

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 14

5 minutes read

~CARTER~

I watch her walk away from my truck. I've always seen Scarlett walking around at the Academy in oversized sweaters and joggers too big for her petite body. I've always wondered what she would look like under all those clothes.

"F**K." I growl.

It was much better than I ever imagined. Scarlett was f*****g sexy. I don't plan to stop looking until she opens her door and walks inside. My shirt looked f*****g good on her. She hid her pretty a*s from me, and I chuckled softly.

When she reaches her door, she's forced to turn around to unlock it. I watch her fumbling with the key.

"Do I make you nervous Scarlett?" I ask her. She turns around for a quick second, and in that second, I see her light blue eyes and become lost. It reminds me of the first day I saw her.

The first time I saw Scarlett, her eyes were the first thing that caught my attention. After that day, light blue became my favorite color. No one knows this, and no one will ever f*****g know that her eyes are the reason I look for that color everywhere that I go.

Her eyes widen, and she pushes the door open. I smile as she walks inside and quickly shuts the door behind her, and if I heard correctly, she also locked it. I chuckled and spun around to look at her a*s print on my truck.

Scarlett's bare a*s pressed against my jeep was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen, and it wasn't something I could ever get out of my head.

I run my hand over the exact spot and imagine holding her cheeks. Her a*s was made for squeezing.

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I look back at her house and find her peeking through the curtain. She jumps when I spot her and quickly moves away from the window.

I could stay the entire night just standing outside her house but I had somewhere to be.

I checked the time on my watch; I had to get home. My brothers were having a game night; they would be pissed if I got home late.

I jumped into my truck and pulled out of the driveway. I couldn't get Scarlett out of my head for the entire drive home.

Back when I was dating Clara, I would always look forward to seeing Scarlett. There was always something about her that made me smile. In a world filled with danger and uncertainty, she was like a shining bright light.

My interest in Scarlett grew as I learned about her from Clara. Her sister never willingly told me stories about her. I would always ask about Scarlett from time to time. I knew more about her than any other girls I slept with.

I don't plan on doing anything with her. I was only messing around with her. She was Clara's baby sister; she wasn't so much of a baby now, but I always referred to her that way. To me, she was off-limits.

She would always be off-limits to me.

'I hope you suffer for hurting me! I hate you so much, Carter!'

Those were the words Clara said to me tonight. I knew she meant every single one of those words. I deserved it. I deserved everything that came to me for hurting her.

No one knows why I ended things with her except my family, and it would stay that way. Clara was a good girl and deserved better than me. Hopefully, one day, she would realize I did the right thing by ending things between us. Of course, I chose the most a*****e way to break up with her, but I knew she would never let go of me if I wasn't harsh with her. It had to be done that way. I did the best thing I could have ever done for her.

I wish there were a different, better way to end things with her. I still hoped we could be friends after everything. I knew that was asking too much of her. That's why I chose to stay away from her. I wish I could say the same about Scarlett. Even though she was off-limits, I had no intention of staying away from her. I wanted to be near her as much as possible.

It was good that she saw me as a cheating a*****e. That way, she wouldn't ever want someone like me. Part of me knew that if Scarlett Mae decided one day that she wanted me, it would all be over; I wouldn't know how to say no.

I shook that thought out of my head. It was a fantasy that had to remain as one. But still, what would happen if Scarlett started to fall for me? What would I do if the impossible happened?

That should never f*****g happen. That's why no matter what happens, I would keep being the a*****e she knew I was. Everything I did made her hate me with a passion. I wouldn't change my ways. I would keep being the a*****e she hated.