

Chapter 92

~MAYA~

Lucy and everyone else had insisted that I at least stay two days with them; it was how long the doctor recommended that I rested for. Given that I could heal quickly, I insisted on leaving with Gabriella and Arthur. But none of them were listening to me. I eventually gave in even though I knew that living in the same house as Maya and Kane were about to be torture. Seeing them together even for a second was painful. How could I survive being around them for two days? And I now knew that Maya enjoyed provoking me. She would do anything to make me feel uncomfortable during my stay here; I was sure of it.

I hadn't seen Kane since he'd walked out of the room with Maya in his arms earlier.

I heard Lucy telling Isabella earlier that things were not looking good and something seemed to be bothering Maya. They had stayed in the room with her along with Kane for hours. The doctor that had looked after me was the same one that they called to check up on her. From what I've heard, Maya didn't want the doctor to see her. She kept screaming and making a fuss. Why wouldn't she want a doctor to see her? Isabella had asked Lucy the same question. Lucy had told her that Maya was still traumatized from losing her baby and didn't want to see a doctor because it reminded her of what had happened to her.

The more I heard about Maya, the more I was convinced that the witch had done something to her. I don't believe that losing her baby was causing her to lash out the way she was. It has to be more than that. This Maya seemed vicious and ready to cause trouble. She also looked like she could be a great liar. If she could have lied about fainting or pretended to faint, she is capable of far worse things. If we weren't careful around her, things could get terrible.

I'm not sure if Maya's family has started to catch on to her weird behavior, but from the way Isabella spoke to Lucy earlier, she was also beginning to suspect her. I wanted to bring up what I'd talked to Gabriella about but convinced myself that it was best to keep it to ourselves until we had more proof. I didn't want them to think that we were against Maya. I enjoyed spending time with this family; I knew that offending Maya would mean that I was also disrespecting her family. That's the last thing I wanted to do. They were all so kind to me. I wish that Maya didn't have to be someone I disliked being around.

I'm suddenly distracted by the painting of wolves on the walls. As I'd said earlier, this room was beautiful.

I was in the guest room all along. I didn't have to leave or switch rooms because of this. This room would be mine until I was ready to go.

I didn't have a problem staying here. I could spend the entire two days locked in this room as long as it meant I didn't have to see Kane and Maya together. It's not like anyone here would understand my pain. I couldn't tell them what I had told Kane. It was something I had to keep to myself. He was the only one other than Gabriella and Arthur that understood what I went through when I saw them together.

Gabriella and Arthur had left to go home, and I already felt lonely without them. They didn't want to leave me either, but eventually, they also gave in when Lucy mentioned that they would have their doctor do regular checkups on me to ensure that my babies indeed were out of any danger. And I wasn't about to protest to that either; I wanted them to be safe after I'd openly done something so stupid that could have taken them from me. I was lucky things weren't worse than a sprained ankle.

Arthur and Gabriella had taken Emma with them, and I missed the little angel. There was one good thing about being here; I would get to see baby Roman as much as I wanted. His little smile always melted my heart, and the fact that he liked me made it even better.

I sigh as I look out the window to stare at the dark sky. It was already night, and the wind was cold, but I didn't want to move from the bed to close the opened window. Instead, I let myself enjoy the view of the glittering stars.

From here, life looked simple. But I knew that it was anything but that. There were always challenges at every corner that you turned. All of my challenges felt like they were connected to Kane. I knew that my life would be more simple without him in it, but if that were the case, I didn't want a simple life. I wanted one where he was happy and by my side. I'm not sure that I could get both things at once.

Since the day I opened my eyes and realized that I couldn't remember anything from my past, there have been only two things that have given me the strength to fight. One was my babies, and the other was my feelings for Kane. I knew that I didn't want to remember my past if he was not a part of it. And I knew that he was not a part of it since he never once recognized me. No matter how many times my heart felt like it recognized him, he never once said that he knew me.

Another sigh leaves my lips as I try to get off the bed. My ankle already felt better, not completely healed but good enough for me to stand on. I wanted something to drink, and I had already drank everything they'd left in the room for me. I was hoping that I didn't run into Maya. I assumed that everyone was probably asleep by now. I didn't hear any talking or any noises at all. It was quiet, and I liked it that way. After a long day, I was glad to have some peacefulness surrounding me. But what would I do if I was unfortunate enough to see her? I'm sure that she would do something to irritate me. It was no use worrying over this when I wasn't even sure I would see anyone when I got out of here.

I take another look at the painting. I don't know why I kept looking back at it. There were so many things in this palace that called out to me. I still found it hard to believe that I hadn't been here in the past. There was something so familiar about everything in here. Even the people that lived here seemed close to me, which was crazy to me. It was clear they didn't know me. Again, I was reading too much into things that weren't there. I don't know if my heart wanted me to believe that I belonged to a loving home like this, and maybe that's why it wanted to trick me into believing that everything here was familiar.

I slowly made my way out of the room and tried not to knock anything down in the process; I didn't want to do anything that would wake anyone. I knew they would be upset to see me on my feet when they told me not to walk on them. Everyone was extremely caring and made sure to look after me. While I knew they were only looking out for me, I could tell that it was okay if I walked around now.

When I open the door, it takes me a moment to realize that I'm not alone. There is someone here. My eyes slowly take in the figure, and I'm unprepared for what I see next.

I'm shocked to see Kane standing right there in front of me. But the man in front of me looks nothing like the man I'm so used to seeing. His eyes are red, and his hands are shaking. Not just his hands, his entire body looks like it's losing control. My gaze travels down his body, and it's apparent that something has happened to him. I'm not sure what, but something did happen. His shirt is so badly torn that I can see his chest through the tear. What had he been up to? Did he get in a fight? That couldn't be. If there were a fight, I would have heard something. And as I'd mentioned earlier, everything was quiet and peaceful. There was no one else around us either, I'd looked down the corridor, and we were the only two people standing here. If there had been a fight, I'm sure that Austin and the rest of them would have been by his side. Unless they were the ones fighting him, I studied his face and body for wounds; there wasn't a single one, and I'd made sure to examine him thoroughly. If he was in a fight with someone, I was sure that there would at least be one bruise on him.

"What are you doing here?" I whisper; I can't hide the concern from my voice. He's scaring me and not because I feel threatened by him; I'm scared because I'm worried that something horrible has happened to him. Did Maya do something? Or did something happen to her?

"Lock the door." He growls.

His words surprise me. Why should I lock my door? Was I in danger?

"Kane?" I ask. "What's happening? Is something going on? Do you need my help? Are we in danger?"

He doesn't seem to hear my questions. There are so many emotions flashing in his eyes that it's hard to pick up on them. It didn't help that he wasn't giving me an explanation of what was going on.

"Did something happen to—"

"GET INSIDE AND LOCK THE F*****g DOOR NOW!" He roars, cutting me off from saying anything else.

I jump at his tone, but I'm not scared of him. I've been around him long enough to know that he won't hurt me. But I also know him well enough to know that something is definitely wrong. I was sure of it now. Kane has never once looked this lost and not in control as he did right now in front of me. Something caused him to become this way.

I step toward him even though I know I'm doing the opposite of what he's asking me to do. And Kane wasn't someone that liked when you disobeyed him. But I was used to doing the opposite of what he asked me to do. This wasn't something new.

"Something is wrong with you. I know it." I whisper. "What can I do to help? What do you need from me? I'll do anything. Anything that you want as long as it's going to help you with whatever has you this way. Please talk to me; I'm here to listen."

"ARE YOU NOT HEARING ME?" he demands. He's beginning to look frantic now. "I'm asking you to get inside and lock your door."

This was getting on my nerves. How hard was it for him to tell me what had him this way? He should know that I wasn't the type of person to back down when I wanted answers. I wasn't going anywhere until he explained what had him this way. Did he not realize that I cared about him? In what world would I ever leave him looking like this?

"No!" I snap. "I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what is wrong with you. I've never seen you behave this strangely before. Something has to be wrong, and I'm not just going to leave you when I know that you need me."

He doesn't say anything, and I take that chance to take another step toward him. I don't stop until our bodies are inches apart, his hand is tightened into fists at his sides, and his jaw is clenched. It's another sign that he's in some sort of pain. My closeness seems to affect him more than it usually does. I can see it clearly from the strained look on his face. He was fighting something, and it seemed to be a battle within himself.

I hesitantly reach up and cup his cheek in my hand, "tell me, please. What is troubling you? How can I help?"

I know that I'm repeating the same questions, but he hasn't once answered me. The look on his face tells me that I've finally done it. I've crossed the line he didn't want me to cross.

"This is your last f*****g warning." He growls, and his eyes have turned to complete darkness.

"If you want me to move, you'll have to do it on your own because I'm not doing it otherwise," I informed him calmly.

A loud growl tore from his throat, and it echoed throughout the quiet corridor. I still don't back down, even though that growl was a warning for me. His hands shake even more than before, and it's hard not to miss it. I'm about to ask him if he needs my help once more, but before I can do that, his hands grab my waist in a tight hold.

He moved so quickly with me in his arms that it took me a while to realize we were now on the bed. Before I can understand what's happening, Kane's mouth is on my neck.

"KANE!"

I gasp when I feel his teeth pierce into my skin.

"KANE!" I shout once more, but he isn't hearing me. I don't think he even knows what he's doing anymore. Or maybe he knows but has lost all control.

I feel my eyes roll back in my head as pleasure rushes through my vein as he continues to suck and feed off me. His desperation is somehow flowing into me. I can feel myself begin to want this more than he does.

I grab the back of his head and guide him closer to my neck until there is no room for anything to pass between us. I'm not sure what is happening, but I'm not going to stop him. I can't. Not when I feel this way.