

# **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 11**

6 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

No. No. No. No.

Stay calm. Stay calm. Stay calm, Scarlett.

There was no point in staying calm in this situation! I needed to find a way to escape.

I take a deep breath and try to convince myself that I was overreacting.

He was not coming here.

I repeat the words over and over in my head, hoping that it would help with my racing heart. The damn thing felt like it would jump out of my chest any second.

Why was I even reacting like this? It's not like I was scared of Carter. I hated his guts. Maybe he was heading for some food. I was okay with anything if he didn't show up here.

What am I supposed to do if he does come here, however? I knew this was part of Jenna's plan, but I had hoped it wouldn't have worked.

Maybe I'm reading too much into this. Perhaps he didn't see me. Maybe he left to get a drink for one of the girls tangled in his arms a few minutes ago.

All those thoughts rush out of my head the second I spot him from a distance.

I hadn't been wrong. He did see me. He was coming my way. It was too late to run now. I wasn't someone that ran from my problems either. I would face him head-on.

I bite my l\*p to keep from screaming in frustration. He kept moving straight towards me with a relentless look on his face.

His sheer white shirt was unbuttoned at the top, and I'm convinced one of the girls had done that to him. For some unknown reason, it annoys me. I tell

myself that I felt this way because of my sister since she didn't deserve to have to see him with other girls. Part of me feels that's not the only reason, but I quickly push that thought aside. I didn't have time for ridiculous thoughts when he was closing the distance between us.

His steps slow when he nearly reaches his truck, and my eyes are on him like a hawk. This is how Clara told me to look at him. She tried teaching me how to look attractive to a guy. She laughed a good few times when I looked constipated instead of flirtatious. I'm just listening to her words. I was doing everything she told me to do. Though, I'm sure that I look ridiculous compared to her. She has plenty of experience under these circumstances, while I have zero. I haven't dated anyone before, and it was my decision; no one ever caught my attention enough for me to want to form a relationship with them.

Carter rubs a finger over his l\*p while his tongue is against his cheek as his eyes pin me in my spot; I don't think I can move when he's looking at me like this.

I stay completely still. I probably should flip my hair, but I didn't want to look like a fool. I was horrible at this.

Could Carter tell I was trying to flirt?

"Are you not going to say anything?" I ask him; the silence makes me ten times more nervous.

He quirks a brow and folds his arm over his chest, which makes his muscles bulge. Why did he make such a small movement look so good? I try not to be flustered; I'm sure he's used to those small movements attracting his many girls with their tiny brains. I won't give him the satisfaction. I was not like every other girl Carter slept with.

"What are you doing here, Scarlett?" He asks, finally breaking his silence. I'm surprised by the concern in his voice.

Why does he always act like he cares about me when I know he doesn't care about anyone else but himself?

It was my turn to fold my arms and glare at him, "Is there a law that states I cannot be here?" I ask him.

He chuckles, and I hate that it makes my heart flutter a little. I don't think I've ever heard him chuckle like this before. Or maybe I never paid attention enough to have ever heard it.

I was surprised by myself; I noticed things about Carter that I hadn't ever seen before. I didn't want to learn new things about him. I didn't want to be closer to him. I just wanted to get over with this.

"No, there isn't," he says and takes a step closer to me. I try to remain calm as he slams both his hands on either side of my face and leans into me so that his lips are close to my ear, "But I think it's only fair of me to ask such a question when your bare a\*s is pressed up against my f\*g truck. First, you showed me your panties; now you're pressing that firm a\*s on my property. Are you trying to tell me something, Scarlett?"

I'm sure that my cheeks are red by now. What is it about Carter? How does his words affect me so much? I mean, how could they not affect me? No man has ever spoken to me like that before. Every other guy usually had respect when speaking to me. Every other guy would take his time and try not to offend me. The guys interested in me were never the kind of guys interested in my sister. All the popular men ran after her; I was the opposite until now. Her makeover was making men do things they wouldn't have done if I was still in my baggy clothes.

Carter's mouth has never had a filter, and unfortunately, I'm his next victim. I had to get used to words like these.

"Is that such a problem?" I ask him. "Aren't you used to girls having their asses pressed against your truck?"

"Truck, bed, desk, fridge, bathroom floor," he teases, "I'm used to their asses pressed against many things, Scarlett. What's your point?"

I couldn't believe he'd just said that to me. I could feel the smoke coming out of my ear. Why was I so pissed? Why was I letting him get under my skin?

I wrinkle my nose in disgust, "I'm heading back inside. The last thing I want to do is have a conversation with an a\*s like you."

I know that Clara would have wanted me to try a little harder, but I've had enough of this conversation. I would rather not hear about where Carter f\*\*\*\*d his many girls. I'm sure my sister wouldn't want to listen to this either. She

was already having a hard time accepting what he did. How many girls did he cheat on her with?

Did he sleep with every woman in our academy?

He was sick.

“What does inside have to offer you?” He asks me. “You’re the one that left the party and chose my truck to stand in front of. There are hundreds of vehicles here. Why did you choose mine? Was it not to get my attention? You have it now. Are you playing hard to get?”

I clear my throat, “I didn’t know it was yours. Or maybe I was planning on smashing your windshield for hurting my sister. I guess we will never know now, will we?”

Smashing his windshield was a very good idea. I’m sure Carter loved his truck much more than he ever loved Clara.

“Let me see. You expect me to believe that Clara’s baby sister, the girl who’s always reading a book, avoiding parties, and constantly locked up in her room, was really just about to smash my windshield?” He asks in a sarcastic tone.

He had me there, didn’t he? How did he even know this much about me? I was sure that Carter paid zero attention to my life. Then how does he know that I love to read and stay locked up in my room?

Maybe it’s possible that Clara spoke to him about me a few times and by some miracle he remembered what she had said to him. It’s the only explanation that I could think about.

“Can you move aside?” I ask.

“What’s the magic word, Scarlett?” He asks in a throaty whisper.

Damn, that voice of his. I can see why girls sometimes get lost listening to it, which irritates me. I don’t want to think of his voice like they do; it shouldn’t have any impact on me.

I shove his body away from mine, and he lets me. I press my lips together when I hear his chuckle once more. Ugh, I hate it.

“Showing me your a\*s again Scarlett?” He shouts. “Never knew you were this type of girl. Slap it for me while you’re at it!”

I swallow. I’m not this type of girl. I wanted to scream those words at him, but I chose to ignore him and his attempt to get under my skin yet again.

I hate him. I absolutely hate Carter.