

Chapter 58

Maya.

Why does that name stir up so many emotions in my heart? Hearing Kane say her name while kissing me was the worse thing that could have ever happened to me. How could I continue kissing a man who called me by another woman's name?

It means that he was thinking about her while kissing me. The realization hits me so hard that I feel the air get knocked straight out of my body. He didn't know he was kissing me this entire time; he thought he was kissing her. This fact breaks my heart into two. All along, I was hoping that Kane knew he was with me, that he knew how close we were, that he was enjoying it, that it was making him happy. Now I know that he was thinking about her, the woman he was deeply in love with. He loved and missed her so much that he mistook me for her; for Maya.

I didn't know her. I knew nothing about her but yet I didn't think I'd ever been more envious of a woman in my entire life before. How stupid was I? How could I envy a woman I'd never met? She did nothing to me except capturing the heart of a man I wanted to protect and keep happy for the rest of his life. Since I met Kane, that's all I've ever wanted to do. To make him happy. His sadness was something I hated to see.

But having to stand here while he thought that I was another woman was ripping me apart.

It's my fault for letting him kiss me while he was drunk. I should have kept some distance between us. I was just so happy that he was finally touching me that I didn't think of the consequences of my actions.

I knew that Kane was in love with this woman; he was in love with Maya. I now knew her name. I shouldn't have let him kiss me while he was in that state. When he sobered up, he would be angry with himself, and it will be my fault. He was already going through so much, and I added to his problems by letting him touch and kiss me like this.

I knew Kane enough to know that he would never forgive himself for being so weak in my presence, even though it wasn't his fault. The entire time he was thinking of her, this was my fault, and I would make it my duty to ensure that he knew this. We only kissed because I let it happen; he would have never done it if he had been sober.

I couldn't allow myself to enjoy this anymore. His hands are still on my waist, and his lips have traveled to my chest. I close my eyes and try to find the strength to push him away. As much as I want this, as much as my body craves this kind of attention from him, I can't let it go any further.

"Kane!" I force myself to say between gasps, "stop. You need to stop this before you regret it. I'm not Maya. I'm not the woman that you love. You can't let this continue. I can't let it continue."

I try to shove against his shoulders, but his hands only tighten around me. He's pulling me even closer than before, ignoring my attempts to put distance between the two of us. When he does this, it makes it even harder for me to resist him. His scent was all over my body, and I didn't think it was possible to want a man this much. My body felt alive in his arms, like we were made to be this close.

I shook my head; if my hands weren't preoccupied, I would have slapped myself to snap out of his spell.

He must be extremely drunk to let things get this far. I can't imagine how much pain he must have been in to let this situation reach where it was now. He was trying to drown his sorrows but only caused more trouble for himself.

I gasp when he grabs my cheeks and gently turns my face to the side, exposing more of my neck to him. I whimper when I feel his nose edge closer to me, almost touching my skin.

"You smell so f****g good," he growls. I gasp when he rubs his nose at the base of my neck before going all the way up to below my ear. I swallow when he inhales deeply, and a possessive growl leaves him one more time. "Mine."

My knees go weak at hearing him say that I was his. Why couldn't he be speaking about me? Why did it have to be Maya? Why was she so lucky to have this man's heart?

I try to snap myself out of it once more.

You can't do this. You can't let yourself fall for him. He doesn't know what he's saying; he's thinking of another woman; he isn't thinking about you.

I need to keep reminding myself that Kane was drunk, and because of this, he wasn't aware of what he was doing. I can't help but wish that this was true, that this wasn't him imagining another woman while speaking to me.

I try to push him away again, but he grabs my hand and shoves it above my head. I cry out when he shoves me up against a tree with one of his legs between both of mine. He's spreading them apart and bringing our bodies closer together.

"I want my tongue in you," he says hoarsely, "I want to taste you. I want to get lost inside you."

I break free from his hold and cover my mouth with my hand to keep myself from moaning aloud.

His hand slowly runs up my leg, and I've never known pleasure as this existed. He's making me weak for his touch. How can I ever allow another man to touch me again when he lives in this world? I would always compare them to him.

"Kane!" I cry in both pleasure and pain when his hand continues to rise. Pain because I know I have to stop this. "Please, you need to snap out of this. You need to stop yourself."

He grabs my hair and pulls it down so I'm staring straight into his hooded eyes, "say it. Say my name. I want to hear you say it over and over again."

I'm fighting back to need to give him what he wants. You can't let this happen. You can't.

