

## Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 23. Forced. Almost

RIVER

I had no job, no savings, and I had bills to pay. I was broke as a homeless. The only good things in my life right now were Journey and well, Krew. But being with a billionaire had consequences, and at the same time, had perks.

I wanted to shrink, wishing a black hole would appear on the floor and swallowed me down. Krew hung up on me not a moment ago, and now he was sitting across me while his arrival had filled the entire premises. Then he just barked at me that we were going home.

It was the third time he mentioned home. Until now, I was still puzzled.

‘Let’s go,’ he said again. This time he offered his hand.

I took it without a word, grasping as we headed out of the coffee shop. His driver was already waiting outside the shiny black sedan.

‘Ms. Rouge.’ He gave a curt nod, opening a door for me.

“Thanks.” I climbed in, feeling a little nervous. Krew followed. His smell alone was intoxicating, and he looked delicious in his designer suit that fit perfectly in his athletic body.

Once the door was closed after us, I folded my arms over my lap.

“You’ll gonna find a job, River.” He squeezed my thigh, causing me to stiffen. Heat radiated through  
the  
pants I was wearing.

“How did you know I’m worried?”

“You don’t look happy.” He took his phone from his suit pocket and started typing something.

I held his arm. “You’re not gonna pull strings to get me a job, Krew.”

He showed me the screen of his phone. “Do I look like I’m gonna do it? You’re a smart and talented  
woman. You can find the right job for you, better than the last one you had.”

He was typing a message to a named Ally. Whoever she was, I didn’t want to know. And it wasn’t  
too

personal. He wouldn’t have shown it to me if he was flirting with another woman, would he?

‘I’m sorry,’ I muttered, heat crept on my cheeks.

‘Its okay. I hope you don’t mind that I ordered us late lunch.’ He looked at me, a look that could melt  
me  
inside.

I shook my head. “As long as no clams.”

‘Duly noted.’ He leaned over. Before I could grasp what he was about to do, his lips smashed to  
mine,  
grabbed the back of my head as he deepened the kiss.

I framed his face with my hands, kissing him with the same intensity. Krew probed his tongue and  
saught  
for an entrance. I opened my mouth to welcome him, his tongue dueling with mine. His other hand  
roamed  
my thigh, squeezing, seeking for its way to where I ached and was sensitive the most. He rubbed his  
palm  
against the pants covering my core, wishing I was wearing something easily accessible.

I moaned aloud as he found my heat. He moved his mouth down to my jaw, to my neck, sucking,  
nibbling,  
biting, then licking the skin, causing me to shudder.

God, what's wrong with me? I wasn't this irresponsible, but when I was with him, he made me do  
things I  
never did. I forgot we were still the car in the middle of the road in broad daylight.

"Krew." I pushed him away.

He stared at me with pain and lust brewing in his eyes. "What?"

I swallowed hard. "Stop this." I took a look at the driver, which I couldn't see anymore. He must have  
closed the partition, and the windows were tinted. I might burst into flames with embarrassment.

"Did you ever think I would do something with you without our privacy? That I would humiliate you?"

Or

share you with them? No one can see us from the outside, and Lake was a professional. He knew  
when  
to give privacy to his client."

“Client?” I looked at him in shock.

“He’s not only my driver. He previously worked with high-profile politicians.”

“He’s also your bodyguard.”

“Yes.”

“Well, we’ll continue in your home since I already ruined the moment.” I smiled shyly.

‘Looking forward to it.’ He reassured me through a squeeze on my thigh.

A few minutes later, the car stopped, then his driver-slash bodyguard opened the door just like earlier.

Krew climbed out and offered his hand to me.

“Thanks.” I gratefully gripped his hand. Once I was outside, I looked around. There were at least eight

sports cars parked, a black SUV, and the most beautiful bike I’d ever seen. “Wow! Who owns that beauty?” I was exuberant as I walked toward the bike to take a closer look at it. “The owner wouldn’t mind

if I touch this, right?”

I wasn’t aware Krew was behind me. “Krew, I’m sure you can afford one of these. I wouldn’t mind riding

with you with this gorgeous.” I lightly touch the body as if it would burn me. Or it might trigger an alarm if

someone would touch it.

His eyes lit up as he smiled down at me. “That’s MTT Turbine Streetfighter with 320 horsepower connected to its accelerator. They only make five units per year.”

Then I realized something. He knew a lot of things about this bike. I chuckled. "This is yours."

He grinned, his dimples showing. "Noted."

"What?"

'That you wouldn't mind riding with me with Stella."

I frown. "Who's Stella?"

"She's my Stella."

"And you also own these." I pointed at the sports cars well aligned.

He answered me with a shrug. We walked towards the elevator. His driver was already there waiting

for

us, holding the elevator door.

'Forget that I ever asked. This building is yours too."

"Selik owns it."

'I see. What Selik doesn't own yet, Krew?"

"You know the answer to that."

I looked at him before he gestured me to the empty elevator. "Please."

"Call me if you need anything, Krew." His bodyguard stepped aside.

'Thank you, Lake." The doors slid in front of us, and we were now alone as we silently rode up to wherever this hoist would take us. My pulse started to race in anticipation. Then I noticed the KC

button.

'KC?

"My floor," he simply answered.

"Krew Cassiel. Sounds like possessive and a saint." The moment those words left my mouth, I found

my

back against the elevator wall.

'I'm far from a saint. You should know that by now.'" His hard chest pressed against mine, his arms

against

the wall, caging me. While his jaw was tight, his gaze had turned fire, scorching straight through me.

He

kissed me with his hot and demanding mouth, taking his claim. "I can't wait to have you," he

murmured

against our lips. "I can't wait to taste you again. You're now my favorite flavor since last night, River.

My

hunger, my dangerous obsession."

'I can't wait to return the favor.'" I smiled against our mouths.

I felt a sting on my nipple. He just pinched me against my shirt. "That's for being silly while I'm

suffering

from a raging hard-on." His voice was a low rasp. He kissed me hard one more time before he let me

go,

fixing the front of his pants.

'Don't worry I'm also wet for you.'

"Fuck." He groaned loudly beside me, squeezing his eyes shut as he blew deep breaths. "You're not

helping."

Thankfully before we fucked each other in the elevator, we reached floor KC. He punched a few  
keys and  
slid a card, then it unlocked.

I was mesmerized by his penthouse. The living room was way more expansive than my whole  
apartment,  
with floor-to-ceiling windows that showcased the skyscrapers surrounding the building.

“Krew, I’m about to leave,” says the woman in a sophisticated white dress that I didn’t notice how  
she  
suddenly appeared in front of us. I instantly felt self-conscious and insecure. Her straight hair was  
tied  
above her head, and her cheekbones were so prominent as those makeup models.

“Ally.” Krew smiled. The Ally? What was she doing here?

Then the woman looked at me from head to toe, really looked at me before she turned back her  
attention  
to Krew. I couldn’t see any malicious or lust in her eyes, though. That was a good thing, right?

‘Perfect. Good to finally meet you, River.’ She held her hand out.

Finally? She knows my name. What the hell was going on? I shook her hand firmly. “Nice to meet  
you,  
too.”

“Anyway, I have to go. You know my number whenever you need me. I’m just a call away. Hope you  
like  
everything, River.”

I felt a hand on my waist. "Thanks, Ally."

"Anytime!"

When the door shut behind us, I stared at Krew. "What was that?"

'Later." That was all I got before Krew lifted me from the floor like I weigh nothing.

I yelped in surprise and clung to his shoulders. "What are you doing?"

The lights and chandelier rotated in my sight as he carried me upstairs. "Put me down, Selik. I mean  
it."

'Tl shut your mouth later, woman." We entered the door. I bet it was in his bedroom. Again, it was  
larger  
than my entire apartment. The automatic lights flicked on. His room was huge with a fireplace, sofas  
in a  
sitting area near the window. The color was very masculine, suited perfectly with his bossy  
personality.

Then air was trapped in my lungs when he threw me to bed. I bounced twice, and he didn't mind  
watching  
me as I stared at him in horror.

I wanted to scream, but he would be more amused than what was shown on his face right now as he  
took  
off his suit, loosened his tie, then unbuttoned his shirt and dropped it on the floor.



'I won't fuck you, ever, if that's how you treat me.' I glared at him, but the more I did it, the deeper he  
was  
amused, and his eyes darkened as if he thought of me with so many obscenities.

"We'll see about that." The next thing piled on the floor was his belt, then his pants, leaving him only  
his  
boxers with his well, his enormous bulge.

I gulped, feeling my throat run dry in hunger. I slowly dragged myself back, trying to escape. Where  
would  
I go anyway? But he couldn't force me, right? I didn't sign up for this. I eyed the door, and he must  
have  
read my mind. The next thing I knew, I was pressed against the duvet with his hard body, my wrists  
pinned  
over my head while he settled his delicious erection right where I throbbed the most. Oh, god.

My heart raced, beating a thousand a mile. God, is this really happening right now? I was thinking of  
something more romantic, like how he undressed me, kissed me, touched me, ran his fingers  
against my  
skin after our candlelit dinner. Not like this, but then this was Krew Selik with dark secrets.

I was helpless, furious, and turned on at the same time. "Let me go. This is not fun anymore."

He must have seen my struggles and the anger brewing in my eyes. He let my wrists go and rolled  
over,  
breathing harshly before he rose from the bed.