

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 26 -

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“Keep my windows closed,” I mumble under my breath. “Why doesn’t he keep his mouth closed?”

My windows were usually closed, but after Carter asked me to do keep it shut earlier today, they weren’t staying closed any longer.

I storm over to them and push them wide open, as wide as they could be. I didn’t like following orders from people like Carter. I would do whatever I wanted, and he would have nothing to say or do about it.

“Keep your windows closed tonight, Scarlett,” I repeat, imitating his voice.

I roll my eyes; what did he even mean by that?

I angrily walk down the stairs and find my sister digging through the fridge.

“Can’t sleep?” She asks when she spots me.

I nod, “neither can you?”

She sighs, “The full moon tonight has me thinking about Carter.” She admits.

“You’re thinking about Carter because of a full moon?” I ask her, surprised.

Why would a full moon remind her of him?

“For some reason, Carter never met me on a full moon.” She admits. “He always cleared his schedule when there was going to be one. This happened every month. I never knew what he was up to, he always hid it from me.”

“That’s weird,” I whisper under my breath.

“Not really.” She disagrees. “Now I realize that he was probably canceling our dates so that he could go cheat on me. I never really questioned him. I trusted him completely. Not once did I think he was cheating on me. I still can’t believe how stupid I’ve been all this time.”

Bastard.

How many things had he lied to my sister so that he could fulfill his dirty desires?

“I was stupid for ever thinking he loved me.” She laughs without any humor.

I take her hand and pull her towards the sofa. “Let’s watch something fun to distract your mind.”

She nods, “thinking about Carter only brings back all the pain. I feel like I lost more than a boyfriend; he was also a good friend.”

“A good friend wouldn’t have hurt you like he did.” I remind her.

She nods, “I know.”

We both get quiet as the movie starts. I stayed with her for two hours before she fell asleep on the sofa beside me. I felt sorry as I gazed at her. Clara always deserved more. I hope that one day she finds the person that’s right for her.

I grab a sheet and pull it over her body.

“You’ll get someone so much better than Carter, Clara,” I promise her.
“Someone will come into your life, and he will sweep you off your feet.”

After adjusting her pillow, I made my way back up the stairs.

The first thing I noticed after opening my room door was my opened window. I could feel the cool air from outside. I hate leaving it open.

I was being stubborn; I knew that it wasn’t like Carter would be able to tell if I left my window open or closed. He wasn’t here. He couldn’t see that I had it wide open.

I sigh and grab a book from my shelf. I’d read this book four times in the past, and I was going to read it for the fifth time tonight.

I smiled as I flipped the page and wrote the number five.

I snuggled against my comfortable blanket and smiled; I was happiest while reading. I dimmed the lights a little and sighed. It was only after I'd read the first page did I notice something I should have a lot sooner.

Someone was in my room. Before I could scream, the person covered my mouth with their hand. My eyes are wide as I stare into familiar grey eyes. The panic eases a little but not by much.

Carter.

What the hell was he doing in my room at this hour? How did he even get in here?

Did he climb through my window?

Something about his eyes was different today; he didn't have the usual playfulness in them that I was so used to seeing.

When he moves his hand, I hiss, "What do you think you're doing in my room—,"

He swallows my words with a k**s, and my eyes widen. I can't do anything but stare wide-eyed as Carter continues to k**s me in the middle of my bed.

My bed, in the middle of my room!

What was he doing here? I can't think clearly with his lips on mine. It's unusually warm and heated.

When he breaks the k**s, I try to push him away, but he doesn't let me like he usually does.

I don't get to catch my breath when he picks me up like I weigh nothing and positions me on top of him so that I am now straddling him in the middle of my bed.

"CARTER—," I gasp when his mouth covers my neck.

My eyes roll back into my head. What was happening to me? Why was I enjoying this? Was this a dream? It had to be a dream; there was no possible way that this was happening to me right now.

I froze when I felt something between us. It was hard and. . . It couldn't be what I thought it was.

His mouth moves to my chest, and I'm suddenly distracted. He's nibbling on my skin and s*****g on it. I immediately feel intense sensations between my legs. I felt this sudden urge to rub them together, but I know I shouldn't.

Carter's hands move to my breasts, and I gasp, "Carter—,"

"NO!" He shouts as he slams his fist on the wall behind me. He moves from on top of me with incredible speed.

I watch in shock as he jumps out of my window and shifts into his wolf, howling as he races through the forest.

I gasped and ran towards the window. He was already gone.

My heart was racing in my chest.

What was that?

W-what just happened?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 27 -

5 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

"It was all just a dream," I whisper to myself. I hadn't been able to sleep the entire night ever since Carter left my room. I refused to believe anything happened.

It was time to get dressed to leave for the Academy, but I was still trying to convince myself that last night was only a dream and nothing to worry about.

The tingling sensation in my chest, neck, and lips said differently, however. I could still feel his lips on my body. They were warmer and softer than I expected.

"It was only a dream; why are you thinking about how soft his lips were?" I asked myself; I was annoyed. Very annoyed.

I angrily climb out of my bed and walk into the bathroom. I pull the drawer open and remove some products. I'm busy organizing everything for my bath when something in the mirror catches my attention. I pause midway and slowly walk toward the vertical mirror before me.

I blink once, then twice, before a scream escapes my mouth. I couldn't believe it. This wasn't happening to me!

It wasn't possible; my eyes had to be betraying me! That was the only explanation for this madness in front of me.

I hear a knock on my bathroom door, "Scarlett?" I hear Clara's panicked call. "Is everything okay?"

"It is!" I shout back. "I was just practicing to sing. You know I have a horrible voice!"

I could hear her laughter behind the door. "We're late! Hurry up!"

When she's gone, I move even closer to the mirror. There were love bites on my chest. Love bites! I've never had one of these in my life! And now I had more than one on my chest, and every single one belonged to Carter. He did this to me!

Carter Prince gave me freaking love bites! This isn't happening! It must still be a crazy dream. I pinch myself and wince at the pain.

How could I have let something like this happen to me? I've always cringed at the things he'd done to other women openly in front of everyone. Was I just like the others now?

I couldn't let Clara see this; she would freak out!

What am I supposed to do? She had already chosen an outfit for me today, which just happened to be a top that showed off my chest area.

I couldn't wear that. I had to hide these marks until they disappeared on their own.

After showering, I angrily grabbed a turtle neck sweater and threw it over my head. Then I grabbed a short skirt so she didn't complain about my outfit.

The second I step into the car, she's already glaring at me.

“That is not the outfit I chose for you, Scarlett.” She complains.

“I know.” I point out. “But I think this also looks good.”

“It’s not his favorite color.” She says.

“I know.” I snap. “But believe me; he will like this.”

She sighs, “It’s fine. I know I’m pushing you too much. I’ll let you wear what you want, at least for today.”

I fake a smile, “I’m so lucky to have such an understanding sister.”

She rolls her eyes and shoves me playfully.

I wouldn’t know how to react if I saw Carter today. I had to be prepared for it. Nothing about last night made any sense to me. It felt unreal. He didn’t speak a single word to me last night, and yet he did all those things. I shivered at the reminder.

“What do we have planned for today?” Jenna asks the second we exited the car. She was already early and waiting to start another day of torturing me. She was enjoying my t*****e a little too much for my comfort.

“I want to find out if we’re making any progress,” Clara answers her while deep in thought.

“How do you expect to do that?” I ask her. “There’s no way to tell exactly what Carter is thinking. Why don’t we avoid him for the rest of the day?”

I didn’t want to give him any ideas that I’d enjoyed what he’d done last night.

I’m suddenly reminded of his words from yesterday.

Keep your windows closed.

I stop walking. He knew he would do that to me last night, right? Why else would he have asked me to lock my windows? But that wouldn’t make any sense. If he wanted to sneak into my room, he would have asked me to open my windows.

Unless he knew I would do the opposite of what he wanted me to do.

I'm so confused.

"What's wrong with you?" Jenna asks me. "You haven't heard a word Clara just said to you."

I frown, "I think I have a lot on my mind this morning."

"He's coming," Clara whispers next to me.

I freeze. I couldn't stop myself as I looked for him in the hallway. She was right, he was approaching us.

I expected him to walk over to Clara, but he shocks all of us when he stops right in front of me.

"Did you do what I asked you to do last night?" He asks me.

My breath gets stuck in my throat.

Does he not remember what he did? How could he not know I'd done the opposite? Something about the fear in his eyes made me numb inside.

My lips parted, and all I could do was nod once. He seems to relax a bit and, without saying anything else, walks away.

"What did he mean by that?" Clara asks me. "What did he ask you to do?"

I roll my eyes, "something dumb."

"What is it?" She asks again. "And why didn't you tell me anything?"

"I thought he was making a stupid joke," I confess. "He told me to lock my windows. I don't know what the hell that was supposed to mean."

"And you did as he asked?" She frowns.

I shook my head. "I lied to him. There's no way he could know if I'd left it open."

"Is that all, or did something else happen?" she asks me with concern.

I shook my head. "No."

I'd just lied to my sister again. Ever since she asked me to help her get revenge on Carter, I've been lying to her. I felt horrible, but I didn't want to hurt her.

I didn't understand how Carter didn't even remember what he'd done.

Was it possible that he had a twin brother none of us knew about?

I immediately dismissed that thought.

I knew it was him. It was most definitely Carter yesterday. I knew him. I knew his eyes, his dark gaze, his lips. . . His scent. It was definitely him.

Then why doesn't he remember what happened last night?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 28 -

5 minutes read

~CARTER~

I'd never been more worried in my f*****g life than this morning when I woke up in my backyard with no memory of last night or how I'd escaped the room.

I'd managed to break free from all of the chains. It's never happened in the past. I've always woken in that room with bruises. This time, there were even more bruises.

It meant that I had been roaming last night. It made me feel sick to my stomach.

Who did I f**k? Did I hurt anyone?

At first, I was terrified I had gone straight to Scarlett the second I'd broken free. I was pacing all morning, waiting for her to show up. I was even tempted to drive to her house and check for her myself.

When I didn't see a look of fear in her eyes this morning, it relieved me. But I still had to confirm that I hadn't done anything to hurt or frighten her under the influence of the full moon. That's why I asked her if she'd done as I'd asked.

“What the hell happened last night?” Ares asks when he sees me in the locker room.

“Why do you think I’ll have a f*****g answer to give you?” I demand. “I woke up in the f*****g backyard. I don’t know what trouble I got myself into last night, Ares.”

I was relieved that I hadn’t visited Scarlett, but I was still worried about what I’d done. I was not okay with physically hurting a woman. But apparently, I was good at emotionally breaking them after what I’d openly done to Clara.

I shook her out of my head. I didn’t want to think about Clara. I had hurt her too much.

“Has any girl walked up to you yet?” He asks me. “Maybe if you slept with someone from the academy, they will come up to you and mention what happened.”

I run a hand through my hair. “This can’t happen again.”

Ares nods, “I’m sure they’re already purchasing more chains and locks. It won’t happen again; don’t beat yourself up too much. You can’t control what happens on a full moon. It’s not your fault.”

It still felt like my fault. Why could I not have any control? But how could I have any control at all when I wasn’t even aware of what I was doing at night on a full moon?

“I’m late for class.” He tells me as he exits the locker room. “We will catch up later.”

I felt like skipping all classes for the rest of the day. This morning was one of the most challenging mornings for me.

Now that I knew I hadn’t hurt Scarlett, I felt it would be a good idea to ditch the academy for the rest of the day.

As soon as I exit the locker room, I hear a familiar, irritating voice.

“Carter!”

I frown. Not Amy again.

The damn girl didn't want to give me a break. She was constantly running after me.

"Yes, Amy," I growl. "What can I do for you today?"

"I'm having a party tonight; I was wondering if you'd like to come." She says with a bright smile.

"I'm afraid I have practice tonight," I tell her. "I can't make it."

She pouts in the most unattractive way possible. She's about to say something else when I spot my teammate and friend.

"There you are!" Nick shouts. "We've been looking for you everywhere."

He knew I needed saving from Amy; I didn't even have to try and explain.

I don't bother saying goodbye to Amy as I join his side.

"You look like s**t today."

I quirk a brow, "I'll still beat you at practice tonight even though I look and feel like shit."

He laughs, "We will just see about that."

"I'm skipping the rest of classes for the day," I informed him. "Cover for me while I'm not there."

He nods, "I'll see what I can do. Just don't skip practice even though you don't need it. We need you."

I shoved him into the classroom, and I could hear him laughing from the hallway.

What could I do for the rest of the day? Before I could answer my own question, I spot Scarlett by herself, and my lips curl into a smile. Despite everything, she still brought a smile to my face. I walked over to where she was standing reading a book and leaned against the wall next to her.

She jumps when she sees me, "why are you here?"

"I'm skipping classes for the day. Do you want to join me?" I ask, playfully.

She gapes at me, “Are you insane? I don’t skip classes; what makes you think I would do something like that with someone like you?”

“Ouch,” I whisper. “Don’t you realize that I have feelings? Your words are hurting me.”

She narrows her eyes, “Get out of my way, Carter. I’m late for class.”

“If you’re late, just skip it.” I try again.

I loved messing with her. Her cheeks always got red when she was pissed with me. I still remember the bruise I’d gotten on my lips from her punch. It was a mighty turn-on.

“Why won’t you just leave me alone?” She demands as she presses a finger against my chest.

I go completely still when she’s suddenly splashed with water. My eyes narrowed when I saw Amy with a bottle of water in her hand.

“How dare you speak to Carter like that, b***h?” She demands.

“What the f**k is wrong with you, Amy?” I growl.

I am surprised when Scarlett slaps her hard across her face without warning. I can’t stop the smile on my face.

“What the hell—” Amy doesn’t get to finish her sentence as Scarlett walks away, totally ignoring her.

I ran after her. “Scarlett!”

“Stop following me!” She hissed as she walked out of the academy.

I didn’t stop, I couldn’t stop. I had to make sure that she was alright.

“I’m sorry about Amy.” I apologize when she stops by her car. “I didn’t think she would do something like that. I’ll talk to her after this. This is the last time she will ever do something like that, I promise.”

Scarlett rolls her eyes and ignores me as she grabs the edge of her sweater and pulls it over her head. “I don’t need your help to deal with someone like Amy.”

She has clothes underneath, but that's not what catches my attention; it's the marks on her chest that make everything around me go completely dark. It was all I could see.

I feel everything around me begin to spin. Those were f*****g hickeys.

Hickeys?

What were they doing there on her body?

Where the f**k did she get those from?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 29 -

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I was pissed. I couldn't believe Amy just did that to me. I wasn't even after Carter. Why the hell was I her next target? She could have him.

I angrily searched the bag in the car for any spare clothes to wear over my tube top. I knew I should have something in here.

"What's that on your chest?" Carter asks suddenly, his tone is alarming.

Everything stills around me at that one question—my chest.

What was on my chest?

You're so freaking dumb, Scarlett!

How could I have forgotten about the love bites all over my chest?

I wore the damn thing to hide it in the first place. This was all Amy's fault. If she hadn't been such a jealous b***h, I wouldn't be in this position.

I hide my chest with my arms and stare at him with a blank look.

"Scarlett?" He calls my name with panic. "Where did you get those marks from?"

I could see his mind racing as he tried to combine two and two. He was trying to figure out if I had lied about last night.

Does this mean that he was indeed drunk the entire time? He wasn't messing with me earlier; he honestly couldn't remember what he had done.

I can see the shock and surprise on his face. I knew this was his genuine reaction.

"It's none of your business." I snap.

His gaze darkens to a dangerous shade. I gasped when he grabbed my shoulders, "Who did this to you?"

I'm surprised to see so much possessiveness in his eyes. This was not the Carter I was used to seeing. He's never acted this way in the past for my sister or any other woman. Why was he behaving this way for me?

"Scarlett," he growls. "Who the f**k put his mouth on your body?"

My lips part, and I try to catch my breath.

"You don't remember?" I ask him. "Were you drunk last night?"

For the first time since I knew Carter, I saw deep fear in his eyes. Why did my question terrify him?

"You didn't lock your windows, did you?" He whispers.

I bit down on my l*p hard, and he used his index finger to pull my l*p down from under my teeth.

"Answer me." He growls.

I slowly shook my head. "I didn't."

"Why did you not listen to me?" He demands. "I asked you to keep the blasted window closed. Why the f**k did you not listen to me, Scarlett?"

"Because I don't have to!" I shout. "I don't have to listen to every word that you say to me, Carter. You and I are not in a relationship and we are definitely not friends. I don't answer to you!"

“I don’t f*****g care about that Scarlett!” He shouts. “I said that for your safety.”

“My safety?” I demand. “What the hell are you trying to protect me from?”

He squeezes down on my shoulders and pulls me closer to him, “Me.”

“W-what?”

“I was trying to protect you from me.” He growls. “You have no f*****g clue what I’m capable of doing.”

On the contrary, I did. I was wide awake last night. I knew exactly what he was capable of doing.

“I know what you’re capable of, Carter.” I hiss. “Last night you. . .”

I can’t continue. I don’t know how to explain what happened.

His hands are on my neck, “tell me. What did I do to you, Scarlett?”

Why is he so scared? Why does he sound worried?

His eyes scan my body for more marks, and all I can do is stay completely still as he examines every inch of it.

“Tell me I didn’t hurt you.” He begs as he continues to scan me from head to toe.

His finger gently touches one of the marks on my chest, and I hold in the m**n that threatens to b***t free from my mouth.

Why did I love his touch so much? Why did I want even more?

“Please, Scarlett, please say something.”

I exhale slowly and look him directly in his eyes.

“You did not hurt me, Carter,” I assure him.

“But these marks—”

“You had no idea what you were doing. I won’t hold it against you. Let’s forget that it happened and move on with our lives.” I suggest.

He shook his head. "I can't. I'll worry every f*****g day for the rest of my life if I don't know what I did to you."

"This was all that happened," I promise him as I point to my chest. "Nothing else."

He looks genuinely shocked by my words. I don't think he even believes me. Did he think he wasn't capable of not hurting me?

What exactly was Carter terrified about? Why did he think that he did more than this to me? Why was he convinced he'd hurt me?

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 30 -

4 minutes read

~CARTER~

The one thing I was most terrified about took place last night. I broke free, and I went straight for Scarlett. I can't tell if she's lying or telling me the truth. I don't know if I did the worst thing possible to her or did not hurt her.

I press both thumbs on her cheeks and stare deeply into her confused eyes, "Are you telling the truth, Scarlett?"

Her lips parted slightly, and f**k me; I wanted to k**s her without caring about who would see.

"I am," she whispers. "You didn't do anything I didn't want you to do."

I take a deep breath and let go of her.

"What's going on, Carter?" She demands. "Why are you so worried that you did something to me?"

I run a hand down my face. I had to get out of here. I touched her last night. My marks were on her body. I knew Scarlett through Clara, and I f*****g know she's never been touched by a man until yesterday. I was the one who did those things to her last night, and I couldn't remember one f*****g thing.

My filthy hands had touched her.

I felt sick. I felt like burning my f*****g hands.

I don't remember k*****g her, nibbling on her skin, or leaving those marks. I don't know a single thing, and it was eating me up inside.

I was searching my mind, begging it to remember something, anything, just like all those other nights I woke up after a full moon with no memory of what I'd done. This time, it meant much more; I needed to know what the f**k I did.

I grab her waist and pull her towards me. "Promise me," I whisper. "Promise me that I didn't hurt you last night. Promise me, please."

Her eyes are wide, and she looks terrified as she stares at me.

"Scarlett," I whisper. "Promise me."

Her bottom l*p trembles as she whispers, "I promise."

I let go of a breath I wasn't aware I was holding onto.

I quickly remove my hands from her waist and look around us. Luckily, there wasn't anyone out here paying attention to us. I didn't need anyone to see those marks on her. I grabbed the bag from inside her car and angrily searched through it; there wasn't anything here to cover her.

I lift my hoodie off my body and throw it over hers. I don't bother waiting for her to say anything as I storm out of the parking lot. I ran onto the field and made a run for it. I don't know how long I stay running, but I don't even bother staying for practice. Instead, I head straight for my truck and leave the academy.

I don't stop the vehicle until I return home. My parents looked surprised to see me back so early. So does Alaric.

"Why are you here already?" He asks me. "Did something happen? Did someone from the academy approach you about last night?"

I'm breathing hard, and I can't stop myself as I angrily punch the wall in front of me.

"CARTER!" Alaric shouts. "What the f**k are you doing?"

"Son!" My mother and father shout at the same time.

Alaric grabs my hands and stops me from causing more harm to myself.

“I’m f*****g tired of this,” I growl. “How long must we go through this t*****e? How long must we be chained on every single full moon? And this time, those chains were not even enough to hold me! What’s going to happen if no chains can stop me from going out there?”

Alaric looks torn by my words. “What’s going on?” He demands. “I know it’s always been hard on you, like for everyone else, but you’ve always accepted it. Why are you suddenly so bothered? What happened, Carter?”

I swallow and close my eyes.

f**k this.

Why did it have to be her?

Why did I go after her last night?

She’s the one woman I wanted to protect from myself. Why the f**k did I go to her?

“Who did you hurt?” Alaric asks with concern in his eyes. “Was it Clara? Did you go after Clara?”

I can see the worry clear as day in his gaze.

I can see the worry clear as day in his gaze.

“Clara?” My mother asks. “Was it her?”

I shook my head. “You can both relax. It wasn’t her, but that doesn’t make it any better.”

“Then who was it?” Alaric demands. “Who could possibly make you react like this?”

I take a deep breath before I say in a quiet voice, “Scarlett.”

Everything goes completely silent after that one word.

“Scarlett Mae?” Alaric asks for confirmation.

I nod.

“H-her sister?” My mother asks in disbelief. “You went after Clara’s sister last night?”

I felt even worse than my mother’s panicked voice.

“I can’t believe this.” She whispers. “This is just horrible. We must go over there and apologize to them both Carter. We can’t leave things like this.”

“How can we do that?” I ask her. “How can we apologize when they don’t know anything about this curse? It doesn’t look like Clara knows anything. I don’t think Scarlett told anyone. According to her, I didn’t take things far.”

Alaric takes a step closer to me, “you didn’t do it?”

I shook my head. “I don’t know if to believe her, but I don’t think she would lie over something this serious. She said that I didn’t hurt her, and I want to believe her.”

Her reassurance was the only thing keeping me sane right now.

“But that doesn’t make any sense,” Alaric mutters more to himself. “I’ve done some f****d up things because of this curse, and each time, I ended up f*****g my target. How is it possible that you didn’t take things too far with her, and you have less experience than I with this curse?”

I run a hand down my face. “I don’t know Alaric. I can’t say. All I know is that this can’t f*****g happen again. I don’t care what must be done to stop me. I can’t break loose and put Scarlett or anyone else’s life in danger again.”