

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 21 - Tips

2 6 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I waited for Damon to return home. I kept feeling like something was not okay. When I finally saw his jeep, I was overjoyed that he'd returned. All of that changed the second that I saw Anya with him.

Why did he bring her back? Why was she dressed so fancy? Did he take her on a date? He said that they had something important to talk about, but he never mentioned that it was a date.

I tried to remain calm, but my heart was racing just as much as my mind was. My impatience was getting the better of me.

I wanted to know what they had discussed today. I wanted to know why Anya was looking so damn happy. Whenever she was delighted, its because she had gotten her way, and when she'd gotten her way, it usually ended in someone being upset.

Who was she planning on upsetting today?

They walk past me in the corridor, and to my surprise, Damon looks a little tense. There's something he's hiding from me; I could feel it.

"Where is Dante?" She asks me as she keeps walking.

"In his room," I answer her.

They were looking for Dante, but for some reason, Damon looked uneasy.

"Should I call him?" I ask her.

"No." She answers me with a bright smile. It was the first time I'd ever seen her smile that brightly. "We will see him in his room. There's something important that we have to discuss with him."

Here they go again, mentioning this important thing no one was telling me about. Whatever it was, it involved all three of them. That didn't seem like good news to me. What could involve all three of them besides their weird relationship?

I watch as they walk up the stairs. I'm tempted to follow them, but that wouldn't end well for me.

I ran towards Autumn, who was in the kitchen.

"What's wrong?" She says as soon as she sees the look on my face.

"I think something horrible is going to happen," I whisper.

"Why?" she demands. "What did you see?"

"Damon left to meet Anya today. He said they had something important to discuss. He just came home with her, but she looked dressed for a special occasion. Now they're both going to talk with Dante. I'm telling you, Autumn, something is not right." I explain.

She might think I'm exaggerating, but this feeling in my chest couldn't be wrong.

"It's okay." She tries to soothe me as she gently rubs my arm. "Let's just wait and see what happens."

"I need to listen to their conversation," I tell her. "I need to hear what they are talking about."

A door slams shut in the house, and we both jump at the sound. There is also some shouting.

"Dante!" I hear Damon shouting his name.

"What the hell is going on?" Griffin asks as he walks into the kitchen with a beer in his hand.

"We were just trying to figure out the same thing," Autumn tells him.

The three of us walk out of the kitchen, and we're just in time to see Damon grab Dante's arm.

He pushes his hand away and growls. "Stay the fvck away from me. I just need to be alone right now. Away from you and away from Anya. I can't see the both of you in front of me."

"Dante, please." Anya tries to console him. "This was the only way to move forward. I couldn't keep dragging the two of you along. I had to choose one of you eventually, and Damon is the one I want. I'm sorry if I hurt you, but please try to understand that this is the best thing for all of us."

Autumn and I look at each other in horror. What the hell just happened? Did I hear her correctly? Was she choosing Damon to be with? Was she letting go of Dante?

What caused her to change her mind? Why did she suddenly know that it was Damon that she wanted?

Please tell me this was a nightmare. Please tell me this was all a lie. I don't want it to be true.

Atticus walks in next, "What's all the shouting about?"

He takes one look at Damon and then at Dante before glaring at Anya.

"What mess did you make now?" He growls.

"Don't speak to her like that," Damon warns him.

"She suddenly decided that she wants Damon," Griffin answers him. "She no longer wants to be with Dante. She has disposed of him because she's gotten everything she wanted already."

I gape at Griffin. He was sarcastic, but this wasn't the right time for any of that.

Dante looks like his whole life is falling apart. If she was rejecting him, why didn't it seem to bother her? Why was she so calm? There was not a single tear in her eyes. She'd just broken Dante's heart like it was nothing to her.

"I think we all need to stay calm," Autumn says as she tries to lighten the mood. "We can talk about this in a civil manner. When did you make this decision, Anya? What made you decide that it's Damon that you want to be with?"

"That's something I'll rather speak to Damon and Dante about." She tells her. "This shouldn't be anyone else's business. Damon and I agreed that this was the right thing to do."

I can't help but gaze at him in disbelief. Did he think of me even once when they agreed on this?

He's avoiding me; I can tell when he's avoiding me, and he's doing a very bad job right now.

"I don't want to hear more of this," Dante growls. "I've had enough of it. I'm leaving. I don't want anyone to follow me."

No one says anything as he storms out of the house.

"This may not be the right time to mention this," Griffin says. "But I think it's a good thing that she finally chose. This means that Dante is now a free man. He's finally free again. He may not realize it now, but he's just been saved."

Anya glares at him, and so does Damon.

"I think you should tell us the truth, Anya." I snap. "Why are you suddenly realizing that you want Damon and not Dante?"

Anya crosses her arms and gives me a sad smile, "it wasn't an easy decision to make, Clarissa. I've always loved them both, but I finally realized that I couldn't have them for the rest of my life. I knew I had to choose. I'm sure you understand why my choice had to be Damon."

I frown. Why would I understand why it had to be Damon?

"Today, I decided to tell Damon how I truly felt about everything. We had to tell Dante eventually, why not today? Besides, if we were going to mention getting married to everyone else, we knew that Dante had to find out before anyone else found out."

I stopped breathing. I think Autumn did next to me as well.

No.

She didn't just say that.

Anya didn't just say that she was planning on marrying Damon.

"I'm sorry," I whisper. "I know I've just misheard you. I know you didn't just mention getting married to Damon."

The color leaves Damon's face as he looks at Anya. He must have asked her to keep it a secret from the rest of us, judging by how he glared at her. How could he do this to me? How could he let me find out this way?

"It's true." She answers me. "Damon wanted to wait for a little before we made the announcement. But since Dante knows, I don't see why everyone else can't as well."

I felt like I was about to faint with this news. I still wanted to believe that all of this was just a nightmare. I didn't want to think that it was happening right now.

I can't feel my feet as I walk toward Damon. I'm not sure what I'm planning to say or do, but I want to look him directly in his eyes. I want to hear the truth from his mouth.

I don't stop walking until I'm inches away from him.

His eyes found mine, and we stood that way for a few seconds, gazing at each other while everyone else looked on.

"Tell me the truth," I say with all emotion drained from my voice. "Did you agree to marry Anya?"

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0 8 minutes read

~DAMON~

fvck.

fu..ck. fu..ck. fvck.

This should not hurt this much. It should not f*g hurt like this. Marrying Anya was supposed to solve everything. It was supposed to make things better. Not worse.

But it was worse. Wasn't it?

Dante had just stormed out of the house, and I could feel his pain. He was my brother; of course, I could feel his pain. He was hurting, and so was I. But for completely different reasons. He was in despair because of Anya, and I was in pain because of Clarissa.

I didn't want to be the reason he was like this. I didn't want to hurt my brother. And I sure as hell didn't want to hurt Clarissa. But what the hell was the right thing to do? What other choice could I have made to make things better?

I knew from the start that Dante would have reacted badly to the news, so I asked for enough time to explain things to him, but Anya did not give me that time. When we were in the room, she didn't wait for me, she immediately told him everything. I was not prepared for it at all. Seeing my brother like this was affecting me horribly.

But the real pain, the main reason my heart was squeezing painfully in my chest, was the beautiful woman in front of me. She was staring at me as if I'd just broken her heart into a million pieces.

That was never the intention. I was trying to protect her heart, not break it.

I swallow. It's the only movement I could allow my body to make right now. It hurts even to breathe while staring at her eyes, now filled with unshed tears.

fvck ME. I can't believe that I'm the one that's hurting her like this. In the past, I would k!ll anyone that made her cry but this time, I was the a.ssh0le making her cry.

Anya was not supposed to break the news like this. I told her to give me time. I told her that I didn't want to announce it today. Why did she have to do this? I knew it had to happen eventually, but I wasn't ready to break the news to Clarissa. At least, not like this.

I wanted to ease her into it. I wanted to make sure that she was ready to hear this announcement. Anya had beaten me to it, and now I had to pick up the broken pieces. I had to pick up the pieces of Clarissa's broken heart and somehow find a way to put them back together, to make it whole again. But I knew she wouldn't let me, not with the way she was looking at me in disbelief. She never expected this from me; I knew that much.

She's waiting for me to give her an answer. She's waiting for me to confirm what Anya said is true. But I can't seem to form the words in my mouth. I'm suddenly at a loss for words. I don't want her to hate me. I don't want her to be disappointed in me. Even though everything Anya said was true, I didn't want to confirm it.

I can feel all eyes on us. My entire family is standing around us. My parents and grandfather had just joined and were catching up on what was happening. My whole family was watching us, everyone except Dante.

I still had no clue how to break the news to my parents. Why did Anya do this? Why did she make the announcement without asking me first?

"Tell me," Clarissa whispers; this time, her voice breaks, tugging at my heart. It took all of my self-control not to reach forward and gently cup her face in my hands.

"Damon." She says again in that tone that does weird, painful things to my body. "Tell me the truth. Did you agree to marry Anya?"

My jaw clenches, and I try to find the words. It was one word, just yes, that's all I had to say, but the moment I did, I knew that everything would change between us. And a part of me, a very sick part of me, didn't want it to change.

I needed things to stay the same. I couldn't handle the change. It had to remain the same. It had to.

"Clarissa." My mother tries to calm her. "Let's take this into the family room. We can all talk about it calmly in there."

Yes. Calmly. That's what we needed to do. But I also knew that this discussion could never be a calm one.

"No." Clarissa hissed, and it was the first time she's used that tone on our mother. On my mother. Even though Clarissa was adopted, I don't think she fully accepted my parents as hers. And I know that the main reason is partly because of me. I've known it for a while, but I've been lying to myself. Lying to myself because I wanted to protect her from herself and, most importantly, from me. Those lies were about to cost me everything. I shouldn't have ran from it. I should have found a way to deal with everything before it reached this point.

"I want to talk about it now." She adds as she glares at me. "I want Damon to tell me the truth. He isn't saying anything and that could only mean one thing."

"He doesn't owe you any explanations." Anya snaps. "It's his life. He doesn't need your consent to decide who he wants to marry. As his sister, you should congratulate him and be happy for him. What are you so upset about, anyway? Can't you see that marrying me is what he actually wants? I can make him happy; I would think that would, in return, make you happy. You should want the best for your brother and I don't see a better option for him than I am."

Sister. Why did that one word make me feel sick to my stomach? I didn't see her as my sister. I could never see her like that.

My eyes move from Clarissa to glare at Anya. This was her mess. She'd told them at the wrong time. She doesn't get to tell Clarissa how to feel at a time like this. She sees my anger and quietly moves back without adding to her words. She knows that I'm angry and she knows why.

"Clarissa—" that's all I can say. That's all my mouth is letting me say—her name. I still can't say that one word that she's waiting for me to say.

My heart squeezes some more when I see the tears slowly rolling down her cheeks. I did that. I was causing her to cry when it was the last f*g thing I ever wanted to do.

"I can't believe you would do this to me." She says as she continues to look straight into my eyes. She isn't backing down. She's showing me exactly what I'm doing to her by agreeing to marry Anya.

"You were not supposed to find out this way." I finally say. "I didn't want you to find out like this. I know it doesn't make it better, but you were never supposed to find out this way."

She bit her bottom lip and scrunched her nose as the love in her eyes slowly turned into something I'd never seen before. Hatred. Does she hate me? I cannot live with myself if Clarissa ever decided to hate me. My heart wouldn't be able to take it. I would drop to the ground and beg her to forgive me if I had to but seeing her hate me wasn't something I could ever easily accept.

There's so much more that I want to tell her. So much more, but I don't know how to say it. I didn't know what to say to make her understand that this was the right thing to do. She would disagree with me.

I knew that she would. But why does the right thing hurt so f*g much? Shouldn't it be easier? Why does it feel like someone is tearing my heart straight out of my chest?

Clarissa doesn't try to say anything in response to my words. She looks tired and still in shock. She seems like someone who'd lost the most important thing in their life.

I watch as she turns and walks away from me. I felt like I was letting her walk out of my life. I didn't want to let her go. I didn't want things to get bad between us.

My hands tightened into fists at my sides. It was taking all of my self-control not to grab her and bring her back to me. It was taking all of my self-control not to pick her up and take her away from this place—just me and her.

"What's the meaning of all of this?" My father demands. "Have you truly decided that you're going to marry Anya?"

Now that Dante and Clarissa knew of my plans to marry Anya, it was time to have the discussion with my parents. Even they are surprised by this news, and I'm positive they are also unhappy with my decision. I was expecting all of this. I should have been prepared for the pain as well. I should be stronger than this. I knew why I had to do it. I knew that this wedding was important. I had to suck up the pain and bury it deep inside me.

"Son?" He asks.

I can't answer him. I'm still staring at the door, where Clarissa just walked through. I want to run after her. I want to explain. I want to make it better.

"He has," Anya answers for me. "Damon is the man I want to marry, and while I'm devastated that I must let go of Dante, I know I'm making the right decision. Damon is the right choice."

My parents look at each other. I don't think anyone in this room is happy with my decision. It shows in their faces. It's not just my parents. My siblings are also not happy.

"Shouldn't we discuss this more before we talk about marriage?" My mother asks. "It's a lifetime commitment."

"You were much more supportive when you wanted Atticus to marry Autumn." Anya reminds them. "Can't you be supportive of Damon as well?"

My father adjusts the watch on his hand as he tries to figure out the best way to deal with this entire situation.

“Are you sure this is what you want, son?” My mother asks me gently. “Don’t rush into anything you’re not comfortable with. Everyone is here to guide you both along the way. If you’re unsure, this is your chance, to be honest with us.”

Anya looked at me with a panicked look on her face, and I knew that I couldn’t say no. Not with the way she was looking at me. I’d already agreed to marry her; she left Dante for me, chose me, and I couldn’t disappoint her.

But Clarissa. . . How did I fix things with her? How did I make it better?

“Damon?” My mother calls my name. “Do you want to marry Anya? Do you want us to start planning a wedding?”

I had to give my mother an answer. The longer I took to say the one word everyone was waiting to hear, the more they would think that this entire thing wasn’t my decision, to begin with. I couldn’t make them think that I didn’t want to marry Anya. If they did, it would cause plenty of problems for us. For Clarissa.

You have to do it, Damon. No matter how much it hurts you. This is something that you can’t say no to.

I can’t recognize my own voice as I answer, “yes. I want to marry her. I want to marry Anya.”

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0 9 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I hate him.

I hate him so much.

I hate him. I hate him. I hate him.

How could he do this? How could he agree to marry her? I thought I was getting closer to him. We’d finally k!ssed after wanting it for so many years; we had finally k!ssed, not once but twice. We’d slept in the same bed together. We were having conversations that weren’t the average kinds between friends or siblings. Things were different.

I should have seen the signs. I should have realized this sooner.

I knew that he was pushing me away while I was trying to bring us closer, but not once did I think he would agree to marry Anya, at least not this soon.

What went wrong? Why did he make this decision and not tell me sh!t about it? How long has he been planning on marrying her? How long has he known he would break my heart and choose to marry her?

This decision hasn't only messed up my life. It also messed with Dante and his life. He was just as heartbroken as I was. It hurt to see Dante like that. He didn't deserve what Anya did to him. She could have told him in a better way. She didn't have to make him feel like he was nothing to her.

I couldn't even run after him while I was in so much pain. I had to fix my own heart before I could help fix his.

How could I watch him marry her? How could I watch the love of my life put a ring on someone else's finger? The more I thought about it, the more the tears rolled down my cheeks.

This wasn't the Damon I knew and loved. He wasn't like this. He wouldn't put me through all this pain without a good reason for it. I refused to believe that he actually wanted to marry Anya. I refused to believe that he was happy with this poor decision.

I couldn't let this happen. I couldn't let this marriage take place.

Everything would be over the moment that they both said I do to each other. I won't have a chance with Damon after that. It would be too late.

I had two options: let Damon marry her and ruin both of our lives or prove to him that we were meant to be together.

I was not going to make this easy for him. I was not going to let him take the easier way out. I'm going to fight. I'm going to fight as I've never fought before.

I will make him drop to his knees and beg me to be his. He doesn't realize yet that a massive storm is coming his way but soon he will know the truth.

"Clarissa?" Autumn calls as she knocks on my room door.

I knew Autumn would come after me. She was like a sister to me. I knew she would be worried about me.

"Can I come in?"

"You can," I answer her.

I needed her. This news had shocked me to my very core. I needed someone to hold onto. Someone who understood the pain that I felt.

She doesn't wait for another second as she barges into the room. One look at my tear-streaked face, and she's already hugging me.

"I can't believe he'd do something like this to you." She whispers. "I can't believe he's going to marry Anya. He doesn't realize yet what he's doing but this decision will ruin his life. If he doesn't stop it soon, he will regret everything."

"I should have known this was eventually going to happen," I admit. "We all knew Anya wanted to marry into this family. She wanted Atticus at first, but now she wants Damon. I can't believe she disposed of Dante like he was nothing to her. It makes me wonder what her intentions truly are. Does she just want to be apart of this family for money? What does she truly want?"

Autumn sighs, "I also have my doubts about Anya."

"We need to do something." I plead with her. "Maybe if we hire a private investigator we can dig up some information on Anya that can stop this wedding. I know that there's plenty she's hiding from us. We just need to find out what it is."

She nods, "I agree with you. But we can't let the others know what we are up to. Damon and Dante still care deeply for Anya. Even Atticus, he doesn't love her but the time he spent with her in the past has made him care for her. If we're going to do this, we need to do it on our own."

Her hand squeezes mine gently.

"We are going to make him beg," Autumn promises me. "He isn't going to last long. He's going to regret ever agreeing to marry her when it's clear that you are the one in his heart. We need to make Damon realize this before it's too late. We need him to see that you're the woman for him. His heart knows it; it's time he catches up with his feelings."

I smiled; this was why I loved Autumn. She always knew the right words to say. Even though I had this heavy feeling in my chest, talking to her has eased the tension within me.

"Did they announce the date for the wedding?" I ask her.

We needed to know how long we had left.

"Not exactly." She answers me. "However, the engagement party will take place in five days."

Five days? Were they crazy? If they chose such a close date for the engagement, it only meant that we didn't have plenty time before the wedding took place.

"Are they in a rush to get married?" I demand. "What about Dante? Shouldn't they have waited for him to recover from the pain?"

Or couldn't he at least wait until my heart had good enough time to recover from the initial shock of this marriage?

Did Damon not care about me at all? I still didn't understand why he was doing this.

"We need to find the sexiest dress on earth for his engagement. We need to make him miserable to the point that we ruin the entire night for him." Autumn insists. "I'm not going to make this easy for him. He made you cry and while I love him like a brother, he deserves what's coming."

I agree. I was willing to do everything as long as it got Damon back to my side.

It was time my nightmare tricks returned. That would be my first plan. My nightmares. He barely survived the last time I spent a night in his room; this time, I'll make it much harder.

"He couldn't stop looking at the door when you left. Breaking the news to you was something that killed him inside. I'm positive that he warned Anya to give him some time to break the news to you first. He should have never trusted her word. It's obvious that she couldn't wait to rub it into your face." She sighs, "I think that Damon is afraid."

"Afraid?" I ask, confused.

Why would he be afraid? What could Damon possibly be afraid of?

She nods.

"He isn't stupid. He knows what will happen if anyone finds out you have feelings for each other. He wants to protect you, but he doesn't realize that his decisions are breaking your heart." She explains. "I saw the look on his face Clarissa. Atticus and everyone else aren't paying attention to the way he gazes at you but I have been. That man has feelings for you and no one can change my mind. This is the only explanation that I can come up with. He must be trying to protect you from everyone else."

I swallow. I was aware the possibilities of people finding out and what that would mean for me, but I was willing to take that risk for him. I wanted him and nothing else mattered to me. I wish that Damon could see things the way that I saw them. I wish that he could understand that I was willing to sacrifice everything to be with him.

"Damon may come looking for you." She tells me. "Do you want to speak to him tonight or should I tell him to give you some space?"

I wanted to see him but not right now. It was too much for me. I needed time to process everything.

A knock on the door catches both of our attention. Was that him? Did he come to speak to me about the entire thing?

Autumn opens the door and we were right, it was him.

"Clarissa wants to be alone tonight." Autumn tells him for me. "Please respect her wishes."

It hurt to turn him away but he should have expected this after the announcement that he just made.

He doesn't try to change my mind. Instead, he breaks my heart even more when he leaves just like Autumn asked him to.

After Autumn leaves, I spent the rest of the night crying myself to sleep.

The next day my eyes were swollen and extremely red. I had to wear makeup to cover it so that everyone else couldn't see just how bad this news had hit me. I didn't want my family to notice how badly Damon's announcement had affected me. I didn't need them to get suspicious.

We were back at the academy and so far, the news about Damon's engagement hadn't spread like I expected it to.

What was Anya waiting on to announce it to everyone that she knew?

I knew she couldn't wait for every person at the academy to find out that she would soon be getting her wish of marrying a Fawn. It wasn't the Fawn she originally wanted to marry but she seemed to be contented with Damon, at least for now. Her mind changed as quickly as some girls changed their outfits during the day. I wouldn't trust it.

"Why didn't you come to the academy with Damon?" Atticus asks me. "He's usually the one you love to go with."

Autumn sighs, "is it so wrong that she chose to come with us, Atticus? I was glad for her company."

Atticus scratches the back of his head, "I was simply asking a question. Damon doesn't look happy. I'm assuming that the both of you are still fighting from the announcement last night. Dante is also refusing to speak to the rest of us."

"That's what happens when you decide to marry the wrong woman." Autumn says as she narrows her eyes while looking at her husband.

He shrugs his shoulders, "that doesn't apply to me. I married the right woman. Didn't I?"

"You didn't make it easy." She teases him. "It's a good thing I stuck around or you'll be just as miserable as your brother right now."

Even though I'm upset, I still can't help but smile at their bickering. It's easy to tell how much they both love each other.

I freeze when I see Damon in front of us. I was avoiding him. The moment he spots me, his body turns to stone. He makes an attempt to walk towards us but before he can reach me, I turned and ran away.

I'm used to him walking me to class, but this time, I had to do it on my own.

"Clarissa!" I hear him shouting behind me.

Damn it.

Why was he following me?

"Clarissa, please!" He begs as his footsteps get closer.

I sigh and slowly turn around to face him.

What does he expect me to say? What does he want from me now?

I gasp when I see the pleading look in his eyes. It's definitely affecting him that I'm refusing to speak to him. What would happen if I ignored him for a week?

"Please talk to me." He begs once more. "I know that you're upset. I know that I should have told you about the marriage before announcing it to everyone. I'm sorry. Please just talk to me."

My jaw clenches and I narrow my eyes, "I'm not upset."

He quirks a brow and I can see that my words have confused him. "You're not?"

I grip the book in my hands tightly. "No. I'm not. Instead, I'm hurt. My heart hurts. And there is nothing that you can say or do to fix it."

He inhales sharply.

Before I can see the effect of my words on him, I storm into the classroom where I know he wouldn't try to disturb me again.

I take a deep breath now that I'm not next to him. I didn't want to inhale his scent earlier, I knew that I would have immediately melted if I did. I was trying my best to stay strong but I wasn't sure how long I could keep this up for.

Being away from Damon was not an easy thing for me to do.

I bury my face against the desk and block out everyone and everything as I tried to think of the many ways I could fix this mess.

What could I do? We'd hired the private investigator but it would take some time before he could get any information on Anya. All we had to do now was wait for him to give us the file with everything he'd found out about her.

Now I had to hope that he would eventually find something that could help us. If not, Autumn and I would have to personally do our own digging without anyone at home finding out what we were up to.

We had to find out the truth about Anya. We had to.

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0 9 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

After a long day at the academy with me trying my best to avoid Damon, I was finally home. He did try multiple times to speak to me, but each time I found a way to dismiss him. He wasn't happy about it; I could easily tell. I knew him well. I knew when he was frustrated, and this time I was the one causing his frustration.

This was only the beginning. Autumn was the one that suggested I avoid him for some time. It was working. I've never seen him this desperate to talk to me.

What did he expect after the announcement he made last night? Did he think I would happily congratulate him and Anya? Was he that clueless? Or was he playing stupid about the entire thing to avoid any conversation?

Again, I chose to return home with Autumn and Atticus.

I knew it was also upsetting Damon, and that was the point of it.

I also didn't want to be around Anya.

Just as I opened the door to my room, someone grabbed my waist and pulled me inside. I gasped when Damon covered my mouth with his hand. Our eyes met, and we were both staring at each other silently.

I can feel the tension in the room. I know he feels it, also.

"Please let me say something." He whispers. "I need to apologize. I need you to forgive me, Clarissa. I can't go on like this. I can't rest when I know you're hurting. I can't eat. I can't f*ck sleep. I can't focus on anything but the pain you're feeling because of me."

Don't skip a beat. Don't you dare let his words soften you. I'm speaking to my heart, trying to convince the weak thing to behave.

He slowly moves his hand from my mouth. He doesn't realize now that the only thing he can do to make things better is to call off the wedding.

"How long were you waiting in my room?" I ask him, looking around for anything I don't want him to see. I have these crazy moments where I write his name on anything that I can get my hands on.

"Is that important?" He asks.

"It depends. Were you looking through any of my stuff?" I demand.

His forehead creases, "of course not. I was waiting for you. You left me no choice. You've been avoiding me since last night. I keep trying to talk to you, but you're not giving me a chance to explain myself."

"There's nothing you can say to fix this, Damon." I snap. "Can't you see that? You made this decision on your own; you made your choice."

"What choice?" He asks desperately. "What choices do I have, Clarissa?"

I sigh, "please leave."

His eyes widen. "I want to fix this."

"I can't even look at you right now, Damon!" I cry. "I can't look at you without wanting to cry. Please. Just leave."

My words have completely shattered him. I can tell by the defeated look on his face. He slowly steps away from me. I don't say anything as I watch him leave and shut the door behind him.

That was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I usually do everything in my power to spend as much time with Damon as possible. This is the first time I'm begging him to leave.

I stayed in my room for hours after that incident until I finally fell asleep.

. . . .

"Why don't you spend more time with your sister, Cassius?"

I stare at my brother. He smiles not only with his mouth but also with his eyes. He has a devilish smile that makes me smile in return.

"Mother!" I call out to her. Her face is turned to me, and she's still scolding my brother.

"Mother!" I try to catch her attention again.

I gasped as my eyes flew open.

A dream.

It was a dream.

Just a dream.

Then why does it feel so real? Did I dream of my biological mother and brother? Or was my mind playing tricks on me?

I didn't have many memories of my childhood. I couldn't remember anything about my parents or siblings, if I even had any. When the Fawns adopted me, I was a troubled girl with no memory of my childhood. My only memories were growing up in a home with other children just like me. I never understood why the Fawns chose me; Damon's grandparents were the ones that finalized the decision when they visited the home.

My heart is racing in my chest, and tears are forming in my eyes. What is wrong with me? A dream shouldn't have me feeling this depressed.

I can't stop myself as I climb out of my bed; I know where I'm going even before I open my room door. I keep walking until I see the door I didn't think I'll be opening for some time.

I push it open and see Damon on his bed. He isn't asleep like I expected him to be. His eyes are wide when he spots me. Even he didn't think I'll be here tonight, not after all of the things I'd said to him before.

I was still very hurt by his decision. I was still in pain. But I needed him tonight. I needed him more than I wanted to admit to myself.

Neither of us says anything as I walk over to his bed. I'm unsure what to do, but I'm letting my body lead tonight.

Damon's eyes remain wide as he openly stares at me. I don't stop walking until I'm standing next to his bed.

He swings his legs out of the bed so that he is now in a sitting position.

"Wh—"

I didn't wait for him to finish as I dropped myself onto his lap and wrapped my arms tightly around his neck. I buried my face against his neck and let the tears fall freely from my eyes. I don't know why I'm crying. I don't know whether it's because of the dream or the news of him marrying Anya.

All I know is that I need Damon tonight. I needed him like I needed air to breathe.

"Clarissa?" He whispers as he buries his hand in my hair. "What's wrong?"

When the first tear hits his neck, he stiffens, "are you crying?"

I was ugly when I cried and never liked Damon seeing that side of me. But tonight, I can't help it. I have to let my emotions win this battle.

I tighten my hold around him.

"Is this because of my marriage announcement?" He asks hesitantly.

I can hear the pain in his voice, and I know that he deserves it after what he did. But it still bothers me. I never liked to see Damon in pain.

"Clarissa?" He tries again. "Please talk to me. I can't help you if I don't know what's bothering you."

His skin is hot beneath mine. Hot and wet because of my tears. His hands move from my hair to my waist, and I can't help but shiver despite my pain. I still felt the heat from his touch.

"Please don't let go of me," I beg.

His voice hitched at my words. He may think I'm speaking only about tonight, but I meant for the rest of our lives. I never want him to let go of me. I never want to let another woman have him.

"Shh," he whispers. "I'm not letting go. You can stay here as long as you like. I'm going to fix whatever it is that's hurting you."

I was happy to hear those words from his mouth. It wasn't the exact words I wanted, but it was enough to calm my nerves, at least for now.

He lets me continue to cry against his neck, and he doesn't move, not even an inch. This was why I loved Damon. The small things that he did for me. They felt like everything to me. He was always there for me, even if we weren't on the best terms. He never let me go through anything on my own. He's always been there for me. He's the only person that has always stood by my side; he's never judged me, he's always protected me, and he always takes my side. He's the most important person in my life.

I know that I should be happy for him. I know that I should let him marry Anya without interfering, but I can't, not when I know I love him, not when I know that she doesn't love him back. I can't sit back and let her destroy him. I can't watch her ruin his life as she so quickly did to Dante. I had to be there for him like he's here for me now.

"Are you ready to tell me what's wrong?" He asks gently as he continues to run his hand up and down my back. "I want to help you. I want to make it better."

I slowly move my hands up his neck to his hair. I buried them in the strands and moaned at how good it felt—being in his arms, straddling his lap, burying my hands in his hair. This felt amazing. How can he not see how perfectly we fit together? Why doesn't he realize by now that we are made for each other? Why has Damon been so blind for so long?

I can feel the wild beating of his heart against my body. It's pounding. Loudly.

I grab his hair tighter and pull his head backward. His eyes look intoxicated as he gazes at me.

I slowly trace the sides of his face with my fingers. His lips part at my touch, and he continues to simply gaze at me. I love when he watches me like I'm the only woman on this planet. He never takes his eyes off me. And I love it so much. I love how he pays attention to every little thing that I do.

I can't stop myself as I crash my lips to his. Damon's hands on my back freeze at my intrusion.

I breathe him in.

I need this. I need him. I have to taste him.

I crave his touch. I crave everything about him.

Damon doesn't push me away like I expected him to. I think he understands that I need this. I think he knows exactly what's happening to me. He lets me kiss him like he's done in the past. I hate that he doesn't try to kiss me back. I hate that he doesn't take things further between us.

He growls suddenly, surprising me, and the masculine sound instantly makes me wet between my legs. I didn't think just a sound from him would have such an impact on my body. Like all the other times, I was wrong.

I can't stop myself from grinding my lower body against his. His breath hitches from the contact. I can feel his immediate reaction to me. There were many things that Damon was capable of hiding from me, but his attraction to me was not one of them.

I needed to take things further than a kiss. I needed to do something to break his control.

I move my lips from his to whisper in his ear, "can you smell what you're doing to my body? Can you feel how wet I am for you?"

Damon growls some more, and neither of us is prepared when he grabs my waist and throws me onto the bed.

"You have no f*cking clue what you do to me, do you?" He demands. I gasped when he ripped my dress from my body, so I was left completely bare in front of him except for my white panties.

His eyes are dark with need as he hungrily drinks in every inch of my body. But as quickly as it happened, it ended as well. Realization quickly haunts his features. I see the moment that everything sinks in for him.

"fuck me!" He growls as he starts to pace the room in a panic. I watch him while he walks up and down, trying to come to terms with what he'd just done. He may also be trying to regain control over his body. Damon never liked losing control, and this was one of the rare occasions where he did. He walks back over to the bed, but he keeps his eyes away from me. He's intentionally avoiding looking at my body anymore.

He grabs his blanket and covers my body before finally looking at me. I can see his features soften the moment that his eyes meet mine. He regrets what he just did; he didn't have to say the words; I could see it clearly on his face.

I think Damon wants me, but he hates that he does. That doesn't make me feel good at all.

"Clarissa." He whispers. "I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry."

Here he goes again, apologizing for something I didn't want him to apologize for.

I watch as he storms out of the room as if he'd made the biggest mistake of his life.

He may think this was a bad thing, but for me, it was just the beginning. He'd just proven that he'd wanted me all this time, just like I'd always hoped. Now that I know this, I'm not letting him go. I will make Damon see that I'm the one he truly wants. I will make him drop to his knees and beg me to accept him. And I'm not going to stop until I've accomplished my goal.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 25 - Tips

0 10 minutes read

~DAMON~

What the fvck did I do? I announced my engagement to Anya and ripped Clarissa's dress from her body, all within the span of a few hours.

All she had on were lacey white panties that I couldn't get out of my freaking mind. And her b.reasts. fvck. Clarissa has the most beautiful pair of b.reasts I've ever seen in my life. I wanted to s.uuck on them. I wanted to play with her n!pples between my fingers. I wanted to bury my face in them.

I can't get her body out of my head. I can't get her out of my f*g mind. She's all that I can think about.

I know what I did was wrong. I know that I've crossed a line. I know it will take a lot to fix what happened. Everything in the past between Clarissa and I has been somewhat forgivable, but this time, I'd done something I should have never done. This time, I was the one that took things to a place of no return. I was never supposed to see her like that. But I lost all damn control when she told me she was we.t for me.

I did smell her ar0usal. I did feel how much she wanted me. But hearing her say it had snapped something inside of me. The beast inside me had finally gotten a chance to come out and take what it wanted.

I don't know where I got the strength to pull away from her tonight. I almost lost my mind while pacing in the room. Her scent was still on my body. I could still feel her hands in my hair. Damn it. I didn't think I'd ever love someone's hands in my hair as much as I loved hers.

I shouldn't want her this much. I'm not supposed to want her like this. I should not f*g ache like this for her. The monster in my pants was still pulsing for a chance to be inside her.

Ah, fvck. What the hell? Why did I think of that?

I was making a mess out of my damn life. I knew that I was running from Clarissa. This marriage with Anya wasn't happening because I wanted it to happen; I was going ahead only because it would stop whatever was happening between Clarissa and me. This wedding was a plot to get her to stop wanting me. But I think it's done the opposite.

It worked for a second, but she was determined to change things between us; I saw it in her eyes. She couldn't hide it from me.

Things could have been different if Anya wasn't a part of my life; things could have been different if my parents hadn't adopted Clarissa and given her our last name.

But these things weren't about to change anytime soon. There's not a single chance for Clarissa and me to have anything other than a sibling relationship.

I had to make her see this. But fvck me; I was scared of the girl. Clarissa scared me. I've never been terrified of anything as much as my feelings for her scared me.

It's the reason why I kept running. To protect her from herself and me. There was only so much I could take. She kept teasing me, and today, I'd snapped. I wasn't sure where I got the self-control to stop anything from happening between us.

Her f*g taste hasn't left my mouth since she first k!ssed me. And I didn't want ever to lose that taste from my memory. I didn't ever want to forget what she tasted like. But I knew it was a taste I would remember for the rest of my life.

I spotted Dante walking into the parking lot just as I was about to leave.

He sees me, and I can see the anger and hurt still in his eyes. I'd been so concerned about Clarissa that I didn't take the time to realize that my brother was also hurting.

"Hey," I say.

He ignores me as he walks straight past me.

"I'm sorry." I apologize.

That gets him to stop, and I turn to look at him. His back is turned to me, and I can feel the tension in the air.

"What are you sorry for?" He asks. "We both know I would have done the same thing in your position."

I sigh, "I know, but it doesn't change the fact that you are in pain. You are still my brother; it doesn't matter if you hate me for choosing to marry Anya; I still care about you. The last thing I want is to lose you over this."

"Fvck." Dante hissed. "I can't believe this day is finally here. You know what's the funny part about all of this?"

"What?" I ask as he turns around to face me.

"I always knew that she wouldn't choose me." He finally answers. "I knew she was crazy about Atticus. I knew she wanted him more than the two of us. I knew that if our parents hadn't stepped into their relationship, she would have married him the first chance that she got. When he married Autumn, I hoped that my chances of marrying her had increased. But then I saw her getting closer to you after losing Atticus. I realized it was only a matter of time before she chose you over me. A part of me hoped that our parents would step in and find a bride for you as well. I know it was selfish of me to wish for it. But now my worst nightmare is coming true. I have to watch my mate, the love of my life, get married to someone else. To my brother."

I swallow. I don't blame him for wishing for that. I don't blame him at all.

We are both silent for some time. There's nothing left to say. What could either of us say to make things better? He knew that I wouldn't call off the wedding. He knew that if he asked me to do it, Anya would be upset with him. Dante wanted her to be happy, and he was willing to sacrifice his happiness to see her happy. I knew my brother because, at times, he reminded me of myself.

He finally lifts his head to look me in the eyes.

"Can you do me one favor as my brother?" He asks me.

A favor?

I frown. "What do you want?" I ask. "I'm willing to do anything as long as it makes it easier for you."

He runs a hand through his hair before pinning me with his piercing gaze, "please make her happy. I've noticed that something has happened to Anya ever since the day our parents got kidnapped by that witch. She hasn't been the same. I don't know if you've noticed the change in her behavior, but I pay attention enough to know that she isn't okay. Don't ever do anything to hurt her. Don't ever make her cry like Atticus did when he married Autumn. Please don't make her go through what she went through in the past. Be the person I would have been for her if she'd decided to marry me."

I stiffen.

How could I make this promise when I'd already done something to hurt her? How could I make this promise when I was only marrying Anya because of my feelings for Clarissa? How did I admit these things to him without him getting pissed at me?

I was **fg screwed**. **My life was a fg mess**.

I kept digging a deeper hole for myself, and I knew that eventually, I wouldn't be able to bring myself out of it.

I couldn't go through with this engagement until I told Anya everything I'd done. It would be wrong of me to let her think that my heart was completely hers. It would be wrong of me to let her marry me while thinking that I wasn't being unfaithful. And I was. Both mentally and physically. The guilt was eating me alive.

I hadn't touched Anya ever since Clarissa and I k!ssed for the first time, and now, I don't think it's possible for me to ever touch her again. At least, not until I figured out what the hell this thing between Clarissa and me was.

"I'll try my best to do as you ask of me," I promise him.

He nods, and I can see a weight lifted off his shoulders.

I had to see Anya. This was the first step I had to take to keep my promise to Dante. I jump into my jeep and drive out of the garage.

It doesn't take me long to find Anya, and when I do, I jump out of the jeep. She told me to meet her in front of her home. One thing she never likes doing is bringing me into her house, and I never questioned it. I assumed that she was ashamed of where she lived. Anya was someone that let that kind of thing bother her.

She smiles, and I immediately pull her into my arms. My heart sank when it felt nothing like what Clarissa felt in my arms.

Whenever I was around Clarissa, I felt like I would combust into flames if I didn't take her into my arms and k!ss her. It was different with Anya. I felt like I needed Anya, but it wasn't the same.

"What's wrong?" Anya asks hesitantly.

"I'm sorry," I whisper. "I did something horrible, and I don't know if you'll still want to marry me after what I have to say."

She slowly pulls away from me, "what are you talking about, Damon?" She demands. "What could you have possibly done that would jeopardize our marriage?"

"I think I have feelings for someone else," I confess. "You're not the only one I have in my heart Anya. I know that makes me a selfish asshole, but I don't know what's happening to me."

It was hard to tell her the truth, but I couldn't lie anymore. It was unfair to her to keep the fact from her. I was finally doing the right thing by telling her what was bothering me.

Her lips part, and I can see the shock in her eyes. Was she shocked by the truth or by the fact that I'd actually confessed to her?

"Who is she?" She finally asks.

Just three words, but those three words terrified me. I couldn't tell Anya the truth. I couldn't tell her that it was Clarissa. Even though I wanted to be honest with Anya, I had to protect Clarissa. I didn't think this through completely. I didn't realize that I would have to mention Clarissa's name.

fvck.

I wouldn't do it. I don't care if Anya hates me for it.

"I can't tell you," I answer her in an apologetic tone. "I know you'll hate me for this. I know that you wanted to marry me. I know that you let go of Dante because of me. I feel horrible. I'm an asshole; I know that. I did things I should have never done while I was with you. I just don't want to betray you. If you want to marry Dante instead, I completely understand. It will hurt, but I will not stop you."

She takes a deep breath and turns away from me. I hate doing this to her. I hate it. But whenever I'm around Clarissa, all of my control snaps. The only option is to stay away from her. To avoid her as much as possible.

"Did you sleep with her?" She finally asks after being silent for a few minutes.

I close my eyes in pain. I didn't. But I f*cking want to with everything inside of me. Of course, I couldn't say this to Anya.

"No," I answer her.

She sighs, "obviously, this news has hurt me, Damon, but I still want to marry you. You've watched me be with both Atticus and Dante in the past and have stuck by my side through it all. I would be a hypocrite if I let this one thing destroy our relationship."

My eyes widened at her words. How could she accept this so easily? How could she love me this much? I didn't deserve her, just like I didn't deserve Clarissa. I didn't deserve either one of them.

"But you must promise me one thing." She adds.

My body stiffens, "what is that?"

I should have known it wouldn't be that easy. I was willing to do anything as long as she decided to forgive me and give me another chance.

"Don't betray me again." She answers me. "After we are married, I don't expect you to be around any other woman but me. Whoever this girl is, I don't care; I want your promise that you will keep her out of your heart and your life. I can accept this now because we aren't married, but things will change when I'm given your last name. I will expect to be the only woman in your life."

How could I promise her this when even I didn't know if it was possible to throw Clarissa out of my heart? What the hell am I supposed to do?

I was only trying to protect both Clarissa and Anya, but for some reason, I was making things worse. I was hurting both of them because I couldn't make up my damn mind.

Even if I chose to be with Clarissa, it would never work out; our parents and the people around us would make our lives miserable.

If I chose to continue with this marriage, Clarissa and Anya would both be miserable, including myself.

I couldn't win. None of the choices were good ones.

That's why I had to stick with my original plan to marry Anya for the sake of Clarissa. If I couldn't be happy, I at least wanted her to be.

I can only hope she finds it in her heart to forgive me one day.

I had to build up the courage to have this conversation with her. I couldn't run from it anymore. I had to tell her the truth. I had to convince her that this was better for both of us.

I'd already spoken to Anya and begged for forgiveness.

It was time that I fixed my relationship with Clarissa. I had to beg her to forget what had happened between us. Would she be able to forgive me?