

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 12

6 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I spot two drunk guys at the entrance, and I have no choice but to pass between them to get back inside. It was either that or staying outside with Carter. I was willing to take the chance; spending time alone with Carter Prince was too dangerous and something I wasn't about to play games with. I was already putting everything at risk enough when it came to messing with him and trying to catch his attention. He was catching onto it as well.

I've never done anything in the past to seize his attention, and suddenly, I'm going out of my way to hold his attention. Of course, he will find something completely off. I had to make this more natural, not forced. I didn't need him to figure out our plan. If he knew, everything would backfire on us and it's the last thing I needed to happen.

I don't think my sister and best friend realized how they made me look in front of Carter. I was beginning to look desperate and I didn't like it. I didn't want him to think that he was so desirable that even I wanted a piece of him.

I take a deep breath and attempt to go between the men.

"Sexy lady," the guy says as I try to squeeze between him and his friend.

"I would like to get back inside, please," I tell them. I thought asking nicely would help me in this situation, but the look on their faces told me I was in for a surprise.

My eyes widen when I feel someone's hand on my a*s.

I spun around to face the second guy and, before he could react, slapped him hard across the face. "Don't you dare touch me again, you a*****e!"

I've never been so disrespected in my life. I felt like slapping him over and over again.

"What the f**k?" He snaps, his face red from the slap. I didn't hit him hard enough. This might be the right time to go for a second round.

“f**k, dude,” his friend says. “Did you just let a girl slap you? Aren’t you going to do something about it? She’s just a little girl, show her what you can do.”

He grabs my hand, and I knee him in the crotch as hard as possible.

He fell to the ground as he g*****d from the pain. “Try to touch me again and see what happens!” I threatened both of them.

I’m about to do even worse when I feel Carter’s presence behind me. His tall frame is towering over my body, and I can’t exactly see the expression on his face. He intimidates the two men next to me. That’s expected since they’re much smaller in size.

They back up a bit, and I couldn’t believe they were such cowards. They acted so differently when it was just me.

Carter grabs both of them by their shirts and slams their faces to the ground. I knew that Carter was fierce, but I’ve never actually seen him in a fight before. It was impressive. They were no match for him, none whatsoever.

I didn’t expect anything different, not from these cowards.

“Apologize to her.”

I lift my gaze to peer at him. Apologize to me.

I’m surprised by his words. I never knew that Carter had this side to him. Women willingly threw themselves at him, and for some weird reason, I thought he would excuse their behavior towards me. I thought he would praise them and tell them to try touching me more. I didn’t expect that it would upset him like this.

I continue to stare at him, studying the lines on his forehead. I’ve seen Carter angry before, but I think this was the angriest I’ve ever seen him.

“I’m s-sorry,” they stutter at the same time. “P-please forgive us.”

I don’t think Carter was pleased with their apology. I know I wasn’t. It meant nothing to me.

“Her name is Scarlett.” He growls. “Remember that name if you want to live to see another day. If any of you ever touches her again, you’ll wish you were dead. Do you understand what I’m saying to you?”

My lips parted slowly. Was Carter trying to protect me from these men? But why? I've never seen this protective side in him before. Why was he doing it for me? We barely spoke to each other, and he was a complete a*****e. Why was he suddenly showing a nice side to him?

They nod their heads even though it's still smashed to the ground by his strong hands.

"Now get the f**k out of here; your faces make me sick."

He doesn't need to tell them twice; they're running like their lives depend on it when he lets go of them.

I pressed my lips tightly together and pretended I wasn't impressed.

"I didn't need your help," I say. "But thank you."

I didn't like him, but I knew I at least had to thank him for stepping in when he didn't have to. I knew men who would stand back and laugh instead of trying to help.

He isn't saying anything, prompting me to look at his face finally. He's anything but happy, making me wonder if Carter was worried about me. As far as I know, he doesn't care about anyone other than his family. And Carter had a big family, with seven brothers and one sister. They all stuck together. No one messed with them unless they wanted their lives to be ruined.

My eyes widen when his hands go to his shirt, and he unbuttons it before me.

"What are you doing?" I demand from him. I attempted to stop him but quickly paused. What was I doing?

He doesn't answer me; instead, he shrugs the shirt off his body and hands it to me. "Wear this."

"That's yours. Why should I wear something that belongs to you?" I ask, confused.

I didn't want to wear anything that belonged to Carter. We weren't together, and we were not friends.

“Do you want other drunk bastards trying to touch you like that again?” He asks me, annoyed. “If you don’t, I suggest you put this on and stop complaining.”

I’m not happy with his tone, but I didn’t want a repeat of what just happened. I angrily took it from him and placed it on my body.

I almost choke on nothing when his firm, masculine scent hits my nose. I could smell him better than ever. The shirt was even warm from just being worn by him.

Why did it feel so good against my skin?

“Let me take you back to my truck.” He offers.

“What?”

I’m not sure what he’s offering me. Why would he take me back to his truck? I have no reason to be in there. I need to get back to Clara and Jenna. I’m sure they must have noticed that Carter was now missing from the party, and they would know that he’d come after me.

“Come back to my truck.” He repeats for my sake.

“No, thank you,” I say as I turn away from him. I don’t have a chance to walk far when his hand comes down on my waist.

“What are you doing?” I gasp.

He ignores me as he throws me over his shoulder and walks with me back to his truck. I couldn’t believe this. Who did he think he was to lift me like I was nothing?

“If you don’t want me to bite you, I suggest you put me down this instance!” I warn him.

His hands are now on my bare legs, and I hate how sensitive it makes my skin feel.

He opens his truck door and gently puts me down on the seat. His hands are on either side of me, and his face is inches away from mine, “stay here. I’ll get your sister and drop the two of you home.”

“You don’t need to do that.” I begin to protest, but he’s already walking away.

Doesn’t he realize that Clara and I came in our vehicle? We didn’t need him to drop us home. And what makes him think that Clara would want to be in the same car as him? She couldn’t stand him. She wanted to see him suffer.

I sigh and press the back of my head against the seat in frustration. Things kept going in the wrong direction. Or maybe it’s going exactly how Clara wants it to go.

I don’t think she would be expecting him, especially not when he asks her to go home with us. I expect her to throw a drink in his face, and he would deserve it.

A few minutes later, he’s returning but without my sister. Where was she? Did she refuse to come with him? That’s expected, but didn’t she think to at least return for me? Was she just planning on leaving me here?

He walks over to the driver’s side and jumps into the truck.

What’s happening?

“Where’s Clara?” I ask, unable to hide the panic from my voice.

She wouldn’t leave me with him, would she?