

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 2

4 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

I couldn't believe this. Carter has been cheating on my sister all this time? What the hell is wrong with him? She's perfect in every way; she's the best girlfriend any man would want. How on earth could he do this to her?

I couldn't stand here and watch this like Clara's so-called friends. We weren't that close, but she was still my sister. I would not let some loser hurt her in front of hundreds of other students.

I push Amy out of my way and storm toward them. No one is paying any attention to me, but when have they ever done that? I was almost invisible, and even though I loved that about my life, I was finally stepping into the spotlight today to save my sister.

"How could you?" I hear Clara scream as I grow closer to them.

He doesn't answer her; he gives her zero explanations.

"How many were there?" She demands from him. "Did you sleep with the entire school? How many were there, Carter? I thought you loved me. I foolishly trusted every word that came out of your filthy mouth. You're a disgusting piece of s**t, and I hope you one day suffer like what you're doing to me today."

"You knew from the start what I am," he finally says. "I never tried hiding it from you. I'm a free man. I don't have to worry about finding a mate. I want to live my life. I don't plan on ever settling down. Not for you, not for anyone."

If I forgot to mention before, I'd say it now: Carter's family has suffered a curse for generations. His family is the only one of our kind that was not blessed with mates. It sounds unbelievable since mates are the one thing separating werewolves from everyone else. I don't know the exact story, but they were cursed. Because of this, they can date freely without worrying about their mate getting offended since they didn't have any.

It doesn't mean he has to be an a*s to my sister because of it. His excuse was dumb, and he still didn't apologize to her.

She's crying more than ever now, and I hate seeing my sister like this; she's always been one to compose herself, afraid of ruining her reputation. She must be in a lot of pain to do this out in the open for everyone to see.

I couldn't let her do anymore to her reputation; she would regret it by tomorrow.

I walk over to them and stand directly in front of Carter. His eyes slowly move from my sister to me. It's the first time we've looked into each other's eyes. I'm startled a little at first from seeing him this close. It's unfair that someone with such a dirty character is given so many good looks as well. Maybe that's why his character is so poor: because of his eyes, he thinks he's better than everyone else. He thinks that he can treat anyone in whatever way he wishes to because he knows that he will get another woman in a snap of his fingers.

Carter has visited our house multiple times, but he's always stayed locked up in my sister's room. He never stayed over for dinner with my parents, and we never said a word to each other before. I never thought that I would be in this position; everyone had their phones out, and they were recording every second of our first-ever exchange.

By the look on his face, he recognizes me; at least he knows I'm Clara's younger sister. It would be a shame if he didn't even know this small detail about her life.

I narrow my eyes, and before he can see it coming, I punch him straight in his lips. There are shocked gasps around us, including from my sister. No one expected a bookworm like me to do something like that. I punched the most popular guy in our school, for crying out loud. Where did I find the strength to do something like that?

Carter doesn't even wince from the punch. Instead, he rubs his thumb finger over his bleeding lower lip.

"That's for my sister, you dumb jerk!" I shout. He quirks a brow at me, and I feel like punching him for a second time. I grab Clara's hand and pull her away from the field.

"Who does he think he is?" I ask her. "He has no right treating you that way. You've been nothing but good to him, and you deserve so much better; you CAN do better than him. There are so many men that will willingly jump to give you anything that you want. Yet that a*****e had you and chose to cheat on

you with a bunch of nobodies. I want to go back and punch him again. Maybe even knee him in his crutch!”

Clara is quiet as we head over to our car. I don't think she's hearing a word I'm saying to her. She's in too much shock to understand anything that's happening around her.

“And what kind of friends do you even have?” I demand. “They just stood there and watched while that jerk had nothing good to say to you. They're all not worthy of your kind heart.”

She's quiet throughout our drive back home; we never go home together; Carter is the one who usually drops her home.

When we finally walk into the house, I watch my sister drop to the floor and cry her eyes out. It's the worst I've ever seen her before. She must have loved him with her entire heart. I couldn't believe that we were so blind all this time; everyone knew that he was cheating on her except us. How could we have not seen the signs? My sister was too blinded by love, while I was never interested in her love life.