

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 36 - Tips

0 8 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

Four days. It was just four days before Damon married Anya.

FOUR DAYS.

He was doing the same as before, trying to limit any contact with me. I couldn't believe him. When would he stop running away from me? From us?

However, I was also trying to stay away from him, at least for a little until everything from the fire had died down. Everyone were still a little upset with me and I didn't want to bring anymore attention to myself. Besides, Autumn had warned me that Atticus was beginning to notice that there was something happening between me and Damon. I knew Atticus, I knew what he was capable of doing when he was angry. He always protected me like his little sister and he would do the same even if it was against Damon.

I couldn't do anything that would make him suspect us anymore. But today, I was ready to make my first move. I'd stayed away from Damon long enough. He wouldn't see it coming when I showed him what I wanted to show him for a while now.

And that was the one thing I loved the most about my body. The tattoo of his name on my a*s. I've always dreamt of the day Damon would see it. I imagined him happy and falling in love with it. I knew there was a chance he would hate it but I was willing to at least try.

I knew that it would have a strong effect on him because I knew Damon well. He already knew that I had a tattoo but he didn't know that the tattoo was his name. He would finally know the truth today.

According to Autumn, everyone was leaving in an hour for a dinner. It was a dinner to celebrate the wedding that was only a few days away. I would pretend to be sick. I knew that everyone would insist that I come but Autumn would help convince everyone to let me stay at home.

I owed her plenty. Autumn was the only reason that Atticus wasn't punching Damon right now. She was doing her best to make him believe that there was nothing going on between us. He has been keeping a close eye on us and the fact that we were staying away from each other must have convinced him that he was wrong, at least for now.

But tonight, I had plenty to do.

Damon would be responsible for dropping Anya at her fake home after dinner and then he would return here. Autumn would distract everyone and make sure that they stay longer for the dinner. She would come up with a good enough excuse, I trusted her. She was good at these things. I don't understand why she does so much for me without expecting anything in return.

When Damon returned home, it would just be the two of us. That would give me enough time to show him the tattoo and get a reaction from him. No one would suspect anything when they returned home, Autumn would make sure of it.

It would be the first time that Damon and I would be alone in the house together ever since things had gotten heated between us. I was looking forward to it. He had no idea what was coming to him. And I was counting on it, the fact that he wouldn't be prepared for it would work in my favor. I loved catching Damon off-guard. I always got the best reactions when he was like that.

"Aren't you getting ready?" Atticus asks me when he sees me going into the kitchen.

"I can't," I answer him as I cover my mouth. "I've been throwing up since this morning. Hasn't Autumn told you?"

He frowns, "you've been sick since this morning and didn't think to call a doctor?"

I didn't like lying to him. I didn't like lying to anyone that I cared about. But this was necessary.

"I didn't want to spoil tonight for anyone." I lie. "I thought I would have gotten better in time for the dinner but I was wrong."

Atticus sighs, "is this another one of your tricks to get out of Anya and Damon's marriage celebrations? If you don't want to go, you can just say that Clarissa. We will find someone to stay home with you and keep you company. The happiness in your eyes has died down and I want to know what we can do to bring it back. I hate seeing you like this. I'm tired of sitting back and not doing anything about it. I need you to tell me what the hell is going on around here."

I narrow my eyes, "can you not remind me of it every chance that you get? I was a lot more supportive of your relationship with Autumn, are you forgetting that? If I'm not happy with Anya marrying Damon, I have my reasons. I wasn't happy with your relationship with her either."

He quirks a brow at me, "I was asking a simple question, why are you so defensive?"

I narrow my eyes, "I'm not feeling well, I told you that. I don't need to be reminded of something that upsets me."

He nods, "I won't bring it up again then. I hope you feel better. Should I call for a doctor?"

"No," I tell him. "If it gets worse, I will call for a doctor. Can you tell the others for me? I don't want to deal with the many questions everyone would ask me when they find out I'm not going."

He nods, "I will. Get your rest."

I smile and hug him. He hugs me back and lets me return to my room without asking any other questions.

I was happy that he would be the one to tell the rest of my family why I wasn't attending the dinner tonight. I knew that Damon would immediately be worried when he heard that I wasn't feeling well. I also knew that he would want to visit me. However, he would refrain from doing so now that he knows Atticus is suspicious about our relationship.

We were both trying our best to stay out of each other's lives while everyone was around. I'm not sure if it was easy for Damon but it was so damn hard for me. I missed him every second of every day. If I was like this before the wedding, I was afraid of what would happen if the wedding actually took place. It would be over for Damon and me. I didn't want to stay in a world where there was no chance of us ever being together.

I saw Damon's reaction when I mentioned marrying a man I wasn't in love with just to prove a point to him. He was pissed at just the idea of it. My words had managed to break through his lies. He was lying to himself to make his plans to marry Anya work.

And Anya. She was doing everything possible to keep us apart.

Luckily, she would be meeting them at the restaurant. She wouldn't be here to cause a scene after learning that I wouldn't be there. I knew that she would immediately try to stop Damon from coming home once she realized we would end up home alone together. Thankfully, Autumn would make sure that they both believe it wasn't just me at home.

"We need to talk," Autumn says as she barges into my room.

The urgency in her voice catches my attention immediately. Did something in our plan already fail? I hope not. Everything depended on today. I needed today to completely break through Damon's walls.

"What's wrong?" I ask her.

"I only just got a chance to speak to the private investigator. Everyone was so busy with the wedding that I took the opportunity to meet him." She explains. "It turns out that Anya does not live in the house she wants us to believe she lives in. She has a completely different home and someone lives in there with her."

My eyes widen in shock. "Why would she lie about where she's living?"

She shrugs her shoulders, "I don't know but there's definitely something that isn't adding up about this entire thing. Someone who's hiding their true home definitely has plenty more to hide. This is serious. We were right about her all along Clarissa. Anya is hiding so much more."

"Did he give you directions to the place?" I ask her. "Maybe I can go there and have a look while you're at the dinner."

"No," Autumn says in a stern tone. "I don't want you going there by yourself. We don't know what mischief Anya has been up to and we don't know how dangerous she is. We can do it together. Besides, you need to be here when Damon returns."

She was right. I didn't want to waste any chances that I had with Damon. After telling me what she'd learned, Autumn refused to give me the address. I think that she doesn't trust me. She knows I'll do something dangerous like I was used to doing.

"We're all leaving now." She informs me as I walk her to the door. "I'll try to keep everyone away for as long as possible but I need you to be alert at all times. Whatever you have planned, make sure it's over by the time we return home. I don't want everyone to catch you with Damon, things would blow up in our faces if that happens. I already know that Atticus would be pissed when he finds out I've helped you with all of this. But I'm willing to do it because you're like a sister to me. You helped me plenty when I first entered this family, I'm happy to do the same for you."

I smile and hug her. "I'll be careful. I promise. I don't want to cause any arguments between you and Atticus. If he ever finds out, I'll make sure that he knows you're not to blame."

She smiles, "I'm not worried about Atticus. Even if he's upset with me, it won't be for long."

I chuckle, "of course not, he's too in love with you to be upset with you for long."

She laughs and waves goodbye. "Good luck tonight."

I breathe a sigh of relief when everyone leaves and it's just me in the house. I expected them to put up more of a fight to insist that I attend the dinner but Atticus must have convinced them to let me stay.

I spend most of the time in the shower scrubbing my skin from head to toe. If Damon would be seeing me without any clothes, I wanted to make sure that my body was glowing. I know that was the last thing I should be thinking about but I still wanted to look my best.

After getting dressed in a jeans and crop top, I combed through my wet hair and placed some blush on my cheeks.

I considered putting lipstick on but quickly changed my mind.

I waited an hour in the living room after Autumn texted me to let me know Damon had left to drop Anya home. I was becoming impatient. Why was he taking this long? I considered changing into something sexier but I knew if I did, Damon would immediately know that I was up to something the moment that he saw what I had on.

Maybe he already knew that I was up to something and was intentionally staying away from home. He knew that if he came home, it would just be the two of us.

If he didn't come home in time, that would ruin everything for us. He had to come home. He had to.

I was about to call his phone when I heard a door close. My heart jumped in my chest.

It was him. He was home.

It was just the two of us.

Finally.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 37 - Tips

0 13 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I walk out of the living room and into the hallway. He's already walking in my direction when he spots me. He looks hesitant, and his steps slow down as he nears me. I can see the thoughts racing in his mind as though it's on a screen in front of me. His hands tighten into fists and he's ready fighting for control.

I know what he's thinking. I know his concern for me is the only reason he showed up even after knowing it would be only the two of us in the house. He had to confirm that I was okay even though he knew there was a high possibility I lied about being sick. That was how much Damon cared about me.

"Shouldn't you be in bed resting?" he asks suspiciously as he neared me. His steps are still very slow. He wants to keep as much distance between us as possible.

"No," I answer him. "I'm feeling better. Well enough to be out of my bed."

He nods as his eyes travel to my exposed stomach. Can he tell that I've been preparing for him? His body tenses and I think it's possible that I was right; he could tell that I had been getting my body ready just for him to see it. He knows now that I was up to something he wouldn't like.

He exhaled loudly and took a look behind him. I think he's looking for all of his escape routes.

"I'm going to my room then." He tells me. "I'm glad that you're feeling better. If you need anything, you can call me, don't come to my room."

My jaw clenches at his words, but I quickly mask my reaction. I couldn't make him any more suspicious than he already was.

I couldn't let him leave like this. I had to act fast.

I held my head to pretend that I was getting a headache. "Ow."

It was the fastest thing I could think of doing to get him to stay. He turns back around at the sound. I didn't get to see his reaction, but I heard his sharp intake of breath.

He immediately rushed to my side. It's crazy how quickly he always jumps to protect me. He was someone I could always count on to come to my rescue.

"What's wrong?" he asked as he lightly touched my forehead.

"I feel dizzy," I whisper—another lie. I can't seem to stop lying to him recently just to get some time alone with him.

I begin to sway on my feet, and Damon wastes no time picking me up into his arms. He walks with me back into the living room and places me on the couch. I was happy to be this near him again. Damon doesn't realize how much I need his closeness. It's almost like his body heat feeds my energy. I'm always the happiest around him.

He kneels on the ground and studies me with concern. I'd managed to scare him and convince him all at once.

"Should I call you a doctor?" He asks. I can sense his panic. I didn't want him to worry about me when nothing was wrong. I just wanted an excuse to make him stay. It had worked, so now was my time to act.

I lean into him and bury my face against his neck. He stops all movement at my actions. It felt so good to be this close to him. I can't resist as I turn my face so that I can easily inhale his scent. He freezes even more than before as his hands lightly grip my waist.

"Clarissa." He whispers. "What are you doing?"

"Why do you always smell so good?" I ask.

He sighs, "did you lie to me about feeling dizzy? Was this another one of your tricks to get closer to me?"

I don't answer him. Instead, I wrap my arms around his neck and held on tightly. He gently moves his hands to my arms, "Clarissa, did you lie to me?" He repeats.

Of course, I did. It was obvious. I didn't have to spell it out to him.

"Does it matter?" I whisper against his warm skin. My lips accidentally touched his neck while I spoke, and I could feel his body shiver from the light touch. My heart skipped a beat at just the thought of being able to kiss him again. I desperately wanted to touch my lips to his. I desperately wanted to taste him some more.

"It does matter." He growls. "We've talked about this already. Atticus already suspects us, and so does Anya. We can't keep this up. It's time that you move on. There's nothing between us, Clarissa. The sooner you realize that, the faster we can move on with our lives."

I shook my head against him, "no." I say stubbornly. "I don't want to let go of you. I refuse to stop fighting for us. You can try to lie to yourself about your feelings, but you can't lie to me. I know that you want me just as badly as I want you. I'm tired of doing all of the fighting for us. Why can't you do the same? If we both fight, don't you think we have a better chance of being together?"

I can feel his heartbeat increase at my words, "you're wrong." He mutters softly. "I don't want you. I never did."

"I don't believe you." I insist. "You've lied to me before just to get me to stop going after you. You lied to me to protect me, and you're still doing it. I don't care what you say; I know you want me."

He inhales sharply. I can feel his composure slipping away. It was almost time to show him the tattoo.

"You're my **fg adopted sister.**" **He growls.** ***"I'm supposed to protect you, not fg l**t after you!"***

My eyes widen, "was that just a confession?"

He runs a hand down his face and tries to pull away from me, but I don't let him go anywhere. I'm not letting him get away that easily tonight.

I can feel him losing control. I knew Damon well enough to know when he was losing an inner battle. He was becoming desperate to escape before he did something that would change our lives for good.

"Please," he begs. "I need you to let go of me. Not for me. But for your own good. You need to let go of me, Clarissa. Stop this before it's too late."

I pull away from him to look into his eyes. "Why do you keep pushing me away? You've never been a coward. You've always been a fighter. You've always been the Damon that has always been my hero, he was never someone that chose the easier way out. He was always someone that fought for what he believed in. He was always someone that fought for my happiness. Right now, you're doing the opposite. You're fighting for the wrong things. You're fighting for something that would take all my happiness away."

I can tell he's in emotional distress by the look on his face. I know that my words have finally caught up to him. But I also know that it isn't going to be this easy. Even if Damon was aware of what he was doing to me, he was still convinced that he was doing the right thing. I had to find a way to prove to him that he was doing the opposite of what needed to be done.

He gently cups my cheeks in his hands, and my eyes widen at the contact. It always feels so much better when he willingly touches me first. Damon was always cautious when touching me, and this was no exception.

"I know that you think I'm trying to hurt you. I know that you think I'm not the same as I was before. I know that I'm disappointing you. And I hate doing it to you; you have no idea how much I f*ck hate it. But Clarissa, there is no other way." He whispers.

I bite my lip angrily. There is always another way. I just had to point him in that direction.

I pull away from him. I stood up to be right before him, giving him a good view of my body. He might think he was finally getting through to me, but he was about to get a rude awakening.

"I wish you would at least try," I whisper, fighting back the tears. "When your family adopted me, I never wanted to stay, Damon. I considered running away so many times, but you're the only reason why I stayed. You're the reason I chose to remain. You were my shining light. You were the one that made everything better for me, and not because I thought of you as my brother. My feelings for you have always been different. What I feel for Atticus and the others is so different from what I feel for you. Nothing, and no one is ever going to change that."

“Clarissa, I know you think that way, but I’m sure you don’t understand what you truly feel.” He tries to reason with me.

“You’re wrong.” I insist. “You have no idea what I feel for you. Maybe my words aren’t getting through to you, but I have something that might prove how much you mean to me. Just how much you’ve always meant to me. This isn’t some stupid crush that I developed out of nowhere. What I feel for you is strong and so real that it hurts.”

His jaw clenches, and his gaze softens.

I move my hands to the front of my jeans. His eyes follow my movements. I see the moment realization hits his eyes. He knows now that I’m trying to take it off.

“What are you doing?” He asks, his voice was high-pitched. He sees my hands, but he doesn’t want to believe that I would do something like that. He’s in denial, and I’m not allowing him to recover. He has to see his name on my skin. He has to see how beautiful it looks on me and how proudly I wear it. If things were different, I would have happily shown it off. Unfortunately, I’d had no choice but to hide it.

“Clarissa!” Damon hissed. “What are you doing?”

I don’t stop unbuttoning my jeans. He had to know how I truly felt about him, and this was the best way for me to show it to him.

“Stop that.” He growls.

I don’t listen to him. Instead, I continued to slip the pants down my legs until it was at my feet. Then I slowly turned around so he could have a nice view of my a*s.

I knew the moment he’d seen what I’d wanted him to. There was a sharp intake of breath, and even though I couldn’t see his face, I knew I had the effect I wanted on him.

I heard his breathing get louder and felt satisfied. This was what I wanted. This was what I needed to do so long ago.

I knew that he could see the tattoo of his name on the exposed skin. It’s been hard hiding it all this time. Whenever we went swimming, in a pool, or on the beach, I wore clothes to hide them. He’s the first person besides the tattoo artist and Autumn to see it. To really see it. To know whose name was written on my skin.

My body is filled with a sudden heat knowing that he was watching me, watching it. The person responsible for it to begin with finally knew of its existence.

Finally.

.

~DAMON~

All the air is suddenly knocked out of my lungs at the sight in front of me. And it was a damn beautiful one. I can't look away even if I want to. My eyes are glued to the spot Clarissa's so eager to show to me.

A tattoo of my fvcking name. All along, that damn tattoo has haunted me. Every fvcking day since I found out that she'd gotten a tattoo on her a.ss, I haven't been able to sleep because of it. I've never been so desperate and curious to find out something before this. Now I knew what the tattoo was. I knew it wasn't a tattoo of some random guy she liked. It was a tattoo of my fvcking name. Mine. I've been klling myself over this, and this whole time, it was my name.

Damon. It was drawn beautifully on her skin. I didn't think my name could look so beautiful, but I was proven wrong today. I've never fvcking loved my name as much as I love it now. I was proud to see it on her. So fvcking proud that I felt sick to my stomach to know that something like this could make me this happy. I was a sick bastard for loving this. I was a sick bastard for even entertaining anything with her knowing that I had to protect her and keep her safe from men like me.

What the fvck was she thinking?

MY NAME.

MY f*g NAME.

How did she not see how wrong this was?

I know it's wrong, but still, I've never seen anything more f*g se.xy in my entire existence.

I wanted to run my fingers over it. I wanted to trace the letters with my tongue. I wanted to sink my teeth into it and add my own personal mark.

So many dirty thoughts were running through my head. I knew how wrong it was. I knew I had to stop this before I lost my damn mind. I was losing control.

I had no clue how I was still standing here with a dumb look on my face and not covering her a*s with my face.

She wasn't moving back around. She was intentionally standing there, giving me enough time to take in the ink on her skin. fvck me.

She knew what she was doing. She knew how to tease me, how to make me yearn for her. She was f*g good at it.

Since when has Clarissa been this seductive? Has she always been this way? If she'd acted this way with me from the beginning, I wouldn't have been able to last this long. She might as well have tied a chain around my neck and dragged me along. I would have been hers in a second.

A tattoo of my name. Damn it.

My eyes are still glued to the damn thing. It's like a spell on it, begging me to touch it.

How did she manage to hide this for so long? How has no one else seen it yet?

"Should I start showing it off proudly from now on?" She threatens me. "Should I go to the beach tomorrow and let everyone have a good look at it? I'm sure that will stir up plenty of drama; you'll have no choice but to postpone the wedding." She says.

"Everyone will be talking about Damon's little adopted sister and how she's obsessed with him and has a tattoo of his name on her a.ss. My name will be all over those magazines, and pictures of your name on my a.ss will be on everyone's phone. I'm sure it will be a lovely topic on everyone's l!ps."

A low growl tore from the back of my throat. I didn't want anyone to see that tattoo; it should be for my eyes only. Mine. Mine alone.

I cross the room to her and grab her. I feel her shiver as I lean closer to her ear. "Are you insane? You wouldn't dare put your life in danger like that!" I growl. "You'll keep it hidden as you've done in the past. Don't you dare show that part of yourself to anyone else but me!"

"How will my life be in danger?" She demands. "The only danger I see is losing you."

fvck.

She finally turned around in my arms to look into my eyes. My hands are itching to grab her a*s and pull her body onto mine.

"I don't want to lose this." She whispers. "No one else makes me feel this way, Damon. My body is hot for you. I've never wanted any other man in my entire life. You're all I've ever wanted. The only man that has ever made me feel like I needed him by my side to breathe."

"Stop it," I growl. "Stop saying things like that to me."

I was closer than ever to ripping the rest of her clothes off her body and burying my l!ps on her skin.

"I ache for you, Damon." She whimpers.

Ah, fvck. If she kept this up, I would f***g lose it in my pants.

“I wish you would stop pushing me away.” She cries. “I wish you would finally give into what we both need.”

I wish it were that easy. I wish I could pick her up into my arms and announce to the whole world that she was mine. I wish I could take her into my room and fvck her as hard as I wanted.

She closed the little distance between us, and I knew she could feel how f*g hard I was for her right now. Forget feeling it; I knew she could see it as well. The bulge in my pants wasn't exactly hard to notice.

She rubs her nose along my neck, and I can't help but gr0an.

She was k!lling me.

I couldn't f*g take this anymore. I had to have her. I had to taste her. I had to spread her legs and bury my tongue inside her honey. I couldn't wait anymore.

The front door slams shut, and her eyes widen in surprise.

They were back already. Our family was home.

fvck. fvck. fvck.

I pick her up and pull her behind the thick curtains with me.

I can hear footsteps as I cover her mouth with my hand to prevent her from making any noises that could alert them of where we are.

We're so close that I knew she could still feel me between her legs.

What the fvck was I thinking? I almost destroyed everything I was working so hard for.

If they hadn't reached home, Clarissa's plan would have worked. I would have taken everything from her, and then I wouldn't have been able to turn back.

I close my eyes in frustration. What the hell was wrong with me? Why did I have no control around her?

I almost ruined everything for her.

When the footsteps leave the room, I quickly move away from her. I had to put distance between us as fast as possible. I quickly pull her pants back up her body and b.utton them. When everything was how it should be, I quickly storm out of the room.

"Damon!" She calls after me.

I don't listen to her.

This couldn't happen again. There were only a few days before the wedding. I had to have some control, at least until then.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 38 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

~ANYA~

"Who is he working with?" I ask Jerod. I'd asked him for a favor to find the person sneaking around my home and trying to find information on me. I asked him to find out without alerting whoever it was. I didn't want to frighten them. I wanted them to think that I had no idea that someone was trying to dig up information about me.

"Autumn Fawn." He answers me. "She hired a private investigator to keep an eye on you. You were right all along. It was someone from the Fawns that wanted to find out more information about you."

I narrow my eyes at the name. Autumn. I should have known she still didn't trust me. While everyone else seemed to believe my lies, Autumn and Clarissa didn't. I was sure they were both working together to kick me out of Damon's life. Autumn must still feel threatened by my existence. She was scared that Atticus would one day return to me.

I had to be extra careful from now on. I couldn't give the private investigator anything that would seem suspicious to them. I had to feed them the wrong information from now on.

But by now, they knew I lived somewhere different than I claimed. It meant that I had to move. But I could use this to my advantage. Autumn or Clarissa will visit my home, hoping to find more clues.

I could set a trap for them. I'd already moved everything from the house. But I could have someone there that could trap them inside the house. I knew now that fire was an easy way to get rid of Clarissa after what happened in the forest. This time, Damon won't be around to save her.

But if Autumn was there, that might make things a bit difficult. She would have the power to escape. I just had to find a way to keep Autumn busy. I'm sure I would be able to come up with something.

"Thank you for your help," I whisper as I lean into him for a kiss.

He kisses me back passionately. "I hope this isn't the only way you plan to repay me."

I push him out of the house. "I have plenty of ways of paying you back. Don't worry. I'll come to your place tomorrow."

It's the one thing he asked me. I could easily give it to him. I have never been loyal to Damon. After he confessed that there was another woman in his heart, I knew that it had to be none other than Clarissa. I was surprised that he even admitted the truth to me. If I had any feelings at all for him, I would have been hurt. But I was far from it.

Jerod smiles, and I watch him leave. I roll my eyes as soon as I close the door. When I turn around, I'm surprised to see Willow. She watches me with curiosity.

"Is he someone that you're dating?" she asks. Recently, she's been very curious about my dating life. Especially after she saw me with Dante, I think she wants to know if I have a relationship with him or someone else. Something tells me she hoped I was with Jerod and not Dante. After all, my sister hasn't gotten over her crush on Dante. I felt sick whenever I thought about it. I would never allow her to be with a Fawn, especially not one I was close to.

I shook my head. "No. Just someone that's doing me a favor."

"Why do I feel like you're hiding plenty from me?" she whispers. "Mother always kept me away from everything as well. It feels like you're both scared of how I would react. I'm not a delicate flower. I can handle the truth."

I sigh, "do not worry. This doesn't concern you, and it never will. All you need to know is that I'm the one that will take care of you from now on. Whatever I'm doing, it's all for you and mother. That's all that I care about now."

She holds her head suddenly, and her lips turn blue. I freeze.

This was not good. Please tell me this wasn't happen again.

"Anya." She croaks as she falls to the ground.

I rush to her side and pull her into my arms on the floor. "What's wrong?" I demand as I touch her cheek.

Her skin was freezing like ice. It was even colder, if that was even possible. Since our mother's death, this has been happening to her regularly. I wasn't sure what was causing it. I pull her towards the warmer and wrap her body in a blanket.

"I-m-c-cold." She cries. I knew she was. I could feel it just by holding onto her. I hated seeing her like this and being helpless. I wanted to fix this; I wanted to heal her.

"Shh," I whisper. "It's okay. It will get better in a few minutes. I promise."

I didn't like this. Willow was the only family I had left. I had to protect her. It's what my mother would have wanted. It's what I want, to protect my sister.

"I'm scared."

She was always the delicate one. The weak one between the two of us. She was kind and honest, everything that I wasn't. She was the opposite of me. That's probably why my mother always protected her more. She knew that Willow could get hurt easily because of her pure heart.

"I know," I tell her as I hold her in my arms. "Nothing is going to happen to you. You don't need to be scared as long as I am by your side. I will fix everything. I promise you."

I meant those words. I was trying everything to find the cure. But first, I needed to know what disease this was.

I wasn't sure what was happening to her. My mother never told me that she was suffering from any illness. However, I've always known how protective she was of her. Maybe she knew something that she never told me about Willow. My mother was always good at keeping secrets, but I wish she had told me the truth about this one. How could I help her if I knew nothing about it, to begin with? I don't think my mother expected to die. She thought that her plan to destroy the Fawns would have worked. Instead, she's gone, and they're still happy as ever. We'd accomplished nothing.

I couldn't fail as she had done. I had to finish what she had started. I had people on my side. Witches that wanted to avenge my mother's death. I was lucky that there were people that liked her out there. They were willing to fight with me. I just had to find the right opportunity.

After a few minutes of holding Willow close to me, her lips turn back to their normal shade of red. She opens her eyes then, and I can tell it's over, at least for now.

"Why does this keep happening to me?" She cries. "Do you think I'm going to die?"

"Nobody is going to die." I scold her. "I'll get the money to find you a good doctor."

When Damon marries me, I'll also have access to his money. I will use that money to help my sister. I didn't have anything to help her right now. I've never heard of anything similar to what she's been experiencing, but I'm sure that there was a doctor out there

that could help her. Money could fix her; I was sure of it. As long as I had the funds, I would find a doctor to run tests on her.

In our world, money and power are everything. And the Fawns had both. I wasn't only marrying Damon to destroy Clarissa's life; I was doing it for my sister as well. I needed this. I needed his money.

"Are you in love with that man I saw you with?" She asks suddenly.

It was a shock to me that it would be the first question that she'd ask me after what had just happened.

I pause to look at her, "what man?"

"The one you were kissing."

I inhale sharply, "he isn't important."

I couldn't believe she'd brought him up again.

"And what about the other one?" She asks. "The handsome one."

I already knew she was talking about Dante. She's brought him up a few times since she first saw him.

I didn't like how obsessed she seemed to be with him. What could I do to get her to forget about him? Something about how her eyes lighting up whenever we talk about him bothers me. I also feel like it's not the first time my sister has seen him.

"I'm not in love with anyone," I answer her. "Enough questions about love. It makes me sick. Love is for the weak, and I'm not weak."

The only person I've ever truly wanted was Atticus, and that asshole broke my heart when he chose Autumn. I wasn't allowing myself to get hurt by another man again.

This time it was my turn to do the hurting. I was done getting hurt.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 39 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

It was the day before the wedding. I tried everything to make him change his mind. Everything. I thought after he saw the tattoo, he would realize that my feelings for him

weren't just a silly crush. Now I knew that I was wrong. There was nothing that I could do to stop Damon from marrying Anya. He was determined to destroy his life so that I would give up on us.

If he wanted me to do it, why did he have to take things so far? Marrying Anya was the worse thing that he could possibly do to me to force me to stop.

How could he? Why wouldn't he fight for me? Why did he want to marry someone he didn't love just to keep me away?

I knew he wanted me and was scared of others judging me, but how could he use that as an excuse to separate us? It was not a good enough reason. If he wanted to, he could find a way to make this work. If he really wanted me, he would have tried much harder than this.

I was tired of being nice to him. This time I had to be completely honest. I had to let him know just how much he was hurting me. I had to give him a piece of my mind.

I walked out of my room and down the stairs, where the decorations were screaming at me to leave this place. I couldn't stand all of the pictures with them. In every single one of those pictures, Damon looked unhappy. Yet, he wanted me to believe this was the best decision for both of us.

"Look who's finally out of her room." Griffin teases me. I try my best to fake a smile as I hit his shoulder.

"Shut up," I mumble.

He laughs, "come on, sis, let's see a smile on your face for a change. Not that fake one, a real one. I miss seeing it."

"Don't bother trying," Atticus says as he joins us. "She doesn't know how to smile anymore. I wish she could tell us what's truly bothering her."

I try not to show any emotions. I know he's trying to find more information on Damon and me. I loved Atticus, but I didn't trust him enough to tell him my real feelings. I knew he would be pissed if he found out the truth. He already looked angry that night he saw Damon and me in the room alone.

"Will you stop picking on her?" Autumn asks Atticus as she comes to my rescue yet again.

"What makes you think that I'm picking on her?" he asks her. "Aren't you supposed to be on my side?"

I looked around the room for Damon without making it obvious. Anya has been around more than I wanted to see her. If this marriage happened, I would have to see her much more than this. I don't think I'll be able to survive seeing her face everywhere I go.

"What are we talking about?" She asks as she enters the room. "Why is everyone just standing here and not helping?"

Griffin sighs and rubs the back of his neck. "I don't know how I will stand being around her for every family occasion." He whispers in a low growl.

At least I wasn't the only one to think this way. I was sure that every person in this room felt the same way. They were all putting up with Anya because of Damon and Dante. If it wasn't for them, she would have been out of our home in a flash.

"Where's my husband?" Anya asks as she looks around for him.

I bit my lip angrily; they weren't even married yet, why was she calling him her husband?

"Damon hasn't been home since this morning," Atticus answers her. "I think he's in a bad mood."

"Of course, he isn't." She disagrees. "He's happy. Very happy. Who wouldn't be happy when their marriage is a few hours away?"

We all get silent at her question.

Anya walks over to me then, with a threatening look, as she whispers, "I know what you've been up to. That house is off-limits. Stay away from it."

My eyes widen at her threat. She knew. Autumn and I didn't get a chance to look at the house. Anya had us busy the past day. Actually, she had Autumn and the others very busy. I refused to take part in any of this. Everyone else was only taking part because they cared about Damon.

Why would she choose today to threaten me about the house? The day before her marriage. It's almost like she wanted me to mention it to the others.

I watch her like a hawk as she walks out of the room, forcing the others to help her.

"What did she say to you?" Autumn asks me.

I didn't want to drag Autumn into this anymore. If I told her, she would stop me from investigating independently. This was probably my last chance to stop this wedding. If I found the proof I needed, it would be enough to postpone the wedding, at least until Anya told us the truth.

"It's nothing." I lie. "She's just trying to rub it in that she's marrying Damon, that's all."

"I think she knows Damon likes you," Autumn tells me. "Just like she knew Atticus wanted me and not her. She knew it even before I did. She uses that to her advantage. Don't let her get to you."

"It doesn't change anything," I whisper. "Damon is still going to marry her."

Autumn squeezes my hand, "I thought he would have stopped the wedding when he saw that tattoo. I'm sorry that it didn't work."

"It's okay." I sigh. "At least I know that I tried my best. Unlike him."

She hugs me, and it's at that moment that Damon walks into the room and sees us. I press my lips tightly together and fight against the tears as I glare at him.

He turns back around and walks straight out of the room.

"I have to go," I tell Autumn.

This was my chance to talk to him before he disappeared again for the rest of the day. I wouldn't have another opportunity.

He's already walking out of the house and into the garage when I spot him. I ran after him, making sure that no one was following us. When he jumps into his jeep, I jump into the passenger's side.

His eyes widen when he sees me.

"What are you doing here, Clarissa?" He asks as he looks around us.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 40 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

"I'm going with you wherever you're going," I answer him.

He runs a hand down his face before exhaling loudly.

"You can't." He finally tells me. I was testing his patience but I didn't care. I don't care what happens after today. I was going to tell him everything I had to. And this time, I was doing it for myself. Not for him or anyone else. For me.

"I need to talk to you." I insist.

"Clarissa, we've already said everything we needed to. What else do you have to say?" He asks. "You saw what happened when everyone returned from the dinner. We almost got caught and we had to hide. If being together means that we must hide from everyone else, how can it be the right thing to do?"

"Why are you like this?" I whisper, unable to hide the pain from my voice. "You claim to care about me, but you don't. If you did, you wouldn't put me through all this pain. You love to hurt me; that's what makes you happy. Hurting me brings you joy."

I know my words this time have managed to anger him.

"How can you say that?" He growls. "Everything that I do is for you. Every f*g thing. I never think about anyone else as much as I think about you. Every day of my life, I'm thinking of ways to keep you safe. How can you tell me that I enjoy hurting you?"

"You're lying!" I hiss. "This is all just some sick game to you, Damon. You don't care about me. Stop fooling yourself."

His jaw clenches, and he starts the jeep before I can say anything else.

"What are you doing?" I demand.

He leans over me and puts my seatbelt on. I tried not to inhale his scent like I usually love doing.

He says nothing as he leans back and mashes down on the accelerator.

"Where the hell are you going?" I demand. "Are you taking me to see where you plan on taking Anya on your honeymoon?"

I was being sarcastic, but it was only making him angrier.

He's not the only one; I was fuming inside. There were so many emotions that I wanted to get out of my system.

"Are we running away?" I try again.

His hands tighten on the steering wheel, and he pulls the jeep onto a lonely dirt road. He doesn't stop until he's far away from the main road.

"Tell me." He says as the jeep comes to a stop. "Tell me everything that you want to. Get it all out. Every single emotion, every single thought, everything that's hurting you, tell me it all right now."

"What?" I ask, confused. He didn't want to hear me a minute ago; what had changed his mind?

"I'm a horrible a.ssh0le who doesn't care about you, am I not?" He asks me. "So say it. Tell me everything. Hate me all you want. I'm marrying someone else. I'm hurting you. I'm taking your happiness away. I'm a heartless fool whose only aim is to hurt you and I want you to tell me that."

I narrow my eyes. What was this? A chance for me to get all of my emotions out so that he could marry Anya without any guilt?

"I can't believe you," I shout. "You're right. You are a heartless a.ssh0le. You fooled me. You made me fall in love with your kind words and actions. All this time, you knew there was never any chance for us. You used me. You used me to fill your ego, and now you're disposing of me just like Anya disposed of Dante like he was nothing. You're no different from her. The two of you deserve each other!"

He winced at my words, and I was happy that he did. I wanted to hurt him just like he was hurting me.

"I can't believe I ever had feelings for someone like you. You're not the Damon I thought I knew. You're a stranger. My Damon would never hurt me like this."

He nods. "You're right. I'm not your Damon."

He was throwing salt in my wounds intentionally. He was trying to make me hate him. And he was doing an excellent job at it.

I unbuckle the seatbelt and grab him by his shirt.

His eyes are cold as he stares at me. Waiting for me to say something. Waiting for me to hate him. He'd hardened his heart to let me go. He'd made up his mind.

I can't stop the tears this time. I knew this wedding was happening now; I was in denial all along. This wasn't just a wedding; this was Damon leaving me for good. Abandoning me, like my family in the past did to me. The family I never knew. He wasn't any different from them. I always thought that he would never hurt me, but I was so wrong. He was just as bad as they were. Even worse.

"I love you!" I scream as I pound my fists against his chest. "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

Damon lets me hit him without trying to intervene. He lets me hurt him. He closes his eyes as I continue to confess my love for him, even though I know it wouldn't make him change his mind.

"You're a coward!" I shout. "A coward, Damon!"

He finally opens his eyes, and I gasp at the tears I see in them. He grabs my neck and covers my mouth with his. It's the first time Damon has kissed me without me starting it first. I was caught off-guard.

He kisses me with urgency and hunger like it's the last time. And it was the last time. He knows it just as much as I did. He grabs my waist and pulls me on top of him. I gasp as he pushes his tongue into my mouth and gently cups my cheeks.

Even though I'm angry, I can't stop wrapping my arms around his neck and rubbing our bodies closer together. His hands are all over my body, touching as much of me as he possibly could and I'm doing the same. I can't stop touching him like I'm never going to see him again.

After what seems like an hour of us kissing, he finally pulls away from me. His lips are red and swollen, and I know that mine are the same.

He touches his forehead to mine as his finger gently rubs my left cheek.

"Clarissa." He groans. "It shouldn't be this hard for us to let go. It's the last thing I want to happen, but it's the only option. I want to keep you safe. That's all. Safe."

There he goes again. Pushing me away after kissing the life out of me! I angrily shove him away and jump back into the passenger side.

"Stop lying to yourself!" I shout. "You're not trying to protect me; you're trying to protect yourself! You're so scared that you finally have feelings for someone—true feelings, not those you had for Anya. You're terrified of it, and you're running from those feelings. You're running from us!"

"No." He disagrees. "That's not true. I want to protect you. I promise that's the only reason I'm not doing what you want me to."

"You're not protecting me. I feel hurt, Damon. I can never be happy if you marry Anya tomorrow. You're going to destroy my life. Can't you see that?" I demand. "Are you so blind that you can't see what you're doing to me? You're hurting me, damn it. You're taking away the one thing in my life that brings me happiness! You're the only thing that completes me, and you're marrying someone else!"

He doesn't say anything and it angers me further. How could he kiss me so passionately and then let me go a second later? How was he able to let go of me so easily? It was so easy for him but for me, it was the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

"If you marry her, I will never forgive you." I threaten him. "I will never speak to you again if you marry that woman. I don't care what you'll have to say to me after. I will cut all ties with you, and I will leave that house. I will run away. You're the only reason I chose to stay in the past; I told you that already. After you betray me, I will have no reason to stay."

"You're bluffing." He says in horror. "You wouldn't do that. You care about everyone in that house, and you know it. You won't leave just because I hurt you. You won't do something so stupid!"

"Take me back home," I shout. "Take me f*g home!"

"Clarissa—"

I turned my body away from him so that I was looking out of the window. I refused to speak to him again after today. He'd made his decision, and now I was making mine. I was giving him what he wanted.

However, I was still not going to let this wedding take place. Anya wasn't the person she wanted everyone to think that she was. I had to prove to Damon and everyone else that she was evil. I had to go to that house tomorrow when everyone was busy with the wedding. I will find out everything I needed to in that house; I knew it.

I was finally going to figure out who Anya truly was.