

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 51 -

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

He steps towards me, and I'm tempted to take one back. I stay completely still, however.

"I had to see you, Scarlett." He confesses.

My heart skips a beat, and I try to ignore it.

"Why?" I whisper. I can't even recognize my own voice. It was unfamiliar to me.

He swallows hard, "I want to k**s you again."

My eyes widen at his confession. I could feel my cheeks turn red. How could he say something like that so freely?

"I can't get your f*****g taste out of my head." He keeps going. "I want to feel your soft body—"

I press my finger to his lips. "What do you think you're doing?" I demand. "You can't say those things here."

He takes my finger off his mouth and pulls me closer, "Then go somewhere with me tonight."

His eyes trapped me; they made me feel like I was no longer standing; they made me feel the most alive I've ever felt in my entire life.

I felt butterflies in my stomach. They were stupid butterflies that didn't understand he was trying to set us up. They were stupid butterflies that didn't get that Carter was a player and knew how to win the game.

It all started when my sister asked me to make Carter fall in love with me. I'd succeeded in making myself fall in love with him instead.

I did love him. I was crazy in love with Carter. It was the only explanation for my odd behavior. Only love could make me this stupid for someone like him.

His earlier question replays in my head.

“Where?” I ask him cautiously.

He cups my cheek in the palm of his hand, “anywhere. It doesn’t matter as long as it’s with you.”

Stupid, stupid heart.

“Okay.”

Did I agree to this without knowing where he would be carrying me? I shouldn’t be agreeing on going anywhere with Carter. Even after learning the obvious, I still find myself walking with him.

He opened the truck’s door for me, and I quietly got inside.

I was insane. I was losing my mind.

I get chills when he enters after me, the good kind.

Carter keeps driving for over an hour before he finally stops somewhere.

I knew where this was almost instantly.

“Why are we here?” I ask him.

“I want to take you for a ride in my yacht.” He answers me.

My lips part, “Look, Carter, if this is something you do just to get all of your girls to sleep with you, know that I’m nothing like them. You won’t get me to sleep with you by doing things like this.”

He gets out of his truck and opens my door for me. He leans closer and removes my seatbelt; his scent immediately makes me dizzy.

“I don’t bring girls to my yacht.” He answers me. “You’re the first one, I promise.”

Now, I knew this had to be a lie. He expected me to believe he never brought a girl here, and he was known for his player ways.

“You don’t have to lie to me.” I snap.

His hands close around my waist as he helps me down from his truck. I bit back the sigh from having his hands on me even though he quickly let go of me as soon as my feet hit the ground.

“You can ask around. I’ve never brought a girl here.” He repeats, then softer, “until now.”

Stop it; I want to scream at my heart. Stop beating for him!

He guides me to the yacht, and the entire staff awaits us. I gasped at how beautiful it was. There were roses everywhere.

Did he do all of this for me? How long was he planning this for? When I asked him where he wanted to carry me, nothing about his yacht was mentioned. Was he positive that I wouldn’t have turned him down?

I look at the waitress, “Is it true he’s never brought another girl here?”

She looks startled by my question. Carter had just left me alone to speak with the rest of the crew to ensure everything was okay.

“It’s okay; I won’t tell him I spoke to you,” I assure her.

She shook her head, “It’s okay. You can tell him because you’re the first girl he’s brought here. I promise you.”

My lips part, and this time, there’s no telling my heart what to do.

When Carter returns, it’s hard to hide my happiness from him.

I shouldn’t be this happy. I shouldn’t feel this good. It makes me feel horrible. I was a traitor. My sister would hate me for all of this.

“I know you won’t want to stay out late; I’ll take you back home in less than three hours.” He tells me.

Hopefully, Clara will fall asleep and forget about me. I didn’t want her to start searching for me.

“Why are you doing this, Carter?” I whisper. “Is it all just a game for you?”

It’s not like he would openly admit it to me, but I still wanted to ask.

He moves closer to me, "I wish this were all just a game, Scarlett, I do."

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 52 -

5 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I believed him. For some strange reason, I believed Carter. I knew I would regret it eventually, but just for tonight, I wanted to let myself believe that he was telling the truth.

"Your eyes are brighter than usual tonight," he whispers. "I like seeing it like this. It was already the most beautiful eyes I'd ever seen; now they're out of this world."

Damn it.

He was good. Carter was good at making my toes curl in my shoes.

He holds my hand and takes me into a room. "If you don't want to stay inside, let me know, I'll take us back out."

I swallow. If I stayed in here with him, things might happen between us. But would that be so bad?

Yes, Scarlett. It would.

"I'm okay here," I assure him despite the uncomfortable feeling in my chest.

I look around the room nervously. I wasn't sure if this was the right thing to do. This entire night, I've been making decisions I wasn't comfortable with.

I look at the breathtaking man in front of me.

He did this to me. Only Carter could make me make stupid, irrational decisions.

"Why did you cheat on my sister?" I ask him. I needed a distraction, and I had to know the truth. I was hoping he wasn't the total a*****e that we all thought he was. There could never be any reason that would make me forgive his actions, but I still had to know.

His jaw clenches, “it’s not something I want to talk about, Scarlett,” he tells me. “I’m sorry.”

I frown, “you broke her heart. She loved you and only you. Yet, you did the worst thing possible to her. She still hasn’t recovered from it. And you have nothing to say to defend yourself?” I demand.

His eyes look like they’re in pain.

“I don’t know who’s worse between us,” I confess. “You broke her heart, and now I’m going to break hers by doing so many things with you behind her back. I’ve never been this close to another man, and somehow, I chose you out of everyone else. I chose the man that broke my sister’s heart. I can never forgive myself for this, Carter. I hate myself, and I hate you for making me do things like this.”

He takes a few steps toward me and stops a few inches away, “this isn’t exactly easy for me either, Scarlett. There are things about me that I can never tell you. I know I’m wrong for you in every way possible, but still, I look forward to seeing you every single day. I can’t explain it. All I know is that I must k**s you right now, or I will lose my f*****g mind.”

“Then k**s me,” I whisper. I couldn’t believe I’d said those words. I felt like someone else had taken over my body, and I had no control over it.

I don’t think Carter expected it either. He looks surprised at first but it doesn’t last long.

Without warning, he buries his hand in my hair and crashes his lips against mine. I m**n against his mouth, unable to hide how much I craved this.

He breaks the k**s to whisper into my ear, “I’m sorry, Scarlett. This isn’t enough for me. I need more of you. If I don’t get more of you tonight, I’m not going to f*****g survive.”

I don’t protest when his hands slide up my thighs, “I’ve never wanted so much from another woman in the past, Scarlett. You’re the only one that makes me feel this way. I don’t know how to f*****g explain it, but I need this, I need you.”

It was all a lie; I knew he was lying to me. I knew this was all his plan to get under my clothing. I knew it all, but still, I let him touch me.

My foolish, foolish heart.

I gasp when his hand gets under my dress and inches closer to my core.

My eyes roll back into my head when his finger gently rubs the sensitive spot between my legs.

“f**k Scarlett.” He growls. “I want to rip every piece of clothing off your body and bury myself inside you.”

I gasped at his dirty words. I thought I’d hated them in the past, but it was quite the opposite. I loved it when Carter spoke dirty to me. I wished that I was the only girl he spoke this way with. However, I knew that was impossible with his insane record.

I bit my l*p when he pulled my panties down my legs. He’s a lot gentler than I expected.

He presses his forehead against mine as his finger grazes my opening. I force myself to stop the scream that threatens to escape my mouth.

Carter doesn’t realize how much my body responds to him. He doesn’t realize that no other man could ever get to see this side of me.

He picks me up and puts me on top of a table. I suddenly feel shy when he spreads my legs wide.

“f**k f**k f**k!”

The look in his eyes and the hunger in his voice almost sends me over the edge. It somehow makes me more confident.

His eyes are glued to my p***y as he watches his finger slowly slide into me. He never takes his eyes away. I watch as he swallows hard before closing his eyes. It looks like he’s trying to find the strength to stop.

I didn’t want him to stop.

I grab his hand when he tries to pull away, and his eyes flash open. There’s a dangerous yet excited look in them. They make me feel wild and free.

I cry out when I push his finger back into me.

“Scar—” his eyes are wide, “MOTHERFUCKER!”

He pulls it back out and pushes it back in harder. When that doesn’t seem like enough, he pulls his finger out once more.

Without warning, he pushes my legs further apart and buries his face against my p***y.

“CARTER!” I scream. I can feel his tongue sliding into me.

It’s unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

I bury my hands into his hair and feel my legs tremble uncontrollably. It felt amazing and too much all at the same time. I didn’t know if to pull him closer or push him away.

A loud sound makes us both pause.

It took me a while to realize that it was my phone ringing.

I quickly pull apart from Carter and pull my phone out of my purse. I look down at the caller ID and gasp when I see Clara’s number. It was like a cold splash of water on my face.

I can’t answer her, not after what I’ve just done. I immediately regret everything. It’s the worst I’ve ever felt.

Carter is staring at me and he can sense the shift in my mood almost immediately.

“Please, take me back home,” I beg him. “This was a mistake. I need to get home now.”

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 53 -

5 minutes read

~CARTER~

I’d f*****g messed up.

I should have never dated Clara. I should have never started something with her that I knew I wouldn't be able to finish.

Scarlett felt guilty; I could sense her guilt the entire drive back home to her house. I didn't want to make her feel like this. But I also didn't want to let her go. At least not yet. I knew one day I'd have to gain the strength to stay away from her, but I wasn't ready for it yet. I needed more time with her. I was hoping that she would give it to me.

"I'm sorry if I did something you weren't comfortable with." I apologize. Even though I f*****g enjoyed every second of our time in my yacht, I would never touch her again if I knew that she didn't want it also.

She doesn't answer me. Instead, she looks out the window at her house. We'd just pulled up to it.

"I want to make it up to you." I continue.

"Carter," she whispers. "Please stop."

It's all she says to me before she opens the door and rushes back into her home.

I clench my jaw as I watch her leave.

f**k.

I want to run after her.

I want to speak to Clara and tell her I was f*****g crazy about her sister. I wanted to beg her not to blame Scarlett and put all blame on me.

However, I knew that I couldn't. If I did, Scarlett would hate me for the rest of her life.

I press my head against the steering wheel.

What was the right move to make? How did I make this work between us?

.....

~SCARLETT~

The next day, my heart is full of memories of my night with Carter. I knew I told him that it was a mistake, but I couldn't hide my true feelings, at least not when I felt like this. I haven't left my bed since I woke up an hour ago.

I'm smiling to myself when my sister barges into my room.

The look of disbelief in her eyes immediately frightens me.

"What's wrong?" I ask her hesitantly.

"What is this?" She asks as she shows me her phone.

I took one look at the picture in front of me and felt all of the blood leave my face.

It was a picture of Carter and me on his yacht.

Oh no.

No, no, no.

"Clara, I can—"

"I can't believe this." She whispers.

"Wait, let me—"

"Carter took you to his yacht! That's amazing. I was right; he's falling in love with you. He hasn't done this for anyone before. You're the first."

It took me a second to realize she was happy about those pictures. Why wasn't she mad at me? When I came home last night, I never mentioned that I was with Carter.

Why was she reacting like this? She should be mad at me. She should be upset. She should be disappointed in me. Why was she happy?

I frown, "you're not upset that I didn't mention it to you?"

She smiles, "You don't have to report everything to me, Scarlett. I know that you're already sacrificing so much for me. Of course, I'm not upset. I'm happy to know that my plan is working. I can't wait for the day Carter's heart breaks like mine when I found out he was cheating on me."

I bit my l*p hard.

How could I break his heart when I was in love with him? If I broke his heart, I would also break mine.

I couldn't do this anymore. I couldn't betray my sister like this, and I didn't want to break Carter's heart either.

I had to stop this now before it was too late.

I knew Carter would be at the academy today for reasons that didn't have anything to do with classes.

There was no reason to attend the academy today, but I knew I had to see him. I couldn't risk him coming to my home again.

"There is something I must do today," I inform my sister. "I won't be long. We can go out somewhere later, just the two of us."

Maybe tonight, I could find the strength to tell her what I'd done.

After I said goodbye to my parents, I let our driver take me to the academy. It doesn't take me long to get there. The second I'm out of the car, I'm already searching everywhere for Carter.

I bit my l*p when I saw him exiting the field. He must have just finished practice. He looks surprised to see me.

He walks straight towards me without either of us saying a word to each other.

I don't waste any time pulling him into an empty classroom.

Before I can say anything, he grabs me by my waist, shoves me against the wall, and crashes his lips to mine. I gasp against his mouth. I didn't think I would ever do something like this at the academy, but I couldn't stop as I wrapped my arms around his neck and k****d him back.

He breaks the k**s to press his mouth against my neck, "I'm sorry, Scarlett," he apologizes. "I have no control around you. I feel like k*****g you every time I see you."

I fight back the tears as I push him away from me.

“This has to stop Carter,” I tell him. “I can’t keep doing this, not when you dated Clara. She’s my sister, and I’m breaking her trust every second I spend with you behind her back. She means everything to me, and even though we weren’t the closest in the past, she’s still my sister, my blood, and I can’t hurt her like this.”

His eyes look devastated at my words. He knew exactly what I was trying to do.

“No,” he immediately tries to stop me. “You can’t do this now. We’re in too deep, Scarlett.”

“I have no other choice!” I exclaim. “I won’t do this anymore, so please, don’t make this harder. Stay as far away from me as possible. Don’t do things like this anymore. Let’s not speak to each other, I beg of you.”

I was breaking my own heart with each word that came out of my mouth.

“You can’t be serious about this.” He says in disbelief. “After last night, I thought things were good between us. I thought you were willing to give this a chance.”

I shook my head, “those pictures today, Clara saw them. She knows I was in that yacht with you, and I never said a single word to her about us. Thankfully, she didn’t think much of it, but I’m unwilling to take that risk again.”

His eyes narrow, “I’ll remove every single one of those pictures, and I’ll find the people that leaked it; I will make them pay, I promise you.”

“It wouldn’t change a single thing, don’t you get it?” I demand. “This is wrong. Us, it’s wrong.”

He closes his eyes and turns away from me. I flinch when he slams his fist against the desk before him. He doesn’t say anything to me as he storms out of the classroom.

I fell back against a chair and buried my face in my hands. That was one of the hardest things I’d ever had to do.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 54 -

5 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

It was Autumn's wedding day, and we were in the Fawn's yacht, but all I could think about was Carter. He didn't try once to contact me since I asked him to stay away.

I knew I was the one who told him not to approach me, but part of me thought he would have tried to fight more. It meant that I wasn't that important to him, to begin with.

I try to distract myself by focusing on Anya and Atticus. He was married to Autumn, but Anya was all up in his face. It was disgusting.

"Can you believe them?" Clara asks me in disbelief. "Autumn deserves so much better than this. Why are men such assholes? All of them remind me of Carter and his dirty ways."

I try not to be affected by my sister's words. I didn't want to say anything awful about him. I was already in too deep.

"Scarlett?" She calls my name. I look at her, and I think she can see the guilt in my eyes.

"What's wrong?" She asks.

"Nothing." I lie. "I'm just worried about Autumn."

Clara nods, "she looks beautiful tonight. We should go congratulate her and give her our support."

I nod in agreement. She would need more than our support tonight.

"Autumn!" I shout her name as we approach her. When she spots us, her face immediately brightens. I was happy that we could bring some comfort to her.

"Congratulations on your wedding!" We scream as we pull her in for a hug. "We're so happy for you."

"But we have noticed Anya all up in your husband's space. She needs a reality check." I point out. "If you want, I'll give it to her."

"There is no need for any of that," She informs me.

“And here he comes,” Clara warns us.

I follow her gaze, and to my surprise, Atticus has just joined us. “Autumn.” He greets her, ignoring the rest of us. “Do you want to join us? We’re at the front of the yacht.”

“She’s good here with us.” I step in.

“Right,” Atticus says. “Aren’t you the one that let her get drunk that night at the beach? I think you were drunk as well.”

I give him a thumbs up, “at least you have a good memory. Hopefully, you remember that you’re married to Autumn and not Anya.”

I enjoyed messing with him. He deserved it after what he was doing to Autumn. She was too sweet for him.

His jaw clenches, “are you coming with me?” He asks as he returns his attention to Autumn.

“I’ll come in a bit.” She answers him after much thought.

He doesn’t look pleased with her response, but he doesn’t try to change her mind.

“I hope you’re not going to get her drunk again,” Atticus warns us. “There are many guests here. I would hate for there to be a repeat of last time.”

“Don’t you worry.” Clara cuts in. “We will take good care of her.”

He looks hesitant to leave, but he finally does.

I make sure to wave at him as he leaves. He could go back to Anya if he pleased. We would keep Autumn with us as long as she wanted to stay.

I watch as Anya goes straight to Atticus the second he returns. She’s already flirting and touching him inappropriately. She’s acting like he’d married her instead of Autumn.

I roll my eyes, “now I want to get you drunk tonight.”

She laughs, “As much as I’d love to help you piss him off, I don’t think that’s a good idea. He’s right; there are many important guests present tonight. My

parents are here as well. I don't want to get into another argument with them because of my actions."

"I understand," I tell her. "But if you ever change your mind, the bottle isn't far away. It will help ease all your stress. Clara always told me how good it made her feel, but I only got to experience it at the beach that day. Though, the next day, all the pain comes rushing back in."

She looks a little lost before she speaks again.

"Thank you for coming," she thanked us. "I'm happy to see you both here. I've been feeling a bit depressed, but you have brightened up my night. There's just something about the both of you; I always feel better around you."

At first, I had no intention of coming because of my situation with Carter. However, I knew I wanted to be here to support her, and I was glad I made the right decision tonight.

"We weren't missing it; we promised to be your friends. We're just keeping that promise." I assure her. "And we're just as happy to spend more time with you. We should meet up after this. The academy is about to resume; we can plan something then."

"We're happy to be here, Autumn," Clara adds while pouring herself a drink. "Are you sure you girls don't want to join me?"

"Maybe one drink won't hurt," Autumn says as she accepts the glass from Clara. I knew she was hurting. I knew her heart was in pain. We were both in pain, but for different reasons. Autumn had married into a loveless marriage. I, on the other hand, had fallen in love with a man I could never be with.

Clara keeps pouring drinks for Autumn and herself. I was trying not to drink as much; I was afraid I would spill too much to my sister. I couldn't risk telling her the truth in a drunken state.

"Cheers to your marriage!" I mumble as I clash our glasses together and pretend to drink. "May Atticus open his eyes and notice the gem in front of him before it's too late!"

Clara sighs, "Men do mess everything up."

I can't hide the guilt from my face at her words. Men weren't the only ones that messed everything up. I had also messed up. So badly that I was scared to tell my sister the truth.

"Who does she think she is anyway?" Clara asks. "Her relationship with Atticus was over when he agreed to marry you. You need to go there and show her that he's your husband."

"I agree," I shout. "Go and do something that proves he's yours."

"I'm going over there," Autumn says suddenly.

We were delighted to see the determination in her eyes. That was her husband. Anya would have to learn that today.

"Let's cheer for her," Clara tells me. She doesn't need to tell me twice. We both cheer loudly, supporting her as much as we can.

When she's a reasonable distance away, I turn to Clara with every intention of telling her the truth.

"Seeing Autumn this hurt reminds me of everything Carter put me through." She says before I can say anything.

I bit my lip to prevent myself from responding.

"I'm so happy you're helping me get my revenge Scarlett." She tells me for the hundredth time. "I'm sorry for dragging you into this mess with me. I know it's petty of me to want this so badly. I want him to feel some remorse. I want him to feel pain. I know it makes me a horrible person, but I can't help how I feel."

I can't tell her, not when she's like this. She was also drunk and probably wouldn't remember anything I said to her tonight.

"Clara," I whisper. "Is Carter really such a horrible person? Could there be a good reason that he broke up with you?"

She takes another sip of her drink. "What do you mean? What possible reason could make anyone cheat? He's an a*s and always will be one."

I flinch once more. She was convinced that he was a horrible person.

I couldn't tell her. At least not tonight.

I had to wait for the right opportunity to spill the truth finally.

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 55 -

3 minutes read

~CARTER~

f*****g hell. That's what it felt like without seeing or hearing from Scarlett. At first, I didn't want to do what she begged me to do. I wanted to keep fighting. I wanted to tell her that I f*****g needed her more than I ever needed another woman in my life.

But the reality of my life made me realize that it was for the best. Because I cared for Scarlett, I wanted to do what would be best for her. I wanted her to be safe from me. I wanted her never to find out about my secret.

It was better for things to end now than end the way my brother's marriage did. His marriage still wasn't entirely over, they were still in the middle of getting a divorce, but it was a f*****g messy one.

She never tried contacting me, not even once. Since the academy was closed for a little while, I didn't even have the opportunity to see her. Instead, I remained completely miserable at home with not one s**t to do.

I didn't want to play any game; I didn't want to go out and f**k around. I was stuck to my bed like a teenage girl who'd just gotten her heart ripped into tiny pieces by a complete a*****e.

I did have the opportunity to see her in pictures at Autumn and Atticus's wedding. They weren't exactly my friends, more like enemies. We hardly got along with the Fawns, but Scarlett seemed to like them. The only Fawn I could tolerate was Griffin; everyone else was a pain in my a*s.

She looked breathtaking in those pictures and not at all bothered that we weren't seeing each other anymore. In fact, I seemed like the one having the most pain.

My room door flew open suddenly, and my brother was standing a few feet away from my bed.

"Are you never leaving this room?" Alaric asks me.

I sigh, "That's the plan."

He takes a deep breath, "Come on Carter. I hate seeing you like this. Let's play some game, anything at all, to ease the pain."

I frown, "how do you know I'm in pain?"

He chuckles, "Your face mirrors my own. I know how to hide it better than you."

"Ha." I fake laugh. "You're better at hiding it than I am? In what universe is that true, brother?"

He smiles, "I'm not the one locked up in my room with no intention of doing anything to fix his situation. I'm still fighting back. What are you doing?"

I clench my jaw, "why don't you leave me the f**k alone?"

"Because you're my brother." He answers me. "I have to be your support when you feel like you have no one else. That's my job as the eldest."

I try not to get emotional at his words, but I finally force myself to get up.

He wraps one arm around me and squeezes my shoulder. "You did the right thing. You were once with Clara, and you broke her beautiful heart; if you continued to sneak around with Scarlett, it would have destroyed their sister bond. Besides, marriage truly isn't for us. I know I said differently in the past, but I would hate to see the same thing that happened to me happen to you as well."

A part of me still wanted to believe that there would be a chance for Scarlett and me. A part of me didn't want to give up on us.

"You know Carter," he continues. "I think you're in love."

I freeze at his words.

I-in love?

That's impossible. I couldn't be in love. I've never been in love. I'm incapable of loving anyone.

"That's not possible."

He nods, "I think it is. I didn't think it was possible for me to fall in love with someone when I couldn't have a mate, but somehow, I fell hard for Nicole. I've never seen you react this way to another woman in the past. I see love and pain in your eyes."

I shook my head, "You're wrong, brother. I care deeply for Scarlett, but I do not love her. I would do f*****g anything for her happiness, but that doesn't mean that I'm in love with her, and that's the truth."

He sighs, "You know your feelings better than I do; you don't need to get defensive. I was pointing out what I think I saw in you."

I nod, "I understand, but don't say that again. I can't love. Loving is impossible for someone like me. I don't deserve love. This curse, it's the f*****g worst. Someone with a curse like this doesn't deserve to be loved. I don't ever want to destroy an innocent girl's life. I don't ever want to fall in love, and I don't want anyone to fall in love with me. No one deserves to have a man like me. No one."

Scarlett could do much better than me. She deserved so much more.

I close my eyes to hide the pain.

One day, she would find someone good for her. One day, she would belong to someone else. One day, Scarlett would find her mate and forget all about me.