

## Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 13. Trapped

KREW

Yeah, I'm screwing it up. And so far, I have had no luck in unscrewing it. River was right. I ruined her  
life.

I couldn't let her go when that asshole was still at large. I needed to make things right with her. I  
needed to  
see the sparkles in her eyes just like the first time I met her. But I was running out of options.

I stayed in my office, working the whole day when finally, maybe there was some good news. The  
family  
PI rang me up.

"Any luck?"

"Mr. Witley did this to a young woman back in high school. Unfortunately, that girl died of illness. I  
think  
has unrequited feelings, and Ms. Rouge became his next target. I got an old photo of the girl. They  
happened to have a resemblance."

Son of a bitch. I locked my jaw hard not to curse. Now I got it. However they met, it couldn't be a  
coincidence. It was well-planned. He must have been stalking River before they went on a date. It  
was  
disturbing. Now I got another reason why I should keep River in my home. I saw how she paled, how  
her  
lips trembled, how she looked so powerless, and that caused such a strong surge of protectiveness

to  
flood through me.

I steadied myself before I spoke. “Did he appear at River’s apartment?”

“So far, he hasn’t. He went to work every day like nothing’s happened.”

“Then how do we get him caught? I want to stop this, Aeckley.” I scratched my growing stubble. This lunatic had not run out of luck just yet, but he would. I would make sure of that.

‘I understand your frustration, Mr. Selik.’

‘I don’t think you do. Find something that we could use against him. If you have to take drastic measures,

do it. I’m willing to gamble as long as it won’t be traced back to me.’

‘I may have a suggestion.’ Now I got his attention.

‘I’m listening.’

“You might not gonna like it—”

“Just say it.”

“We’ll use Ms. Rouge as bait.”

‘The fuck we will. River just had a nightmare two nights ago, and I can tell that it has something to do with

that asshole. I feel it in my bones that she’s terrified. Otherwise, why would she come to me when the last

person she should be approaching is me, who destroyed her future? She’s jumpy and paranoid, and then

you’re suggesting to use her as bait.’

“Just listen to me first. This isn’t that bad.”

“How is it not bad when putting her in danger?”

‘I’m only suggesting. I think it’s best if you both show in public. Like, go out on a date to lure Mr.

Witley

out.” His idea was appealing, but I couldn’t gamble River’s life. The risk of her getting kidnapped by

that

psychopath was high. The problem would only get worse instead of ending it.

‘It’s not such a bad idea. Besides, Mr. Witley may change his feelings once he sees you both

together.”

“May? Then what? He will look for another River lookalike? There could be another way without

involving

her as a mousetrap, Aeckley. Do something. You couldn’t be working for my father for too long if

you’re

not good at your job. I’m sorry if I ask too much. I know this is not a part of your job anymore, but

please,

tell me you can help me.” I had huge respect for him, and he was the one who had been keeping

tabs on

River over the years.

‘If you wanna make this easy and fast, think about it. While you do the act, I will inform the authority.

This

way, we can catch him in the act.” He had a point, but maybe there was another way to catch him.

“I still feel unease about the idea, but I’ll think about it.”

“Sure, Mr. Selik.”

Time flew fast. I was caught up in work. It was past dinner, and I hadn't eaten anything. Before I  
could rise  
from my seat, my heart jumped up to my throat as the lightning struck the sky, reflecting through the  
glass  
window. Darkness, roars of thunder, and the horrifying strikes of lightning frightened me to fucking  
ass.

A cold snap of fear seeped through me before I could do something. The last time it happened, I  
wasn't  
alone. My security team rushed to this office to put me in safety. This time, I was with someone who  
knew  
nothing about me, about my fear, and I was taking the risk to keep my secrets secret till she was  
gone.

I breathed deeply and moistened my lips when I started to hyperventilate, but it didn't help. My  
mouth  
went instantly dry. I squeezed my eyes shut to push that image out of my head, fighting not to panic,  
but  
the thunder roared unearthly, startling me in my seat.

My heart pounded, and I felt a sudden chill. I opened my eyes, trying to keep my gaze focused on  
the  
wall, but strikes reflected from the glass windows again. My fear felt like there was acid eating down  
through my flesh, penetrating my bones.

That horrible night started to come flashing back in my head. Instantaneously, I was boneless and  
breathless as I felt the excruciating fear of a heartbeat at a time.

I only had to turn around, punched a key, let my iris scan, but my legs already gave in. I slid down  
the  
chair as my sight started to fade to blackness. I breathed deeply, just like my therapist taught me.  
Squeezing my eyes shut, I scrambled to my knees, crawled blindly over to the bookshelf, but my  
head  
was spinning. I crashed down.

I gave up, sat on the icy floor, coiled myself, and shuddered.

I was sweat profusely.

No, no, no.

The unearthly roar startled me again. Something had vibrated on the top of my desk, diverting my  
attention to that judder beside my head. It was like a life-saver. With a trembling hand, I searched  
blindly  
for the phone.

On the screen, River's name flashed. She must have been scared like me. I squeezed my shut as I  
answered the call. After wrestling with my shaking bones, I tried my voice to steady. I didn't want her  
to

think less of me, that a simple rain and thunder could make me piss off in my pants.

"Krew?" Oh, god, her voice.

'It's raining.'" That was all I got before my voice cracked. A strangled noise rose from my throat

before I  
could say another word.

'Itis. Can you believe it?" How could I when I was not capable of comprehensible thought? "I'm at the  
window, looking outside. It looks lush green, a little bit dark, but I could still smell the earth and the

rain

through the locked window. When I was a kid, Mom always nagged me not to get out while raining.

She

believed that I could get colds. When I grew up, I didn't listen anymore. I loved scribbling something against the misty glass every time the rain poured. Weird, hun?" She continued babbling until I

couldn't

keep it up anymore.

Still horrified, I kept my eyes closed as I listened to her. Though I grasped nothing, her voice

seemed to

calm me down and relaxed my tight muscles. I thought back to the first time I took a glimpse of her

at the

coffee shop, and how beautiful she was when she looked deep into my eyes the first time we met

face to

face, and how passionate the kiss we shared was. "Keep talking."

"How about you? Do you have any unforgettable stories about the rain?" Fuck. Why did she have to

ask

about the fucking rain? Of all the things she wanted to know about me, why had something to do

about

frightening my ass?

I could feel the sweat pouring from my head, and I was still shaking. I could feel the iciness seeping through my skin, creeping into my bones, making me shake further. I couldn't talk without stuttering,

so I

bit my bottom lip hard.

Her face vanished.

“Krew, are you there?”

“Yeah. I don’t—” The thunder roared again, startling me. “Fuck!” My chest heaved. “I’m so—”

Goddamnit.

God! My fingers trembled. Everything shook. I dropped the phone down the floor.

Please, don’t do this to me.

God, please. My shirt was soaking with sweat. I couldn’t breathe.

‘Please, don’t leave me here. Don’t leave me alone. I’m scared, please! I’m scared. Please, come  
back—”

‘Krew! Krew!’ It was my name. Someone found me. Yes, she finds me. River finds me.

“Krew. Hey, are you okay? Look at me. Krew, look at me.” My exhalation was still heavy as I let my  
eyes

fly open—I met the gaze of the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen. “Hey, it’s okay.” Her words were

so

calming. So I kept my focus on her eyes and voice.

She must have noticed how terrified I was over the phone. She framed my face with her small warm  
hands, wiping off the sweat dripping from my head, swiping my hair away from my forehead. “You’re

not

alone. I’m here. It’s okay to be scared of thunder and lightning. Hey, look at me.” She forced me to

focus

on her eyes. What she didn’t know was I could spend days looking at her blue eyes alone, adoring,

losing

deeper, and never get tired of them. “Who wouldn’t? It just roared so loud, grumbled, and shook the earth.” She chuckled, a faint smile curved the corner of her mouth.

I just stared at her like a scared cat, while she looked so breathtaking like an angel. She then sat beside me, holding and squeezing my trembling hands. I finally realized that it wasn’t the first thing she found out about me.

‘H-how? What else did you figure out?’ Despite the chill running through my veins, I felt my cheeks were burning.

“You don’t like to be in the dark. Despite you being a big bad boss, being scared of something doesn’t make you any less of a man. In fact, it’s something that makes you you, flawed, yet you have great qualities, and you should know that you’re far more impeccable than any men I’ve ever met.”