

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 5

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“I still don’t understand how I’m supposed to pretend to like someone I hate,” I tell my sister as we walk into the cafeteria. It’s the first step to see if Carter would notice me. Clara wants to see how much work she needs to put in to get him to pay any attention. I told her earlier that punching him a second time would be the perfect way, but she was totally against it.

“Okay,” she says, looking at the table to the furthest right, “I see him, and he’s there with a woman on his lap; of course, he would be doing something like that in the middle of the cafeteria.”

I follow her gaze and shake my head in disgust. This was a completely different girl from who we saw him with earlier. At least he was always around Clara in public places when they were dating, not showing up with a different girl every second. I wish I could say the same about what he was doing behind closed doors, however.

“This is the first test,” she tells me. “Walk towards them and spill water over their table. I want to see his reaction to you.”

“I’d much rather punch him,” I tell her.

She gives me a look and hands me a cup of water, “Come on, we don’t have much time left.”

I press my lips tightly together in annoyance and grab the cup from her. Neither Carter nor the girl on his lap notices me coming towards them. I guess that’s a good sign for now. That’s the good thing about not being famous: you can walk right in front of someone, and they won’t even notice you. I loved being invisible; I wouldn’t be doing this if my sister wasn’t so heartbroken over her breakup. I’m hoping with time that, she would get over him and ask me to stop this plan.

As I walk closer to them, I clutch the cup closer to my chest. I can’t believe I will throw water all over their table.

“Carter!” Someone shouts his name and bumps straight into me. My eyes widen when I accidentally throw the water onto Carter and the girl. I cover my

mouth with my hand in shock as the girl begins to scream and jumps out of his lap.

Carter looks up at me then, ready to say filthy words, I'm sure. However, when he sees that it's me, he doesn't say anything. Maybe he thinks that saying anything to me isn't worth his time. It's the only reason I can think of.

"You!" The girl shouts. "How dare you throw water on top of us?"

"It was a mistake." I apologize. I want to add a few other words, but I don't because I know that my mission is not to get Carter to hate me but for him to notice me and start liking me.

I shiver at the thought of him liking me. This is not good. I can't even entertain the idea; how am I supposed to allow it to happen?

Why am I even worried? Carter would never fall for me; how could someone that dated someone as amazing as my sister ever fall for me? I was worrying for nothing. As soon as Clara realized he wasn't falling into her trap, she would move on from this crazy idea.

"You're going to have to pay for my dress!" She shouts. "Do you know how much I paid for it?"

It was water. What was that going to do to her dress?

"Calm down," Carter tells her. "It's nothing to get bothered about. Besides, I like my women w*t either way."

He's staring straight at me while saying those awful words. I gape at him and swallow the nasty words I want to respond with.

"Oh, Carter," she blushes and kisses him.

I wanted to puke and quickly leave before seeing more of that awful display.

"That was horrible!" I say to Clara when I rejoin her at one of the tables.

She can't control her laughter, and I frown at her; she's why I was in that mess in the first place, "look on the bright side. At least he noticed you."

"Of course, this will be funny to you. You're not the one that keeps drawing attention to herself over stupid things."

"I think you're doing an excellent job so far. Both times you've spoken to Carter, you've shocked him to the core. You're guaranteed to leave an impression on him. I can assure you that no other girl has done what you've managed to do to him in just two days." She praises me.

I'm not sure if this was something worthy to be praised over, but as long as it was making my sister happy, who am I to complain?

"What are we supposed to do now?" I ask her.

"I want you to follow them," she tells me as they pass us. "I want to know if Carter will notice that you're following him. If he doesn't, it's not a good sign. We want him to notice you as much as possible."

"I hardly think following him around will give him a good impression of me." I disagree.

"Just do it." She tells me. "You only have to follow him around today. I need to figure out how much work I must get done on you."

"Get done on me?" I ask in horror.

"Yes, like shopping for clothes and makeup. Now go before you lose them." She hurries me.

I mumble a few words as I run behind Carter and his woman for an hour. I follow them briefly before they both slip into a classroom.

That's odd. I don't think there's a class there right now.

I peep into the room, and just as I expected, the space is empty. I carefully open and close the door, trying my best not to make any sounds. I look around me, but they are nowhere to be found.

That's weird.

I'm sure I saw them come in here.

I'm about to leave when a sound hits my ear. A m**n, actually. And then a slapping sound.

"Carter." She moans. "Faster, faster. f**k me."

I can feel myself pale.

It couldn't be true.

They wouldn't be having s*x in a classroom.

Would they?