

Chapter 51

~MAYA~

"Not like that!" Giselle screams at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

I'm tired of her asking that question; even if I did everything right, she would find something to complain about.

I tied the bow at the back of the dress; she made it clear that she wanted it as tight as the dress could pull. If only I could squeeze the attitude straight out of her. Then life would be better for a lot of people. I had no idea how Giselle's own father could stand her. The answer was simple; he was forced to love her.

"I'll let everyone know that I'm late to my event since my stupid maid can't seem to do anything right." She continues to insult me.

I bite my lip to keep from responding to her. I wish I had more of that potion; it was better when she was in a deep sleep. I didn't have to hear her annoying voice all the time.

"Why aren't you getting my shoes ready?" She demands as she points at her barefoot.

I don't know; maybe it's because I was tending to your other wishes this entire time? I bite my lip harder to keep from telling her this.

I grab her shoes a few feet away from us and shove them near her feet. Can't she do anything on her own?

I breathe a sigh of relief when she shoves me out of the room. It wasn't like I would get a break; I had to help welcome some of her guests and inform them that she would be with them in a few minutes.

I don't get far when she calls me back to her room.

I inwardly groaned; I was so close to getting far away from her, even though it would have only been for a few minutes.

"I'll welcome my friends," she tells me. "Instead, I want you to find Kane and bring him to meet everyone. He was supposed to meet me here fifteen minutes ago. I don't know what's taking him so long. Find him and bring him to me."

My heart skips a beat at the thought of getting to be near Kane again. I don't complain and quickly start searching for him. The first place that I check is his room, but he's nowhere to be found. I continue my search throughout the house, but there is no luck. It's then that I remember where he could be.

I make my way out into the garden, remembering that one spot I found him in before. I don't stop until I get there, and to my surprise, he really is there.

He acknowledges my presence and turns to face me. His hands are in his pocket, and I feel naked under his intense gaze.

"What are you doing here?" he asks me. "Shouldn't you be inside with Giselle? I find it hard to believe that she let you out of her sight."

"Where did you go?" I ask him. "I can't get it out of my head. I tried to cover for you, and it worked, but I was terrified of what would happen if Giselle found out you'd left without a good excuse."

He leans his back against the tree and sighs, "why were you worried over it? You wouldn't have been the one to get in trouble."

"Are you purposely ignoring my question?" I ask him suspiciously. He looks away from me and gazes up at the sky. I don't know if to feel relieved or sad that he's no longer looking at me.

I know he doesn't have to tell me the truth, but I'm hoping that he considers me enough to try to explain what happened while he was gone. I've wanted to ask him this since he returned but couldn't because Giselle was always there. I was surprised she even sent me to look for him and didn't come searching for him on her own. She was probably too caught up with showing off to her friends to be concerned about me being alone with Kane.

He finally turns back to me, and I'm hit by his piercing gaze that leaves me speechless. Why does it feel like I should know those eyes? Why does it feel like those eyes have haunted me in the past? Even if they weren't a part of my past life, I know for a fact that they haunt me now. I know that I won't be able to stop thinking about him or his gorgeous eyes, no matter how hard I try to.

"And what question is that?" He asks innocently. "As far as I know, you haven't asked me anything that needs to be answered."

I narrow my eyes, "it's not my place to ask, but I still want to know. Why did you leave? What has your attention other than the woman you're marrying?"

His jaw clenches, and I know I've crossed a line, "you're right. It's not your place to ask me any questions. Why are you even out here? Shouldn't you be tending to Giselle? Shouldn't you be doing your job?"

I cross my arms, "and shouldn't you also be in there with her? She invited friends over so that she could introduce you to them. How can she introduce them if you're out here by yourself?"

A muscle ticks in his jaw as he glares at me; I don't think he's ever been this angry before with me. But I barely spent any time with him; that's probably why this is only the first time he's mad about something I've said. Thinking about it now, it isn't the first time he's been pissed at me; he hates it when I call him by his name.

"Kane," I say, and his eyes narrow to a dangerous level.

I was right. He does hate it when I call him by his name.

"Am I somehow not good enough to even say your name?" I demand. "Just because I'm some low maid that works for the woman you're planning on marrying, it's a problem if I say your name?" I ask with disgust.

He remains quiet; once more, he turns away from me. It's almost like he's dismissed me without saying anything at all. It upsets me so much. I'm usually hanging onto every moment with Kane, measuring every second I get to be alone with him. This time is no different, except for the fact that he's driving me up a wall.

"Answer me!" I shout. I know I'm being ridiculous right now, but it feels natural arguing with him, almost like I'm used to it. I don't think I've ever felt this alive before, at least not since I've woken up with zero memories of my past.

I walk up to him with the attention of demanding answers.

I'm not prepared for when he grabs me by my waist and pulls my body tight against his; the darkness in his eyes calls out to me, and even though I want to touch him. I don't.

"I hate when you say my name because you sound just like her." He whispers so softly that I'm not sure if I even heard him correctly.

Just like her? Who's he referring to?

