

Her Secret 72

CHAPTER 72 NO.72

The wave of relief Lana had when she saw Avery's car was not enough to overwrite the complicated and messy emotions that overwhelmed her the moment she stepped out of River's apartment. She let out a loud sigh as she approached the car, hoping to just blank out everything that happened earlier and focus more on getting home before Ray. But the subtle numbness and aching she could feel from her body was constantly reminding her of River.

She pulled open the car door and slid into the passenger seat. Avery was resting her arms on the steering wheel as she peered at Lana with a devious smile. Her eyes then wandered down to Lana's body where she was now wearing an oversized t-shirt instead of her cotton top she had on earlier.

"Welcome back," she purred, noting how the sweet scent that was usually coming from Lana was almost non-existent now.

Lana felt a shiver run down her spine at Avery's intense gaze alone. "I'm glad to see you." She said. She was wondering how Avery was going to know when she was done but it seemed to Lana that she worried for nothing.

"I made a rough estimate on when you two lovebirds would be done." Avery shrugged as she straightened her posture. "How was it?" she asked, glancing to the side to catch a glimpse of Lana's expression. Her expression turned sour almost immediately.

"Are you seriously asking me how was the sex?" Lana snapped, somehow feeling the anger she pent-up earlier was forcing itself out.

Avery laughed to hide the fact that an angry Lana was truly terrifying to witness first hand. She couldn't pinpoint whether it was because she has alpha traits in her that gave off a sense of authority or if it was simply because Lana hardly ever got angry.

"Did something happen? Why are you so...mad right now?" she hesitantly asked.

"I'm not!" she raised her voice. She caught herself and took a deep breath before slowly turning to Avery. "Can we please just go. I really don't want to deal with Ray if he catches me breaking my curfew—again." She told the blonde as her hand unconsciously went to her neck to scratch a sudden itch.

Avery's eyes followed Lana's hand, only to spot the edges of a band aid peeking out from her collar. "Of course. But first..." Avery leaned forward quickly, pinning Lana back against the seat as her free hand went to pull the shirt over her shoulder.

Lana gasped from shock but held her tongue as Avery examined the band aid on her shoulder. Her eyes then trailed along Lana's collarbone to her neck where there were multiple bruises—or love bites

tainting her skin. She smiled at herself as the thought of River's possessiveness was really telling at this point.

"Did he bite you?" she asked as her fingers brushed over the spot.

"Y-Yeah...I think?" Lana muttered, sounding completely unsure of herself.

"You think?"

"Some parts are blurry...I don't really remember everything." She said as she tried to pull the shirt free from Avery's grasp.

Avery smiled and slowly loosened her grip on Lana. She then sat back down on her seat and nodded. "As long as he didn't bite your neck." She said.

Lana gulped. "He didn't."

"Good. So, was his dick so good to the point that you passed out or did he suck so bad that you can't even be bothered to remember everything?" Avery suddenly asked.

Lana felt her face heat up as she averted her gaze from Avery. The sheer mention of River made her insides feel weird. She shifted in her seat as she could still feel the shape of his length inside her.

"Um...well..." she muttered, unsure what to even say at this point.

Avery giggled. "I didn't take you as the type to not kiss and tell."

"W-Why do you even want to know about these things?" Lana huffed. She was silently praying that Avery would drop this topic already. She then heard Avery start the car and let out a relieved sigh that they were finally going to drive instead of talking about how good River is in bed.

"What do people normally call this topic? Hmm...girl talk?" Avery smirked as she drove ahead.

"I rather not talk about it." she uttered as she crossed her hands over her chest. Avery stayed silent, fully respecting Lana's need for privacy.

Lana then gazed outside the window, watching the long trails of the street lamps as they zoomed past. Lana couldn't help herself but think of the warm shower she desperately wanted to take and the comfort of sleeping on her own bed was enough to make her feel slightly better. Although she could still feel an annoying weight on her chest whenever she thought about her conversation with River, she knew that nothing was going to be the same anymore.

Whether it be her twisted sense of responsibility or the fact that she was experiencing her rut, either way Lana knew that sleeping with River Attwood was the worst decision she ever had. Why did she feel so annoyed when River told her that she should just forget everything that happened? Why did she feel

like crying when she ran out of his apartment? She didn't like River romantically at all so why does it hurt so much?

A sob escaped Lana's throat even before she could realise that she was crying. She pressed her head against the window and prayed that Avery would not notice. Maybe crying would make her feel better, maybe crying was all she needed to get rid of the weird ache in her chest or even the lump in her throat. But would crying really help her forget the pain River caused her with just those simple words?

Avery noticed immediately when Lana started to cry but stayed silent instead of asking her what's wrong. She knew that these tears weren't tears of regret but it seemed to Avery that it was tears of pain, of denial. Whatever happened after the two of them had sex must've effected Lana to the point of her breaking down into tears. She let out a soft sigh as she remembered how oblivious River could be towards girls.

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"Looks like he isn't home yet." Avery said the moment she pulled up to Lana's house and noticed that Ray's car wasn't in the driveway.

Lana quickly wiped her eyes with the back of her hands before pushing the door open. "Thanks for the ride, Avery." She said softly, her voice raw and hoarse.

"...I'll see you at school tomorrow." Avery said as she watched Lana get out of the car and closed the door behind her. She rested her hands and head on the steering wheel to look at Lana properly. Her eyes were red and her cheeks had a gleam to it from her tears earlier.

Lana quickly looked away to prevent Avery from seeing her face. "Yeah. I'll pass your jacket back after I wash it." she said.

"You should keep it." Avery suggested with a sympathetic smile on her lips.

Lana glanced over to the blonde, her eyes stinging from the harsh and chilling air blowing against her. "Goodbye Avery. Drive safely." Lana said, choosing to ignore Avery's words as she walked ahead towards the front door. Avery's eyes followed Lana's movements until the girl walked inside her house and closed the door behind her.

Avery's chest felt uncomfortable just by looking at Lana who was clearly bottling up her emotions and troubles. Noted that Avery had no idea what happened between River and her but the fact that he scent is milder now was enough evidence to her that they did have sex. She wondered if Lana was starting to regret her decision or was it a completely unrelated issue that she is facing? Either way, Avery hoped that Lana would feel better in the morning as she drove off, heading back to her apartment after a long night out.

The first thing Lana did when she entered her house was to immediately strip and toss all the clothes

into the washing machine. She shoved her other laundry in as well so when Ray got back he wouldn't see a man's t-shirt and an unfamiliar jacket in the washing machine and wouldn't start interrogating Lana again. She then rushed upstairs and switched on the heater as the water ran. After a second, her bathroom was covered with steam emitting from the heated water. She slowly peeled the band aid from her shoulder and braced herself for the wound to meet the hot water.

She forced herself to move forward. The heated water hitting her fatigued body felt like some form of comfort. Lana allowed herself to just stand there for a moment, her mind clear as the pitter patter of the water hitting the tiled floor echoed throughout the bathroom. Her eyes then shot open when she finally realised that the sting of her shoulder never came. She frowned as her hand went towards the wound, expecting to feel River's teeth mark on her skin but all she felt was her smooth and wet skin.

Lana turned off the water and rushed toward the mirror by the skin, almost tripping over herself from her sudden urgency. She wiped the steam from the mirror with one swift motion of her palm against the glass and stared at her reflection in complete horror.

There was no wound on her shoulder. Even though she was barely conscious during their time together, Lana knew for a fact that River bit her. She remembered the feeling of his teeth skinning into her skin. She remembered the scent of her own blood filling her senses. She then leaned forward, closer to the mirror as she tilted her head to expose her neck. The love bites that River left on her skin were also gone. Panic started to arise as Lana stumbled back, wondering if she was going crazy. She wrecked her brain, trying to make sense of everything.

Did she even sleep with River? Was she hallucinating everything? She felt sick to her stomach the more she questioned herself. She then tumbled down and landed on the cold tiled floor of her bathroom harshly. She felt a sting on her bottom from the impact. Her eyes then fell on her outstretched feet as she recalled how she injured herself when she walked out to the forest completely barefooted.

She pulled her legs closer to her body as she examined her sole. The bandages that Avery placed there after she finished treating Lana's injuries were still intact. Lana fidgeted with the edge of the bandage, wondering if it was better for her to remain oblivious over what was happening to her body. She swallowed hard as she ripped the bandage from the sole of her feet. A hiss escaped her lips from the stinging sensation on her sensitive skin but her face dropped almost immediately when she noticed that her feet looked normal. Not cuts, no bruises, no nothing.

"What the fuck...is going on?" she whispered to herself. Even though it was clear to her what was happening to her body, Lana did not want to believe it at all because why was everything happening now? The one question that kept repeating in her mind, why was her werewolf traits only showing up now?