

Chapter 45

~KANE~

I snapped. I know I f*****g did. The moment I learned that the girl was pregnant with twins, it was over. It reminded me that Maya was also pregnant when she was taken away from me. I let her go, and I couldn't protect her or our baby.

I failed her. I let down my mate. I should have been here with her; she was the one I should be taking to doctor visits, not the maid of some woman I'm being forced to marry. She deserved better than I gave to her. From the beginning to the end of our relationship, I only brought her pain. But it wasn't the end of our relationship; I would not let it be. I would fight anything and everything to be with her again.

I look at the woman next to me; my words also hurt her. I'm good at that. I'm good at hurting people that I should be protecting.

There were so many things wrong with this situation right now. The girl was pregnant, and she didn't know who the father of her children was, and for some insane reason, my body felt like I should be the one to take care of her and her unborn children. I don't know if it's the guilt of not caring for my own mate, but something is making me react like this. I can't tell if I care for the girl when I barely know anything about her. It's hard for me to come to terms with any of this.

Seeing her hurting because of something I said, even that was killing me inside. What the f**k was my connection with her? Why did it bother me so much that another man got her pregnant?

I want to hurt myself. I want to hurt myself for having forbidden feelings and thoughts.

Maya wouldn't be happy with me right now, or maybe she would be. She wasn't a selfish person, she would want me to protect a pregnant woman, but at the same time, she wouldn't want me to act like a lovesick puppy around her.

I'm trying hard to ignore the girl next to me. A girl that I still had no idea what her name was.

When she called me by my name, it reminded me so much of when Maya did. It sounded like the same person to me. How can she sound just like Maya? How is that even possible? At this point, the universe was messing with my heart. It wanted to see me suffer for all the wrongs I did. And how does it do it? By taking away my mate and unborn child and forcing someone else into my life with a maid who sounds like my mate.

I wanted to laugh at my pathetic fate; I know I deserved it, but damn, was it painful. First, I lost my father and sister, only discovering that my mate's family was responsible for their deaths. Then, I expectedly fall for the same woman I promised myself to hate, only to have her taken away from me the moment that I did.

Now I keep letting myself protect this girl that I didn't even know the name of. I had no idea who she was or where she came from, but still, I was risking everything to protect her. Why? What connection did I have with her to let her burdens fall on me?

I couldn't allow myself to do this anymore. I couldn't let myself fall into this trap. I should learn from my past; I've always done things that made my life harder. It was time that I stopped doing this to myself. It was time that I tried to make my life better, not worse. In this case, I had to stop myself from protecting a woman that I had no connections with.

Giselle was not a woman that would sit back and watch me do it; the girl was insane. She would no doubt harm her maid, and that's the last thing I will ever want to see happen. I'll have to keep my distance to ensure her safety. Again, without realizing it, I'm somehow trying to protect her.

What was wrong with me? When would I stop with this foolishness?

"Kane?"

Her voice calling out my name snaps me out of my thoughts. It makes me even more pissed than before. Didn't I just tell her to stop calling me that? Did she not realize how much it killed me inside when she did that? Could she not see what it did to me? How could she not? I never tried to hide it. I couldn't hide it. I was in f*****g pain anytime she said my name.

"I told you not to f*****g call me that," I shout. I feel bad for going off on her when she just found out that she was pregnant with twins, but every time she said my name, it made matters worse. It would help if she listened to me. Was that something Maya and she had in common? Never listening to me? Why was I even comparing the two? They weren't the same person; they will never be.

Her lips part, and I spot the sadness in her eyes almost instantly. It wrecks at my composure, and I swallow the apology that threatens to escape me.

"I'm sorry," she apologizes, surprising me. She has nothing to apologize for; I'm the one that's being an ass towards her. She doesn't deserve my anger, but if I'm not angry, I feel other emotions that I do not wish to feel right now. Furious with her is the only way I can be. It's the only emotion I will allow myself to feel whenever I'm near her.

"I'm taking you home," I tell her.

She blinks a few times at me, but she doesn't try and say no. It's not like she has a choice; this was what I promised her, I would take her to a doctor and then return her home. And I had to do it before Giselle woke up and caught us.

Slipping away from the palace was one thing, but leaving with her maid would send the girl up in flames; I was sure about it.

I won't be staying, though; I will have to take another risk. I need to find Maya's abductors, the people responsible for the pain I'm in right now. I'm not sure how long I will be gone, but I can only hope that the potion lasts long enough. If I'm not back before Giselle wakes up, I'll have to deal with the consequences of my actions.

Nothing and no one will stop me from searching for my mate today. I've been away from her for too long. I couldn't stand being away from her like this. It was time that I started my search. She needed to know that no matter where she was, I would always find my way back to her. I would not let anyone separate us.

I lift my gaze when the girl walks forward. She doesn't stop until she's inches away from me. What was she doing? She has my full attention now. I can't look away when she's this close to me.

I feel myself turn to stone when she closes the distance between us and throws her arms around my neck.

It takes me a few seconds to recover from the initial shock of her actions.

"What are you doing?" I demand; I can barely move when she's practically on me. I try not to inhale her scent; it seems familiar to me, and it's a smell I rather not have near me right now. Why does everything about her bother me so much? Why can't I ignore her? Why do I always have to find myself in situations like this with this woman? And why on earth am I not pushing her away?

She lifts her chin, and the moment her pretty eyes look at me, I find my arms closing around her, pulling her closer to me without realizing it.

"Isn't this how you brought me?" She asks. "Don't I have to hold onto you for you to carry me back home?"

I can't believe that I forgot that this was the only way for me to return with her.

f**k.

This was driving me insane. Being this close to her and trying to hate her for no reason.

How the f**k would I survive?