

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 61 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~DAMON~

I was losing my f*g mind. Clarissa had left the group to go to her room for over an hour. I wanted to go to her so badly after what she'd told me earlier, but my damn brothers weren't giving me an opportunity.

The longer Atticus stayed here, the longer I'd have to wait as well. I couldn't let him see me going after Clarissa; it would be too obvious.

Still, I was restless. How could the tattoo still be there if I couldn't see it? The thought of it being there made me thrilled and excited. I wanted to see it again, and this time I wanted to appreciate it the proper way, like how it should have been done the first time.

"You're looking a little tense, brother." Atticus points out. "Have another beer."

I resisted the urge to growl. Of course, I was tense when I couldn't leave here even though I wanted to. I didn't want Clarissa to think that I'd let her down yet again. The fact that she was waiting for me meant everything to me. I had hurt her too much in the past. I wasn't going to do it again.

"I'm fine." I lie. "Hand me that beer."

I grab the bottle from his hand and take a sip. I didn't want to drink anymore. I'd had enough already, and I wanted to remember every single detail about tonight. I also didn't want Clarissa to think that I was only acting this way because I was intoxicated. I wanted her to know that it was all me.

"I wish Clarissa didn't leave so early," Autumn whispers. "We could have played some more games together."

She wouldn't have left if she knew I would have taken this long to go after her.

I take a look around the room, trying to distract myself. If I kept thinking about Clarissa, I would lose my mind before I even got to her.

Dante was knocked out on the couch, and Willow looked like she wanted to cry while sitting on the sofa opposite him.

"Why did you guys let Dante drink so much?" Autumn demands. "This was supposed to be his night to get to know his wife better. Now he's knocked out on the couch and probably dreaming about the girl whose name should not be mentioned."

"What did we do?" Atticus asks. "Sweetheart, you were the one who made it a little too obvious."

She narrows her eyes, "did I?"

Atticus senses the change in her mood, and he knows he's upsetting her. This was good; if Autumn were to walk out of the room with anger, he would follow her like a lost puppy. That was what I was counting on happening.

"Yes," Atticus tells her. "I had it all under control. He was listening to me. If you had let things happen naturally, he would have spoken to her and tried to learn more about her. However, you interfered with my plan."

Autumn's eyes narrowed, and I think my brother had a little too many drinks. He didn't realize yet how upset she was with him. But soon enough, he would know.

It was happening too slowly.

"Excuse me for trying to help your brother be happy." She snaps as she storms out of the room.

"Fvck." Atticus growls as he throws his beer onto the ground. "I need to stay away from those things; I'm saying sh!t to my wife that I don't even mean."

I inwardly sigh when I watch him get up and walk after her. It was just me and Griffin left. And Willow, but she was too busy staring at an unconscious Dante.

"Watch them make up in literally seconds." Griffin chuckles. "To think Atticus never even knew he wanted Autumn when he first married her. I'm hoping things could change like that for Dante. But only time will tell."

I sigh, "What about you?" I ask him. "Do you have any girl that you're interested in?"

He laughs, "Nope." He says. "And you? I'm sure there's a girl that's giving you that lost longing looks in your eyes."

I pause, "what do you mean?"

He sighs, "Don't try to lie to me. Everyone can tell there's someone you're interested in. We all thought it was Anya, but now that she's gone, the look in your eyes is still there. It means she's been someone else this entire time. You can trust me; I won't hunt her down and ask her about your relationship."

My hand tightens on the beer. So it's not just Atticus that has noticed my strange behavior. However, Griffin didn't seem to know anything about Clarissa. That was a good sign.

"I'm afraid you're wrong." I lie to him. "There's no one."

He sighs, "Still not ready to tell me, I see." He says as he rocks back in his chair. "That's okay. I'm here if you ever need some relationship advice. I've been told that I'm good at those things. Just ask Autumn; according to her, I've been a great help to her and Atticus."

I'm sure he was. I look over at Willow, and I can't help but feel sorry for her. She's been through plenty.

"Maybe you should talk to her," I suggest to Griffin. "You're good at talking to women; they always like you."

It was the truth. Autumn had easily trusted him when she'd married into our family. He was good at making them feel comfortable.

He nods, "she does look like she needs some company."

I waited until he walked over to her and started a conversation to finally get up from my chair.

Finally, I could leave my spot to get to Clarissa.

Would she be asleep by now? I was hoping that she wasn't. I was desperate to be near her again.

I don't wait for another opportunity as I storm over to her room. I don't bother knocking as I barge into it.

I'm not prepared to see Clarissa utterly n***d on the f**g bed.

Motherfvcker.

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~CLARISSA~

I can feel Damon's eyes on me. I knew now that I'd made the right decision by removing all my clothes. For a second, I was scared that he wouldn't have appeared.

Then I figured that he was probably waiting on the right time to visit me. I knew he would be worried that Atticus would suspect us. And when I had left him by the table, everyone was already seated there with him. So I waited and waited and waited. And here he was, finally.

I listen to his footsteps as he nears the bed. He's getting closer to me. I knew he could see the tattoo that was still clearly there. I'd already removed all of the makeup, and it was visible once more.

"You were telling the truth." He whispers hoarsely. "How did you hide it?"

I spun onto my back so that my n***d body was in his full view.

His eyes almost popped out of his head at finally seeing me completely bare for him. There was nothing left for his imagination anymore; he could see it all in front of him. And this was the reaction I'd only hoped for in the past.

I wasn't giving him a chance to back out of this. If he wanted me, he had to take me now before it was too late. I was doing everything I could to make him snap, and it finally worked for me.

I watch him visibly struggle to drag his gaze from my body to look at my face while he waits for me to answer his question.

"Makeup." I finally say. "Autumn hid it for me with waterproof makeup. It worked. Now I have a solution to the problem I've had all these years. I don't know why I hadn't thought about it before."

"Autumn?" He quirks a brow, and I realize that I just let it slip that Autumn knew about us. As far as I knew, he wasn't aware that Autumn had been helping me all along. Many of my plans were only made possible because of her.

"Forget I said that," I mumble. I didn't want to drag her down with me.

"It's fine." He assured me. "I already figured Autumn knew everything. You two are too close for her not to know about your love life."

My love life?

He knew all along? I guess Autumn and I haven't exactly been all that discrete. Even Atticus knew that we were keeping secrets from him.

"I'm happy you didn't remove it." He confesses. "Very f*g happy."

I could see the heat in his eyes, making my knees weak. I could feel my body begin to prepare itself for him. I was getting wet in places that I wanted him to touch.

He's never touched me there before. And today, I was hoping that he would. I wanted it so badly.

He crosses the little distance between us. My heart rate accelerates when he climbs onto the bed and positions himself above my body.

"Beautiful."

"W-what?" I ask.

"You're so damn beautiful, Clarissa." He whispers. "You're perfect. Everything about you is just perfect. There's nothing about you that I'll ever want to change."

My breath gets stuck in my throat. Was I still dreaming?

"I'll gladly do anything you want me to." He whispers.

"It's not about what I want today," I whisper back. "I want to know what you want. Whatever it is that you want, show me today. I want to know that you want me. I want to know that you need me. I don't just want your words. I need to see your actions as proof."

His eyes flash dangerously, and for the first time, I see how desperately Damon wants me. It's the first time I could see straight through him so clearly, and I think he's letting me.

"I can't do that." He groans.

"And why is that?" I demand. He wasn't about to take this from me again. I wouldn't let that happen.

"Because the things I want to do to you should be done at the right time." He answers me, gazing into my eyes.

My lips part, "Now is the right time."

He shook his head, "I never said I wouldn't start tonight. But I'm not doing everything. You're not ready."

How could he say that? I've been ready for him for a long time now.

I soon forget about that when he dips his head and presses his lips against my neck. I buried my hands in his hair and pushed him tighter against me as he continued to trail kisses along my neck.

"I'm not going to do anything that I don't think you're ready for Clarissa." He tells me as he slowly moves his lips to my chest.

I wanted his mouth on my breasts again. It was cut short before. I didn't get the chance to enjoy it for longer.

I held my breath when he finally moved to my left nipple, he lightly blew on it and my back flew off the bed. He covers it without warning, and I can't help but moan. How was he so good at this?

I can't help but rub my legs together. I wanted him down there, but he was doing everything but touching me there.

Damon moves from my breast to my stomach, and all I can do is watch him as he moves. His hand on my thigh moves a little higher, closer to the spot I wanted him to touch.

To my surprise, he spun me around so that his face was now above my ass. Just when I thought he was finally going to touch me there.

I bit down on my pillow when his lips touched the spot where his name was tattooed. He lightly traces it with his tongue, and I didn't think anything could feel this good. I'm tempted to do it again to feel his tongue on another part of my body.

I'm not prepared for when he bites down on it. It's a gentle bite but yet it had me filled with so much need.

"Please don't ever take this away from me," Damon begs as he worships my body.

His mouth travels up my back until he suddenly stops.

I spun around and was disappointed to see him moving to the door.

"Where are you going?"

"If I keep this up, I'm going to do everything else that I want to do to your sweet body." He tells me. "Tomorrow. I'll meet you back here."

Tomorrow?

Tomorrow would be our last night at the beach house. I was afraid that he would change his mind when we returned home.

I had to find a way to convince him that I was ready. Tomorrow. I would tease him so much that he had no choice but to give in to me.

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~DAMON~

I was fvcking hard. Hard as stone. It was uncomfortable for me to sit still as I watched Clarissa purposefully walk around in a bikini in front of me.

She knew what she was doing. She knew that she was taunting me, and she was f*g enjoying it.

The second I got her alone in her room tonight, I would pounce on her like a man starved for food. And she would be my only f*g meal.

Her body would be mine tonight.

I still couldn't believe makeup was that good at hiding her tattoo. It still bothered me whenever I couldn't see it. I wanted her to be able to wear it proudly wherever she went. But that would mean other men would have a clear view of her a*s, and I didn't want that. I was conflicted. I didn't know what I actually wanted.

My eyes narrow when she intentionally drops a cup onto the ground. She winks at me, f*g winks at me.

She wouldn't f*g dare do what I thought she was going to.

My hands tightened on the glass as I watched her bend down to pick it up. She lingers on the ground, still bent over, and I almost completely lose my mind when she touches her b.reast right there in front of everyone. I slam my fists onto the table to bring all attention to me, making sure that no one sees the show she is giving to me.

The wine bottle next to me fl!ps and spills all over us.

"What the fvck, Damon!" Dante growls. "Why the hell did you just do that?"

I ignore him, Clarissa is already walking out of the room, and I mutter a few silent curses.

Why was she so good at teasing me? I couldn't stand up right away. If I did, it would be clear how aroused I was. The pants I wore weren't enough to hide my need for her.

And so, I sat down with my hard dick and continued to play cards with my brothers. Still, I couldn't get her out of my head. Every time someone walked into the room, I kept hoping that it was her. She had me wrapped around her tiny little finger.

"Damon is usually good at this game, yet he's losing more than anyone else," Griffin notes. "Why are you so distracted?"

"I'm just bored." I lie.

"Everything is too peaceful for him." Atticus points out. "He needs to have some chaos in his life for him to have some fun."

I glare at him. "Let's play again; I know how to shut you up."

However, soon after, Clarissa walks right back into the room, distracting me yet again. Was she purposefully making me lose? Did she make some kind of deal with Autumn? Why the hell was she doing this to me?

I breathed a sigh of relief when she finally returned and took a seat right next to me.

She was doing everything to make this difficult for me. I didn't mind as long as she stayed close to me.

"I'm going for a swim," Griffin says, removing his shirt. "After this fool spilled wine over us, we all should."

"I agree," Dante says as he joins him in removing his shirt.

Atticus grabs the wine bottle and throws Autumn over his shoulder.

I was happy when they all got up and left, allowing me to be alone with Clarissa again. Everyone was too busy having fun to be concerned about the two of us.

She attempts to go with them, but I grab her waist and pull her over me.

"Where do you think you're going?" I growl against her ear.

She gasps as she feels my arousal beneath her tiny body. "You did this. You teased me and awoke this part of me. You don't get to leave just like that."

"Damon." She gasps. "Anyone can walk in and see us."

I knew it was true, I understood how risky this was, but for some reason, I couldn't bring myself to care anymore. My fear of someone finding out about us has kept me from doing things that made me happy; I wasn't going to make the same mistake twice.

"Damon." She tries to push me away. "Someone could see us."

I ignore her as I bury my mouth in her neck. She smelled f*g fantastic, as always.

I use my hands on her hips to grind her against my dick.

I groan at how good it feels to have her on top of me. Clarissa moaned when I gently bit her earlobe.

I wanted to sink my **dk inside her p*y**, but I knew I had to wait. I couldn't rush this. I had to make sure Clarissa was ready for me. I wanted to make this as memorable and pleasurable for her as possible. She deserved only the best, and I was prepared to give it to her.

I growl when she sticks her hand into my pants and gently rubs my aching dk. **The damn thing jumped at her soft touch. It was the first time she touched me there and** fk me; it was almost too much for me to take.

"You want me." She whimpers.

"I want you," I repeat.

"Then take me." She begs. "I'm yours. It's so easy to get it inside me. I'm wet and achy for you, Damon. Put it inside me."

Her sweet cries were enough to make me bend her over and slip it inside, but I knew I had to have control. I couldn't let it get to my head. I had to think about her first.

"You're not ready yet," I whisper. "Be patient."

She grabs my hand and pushes it into her bikini bottoms.

I freeze.

"Fvck."

I've been avoiding touching her there because I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself the moment that I did. It was much softer than I imagined it to be.

She pushed my hand lower, and all thoughts flew out of my head when I touched her opening.

It was dripping wet, and she hadn't even touched the beach yet for the day.

Where the hell was I supposed to get the strength to resist this?

She rubbed her pussy against my hand, and I could feel her juices spilling all over me.

If she kept this up, I would blow in my f*g pants.

"Clarissa," I growl. "Stop. Now."

"No." She cries out as her orgasm nears. I knew it was near; I could tell by her faster breaths and how she thrashed against me. "I want this. I want you."

I wanted her also. Damn it. I was dying to be inside of her. But it couldn't happen now, not here. I wouldn't let it happen.

I force my hands out of her bikini and lift her off me. "Not yet," I repeat.

Her eyes flashed with annoyance, and I couldn't stop myself as I pushed a finger into my mouth and tasted her.

I close my eyes as her taste fills my mouth.

fvck!

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0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I watch Damon as he continues to suck on his fingers, tasting me. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my life. His eyes were closed, and it looked like he was enjoying it.

I was angry that he wasn't giving me what I wanted but seeing him do this has definitely dampened my anger.

I attempted to get closer to him, but I heard Dante and Atticus talking, coming closer.

Damon's eyes flashed open at their voices, and I almost fell on my a*s after seeing the darkness and need in his eyes.

I knew it wouldn't be long before Damon lost all control. He was hanging on by a thin thread. It would soon burst, and when that happened, I had to be ready to accept him, or he would blame himself for rushing into it.

Damon turns around and storms out of the front door before Atticus can see us in here all alone.

“Clarissa!” He says the second he walks back into the house and sees me. “Why are you here all alone? Get into the water; I will get the beach ball.”

I’m glad he didn’t realize how flustered I was. He probably would have been more concerned if Damon was still inside with me.

“And where is Damon?” Dante asks. “We’re all waiting for him to join.”

“He said something about going to the toilet.” I lie.

Before they can ask any more questions, I’m already out of the door. I was glad to see Dante in a better mood today, however. He was actually smiling, and he hadn’t smiled since Anya died. He wasn’t exactly smiling at Willow, but a smile was still good, even if it wasn’t directed at her.

I jumped into the water with Autumn and Willow right next to me.

“Finally,” Autumn says. “I was worried that you wouldn’t ever join the rest of us.”

I hug her, and she is still in my arms. “Thank you,” I whisper into her ear.

“For what?” She asks, confused.

I hadn’t told her what had happened between Damon and me last night or this morning. I never got the chance to say to her Atticus was always by her side.

“Your plan worked,” I inform her. “He’s getting closer to me. He’s finally giving me what I want.”

Not everything but it still made me happy. My body still tingled from his touches and kisses. And tonight, I couldn’t wait for more.

She chuckles, “You’re very welcome. As soon as we get some time alone, you must give me all the details without leaving anything out.”

“Wow, wow, wow,” Griffin says as he sees us still hugging. “I don’t know what’s happening here, but I love it.”

Autumn rolls her eyes and throws water onto him. “Keep your dirty thoughts to yourself.”

He grins, “I’m afraid that’s not something I can easily do.”

"I can't have my wife to myself because of you," Atticus says in an annoyed tone. "She talks about you more than anyone else."

"What can I say? I'm more interesting than you are." I tease him.

"The only problem is that she chooses what to tell me about you." He adds. "And conveniently leaves things out."

Autumn's cheeks are red at his words. I'm also a little caught off-guard. I didn't know how to respond to that because there was still plenty that we were keeping from him. And it stayed that way for as long as possible.

"What's the conversation about?" Damon asks as he joins us.

"The secrets my wife has been keeping about Clarissa," Atticus answers him without a second thought.

Damon pauses for a split second before acting unbothered.

"Can we talk about something else?" Autumn asks him. "We've been over this already."

"I hope you don't get upset with me when I start keeping secrets from you." He growls before throwing the beach ball into Dante's face.

He pelts it right back, and Atticus catches it with ease.

Damon was the next one to catch it before throwing it toward Griffin.

"Aren't the girls allowed to play also?" Autumn asks. "Are we just supposed to watch?"

We spent an hour playing against each other in the water before we all decided to take a break.

"Willow is loosening up a little bit," Autumn whispers as we walk into the kitchen. "That's good."

"Dante is also," I tell her. "He isn't back to normal, but I saw him smile earlier."

She sighs, "If only we'd taken a longer vacation. Two days are not enough to help them get closer to each other."

I agreed with her. Two days were not enough. It wasn't even enough for Damon and me.

I wished I had more time with him. I was enjoying teasing him while everyone else remained preoccupied.

Besides, our family needed this after last week. It was probably one of the worst times for us besides when grandmother died.

"There are more articles about Willow," Autumn snarls. "Why can't they just leave her alone? It's so unfair what they're saying about her. It's not her fault that Dante married her. This was what Anya wanted, and no one seems to care about that."

"They think we're lying." I say. "They don't seem to understand why Anya would want her sister to marry Dante."

"They're all forgetting that Anya was planning to marry Damon. Why should they care if her sister married Dante?" Autumn demands. "Somehow it was okay when Anya was with all three Fawn brothers but when her sister marries one of them, it's wrong."

I also didn't understand how their minds worked.

"It's because they don't know the truth about Anya." I point out.

She sighs, "and they will never know the truth. Not when both Dante and Willow want it all to stay a secret."

We both stop talking when Willow walks into the kitchen, looking for us.

"Do you need my help with anything?" She asks sweetly.

"No." I assure her. "I hope you're enjoying our mini-vacation."

She smiles but it looks totally fake.

"I am."

I knew it was a lie and Autumn knew as well when she turns and gives me a knowing look.

I didn't know what else to do to make this easier for her.

When Damon walks in and looks me up and down, all thoughts flew out of my head.

Tonight.

I couldn't wait.

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~CLARISSA~

I'm restless and impatient. Atticus has Damon caught up in a card game with the others, and he isn't getting a chance to come to my room.

I've been in and out of my room for two hours so far, and each time I could feel his eyes on me. He knows I'm waiting on him.

I can sense his impatience, but he has to hold it in front of everyone else.

I could feel his eyes following me as I walked into the kitchen and then out of it.

"Where the hell is your head at?" Dante asks. "You're causing us to lose this game."

Damon growls and buries his hand in his hair; he looks like he wants to pull the strands out. "I'm bored. Why are we even playing this again?"

He wasn't bored. He wanted to come to me.

I walked back to my room and ***f*d myself to stay there until he was ready for me. I got out of my clothes once more. I loved his reaction last night to seeing me and,*** and I wanted to do the same to him tonight.

I lay on my back, looking at the stars in the ceiling. How much longer would I have to wait? I didn't think there would ever be a day when I would wait n***d in my bed for Damon to come for me.

I let out a little giggle at the thought of it. Everything that I wanted was finally coming true. And it wasn't a dream. This was my reality.

When the door finally opens, I quickly look up and feel relief flow throughout my body when I find Damon in front of me. He quickly locks the door before moving towards the bed.

I gasp when he lifts my body off the sheets and covers my mouth with his. I wrap my arms around his neck and straddle his h!ps.

Damon gr0ans into my mouth, and I can feel how much he wants me between my legs. I gasp when he grabs my h!ps and purposefully rubs me up and down his body while still k!ssing me. I was growing increasingly we.t, and the proof rubbed onto his pants and bare c.hest.

"Fvck." He hissed before throwing me onto the bed and climbing over me.

"It's our last night here," I whisper. "Why can't you give me what I want?"

He gently rubs my cheek with his thumb finger. "Because I want to make this as special for you as possible."

"Anything with you is special," I assure him. "I want you now, Damon. I don't want to wait any longer."

I stop talking when he uses his hand to spread my legs wide. My a.ss flies off the bed when his finger sinks into my p**y without warning. I could feel it squeezing him, asking for more.

Damon presses his head against my forehead, and I can see the look of pain on his face as he tries his best to hold back. "I've never felt anything like this before. You feel so damn good, Clarissa. How could I have stayed away from you for so long?"

Even I wanted to know the answer to that question. Why did he take this long to be this close to me?

"Damon!" I cry out as he pulls his finger out, only to push it back in, this time deeper than before.

"Clarissa." He gr0ans as he keeps repeating the motion, each time getting deeper inside me.

Even though this felt amazing, it still wasn't enough. It still wasn't what I needed.

Damon covers my b.reast with his mouth, taking it against his tongue. My l!ps part, and it's hard not to scream when he's bringing me so much pleasure. I can't hold it in anymore, and I think Damon realizes it because he covers my mouth with his hand to stop me from screaming. I bite his fingers to prevent myself from bringing attention to us.

Everyone was still awake; they would easily hear me. The last thing I wanted was for everyone to barge into my room because they listened to my screams of pleasure.

Damon uses both hands to spread my legs even wider as he travels down my body. He covers my scream with his hand the second his tongue dips into my opening.

I couldn't help but thrash against him as he continued to practically l!ck and s.uuck on my p.ussy. My eyes rolled back into my head at the pleasure he was bringing to me.

"Damon." I cry. "Please, please." I was begging him for something, and even I didn't know what it was. I could feel the tears forming in my eyes, the good kind.

When he finally lifted his head, his entire mouth was wet with my juices. My lips are parted as he finally moves his hand from over my mouth.

He slips his finger back into me without warning, and I gasp at how sensitive it feels.

"Please, Damon," I beg. "Please. I'm ready. I can't wait any longer. I can't."

I can see the struggle on his face, he was losing the battle and he knew it.

He pulls his finger out suddenly and covers my mouth with his. I held onto him as he continued to kiss me with so much passion that I almost fainted.

I whimper when he pulls away from me and heads for the door. This is exactly what he did last night. He kept running from me even though I could see how aroused he was. He could barely walk with how big he'd grown.

Why couldn't he make us both happy and give us what we needed?

"Why are you leaving?" I demand. He can't leave without finishing what he started!

"I'll know when you're ready." Was all he said before storming out of my room.

I fell back against my bed unhappily. He kept giving me pleasure and then rudely taking it all away.

I'd failed in getting all of him tonight. But luckily for me, we both lived in the same house. This meant as long as Atticus wasn't keeping an eye on us, I could get him alone.

I wasn't letting him get away from me. I wasn't going to let the next opportunity pass. One way or another, Damon would be inside of me.