

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 25. His Sweetest Side

RIVER

What the hell did I get myself in?

When I came with him to his penthouse, I had no idea my life would be more complicated than it already did. Now my life had changed drastically. I was frowning all the time, wishing I could take back what I said.

I barely ate my food even if it was delicious. We talked about how my life would be the moment I came with him. But it was what he wanted for me—that kind of talk that he had already decided what was best for me. I barely shared my opinion, even though I knew it would be useless. I didn't even get a chance to tell him what I wanted my life would be if this arrangement would continue.

It was like a one-way trip—no coming back. Once I disagreed with his terms, then we were done. It was what he had been trying to talk to me about, or something more. I could feel it. He was still holding up something. Or maybe I wasn't there yet—to know whatever it was.

After our lunch, he went out for a business meeting. He said he wanted to buy a company that was settling for a nasty divorce. He left me alone with one sentence. Text me what you don't like about what's in your room. That's it. He's gone.

So we just fucked, then we went separate ways after that. If we fucked on the couch, Krew went to
his
room after, and I would go to mine. What kind of relationship was that? He was like my fuck buddy,
for the
time being, then when this was over, I was all alone.

I stared at the key in my hand, berating myself not to get tempted to check what was in the room, but
then
I had to sleep, shower, and eventually change to something before he came back.

I took a deep breath, inserted the key into the keyhole, then I pushed the door open as if there was a
ready prank inside. I flicked the light. To my surprise, it was not what I was expecting. What was in
front of
me was beyond my imagination. The room was as big as his, but it was a mix of European modern
and
classic style inspired by Victorian, Greek, and Roman designed with a touch of minimalist color of off
white, grayish, and beige with sleek and neutral surfaces. Oh, my. The guitar. He brought it with him.

The furniture was less carving, and undoubtedly, they ditched the knick-knack and used the art
mounted
on the wall. A modern balloons-like chandelier hanging from the ceiling was exquisite. There were
posh
sofas, but what caught my attention the most was the extra-king-sized bed with grey velvet
headboard.

Ignored the tingles on my skin when I thought of many ideas about how to make use of that very
inviting
bed. I stepped closer to the door than I thought the walk-in closet.

“What the hell?” The frown on my forehead deepened. There were tons of women’s clothes hanging
in the
closet. From dresses, casual wear, formal, you named it, and still had tags. My curiosity kicked in
more. I
opened every drawer, and I found lingerie, accessories, bags, belts, jewelry, and shoes. Oh, my god,
these shoes. I wished I could afford to buy one. Everything in here was designers, and I would age
seventy, I was still not done paying for all of these.

I closed all doors and walked out of the room. “Wait a sec. They’re my size.” I shook that thought off.

That
must be Krys’ or his previous fuck buddies. Or he used to spoil women to lure them to bed by
offering that
room.

I scrunched my nose. “Ew! Ew, ew. Just ew.” I shivered at the thought of sharing garments with his
former
partners.

I felt a twist in my gut. I settled in the entertainment area, turned the tv on, scrolled down some
movies on
Netflix, and let them play. My mind went back to Briar. I wanted to end this so that I could start
searching
for a permanent job. I completely agreed with Krew on one thing—to end whatever Briar was trying
to do
to me.

I planned on meeting him in public to convince him to stop stalking me. What if he would get
hysterical?

The movie I played didn't interest me anymore. I laid down on the couch and grabbed my phone. I

texted

Journey before I closed my eyes.

"Bored?" A squeeze on my leg jolted me up. My heart was in my throat as I stared at the most

handsome

man in a suit looking down on me.

"You surprised me. How did the meeting go?" Wow! It sounded so natural asking him. It even

surprised

me.

A small smile curved up his lips. "We're still negotiating." He leaned over to kiss me on my lips. "I

missed

you," he said between kisses.

Should I respond? I kissed him back instead.

"How's your day?" he asked, already standing with his hands in his pockets. He looked more

powerful

when he did that.

"Good."

"That doesn't sound good."

'Better than looking over my shoulders or frightened all the time in my apartment. Are you still

planning on

going out?"

"Do you wanna go out?"

“Not up for anything, but you may. I think I stay.” I sat straight, wrapped my arms around my knees,
and
tucked my chin over.

“What’s wrong, River?” He must have noticed my not-so-lively voice. Could he blame me?
‘Tm fine.”

‘Let me change my clothes. I’ll be right back. We need to talk.” He climbed upstairs. I watched him
stop in
the middle. “River, did you check your room?”

“Yeah.”
“And? Would you like some changes?”

‘I think it was too much for my style.” I met his gaze. I couldn’t exactly read his expression, but he
nodded
anyway.

‘TI be right back.”

A few minutes later, he came from behind, hands on my shoulders, massaging me. God, I loved it. I
almost moaned when he found my tense muscles. Keep going. Keep going.

‘Ill book a spa for you. Journey can join if you want.” He kissed the top of my head. I wasn’t aware he
had
this sweet side in him.

“You don’t have to.”

He sat beside me, grabbed me, pulled me into him, wrapped his arms around me, and kissed me
hard.

My mouth was already opened from shock, giving him a chance to push his tongue inside. He tasted

like

mint with a hint of smokiness. A moan slipped my throat, and it was his cue to deepen the kiss.

I crept my arms around his neck and straddled on his lap. My core was already aching, and his cock

was

already. I ground into his hardness, riding him slowly and precisely.

“Fuck.” He pulled his mouth from mine and stared at me with those dark dreamy lust eyes. “I want

you, but

not until you tell me what’s going on in the head of yours. Communication is crucial to me, River. I’m

not

good at voicing out my feelings, and I want this to work.”

Dismay, I slid out to sit on the floor while I was aching for him.

He slid himself to lie down, taking all the space of the couch. “Come here.” He held my arm.” Lie on

top of

me. I want to feel you.”

I want you to fuck me, dumbass. I didn’t voice it out loud, but I did as he said. I rested myself on top

of

him, my head on his chest, and I could hear the strong and fast beating of his heart while his

erection was

deliciously and rigidly poking against my thighs.

‘Mind telling me now.’ Everything he did was delicious. I loved the feeling of him, making me

comfortable

around him, in his arms despite that he was bossy most of the time. He ran his fingers on my hair,

down to
my back. "River. Talk."

'I'd love to spend some time with Journey. Does the spa offer still stand?'

"Whenever you're ready. I know just the right spa. Krys used to go there."

"She can join us if she likes."

"She would love it. Can I borrow your phone? I left mine in the room."

I grabbed it from the coffee table and handed it to him.

'Passcode.'" He gave it back to me.

"Krew is hot. No space. Allin caps."

Laughter erupted in his chest, sending vibrations into me. "So sure about that, huh?"

"544670."

I heard him typing then he slid my phone back to the coffee table. "All set. Tomorrow afternoon. I

texted

Krys, too."

'That fast?'

'Don't change the topic, River.'

"Your heart is beating so fast. Is that even normal?"

"Ask my unruly dick why it's always hard around you. Now, what's bothering you?"

'How many were they have used that room?'

He chuckled, and I wanted to punch him hard on the chest. "That bothers you so much?"

'Just answer me.' I tried to be calm, but my voice betrayed me.

'River, look at me.' I raised my head and met his gaze. "No one. I don't bring women over here.

Ever. Not

my style. I'm not selfish or something. I'm a philanthropist and have donated millions of dollars, but I

never

spoiled women to take them to my bed. That room is reserved for my woman alone. I knew that it

meant

to be yours. Does that answer your doubt?"

I shut up and rested my head back on his chest. I fought back the urge to grin, but my stupid heart

did a

little leap.

"What else do you want to clear things up?"

I shook my head against his chest.

"You're not a prisoner here. You can go wherever you go. Do whatever you do."

"But?"

"Conner will drive you, and he will stay close to you all time. Your safety is important to me, River. I

can't

risk it. It would kill me if he laid a hand on you."

"So I have a room on my own."

'I thought you want privacy. My door is open. I don't intend to lock it, knowing you are only a wall
away. I

don't want to overwhelm you, River. That's why I provided you a room on your own."

"Thank you."

"Now can we fuck?"