

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 56 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

A family vacation. I wasn't sure if that's what we needed now. But it would be good to get out of the house. Maybe this could help Willow's mood improve as well.

I was in the middle of packing for it. We would be leaving in a few minutes.

"It's a beach house," Autumn says, walking into my room. "That means that I get to choose your swimsuits."

I shook my head, "did you forget a certain tattoo on my body."

I still couldn't let anyone see it. Besides, Damon already thought that I'd gotten rid of it.

"It's okay. That's why we have the coverups that you usually use. I have fancy ones that will have Damon's head spinning." She teases me.

Autumn seemed to believe that Damon would soon confess his feelings for me, but I didn't think it would be that simple.

"And what about Willow?" I ask her. "We need to help her relationship with Dante. Those two act like they're strangers. I understand they were strangers before Anya died, but we must help them."

Autumn nods, "I've already been thinking of ways to help her. Dante's heart does belong to Anya, which means none of this is going to be easy. Willow would also feel like she's betraying her sister by being with Dante. However, I have noticed her cheeks turn red whenever he's close to her. I think there is a good chance that she has a little crush on him."

"Really?" I ask, suddenly very eager to know more. "Why didn't I notice that before?"

She laughs, "maybe because you're too caught up in your love life to notice anything happening around you."

That was true.

Was this a good time to mention the fire incident? I've kept this a secret from Autumn, and I don't know why. I hadn't told anyone that the fire had helped me to escape that day. How could I explain that fire helped me escape from itself? That made no sense to me, and I'm sure that it would make zero sense to everyone else as well.

But Autumn has always been very understanding. She's also someone that I could easily trust. Out of everyone, she should at least know what happened that day.

"There's something I have been keeping from you," I confess. "From everyone."

She frowns and sets the bikini she was holding aside, "you've been keeping something from me?" She asks. "Why? I thought we told each other everything."

I swallow, "I wasn't sure how to bring it up." I explain. "It's something that has me a little confused and afraid."

"And it has nothing to do with Damon?" She asks curiously.

I shook my head, "no, for once, it has nothing to do with Damon."

"Well, tell me." She urges me. "What can be so bad that you'll consider keeping it a secret from me?"

I play with my fingers nervously, "when someone set the house on fire, I was trapped. There was nowhere for my escape. The fire was closing in on me, and I was terrified that I wouldn't be able to return to stop the wedding. I hadn't even found the picture until something strange happened. The fire formed a pathway in front of me. I followed it, and it led me straight to the picture. It's only because of the fire that I was able to find it, and it's also the reason that I was able to escape. I know you might think that I'm crazy or abnormal. Or maybe I hallucinated that day; I'm unsure of anything right now."

"You're not abnormal." Autumn scolds me. "What about me? My father is some insane sorcerer that tried to take over the world. If anyone's abnormal, it's me."

I smile, "how do you always know how to make me feel better?"

She shrugs her shoulders, "I can't say. It just comes to me naturally. But, strangely, the fire guided you. I've never heard of anything like that before. But do you think it was also trying to help you that day Damon found you in the forest?"

I frown. Why hadn't I thought about it before?

"I don't think it was trying to help. It had surrounded me and was closing in. It didn't make a pathway for me on that day." I tell her. "Do you think I was hallucinating? I was surrounded by a lot of fire. The heat of the flames could have made me think I saw something that didn't even happen."

She gently rubs my shoulder, "don't worry. We will figure this out."

Atticus walks into the room and finds us deep in thought.

“Every time I see the two of you together, I get scared.” He confesses. “I feel like you’re never up to any good. The two of you combined is a dangerous combination.”

“We’re not up to any mischief,” Autumn assured him. “You don’t need to worry.”

“At least I’ll be able to keep my eyes on the two of you while we’re at the beach house.” He says in a relieved tone.

Autumn rolls her eyes, “you’re being dramatic.”

“Does anyone know where Dante has been sneaking off to?” I ask them. It’s been bothering me.

“No clue,” Atticus answers me. “I’m going to have to follow him one of these days when he least expects it. Whatever it is that he’s doing can’t be any good.”

“He’s not coping with Anya’s death very well.” Autumn sighs. “It was always obvious that Dante loved her. He was the only one out of the three of you that didn’t have eyes for another woman.”

Atticus frowns, “the only one? Does that mean Damon had eyes for another woman other than Anya?”

Autumn and I freeze at his question.

I know she didn’t mean to let that slip out, but what were we supposed to tell him now?

He already suspected that Damon and I were sneaking around, but now he knew Damon was interested in someone other than Anya.

We were screwed.

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~CLARISSA~

Damon walks into the room, and he can sense the tension right away. I’m not sure if he was here to see Atticus or me.

“What’s going on?” He asks.

"I've just heard from Autumn that I'm not the only one who had eyes for another woman while dating Anya. It turns out you also did." Atticus answers him. "Do you mind telling me who that woman is or was?"

Damon quirks a brow at him and shoves both hands in his pockets. "I don't know what Autumn is talking about. Maybe she can enlighten the both of us."

I'm surprised that Damon could act so calmly under these circumstances. I was already sweating profusely, and I wasn't the one being questioned.

Atticus looks at his wife and waits for her to explain.

"I misspoke." She quickly says. "I thought I heard Damon once saying that there was a girl he liked, but clearly, I heard wrong. Maybe he was referring to Anya, and I misinterpreted what he said. I was kind of eavesdropping on the conversation."

Atticus exhales loudly, "if there wasn't another woman, why did you decide to end the wedding?"

Damon looks irritated by his question, "do we really need to speak about this now? I thought we all admitted that it was a good idea to forget about that. So many horrible things happened that day, and all I want to do is forget about it."

Atticus gives up after listening to him speak. "Forget I said anything. Is everyone finished packing?" He asks as he takes a look at his watch. "We need to leave in five minutes."

"Yes, we are all packed," Autumn says as she shoves more bikinis into my bag before zipping it up.

Damon glances at me for a quick second, and I try not to fall on my face because of the hungry gaze in his eyes. When I looked up, Atticus was looking at me, and I knew my cheeks must be extremely red.

I don't wait to give Atticus a chance to examine my reaction to Damon. Instead, I practically ran out of the room with my bag.

"Wait," Atticus calls after me.

"What?" I ask him, praying it wasn't anything to do with Damon.

"We haven't discussed who's going in what vehicle." He answers me.

Oh.

I usually always went with Damon, but things weren't exactly perfect between us. If I went with him, the entire drive would be awkward. But if I acted like I didn't want to go with him, Atticus would know that something was going on between us.

"Clarissa will come with me." Damon answers him for me. "Just like she always does."

Atticus nods and grabs Autumn's bag. "Let's go."

I follow Damon to his jeep; Willow and Dante are already ahead of us.

"Who will Griffin be coming with?" I ask.

"He already left behind Dante," Atticus informs me. "He knows Autumn takes forever to pack."

She playfully hits his arm before getting into the jeep.

Damon opened the door for me, and I quietly got in.

I kept thinking that this wasn't a good idea. I could think of many ways that this could go wrong.

I didn't know what to say or do to ease the tension between us.

I try to distract myself with the wind blowing my hair and the soft music on the radio soothing my ear. Even the moon looked extra beautiful tonight. Things would have been perfect if Damon and I were on better terms.

I notice in the middle of the drive when his hands suddenly tightened on the steering wheel like something was bothering him. I'm shocked when he pulls over to the side of the road.

"What's wrong?" I ask, concerned.

His eyes are closed, and he has one arm over them.

He raises his hand to stop me from talking, "I just need a second."

I waited there in silence until he finally pulled back onto the road. I'm not sure what the hell just happened, but I wish he would say something to me.

"Are you going to tell me what just happened?" I ask him.

His jaw clenches, and he ignores me. Doesn't he realize by now that it irritates me when he ignores me? It was a simple question, why couldn't he answer me?

"Damon?" I ask again.

"No." He finally answers me.

I frown.

No?

It bothered me that he'd just said no to me.

I stayed quiet for a few more minutes until I couldn't control myself anymore.

"Why?" I ask him. "Why can't you tell me?"

He sighs, "Clarissa, would you please just drop it? It's nothing for you to be concerned about."

I narrow my eyes, "I'm not going to drop it. I want to know why you had to stop the jeep and looked like you were in pain!"

I'm not happy when we pull onto the driveway for the beach house. We were already here. I was disappointed that I didn't get an answer.

"You're not going to tell me?" I try one more time.

He exhaled and held onto the steering wheel even though we'd arrived at our destination. "If I tell you, it will go against what you want. I don't want to do that."

My forehead creased, "what is that supposed to mean?"

"You're not going to drop this, are you?" He asks, tongue in cheek.

I narrow my eyes. "No."

He doesn't say anything as he jumps out of the driver's side and slams the door shut. I lean back against the seat and close my eyes in frustration.

I couldn't believe him.

My eyes flew open when I heard footsteps.

Damon opens my side of the jeep and helps me to my feet. I'm confused when he leans closer to me.

"The reason I stopped is because of you."

I held my breath, unsure of the point he was trying to make.

“Because of me?” I ask quietly.

His eyes are one of regret as he whispers, “yes. Your scent travels much faster with the wind. It filled the f*g jeep. It consumed me. I had to stop. I had to stop before I lost all control.”

W-what?

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~DAMON~

fvck it. fvck it all. I wanted her. I wanted her so much.

“Your scent is so addictive,” I growl. “Whenever you’re not close to me, I feel like something is missing. And now I know what it is. Your fvcking smell. I want it on me; I wish I had perfume with it, and still, that wouldn’t be enough.”

I watched as her cheeks turned to a beautiful flushed pink.

She gasped when I leaned into her neck and inhaled deeply.

I wanted to say more to her, but the sound of Atticus’s jeep nearing us was all I needed to push away from her. I took her bag from the jeep and strode into the beach house.

“Took you guys long enough,” Griffin yells from the corner of the kitchen.

“Already looking for food, typical,” I shout back.

He chuckles and walks out with a beer in his hand. “Want one?”

No. I wanted the woman whose scent was still lingering in my nose.

I still grab it from him. Maybe drinking would be able to help me with my need for Clarissa.

I pitch the cover onto the counter before gulping it down.

“Wow, someone’s a little thirsty,” Atticus says as he joins us with Autumn.

“Have one,” Griffin tells him. “We have enough for everyone.”

"Willow, do you want one?" Autumn asks her.

I'm not sure why Autumn offered her a drink, but Clarissa definitely seemed to have a clue.

Willow shook her head, "no. I'm sorry, I don't drink."

Autumn smiles and leans into Clarissa, "a little longer with this family, and that will all change."

Clarissa smiles, "of course, just look at you, for example."

Autumn grins, "I was speaking from experience."

I can't take my eyes off Clarissa, no matter how damn hard I try. I knew this wasn't the best place to be so f*g drawn to her, but I didn't know how to stop.

I force my attention onto Dante. He was my brother, and after Anya's death, he needed us more than ever.

Things have been a little rocky between the two of us. I will always have to live with the fact that I killed the woman my brother was in love with.

I knew Dante was angry, but I also knew that he didn't blame me. He knew I had to do it. He knew I had to save Clarissa.

"Drink a beer," I tell him as I grab one from the fridge and hand it to him.

"I'm good." He says.

"Drink it." I try again. "You look like you need it."

He grabs it from my hand but doesn't drink from it.

"While you boys talk, we are going to get dressed in our bikinis," Autumn announces suddenly.

I froze. Bikinis? I could barely make it out alive when Clarissa wore normal clothes; now, I was about to be tortured even more.

It still bothered me that there was a possibility that she removed her tattoo of my name. Today I could find out for good. If she wore something to cover up her lower half, there was a good chance it was still there.

"Come with us, Willow," Autumn tells her as she holds her hand. "We have something for you."

Dante doesn't even look up as they drag her to one of the rooms.

"I know this isn't the best time to bring this up, but Willow is your wife, and you haven't shown her any attention since we got here." Atticus points out.

Dante glares at him, "you're one to talk. You weren't that different when you married Autumn."

Atticus sipped his beer, but I could tell Dante's words had hit a nerve.

"While that is true, I was under a spell." He reminds him. "I didn't know that until a week ago. So technically, I wasn't thinking back then. You, on the other hand, know exactly what you're doing. Willow is going through the same pain that you are. You have something in common with her. Why don't you try opening up to her? She may need it more than you think."

And so did Dante, even if he didn't realize it yet. If he had someone to talk to, it might help ease the pain.

"You're a *fg pain in my as* Atticus," Dante growls as he finally opens the beer and took a sip.

"I wouldn't be your real brother if I wasn't." He teased him.

"Let's head down to the beach," Griffin says as he takes his shirt off. "The girls can join us when they're finished."

That was a good idea. I needed that water to cool down my body and remind myself to behave.

It was just two days. Two days.

I pushed the back door open and walked out into the white sand.

I took a deep breath, and even the clean scent of the ocean was not enough to help me forget about Clarissa. Even this didn't beat the smell of her sweet body.

"Whoever gets in the water last has to drink ten beers!" Griffin shouts suddenly when he's ahead of the rest of us.

"fvck!" Dante shouts as he races after him.

Atticus pushed me onto the sand, and I let out a string of curses.

Of course, I was now the last one because of Atticus. *fg d*k.*

They couldn't stop the laughter and applause as I jumped into the water with them.

"Ten beers." Griffin cheers. "I'll lay them all out for you."

I splashed water onto his face and he grinned at me.

"ATTICUS!" Autumn shouts from the sand. "You're supposed to wait for me!"

"I'm sorry, sweetheart." He apologizes. "I had a bet to win with the guys."

She rolls her eyes. Willow walked out behind her, and Griffin whistled behind me.

"Asshole," Atticus says as he taps him on his head. "That's your brother's wife."

"You may want to tell that to him," Griffin replies.

Dante isn't paying attention to either of them. He's watching her, actually watching her for the first time since Anya's death.

He looks like he might need the ten beers more than I did.

I don't get the chance to examine his reaction because soon enough, I'm distracted when Clarissa walks out in a white bikini.

On second thought, it looks like I'll be needing those ten beers.

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

"You're sure no one can see my tattoo?" I ask Autumn for the tenth time. She'd made me ditch the cover-up. Apparently, she had the kind of makeup that was really good at concealing tattoos. I'd checked the mirror several times on my own and didn't see anything to worry about. However, I was afraid it would come off in the water.

Autumn, however, promised me that I didn't have to worry. She said that it was waterproof. I had to hope that she knew what she was talking about. But so far, I knew I could trust Autumn. She never lets me down.

But if the water, by some miracle, washes it off, I would be in plenty of trouble. There would be too many people around to hide it from.

I was hoping that this would upset Damon. Since I walked freely without my coverup, he would be convinced that the tattoo was gone. I knew it would take something drastic like this to make Damon snap. I just had to hope that this plan worked, unlike all others.

Willow looked absolutely beautiful in the black bikini Autumn had chosen for her. According to her, it's the first time she's ever worn one.

I felt sorry for Willow. She didn't have a normal life. Her mother and sister locked her up at home most of the time. She didn't have any friends; at least she had us now. My family was good at making someone like her feel welcomed and protected.

I wanted to see Dante's reaction to her; I wanted to know if he felt anything at all toward her. However, the second I stepped closer to the ocean, the first person my eyes fell on was Damon.

He was already looking at me; I felt a tingle in my skin at the longing in his gaze.

I still couldn't believe what he'd said to me earlier. He's never been that open with me before. He was always good at hiding his true feelings.

Did my scent really have such a strong effect on him? How long has this been happening?

Damon's eyes travel to my legs, and I know he's waiting for me to turn around.

I'm not going to make it that easy for him.

"You girls should make a bet," Griffin tells us as we walk into the water.

"A bet?" Autumn asks him.

"Yes." He answers her. "Like the one Damon just lost. Now he has to drink ten beers as soon as we get out of this water."

Ten beers?

"I'm good," Autumn replies. "I'm just here to enjoy the water with my mate. Everyone else should partner with their husband."

"Everyone else?" Griffin asks with a chuckle. "That leaves Dante and Willow. What should the rest of us lonely people do?"

"Don't you have a girlfriend?" Autumn asks him. "You should have brought her."

Griffin sighs, "Don't listen to the rumors, sis; I have no girlfriend. Not everyone is lucky like you to find the love of their life."

Autumn sighs and hugs Atticus, who can't wait to get his hands around her. I tried not to get caught looking at Damon, but there were times I couldn't help but glance at him.

He wasn't looking at me like earlier, but I knew he wasn't exactly unbothered either. I could tell by his silence and lack of attention to the conversation that his mind was far and it most likely had something to do with me.

"Willow," Autumn says suddenly. "Why don't you tell Dante more about yourself? Let him get to know you more."

We're all startled by the low growl that follows soon after from Dante. I didn't expect him to get so upset because of that.

"Willow doesn't have to do anything she doesn't want to." He says. My eyes widen when he storms out of the water.

"Dante!" Atticus calls after him. "We're all having fun; where the hell do you think you're going?"

"For another beer!" He shouts back, already close to the house.

Well, that didn't go as planned.

"I'll join him for those ten beers," Damon adds as he follows after him. I was disappointed to see him leave.

I thought he would have stayed longer in the water since I was here. I wasn't even sure if he'd gotten a good view of my a*s.

"Don't let my brother's lack of communication bother you," Griffin tells Willow, trying to cheer her up.

She smiles, "I won't."

It's the first time she's said anything since entering the water with us. Willow's voice was very soft and almost angelic. I loved hearing her speak.

"I think I'm going to head to the shower," I tell Autumn. "I may join you again, but a little later."

Autumn doesn't look happy, but she doesn't stop me either. I was glad Atticus was keeping her company.

I ran to the side of the house where there was an outdoor shower readily available to help remove the unwanted sand from my body.

I was tempted to walk into the house and taunt Damon some more, but I figured it was probably best to stay out here. Besides, Dante was with him.

If I wanted him to think I was over him, I had to at least pretend that I didn't want to be near him every second that went by.

I start the shower and position my body under the warm water. It felt good against the cool wind. I spent a few minutes just enjoying the water when something felt strange.

I gasped when I realized someone was standing in front of me.

When I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see that it was Damon with a beer in his hand.

"W-what are you doing here?" I ask him in surprise. I'm not sure how to react to him here. Was he not afraid that someone would come and see us standing this close together under the shower?

The Damon in front of me didn't seem to care about anything but me right now. This Damon looked fearless and almost reckless. I'm not sure how to feel about it.

He leans into me and places one finger under my chin, forcing me to look directly into his eyes. I blink against the water as I peer up at him.

"Why did you remove it?"

It was one question, just one question, but it made my heart race like never before.

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

"Remove what?" I gasp. I couldn't believe this was happening right now. It felt like a dream, and this feels like the Damon I've always craved. It felt too good to be true.

"The one thing on your body that made me the happiest man alive." He growls.

Did it really make him that happy?

"I don't know what you're talking about." I lie.

I didn't want to assume he was speaking about the tattoo; I wanted to hear him admit it first.

He breathes me in, "You know exactly what I'm talking about."

I tried to stop my heart from doing the inevitable, but I was losing all control because of his nearness. It had me confused and, quite frankly, stupid.

"My name." He croaks in a pained whisper.

What was he doing to me? His voice. The way he was looking at me. Everything was doing something strange to my body. I think he knew exactly what he was doing. This was intentional.

"Your name?" I gasp. "What about it?"

His hand travels up my thighs, and all the air is pushed out of my lungs from his unexpected touch. His hands are warm despite of how cold the night's air was.

"Why is it no longer on your beautiful body?" He finally asks the question I was waiting on. "It's gone. Why is it gone?"

I take a second to think about how I wanted to respond to his question.

"Because you didn't want it there, to begin with." I remind him after finding my voice.

He inhales sharply before cupping my cheek in his hand.

"I was a f*g fool." He whispers close to my ear. "A fool that didn't realize his mistakes until it was too late.

"Yes, you were." I agree.

"I wish it was still there." He confesses. "It meant more to me than you will ever know."

I felt a shiver down my spine at hearing him admit how much it meant to him. That's all I ever wanted to listen to him say. I always imagined this would be his reaction after finding out about it. Another reminder that this could just be a painful dream. If it was, I was afraid to wake up.

"Why did you get it?" He asks, rubbing his nose against the base of my neck.

I swallow, "Because I wanted to be as close to you as possible. Your name on my body made me feel like you were a part of me. Something I didn't think would ever be possible considering who you are to me."

"I thought we were already close." He tells me.

"Not as close as I wanted us to be," I confess.

"And how close is that?" He asks, waiting for me to give him an answer.

I don't know how to respond to that. I was finally getting a reaction out of him, and the last thing I wanted to do was to say something that would scare him.

I gasped when his finger slid past my nipple. "Is this close enough?"

"What a-are are you doing?" I stammer.

"I asked you." He growls. "Is this close enough?"

I can barely think clearly to answer his question. But it wasn't close enough; it was never close enough.

"No."

I cry out when he pushes my bikini out of the way, and the cool air touches it. Thankfully, the water flowed above us, providing the extra warmth I needed.

Soon enough, it didn't matter because Damon's face was inches from my breast.

"Is this close enough?" He asks as his warm breath brushes my exposed skin.

"No." That was all I could say once more.

Before I could say anything else, Damon's mouth quickly covered my nipple, closing over it, his lips gently on top of it, barely moving. He wasn't sucking; he wasn't doing anything; he just kept his mouth over it.

What was he waiting on? And why did this feel so good?

I think he's waiting for me. I think he's waiting for my permission to keep going. He wants to know if I'm okay with this. After all, I was the one that told him things should return to normal between us.

Right now, I don't care about any of that. Damon was finally showing me the attention I'd always wanted from him.

I can't stop myself as I bury my hands in his hair. I cry out when he finally begins to suck on my nipple in the gentlest way possible. He's cautious with my body, easing me into everything. Both of his hands are on my waist and traveling higher.

I gasp when he lifts me into the air and pushes me up against the wall while still having his mouth on my breast. He opens his mouth wider, taking more of it into his mouth.

My eyes roll back into my head from the intense emotions that came with it.

A sound inside the house forces us to break apart.

Damon is breathing hard, almost like he's fighting for air.

"It's still there," I say suddenly before I can stop myself.

His forehead creases. "What?"

He didn't realize yet that I was speaking about the tattoo.

"I never removed it," I say again.

His eyes widen when it finally sinks in. "What do you mean? I can't see it. You said you would get rid of it, and it's not on your body anymore."

"Come to my room tonight," I whisper. "I'll show you that it's still there."

I was used to sneaking into Damon's room. Now it was his chance to do the same.

I don't say anything else as I turn and walk away from him. I give him a full view of my ass; I'm sure he's still confused about why he couldn't see the tattoo.

I had to thank Autumn for her genius move. If I had worn the cover-up, Damon would have assumed the tattoo was still there.

He was convinced it was gone because I'd finally ditched the coverup. I inwardly smiled at my tiny victory.

Just how far was Damon willing to go?