

## Love Me in the Dark - Chapter 38. Redeemed

RIVER

“Krew.” I barely heard myself saying his name. I was still processing that Krew helped my father get his life back, and now he was here chatting as if they were closed, making my brain cells dry.

“River,” he addressed me as if I was just a regular woman he met years ago.

“What are you doing here?” My throat constricted, making my voice come out small. I had so many questions I still wanted to ask him and Dad, but I doubted if I could get answers from him now that I was.

staring at him. I didn’t see any warmth other than endless dark through those gorgeous eyes.

‘He always came to visit me at least once or twice a month,’ it was Dad answered. My jaw dropped.

‘I go to go, Brad. I have a flight to catch,’ he said to my father. “Your tux will be delivered to you tomorrow.

Call me if you need anything.”

“Wait. Can we talk?” I told Krew when he fixed the knitted scarf around his neck.

His exhalation was heavy. “About what?”

‘Alone, please?’

He briefly closed his eyes before he stared at me. “You can say it with your dad around. I didn’t usually

keep anything about you from him.”

Oh, god. I wanted to pull my hair out. It all now came together. And Krew was mad at me, but I was

sure

he would not answer to satisfy my curiosity if I would not have this chance. "Did you ever try telling

me

about my dad?"

"No. I thought it didn't matter to you. He's your dad. You were supposed to take care of him or knew

if he

needed your help. I would trade for anything to have my father back just for a minute to tell him how

much

I love him. Yet you gave up on him. I don't blame you. Sometimes we made bad decisions. But good

to

know that it came now to your senses that you still have a family who dearly cares about you despite

that

you abandoned him."

I felt like someone just slapped me in the face that my cheek burned so deep. "Why did you not tell

me

about those pictures?"

'I thought you trusted me, but for the second time, I ended up disappointed.'

'I trusted you.'

"No. You never did, River." He watched me closely for a moment before he nodded at my father.

Then he

left me alone with scattered thoughts, broken hearts, purely humiliated.

“Krew!” I called out his name. Not a second later, the door shut close.

“Give him some time,” my dad said.

‘No. It was all my mistakes. I need to make this right.” I sprinted toward the door. I couldn’t let him go without apologizing. I knew I screwed everything up between us, but at least I had a plan on admitting my own fault in front of him.

I caught him in front of his car with Lake. “Give me a minute, Krew.”

He stopped with a groan before he turned around. Krew had all his magnificent glory, looking like a god with a face carved out of marble while I looked like crap.

‘I’m sorry. I’m truly sorry. I know there’s nothing to pick up what we left off, but I should have trusted you.

And thank you for taking care of my father. I wish I could do something to pay you back, but I know what you did to him. There’s possibly nothing I could do than be grateful and take care of my father instead.”

He slipped his hands in his coat pockets and looked at the house before he gave back his attention to me.

His expression and posture were frightening. I wished I could read his thoughts, but if I knew one thing, it was that he didn’t want to deal with me anymore.

‘I let my people watch over you because of what I promised to your father. When it came to your personal

life and intimacy, they were out of the equation. I would never let them cross that line. I knew you've  
dated,  
but that's all. I have no idea what happened in your bedroom or your relationships. I only asked my  
men to  
take pictures of you every week to send it to your father, and that put a smile on his face every time  
he  
knew you were okay."

"You could have just said it to me."

'I don't usually explain to people who have lost their trust and patience in me, River. When I got  
obsessed  
with you, my brother warned me. He wasn't happy about the organ donation in the first place. I  
started  
printing every copy for myself before I sent them to your father. But I stopped it when you came to  
me. I  
still came to see your father because I felt that he was my responsibility since he was living alone,  
and I  
felt that there was a connection between him and me. It's hard to explain. I felt like God has given  
me  
another father figure in him."

'I can't believe you did all these when it was supposed to be me.'" My tears kept pouring, even if I  
tried  
hard to hold my emotions. It didn't just work out for me anymore.

"Your father knew that you came to me, asking for help and that I've been dating you, even the truth  
that I

used you as bait. I asked for forgiveness for that because I saw how terrified he was.”

I covered my mouth when I shook to cry. There were a lot of things going on while I was trying to

forget

the past.

I was a terrible person. I knew that now.

Krew might have a weird way of showing how passionate he was about helping people, but I couldn't

repay what he did to my father.

‘I feel horrible right now.’

‘There's the only way you could repay me, River. And I knew you might not gonna like it.’

My eyes filled with tears as I met his gaze with hope. “Anything.”

“You might be right this time. I should stay away from you for good.” His last words echoed in my

head,

stabbed my chest, and turned into ice pricking every cell in my body.

After my breakfast with Dad, I told him that I would be out for a few hours. He looked sad when he

saw my

eye bags.

Last night, all I could think was Krew's last words. I couldn't blame him. A relationship should be built

with

trust before you started to learn to love your partner, but that was not what happened to us. I fell in

love

with him. Maybe it all started with severe attraction, or I was longing for an intimate connection,

attention,

and he was there to provide those things I was seeking.

I thought after thought of my decision right now. When I entered the lounge, I knew there was no

backing

out. I sat on the empty chair before Briar walked in escorted by prison security.

As he took a seat across mine, he must have noticed my discomfort. "I can't hurt you, River."

I cleared my throat. "I know. I know I shouldn't ask this, but how are you?"

"Other than the fact that I'm locked up, I deserved it, but I'm good. How about you? Why are you

here,

River? Alone. Does your lawyer know you would come to see me?"

"No. No one knows. But I want to ask something from you before your hearing starts, and I want you

to

promise me that you will do it."

His brows furrowed in confusion. "I'm locked up, you know that. What could I possibly do there,

River?

What is it that you want me to do?"

I breathed deeply. I hoped I would not regret this. "I'm dropping all the charges for you on two

conditions."

I watched his eyes light up with hope. "Are you sure about this? Shouldn't you be consulting your

lawyer

first before you make this decision?"

“You want to be locked up for years, and the prison would take years of your life?”

“Of course not, but I harassed you and hurt you. That’s the fact. I have to pay for those actions.”

‘Not if you promise me to see a psychologist and move to another state. Never come to see me  
again. I

will forgive you for what you did to me. I still believe that there’s good in your heart, Briar. You just let

your

obsession place it in the wrong person or things. I want you to have a life, get a job, date a beautiful

girl. I

can’t let you stay in jail because of your obsession. Put it in photography, or help other people like

you.”

“Why a sudden change of heart?”

‘I lost patience in my father. I missed years creating wonderful memories with him. I missed the fact

that

he almost died because of what I had decided. I left him instead of getting him some help. Then

someone

took that role from me. It was a slap, a mock that hurt my ego, my feelings. It broke my heart, and I’d  
never felt so terrible in my entire life that I couldn’t even look directly at this person who once treated

me

that I was the kindest person while I looked at him like a monster. I can’t want to take this opportunity

from

you. You still have a mother. I want you to treat her with kindness. Stay close to her, Briar. Can you

do

that?”

I didn’t have to hear his answer as I stood up and smiled at him.

