

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 15

5 minutes read

~CARTER~

When I pulled up to the house, I noticed that all the cars were already there. It meant that I was the last one to return home.

I take a deep breath before facing my brothers. When I push the door open, I'm hit with the scent of my mother cooking in the kitchen. Her meals are what brought us together every night. No matter where we were, we came home in time to enjoy the dinner that she made.

Our family portrait was laid proudly on the wall. One of the largest portraits I'd ever seen. It was the first thing every guest saw when they entered our mansion. It was our parent's pride and joy.

Almost everyone who entered our home stopped and stared at the portrait before moving forward. For me, I'd gotten used to that picture by now.

I walked down the hallway and made a second left; I found my mother exactly where I knew she would be.

"You're late." She scolds me. "Your brothers have been singing this in my head for the past hour. Where have you been?"

Dropping Clara's sister home. I don't say those words out loud. I knew my mother would have plenty to say about that.

"At a party." It was only partly true.

She sighs, "When will you start getting serious about your life, Carter?"

It wouldn't be a typical day if my mother didn't remind me of my poor decisions. I lean over the counter and kiss her on her cheek. It always worked.

She smiles, "They're waiting on you. After one game, I want everyone inside for dinner."

I nod and rush out the back door to enter our backyard. With ten acres of land for our leisure, we had a combination of a basketball court, a tennis court, pools, and all you could think about to have some fun.

The basketball court was first, right next to the house.

“You’re f\*\*\*\*\*g late, Carter!” Alaric growled the second he saw me. “Why do you always keep us waiting?”

He walks up to me, and I narrow my eyes.

“I never asked you to wait.” I retort. “Now get the f\*\*k out of my face.”

“Oh yeah?” he asks as she shoves my chest. “What are you going to do about it?”

I push him backward as I glare at him. It doesn’t take us more than a few seconds to start grinning at each other. This was how we greeted each other almost every day.

“Let’s play ball!” He shouted to alert my other brothers that I was finally home.

They all came running out of the house like a bunch of lunatics. I expected them to be out here waiting with Alaric, but they all anticipated that I would be late and waited indoors instead.

“Throw the ball!” I shout at Alaric. He’s the eldest of the nine of us and the biggest pain in my a\*s. We were very competitive about many things; basketball got us the most riled up.

“Ignore him,” Apollo shouts. He’s three years older than me and the second born. “Send the ball my way!”

We’ve always been this competitive. Always fighting to win. At any sport, whether it be football or basketball, even baseball.

“The winner has to get the most food!” Ares shouts. He was always thinking about his stomach. Ares was the fourth, and he was nineteen years old.

“Can you guys stop making so much noise?” Violet asks as she tries to read her book on the porch. She’s the calmest amongst us and, unfortunately for her, the only girl.

Everyone knows she's the spoilt princess; she gets everything she wants, and no one can hurt her unless they want her eight brothers to beat the s\*\*t out of them.

"You can go read in your room!" Cole tells her as he joins in on the game with the rest of us.

"Alaric," she pouts. "I want to read out here. Can't you guys play later?"

Apollo and I give each other a look we always do when Violet uses her charm on our older brother. He never says no to her and treats her like the princess that she is.

"Come on, boys," he says, "let's wrap this up and head inside. Mom's making some honey-glazed turkey for us."

Alaric passes the ball to Cole, who looks upset that his game just got squashed because of his fifteen-year-old sister. We never even got a chance to play. There was always tomorrow. Same time, same place.

I head inside with the rest of my brothers, and we all take our seats assigned to each of us since we were younger.

"This looks so good, Mom," I tell her as she fills our plates.

"Thank you, Carter," she smiles. "And where is Violet? Why isn't she in here with everyone?"

"She's reading her book," Alaric tells her. "She will come to eat; let her enjoy the book, Mom."

Mother shakes her head at my brother, "I don't know why you spoil her so much. She will run to you for everything, and you'll regret letting her get her way every time."

"I'll deal with that when the time comes." He assures her.

"You won't be saying the same thing when she falls in love, and you have no control over her decisions. She would be so used to you giving her everything she wants that she won't listen when you say no." Mother tells him.

We all stiffen at her words. The thought of Violet falling in love with some a\*\*\*\*\*e didn't sit right with all of us. I guess we would always see her as our

little sister. Luckily, so far, she didn't seem interested in anything else but her books. We were safe, at least for now.

"I was looking forward to seeing Clara today." My mother says suddenly. The entire table grew quiet at the mention of her.

My jaw clenched, and my fork hit the plate. "Not this again, mother."

I didn't want to talk about Clara, not now, not in front of my entire family.

"Are we supposed to act like she never existed?" She asks me.

"You know why I had to end things with her." I remind her. "I didn't want to hurt her but it had to be done. Look at what's happening to Alaric and his marriage because he didn't end things when he should have."

"Wow." Alaric looks at me. "Did you have to drag me down with you?"

"I'm sorry." My mother cuts in before we could start an argument. "I'll try not to bring her up again. Eat your food."

I was no longer hungry. I had lost my appetite.