

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 46 -

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I bite my lip and take a deep breath before I say, “I saw you leaving the field; I was worried.”

It was only partly the truth.

His tongue is against his cheek as he leans closer, “I think you’re lying to me, Scarlett. What is the real reason that you’re in the boy’s locker room tonight?”

I try to breathe. I wasn’t ready to ask him, but I knew he wouldn’t rest until I told him the truth.

“Did you play poorly today and refuse to accept the award so you wouldn’t have to kiss someone from the stand?” I asked him the one question I wanted to ask. I blurt it out all at once. I knew there was no taking it back now that he’d heard it.

He exhales sharply, “Why do you want to know that Scarlett?”

“I just want to know,” I whisper. Did I have to tell him why? Shouldn’t he already have an idea?

He tilts his head closer to mine, “You didn’t answer my question.”

“Did you let Ares score so you wouldn’t hurt me by kissing someone else?” I whisper. I didn’t want to make myself believe that he would do something like that just for me. The Carter I knew was selfish; he wouldn’t do something like this for anyone.

His eyes are bright as he gazes at me. “Would that make you happy?”

I shook my head. “No, it wouldn’t.”

He frowns, “I was sure this would make you happy.”

I knew that my response had shocked him. It shocked me, also. I thought I was happy that he hadn’t kissed anyone.

“Tell me, Scarlett,” he says softly. “Why wouldn’t it make you happy?”

It was hard to look him directly in his eyes, but at the same time, I couldn’t look away. I was lost in those eyes.

“Because I know the sacrifice you would make to avoid hurting me,” I answer him.

He quirks a brow at me, “Sacrifice? What sacrifice?”

I press my hands against his chest lightly. “I’ve been watching you on the field, Carter. Since my first game, I saw how much you enjoyed being the star player. You move with so much grace and skill that you captivate everyone in that stand, including me. There’s no one else on your team that can keep up with you. I haven’t seen anyone on the rival teams that could compete, either. I would hate for all of that to end because of something I said to you. I never want to take away something that makes you happy, Carter. And why would you ever do something like that for me?”

He leaned even closer into me, so close that I could feel his warm breath on my face. Our lips are just inches apart; if I moved forward just a little, I could k**s him. His lips parted slightly, and my gaze was stuck on them. They were very kissable, especially now. It took all of my self-control not to give in to my needs.

“Maybe it’s possible that there’s one person more important than football to me.” He whispers.

I felt like all the air had just been pushed out of my lungs at his words.

“Y-you d-don’t mean that.” I stutter.

What the hell was my problem? Why was I speaking like that all of a sudden?

“Oh, but Scarlett, I haven’t been more honest about anything else in my life.” He assured me. “You mean more to me than football does. I did play poorly today for two reasons. One of them was to help my brother, and the other. . . I think you know the answer to that.”

I shook my head. “I don’t.”

His lips touch mine lightly, and it feels like electricity in my veins. “For you. I’d rather lose that match than hurt you again, Scarlett.”

I gasp against his lips, and he inhales sharply, almost like he’s breathing me in.

“I don’t believe you,” I whisper. “Why would you do something like that for me? I’m nothing to you.”

“Nothing to me?” He asks; I can tell he thinks I’d just said the most ridiculous thing possible. “What makes you think that?”

“Don’t try to lie to me,” I whisper. “I’m not your girlfriend, not even your friend. We’re barely acquaintances. Why would you do anything that major for me?”

Instead of answering my question, Carter pulls my bottom l*ip into his mouth and sucks it hard. I gasp, and he does the same to my top l*ip. I could feel butterflies in my stomach.

What was happening? Why did I suddenly feel weak in the knees?

When Carter’s about to deepen the k**s, we hear footsteps. He picks me up into his arms and walks into one of the shower rooms. He shuts the door and locks it.

I can hear men’s voices. My eyes widen. They were all entering the locker room at the same time.

I was stuck in here with Carter!

What was I supposed to do?

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4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I open my mouth to say something, but Carter places his finger on my lips to stop me. My eyes are wide with fear as I gaze up at him.

“You in there, Carter?” I hear one of his teammates ask.

“I am.”

“How long do you have in there?” he asks. “I don’t hear any water.”

“I just got in,” Carter answers him. He leans forward and puts the shower on. I gasp when the water splashes all over my body.

“You didn’t tell me how long you have again.”

“I’ll be in here a while,” Carter shouts back. “Don’t disturb me.” What did he mean by that? I wanted to get out of here. I was sure that Clara was searching for me by now.

The last place she would think about looking was in the boy’s locker room!

“Carter-“

“Shh, he whispers as he leans forward so our lips are inches apart. “You have to be quiet.” “But-” I don’t get to finish when he crashes his lips to mine. He swallows my gasp as he wraps his arms tightly around my waist. My heart is pounding against my chest as Carter kisses me passionately. I knew he was doing it to distract me, and it was working.

The longer he k****d me, the more I forgot about our situation. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held on tightly.

I knew I should put a stop to this. I knew that this was wrong. I shouldn’t be k*****g Carter, especially not at a time like this.

Why did it have to be him? There were hundreds of other men all around me, in every direction that I turned; why the hell did I have to fall for Carter?

He was my sister’s ex-boyfriend! Certain guys were always off-limits, no matter what. He was supposed to be off-limits to me.

Why did my feelings for him change? Why didn’t I hate him anymore? Why was I holding onto him instead of pushing him away?

I bite my l*p to stop m*****g when he covers my neck with aggressive kisses. I grabbed onto his hair and held him tightly against me. This wasn’t close enough.

The water made everything so much better. It was warm and somehow helped me to be closer to Carter. I felt like ripping his shirt and k*****g him all over his chest.

When Carter moves to my chest, I'm reminded of the night in my room. He doesn't s**k on my skin like he did back then; I think he's afraid of leaving marks on me like he's done before.

"There are so many things I want to do to you, Scarlett, he growls against my ear. "I'm tempted to f*****g risk it all right here. I don't care who hears; all I want is to have every single part of you. I know I'm an a*****e, but f**k me, Scarlett; I've never wanted another woman as much as I want you now." I shiver in his arms; no one has ever spoken to me like that before. I should be disgusted, but I'm quite the opposite.

I loved knowing that he wanted me this much. But did he truly want me? Or was this just a game to Carter? Was he messing with me so that he could get into my pants? I've heard about this before. There were many guys from the academy who went after innocent girls. I couldn't tell with Carter. He'd done so many wrong things to Clara. He'd messed with her so badly that she was still stuck on him after the breakup.

She was just like me. She also fell head over heels for him. He'd used his charm and sweet talk to get her to fall in love with him, just like he did to me. And I was foolishly falling for it. All thoughts flew out of my head the second his hands squeezed my breasts. I couldn't stop the cry that escaped my mouth from his touch. "Carter?" My eyes widen. "What the f**k do you want?" Carter growls at his teammate for the interruption.

"I thought I heard something." He says. "f**k, I must be losing my mind. I need some sleep."

The second he walks away, Carter lets his hand travel up my leg. I try my best to stay quiet when his fingers graze my panties. I try to breathe when he pushes it to the side. I wait for him to touch me there, but he doesn't. Instead, he covers my lips with his once more.

I m**n into his mouth and grab onto his hair a second time.

He breaks the k**s and covers my n*****e with his mouth. I gasped at the feelings it uncovered. It didn't matter that he did it over my clothes; the water had already stuck everything to my skin. I'm too dizzy with his mouth on my

n****e to prepare for my reaction when he finally pushes his finger into my wetness.

“CARTER!” I cry out.

“f**k Scarlett.” He groans.

“Now everyone’s gonna know I have a girl inside here with me.” He says in a hoarse whisper. When he pulls his finger out, I almost scream.

No. This had to stop. His words were enough to remind me of where we were. Carter has a playful look in his eyes, and I can tell he’s proud the guys now know what he’s up to in the shower.

It confirms my earlier suspicion. This was just a game for him.

How foolish are you, Scarlett? How could you let him use you like that?

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~SCARLETT~

“Get me out of here.” I hiss as I push his body away from mine.

He looks surprised by the sudden change in my mood.

“They’re all still out there.” He reminds me. “They know I have a girl in here. Do you want them to know that it’s you?”

Of course, I didn’t want them to know it was me. If they knew it was me, then word would spread, and eventually, Clara would find out.

“I can’t believe you,” I whisper. “I can’t believe you’re such a horrible person.”

He frowns, “What did I do now, Scarlett?”

“You used me,” I whisper. “You wanted everyone to know you had me in here. You’re proud that your teammates know you have a girl in here.”

He pretends to be surprised by my words. He doesn't have to pretend around me. I could see straight through him.

"All those things you said to me earlier, they were all lies, weren't they?" I ask him. "You didn't lose the game on purpose, so you wouldn't have to k**s someone from the stand. You had reasons for not wanting to, which had nothing to do with me. Yet, I was foolish enough to believe you. I was foolish enough to let you k**s and touch me, just like that night in my room."

He steps back from me, "Is that what you think of me, Scarlett?"

I don't answer him, and he looks hurt by my silence.

I watch as he storms out of the shower only to return a minute later with a towel and one of his t-shirts on the other. He throws his clothes over my body and covers my head with the towel.

I don't have time to prepare when he lifts me into his arms and throws me over his shoulder.

"What do you think—"

"Stop talking unless you want someone inside here to recognize your voice." He cuts me off.

I stay quiet immediately. I can't let anyone know it's me. I hear whistles throughout the locker room as he carries me out of the shower.

"Who's the mystery girl Carter?" I hear someone ask.

"Since when does he block their faces?" Someone else asks with curiosity in their voice.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and held on tightly, afraid of falling and revealing myself. The questions don't stop, but Carter doesn't bother answering them.

I breathe a sigh of relief when I hear a door close. He doesn't put me down, though; he keeps walking for a few minutes again.

When he finally sets me on the ground, my body is dizzy from being that close to him for so long. His scent was somehow transferred to my body. I could smell him on my clothes.

No, it was his clothes. I look down, suddenly remembering that he'd given me his shirt to wear. He must have done that so no one could recognize my outfit and link it back to me.

He removes the towel from over my head, and I hate how my heart skips a beat the second I see his eyes on me.

"You don't have to worry about anyone knowing it was you." He tells me. "I'll make sure that no one even mentions I had a girl in the shower with me."

My lips parted slightly, "Why would you do that?"

He runs a hand down his face, "If you don't know the answer to that question yet, Scarlett, then I can't help you."

I fold my arms over my chest and narrow my eyes, but before I can say anything, I see Clara standing across from us. My eyes widen in surprise. I can't hide the shock on my face.

Her gaze moves from Carter to me. I know how bad this must look. I had his shirt over me, and we were both w*t.

I didn't want her to get the wrong impression. However, would it really be the wrong impression? Carter had his finger and mouth in places no other guy had ever been just a few minutes ago.

Carter follows my gaze, and he stiffens at the sight of my sister.

She walks over to us, and I see her fighting to stay calm.

"Why are you with my sister?" She asks Carter. "Isn't there another girl for you to mess around with?"

His jaw clenches, "Clara—"

He doesn't get to finish when she slaps him hard across his face. I'm shocked and unable to move even an inch.

My sister never hits anyone. Why did she hit him? Wasn't this what she wanted?

She grabs my hand and pulls me away from him. She doesn't stop until he's out of our sight.

“Clara—”

“It’s okay.” She smiles. “I know you were only doing what I asked you to do. I think our plan is working. Carter is most definitely falling for you!”

I freeze.

She thought it was all part of the plan. She thought I was doing all of this because of her. She didn’t realize yet that I was falling for Carter.

I hate this. I hate it so much.

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3 minutes read

~CARTER~

I was pacing from left to right. I couldn’t get Scarlett out of my f*****g mind. She was all I could think about. Clara’s earlier slap wasn’t even on my mind.

“What’s wrong with you?” Alaric asks as he walks into the living room.

Was he suddenly speaking to me again?

“I thought you weren’t speaking to me.” I confront him.

He looks guilty and avoids eye contact, “Look, I’m sorry about that night. I don’t know why I got so worked up. It’s not like I don’t know your ways and how you deal with your issues. I should have stayed out of it. What you do with Scarlett or Clara shouldn’t be my concern. I was trying to look out for you; I didn’t want you to make a big mess of your life.”

I nod, “I’m over it.” I assure him. “You’re my older brother. You can correct me if you think I’m doing something wrong.”

He looks pleasantly surprised by my response. “That’s good to know, Carter.”

I glance at him as I walk over to the sofa, “I know you probably don’t want to talk about this, but just in case I’m wrong, tell me, are you finally divorcing Nicole?”

He looks uncomfortable with my question, and I immediately take it back, "Forget it. You don't have to answer that."

He shook his head and sipped the beer in his hand, "No, it's okay. Talking about this is something I have to get used to. Everyone's already asking me questions about my marriage. I believe the word has already spread everywhere. I wanted to keep it hidden, but it isn't something I can hide anymore."

He leans against the wall with his eyes on the ceiling, "I tried my best to make my marriage work. I never wanted to have a divorce. I was positive I could keep Nicole happy for the rest of our lives. I never wanted to hurt her. I was dishonest from the start. I'm the reason she hates me. I plan on giving her the divorce she wants; everything's being finalized."

I can tell how difficult all of this is for him. He doesn't try to hide his pain from me, and I'm glad he's letting his genuine emotions out. That way, he would be able to heal eventually.

"What about you?" He asks. "I don't think you're messing around with Scarlett. I should have known on that night that you are better than that. Drunk or not, you wanted to be there with her."

He pauses for a second before he adds, "You like her, don't you?"

I tried to act unbothered by his question, but it surprised me. I didn't think anyone could tell that I genuinely liked Scarlett.

My jaw clenches as I try to look at anything but my brother.

"It's okay." He assured me. "I don't plan on telling anyone if you're worried about that. I just wanted to let you know that I'm here for you if you ever need someone to talk to."

I take a deep breath and stand up, "I think like is a small word to describe what I feel for Scarlett. There are things I'm willing to do for her that I wouldn't ever think about doing for someone else. I'm scared, no, I'm terrified. I know I can never have anything solid with her. I know our life demands that we stay single; it's why we were never blessed with mates. I know Scarlett is the closest to a mate I'll ever have. But she could never be mine."

Alaric places a hand on my shoulder, “Don’t let my failed marriage stop you from having something special.”

“It’s easier said Alaric. Scarlett doesn’t want me. She doesn’t trust me. She thinks I’m this horrible person who purposefully hurt her sister.” I informed him. “There’s no chance for us, but still, I wake up each day excited at the thought of seeing her. It’s hard to explain.”

He nods, “You don’t need to explain to me. I know what it’s like to love someone and know you can’t be with her. I feel that way with Nicole every day. Knowing the person you love hates you is enough to make you hate life. But we can’t give up; we need to keep fighting for the things that we love.”

Keep fighting? For the things that we love?

But did I love Scarlett? Or was I only attracted to her? I knew I didn’t just like her; I knew it was more than that, but I wasn’t sure if I could say yet that I was in love with her.

All I knew was that I felt like I would die if I weren’t near her.

That’s it. I didn’t care about the consequences. I was going to her house. . . tonight, and no one would stop me.

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4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

Clara was sitting across from me. I couldn’t look her in the eyes. She was convinced that I was only close to Carter because of her. She was confident that her plan was working. I wanted to tell her the truth. In fact, more than once tonight, the truth almost came out. But each time I opened my mouth to say something, nothing escaped.

I was ashamed and scared. I didn’t know how to tell my sister that I did the one thing she trusted me not to do. I didn’t know how to risk our relationship.

I wasn’t sure what was happening with Carter either. I didn’t know if he was honest with me or if it was all a lie. I didn’t know if I was one of his many experiments or not.

I never thought I would turn into one of the girls I've always disliked.

"There's someone at the door," Clara tells me, breaking me out of my thoughts.

I got up from the chair and walked over to the front door. I got there just in time to hear the doorbell once more.

When I opened the door, I saw a strange guy standing there. I've never seen him before.

"How can I help you?" I ask. "Are you here to see Clara?"

Usually, when men came to our home, they wanted to ask my sister out on a date.

He shook his head, "I didn't come here for Clara; I came here for you."

It takes me a few seconds to compose myself. Did I hear him correctly? He came here for me?

I clear my throat, "why exactly would you be here for me? Do I know you from somewhere?"

He chuckles, "We go to the same academy. I've been noticing you for a while. I wanted to come say hello."

I frown, "And you couldn't say hello at the academy? You do realize that it's weird that you came to my home when I don't even know who you are?"

He smiles, "I know it wasn't the smartest decision, but I wanted to talk to you when no one else was around."

"What do you want?" I ask as I narrow my eyes.

"Go out with me." He yells out. He seems confident that I would say yes.

I wasn't interested in dating anyone. .. unless their first name was Carter and their last name was Prince.

"I'm sorry, I'm not interested in dating anyone right now." I try my best to be polite. "I'm sure there's another girl who'd love for you to ask them out."

I attempt to close the door, but he pushes his hand out to stop me.

I frown, "Is there something else that you want?"

"I'm not taking no for an answer." He insists.

I wasn't worried before, but now I was slightly concerned.

What was this stranger's intentions?

"I don't want to cause any trouble, so please, move your hands and leave my home quietly." I threaten him.

"I'm afraid I can't do that until you agree to—"

He doesn't get to finish when someone grabs him by his shirt and slams him against the wall.

I gasped, surprised to see Carter here.

What was he doing here?

He grabs the stranger by his neck, and if looks could kill, he would be dead by now. I've never seen Carter look this fierce before.

"She said to leave." Carter growls.

"Is everything okay out there?" I hear Clara call from the living room.

"It is!" I lie. "I'll be back in a few minutes!"

I didn't want her to know that Carter was on our doorstep. I quickly shut the door.

I watch in horror as he drags the man's body from the ground and throws him against his vehicle.

I wince at the sound it makes. That must have hurt.

"Who the hell are you?" Carter demands.

"I-I'm Alvin." He answers him.

“Why the f**k are you here?”

The man looks between me and Carter. “I like her. I wanted to take her out on a date.”

A murderous look crosses Carter’s eyes. “She’s not f*g available.” He growls.

Wait a minute. Since when wasn’t I available? Not that I wanted to be available for that psycho, but still.

“I-I’m sorry. I didn’t know that Scarlett was dating anyone.” He apologizes. “I’ll leave now.”

I opened my mouth to correct him but decided it would be best if he thought I was dating Carter.

Carter doesn’t look like he wants to let go of the man. He looks like he wants to hurt him.

“Carter,” I whisper. “He wants to leave. Let him. I don’t want to disturb Clara. She doesn’t know what’s happening out here.”

He lets out a low growl as he picks the man up from on top of his car and shoves him into it.

“Don’t ever show up here unless you want to turn in a f*g corpse.”

I watch as he starts his car and drives off without a second thought.

Suddenly, I’m reminded that it was just Carter and me here. We were standing in the middle of the road, and for the first time, I felt the nervousness that girls often felt when they were around someone they liked.

“How is the security so poor in your home?” Carter demands. “For a family of your status, it should be better than this.”

I frowned; this was not what I expected to hear him say.

We’ve never really had any problems with danger in the past; it’s why my family rarely bothered about things like that.

“Why are you here, Carter?” I demand.

He shouldn't be in my home, not when Clara was inside and could step outside any minute now.