

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 13

8 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

He was ignoring me. Carter was ignoring my question about Clara. Of course, he would; he loved frustrating me just like my sister did, apparently.

“I asked you about Clara!”

“Clara didn’t want to come,” he tells me as he starts the vehicle. My eyes widen as he backs out of the parking lot. “She wants to enjoy the party with that best friend of yours. She told me to drop you home and she will return later. Of course, she had a few interesting choices of words, but I chose to ignore them.”

I gape at him in shock. Why that little—I couldn’t believe my sister; I knew she wanted me to get closer to Carter, but did she understand the trap she was setting for me? I could barely stand the guy; how can I survive an entire drive to my home?

I swear Clara honestly doesn’t think about me sometimes. But I’m the one that agreed to do this for her; I’m to blame. I’m the one that set myself up for this disaster, and now I had to deal with the consequences.

The things you do for the people you love.

“Are you sure she said that, or are you making it up?” I ask. I didn’t fully trust anything that came out of Carter’s mouth. I was still trying to come to terms with the fact that Clara had left me to fend for myself.

He pulls onto the main road and looks at me, “Are you calling me a liar, Scarlett?”

I hate hearing my name on his filthy mouth. No one ever said my name the way that he does. There is just something about how he said it that made my blood boil.

I don’t respond to him, and he doesn’t bother pestering me.

“Do your parents know you left the house like that?” He asks me as he lets his gaze travel down my body.

“Look at the road.” I snap as I pull his shirt tighter around me.

My body, for some reason, felt wide awake after he stared at it. It’s almost like my body was saying, look at me again.

I didn’t know I had it in me to enjoy when someone looked at me with such reckless desire. It usually irritated me. This was a first for me.

“So,” he adds. “Do they know? Or should I knock on your door and let them see how you left the house? They would be very interested to know what their daughter is wearing.”

“My parents will not try to punish me if that’s what you expect,” I tell him. “They never said anything to Clara; what makes you think they would have something to say to me?”

“You’re the innocent one.” He says under his breath. “Clara enjoys the spotlight. You do not. You’re the opposite of her. It means that you’re doing things that make you uncomfortable. That’s why I assumed they would have a problem with it.”

“They won’t.” I snap. I hate how well he knew me. He shouldn’t know me that well.

“Interesting,” he says. “I have one sister, and none of my brothers, including me, will let her leave the house like that. We know what goes on in the dirty minds of men.”

Interesting indeed that Carter suddenly cared about someone other than himself.

“Of course, you will know that,” I fake a laugh. “You’re the king of not just a dirty mind but a dirty mouth. You know exactly what happens in other men’s minds because you think exactly like they do.”

“Girls tend to like my dirty mouth,” he says as he chews on a toothpick. Where did he even get that?

“Are you telling me it’s a complete turn-off for you?” He asks.

I roll my eyes at him, “do I need to answer that question?”

Everything he did was a complete turn-off for me.

“Maybe you don’t like it because you don’t know what this dirty mouth can do to your beautiful body.” He suggests.

“I’ll take a pass on that offer,” I tell him as he approaches my house. I was so happy that we were already so close to home. I couldn’t stand being in his truck for another second.

I narrow my eyes when he begins to slow down.

“You’re driving ridiculously slow.” I point out. “My house is right there. I’m sure you know where it is; you’ve been here a few times with Clara.”

He quirks a brow at me, “Unfortunately, I don’t quite remember where you live, Scarlett. You may need to remind me.”

I roll my eyes. “Stop playing and just get me home.”

I was close enough to jumping out of his truck and walking home.

When I was about to do it, he increased the speed, and I felt like showing him my middle finger.

I sigh of relief when he finally stops in front of my house. I was home, and I had surprisingly made it back alive.

Before I can open the door, he jumps out of his truck and opens it for me. I’m surprised that someone like Carter does this for a girl. I’ve seen him exit a car multiple times, whether it be with my sister or another girl; he never opens the door for them. So then, why did he do it for me?

What was Carter trying to do? Why was he suddenly acting like a nice guy even though I knew he wasn’t?

He looks at me briefly before leaning over to unbuckle my seatbelt. The scent of the shampoo in his hair makes my knees go weak. How does he smell so damn good? I always thought that guys smelt sweaty and just not nice. Carter was the exact opposite of what I thought guys smelled like. He made me want to grab his hair and pull him closer to me to get a better sniff of him.

I freeze.

I was genuinely worried with the direction of my thoughts. I shouldn't be thinking this way. I've never felt this way about him in my life.

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What was happening to me?

"You smell good," he whispers, his face close to mine.

I swallow the emotions bottled up in my chest from hearing him say that to me.

Why did he say those words? And why was I letting him flirt? At least, I think he was flirting; I could be wrong.

Come on, Scarlett, he must say this to every girl he drops home. If he was trying to get me to fall for him, he had another thing coming; I would not fall for him that easily. If anything, he will be the first one to fall for me.

Clara did say that Carter always wanted the popular girls. My popularity has increased since she gave me a makeover and introduced me to a few of her friends. Maybe I was finally sparking Carter's interest.

“I wish I could say the same for you.” I snap intentionally as I push him away from me and jump down from his truck, “you smell like every different girl you had wrapped around your arms today.”

He quirks a brow at me and leans on his truck with his arms crossed over his chest, “are you jealous?”

“Ha!” I shout as I walk backward into my house. I refused to give him a view of my a*s even though I still had his shirt on. “Goodbye, Carter.”

He smiles at me, and I hate how it melts my heart. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a genuine smile from Carter like this one. Or maybe this was actually his fake smile, and he’s using it to charm his way into my heart.

I shook my head and quickly rushed back into the house. Spending any more time with him was too dangerous. From now on, I had to limit the time we spent together alone.

As soon as I’m safely tucked into my bed and away from Carter Prince, I bury my face in my pillow.

What on earth was I getting myself into? I felt like Clara and me were going into dangerous waters by playing with someone like Carter. It felt like more than one person could get hurt because of this stupid plan.

But wasn’t that what she wanted? My sister wanted Carter to be in emotional pain.

I tighten my hold on the sheets wrapped around my body as I try to catch my breath. I couldn’t stop thinking about the way he protected me today. He didn’t have to do it. He didn’t have to care about me at all. But still, he chose to threaten those guys to stay away from me. I’ve never known this side of Carter existed, and I’m unsure how to feel about it.

This could all be part of a game to him. I was probably the most difficult girl for him to flirt with; he was doing everything possible to make my heart flutter, which he usually wouldn’t do for anyone else.

I was his first real challenge.

I would not let him win if that’s what he was trying to do. I was stronger than that.

