

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 15. Kiss

KREW

Something had pushed me to follow her, perhaps my feelings or the urge to kiss her when she
seemed on
board before she left without notice.

I knew for a fact that once I entered her room, I left my restrictions outside, those walls that I built,
and my
secrets were floating up, ready to resurface, but were we there yet? Fuck no. I had a lot of rules I
had to
break and things that weren't ready for her to find out or someone would hate me. I also needed to
know if
whatever between us was not just some sexual tension, and if she was ever ready to accept me and
what
I had done in the past.

Jesus, she was not here for a week, yet I was already ready to gamble.

But the moment our lips crashed, I forgot my doubt, my restrictions, my promise, were replaced by
those
feelings I kept inside me. Our lips moved in sync as if they precisely knew what to do as if they'd
done it
before. It felt good—surreal, and the only thing I could think of—when she offered me to take my
chance, I
took it. I couldn't take it for granted when it was offered to you on a silver platter by the person you

dreamt

of kissing for years. Right now, she made my night fantasies come true.

My hand slid from her waist up to the back of her neck as I pulled her closer to me, she gasped,

opened

her mouth, inviting me in. My tongue found hers, and I started a slow dance, tangling with hers.

She moans, sending vibration to my now unruly hard cock, still imprisoned in my jeans. I knew I had

to

hold it longer—maybe River wasn't ready for that.

River kissed me with the same passion, her hand exploring my body that I knew had belonged to

hers

since our unfinished business that night. It had been long, but my body still knew her. She slid her

hand up

the edge of my shirt, dragging across the bare skin of my abdomen. She ran her fingers against the ripples of my muscles, hardening against her touch, and so as my cock. I could feel that she felt my hardness as she danced her body against mine, pressing, grinding, seeking relief from the aches we

both

felt.

God, this woman was a seductress. She weakened my knees that no one had been capable of

doing it to

me. I moaned against our mouths as she dragged her hand down to the waistband of my jeans. I

was

dying in anticipation—I panted, but something was stopping me, and so did she. She might have

noticed

me as I stiffened against her.

I left her mouth and dragged mine across her face over her ear. "I can't wait to have you all over me,

or

my mouth all over you, but not tonight, baby." I could hear her catching her own breath, shuddering

as I

licked the sensitive part on her neck up to her earlobe.

She pulled her hand away from the waistband of my jeans, placing it on my face. "You're right.

Sorry, I got

too carried away."

"Never apologize for what you did. Unless it's not what you want." I kissed her lips again. "Our kiss is

better than I have imagined in four years."

"Three years."

I opened my eyes, and we stared at each other for a few seconds. There were no awkward

moments

between us other than the pools of liquid lust still brewing in her eyes. I was sure she saw the same

thing

in me, and there was no denying that was what we both wanted.

"Are you sleepy?" I didn't know why did I ask that question. On the other hand, I didn't think I could

sleep

right now.

"Are you?"

"No. I want you to do something for me."

Her brow arched, eyes glittered with wickedness. "Does it involve touching and kissing?"

“Might be. If you seek to touch me.” I could feel my lips curve.

“What are you up for me to do?”

‘Play guitar for me.’

She must have not expecting that from me, but I’d been dying to watch and listen to her play. She gulped.

‘Please?’ I barely begged, but a man could hope, and I would be glad to do so if, in the end, one of my dreams would come true tonight.

‘I haven’t done it in a while.’

‘I know. Is it too much?’

She shook her head. “No, but I’m not a pro.”

‘Just play a few keys.’

“Chords.”

“Chords.” I got up from bed in excitement once my cock softened a bit. “I’ll be right back.”

It didn’t take a few minutes. I was back with the guitar I bought. River was already sitting on the bed.

Her

eyes lit up the moment she saw what was in my grasp.

‘It looks new, Krew. Did you buy it just for me to play?’ she said half-jokingly.

I joined her in bed. "What if I did?" I pecked her on the lips while she was smiling at me, then I kissed
her

forehead. It was unexpected, and it felt affectionate as if we were already in a long-term relationship.

"Damn. Lucky me."

Lucky me, and you still have no idea. I took the guitar off the sleeves and gave it to her. She did a

few

flicks, adjusted the tuners like a pro before she placed it on her lap like she did a thousand times.

"That guitar is made for you."

She rolled her eyes. "You just wanna see me play."

"Damn right, I'm dying. Please, do the honor." I winked at her and sat across her, knees touching

hers. I

wanted to see her as she was drawn to what she loved to do. I wanted to see the smile on her face. I

wanted to listen to her passion as she played a song.

"Any request?"

"You choose for me, River."

She did a few riffs then the familiar melody came to life. After a few seconds, she changed it to a

new

song as if testing her fingers and her memory. Then she played something I heard before, but the

title may

have slipped from my memory.

My heart warmed. I could watch this woman all day, and I wouldn't get tired of it. Whatever drew us

to be

in this bed together, I knew it was more than just lust or a promise. It was more than something that

we

both wanted to figure out.

When I saw her at the airport, my first thought was to run away, but at the same time, something

deep

inside me stopped me and drew me back close to her.

I'd never been more certain of anything in my life that what happened that night was not just a coincidence. Certainly not on my part. We were bound to meet. We were bound to experience

certain

things. We were bound to build beautiful things together. If it did not happen that night or today, I

was sure

it would happen tomorrow, after tomorrow, or in the future. Or maybe, it was already happening.

Who

knew?

"Krew?"

I blinked at her voice. "You're out for a moment."

'I'm always here, baby." Fuck me. Did I just call her that?

She smiled. Sweet baby Jesus.

'This chord is B#." She strummed, her head nodded to the rhythm, and she was more radiant as she

was

drawn to the music she played. "I started playing when I was six. I used Ukulele my father bought for
my
birthday."

"I don't play any instruments."

"You played a lot of hearts, though."

My brows knotted. "No. I'm not my brother."

"So I've heard," she said with a smile as she continued picking.

"What's this song? Why does this sound so familiar?"

"Blackbird," we chorused.

Her eyes grew big. "Wow. I don't see you into classic rock."

"I'm not, but my father loved the Beatles."

"Who doesn't? So as my folks," she said. I noticed a hint of sadness in her voice. Something in those
words brought unsettling emotion in me that I wished I could share with her.

"Sing for me, baby." Fuck me now. That was twice in less than ten minutes. Before I could add
another

word, she played Tears in Heaven, and she did it effortlessly. All I could do at this moment was to
listen

with astonishment to her angelic voice while she sang her heart before me. Once she finished with
the

first chorus, she stopped.

"Why that song?"

She shrugged. I knew there was more than to that shrug, but I didn't have to pry. I didn't want to ruin

this

beautiful moment. That must be her parents' favorite. It felt personal as if that song meant so much

to her.

My smile widened when she played Jolene. "Damn, I like that song. Forget that I asked you to paint.

Just

play this damn guitar, and you made me the luckiest fucking man on earth." Well, couldn't I be any

cheesier than tonight?

"My dad loves Dolly Parton. I think you two would get along just fine."

"Sorry about your mom, River." God, I was a terrible person. My stomach knotted fiercely.

"Thank you. Now let's sing together."

"Maybe, you're gonna be the one to save me." I joined her even though I was out of tune. Her voice

could

calm the stormy sky. And I loved how she did her own version.

"You gonna be the one to save me. And after all, you are my Wonderwall."