

Chapter 40

~MAYA~

The ride back home is one of torture. Kane looks tenser now than before. I can tell that he isn't happy with himself about something. Maybe he's angry that he tried to protect me and made things more complicated between Giselle and him. I didn't want to cause more trouble for him. It was my fault for intentionally throwing the water on her dress. I didn't think she would retaliate and push me into the lake. It was very unexpected, and I should have prepared more for it.

Still, I couldn't believe that he'd rush in to save me. Everything about him seemed perfect to me; he was a wonderful man. I didn't think it was possible for there to be anyone greater than him. His caring side was such a beautiful sight to see. I don't think there is a single man in the world that would risk his life to save a maid; Kane truly was unique. He made my heart feel warm and happy. I tried to hide my feelings from Giselle, who kept throwing daggers my way every few minutes. I wasn't sure what other punishments she would have waiting for me home. She was still angry, and it didn't help that Kane's mood had further dampened from earlier. They were supposed to have a romantic date, and I ruined it.

What makes this entire situation worse is that I haven't been feeling well ever since I was pushed into the lake. I keep feeling like I'm going to throw up, and it's taking all of my self-control to make sure that doesn't happen inside the vehicle. I can imagine the look on Giselle's face if I were to do that. She might throw me out and make me walk home. I shake that thought out of my head and try to think about anything else.

When we are back home, I rush past Kane and Giselle; I don't stop running until I reach the bathroom and puke all over the sink. I don't know why I feel so sick. It's not like Giselle would give me anything to help with my illness; she might make matters worse if I tell her how sick I feel. My hand clutches my stomach when I feel a slight movement. That was weird and a little alarming.

I walk over to the mirror and rub my hands over the slight bump in my stomach.

That couldn't be what I thought it was, could it? I knew nothing about my past life or anything before I lost my memories. But was it possible that I was pregnant? And for how long? Why hadn't I noticed this before? It couldn't be that long, considering the size of my stomach.

I wasn't sure that I could tell this to anyone, but how long would I hide it? They would eventually begin to see the way my belly swelled in the coming weeks and months. Ultimately, they would all know that I was pregnant and didn't know who the father of my baby was.

Maybe I'm wrong; perhaps I'm panicking for no reason. Still, I couldn't just sit back and wait for my belly to get bigger to prove to myself that I was with child. But even if I was willing to find the truth, where am I going to find a pregnancy test without anyone becoming suspicious? Everyone here hated my guts and wouldn't try to help me, and I can think of a few ways they can use this against me; what if they forced me to get rid of my baby? Giselle wouldn't want a pregnant maid because she will know that I won't be able to do anything for her the moment I'm in the last stages of pregnancy.

It's not like I had the option of running away either; there were too many guards stationed at every corner around here to even think about trying to escape.

I lean back against the wall and try to think of other ways to find out whether or not I'm truly pregnant. It's then that a risky idea comes into my mind.

Out of all the people around me, one person didn't seem to have a heart of ice. He was someone that I knew would try and help me. At least I didn't think he was anything like the rest of them.

That person was Kane. Giselle's future husband. He was the only person to who I could turn to.

But he was the last person I should be trying to get close to. Giselle would have my head if she found out. I didn't have a choice; however, he was the only person my heart seemed to trust in these times.

I had to find some way to speak to him alone, where no one could hear us. I wasn't sure how to let that happen when Giselle followed him around like a hawk. She seems to think that he would disappear if she let him out of her sight for even a second. I couldn't blame her; who would want to spend the rest of their life with someone like her? I kept wondering how desperate Kane had to be to marry that woman. Whatever she's holding against him, it's got to be huge. No one would willingly marry this woman like no one wants to work for her.

"Get out here!" I hear Giselle shouting outside the bathroom.

I sigh; it's not like I wasn't expecting her to barge in here. After cleaning up the sink, I walk outside and spot her right in front of my face. Her cheeks are red with rage, and I patiently wait for her punishment.

"How dare you embarrass me like that today?" she demands. "Do you not realize that my family is all that you have? You have no memory of who you are, and no one is looking for you; that's how unloved you are. If I decide to fire you, you will have nowhere to go and no one to turn to. Do you understand what that's like? Being out in the woods all alone with no food and shelter? If you ever try to pull a stunt like that again, that's exactly where you're going to end up. Do you understand me?"

"I told you that it was a mistake." I point out. "It will not happen again, however."

She narrows her eyes, "you're lucky my Kane is a good man.. If it were up to me, I would have left you there to drown." she snaps. "And if you think that he did it because he has any kind of feelings for you, you're delusional."

I nod, "I know he doesn't. He's in love with you, isn't he? You're the woman that he's marrying. You don't have anything to worry about."

Giselle pauses at my words, "you're right. I'm the one he loves. I'm the woman he agreed to marry. No one else."

I'm happy that I chose the right words to distract her from my punishment. Was it that easy to divert her attention?

"I have to meet with the wedding planner today." She informs me. "When she reaches, guide her to my office and do not let anyone disturb us. Stand outside the door to ensure that no one enters."

An idea pops into my head at her words, "how long do you think the meeting will take?" I ask her.

She narrows her eyes, "why do you ask?"

"If anyone came to see you, I want to be able to tell them how long you'll be in the meeting for. So that they can come back and see you when you're available." I'm surprised that I came up with that lie so quickly.

"Finally, you're using your brain." She says. "An hour should be enough time."

"Will Kane not be in the meeting with you?" I ask her. "What if he comes to see you? Should I let him in?"

"I prefer to keep Kane out of these plans," she tells me. "But if he does show up at the door, you can let him in. He's the only one that can enter."

I nod. "I'll go prepare your bath."

She smiles, "I should push you into a lake more often. I've never seen you work this well before."

I ignore her words and walk into her bathroom. The truth was that I needed to puke again, but I couldn't tell her that.

If Giselle was going to be in a meeting today with her wedding planner, I could try and speak to Kane without worrying about her showing up. All I had to do was hang a sign on the door telling everyone to keep out; that way, I wouldn't have to stand by the door and prevent anyone from entering. They would understand from the sign alone. Besides, no one liked to cross Giselle; they were terrified of her.

This is my time—the only chance I may ever have to get Kane alone.