

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 71 -

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

It's been a week since I learned I was pregnant—an entire week. Every day, I looked forward to seeing Carter, but he never showed up. He wasn't at the academy for an entire week, and I didn't know why. Not seeing him was hard; it was the one thing I kept looking forward to. Each day, I was left disappointed. The last time I saw him was when I found out I was pregnant.

His family threw a party just last night, and I was hurt to know that he was back to his normal ways. Maybe that's why he wasn't showing up to the academy. He was too busy partying and hooking up with random girls.

I stare at the bump in my tummy. It was growing bigger with each day.

I knew that it was time I told my parents the truth. I didn't want to hide it from them anymore.

I didn't want to tell them what I'd done, but I never liked keeping secrets, especially from them. I knew that, eventually, I wouldn't be able to hide this. It was better to get it out in the open now than later.

Clara meets me outside their bedroom door. She promised to help me through it. She knew as well as I did that our parents would not take this news well.

When we open the door, they're both seated at their desk, reading.

My mother looks up at us first.

"Both of you here, at the same time, is something going on?" She asks.

"Mom," I whisper. "Dad. There is something that I have to tell the both of you. I'm begging you, please do not get angry."

I knew they would, but I just had to say it. I also wanted them to know that this wouldn't be something either of them wanted to hear.

"What's this about?" My father asks me as he gets up from his chair.

I can see the concern in his eyes. He knows this is serious. I hate that I had to do this to them. They trusted me.

I bit my lip and looked to Clara for support. She smiles at me and squeezes my hand.

I try to breathe through the nervousness. It wasn't helping, not in the least.

"You can tell us anything." My mother assured me.

"I'm pregnant." I blurt out without thinking. I just wanted to get it over with.

There's complete silence as both of my parents look at each other. The silence is uncomfortable, and I can't tell what either of them was thinking. Clara looks at me, seeing the panic in my eyes. She's about to open her mouth when they do something neither of us expected.

They double over in laughter.

I frowned.

What was so funny?

Did they not think that I was serious? I should have known I would have to explain at first that this wasn't a joke.

"You've never had sex; how can you be pregnant?" My mother asks me. "We know that there isn't a single guy you're interested in. You're our innocent bookworm, Scarlett. You expect us to believe that someone got you pregnant? Please come with a better prank than this, girls."

"It truly was funny." My father chuckles. "What a joke."

"I agree." My mother laughs.

I expected many reactions from my parents, but this was not one of them.

How could they not take me seriously?

"It is true, Mom," Clara tells her. "She is pregnant. It's not a joke."

They look at each other for a second time, and I can feel the tension enter the room. They finally understood that I was serious and not playing a prank on them.

“What?” My mother gasps. “You’re serious?”

“Scarlett?” My dad asked me for confirmation.

“It’s true,” I whisper. “I’m pregnant.”

“Pregnant?” My father roars. “By who?”

I wince at his tone.

“Who got my daughter pregnant?” My mother gasps.

“Who is it, Scarlett?” My father demands. “What scumbag got you pregnant without marrying you first? Who would be so foolish to mess with my daughter?”

I look at Clara with panic in my eyes. I didn’t want to tell them. I hadn’t even told Carter yet. If I told them, there’s no telling what they would do to him.

“Scarlett!” My father roars. “If you don’t tell me this instance, I will do everything in my power to find out, and when I do—”

“It’s Carter P-prince.” I stutter.

“A PRINCE?” He roars.

“Did you just say, Carter?” My mother asks in disbelief. “The same Carter that broke Clara’s heart?”

I nod, “Yes, mom. It’s the same Carter Prince that you know of.”

“How dare he mess with my both daughters?” My father demands. I could feel the anger radiating off him.

“Why did you do something like that, Scarlett?” My mother asks in disbelief. “After everything he did to your sister, why would you still have s*x with him?”

My bottom l*p trembles as I say, “I don’t know, Mom. I fell in love with him. . .”

“It’s my fault.” Clara cuts in. “I had this dumb revenge plan, and I wanted Scarlett to help me. She flirted with him because I asked her to. I didn’t realize until late that I was making a mistake.”

“I’m not going to sit back and let him get away with this.” My father shouts. “Get my car ready!”

My eyes widen, “where are you going, father?”

“To pay Carter and his parents a visit.”

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~CARTER~

“You s**k,” Blaze says as he throws the ball into my chest.

My brothers were trying to cheer me up. I was forced to play this game with them, and I was losing miserably. It was intentional. I wasn’t even trying.

“Since when did you become so boring?” Cole asks me.

“Stop messing with him.” Alaric defends me like he always does.

I didn’t want to win. I wasn’t trying to.

One week. An entire week without seeing Scarlett. It was f*****g t*****e, just like I knew it would have been. Nothing in the world could make this easier for me.

“She keeps looking for you, you know,” Ares says suddenly.

The ball falls from my hand, and I slowly turn to look at him.

“Every day, when she sees anyone associated with you, she searches for you.” He continues. “And then her eyes are filled with disappointment when she doesn’t see you.”

My jaw clenches.

Alaric glares at him and shoves the ball into his chest. He didn't want us to speak about Scarlett; he knew what the situation was doing to me. He doesn't realize that I lived for these conversations. I held onto any news about her.

"Have you—" my voice breaks a little. "Have you been looking after her?"

He nods. "Just like you asked. No one is bullying her. They've all stopped talking about the big incident."

Good.

It's the only reason I agreed to stay away from the academy for a week. I had my brothers looking after her from afar.

An uncomfortable silence follows for a few seconds before Apollo throws the ball into my hands.

"Back to the game." He tells me. "We were winning."

My hands tighten on the ball. Before I can throw it, Violet walks out of the house and looks directly at me.

"We have company." She informs us.

"We always have company; as long as it isn't Nicole, we're fine," I respond.

The last person I wanted to see today was my brother's wife. We had enough problems to deal with; we didn't need her adding to the t*****e.

"I don't think you'll be fine when you find out who's here, Carter." She disagrees.

I pause with the ball in my hand. "Why do you say that?"

"Because the people here are girls you've messed around with." She answers me. "And their parents are here with them. I think you're in trouble."

Two girls?

"What?"

"Who is it?" Alaric asks her.

“Clara and Scarlett.” She answers him.

Scarlett?

My eyes widen, and it takes a while for my body to catch up with my mind. What was she doing here?

I rush out of the backyard and into the house. If Violet were messing with me, she would not hear the end of this.

I rush into the hallway with my brothers right behind me.

“Where are they?” I demand from Violet.

“They’ve just arrived.” She answers me. “They’re still at the entrance.”

I rushed towards the front of the house and held my breath when I saw Scarlett. She was here.

Violet was telling the truth. They were both here.

So were their parents.

Why was everyone here? They’ve never visited my home all together like this before. It’s the first time.

Something must be wrong. Why else would they be here? Scarlett made it clear that she never wanted to speak to me again. What would force her to come here?

What was happening?

Was I still dreaming about her? If it was a dream, I didn’t want to wake up. I wanted to look at her more.

I take a step forward, and in that second, her father’s eyes fall on me. I’ve never seen someone look at me with such hatred in my life. In that second, I knew that he’d come here for me. He must have found out that I’d slept with Scarlett. He was here to punish me. I’d gladly take any punishment he had to give to me. I deserved the worst possible pain for hurting her.

“You!” He roars.

None of us are prepared when he runs up to me and grabs me by my collar.

“HOW DARE YOU!” He shouts.

“What the hell is going on here?” Alaric demands.

My parents hear the commotion and run over to us.

“What is this about?” My father roars as he sees what’s happening.

“Get your hands off my son!” My mother shouts.

“Dad!” Scarlett cries. “Please stop this!”

“No!” Her father shouts. “He ruined your honor. He took advantage of your innocence and then dumped you like you were garbage. I said nothing when you hurt my Clara, even though it killed me inside, but what you did to Scarlett is even worse. I will not sit back and let you get away with it this time!”

“Dad!” Scarlett tries again.

“Stop interfering!” He scolds her. “He needs to pay for what he did.”

“What did he do?” My mother demands.

Even now, she never knew all the details about Scarlett and me. But she was about to find out today.

“He got my daughter pregnant!”

A deadly silence followed.

Confusion. Pain. Shock. They were all emotions swirling through my veins.

I looked down at my hands, they were shaking uncontrollably.

P-pregnant?

Scarlett was pregnant?

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~SCARLETT~

My eyes are wide. My father just informed Carter and his entire family that I was pregnant with his baby.

The silence is unbearable as I wait for someone to say something.

There are looks of shock throughout the room. No one was expecting him to say something like that.

“Did you say he got Scarlett pregnant?” Carter’s mother asks. “Not Clara? Scarlett?”

His mother’s reaction tells me that Carter never told her about us. She looked surprised that we were even that close to each other.

“Carter.” His father growls. “Is this true?”

I don’t think he’s listening to him. Carter’s lost in his own world. His face is white, and he looks like someone who’d just been given the worst news possible.

Did the news of my pregnancy really make him feel so horrible?

Why was I even expecting a different reaction? Carter didn’t even want me. He used me to get his way and disposed of me when he was finished. Of course, he wouldn’t be happy with this news.

It turns out that Carter actually cared more for Clara than all of us thought. He didn’t even touch her, not once. He made sure to protect her from his player ways. But with me, he took all that I had to offer him. He took all of me and left me completely broken without him.

“Don’t ask him.” My father shouts. “My daughter wouldn’t lie about something like that. He’s the father of her unborn child! He took advantage of my daughter’s innocence and must now own up to his awful behavior!”

“Carter?” His mother tries again.

He ignores her and surprises all of us when he removes my father's hands from his collar and walks over to me. He doesn't stop until he's inches away from my body.

His eyes are glued to mine, and even now, I'm still happy to be this close to him despite everything that happened between us. It's been too long since the last time I saw him.

"Is it true?" He whispers. I can barely recognize his voice.

I don't open my mouth to say a single word. I'm still trapped under his gaze. He's searching my face, waiting for me to give him an answer.

"Did I?" He closes his eyes briefly before opening them again to reveal raw pain. "Did I get you pregnant, Scarlett?"

My lower lip trembles as I slowly nod my head to give him the confirmation that he needs.

His hands tighten into fists at his sides, and he looks angry. Did he think that I came here to trap him? Did he think I would use this as an opportunity to force him to take care of me and our baby?

He was utterly wrong if he thought I would ever stoop that low!

"You don't owe me anything," I tell him. "This is my baby. I can take care of my baby on my own. You don't need to support me. You don't need to be there for me. I don't need anything from you."

"Scarlett!" My father roars. "Do not let him get away with what he did to you. He must support you. He cannot get away with it!"

"Father, please," I beg him. "We can have this discussion at home. Carter didn't force me to do anything I didn't want to do. I know you're angry, but please don't force me to be here. I want to go home."

"If Carter did this," his mother cuts in. "Then he must take responsibility for his actions. We didn't raise our son to be irresponsible. We will support Scarlett through the entire pregnancy."

"Mrs. Sonia, I know that you want to do the right thing, but I do not want to force Carter to do something he doesn't want to do," I inform her. "The only

reason he knows that I'm pregnant today is because of my father. I never planned on telling him anything. He clarified to me that what happened between us was a mistake. I do not need him."

It was a lie. It wasn't easy without him, but I wasn't about to admit it in front of him. He'd hurt me too much. Even now, he was still hurting me.

"But sweetie," his mother tries again. "Our son got you pregnant. It's our grandchild. Our first grandchild. We want to have him in our life. We want to have you in our life also."

"He doesn't want our baby." My voice broke when I said those words. "I do not want my baby to grow up in a home where his father doesn't want him."

Carter's head snaps up at my words. It's hard to read the expression on his face as he announces, "I will marry Scarlett tomorrow." He pauses before he looks me directly in my eyes and says, "She will be my wife."

He will do w-what?

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3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

"Marry me?" I ask him.

There's no possible way that I'd just heard him correctly. Carter would never willingly agree to marry me.

He nods and turns to my father. "I will marry Scarlett. It's my promise to you and her."

No.

I will not allow this, not like this.

"You don't want to be with me. Why will you marry me?" I demand. "You made it clear to me that everything that happened between us was a mistake, Carter. You made it clear that we should continue to keep our distance. Why are you suddenly suggesting marriage?"

I didn't feel like having this conversation in front of our families, but I didn't have a choice. Our families were involved in our relationship now. We were in too deeply. It didn't just concern us alone anymore.

"Scarlett, I know I'm a horrible person." He tells me. "I know what you think about me. However, I will not stand back and do nothing while you're pregnant with our baby. I don't care what anyone says; I am marrying you tomorrow. This marriage will happen. The only person that can stop this marriage from taking place is you."

This isn't enough for me. I didn't want him to marry me because he had no choice. I wanted him to marry me because he loved me! And he didn't.

Carter didn't love me. He was only marrying me because of our parents. He wanted to please them. It had nothing to do with me and our baby.

I couldn't let this happen. I could never be happy this way.

"No." I snap. "I don't want to force you into anything. I disagree with this. I will not let this wedding happen."

"Scarlett, will you just—"

"I don't need your pity, Carter," I assure him. "I've proven before that I can take care of myself."

"I never said you couldn't. . . But I can't let you do this on your own. I won't let that happen." He insists.

"I will not marry you like this!" I hiss.

"Scarlett." My father cuts in. "Think about the future of your child. Marrying Carter is the best option for you. People will talk, and they will insult you and your baby. If you don't want to do it for yourself, then think about him."

I close my eyes in pain. My father was right, even though I wished he wasn't. This wasn't about me. This was about my baby and what was the right thing to do for him.

Carter took a step forward so that we were inches apart. "I will marry you. And I promise you, I will take care of our baby. I will care for you. I will not look or touch another woman while I'm married to you. I can promise you this."

It still wasn't the three words I wanted to hear from him. However, for now, I had to accept it. If I wanted my baby to have a good relationship with his father, I had to push my feelings aside.

"What do you say, Scarlett?" His mother asks me. "Will you marry my son?"

I slowly nod my head.

"W-what?" Clara demands. "Scarlett, he used you and hurt you multiple times!"

I turn towards her, and I can see the raw horror on her face. Was she upset because she still had feelings for Carter, or was my sister worried about me?

"It's okay," I assure her. "I can do this. You know more than anyone that I can take care of myself. I'm only doing this for my baby."

"Father," she gasps as she turns to him. "Are you going to let her marry him? He will only hurt her more. You saw what our breakup did to me, but you didn't see what heartbreak did to Scarlett. I was there; I saw everything. I don't want to see that happen to her again."

I knew that Clara was worried about me, but I could take care of myself. Even if Carter hurt me again, I could handle it. I would be strong for my baby. At least, I would try my best to be.

I'm about to walk over to Clara and comfort her, but I'm shocked when Alaric walks past everyone and pulls her into his arms.

Everyone looks on in wonder as we watch him rub her back and whisper soothing words.

"I'm right here." He promises her. "I will make sure that Carter doesn't hurt Scarlett again. This is my promise to you."

Clara freezes in his arms for a second, but that doesn't last long; she practically melts in his arms afterward and hugs him back.

"What the hell is this?" I hear someone shout from the doorway.

I turn to look at the door and am not surprised when I see Alaric's wife.

Alaric immediately tenses when he sees her. He's not the only one; his entire family looks worried now that she's here. Why? Did they not have a good relationship with her?

"ALARIC?" she screams his name.

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~CARTER~

f**k.

Nicole.

What the hell was she doing here?

She was the last person any of us wanted to see right now.

I follow her gaze and see her glaring at Alaric with his arms still around Clara. He was only trying to comfort her, but I knew Nicole would not see it that way.

But should that even matter? She wanted a divorce from him. What he did shouldn't bother her anymore.

"Why are you hugging your brother's ex-girlfriend? It's not even a full moon, and you're already showing—"

I grab her hand and pull her away. I could hear Alaric walking behind me.

"What the hell are you doing?" She demands from me.

I push her into a room, and my brother shuts the door.

"What the f**k is wrong with you?" I demand from her. "The full moon isn't something we discuss with anyone who doesn't know about our curse."

"Tell your brother to speak to me with respect!" She shouts at Alaric.

He sighs, "Carter, I can take it from here."

I don't bother fighting him down as I head for the door.

"Why were you hugging that girl?" I hear her ask him right before I walk out of the room.

I run a hand down my face. Nicole almost exposed my secret in front of Scarlett. I never wanted her to find out about the curse. Now, it would be harder than ever to hide the truth from her.

I was f*****g screwed.

I spot my mother in front of me, with my father a few feet behind her.

"How could you do such a thing, Carter?" She demands from me.

"We raised you better than this." My father scolds me as we move to the family room. "How could you get her pregnant and then let her go like she means nothing to you?"

My jaw clenches. "I didn't knowingly get her pregnant," I explain.

"What?" My father demands.

He looks at my mother, and they both stiffen.

"Are you possibly speaking about that incident on the full moon?" My mother asks. "Did it happen on that night?"

I swallow, "it did. I slept with Scarlett on that night. I can't remember all of the details. I just knew when I woke up that I'd done the unforgivable. I let Scarlett go because I wanted to protect her from me. I didn't do it because I wanted to hurt her. I would never purposefully hurt her."

"Why didn't you tell us anything?" My mother demands.

I don't have an answer to give her. Not yet.

"I can't believe this." My father sighs. "I thought those chains would have been enough to hold you."

"It's the second time I went after her," I confess. "The first time, surprisingly, I didn't sleep with her, but the second time. . . I don't know what happened either night, but the second time, I was positive I'd done it."

“Why are you only going after her?” My mother asks even though she knows I don’t have the answer to give to her.

I couldn’t explain what was happening. None of us could.

It’s the first time something like this has ever happened to us.

“I don’t know, mother,” I answer her. “I wish I had the answer. When I realized what I’d done to Scarlett, I told her it was best that we went our separate ways. I was only trying to protect her. Somehow, I managed to hurt her more.”

My mother hugs me. “I’m so sorry, Carter. I’m so sorry that you’re going through this. You should have come to me; you should have told your father and me. We wouldn’t ever judge you.”

“I knew that you loved Clara.” I try to explain. “I knew you wouldn’t approve of my feelings for Scarlett.”

My mother frowns, “you have feelings for her?”

I swallow, “I do. I’ve been fighting my feelings for so long, but I don’t know how to anymore.”

Especially now that I knew she was pregnant.

I wanted to love her. I wanted to protect her and our baby. I wanted to tell her that meeting her was the best thing that ever happened to me. There were so many things I wished I could say to her, but I was too afraid that she would hate me like Nicole hated Alaric when she found out about our curse.

I didn’t want to put either one of us through that.

It didn’t matter anymore. Now that she was carrying my baby, she would find out soon enough.

Since the baby was mine, he would carry the same curse that I had.

“I do love Clara,” my mother admits. “She was the only girl you brought home that actually loved you. I knew she was good for you, but I also understood why you ended things with her. However, if I’d known you had feelings for her sister, I wouldn’t have stood in your way, Carter. Scarlett looks like a lovely girl, just like her sister. I would love to get to know her better.”

I closed my eyes; Scarlett was more than just a 'lovely' girl. She was the love of my life. She was the woman of my dreams. And now she was carrying my baby.

I never wanted to have a child. I never wanted my son or daughter to live a life chained to a curse. Now, there was nothing I could do to stop that from happening.

I was happy that Scarlett was having my baby; I was overjoyed that we were having a baby together. However, the curse would always prevent me from being completely happy.

I didn't know what to do anymore.

I felt trapped, lost. . . Scared.