

Chapter 109

~MAYA~

It was dark. I don't even know how I made it to the island. There weren't any houses here. I knew the party was supposed to take place at a beach house, but there was no sign of anything like that. I tried to listen, hoping to hear voices, music, anything to show signs that I was near the house. Unfortunately for me, I heard nothing of the sort. All I could hear was the rough sea along with the calls of nature.

I held my arms close to my body as I tried to keep myself warm. The wet dress stuck to my skin, which was not helping my situation. Who would have thought there would come a day in my life when someone would push me off a boat? And who would have thought I would be stupid enough to let them do it? I kept surprising myself, and not in a good way.

I couldn't believe that psycho woman actually did that to me. I knew she was dangerous, but I didn't think she would go to such lengths to try and harm me. I felt that she was after Austin and his family. I didn't think that she was also after me. Maybe Gabriella and I were wrong about that. She was out to destroy everyone, not just a select few.

Would anyone believe me after I told them what she'd done to me? They had to believe me; how else would I have fallen off the yacht? I don't understand why she gave me a lifebuoy. If she wanted to kill me, why leave me with something that could possibly save my life? There was something else that she had to be up to. But the more I thought about it, the more I couldn't figure her out.

She was insane and cruel, that was true. And she'd just proven once more that she wasn't Maya. It was my fault for telling her I knew she wasn't her. She had no idea before, but now she knows I have known her secret for some time.

I kick the sand beneath my foot in frustration. Why did I let her get to me? If I had kept my mouth shut, none of this would have happened. She wouldn't have shoved me off the boat because she wouldn't have seen me as a threat to her plans.

Now I had to think of a way to find my way back to the others. I knew that it was only a matter of time before Gabriella realized that I was missing. She would inform Arthur, and I knew they would organize a search party to find me. I had plenty of faith in those two.

I wasn't sure if moving around would make it harder for them to find me. But I couldn't exactly stand here either.

I was cold and miserable. I'd just told Kane I was over him and ready to move on. Somehow, instead of returning home, I'm stuck on a private island with nowhere to run and no one to turn to.

Just my stupid luck.

I grab a piece of my dress and squeeze, removing as much water from it as possible. I didn't want to walk around with nothing on, and I had no underwear under this dress. If I removed it, I would be left with no clothes at all on my body.

I either stayed in a wet dress or walked around this island completely naked.

I feel a droplet of water on my face and immediately look up to the sky. Are you freaking kidding me?

I dropped myself to the ground as the rain began to pour heavily on me. I couldn't believe this. I thought things couldn't get worse than this, but here I am, stuck in one of the worst situations ever.

I still think this was better than being locked in a cold cell. I still had a fighting chance, and I knew no one would leave this island until they found me. That is unless they think that I'm dead. Then I would be screwed. I was sure that Maya would come up with some incredible story to make people think I was dead. I'm not sure exactly what that story would be, but I knew she would tell everyone a lie.

It's going to be my word against hers. Things would be crazy when I finally got reunited with everyone else. I knew that Gabriella and Arthur would believe me. And I knew that Austin and his family would believe her. Kane. . . I'm not sure who he will believe. Anything was possible with him. He always manages to surprise me. Still, his first choice is always her. The chances of him believing me over her are very low.

Everyone came here to have fun, and again I'm going to cause difficulties for them.

I sigh; it wasn't my fault entirely.

I close my eyes and try to remember when my life wasn't this hectic. Since the day I woke up with no memory of my past, I've been living a pathetic life. I'm constantly in shock and pain. But I couldn't deny that there were also times when I was happy. My life could have been worse if I didn't have certain people in it.

I'm suddenly very aware that I am no longer alone. I could hear someone moving through the sand, coming closer to me. My eyes flash open, and I'm surprised when I see a familiar face looking down at me.

Kane. My heart skips a beat.

His clothes were soaked to his body just like mine was. His hair was dripping wet; in fact, the water droplets falling onto my face were not just from the rain but from his hair also.

He looked tired. But he also looked relieved to have found me. How long has he been searching for me? And how did he know where to find me? Did everyone already realize that I had been missing? Was that how he knew to come and search for me? There were so many questions that I wanted to ask him. So many things that I wanted to do now that he was in front of me. My hands are itching to pull him down on top of me. My body is begging me to close the distance between us. I swallowed those feelings; I knew that I was vulnerable right now, but I was not willing to fall into his trap again.

I gasp when his eyes close and his knees drop onto either side of me on the sand. I was so lost in my own thoughts that I didn't realize that something was wrong with him.

"Kane?" I call out to him.

He doesn't seem to hear me as his body drops down on top of mine. Kane feels like a massive rock on top of me. He's beginning to scare me. Why was he acting this way?

I tried to shift so that I could see his face. And when I do, my panic rises. What did I miss? What happened to him while I went missing?

His eyes are closed, and I don't think he's conscious anymore. He isn't moving; his body is as motionless as a stone.

"Kane?" I say again. "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

I don't know why I'm still trying to talk to him when it's apparent that he wasn't hearing a single word that I was saying to him.

What could have caused this to happen to him? I never saw Kane like this. He's always on top of everything. He never looks weak.

I gently roll him away so I can get a better look at him. His face is pale, and seeing him like this was beginning to frighten me. There was no one around to help us.

I gently shook him one more time, but again, there was no response from him.

What exactly did Kane do to find me? Whatever it was, it must have been too much for his body.

I look around for somewhere to shelter, but there isn't a single thing that could help us. Even if I tried to drag him out of here, he would still get soaked by the rain.

I lift his head and place it only on my lap. I lean over him, trying to block off as much of the rain as I possibly could.

I caress his cheek gently and whisper, "please wake up. Please, Kane."

I don't know how long we stayed like that, but the rain had finally stopped. Our bodies were still wet, but at least the water wasn't pounding against us anymore.

I held my breath as I felt Kane stir on top of me. He slowly opens his eyes and looks surprised to see me staring down at him.

It takes a moment for everything to settle in his mind, and I see when he remembers everything that happened.

He lifts himself off me and cups my cheeks in his hands, "are you okay?"

I nod, "I'm fine. What about you? You just collapsed on top of me. I was so worried. What the hell did you do to your body for it to collapse like that, Kane?"

He runs a hand through his wet hair, "I wasn't thinking right. When Maya told me that she saw you jump off the yacht, the only thing on my mind was to get to you."

The mention of Maya sends my blood boiling with rage. Was that what she told him? That I tried to harm myself by jumping out of the yacht?

My breaths have escalated.

I was fuming now. She was the one that shoved me out of that thing! And she has the damn nerve to tell him that I jumped from it?

I pull away from him and stand on my feet.

"What's wrong?" Kane asks as he notices my sudden change in mood.

Is that all he has to ask me? Could he not realize by now that she was a damn liar?

"Your 'mate' Maya almost tried to kill me!" I shout.

Kane looks at me as if I've lost my mind. "Why the hell would Maya try to kill you?" He demands from me. "She said she tried to save you, but she was too late. If she wanted to kill you, why would she call me to help you?"

"I did not jump off the boat!" I hiss. "I was thrown off it. Pushed off the boat. That's a big difference, Kane."

Did he think I was stupid enough to jump off a moving boat like that? And he knows that I can't freaking swim. Didn't he stop and think there was a huge possibility that she was lying to him?

I take a deep breath, trying to calm myself. Why does he not know by now she's a damn fake! How long would it take him to realize that I was his mate?

"How do you know that your new boyfriend Griffin didn't have anything to do with it?" He demands. "Why would you blame Maya?"

"Boyfriend?" I ask sarcastically. Griffin was nowhere around me when this happened! He makes no sense whatsoever. He was looking for any opportunity to bring him up to me.

"In just one day, you're closer with him than any other man that has been in your life." He points out in a bitter tone. "And on that same day, you distanced yourself from me. And now this happens. You almost drowned being thrown off a boat that he invited you to!"

"This has nothing to do with Griffin, Kane. This has everything to do with Maya. And I will not say anything until you figure it out for yourself." I snap.

"Would you come here so I can help dry you?" He growls. I'm surprised by his sudden change in conversation. We were arguing about Maya, and this is all he has to say to me?

I know I'm soaking wet from head to toe, but I do not care right now. I want him to realize that she isn't his Maya for once. I want him to learn for himself that I am his mate. I don't want to spell everything out for him. I want him to come to terms with it on his own.

"No!" I snap. "I don't want you taking care of me anymore. I'm tired of depending on you. I'm tired of letting you suck me in one day and then leaving me the next. I'm over that, Kane. I'm over this thing between us. All this time, I've been thinking about what would be best for you, and not once did I think what would be best for me. I let myself hurt for you, and I'm tired. I'm tired, Kane. There are things you should have been able to see by now, and, sadly, it's taking you so long. I give up. I'm not waiting for you to see it anymore, and I'm not wasting my time playing games trying to win you over."

