

Her Secret 79

CHAPTER 79 NO.79

“How is it any of your business if I’m drunk or not? Should I apologise to you for not smelling right or something?” Lana countered angrily, not really in the mood to deal with his snarky side.

River was about to reply to her but his eyes then trailed down to what Lana was wearing and he silently scolded himself for thinking that she looked really good in it. The heels she wore added a couple of inches to her height but even then it did not really help her much when she was standing next to River.

He then averted his gaze as he felt that he was staring at her for too long, only to quickly realise that the people around them were watching them attentively. Hushed whispers could be heard and the last thing River wanted was rumours spreading around about them. He then felt a light jab against his chest, causing him to look down at Lana in absolute shock.

Lana tapped her finger against his hard chest a couple of times when she noticed that he was not even looking at her. “Hey, I’m talking to you.” She grumbled, her words slurring heavily.

“So, I see that you are this type of drunk.” He commented as he tried to brush her finger away from him.

Somehow, Lana was only getting more annoyed the more he spoke. She then grabbed a handful of his shirt and pulled him down to her eye level. River let out a startled gasp, wondering where she got this kind of strength from. His hand went to grab her wrist in reflex.

“Stop speaking to me in that condescending tone.” She hissed at him.

“You’re making a scene.” He warned, trying his best to maintain composure.

“I’m making a scene? What part of ‘we should avoid each other’ do you not understand?”

River scoffed even though he could feel a sharp sting in his chest. “What? Did you really think I only came here for you? I didn’t even know you were here until recently when you bumped into me.” He snapped, emphasising that she was in the wrong for not watching where she was going in the first place.

Lana’s grip on his shirt tightened and River started to worry that she might just rip the fabric with her unnatural strength. “Typical of you to push the blame on me.”

River felt an annoying feeling building up in him. He knew that she was under the influence of alcohol and that was the only reason why she was acting like this. He had to be the rational one right now, he shouldn’t let his emotions get the better of him.

“Let go of my shirt.” He asked her as nicely as he could manage.

Lana sneered at him. “Make me.” She spat.

The edge of his lips twitched into a forced smile. There was then a loud cheer coming from downstairs and the commotion was enough to draw the people's attention away from the two. Even Lana's gaze went towards the source as curiosity got the better of her and River took the opportunity to pull her grip free from his shirt.

He held onto her hand tightly and dragged her to the nearest room. He pulled the door open with his free hand, scanned the room to make sure there was no one else inside. When the coast was clear, he pulled Lana into the room with ease.

"What the fuck—" her protest was cut short when River proceeded to push her body against the closed door. The air in her lungs escaped her body as she gasped aloud. She then looked up at him with an intense glare. "What the fuck is your problem?" she hissed at him.

"I should be asking you that question. Are you trying to provoke me or something?"

Lana let out a low laugh. "What? Is your ego so easily bruised that you have to be aggressive for no reason?"

"You were being aggressive first." He rebuttal.

"A few tiny pokes is enough to agitate you? Maybe you should seek help with that temper of yours."

"Stop it. I don't know why you are so mad at me when you started this entire thing."

"Oh? Do you want to know why I'm so mad at you? Do you really?"

"Enlighten me." He growled as he leaned closer to her.

He was too close for comfort, it was suffocating even. Lana couldn't breathe, every breath she took was filled with his scent, both his cologne and her natural scent was driving her insane. Her mind was swirling and at that point she couldn't pinpoint if it was the alcohol causing her to react this way or if it was him. But she knew that she had to get away from him before she said something she would regret. Lana then pushed her hands forward as she tried to push River's body away from her.

River watched silently as she struggled to even push him away. The strength that she had earlier was suddenly gone.

"What are you doing...?" he asked when he noticed her hands trembling under him.

"Move..." she uttered desperately.

"Not until you tell me what's wrong."

“Why?! Why do you care what I think? Everything was fine before, right? You not associating yourself with me was a win for both of us right? So, why can’t you just drop this already?” she said, feeling her eyes starting to burn. The last thing she wanted to do was break down in front of him again.

“...things are different now.” he said softly as his hands went to her wrist. He held them lightly and feeling her body tremble like this was making him wonder if she was afraid of him or if she was just angry. He just wanted her to talk to him, to tell him what was wrong so he could try to fix things between them. Even if she would never reciprocate his feelings for her, the thought of just being her friend was enough for him. As long as she was in his life...that would be enough.

“Different how?” she snapped as she pulled her hands free from his hold. “Stop trying to confuse me, River! If you hate me then act like you hate me! I don’t need this fake kindness from you!”

“I don’t hate you! I know that I said that to you before but that was only because I didn’t understand my own feelings for you. But trust me when I say this, I don’t hate you, Lana.”

The way he said her name made her heart ache, was it the sheer desperation of his voice or was it something else that Lana could not put a finger on? She shook her head as though she was forcing herself to not be swayed by his words so easily.

“Your feelings for me? What is that supposed to mean?” she scoffed.

“Do I have to spell it out for you?” he asked in a disheartened tone.

Realisation kicked in immediately and Lana knew that this had to be some sort of sick and messed up dream she was having. She then laughed aloud. “Very funny. You really want me to believe that you actually like me now?” she asked coldly.

“I do like you...no I’m in love with you, Lana.” He said quietly, his voice trembled slightly.

There was a heavy silence that followed as Lana tried to comprehend what he just said to her. “That’s impossible.” She mumbled.

River let out a sigh before grabbing her by the shoulders, he then pushed her lightly against the door and leaned in to kiss her. It was a quick peck at first, a simple press of his lips against hers. He pulled away to see her reaction, to see if she was going to protest or even show any signs of disgust but she just stood there almost frozen in shock. She looked up at him with glistening eyes and that was enough to make him lean in for another kiss.

He deepened the kiss, slipping his tongue in to taste the strong alcohol that lingered on her tongue. His hand slipped up from her shoulder to the back of her neck as she pulled her closer to deepen the kiss even further. Lana felt as though she was melting under his touch. This sensation brought back memories of that night they spent together. The sheer intensity, the desperation, the longing, she could feel it all from just his kiss alone and soon she started to feel a sense of panic consuming her.

She let out a whimper against their kiss which caused River to pull back instantly. He felt his heart drop when he noticed that Lana was crying. He pulled away swiftly, guilt tainting the raw emotions he felt earlier in a split second.

“Lana—” he called out, ready to apologise to her for his rash behaviour.

“Stop tormenting me, River...” she said, trying her hardest to keep her voice as steady as possible. “At this point, you are only toying with my emotions.”

“That was never my intention...Lana please listen to me when I tell you that I am truly in love—”

“Stop! Just stop it already. Please...” she cried. Every word that came out from his lips kept contradicting everything he ever said to her. Avery’s words then came back to her mind on how he lies to hide his own emotions. If that was the case then what was the lie and what was the truth? Her head was starting to ache the more she pondered over this. She wanted to leave, she had to leave before things got out of hand. She turned around and pulled the door open but River pushed it shut.

“Don’t run away, Lana.”

“Stop saying my name like that!” She snapped. “I can’t think straight...I need to go, please.” She begged. She did not dare to turn around to see his face. She knew that if she did, she would’ve stayed, she would’ve listened to his words and she would’ve only grown more confused.

River stayed silent and with a heavy heart, he moved away from her. She then pulled the door open and rushed out instantly. He watched as she ran for the stairs, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand.

“What did you do...?” a voice asked.

River turned to Avery who looked at him in confusion. Her eyes then fell on his lips where they were red and slightly tainted with lipstick, Avery did not have to be a detective to figure out whose lipstick it was. She then rushed to the bannister and peered down, she spotted Lana rushing through the crowd.

“I fucked up.” River said to her before walking away.