

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 16 -**

5 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

My sister and best friend were not giving me a chance to breathe. They were throwing questions at me, one after the next.

I didn't want to remember anything about last night. I wanted to forget last night ever happened.

"You need to tell us what happened last night between you and Carter!" Clara repeats as Jenna joins us in the car. It was the next day, and I was still in shock and scarred from last night, and it was all these two traitor's fault.

They abandoned me when I needed them the most.

How could they have left me to deal with Carter on my own?

How could they let him drop me home?

"I can't believe the two of you!" I snap. "You guys are such traitors. How could you let me leave with Carter all by myself? Do you even realize how awful that was for me?"

A part of me knew that wasn't entirely true. It wasn't completely awful, but that wasn't something I was ready to admit.

Jenna gives me a sneaky smile, "it was Clara's idea. She said it would be best for the two of you to leave together so that you could get closer to him. But did that happen? Did you happen to get closer to Carter?"

I sigh, "I knew my sister would be the one to throw me under the bus. She lives to see me in pain."

Clara rolls her eyes, "stop being so dramatic."

"Come on," Jenna says impatiently. "You need to spill the tea. We want to know everything! And don't leave a single detail out."

I roll my eyes, “I shouldn’t tell you anything for abandoning me last night. I thought I would have died!”

“You’re being dramatic again!” Clara exclaims. “If you want to get closer to Carter, you’ll have to spend time alone with just the two of you. It’s something you have to get used to.”

“That’s the problem,” I snap. “I don’t want to get closer to him. I’m only doing this for you. Don’t I have a say in how I get closer to him?”

“No,” Clara answers me. “If we want him to fall in love with you, we must do things my way. If it were up to you, you wouldn’t try to get close to him and instead try to push him away.”

“I have a question for you,” I tell my sister. There is something that has been bothering me about last night. I wanted to know if I was wrong about Carter. “Did Carter ever open his truck door for you or any door?”

She laughs, “Come on, Scarlett. It’s Carter Prince. He doesn’t do romantic. Everyone knows this, including me, and I would know plenty since I dated him. But why do you ask?”, she pauses before her eyes widen. “Don’t tell me he did it for you?”

I’m not sure how to answer this question. On the one hand, my sister would be happy to know he was falling for me or at least pretending to fall for me. But on the other, she would be sad that he was so quick to care for me when he never did anything for her.

“It looked like he was going to, but I opened the door before, so I can’t say.” I lie to her. I’m unsure if I’m doing the right thing by lying to her, but I was scared of hurting her. She was going through enough already. I knew she didn’t choose the best way to deal with her heartache, but she was my sister, and she wasn’t a bad person. She’s never wished bad on anyone except Carter, but that was only because he hurt her first. And he did it in the worst way possible.

Whenever I think about what he’s done, I know I must continue with this plan.

“But are you ever going to tell us what happened?” Jenna asks; she seemed the most anxious to hear the stories I had to tell from last night.

“Carter saw me standing next to his truck from the pool area. He immediately came down to ask me what I was doing there. I explained that I might have been there to wreck his windshield for hurting Clara. Of course, he didn't believe me because I'm apparently too nice even to break someone's windshield or anything at all.”

Clara laughs, “Of course, you're too nice for that. I'm happy you stood up for me, but I don't think you should keep doing that around him. We want him to start liking you. You'll need to try at least to be nice to him.”

I'm not sure my sister knows what she's speaking about. Carter seemed to be treating me better when I acted mean to him. For some reason, it seemed like he liked it when I was mean to him.

“So what happened next?” Jenna asks me, still listening intently. “I feel like I'm reading a novel, but it's your life! How cool is this?”

“Very cool,” I say dryly. “Something strange happened next. It makes me wonder what type of person Carter is. I felt like I saw another side to him last night.”

“What do you mean?” Clara asks me as she tilts her head to the side, trying to hear me better.

“I left him by his truck and was heading back inside, but two drunk guys were by the entrance. They tried to harass me, and one even touched my a\*s. Of course, I slapped him, but then they tried to attack me, and that's when Carter stepped in. I could have handled it independently, but he still showed up. He smashed their faces to the ground and asked them to apologize. After they did, he told them to remember my name and never to try anything like that again on me. Then he gave me his shirt to cover up my body so that no other guys tried to interfere with me again. And if that surprises you, there's more. I told him that I was heading back inside, but he insisted that I go back to his truck. When I said no, he picked me up and threw me over his shoulder, and carried me back to his truck.” I tell them.

I wait for a response, but they're both reticent. It freaks me out since they're always so noisy, especially when talking about Carter.

“Aren't you going to say something?” I ask.

Clara shakes her head at me, “I feel like you’re talking about a different person.” She admits. “Are you sure that was Carter and not one of his brothers that resembles him?”

“I wish!” I exclaim, “But it was definitely him. No one else.”

“That’s crazy,” Jenna says. “I would not expect something like that from Carter. But this means that Clara’s plan is working. He’s beginning to care for you, and we haven’t even tried hard enough yet.”

What did she mean by that? I was trying pretty freaking hard. They weren’t the ones putting their lives on the line like me. Of course, it would seem like nothing for both of them.

“We need to see his reaction to you at school today,” Clara says. “I need to figure out if he’s messing with you or falling. I’m not sure how we will be able to tell, but we just have to wait and see.”

How wonderful, another day of seeing Carter Prince!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 17 -**

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“Do you see him anywhere?” Clara asks. Today felt like a repeat of yesterday and the day before that. Since I agreed to do this for my sister, Carter is all that we speak about.

He’s become the center of our attention.

Where is Carter? Would Carter like what I’m wearing? What did Carter do today? It was becoming frustrating. All I wanted to do was lie in bed and read novels. Even sleeping would interest me more than talking about Carter at this point.

I felt a shiver down my spine every time I remembered last night. I didn’t need a reminder of it every second. They seemed to be convinced that Carter was already starting to develop feelings for me.

I knew he was just messing around with me like he did with all the other girls he tried to sleep with. It was simple with everyone else but I was not about to make things easy for him.

One thing has been bothering me, which I intentionally left out about last night.

It happened when I'd shut my door after Carter dropped me home. He did something that baffled me.

He touched his truck, which would have been normal behavior if he hadn't touched the exact spot I had been leaning against last night.

My cheeks burned as I remember pressing up against it while looking at him. I could still smell him.

Why did he touch it? Did he know he was touching the exact spot my a\*s had been on?

Did he have a sick, twisted reason for doing it?

I shook that thought out of my head. I didn't want to spend any time thinking about the questionable things that he did.

"I don't think you'll be seeing much of Carter today," Jenna tells the both of us. I'm suddenly interested in what she has to say—not seeing much of Carter? That sounds spectacular to me.

"What do you mean?" My sister asks. "Is he skipping school to be with one of his many girls again?"

She shook her head, "he's going to be busy with practice. Did you forget Clara? Carter has a game tonight. I just heard someone speaking about it. We should have known this already. I can't believe I let the game tonight slip my mind!"

Clara's eyes widen, "You're right! How did I forget about something like that?"

"To be fair, you were preoccupied." I remind her.

Preoccupied trying to ruin my life; that's what she was busy doing.

I'm trying to hide how happy I am by this new information. It meant that I was a free girl for the rest of the day. I didn't have to worry about looking good for Carter or trying to catch his attention. I didn't have to fear hurting my sister or seeing her cry because of that a\*\*\*\*\*e. And most importantly, we didn't have to see him ruin our lunch by sticking his tongue down a random girl's throat.

"That settles it," Clara says suddenly. The tone of her voice worries me. What was she coming up with now? She looks at me and smiles, "We're going to the game tonight."

My mouth slowly opened in disbelief. I knew it was too good to be true.

Just my luck. I should have expected her to devise a plan like this one. I thought Carter having a game tonight would be good news for me, but it was the opposite.

Is everyone out to make my life miserable?

"Why would we attend the game?" I ask her. "It's not like I can catch his attention while he's in a game. Everyone knows how seriously Carter takes his games. He loves to win, and nothing ever comes between his thirst for success."

There was no way that I would be able to catch his attention tonight. I don't understand why Clara would even bother carrying us to that thing. I've never went to a game before. I never had a reason to do it. And I wished to keep it that way.

I didn't want to see Carter in his spotlight with everyone screaming his name. To me, he wasn't a star, not after what he did to my sister.

The last thing I wanted to do was be added to one of his supporters list.

"Once Carter and his team win, a huge celebration will be on the field. He will spot you in the crowd. If he's truly interested in you, he will come to you. This is the first test to see whether he's only messing around or is beginning to have feelings for you." She tells me.

I was sure that Clara would be proven wrong tonight. Carter wouldn't even bother to look my way tonight, let alone try to come and talk to me. With the number of women surrounding him, why would he want to come to me?

I've seen videos of these games come across my phone a few times. I've ignored the majority of them, but I had a good idea of precisely what took place.

Carter and his teammates would be worshipped tonight like they were some legends.

I wince at the thought of hundreds of girls screaming his name.

"Please don't force me to attend this event," I beg. "Save me from this t\*\*\*\*\*e!"

She rolls her eyes. "Watching the fearsome beasts is not t\*\*\*\*\*e. Trust me; you'll have a good time."

Her idea and my idea of a good time were completely different.

I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Tonight, I'll be attending a game I wouldn't have been caught dead in a few days ago. How quickly my life was changing!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 18 -**

6 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

"I can't believe I'm at one of these football games," I mumble.

"Oh, cheer up!" Clara tells me. "How can you not enjoy this? It's better to be at an event like this instead of being locked up in your room like you always are."

"In case you haven't noticed, sister, I prefer to be locked up in my room. It's a lot more entertaining for me than this!" I point out.

She rolls her eyes, "You just need time to adjust to this. Believe me, when our academy wins, you'll celebrate like the rest of us. I wish I knew how to describe the joy it brings."

I was sure that she was speaking gibberish. There was no way that I would ever enjoy something like this.

"I don't think I can do this, Clara," I confess. "This is too much for me—the annoying crowd, the screaming girls, how close everyone is seated. I want to go home and relax. I've seen enough, and this is not for me."

"Please, Scarlett." She begs. "You need to just sit down for a few minutes, and you'll see you will enjoy the game just like reading your books."

"I already agreed to try and make Carter fall in love with me because he broke your heart, so I can break his. You're my sister, and he was your boyfriend; I keep trying to make you see that this plan may backfire on all of us, but you won't listen to me. I'm already doing so much; why must I attend this game also?" I demand.

"Carter deserves everything that's coming for him. I'm incredibly grateful you even considered doing this for me because I asked you to. You're more than my sister Scarlett. I promise you only need to continue this for a little while longer. Carter is already falling for you."

Someone clears their throat at us and gains our attention.

"I'm sorry," she apologizes. "I don't have a ticket, so I must stand in the back here."

"Do you go to our school?" I ask her. "I'm Scarlett, by the way."

"I'm Clara, her sister."

"And I'm Jenna, the best friend."

"I'm not from here," she answers. "I came with a woman that I work for. Her name is Giselle. As for my name, I'm not sure how to explain it, but I've lost my memories of my past and have no idea what it is or who I am. I'm sorry that I can't give a proper introduction."

Her words surprise me, and I'm incredibly unhappy she lost her memories.

"If you want, you can come sit with us," I suggest. "We have an extra seat, and I would prefer giving it to you than any other girls around here. They often scream, and I don't want to go deaf tonight."

She laughs.

"Is that a yes?" Clara asks her.

She nods. "I'd love to; I only hope that Giselle does not get angry with me."

I roll my eyes, "I see Giselle is one of those."

"Where are your seats?" She asks.

I smile, "there is one benefit of having a popular older sister. We get front-row seats! Even though I hate these games, I know it's impressive to get the opportunity to sit up front."

"I'm sure you just overheard our little conversation," Clara says, embarrassed.

"You don't have to worry about me telling anyone," she assures us.

I knew we could trust her. Clara and I had to stop discussing our plans in public places. If one of those screaming girls had heard our conversation, it would be over for us.

"I wasn't going to say anything along those lines," Clara clarifies. "I can already see you're not like that. I wanted to explain properly so you don't think we're crazy. Also, this could help so that you would understand any future conversations that we may have."

"You don't have to tell me," she tells her. "I know it's private."

My mind stops noticing their conversation when I remember my alone time with Carter. I felt this weird feeling in my belly, something I've never felt before and it makes me uneasy.

The crowd suddenly erupts into a loud cheer, it's enough to distract me from my uncomfortable thoughts.

"What's happening?" I ask Clara.

"They're coming out."

I follow her gaze and spot our school's team heading onto the field. And then I see him, and for the first time in my life, my heart skips a beat because of Carter Prince. I've never seen him like this before. He looked so happy and alive like football was his life. He was smiling at his team and waving at the crowd. They loved him, everyone here. They were all cheering for him.

His light blonde hair sparkles under the stadium lights, and I don't think I've ever seen anyone look this handsome.

For the first time, I think I understand why girls went so crazy over him. Because of this, I saw him in all his glory, playing his favorite game and being the f\*\*\*\*\*g star player.

And he certainly was the best player on the team. There was no question about that. The game starts and proves my point within the first few minutes. Carter was the first to score, and he was also the second. He was also the reason why his teammate scored the third goal. Just like I said, he was the star player.

He couldn't have gotten this good just by luck. He must train very hard to be that good at something like this. I always thought he was this spoilt, rich kid with no ambition or goals. I can see that I was wrong; this was his dream, which he worked towards, and it showed.

"Ugh," Clara says beside me. "I forgot how good Carter looked at these games. He always outshone everyone around him. I used to feel so proud knowing that I was his girlfriend. I felt lucky knowing I was the one he was coming home to at night while all the other girls wished they had him. Now I know that they had him all along. I was the fool."

My sister's words are enough to snap me back to reality. It's just what I needed to stop falling for Carter's skills on the field. I got a bit carried by how good he was and how much everyone adored him while he played. I'm happy for her reminder; I needed to remind myself who he was constantly. Yes, he had good qualities, but it seemed like the bad outweighed them all.

"At least you're not stuck in that relationship with him anymore. I think that you're lucky to have found out. Imagine if you were still with him thinking that he loved you and was loyal to you when he was cheating, and everyone around you knew it and didn't bother telling you." I tell her. "Trust me, you're doing much better without him and his cheating ways."

She agrees with me but I can still see the excitement and pain in her eyes.

The girl who'd just joined us excused herself before the game could end and we all said goodbye even though our eyes were stuck on the game

"I almost forgot about this part!" Clara exclaims suddenly.

“What part?” I ask her, curious.

“I always hated this part.” She tells me.

“What are you talking about?” I demand. “Will you just explain it to me?”

“At the end of all Carter’s games, the star player must k\*\*s someone from the crowd. Carter was the star player at almost every game, and I would have to watch him k\*\*s other girls. I hated it, but I knew that it was just a silly tradition and didn’t think much of it.” She explains.

You got to be kidding me. What kind of stupid tradition was that? Why would he k\*\*s random girls from the crowd? I bet that this must have been a tradition that he had created to be able to k\*\*s any girl he wanted to k\*\*s. I doubt anyone here would complain about him k\*\*\*\*\*g them, however. They were excited about this part.

“So how do they choose who he kisses?” I ask Clara.

“Whoever the camera falls on,” she tells me as she points to the huge screen on the edge of the field.

I watch the camera move around the crowd, searching for a girl for Carter to k\*\*s.

“I don’t think I’m staying for the end of this,” I tell her as I stand up, attempting to leave. Clara holds my hand to stop me from walking out. “It’s almost over.”

I wasn’t sure I wanted to stay back to watch Carter k\*\*s some random girl from the crowd. I had better things to do than that.

“Ugh, guys,” Jenna calls to us.

“What?” Clara and I ask at the same time.

“You might want to see who the camera just stopped at.” She tells us.

I follow her gaze, and my body runs cold at what I see next.

Me.

It was me.

I was the girl from the crowd that Carter had to k\*\*s today.

Oh no.

No. No. No.

This wasn't happening to me!

## **The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 19 -**

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

The crowd goes hushed as they realize who I am, the little sister of the girl Carter Prince once dated. The silence is making things a lot worse. I thought I hated the noise, but I hated this silence more under these circumstances.

It wasn't like I can run and hide now. There were too many eyes on me, and I didn't want to be known as a coward for running and hiding from a k\*\*s.

Out of all the possible things I thought could have gone wrong tonight, this was the last one I expected.

Luck was not on my side.

I spot Carter from a distance, and his eyes are stuck on me like glue. He looks surprised, almost as though he wasn't expecting to see me here. Was he disappointed that I was the girl he had to k\*\*s tonight?

I watch as he walks towards me, pushing through the crowd to get to me.

He's smiling, actually smiling. Of course, he would be enjoying something like this. I want to knock the smile out of his pretty face!

His stride toward me felt like it was moving in slow motion with the uncomfortable silence around me. Even now, no one was making a single sound. I don't think this has ever happened in one of these games. Today might go down in history as the day everyone went completely silent for a game won by our Academy.

When Carter finally reaches me, I'm hit by his luscious scent. Even all sweaty and muddy, Carter still smelled amazing. It was insane to me.

He leaned down so that his mouth was inches away from mine, and I swear I almost forgot how to breathe. Everything started to spin.

I'm scared of my own feelings. I don't know anything anymore.

"Spotlight suits you, Scarlett Mae," he whispers before his lips touch mine. I'm not sure what I expected from his k\*\*s, but it most definitely wasn't this. My body practically melted from his lips on mine. I felt like I was burning with a sudden need, like fireworks all around us. Or maybe there were fireworks, but I couldn't tell while Carter k\*\*\*\*d me.

I'm unsure what's happening to me, but I felt like my control was slowly slipping away. I'm not even aware of what I'm doing when my arms move to wrap around his neck as his own arms wrap around my waist.

I gasp against his mouth when he picks me up into his arms with ease.

Carter deepened the k\*\*s, and I almost cried out when he forced his tongue into my mouth. I didn't know that k\*\*\*\*\*g could make you feel this good. I felt like I was in a completely different world, one where Carter was leading every move.

Suddenly, I wanted more. I felt like running my hands down his chest, amongst other things.

The sudden cheer around us reminds me of where we were. It breaks whatever spell I was under, and I quickly push Carter away from me. Both of us are breathing hard, and his lips are now red from my lipstick.

I can't stop staring at him; I'm not sure what to take from what just happened. There was a vital spark between us. Something I've never felt around anyone else before. It made me terrified. I didn't like feeling that vulnerable, not for someone like Carter.

"That was some k\*\*s!" The announcer said into his mike. One glance around me, and I can see how pissed the girls in the stadium are right now, and I'm sure their anger is directed at me. They all wanted to k\*\*s him; I'm sure that's why half of the girls here came tonight, for a chance to k\*\*s Carter. I didn't know something like that existed in our academy until now.

Carter's teammates rush into the crowd and pick him up before he can say anything to me. I watched as they carried him back onto the field while everyone cheered for them. They'd won yet another match.

Even though I'm not the biggest fan of Carter, I'm happy they've won. I know now that he works hard and deserves to win, even though he was an a\*s in his personal life.

"I cannot believe that you just k\*\*\*\*d Carter Prince!" Jenna exclaims next to me.

Her voice reminds me that I wasn't alone. She wasn't the only one who saw me k\*\*s him; Clara did as well, and she hadn't said anything since it happened.

My gaze snaps to hers. She looked like she'd just seen a ghost, and I felt guilty for enjoying that k\*\*s. I would have never k\*\*\*\*d him if this wasn't what Clara wanted, but seeing her face now made me feel horrible.

Why was she doing this to herself?

If, by some miracle, Carter did develop feelings for me, wouldn't that make her feel worse?

I wish she could see it the way that I did.

"Are you okay?" I asked her; I was worried that this had been too much. Maybe now she would decide for us to call off this plan of making Carter fall in love with me.

She smiles, "Of course I am. I mean, I never thought I'd ever have to witness you k\*\*s him in front of me, but if it helps to get him to fall for you. I'm all for it."

I gape at her, shocked by her response.

Was she seriously going to let this t\*\*\*\*\*e continue after what she just witnessed?

The determination in her eyes is all the answer I need.

I inwardly g\*\*\*n. How far would we have to take this ridiculous plan for Clara to call off this entire thing?

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 20 -

4 minutes read

~CARTER~

“Can I ask you something?” I ask Alaric as I pass the ball to him.

He quirks a brow, “since when do you ask questions during a game?”

My jaw clenches, “I’ve just had something on my mind.”

I’ve had f\*\*\*\*\*g plenty on my mind, but I wasn’t about to tell him that. My brothers enjoyed teasing me over the most minor things.

“Shoot.” He tells me.

“You know that lucky for us; we aren’t blessed with mates like other wolves. But what does it mean when you k\*\*s someone and feel an instant connection? And all you can think about is k\*\*\*\*\*g her again.”

Apollo spits the water he’d just been drinking out of his mouth after hearing my question. I knew to them this was just a huge joke. They wouldn’t take me seriously.

I should have just kept my original plan to shut my mouth completely.

It’s just that since I k\*\*\*\*d Scarlett, I couldn’t get that k\*\*s out of my head. It’s the first time that something like that happened to me.

I’ve k\*\*\*\*d hundreds of women in the past, so many that I lost count a long time ago, but none of those kisses compared to that one k\*\*s with her. It was strange to me and a bit alarming.

If we aren’t allowed to have mates, then what exactly was I feeling?

“Don’t tell me you’re falling for a girl,” Apollo chuckles. Of course, they would never think that I’ll fall for a girl. My brothers often said I would die alone, and I honestly believed them.

I kept moving from girl to girl, and sometimes, it felt like I was doing it because I was searching for a connection I knew I could never have.

We were always surrounded by werewolves who found their mates and knew what it was like to feel complete. We didn't have that satisfaction. The most I could have was someone easy to live with.

Sometimes, I tried to convince myself that we had it easier. We didn't have the greatest weakness known to a werewolf. Other times, like today, I hated it.

It felt like I was fighting a battle that couldn't be won.

My parents are probably the only two of our entire family to be in love with each other. And still, their connection wasn't that of mates. The truth remained that my mother's mate was still out somewhere, and if he came into her life now, we have no idea what would happen next. We know that the mate bond is hard to ignore. And even though she's in love with our father and the family they created together, I'm not sure she could ignore her mate if he ever shows up.

I don't want to think about that. I would like to believe that my parents would stay together no matter what life throws at them.

"Why do you ask that?" Alaric asks me, concerned. My older brother was always like this; he got serious quickly whenever he sensed that any of his younger siblings were distressed. Of course, he fussed over Violet the most; she was his little princess.

"If any of you attended the game today, you would know what I was speaking about." I retort.

They're usually there at every game; my entire family always came to support me. But today, they were all busy, and I loved reminding them that they didn't show up to support me.

"Ah, stop being such a p\*\*\*y." Ares says.

"I'll remember that when you try out for the team later this year," I say to him, and he quickly apologizes.

"So tell us," Alaric tells me. "What happened at the game that's making you ask such a question?"

I could feel all eyes on me. I'd managed to spark each of their interest. Lucky me.

"I bet it's from that tradition where he has to k\*\*s a girl at the end of the game." Apollo points out. "Did one of those girls finally touch your heart, brother?"

They all begin to laugh at his question; what they don't realize is the fact that he is spot on. That's exactly what happened. I k\*\*\*\*d a girl, my ex-girlfriend's younger sister, and now I'm questioning every f\*\*\*\*\*g thing in my life.

"Is that true?" Alaric asks, reading me like an open book. "Who's she?"

I stretch my arms above my head and prepare for the reaction I'm about to get, "She's Scarlett Mae."

"Mae?" Alaric asks me. "As in Clara's younger sister?"

I nod, and Apollo throws the ball at me. "f\*\*k Carter. You go for them all, don't you?"

"The camera stopped on her. It's not like I'm the one that asked for it." I answer him. Though, I would be lying if I said I wasn't happy that the camera had landed on her.

I hadn't even expected to see Scarlett in that crowd. She never attended my games. I don't know why she was there but f\*\*k, it made me so f\*\*\*\*\*g happy to see her there.

"It's not like you would have said no either way." Apollo teases.

He's wrong. There's a good f\*\*\*\*\*g chance I would have said no if I knew the k\*\*s would have left me feeling this way. One taste of Scarlett, one f\*\*\*\*\*g taste, and everything was already spinning out of control.

My interest in Scarlett has always bothered me but this is the first time I've ever gotten so close to her.

That k\*\*s had f\*\*\*\*\*g wrecked me. Now what the hell am I supposed to do with all this tension locked in my body? Who do I go to for release?