

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 71 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~DAMON~

“You son of a b\*\*\*h!” Atticus roars as he launches for my throat.

I moved away before he could grab me. He eventually grips my shirt and pulls me towards him. “How dare you touch her?” He demands. “She’s our sister!”

I winced at his tone. She may be a sister to him, but she never was one to me. I had so much love for Clarissa and it was not the same kind that my family had for her.

“I’m not going to apologize for loving her,” I shout. “I love her. I realized it too fvcking late, and I won’t keep denying it anymore. It was too painful for Clarissa and also for me. I’m not letting go of her. I don’t care if you want to beat me the fvck up. Go right ahead. I’ll gladly let you.”

“This can’t be happening.” My mother gasps as she leans against my father for support. I didn’t want to do this to them. I knew the effect it would have on all of us. But Clarissa was worth it.

“You should know better than touching her. She’s innocent. She doesn’t know what she f\*g wants!” Atticus roars. “How can you even see her as someone other than a sister? You’ve taken care of her more than any of us here. Was that your ill intention all along? Did you always want her? Since the beginning?”

I clench my jaw but don’t move his hands from my shirt. My attention falls on Dante. He had a soulless gaze on his face. It was cold and distant. I knew I’d managed to make things worse for him.

fvck. He was the one I was most worried about.

“I don’t care what you say; you must end things with Clarissa.” My father growls. “Have you ever thought about your family and the impact something like this would have on us? People are waiting every damn second for a story like this to bring us to the ground. Don’t you think our family has been through enough already?”

My grandfather was silent throughout the entire thing, but I could see the displeasure on his face. Even he was disappointed and disgusted by my actions.

"Say it now; promise us you will leave Clarissa alone after today." Atticus growls, glaring at me.

I look him dead in the eye as I say, "Never."

I don't have time to prepare before he punches me hard in the face. I fly backward a few feet, and I touch my lips to feel blood. I clench my jaw and wipe it away. If he thinks one punch will make me change my mind, he can think again.

"Atticus!" Autumn shouts as she grabs his arm to prevent him from coming for me again.

"Stop it!" She cries. "He's your brother. If you hurt him, it will also hurt you."

His attention turns towards her, narrowing his eyes at her, "You knew all along. You knew about his relationship with her, and you let it happen. You didn't just let it happen; you kept the truth from me. I've been nothing but honest with you recently, but somehow you're constantly lying to me. I thought what we had was much stronger than this, Autumn. I'm disappointed in you."

I can see the pain in her eyes from hearing him say that. I knew he was just angry; he didn't mean it and would most likely apologize to her later.

She swallows, "I know you're upset. I know that Clarissa is like a baby sister to you. But you must understand that she knows what she wants, and it's always been, Damon. She's been in love with him for a long time Atticus. She knew long before Damon knew. Doesn't this remind you of us and what we had to go through in the past? If we were in their position, wouldn't you still fight to be with me?"

"This is not the same thing!" He growls. "Damon was supposed to treat Clarissa like a sister. He was never supposed to touch her inappropriately or f\*ck her after her. I saw how he looked at her at the beach house; it makes me sick every time I think about it."

I closed my eyes; this was going much worse than I expected it to go. Dante still hasn't said a word to me. Neither has Willow or Griffin.

"So that k!ss," Griffin finally says. "When Anya was still alive, we were all playing that game. That wasn't even your first k!ss with her?"

"It was our first k!ss," I answer him. "Things have only recently changed between us. As I said, I've been running from my feelings for a very long time."

"What k!ss?" My mother asks, confused.

The k!ss that changed everything. I don't say that out loud.

“My sister,” Willow whispers. “She wanted to marry you. But you loved Clarissa all along?”

“Willow,” Autumn whispers. “Please remember that Anya used a spell on Damon to keep him. It’s not his fault; please don’t think that way.”

“I don’t f\*g care if she had a spell on him!” Dante roars. “He didn’t know he was under a spell. He didn’t know what she was up to, but he still went behind her back and had these insane feelings for Clarissa.”

“Dante—”

“I don’t want to hear a single word out of your mouth.” He growls. “You promised me that you would make Anya happy. You listened to me pour my heart out to you; you knew how much I loved her; you knew that I would fvcking die for her. Still, you stood there, and you made promises to me that you knew you could never keep. If you knew that you had feelings for Clarissa, if you knew that you could never give her your full heart or make her happy, why didn’t you tell me? All you had to do was say something, and I would have fought for her. I would have never given up and allowed her to get closer to you. I stepped back for both of you. I thought that would make you fvcking happy, Damon. I thought I was making you both happy! Now I know how f\*g wrong I’ve been about you this entire time. My own brother, I trusted you and you broke my trust!”

I don’t know how to respond. I was doing like he asked, staying silent. But it was still hard to listen to his words and say nothing in return.

“I can never forgive you for this.” He finally shouts before storming out of the room.

Damn it!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 72 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

The rooftop pool in front of me was absolutely beautiful. Damon had the whole place decorated just for me. I was the only one here except for all the waitresses he had bringing food almost every minute for me.

Not to mention the hundreds of roses everywhere. But my favorite was the sign that stole my heart.

‘Be mine. Forever.’

He didn't even have to ask. I was already his a long time ago.

He promised that he would be back in less than an hour. However, an hour had passed, and it bothered me that there was a possibility that something had happened on his way back to me.

I tried calling his phone, but it kept going straight to voicemail.

I considered calling Autumn or Atticus but refrained from doing it. After what happened earlier, calling either wasn't a good idea.

I don't think Damon told anyone that he was taking me here. If I called any family member, they may immediately ask for my location. I wouldn't be able to give it to them.

"You look a little unhappy, miss." The main server says to me. "I was asked to make sure you're happy; if you're not, I'm afraid your partner will be troubled with all of us. I don't want to disappoint him."

He asked her to keep me happy. My heart skipped a beat at that fact.

Damon kept on surprising me. Everything felt like a dream to me. It was all too good to be true. Whenever things were going this smoothly, something horrible always happened. I pushed that thought to the back of my mind. I didn't want to be negative today.

There were other things I could keep my mind occupied with. Like the one thing that I couldn't stop thinking about.

Was it finally going to happen today? Damon knew how much I wanted us to finish what we had started. He knows how crazy I was about him. I was looking around for some place nice that it could happen for the first time, but I doubted it would be here.

It was too open, and there were many servers around. Even if he sent them away, he wouldn't take that risk.

He kept saying I wasn't ready for it, but he didn't realize how long I'd been waiting. I don't know what else to do to make him realize that I was more than ready for him.

I didn't want to wait anymore. I wanted to be as close to him as possible. I wish he would see things the way that I saw them. I felt like we were running out of time. The moment our family found out about us, everything would change. They would constantly try to separate us. I wanted everything to happen before they found out.

I took out my phone after I received a message. I looked at the caller ID.

It was Autumn. I quickly clicked on the message and felt like my whole life was spiraling out of control the moment that I read it all.

No.

This wasn't happening. Not now. It can't happen now. Damon and I had only just gotten closer after waiting years for it to happen.

My hands shook as I read it over and over again.

'Come home. Everyone knows about you and Damon. He just confessed.'

Why would Damon do that? Why would he tell them about us when he knows how they would react?

Did this mean that all of this was just a distraction? He never intended to set up this romantic night for us; it was all just a decoy so he could tell everyone the truth while I was not around.

I couldn't believe that this was the reality.

My entire family now knew that Damon and I were in a relationship, not the kind they would be proud of. Why would he choose today out of all days to do this? Why didn't he wait?

How could I stop something that has already happened?

Damon was taking the heat all on his own. They would no doubt blame him for everything.

I couldn't let him deal with them on his own. I had to get home immediately.

"I need a car," I shout.

Everyone is suddenly looking at me like I've lost my mind. And I was losing it. The thought of Damon alone in the room while everyone at home judged him for being with me, was enough to drive me insane.

After a few minutes of frantically asking for a car, one of the servers agreed to drop me home. If they hadn't, I would have found another way to get there before things started to go crazy.

The ride back home was an uncomfortable one. It took way longer than it should have.

When I finally saw the mansion, I quickly paid the server and got out the vehicle. After getting through the gates, I ran inside the house but everyone was nowhere to be found. It meant that they were all gathered somewhere.

The family room. It would be the perfect place for a confession.

I'm about to barge into it when I see Dante standing before me. He looks up, and I can see the anger in his gaze.

"Dante," I whisper.

I wait for him to shout at me, to tell me the worst things possible. But he does the opposite.

He moves to the side and lets me pass him. However, I'm not sure how to feel when he follows me.

I wasn't sure what I would walk into, but the last thing I expected to see was Atticus getting ready to punch Damon, who already had a bruised lip.

"Stop!" I shout.

At my voice, all eyes turn to me. I can see the shock and surprise on Damon's face as he looks at me. He still expected me to be back at the rooftop restaurant.

I watch as the blood drains from his face. He was trying to protect me from seeing this. I knew that now. He didn't want me around to see or hear what they had to say. My heart warmed at that fact. Always protecting me. That's what he does.

It was my turn to protect him this time. I couldn't stand back and watch everyone attack him like he was the one to blame when I was not innocent in any of this.

They needed to know the truth. They had to know that I was the one who fucking hit him into everything.

It's the only way to fix this.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 73 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~DAMON~

My blood runs cold.

What was she doing here?

She shouldn't be here. Why the hell was Clarissa standing in front of me right now? Who even brought her here?

I did everything to keep her from coming here tonight. Everything.

I attempt to move towards her, to protect her from what everyone is saying, but Atticus beats me to it. He's already in front of her, and I can't see the expression on his face from where I'm standing.

"Is it true?" He asks her. "Are you in love with Damon?"

Her face turns pink at his question, but she doesn't look afraid.

Clarissa doesn't even hesitate as she says, "It's true. I love Damon."

There were multiple gasps throughout the room, and my parents looked like their whole lives were shattering in front of their eyes.

Hearing her say it only made me want to protect her more fiercely than before.

"Clarissa, what are you even saying?" My mother demands. "He's your brother. You can't love him in that way. I'm afraid that's not right. Totally wrong. We didn't raise either of you this way."

"No." Clarissa snaps. "Damon could never be my brother. Having the same last name does not mean we share the same blood. We may live in the same house, but I've never seen Damon how I look at everyone else. To me, he is different. I never tried to stop my feelings, and even if I had, I would have failed miserably. My feelings for Damon could never end."

Atticus turns to glare at me, "You did this. You screwed with her innocence and turned her into this. You messed with her head, and now she doesn't know what she truly wants."

"You're wrong, Atticus." Clarissa disagrees with him. "You're wrong about everything. Damon was not the one to pursue me first; in fact, it was the other way around."

"Pardon me?" My mother asks her. "You pursued Damon?"

"Clarissa." I tried to stop her, but she wasn't listening to me.

"Yes. It's true. It was me." She insists. "Damon has always protected me; he's always given me everything I ever wanted. However, there was just one thing that he made

sure not to give to me, and that was the chance to be with him. He kept some distance between us even though I begged him for more.”

I could see the surprise on everyone’s faces at her words. I’d kept this from them before, but Clarissa gladly spilled the truth to everyone.

Why the hell was she doing this?

“Clarissa, stay out of this,” I shout. “Let me do the talking.”

“No, Damon.” She snaps. “This isn’t just about you. This concerns me as well. They need to know the truth. I was the one that insisted on this relationship. I was the one that pushed for it. You didn’t force me to do anything that I didn’t want to do; in fact, it was the exact opposite.”

“What are you saying?” Atticus asks in a disgusted whisper. “Are you even hearing yourself, Clarissa? I don’t believe it. I don’t believe that you could ever be that way.”

“I’m sorry to disappoint you and everyone else, Atticus, but it’s the truth. I was the one that was crazy obsessed with Damon since the beginning. It was always hard for me to see him with Anya, especially when I knew she didn’t love him as I did. I took advantage of Damon’s kindness towards me. I used it for my benefit.”

“That’s nonsense,” I growl. “I’ve always been yours since the start; you never had to f\*  
g fight for me. My heart has always belonged to you, Clarissa.”

“I know that none of you may believe me, but you can ask Autumn to tell you the truth. She knows just as much as I do that I was the one who went after Damon.” She confessed. “There were many times that he turned me down. He pushed me away repeatedly, but I wouldn’t give up. I couldn’t imagine a life where Damon wouldn’t be mine; I needed him. I don’t know what Damon told all of you, but what I’m telling you now is the full truth.”

“No.” My father says as he runs a hand down his face while still trying to comfort my mother. “This can’t be happening. It has to be a nightmare.”

“I’m sorry that you had to find out this way.” She apologizes. “It’s not something that I regret. Damon makes me happy, and I rather spend the rest of my life alone than be with someone other than him. He’s the only one for me.”

“Congratulations Damon,” Atticus says. “You’ve turned her into a girl that’s obsessed with you. You see what you’ve done to her innocent heart?”



“Can you stop that?” Clarissa demands from Atticus. “He may not be my brother, but he is yours. Your words are hurting him, in case you haven’t noticed. Damon is always protecting me; now, I want to protect him, also. You have no right to speak to him like that. He did nothing wrong. What else must I say to prove I’m the blame?”

“Nothing.” Atticus snaps at her. “There is nothing that you can say here tonight that would make me think otherwise.”

“Really?” Clarissa asks, accepting the challenge. “Then it might not interest you to know that I have a tattoo of Damon’s name on my body, and I’ve had it for a while, hiding it from the rest of you.”

My eyes widen. Why the fvck would she say that in front of all of them? She was determined to make it look like she was to blame for everything.

“You have to be f\*g bluffing.” Atticus growls.

“No.” She sighs. “I’m not. The tattoo is on my a\*s. It was easy to hide under all of my clothes.”

There are more surprised and horrified gasps throughout the room, which was expected after what Clarissa had just shoved down their throats without any warning. Even I wasn’t prepared for her to tell them about the tattoo.

“That’s impossible,” Atticus says. “You didn’t cover much up on that trip. There was no fvcking tattoo; someone would have seen it.”

“Autumn helped me cover it up with makeup.” She informs him. “If you want I can show it to you!”

“Clarissa!” I growl. She was not showing her a\*s to anyone in this room.

Atticus looks at Autumn for confirmation, and when she nods, I see the moment Atticus sees red.

He turns around to launch at me again, but Dante beats him to it. The last thing I hear is Clarissa screaming before he tackles me to the ground.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 74 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

“How could you do that to Anya!” Dante roars. “If you never loved her, you should have let her f\*g go! You should have told me the truth from the start!”

I watch in horror as Dante punches him in the face while he’s lying on the ground. Damon doesn’t do anything; he lets Dante hurt him. It’s almost as though he thinks he deserves this.

I could feel myself begin to panic as the fighting only worsened.

Everyone else kept on watching without trying to help him.

“Stop it!” I scream as I run over to Dante and try to pull him off Damon.

He doesn’t listen to me; he continues to hit Damon.

“Stop him!” Autumn shouts at Atticus. “He’s hurting him!”

Dante doesn’t want to stop; it seems like fighting is what he does to get some of his emotions out. Everyone was letting him continue because it was what they all wanted to do also. They kept blaming Damon when I was the one who was at fault.

Why wasn’t anyone blaming me for all of this? Why was all the blame going toward him even after I’d spoken my truth?

“Dante!” I scream as I jump on top of him. “Stop hurting him!”

He shoves me off him, and I fall onto the ground; I wince as the hard-tiled floor hits my head.

“Clarissa!” Autumn shouts as she runs towards me.

Damon looks at me on the floor, and I see the moment everything changes for him.

No.

Don’t do it.

I knew what was going to happen before it even began. I open my mouth to stop him, but nothing comes out.

I watch in horror as he grabs Dante by the throat and pushes him off. He doesn’t stop there; he shoves him up against the wall with his hand still squeezing around his neck.

“We have to stop them,” I say to Autumn. “We must stop them before they do something they will regret.”

They may be pissed with each other now, but soon enough, they will return to their usual selves. When that happened, they would regret everything. They were brothers who loved each other, after all.

Dante isn't the only one throwing punches anymore; Damon is returning them. They're throwing down tables, breaking portraits, and making a mess everywhere. It's hard to watch.

I attempt to go towards them, but Autumn stops me. "If you get hurt trying to help, it will only anger Damon even more. Stay here."

Griffin finally breaks out of his shock and realizes what is happening. I watch as he grabs Dante and tries to pull him away from Damon.

Atticus was still pissed and chose not to interfere. Autumn seemed to be angry with him as she glared at him.

When Griffin finally has Dante under control, Damon moves in my direction. He stoops down on the ground and helps me to my feet.

He gently cups my cheek in his hand, "Are you okay?"

My bottom lip trembles as I watch the bruises on his face; I gently touch the one near his lip, and he winces. "Am I okay?" I ask. "What about you? There are bruises all over your face."

He forces a smile on his face for me, "It doesn't bother me as long as I know you're okay."

"It should bother you." I cry. "You're hurt because of me. You're bleeding. I hate seeing you like this, Damon. I hate it so much."

He wipes my tears away and leans in to kiss my forehead.

"You got to be f\*g kidding me." Atticus growls, still not accepting our relationship.

"This relationship cannot happen." Grandfather finally steps in. "It's wrong. Even though you're adopted, Clarissa, it doesn't mean that Damon should be seen as anything else but your brother. You're supposed to treat each other like everyone else in this family. You need to have some control and stop this immediately."

"I agree," Atticus says, not to anyone's surprise. "Clarissa is our sister even though she's adopted. She's our baby sister, and Damon should realize this soon before he does something he can't take back."

I freeze, and Atticus doesn't miss it.

"Please don't fvcking tell me you already slept with her!" Atticus says in disgust. "If you say yes, I'm going to fvcking beat the sh!t out of you!"

I spun around to face Atticus while also preventing him from getting to Damon. "He didn't! Leave him alone!" I shout. "I know none of you want to hear this, but I've been the one who's been asking him to take things further between us; however, he hasn't granted my wish."

"Oh fvck." Griffin gr0ans. "This is not the conversation I want to participate in."

"Please listen to the rest of us." Grandfather says. "We only want what's best for the both of you. Do you understand what will happen if this news hits those magazines?"

"I think what all of you are concerned about is how this is going to affect our family." Damon growls. "You don't care that I love Clarissa; all you care about is what this will do to your fame. If you wanted to do something for us, you would help us find a way to be together instead of trying to push us apart."

"You're insane if you think this could work!" Atticus shouts. "If it's hard for us to stomach, how would outsiders react? They would have the worst things to say about Clarissa, and I know you understand what I mean when I say this. You're not f\*g dumb, Damon."

"Listen to us." Grandfather adds before Damon can respond to Atticus. "We will forget about all of this as long as you agree to do the same. We can't accept this relationship. It will not work out for any of us."

Damon pulls me against his chest, "I rather leave this family than let go of Clarissa. If you can't accept our relationship, we're leaving and never returning."

"Damon—"

"Pack your things, Clarissa." He tells me. "We're leaving. For good."

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 75 - Tips**

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~DAMON~

"What are you saying?" My mother demands. "You can't leave. This is your home. This is both of your homes. You belong here."

"You're thinking irrationally." My father insists. "We love both of you and are only trying to do what's best for you. Damon, think about what you're doing. If you love Clarissa like you say you do, why would you want to put her through the pain that you know will follow when others learn of your relationship with her?"

My jaw clenches at his question. That one question has always bothered me because it's something that I've asked myself multiple times in the past.

My fear of what would happen when everyone learned of my love for her almost made me lose her. I've learned from my mistakes. I was not going to let these fears run my life. When that time came, I would deal with it. For now, I only wanted a place where Clarissa and I could feel at home. It wasn't here anymore; I felt judged by the people I loved the most, and I knew Clarissa felt the same way.

"Will you accept our love for each other?" I ask my parents. "Will you allow us to be together in your home?"

They looked at each other, and I knew the answer before they said it.

"We know what's best for you, Damon." My mother tells me. "We've always done everything for our children so that they could live a comfortable life. I know that there are certain things from the past that you and your siblings disagreed on. However, I'm sure that you later realized that we were right. In the case of Atticus and Autumn, for instance. Atticus wasn't happy with our decision for him to marry her, and his trust and obedience were why he listened to our words. Now, he cannot live without her. I know it may seem like we're in the wrong again, but in the future, you would thank us for not allowing this relationship to proceed."

Clarissa grabs my hand, I look over at her, and I can see the fear in her eyes. She's scared that my parents are getting through to me. She's terrified that I would leave her and listen to their words. I felt like punching myself in the face for ever making her feel like there was a chance that I wouldn't fight for her.

I squeezed her hand to assure her that I wasn't going anywhere.

"I know that you only want the best for the both of us, but I also know that you're wrong about this," I tell them. "I won't let you or anyone else stop me from being with Clarissa. The rumors, the glares, the judgments, I could handle all of it. However, I cannot handle losing Clarissa. My decision is final. Since you can't accept us, we are leaving."

Autumn blocks our way.

"You can't leave." She tells Clarissa. "Please, you can't leave."

I watch as they both hug each other. It was insane how much they acted like sisters. None of my brothers were begging me to leave. They were all pissed at me, all except Griffin. However, he wasn't stopping me either. I think he understands that there wasn't anything that he could say to make me stay.

Atticus was still throwing daggers my way, and Dante looked like he wanted to kill me.

I was okay with him hitting me; I knew I deserved it for what I'd done in the past. I was not okay with him almost hurting Clarissa because of his anger.

If she'd gotten a single bruise earlier, there would be a different outcome.

Willow was still silent. I think she was in shock. She didn't know the whole story. She didn't know much about Anya at all. All she knows is what was said while she was around, but I wasn't even sure she believed us. As far as I knew, Willow could be feigning innocence as Anya had. Maybe this was a plan made by Anya; perhaps she was hoping that Willow would finish what she had started.

I shook that thought out of my head. She didn't seem to be anything like Anya. I was reading too much into it.

After Autumn and Clarissa stopped hugging, we walked over to our rooms separately. So far, no one has tried to stop us.

A few minutes later, our clothes were packed, and my parents were waiting for us at the front door.

"Do not do this, son." My mother begs. "This isn't right. You'll live a very difficult life if you leave home."

"Clarissa," my father tries to speak to her. "You may be adopted, but we love you like our blood. You are connected to us. I know you've never fully given your heart to us, but we have given ours to you. Please reconsider this, is this thing between you and Damon more important than our family?"

Did he truly have to ask that question? Wasn't it obvious by now that Clarissa was the most important person in my life?

"I'm sorry." Clarissa apologizes to them even though she doesn't need to. They're the ones pushing us away.

"Goodbye, Mom," I tell her. "Goodbye, Dad."

I don't bother saying bye to the others. I was still pissed at Dante for causing Clarissa to fall back onto the ground.

I knew it was not intentional, but it still sent my blood boiling at the reminder.

I take Clarissa's hand in mine and pull her towards my jeep. I wasn't sure where we were going. But maybe returning to the beach house wasn't such a bad idea. I knew my parents owned it, but I would only stay there until I found us a place to stay. It wouldn't be long. Maybe just for one day.

It was too late to go searching for a place now.

"Where are we going?" Clarissa asks me when I pull out of the driveway.

"Back to the beach house," I inform her. "Just for tonight. Tomorrow I'll find somewhere for us to stay. Don't worry; I'll make this work for the both of us."

I wasn't going to let my family stop us from being together. Not today. Not ever.