

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 27 - Tips

~WILLOW~

I gasped when Dante suddenly falls on top of me. It's enough to distract me from the painful fact that I wanted what Anya once had.

"Dante?" I whisper.

No response. He'd fallen asleep on top of me. As much as I wanted to keep him there, his weight was overwhelming.

I gently pushed him onto his side of the bed and placed the covers over him. He was still in his towel. I considered removing it and getting him some pants, but I quickly dismissed that idea. That wouldn't turn out well in the end for me.

However, I take a clean towel and gently wipe the water droplets from his face. I swallow as I move the cloth to his neck and chest. He stirs a little when I touch him there. I pause and wait for him to stop before continuing.

I gasped when he grabs my arm suddenly. His eyes are closed, and I think that he's dreaming again. "Please don't leave me," he begs. "Please don't leave."

I placed my free hand over his and gently squeezed, "I'm never leaving."

I knew he was dreaming of Anya again, but I wanted to comfort him even in his sleep. I've never seen a man grieve like this before. Anya was so lucky to have his love; why couldn't she see that? How could she take advantage of his love for her?

He let go of my hand then, but I was unprepared when he grabbed my waist and pulled me on top of him. I'm left sprawled out on a half-naked Dante, who's still deep in sleep.

I can't move an inch without fear of waking him up.

I stayed like that and gently placed my ear against his chest to listen to his heartbeat. His body felt warm beneath mine. It was very comforting. I can't remember the last time I felt this good.

His arms were still wrapped around my waist, trapping me against his body.

Dante didn't stir again; instead, he looked like he's never been more at peace. Maybe he believed that Anya was with him.

If I could help him just by letting him think that, I was willing to do it for him. When he moved his hand, I could quickly get down from on top of him.

For now, I would enjoy having him this close to me. I close my eyes and breathe him in. I'm not sure when I'll ever get an opportunity to be this close to him again.

I could feel myself drifting asleep, but I was too happy to move. I gently squeeze his shoulders, and that's the last thing I remember before everything goes blank.

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~DANTE~

For the first time in a long while, I had gotten a good night's sleep. My body felt relaxed and almost contented.

That changed when I felt a soft, luscious body above mine.

Without opening my eyes, I used my hands to squeeze gently, and I was surprised when I felt a firm, very feminine ass.

What the fuck?

My eyes flew open to find Willow sleeping soundly on top of me. For a few seconds, all I could do was stare at her in shock.

I don't understand.

Why was she on top of me? There's a perfectly soft bed with more than enough space for her. How did she end up on top of me? The stiffness of my arms told me she'd been here a long time.

I'm even more surprised to learn that I didn't want to wake her. I was rather contented just watching her sleep. She looked so peaceful and happy that it felt like a crime to move her from on top of me.

I stayed that way for a few minutes, just watching her breathe. It's the first time a woman's breath has captivated me this much. I think I enjoyed it more than I should have.

Willow stirs a little, and I wait for her to open her eyes, but she doesn't. Instead, she gives the softest contented sigh I've ever heard. I think it's possible that it was my new favorite sound.

It's not her fault I'm a damaged soul with a broken heart. It's not her fault I didn't know how to act now that I had lost Anya.

I didn't understand how Willow couldn't see how perfect she was. Laying here on top of me, I could see it even more clearly.

Perfection.

The correct word to describe her.

When she stirs again, I felt something else stir that should f**g stay hidden. It was only then that I realized I was n.aked under the towel.

What the hell happened last night? I remember having too many drinks because of my damn brother. I couldn't remember much after that; everything was a distant blur.

I quickly closed my eyes when she let out a small yawn. I could feel her waking up.

I stayed completely still, controlling my breathing so she would think I was asleep.

It was better for her to find us in such a position than for her to find me already awake and unmoving.

I knew the moment she opened her eyes when I heard her small, quiet gasp.

I try not to make a single sound when her knee almost hits my crotch. She was frantic that she'd awakened on top of me. Was she not aware that she had fallen asleep on me?

To my surprise, she stops trying to get down from on top of me.

Why?

I was close to opening my eyes when I felt her hands in my hair. It's almost like she was caressing it. This reminded me of the time she had her finger on my lips. Why did she choose to touch me when I was asleep?

I stayed utterly still, I didn't want to startle her like I'd done last time.

All of the air is knocked out of my lungs when I feel her lips touch my forehead.