

Chapter 60

~KANE~

I groan and hold my head as the sunlight touches my face. Where the f**k was I right now? I slowly open my eyes and wince as the light hits me directly in my eyes.

I look at my surroundings, and it's only then that it dawns on me that I'm in the garden. How did I end up here? It's not like anyone would drag me to the garden; I must have come here of my own will.

I close my eyes and try to remember the events of last night. Everything felt hazy to me; I knew I got drunk after getting engaged to Giselle. It broke me inside to see that I was truly being forced to be with her. I couldn't stop thinking about Maya during the entire ceremony. I was terrified of what would happen when word started to spread. Wherever she was, what if she found out what was happening here? What if she found out that I had gotten engaged to someone else? How would it feel to know that her mate was marrying someone else while she was pregnant with his child and in danger?

I didn't want to know how she would feel to know that I kept failing her. I hoped that if she did find out that she would know I wouldn't do it to her on purpose. I could only hope that she realizes that I'm being blackmailed into marrying that woman.

It still bothered me that I couldn't remember how I reached here. I remember Giselle pulling me to dance with her. I remember just wanting to get away from her; I didn't like touching that woman; it always made me sick.

At least I should be happy that I didn't wake up in bed with Giselle. That would have left a sour taste in my mouth. I wouldn't have been able to recover from something like that. I couldn't stand her; I couldn't wait for the day that I would be able to free my people and get the hell away from this place.

I was running out of time, but I wouldn't give up; as long as I knew Maya was waiting for me, I won't give up until I got to her and held her safely in my arms.

I pick myself off the bench and pause as a distant memory catches me off guard.

'I'm not Maya.'

I held onto those words as I tried to place them together. My memories felt like a puzzle to me right now. I had to try and put them all together.

What the hell was I up to last night? Why did someone tell me that they weren't Maya? Who would willingly say her name to me?

I was sure of one thing; I wasn't in this garden alone. Someone was out here with me. That would explain the blanket that was on top of me earlier.

Who took care of me last night?

I took a step forward but stopped when yet another memory blasted me.

'Say my name.'

Who did I say that to? This was driving me insane. I should have never drank so much last night, but I couldn't help myself. I was so distraught by the events of last night that I let myself get carried away.

Getting engaged to a woman that you absolutely loathe was something that would leave anyone in the state that I was in. Giselle wanted me to show her friends how happy we were; how was I supposed to pretend to be satisfied when I was anything but that?

I tried to fight off my feelings as I got back inside. It wouldn't help me if I kept being frustrated over the events of my life. I had to keep a clear head if I wanted to get out of here and save my mate, even though it was proving very difficult for me to do when I had to spend every second of every day next to Giselle and her horrible personality.

I'm heading back to my room when I spot a familiar figure walking with folded sheets in her arms. And that's when it hits me so hard that I almost trip on my own feet.

The memories are bombarding me one after the next, and I wish it were all just a terrible dream.

I didn't.

I wouldn't have kissed Giselle's maid when I had my mate waiting for me.

I wouldn't be so stupid to do something as foolish as that.

But the look on her face tells me that I must have done it. I must have kissed her. And I must have called her Maya.

What the f**k was wrong with me?

I take long strides toward her and pull her into my room.

"What are you doing?" She demands from me. "Giselle is already looking for you. Imagine if she comes in here and sees us in here together. I wish you would think before you do things like this."

"I don't want to talk about Giselle right now," I snap as I squeeze my temples in frustration. "I want to know what happened last night. I can barely remember anything, and the things that I remember seem impossible to have happened. You're the only one that can tell me exactly what I did."

She folds her arms over her chest, "why do you think anything happened last night? You were drunk. That was all."

"You were there in the garden with me?" I ask her. "Weren't you?"

Her eyes search my face, "what exactly are you trying to ask me, Kane? I'm not sure that you want me to answer these questions."

"It doesn't matter what I want," I growl, growing impatient. "Tell me word for word what happened out there between us."

"Us?" She asks. "Nothing happened. You have nothing to worry about. You were drunk; I didn't want to see you like that. I felt sorry for you and guided you to the bench. I later left some blankets for you and went back to my room to sleep. There is nothing else for me to explain."

Was she telling the truth?

Why did I remember things that made me want her more than ever? Her body felt like it came alive under my touch. It felt too real for it just to be a dream.

And when I kissed her. She tasted just like Maya. It's why I said her name. Everything about her kept reminding me of the woman I loved.

And now she wants me to believe that it was just a dream? Was it just a dream? Was my mind and body playing tricks with me?

