

Chapter 41

~MAYA~

Giselle was in the meeting with the wedding planner, and I'd hung the sign up on her door. There were clocks all over the house, so I didn't have to worry about running late. I would reach back before an hour is finished. Hopefully, she doesn't try to leave the room within that hour, and if she does, I'll say that I desperately needed to use the washroom.

Now the biggest problem was finding Kane. I knew that he hadn't left; Giselle wouldn't let him go so easily. He had to be around the palace somewhere. I get to work, searching the kitchen, the living room, a few other rooms that I pretended to be cleaning.

Where was he? I continue my search, not giving up. I still had plenty of time left. Maybe he wasn't inside? Maybe he was somewhere in the garden. Either that or he was already preoccupied with Giselle's father; perhaps he had called Kane into his office.

I walk out into the open, straight into the garden. Luckily, there isn't anyone else here, so I don't have to worry about anyone questioning why I was there. I continue to search from one area to the next; Giselle must be very fond of flowers to have a private garden near a lake and an even bigger one in her backyard. That was probably the only good thing about that woman, her love for flowers.

I'm about to give up and return to the palace when I hear some movements. I follow the sound, and to my pleasant surprise, he is there, in front of me. He's leaned up against a tree, with his head held high, staring at the sky.

It was indeed a beautiful sight to see. I felt like standing here and looking at him for the rest of my evening, ignoring everything else that I had to do.

I push out of my trance, reminding myself that I barely have time left. I had already spent most of the time searching for him. Now, I had to convince him to help me. I'm not sure why he would, but I also wasn't sure why he'd helped me so much already.

When I walk towards him, his body goes rigid, like he already sensed my presence. He lazily drags his eyes away from the sky and turns them towards me. I'm standing a few feet away from him, but I'm dying to be much closer than this.

"Can we talk?" I ask him; my voice comes out squeaky, and I wince with embarrassment. Why did I have to choke up like that when speaking to him? Just like always, the moment he hears my voice, something happens to him.

"Why are you here?" He asks me, looking around us. "You can put yourself in danger by speaking to me. . . Alone."

My eyes widen. Is it possible that he's worried about me? I don't think so; he's probably just concerned about his own life. Giselle would make both of our lives hell if she saw us alone like this.

"I need your help," I whisper. "I can't think of anyone else in here that would willingly help me."

"And why do you think that I will help you?" He asks me.

I swallow; I don't know how to say this without making myself sound crazy, "I don't know why but you seem like a good person to me. For some unknown reason, even though I can't remember anything from my past, my heart chooses to trust you. You're the only person I trust right now. It's why I've come to you for help." I say truthfully. There was no use lying to him about this.

His jaw clenches, and his body stiffens, "I'm not someone that anyone should trust. You don't know me, and you don't ever want to know me. The people close to me always get hurt, I'm a f*****g curse, and your life will be better if you didn't trust someone like me."

I shook my head at him, "please, you're the only one that can help me. I don't know who else to turn to, and I'm not sure when I'll ever get an opportunity like this again. One where I can speak to you with just the two of us."

He rubs a hand down his face, "what is it that you need help with?"

My lip trembles; I'm unsure why I'm hesitant to tell him I'm possibly pregnant. Is it that I don't want him to know I was with a man before? It's not like we can ever be together; it's also not like someone like him will ever want someone like me.

"Well?" He asks again, prompting me to continue.

"I think I may be pregnant."

The silence that follows doesn't help with my nerves. What was he thinking? I notice that his hands tighten into fists at his sides, and it's enough to tell me that I'm right; he isn't happy about it. But why would my pregnancy bother him so much? What did I say that was so wrong?

Our eyes connect, and I'm not sure what's this spark that I feel the instant that it does.

"You're pregnant?" He repeats. "Who's the man that you let touch you?"

I'm startled by his question. The tone of his voice is also very alarming. He seems pissed that I let a man touch me. He's not the only one, I'm also angry about it, but it's not like I can do anything about it when I don't have my memory.

"Do you not remember that I've lost all of my memories?" I ask him. "Everything is gone. I don't know my name; I don't know who I was in the past; I can't remember anything. I'm not even sure that I'm pregnant; I think that I am since my stomach keeps getting bigger, and I swear I may have felt something move inside of me. So to answer your question, I don't know what man touched me; I don't know anything."

All I know is that I keep losing my breath whenever he's around me. I don't think it's normal to feel such a strong connection for someone like this. It's the reason why I asked if he knew me the first time I set my eyes on him.

He takes a step towards me, and I let him get closer to me until our bodies are inches apart, "why the f**k would a man get you pregnant and not take care of you after? How disgusting could he be?"