

Her Secret 84

CHAPTER 84 NO.84

It felt different. Something definitely changed overnight or could it be that Lana's memories were deceiving her at this point? But that couldn't be the case as she vividly remembered how Zane's touch felt last night, soft and gentle to the point where Lana's chest would tighten painfully at how careful he was with her. Every movement was calculated so she wouldn't feel any pain—only pleasure. The warmth and comfort she sought after from him quickly crumbled away as soon as the sun came out.

His hand wrapped around her neck, squeezing ever so slightly as the kiss deepened further. His other hand painfully gripped on her thigh as his fingers and nails dug deep into her flesh. Was last night a dream? Lana silently pondered as she slowly allowed Zane to do as he pleased with her. She could hardly breathe from his aggressive kisses as he did not pull away long enough for her to catch her breath. Her lips were starting to ache, swollen and red from his continuous kisses.

She felt faint due to the lack of oxygen and that was the moment when she finally dared to place her hands on his chest and with whatever strength she could muster, she pushed him away. She only managed to push him slightly backwards from her, but it was enough as his lips finally left hers. Lana took the chance to inhale desperately but she could not even savour the moment when she felt Zane's grip on her thigh tighten, causing her to wince in pain.

She looked over at him, her tears forming, blurring the image of him slightly. He stood there, watching Lana for a moment before letting out a small laugh.

"Did I go overboard? I'm sorry." He apologised as he pulled both hands away from Lana's body. She swallowed hard the moment his hand left her neck as her hand unconsciously went to her neck.

Lana stayed silent, afraid that whatever words that left her mouth would only agitate him more. Her eyes were fixed on the tiled floor as she couldn't bring herself to look at him. Was she afraid of him? Was she just undoubtedly confused by what just happened? This did not help her throbbing head in the slightest as it only got worse by her overthinking everything once again.

"Lana? Are you giving me the silent treatment?" he asked with an amused tone.

"N-No...I just...don't understand."

"What don't you understand?"

"...you."

"Me?" he raised an eyebrow. The rage in him was only piling up every second. That should be his line, the person he doesn't understand, an unreadable book in human form was Lana Danley herself. Zane swallowed his pride knowing that if he showed her this side of him then she would simply run away from him. He had to calm down before his anger destroyed the relationship he had with her. "I'm sorry,

Lana. I didn't mean to startle you like that. I don't even know what came over me." He apologised to her, a slight tremble in his voice.

Lana finally looked up at him, meeting his glistening eyes. Something was most definitely wrong, her mind told her. But instead of listening to her mind to leave and get away from him, Lana offered Zane a smile. She then held out her hand towards him, trying her best not to waver. After a beat, Zane placed his hand on hers lightly.

"Tell me, what happened last night?" she pressed as she tightened her grip on his hand. "What did I do to make you mad at me?" her voice was calm and composed yet she wondered if he could hear her heart threatening to escape her chest.

Something snapped inside Zane. He never knew he could withhold such anger, such irritation inside of him. "Nothing." He told her through clenched teeth. He moved forward and pulled her body closer to his as he wrapped his arms around her shoulders. Lana pressed her face against her chest, inhaling the shower gel and mild scent of sweat that emitted from his bare skin. "Nothing at all." He muttered against her hair.

What was the point of talking about it now when she wasn't even his yet? He doesn't have the right to get upset, he doesn't have the right to treat her this way but those thoughts did not get rid of the feeling he felt whenever she brought up the fact that she was clueless as to what she had done. Eventually she would remember, once the fog that shrouded her memories were lifted, she would remember. That's what he kept telling himself to avoid feeling the emotions he felt earlier.

"Zane," she called out, her voice muffled from the hug.

Zane pulled away, his hands still holding onto her shoulder. "Yes?"

"Can I get down now? The counter is really cold." She complained, feeling her bare bottom quickly getting numb from the coldness of the countertop.

Zane let out a chuckle before wrapping his hands around her waist and carrying her off the counter with ease. He placed her gently on her feet but his hands did not move. It lingered around her waist, tightening and loosening his grip as though he was trying to figure out what he wanted to do. She looked up at him questioningly.

"Do you want to go to bed?" he suddenly asked her, catching her off guard.

Lana pondered for a moment, trying to figure out what made him suggest this in the first place. She studied his expression, noting how amazing Zane's ability to control his expression was. The anger from earlier is seemingly diminished from his gaze and for a second Lana truly felt as though she was going insane. Were these things really happening to her or was she constantly trapped in her own mind with her twisted imagination as the only company?

“Yes.” She gasped out.

She thought that maybe he would be comforted from his anger and worries if he laid in bed with her. If they held each other close enough to the point where it was suffocating. All she wanted at that point was to erase the past 5 minutes and relive her night spent with him once more. But who was she kidding? She wanted to sleep with him again for her own self-gratification—to allow him to fill up the empty void that formed in her that night—that damned night where she allowed herself to fall under River’s spell.

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Zane planted fluttering kisses against her stomach, his fingers tracing the curves of her sides and simultaneously pushing the t-shirt higher to reveal her breasts. He could feel her tense under him whenever his lips made contact with her skin. He felt her hand run through his hair in a comforting manner, filling him with an overwhelming sense of tranquillity. He exhaled through his nose at the mere fact that his anger could quickly be replaced by lust and desire for her.

He pulled away to look down at her, face flushed and breasts heaving. This was a sight that he wanted to ingrain into his memory forever—her lewd and aroused expression tainted her beautiful face which only led to Zane’s erection to push against his shorts painfully.

“Can I do you raw?” he asked softly. He noticed the sudden panic in her eyes before she averted her gaze as she pondered over it. Lana still had the morning after pills that Avery got for her back at home but should she even risk it? she parted her lips to reply when Zane let out a soft laugh. “I’m kidding.” He said as he leaned forward to plant a kiss on her forehead.

He then moved towards the bedside table and pulled out an aluminium packet. He ripped the packaging open with his teeth, subsequently pulling down his shorts to free his erection. Lana’s gaze went to his length automatically, now that it wasn’t as dark she could see his length and all its glory. It was thick, that she had established from last night. The bulging veins around his length was a sight to behold. She gulped involuntarily, her heat clenching at the thought of it being inside of her once again.

“You’re staring quite a lot.” He purred.

Her eyes snapped up to catch his gaze. “S-Sorry.”

“Hm.” He hummed as he dropped the condom in her hands. “Go ahead, put it on.” he smirked, causing Lana to blush profoundly.

The texture of the condom in her hands felt foreign, the sticky lubricant that coated it made it hard for Lana to get a firm grip on it. She moved up into a seated position so she could properly wrap the condom around his length but she felt herself being pushed back down onto the bed by Zane. His sturdy hands held her down as he looked at her with a lustful gaze. She felt his knee spread her legs wide as he positioned himself at her entrance. The head of his length rubbed against her clit, causing her to choke

out a moan.

Zane then went to Lana's hand as he guided her to his length. "Do it like this, so I can pound it into you the moment you put it on." He whispered, causing Lana's heart to pound harder and faster against her ribs.

She swallowed hard when her fingers brushed against his hot and hardened length. She then moved back slightly so she could position the condom on his tip. As she pushed the rubber on, she could feel Zane move forward into her hands.

"Hurry up, Lana." He teased her, his length rubbing against her heat playfully.

"I'm...trying." She gasped at the sheer friction. The moment she fully wrapped his length with the condom, she felt his fingers spread her open before plunging into her in one swift motion. Her toes curled as her hands instantly gripped against the sheets below her. "Ah!" she moaned, feeling the shape of him remould her insides.

"You are so tight." He said through clenched teeth. This time he did not care for her to get used to him being inside her. As soon as he was inside her, he started to thrust in and out of her at a quickened pace. He proceeded to grab one of her legs and placed it over his shoulder before pushing into her harshly.

Lana gasped at how deep he was in this angle, she could feel his throbbing length buried inside of her—making her stomach feel full of his thick length. Zane pushed against her deeper, as Lana's leg was almost pressed up against her chest with how he was bending her ruthlessly. She was a gasping and panting mess at that point with her walls clenching around him.

"Do you like this?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

"Y-yes!" she whimpered, the weight of him on her body, the ache of her overstretched leg, everything sensation was jumbling up into one big ball of pleasure that went straight to her core.

Zane grinned at her reaction before proceeding to continue his merciless thrusting into her. The bed squeaked and groaned under them, moving erratically as Zane did not even attempt to slow down.

Lana cried aloud when Zane slipped his hand down to rub her clit. That sensation mixed with his deep thrusts into her was enough for her to lose herself to the overwhelming pleasure.

"Are you coming, Lana?" he asked as he felt her squeezing down onto him. A chorus of yes escaped Lana's lips as she could feel her stomach knotting up as her orgasm quickly approached her. "Me too," he huffed, a bead of sweat dropping from his forehead to her chest.

He pushed her leg off him, spreading her as wide as he could as he chased his own orgasm. A low groan could be heard from him as he released himself into the condom, feeling his body shake and tense up as he emptied himself inside of her.

Lana was breathing heavily as she saw stars when she came, legs trembling, back arching. The both of them remained unmoving as they tried to catch their breath. Zane then slowly pulled himself out of her, causing Lana to let out a soft whimper when he was fully out. She could still feel his shape inside of her. Lana stared up at the ceiling for a moment, hating how she was feeling now that the desire and arousal from earlier had faded almost instantly once she climaxed.

She glanced over to Zane who removed a condom and tossed it at a nearby bin. He sat by the edge of the bed, staring at nothing in particular. She wondered what he was thinking about at that moment. Because here she was, thinking that she should feel happy that she slept with her crush not once but twice, but as she stared at his back—all she could feel was the emptiness in her heart growing bigger to the point of suffocation. Was this what love was supposed to feel like? She pondered as she closed her eyes.

“Are you okay? Did I hurt you?” she heard Zane ask. She could feel the bed shift under his weight as he scooted over to her.

She opened her eyes to meet his worried gaze. “I’m fine.” She smiled as she reached out her hands. Zane leaned forward, pressing his lips against hers. She wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him back but even this warm moment they shared felt like nothing to Lana. What she sought after from Zane was suddenly gone in an instant. At that point she was certain that nothing could comfort her already broken heart. But her self-pity was quickly overshadowed by unfathomable guilt as she questioned what she was even doing—using someone else to make herself feel better.