

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 26 - Tips

~WILLOW~

He was drunk. Dante was drunk. I could quickly tell by the way he moved. His feet were wobbly as he exited the shower with nothing but his towel wrapped around his waist.

To my surprise, instead of putting clothes on, he walks over to the bed. I'm speechless when he hovers over me. The water from his skin drips onto my nightgown, and I gasp from the contact. His hands are pressed against either side of me on the bed.

"I don't hate you."

It was just four words, but those four words made my heart feel like it was running a marathon. It was pounding uncontrollably.

"I'm not perfect," I whisper. "There are many reasons that you can find to end our marriage."

I knew he was intoxicated and most likely wouldn't remember this conversation tomorrow, but I still wanted him to see that I was far from perfect.

He smiles, a slight curve on his lips that makes my heart skip a beat.

"You're wrong." He disagrees. "Your eyes are always wide and pure. Your smile is always innocent. Your walk is proper and almost seductive. Your hair is the perfect length. Your lips are shaped to perfection. Your voice is soothing and sweet. Your words are always kind. Every part of you is somehow made just the right way. You are perfect. You are."

My lips part in utter shock. I knew he was drunk, but was that how he saw me? I would have never thought that Dante saw me this way.

Then it occurred to me there was a possibility that he was thinking of Anya, just like he'd done in the past.

"Who am I?" I ask him, waiting hesitantly for his response.

"What?" he asks.

“Who do you see when you look at me?” I try again.

My heartbeat had increased once more as I waited for his reply.

“Willow.” He answers me.

I closed my eyes and felt the relief wash over me.

“Repeat it,” I whisper.

He leaned closer into me, and I could feel his wet skin closer to mine.

“Willow.”

“Again.”

His mouth is close to my ear, “Willow.”

I breathe him in. Why did this make me happy? Why did my body want to shout for joy because he was saying my name and not my sister's?

“I wish you would only say my name from now on,” I confess. As long as he couldn't remember any of this, it was safe for me to say exactly what I wanted to.

He stays silent. I open my eyes to find him staring at me with a confused look.

It was only now that I realized how close we were to each other. Dante was most likely n***d beneath that towel. His skin was still glistening from the water droplets. A part of me wanted to lean forward and k!ss each of them.

I felt myself blush at the thought of doing that.

I couldn't help myself as I placed my hand on his chest, right above his heart. Dante flinched at the contact, making me wonder if he didn't like it when I touched him.

“Why do you hurt yourself every time you k!ss me?” I whisper. “Is k!ssing me that unpleasant?”

His gaze drops to my lips, and even in his intoxicated state, his eyes darken.

“No.”

That's all he says. Just no.

“Then why?”

I stop breathing when he touches my bottom lip with his finger. “It’s quite the opposite.” He pauses before adding, “That’s why I hurt myself.”

“Because it’s not unpleasant?” I ask.

He nods.

“I don’t understand—”

“It’s not for you to understand.” He stops me. “Kissing you is wrong.”

“Kissing your wife is wrong?” I ask in disbelief.

He looks like he’s in pain. “I don’t think you understand what it means to love someone and not have that person love you back. I don’t think you know the feeling of heartbreak when you find out that the person you loved the most was only using you to fulfill her promise to her mother. I don’t think you realize how painful it is when someone tells you that you were never important to them.”

“Dante—”

“And then have her ask you to marry her sister. Her perfect, flawless sister.” He adds. “To add to it all, instead of turning her down, you say yes, you grant her dying wish because even though she didn’t love you, it didn’t matter because you loved her.”

My heart ached. It ached for Dante.

What my sister did to him was horrible. She was still my sister, and I still loved her, but a part of me felt resentment for all the wrong things she did to him.

I felt a tear slowly roll down my cheek. I was crying without even realizing it. I was crying for him and his broken heart. I was crying because my sister was lucky enough to have his love, but I will never get to experience it. I will never know what it’s like to be loved by Dante Fawn. For the rest of my life, I’ll have to live with the fact that he loved her and only her.

Dante wipes my cheek with his thumb. He looks fascinated and drawn to it.

“Do you cry because of me?” he asks. “Do you feel sorry for me?”

I didn't want to answer him. I didn't want him to think that I pitied him.

As I stare up at him, it dawns on me that I am definitely jealous of my sister. I was jealous that she met him first. I was jealous that he fell in love with her. I was jealous that he wanted her and not me. I was jealous that she would always be the one to know what it was like to be loved by him while I will never know.

I felt sick to my stomach, knowing that I felt this way.

How?

How could I feel this way about my sister, who was no longer around?

What was wrong with me?