

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 107

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I woke up in a strange bed, somewhere I'd never been. My head hurts and so does my heart. I don't know why just yet but I knew that it would all come back to me soon.

I place both hands on my head and wince. Why does it hurt so much? My eyes were burning and I was trying hard to remember.

I could feel it coming back and when it finally did, I found it hard to breathe.

No.

One after the next, everything that happened last night kept flowing into my mind. Speaking to Nicole, then sneaking into the basement, searching for Carter.

All of it.

Everything from last night came rushing back into my head too fast for me to prepare myself. The pain intensifies. I cover my mouth with my hands. My eyes are wider than they've ever been in my whole life.

I took another look at my surroundings.

Was this the home of the person that had taken me from Carter last night? His name brings forth another memory.

Carter.

"No." I gasp as I get painful flashbacks of him roaring in pain.

My feet touch the ground before my mind can catch up.

"Carter!" I scream as I pull open the door. To my surprise, it wasn't even locked.

However, before I can go anywhere, someone stands before me, blocking me from getting away.

I look up to find a six-foot man with dark brown eyes staring at me.

“Who are you?” I demand.

Why didn’t he have me locked up somewhere? Why was I tucked away in some bed when I woke up?

What kind of person was he?

“I’m not as bad as you think I am.” He says without answering my question. It’s almost as though he just read my mind.

I took a step back even though he was trying to keep me calm.

“Not as bad as I think you are?” I ask in surprise. “You took me from my home against my will. This is called kidnapping. How are you not as bad as I think you are?”

“I have my reasons for what I did.” He tells me. “Your husband and his family are dangerous. They’re heartless monsters, and I did you a favor by taking you away from them.”

His words send a chill down my spine.

“Where is Carter?” I demand. “What did you do to him?”

He quirks a brow at me, “What did I do to him?” He asks me. “What you saw in that room was not my doing. He did that to himself.”

My bottom lip trembles. I refused to believe that he intentionally did that to himself. It was too painful for me to even watch last night.

I pause to regain my composure, “what are you talking about?”

“His family locked him in that room to keep him away from you and every other woman in your town.” He answers me. “If he was free to roam as he pleased. You and every other woman close by would have been in danger. I’m not just saying this for you to trust me, I gain nothing by getting you to trust me. All I’m doing is trying to help you.”

He sounds a lot like Nicole. Another reason for me not to trust him. I had to find a way out of here.

He takes a cup from the side of him and asks me, "Would you like some tea?"

I hit the cup away from his hand, "I don't want any tea. I want to go home. I want Carter. I want to see him, and I want to make sure that he's okay."

He sighs, "Relax, something like a little shock wouldn't kill him. I'm sure he's already healed by now. You should worry about yourself. You shouldn't stress yourself out like this; you're pregnant. Your baby will feed from every emotion that you feel."

I place my hand on my stomach protectively.

"You don't have to be scared of me." He says softly. "I had a sister who was pregnant once, she never had a chance to have her baby. I will never hurt a pregnant woman. That's not me. Your husband and his family are the ones that you should be worried about. They're the real murderers."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I demand. "They will never hurt anyone."

"They've kept you in the dark." He says calmly. "That's why you are so clueless. They love to keep their mistakes a secret. I'm sure you've always had questions about them, but no one gave you answers. Today, I plan on telling you everything."

I remain quiet at his accusations. It was true that no one was willing to tell me the truth, but that didn't mean I would trust anything that came out of his mouth.

"You should take a seat for this." He tells me as he tries to take my hand.

I flinch, and he gestures for me to join him by a table. I'm scared, but I still follow him. It doesn't look like I have an option. Besides, I didn't want him to touch me again.

"I'm sure you already know that Carter and his family cannot have mates." He tells me. "But what you don't know is that it wasn't the only curse his family was given. That was just part of the curse; they've kept the worst part hidden

from the public. I didn't know anything either until my sister got involved with one of them."

"It was only part of the curse?" I ask suspiciously. "What do you mean by that? What else was there?"

"I feel sorry to tell you this because now that you're pregnant and Carter is the father, your baby will have the same curse." He says without answering my earlier question.

"Tell me." I insist. "What else was there to the curse?"

"Carter and his siblings, once they reach a certain age, crave s*x. Not the normal teenager kind of craving." He explains. "They search for random women on a full moon; it doesn't matter who it is. It doesn't matter if the woman consents to it or not; they still take her against her will and f**k her to their heart's content. Then the next day, they forget about it like it never happened while the woman is left completely broken and shattered."

All of the blood drains from my face at his words.

No.

This couldn't be true.

It couldn't.

Carter wasn't like that.

He was nothing like that.

"You're lying!" I scream.