

### I should have Killed you

Kiara:

After I say those words to him, he tries to speak, but then he passes out against me, crushing me with his weight as my chest rises with each breath, a lump growing in my throat. I feel a mix of relief and confusion, wondering what might have happened if he hadn't passed out, or if I hadn't stopped him. Would we have had sex? Would he even remember it?

The thoughts swirl in my head, and I push him away, standing up and grabbing a robe from my closet, throwing it over my body. I leave the room and head down the stairs to the hallway that leads to the servants' quarters.

I can't remember which room belongs to Ariana, so I trust my instincts and walk down the hall to the last room. Just as I'm about to open it, I hear her call out to me. I turn to see her standing in front of the second room at the beginning of the hallway.

Relief floods my heart as I rush back to her, grabbing her hand and pushing open her door to reveal a tiny room with a small bed that could barely fit two people.

I shut the door and sit on the partially soft foam of her bed, crossing my legs. "Is there a problem, ma'am?" she asks.

I look at her, tears welling up in my eyes. I feel ashamed, ashamed that I almost let the man who has hurt me so deeply touch me. He deserves nothing more than the crumbs of this world, yet my body yearns for him.

"Zane and I almost had..."



"I understand," she interrupts, taking a deep breath as she sits close to me. "Did he force you?" she asks, her brows creased.

I shake my head and narrate what happened. She remains silent for a while before speaking. "He was drunk, and even though he might not recall everything, I believe you should confront him in the morning."

I swallow hard, wondering if I can do that.

"You need to know where you stand. I have told you about his obsession with women, but I am afraid yours is worse. He hasn't laid with you, and yet he craves you. Plus, I have never seen any woman disrupt his life so much."

What was she saying?

"I'm not trying to confuse you, and although I don't understand much about this mating thing, I know he's drawn to you. I'm not asking you to forgive him, but get closure and know where your feelings stand. You can ignore him while we find a way to get you out of here," she says, taking my hand in hers. I nod.

\*\*

The next day, I wake up alone on Ariana's bed. I sit up, my elbows plastered on the bed, and then I look down to see her sleeping on a cloth laid out on the floor. Her alarm goes off, and she jumps up, startling me.

"You're up," she says as I hold on to my palpitating chest, raising a brow.

Once my mind settles, I get out of bed and make my way to the door to leave.

"Be careful, Ariana says, holding my hand for a moment."



I nod, then I make my way back to my room, hoping to return before Zane wakes up, but when I get there, I see him sitting on the bed. The moment he sees me, he gets to his feet and grabs my hand.

“Where did you go?”

His tone is vile as he shakes my body, his grip tightening. What is this newfound obsession?

“I was in the servants’ quarters, and—”

“Who were you with? Tell me, and I will have him—”

“Get a hold of yourself, Zane! I was in Ariana’s room. I slept there because you were drunk last night, and I didn’t want to be with you in that state of mind!”

He loosens his grip on me, running his hand over his face while I walk to the bed and sit down.

He stands still for a while before heading to the door. The moment he grabs the handle, I speak. “So we’re not going to talk about what happened last night?”

He pauses.

“We’re going to live our lives and pretend you didn’t barge into my room to try to have sex with me?” I ask, getting to my feet. He turns around at once.

“I was drunk last night, and I’m sorry for what happened.”

His tone is low and calm, making me want to back away, but I can’t. I fear it will happen again. What if I give in next time and he says he was drunk?



He could use that excuse to get away every time he tries something like this.

“So I’m not safe every time you’re drunk?” I question. He stands still without a word. I walk up to him. “Maybe tomorrow you can come in when I’m fast asleep and have your way with me, then say you were drunk too!”

He rushes at me, grabbing my neck and pressing my back against the wall. His breath falls heavily on me as I tremble beneath him. I can’t tell what I’m asking for, but as much as I need closure, I want to get out of his hold because it’s overwhelming me mentally.

“I know sorry can’t replace the damage I’ve done, and what I did was out of line,” he begins, inching closer to my face. “And even though U can’t help myself with what this bond is doing to me, I will never do that to you.”

He loosens his grip on my neck, causing me to swallow hard as my eyes, which were locked in his, trail down to his lip, which looks inviting. I want to feel them once more, and decide if it is a bad idea.

Our lips are inches apart, with our hearts racing against our chests. We both shut our eyes, inching closer, but then he turns away, causing my lips to brush his cheek. I open my eyes to see his still closed, then he pulls away.

“This is wrong,” I say, walking away to my bed. “I should hate you, which I do. You wanted to have me killed multiple times, yet I’m here thinking of kissing you. I should have killed you when I had the opportunity.”

He scoffs.

I should have killed you



“At least you grew up with a family. Do you know how much it has cost me? I’m something I never wanted to be, all because of your stupid pack. I should have killed you first!”

He yells, opening the door and slamming it shut.



Comments



Support