

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 31 -

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“Have you ever noticed anything strange with Carter on full moons?” I ask Clara. It’s been a few days since my last encounter with him.

It’s been on my mind constantly. I couldn’t get it out. Something strange was happening, and maybe my sister would have a better idea than I did.

She shrugs, “Just that one thing I mentioned to you before. He was always busy on those days. He canceled the dates. He never showed up sometimes. I never saw him on the night of any full moon.”

This added to my suspicions. Something happened on a full moon. Clara seemed to be convinced that he was cheating on all these full moons, but I felt like there was something else.

He had to be keeping something from her.

“Why are you suddenly asking about him?” She asks me. “Did he say something to you?”

I bit down on my lip. I didn’t mention to Clara what happened. I couldn’t bring myself to tell her the truth. How would she react knowing Carter entered my room and did unspeakable things to my body? How would she react if she ever found out that a part of me enjoyed every second?

The worst part about this entire thing was the fact that Carter didn’t remember a single thing. He had no idea what he’d done to me.

I couldn’t get that look on his face out of my mind.

What are you hiding, Carter?

“There’s a beach party tonight,” Clara informs me suddenly. “Carter and his family will be there. You’re coming with me.”

I knew by now that saying no would not help me. This time, I nod my head without bothering to complain. A part of me wanted to see Carter again. I hate

to admit it to myself, but it was the truth; a big part of me was desperate to see him. I wanted to be near him, and I didn't know why.

Was it that k\*\*s? The first one or the second one?

Was this why all the girls got so hooked on him? Were they ruined after just one k\*\*s from him? Did they all crave more like I did right now?

The right thing would be to run and hide. Staying far away from Carter before things worsened would be the best decision. However, I couldn't, not now. I had to see him.

"You're not going to complain?" Clara asks suspiciously.

I shook my head. "What's the name of the beach?"

"Radiant Bay." She answers me. "It's a big party; prepare to get much-unwanted attention."

. . .

We were at the beach party after getting dressed for over two hours. Clara insisted that our make-up and outfits had to be perfect. She wanted to blow Carter's mind away.

"Look, it's Griffin," Clara informs me. He was one of my sister's good friends. I knew him also. He wasn't a jerk like many of the men I knew.

"Good to see you." Griffin greets us. "I'm sure you all know my future sister-in-law, Autumn. And these girls need no introduction either."

I smiled brightly at her; she looked a bit nervous, and I wanted to make her more comfortable.

"We've barely spoken in the past; I'm sure we can be great friends," I inform her.

"That would be great since Autumn can do with some new friends after what happened with Anya," Griffin adds.

I gave Clara a knowing look. We knew exactly what he was talking about. What Autumn was going through was horrible. Anya wasn't precisely a kind person, though she had plenty of others fooled.

“You don’t need to feel uncomfortable around us,” Clara assured her.

“How about we don’t even bring that up,” I add.

Griffin grins, “I knew you girls were my safest option to introduce Autumn to.”

We smiled as he turned to her and added, “I told you I would ensure you weren’t uncomfortable.”

We were also going to help with that.

“I’m going to meet a few guys from the team,” Griffin excused himself as he walked over to the football players.

It was their after-party for the match Carter and his team had won. It was the exact game that he k\*\*\*\*d me in front of hundreds of spectators.

“Do you want a drink, Autumn?” Clara asks her.

“I don’t drink.” She responds.

My sister smiles, “Scarlett doesn’t either, but I’m ensuring she gets drunk today.”

She was what? No one said anything about making me drunk.

“Is that the famous bride of Atticus Fawn?” Someone asks behind us.

I knew that annoying voice. I hated it.

I roll my eyes as Amy joins us, “Why do you show up everywhere we are?”

“I wasn’t talking to you, darling. I was talking to the girl who stole her best friend’s boyfriend. But you should know plenty about that since you’re also stealing your sister’s boyfriend.”

She was getting on my freaking nerves.

“Ex-boyfriend.” I snap. “And I’m not stealing anyone. Neither did Autumn. Get your facts straight before you go speaking nonsense.”

“A little defensive?” Amy laughs.

I was defensive and maybe it's because I already felt guilty.

"You're not wanted here, Amy." Clara hissed. "Leave before we make you."

Amy flips her hair and walks away.

"I'm sorry about her." I apologize. "She's a pain in our a\*s."

"It's okay," Scarlett assures me. "I know this is something I'll have to get used to now that I'm marrying Atticus."

"Are you sure you don't want that drink now?" Clara asks her.

I watch as Autumn grabs the bottle out of Clara's hand, totally surprising me. She takes a big gulp, and I'm shocked to see her act this way. She must be under a lot of stress.

I could learn from her. I was also under a lot of stress. I couldn't get Carter out of my damn mind. I couldn't get his touch, scent, or lips out of my head. I felt like I was about to go crazy.

There was still no sign of Carter. Where was he? And why was I looking for him?

I grab the bottle from Scarlett and take a bigger gulp than she'd done.

"I thought I would have to beg the two of you more than this." Clara laughs as she watches us take turns.

I couldn't stop it. I had to drown the madness before it consumed me.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 32 -**

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I'm already tipsy when Atticus appears out of nowhere and sweeps Autumn off her feet. Literally.

"Where's he taking her?" I ask Clara.

She shrugs her shoulder, "I guess home. They're getting married soon."

I can barely pay attention to her words when I spot Carter. He's even more dashing tonight for some reason. Maybe it's because I've had too many drinks.

"I think that's enough now," Clara whispers as she takes the bottle from me. "We don't want you too drunk, or you'll pass out before getting a chance to flirt with Carter."

Flirt with Carter. I didn't have a clue about flirting with anyone.

I watch in annoyance as a woman throws herself into his arm and immediately starts k\*\*\*\*\*g on his neck.

His eyes find me, and they narrow slightly. He slowly pushes her away from him, and I'm not sure why he did it.

I take a deep breath and walk towards the beach. I could hear Clara calling after me, but I ignored her. Even under the influence of alcohol, I knew I had to keep my distance from Carter. He did things to my body that frightened me.

I didn't want to be one of his many girls. I didn't want to be treated like the rest. I deserved more than that.

Why am I even thinking like this? Am I forgetting that the only reason any of this has been happening is because of Clara and her thirst for revenge?

"You shouldn't be walking the beach by yourself." I hear Carter's voice behind me.

I spun around and was surprised to see how far we were from everyone else. I'd walked a great distance and hadn't even realized it.

"I think it's more dangerous having you by my side than being alone." I retort.

He smiles, showing the white of his teeth. "Dangerous?" He asks. "Me?"

He steps towards me, and I don't move an inch from where I stand.

"Are you afraid of me, Scarlett?" He asks while pinning me with his gaze.

"Why would I be afraid of you?" I demand.

"You're the one that said it's more dangerous being next to me than being alone. I would say that's a good reason for me to think that you're afraid of me." He points out.

He had me there. Though I wasn't afraid of him, I was more fearful of myself around him.

"I'm not afraid of you," I assure him.

"Then why is it dangerous being next to me?" He asks, reminding me yet again of my own words.

"Because of the things that happen to me when you're next to me." I blurt out. "Things that I am not happy about."

He frowns, "Things happen to you when I'm next to you? What kind of things? Are people bullying you?"

I'm surprised by the genuine concern in his voice.

"Bullying me?" I demand. "Even if they were, that wouldn't bother me."

"I don't understand," he says as he tries to interpret my words. "Then what kind of things?"

I stab my finger into his chest. "You know exactly the kind of things I'm talking about since you are the reason those things have started to happen in my life!"

"I'm afraid I'm completely clueless right now, Scarlett." He confesses. "I'm unaware I've been doing things to you when I'm next to you. Please help me to understand what you're trying to say to me."

Was he truly this clueless about everything or was he intentionally playing dumb?

"Who's the one that k\*\*\*\*d me in front of hundreds of spectators because of some silly tradition?" I demand. "And who's the one that entered my room in the middle of the night and touched me in places I've never been touched before?"

His eyes look surprised. He wasn't expecting me to say that, I can tell.

“Look, Scarlett,” I’m surprised by the pain in his voice. “Everything that happened that night, I f\*\*\*\*\*g wish I could take it back.”

“Take it back?” I demand. I didn’t expect my voice to be so loud. I’m taken aback a little.

Why am I so angry that he wants to take it all back? It shouldn’t bother me that he wanted to. Then why does my chest feel like it’s about to explode in frustration?

“Yes,” he whispers. “I don’t know how to explain to you what happened, but I do regret it. I can’t f\*\*\*\*\*g remember a single thing, and it bothers me that I did things to you that you may not have wanted me to do.”

I was tired of this. If he could take back what he did, then so could I. Except, there wasn’t anything for me to take back.

My eyes zero in on his lips.

“You’re not the only one with something to take back.” I hiss.

He tilts his head to the side and studies me. He looks genuinely confused right now, and that was okay with me.

I grab his face and tiptoe until I can press my lips against his.

If anyone had anything to take back, it would be me, not him!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 33 -**

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

Carter grabs me by my waist and pulls me off him before I even had the chance to deepen the k\*\*s.

I’m utterly surprised.

Why did he do it? Why didn’t he let me k\*\*s him?

Was this what rejection felt like?

I shook the disappointment out of my chest.

“Now I can also take back my k\*\*s,” I shout.

Carter has a dazed and drugged look in his eyes as he gazes at me.

“What was that for?”

“If you want to take back what you did, I could also take back what I did.”

“Scarlett,” he whispers. “Are you upset that I said I wanted to take back what I did without your permission that night?”

I can see the surprise in his eyes as he gazes at me.

I was upset, but I didn’t want to admit it to him or myself.

I grab him by his shirt, “Nothing you say or do affects me in any way, Carter.”

His eyes narrow, “I must say that your actions say otherwise.”

I held my breath when he leaned closer to me so his face was inches away from mine.

“Your heartbeat races whenever I’m near you.” He growls. “And your scent, I can f\*\*\*\*\*g tell when a woman is aroused, Scarlett, and your f\*\*\*\*\*g scent is all over my nose. It burns.”

I gasp at his words.

“Why do you have such a dirty mouth?” I whisper.

It was meant to sound like I was annoyed, but it came out like I was breathless.

“Do you want me to stop?” He whispers against my ear. “If you want me to stop speaking dirty, I will, but only for you.”

I felt a shiver down my spine.

I could feel myself grow w\*t between my legs, and my body jumped when Carter growled low and dangerous.



"I know your p\*\*\*y is w\*t for me, Scarlett." He says in a dangerously low tone. "I can smell you."

He didn't even last a second of trying not to speak dirty to me.

I shove him away when I hear Clara calling my name. He quirks a brow at me.

"You have to get out of here!" I hiss. "She can't see us together."

He looks reluctant to leave but eventually does. I breathe a sigh of relief when he's out of sight.

"What are you doing out here by yourself?" She demands from me. "I've been looking all over for you. I thought you had drowned or someone had kidnapped you! Don't you dare ever scare me like that again!"

I hug her tightly, "You're the one that asked me to drink."

She sighs, "I thought this would help loosen you up. I didn't think you'd start acting reckless."

She takes my hand and helps guide me back to the party.

"I haven't seen Carter since you left." She points out. "I'm not sure if he noticed you were missing or not. It's hard for me to tell."

Just as she'd mentioned his name, he returned to the party. He glanced at me for a quick second before grabbing a drink his brother Alaric handed to him.

His eyes still look drugged as he takes a big gulp.

"Alaric barely attends these parties," Clara whispers. "Why is he here tonight?"

This was probably the first time I'd heard Clara mention Carter's older brother. He was the eldest and the only married one.

"Have you ever spoken to him?" I ask her.

She nods, "Maybe once or twice when Carter brought me home. He's kind and a lot more mature than the rest of them. I guess it's because he's the oldest."

Alaric glanced in our direction, and I don't know if it's the fact that I'm partly drunk, but I think I saw Clara blush a little.

I had to be totally out of it. She wouldn't blush for Alaric Prince. He was married and also Carter's older brother.

"You seem more interested in Alaric than Carter tonight." I tease.

Her cheeks turn a bright red. It was meant to be a joke, but I think I may have offended her.

"Nonsense." She whispers. "Carter is the only one who has my attention. Carter and you, of course. You need to go over there and start flirting with him!"

Now, it was my cheek's turn to burn. "I don't know anything about flirting Clara."

"Never mind." She sighs. "Those other girls are trying to get into his pants again."

I followed her gaze and felt the urge to growl. How many girls does he flirt with daily? It made me feel sick to my stomach.

"Can we s\*\*\*h his tires?" I demand.

Her eyes widen. "s\*\*\*h his tires? That isn't flirting, Scarlett; that will cause him to dislike you."

"I need to use the washroom." I lie. "I will be back in a few minutes. You can find Jenna in the meantime."

Instead of moving towards the bathroom, I head to the parking lot. I don't stop until I see his truck. I wanted to do something, anything at all, to his beautiful truck. He was so good at breaking hearts I wanted to break his.

"What are you doing, Scarlett?"

I jump.

"Do you follow me everywhere?" I demand.

Carter moves before me, "I needed something from my truck. I had no intentions of following you this time."

I can't hide the disappointment at his words.

"I know." I hiss. "You intended to bring those girls back to the truck with you so that you could f\*\*k them. Wasn't that your real intention?"

His lips curl dangerously, "I like hearing the word f\*\*k from your mouth Scarlett. You should say it more often but only to me."

I frown. "You're sick."

He jams me up against his truck, "I like when your a\*s is pressed against my belongings."

I gasp. "I hate you!"

He winced, "That's good. Keep hating me."

I can't help but stare at his lips.

"You smell like them!" I wrinkle my nose in disgust.

His eyes turn a darker shade, "Let's fix it so I smell like you."

I gasped when he grabbed me by my waist and pushed me into the back of his truck. Before I had a chance to understand what was happening, his mouth was already on mine.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 34 -**

4 minutes read

~CARTER~

I shouldn't be k\*\*\*\*\*g her. My hands shouldn't be allowed to touch her body after what happened on the last full moon. However, I'll f\*\*\*\*\*g die tonight if I don't get a taste of her.

I hated myself for not remembering. I needed this to have at least one memory of having my hand and mouth on Scarlett's beautiful body. She wasn't like everyone else. No one else made me feel the way that she did.

Scarlett moans into my mouth, and I f\*\*\*\*\*g swear, she's the sexiest girl I've ever had in my arms.

Her scent was the strongest I've ever been around. It consumed me and made me want to do things for a woman I never thought about doing before.

I try my f\*\*\*\*\*g hardest to keep my hands to my side, but I nearly lose my damn mind when she guides my hands to her breasts.

I can hardly breathe when I feel how soft they are.

"They're f\*\*\*\*\*g perfect," I growl as I cover her neck with kisses.

She buries her hands in my hair and lets me do as I please.

She's drunk. I can tell. I know I shouldn't touch her while she's in this condition, but I will f\*\*\*\*\*g die if I stop now.

"S\*\*k on them."

I freeze.

I wasn't sure if I'd heard her correctly. I've never paused in the middle of making out with a girl before. I was never shocked to the point that I couldn't move. Suddenly, I felt like I had no experience. I felt like I would f\*\*\*\*\*g mess this up.

"S-s\*\*k on your perfect breasts?" I ask for confirmation.

f\*\*k. I sound like an inexperienced nerd.

"Please, Carter." She cries as her a\*s lifts off the seat.

I growl as I move her clothes out of the way so that I can get to her n\*\*\*\*\*s. My mouth closes over one while I use my fingers to play with the other.

Scarlett gasps under me like it's the first time she's ever experienced this.

Did it mean I hadn't even sucked on her n\*\*\*\*\*s that full moon night?

I move from her breasts back to her neck. I've never been so fascinated by another woman's body like this. I wanted to study every inch of her, and I knew I would never get bored.

"Carter." She cries out as I spread her legs wide. I wanted to settle between her legs. I wanted so f\*\*\*\*\*g more than this.

I've f\*\*\*\*d multiple girls in the past. I've usually skipped these stages. I couldn't do that with Scarlett. I wanted to pleasure her in all the ways possible.

The door flew open suddenly, and everything was dead silent. Scarlett and I drift apart at the interruption. I slowly looked back to see who our uninvited guest was. I wince as I see Alaric looking at us with a look of horror on his face.

For a few seconds, neither of us said anything to each other. I look back down at Scarlett, and I can see the worry in her eyes. Even in this state, she knew we'd gotten caught doing something that we shouldn't be doing.

"Carter," he growls. "Can I interrupt you for a quick second?"

My body was hiding Scarlett's breasts from him. The thought of him seeing them made me f\*\*\*\*\*g pissed.

"Turn the f\*\*k around," I growl.

He looks annoyed, but he does as I say so that I can fix Scarlett's clothes.

She looked embarrassed, and I felt like kicking my brother in his face. Why did he have to show up now?

"Scarlett—"

"Let's forget this ever happened!" She whispers as she jumps out of my truck and walks away without turning back, not even once.

f\*\*k.

I want to run after her. I want to finish what I started, but my f\*\*\*\*\*g brother is standing in my way.

"You have the worst timing ever," I growl.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He demands from me.

“Wasn’t it obvious what I was doing?” I ask.

“Don’t pretend to be a smart a\*s. Do you know who that was?” He shouts.  
“What the hell are you thinking, Carter?”

“I was thinking my brother is a f\*\*\*\*\*g d\*\*k for interrupting me,” I growl.

His jaw clenches, and he takes a step back in disbelief. “That’s Clara’s younger sister. Her f\*\*\*\*\*g younger sister. She’s clearly drunk and doesn’t know what the hell she’s doing. I know you had some drinks, too, but you know exactly what you’re doing.”

I don’t say anything.

“Are you even considering Clara’s feelings?” He asks. “I know you never loved her and I know you can’t have a f\*\*\*\*\*g mate, but I know you at least have a heart. Do you understand what will happen to her if she ever finds out what the hell you were just up to?”

I grab him by his shirt. “This has nothing to do with Clara. Absolutely nothing.”

“You know that’s a f\*\*\*\*\*g lie.” He growls. “You know she deserves better than this. You ended things with her to protect her. Do you think messing around with her younger sister would protect her in any way?”

I push him away from me. “I’m done with this conversation. I don’t have anything else to say to you, Alaric.”

“I thought you had more f\*\*\*\*\*g integrity than this.” He whispers in disappointment.

It stung. His words. They f\*\*\*\*\*g stung.

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 35 -**

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I woke up with an excruciating pain in my head and nausea in my chest. I wince as I try to remember what brought this on.

The last thing I recalled was Clara forcing me to drink with Autumn. She didn't exactly force me, but she's the main culprit in all of this. If she hadn't suggested it, I wouldn't have drunk anything. She was turning me into her. The drinking, the parties, going after Carter, all of it.

I angrily walk over to the shower and let the water rain on me.

When the first drop of water hits me, I get a memory of Carter, one that I hoped was just a dream. There's no way I'd done unforgivable things with him yesterday.

I turn off the shower and wrap myself in a towel. My breasts felt sensitive, and I gasped when I got an image of his mouth on them.

What did I do? I could feel the panic begin to sink in. What on earth was wrong with me?

This couldn't be true.

Clara asked me to flirt with Carter; she did not say we should take it that far.

I knew I was betraying my sister. I knew I was doing the one thing she never expected from me. I was falling for Carter. I was falling hard for him.

She trusted me. She thought I would be the only one immune to his charms. She thought I would be able to help her without breaking her trust.

She was so wrong. I was no different than those other women who threw themselves at Carter.

I was ashamed of myself. I couldn't believe I was turning into the kind of person that my sister couldn't trust. I've always been honest. Since I started this foolish revenge plan, I was turning into someone I couldn't recognize.

Even if I told Clara I wanted to stop this, it wouldn't change the feelings growing in my chest.

There was nothing anyone could do to rip those feelings out of me. They were already there and growing stronger by the second.

Every second I spent more with Carter, my feelings grew. It no longer felt like I was trying to make him fall in love with me. Now, it felt like I was falling in love with him.

“Scarlett?” I hear Clara knocking on my room door. I quickly throw an oversized hoodie over my head and open the door.

“What’s wrong?” I ask her.

“You need to get dressed. You’ve been sleeping the entire day. We only have a few hours left before Carter’s game tonight.” She informs me.

I’ve been sleeping the entire day? What time was it?

“Carter’s game?” I ask for confirmation.

She nods, “I mentioned this to you before. They have another game tonight. We have to be there.”

The worst part about this news was knowing I wanted to be there as much as she wanted me there. I loved seeing him on that field. I wouldn’t miss it for anything.

“Jenna will meet us there.” She tells me.

Since Clara asked us for help, she and Jenna have been inseparable. They were pretty much best friends now. The three of us were perfect for each other; that could change if Clara learned I was developing feelings for Carter and keeping the truth from her.

“I feel like something is wrong with you.” Clara points out. “Recently, you haven’t been yourself. Are you okay, Scarlett?”

She’s already noticing changes in me. I had to be better at hiding my feelings around her.

“I’m fine.” I lie. “Fine. I’m just not excited to attend another one of Carter’s games.”

She sighs, “Don’t worry, they never choose the same girl twice. You won’t have to do the same thing as last time.”

I turn to look at her. What was she trying to say?



“What do you mean by that?” I ask. “How won’t I have to go through the same thing as last time?”

She quirks a brow at me, “Have you already forgotten Scarlett?” She asks me as she places some body shimmer on my arms.

“Forgotten what?”

I was utterly lost.

“At the end of the game, the star player must k\*\*s someone from the audience. Don’t you remember that the camera landed on you?” She tries to remind me. “This time, you don’t have to worry about that. Carter will be the star player, I’m sure, but you don’t have to worry about k\*\*\*\*\*g him. Another girl from the crowd would be able to k\*\*s him tonight.”

I felt something cold in my stomach at her words.

Another girl would have the chance to k\*\*s Carter tonight?

Suddenly, I didn’t feel like attending the game anymore.

How could I have forgotten such a main part of his games?

I didn’t want to see Carter k\*\*s another girl. I hated that it bothered me this much, but I couldn’t deny it.

I was jealous.

I inwardly g\*\*\*n. What was wrong with me?