

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 1

4 minutes read

DIRTY DESIRES

Carter Prince. He's the star player of the football team, the man of every girl's dreams and deepest desires, and the alpha of the Serenity Moon pack. His face is plastered on the front cover of every school newspaper, with his dark grey eyes and light blonde hair, not to mention his hard-rock chest and perfect smile.

Oh, and if I forgot to mention, he's also my older sister's boyfriend. She's twenty-one, and he's the same age as her, while I've just turned nineteen. Clara is beautiful in every way, and they suit each other more than any couple I've known. She's the captain of our school's cheerleader club and the prettiest girl I've ever known. Clara has green eyes and long black hair, which girls would die for. She isn't lacking in her figure either; once, I saw a guy on a scooter crash into a car while trying to get a better look at her a*s.

It was not a pretty sight, but it's something I've grown used to by now. Clara wasn't just beautiful; she was also very kind. She had a cheerful personality, and everyone adored her. She was a straight-A student; it was the one thing we shared.

She was popular, and I was not. She loved the spotlight, and I hated it. I loved hiding my face behind books and staying out of everyone's way. I've survived many of my school years, and I planned on keeping it that way. While many knew who my sister was, no one knew who I was except my best friend Jenna, of course. We became next-door neighbors ten years ago, and we've been inseparable since then. She's the best friend any girl could ever wish for, more of a friend than my sister ever was. While my sister was never mean to me, she never tried growing a bond with me either, and that was okay; we lived separate lives even though we were under the same roof.

"Scarlett!" my best friend screams my name from across the track field. I pull the headphones off my ear and turn towards her. She's running toward me with a grin on her face.

"You're in a cheerful mood today," I tell her as she catches up to me.

She laughs, "Aren't I always in a good mood whenever I see you?"

“Well, I’m known to brighten everyone’s day like Clara,” I say sarcastically.

She laughs, “I don’t know about everyone’s day, but as long as you’re brightening my day, that’s all that matters.” she tells me as she wraps her arms around my shoulders.

“Come on, tell me the truth. Why are you this happy today?” I ask.

“Our favorite author has just released her most recent book!” she screams. “How can you forget? Did I not mark it on your calendar?”

I pull out my phone and check the date on the phone. How did I forget that it was Friday?

“You’re right!” I scream. “Ahh, I’m so ready for tonight! I hope you know you must sleep over, and I’m not taking no for an answer!”

She rolls her eyes, “just try and stop me!”

“Oh, look!” Someone interrupts us. “The less important Mae sister.”

Jenna and I stop walking at the rude interruption.

“Amy,” I say as I force a smile. “Don’t you have something better to do than waste time on the less important Mae sister? I’m not that interesting, trust me. You’ll only be wasting your time trying to get a reaction from me.”

She flips her hair and pushes her sunglasses off her eyes. She’s about to respond when someone catches her attention.

I follow her gaze, and it’s none other than the famous Carter Prince. He’s running onto the field with the rest of his team.

I frown as Amy tries to shorten the length of her skirt like it isn’t already shorter than it should be. Jenna gives me an annoyed look, and I stifle my chuckle. It’s official: we didn’t like this girl, but who can blame us? Amy was tough to like; she was the typical mean girl you found in almost any school. She should have matured by now, but I don’t think she ever will.

I turn my attention to the football field, and the men are all high-fiving each other; they’d won another match earlier today. I don’t think many teams stood a chance against The Fearsome Beasts; that’s what they called them. It was

one of their many, many names. I think the name did suit them; they were good at what they did. I couldn't deny that truth.

Jenna pulls at my arms and has a worried look on her face. I follow her gaze, and it's only then that I spot my sister rushing into the field. I'm not sure if I see correctly, but it looks like she's crying. She has her phone in her hand, and it seems like she's shoving it into Carter's face.

He doesn't seem surprised to find her there; it's almost like he's expected her to come storming into the field with something to say. He doesn't try to calm her or even to comfort her. In fact, his teammates seem to be more concerned for my sister than her boyfriend is.

"What do you think is happening?" Jenna asks me.

"Isn't it obvious," Amy says? "It looks like your sister finally found out that Carter has been screwing all of the women in our school except her."

My jaw drops at her words, "what are you talking about?" I demand. "Carter loves my sister. They do everything together."

Amy laughs, "Are you delusional, or have you been living under a rock? He's been doing this since he first hooked up with your sister. Everyone in the school knows it. Carter doesn't belong to one woman; he's never been that way, why would you or your sister believe he would be faithful to her?"