

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 32. Office Remedy

RIVER

He asked me out. Yes! Now, I was going crazy, scrambling through my dresses, and I found nothing
good

enough. It was past noon, and I still had not chosen anything to wear. If only I could go to his
penthouse

and take one dress, that would be awesome, but he was staying there. And I had not heard from him
about our date. Was he changing his mind?

God, I was overthinking it.

I was startled when my phone rang. It was Krew.

“Hey.”

“River, it’s me.”

‘I know. I still got your number saved on my phone.’

“About our date.” Why I had a bad feeling that this call wasn’t good news? “We have to put this on
hold.”

I slumped back to bed. “It’s alright. Don’t sweat it.” I might have sighed at the end.

‘Hey, I really wanted to take you out on a dinner date.’

“Come on, Krew. Let’s not fool ourselves—’ A sneeze cut me off, then another one followed. Oh, my

God.

“Krew?”

“Yeah. I’m here.”

“Are you sick?”

‘I don’t know standing under the rain could get me sick. I think my body isn’t used to it yet. I spent

days in

the woods, but I was fine.”

“You spent days in the woods? Why?”

‘It’s—” Sneeze.

‘Hey, get some rest. Have you seen a doctor?”

“Yeah. Our family doctor came over here earlier today and gave me something for colds.”

“Good. Now take some rest. See you soon.” I hung up. I just hung up on him. Jeez, what’s wrong

with

me?

A few hours later, here I was, in his penthouse with my grandma’s famous chicken noodle soup.

How

classic and very original.

“Krew?” I called out when the place was so silent. I went directly to his kitchen and checked his food.

His

fridge was full, but there were no leftovers.

I checked him in his room. Thankfully, it was not locked. My heart melted. He was sleeping. I found

soiled

tissue on the floor and over-the-counter flu meds.

I checked his forehead and neck with the back of my hand. He stirred. "You'll gonna be okay."

I started collecting soiled tissues on the floor and went to his bathroom to wash my hands. When I

came

back, he was already sitting, seemed shocked, Searching for something.

'Did I wake you up?'

"River?"

'Hi. Sorry to come over unannounced.'

'I thought it was you. I felt you.' He looked so sick as he rubbed his eyes. His voice was deep and

groggy.

"God, I can't remember catching colds. It feels terrible."

"No matter how rich you are, there's no excuse for you not to get flu. Are you hungry? I bought my

grandma's chicken noodle soup."

"Really?" His eyes lit up.

"Yeah."

He rushed to get up from bed toward the bathroom. 'I'll be there in a minute.'

'Easy there, tiger. The soup won't go anywhere. I'll be in the kitchen.'

The soup was still hot in the thermal container. I made sure not to overcook it. The noodles were not

saggy, and it smelled incredible.

A steaming bowl was ready when he appeared with his hair disheveled with his glasses on. If men

would

still look hot despite having colds, damn, they were lucky. I ignored the tingles on my skin and

grabbed

him a bottle of room-temperature water.

“What time is it?”

‘Passed six. Bon appetite.’

“How about you?”

‘Ill have a sandwich. Would you mind if—’

“You have the key, River. You know what does it mean.” He started scooping. “Hmm. I thought my

taste

bud is gone, but this is so good.”

“Glad you like it.”

“Can’t remember the last time someone brought me a home-cooked meal.”

‘That’s not even considered a meal.’

‘It’s still delicious. Thank you.’

“You’re welcome.” I prepared my sandwich. “So, where have you been?”

“Fought some demons.”

I stopped. “Since when did you get a badge to be a demon hunter?”

“You offered it to me, and I used it sparingly.”

“How did your demon-hunting go?”

“Exhilarating and successful.”

“Good for you.” I took a seat across his and started digging my sandwich. “Would you like some?” I

offered

a slice.

‘I want your soup.’

He stopped me when I rose from the chair. “I got this.”

The curtain was withdrawn to both sides, and I could see the scintillating city lights from the floor-to-

ceiling

window, and it was stellar. I left Krew alone when he went to his room.

I started strumming a song I composed when he came over. “That’s pretty good.”

I titted my head. “You think so? I mean, I want your honest opinion.”

‘Is it yours?’

I shrugged. “Yeah. I think my hurt and anger changed me and made my mind grill for some tones

and

words.”

He sat beside me. “I don’t want you to get colds as well.”

‘It’s alright. I’m vaccinated.’

‘Play it for me.’

I played and sang a few lines. “It’s not done.”

“You should finish that. Kai told me that someone wants to collaborate with you.”

I looked at him. “For a cover, yeah. I haven’t responded yet.”

“Why not?”

“Because I want your opinion.”

‘Im honored.”

‘Me too.”

“River.” God, he looked so handsome even in his vulnerability. His eyes darted from mine to my

mouth

back to my eyes.

“We can’t keep hanging on to our pasts. We have to move on.”

‘Memory lane isn’t always a fan to visit. I screwed up big time, but I’m willing to start telling you—” I

pressed my finger to his lips. The anticipation was killing me. My body—my nerves, my skin, my

muscles

were screaming to feel and taste these lips again. I suddenly became bolder as I traced my finger on

his

bottom lip.

“We all live in disappointments, mistakes because that’s what makes us humans. Sometimes, we

keep

our pasts there where they belonged because they protect us. If I learned something since you were

gone

for two weeks, is that there’s always a fine line between pleasure and pain, sorrow and happiness.

And I

was in between when I was with you. You can’t promise someone to stay happy and in pleasure.

That's
what makes us us, vulnerable while living."

'I'm still sorry for what I did."

'I know." I didn't give him a chance to talk again. I pressed my lips against his own, and it felt just
perfect,
even his own gasp of surprise.

"Are you sure you're not gonna get—"

'I don't need a shield from anything when I'm with you," I said through our mouths.

Krew reached for my face and stroke my cheeks with his thumbs as we deepened the kiss. Right
now, I
didn't want to think of our pasts. All I wanted was what right before me. He placed a kiss on my jaw,
and I
gave him full access to my neck. When he sucked my earlobe, it reminded me of how good we were
together, in bed, his mouth between my legs. God. I bit my bottom lip.

Then he stopped.

'I still don't wanna take any chances. It feels really bad to have flu." He stood up and fixed the front
of his
pants.

"Can I help to take care of that?"

'TI be fine." He smiled before he walked away.

"Where are you going?"

“Office.”

“God, you’re so damn stubborn than I am. It can wait, Krew. You need to get some rest.”

He shut the door behind me, ignoring my advice.

A few minutes later, I left the room. I need to make him sleep. He was working on his laptop when I entered his office.

‘I think I just know a way to keep you away from that stupid work of yours for a few hours, Selik.’

‘It doesn’t require much effort—’

I swung his chair for him to face me. “You’re a hardheaded SOB. And you left me there to be here, for

what?” I forcefully grabbed his hands and pinned them at the back of his chair. “Don’t move.”

‘I don’t wanna get you sick, River. You need to take care of your voice—’ He looked confused as I unbuttoned his jeans and zipped down the fly. “What the—?”

I kept my gaze locked with his as I slipped my hand inside his jeans and licked my lips.

His eyes darkened. His mouth gaped, and he started panting when I started stroking his cock.

“River.”

‘Just shut up.’ I knelt in front of him and slid his engorged shaft into my mouth all the way down my throat

without warning.

He sucked in a hard breath and threw out curses. “Fuck!”

He threw his head back against the chair. “God, your mouth is heaven, velvety soft, hot, and greedy tongue—” His words cut short when I circled my tongue around his crown as I held the base of his

full

erect length, stroking while I took it all in my mouth. I could feel the pulse-pounding on his swelling

cock as

I sucked it hard.

I moaned deliriously, swallowing the sound every time I sucked him in, every time I breathed in

through my

nose. I didn't have a lot of experience in deep-throating. I found it dirty and too intimate, but with

Krew, it

felt wild and thrilling.

My lips stretched tight around his girth as he thrust up into my mouth.

'Baby, I want to touch you.' He groaned and moaned as I shook my head and groaned against his

cock.

One long sucked, he was groaning my name, his cock throbbing, his body jerking as he spilled

himself

into my throat.