

Chapter 165

Caroline's POV

Oh my God, what kind of backwater is this! I went to the salon I found in town today, it turned out okay-ish, but they're all such hicks. I needed to get out of this podunk town soon.

"Celeste, make that snotty brat shut up. You can hear him crying all the way at the entrance," I said while walking into this dump my father had scrounged up for us. "So, what do you think?" I showed off my new look.

"Yeah, it looks just like Liz's," Celeste agreed. "But you shouldn't have gone!"

"Ughhhh. That's exactly what I wanted. If my hottie hooked up with that skank in New York, he'll go crazy when he sees me." I was dying to run into Alexander. "Besides, nobody knows me here."

"This kid never stops crying. When I first met him, he was much quieter," Celeste said.

"Oh, just give him some medicine. I've got Xanax in my purse, want some?" I offered.

"Are you crazy? We can't kill the brat before Alexander does everything we want. Better let him cry, he'll tire himself out eventually."

"Geez, Celeste, I don't think you're cut out for motherhood." I laughed, seeing Celeste's disgusted face at the kid.

"He just doesn't like your face," Celeste snapped back. "Your father could've found us a better place, you know. This place is such a dump."

"I think so too, but he said we wouldn't draw attention here. But I'm so



boooooored..."

We heard a knock at the door – it was that annoying Claude calling. Celeste went to open it, and he immediately grabbed her. At least he's useful. He brought food. Celeste took him to the bedroom, I knew exactly what that whore is doing. It didn't take long before she started moaning like a bitch in heat.

Half an hour later, Claude left and Celeste stayed quiet in the bedroom. I called her to take care of the brat, and she told me to deal with it myself. I was about to slap her face. The nerve of her.

I gave the little brat a pack of cookies, and he threw them all in my face. Gosh, I was so mad! You know what, I would leave this snotty kid tied up here at the kitchen table leg and go to bed. I wouldn't care about him at all.

I went to my room, put on my headphones so I wouldn't have to deal with the crying, and my sleep mask. I had to look gorgeous tomorrow to meet my cutie!

"Owwww! Celeste, stop shaking me, you cow!" I yelled.

I felt a large hand rip the mask off my face. There were a bunch of gorillas in my room.

"Aaaaaahhhh! Help, help! Celeste, help me, I'm going to be raped, help! " I started screaming, fearing for my life.

"Shut up, you tramp!" One of them yelled at me. "This is the police, you piece of shit! Get up, you're going to the station. Baby kidnapper, huh?! You're going to jail, bitch!"

Suddenly there was a huge dog barking on top of me. I froze. What do



they mean police? What were they talking about? I saw Celeste at the bedroom door with her hands behind her back, and I started crying.

"Celeste, what kind of joke is this?"

"You think this is a joke, you idiot? They caught us, you dummy! I bet it was your trip to the salon, I warned you not to go, you jackass!"

"Don't talk to me like that, Celeste! Owwww... what's this?" I felt something cold being placed on my wrists.

"Silver bracelets, Princess!" One of the brutes said laughing.

"What?" I didn't understand.

"Handcuffs, you moron. We're being arrested, you clown!" Celeste shouted.

"Now you're going for a ride in the cage." Another brute said and pushed me.

We were pushed out of the house and placed in an actual cage inside a police car's trunk. Before being shoved into that thing, I saw the snotty kid in the arms of a handsome guy. Oh, now the snotty kid stopped crying.