

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 66 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~CLARISSA~

I frustratingly packed my bags with the aching feeling between my legs. I wanted more, and Damon wasn't giving it to me.

I shut the door as I met everyone outside. It was time to leave. It was midnight, and we had to get home soon since we had classes tomorrow. If we didn't, we could have stayed an extra night.

"Are we sticking to the same arrangement as before?" Atticus asks. "You can come with us if you want, Clarissa."

I bite down hard on my lip. I wanted to head back with Damon, but I also wanted to teach him a lesson for not giving me what I wanted. He was playing with my emotions and I didn't like it.

"If that's what you want, sure." I smile at Atticus.

I could feel Damon's gaze digging into my back. He was angry that I had accepted Atticus's invitation. Even though I was doing this to upset him, I knew that it would bother me as well.

We could have gotten more alone time in his jeep. I move that thought out of my head. I had to stick with my plan. Whenever I made Damon wait, he always got more desperate for me. This would work in my favor; I had to suck in all the pain.

The drive home was a boring one, and without realizing it, I'd fallen asleep.

The next time I woke up, it was already morning, and time to get dressed for the academy.

Apparently, all of Damon's attention had drained me of my energy. I couldn't remember the last time I'd slept so well.

I quickly put on a pair of jeans and a top and opened my room door, only to find Damon waiting for me.

I didn't have time to prepare as he slammed his lips against mine. I gasp against his mouth.

My mouth opens in surprise and he uses that to his advantage and he sticks his tongue in. I moan as he grabs my waist and pulls me tighter against him.

He breaks the kiss a few seconds later. "You left me last night."

"Because you didn't give me what I wanted," I tell him.

I stop talking when his lips touch the spot beneath my ear. It's a soft kiss, but it travels throughout my body.

"Who carried me to my room last night?" I manage to ask despite the pounding of my heart.

I wasn't aware of anything that had happened while I was asleep.

"I wanted to." He growls. "But fuck Atticus beat me to it. I couldn't do anything but watch. If I tried to make a problem about it, he would have suspected us even more."

I fought against a smile at his apparent frustration since Atticus was the one who had carried me to my room last night.

"I'm tired of this." He sighs. "I want to be able to kiss you in the open. I want to be able to tell everyone that you're mine."

I gasped, unsure if I'd heard him correctly.

He wanted to tell everyone that I was his?

He gently kisses my forehead before pushing away from me. "I'll see you in the jeep."

I watched him walk away as I fell back against the wall. I didn't know how to react to Damon so openly expressing his feelings. It made me all nervous and giddy inside.

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~DAMON~

I couldn't hold it back much longer. Clarissa was using all of the tricks in the books to make me give her what she was asking for. She may think I was unfair, but she had no idea how much harder this was for me. Denying her what she wanted was costing me everything.

She didn't realize how painful it was for me not to be inside of her, especially when she was begging me for it. Saying no to her was never fuck easy for me.

Even now, all I could think about was burying my **dk inside her tight py**. And f\*ck, it was so tight; yesterday it squeezed the life out of my finger. I could still feel her walls around it, stretching and pulling.

I groan as I cover my face with my hand. We would be returning to the academy today, and I would have no choice but to keep my hands to myself when it's the last thing I want to do.

I would be **fd to watch her from a distance while dreaming of taking her in every way possible. Clarissa would be the f\*ck** death of me.

I knew her well; she would use this opportunity to t\*e me for not taking her v!rginity. And she was a v!rgin; she saved herself for me. Every time I thought about it, my heart filled with pride. She had never mentioned it to me, but I knew it was true. I was so involved in her life that I knew there had never been another man but me in her life. This is why I wanted to make it as special as possible for her. I didn't want to rush things. I wanted to give her a chance to enjoy all of the pleasures I could bring to her body. I wanted to take it one step at a time.

Clarissa was becoming impatient, and I didn't blame her. I felt even worse than she did.

I wouldn't keep her waiting much longer.

"You look like you didn't get any sleep last night." My mother says as she examines my face. "Is something bothering you, Damon?"

I swallow. Yes, mother. Somebody was bothering me. The once innocent girl that you adopted and brought home to t\*e me every damn day of my life.

If she could read my mind, I would be screwed.

"It's nothing." I lie. "We just got home late last night, and I didn't feel like sleeping. Had too much to drink."

She sighs and k!sses me on my cheek. "I was worried that you were still affected by Anya's death like your brother. I'm very worried about Dante. He didn't just lose Anya, but he married her sister because she asked him to. Did you discover why he's getting these random bruises on certain days?"

I shook my head. "Atticus tried finding out, but he doesn't want to talk to us about it."

She nods, "I'll talk to him."

I say goodbye to her and head down to the jeep where I'd told Clarissa to meet me.

Now I had to prepare myself for the t\*\*\*e to come.

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 67 - Tips

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~CLARISSA~

"I can't believe so much happened," Autumn says as she tries to contain her excitement. "I knew it. I always knew how crazy he was about you. He's finally showing you his true feelings, and I'm so happy for you. It took him a long time to finally admit it but at least he's finally coming around."

We were in the cafeteria, getting lunch.

I wanted to be happy, but there were still a few things that were bothering me. One of them was the fact that he'd kissed Anya right after he'd told Atticus that he wanted to stop the wedding.

There were still missing blanks that I wanted Damon to fill in. However, I didn't want anything to spoil what we had going on right now. I wanted to enjoy it as much as possible before things blew up in our faces.

I knew we couldn't keep this a secret for the rest of our lives. Eventually, our family would have to see the truth about us. I knew they wouldn't take the news well, but it had to be done.

I wasn't willing to end things with Damon, and I knew now that he felt the same way. He wasn't being a coward anymore; he was doing what he always wanted to do.

This was just the beginning for us. Things would only get worse from now on. Before that happened, I wanted to enjoy my time with him.

"How do you think everyone will react when they discover the truth?" I ask Autumn. "I'm terrified."

Autumn looks worried at my question, "I can't say, but I know it would not be easy. Atticus already looks pissed anytime he thinks about you and Damon. He doesn't know for sure, and that's why he's calm for now, but when he confirms it, I'm worried about what he might do."

I was also most terrified of Atticus's reaction. Griffin was playful and wouldn't react the way that Atticus would. And then there was Dante; he would be angry that Damon had never loved Anya to begin with. He would be upset that the entire time Damon was with her, he truly wanted to be with me.

"Don't worry about any of this," Autumn tells me. "You've been through enough already. This is your chance to relax and enjoy your time with Damon. When you're both ready, you can come forward and let everyone else know the truth."

We stop talking when Atticus, Dante, and Willow join us at the table.

"We're late for class," Atticus says as he looks at the time.

Our last class for the day. Thankfully, this was one of the only classes I had with Damon. But it was also a class that I had with Atticus, which meant that we couldn't give him any reason to suspect us. However, it was difficult to keep my hands to myself when Damon was around.

He's already waiting for us when we walk into the classroom. I'm surprised he didn't walk me to class like he usually did. Probably because he knew Atticus and Autumn would be with me as well.

He pulls the chair out that was next to his table and I quickly sat down.

"What about us?" Atticus asks him. "You couldn't save a seat for your brother?"

Damon ignores him and takes his seat next to me. I gasp when his hand touches my thigh.

"What are you doing?" I whisper. "Atticus is in this class with us. What if he sees?"

"I miss you," Damon whispers, ignoring my question.

My heart jumped at his confession. Does he really miss me?

"What took you so long?" He asks. "You're late to class."

"I got carried away while speaking to Autumn," I explain to him. "I thought you would have walked me to class like usual."

"I got caught up." He growls. "And I also knew that if I came for you, I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you. I couldn't take that risk knowing that you were with Atticus."

I had to control my heart; at this rate, it would explode with love for Damon.

"We should stop talking about this here." I remind him. "It's not just the two of us."

Even though everyone was caught up in their own conversations, I didn't want to take that chance.

Since when did Damon become so careless? I'm the one more concerned about someone finding out about us between the two of us; that was very unusual. It's like we'd switched roles.

He's about to respond when Kevin walks up to me and hands me a rose. Kevin was a guy from one of my previous classes. He's barely ever spoken to me before. Why was he giving me a rose?

"Why are you giving this to me?" I ask him, confused. He's never shown any interest in me whatsoever. It made no sense.

"I bought it for you." He answers me. "I was wondering if you would let me take you on a date."

I gape at him, surprised that he would ask me such a thing in front of Damon. Everyone was usually too scared to ever approach me in front of him.

What the hell had possessed him?

Damon was already possessive when there was nothing going on between us; I couldn't imagine how worse he'd gotten now that there was something between us.

I can feel the tension in the air increase. Damon glared at him like he was ready to rip his head out of his body. How could he still stand there after Damon gave him such a murderous look?

As far as I knew, Kevin was a coward. He stayed away from fights.

Damon let out a low growl, and my stomach churned with fear. I look behind us to see Atticus looking at him. He was waiting to see his reaction.

No.

I had to stop Damon before he overreacted.

I couldn't let him show too much emotion, or that will confirm everything for Atticus.

I had to act fast.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 68 - Tips**

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~ATTICUS~

I watch quietly, waiting for Damon to make a scene.

I'd paid Kevin plenty of money to give that rose to Clarissa and ask her out. I knew that no one in their right mind would ever pursue her while we were around. That's why I stepped in and used cash to help me.

I've been suspecting Damon and Clarissa for some time now. Damon didn't want to admit to anything, and I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt. However, I couldn't deny what my eyes were seeing.

Something was going on between the two of them. They weren't exactly good at hiding.

Yesterday, at the beach house, I noticed Damon couldn't stop staring at her. I also noticed that she left around the same time on both nights, and it made Damon impatient each time. He stopped paying attention to anything before him as long as she'd left the room.

I still wanted to believe that I was wrong. I tried to think that nothing was happening between them. After all, it made me feel sick to my stomach thinking of Damon with someone who's supposed to be our sister.

He should know better. Even if Clarissa didn't know, Damon should have had some self-control.

Clarissa looks at me, and I see the fear in her eyes. It's another reason for me to think that this was genuinely happening. They were possibly sneaking around behind all of our backs.

f\*g hell.

This couldn't be happening. Please don't be true. Please don't be f\*g true.

"What's wrong?" Autumn asks me. "You seem a little tensed."

I couldn't tell her what I'd done. Autumn was lying to me. My mate was lying to me because of my sister. She was keeping secrets for Clarissa. If I told her what I was up to, she would no doubt warn Clarissa and possibly Damon.

I had to catch them in the act. I had to do it so that they could not deny the truth to me.

If it were true, if it turned out that something was going on between them, I would have to stop it. It just wasn't possible for anything to happen between them. It was wrong. Very wrong.

"Atticus?" Autumn tries again.

"I'm trying to figure out why Kevin is giving a rose to Clarissa." I lie. "I never knew that he liked her."

Autumn follows my gaze, and she gasps in surprise. Even she seemed worried.

My eyes don't ever leave Damon. I heard his low growl; I think everyone heard it. Thankfully, the professor was also late to class, allowing me to pull this off.

I watch as Clarissa places her hand on his shoulder, trying to calm him down. She whispers something to him, and he turns to look at me.

I close my eyes when he looks away.

He would pretend to be calm so I didn't suspect them.

Autumn places her hand on my arm. "Atticus. Something is wrong. Please talk to me."

"Why should I talk to you when you've been keeping so many secrets from me?" I ask her.

I didn't mean to lash out at her.

I wasn't angry with Autumn. I was mad at Damon. He was the one I wanted to lash out at. He was the one that had some f\*

g explaining to do.

"What are you talking about?" She demands. "Are you still angry about that thing with Anya? I told you I was sorry."

She continued to lie to me. She knew that wasn't the only lie she'd told me. She knows.

I never knew my mate was this connected to Clarissa. She would even lie to me to protect her? It's not like I would ever hurt her, to begin with, but Damon, on the other hand, I couldn't promise not to hurt him if any of this turned out to be true.

He wasn't a child. He knew it would be wrong to have inappropriate relations with Clarissa even though she was adopted. She was still our sister, for crying out loud!

I open my eyes and watch Damon struggle to control his emotions. It must be killing him inside. I know he really wants to grab Kevin by his neck. His hands dug into his jeans, and it was becoming harder for him to control himself.

"Damon seems a little tensed, don't you think?" I ask Autumn, waiting for her reaction.



“What?” She demands. “We were discussing a different topic; why are you suddenly bringing up Damon?”

I shrug my shoulders, “it’s just weird to me. Kevin seems like a good guy. He isn’t a player. Why is Damon so upset that he’s giving a rose to Clarissa?”

It was true. Kevin wasn’t a player. He wasn’t a bad person. He was even the professor’s favorite with how well he performed in classes.

Damon shouldn’t have any problem with it unless he wanted Clarissa for himself.

I watch as Clarissa turns him down and tells him she isn’t interested. I got up from my seat and walked over to them despite Autumn’s disapproval.

“What’s wrong?” I ask them.

“Nothing,” Kevin answers me. “I’m just asking Clarissa to go on a date with me, but she doesn’t seem interested.”

“Kevin is a good guy, Clarissa.” I try to tell her, stirring up trouble. I wanted to see Damon’s true feelings. I didn’t want him to hide them from me anymore.

“I’m not interested.” She tells me. “I can’t accept this rose.”

I nod, “it just seems you haven’t been on a date once. He can show you how nice it could be if you give him a chance.”

“She said she doesn’t f\*g want to date him.” Damon growls, and I quirk a brow at him.

“I was speaking to Clarissa,” I tell him. “What does it have to do with you?”

Damon gets up from his seat and glares at me.

I fold my arms and remain calm.

So it was true.

This was not good. Not f\*g good at all.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 69 - Tips**

0 4 minutes read

~DAMON~

My brother was asking for a f\*g death wish. Why was he insisting that Clarissa go on a date with Kevin? The Atticus I knew would never force her to do anything she didn't want to do. Which meant there must be another reason.

Maybe this was a test for me. Perhaps he still didn't believe me when I said nothing was happening between Clarissa and me.

I didn't **fg care if this was a test. I was not letting Clarissa go on a date with fg** Kevin. If Atticus kept insisting on this, we would have a severe problem.

I'm a few seconds away from grabbing Kevin by his shirt and pulling him outside with me.

Clarissa stands up from her seat and tries calming us down.

Autumn runs over to Atticus and grabs his arm. "What are you doing?" She demands. "Everyone's looking. We don't need to draw any more attention to our family."

Atticus takes a deep breath and tells Kevin to leave.

Good.

He then looks over at me as if to say this wasn't over.

"Something's wrong," Clarissa whispers when we finally took our seats. "I think Atticus knows about us."

My jaw clenched; I also thought the same. However, I didn't want Clarissa to worry about this.

"I'm sure that's not the case." I lie.

I had to keep her calm. She's been through enough; whatever happened next, I wanted to shield her from it all.

"I just got you." She whispers with tears in her eyes. "I don't want anything to separate us."

A low growl forms in the back of my throat while seeing a tear roll down her cheek. I didn't care that Atticus was still watching us when I leaned forward and wiped it away with my thumb finger.

"That's not going to happen," I promise her. "I'll ensure that nothing and no one comes between us again."

She nods and tries to compose herself; we aren't alone. There were too many people around us.

I ran a hand through my hair as my mind raced with ways to get us out of this situation. How did I make Clarissa mine without everyone coming for us?

This was the reason I tried to avoid anything happening between us since the beginning. I knew things would eventually turn into a disaster. Now that I've tasted what it was like to be with Clarissa, I never wanted to lose her. It was hard in the past; now, it is even harder.

I could never let her go. I instead would rather die than let go of her. She was mine. Mine. It made me even happier that she's always wanted to be mine since the start.

When the professor enters the classroom, everyone gets quiet after he insists. I lean back in my chair and look over at Atticus. The bastard is still glaring at me.

He f\*g knows. There's no question in my mind anymore. It was only a matter of time before he confronted me about it.

I couldn't have Clarissa around when he asked me about her. There was no use hiding it anymore; I had to come clean with everyone. My entire family had to know that I was in love with Clarissa.

How could I get Clarissa out of the house without her suspecting anything?

She looks at me again, and I know she's trying to figure out what I was thinking about. I couldn't show her how worried I was.

I mask my genuine emotions and smile at her.

"I want to take you somewhere nice," I tell her. "But I need you to go there and wait for me first."

I was making things up along the way. I didn't have a place in mind yet. While I did want to do something special for Clarissa, it was not supposed to happen today.

"Somewhere nice?" She asks with a sparkle in her eyes.

I hated lying to her, but I loved seeing the excitement on her face. She looked extra beautiful when she smiled.

"Mhm," I murmur.

"Why will I have to wait for you?" She asks. "Can't we just go together?"

I held onto the edge of the desk, squeezing it. Atticus hadn't stopped looking at us, and I could feel his death stare.

"There is something that I need to do before," I say; it wasn't a complete lie. "As soon as I'm done, I'll return to you."

She looks a bit hesitant at first but eventually agrees. "Can you tell me where we're going?"

I shook my head, "it's a secret for now."

She pouts, and it takes all of my self-control not to lean over and kiss her in the middle of the classroom.

This was the hardest thing I've ever had to do, refrain from touching her when that's all I wanted to do.

Her scent was everywhere in the room; it was more potent than any other scent.

Before I did something stupid, I excused myself from the classroom. It also gave me enough time to call and set up something special for Clarissa. I hoped that it would be enough to distract her.

After our last class, I drop her off at the rooftop restaurant. It's the best place I could find last minute.

I'd asked them to decorate the place according to what I thought she would like. I also rented it out so that no one else would be there except her and the people serving her tonight.

After saying goodbye to her, I was on my way back home. I'd already sent everyone a message; they knew I had something important to talk to them about.

I couldn't believe I was finally going to do this. I always thought that my feelings would stay hidden inside of me for the rest of my life.

So many things have changed. Anya was gone forever, and Clarissa was my true love. All along, it's only been her. And my feelings for Anya were all because of a spell. Everything made so much sense now.

I knew my family would not take this news lightly, but I didn't care; in less than an hour, they will know everything.

Everything.

# The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 2: Chapter 70 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

~DAMON~

As I walk into the family room, Atticus is already there waiting for me.

His hands are to the front of him and it looks like he's waiting for an opportunity to use them.

"Is there something that you want to tell me?" He asks in a strained voice. "It's the last time I will ask you nicely, Damon."

I pinch the bridge of my nose and try to stay calm, "I'm waiting for everyone else to join us. I'll answer your question when they arrive."

He looks surprised by my words. It must be a shock to him that I would ever consider spilling the truth.

"You've invited everyone?" He asks. "To hear this entire conversation."

I nod, "Yes. Does that upset you, brother?"

He narrows his eyes, "I hope you're not bluffing."

"I have no reason to," I tell him. "I'm ready to come clean about everything."

His hands tighten into fists by his sides, and I know it's only a matter of time before Atticus loses control.

I don't blame him. For a long time, I was disgusted by my feelings. For a long time, I kept fighting it because I thought it was wrong.

Now, I knew my thoughts were what was wrong. Being with Clarissa feels better than anything else in my past. Nothing feels better than having her in my arms.

I was wrong for denying it and causing her so much pain in the past. Now I just had to convince my family the same.

I knew it wouldn't be that easy. It took me forever to accept it; I assume it would be more challenging for them. This news was about to change everything between us.

However, I couldn't keep hiding the truth. It was time that everyone knew.

We stopped talking the moment we heard footsteps. My parents were the first to enter, followed by my grandfather.

“What’s going on, Damon?” My father demands. “What was so urgent that you needed all of us in one room?”

“Does it have something to do with Dante?” My mother asks. “Did you find out where he’s been going? Did you talk to him?”

Dante walks in next with Willow next to him. I was mostly worried about Dante’s reaction. I knew everyone would have a bad reaction, but Dante would take it the hardest even if he wouldn’t show it to us.

“What about me?” Dante asks. “What’s this about?”

My mother looks at me, realizing it has nothing to do with him.

Autumn joined us next, but I knew none of this would be new to her. She already knew everything, thanks to Clarissa.

Griffin was the last person to enter.

“What’s going on?” He asks. “I was supposed to stay back for a game at the academy today. Why did you want us all here?”

Now that they were all here, standing in front of me, waiting for a response, I didn’t know how to begin. I had no clue how to explain what was happening between Clarissa and me.

“Damon?” My mother asks. “Are you okay? Did something happen? Do you need our help with something?”

“Yes, Mom.” I finally answer her. “I need your help. I need all of you to be open-minded and understand what I will soon say to you. This isn’t easy for me to tell you, but I can’t keep hiding the truth from you anymore. It’s k!lling me inside; I’m tired. I’d been hiding it for years, and I need to get it off my c.hest before it blows up in my face.”

“Just f\*g say it,” Atticus growls behind me.

“Atticus!” My mother scolds him. “Watch your language. What is all of this about? Do you know what Damon is trying to tell us?”

His jaw clenches, “I have an idea, but I’m waiting for my brother to confirm it. If it has anything to do with Clarissa, then yes. I know what he’s about to say.”

“Atticus.” Autumn tries to stop him.

It’s no use. It was coming out today. Nothing was going to stop that.

“Clarissa?” Dante asks. “What does this have to do with her?”

“Are you going to tell them, or do I need to do it for you?” Atticus asks me through gritted teeth.

“Did Clarissa get herself in more trouble?” My father asks. “How many times do we have to speak to her? Sometimes I wonder if there’s something wrong that we’re doing. She always seems so unhappy.”

Yes, she was unhappy in the past, and I was always the reason, but I don’t want it to be that way anymore.

“I assume my brother here is why Clarissa has been so moody lately.” Atticus cuts in. “Has anyone ever noticed that her life somehow always revolves around him?”

Dante shrugs, “It’s known that Damon is Clarissa’s favorite. They’ve always been close to each other and inseparable. But what does that have to do with anything?”

I couldn’t let Atticus break the news to them; I had to do it on my own.

“It’s true that Clarissa has always been attached to me. And it’s also true that I’ve always been very protective of her. At first, I thought it would go away with time. I thought I was protecting her from everything that could harm her. Soon enough, I realized that it was much more complicated than that.” I begin to explain.

Everyone looked confused; I knew they still had no clue what I was talking about.

“When Anya came into my life, it became easier for me to ignore my feelings,” I add.

“Your feelings?” My mother asks. “Ignore your feelings for who?”

She already knew it was Clarissa; she was tonight’s main topic after all.

“My feelings for Clarissa,” I answer her.

Dante takes a step towards me. “You mean your brotherly feelings for her? You were worried because you were so protective of her? Please tell me that’s what you truly mean.”

I don’t look away from his piercing gaze. There was nowhere for me to run anymore.

"I never meant to act on anything. My feelings were supposed to stay buried. However, whenever someone other than me took an interest in her, I would lose my mind. And there were times when I couldn't choose between her and Anya. Now I realize that Anya's spell was the reason for that. If her spell weren't around, I would have given in to my feelings sooner. I know this isn't what anyone in this family wants to hear, but it's true; my feelings for Clarissa are not the ones a brother would feel for his sister. It's the opposite. I want her, I want her more than I've ever wanted anything in my life, and I'm willing to fight for her. I don't care what happens to me in the process; as long as she wants me to, nothing will keep us apart."