

The Dark Secret of the CEO by Sofia de Orellana Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Luz leaves the knife in its place, because, even if that kitchen instrument gave her the easy way out, the truth is that she is too brave to take the simple and fast path.

She sits on the sofa, looking out the window and drying her hair in the process, thinking less than she did a while ago, but thinking, because that was the only way to not get to that memory.

She turns on the television, to look for something to entertain herself while Rafael arrives, the truth is that she won't be able to sleep alone, and maybe accompanied for a few days, although that is the least of it right now.

He goes from one channel to another, but nothing appeals to him, he stands up and walks to the kitchen, his stomach begins to ask him for something to eat, it's logical, since lunch he hasn't eaten anything. Opening the refrigerator, she finds his favorite dessert, a chocolate mousse with whipped cream.

He takes one out and sits on one of the wooden stools.

As he puts the dessert in his mouth, from time to time he looks out the window towards the city and wishes he could escape from there, but he has no way to do it, he has nowhere.

She sighs tiredly, leaves the empty container in the b****a and washes the spoon, puts her hands on the sink and suddenly feels terribly tired. She returns to the sofa and curls up there, hugging a cushion.

Out of nowhere, the tears begin to come out, she stifles her sobs in the fabric of her makeshift stuffed animal, her body shakes in spasms caused by grief, the fear of remembering the most terrifying event of her life and all that entails.

His body lets go in that relief, his eyes close and a disturbing dream is the one who takes over his humanity. Although she is asleep in restless sleep, her tears do not stop flowing. Her brain needs her to get rid of those images, of that experience and it doesn't matter if she is asleep or awake, she has to eliminate it from her system, because Luz is not going to stay stagnant... she is not like that .

And just as Luz suffers, in the most affluent and "peaceful" part of the city, Gerard enters his house, rips off his f*cking mask and goes to his office, leaves it stored in one of the locked drawers of his desk and unties his bow tie.

Perfectly arranged bottles of liquor are a huge temptation to silence your conscience, but if you didn't indulge when your wife died, much less will you now. He leaves the office and goes to the stairs, he needs a shower to take away the pain of that girl that has stuck to his skin.

When he finishes and puts on his pajamas, he feels a huge emptiness, he leaves his room with a fixed course to the room of his little daughter, his beautiful princess.

If before it was painful to look at her face because of the resemblance to her mother, now it will be worse. He has become a monster who does not deserve a being so pure and beautiful that he calls him father.

She carefully opens the door, the rug tickling her bare feet as she approaches her daughter's bed.

Little Charlize is hugging a teddy bear, the same one her mother chose for her six years ago, when she found out she was on her way and it was her way of telling Gerard that he would be a father.

She closes her eyes, kneels beside the bed, as memories of her happy past come crashing into her pain-filled present.

Just as the tears are about to break the barrier, her daughter's gray eyes widen a little, she smiles and throws back the covers on her bed.

-You look sad, daddy, but if you go to bed with me, I'm sure you'll get over it.

I don't want to bother you, princess.

-I've always wanted to sleep with my daddy when I'm scared or sad, why can't a daddy sleep with his daughter if he's sad?

His innocence makes him smile, that hidden reproach destroys him a little more.

Never, in his five years, Gerard has been able to sleep with her. But there she is, making room for him in her bed, to comfort him and encourage him.

The man thinks no more and accepts her invitation. Even if he doesn't get to sleep, he will at least be able to enjoy what little time he has left with his daughter before he pays for her crime.

He lies down carefully, his daughter covers him with his blankets and hands him his bear.

-Hug it, you'll see that it will help you.

-I better hug you, that will make me feel better – she extends her arm and her daughter does not hesitate to use it as a pillow -.

They both cling to each other, like they never did before, she sighs and says happily.

-How delicious your heartbeats feel, daddy.

He settles better, pressing his head against his father's chest and falls asleep again.

Meanwhile, the man lets her scent, which resembles his mother's, flood his soul and give him some peace, because that's what she got. A hug, a caress, a sweet word was enough and all her sorrows would go away.