

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 8

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

His eyes turn darker, fierce, and dangerous. My heartbeat quickens. Was this how he trapped other girls around the Academy?

I was not one of them.

I push him away from me, and he lets me do it even though he's stronger. I knew I was still in character and I made sure to sway my hips as I walked away, knowing that he was watching me.

When I turned the corner, I stopped for a second to catch my breath.

I couldn't believe it. I let Carter Prince see my panties. I knew it was possible to flash him, but I didn't think it would actually happen.

And why did he stop me to ask why I was dressed like this? He barely paid any attention to me, so why did he know that I was uncomfortable in these clothes? Only someone that has been watching me for a long time would be able to tell. At least, that's what I assumed. Or maybe I'm just making it so apparent by the way I'm walking.

"What the hell did he say to you?" Jenna demands. "That looked like a very intense conversation."

"It was weird," I tell her. "He seemed angry that I chose to wear such revealing clothes. I'm not sure if he sees me as Clara's younger sister and wants to protect me or if he was just playing with me, but the first one doesn't make any sense since he never cared for Clara, to begin with."

"Tell me exactly what he said." She urges me.

"He asked me what I was doing dressed like that, and he said I looked uncomfortable," I say. "Of course, he chose different words."

"Was that all?" She asks. "I have a feeling that there is more to his story. Your cheeks are on fire. He must have said more to you. Something that has you acting this way."

I g***n, “it’s all Clara’s fault. She made me wear this short dress, and it’s causing problems for me already.”

“What did he say?” Jenna asks, even more, excited than before to hear what I had to say.

“He said he saw my underwear!” I say in embarrassment.

Jenna’s jaw drops. “I can’t believe it. I always knew that Carter Prince had a dirty mouth with no filter; he was known for it, but I can’t believe he said that to you.”

“Are you sure he wasn’t messing with you to make you change your outfit?”

“I’m sure,” I whisper with regret. “He knew that they were thongs, and he knew their color.”

My face turns even redder when I spot my sister walking towards us. I know she wants me to catch Carter’s attention, but I’m unsure how she will feel about him commenting on my panties.

“Did Carter see you?” She asks as she joins our side.

“I think he saw a little too much of her,” Jenna says.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Clara asks us.

“He acted strangely when he saw me,” I tell her. “He told me that I looked uncomfortable in these clothes, and he wanted to know why I was dressed like that.”

Her eyes widen, “Did he really ask you that?” She asks. “Do you think he’s concerned about you because you’re my younger sister?”

I shrug my shoulders, “I think you’ll have a better idea about his actions than me. I just found it to be a bit weird. He’s never spoken to me before, but the first time he did, he chose to comment on my outfit.”

“I expected the opposite reaction from him,” Clara confesses. “I thought dressing that way would get his attention. It got his attention, but not how I wanted it to happen. I wasn’t even aware that Carter ever noticed you. He never spoke about you and barely paid any attention to you.”

It was true. Clara was the center of his attention when he wasn't entertaining other girls behind her back, that is.

"What do you think I should do next?" I ask her. "So far, this was a fail. He noticed me but in the wrong way."

Definitely in the wrong way. I don't tell Clara about him commenting on my underwear. I'm not sure how she would react to it. But isn't that what she wanted all along? For him to fall for me? Carter was the kind of man who fell for what a girl wore, according to my sister; then his comment on what I wore underneath my dress may not be as bad as I expected it to be.

"There is a pool party tonight," she tells me. "Everyone is invited."

"I'm not invited." I disagree. I was never invited to these events, and it never bothered me. I don't need to attend a party to feel like I've made it in life.

"Yes, you are," Clara tells me. "I already got the invitations for you and Jenna. No one would dare say no to me."

"I would much rather stay in bed reading a book," I complain.

She folds her arms, "we've been through this already. These are the steps that have to be done. If Carter gets bothered by you in a short dress, think of the reaction we would get if he sees you in a bikini."

"He isn't the only one who would see me half n***d; everyone from our school would be there as well." I point out to her. "You know I hate to get any attention, and today there were so many eyes on me. I almost fell multiple times because of those people staring at me."

"That's great!" Clara exclaims. "It means that we're doing it right if so many people are noticing you on just the first day. Before we know it, you'll be just as popular as me, and believe me; Carter can't resist a popular girl. He has to get every girl that's in the spotlight. I think it's a dare between him and his friends. I find it hard to believe that he's enjoying screwing around with so many women simultaneously."

I didn't think so. Why would he do it if he didn't enjoy it? Carter was an a*****e. And nothing would change my opinion about him.

Absolutely nothing.

