

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 11 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~DAMON~

Guilt. That's all I felt as I held Anya in my arms. I've always known my soft spot for Clarissa would put me in trouble one day. She's always been my weakness. I've never been able to tell her no. Since the first day she came into our lives, I've always tried to do everything she wanted. A part of me has always wanted to protect her. To make her happy.

To make her smile. To make her feel at home.

That never changed. I'm still that way when it came to her. My weakness for her has only increased with time. She knows by now how to bring me to my knees.

Even though we were close, I've always kept her at a distance from me. I've never done things that I knew would cross the line between us. Usually, Clarissa wouldn't ask for more, but last night was the first time she asked for something I wasn't sure I could give her.

I clenched my jaw at the reminder.

Last night was one of the hardest nights of my fvcking existence.

Seeing Clarissa dance with Ares almost made me lose my mind. I was ready to rip his head from his body. But then I saw the worry in her eyes, and I knew I couldn't ruin her night because of my selfish reasons.

Still, I knew Ares wasn't good enough for her. I knew I would eventually have to talk her out of it.

This need to protect her was expected between a brother and sister. Fvck. Just thinking about it made me sick. I couldn't see her as my sister, no matter how hard I tried.

When my parents adopted her, since that first day, I knew that I was screwed. I knew it would be hard to see her as my sibling. I fought against those feelings for a long time, and when Anya came into my life, it became easier. But now, it was hard again. And each day, it became more difficult.

Last night I made a fvcking mess of my room just because I saw her dancing with Ares. That just wasn't something a brother was supposed to do. I saw the way my brothers were with Clarissa, they actually acted like siblings but for some reason, I could never be the same with her. If I reacted like this just because she danced with someone, what

would happen if she decided to date? What would I do then? How would I be able to control myself?

She was in my arms for most of the night. The only time I wasn't holding her was when I removed all the broken glass and chairs from the floor and placed them in the bathroom. If I hadn't, Atticus would have known something was wrong this morning when he had walked in.

We were so close to getting caught. Clarissa kept saying we didn't do anything wrong, but I knew how wrong it was even if she couldn't see it. I knew I couldn't let that happen again, especially after what happened this morning.

I've always had inappropriate thoughts about Clarissa, things that I've fvcking dreamt about. But I've never acted on any of it. I've always tried to push those thoughts away; I knew how wrong it was. She expected me to protect her, to keep her safe, to be there for her, but yet I had all these dirty thoughts in my head. It made me feel sick. What kind of a man was I? She came to me because of nightmares, fvcking nightmares. I should have held her close only to comfort her, yet my body had a mind of its own. It wanted things I could never give to it.

I inwardly gr0aned as I remembered what happened.

I'd never been more fvcking hard in my life. Just by having her on top of me. I was scared that she would think the worst thoughts about me after feeling it beneath her. But Clarissa surprised me by acting the total opposite. It terrified me. I never expected her to react that way. I knew if she ever encouraged me I wouldn't know how to hold back.

I thought telling her it couldn't happen again was the right thing to do, but she surprised me by storming out of the room. Not once did she care that someone would see her exit my room.

Her behavior had dramatically changed recently, and I didn't know how to keep up with it.

"You're unusually quiet," Anya whispers. "Is something bothering you?"

Anya has been extremely good to me these past few days. She didn't deserve my betrayal, even if it was just in my thoughts. I had to find a way to control myself. I couldn't continue behaving this way because of Clarissa.

"Damon?"

I sigh and hug her tightly, "I'm just happy to have you next to me."

She smiles and kisses my cheek, "Dante is angry I chose to spend today with you."

"Can you blame him?" I ask her. "I would have been angry also if someone had taken you away from me."

She grins, but that smile is eventually wiped from her face. "Was Autumn invited to this party?"

She asks me. "Isn't that the car Atticus gave to her recently?"

I follow her gaze, and I'm surprised when I see Autumn and Griffin exit the car.

"It doesn't look like they're coming to this party." I inform her. "It looks like they're going to Ares's beach house."

Why the hell would Atticus let Autumn attend his party? It was very unlike him to let her go to a party like this without him, especially after what happened with Carter. If this were his brother's party, he would likely also be there.

Maybe he sent them to look for Clarissa. After all, he still didn't know she was in my room the entire time.

The car's back door opens, and I freeze at what I see next.

Clarissa.

She has a black bikini with a cover-up on the lower half of her body, but she still showed more skin than I was comfortable with. Her breasts were exposed for fuck's sake.

Why the hell was she here? At Ares's party after everything we've spoken about last night. She knew how I felt about him. Was this because of this morning? Was she still angry with me? Was she doing this to get back at me for telling her that she always threw a tantrum when I had a date with Anya? Or was she doing this because I told her she couldn't stay in the same bed with me again after last night?

I narrowed my eyes when I saw Ares walk out of the house to greet her.

"Since when do they attend Ares's parties?" Anya asks me. "Don't they care about the rivalry between you guys and Carter?"

My body stiffens.

Clarissa smiles and I stop breathing for a second.

Since when does she smile at other men the way she smiles when she's with me?

I watch as Ares pulls her into his arms and lifts her into the air like she weighs nothing.

Anger explodes in my chest.

“What the fvck?” I growl.

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05 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

“Look, there’s Damon!” Griffin says as he waves at him. I freeze. I knew Damon had been watching this entire time, but now he knew I was aware of him looking at me.

If I wanted this to work, I had to ignore him. Usually, I would go straight to him, but this time I let Ares lead me into the beach house. I know it would hurt him that I didn’t even bother to turn around and look at him but this had to be done.

Letting Ares hug me earlier was not part of the initial plan, but I wanted to make it as believable as possible. He knew I was upset this morning. I wanted to show him that this wasn’t just one of my ‘tantrums.’

I wanted him to know that he wasn’t the only one that could go on dates. All along I’ve made it super easy for Damon, I wouldn’t make the same mistake again.

“He’s glaring at your back,” Autumn whispers to me.

Good, he can see me walking away from him. I’ve played nice all along, and maybe Damon got the wrong impression from me. This way, he can get a clear picture of what I wanted. It was time that I fought for him. If he told me he didn’t feel the same way, I would be heartbroken, but at least I would know I tried.

I wasn’t sure when exactly I would be ready to confess my feelings to Damon, but for now, I would show him very subtle signs.

“I’m surprised to see you today after you disappeared last night,” Ares tells me. “You promised you would return, but you never did. I waited the whole night for you.”

I try not to laugh at his words. Did he think I would believe that? Ares Prince, waiting for a woman to return?

“I’m sure you found someone else at the dance,” I say.

I looked around me; the girls here were dressed in even smaller bikinis than mine. And they all were glaring at me. I forgot for a moment that I was the main target of bullying. Did I make a mistake by coming here today?

“Why is she even wearing a cover-up?” Someone whispered behind me. I try my best to ignore them. I was happy that I at least had Autumn next to me in case things took a turn for the worse.

“Do you want to take a swim with me?” Ares asks as he puts his arm around me. It felt weird.

Just last night, I was in Damon’s arms, and it felt so much better than this. I would much prefer it was Damon with me here and not Ares. Even if I told Damon the truth, what would that mean for us? It’s not like our family would ever be supportive of our relationship. Everything would turn into a big mess if they found out. That was my biggest fear besides Damon rejecting me.

“Clarissa?” Ares asks again.

“I’m not so sure that’s such a good idea,” I answer him as I move his hand from around me. I was scared that my coverup would slip and reveal the tattoo.

“Why not?” He asks me. “We can have some fun in the water. My brothers are in there with some of their girlfriends. I can introduce you to them if you haven’t met them already.”

Could he possibly be referring to Carter? Now knew more than ever that I didn’t want to go into the water with him.

“I’m fine here with Autumn,” I explain. “You don’t need to stay with me. You can look around and find someone else to swim with.”

He chuckles, “you’re playing hard to get, aren’t you? If that’s the case, you know exactly how to get a guy to want you. Because that’s what I want right now, you; I want you, Clarissa.”

“Well, that’s just too bad,” Damon says behind me. I gasp. How long had he been standing there? Was he listening to our conversation this entire time?

“Damon.” Ares greets him with a smile. He lifts his hand for a handshake, but Damon ignores it.

“I was just asking Clarissa to join me in the water.” He informs him.

"That can't happen because Clarissa is coming home with me. Right now." Damon explains. I spun around to gape at him. I didn't want to go in the water, but I never agreed to leave the party with him. That was the plan from the start, to get Damon to leave Anya and come for me but the plan was about to change.

"I'm not going anywhere, Damon," I tell him when I spot Anya behind him. I wasn't going to make this easy for him.

"You heard that, big brother?" Ares asks him.

"Clarissa said that she's staying. Besides, we have plenty of fun activities to look forward to. We were all just about to play some spin the bottle." I freeze.

Spin the bottle? Wasn't that a kissing game? couldn't play that! I promised to give Damon my first kiss, and I wouldn't break that promise. Not for a stupid game.

"I'm not so sure that's a good idea," I tell him.

"I think it's a great idea." Anya cuts in. "I think Damon and I would enjoy playing this game."

Did she really say that? Was she okay with kissing another man while her 'mate' was right there? I'm sure Damon didn't feel the same way that she did.

"Clarissa is still pretty much a child." She adds.

"She wouldn't enjoy a game like this.

"No." I cut in. "I think this game might be fun after all. Anya is right. Let's all play." Ares grins. "I'm happy to have so many new players. It was beginning to get boring seeing the same players every single time. This will add some excitement."

"Are you playing as well?" Anya asks Autumn.

"Are you insane?" She demands. "I'll rather not have my husband freak out at home when he hears about this. I'm going to sit this one out. You guys enjoy."

"You can count me in," Griffin adds behind us.

This was becoming weird. What if the bottle landed on Griffin? I definitely would not be kissing him. While I didn't see Damon as my brother, I did see Griffin that way.

"We have a twist in the game. If the players refuse to kiss each other, they must kiss the player next to them." Ares tells us. "I think it's fair enough. We don't want anyone backing out. We take our games quite seriously."

I've never heard about this rule before. But maybe that was an excellent addition to the game.

If it landed on Griffin, I'd have to kiss the person next to me instead. But would I be brave enough to kiss anyone that wasn't Damon?

I just had to hope that some magic happened that could help me out. I looked at Autumn just then, and she winked at me. She was thinking the same thing that I was. She could move the bottle for me.

I was safe, after all. Now all we had to do was start the game.

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07 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

We all stood by a table, and they got the bottle ready for us. There were at least ten of us playing right now, and there were others waiting to join in for the second round. Apparently, this was a very popular game for Ares and his friends. They were accustomed to playing it. My family avoided games like this for obvious reasons. I was only playing because there was a good chance that I could end up kissing Damon, especially with Autumn on my side.

"I'm first," Anya says as she spins the bottle. It lands on Adrian Willis. My eyes were locked on Damon to see his reaction, and I could tell how hard it was for him to watch her kiss Adrian. The timer makes a noise, letting them know that they can stop. They break apart, and Anya looks a lot happier than she should have, considering she'd just kissed someone other than her mate while he was watching.

I'm surprised that Damon had even let the kiss happen in the first place, but by now, he was probably used to seeing Anya kiss other men. After all, he'd had to witness her kiss Dante and Atticus multiple times.

I tried not to frown at the reminder. Even Autumn looked disturbed when I glanced at her.

Griffin was next. The bottle landed on a woman named Paige. Neither backed down and kissed the other without a problem. So far, everyone was following the rules.

Ares was up next. I was fearful that the bottle would land on me. Luckily, it doesn't, and I can sigh in relief.

My relief doesn't last long. It was now my turn, and a part of me wanted to run and hide. It was the same part of me that didn't want to play the game, to begin with.

I looked at Autumn for confirmation; I wasn't sure this was such a good idea anymore. Not after seeing Anya kiss Adrian and the impact it had on Damon.

Autumn nodded, and her confidence helped to build mine. If she believed she could help me, I shouldn't have to worry about anything else.

I kept my eyes on the bottle as I placed my hand on it. It felt cold to the touch, and I tried not to stop my heart from racing in my chest. I was afraid that everyone in this room would be able to hear it and tell how scared I was. That was the last thing I wanted to do. They were all already close to laughing in my face. I didn't need to give them another reason to bully me. I could tell that there were plenty of women in here that were just waiting for the right opportunity to make fun of me.

"You don't have to play this game if you don't want to, Clarissa," Damon assured me. "I can take you home right now. Don't listen to what any of these fools have to say."

I bite my lip at his words. Only Damon would use this opportunity to call everyone here fools. He was aware of the women that bullied me, and I think it was directed at them. As much as I wanted to take up his offer, I knew I had to decline it.

He doesn't realize that this might be my only opportunity to kiss him. I didn't think there was a possibility that he would ever allow it otherwise. I wasn't even sure that he would accept it in this game, but I was taking any chances that I got.

There was only one way to find out, and I didn't plan on backing down. If this was my only chance to kiss Damon, I was gladly taking it.

"It's okay," I answer him. "I want to do this." Only because of you. Again, these words are only said in my mind. He can't hear my thoughts. A part of me wished that he could. It would make things easier for me.

I didn't wait for anyone else to say something as I spun the bottle the second Autumn gave me the signal to begin.

It spins a few times before it slowly noticeably stops at Damon. My heart jumps in my chest, and I can't wait to hug Autumn for doing this. I knew that it was only possible because of her. I've never been happier knowing her biological father was a sorcerer than I am now. It was working to our advantage. Finally.

There are a few gasps around us, and Anya suddenly doesn't look like she's enjoying the game anymore.

The color is suddenly drained from Damon's face as he realizes what just happened. I've never seen him look this pale before. I knew that this was the last thing he was expecting.

"I think it's safe to say that the two of you would prefer to k!ss the people next to you than k!ss each other." Ares points out. "And it just so happens that I'm next to you, Clarissa. I didn't think our first k!ss would happen in front of so many people, but I'm all open to it."

Why did he think would ever choose to k!ss him over Damon? I was playing this game only because of him, no one else. And he was the only one I was planning on k!ssing.

Damon glares at him. "She isn't k!ssing anyone." He growls. "So sit your as*s back down before I need to do it for you."

"You can't back down from the game now," Adrian says. "No one backs down from the game.

It's the rules. And you knew the rules before you then started the game."

"She isn't even your bl00d sister." Another person adds. "And If k!ssing her is a problem for you, Ares is willing to do it. Heck, so many of us are willing to do it if you don't want to k!ss her. Don't spoil our chances."

This wasn't going the way I'd planned. I should have known that Damon wouldn't have given in easily like everyone else. If I wanted this k!ss to happen, I would have to make it happen on my own.

I couldn't wait for Damon to come up with solution to this problem. I was sure he was already trying to think of something to get us out of this.

"This is taking too long," Ares says as he moves closer to me. Before he can try anything, I move away from him and walk over to Damon, who's looking at me like I've just lost my mind. The startled look on his face makes me more nervous about my plans, but I can't stop now; it's too late to stop. I had to do this. If I didn't, it would always haunt me for the rest of my life.

Before he could stop me, I grabbed his face and pressed my l!ps to his. I hear Griffin shouting for us to stop behind me, along with a few whistles from some of the guys I barely knew. Soon enough, all of that slowly fades away. I couldn't hear anything except Damon's loud breathing and the pounding of his heart.

All I was focused on was him. He stands completely still like a rock in front of me. I think I'd just shocked the life out of him. Did I make a mistake? He wasn't k!ssing me back, and I think everyone was beginning to notice.

"It doesn't count as a k!ss unless you k!ss her back." Someone shouts behind us, confirming my suspicions. "Then you'll have to start over and k!ss her again."

Damon's hands slowly grab my waist at his words. I gasped into the k!ss as he slid one of his hands up my body until he cupped my cheek and angled his face to deepen our k!ss.

I couldn't believe this was finally happening.

Damon was k!ssing me back. For the first time in my life, we were k!ssing. For the first time in my life, I was k!ssing someone, and it wasn't any random person; it was Damon! My Damon. The only man I've ever dreamed of k!ssing.

Damon's lips are soft and warm as they cover mine. He doesn't k!ss me hungrily; he doesn't k!ss me with urgency. No, Damon k!sses me like he knows this is my first k!ss. He's very gentle with my body, with every part of me that he's touching. His k!sses made me feel like I was floating in the sky, it was light but yet it made my toes curl on the ground. I want to wrap my arms around him, but I don't want to bring more attention to us. I needed to remind myself that we had an audience, and everyone still saw us as siblings. I couldn't get carried away, no matter how much I wanted this.

I could hear the timer ringing in the background, but I wasn't ready to stop. I've wanted this for so long. I didn't want it ever to stop. I bite down on Damon's lip, and he growls into my mouth.

I felt wetness immediately between my legs just from that one sound.

"I think that's enough now," Anya said through gritted teeth next to us.

Her voice seems to affect Damon as he immediately freezes on the spot. He grabs my hips and pushes my body away from his. It took me a moment to remember that we were not alone.

"Fvck, dude," Adrian says. "That was one steamy k!ss"

"I forgot she was his sister for a second." Someone whispered behind us.

My cheeks are on fire at all the comments about our k!ss.

"I think I've had enough of this game," Anya mumbles. "Damon, can you please take me home now."

"Yes, take her home," Ares tells him. "You can leave Clarissa with me so we can continue the game. There are plenty more chances before I can get my opportunity to k!ss her." Damon surprised us when a growl tore from the back of his throat.

“Clarissa.” He says in a rough tone, probably the first time he’s ever used that tone with me.

“Let’s go. Now.”

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0 8 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I’m glued to my spot. Unable to move as everyone was looking at me, waiting to hear my response. I hate angering Damon this way. I hate the tone he’s using with me but maybe this was the only way to get a reaction out of him. However, I knew this was enough for today. I knew it was time to end this game.

“You don’t always have to do as he says,” Ares tells me. “You can stay if you want to. We have plenty more activities planned for today. I’m sure you will enjoy it if you’re already enjoying this little game.”

Damon takes a step in our direction and I knew I had to act fast before Damon did something crazy like punch him. That was the last thing I wanted to happen today.

“No.” I apologize. “I have to leave now. We have a few things that need to get done at home.”

I didn’t want to stay here if Damon wasn’t around. Besides, Damon was getting angrier by the second, and I didn’t want a repeat of what happened with Carter and his teammates in the past. I knew the mess that little incident caused our family and I didn’t want to add to it.

Ares shrugs his shoulders, “it’s a pity, but there are always other opportunities for us to continue the game.”

Damon grabs my hand and pulls me out of the beach house with him. He doesn’t give Ares a chance to say anything more to me. I was happy he’d practically dragged me away, pretending to like Ares was not the best idea. It was also very difficult to do. Anya tries to keep up with the both of us. Griffin and Autumn are right behind as well.

Damon lets go of my hand as soon as we are away from the crowd. My cheeks are red when Griffin looks at the both of us like we’ve lost our minds.

“What you two did in there, I’ll never like to speak about it again after today,” Griffin says. “How about we forget it even happened! I’ll hate for that news to hit our parents.”

fvck, imagine if Atticus or Dante hears about this. Most likely they will since word spreads like crazy. I hope you're ready to give a proper explanation."

None of these things crossed my mind when I walked over to Danon and k!ssed him earlier. Luckily, Ares has this rule where no one is allowed to take any videos or pictures at his parties. We didn't have to worry about a video of us k!ssing popping up on our phones.

And we didn't have to worry about our pictures showing up in magazines.

"I'll like to forget it ever happened as well," Anya says in a dry tone. "I can't believe Clarissa did something like that."

She turns to me then and says in a disgusted tone, "He's your brother. You should have said no to Ares and those fools for insisting that you guys k!ss. I understand that you're not used to games like that or being in the company of popular groups other than your family but you should have known better."

"Hey." Autumn cuts in. "Don't make it sound worse than it is. Besides, let's not forget that you also k!ssed someone else inside there. Why aren't we talking about that instead of focusing only on Clarissa? If it was that easy to say no, why didn't you?"

I'd almost forgotten about that k!ss. Autumn always knew the right thing to say. She'd moved the focus from me to Anya. At least for now. I wasn't sure how long it would stay that way.

"It was just a game." Anya retorts.

"Exactly," Autumn says. "Just a game. So we can drop this discussion now. No one is to blame for anything. It was an innocent game, and it's over now. We can all pretend it never even happened. I'm sure everyone at the party has already forgotten about it."

I was glad I had Autumn to get me out of this conversation. Only she knew how badly I wanted that k!ss with Damon. And it was only possible because of her. I still had to thank her for what she'd done.

"Griffin and I can drop Anya home." Autumn offers.

"We have something to do in that area. Damon, you can take Clarissa home and ensure she doesn't try returning to the party. I'm sure you're worried that she will do something like that judging by that expression on your face. You don't seem to trust us with her either since we were the ones that brought her in the first place."

I bite my lip to stop myself from saying anything. I knew Autumn was trying to get me more alone time with Damon.

Anya, of course, does not look happy with this plan, but I'm surprised when she doesn't try to make a fuss.

She honestly was trying her best to convince us all that she was a different person now. Damon starts his jeep and opens the door for me. I quietly got into the passenger's side. I was nervous. I knew I was the one that initiated the kiss, but now that the moment was over, the guilt was sinking in. What if Damon didn't want to kiss me? What if I fucked him to do something he didn't want to do?

I gently touched my lower lip with my fingers; they still tingled from his kiss. Even though I felt guilty, I didn't regret the kiss. It was a memory I was planning to keep with me forever.

Damon is quiet as he starts the jeep and pulls out of the parking lot. It remains that way for most of the drive home. Neither of us was speaking to the other, and I didn't like it one bit.

I loved talking to Damon, and because of that kiss, everything was awkward between us. I couldn't let it stay that way. I had to find a way to make him talk to me like he's always done so freely in the past.

"Are we going to talk about what happened?" I ask him.

His hands tightened on the steering wheel. I swallowed as he clenched his jaw, something he always did when he was upset. "There's nothing to talk about, Clarissa. Let's get you home and back to your room."

"You're upset with me." I point out. I can't hide the pain in my voice.

He pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed loudly.

"Tell me. Are you upset with me, Damon?" I ask. I already knew the answer to that question, but I wanted to do anything to make him talk to me.

"Yes," he growls. "I'm upset. With you." I gasp. It's the first time he's ever said those words to me, and if I thought I was in pain before, I was wrong.

This was what real pain felt like. Hearing Damon tell me that he was upset with me was enough to make me sad.

"What exactly were you thinking while going to that party?" He demands. "I told you everything last night, everything about that asshole, and yet you still chose to go to his

party. You let that bastard put his hands around you and lift you off the ground like you were his next target. Do you even understand the trouble you're causing yourself?"

I bite my lip, and I hate that I can still taste him there.

Nothing I've tasted before could compare to the taste of Damon. He was everything I thought he would taste like and more.

It lingered in my mouth, and I never wanted it to leave.

"I was upset," I mumble while playing with my fingers in my lap.

"Upset?" his voice echoes inside the jeep. "What were you upset about, Clarissa? What did I do that was so wrong to make you want to do something like that?"

I look out the window; I'm unsure how to tell him without confessing my feelings for him.

"Was it about this morning?" he asks. "Are you upset that I told you about your tantrums? Or are you upset because I said we couldn't sleep in the same bed again after last night?"

He knew precisely why I was upset, yet he still chose to ask me. He'd just mentioned both things that angered me too.

"If you know the answer to your question, why are you asking me?" I demand.

He exhales loudly, "I'm asking because I can't figure out why that would anger you so much. I'm trying to understand you. Recently, it's been hard to understand anything that you say or do. It's hard to keep up with you,"

"What are you trying to say?" I ask him.

"Exactly what I'm saying to you. There are no hidden messages in my words." He answers me.

"This isn't even what I wanted to talk about in the first place." I snap, trying to avoid that conversation. I wasn't ready to tell him why I was so upset. He sighs, trying to regain control of his composure. Damon rarely ever got upset with me, and I can safely say this time was very bad.

"Then tell me, Clarissa, what is it that you want to talk about?" he asks me after regaining control of his emotions.

I know I shouldn't say what I'm about to say, but I need to see his reaction. He waits impatiently for me to continue, and I blurt it out.

"The k!ss," I whisper.

His jaw clenched again, and I could see him trying his best to focus on the road and not on my words.

"Damon?" I ask when he doesn't respond.

"What?" he finally asks.

I swallow, "aren't you going to say something about it?"

He pressed his lips tightly together, almost as though he was trying his best to prevent himself from responding to my question.

"Since you're not going to say anything, then I guess I should," I say more to myself than to him.

He still doesn't say anything, but he does look more alert now that I'd said that.

"I know it might not be a big deal for you since you've probably k!ssed many women even before you started seeing Anya, but I wanted to thank you," I mutter.

He glances at me for a quick second, and I can see how much my words have confused him.

"Thank me?" he asks. "For what exactly?"

I bite my lip before saying, "that was my first k!ss. I've never k!ssed anyone before today."

I can't believe I'd just said those words to him out loud. I wasn't sure if Damon even knew he was my first k!ss. My heart felt vulnerable after admitting this to him.

He would realize just how inexperienced I was about this whole dating thing. I've spoken to Damon about many things in the past but this was one topic we barely ever touched on. I was always scared to bring it up and say the wrong things.

I watch his shoulders tense. But he remains calm as he focuses his attention on the road. I wasn't sure if he was truly calm or if he was trying to pretend that he was.

"I'm sorry if you weren't expecting it. I was only following the game's rules, and I didn't want to cause any trouble with the others. They seem to take that game quite seriously. I know it must have surprised you when I k!ssed you. I just wanted you to know that I'm glad my first k!ss was with you. I trust you completely, and I know that no one looks out for me as much as you do. Your k!ss was gentle and soft, everything I've ever-

“Clarissa,” he swallows as his hands tighten on the steering wheel. “Please don’t finish that sentence. That kiss was never supposed to happen. I should have never allowed you to play that game, to begin with. It wasn’t right. So please, for the sake of my sanity, let’s not talk about that kiss ever again.”

My lips part, and it’s hard to fight back the tears forming in my eyes from hearing his dismissal of our first kiss. My first kiss. It meant nothing to him.

I didn’t think anything could hurt as much as this did. My heart felt like it was bleeding. I hated this feeling so much.

Why did he have to say that to me? Why?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 15 - Tips

05 minutes read

Damon and I didn’t speak for the rest of the ride home. He’d broken my heart, and he didn’t even know it.

I closed my eyes when the jeep stopped. I took a deep breath and opened the door before he had a chance to do so. Damon usually likes opening my door for me, he didn’t do it every time, but he did it a lot in the past.

I don’t say anything to him as I storm into the house. I walk past Dante and my parents after waving at them. I tried not to give anything away. I didn’t want anyone to know how upset I truly was.

“Clarissa!” Atticus says as he spots me. “Glad to see that you’re finally back from the beach. How was it? And where is Autumn?”

He looks a bit tensed and I think he somehow already knows that we were all at the party. I try to act as innocent as possible. Hopefully, Damon could help answer his questions instead.

“It was okay.” I lie. “Autumn is with Griffin. They’re dropping Anya home.”

He frowns, “wasn’t Damon with Anya? Why didn’t he drop her home instead? As far as I know, he had a date with her. What is he doing at home with you instead? Did something happen that you guys aren’t telling me?”

“Autumn offered,” I explain. “She wanted Damon to drop me home.”

He looks confused and slightly suspicious, but he doesn’t bother asking any more questions as he sees Damon behind me.

“So you did end up checking up on Clarissa after all.” Atticus pointed out. “Yet you acted like it wasn’t bothering you that she was at the beach earlier today when I asked you.”

My face turns red at his words. Atticus still didn’t know it was all a lie. I don’t wait to hear Damon’s response as I rush back to my room. I dropped myself onto the bed and fought against the tears that threatened to fall. I’ve been holding it back since Damon told me to forget the k!ss. I was only trying to explain to him how much the k!ss had meant to me. I didn’t mean to make him upset.

Why did it have to be this family? Why did I have to get adopted into his family? I knew I was only asking these questions because I couldn’t be with Damon, but it hurt so damn much. I didn’t want anyone else but him, and he would never choose to be with me because he’s supposed to act as my big brother and nothing else.

I loved every person in this house, but my love for Damon was on another level. I was crazy about him. I would do anything for him. I wasn’t sure if I was doing the right thing, however. I was fighting for him, but I wasn’t sure if that was what he wanted. He kept pushing me away every time I tried to get us closer to each other.

For the rest of the day, I stayed in bed with my bikini still on. I didn’t bother changing. I was too depressed to do anything but lie in bed.

“Clarissa?” Autumn calls from the doorway a few hours later.

“Come in.”

She opens the door and joins me on the bed.

“You haven’t changed?” She asks as she notices the same outfit from earlier.

I sigh, “I’m too depressed to change.” I confess. She frowns, “depressed? I thought you would be happy. You finally got to k!ss Damon, and I also made it possible for the both of you to ride home together, alone. Without Anya. And you also successfully ruined their date together.”

I pout, “thank you so much for earlier. I know you tried so hard to give me everything I wanted, but I think we may have caused more damage than good.”

“Really?” she asks, confused. “What happened to make you think that way? Did Damon say something to you?”

I nod, “he did. I tried to tell him how much that k!ss meant, but he asked me not to finish my sentence. Then he said the k!ss should have never happened, and he asked for us never to speak about it again.”

Autumn sighs and hugs me, "I know how much those words must have hurt, but you need to remember that Damon has always protected you since the first day his parents adopted you. Even though he most likely has feelings for you, it won't be easy for him to accept. He will feel like he's betraying his parents, and he will feel like he's betraying Anya. I can speak from experience. It was a little different with me since Atticus married me.

But I knew how guilty he felt about Anya for a while. He hurt me a lot while trying to spare her feelings. Damon is very similar to his brother. It will be harder for him since he's supposed to see you as his younger sister. You're going to have to be patient with him and also with yourself."

Autumn's words did make plenty of sense, and she did have more experience than I did when it came to things like this.

"Thank you for always making me feel better." She smiles, "you've always done the same for me. It would be unfair of me if I let you go through all these things yourself."

"You're the best, Autumn!"

She laughs and walks over to the door. "I need to make up with my husband now. He just found out that I was at Ares's party. He's freaking out a little."

"I'm so sorry!"

She waves her hand. "Don't you apologize for that. It was my idea, to begin with. Get changed and fix that frown. I don't want to come back here and see you like this."

I nodded, and as soon as she left, I dropped back onto the bed. The only good thing about today was my k!ss with Damon, and somehow I think that's probably the worst part of his day.

Autumn was right, however. I had to be more patient with Damon. He's always protected me from harm. It will take some time before he can change from my protector to the man pleasuring me in all the ways I dreamed of him doing.

I blushed at my crazy thoughts. There's a knock on my door, and I freeze. Was that Autumn again? Or could that be Atticus coming to ask about the party?

"Clarissa?"

My eyes widened at that voice.

Damon.

What did he want? Earlier he made it seem like he didn't want to speak to me. Why was he suddenly in front of my door?