

Chapter 52

My mind was racing as I tried to make sense of his words. Was he referring to the woman he was with before he decided to marry Giselle? Is she the reason why he's always looking like this? How much did he care about her? Did he love her? There were so many questions on my mind. I needed the answers, and I had to get them now. I felt like I would go insane if he didn't tell me who she was.

"Who is she?" I whisper. I can't even recognize my voice. I'm scared, actually scared, to find out that this was the woman he loved. I'm not sure how I would react to this, knowing that there was a woman out there that Kane loved this much. A woman that left him in a state of depression. He doesn't have to tell me. I can see the answer in his eyes alone. But I still want to hear it. I won't believe it until he opened his mouth and told me.

I wait for his answer, but it never comes.

"Who is she?" I ask again. "How can you say something like that without explaining yourself? I want to know who she is. I want to know who this woman is that you can't seem to forget."

Even though you're marrying someone else, I want to finish with those words but stop myself. I don't want to upset him further. If I do, I may lose the chance to find out more about his past, and finding out his past is something I've been dying to do. I want to know everything about Kane, everything that he doesn't even wish to tell anyone else. I want to be the woman he trusts enough to open up to. I don't know why this is so important to me; I don't understand why I'm so willing to let him confide in me even though I know it will break my heart to hear him talk about another woman.

But this isn't about me. This is about Kane and the things he's had to go through in his past. I couldn't remember mine, and I'm not sure if that's a good thing. Maybe my past was terrible; maybe there were things I'd want to forget; perhaps not remembering was good for me. I can see that Kane's past was still haunting him today. It was the reason why he didn't want to go through with this wedding, why he was so depressed over it. And now I knew that a woman was the reason behind it. There was a woman in Kane's heart, a woman that he cared about and still does.

"Who she is isn't any of your damn business." He snaps suddenly. Our faces are inches apart, and neither of us is shouting; we're somehow arguing but not in a loud tone.

"It is my business!" I disagree. "If I sound just like her, don't you think I will want to know more about her? Do I also look like her? Are there any other similarities between us? You know that I've lost my memory; maybe there is some connection between the two of us. Maybe that can explain why I feel so safe around you. I trust you more than anything else, even though my mind tells me I shouldn't."

I'm not even sure of the point I'm trying to make; I'm just trying hard to make him tell me everything that bothered him. Kane and I were two worlds apart, and maybe that's why I want to hear the stories of his past; it would help me seem closer to him. Closer than where we are now. I know that it wasn't any of my business like he just said, but that doesn't mean he couldn't talk to me about it. Talking made things better, as long as you spoke to someone that genuinely wanted to help you.

Kane runs his hand through his hair and mumbles a few curse words. I know that I'm pressing his buttons; it's something I'm becoming good at doing. I'm not proud of it, but I wasn't going to give up either. One way or another, I'll get Kane talking about the woman from his past. The woman that prevented him from moving on. The woman that made him look like his entire life was over.

"The girl in my heart and mind is not someone I will ever speak about with anyone that doesn't deserve to hear her story. She's too special for that. Her name alone is more important to me than anything else. You wanted to know why I hate it when you say my name and I've answered your question. I can't answer anything more than that." He tells me. "Listening to you say my name is torture for me, so please, just stop it. I don't want to hear my name on your lips."

His words are sharp and brutal, and they cut through me like a sharp blade. He did try to tell me to back off nicely; I was the one that pushed him to say something this awful to me. But I don't regret pushing him at all. I was still determined to find out more about this woman. She meant something to him, and because of this, she meant something to me as well. Anyone that was important to this man was important to me. I didn't plan on ever telling him this, but I meant it.

The fact that he wouldn't tell me the truth shows me that he thinks I don't deserve to listen to her story. He believes that I'm not worthy of knowing this woman's name.

How would it feel to be loved this much by someone? To have someone treasure my name alone? I wouldn't know. I didn't even know my own name. I thought that my memories would slowly return to me, but that wasn't happening. I don't think they ever will return to me. I'll spend the rest of my life not remembering who I was.

"If you don't want to talk about her," I whisper. "Can you answer me one thing? Why are you marrying Giselle if there is a woman that holds the key to your heart? Don't you think it's unfair to the three of you to continue with this wedding?"

"Do you think I want this marriage to happen?" He demands. "There are many things that you do not know. Many things that you don't know about me or my past or the people that I love. And it should stay that way; I need you to stay the hell out of my business, do you understand me? We aren't friends. We share no relationship whatsoever, I helped you once, and I'm not going to do it again. I felt guilty because I let someone down already, I thought that helping you would help with the pain of letting her down, but it only made me feel worse. You wanted to know why I helped a stranger; this is your answer to that question. You can stop thinking that I owe you any answers. We aren't that close, and we never will be."

I didn't think that words could pierce a heart that quickly, but I was learning that there were many ways to hurt someone. And this was hurting me a lot.

'We aren't that close and never will be.' Those words may haunt me forever.

I was only trying to help him; I hoped that if he told me what was bothering him, I would be able to help him. Trying to help him only made things worse for both of us. He seems to hate me more than ever, and my heart is more than broken from his behavior towards me.

