

Chapter 57

It's been hours since they've exchanged rings, and I feel like I'm losing everything with each second that I stand back and watch everything unfold before my eyes.

Everything is loud. The party. The people in it. The music. The cries within me. Everything. I'm hurting because I saw a man I barely knew get engaged to the woman I worked for. Why? Why did I let it bother me so much? I should be okay. I should be happy for Kane. But how can I be happy when I knew that he was anything but happy? And even if he was happy, would I be happy for him then?

I feel a tear roll down my cheek, and I wipe my cheek with shaking hands. Why am I crying over this?

I wish I had the answers to my own questions.

Giselle is on the dance floor; she's the happiest out of everyone in the room. She's managed to get engaged to the man she's always wanted. He is even closer to being hers than he ever was before. Even if Kane were to marry Giselle, would he ever really be hers? How can a man belong to a woman if his heart is already held onto another?

Giselle may think that she's winning now, but when she realizes that he couldn't give his heart to her, she will feel lonely. I wouldn't want to be her. While it would be nice to have someone like Kane as your husband, it would mean nothing if he didn't love you back.

I don't think she cares about that; however, thinking about it, whether Kane loved her or not would not matter to her. All she wants is to know that he's her husband. She wants to brag about it to the world. She wants to show off to her friends. She wants everyone to know that she gets everything that she wants.

I search the crowds for Kane. He isn't by her side. They're now engaged, but he is nowhere near her. Another indication that they didn't love each other.

When I finally spot him, he's by the bar sipping on some drinks. I think that he's trying to drown his sorrow in alcohol. He wants to forget that he's engaged to Giselle. Again, I'm hit with this intense need to make it better for him. Even though I want to, I stop myself from moving forward. The last thing he will want is me next to him right now. He made it clear to me that we weren't that close. We needed to keep a clear distance from each other.

Giselle runs to his side and pulls him towards the dance floor with her. I knew she would have eventually done something like that. Everyone was noticing that Kane didn't want to be near her, and she had to prove to them all that he did, in fact, want to marry her. Image was everything to someone like Giselle; she wouldn't let Kane out of her sight until she proved that he was in love with her even though everyone thought that he wasn't.

My heart aches, actually ache when his hand touches her waist, and they begin to sway to a love song. Giselle may not be able to see it, but I can see the pain on his face. It hurts him to be close to her; he doesn't like it; I think he even hates it. I feel sorry for him. I feel sad that he's being forced into this marriage. Kane doesn't deserve this; he deserves to be happy. I wish that there was a way that I could be that happiness for him.

I take a deep breath. I need to stop thinking of ways to fix him. I need to start thinking about my babies. I had to find a way to get away from Giselle. Or maybe, I needed to find a way to get her to fire me without harming me.

I had to do something quickly. I couldn't stand the sight of seeing the two of them together. And it's something I won't ever be able to get away from as long as I stay in this palace.

I turn away from both of them. Maybe if I didn't have to look at them dancing, I would be able to think about anything else. I push my way out of the crowd. I was heading to the gardens; maybe I'm heading there because I know deep down that there is a chance that Kane would soon come here as well. It's the one place he goes to clear his head. The one place that Giselle doesn't look for him. Maybe she doesn't think he will ever spend his time here. It's crazy since gardens are Giselle's favorite places, yet she never looks there for him.

"Shouldn't you be inside?"

My body goes stiff at the voice. I spun around on my heels to see that it was indeed Kane in front of me. He was drunk; I could tell by how his body swayed slightly as he walked toward me.

"Shouldn't I be asking you the same thing?" I answer his question with one of my own.

"You look beautiful tonight." He compliments me. "You always do."

I'm taken aback by his words. He's never complimented me before. And to call me beautiful? To say that I always look beautiful. It must be the alcohol speaking.

"T-thank you." I stutter. My cheeks are flushed, and I can barely think of anything after hearing him call me beautiful.

How does he always manage to do that? To leave me speechless. He takes another step toward me, and I lift my head so that I can stare into his eyes.

"I love your voice." He whispers as his finger lightly traces my lips. "It's the most beautiful sound in the world. I can listen to you speak for hours, days, years. I will never get tired of it."

My heart flutters in my chest; I know he's saying this because I sound like the woman he can't forget, but I don't care. Just for one moment, I want to pretend that he means this, that these words are meant for me and not for anyone else.

He doesn't know how hard it was for me to watch him get engaged to Giselle. He knows that it was hard on him, but he has no idea just how much it hurt me. Even now, I keep picturing them together. I'm breaking my own heart, I know this, but I have no control over my emotions.

"I hate seeing you with her," I confess. "I know it's not my place to tell you this. I know that you love another woman, and I know that I can never take her place. I don't want to take her place because I know I can't; I can tell you love her more than anyone else. I'm sorry you have to break your heart like this because of Giselle. I wish that I could make it better; I wish there were a way for me to help you. You're too good of a person to be treated this way; you deserve better; you deserve to be happy."

"I don't know why you think I'm such a good person," he whispers, "I'm far from being a good person. I've hurt the people closest to me; I've destroyed more lives than I can count. I'm not the man you think I am. You should stop looking at me in that way because you make me want to be that man, to be the person you think I am."

I gently cup his cheek in my hand, "you're wrong. You're a good person without trying to be. You may not be able to see it, but I can. You've given me hope; I'm a woman without a family, and if I have one, I don't know where to find them. I'm pregnant with twins, and I don't know who the father of my babies are, but just being in your presence gives me so much hope. Seeing you every day brightens up my day. You bring me happiness."

His hand gently touches my hand that's still on his cheek, "I wish you'll stop doing this. I want you to stop making me feel things I'm not allowed to feel. It's wrong."

"I don't want to stop," I whisper as I move closer to him, "I want to make you feel."

He chuckles, and I think my heart stops moving for a few seconds. It's the first time he's laughed around me, and it was beautiful.

My breath gets stuck in my throat when he brings his face closer to mine. Our lips are closer than ever now, and if I make even the slightest movements, I will be able to feel them. "I want to make you feel too," he says in a hoarse whisper.

My breath gets stuck in my throat, and before I have a chance to react, his lips are on mine. I clutch his tie and pull him tighter against me. I want to take all his pain away; I want him to forget about everything else and focus on me.

I want to make him smile, just like he did a few minutes ago. Kane growls against my mouth, and I feel it all the way in my belly. I wrap my arms around his neck as his hands travel down my body before gripping my ass and pressing me even tighter against him.

I still can't believe that Kane is kissing me. I know that he's drunk, but this kiss means everything to me. He may never know how much I want this, how much I will treasure this till my last breath.

He's the man of my dreams without even knowing it.

"Kane," I whisper as he breaks the kiss so that he can kiss my cheek, then chin, and finally my neck. I gasp and grip his hair tightly.

"Maya," he cries.

I froze as that one word pierced through my heart.

Maya?

Who's Maya? Was that the woman he was in love with?

