

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 4: Chapter 95

3 minutes read

~CARTER~

Scared. It's the only emotion in my heart as I watch Scarlett lying on my bed with her hand on her stomach.

I knew something had happened since I'd left her with Nicole.

I should have taken her with me.

She claimed that Nicole didn't say anything to her, but I could tell she was lying.

"Do you want me to get anything for you?" I ask her gently.

She looks almost terrified of me as she whispers, "No."

It was just one word. She was barely speaking to me, and it was driving me insane.

"Scarlett," I whisper. "If there is something that you want to ask me, you can."

She looks away from my gaze, "I don't have anything I want to ask right now. You haven't answered any of the important questions. There is nothing else that I want to ask you."

I knew I was running out of time to tell her. But I was selfish for her love and I would prolong it as much as possible.

"I'll do anything to keep you in my life, Scarlett," I promise her. "If I choose to keep something from you, it's only because I fear it would take you from me. You may never understand how badly I need you in my life."

Her eyes snap to mine at my words. I can see the surprise mixed with confusion in them.

"I want you." She says suddenly.

I frown.

"You want me?" I ask her.

She nods, "you said you can't remember anything from our night together." She reminds me. "I want a repeat of that night. But this time, I don't want you to forget it."

Her words immediately got a reaction out of my body.

I never once thought she would ever want us to do that again. I thought it would never happen.

As much as I wanted to make it happen for both of us, I didn't think it was right to encourage it when she still didn't know the truth about my family's curse.

"You may think that I forgot about it because I was drunk or for other reasons, but I can assure you that if it were up to me, I would remember every single detail of our first night together," I promise her. "I hate myself, I blame myself, I'm constantly angry because no matter how hard I try, the memory of us on that night is gone."

She rises from the bed and places her hand on my chest, "then we can make a new memory. One that you wouldn't forget."

I close my eyes and find the control to say no to her.

"Scarlett," I whisper. "It's not that I don't want to. I'm f*****g dying inside to be close to you, as close as I can be. However, there are still things you don't know about me or my family. I don't want to do anything until I know you're okay with my dark secret."

I can see her eyes flicker in shock. I could see the fear again, also.

"Are you scared of me?" I whisper.

The last thing I wanted was for her to fear me.

She thought about it for a few seconds before she shook her head. "No." She says confidently. "I'm not scared of you, but I am worried. The more I learn about this secret that you're so desperate to keep from me, the more I fear that it would cause a drift in our marriage. It didn't start good, our marriage only happened because I got pregnant; I don't want anything to pull us apart now that we are married."

I inhale sharply at her words.

She wanted to make our marriage work.

She had no idea just how happy those words made me. All this time, I was terrified that she was forced into this marriage. All this time, I was worried that she was unhappy being married to me and having our baby.

“I want this, Carter.” She promises me. “Even without knowing the truth about your past or this secret, I still love and want you.”

She moves forward and presses her lips to my neck.

My hands tighten on the sheets beneath us.

I wanted her so f*****g much.

“I think this is what we both need.” She whispers. “I want your hands on me again, Carter. I want to feel your touch.”

It pains me to hear how much she wants this and know I still can’t give it to her.

“I’m sorry, Scarlett,” I whisper. “I can’t do this. Not now. It’s not right. It’s not fair to you if I say yes to this.”

“How is it not fair when I’m asking for it?” she demands from me.

She moves her lips from my neck and moves to my lips.

I knew that the second her lips touched mine. It would be over. There would be no chance for me to say no again.

I swiftly pull away from her. I can see the look of betrayal in her eyes as I storm out of the room.

f**k.

Why the f**k couldn’t I do anything right?