

Chapter 70

I couldn't believe that Kane was here. A part of me felt like I was dreaming. And maybe I am dreaming. My body is so cold that I'm not even sure I'm alive.

I try to move, but I can't. My body feels as immovable as stone. I can't even move my fingers. My lips are stuck together, and I'm scared even to try and speak.

Kane leans against the wall and pulls my freezing body against his. "It's okay," he whispers. "I'm only doing this to keep you warm."

"T-thank you." I stammer from the cold. I'm surprised that anything was able to come out of my mouth.

Giselle tried to kill me. And she would have succeeded if Kane didn't reach in time. I can't believe that the evil woman trapped me inside an ice-cold dungeon. She wanted me to freeze to my death. I didn't even know that those kinds existed until now. And how was it even still operational when they no longer lived there? We have no idea how long that place has been abandoned for.

I bury my face against his neck and grip his shirt. "I-It's so cold." I cry.

I've never felt this cold in my entire life, and I want it to stop. I don't want to feel like this anymore. I hate it so much.

Kane's body is warm, but it doesn't feel like enough. I need more than this to help with the coldness of my body.

His arms tighten around me, "I know it is, sweetheart," he whispers. He's trying to soothe me, and while it does help, it's still not enough.

I need more than this.

"Kane," I cry as I try to move my body closer to his. "C-cold."

"f*ck," he growls as he tries to pull me closer. When he realizes that even that isn't helping, he mumbles a few curse words and pulls his shirt off his body. He doesn't stop there as he pulls his pants off; he doesn't stop until he is naked beneath me. There isn't a single piece of cloth left on him, and I can tell. I can feel every part of him pressed tightly against me as he tries to give me the heat from his body.

My body still trembles, but his actions make it a lot better than it was. But I'm still freezing. And I know that Kane can sense it also. He can feel how my body still trembles in his arms even though he tries his best to keep me pressed tightly against him. We are both naked. Giselle made sure to leave me without any clothes inside that death trap. She walked into the cell after her guards had pushed me into it and stripped me until I was left with nothing. The woman was just that cruel.

Kane's hands begin to rub up and down my shoulders as he tries to create some friction between us. Once again, it helps but only a little. It's not enough.

"I'm sorry," he whispers. "I'm sorry I took this long to get to you. I hate that you're suffering like this because of me. This is all my fault. I should have been more careful around Giselle. I shouldn't have done anything to piss her off. I hate that no matter what I do, I can't seem to be able to give you the warmth that you need."

I can barely speak to tell him how I feel right now, but I don't want him to feel like this is his fault. It's not his fault. He didn't do anything wrong. He's not obligated to take care of me. We have never had that kind of relationship. I'm more indebted to him than he is to me. As far as Giselle is concerned, no matter what he did, she would have found a way to get rid of me. She never liked me from the start.

"N-not your f-fault," I whisper and try to get closer to him. I don't know what my body needs right now; he's already giving me plenty. How can I keep asking for more?

I can't help my situation; I'm freezing my ass off.

"You're still so cold," he says softly, "I'm sorry for what I'm about to do. It may scar both of us, but I don't have another choice right now. I have to make it better for you."

My eyes widen when his lips touch mine; I gasp, and my heart pounds against my chest as he kisses me in a slow and controlled manner. Kane's lips feel just as good as I remembered them from the last time he kissed me while he was drunk, I couldn't get that kiss out of my head, and I was sure that I would never be able to get this kiss out of my head either. This time Kane seems to be in control of his actions. He knows that he's only doing this to help my body recover from the cold. He's trying his best to make my body warm again.

I will forever be grateful to him. I know how hard this must be for him to do; it would feel like he's betraying Maya. I don't want to think about that right now. And I don't think he will want that either. He's just trying to help me, just like he always does.

I didn't think a kiss could have this much of an effect on me. His warm lips are enough to warm mine. His kisses, along with his hands now rubbing up and down the sides of my waist, are helping to warm me both on the outside and inside. My body is getting more than it needs to return to its average body temperature.

But it wants more. It's becoming greedy, and it's only because he's the one that's kissing me. If it were anyone else, I wouldn't have cared at all.

I gasp when Kane breaks away from my lips to kiss my neck, he slowly moves from one side of my neck to the other. He's trying to kiss every inch of my body in hopes of making it warm again. I couldn't believe Kane would do something like that for me.

His heart belonged to another woman, it would kill him to do this, yet he was still doing it because he knew he could die from the cold. Maybe that was an exaggeration, but he wasn't taking that chance.

I try not to cry out when his lips reach my chest, right above my left breast. My breaths are uneven as he moves across my chest, just like he did with my neck; he isn't leaving out any parts of my body. He's making sure that every inch of me knows his kiss.

"Forgive me," he whispers, and I'm not sure if he's asking forgiveness from the woman he loves or from me. I cry out when his mouth closes over my n****e, and he begins to suck gently on it. He does the same to the other, and I can feel the wetness between my legs.

Kane freezes for a second, and it almost feels like he can smell my arousal. His face looks in pain as he travels down my tummy, continuing with his kisses.

His grip on my waist tightens as his lips near my aching wetness. He hovers over me for a few seconds, and I find the strength to say, "y-you don't have to do this. I don't want you to do something you will regret. You've done enough already."

He closes his eyes and inhales a great deal of air. When he opens his eyes next, I can barely make them out. They're black with a need that is hard to mistake. It's like a beast has taken control of him, and there is nothing on this earth that can stop him.

Kane growls and spreads my legs open without warning. Before I can react, his face is between my legs.

"KANE!" I scream when his tongue licks at my opening. I whimper when he spreads my p****y with his fingers so that his tongue can get proper access to me.

I feel him inhale more of me like he's craving my scent and taste. I'm not sure what else to do but hold onto his hair, pulling on it the more he stuck his tongue inside my p****y. He's moving in and out of me with his tongue alone, making me ache with just those small movements. I don't think I've ever known pleasure like this before. I'm dying for more of this. I need more of him.

Now that I've gotten a taste of this. I know that nothing and no one could ever be as good as this. I'll never feel this way again for another man. I knew that much. And because of this, I'm more greedy than before. I want to think about my own needs; I don't want to care about anyone else. I want this. I want him. I may not have him in the long run for at least tonight; I want him for myself. I want to imagine that he's mine, that he doesn't belong to anyone else but me.

Kane pushes a finger into my opening along with his tongue, and it sends my ass flying off the ground.

"I f*****g know this taste," he growls. "I know this pussy."

Does he mean what I think he does? I don't want to think about that right now. If he wants to imagine me as Maya, I'll let him as long as I get a chance to have him with me like this.

I push him onto his back, and before he has a chance to stop me, I place my mouth over his d**k. I want to taste him too. I want to have his d**k on every inch of my body; I want to take every inch of him into my mouth even though it's not possible. He's big and hard in my hands as I continue to suck, and for a second, I'm weak with a need to have him inside of me.

Kane shouts as I continue to taste him, taking as much of him as my mouth would let me, "MOTHERFUCKER!" he roars.

He grabs me by my waist and pulls me on top of him suddenly. Both of us are breathing hard. His hands on my waist are trembling, and I can tell that Kane's holding onto the last bit of control that he can find. "How do you feel?" He whispers as he rubs his hand down my hair. There is so much concern in his eyes that I want to cry in frustration. He was a good man. I couldn't take advantage of his kindness. I had to stop this for the both of us.

If I let things go further, I would be scarred for life. No one would ever be able to live up to him. And if Kane knew that he went all the way with me, he would never be able to forgive himself. This is the worst thing he can ever do. If he did find Maya, how would he tell her about what he did with me here today?

I touch his cheek lightly, "thank you. Thank you so much for everything that you've done for me since the first day that I met you. I'll never forget you, Kane. Even if one day we go separate ways, please know that I will never forget you and that I'm always thinking of you. As for how I'm feeling, I'm much better. I don't need you to go any further for me."

He closes his eyes, and I can see that he's having an inner battle within himself. I can see that he's also returning to his normal self, which means that he would be pissed about his lack of control earlier.

Neither of us moves for a few minutes. Kane eventually sighs and guides my head to his chest, "you can stay here until you recover for good. Then we will leave before Giselle realizes I've been gone for too long. There are a few places I need to go. I have to find Ermanno. I may have to pay the council a visit to get to him. Then I'm heading back to Giselle. There is going to be a fight. I'm going to free my people from her, and she's going to pay for trying to kill you."

I can hear the determination in his voice. How could I not fall for someone who fought so hard to protect me? He's been nothing but gentle towards me. Even now, his hands are extremely careful with me while holding me against his chest.

"What happened between you and Maya?" I whisper. I want to know the entire story about them. There were so many missing pieces, and while Kane doesn't have to tell me, I wish that he would.

I could feel his sharp intake of breath when I mentioned her.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," I assure him. "But I still really want to know. I want to know why she's no longer by your side. What caused the two of you to separate?"

I can feel how much my question about her is affecting him. Should I have remained silent and just held onto him? This may be the only chance I'll ever get to be this close to him, and yet I chose to mess it up by asking about the one person that made Kane put up a wall around everyone. What was I thinking? I don't think I was thinking at all.

"Maya's family was responsible for the death of my father and sister. I don't know the entire story behind it, but I was devastated after losing them. They were the only family that I had. I was blinded by rage and wanted to hurt her family like they'd hurt me. In order to do so, I kidnapped Maya, and I mistreated her in the worst ways possible. She fought back against me. I don't know how she got the strength to do it, but she continued to stand up for herself. Each time I hurt her, I would feel it in my heart. She was my mate. Hurting her meant hurting me. When I was no longer blinded by my rage, it was already too late for us. I had fallen in love with her, but she was broken because of me. When her brothers finally found us, they almost killed me, and I was happy to let them. I knew that I deserved everything that was happening to me. But Maya stopped them from killing me; despite everything I'd done to her, she still chose to protect me from her brothers. I didn't understand her. I still don't understand her. How can she show me mercy after the many times I hurt her? And then they took her from me. Her family took her. But I also let her go. I knew that I couldn't be selfish. I couldn't have her because I was the one that broke her in half." He says.

I look up at him, and I can see that he's lost in those memories of her. I hold back the tears that threaten to fall from hearing the hurt in his voice.

"I was planning on getting her back. On begging her to come back to me. To give me another chance. I was desperate to have her near me again. But before I could do that, her brothers came for me again. They tried to kill me again. And I didn't know what was happening until I realized that something must have happened to her. They told me that I had killed their sister. A woman by the name of Gabriella saved me that day. I don't know why she did it. I don't know who she was to Maya, but she saved me. I was devastated by the news. But I didn't want to believe it. I can still feel the bond between us; it's still strong. How can it be this strong if she's gone? I don't think that my mate is dead. I think that someone is holding her captive, and they want us to believe that she's gone. Maya's family has many enemies; I was one of them. I'm sure they pissed off someone else. When I met Ermanno, I gave him the list of all the people that could be responsible for her disappearance. I'm hoping that I can find her again. To hold her in my arms. To tell her how sorry I am. To tell her how much I love her and how much I love our unborn child."

I gasp at the mention of his unborn child. Maya was pregnant? Now I understood why he reacted the way he did when he found out that I was pregnant. So many things were finally making sense to me.

I can't hold back the tears this time. I hate that he had to go through so many things all at once. And then he also got trapped by Giselle.

"Now you can see that I deserve everything that's happening to me. I had no right to hurt Maya. I should have never let her suffer the way that she did. I f*****g deserve to pay for all the wrong I've done to her. And I'll gladly accept it all, but first I want Maya to be safe and happy. She doesn't deserve any of the things that have been happening to her. She's always been this bright ray of sunshine. All I wish is to see her that way again."

The tears roll down my cheeks and touch his chest. This catches his attention. I know this because there is a sudden hitch in his voice. He lightly touches my chin and gently tilts my face upwards so that he can see me.

"Why are you crying?"

I bite my lips, "I'm sad. You don't deserve all the things that's happened to you Kane. You've already paid enough for hurting Maya. If she knew how much you love her, she would want nothing more than to be in your arms again. You made a mistake. Everyone makes mistakes. You can't blame yourself for the rest of your life."

He shakes his head, "no, I have not paid enough. You don't know the things I did to her. That's why you can say something like that. Because you don't know."

I touch his cheek, "I know that you're trying to be a good person now. I know that you love Maya so much that getting engaged to Giselle almost killed you inside. I know that being this close to me is torture for you because you can't be this close to anyone else but her. I know that you're only doing this because you have a good heart. I know that you deserve happiness even though you think that you don't. I also know that Maya would be happy to see you when you finally find her."

Kane doesn't say anything, he just continues to look at me.

"I know that I have no right to ask you this after hearing how much you love her," I whisper. "But there is one thing that I desperately want to know."

He tries to sit up against the wall with me still in his arms, "what do you want to know?"

"Do you have any feelings at all for me?" I finally found the strength to ask. I know that this isn't the right time to ask, but I feel like I'm not going to have another opportunity after this.

Kane is quiet, and his silence says plenty to me. I hold my breath as I wait for his answer.

His eyes are cold and distant when he opens his mouth and says, "there is only one woman in my heart, and you already know her name."