

Chapter 1 - Sweet Addiction

Sometimes all it takes is one look to bewitch someone.

Tara was that someone.

She fell for the bad boy from one single look. She, the good girl, the two goody two shoes, fell hard for Antonio's roguish smile, his broad back, his sardonic smirk and his impossible sarcasm. She could not help it. She could not fight her attraction for the man. And she didn't want to.

What was to become of her, of her infatuation? Only time shall tell.

She had been seventeen, and he twenty four when they first met. The spell had been cast on her then.

Now, fate was conspiring against her. After countless attempts to forget about him, he was back into her life. And he had a mission - making her his. She had a mission of her own - resisting him like her life depended on it.

"Tara, it's your seventeenth birthday in a week," her mom began in a squeal, "You are becoming a woman! Oh my god!"

Tara looked up from her phone with mild interest, faint traces of amusement in the depths of her emerald green eyes. "I am still a teenager, mom."

"Oh, don't be a buzz kill," her mom softly admonished.

"Well, according to the law, I am still underage and I cannot drink," she deadpanned while eying her mom levelly.

"True as that may be, we are still throwing you a birthday party..." she said in an excited voice.

"To atone for not throwing me one for my sweet sixteen?" Tara cocked an eyebrow at her mom in a challenging manner.

"You know very well that we had to move out at the time," her mother reminded her in a slightly apologetic tone.

Tara rolled her eyes and then shifted her gaze back to the phone.

“Oh, you should definitely go dress shopping with Chloe,” she then added in a cheerful tone. “We want you to look incredible. Just don’t max out my credit card. You’re allowed to spend no more than two thousand dollars.”

Tara’s eyes widened at that. Not only did she love shopping. She also never got allowed to spend more than three to five hundred dollars at a time. And with Tara being Tara, she always stuck to the restrictions.

“Mom, have I told you how much I love you today?” She was quick to say in a light tone, eyes twinkling with excitement.

“No,” her mother said in a tone that was the same as her, “but it’s good to know.”

Tara jumped out of her bed, hugged her mom briefly and then grabbed her credit card.

As soon as her mom disappeared from sight, she called her best friend, Chloe, and told her as soon as she picked up, “Guess who is going dress shopping today?”

“You?” Her friend asked rather than stated.

“Us, bitch,” Tara was quick to retort. “Have I ever been shopping without you?”

Her friend let out an amused “Oh” at that.

And Tara could only giggle at her and say, “Yes, oh.”

“I’ll be ready in five, and will be at your door in maybe fifteen,” Chloe supplied in a tone that was as excited as that of her friend.

“I’ll get ready as well,” Tara said before hanging up.

A shower, some humming and crazy dancing later, and Tara was ready to go out.

She finished putting on her clothes just as there was a knock on her bedroom door.

“Come in,” she said as she began applying mascara.

The brunette that was her best friend, Chloe, made an appearance. She was a beautiful blue-eyed exotic beauty who had curves in all the right places. She was wearing tight fitted jeans and a V-neck bite-me t-shirt, but she’d look just as good in a potato sack.

The perks of being a beautiful woman was that one could dress the way they fancied, and they’d still rock the outfit.

Tara felt her best friend’s gaze on her as she put on some nude lipstick. “What?” She demanded to know.

“It’s just that I think you’d look much better wearing a flashy color,” she told her sincerely. “You are after all very fair-skinned.”

“Pale is more like it,” Tara scoffed before rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, you’re like one shade away from being pale,” her friend agreed and was about to do add something when Tara shot her a drop-the-subject glare.

Chloe released a heavy sigh and Tara turned around to smile at her.

“Should I wear my hair up or down?” She asked as she looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her blond hair fell into soft cascades around her shoulders.

“Definitely up,” her friend said. “It’s like scorching hot outside. I regretted letting mine down although it’s not as long as yours.”

“Okay,” Tara agreed readily. “Do me a favor and do it for me? I don’t want us to lose precious time over my hair.”

Chloe just giggled and started working on her friend’s hair.

Not even five minutes later, and they were calling out at the front door, “Mom, we’re going.”

“Mrs. Scott, goodbye.”

“Goodbye my lovelies,” came her reply as she appeared from the kitchen. “Don’t take too long.”

“I can’t guarantee you that, mom,” Tara said seriously. “Two thousand dollars is a lot of money to spend on clothes.”

Her mom laughed at that while Chloe said in a an astonished tone, “Did you just say two thousands?”

“I sure did,” Tara retorted almost cheekily, a smug smirk tugging at the corner of her mouth.

“Do remember you are supposed to buy yourself a decent dress while you’re at it,” her mother told her as she looked at her through narrowed eyes. “I don’t want to see only dark jeans and white basic t-shirts.”

“Yes, madam,” both teenagers said at the same time, and soon enough burst off laughing.

“Now, off you go,” she then said. “Be sure to be back before 9 pm.”

“Okay, mom,” Tara said, accepting her mother’s terms.

“You don’t have to worry Mrs. Scott. I’ll make sure she doesn’t come home late,” Chloe, always the punctual one, winked at her best friend’s mom.

And then, they went dress hunting.