family would have.

"We will be there in a second," I tell mother.

She nods and leaves us alone.

Clarissa surprises me when she tugs at my shirt, “thank you.”

I frown, “thank you?”

She nods and peers up at me, “for saving me earlier.”

I can’t stop gazing into her eyes. I saw glimpses of the same Clarissa, that saw me as her hero.

“Why are you thanking me?” I whisper. “Protecting you has always been something that brings me joy. I’ve told you this already. I will always protect you when you need me. I still don’t understand how you found out Anya’s true identity or why you had so many bruises.”

She looks down nervously, “we hired a private investigator to keep an eye on Anya. He got back to us and told us that Anya lied about where she was living.”

“I don’t understand. Why didn’t you tell me anything?” I demand from her. “I could have helped.”

“We didn’t think that any of you would have believed us.” She answers me.

“We?” I ask. “Who else knew about this?”

“Autumn.” She answers me.

Of course, Autumn.

“Autumn wanted me to wait on her to visit the house and have a look around for any clues. But then Anya moved up the wedding date, and she had no time. The day before the wedding, Anya threatened me to stay away from her home. She planned to trap me inside the house since she knew I would try to get information on her. I waited for everyone to get busy with the wedding, and then left. Someone set the house on fire while I was inside it. That’s why I had so many bruises while trying to get out.”

My blood boiled at this new information. Anya was planning to kill Clarissa even though she knew I was in love with her.

She even tried to blackmail me into marrying her while it was happening.

How could she have been so heartless all along? Why did I ever trust someone like her? Why was I so blind? I could have lost Clarissa because of my carelessness.

Now more than ever I want to pull her into my arms and never let her go but I refrained from doing it. I couldn’t be selfish. I couldn’t.

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0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

It was hard acting like I was okay with not being with Damon. But it had to be done.

I hate that he didn't once try to fight for me. He didn't tell me that he wanted me. He didn't tell me what I wanted to hear.

I gasp when he gently cups my cheek in his hand, "I'm glad you're safe, Clarissa."

I nod and quietly move away from his touch before I caved and gave in to my feelings.

We both joined the others as they got ready for the funeral. A wedding and funeral are all on the same day; that's the last thing I would have expected to happen on Damon's wedding day.

The rest of the day wasn't easy. We tried our best to comfort Willow, but in the end, nothing we did or said could make her feel better.

"I feel so sorry for her," Autumn whispers. "Anya shouldn't have left her this way. All she had to do was leave."

"Her thirst for revenge was stronger than her love for her sister," I suggest. "We gave her the option to live, but she chose to die trying to kill me."

I'm sure Anya knew there wasn't a chance for her to kill me, not with my entire family standing around me, waiting to protect me. Still, she chose to continue with her plan.

I never understood her. She could have gotten everything in life. Did she not want to be happy?

"What did Damon want to tell you?" Autumn asked me as soon as we were back home and alone.

"I didn't give him a chance to speak," I confess. "I didn't want to hear another apology from him."

Though, according to him, he wasn't planning on apologizing to me. If he wasn't going to apologize, what was he planning on saying?

"There's something I've wanted to tell you," Autumn says.

I knew there was something that she's been trying to tell me for a while now. She never got to finish her sentence.

"What is it?" I ask curiously.

"I don't know if this is the right time to tell you since it seems like you're ready to let go of Damon, but he was never going to marry Anya." She explains.

I frowned, "he was in his suit. She was in a wedding dress. They were kissing passionately when I returned. How was he never going to marry her?"

She wasn't making any sense.

"Before you returned from Anya's home, Atticus told me that Damon confessed that he couldn't marry Anya. He said that he didn't love her and that he was planning on stopping the wedding. He was looking around frantically, and I believe he was looking for you. Atticus told him to see Anya at least and explain to her what was happening. I don't understand why he ended up kissing her, but I'm sure if you ask him, he will answer your question. He was never going to marry her. I know he changed his mind too late, but I believe Damon was finally willing to give you what you wanted all along."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Had he decided to stop the wedding? Was that what he wanted to tell me?

Why didn't I let him speak? I was so tired of his apologies that I didn't want to hear them anymore. I should have waited and listened to what he had to say before saying what was on my mind.

Half of the things I said to him were all lies. I just wanted to pretend that I was okay. I wanted to hurt him as he had done to me. I wanted him to drop to his knees and tell me he loved me. I wanted him to say to me that he would fight for us.

I hoped he would have done at least one of those things, but he never did. Instead, he left me to speak, and he even agreed with me.

"I can't believe this," I whisper. "What do you think made him change his mind?"

She smiles, "you're why he changed his mind. I know that you want him to beg you to take him back. I know you don't want to make it easy for him. I don't think you have long to wait. I've seen the longing in his gaze as he looks at you. He can't even hide it anymore. Eventually, he will confess his true feelings."

I hope he wouldn't keep me waiting long. I didn't want to be the one to ask him to fight for me. I wanted Damon to do it on his own, without my help.

Atticus walks in then and quirks a brow at us. "I'm very disappointed in the both of you."

"What?" Autumn asks. "What did we do?"

"You could have trusted me enough to tell me that you were hiring a private investigator to keep an eye on Anya." He growls. "One of you could have gotten seriously injured because of your big secret. Why couldn't you tell me, Autumn?"

She narrows her eyes, "I'm sorry, but weren't you the one that always trusted Anya in the past?"

"I thought we were over this. I thought you trusted me. If you believed in me even a little bit, you would have known that I could have helped you. I wouldn't have dismissed your suspicions." He tells her calmly, but even I can hear the edge to his voice.

She sighs, "I do trust you. I'm sorry for keeping this from you."

"What else have the two of you been hiding from me?" He demands.

Autumn looks at me, and I try to remain calm. This was one secret I still couldn't tell him, and Autumn knew that. I knew she wouldn't sell me out.

Damon walks in with Dante and Willow next. Willow's eyes are dark and sad, and I don't think she even realizes yet that she was married to Dante.

She was still in shock.

Dante's knuckles were bruised, and so was his face. Those bruises weren't from the fight. They were new. It frightened me.

"Did you get into another fight?" I ask him as I lift my hand to touch his face.

He flinches away from me, and it shocks me. He never did that in the past.

"I found him like this," Damon tells us. "He doesn't want to tell me where he got it from."

Before I can ask any more questions, Willow drops to the ground, curled up in a ball.

"Sister." She cries out.

"What's happening to her?" Autumn demands.

I drop to the ground next to her and touch my hand to her forehead. My eyes widen in horror.

"She's freezing!" I shout. "Call a doctor!"

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

It's been a week. One week since Dante married Willow. One week after Anya's death. One week since I told Damon that I wanted things to go back to normal between us.

Willow's tears had decreased, but she was still tremendously sad.

The doctor couldn't find anything wrong with her when we called him to have a look at her. Yet, her skin remained ice cold for a while before returning to its average temperature.

It was unlike anything any of us had ever seen before. We didn't know what the cause was, and the doctor did not help us one bit.

Today was the first day we would take her back to school with us. The first time she was ever going to step foot in our academy. I knew it wouldn't be easy. Everyone knew that she'd married her sister's supposedly mate.

While Dante was always in love with Anya, I didn't believe that she was ever his mate. If she were, she would have had strong feelings for him, but she never did.

However, everyone at school did not know the whole story. Both Willow and Dante did not want the truth of her sister's death to be revealed to the public. They didn't like the people to know how horrible of a person she was.

Besides, if people knew the truth about Anya, Willow's life would be even worse. It was always going to be difficult the moment people knew she was Anya's sister. I still remember how hard it was for Autumn when she married Atticus. This time it was much worse. Luckily for Willow, we would do our best to protect her from the public.

"Did you see the articles posted this morning?" Autumn asks me.

"The ones about Willow and Dante?" I ask her.

She nods, "it reminds me of my first day at the academy as the wife of Atticus Fawn."

She purposefully said his last name.

"I remember," I tell her. "I feel so sorry for her."

And for me. It's been a tough week acting like Damon didn't mean as much to me as he did before.

I've been the one avoiding him as much as I could. I wasn't sure how far I'd have to push him to admit that he wanted to fight for us.

It still surprised me that Damon had called off the wedding after telling me multiple times that it was the right thing to do. What had caused him to change his mind?

I would never know the answers unless I confronted him about it, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. I was tired of chasing him.

"Damon hasn't been showing any interest in me since our last conversation," I confess to Autumn. "It's bothering me. He's giving me exactly what he thinks I want, but this time it's not what I actually want from him."

She sighs, "give him some more time. He's giving you space because he thinks that's what you want. Eventually, he isn't going to be able to control himself."

I'm about to disagree when I spot him walking toward us, and I try to act unbothered. The key word there is 'try.'

I'm not sure how successful I was.

"Can I walk you to class?" He asks me the second that he reaches my side.

Autumn gives me a look as if to say, 'I told you so.'

She leaves us alone, and I felt like pulling her back. I didn't want to be alone with him; that's when it's hardest to control myself.

"I could walk myself," I tell him.

He shrugs his shoulders, "wasn't this what you wanted?" He asks. "For things to return to normal. This is what I always do. I walk you to class and tell everyone around you to treat you with the respect you deserve."

While this was true that he's always done this in the past, it still felt weird after everything that had happened between us.

It also feels weird now that Anya is no longer trying to come between us.

"You don't have to do this," I tell him. "Not anymore."

He grabbed my hand and f*ckingd me to a stop. The devastated look on his face takes me aback. Did my words hurt him that much?

“I know that you’re angry with me. I can feel it every time I get near you. I’m willing to do everything you ask of me, but what I’m not willing to do is stop protecting you. And this Clarissa happens to fall under that category.” He says in a low growl.

“But—”

“I don’t care who f*g comes into your life and who goes out of it.” He adds. “But I’m always going to be here protecting you. As long as I’m alive, I will keep you safe. So please, do not stop me from doing the one thing that I love most in this world.”

My heart skips a beat. This was unexpected. I didn’t think my words would have affected him this much.

But it still wasn’t the confession that I was looking for.

“Clarissa Fawn!” The professor exclaims as he sees me standing outside of the classroom door staring at Damon. “You’re late for class as usual. What are you doing just standing there?”

I lowered my gaze; I couldn’t look into his eyes. “I’ll see you after class.”

I can feel all eyes on me as I enter the classroom. I know everyone will have plenty of questions for me, but I didn’t think they were brave enough to ask them, especially not after seeing Damon right outside the door, still looking into our classroom.

He was making sure that no one was trying to bully me, just like he’s always done in the past. I tried not to melt at his earlier words.

Protecting me was the one thing he loved the most in the world, his words, not mine.

My cheeks felt hot, and I needed some water to cool down.

It was hard to pay attention in class after that little incident. I often wished that I was in the same class as the rest of my family. I hated being away from them.

I was surprised when I saw Willow walk through the door in the middle of our class, totally distracting me from my earlier thoughts.

“Cla.ss,” Sir Richards calls for our attention. “Meet your new classmate. Willow Edwina.”

His words surprised everyone in the room, including me.

What was she doing in this class?

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

Willow sits beside me, and I can tell how uncomfortable she is. The gossip hasn't stopped since our professor made his announcement.

The whispers continued even after he asked them to be quiet. They never listened, and unfortunately, this professor was never good at getting them to do anything asked.

"Weren't you supposed to be in a lower class?" I ask her gently. I didn't want to make it sound like I didn't want her here with me. I was more than happy to have someone I knew in this classroom with me. And Willow was now a member of our family, which meant I had to treat her like I would Autumn.

"Your parents were concerned that I would be alone." She tells me. "They asked for me to be moved up to this class with you."

And, of course, our school would abide by their request. I'm sure that money was even part of this decision.

"I'm happy you're here with me," I inform her. "I always wished for company during these boring classes."

Why didn't they do this for me as well? Move me up to a class with the others. I've always felt alone before this. At least I had Willow by my side from now on. I'm sure Damon would also feel at ease if he knew I had company from today.

"Anya never told me anything about her friends or enemies. She never even told me she was marrying your brother." She whispers a few minutes later.

I freeze.

My brother.

Just like always, I felt sick to my stomach when someone referred to Damon as my brother.

Willow didn't know anything about us; she didn't realize how much her words would upset me. I couldn't blame her. It was normal for her to think that Damon was my brother. It wasn't her fault that I was crazy in love with him.

"I'm sure you don't know by now, but I'm adopted," I tell her.

Her eyes widened, "adopted?"

I nod. "I'm not their biological daughter."

"They're all so close to you." She confesses. "I would never think that you were adopted. You're lucky to have a family that loves you so much."

I swallowed; I knew I was lucky to have them. But it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to be in love with someone I was not supposed to love. It's not like I can ever tell this to Willow. If she ever finds out how much I loved Damon, she may get distraught knowing that her sister was supposed to marry him. I was afraid that she would be angry with me.

We never spoke about one other thing, and that's the fact that Damon was also the one to kill Anya. I wasn't even sure if Dante or Willow blamed Damon for any of it. I haven't seen the two of them have a normal conversation ever since that day. Dante has never been normal ever since her death.

He keeps disappearing for hours and sometimes returning with bruises. No one knew what he's been up to, but we were all worried about him.

He and Willow did not behave like a married couple either. He barely spoke to her, and they didn't even sleep in the same room together. Dante requested that she stay in a separate room despite being married to her.

They were in a loveless marriage. I would have never wished for something like that for either one of them. I don't know why Anya insisted that he marry her. Maybe she feared that Dante would one day stop caring for her if he found his true mate. Perhaps she wanted to make sure that no matter what, he would be fucking to protect Willow.

I'm not sure what was her real reason, but this was the reality now. Eventually, Dante has no choice but to accept Willow as his wife.

The rest of the day passed quickly, and I was happy to be home and away from all of the gossipers. There were too many eyes on us at the academy. It felt like everyone was constantly staring at us.

If they were like this after Anya's death, what would they be like if they ever found out I was in love with Damon?

I knew that's what Damon had always wanted to protect me from since the beginning.

I sigh. He had his reasons, and I kept pushing him. I still didn't think that I was wrong. I was fighting for love.

“We have a family announcement.” Grandfather says after gathering all of us in the family room.

When he’d called for all of us, I had no idea what this announcement would be about, and I was still very clueless.

“As each of you knows, around this time, we always have a family vacation.” He reminds us. “I’ve discussed this with your parents, and I know it’s been a very rough time for our family. We weren’t sure if we should continue the tradition, but after much thought, we think this is for the best. You kids will be returning to our Flora beach house this weekend. Two days just to relax and remind yourselves why it’s good to be still alive.”

Atticus quirks a brow, “aren’t you guys going to be there?”

“No.” He answers him. “Unfortunately, we have some business to take care of. That doesn’t mean you should spoil your fun for us. You are an adult now; you can take care of yourself. You don’t need us there.”

“Is this really such a good idea?” Dante asks, looking unhappy as usual.

“Yes, Dante.” He tells him. “This is a good idea, especially for you. I know you’ve taken the hardest hit between your brothers. As such, you need this trip more than anyone else.”

He doesn’t look pleased, but he doesn’t go against grandfather’s words either.

“I guess that settles it,” Autumn says with a bright smile. “We’re going to have some fun this weekend!”

Of course. . .fun. I couldn’t wait.