

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 41 -

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“What are you doing in my room?” I demanded the second I found my voice again.

I hate how good he looked standing in the middle of my room. The lights were dimmed, but that didn’t hide any of his masculine features from me. He had on a white shirt that was unbuttoned at the top. I could see his smooth chest glistening, almost like he’d just come from practice. I could see his sweat, and a part of me wanted to walk over to him and l**k it.

Oh, my goodness. I didn’t just think that.

Tonight wasn’t a full moon, and this time, he looked fully aware of what he was doing. So what was he doing here?

“I had to see you, Scarlett.” He says desperately.

I’m surprised by his words. I hate that my heart even skips a beat. This was exactly why I was trying to stay away from him. He was a player, and he knew how to make girls fall for him. I was inexperienced with r*****e. Maybe that’s the reason why I was falling for him. I wasn’t prepared to have someone like Carter show interest in me.

“Why?” I demand. “I told you I had nothing left to say to you. Go back to that random woman you k*****d after your game. I’m sure that she will welcome you with open arms.”

He walks over to my bed and leans over me with both hands on the sides of my pillow. “I didn’t want to k**s her. I did it because that’s what’s expected of me after each game. It’s how the academy makes extra money. Our school’s main goal is always to make more money. It didn’t earn its title of the richest academy by doing nothing.”

“Thanks for a lecture on our academy. If you’re done, you can leave before someone walks in here and finds you in my room. I would hate for anyone to get the wrong impression.”

He swallows hard, and I'm drawn to the movement of his throat. Even that seemed seductive to me.

"Tell me, Scarlett," he whispers. "Is it possible that you have feelings for me?"

My eyes widened, and I could feel my cheeks turning red.

"What's wrong with you?" I shriek. "I don't have feelings for you. I will never have feelings for someone like you. Are you forgetting what you did to my sister? Why would I ever have feelings for someone who hurt Clara?"

I can see that he isn't convinced. I would never admit that I liked him, at least not to him.

"I can see your n****s through that thin shirt." He whispers suddenly.

I gasp and cover them with my hands. "How dare you?"

His eyes darken a shade, "I don't mean to be an a*s Scarlett. It's just when I'm around you, I can't help but f*****g want you. Your scent f*****g drives me insane. Every second of every day, all I could think about was spreading your legs and sticking my tongue inside you."

My heart felt like it would explode any second now. If anyone else had said those words to me, I would have kicked them in their crotch. With Carter, it was different. His words turned me on. His words made me want to beg him to give me everything he had just said.

"Your words say one thing, but your body says the opposite." He whispers as he leans into me. "Let me take your body to places it's never been Scarlett. Knowing no other man ever had the opportunity to be this close to you makes me so f*****g happy."

I freeze.

"What makes you think that no other man has touched me?" I demand.

He smirks, "You said so from your own mouth, Scarlett. But even if you hadn't said anything, I would have known the truth. Everyone from the academy knows you're untouched."

"You're wrong." I lie. "I have been touched. I lied to you before. You aren't my first for anything."

I can see the playfulness leaving his face. He wasn't in a playful mood any longer. He was pissed. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen Carter this angry before.

"Did someone else touch you, Scarlett?" He growls. "Tell me the truth. Did someone other than me touch your breasts? Did someone other than me s**k on them?"

My eyes were ready to pop out of my head. How could he ask those questions so casually? When did things become so intimate between us? Just a few days ago, I was ready to punch him.

He grabs my neck and pulls my face closer to his, "Answer me, Scarlett. Was there another man before me? And if there was, I want his f*****g name."

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~CARTER~

I needed to be stopped. I shouldn't be doing this to Scarlett. I shouldn't be demanding she tell me the truth. Still, the thought of another man touching her was too much for me to handle. I was losing control of my body and emotions. I've never felt this jealous in my entire life. No one else but Scarlett could do this to me.

I was sure that she'd never had a boyfriend. I was convinced that she was never dating anyone. Then how could any man have touched her before me?

She wasn't answering me, and I was becoming impatient. I had to know. I had to know before I lost my damn mind waiting to find out the truth.

"Scarlett," I growl. "Answer me."

"Why do you want to know?" she gasps. "What will my answer do for you?"

I press my thumb against her bottom lip, "I won't be able to sleep tonight if you don't answer me." I confess. "Everyone thinks I'm the greatest a*****e alive. They think that I'm incapable of caring for a woman. If only they could see what happens to me whenever you are around me."

She frowns, "You're lying. You don't care about me. You don't care if there was another man before you or not. Stop playing with my feelings, Carter. I will not let you hurt me like you hurt my sister."

I swallow hard, "I have no intention of hurting you, Scarlett. My only intention is pleasuring you in every possible way."

She gasps when I slide my hands up her leg. I've been f*****g dying to touch her there. I've been fighting against it, but tonight, I wouldn't be able to stop. I needed a little taste, just a little.

"Who touched you before me, Scarlett?" I ask again. I was still not letting go of this. I had to know, even though my mind was slowly becoming drugged because of the scent of her arousal.

Her a*s lifts off the bed when I graze my fingers against her panties.

"Does it bother you that someone else may or may not have touched me before you?" She asks me.

I growl as I rip her underwear. I grab the torn material and press it to my nose. Scarlett's eyes widen.

"W-what are you doing?" She stutters.

"I've been dying to bury my nose against your panties," I confess. "There's something else I want to bury my nose into. But before any of that, I need you to tell me the truth before I lose my f*****g mind, Scarlett. You don't realize how angry the thought of another man near you makes me."

She surprises me when she slaps me hard across my cheek. I deserved it, but I wasn't exactly sure what I had done this time to cause this. She pushes me down on the bed and climbs onto my lap.

"Scarlett?" I ask, surprised that she was on top of me.

Her eyes widen when she feels my arousal pressed against her p***y. She didn't have panties on anymore. She could feel me even though I still had pants on.

“No one, not a single person, has ever touched me. I’ve never been k****d before you; I’ve barely even had any guy look at me before I started dressing this way.”

“That’s not true,” I whisper. “I’ve been watching you for a long time. Long before you changed your style of clothes. Your eyes have always been the prettiest eyes I’ve ever seen.”

They brighten after my compliment.

“My eyes?” She whispers in disbelief.

“They’re my favorite color, Scarlett,” I inform her.

She nods, “I know it is.”

“Oh yeah?” I ask her. “Did you also know that your eyes are the reason that light blue is my favorite color?”

Her eyes widened in surprise, and they looked extra beautiful tonight.

“My eyes?”

I nod, “The first time I saw you, your eyes caught my attention. I couldn’t get them out of my head. It was on that day that I decided light blue was my favorite color. Not just any light blue, the exact shade of your pretty eyes.”

“Now you’re just lying—”

I don’t let her finish as I grab her legs and move her body against my d**k.

I g***n at how f*****g good it felt.

“Carter!” She cries out at the friction.

I couldn’t stop myself. I spun us around to be on top of her this time. I spread her legs wide, “Wider, spread them for me, Scarlett.” I say in a hoarse whisper. I positioned myself so that I could get a closer look at her p***y.

She does as I ask, and I don’t think twice before burying my nose in her sweetness. Her a*s lifts off the bed again, giving me more access to her. I inhale deeply, f**k me! f**k ME!

I would f*****g sell everything I owned to bury my face against her p***y every day for the rest of my life.

Before I got a chance to taste her, I heard footsteps nearing her room.

AH f**k.

I roughly pull away from Scarlett and jump out of her window without a second thought.

I ran over to my truck, which was parked a few feet away from her house. I jumped in and dropped my forehead onto the steering wheel.

I was f*****g sweating from head to toe.

What the hell was my problem?

That should have never happened. I went over to Scarlett's house to apologize for my behavior. I went to beg for her forgiveness. Instead, I lost all control and almost stuck my tongue into her p***y.

My nose was still w*t. I rub my thumb finger over it and, without a second thought, stick it into my mouth.

My eyes widened as her taste filled me.

What the—

MOTHERFUCKER!

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~CARTER~

Scarlett's taste was still in my mouth, and I was hard as stone. Usually, I would find a woman and f**k her to my heart's content, but I wouldn't do something that stupid tonight. Now that I knew how much my actions affected Scarlett, I didn't want to do anything to hurt her again.

I had no choice but to return home and get in a cold shower. It was f*****g hard not burying my d**k inside her earlier. I wanted to, but I knew I couldn't. I knew I had to keep that part of Scarlett off-limits to me. I couldn't take something so special away from her when I had no intentions of being together.

It's not like I'd gotten a chance to do it, either. If someone hadn't interrupted us, there is no telling how far I would have taken things.

What was I even doing?

I couldn't afford another relationship. If I got together with Scarlett, I would end up hurting her like I did to Clara. I didn't want to do the same thing to both sisters. But with Scarlett, it was different; she was the one I wanted more than anyone else.

If I didn't have this sick curse to worry about, I would have swept her off her feet and made her my wife without a second thought. Unluckily for me, I didn't have that option.

When I pull up to the driveway, I'm surprised to see Nicole's car parked up front. What was she doing here? She hadn't stepped foot in our house since she decided to walk out on Alaric after learning about our secret.

I had a bad feeling about this. The first thing I heard after entering the house was shouting.

I paused and listened. My eyes widened when I heard glass shattering. I ran towards the sound and found Nicole pelting Alaric's belongings all over the kitchen.

"Nicole, please," he begs. "Calm down."

Our parents weren't home, but all of my brothers were. They were standing and watching in horror.

"What's going on?" I ask Ares.

"Nicole is having another breakdown." He answers me. "She's asking for a divorce again."

“Don’t do this in front of my siblings,” Alaric begs her. “We can do this somewhere else. Don’t drag them into this.”

“I don’t care who hears or sees!” She shouts as she pelts a shoe at him. “I don’t want to be with a monster. You are all monsters. You are all sick in your head! I don’t want to be a part of this family anymore!”

“Just divorce her,” I growl. “Why are you putting up with this?”

Alaric glares at me, “Stay out of this Carter.”

I clenched my jaw in response.

“Why don’t you calm down, Nicole?” Apollo tries to ease the tension.

“Calm down?” She demands. “Why the f**k should I calm down? I’m married to a freak, and everyone expects me to act like everything is okay!”

“My brother is not a freak!” Violet shouts as she walks into the kitchen. “You’re the freak!”

Nicole narrows her eyes at her, “Stay out of it, little girl. Don’t put your mouth into an adult conversation. You don’t know anything.”

“I know that you’re a b***h.” Violet hissed.

“How dare you?” Nicole shouts. “Where is the respect for your sister-in-law? This is why I never liked you. Alaric always treated you like you were some princess. He gives you everything that you want. You’re now a spoilt brat with no respect for your elders.”

I narrow my eyes when she walks closer to my sister. If she did anything foolish, I wouldn’t hold back. We were all keeping our distance only because of Alaric. He’s mentioned in the past not to interfere.

“My brother deserves someone better than you,” Violet says softly. “You were never good enough for him. I’ll be happy if he finally divorces you.”

Nicole raises her hand to slap her. I move forward to stop her but Alaric beats me to it and grabs his wife’s wrist.

She glares at him, “Let go of my hand, Alaric.”

“Go to your room, Violet.” He orders our sister.

She looks at him, and he forces a smile of reassurance for her. She left the room, and I knew that was the right decision. We didn’t like it when anyone tried to hurt our sister.

Alaric takes a deep breath and slowly lets go of Nicole’s wrist.

She’s still glaring at him.

I’ve never seen my brother look so defeated before. Even though we weren’t on good terms, I wanted to comfort him.

“Is a divorce truly what you want from me, Nicole?” He asks her gently. “You want it so badly that you’re making a scene before my family.”

She narrows her eyes, “What have I been saying all along?” She demands. “I cannot be with a monster like you, Alaric.”

He nods, “Okay then.” He whispers. “I’ll give you a divorce.”

I felt his pain.

He’d fought hard to keep her, but in the end, it wasn’t enough.

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4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

It was the last game before we went on a two-week break from all classes. Autumn’s wedding was also coming up. Clara and I knew we had to be there to support her. We’d already received the invitations from the Fawns.

Jenna wasn’t with us tonight; she’d skipped because of a family event.

I hadn’t seen Carter since the night he came into my room.

I could feel my cheeks turn red at the reminder of that night. Carter had done things to my body that made me see stars.

Clara had walked into the room before he could take things further, and thankfully, she didn't suspect anything.

I couldn't get that night out of my head. I knew I should have pushed him away. Instead, I'd wanted him to do even more to me that night. I was ready to give Carter a part of myself I'd never given to anyone else.

It terrified me.

I kept telling myself that I would stay away from him, but a part of me knew I was already hooked.

It's been two days since that night. I was looking forward to seeing him during the game tonight.

I didn't want to see him k**s another woman after the game, but I understood now that he didn't have an option. This was something every single one of the players had to do as long as they played phenomenally. I had to try and control my jealousy tonight before Clara suspected something.

As soon as the crowd began to chant Carter's name, I knew that he was on the field. I searched for him and felt my heart skip a beat when I saw him.

Why did it feel like forever since I'd last seen him when it's only been two days? Carter always looked amazing under the spotlight. He was made just for it.

When the game started, I held my breath. Carter gets the ball quickly, but he passes it to his brother almost immediately.

"I've never known Ares was part of the team," I tell Clara.

"He wasn't." She informs me. "He was supposed to try out for the team at the end of the year; Carter must have found a way to get him into the team earlier."

Ares was also a good player, from what I could see, but he wasn't anything compared to Carter.

Carter moved effortlessly while he played; it wasn't like that for Ares. I could tell he was trying hard. When he scores, the sounds from the crowd are deafening.

“He’s good.” Clara points out. “Carter has trained him well for this day.”

While everyone is looking at Ares, I’m staring at Carter. There’s a look of pride on his face as he watches his brother celebrate his first goal. He didn’t seem to care that he was sharing the spotlight with his brother. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him look this happy. Seeing him like this made me feel good inside.

When the game continues, I’m surprised when Carter does the same thing and passes the ball to his brother. Usually, he’s the one to score.

“Carter isn’t playing like he usually does.” Clara pointed out precisely what I was thinking.

“Do you think he’s injured?” I ask her.

She shook her head, “I don’t think so; if he were injured, we would have known. I think he’s laying low so that Ares could shine tonight.”

That would make sense.

“Does this mean he wouldn’t be the star player tonight?” I ask her.

Part of me loved seeing Carter as the star player, but the other half was sad to see him k**s other girls. I wish there were a way where he could be the star player and not have to k**s random strangers at the end of the game.

Clara nods, “It does look like Carter isn’t going to be the star player tonight.”

“Are there any games that they’ve ever lost?” I ask her. So far, I’ve only seen his team win.

She doesn’t have to think twice before saying, “Dawn Riders.”

“Dawn Riders?” I ask her.

She nods, “That’s the name of their biggest rival. They are fairly new, but they have been performing well. They are the only team that threatens the fearsome.”

I was new to all of this. Suddenly, I was interested in everything that concerned Carter. Since this game meant so much to him, I wanted to know as much about it as possible. Clara knew plenty about him since she’d been

by his side for a long time. It was not the same for me. There was plenty I still didn't know about him.

The crowd cheers when it's announced that our academy just won. I wait patiently for them to announce the star player. We're all shocked when they say Carter's name instead of his brother's.

What was going on?

Why didn't they give the award to Ares? It didn't make any sense to me.

"I was sure they would give it to Ares," Clara whispers. "He scored the most goals."

Carter looks upset on the field as he walks over to his coach.

"They're arguing." Clara points out. "Why does it look like Carter doesn't want to be the star player tonight?"

Her question sends my head spinning. Was it possible he didn't want to be the star player because of me?

That's not possible. He wouldn't do something like that for me. Or would he?

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4 minutes read

~CARTER~

"Ares deserves the Star Player award," I growl.

I tried my f*****g best for my brother to win star player. I didn't want this award if it meant I would have to k**s a random stranger.

Damn it!

I wasn't sure what the hell was happening here. How did I still win it? I did everything to make sure that he was on top the entire time. He deserved that award.

“Ares did score most of the goals, but you were the one helping him.” Dillon points out to me.

“It doesn’t matter if I helped him,” I growl. “He was the one that scored.”

“We both know you weren’t playing to the best of your abilities tonight, Carter.” He says under his breath. “Is this about that thing you called me on the phone to talk about?”

I clench my jaw.

“It can’t be,” he says in disbelief. “You wouldn’t have misplayed today just to avoid k*****g someone from the stand. You wouldn’t play with your future like that.”

He didn’t know me. I didn’t care about that as long as I didn’t hurt Scarlett again.

“Tell me you didn’t!”

“What’s going on?” Ares asks as he joins us. “Everyone is looking. This doesn’t look good.”

“Your brother here played poorly, so you would have a chance to win star player tonight.” Coach informs him.

I narrow my eyes. Why the f**k would he tell him that?

Ares looks at me, “Did you do that?”

My jaw clenches. f**k this.

“You deserve to be the star player tonight, Ares. You were phenomenal out on that field.” I assure him.

He shakes his head at me and I can tell he isn’t happy with my response. He knows I was avoiding his question.

“I want to do it on my f*****g own, Carter.” He growls. “I don’t want your help. I want to make it on my own just like you did!”

I stay quiet at his words and run a hand through my hair.

"I'm not accepting this award," I growl. I would deal with Ares later.

"You must." Coach growls.

"Give it to Ares if you want someone to k**s a girl from the stand, but I want no part of it," I inform him.

"You're accepting the f*****g award, Prince!" He shouts. He always called me by my last name when he was mad at me, which wasn't that often.

I ignore him as I walk out of the field and to my locker room. No one was going to force me to accept that award. I would deal with the consequences another time.

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~SCARLETT~

"What's happening?" I ask Clara. Carter just stormed out of the field, and he was supposed to accept the award. The crowd is wild now that he's gone.

"We're sorry, but there was a mix-up with the announcement; tonight's star player is Ares Prince, Carter's younger brother and a new addition to the team!" The commentator announces suddenly.

There are a few gasps around the stadium. I think some of the girls are disappointed that it wasn't Carter. However, there were many other girls excited for a chance to k**s Ares. He was also just as famous as Carter, and I'm sure this game was about to raise his popularity.

"I'll be right back," I tell Clara. She's too busy looking at the field to pay attention to me.

I rush out of the stadium and go through the back entrance to the player's locker room. I knew that was where Carter would have stormed off.

I needed to know if he'd truly played poorly today just so that he didn't have to k**s anyone. I needed to find out if he'd done it because of me.

I knew I was foolish for ever hoping there was a chance he did it for me. I wasn't that important to him. I was just a random girl he was messing with, and I was falling for his lies.

He claimed that light blue was his favorite color because it was the color of my eyes. Those words made my heart race like it was in a marathon. I couldn't get it out of my head. I knew it couldn't possibly be true. However, I wanted to believe it. I wanted to believe that Carter Prince loved my eyes so much that light blue became his favorite color. It seemed too good to be true.

I knew that if anyone saw me in the boy's locker room, they would freak out. I was hoping that everyone was still on the field. Carter was the only one I'd seen leave it.

I push the door open and look around for him. When I see no sign of anyone, I slowly step inside and shut the door behind me.

I don't know what was wrong with me. A few weeks ago, I wouldn't even dream about doing something like this for someone like Carter. I was losing my mind. That's the only explanation for my crazy behavior.

I gasped when someone grabbed me by my waist and shoved me against a locker. I lift my chin to see Carter breathing hard above me.

My lips part slightly as I gaze up at him. It felt so good to have him this close to me again.

"What are you doing in the boy's locker room, Scarlett?" He growls.