

Her Secret 43

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River immediately scoffed at her question as he slightly moved backwards, hoping that she wouldn't realize his actions. "What? Did you expect me to just let you fall? Hah look, I know that you think I'm a jerk or whatever but I'm not that evil." He explained.

"I'm just confused because didn't you say that you hate me? And besides, why would you even risk getting your identity found out over me? That was really reckless..."

"Wow, just when I thought you learned some manners and became grateful for me saving you. But here you are lecturing me?" River sighed.

"I am grateful. That doesn't mean I can't ask you a simple question." she pressed.

"Even if I hate you, that doesn't mean that I want to see you get hurt or even die around me. Just imagine what Ray would do if he found out I just stood by like an idiot while you fell."

Lana made a face as her curiosity over this topic was quickly fading. She was certain that River would just change the subject since he looked rather unwilling to answer her question truthfully but now that she knew that the only reason he saved her was because of Ray. She was not sure whether to feel upset or thankful over that reveal.

"What's with that face? Were you banking on a different answer?"

Lana groaned with annoyance as she approached River. He took a step back but she was faster. She shoved the wolf plushie to his chest as he watched her in a complete daze.

"Not at all." She said with a pleasant smile. "This is for you, as my token of appreciation and a sign of goodwill. I hope you get better soon. Or more like, pretend to get better." She announced sweetly.

River did not move an inch, half of him was trying his best to fight the urge to hold her and the other was completely enticed by the glisten in her eyes. Lana frowned slightly as she reached to grab River's hand and wrapped it around the plushie. She then stepped away from him and walked back to the town square. River watched as she quickly disappeared from his vision, he then looked down at the plushie in his hands and sighed. He could not decide whether or not to feel offended or honored that she got him a wolf plushie.

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On his walk back home the thought of tossing the plushie away popped up into his mind several times, especially when he passed by a trash bin. But some part of him did not have the heart to throw it out. He wasn't sure if it was because it was a gift or because she gave it to him. River never thought that he was a sentimental person until today.

Back in his apartment, there were no signs of anyone at home as the lights were off. After he started high school, he moved out from Griffin's place and got an apartment unit for himself. But Maddison and Luis would often stay over and now even Avery was crashing at his place until her own living accommodations were ready. He was not bothered by their presence as he often enjoyed their company, especially when Maddison and Luis were not nagging him over his bad decisions.

River was slightly glad that no one was here as all he wanted to do was sleep after a long and tiring day. He dragged himself to his room, pushing the door shut with his foot. He couldn't be bothered to switch the lights on as he tossed the wolf plush on his bed and proceeded to remove the uncomfortable cast from his arm. He stretched his arm and moved it around as he tried to get used to the sudden freedom he had now that he was not bearing the weight of the cast. He was certain that his arm was fully healed, since he did not feel any discomfort anymore.

He changed out of his clothes and donned a simple tank top and boxers. He plopped onto his bed as he stared at the ceiling above him. River thought that he should've tossed the plushie out when he had the chance since now all he could smell was Lana's lingering scent on the wolf doll. He turned his body to the side and stared at the plushie for a moment before pulling it closer to him. He closed his eyes and allowed himself to bury his face against the soft toy as thoughts of her flashed through his mind.

Even though he could smell other people's scent on the toy, hers still remained the most prominent. He wondered if it was because her alpha scent was just too strong or if she was carrying it in her arms for a long period of time. Either way, it was starting to affect him as he could feel a sudden strain in his boxers.

He told himself to ignore it, to push the plushie away from him and just go to sleep but against his better judgment, he allowed himself to lower his hand down to the elastic band of his boxers. His fingers moved excruciatingly slow, almost hesitantly as he tried to fight against his lustful urges. He let out a relieved groan into the plushie when his fingers finally made contact with his hardening length. His fingers stroked his length gently, still unsure if he wanted to relieve himself by just her scent alone.

The longer he inhaled her scent the harder he was getting to the point where he was starting to feel his length throbbing under his touch. He squeezed his eyes shut as he pushed his boxers down to free his erected length. He proceeded to wrap his fingers around his length, stroking it at a steady speed.

His mind went wild at that moment, imagining Lana to be there with him. He thought about how it would feel like to have her soft yet firm hands push him down on top of the bed as a sly smile tugged at her lips. She would probably have a triumphant smile when she saw him underneath her in such a state. She would tease him to the point of torment, slipping a finger across his length in a playful manner, laughing every time he reacted to her touch or even let out a pleased sound.

"Does it feel good?" he could hear her ask him in such a seductive voice.

He felt his stomach knotting up painfully. He let out another groan, somehow thankful that his face was

pressed against the plushie so that his voice was muffled. His breath then hitched as the pleasurable sensation heightened with each stroke. His precum coated the tip of his length and that was making it easier for him to stroke himself.

His imagination of Lana changed as she straddled him, both her hands placed firmly on his chest as her plump and soft thighs wrapped around his perfectly. He could feel her warmth surrounding his body and yet his mind was delirious off her scent alone. It was strong, sickeningly sweet to the point where River was starting to lose himself over it. She leaned forward, pressing her bare chest against River's—he could feel her heart beating against his own.

“River.” She whispered his name as her lips planted fluttering kisses on his collarbone and neck. “Come for me.” She demanded with an bewitching tone, her breath was hot against his skin.

“Lana...” River choked out as he increased the speed of his stroking. His grip against his length tightened, his thumb running across the tip as he imagined pulling Lana close to him. He would feel the warmth her body had to offer, he would taste the sweetest of her skin and then as he felt himself reaching his climax—he would dig his teeth into her skin. Finally marking her, finally she would belong to him.

River was a panting mess after he ejaculated into his hands. With his free hand, he pushed the plushie away as it fell down on the ground with a soft thud. He pushed himself so that he could lay on his back. He felt a heavy sensation of regret quickly creeping over him.

“Fuck...” he muttered as he stared up at the ceiling blankly. His desire for Lana was growing stronger by the second and all he could do now was try his best to push away the guilt he felt for thinking of her while masturbating. To River, the worst thing about this entire situation was the fact that he had to see her tomorrow.

He let out a loud and tired sigh and with a heavy heart he pushed himself out of bed so that he could wash away the shame from his hand. As he made his way to the bathroom, only one thought lingered in his mind. He really should have thrown that damn wolf plushie out when he had the chance.