

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 92

3 minutes read

~CARTER~

I was stunned to hear Scarlett's request.

She wanted me to k**s her?

I was sure I would never have the chance to k**s her again after what I'd done to her.

Hearing her ask me made me so damn happy. I wanted her to know just how badly I ached for her. I wanted her to know just how much I craved only her.

I wanted her to know how happy I was that she was having my baby, even though it shouldn't have happened like it did.

"Do you know I made up an excuse just to touch you earlier?" I whisper into Scarlett's ear. "You didn't look tired at all. You looked f*****g ravishing. I didn't know if you would let me touch you, so I massaged your feet. I know it's pathetic, but it's how f*****g much I burn for you, Scarlett. You're the only woman that would ever have me on my knees begging for a chance to k**s you."

I could hear her heartbeat fasten at my words, and it was one thing I always loved about her. I could tell when my words affected her.

I was so in love with her, but I wouldn't tell her now. The day I mustered up the courage to tell her the truth about my family's curse would be when I told her how much I love her.

I knew that she would leave me after she found out everything, but for now, I wanted to have as much of her as I possibly could. When that time came, I would fight to keep her in my life. I would beg her to stay with me. I would do everything to make her trust me and give me a chance.

"What are you waiting for then?" She whispers.

She didn't need to tell me twice. I pull her into my arms and cover her lips with mine.

I g***n against her lips. It was like her mouth was feeding me energy. I felt stronger and happier from just one k**s.

“Your lips are my paradise,” I growl against her mouth.

Her hands wrap tightly around my neck as I deepen our k**s.

It wasn't enough; I found my hands roaming her body even though I was breaking the promise I made to myself.

“Everywhere hurts.” She cries.

I pull back in horror, “am I hurting you?”

I was a f*****g i***t. She was pregnant, and I was being too rough with her.

“I'm so sorry, Scarlett—”

“Will you stop apologizing and k**s me!” she snaps.

“But—”

“I didn't mean it like that.” She explains as she buries her hands in my hair and pulls my face closer to hers. “I meant that my body is aching for you. I meant that it's crying for your touch. It hurts because you took too long to touch me again.”

There's a loud ringing in my ear at her words.

f**k!

“Don't say things like that to me,” I growl against her lips.

“Why not?” She gasps when I grab her thighs roughly and pull her against my lower half.

“Because it makes me want to do things to you that I promised never to do again,” I whisper, unable to hide the pain from my voice.

Staying away from her is and always was the most challenging thing I've ever had to do.

“Why do you keep preventing yourself from doing things that can make us both happy?” She asks as she lightly bites down on my bottom lip.

Damn it.

She was a damn seductress.

It was also a f*****g good question.

Why Carter?

Do you not want to be happy?

Scarlett was the key to my happiness. There was no other but her.

“She’s already pregnant.” I hear Nicole’s voice.

Scarlett jumps and puts distance between the two of us.

A low growl escapes my mouth as I glare at my brother’s annoying wife.

“Don’t you have anything better to do than to annoy everyone?” I demand.

She rolls her eyes, “it’s not my fault that the both of you chose to attack each other in this house when you have a perfectly empty house right next door.”

“What do you want, Nicole?” I demand.

“Alaric sent me to call for you.” She answers me. “It’s supposedly urgent.”

I narrow my eyes, “is this another one of your lies?”

“Lies?” She gasp. “I do not tell lies, Carter. You and your family are the ones that tell all of the lies. Do you want me to elaborate on that, or will you see what Alaric wants?”

I stiffen at her threat.

I look at Scarlett, and she nods for me to leave.

I push past Nicole. If she were lying about this, I would pay extra to ship her off on a boat and out of this bloody island.

