

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 21 -

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I touched my lips while I stared at my pink cheeks in the bathroom mirror.

My body was still tingling from head to toe.

I k\*\*\*\*d Carter. Technically, he k\*\*\*\*d me, but I also k\*\*\*\*d him back in front of hundreds of spectators. A part of me didn't want the k\*\*s to stop.

I grab my phone and stare at the video I was tagged in. Why did we look so perfect together? I always thought he looked perfect with Clara, but I was wrong. For some strange reason, we matched perfectly, at least while k\*\*\*\*\*g. Any other time, I looked like a nerd who was trying her best to gain the attention of the most popular guy at school.

This was all Clara's fault. She gave me a makeover, and I didn't recognize myself anymore. She'd made me into someone who looked perfect next to Carter Prince.

I bit my l\*p and pressed my head against the mirror. I couldn't even recognize myself anymore. I looked and felt like a different person.

I didn't like feeling this way. Something felt wrong.

What was I doing to myself? Was it worth it?

Every bone in my body told me I was doing the wrong thing by listening to Clara. Her revenge blinded her. In the end, she would only get hurt.

I saw her face when Carter k\*\*\*\*d me. She was hurt. She didn't want to admit it, but she was in pain. Not once did Carter seem to care that she was next to us, either. His focus was entirely on me, and a part of me felt thrilled that I was the center of his attention.

I hated that I felt this way. It was wrong. So very wrong.

The only thing that kept me going was how Carter treated her after the breakup. He disrespected her in every way possible, and even I wanted him to

pay for hurting her. But I wasn't sure if this was the right way to do it, especially not after that k\*\*s.

The door flew open suddenly, and I lifted my face from the mirror to find Clara with tears in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" We both ask each other at the same time.

"You go first." I urge her. "Why are you crying?"

She sighs and hugs me. I froze for a second; Clara barely ever hugged me. This revenge plan of hers has us the closest we've ever been. This is another reason that made me want to continue with it.

"I saw pictures of Carter and I on my phone." She confesses. "I thought he loved me, Scarlett. He treated me with love and respect. At least, I thought so. I was so shocked when I saw those pictures of him in another girl's arms. I was so stupid for months; he had me fooled for a long time. I thought he was a good person; I did. I knew there were things that he wasn't perfect at. He was never romantic or did the little things like open doors for me, but he always protected me. He was always there when I cried, and he never sat back and let anyone bully me. I can't believe that all those memories were fake. I can't believe that it's all over for us."

My heart squeezes at her words. She was still deeply in love with Carter despite everything he'd done. It hurts my heart.

How could I be so selfish and even, for a split second, be happy that Carter showed me some attention? What the hell was wrong with me? Clara mattered the most to me; I wouldn't do anything to hurt her or betray her trust.

"I don't believe it was all fake, Clara," I whisper. "Maybe there are some things that we don't fully know. Maybe he had a good reason for doing what he did."

I searched for the right words, hoping to make her feel better. However, even I didn't believe those words. If Carter cared about her, he wouldn't have done what he did.

"I know you're just saying that to make me feel better." She pouts. "But thank you, Scarlett. After my breakup with Carter, I lost plenty of my close friends. I thought they would all support me, but instead, they showed their true colors. They were only ever around me because of Carter."

“They were never your real friends.” I hiss.

I saw the way they all reacted when she was falling apart.

“You should be happy that you’re no longer surrounded by fake friends who never cared about you.”

She smiles, “My real friend was always you. You’re the only one that stuck with me through it all. You’re the only person I trust. Thank you, Scarlett. Thank you for being an amazing sister.”

Why did I suddenly feel so guilty? Why do I feel like I’m already betraying her?

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 22 -**

4 minutes read

~CARTER~

I threw the ball into the hoop, and Apollo groans. “f\*\*k you!”

I chuckle. “Don’t be such a sour p\*\*\*y because you lost.”

He chuckles as he grabs the ball and aims it at me. He pauses for a second like something just crossed his mind.

“Do you mind telling me what’s been bothering you?” He asks me. “I’ve been noticing some changes in you recently. You don’t behave as the wild as you did in the past.”

“Changes?” I quirk my brow. “I’m the same way I’ve been since I learned to talk brother. Nothing has changed.”

I’m unsure what he’s referring to, but he must be wrong.

He sighs. “I’m being serious. Alaric pointed it out to me, and I’ve been noticing your strange behavior ever since. . .”

“Ever since what?” I ask him. I knew what he wanted to say, but I needed to confirm it.

He exhales loudly, “ever since you intentionally ruined your relationship with Clara.”

Clara.

My family hasn’t missed the opportunity to remind me about our breakup ever since the day it happened for everyone to see.

My jaw clenches at the mention of her name. I still felt f\*\*\*\*\*g guilty after making her cry. I didn’t like speaking about our breakup.

He throws the ball into my hand, and I catch it.

“Everyone at home knows why I ended things with her.” I remind him. “It was the best thing I could do for her. Mates, serious relationships, those things aren’t for us. You know as well as I do that I did the f\*\*\*\*\*g right thing for her.”

He nods, “Mom misses her, you know. Our sister does, too. They were becoming good friends.”

I take a deep breath. He didn’t need to remind me. She spoke about Clara any chance that she got. They both did.

“Let’s face it, Clara’s the best girl I ever brought home to meet the family,” I admit. “Of course, mother was very fond of her. And, of course, Violet loved her also. But there’s nothing I can do about that now. Clara wants nothing to do with me, and even though I’m selfish, I won’t force my way into her life again after what I did to her.”

He nods but then chuckles, “Remember that girl that walked outside n\*\*\*d for breakfast?”

I inwardly g\*\*\*n. I didn’t need a reminder of that morning.

“I’ve made some dumb decisions in the past.” I chuckle. “Rest assured, after the trouble that incident got me into with Mom, I’m never doing something like that again. I think I shouldn’t bring anyone home anymore.”

I was tired of the mistakes.

And I was bound to make ten times worse decisions in the future.

I threw the ball back at him.

“Clara was a nice girl. She loved you.”

Why wasn't he letting this conversation go?

“She loved me too much,” I growl as he threw the ball into the net. “That’s why I had to make her hate me. I was bound to hurt her one way or the other. Our family is f\*\*\*\*\*g cursed. We aren’t lucky like the rest.”

“I know.” He says. “I know you did the right thing for her, but I’m worried about you. Everyone thinks you’re a big a\*\*\*\*\*e. They don’t realize you sacrificed your happiness so she wouldn’t get hurt.”

“I’m not such a saint,” I say. “I never loved Clara. To me, she was always more of a friend. I never should have gotten into a serious relationship with her. I saw something in her; unlike all the other girls, she was the only one who loved me and didn’t want me for s\*x. I saw in her what my life could have been like if I was allowed to have a mate. That was unfair to her. I was selfish.”

“That’s right.” He says as he remembers something I’ve told him in the past. “You never slept with her even though she wanted you to.”

“She was too nice.” I sigh. “I knew I had to end the relationship eventually. I didn’t want to sleep with her and then leave her. Everyone thinks I’m a complete a\*\*\*\*\*e and even though I am, I couldn’t do it to her.”

My family had a dark secret that we kept from the entire world. No one knew about it. We couldn’t let anyone find out. If they did, our lives could be ruined for good.

It was a sickness that we couldn’t get rid of, something that came with the curse. It’s one of the reasons that none of my siblings had a serious relationship with anyone. Even Alaric, at twenty-six, had only gotten married a year ago, and already their marriage was failing. His wife discovered our secret, and she’s hated him ever since. He’s been trying to save his marriage, but so far, he has failed. She saw him as a freak.

No one blamed her. He should have told her before marrying her. He shouldn’t have waited until now for her to find out.

I felt sorry for my brother. He took a risk when he married her and didn't tell her about our sickness. Now, he was left to pick up the broken pieces of his marriage.

He'd wanted to have a child with Nicole so desperately, but now that seemed like an impossible dream.

His failed marriage was one of the main reasons I ended things with Clara. I saw what would happen to us if I took things further.

I did the right thing.

I knew I did.

Now, I had to fight to do the right thing about her sister.

I couldn't get carried away even though her taste still lingered in my mouth from just one k\*\*s. I had to fight it. I had to forget about Scarlett before it was too late.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 23 -**

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

Out of all the days at the academy, this was always the one I hated the most. It was one day of the year where every girl from the academy had no choice but to participate in sports. I usually skipped it by finding something else to do, but Clara was forcing me to attend this time.

She was the one who enjoyed sports; I was the opposite. This would be easy for her, but for me, it would be pure t\*\*\*\*\*e.

"Since Carter is the star player, he will train all the women there. You have to come with me." She begs. "This is a good chance for me to see our progress. So far, you've done better than I expected. So please, please, please, come with me."

There was no chance of me saying no to her when she was begging this much.

"You're lucky to have a sister like me." I tease. "No one else would go through this much trouble for anyone!"

She rolls her eyes, "Yes, I'm fortunate. That's one thing we both could agree on."

She pulled me out of the classroom and practically had to drag me out onto the field. I spot Carter almost immediately; how could I not? He was in the middle of the field with mesmerized girls around him. They surrounded him like he was their next big meal.

Was there any other girl beside me that didn't go crazy over him?

I narrowed my eyes; he seemed to enjoy all of the attention. He allowed them to touch him wherever they pleased even though we were still on school grounds.

He made me sick. They all did.

"You look angrier than I do to see him with so many girls." Clara chuckles.

I wrinkle my nose in disgust. "Just look at him out there. I don't understand why women like him, no offense to you. There isn't anything charming about him except his skills in sports. Other than that, he's just some a\*\*\*\*\*e sleeping around with anyone he gets a chance to."

My sister smiles, "how are you so immune to his obvious charms?"

I shrug my shoulders, and he looks my way simultaneously. My lips part when his penetrating gaze hits me head-on.

"H-he isn't even that good-looking." I lie. My heart was doing some weird fluttering thing, but I ignored it.

His lips curled playfully as though he'd somehow heard me. I clench my jaw and bite down hard on my bottom l\*p.

I hate him.

I hate Cater Prince.

"Show me again, Carter," Amy whispers as she seductively runs her hand up and down his arm. "It's so hard."

I watch in annoyance as he touches her inappropriately while showing her how to shoot a basketball.

Another one approaches him and tries to gain his attention by pretending to be a lost, needy girl.

I didn't know how to shoot a basketball, but I wouldn't beg him to show me what to do. I would rather practice and fail a hundred times than let him teach me.

"That's enough, ladies," Carter says suddenly. "There are others here who haven't gotten a chance to learn. Practice what I've shown you while I tend to them."

I purse my lips as I watch him moving towards us. The other girls were pouting now that he wasn't giving them any attention. I was sure they'd only signed up to see him.

I had to fix my expression. I couldn't act like he was the last person I wanted to see today.

I felt Clara's mood immediately dampen.

"Do you need any help?" He asks her.

She frowns, "I've gotten enough help from you Carter. Trust me, I don't need any more. Instead, why don't you try to train someone else?"

She turns and walks away, leaving me alone with the biggest villain in my life. I hate when she does this to me.

Can't she tell that I hate being alone with him? I always felt things that I shouldn't feel. He always said something that made my heart race. He also said things that made me feel like punching him again.

"I've never seen you at one of these practices." He says with his tongue against his cheek.

"And?" I ask. "Is that a problem? If you want me to leave, I'll happily walk away this second."

I was waiting for the right opportunity to storm out of here.



He focuses his penetrating gaze on me, and I swear I almost tripped.

Why does he look even more attractive when he tilts his head and looks at me like that? I shook my head. Get a grip, Scarlett!

He steps closer to me and leans down so that his lips are close to my ear.

“Your a\*s print is still on my truck,” he teases me, and I swear all the hair on the back of my neck stands up. “I don’t plan on ever washing it as long as a part of you is still there.”

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 24 -**

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I slam my elbow into his chest, and he coughs between laughter.

“Did she just hit Carter?” I hear one of the girls ask angrily.

I roll my eyes and ignore her as I storm out of the field.

I could hear Clara shouting my name as she ran after me.

She grabs my arm as soon as we hit the hallway.

“What the hell was that about?” She demands from me. “Why did you hit him?”

“He’s an a\*s.” I hiss. “A massive one.”

“What did he say to you?” She asks as she studies my face.

Should I tell her? She already knew his mouth was dirty; this wouldn’t surprise her. But for some reason, I couldn’t say it.

What was wrong with me? Why couldn’t I just tell her?

“He has a foul mouth. Let’s leave it at that.” I say.

She sighs, and Jenna joins our side just then.

“What’s going on?” She asks as she senses the tension.

Clara raises her hand, “guess who just hit Carter for the second time.”

Jenna gasps, “you didn’t?”

I roll my eyes and fold my arms against my chest. “He had it coming.”

Clara looks frustrated. “We want him to fall for you, Scarlett. He’s not going to fall for you if you keep hitting him. You’ll turn him into your enemy much faster than anything else!”

I inwardly g\*\*\*n, “I’m trying my best Clara. He isn’t easy to get along with. Something about him sends my blood boiling, and I can’t bloody stand the man!”

“I think we all need to cool down a little,” Jenna whispers. “These things happen sometimes. Plans don’t always go the way you expect it to. Let’s not give up. Scarlett needs a little more time to warm up to Carter.”

More time to warm up to him? I didn’t think any time in the world could help fix how I felt about him.

I was angry with his words, but most of my anger was for something else. It bothered me that my body responded to those words. A part of me enjoyed hearing him speak such dirty things in my ear.

I was never someone to enjoy something like that. It worried and angered me at the same time.

“He’s leaving the field,” Jenna announces.

“And so are all the girls, I’m sure,” I add.

She chuckles, “You’re right. They’re all following him like he’s their king.”

I roll my eyes and look at Clara, who’s still gazing at me. This time, her eyes are narrowed, and she seems to be paying close attention to me.

“What?” I ask her.

"There's something strange about you today." She points out. "I know that you never liked Carter after you learned that he cheated on me, but for some reason, those feelings seem to have intensified."

I sigh, "I'm learning new things about him daily; of course, that hatred would only double with time."

Hatred mixed with something else. I was beginning to realize that I wasn't completely immune to Carter's charms like we initially thought. I was starting to see that I was attracted to him.

A part of me wanted to experience those things he whispered to me.

What was I thinking?

Something had to be wrong with me. I couldn't possibly be attracted to him. I couldn't possibly want him to do dirty things to my body.

"He's coming this way." Jenna tries to alert us.

I tried to stop my heart from racing, but the damn thing was suddenly betraying me.

He looks at Clara briefly before walking over to me. "Can we talk for a bit?"

My eyes widen in surprise. Why did he want to speak to me?

I look at Clara, and I can see the confusion in her eyes. Even she doesn't understand why he's asking to speak to me.

"I don't think I have the time." I lie.

Clara narrows her eyes at me, and I know she wants me to say yes. She would use any opportunity to get me closer to Carter.

He swallows hard, "I want to speak to you, Scarlett."

Why was he suddenly serious? What could this be about? He was always playful and speaking nonsense. This was the first time I've ever seen him this serious.

I slowly nod, and he surprises me by grabbing me by my waist and pulling me into a classroom. I can hear Clara's surprise gasp behind us, but I don't get a chance to look at her.

"W-what are you doing?" I demand.

I agreed to speak to him for a few minutes, but I never told him he could put his hands on me.

"I need you to do something for me." He answers me. "I need you to promise me you will do as I say."

I frown.

What the hell was wrong with him?

Why would I ever do him a favor?

"Are we friends?" I demand. "Why do you think I would ever do something for you?"

His jaw clenches, and he grabs my waist tightly.

"Listen to me."

Listen to him? I was done listening.

I attempted to move away from him, but his grip was too firm.

He leans into me, and I freeze at his nearness. "This is important."

"Let go of me." I hiss.

He ignores me and instead pins me with his penetrating gaze.

"Keep your bedroom windows locked tonight, Scarlett." He growls in a harsh tone. "No matter what happens, keep them locked."

I frown.

"W-what?"

It was getting hard to breathe with him this near and gazing at me.

He doesn't repeat himself, instead, he lets go of me and storms out of the classroom.

I fall back against the wall.

What the hell was that about?

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 25 -**

4 minutes read

~CARTER~

Tonight was a f\*\*\*\*\*g full moon. It was the one night of every month that my family dreaded the most.

Our dark secret.

I close my eyes while holding onto the ball in my hand. I sensed Alaric just as he tried to take it from me.

"You're too slow," I say as I shoot and score.

I open my eyes to see his amused smile.

"We have incoming!" He shouts as Armando rushes for the ball.

Alaric grabs it in time, but Apollo shoves him, allowing Ares to snatch it.

We were all lining up for tonight. It was our last game before my mother locked us all up in separate rooms, chained to the ground.

Blaze, Cole, and Conor didn't have to worry about this sickness. It only happened once we turned seventeen. At the age of twenty-one, I was used to this by now, but it still was not something I enjoyed going through every f\*\*\*\*\*g month.

"Sucker!" Ares grins when he shoots and scores.

He doesn't get to brag anymore when Armando rips the ball from his hand and dunks it.

"It's a good game!" Alaric chuckles.

It was. At least we were having some fun before darkness took over.

"Boys!" My mother calls. "You know what time it is. That's enough games. We can't waste any more time. I can't stop all of you at once."

Ten minutes to midnight.

I f\*\*\*\*\*g hate this.

Alaric pats my shoulder as we walk towards my mother. He can always sense my frustration. He always knew when it was becoming too much for me. Alaric was a good older brother; he did his job well.

"You know your assigned rooms." She says. She gives each of us a k\*\*s on the cheek before saying goodnight.

We didn't say anything to each other as we walked down to the basement and into our rooms. Not our bedroom, the space used to chain and trap us from doing what the curse forced out of us.

It was a sick curse in my mind. I didn't understand what our ancestors could have possibly done to be given a curse as bad as this one.

Every night, on a full moon, we went hunting. Not for an animal, but for women to f\*\*k over and over again until the beast was satisfied. Usually, that wouldn't be a problem for me; I've slept around with many women. However, this was different; we didn't know what we were doing. We would wake up the next day and not remember anything about our night.

We never found out if the woman or women that we met during the full moon had consented to s\*x or not. That's where the problem came in. It was a sickness, and I was ashamed of it. I was not okay with doing anything against anyone's wishes.

It made me feel sick to my very core.

It's the reason that Alaric's wife is planning on leaving him soon. She'd screamed and cried for hours the first day she learned about our curse. He'd managed to hide it for months, but she eventually got suspicious when he disappeared on every full moon. We tried to explain to her that he was locked

up and wouldn't roam around sleeping with other women because of this. It didn't work. She didn't want to hear a single thing any of us had to say. I know that he's trying to win her back, but she's too disgusted by him to stay married to him. I knew it was only a matter of time before she threw divorce papers in his face, for a second time.

I didn't blame her, none of us did. We were disgusted by ourselves also. It made us all feel sick inside, but we were learning to live with it. We were also constantly searching for ways to end the blasted curse.

It wasn't something we could control. It came and went as it pleased every full moon night. It was one night where we would lose all control.

It was sickening and frightening that we had no control of our bodies on nights like this. We had all learned to accept it by now, but I f\*\*\*\*\*g hated every second of it.

I still remember the first night it happened. I was terrified of myself the next day. If these rooms hadn't existed, there's no telling the damage we could have caused to people around us.

Luckily, our parents built these rooms specially for this. To prevent us from making a big mistake.

I never remember what happened. Even though I'm locked in a damn room with nowhere to go, I always wake up with bruised knees and fresh cuts all over my body. They were wounds from trying to escape the entire night. The worst part was not remembering a single damn thing.

Tonight would be no different.

I close my eyes when my mother walks into the room and bounds by hands with the chains.

She gently touches my cheek, "I know it isn't easy, Carter. I know that you and your brothers struggle because of the curse. I promise we will find a way to end this for good."

I force a smile for her sake and watch her leave. When the door shuts, I close my eyes.

I know the second midnight arrives. I can feel my body losing all control.

It was time.