



Everytime I said I Love You

Kiara:

My entire body feels weak the next time I am awake. I fight hard to keep my eyes closed, as I do not want to open them to Rufus' annoying face. The only reason he was still breathing was because of Zane; he would have regretted what he did to me.

"You know that I can feel you close to me," I say aloud to Rufus, and he keeps mute. "Why did you shoot me with a tranquilizer? Knowing fully well that I can end your life?" I question, and he wastes time before he answers.

"That is the only thing I could think of at the moment, because Mr. Malibu will kill me if you were to escape. I am sorry, Ma'am."

Even his apology sounds irritating, and his voice sounds off but I do not care.

"You know I can still make him kill you with just the fact that you annoy me?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answers in a low tone, then I turn to the other side of the bed.

"I can also kill you as fast as Zane can, if not faster, and if you do not let me go, then I might end up doing that."

I know I miss Zane so much because since I woke up; I have been picking up his scent in the house, but now it is so intense that I can swear I am losing my mind. I hate what he is doing to me, and I wish I didn't fall for him.

"Tell your boss I hate him, and he will regret playing with me," I say, then he keeps mute. "I hate you too, and I wish I could tell you, but I do not want to see your ugly face because that will make me want to kill you the more," I say, and the room falls silent for a while.

"Then maybe you should open your eyes and say it to my face."

When he says this, I act like I cannot hear him. This way, I will not let the anger building up in my chest get the best of me.

"If you cannot say it to my face, then it means little to nothing," he says again, and my brows wrinkle at once, causing me to flip my eyes open. My mouth is ajar at once as I see Zane sitting in a corner of the room in a casual shirt and pants. A smirk forms on his face while I try to steady the expression on my face. Did he think this was funny? I mean, I am happy he is okay, but I am not okay in the slightest way.

He gets to his feet and walks towards me, then I move backwards on the bed until my back hits the headboard and I curl my legs to my chest. I hold my gaze at him while I try to fight the tears in my eyes.

"Kiara," he calls out softly as he sits on the bed.

He reaches for me, but I slap his hands off, shaking my head.

"Don't touch me, please," I say to him, and I watch the expression on his face fall, but I couldn't care less because he could abandon and drug me.

"I am sorry, and I know I owe you an explanation, because..."

"You do not," I say, then I shift to the other side of the bed while he lets out a sigh. "You give me mixed signals, but the bad will always overshadow the good, and I should have known this a long time ago, but I kept being delusional. This is like before, right?"

“What the hell are you talking about, Kiara?”

“I will always be your prisoner, won’t I?” I question, and he shakes his head, attempting to reach me, then I get off the bed, standing on my feet as I watch him with tears.

“Kiara, you are crying.”

“And whose fault is that, Zane? All you do is make me cry. One minute I am happy, and the next minute I am sad or crying. I got hit with a tranquilizer, and...”

“That wasn’t supposed to happen, and Rufus is going to get what’s...”

“And the fact you drugged me?” I cut him short, and he stares at me with his mouth shut. “That is all I wanted to know, Zane,” I say to him as I feel the heaviness in my chest intensify.

My tears flow more as the memories of everything he has done come crashing down on me.

“Kiara, please,” he makes his way toward me.

“Don’t touch me, Zane!” I yell, and he comes to a halt. “I want you to set me free. Stop giving me mixed signals; if you hate me, then let me know. One moment you are sweet, and the next I am being transported to a different country on the night of my birthday. Where the fuck am I?” I scream with the veins on my neck glaring.

“I am only trying to protect you!” he raises his voice, and I scoff.

“Then do not. I do not need your protection, and I will never need it. You were the reason I got insecure either way.”

His face contorts, and his brows are drawn down.

"What are you talking about?"

Is he fucking kidding me right now?

"Oh, Kiara, your husband abandoned you. You cannot have sex with anyone but me. I love you, Kiara. Drink this and get fucking drugged on your birthday!"

When I say this, he keeps mute, just staring at me.

"You know, what I have realized now is that you are never going to forgive me. No matter what I do, or how much I try to show that I care for you, you will never forgive me, and it is fine. I do not blame you because I brought this upon myself," he says in a calm voice. "Even if I were to rip out my heart for you, you would come up with a negative reason why I did that, but it will never be for you, and it is fine."

He looks me in the eye.

"Every time I said I loved you, I meant it, but I have come to realize that you have never said it back to me because you will never love me, and that is fine, too." When he says this, he turns to leave, causing me to catch sight of a scar on his left arm. "I'll let you be," he says, but I go after him...