

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 94

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I'm convinced that Nicole thinks I'm a complete fool. This house didn't have a damn basement. I looked everywhere for a door but could not find one that led to a basement.

Why would she lie about something like that? Why would she lie at all?

I sit on one of the chairs next to the kitchen counter and place my head in my hands.

Why did I let her get into my head?

I should have never listened to her. She's the last person I should ever listen to.

Why couldn't Carter tell me the truth so that I wouldn't find myself doubting him? All he needed to do was tell me what his dark secret was.

It meant that he didn't trust me. He married me but still didn't trust me. Did he think I would announce his family secret to others?

I wasn't Nicole. I was nothing like her.

And why was Nicole playing these games? It also seemed like she wanted to tell me their secret, why not just tell me?

I sigh and pick myself up from the chair. It's only then that I notice a red button on the wall right next to the utensils.

That was strange.

Why would something like that be there? Was it an alarm for fire?

I move closer to it.

I was tempted to press it but wasn't sure if something would happen to alert the others.

I closed my eyes briefly before convincing myself I had to do it. I pressed hard and held my breath while waiting for something to happen.

I heard a sound but couldn't see anything in front of me. I followed the strange sound and my eyes widened when I saw a secret passageway.

One look inside and immediately, I could see that it led to a basement.

This wasn't good.

Why would they need a secret passageway in a beach house like this? Unless it was for safety reasons.

I could barely breathe as I stepped inside. I kept on walking until I reached another door. There wasn't a lock in it, as Nicole mentioned. I slowly opened it, and the lights immediately appeared when I stepped inside.

Another examination of my surroundings and I soon realize that she didn't lie to me. Nicole wasn't lying when she said there would be multiple rooms with locks on each door.

Why were there locks on each of these doors?

Even more strangely, each room had the name of Carter and his siblings. It's like they were assigned to each of them.

It terrified me to see something like this.

I didn't think there was anything strange about rooms in a basement, but this was not ordinary. Something was going on here.

A chill runs down my spine.

I had to get out of here.

I quickly ran out of the basement and out of the secret passageway. The second I exited the door, it closed and blended in with the wall like it wasn't there just a second ago.

I place a hand over my chest as I walk back into the kitchen.

I jump when I find Carter there.

“Where have you been?” He asks me. “I’ve been searching everywhere for you.”

I could barely form words as I tried to answer him without giving anything away.

I didn’t want to tell him what I’d just done. I feared how he would react when he learned what I’d just seen.

“Scarlett?” He asks hesitantly. “What’s wrong? Did something happen? You look like you’d just seen a ghost.”

I guess I couldn’t hide my expression from him.

“Did Nicole say something to you again?” He asks. I could see the panic begin to build up inside of him. He knew what Nicole was capable of at this point.

I was beginning to realize that not everything that came out of her mouth was a complete lie. Everything she’s told me about that basement is entirely accurate.

“No.” I lie. “She didn’t.”

“Then what’s wrong?” He asks me.

I place a hand over my stomach, “I suddenly feel very sick.” It wasn’t a complete lie. I did feel sick after what I’d just seen. I wish Carter would have told me the truth from the beginning; now, my mind was going to the worst things possible.

His eyes widen at my words, and he steps towards me.

“Does it hurt somewhere?” He asks me gently. “Do you need me to get anything for you?”

“I think I just need to lie down,” I confess.

I gasp when he picks me up into his arms, bridal style.

“What are you doing?” I demand in surprise.

He doesn't say anything as he walks out of the house and into the house we were supposed to stay in. He doesn't stop walking until he reaches our bedroom.

He opens the door while still holding me with his other hand. It was hard for me to believe that Carter could have a dark side. There had to be another reason for those rooms.

But what could it be? What was he trying so desperately to keep from me?

I didn't want to believe that Carter was a bad person.

I just didn't.