

Chapter 65

Patrick's POV

I didn't wait for anyone to say anything. I grabbed my beautiful redhead's hand and pulled her straight to my car. I opened the door for her and watched as she gracefully settled into the passenger seat, her dark green dress riding up slightly on her legs.

I walked around the car and sat down beside her.

"So, Red, do you really want to go home? Don't you want to watch the sunrise with me?"

She started laughing and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Listen here, Casanova, since you didn't give me a choice, be a good driver and take me home."

"Aw, Red, don't be mean."

"Aw, poor baby! You'll have to watch the sunrise alone today!"

She was having fun at my expense, and I didn't even mind - this girl is gorgeous! I was totally smitten.

"Put your address in the GPS, Red, and choose the longest route. At least I'll get to enjoy your company a little longer," I said, winking at her as I started the car.

Virginia is very lively, outgoing, and funny. The ride was quicker than I would have liked, but we chatted easily the whole time. I kept dividing my attention between her and the traffic.

I was going crazy over those beautiful legs of hers. She was wearing a short, dark green halter dress that pushed her breasts together in a neckline that drove me wild. Her skin was very fair, and she had these adorable freckles on her face, chest, and shoulders – I was already wondering where else those freckles might be. I kept imagining how beautiful our bodies would look together, my dark skin against her fair, freckled complexion. My dick was straining against my pants, getting uncomfortable.

Virginia was a gorgeous little thing, not your typical beauty standard, and that drove me crazy because she was incredibly sexy. She had thick legs but in perfect proportion, wide hips, a beautiful perky ass, full breasts, a round face that gives her an angelic look, plump red lips, those two emeralds for eyes, and that long, stunning red hair that was just too beautiful for words.

When I parked in front of her house, I didn't want her to leave. I was completely bewitched by this spitfire. I quickly thought of an excuse to make her stay a bit longer with me or at least agree to meet me again.

"Red, you're so beautiful! I won't deny it, I really want to kiss you."

"Oh, Casanova, we want so many things in life that we can't have."

"Are you saying you don't find me even a little bit cute and I don't deserve a kiss from you?"

"Yeah, I don't find you a little bit cute. And I haven't decided if you deserve my kiss." My smile dropped – I was getting rejected.

That spitfire started smiling at my sadness. I was facing her with my head down. She leaned in and lifted herself slightly to whisper in my ear, letting that neckline practically brush against my face. My cock twitched



in my pants; I wanted to devour those amazing breasts.

"I didn't find you cute, sweetie, I found you really cool, incredibly handsome, and sexy as hell. But I'm not going to hook up with you today. If you're really interested, you'll have to work for it – ask for my number and call me."

Damn, what an amazing woman! I was smiling like a kid on Christmas morning. She pulled back and looked at me. I couldn't stop smiling, and I couldn't even speak because my smile was so big. She looked right at me and started laughing.

"I guess you want my phone number, huh?!"

I nodded my head yes and couldn't stop smiling. I looked like a happy puppy when its owner comeed home, unable to stop wagging its tail. 1

I unlocked my phone and handed it to her. She saved her number, locked the screen, and gave me back the phone.

"Thanks for the ride, sweetie."

She kissed the corner of my mouth, got out of the car, and I watched her walk to the gate, swaying that amazing ass.

I was completely done for and in love with this redhead. I thought I started to understand Alexander. I drove off quickly toward home – I needed a cold shower to calm my throbbing cock that was hard as a rock.