

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 3

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4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

The next day at school, my sister still wasn't in high spirits. I tried to cheer her up yesterday, but she wanted no part of it. I can't blame her, though; it was only the second day, and she'd just gone through a messy breakup. I wish there were some way for me to help her. I wasn't used to seeing her like this.

Everywhere we went, people were talking behind her back, whispering, laughing. She was still popular; that hadn't changed, but her reputation had taken a hit. She knew this; I knew this, everyone knew it. She would have to do something drastic to regain everyone's respect. If I were her, I would let people do and say whatever they wanted; I wouldn't waste my time in the spotlight around dense people. But my sister and I were too different for her to do something like that.

"How is she holding up?" Jenna asks as she joins the both of us.

"Not good at all."

"I think you should carry her in the other direction." She informs me.

"What are you—"

I don't get to finish my question when I spot Carter with a woman wrapped around his arms, snuggling into his neck. I expect him to look at my sister, but instead, his eyes are on me when he spots the three of us. I narrow my eyes. Does he want another punch to the face? I would be happy to do it for him. But in this case, punching him twice would not be enough.

Shouldn't he have waited before displaying how much of an a\*\*\*\*\*e he was?

Clara doesn't try to talk to him again, and I'm happy she isn't letting him ruin her life any more than he'd already done. I don't know if he watches us walk away, but I can feel the hairs on my neck tingle as though he was still watching me. Why was he even looking at me? He should be looking at Clara. He should be begging for her forgiveness. He should be doing anything but have another woman wrapped around him.

“Can you believe him?” Jenna asks us. “Clara, I’m so sorry he’s doing this to you. He’s dumb. Any man would be lucky to have you. And soon enough, you will find someone much better than him.”

“Thank you both,” Clara tells us. “I’m trying not to let his actions affect me anymore, but it’s hard. I thought he loved me, too. He never told me he did, but I always thought he was bad at showing his emotions. Now I know that he never said it because he never actually loved me. All this time, my love was one-sided. I can’t believe how stupid I’ve been.”

“You aren’t stupid,” I tell her. “You just chose to love the wrong person. And that’s okay, people make mistakes. He’s the stupid one, and soon enough, he will realize his mistake.”

“I want him to realize it now.” She says suddenly, “I want to see him suffer right away. I don’t want to have to wait. And I hate having to see him happy with other women. I will have no choice but to spend the rest of my school days looking at him and the multiple women he will hook up with. Now I know that there will be many.”

She pulls Jenna and me into the bathroom suddenly. After checking that it was just the three of us in here, she turned to us.

“I think I have an idea; I know how to make him pay for what he’s done to me.” She says.

Jenna gives me a look and leans against the mirror, “you have an idea?” She asks. “And what is this idea? If it’s anything that can get us in trouble, I’m in. Things have been too boring around here; I’m ready to spice things up.”

“My plan includes you,” she tells me. “I can’t pull it off without you.”

“Me?” I ask in a squeaky voice. “Why would it include me? If you want me to punch him again, I’ll gladly do it, but if our parents get called in this time, I’m blaming you for asking me to do it.”

She shakes her head, “Of course, I’m not asking you to punch him again. I don’t know why you did it in the first place. That act could have landed you in serious trouble if Carter had reported it to the principal or if any teachers had seen you hit him.”

Carter would not run to the principal because a girl hit him, it would ruin his reputation, and everyone in the school and other nearby schools would spend the rest of the year laughing at him. Come to think of it that would have been the perfect kind of revenge. I'm not sure if it's worth getting in trouble, however.

"What do you want me to do?" I ask her. "If punching him is not an option. I'm not sure what else I can do to help you."

"You may think it's a little crazy," she tells me. "But I want you to keep an open mind."

Keep an open mind. Now, she's beginning to freak me out a little. Just how crazy was this plan of hers? My sister never really did crazy stuff, as far as I know, so why would she come up with a crazy plan?

"Tell me," I say, urging her to continue.

"It's the only way I can think of hurting him like he hurt me. He clearly doesn't care for me or any woman that he's sleeping around with. The only way to hurt him is if he falls first. He needs to actually have feelings to get hurt. We need to get him to care for you, to start liking you. The moment that he begins to fall for you, as I did for him, you end things with him and let him feel the pain that he's been doing to others."

My jaw drops, and it takes me a moment to compose myself. She's asking me to make her ex-boyfriend fall in love with me?