

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 21. First Taste

RIVER

Shock is an understatement.

Home. He made it sound so pleasing. Damn him and his arrogant bastard handsome face.

Home. It rang in my ears again. Did he just say home after he kicked me out of his freaking house?

Well,

he didn't know me if he thought I would come with him willingly.

I stared at him, and he looked so cool and almighty. Then something surfaced in his eyes—an

emotion I

couldn't identify. Then it smoldered quickly as fast as it flowed. If I didn't know better, I thought he

cared.

'Just leave.' I laid back on my side, leaving him there. But I had a bad feeling he was not going

anywh

'I'm not going anywhere without you.' See? That's what I thought.

'Then you're not going anywhere because I have no plan on going with you.' Trembling, I closed my

eyes,

hoping he would still be here when I woke up. Honestly, I was terrified. The last encounter I had with

Briar,

had left me bruises.

"You're being irrational and difficult, River."

“And you’re insane. After you kissed me, you gave me hope, then denied me and changed your
mind. I
can feel that you are struggling internally, Krew. You should have that emotion checked up. I was
willing to
wait for you to open up, and you suddenly became so unpredictable. I get it you don’t do
relationships,
and what we did was scaring you. And that’s exactly the reason why we should stop doing this. I
would be
fine here. Clear it now in your conscience. You know your way out.”

For a few moments, the silence was killing me. Krew must have been battling whether to stay or
leave.

Then I heard rustling and clinking. What the hell was he doing? I was scared to move and look at
him that
I might like what I would see and forget my brewing anger. Then the mattress had shifted. Blood
throbbed
in my neck.

Crap.

When I couldn’t take it anymore, I turned. My eyes were surely as big as the tribal tattoos and the
flaming
phoenix on his back, its head just below his scapula. It rose from its ashes on his spine, head below
his
scapula.

I couldn’t move. My lips had gone dry, yet my fingers itched to trace those lines of beautiful ink in his
skin.

Krew was typing something on his phone. I finally realized that he was only on his black boxers, and
his
back, man. This man was beautiful from any angle. My body erupted in quivers, and I couldn't keep
my
throat from making inappropriate noises.

Hair had no feelings, right? But I swore I felt the electricity shot through my scalp into my entire
being as
my fingertips started tracing the ink on his skin, making every muscle in my body tighten. He
stiffened
against my touch, the muscles on his back contracted, and he let out a guttural groan.

“Beautiful.” I thought it was my voice, murmuring.

He then shifted and placed the phone on the nightstand. Now I realized what he was doing.

“What—what do you think you're doing?”

‘I haven't rested for almost a day, thinking and worrying about your damn stubbornness.’ He joined
me in
the blanket without hesitation, turning to face me. “Can we sleep without an argument?” He looked
tired,
but I felt his hand on my waist before he slipped his arm under my pillow, pulled me against his
body, and
held me tight.

My breath held in my lungs, stiffening as I stared at him in shock. “Krew—” I gasped again as his
fingers
raked through my hair, fisted, and pinned my head against his grasp. “This is—”

'Fucking insane," he finished my words with a growl and kissed me. It was a deep, hot, toe-curling,
punishing, and desperate kind of kiss.

I pushed him against his chest, but he was too strong, and I felt melting in his arms as he snaked his
arm
around my waist, fingers curled possessively against my skin, pulling me even closer.

I was hopeless. My pulse doubled, my body vibrated, heated, and melted with needs. I ached
everywhere
—ached for him. He kissed me as if his life depended on it. His mouth was demanding and hot, and I
was
too weak to resist. So I kissed him back with the same urgency.

I was not a damn damsel in distress. I was strong, but no strong woman could resist how he kissed
me,
how he made me feel, and I would not deny it. He was the only man who could make me feel like
this
through a single kiss.

He pulled his mouth from mine for a brief moment only to say in a low rough voice, "I couldn't fight it
any
longer."

My eyes flew open, meeting his wild hungry incinerating gaze. My skin was covered with
goosebumps to
the way he looked at me, and I felt unhinged.

Still breathing ruggedly, I tried to pick through a thousand chaotic thoughts to find something to say,

but I

remained speechless.

I was furious, intoxicated, and turned on at the same time. My chest filled with so many emotions, I

could

burst into flames. “You can’t just kiss me and make me feel I am special.”

“Damn it, River! Why do you have to be so stubborn?”

‘I need a guarantee.’ I didn’t exactly know what I was saying. I just follow the beat of my heart. God,

I felt

so desperate.

‘For what? Isn’t it obvious what I’ve been doing all this time?’

I slightly shook my head. “No.” This man I liked so much, and I couldn’t decide. I couldn’t think

straight

when he was with me. His presence was overpowering my emotions, my senses—everything.

‘This wouldn’t be a one-night stand with you, River. I think one night with you would never be

enough.

There’s just something I did in the past that would complicate—”

‘I think I don’t care.’ I kissed him again. Whatever happened after this, I just wanted to stop this ache

right

now, these needs that drove me insane. I didn’t give a damn if he left me after this. I wanted him,

and I

would take what he could give me tonight.

I threw the blanket covering us. As if on cue, Krew broke the kiss, and I pulled my shirt off my head,

then

his mouth was back on mine, his hands exploring and squeezing the curve of my waist down to my

ass.

Then he cupped my breasts, giving them both an equal squeeze.

Oh, god. I was on fire. My clit throbbed. I was drenched. He pinched my hard nipples, rolling

between his

fingers. I moaned into our mouths, arching into him.

Krew left my mouth, scraping my jaw with his teeth, my clavicle, and sucked my neck. I thought it

would

draw blood. His lips and tongue moved down to the path between my breasts, and I arched my back.

He

nuzzled his nose in the valley, inhaling deeply before he put his mouth around my nipple and sucked

them

hard without mercy. I screamed. My other breast had no escape from him. He pinched and rolled the

peak

bud with his fingers while I writhed in both pleasure and pain.

“Oh, god. Krew, please?”

His mouth was gone, and my skin chilled with his loss. When I opened my eyes and looked down,

he was.

staring back at me.

‘If I’m gonna fuck you, it’s gonna be hard and fast. I’ve waited too long. Four or three years are too

long,

River, and I will do it over and over again that I don’t think I can control myself to take you slow.”

My mouth gaped. Now I debated myself if I wanted him to go slow or fuck me until I couldn't walk.

Before I

could say something, he was back to what he left, sucking me hard, and abruptly ended it as if he

knew

my body very well, leaving me aching and panting.

He reared back onto his knees, ripping my panties in one swift. My gasp of shock filled the room as I

stared down at my nakedness. He stared wildly at me while I shivered and felt exposed.

He didn't give me a chance to recover. He bent my knees and spread my thighs wide, so vulnerable

and

exposed. Then he positioned himself, his face between my legs, shoved his nose into my wetness

before

he replaced it with his tongue. I cried out. My back flew up, clenching my fingers into the sheet.

He made a hum of satisfaction that reverberated through me. His fingers dug into the skin of my ass

as he

made me still before he fucked me with his tongue, in and out. I moaned desperately. My fingers

found his

hair, nails digging into his scalp as I rocked my hips against his face.

He reached up, tweaking my aching nipples. He then pinched my swollen clit, then he started to

stroke

with his thumb, moving circles as his tongue went in out of my entrance.

Oh, my god. It feels so freaking good.

Pleasure rippled out of my core in waves, sending throughout my body as he ate me hungrily. He

moved

his mouth to my clit, sucking it hard it pulsed so wildly against his tongue. I screamed as his thick

finger

slid inside me and begun to finger-fuck me. With his one hand on my nipple, pinching roughly, he

scraped

my clit with his teeth.

That's it. I came so hard with a scream that clawed its way out of my throat like a wild animal.

My body contracted so violently, ripped within me like a detonating bomb. With pleasure exploded

through

me, I writhed on the bed, my fingers dug into his skin as throbs of satisfaction came out slowly until I

collapsed back against the bed, sobbing in relief.