

## Chapter 44

The silence that follows after is almost deafening. The doctor, Kane's friend, doesn't know what to say to lessen the tension in the room. It's not his fault for assuming that I was carrying Kane's baby. After all, Kane did bring me here without a proper introduction. But how could he even introduce me when I didn't know my name? No one was to blame for this misunderstanding. I had to say something I lighten the mood.

"I don't know who the father is," I tell the doctor. "But it's not Kane."

His eyes widen, "you don't know who the father is?"

His question makes me even more uncomfortable. It sounds more horrible when someone else says it. I didn't know who the father was; I didn't know anything about my past lover. If there really was one.

I stiffen at the judgmental look on his face; he must think that I've slept with multiple men. It's not like that isn't possible when I can't remember anything. I'm not sure about anything from my past; I could have many lovers for all that I know. Though my heart tells me that there has always been one man for me, I'm not sure what this feeling is, but it might be the first time I felt connected to my past life. I knew that there was a man I loved dearly; I'm just not sure who he was. Maybe he's the father of my baby. I'll never know until I regain my memories.

"She lost her memory," Kane steps in. He also didn't seem happy with the judgemental look his friend was still sending me. "She doesn't remember who she is or where she came from. Not even her name. I've brought her here to find out if she is pregnant. She thinks that she is and has some pregnancy symptoms; we hope you can tell us for sure. I don't trust anyone else; it's why I've come to you."

Kane's friend looks pleased that he chose him. I can tell that they have a good friendship.

"I can do an ultrasound," he informs us. "We will know for sure after it's completed. Are you ready?"

Judging by the way the doctor is looking at me, I feel that he can already tell but wants to confirm it for me. He doesn't want to alarm me until he knows for sure.

Kane nods, "I can leave the room to give you privacy." He says to me with an unknown expression on his face. My throat feels tight, and the words that I want to say get stuck there.

I watch as he turns, and I'm not sure what came over me next.

I grab his hand before he can leave; Kane turns around to face me the moment I do. His eyes search my own as he waits for me to say something, and I finally do, "please stay." I whisper. I don't know why I'm like this. I don't understand why it's so important to me that he stays to find out what the doctor has to say. His eyes glance at my hand on his, and I quickly pull it away, embarrassed by my actions. It wasn't my place to ask him to stay with me. He already did plenty by bringing me here with him. He didn't have to help me, but yet he did; I should at least be grateful for this.

I expected him to ignore my request, but to my surprise, he did the exact opposite. He closes the door and leans against it while waiting for the doctor to examine me. I feel a sense of comfort knowing that he's in here watching me; he's by my side; I don't need anyone else here as long as he's there. I glance at him often, and his eyes are still always on me. I'm both nervous and happy knowing this. It's crazy that he has the power to confuse my emotions this much.

The doctor informs me of each step to take, and the fact that I'm getting closer to knowing the truth sends my heart pounding against my chest.

I'm fumbling with my hands on the side of the bed; I'm not ready for this.

My eyes are on the screen when he starts the procedure; I'm scared of what he's about to find out, but I know that no matter what he tells me, I will be strong. I have to be. Kane is still looking at me; our gazes lock, and his jaw clenches. I don't know how long we stay staring at each other, but I know that I don't ever want to look away. I don't care that my heartbeat has increased more than before or that it's hard to breathe like this; I want to keep looking at him.

"Congratulations," the doctor's voice makes me jump and return my attention to the screen, "you are pregnant. . . With twins."

My body goes still at his words. Pregnant? With twins? I thought I had mentally prepared myself for his response, but he's managed to throw me off-guard. I wasn't sure how to take care of one baby, but now I had to care for two?

The thought of having two babies was beautiful but terrifying at the same time. I'm not sure what to do with this news. I was so stunned, I didn't realize that Kane had gone completely motionless at this announcement.

His hands are to his sides, and his eyes are wide with grief. What could have caused this reaction from him? Or was it that he expected me not to be pregnant, but now he's in shock that I'm not only pregnant but having twins?

The doctor helps clean me up and walks over to Kane; I think he realizes that something is wrong with him. Anyone that saw Kane right now would be concerned about him. I've never seen him look this way before; it's another look that I can add to his other depressed and lost expression.

"Are you okay?" he asks him.

Kane drags his gaze away from the screen to look at him, "thank you for your help. I will not forget it."

I watch as he turns around and storms out of the room. It took me a while to realize that he had left me behind without saying anything.

I quickly thank the doctor for helping us. He nods and tells me to watch after Kane, and I happily agree, even though I know that it isn't my place to do so. I rush behind him, trying to catch up. After all, if he left me here, I had no idea how to get back to the palace. Not that it was a bad thing, I hated that place.

"Hey!" I shout. "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

He walks over to a bench outside of the office, and my eyes widen when he punches it hard. Seeing Kane like this breaks my heart; what triggered this reaction from him?

I attempt to touch him, but he flinches when my hand comes close to his body. I pause midway, not wanting to do anything to make things worse right now.

"You're worrying me," I whisper. "How can I help? What's troubling you?"

"There is nothing you can do!" He growls.

"I don't understand, Kane!" I shout.

"Don't," he snaps at me. "Don't say my f\*\*\*\*\*g name. I don't want to hear my name in your mouth!"

My lips part and I try not to take his words to heart, but it hurts. Why does it bother him so much when I say his name? What does that have to do with his behavior right now?

"What am I supposed to call you then?" I demand. "It's what everyone calls you. Why is it a problem when I call you by your name?"

