

Chapter 37

~MAYA~

I couldn't believe that Giselle had just threatened me over the handsome man she was supposed to marry. What was I supposed to do whenever I was around them? Was it even possible for me to ignore Kane? He didn't seem like the type of man you could easily overlook. The moment he walked into a room, it didn't matter what room it was; he would catch anyone's attention. He had this dominant aura about him, which seemed to suck me in. Everything about the man screamed masculinity and s*x; it was hard to stop thinking about him; how hard would it be to avoid him?

Even now, when I wasn't in front of him, I couldn't stop dreaming about him. He was on my mind constantly—this beautiful man did not deserve to marry a woman like Giselle. I know that I knew nothing about him but one look at him, and I knew this much. No one should be forced to marry someone they didn't want to be with, and he didn't want to be with her.

There was one thing that still confused me. Why did he ask me to speak earlier? It's almost as though he wanted to hear my voice. Did he like the sound of my voice, or did it upset him? Somehow I believe that it was the latter; he didn't seem happy when I spoke the second time. Instead, he seemed to return to his state of depression or whatever state he was in. The man always seemed to be in another world, like he was thinking about something or maybe someone.

I wanted to ask him what was wrong. I desperately wanted to know why he looked so sad all the time. No one should look that depressed—especially not someone that looked like him. With a face and body like that, he should be smiling, not frowning and acting like he didn't want to live anymore. I can only imagine the number of women that threw themselves his way to catch his attention. Judging by the way he treated Giselle, he probably wouldn't give his attention to just anyone. He was perhaps the kind of man who focused on what he wanted. . . on the woman he wanted. What would it feel like to have his full attention? To know that he wanted you? To see him gazing at you with his gaze full of desire? I shiver at the thought, something about Kane staring at me like I was the only woman in the world had my heart doing little flip-flops. I try to force my mind back into reality.

I shouldn't be thinking this way about him. I was already threatened for just speaking to him; what would Giselle do if she knew what went on in my mind whenever I thought about him?

I jump a little when she walks back into the room.

"You're coming to a picnic with Kane and me. I need someone to wash our hands and prepare the food and drinks." She informs me.

Wash their hands? Didn't they have hands of their own to wash their own hands? I knew that Giselle just wanted to make my life miserable. After all, she saw me practically drooling over her to be husband.

I'm confused why I'm the one she asked to do this. If she didn't want me around Kane or saw me as a threat to her relationship with him, why would she choose me to attend the picnic with her? Couldn't she take Martha? I knew she couldn't take any other maids because there weren't any more maids willing to work for her. According to her father, she'd driven them all away. That would explain why there weren't many maids around here; the few in the house tended to Giselle's father, not her.

"Should I get dressed for the picnic?" I ask her. I wasn't sure what was this old thing that I was wearing; it was messed up badly with dirt and other things I didn't want to ask about.

"What's wrong with what you're wearing?" she asks me.

"I don't want to spoil your date looking this dirty. Kane may feel uncomfortable and may not eat properly because of me. You won't either. I'm just asking for clean clothes. That's all."

She rolls her eyes and walks out of the room. A few minutes later, she walks in with a dress in her hands. I didn't think there existed a dress this ugly. It was more hideous than the dirty thing I was wearing now. Did she search for the most awful dress for me to wear?

I can see in her eyes that she's satisfied with my reaction. She deliberately brought a dress like that for me. It's a yellow and white striped one that would cover my entire body; it looks like a curtain, not a dress. I'm convinced that she had that dress stocked away for a moment like this.

I took it from her and got changed as quickly as I could. I didn't want her to complain to her father; she already hated me, I could tell. I don't even bother looking at myself in the mirror; I knew how awful I would look to anyone that saw me.

"Took you long enough," she complains when she sees me. "Come help me zip this dress."

She's chosen something absolutely stunning for her to wear. Of course, she would; she wants to look the best for Kane as she enjoys his eyes on her alone. It's a gorgeous short white dress that complimented her figure. After helping her get dressed, we both make our way outside, where Kane is waiting for us.

His body stiffens the moment that he spots us. However, I don't think Giselle is the reason for his strange behavior; something tells me that it's because of me. It seems like he doesn't want me to be here. I'm hurt at his apparent rejection of my presence. I have no idea why it bothers me this much, but it does. Could I have misread him all this time? Could he be interested in Giselle and was looking forward to having some alone time with her? Or was it this hideous dress that made him uncomfortable around me? I'm not sure what's the reason, but I can't get rid of the unsettling feeling in my chest at his reaction. I want to walk over to him and demand why he's looking at me that way. Why does he look like I'm the worst person ever to walk the planet? He almost looks like I make him sick. I shake my head; maybe I'm reading too much into this.

"Aren't you going to open the door for me, Kane?" Giselle asks him.

A muscle ticks in his jaw, but he quietly obeys her and opens the door, "thank you, sweetheart." She tells him with a bright smile.

I get into the back of the vehicle; I'm not sure how I'm even allowed in the same car as the two of them; I would think Giselle would want me to travel in a separate vehicle since I'm not 'good enough' to be in here.

"I know the perfect spot for the two of us to go," she tells him. "We will have the most romantic getaway; you'll wonder why you weren't with me from the start. I have always been the perfect woman for you, no one else; I'm happy that your eyes are finally opening."

I can't believe that I have to sit here and listen to her.

She keeps mentioning weird things like that. Does this mean that Kane belonged to another woman before her? And if that was the case, what happened to the woman he was with first? Giselle seemed like the kind of person to get rid of anything that prevented her from getting what she wanted. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd done something to the girl Kane was with before her.

Kane doesn't say anything, but I can sense his anger from all the way in the back here. Giselle seems oblivious to his reaction, or maybe she also feels his anger but chooses to ignore his feelings. She doesn't seem like she cares for Kane; she more looks like she's obsessed with getting whoever or whatever she wants. And she no doubt wants him.

After driving for almost an hour, we finally reached our destination. It's a beautiful privately owned garden, according to Giselle. There were dozens of roses and a few other flowers I don't know the names of; they were laid out everywhere in many different colors, and whoever was in charge of upkeeping this place did a beautiful job at it.

"Don't you just love it?" She beams up at him.

Kane doesn't even look at her; he isn't even staring at the garden. He's looking at the ground again like he usually does ever since I first met him.

Again I'm tempted to find out what has him this way. I want to try and make it all better, but I know it's not my place. I also know that Giselle may kill me for being too nice to him. I should mind my business and focus on other things that needed my attention. It was hard to do that when my body begged me to look his way and make him see me, though. I had no idea why I felt like this.

"What are you waiting for?" Giselle asks. "The blanket is not going to spread itself. And the fruits need to be laid out neatly on top of it. Can't you think to do these things on your own without me asking you to do it?"

I quietly do as she says. Within a few minutes, I've set everything up nicely for them both.

"I don't know why my father got someone who works this slow." She complains as she sits down on the blanket.

Kane doesn't look like he wants to sit, but after Giselle insists, he does.

"I want you to wash our hands." She orders me. "And don't take forever to get the water as you do for other things."

I try not to roll my eyes as I grab the mug of water and walk towards her. I absolutely hate this woman. If I had a choice, I would leave this job just like the other maids before me.

"Hurry up!" She screams. Kane looks irritated; I'm not sure if he's irritated with her or me. It could be the both of us.

An idea crosses my mind just then; I can get my little revenge in sneaky ways. I pretend to slip on a rock, and the water goes crashing into Giselle. Her scream echoes throughout the quiet forest, and I try my best to hide my smirk. I have to pretend like it was a mistake and not my intention to ruin her date.

"I'm so sorry," I apologize. "I slipped on a rock because I was trying to get back to you quickly. I hope you can forgive me!"

She stops rubbing the cloth on her dress and lifts her gaze towards me. She narrows her eyes as she picks herself off the blanket and walks with slow steps towards me. I walked backward, not sure what she was planning on doing. I'm at the edge with nowhere to run to, the lake is right behind me, and if I move one more time, I'll surely slip right in.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?" she demands.

I shake my head in denial, "I told you that I slipped. It was an honest mistake, and it won't happen again."

She laughs, "do you really think that I'll fall for that? Let's see how you like it when your dress gets soaked!"

Giselle pushes me into the stream, and my eyes widen; it's deeper than I expected it to be. I try to swim, but I'm not sure that I can; I don't know if it's that I can't remember or if I didn't know how to swim in the past. Either way, I can feel myself drowning.

I gasp and shout for help.

Kane jumps in front of me and pulls me into his arms, preventing me from drowning. His warmth helps calm my nerves. I can't stop coughing; I've already swallowed some water even though Kane acted quickly to save me. I wrap my arms around his neck and hold on for my life.

"You're safe now," he whispers as he pulls me closer to him. I can feel his heart pounding against his chest, and it makes me wonder if he was scared that something would have happened to me. His hair is soaking wet, and so are his clothes. I didn't think he could look any sexier than before, but he does; the water dripping from his hair onto my chest is something straight out of my fantasy. I can feel our wet bodies pressed up against each other, and I know that my cheeks must be red right now. I wonder if he can also feel how quickly my heart beats for him. He may think it's because I'm terrified that I almost drowned, but it has nothing to do with that.

He walks out of the water with me in his arms, and I can't help but feel the strong connection between us; his hands on my body feel electric. There are sparks everywhere, and I know that I want much more than this.

Curse my body. It doesn't know when to stop. Not when it comes to the man in front of me. He finally looks down at my face, and I think I forgot how to breathe.

"Are you okay?" He asks me as he searches my face.

"KANE!" Giselle shouts, reminding the both of us that we aren't alone.

Oh crap.

