

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 7

4 minutes read

I can barely walk in the heels Clara chose for me to wear. If I fall and embarrass myself, I'm blaming her. Jenna can't control her laughter next to me, and I shoot her a glare. She's part of the problem. That's why Clara found me yesterday and carried me to the mall. But if Jenna hadn't told her, Clara would have found another way to get me to the mall; it wasn't like I could have avoided her forever since we lived in the same house.

"Are you seeing what I'm seeing, Scarlett?" Jenna asks me.

I wasn't paying attention to anything around me; I was too busy staring at the heels and trying not to trip.

"What are you talking about?" I ask her.

"Look up." She whispers.

I do as she says, and only then do I realize all eyes are on me. I suddenly feel nervous under all the stares. I was no longer invisible. People were looking at me, at my body. I missed the clothes that covered me whole.

Men looked like they wanted to come and talk to me. I didn't want to talk to any of them, however. I was never interested in finding love, and I still am not.

"I can't believe so many people are looking at you." She whispers. "I mean, you do look gorgeous. You always looked gorgeous, but it seems like it's the first time everyone in school notices it."

I'm about to respond when I spot Carter a little distance away. He isn't looking at me, like always; he has another girl by his side. She has his attention, but we all know she only has it for an hour before he moves on to another girl. I don't know how girls could stoop so low to get a chance with him. But who was I to talk after what I was getting myself into for my sister?

Girls would think that I was no different when they saw me hanging out with him if things ever got that far.

"We need him to see you," Jenna tells me.

Doesn't she think I already know that? I'm unsure what I could do right now to get his attention.

She grabs my book and drops it on the floor next to him. My eyes widen, and I shoot her a glare.

"Drop down and pick it up." She tells me in a hushed tone.

We did have his attention now. He was looking at the book on the ground.

Before I can lose his attention, I bend over so that he can get a good view of my a*s. I hated doing this so much. Just the thought of the a*****e staring at me made me sick to my stomach. I take a little longer than needed to pick the book off the ground. When I raise, I find him eye-f*****g me. I didn't think that was a thing until I saw the look in his eyes. I wouldn't be surprised if he were undressing me in his mind.

The girl in his arms is saying something to him, but he's still staring at me. He doesn't look surprised that I'm dressed like this. Does he even recognize me, or does he think that I'm a new girl?

Jenna took my hand, reminding me that it was time for me to start back walking. I think I got carried away for a quick second, but there was something about Carter's eyes that made you want to stop and stare.

I can't believe I just thought that.

Clear your head, Scarlett!

"Scarlett!"

I stop walking when I realize that he's just said my name. It's the first time that he's called me. The first time that he's ever said my name. Even while he was dating my sister, he never called out to me. I felt strange hearing my name in his mouth.

I spun around to face him, and I was surprised to see the look of concern on his face.

"What are you doing?" He asks me.

"I am heading to class," I tell him.

He leaned into me so that only I could hear what he was about to say next, "No. I meant, what the f**k do you think you're doing dressing like that to school."

My jaw drops. Did he really say that to me?

I'm so confused right now. Clara said that he would love this. It was his favorite color, light blue. So then, why does he seem angrier than ever right now?

"I think I can choose to wear whatever I wish to," I tell him.

He shakes his head and leans even closer to me, pressing both hands on the side of the wall behind me; I'm forced to press against the wall to put as much distance between us as possible. "I can tell how uncomfortable you are in those things." He growls. "And I just saw your f*g panties."

My cheeks are red, "Y-you're lying."

Damn it. I don't believe that I just stuttered.

"Blue. Blue thongs to match with your blue dress. Either something's wrong with you, or you want to show me your panties, Scarlett. So tell me, do you want me to see your blue panties?" He asks. "Do you want me to dream of them at night? To picture me pulling them off your body with my mouth?"

All this time, while he was saying dirty things to me, my eyes were on the ground, but I couldn't stop myself as my face snapped up to look at him. What was wrong with him? How dare he ask me something like that? And why do I suddenly feel myself w*t down there?

It doesn't look like he's joking. His eyes tell me that he's dead serious.

"You dated my sister," I snap. "Have some self-respect."