

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 91

3 minutes read

~SCARLETT~

“Go inside now,” Clara whispers to me.

“W-what?” I ask her.

“Just trust me,” she whispers back.

I don’t wait for her to explain as I turn and walk into the house. I knew she made me do this because she thought Carter would follow me.

However, I didn’t think that he would. He was busy having fun with his brothers. As far as I knew, he also wanted to keep distance between us, especially since I started asking him about the full moon.

I walked into the living room, which had an open view of the beautiful garden with many beautiful flowers. It was a breathtaking sight, and it captivated me.

This was good. I needed a distraction from Carter and the way he made me feel.

Loving someone that didn’t love you back was one of the most painful experiences this world had. I didn’t just love Carter; I was now married to him and would soon have his baby.

I desperately wanted to make things work between us for the sake of our baby. I wanted him to grow up in a happy home.

Even after Carter hurt me so badly, I still would give my life for him. He may never realize just how much I love him. I still don’t know when exactly my feelings for him changed, but ever since it did, I haven’t been completely happy.

Everything was changing too quickly around me. I wish he could make it easier for me.

There were signs that he was trying to be a good husband to me, but it wasn’t enough.

My eyes widen when I see him walk into the living room.

I never expected him to follow me even though Clara seemed convinced that he would. Did she know him better than I did?

What was he doing here?

His body was sweaty from playing basketball with his brothers, and his w*t hair was sticking to his forehead. Carter was so sexy without even trying to be, particularly when he played sports. It was one of those things that just made you stop and stare.

He walked past me, and I didn't know why I felt so disappointed. Did I expect him to stop and actually try to start a conversation with me? Carter was incapable of having a proper conversation with me.

Why did Clara think he would even come after me?

I sigh and rest my head against the sofa as I close my eyes.

I needed to stop expecting things from Carter; my life would be much easier if I stopped trying to understand him.

I gasp when I feel someone's hands on my feet. When I open my eyes, it's Carter in front of me. He sits on the sofa opposite me and places my feet on his lap before he starts to massage them.

"What are you doing?" I ask in surprise.

"You look tired." He tells me. "I want to do this for you. You're like this because of me."

I frown, "why do you always have to make my pregnancy seem like such a bad thing?"

He looks sad as he says, "I know you, Scarlett. You had so many plans for your future. I was your first. You gave me something no other woman ever gave to me. You trusted me, and I did something unforgivable. Now you're pregnant, and it's all my fault. You were forced to marry me. I did so many things that are currently ruining your life."

"Don't you realize by now that I love you?" I demand. "I've said it to you already. You know that I love you. Do you think that marrying you or having

your baby is the worst thing to ever happen to me? I'm so happy that it's your baby and not anyone else's. Do you even know how much I love my baby, knowing that you are the father? You don't know anything at all about me, Carter. If you did, you would have already known these things."

His lips parted slightly, and I could see the surprise in his eyes. There's a huge possibility that this is the first time he's ever believed what I said.

"I'm sorry, Scarlett," he whispers. "I'm so sorry that I've hurt you so much."

"Don't apologize if you don't mean it." I snap. "If you meant it, you would have considered telling me about your dark secret."

He takes my hand and looks directly into my eyes, "My biggest reason for not telling you is my fear of losing you because of it. I don't want to lose you. I don't want to lose our baby. I need the both of you in my life."

Why would he lose me if he told me the truth?

He moves from the sofa and gently presses his lips to my forehead. "I will do anything to keep you in my life, Scarlett. Anything."

He tries to move, but I grab his arm to stop him.

"K**s me," I whisper. "Please. Just one k**s."

I don't know what was wrong with me.

Why did I say that to him?