

Chapter 102

~KANE~

Why am I here? Why am I standing in front of the house that I once knew to be my home? Before I moved out, I stayed with the man I thought was my father and the woman I thought was my sister.

I had so many memories here. So many that were all fake.

I made a promise to myself never to come here. Never to show my face knowing that they were dead. Now that I knew their love was fake, I don't know why I'm back.

Part of the reason is that I needed to get some closure. They were gone, no longer on this earth, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to hate them. They were both far from perfect; they've done things that caused pain to the people around them. They did deserve what happened to them, but still, I don't hate them. Still, there is love in my heart for the man I thought was my father and the girl I thought was my sister. Ariana was not good to me; she wasn't the sister I hoped to have, but I still had plenty of memories with her.

The pictures on the desk in front of me prove those memories. There were times that I enjoyed their company, times that they weren't the worse to me. Those were the moments I loved them for.

Knowing now that I had parents willing to love me and who missed me, who never stopped searching for me, didn't make anything easier. I thought that it would, but it didn't.

I don't know why it's so hard to accept them. I don't know why I can't just open my heart to them. Something is preventing me from doing that, and I'm not quite sure what it is.

Gabriella has tried becoming closer to me these past few days, but I kept pushing her away. Part of me still doesn't want to believe that the two people closest to me were my biggest enemies. Part of me thinks that a small part of them loved me.

I know I'm a fool for thinking this way but damn it, I don't know why I'm this bloody way. I don't know why I would still love people that destroyed my life. They stole from me a perfect home, one where I wouldn't have been forced to live a life like this. They stole everything from me, took it all, and I still can't bring myself to hate them.

Was this how Maya felt with me? I took everything from her. I made her cry, and I made her life the f*****g worst it has been in her entire life. I did that. I destroyed everything for her. And still, she chose to love me. I could never understand why she did it, but now I think I did. Sometimes you can't help but love the people that tried to destroy your life. You can't control who you love. But there comes a time where it becomes unhealthy, and you need to know when to f*****g stop. Because loving someone like that only brings great pain.

"Why did you do it?" I ask the picture of my father in front of me. "Why did you take me away from my family? Why did you try to use me for your own benefit? Why did you destroy my life?"

I don't know why I was expecting a response from him. I don't know what I was expecting from talking to a picture.

What would have happened if they were alive when I found everything out? What would I have done then? Would I have had the guts to get rid of them myself? Or would I still love them as I did right now? I guess I would never know.

But having a family like this was something that I deserved. My destiny was already written. I was always going to hurt Maya the way that I did, and it's why I never deserved to have a happy childhood. I had such a shitty life because of my future and the things the universe knew I would do.

Maybe this is the reason why I don't hate them. Maybe I'm grateful they destroyed my life because it made me feel good that I suffered the same way I made Maya suffer.

I slammed the desk onto the floor, and everything crashed to the ground.

"Why don't I f*****g hate you?" I roar. "I should hate you after everything you've taken away from me. Why don't I?"

I felt like destroying everything inside of this place. I wanted to get rid of it all. All the memories that I had of them. I wanted to forget that they ever existed.

I want to hate them so badly.

I pick the picture up from the ground and stare at it. I let myself fall against the wall. Why did you do it? Why?

I stayed that way for minutes, maybe hours; I'm not even sure anymore. I just knew that I stayed in that exact position without moving.

I close my eyes, and all I can see are their smiles. I want to remember them that way. I want to remember the good parts, not the bad. I want to pretend that they weren't the monsters I found them out to be. I want to remember them as my father and sister. The father and sister I had before I found out about my next family.

"I forgive you, father," I whisper. "I forgive you, sister."

I forgive them both. I forgive them because it's the only way that I can get closure. I won't ever hear their voices again or see their faces in person. All I had were my memories, and I would choose what I do with those memories.

I run my hand over my face as someone else pops into my memories.

She's another reason why I came here. I hoped getting out of the house would help me forget about her.

I needed to get her out of my mind, out of my system.

She listened to me without questioning anything. She let me go without protest. She surprised me that day. Then she disappeared from my life. She never showed up. She was punishing me and ensuring I didn't get to see her face. She knew that would ruin me more than anything else. She knew not being able to see her, not being able to hear her voice, would destroy me little by little.

She f*****g knew that she was making my life a living hell.

Ah—f**k.

Now I was blaming her for listening to me. What was wrong with me? I should be happy.

And now I had a damn wedding to attend. I tried getting out of it, but Maya wouldn't listen to me. She insisted that it would look bad if I left her to participate in the wedding alone. Now I had no choice but to go since I've been listening to her every command while trying to please her.

But the real reason for going was the small part of me that was holding onto just the slightest possibility of the girl being present. I wanted to see her again.

Just once.

I wanted to see her. I knew I promised myself not to even look her way again, but I was craving for just one chance to be next to her again.

Just one chance.

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~MAYA~

"I absolutely love that dress on you," Gabriella tells me.

It's a light pink dress that wraps around my neck with two short slits on each side.

I smile, "thank you, and I absolutely love yours. It really highlights your beauty. Not that your beauty needed any highlighting!"

She laughs and hugs me.

"Is that my star girl?" Arthur asks as he goes straight to Emma. "Look how beautiful she looks."

Emma did look absolutely breathtaking in the pink gown Gabriella chose for her. The two of us decided that pink was the color to wear, and Emma was happy to be matching us as well.

"I'm kind of nervous," I confess to Gabriella.

This was the first time I would see Kane after so long. I'm not sure how my body would react to seeing him after missing him for so long. This is the longest we've been apart since the first time I saw him back at Giselle's palace. It's something that I didn't want to get used to. I wanted to see him whenever my heart desired. And that would be every second of every day.

"Don't be," Gabriella tells me. "We're about to have plenty of fun with my brother today. He won't stand a chance against us and our plotting."

I smiled; she always knew what to say to cheer me up. It was one thing Gabriella was excellent at doing.

I looked at the time. We were running a little late, and I'm surprised Arthur didn't mention it yet. He was probably too busy filling Emma's cup with ice cream. No one spoiled her as much as he did. It's incredible how much they loved Emma. It's something I never got tired of seeing. She was a lucky little girl.

"Are you ready?" Gabriella asks me.

I nod.

It was time to join Lucy and everyone else. They planned on meeting up a little distance from here. Then we would all drive to the wedding together. I still couldn't believe I was about to attend a billionaire's wedding. The people around me all had money, but none were billionaires as far as I knew. I'm not sure what to expect from this wedding. I knew that it wasn't about to be a happy one, however. Knowing what we did about Atticus and Autumn, I was a bit concerned about what we would witness today.

"Let's go have some fun then." She tells me with a grin.

We get into the vehicle, and it doesn't take long for us to meet up with Austin and his family. We don't bother exiting the vehicles; instead, Hunter leads with his jeep to the front of us.

"Remember what we spoke about," Gabriella says to me. "Ignoring Kane is a must. You have to do it for this plan to work. Don't let him get to you. It will be hard now, but it will be worth it in the end. Trust me when I say it will be more than worth it. I know what I'm saying; I've had lots of experience with Arthur. My plan is sure to be successful. When we're done with Kane, he will be at your feet begging for forgiveness, and that's exactly what we want. Don't make it easy for him. Men like him need to have it a little difficult."

I nod, "I won't mess up this time."

I meant those words. I knew what had to be done, and I was going to do it the right way.

We don't repeat much after that. There isn't anything else to discuss. We went through everything this morning already.

The drive was a long one, but that was expected.

"We're here," Arthur announces as we pull up to a beautiful gate. How tall exactly was this thing? You couldn't see anything from the inside from here.

My eyes widened when a guard asked us to step out of the vehicle so that he could search us. It takes him a few minutes; he then checks the validity of our invitations before allowing the gate to open. These guards were even stricter than the royal guards I was used to seeing.

"Are they scanning the vehicles?" Gabriella asks as something like a blue laser flashes us as we pass through the gate.

"Fun fact, our family sold this to them. The Fawns are one of our biggest customers." Arthur explains. His eyes grow sad suddenly, and Gabriella squeezes his shoulder as if to tell him it is okay. I didn't know their entire story, but this conversation severely affected Arthur.

"Do you think that your father would attend?" Gabriella asks him. "I know that they are good friends. He must have also received an invitation."

His hand tightens on the steering wheel, "if he does attend, you don't have anything to worry about. He won't come near us. He won't risk causing a scene in front of one of his most valuable customers. Not on an important day like this. He will respect their place. I know him well enough to know this."

"Nevertheless, I hope he won't be there," Gabriella says. "But I do hope that we get to see your siblings. I'm sure that you miss them."

Again, Arthur looks in emotional distress at the mention of his siblings. "We're about to find out, aren't we?"

I follow his gaze; there are hundreds of cars and even more people present. I'm assuming that this must be the wedding of the year. I don't think I've ever seen this many people in my entire life before. I can tell that only the most influential people are invited to an event like this. The only reason I'm here is that I'm associated with them.

I'm not surprised that we easily found a parking spot; a number was given to us at the entrance, assigning us to the perfect area, shaded under a tree. There were many acres of land around us; the house alone must have been built on plenty.

"Do they not get lost in that house?" I ask Arthur.

He laughs, "I don't even think they spend much time in that house. They're traveling a lot and constantly meeting potential partners. They're very good at negotiating."

That was to be expected from a family with their status. I won't expect anything less from billionaires. They would be experts in that field. Their home alone was a symbol of their qualities.

"This isn't their only home," Arthur tells us. "They have private islands as well. Each of those islands had their own yacht. They're living the great life." He informs us.

Even though they were living such a lavish lifestyle, Atticus still wasn't happy. He was marrying the best friend of his mate.

I'm about to ask another question when I spot Lucy and the rest of the family approaching us. I try to stay calm as I slowly take a look at everyone present. I was searching for one person.

Where was he?