

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 2. River

KREW

SHE STEPPED forward at a calculated pace. "Hello, Krew."

Outrageous. How fucking convenient? I cursed silently. She was not Krystyn's friend. No fucking way. Not

in a million light-years. But she was here in all her gorgeousness.

No wonder my sister would never tell me about her friend because there was no way I would allow this to

happen even if the hell turned to arctic and thawed. I would never welcome her into my house. When did

they become a friend? Yesterday? Last night? Just fucking great.

I huffed mockingly. "What do I owe this pleasure?" I ignored the fact that I was here to pick her up.

Cot

just pretend that she was not the reason why I was here? Im-fucking-possible!

'I believe your sister has informed you about my arrival?"

I arched a brow. "What are you doing in this awful place?"

She only answered me with a shrug. Her penny brown hair was tousled, but it didn't make her any less

beautiful. Her gorgeous eyes showed a lot of unsettled emotions, but the most dominant ones were sadness and terrified. She's indeed in trouble. How big? I had no clue.

‘Look. I got to go. I’m sure you can find yourself a hotel in town. I don’t have time to deal with you
and my
sister’s devious plans.” I walked to my car and opened the door.

‘Krew, please?” she called urgently. Wow! Was she really the woman I once knew? There was no
way
River fucking Rouge would ask for my help or beg for something. I could still remember what she did
to
me in my own building. What changed, though? Why did she come to my sister for help when she
loathed
me and my family for years?

I whirled around and realized she had nothing but the white dress on her body. I met her perturbed
gaze,
and it immediately made my heart sad.

The moment I said yes to my sister, I knew there was no backing out, and I was a man of my word.
The
fact that she was my sister’s friend—wait a sec, are they really friends? I was still finding it hard to
believe.

But if Krys would be in trouble, I knew River would do the same as I was about to do right now.

Profoundly disturbed with this whole scenario, I rounded to the passenger seat and opened the door
for
her. “Help yourself.”

I climbed to the driver’s seat and fastened my seat belt. She joined me and did the same. The space
between us suddenly turned small and congesting. I ignored a shiver that swept over me when her
cologne permeated in the car—something like jasmine, blackberry, flowers extract drizzled with

chocolate.

I liked a woman who smelled good—not strong, not too sweet, just enough that made me want to
run my
nose against her skin. Fuck. Where did that come from? This is really a very bad and disturbing idea
to
have her in my house.

Back to the issue at hand, I had a lot of questions spinning in my head, but I had no plan on asking
her.

She would fill me up if she felt like it. Besides, if she killed someone, my sister would not get me into
whatever mess River had than what she already did before.

The real deal was, why Krystyn was willing to help her even though she knew I was River's mortal
enemy?

The silence stretched between us as I drove through the long road towards my house. My sister was
right,
my place was the last thing someone would look for her. And by the look on River's face, she was
definitely running from something or someone. Heart trouble maybe? Why would I care? I didn't
want to
go down that road again.

'I know you still hate me, and I was probably the last person you were expecting to show up.'

Hate was just a burden that I didn't have to carry with me. "Yeah, imagine my profound
disappointment,

but you did not travel all the way here to swap memories, didn't you?" I scoffed. "And you're right
with the
latter."

'I'm sorry for asking Krys a favor," she just apologized. This is really getting interesting.

'I couldn't say no to her even if it isn't you Krys' helping."

'I promise I won't be in your way. I will stay at the farther end of your house, and you won't even

know that

I am there until I figure things out." Is she kidding me? She could pretend, but I couldn't.

'Really, like what?" I stole a glance at her, and it was a terrible mistake. She might be a mess right

now,

but she was still the most beautiful thing in my eyes. "And how would you exactly do that?"

'I won't stay long." Her voice shook. There was a fine line between pleasure and pain, and it would

please

me to see her just at the other corner of my house, but it pained me even more that I had to suck it

up that

she thought I could just ignore her.

"Of course, you won't and can't. I used to stay alone in one place, and I would love to keep it that

way. My

privacy matters a lot to me." I was an ass, but we better clear things up than me fake-liking her. "You

better fix your problems, whatever it is. I can't be involved with you and your mess. The last thing I

want is

a battalion of stupid nosy people sneaking into my property."

"You didn't even ask why I am here."

'I believe you would tell me if you feel like sharing your issue. Besides, I don't think it would pique my

interest even a little." That was a total asshole-esque, and I just lied. I was beyond curious, and I

needed

to know to be able to help her. How did I miss crucial information like this? “I hope you’re not trying
to get
away with murder by flying over here to hide.”

“Close.”

I parked the car in front of the house in a halt. My eyes narrowing to slits. “What’s that supposed to
mean?”

“Someone was stalking me for months, but the police said, I don’t have evidence to file a case or get
a
restraining order against my stalker.”

I swallowed the overflowing rage not to shout at her. “How does running away stop him from stalking
you?

Until when do you think you can run and hide from him?”

‘I wasn’t thinking straight when I asked Krys for help, but she was the first person that I knew who
could
help me. Now I realize what a huge mistake I made. I shouldn’t have come here.” She broke the
gaze and

wiped her tears. As much as I would like to piss her off, I hated to see women cry.

“Too late for that, don’t you think? And who is your stalker, River?”

Instead of answering me, she shook to cry in her seat. Conversation killer.

‘Forget that I asked.”