

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 6

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I follow the sound even though my mind is telling me to leave. This couldn't be good, the moans were getting louder, and my ear felt like it was bleeding.

My eyes widen when I see Carter's bare a*s. The girl is screaming his name as he rocks in and out of her; her nails scratch his back, and she looks like she's having the best time of her life.

They aren't k*****g. It's not any form of love. They're simply f*****g. And it looks like that's all Carter is capable of.

My hatred for him just doubled by witnessing this horror. I couldn't believe men like him existed and were somehow worshipped by women.

Carter picks her up and bends her over a desk. My heart rate picked up.

What the hell is wrong with me? Why am I still here watching the two of them?

The girl's eyes were closed; if she were to open them, she would see me. I didn't want to seem like a total freak.

I hurriedly ran out of there, not caring that I slammed the classroom door shut on my way out.

If I thought I disliked Carter before, I knew that I more than disliked him now. The man had no control; how could he be having s*x with a girl in a classroom?

It's only the second day that he and my sister have broken up. He didn't even wait a day to start screwing another girl. I should have expected this since he was sleeping around with other women even while he was with her.

"Did you find them?" Clara asks me when she finds me running towards her.

"And why is your face so red?"

I didn't want to tell my sister what I just saw. She was hurting enough already, and I couldn't do any more damage to her. She didn't deserve any of this.

“No, they were already gone. I tried to catch up to them, but they got lost among all the students.” I lie.

She sighs, “I guess that’s okay. Clear your schedule after school. We’re going shopping. We need to get you a new wardrobe.”

“I like hiding under my hoodie and baggy clothes,” I complain. “Do we have to change what I wear?”

She nods, “If we want him to fall in love with you. We have to catch his attention. The only chance of him noticing you is if you wear the kind of clothes he likes to attract his eyes. I know what he loves to see in a woman, and I can find the perfect fit to suit your body type.”

Will the t*****e ever end? I know this plan was to t*****e Carter in the end, but so far, the only one being t*****d is me.

I spend the rest of my day dreading going to the mall. I tried sneaking away before Clara could find me, but she saw me in time. And my best friend was the one who told her where to find me. She was such a traitor!

Jenna was looking forward to seeing me get a makeover. I should have expected that from her, she loved makeovers.

“I’m so excited to see what Clara does to you.” She says as we walk into the first store.

“Of course, you would, traitor.” I snap.

She links her arms through mine and pulls me further into the store, “Are you still upset about that? You should smile. Your sister is paying for everything, and you’ll be turned into one of those hot girls from school.”

I roll my eyes, “I don’t want to be one of those hot girls from school. I’m perfectly contented with the way I am now.”

Clara grabbed a few dresses and shoved me into the dressing room. I angrily removed my clothes, and the first dress I tried on was a light blue with embellished long sleeves. The dress was so short that it barely covered my a*s. I don’t think this was even appropriate to go to class in. If my pen were to fall onto the floor, there was no way I would be able to bend over without flashing everyone behind me.

“How’s it going in there?” Clara calls.

I sighed and pushed the curtain aside so that she could see how the dress looked on me.

“Yes!” Jenna shouts. “You’re getting that one.”

“I know,” Clara says as she studies me. “I always knew you were hiding your figure behind those clothes you wore. This color brightens up your complexion.”

“It’s too short.” I disagree with both of them.

“Short is good,” Clara informs me. “Carter loves short dresses, skirts, tops, the more skin, the better.”

“Of course, Carter would love that. Did he see a woman for anything other than her looks?” I demand.

Clara laughs, “Isn’t that the whole point of this plan? To get him to see you for more than your looks. But sadly, the only way to get his attention at first is through what you wear. After he gets hooked, you can wear longer dresses and skirts. He would already be too hooked to notice.”

I sighed and spent hours more trying on outfits my sister and best friend chose for me. I knew that tomorrow would be hell at the academy, but there was nothing I could do. I’d already agreed to help my sister.