

Xavier Vistoire's Love Letter to Regina

My lovely Miss Darlington,

On the eve of our wedding, sleep evades me. A man more deserving of you simply would be rejoicing in his good fortune, yet I am hounded by uncertainty. Not about wanting you, my love. I have never been more certain about devoting myself to another.

I am a lucky gent to have stumbled across the only woman in England who would take pity on an intruder when her hellhound attacked him and knocked him silly. Your compassion and kindness are without rival, which is fortunate since you are capable of disabling a man with one well-aimed blow. I suspect you might win every marital disagreement if you employ such tactics, darling, but it is a risk I am willing to assume. Some might say if you had any sense of propriety, you would have summoned a Runner and had me carted to gaol at once. I am exceedingly grateful you are neither sensible nor proper.

I am afraid you will come to your senses someday, however, and you will grow resentful of me for forcing a marriage you never desired. Will your beautiful amber eyes harden against me? Will you look upon me with loathing? I cannot imagine a worse fate, for I adore you, Regina. I have come to crave the sound of your smoky voice raised in debate, and the radiant pink flush of satisfaction on your cheeks when you have bested me during a sparring match. Even more, I hunger to hear my name from your lips and feel the touch of your silky skin against mine.

I cannot sleep for the questions echoing in my mind. Is it possible you will come to love me as I love you? Would I be wise to allow you to walk away while you still think fondly of me? Do you think me weak that I cannot?

Devotedly yours forever,
Xavier