

## Chapter 35

I can't remember anything about myself, yet my heart tells me I should know this man. The grief in his eyes grabs my heart; I want to comfort him. I want to fix whatever it is that has him this way. I can't explain why I feel this way, but maybe he can.

"Do I know you from somewhere?" I ask him. "Do you, by chance, know my name or where I'm from?"

His eyes became perplexed the moment I asked those questions. Did I make him uncomfortable? Should I have not said anything to him?

He gets up from the chair and takes a step closer to me; his scent wraps around my body and makes it so damn hard for me to breathe. No one should smell this good to me. I'm drawn to him in a way that isn't right under these circumstances. I feel connected to him, almost as though my heart and body are joined to his.

I want to keep staring at him; I want to feel his hands on my body. I feel like I'll die if he doesn't touch me soon. I'm terrified of my thoughts. Why am I so desperate for his attention? I'm happy that he's looking my way, actually overjoyed by this. What the hell is wrong with me?

"Speak." He says suddenly.

Speak? Wasn't I speaking all along?

"What do you want me to say?" I ask him, confused. His strange behavior isn't a turn-off from his handsome features. Instead, it makes him even more attractive.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath; I notice that his hands tighten into fists, and his massive chest expands. I can't help but continue to stare. He's a very beautiful man, it's not a word one may use to describe a man, but it fits him; he is beautiful.

"Why the hell are you talking to him?" Giselle screams; I wince at her high-pitched voice.

Again I'm reminded that he is set to marry the witch. He deserves someone better than her. I don't think anyone should be with a woman like her.

"He's going to be my husband. Do you not realize that it's not your place to speak to him? Just because my father is doing his friend a favor, doesn't mean that I have to be nice to you. When the hell are you going to learn that you're not one of us and you're below? I think it's time I punish you for your stupid actions. It's the only way that you are going to learn." She shouts at me.

Punish me? I step back from the beautiful man, not wanting to anger her any further than she already was.

She screamed for one of the servants to come forward.

"Yes, miss," he greets her, his body is trembling, and I have to wonder if this is how she treats all of the people that worked for her. This would explain everything her father said to her; she kept pushing the maids away until they quit. "What can I do for you?"

"Bring the whip we use for punishments." She orders him.

My eyes widen at her awful words.

Was she serious about whipping me?

The palm of my hands begin to sweat, and I try not to show how terrified I am.

When the servant returns, she grabs the whip from his hand. Her lips are pressed tightly together in a thin line, and I can see how pissed she is at me.

Her hands tighten on the whip as she positions herself to beat me with it. I close my eyes, waiting for the impact, but nothing happens. When I open my eyes, I'm shocked by what I see. The handsome man's hands are holding the whip in midair.

Did he truly stop it from hitting me? Why would he do such a thing? He doesn't seem like he knows me even though my body tells me he should. So then why would he try and help me from the woman he's going to marry?

If I thought Giselle was angry before, I was terribly wrong; the vein in her forehead looks like it's ready to pop.

"Why do you want to hurt this girl for only speaking to me?" he asks her. "Did you not say that she's lost her memory? Then how can she tell what's right and wrong? You can do better than this."

She pouts at him, "but Kane." she complains. "She needs to learn. I can't let her get away with everything. That's the way I teach all of my maids, and it's always worked in the past."

The tray drops from my hand at the mention of his name.

"Seriously?" Giselle shouts. "Is there nothing that you can do?"

"I'm sorry." I apologize. "I'll leave before I spoil your evening any more than I've already done."

Giselle rolls her eyes, "finally, you're using your brain for once. Don't return unless I come looking for you. Do you understand me?"

I nod my head but not before taking a last look at Kane. He isn't looking at me anymore; he's returned to staring at the ground, lost in his world. It's so hard to turn away from him; for some reason, I want to hug him and tell him that everything will be okay. I can't stop wanting to do that for him.

I finally find the strength to turn away from the handsome man that would soon marry Giselle. This was not right. I should not be feeling this way for a man about to marry the woman I'm working for.

I should be focused on trying to remember who I am. The longer I stay without remembering who I am, the longer I will be forced to be here with that awful woman. Lord knows that I can't wait to leave. I didn't like it here, and I've only been here for a day. Or maybe more, depending on how long I was unconscious.

Who was the person Giselle's father was doing a favor for? Where did he find me, and how did he know I can't remember anything?

There were so many questions, and I wish someone would find me and explain what happened to me before I lost my memory.

I wish someone could explain why I felt this strange connection to Mister Kane. I wasn't even sure how to explain what I felt while being near him; my emotions were conflicted about something; I would think that if I had known him before, we must have had a love-hate relationship. It's the only explanation that I can think of.

I open the door to Giselle's room. There were still things for me to get done in here. I don't get to start. I jump when the door slams behind me.

"Look here, you little b\*\*\*h," Giselle whispers. "I saw the way you were looking at Kane. He's mine. I've wanted him for a long time, and I finally have my hands on him. If you think that I will let you come anywhere near him or try to steal him from me, you're very wrong. I will never let another woman take him from me for the second time; it's the first time that he's showing me any attention, and I'll kill anyone that tries to get in the way of that. Do you understand me?"

