

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 76 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I still couldn't believe that Damon had left everything behind for me. He didn't even give it a second thought; the moment he realized they wouldn't accept us, he chose to leave.

We had just settled into our room. Our room. We weren't sleeping separately tonight or other nights to come.

It all still felt like a dream to me. Damon pushed me away so long that I didn't think this day would ever come. It's why I still couldn't believe it.

I bite my lip as I remember him confessing his love for me in front of the entire family. I didn't even need to ask him to do it for me. I was still upset that he'd tried to keep me from being there, but the fact that he did it only to protect me was enough to make my heart flutter.

I held my breath when he returned to the room with a towel wrapped around his waist. He'd just showered. His hair was dripping wet, and his chest glistened from the water still on it.

After everything, I shouldn't think about running my tongue along his abdomen, but it looks too good. I want to confirm for myself that this is happening.

"Stop that." Damon growls. "I've had a very f*cking rough day, Clarissa; I don't have the energy to say no to you today. Don't give me that look."

I try not to pout at his words.

"I guess you still don't think I'm ready for you," I whisper more to myself than to him. He doesn't say anything, just continues to stare at me. I had nothing on except underwear but it didn't seem to affect him.

"I'm sorry," I whisper. "I know after what just happened; it's the last thing that would be on your mind."

He narrows his eyes, "fvck Clarissa."

What did I say now?

He stormed over to the bed and climbed over me. I gasp when the water droplets from his chest drip onto my body.

"It is on my mind." He growls. "Being inside of you has never left my fvcking mind, not even for a second. Do you think it's easy for me to hold back? Nothing is harder than staying away from you, Clarissa. I want you more than any fvcking piece of gold on this b****y planet."

My l!ps part at his confession.

"Do you think anyone can stay away from l!ps like this?" He whispers as he gently leaves a peck on my l!ps.

"Or this c.hest?" He asks as his hand travels right above my b.reasts.

He does the same thing he did to my l!ps. He leaves a soft k!ss there.

"And you already know how crazy I am for these." He growls as his hands grip both of my b.reasts and tightly squeeze.

He doesn't stop there. I'm a little disappointed when he doesn't touch my n*s; I thought he would have left a k!ss as he'd done before.

He grabs my th!ghs next. "I love touching and squeezing them. I love how easily they get pink for me."

I gasp when he spreads my legs wide and settles his face between my th!ghs. He slowly nibbles on both sides, and I almost lose myself in those seconds. I was getting increasingly we.t between my legs, and I'm sure that he could smell my ar0usal.

"You're so beautiful down here, Clarissa." He whispers as he slowly removes my panties so I'm left bare for him.

"I can stare at it for days." He says in a husky tone. "For hours. For months. It doesn't matter the order. I love how responsive she is for me."

I cry out when he fl!cks his finger against it but in a gentle manner. "See." He says as if to prove his point.

"She glistens." He gr0ans. "Every f*g time."

"Damon!" I cry when he slips a finger inside. He closes his eyes like he's in pain. "I can't hold back tonight, Clarissa. I'm so sorry, but I need you. I need to get **fg lost in your py. I need to bury my dk** inside of you."

I didn't think any words could make me this happy, but there they were, bringing joy throughout my body.

I know how he feels because I felt exactly the same way. I didn't just want this; I needed it.

I push him away, and his eyes are wide with surprise. After all, I've been the one begging for this for so long.

"Is there something wrong?" he asks me gently. "Do you want to wait? I'm sorry—"

"I want to touch you," I say before he can say anything else.

"What?" he asks, surprised.

I don't allow him to think about what I just said. I pushed him down on the bed and climbed on top of him.

He still had the towel on, but I could feel him beneath me. He's big and pulsing beneath me.

"Clarissa, I don't think I can—"

"Shh," I whisper as I lightly blow on his c.hest. I loved watching him shiver under me.

"I've dreamt about this," I confess as I k!ss his c.hest gently.

"About this?" he asks, surprised.

"Yes," I admit as I run my hands down his c.hest. "You're beautiful, Damon. And most importantly, you're mine."

His eyes flash dangerously at my words.

"But there's a part of you that I haven't made mine yet," I whisper against his ear. I felt his d!ck stir beneath me at my words. He knows what I'm talking about.

I removed the towel from around him and positioned myself so that I was facing it.

"What are you doing—"

I covered his d!ck with my mouth, and Damon's entire body shook in response. I placed both hands on his th!gh and made myself more comfortable as I tried to take more of him into my mouth.

"Clarissa." He gr0ans. "I can't—ah, fvck!"

He grabs my hair and pulls me off him. I didn't have time to prepare as he turned us over, so I was now under him.

“Look at me,” he whispers, and that’s the only warning I have before he thrusts forwards. I cry out when I feel him inside of me.

“Damon.” I gasp as I grab the sheets on either side of us.

“Shh,” he whispers, but I can hardly recognize his voice. He sounds like he’s in pain.

He slowly pulls out of me only to push right back in, this time deeper than the last.

Damon’s body began to shiver above mine, and I ran my hands up and down his back to support him.

“fvck Clarissa.” He growls. “I don’t know how to stop.”

Why would he want to stop this?

“Keep going!” I cry.

“It doesn’t hurt you?” he asks in surprise.

I shook my head, and I didn’t even realize tears were flowing down my cheeks. He leans over and k!sses each of them. They were happy tears, I’ve wanted this for years, and I finally had it.

Damon was mine, completely mine.

He buries his face against my neck, and I gasp when his teeth graze the sp0t beneath my ear as he begins to really move. I bite my !!ps to stop the screams of pleasure. But before anything could happen, Damon rudely pulls out of me and grabs my dress from the side of the bed.

“What’s going on?” I ask in shock.

“Put on your clothes!” he orders me. “Something is wrong.”

Something is wrong?

“Someone is here.” He continues as he grabs pants from the suitcase.

Was someone here?

Did Dante or Atticus follow us here?

“Is it—”

I gasped when I heard a bang on the door.

"It's not my brothers," Damon says with worry in his eyes as though he'd just read my mind.

"Then who could it be?" I ask him.

"Whether we like it or not, we are about to find out." He whispers as he takes my hand in his.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 77 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~AUTUMN~

"What the hell is wrong with you?" I demand from Atticus. "How could you hit your brother?"

He runs a hand down his face, "how can you be okay with all of this?" He demands. "Clarissa is my sister, and until a few days ago, I thought Damon also considered her his sister."

"They're in love," I shout. "In love, Atticus. Like the both of us. I love you, and if I were in Clarissa's situation, I would have done the same thing. Their love for each other is not wrong. You shouldn't treat them the way that you did earlier."

He sits on the edge of the bed and drops his face in his hands. "You don't understand, Autumn. It's hard to accept my sister and brother being in love. I know she's my adopted sister, but she's my sister. He's my brother. Every time I think about it, I feel sick to my stomach. I don't know how to accept it. I don't know how to be happy for them. I wish it were easier; I wish it were different."

I sit beside him and gently place a hand on his tensed shoulder. "I know it's going to be hard. It isn't a situation that your family would easily accept, I understand that, but you shouldn't have done what you did. Damon may not have supported our marriage initially, but he did accept it eventually, I'm sure he will appreciate it if you could do the same thing for him."

I can see how much this is hurting Atticus, but he needs to accept them one way or the other. If he and the rest of the family don't accept them soon, we will lose them both. And that's the last thing that I wanted. Clarissa was like a sister to me. I would not lose her over something like this.

"You need to talk to your family." I urge him. "They will listen to you."

“Did you even see the look on Dante’s face?” He demands. “He recently lost the woman he was in love with, and now he finds out that Clarissa and Damon are in love with each other. I don’t think there is anything that I could say to make him change his mind.”

~AUTUMN~

“What the hell is wrong with you?” I demand from Atticus. “How could you hit your brother?”

I sigh. I knew Dante would probably be the last one to accept any of this, but the main problem was the family’s elders. They had to accept it first, and I knew Atticus would be able to convince them. He was always good at convincing his family; my job was to get Atticus first to understand what I was trying to say to him.

“You care about both Clarissa and Damon.” I remind him. “And their happiness is being with each other. I know you’re still upset with me for keeping this from you, but I had to be there for Clarissa. I don’t know how to explain it, but I wanted to make her happy. I have this bond with her, my heart tells me that she’s my sister, and maybe it’s because of the support she’s always given to me. I wanted to return the favor. She was there for me during the hard times, and I wanted to take care of her as well. I hope you can forgive me for it, Atticus. But please, right now, I need you to try your best to accept them. They will need all of us when outsiders learn about their relationship. It won’t be easy for them, and you know it. We can’t abandon them when they need us the most.”

He surprised me when he wrapped his arms around my waist and buried his face in my chest. “I didn’t mean to go all crazy on them or you.” He whispers. “I’m sorry, Autumn. Just the thought of them being together made me angry. I didn’t want to believe that Damon was taking advantage of Clarissa. I didn’t want to believe that he would ever overstep his boundaries like I thought he did. Now that I know how much they love each other, I think I’m willing to try and be more understanding.”

I bury my hands in his hair and press my lips to his forehead. “Thank you, Atticus. I know this isn’t easy for you. But thank you. With your help, we could convince your family to bring them back home.”

“Do you know where we can find them?” He asks me.

“The last message from Clarissa informed me that they were returning to the beach house. They will stay there until tomorrow. Damon is hoping to find somewhere else to stay.” I answer him. “If we can get your parents down there by tomorrow or even tonight, we can convince them to return home.”

Atticus nods, “Okay. Let’s talk to my parents.”

We barge into their room a few minutes later. His mother's eyes were swollen and she's definitely been crying.

"Mom." Atticus greets her first. "Dad."

"We are having a private discussion Atticus, why don't you come back later?" His father asks him.

"This is important." Atticus informs him. "It's about Clarissa and Damon. I think that you should support their relationship."

His parents looks both surprised and unhappy with his suggestion.

"Atticus, what are you saying?" His mother demands. "Just a while ago you were saying something completely different. How can we allow this relationship to continue?"

"You love them both." Atticus answers her. "One of them is your biological son, and the other, is your daughter no matter what others say. I know this isn't something any of us can easily accept, it's something that none of us expected. However, we all love them. We want them to be happy and if it's being with each other, we should not get in the way. This is similar to when you learned the truth about Autumn. It was hard at first to accept everything but eventually you did the right thing. You accepted her. Please consider doing the same for Damon and Clarissa. If you don't, we will lose them both."

I couldn't have said it any better. Now all we had to do was hope that it works.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 78 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

"Who are you?" I scream. "Why are you here?"

Damon's arms are tight around me. I lean more into him, terrified of what is about to happen. There were so many of them, at least fifteen men surrounding us.

After the banging on the door earlier, they broke it down before we had even gotten a chance to open it. Then they'd dragged us outside. Damon fought hard until he'd gotten me into his arms again, but I wasn't sure how long it would be before they'd dragged me away from him again.

Now it seemed like they were playing with our emotions. They could take me; with the amount of them, I knew they could drag me away from him if they really wanted to.

However, it seemed as though these men had plenty to say before they tried to attack us.

There's a tattoo on the side of their neck, continuing down their arm. Something about it seemed familiar to me.

Where have I seen it before? If I hadn't seen it, I knew I'd at least heard about it. My brain was not functioning properly, and it was because of the fear in my heart. I was terrified that these people would harm my mate. I was terrified of what they were capable of doing. I knew nothing about them, but they seemed to know me.

There was this look in their eyes that creeped me out; they stared at me like I was their prize.

"We are here because of you, Clarissa." The leader says, at least that's what he introduced himself as earlier. "Like I've said to you before. It seems as though you aren't listening to me. I don't like that, Clarissa. I need to have your full attention."

Damon's hands tighten around me, holding me even closer than before. There was a strange darkness about these men; it terrified me.

The strangest part of all of this was the fact that a piece of me, a tiny piece, felt like I knew them. Like I knew all of them. It didn't make me feel any better. I shouldn't know these people. Anyone that behaved like this should not be people that I knew.

~CLARISSA~

"Who are you?" I scream. "Why are you here?"

"What do you mean?" I demand. "I don't know any of you. Why could you possibly be here for me? Please give me an explanation for all of this. Do you even know who my family is?"

I can't stop staring at the tattoo. I know I've seen it somewhere in the past.

But where?

"You're our princess, that's why." He informs me. "Our very own princess Clarissa. And yes, I know who your family is Clarissa. They aren't important. There is nothing they can do to stop this from happening."

"W-what?" I ask in disbelief. "Are you insane? Your princess? Is this some prank on us?"

Was some i***t trying to mess with us? Maybe someone found out about my relationship with Damon, someone other than our family, and this was possibly a dumb game to that person.

He chuckles, "You remind me a lot of your sister Clarissa." He tells me. "She was just as clueless about us when I first explained who we were to her. She also gave me a lot of trouble. However, she was much easier to kidnap. All it took was one cloth over her face, and she was unconscious. You didn't give us the chance to do the same to you."

My sister?

I stiffen in Damon's arms.

"I don't know who you're talking about," I confess. "I was adopted, and I know nothing about my real family."

I have dreamt of a brother multiple times but not a sister. These people were insane. I had to find a way to call for help. I couldn't wait for them to kidnap me, and clearly, that was their crazy plan.

I buried my head against Damon's chest and pretended to stay there while trying to send a message to Autumn. It was just one word, 'help,' but I knew it would be enough to get her to come for me.

She already knew where I was. Now all I had to do was find a way to buy some time. Maybe if I kept asking questions, I could keep them talking.

I didn't understand these men's power, but if they tried to hurt Damon, I wouldn't stand back and watch.

"Your sister has been by your side all along," he informs me. "You just haven't known about it."

Of course she has. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. If my sister was by my side, I think I would be able to tell. Surely there would have been signs.

"I don't believe you." I snap. "Why don't you tell me your name? Who exactly are you?"

"You'll know everything after we take you with us ." He answers me. "I'll answer all your questions once you come with me."

I narrow my eyes, "I'm never coming with you."

It was the truth. I would fight until I had nothing left within me. I would not give up. I would not let them win.

“If any of you take a step forward—,” Damon begins to say before he’s rudely cut off.

“Do you think you could stop all of us from taking her?” He demands. “If you give up now, we will let you live, but if you insist on disobeying us, today will be your last day alive, Damon Fawn. We’ve been watching you a while now, and I can safely say that you are not fit for our princess. She’s too good for you. It will be in your best interest to let her go as you’ve done in the past. We know your true love died. Anya, was it? Anyway, after her death is when you suddenly decided that you wanted to be with our princess. I think that she’s your second choice. For that, you must let her go or die a painful death!”

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 79 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

My eyes widen at his threat. I knew Damon would never willingly let me go. I couldn’t stand back and let them harm him because of me. He’s already in a lot of trouble with everyone else. Some of his bruises hadn’t even completely healed from his fight with Dante. What the hell did these people want? And how did they know about Anya?

How long have they been watching us? How long have they been planning all of this? They chose to attack us when it was just the two of us. It means that they have been waiting for this opportunity to strike.

“I think you have the wrong person,” I say. I’m trying to stall them. I knew Autumn would be on her way with help as long as she’d seen my message. It wouldn’t take long for her to be here. “There’s nothing that I can do for you. So please, if you want, I can help you find who you’re truly looking for. I’ll help, but you must promise not to hurt Damon. He has nothing to do with any of this, so please leave him alone.”

“We will leave him alone when he lets go of you, Clarissa,” Skyler assured me. “That’s all he has to do. Let go of you. His future depends solely on him.”

They weren’t listening to me. They seemed to be convinced that they had the right person. And they would undoubtedly hurt Damon unless he let go of me. How did I convince him to let me go? I would do anything to save him.

But something still bothered me. What if these people were telling the truth? I didn’t know anything about my life before the Fawns entered it. What if this wasn’t a lie?

Who was I, exactly? Who was my real family?

.....

~AUTUMN~

"We're almost there," Atticus tells me as he holds my hand to keep me calm. I'd just gotten a message from Clarissa. It was just one word, but it sent chills down my spine.

"She wouldn't send that unless she were in serious trouble," I tell him. "I'm scared, Atticus. I'm scared that something horrible is happening."

~CLARISSA~

My eyes widen at his threat. I knew Damon would never willingly let me go. I couldn't stand back and let them harm him because of me. He's already in a lot of trouble with everyone else. Some of his bruises hadn't even completely healed from his fight with Dante. What the hell did these people want? And how did they know about Anya?

My hands were shaking, and Atticus could tell by the way he kept glancing at me, trying to see if I was okay.

I didn't understand what could have happened within a few hours of them leaving home. I thought they would be safe at the beach house. I thought that everything would be okay once we got to them and told them that they could return home. However, we never got the chance to do it before this damn message was sent to my phone. We were too late.

"Call Dante," Atticus says as his phone quickly obeys.

"What's wrong?" Dante asks after answering. "I hope it has nothing to do with Damon. I don't want to speak to him. If I see him, I'll only want to punch his face again."

Atticus looks at me before saying, "Clarissa just sent a text asking for help. Something has happened to them. They're at the beach house where we spent those two days recently. I'm almost there. I need you to tell the others and join us there as soon as possible. I don't know what we're against, but we should prepare ourselves for the worst. This could have something to do with that fire surrounding Clarissa in the forest. Maybe those people finally got the opportunity to strike again. Just be on the lookout for an ambush and warn the others!"

Just as he ends the call, we pull up to the driveway. Atticus reaches over and removes my seatbelt for me. Just as I open the door, the sound of Clarissa's screams sends a cold shiver down my spine.

"Clarissa!" I scream in response. I rush out of the vehicle and run toward the horrifying sounds.

Atticus grabs my hand and pulls me along with him as we move in the same direction.

Before we could move forward, we were both fvckinged to stop. We couldn't move an inch. There was something in front of us preventing us from reaching our destination.

Fire.

There was fire everywhere. So much fire that it made it hard for me to see anything.

"Where the hell did this fire come from?" Atticus shouts above the flames. It wasn't there a second ago.

Was this why she called us? Because of a fire? Just like the one that had trapped her in the forest. Was it another ambush? Another attack on our family?

"Clarissa!" I shout. "Where are you?"

I gasped when someone grabbed me by my waist and pulled me along. I look back in time to see two men dragging Atticus; he is unconscious. How could he be unconscious? He was speaking to me a few seconds ago!

What the hell did they do to him?

"Atticus!" I scream.

The man still holding me covers my mouth, and I bite down on his hand hard.

He chuckles against my ear, "Still so feisty."

I freeze.

I knew that voice. I quickly look up, and horror settles in my stomach.

Skyler.

He was back for me.

Did he force Clarissa to send me that message? Or did he use her to lure me here tonight?

"You didn't think I would forget about you, did you?" He asks with a bright smile.

"Where is Clarissa?" I demand. "What did you do to her?"

He sighs, "I've been trying to speak to her nicely, but yet she was the one that tried to k!!! me with this fire. She is just as aggressive as you are."

"She tried to k!!! you with this fire?" I repeat his words.

He nods, "Look ahead and see for yourself."

I follow his gaze, and my body turns to stone at what I see next. Clarissa was in front of me, protecting a bleeding Damon on the ground beside her. But that's not what terrified me.

The dark symbol. It was true. And it was staring me straight in the eye.

I can't breathe.

Clarissa.

It couldn't be true.

I look up to Skyler for confirmation, and he grins at me. "Say hello to your sister, Autumn. I know how much you wanted to meet her."

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 80 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

There was fire everywhere, and for the first time in my life, I felt powerful. I didn't have to wonder where it came from anymore. I knew this time that this fire belonged to me. It was listening to my command, helping me as it had done in Anya's home.

What did this mean? Who the hell am I?

"Clarissa!" I heard a scream that I recognized immediately.

I look up and feel happiness seep through my body when I see Autumn with tears in her eyes staring at me.

"Say good night, princess."

That's the last thing I remember hearing before everything goes completely blank.

The next time I open my eyes, I'm strapped to a table with a bright light above my head.

I look around the room and am surprised when I see Autumn on a table next to me, strapped down. Why did they have both of us here? Where was Damon?

Please tell me they didn't hurt him. Please tell me he's okay.

“Autumn,” I croak. “Wake up!”

Her eyes are still closed, and I know I must keep trying. She had the power to get us out of here; I know she did.

I just had to figure out where the hell this was.

“Autumn!” I shout louder.

Her eyes slowly open, and she looks around the room before her eyes fall on me. “Clarissa?”

I breathe a sigh of relief. “Do you know where we are?”

She takes a look around us before she completely freezes. She looks over at me once more.

Her eyes have tears, making me sad to see her this way.

“It’s okay,” I assure her. “I’m here with you.”

“It’s not that.” She shook her head. “Look at your arm Clarissa.”

I frown. Look at my arm. It was a weird request, but I did as she asked. I was surprised when I saw a symbol that wasn’t there before. It was almost like it was part of me, like a branding.

It was a weird symbol, one that I didn’t recognize—a circle with a serpent inside.

“Did those psychopaths do this to me?” I ask in horror. “Did they brand me with this horrible symbol?”

The tears are flowing more from Autumn, and it scares me. “No.” She whispers. “Clarissa, you were born with that symbol. They did not have to put it there. It is a part of you. You’re one with that symbol. It’s known as the dark symbol.”

“The dark symbol?” I ask her. I’ve heard that already.

She nods, “do you remember what I told you about my father?” She asks. “Azai Reign. The sorcerer who tried to rule the world. I was the only sibling out of three that didn’t possess the dark symbol. My other two siblings were born with it.”

What was she trying to tell me?

“I know it may seem scary at first, Clarissa, but the proof is right before us.” She says. “You’re the daughter of Azai Reign. You are a Reign. And most importantly, you are my sister.”

Autumn’s words have shocked me to the very core. For a few minutes, all I can do is stare at the bright lights above me. It’s not possible. I cannot be his daughter. I cannot be a sorcerer’s daughter.

No matter how much I wanted to deny it, I couldn’t deny the things I’d seen or the power inside of me that had only recently been unleashed.

That fire has been waiting for the right opportunity to break free, and it has finally done so.

Everything those men said to me made sense now. It’s why they referred to my sister multiple times. It’s been Autumn all along. She’s been my sister this entire time.

I still didn’t want to believe it. I never thought that my birth father would be someone so insane. A part of me always hoped that my parents were alive, but I was happy that he was gone. I can’t imagine what life would have been like if he was still alive. Things would have been so much more different. I would have never met Damon, and I can’t find anything more depressing than not having him in my life.

“I know it’s scary,” Autumn tells me. “It was hard for me at first to accept it. Even now, I wish my father was someone else, but there’s no use running from it. And if I had a chance to wish for a sister, I would have wished for someone like you. Knowing now that you are indeed my sister, it makes me so happy. I’m happy that it’s you, Clarissa.”

I can feel the tears forming in my eyes at her confession. We were both crying now.

“I feel the same way, Autumn,” I respond. “You were wonderful to me even before I knew who you were. I’m thankful that I’ve finally found you.”

She smiles, “No matter what happens today. I’m glad we are finally reunited.”

I nod; it’s true; we had no clue what would happen to us after this reunion.

“I know you’re listening to us, Skyler,” Autumn says suddenly. “You can come out from the dark now. I can sense you.”

A shiver runs down my spine when I hear a man’s laughter.

He does as she says and walks into the light where we can have a full view of him.

“You have improved, Autumn.” He praises her. “I’m impressed. I must say that this was indeed a beautiful reunion.”

“Why are we here?” She demands. “What the hell do you want with us?”

“Is that any way to speak to an old friend?” He asks her. “I’m on your side, Autumn. I don’t mean you or your sister any harm. We are here to protect you both.”

“Stop lying.” She growls. “You’re here to control us. You want to turn us into the monster our father was. I don’t care what you try; it will never work. Clarissa and I are nothing like our father, and nothing you do to us can change that.”

The thought of us ever becoming like our father terrified me.

“I hate to hear you curse your father’s good name, Autumn.” He scolds her. “He was a very good man with different views from society. If you open your mind a little, maybe you could see that too.”

“Get us out of here.” She shouts, ignoring his words.

“Where is Damon?” I demand. “What did you do to him?”