

Her Secret 83

CHAPTER 83 NO.83

The moment Lana opened her eyes, she was greeted with the morning ray seeping through the small parting of unfamiliar curtains. She stared at the small gap of light for a moment, trying to fully wake up from her deep slumber. The moment of peace she felt was immediately destroyed when a sharp pain in her head made her let out a pained groan. She pushed herself up as her hand went to her head by reflex. She glanced around the nearly empty room, finding it hard for her to recognise where she was.

She turned to look at the other side of the bed where it was empty. Her eyes then fell on the bedside table where her purse was. She forced herself to move towards it, feeling a strange uncomfortable sensation in her core. Realisation immediately hit her like a ton of bricks as memories of last night came rushing in. Although her mind was hazy, she could remember glimpses of her night spent with Zane. Their bodies connected, the surge of pleasure coursing through her and then she froze as she remembered the feeling she felt after they had sex.

What happened after? She pondered. She recalled hugging him tightly to avoid letting him see her disheartened expression. Did she cry? Did she say anything weird to him? All these questions ran through her mind but no amount of pondering helped her regain her foggy memories. She pushed forward and grabbed her purse from the bedside table as she rummaged through her belongings to find her phone.

The battery was almost dead, but the amount of messages and missed calls from Suzie, Carmen and even Avery caused her to feel a sense of guilt. She must've worried them when she didn't respond to their texts. She then noticed that she texted Ray last night, telling him that she was staying over at a friend's place. She had no recollection of sending this text to him at all but she was thankful to her past self because she didn't have to face Ray's wrath now. She then noticed a missed call from an unfamiliar number. Her finger hovered above the number, wondering if she should call back just to find out whose number it was.

The door to the room was pushed open suddenly, startling Lana as the phone slipped down from her hand. She turned to the door only to find a shirtless Zane. He greeted her with his usual charming smile.

"Good Morning," he said to her as he approached her.

"Morning..." she replied, her voice hoarse and throat dry. She cleared her throat just as Zane held up a glass of water to her. She mumbled a thank you before drinking it, feeling the instant satisfaction as the cool water replenished her thirst.

Zane sat at the edge of the bed and gently brushed her hair from her face. She wondered what she looked like to him right now, because she felt horrible. Her hangover plus her aching body made her feel lethargic.

"How are you feeling?" he asked her.

"Like shit..." she replied honestly, causing Zane to laugh at her bluntness. She then glanced down to her body, noticing how she was fully naked. She quickly pulled the quilt to cover up, her face flushed from embarrassment. Even though she was fully aware that Zane had seen every inch of her naked body last night, she still felt incredibly shy around him.

"I washed your clothes earlier, it's drying right now." he told her as he took the glass from her hold.

"Thank you..." she said, her embarrassment growing at the thought of him washing her undergarment.

"I made breakfast. Do you want to eat now or later?"

"Um...I would like a shower first..." she told him, still too embarrassed to even make eye contact with him.

"Sure. You can use the bathroom there." He pointed at the door. "I'll bring you some clean towels and toothbrush and stuff." He said as he stood up.

"Zane," she called out before he could leave the room.

"Yes?"

"W-What happened last night?" she asked hesitantly.

"...you don't remember at all?"

"N-No I remember that we slept together...but what happened after that? Did...I do anything weird...?"

Zane paused for a moment, studying the girl in front of him. He pondered for a second if he should tell her the truth because he was certain that she would react negatively if he did tell her.

"You passed out." He told her, withholding what exactly happened.

"I-I did?" she questioned as she forced herself to look up at him.

Zane smiled when their eyes met. "Yes. You held onto me for a long moment and then you just passed out."

"Oh my god. I'm so sorry!" she panicked.

"Hey, don't apologise. I should be the one apologising. I shouldn't have slept with you when you were clearly not sober." He said with a sad look.

"I was kind of sober. I mean...it's not like you took advantage of me or anything. But still...I'm sorry for

falling asleep like that.”

Zane silently agreed with her, he almost slipped up and said that she was the one who took advantage of him but he bit his tongue to stop himself.

“It’s fine. You must’ve been really tired. I’ll be right back okay?” he told her as he walked out of the room.

Once Zane left, Lana plopped onto the bed as she pressed her face against the warm sheets. She really fucked up. Not only did she show such a disgraceful side of herself to Zane, she can barely remember the events that happened at the party. Everything was a blur, her memories felt like they were pasted together clumsily and definitely out of order. She hoped that once her head stopped throbbing that she could attempt to recall the events of last night properly. She then silently swore to never drink ever again.

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“You don’t bruise easily, huh?” Zane suddenly said as the two sat at the table to eat breakfast. Lana almost choked on the slice of toast she was munching on.

She let out a nervous chuckle. She had a feeling that something was off when she looked at herself in the mirror earlier when she was showering. She remembered how much Zane was kissing and sucking on her skin but there were no marks to be seen. At first she thought that maybe she imagined him doing all those things to her but now when he actually mentioned it, she remembered that her bruises obviously healed overnight.

“Well...I guess I just have thick skin?” she muttered fully aware that it was the worst lie she has ever come up with.

Zane nodded. “That’s a shame. I think you would look incredibly beautiful with a hickey or two.” He smirked, causing Lana to squirm in her seat as she nervously fidgeted with the hem of the t-shirt Zane let her borrow since her clothes were still drying. “Do you feel better now that you’ve showered?” he asked.

Lana nodded. “My head still hurts but my body feels fine.”

“That’s good. After you eat you can take some aspirin.” He told her.

“Thank you...for being so kind to me.”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” he asked with a raised eyebrow as his hand went to hers that was on the table. “Did you do something to make me not want to be kind to you?” he questioned, wondering if she recalled anything from what happened last night after they had sex.

“Um...no...?” she said, sounding unsure.

Zane then picked up her hand and pulled it gently towards him. He kissed her knuckles and looked up at her. “Are you sure?” he asked, his warm breath brushing against her skin.

“You're making me feel like I actually did something weird last night...” she mumbled as she slowly pulled her hand free from his grip.

Zane smiled even though he only felt anger building up. “I was just teasing you. What do you want to do after this?”

“I should probably head home. Ray should be at work by now but I shouldn't push my luck since I'm still technically grounded.”

“Hm, let me drive you home then.” He offered.

“Thank you, Zane.”

As the two continued eating their breakfast and chatted about random stuff, Lana couldn't help but feel that something was off with Zane. Even though he was laughing and talking normally, there was a strange air around him—like something was bothering him. Lana pondered over how to ask him if something was wrong but did she even have the right to question him about his problems when she was a complete mess right now?

After eating, the two went to do the dishes together. Their sides were pressed together and Lana felt as though this was the closest to peace that she had ever felt as of late. She then glanced up to Zane's expression and noticed that he was indeed deep in thought since he has been silent for a while.

“Zane—” she started, wanting to ask him if everything was alright.

“How much do you remember about last night? When you were at the party?” he interjected.

Lana paused for a moment as she tried to recall her moments there. “Bits and pieces?”

“You remember going to the park, right?”

Lana nodded. “Yeah, that's where you found me.”

“Why were you at the park?”

Lana frowned, wondering why he was suddenly bringing this up and why he was interrogating her like this. “I wanted some air...I think?”

“Are you sure you weren't running away from something? Or someone?”

Lana froze, staring at the running water. “What...why are you asking me all of this?”

“I just want you to remember. Something must’ve happened for you to even go to the park that late at night and all by yourself too? Did you argue with someone? Did something happen at the party for you to even leave it suddenly?”

The amount of questions he was asking was starting to overwhelm her. She then backed away, putting some distance from him.

“I...” she frowned, wondering why it was so hard for her to remember what exactly happened at the party. The sound of the running water stopping caused Lana to look up at Zane. He wiped his hands with the nearby cloth before turning his attention to her.

“You don’t remember?” he asked softly. Even though his voice sounded the same as always, composed and calm, his expression said otherwise. He was definitely angry, but why? Lana felt as though her head was about to explode from her trying to recall her missing and foggy memories.

“N-No...why do you look so mad?” she asked him hesitantly.

“Do I?” he asked followed by a light chuckle. “I guess I’m just hurt.”

“Why... Was it something I did last night? I’m sorry...I—”

“Don’t apologise if you don’t even remember what you did, or more like what you said.” He smiled, clearly forcing himself.

Lana gulped as she has never seen Zane like this before. The Zane she knew was always cheerful and kind. His eyes were full of joy and charm and yet here he stood before her, clearly upset at something she did but he refused to tell her anything at all.

“Zane...mmpf!”

Her words were cut off when Zane suddenly grabbed her face roughly and smashed their lips together. Lana’s hands went to his chest, her nails digging deep into his skin as confusion and shock filled her mind. The kiss was different from last time, there was no ounce of passion or even feelings—it was full of hostility and anger.

Lana abruptly pulled away, causing her teeth to scrap against his lip. The taste of blood filled her taste buds as she looked at him in shock. She opened her mouth ready to apologise for hurting him but she found herself tongue-tied as she watched Zane smile. He licked the bleeding cut on his lips and looked at her.

“For someone who doesn’t like to get bitten, you sure like to bite a lot.” He said indifferently. “What’s

wrong, Lana?" he asked her when he noticed her backing away from him. Her back was now against the counter as she stared up at him in disbelief. Zane closed the gap between them and when he reached his hand out to caress her cheek, she flinched.

"Wait...Zane..." she muttered, trying to catch her bearings. She then felt his fingers tenderly brush against her cheek.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked in a low voice.

She dared to look up into his eyes. Those hazel eyes, beautiful as always and yet something felt different. "...no," she replied meekly.

A startled gasp escaped her lips when Zane suddenly carried her up and placed her on the counter. He pushed her legs open and stood between them.

"Good." He said as he leaned forward to kiss her. Lana remained still, allowing him to slip his tongue inside as he deepened the kiss. Lana couldn't help but to feel sick at the taste of blood that was overwhelming her senses.