

Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 36. Misery

KREW

Fuck. This is a fucking disaster. It suffocates me.

She wasn't supposed to be here. What do I do now? It was fucking hard to watch her crying,
surrounded
by her photographs.

I couldn't take it anymore. I think I'm gonna die.

It must have slipped my mind to lock the drawer after I kept her notes.

"You are not supposed to see that." I was supposed to burn these photographs before I would
confess but
it was too late now.

She was startled by my voice. She did not notice me as I entered my office. I was shocked to find
her here
too.

I just came back from my home when I realized what I did. I screwed up. No. I fucking screwed up
again.

She had this way of solving my mysteries. But she shouldn't have found it this way. She deserved an
explanation. Right now, I didn't know where or how to start.

She met me with those glassy, dazed, and horror-filled gaze. "What are these? Why do you have
these?"

Please, don't tell me this is what I think it is?"

I pressed my lips. I blinked when my eyes started to blur and sting. I drew a deep breath and
gathered all

my strength, hoping my words would come out strong. "That's what exactly it is."

"Why?" She slumped back down. "For how long?"

"After what my brother did. I wanted to know if you're okay." I couldn't tell her everything just yet.

'If I was okay? Do you really think I would believe that? Why would you watch me or check me if I

was

okay?"

"You became my obsession." That one was true.

She gasped. Her mouth hung open. Her eyes widened, filled with fear. "You've been stalking me?"

"No." I shut my eyes, biting my bottom lip when my chin trembled. Jesus Christ, I was losing my shit.

I

shook my head. "I couldn't call it stalking. I just—"

'I heard you the first time, Krew. You wanted to know if I was okay. Do you think I would be okay with these?" She gestured to the photographs around her. "This is not okay. This is an invasion of my
privacy.

This is the work of a mentally disturbed person."

'I'm not crazy, River," I defended myself, but there was no way she would believe me right now.

"Then why I'm finding it hard to believe? Tell me one freaking reason why did you do what you did? I
might

be able to forgive you for doing this to me for years." She gasped again. "You went to my apartment,

did
you?"

'No. I never came that close. I swear. I just—" I swallowed uncomfortably. "I just like you so much,
and I
felt bad for what my brother did to you, but you made it pretty clear that I shouldn't come closer to
you,
and you hate my family." I was saying another shit. "Imagine my surprise when you called my name.

I had
not turned around, but I knew in my heart that it was you. That was the best thing that happened in
my life
for a long time."

'Do you know that someone had been stalking me?" It was the sincerest question she asked.

"No. Not until you talked."

She scoffed. "You're lying to me, Krew. It takes a stalker to know a stalker."

'I told you. I just paid someone to take pictures of you, then sent them to me."

"How did you feel when you found out that someone was stalking your sister?"

'That was a different story, River. You know that. I didn't go to your apartment and steal your
belongings. I
made sure to keep myself away from you. Look at these pictures, are there any had taken in close
shots?

None. I knew you went out on a few dates. I know you applied for jobs. I also know that you had
never

been to see your father. You visited your mom once a year. Things like that."

She stared at me with those pain and anger-filled eyes. “So the background check you told me was
not
true?”

“No.” I swallowed hard. I almost couldn’t meet her in the eye.

‘This is ridiculously insane!’ She stood up, wiping her tears. “Please, stay away from me, Krew. This
time,
it would be for good. Don’t freaking ask someone to stalk me or to look after me, or I will destroy you,
do
you understand me? You hated Briar for stalking me, but you know for a fact that you’ve been doing
the
same. You did worst. You did all of this to feed your obsession with me. You should have let yourself
checked. You’re worse than him.” She looked up as she wiped her tears with the back of her hand.

‘River, I need to tell you something—’

‘Too late, don’t you think? I am not interested in listening to your lies.’ She scoffed. “I can’t believe I
just
fell in love with you that I thought you were the most wonderful man I knew, but the truth is, I know
nothing
about you at all. You’re just as dark as the dark you feared about.”

I gasped as she finally admitted her feelings, but then it broke my heart that everything was too late
to fix it
up. And it was all in the past tense.

She walked and stopped in front of me. I clenched my jaw for the inevitable. I wished she would just

slap

me, hit me in my balls, scream into my face, but it didn't happen. "Stay away from me."

'No."

She froze.

'Im afraid I can't do that."

"What are you planning to do to me then?" She narrowed her eyes. "Kidnap me? Hurt me? Tied me

up or

hang me on the wall and be your new collection?"

'I would never hurt you. You know that."

She laughed out loud. "Three days ago, you threw the worse touches of sarcasm and hurtful words

at me.

Now I found out that you've been stalking me for years. What worse could be the next on your list?

You're

a sick son of a bitch!"

'Don't diagnose me, River. I've seen doctors, and they'd never seen me having psychopathic

tendencies. I

am sure as hell had nothing to do with sickness. Maybe I'm mad or obsessed with you, but it's

because I

couldn't get you out of my mind the first time I saw you. The first time I kissed you. I have no bad

intention

of being your stalker. I might have been feeling guilty because of what I did, my family ruined your

life, and

I couldn't do something to help you or get closer to you. And that's not all. If you don't believe in love

at

first sight, it's okay, but I believe in destiny or fate. And it has proven that after what my family did to

you,

you still end up here, here with me. I admit that I shouldn't have done what I did, but I won't take it

back.

My love for you just had gone too deep that I couldn't get out of it no matter how hard I tried."

"Stop talking." She shook to cry, and I wished I could pull her into my arms and made her pain stop,

but I

knew this would only happen in my dream, considering how she hated me right now. "Stay out of my

life."

Even if I held her arm, she jerked it off my grip.

I was losing her. This time, for good.

I ended up in the bar where she performed. My bad, she was off today. Instead of going home, I

spilled my

guts out to the bar owner. And I was in the worse heartbreak human could possibly feel.

'River is a sweet young woman. You made a terrible mistake, but nothing a good talk and groveling

would

do the tricks."

I gulped another shot of whiskey. "I think it would not work. She told me repeatedly to stay away

from her."

I rubbed my tired eyes. I was going to have an alcohol intoxication if I would keep drinking. I stopped

drinking any kind of alcohol three years ago, and I might have shocked my system. I felt my world

started

spinning, and my gut was clenching.

“Sleep it over, son. When you’re in the right mind, that’s the time we will have this conversation. I

might be

able to help. She’s a good woman. You’d be lucky to have someone like her if you wouldn’t keep on

messing this up. Look, I don’t know you personally, but you seem to care about her—”

‘I’m in love with her. I love her so fucking much that I’d rather go to a fucking coma right now than

letting

her slip off my fingers for the second fucking—no third fucking time.” I even raced my hands to

count. I

was a fucking mess. “Yeah. You’re right, I’m an asshole. A big fucking time douche, but I love her

with all

my senses. Can’t you believe that? Of course, you can’t, but I love her so fucking much it hurts.” I

cupped

my face. “Oh, man. My father would not be so happy with me cursing the old man. I just want you to

know

that I love River.”

‘I think that’s enough.’ I thought it was Kai. When I turned to the voice, it was indeed him.

“Great. Hello to the infamous brother of the year. The reason why I lost River for the first time, the

second

time, and the third time. He always wanted to keep everything in his fucking grasp. He wanted to

control

me. He thinks everything revolves around him, and he thinks he’s perfect that he knows what’s good

for
me, where in fact, all he cares about is nothing but his fucking cock!”

“Krew, that’s enough! You’re drunk.”

“Or what? You would take everything away from me? Well, guess what? I lost everything the
moment

River walked out of my pathetic life. Are you happy now? You made me believe that you were truly
sorry

for what you did to her, then you got in the middle of our relationship because I was happy. And you
could

not stand the thought that my life was getting back together, and I was happy with the woman I’d
been

longing to have for fucking four years! Because you’re so jealous of me that someone who accepts
me as

who I am, and not just my fucking fortune, you can’t stand it. You should try it sometimes so that you
won’t

be alone in your miserable and pathetic life.”

My face just snapped to its side with the strongest blow from my brother’s fist. I thought I saw stars.

He
just punched me.