

## Chapter 90

~KANE~

Guilt was eating me alive as I looked from Maya to Giselle's maid. One was my mate; the other was a woman I barely knew.

The girl's scent was still all over my body. And it was making things so much more f\*\*\*\*\*g harder for me.

I'd kissed her. I'd risked everything and kissed her in the woods under the pouring rain. After everything that I've promised myself, after saying time and time again that I won't hurt Maya again, I'd betrayed her. I'd finally snapped and done the one thing I was terrified of doing. I knew the girl tempted me; I knew that she wasn't someone I could easily ignore. But damn it, I didn't think I would have done what I did today. I didn't know I was that foolish to do something so risky that could ruin everything.

Maya had just returned to my life, and while she wasn't the woman I remembered her to be, I still had a duty to love and protect her no matter what. A duty to be faithful. I'd failed at that time and time again. I'd failed to love her, protect her, and even be faithful. I couldn't do a single thing right when it came to Maya. And that was having an awful effect on me. Knowing that I wasn't strong enough to do the things a mate should be able to do. It wasn't that hard for everyone else; why was I incapable of doing what was right?

I don't know what came over me in the forest. First, I was terrified that something had happened to the girl. And then I couldn't control myself when I saw her. I was relieved that nothing serious had happened to her while she was out there alone. All I wanted to do was make sure that she was okay. That her babies were okay. I wasn't expecting her to say the things that she had said to me.

I could still taste her. I was convinced that my mind was playing games on me. Even the taste of her blood was familiar to me. What was it about her? She looked nothing like Maya, but yet she reminded me more of Maya than Maya did. It made absolutely zero sense to me.

I really was about to lose my mind over this.

And f\*\*k me, but the taste of her blood along with her lips had undone me. I could have f\*\*\*\*d her right there if Austin and the rest of men hadn't alerted us that they were close. I was so close to being inside of her. So f\*\*\*\*\*g close. And damn it but not being able to take her right there and then seemed to bother me more than the consequences of my foolish actions. I'd awakened the beast inside of me, and he wanted her. All now, he wanted her. He wanted her with a passion, a passion that threatened to break free any second now.

It's all because of you.

Her words kept replaying in my head. I always knew that she had feelings for me, but I never knew the extent of those feelings. Now that I knew them, I didn't know what to do with them.

That wasn't exactly true. It wasn't that I didn't know what to do with them; it was that I couldn't do anything about them. Not when Maya was still in my life. I was ashamed of my actions.

How can I claim to love Maya when I betray her every chance I get? This was never supposed to happen.

I was never supposed to kiss the girl. It wasn't supposed to happen when I was drunk, and it most definitely wasn't supposed to happen when I was sober!

Even now, while everyone is showering her with love, I can't stop looking her way. And I know she sees me looking. I don't know what's going on in that pretty mind of hers, but I'm completely lost on what was the right thing to do now.

She didn't want to see me with Maya, but I belonged to Maya as much as she belonged to me. We'd marked each other. Leaving Maya would break me in two. But something also told me that leaving her would do even more damage. I felt conflicted about what to do. I had a duty to my mate; I didn't have a responsibility to the girl. We weren't bonded mates; it would literally kill Maya if she found out what I did. Giselle's maid, on the other hand, is supposed to be able to handle it better than Maya since we weren't bonded together. But the broken look on her face and the tears in her eyes had said otherwise. Being with Maya was truly hurting her, and the last thing I wanted was to see her hurt.

But what the f\*\*k was I supposed to do about it? I'm tied to Maya. And I owe her so much after everything she's been through. Every time I think about the ways that I've wronged her, I'm reminded that I need to love and cherish her. I'm reminded that I'm not supposed to love anyone but her. I'm reminded that she deserves me to be good to her for once.

Sometimes I felt like it was possible, that I could do it. I could be there for Maya the way that she needs me to. But then this girl walks into my life and rocks my f\*\*\*\*\*g world. It's like a storm that won't go away. Everything is turned upside down when she's around. I forget about the important things and run after her like she's my reason to f\*\*\*\*\*g breathe.

I already knew what the right thing to do was, and that was never to touch her again. The next thing would be to beg for Maya's forgiveness. I still couldn't build up the courage to tell her what I'd done. It didn't help that she didn't like Giselle's maid either. Even now, she looked annoyed that everyone was caring for her. Again her actions are reminding me of how much she has changed. I have to wonder if this is why I'm finding it so hard to connect with her. She isn't herself. If she's not the woman I fell in love with, how can I feel any emotion towards her?

Even today, when she had kissed me to make a point to the girl, I'd felt nothing. And that was unusual for me; kissing Maya had never felt like nothing. Kissing Maya always felt like the kiss I had in the forest under the pouring rain. That's how I remember what it's like to kiss Maya.

How can a kiss with a girl I barely knew left more of an impact on me than a kiss with my mate?

That is something I've never heard about before. I was beginning to wonder if we should bring someone in to check on Maya. Another witch. Someone who can figure out if that blasted woman had done something to her. Something that prevented me from feeling the connection that had always been there.

I wasn't sure if anyone else would agree with me. If they didn't, it would almost be impossible for me to make that happen. And if I did something like that, Maya would realize that I was having doubts about our relationship. I didn't want her to feel threatened in any way. I didn't want her to know that I was failing her yet again.

I was running out of ideas. I had to figure out what was the f\*\*\*\*\*g right thing to do, and I felt like time was running out on me.

I kept saying that I knew what was the right thing to do, but I kept doing the opposite of that. Any chances that I got alone with the girl, I went the other direction. I forgot about values and morals. She was capable of doing that to me. She had that aura about her that drew me in like a f\*\*\*\*\*g spell.

My head is spinning with the events from today. My emotions have been on a damn roller coaster ride. One minute I'm sure that I can treat Maya good and pretend like the girl didn't exist. Then she walks into the picnic in a pretty dress, and she has my full attention.

And then she takes that dress off and is left in nothing but a white two-piece that has my pulse quickening. At that moment, I couldn't decide if I wanted to take her in my arms and hide her beautiful body from everyone else around us or shove her into the jeep and have my f\*\*\*\*\*g way with her. Of course, none of that happened or was about to happen with everyone around us.

Then Maya kisses me out of nowhere, and the girl ends up getting lost in the forest. I spent minutes searching for her, which happened to be some of the most excruciating minutes of my entire existence. It bothered me that my actions had caused everything to happen. If I hadn't let Maya kiss me in front of her, she wouldn't have been so hurt to the point that she got lost in the forest. But how could I not let Maya kiss me? She was my mate. I couldn't stop her from kissing me because it would hurt a girl I barely knew. I kept saying I barely knew her, but my body said otherwise. It felt like we knew her more than I was letting myself believe. And then when I saw her there on the ground, soaked from head to toe and staring at me with wide gorgeous eyes. I lost my mind. I forgot about everything else. I barely knew my damn f\*\*\*\*\*g name because of the look she gave me. She always looked at me like I was her knight in shining armor, and damn it; I don't know why it always made me weak.

So many f\*\*\*\*\*g things happened today that I can't seem to be able to find a break.

And lord knows I needed one right now. Because no matter how much I thought about what I would have to do, I still couldn't make up my mind.

The girls are still talking, and I may have drowned out their conversation because of the many things on my mind. But I'm soon on high alert.

"There is a bruise on your lip." Lucy points out as she tries to inspect it. "How did you get that?"

Both the girl and I freeze. I know where that bruise came from.

From f\*\*\*\*\*g me. When I'd bitten down on it and tasted her sweetness.

And I wanted to do it again. I was dying to have another taste.

Ah, f\*\*k.

