

Chapter 42

My body is shaking, actually shaking from being this near to him, from hearing him ask me about the man who got me pregnant. I don't know what it is about Kane; I don't understand why he makes me feel this way.

"Stop asking me questions when I don't have the answers to give you," I whisper. "I wish I knew, but I don't; I'm sorry that it's all I can say to you for now. I know it's a lot to ask of someone who I barely know, but can you help me find out if I'm pregnant or not? There is no one else for me to ask."

It's weird asking a man to do this for me, but at the same time, it feels only natural to ask him over any other man in this universe. I can't imagine asking another person to help me, not when he's here, not when this man exists.

"And what if you are?" He asks me as he takes yet another step towards me. I try to hide how I really feel the nearer he gets to me. I don't want him to know how much I want this when I shouldn't want it at all. "What are you planning on doing if it turns out that you are truly pregnant? Are you going to ignore it and let Giselle and her father find out? Are you ready for what they're going to do to you when they find out their maid is pregnant? Look at the way they already treat you. Can you imagine how bad things will become?"

"No," I snap, "I'm still trying to figure everything out. It's why I'm taking it one step at a time. The first step is to confirm my pregnancy. I don't want to alarm anyone or myself without knowing for sure that I am pregnant. The signs are there, but I can be mistaken; maybe I'm sick with something else. So are you going to help me or not? If you haven't realized, we are running out of time, and I can't be seen speaking to you, not when we are alone. I took this risk to see you because I knew that out of everyone in this palace, you're the only one that would help me. I took a massive chance so that we could be alone."

Kane looks me up and down. For some reason, it makes me feel naked under his scrutinizing gaze.

"We are alone, aren't we?" He whispers as he gestures around us to emphasize his words.

I'm surprised by his question. Is he delighted that it's just the two of us in the garden? I'm suddenly reminded of how close we are. I look around us one last time, and we really are still the only ones here. No one was here to see us or stop us from being this close. To prevent us if I decided to lean forward and kiss him.

I mentally scold myself for such a thought. There was a possibility that I was pregnant, and I had no idea who the father was, but yet here I am, dreaming of kissing a man I can never be with. I think something is wrong with me; I can't be thinking right if this is what's on my mind at a difficult time like this.

Kane closes the distance between us, much to my body's delight.

His hand cups my cheeks, and I freeze. It's the last thing I expected him to do; I don't think I've ever felt an emotion this powerful before, but who am I to know when I can't remember anything? My eyes close, and I lean into his touch. I can't stop myself when I grab his shirt and lean even further into him; before this moment disappears, before he decides that we are too close, I inhale as much of him as my body would let me, something I've always wanted to do. I'm hit with so many different emotions the moment that I do that; my body begins to tremble. I always knew that Kane smelt amazing but being this close and getting the opportunity to test that theory out was enough to make me pass out in bliss. Kane shudders under my grip, and it's the sexiest thing I've ever seen in a man before.

Suddenly, his hand pulls away from me. I wince when a string of curses leaves his mouth. I should have known this was too good to be true. I don't know why he even chose to close the distance between us, but I wasn't complaining. I was happy that I got the chance to be so close to him.

When I open my eyes, he's no doubt furious with himself. I don't think I've ever seen a man this angry before. He seems to be having an inner battle, and I'm not sure that he's going to be okay.

I try to touch him, but he pulls away from me roughly. It's like he doesn't want me to touch him again. His blatant rejection hurts me, but there is nothing that I can do about it.

"I'll help you." He announces. "There is someone that I know who can confirm if you're pregnant. I don't trust the tests; I think the best way to find out is by seeing a doctor. He's a friend of mine."

His ability to act like nothing happened just a few seconds ago amazes me. How can he do that? It's hard for me to go back to where we were, but I'm forced to do it.

"How are we supposed to get me out of here without Giselle knowing?" I ask him. "It's not like you can get the doctor to sneak into here either."

He sighs and squeezes his temples, "I can think of a certain way, but I'll need your help for it."

"My help?" I ask him. "What can I do?"

"We can slip something into her drink." He tells me.

My eyes widen, "I don't like her, but it doesn't mean that I'm going to poison her!" I snap.

There is no way that I'm doing something like that. It's true that Giselle drove me up a wall and is probably one of the worst women I've ever met in my life, but I can't imagine killing her because of it. Not to mention what her father would do to the both of us when he found out that we were responsible for his daughter's death. I shiver at the thought.

"We are not going to poison her," he explains to me, "it's a sleeping potion. Tell everyone that she isn't feeling well and needs to rest so that none of the other maids check on her. By the time we return, she will now be waking up and won't know anything."

"Won't she suspect that she was under a sleeping potion?" I ask him. "And wouldn't others still try to check on her?"

"No," he tells me. "She will feel sick the moment that she takes a sip of the drink. She would blame her sleepiness on the sickness. She wouldn't think anything else of it, and no one will bother trying to wake her up when they know that she isn't well. Trust me."

I do trust him.

"Wouldn't the other maids realize that I've been gone?" I ask him.

"No," he says, "they would think you're in the room with her."

I nod; this didn't seem like a bad idea at all. It may even work without either of us getting in trouble.

"I know the perfect day; her father will not be home as he will be in an important meeting; he will not be around to tell that either of us was gone for the day." He says. "It's the perfect opportunity."

He had everything planned out. It makes me believe that he was planning on doing this a while now.

"Were you planning on doing this before I even asked for your help?" I ask him. "You seem so prepared for it."

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~KANE~

The girl's question throws me off guard. Reminding me that I was putting off finding Maya to help her. She was correct; I had been planning on doing this since the first day I came to this place and learned that I didn't have much time before the wedding.

The potion, waiting for Giselle's father to leave, all of this was my plan to get out of here for at least a day. My first thought was to free my men, but I soon realized that one man couldn't do something so dangerous with the amount of security in the dungeons.

In the end, I finally decided to use it to find out more about what happened to my mate. Now, plans were changing because Giselle's maid was begging me to help her.

Fuck me. I kept making a mess of everything. When will I stop?

I'm not even angry that I'm helping her. I'm mad that some loser got her knocked up and didn't have the balls to keep her safe. The girl didn't even know her name; how sad was that?

If I ever found the man that got her pregnant, I would make him regret what he did to her. I don't know why I'm so angry when I'm not even sure if she's pregnant. We will only know after the tests are done on her. I'm still not sure what happens if she is pregnant; how will she hide the truth from Giselle?

"Well," she says, bringing me out of my thoughts. "Are you going to answer me?"

"Is that important?" I ask her. "All you need to know is that I'm willing to help you. I don't need to answer any of your other questions, and you're also running out of time. You need to get back before Giselle realizes that you're gone."

Her eyes widen at my words, and she quickly pushes past me towards the palace. I watch her go with an ache in my heart.

What was wrong with me? Why did I put off everything to help a woman I barely knew?

