

## Chapter 53

"I'll return to the party," I tell him as I step away from him. It's hard for me to do it, but he's leaving me no choice. He doesn't want me here. "It's clear that you don't want me here. I won't stay where I'm not wanted. All I wanted to do was to help you as you helped me. I wanted to hear your story; you remember everything from your past while I remember nothing. I don't know who my children's father is, and I don't know my name. I don't know my family. I don't know anything. I don't know if people are looking for me, and I don't know if someone did this to me or if losing my memory was an accident. I don't know why I'm telling you this; you don't want to hear it. I'm just trying to say that while I don't remember anything about my life, you remember everything about yours. And whatever it is that you remember, I can tell that it's hurting you. I'm sorry if I overstepped my boundaries; as I said, I only wanted to help."

Kane doesn't say anything; he isn't looking at me, so I can't tell if my words have affected him. I'm not the woman that he wants to speak to. And I may never be that woman. I was stupid for thinking that I could be that woman for him. I was only a maid. And I kept forgetting that he was getting married to the woman I worked for.

"You should get inside soon," I tell him. "I know you don't like me looking after you, but Giselle is already looking for you. She won't be happy to find you here when she wants to show you off to all her friends. While I realize that it is hard for you, and since I know you're being forced into this marriage, you can't run from it. I know that this means she has something on you. Whatever it is, she will use it if you disappoint her tonight. So please, for your own sake, get inside."

I don't wait for him to say anything; I don't expect him to.

The moment I walk into the dining room, now filled with strangers, Giselle walks over to me with a frustrated look. "Where is he?" She whispers, trying her best to act unbothered around her friends. They're all looking our way, and I'm not sure she's doing an excellent job at hiding how frustrated she is by me. I'm sure that she's about to get even angrier when I tell her that Kane didn't return with me. Giselle didn't like when things didn't go exactly how she wanted them to go.

"I couldn't find him." I lie.

I don't want to tell her where he is; he doesn't look like he wants to be disturbed. Even though Kane wasn't exactly nice to me, I know that he wasn't deliberately trying to hurt me; I also know that I don't want to hurt him either. I want to protect him. I want to defend his already bruised heart. I don't care what happens to me in the process; I will continue to protect him because I think that Kane has a good heart. Something also tells me that he isn't used to people taking care of him. I know he doesn't want me to, but I don't think I'll ever stop trying to care for him.

Her eyes narrow, "you continue to make my life f\*\*\*\*\*g miserable." She snaps at me. "How can you not find him? Is he invisible? There are only a number of places he can be. Where did you search, girl? I find it hard to believe that you're not only stupid but blind also!"

I open my mouth to say something when I feel his presence behind me. I'm not sure if I'm imagining it; he didn't look like he would listen to me.

"I'm right here, Giselle."

His voice confirms it for me. I don't turn around to look at him. There were too many people in the room, and I didn't want them to realize how much I adored Kane. I didn't want to give Giselle any more reasons to hate my guts. I walk over to a corner of the room and ignore the stares sent my way. I'm not sure if these people pity me or if they hate me just as much as Giselle does. Maybe she's told her friends horrible stories about me; it's something that I totally expect from her. She loved to say awful things about me.

I watch as Kane takes a seat next to Giselle. There are surprised looks all around the room as she introduces Kane as her to be husband. I think that no one expected Giselle to get married to someone as handsome as Kane. The women are all lost in him, and I don't blame any of them. He had that aura about him; I would think that there was something wrong with the women in here if they didn't react the way that they're doing now.

Giselle is happy with their reactions; I know that this is the reaction she was hoping for from them. They are asking hundreds of questions; they want to find out why Kane agreed to marry Giselle, though they don't dare to ask a direct question like that. Instead, they ask what made him fall in love with her. I can see how uncomfortable Kane is; it's hard for me to watch this exchange. Not just because I want Kane for myself, it's because I know he loves someone else. I don't want him to be unhappy. I hate seeing him like this.

How hard must this be for him? He's in love with one woman, and he's being forced to marry another. I still don't know what Giselle has on him. What was she using against him to make him agree to marry her when he didn't love her? What did she do to him?

If she really loved him, she wouldn't force him to marry her. She would let him choose on her own. She would let him be with the woman that he actually loved. I wish that Giselle could see what she was doing to him. I wish she could see that she was making him hate her instead of love her.

"What are you staring at?" Someone asks me. I jump at the interruption; I'm terrified that whoever it was saw me looking at Kane. I tried not to get caught, but I still ended up messing up. It's hard to ignore Kane when he's the center of attention wherever he goes.

The man standing in front of me blocks my view of Kane; he was the one that asked the question. He has dark green eyes and reddish-brown hair. I've never seen him around before. I don't know why he's speaking to me when I'm Giselle's maid. I don't think he realizes that his actions will most definitely anger Giselle. The last thing she will want tonight is for me to get any sort of attention from her friends.

"Giselle," I lie. "Doesn't she look beautiful tonight? Kane is lucky to be marrying a woman like her."

The guy looks at me in disbelief; even he doesn't believe that Kane is the lucky one for marrying someone like Giselle.

"I can think of someone more beautiful than Giselle." He says. "She's sitting in front of me."

I take a look around me, and there is no one else here that he can be talking about.

"I don't think that you should be seen speaking to me," I tell him. "Giselle doesn't like it when her maids speak to anyone other than her."

"I'm sure that she can make an exception tonight." He tells me as he takes a seat next to me. "Besides, it seems to me like she's too busy to realize that her maid is talking to one of her guests. Don't you think?"

I follow his gaze and almost choke from what I see. Kane is looking directly at us, and there is a look on his face that I've never seen before. His hands are gripping tightly on the glass in front of him, and it looks like he's about to break the poor thing. I don't think I've ever seen him like this before; he looks like he's about to explode with anger. What could have possibly made him this angry? Did Giselle say something to him that pissed him off? I can see that happening, and I would have believed it if he wasn't glaring at the man next to me. Did he not like him?

"I'm sorry," I whisper. "I really can't be seen talking to you."

I don't wait for him to say anything as I storm out of the room. I can't get Kane's reaction out of my head. What caused him to behave that way?

I let out a sigh of frustration as I rush back into the garden. I had to get out of there; too much was happening all at once; it was driving me insane.

"I knew you wanted me."

I freeze. It's the voice of the man from earlier. Did he follow me out here? I spin around to face him with a perplexed look.

"Why are you following me?" I demand. "I want to be alone."

"You're a low maid." He says, "you can't decide when to be alone. That's for people like me to decide."

"Excuse me?" I snap. "What the hell is your problem? Do you not understand words? I said I would like to be alone, and I don't care what are your thoughts on what a maid should or should not be allowed to do."

"Finally," he says. "We are finally alone. I've been staring at you since you stepped into the room."

He walks closer to me and grabs my arm.

"What are you doing?" I demand. "How dare you touch me?"

"I saw the way you were looking at me from across the room." He says. "You don't need to act hard to get. I prefer a woman who tells me what she wants."

"I already told you," I shout. "I want to be alone. I don't know what you think you saw, but it definitely wasn't what you think it was. I was not staring at you. I have no reason to stare at you."

"Come on," he says as he leans closer to me. "You want me. Say it."

I'm about to knee him in the crotch when someone pulls him off me.

I covered my mouth in horror as Kane's sharp claws dug into the man's neck. "She said to leave her alone." Kane roars. The man's screams echoed throughout the quiet night. How did he even find me? Was he searching for me this entire time? He must have seen him follow me out into the garden and came to make sure that I was safe.

He told me that he wouldn't help me again but yet here he is once more, acting like my knight in shining armor. Why does he always do this? Why does he make my heart flutter? I try my best to hate him, to not think about him, to see him as a horrible person. Then he does things like this that remind me that he's good. He's a good person who's had a shitty past. He's someone who's been through a lot and doesn't have anyone to talk to. Or maybe he doesn't like talking to anyone about his problems. I'm not sure which it is, but either way, I know he's been through a lot.

Kane doesn't realize that every action of his, every act of kindness, makes my heartbeat for him. He needs to stop protecting me; he needs to stop being like this towards me if he wants me to stay away from him. I won't be able to grant his wishes if he continues like this.

I watch as he rips the man's body apart like it was nothing to him. I should be terrified, but I'm not. I'm happy that he's doing this. This man was planning to hurt me, to hurt my babies. He deserves this; he deserves to die.

Why does even this feel familiar to me? Seeing Kane kill someone, it doesn't feel like the first time that I've seen this. Which is crazy; I would remember seeing him kill someone. How does everything he does seem so effortless? I've always known that Kane was strong, but I'm getting a front-row seat this time; I can see it all. He's stronger than I initially thought he was. This guy was nothing compared to him. His strength was out of this world, making me fall for him ever more. Why do I let myself go through this? Why do I let myself fall?

Within minutes, the man's body falls to the ground, completely lifeless. Kane hurries to clean up the mess before anyone can see, and I try to help him as much as I can.

He finally turns to stare at me after he's done.

There is blood everywhere, on his face, hair, and clothes. He's soaked in blood, and I hate it. I don't want anything on his body that shouldn't be there. Again, he's only like this because he was trying to protect me.

He told me that I was nothing to him, that he felt bad, and it's the only reason why he helped me before. What was his reason for helping me today?

I reach for my dress and rip a piece of it off my body. Kane doesn't say anything as I walk over to him. He's completely still when I raise my hand and wipe the blood off his face with the cloth. His body shudders from my touch, but he doesn't stop me. It shocks me that he's letting me touch him like this. I expected him to push me away from him. Maybe he's just in so much shock from what just happened. I don't care what the reason is. I'll continue to take advantage of this opportunity. He isn't someone that would easily let another woman touch him unless it was the woman that was close to his heart.

I don't think she knows how lucky she is to have his love. Wherever she is, I wonder if she knows that he loves her this much, that she's all he can think about. Does she know how many women will die for this kind of love?

It feels wonderful touching him. It's exactly what I thought it would feel like, magical and beautiful.

"We can't return to the party like this," I tell him. "We need to find somewhere to wash the blood off before Giselle realizes we're gone. Getting to a bathroom is too risky. We need to find a river close by, somewhere that no one will find us. But wouldn't Giselle realize that we're both missing from the party?"

"I doubt she will even notice that we're missing." He tells me.

"Why do you say that?"

Did he not know Giselle at all? The girl practically stalked him. She always wanted to know his whereabouts and what he was up to. I can't say that I'm any different than her when it comes to wondering about where he's been, but she tries to stop him, unlike me.

"She's drunk." He tells me. "She had too many drinks. She's not going to remember anything from tonight. You don't have to worry about that happening."

I sigh with relief, "but we still can't leave you looking like this. We need to fix it."

"Get back inside," he tells me. "I can get rid of this myself."

Again, he wants to push me away after helping me. Does he not realize how much I want to help him? How is he the only one allowed to do good deeds? Why can't I help him as he helps me? Why can't he accept that there is someone that wants what's best for him?