

The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Book 3: Chapter 28 - Tips

~WILLOW~

What was I doing? I shouldn't be kissing any part of Dante, definitely not when he was asleep and not aware of my actions.

It wasn't like I would ever have the chance to do something like this if he was awake. That's enough to remind me how wrong this was.

I quickly stop kissing his forehead and roll off his body. Without waiting for him to wake up, I rush into the bathroom and lock myself in.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and my cheeks were red. Still, I don't think I've ever looked this refreshed. I think last night may have possibly been the best sleep I've ever gotten in my life, and it was all because of Dante. His presence beneath me, his warmth, his protective aura, everything made it easy for me to have a wonderful sleep.

How could I go back to sleeping like I usually did after what I experienced last night?

My skin felt hot to the touch. This was the effect he had on my body. Thankfully, I was able to wake up before he did. If he'd opened his eyes and seen me on top of him, he would have freaked out.

I don't know what happened last night after I fell asleep. All I know is I was so happy being on top of him last night that I fell asleep very quickly. It was only supposed to be a small nap; somehow, I'd slept the entire night. From the position I'd woken up in, it was clear that I hadn't moved at all. I'd stayed on top of him the entire night.

I still couldn't believe what Autumn had told me about Dante. I was ready to give up until I heard what she said after I fainted. He'd won that fight to get to me. He'd even called me his wife in front of those security guards who refused to let me get closer to him. Those were the same guards who thought I was lying when I told them I was his wife.

Now that I thought about it, they'd mentioned other women claiming to be his wife in the past. It was already difficult seeing women throw themselves at him

from the academy; now, I also had to worry about women from the underground fighting ring throwing themselves at him.

I saw the way they stared at him while he fought. They were all fascinated by him, and I knew they would kill to be closer to him. I didn't know how I felt about him going to one of those fights again. I knew I couldn't stop him, but maybe there was a possibility that he would allow me to go with him from now on. If I'm there, it could remind those women that he wasn't available.

What was wrong with me? Since when have I turned into such a jealous person? The thought of anyone flirting with Dante was beginning to bother me more than before.

Even more disturbing than any of this was the fact that I was envious of my own sister because of the love my husband had for her.

I had to speak to someone about this. I was beginning to drown in my guilt.

After showering, the first thing that surprised me was how upset I was because I didn't have Dante's scent all over my body anymore. I was baffled to learn that I wanted it to stay with me always.

When I walk out of the bathroom, I'm disappointed when Dante isn't still in bed. He was nowhere in the room. He must have left while I was showering.

After getting dressed, I walk down the stairs, searching for him. I don't find him; instead, I find Autumn.

"You look extra beautiful this morning." She compliments me. "You must have slept well."

"I haven't exactly been feeling the best," I confess. "There's something I want to talk to you about."

She nods and takes me into the family room with her. "You can tell me anything."

I play with my fingers in my lap, "I've been feeling guilty recently."

"Guilty?" She asks. "About what?"

I try not to cry as I explain to her, "I've found myself feeling jealous recently."

“Jealous?” She asks.

I nod, “jealous of my sister. Dante loved her with all his heart. He still loves her and only her. I wish he would show me just a little of that love. She never appreciated him. I hate myself for feeling this way. She’s my sister, and while she’s done some horrible things, she never mistreated me. She’s always done everything in her power to protect me. And now, after she’s gone, I envy her. It shouldn’t be this way, her dying wish was to give me a better life and here I am feeling this way.”

Autumn gives me a sympathetic look, “you don’t have to feel guilty. I’ve been in a similar position in the past. You are allowed to feel this way; Dante is your husband whether he wants to accept it or not.”

“I feel horrible, Autumn.” I cry.

“Don’t.”

“I’m jealous of my sister,” I whisper with tears flowing down my cheeks. “I’m jealous of her. I’ve never been in the past. But now that I’m married to Dante, and he’s so in love with her, I can’t help but feel envy towards her. Am I a horrible sister? Anya isn’t even alive; how can I envy the love Dante has for her?”

She hugs me, “Don’t blame yourself for this. You need to remember that Anya never was in love with Dante. Even if she were alive, you having feelings for him wouldn’t have been a big problem for her. You’re not doing anything wrong. Anya was the one that pushed both of you into this marriage. It’s only normal for you to develop feelings.”

I felt myself relax a little, but the guilt was still there.

“She wouldn’t judge you for feeling this way.” She promises me. “This also means that your feelings for Dante are certainly intensifying.”

It was true. My feelings were growing every second of every day. I didn’t know how to stop it and part of me didn’t want to.

“There’s this pool party tonight.” She tells me suddenly. “I wasn’t planning on going, but I think this might benefit you. We will go, have a good time, and hopefully, it can get your mind off this.”

A pool party?

Whenever we went to parties, it never went according to plan.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” I ask her.

“Trust me, I know what I’m doing.” She promises me.