

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 10

6 minutes read

“How should we get his attention?” I ask Clara after looking at Carter, who is still busy with those other women.

Didn't they ever get tired of making out? I fold my arms and try to ignore them.

“You don't have to do much,” she tells me. “Almost all the men are looking your way right now.”

She was already looking better than earlier when we'd just walked in.

I fake laugh, “No, sister, their eyes are on you.” I disagree with her. “You're the most beautiful girl here.”

“I think their eyes are on the both of you.” Jenna corrects us both. “I've seen a good few men look at both of you individually. You're both very attractive. You'd have all the eyes in the room if half of them weren't already drunk.”

“Sure,” I whisper under my breath.

Carter still wasn't looking our way, and I knew it upset Clara. She wanted this plan to work immediately. She didn't have much patience when it came to revenge. She wanted it to happen in the blink of an eye.

“If there is one thing that would draw his attention, it's having other guys interested in you.” She tells me as a few guys walk up to us. “This is good. Entertain them for as long as you could.”

Entertain them? For as long as I could?

Was she insane?

I didn't want to entertain many horny men just to get Carter to look my way! They assured me that my bikini would be enough to attract his eyes, but that didn't seem to be working! How were they so sure that this plan would work when the last one had failed?

I force a smile on my face and start a conversation with the first guy that approaches me. This was one of the hardest things I've ever been forced to do in my life. As soon as one guy left, another came running.

I didn't only have to entertain Carter but every other guy at this party. Well, it wasn't precisely every guy at the party, but it sure did feel like it. I wanted to run and hide. I had to keep reminding myself that Carter deserved what was coming to him, that is, if he did fall for Clara's trap.

Even though he was never faithful to her, Clara did look like she knew a lot about him. She might just be able to pull this off because of how well she knew what he liked and what caught his attention.

"Hi," Jason, a guy from class, introduced himself to me as though we'd never spoken before. He was the fifth guy to approach me, and still, Carter hadn't realized my presence.

Tonight was a failure. Why didn't we give up and return home? Pretending tonight never happened would be the best thing for Clara and me.

"Can you tell me your name, pretty girl?" He asks me.

Did he not remember that we had a class project together once? I felt like rolling my eyes, but the look my sister gave me told me she wanted me to go along with it.

"Hi!" I greet him, pretending to be shy. Should I blink my eyes and flip my hair like the other girls were doing? Should I openly flirt and fake another smile?

I wasn't sure how to do it without making a fool of myself. But maybe that wasn't such a bad idea; it would get Jason to leave me alone.

"Jason!" I hear an intense and, might I add, sexy voice call out to him. I didn't have to ask myself who it was; seconds later, Carter stood beside us.

Did I just refer to Carter's voice as sexy?

He didn't look at me, nor did he look at my sister. He was practically glaring at Jason, but it also seemed like he was trying to act calm and collected. He wasn't fooling me. He probably was fooling Jason, however.

The guy looked overjoyed that Carter Prince was talking to him. He was so happy about it that he must have forgotten about my existence once more. I can't say I wasn't glad for the distraction. I didn't like the way Jason looked at my body. The entire time he stood saying hi to me, he wouldn't stop staring at my boobs.

"There are some girls I'd like to introduce you to," he tells him, and Jason looks extremely excited to meet them.

Carter turns to my sister, "Clara," he greets her, and she shows him the finger.

He slowly moves his gaze from her and pins me with his dangerous eyes, just like he did the day he told me he saw my panties. My cheeks turn red at the reminder. Today, he could see much more than just my underwear. I was exposed in every way possible, but unlike Jason, his eyes were glued to mine. He wasn't looking at my body, at least, not yet.

His jaw clenches, and I can tell that something about me pisses him off. He doesn't try to hide his annoyance, but unlike the other day, he says nothing about what I chose to wear today.

I watch as he walks off with Jason by his side.

"What do you think?" I ask Clara. "He didn't seem to have much of a reaction about my outfit."

"He was bothered," she answers me. "He probably didn't say anything to you because I was here. We may have to leave you alone for the remainder of the party. To see if he will approach you then."

My jaw drops, "are you insane?" I demand. "I don't want to be here by myself. Do you see how many creepy looks people are sending me? Can you imagine what will happen the moment I'm left alone? I would rather not like to be put through such embarrassment. I'm uncomfortable and want to go home as soon as possible."

"It's just for a little," Clara assured me. "I'm sure the moment Carter sees you by yourself; he will try to talk to you. And you don't even have to stay with him long. You will seem more attractive to him if you turn him down or act as if his presence annoys you."

"His presence does annoy me; I don't have to act," I tell her.

“We will be back soon, and if anyone tries to harass you, we will come and steal you away.” My sister promises.

I bite my bottom lip and agree, even though I’m incredibly uncomfortable with her plan. I’m unsure how long she will let me proceed with this before she realizes that Carter would not fall for me. Look at how many girls he had at his call; they all threw themselves at him. He wouldn’t waste his time on me when neither of us liked each other.

“I think I have a better idea,” Jenna tells the both of us.

I was open to other ideas because I thought that this one sucked.

“How about we get her in the back of Carter’s truck?” She asks us.

I stare at my best friend as though she’d lost her damn mind.

“What on earth are you suggesting?” I demand from her.

I thought her plan would be better, but it was a hundred times worse!

“Hear me out,” she pleads. “You don’t want anyone to approach you. If you stay here alone, someone will. You look absolutely beautiful; men will be tripping to be near you. If you’re on top of Carter’s truck, he will notice you instantly, and you don’t have to worry about anyone hitting on you.”

“That’s not a bad idea,” Clara says with a sparkle in her eyes.

I’m about to protest when I see two boys approaching us.

“Point me toward his truck,” I tell them.

They smile at each other, and I feel like pulling at their hair. They’re lucky they aren’t the ones being put through this nonsense for a guy they didn’t even like.

I followed their direction after memorizing the number plate, even though I knew there was only one of his kind. It’s also the only yellow vehicle in the parking lot.

Instead of climbing onto the truck’s bed, I settle for leaning against it. I wasn’t sure how long I’ll have to wait here for him, but I would be happy if he never showed up.

I fold my arms and stare at the balcony; anyone can look down from the pool area and see me leaning against his truck.

I sigh as I spot him with his arms around another girl; I want to gag in disgust as I see him lean in and k**s her neck while playing with the straps of her top. He has no decency, does he?

I narrow my eyes, and that's exactly when his gaze wanders down at his truck before it falls on me. My breath gets stuck in my throat at the look in his eye. I'm not sure if he's angry or not. It's hard to tell.

I tried to act like his gaze didn't affect me, but I didn't believe I was winning the battle.

I go completely still as he untangles himself from the girl despite her desperate calls for him to return to her. When he starts to move, I begin to panic.

Oh no.

Please tell me he isn't coming here!