

Her Secret 86

CHAPTER 86 NO.86

What should he do? River felt himself panicking. He didn't want her to run away again, that's for sure but why was she even crying when he was the one who felt like shit right now? Nothing made sense but all he knew was that he wanted her to stop crying, he wanted to make her feel better no matter what it took.

"I'm sorry..." she muttered as she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. She wasn't even sure if she was crying because of the pain in her chest or the fact that River was once again open at the fact that he was truly in love with her. "I'm...not dating him." she sobbed. Her voice was soft and trembling.

"What?" he called out as he went towards her.

"I'm not dating Zane. I slept with him because I felt as though I was losing myself. I thought that if someone else held me and comforted me with their warmth then I wouldn't feel so fucking empty..."

"What are you talking about?" he asked her as he reached out and grabbed hold of her hand. His voice was calm and gentle and just listening to his voice was making Lana want to cry even more. Lana stared down at where their hands touched, his hands were so much bigger than hers and the way he held her—so gentle as his thumb brushed against her knuckles, only then did she realise that she was shaking.

"That night when we slept together...I was happy. I was truly happy but the thing you said after made me feel delusional. Clearly you regretted sleeping with me, that's what I thought and it would be easy if we just avoided each other so that I wouldn't need to be reminded of that night. But then you came up to me and said that you love me...and I got really confused. I know I should've just talked it out with you but I was mad and annoyed and fucking drunk and I just—"

"Breathe, Lana." He cooed.

She did as he told her, inhaling deeply and exhaling aloud. She then dared to finally look up at him. "You confuse me, River Attwood." She told him.

River looked at her, at her tear-stained cheeks, red eyes, and wet hair and only one thought popped into his mind. She's beautiful. "I'm sorry for the things I said to you. I thought you were the one who regretted sleeping with me since you were sneaking out."

"That's because I had a curfew...I wanted to tell you but you..." she muttered, clearly embarrassed.

River let out a low laugh, hating himself for jumping to conclusions when all he had to do was just wait and listen to her. Everything could've been avoided if they just talked it through.

"Let me say this once more, Lana. All these while I confused my feelings towards you as hatred because I

did not want to accept the fact that I had feelings for you. I blamed your scent and I blamed my instincts and by doing so I pushed you away, pushed away what I truly felt for you. But the more I got to know you, the more I became aware that it wasn't just your scent that I was attracted to, it was you—it always has been just you." He confessed, squeezing her hand in a comforting manner.

"S-Stop...don't say anymore." Lana whimpered as she looked away from him, feeling her face heat up with every word he spoke.

"Why?" he asked, tilting his head to properly look at her face. He smiled at how red her cheeks were. "I don't want you to feel delusional anymore. Whatever I'm saying now is the honest truth, Lana."

Every time he said her name it felt as though an arrow was shot into her chest. Maybe it was the fact that he never really called out her name properly, always saying 'hey' or 'oi' when referring to her but now just listening to his voice say her name felt special and it was enough to make her swoon over him.

"I-I don't know what to say..." she mumbled, still unsure if what she felt for him was love or as he mentioned before, merely instincts to mate.

"That's fine. You don't have to say anything." He whispered as his hand went to her cheek to make her look up at him. "Can I kiss you?" he asked, staring directly into her glistening hazel eyes.

Her lips parted to reply but she stayed silent and nodded lightly. River leaned down and pressed his lips on hers. He pulled away after a second to see her reaction. She stayed silent, watching him intently. Now that he was close to her, so close to feel her warmth on his skin—all River wanted to do was hold her close and never let her go. Even if she was still confused with her own feelings for him, that was okay because he would wait for her—he would wait for an eternity just to be with her.

The hand he had on her cheek slid to the back of her neck where his fingers tightened around the base. Lana held her breath as she could feel his desire just by the look in his eyes. He pressed his lips against hers once more, this time it was more eager and hungry. Lana felt his tongue trace her bottom lip lightly, causing her to part her lips for him. Without missing a beat, he stuck his tongue in and met hers. He groaned into their kiss and felt herself melt. Her legs were giving way from how much desire he showed from just a kiss.

As they parted once more with both of them gasping for precious air, Lana whispered his name against his lips. It was barely audible—so soft and that was enough to tug against River's heartstrings.

"Tell me, Lana. Where did he touch you?" he asked her, voice barely a whisper.

"W-What?" she uttered from shock. '

River trailed his fingers from the side of her neck to her collarbone, tugging against the partially wet shirt she had on so he could gain access to her warm skin. His eyes widened as he proceeded to pull her shirt to the side to reveal her shoulder. His brows furrowed when there were no marks on her smooth

skin. He was certain that the night they slept together, he bit into her skin, leaving his mark on her as he was unable to fully control himself. Only a few weeks passed since that night but even then no human can heal that fast.

Lana tensed as she noticed what River was looking for as his eyes scanned her shoulder.

"Um...apparently I can heal now." she said hesitantly. "All the marks you left...were gone when I reached home."

River looked at her in disbelief. "You can?"

"Sorry I didn't tell you...well we weren't talking after all."

"I see." He muttered as his fingers traced his shoulder, outlining where his bite mark was before. "You really are becoming more like a werewolf." He commented.

"Yea..." she huffed, feeling incredibly sensitive at every spot he touched.

"Are you doing okay?" he questioned her, wondering if this sudden change was burdening her in any way.

"I'm getting used to the fact." She told him with a smile.

"Then, let's continue. Where did he touch you?" he asked again.

Lana froze, wondering if this was River showing his possessive side. Was he mad at her for allowing someone else to bed her? but there was no hostility or aggression in his eyes nor his voice. He sounded calm, maybe too calm as he waited patiently for her to reply to him. But Lana was at a loss, she truly did not know how to respond to him.

"I want to override his touches, his kisses, I want your body and heart to only remember my touch, my kisses." He said, his breath tickling her cheek.

"You really are possessive," she joked with a small laugh.

"You laugh now, but I'm serious." He frowned as his hand went to her waist, pulling her close to him.

"Tell me what he did to you, so I can do it better." He said with a smirk and that look alone was enough to make Lana's heart beat increase tenfold.

"Everything?" she asked, finding it rather embarrassing to tell him what she did with another man but River had a determined look on his face.

"Everything. Don't miss out on any detail." He said as he kissed the edge of her lips.

"Don't you think that's...a little weird."

“No, I don’t. Tell me.”

“H-He carried me to bed—” Lana let out a startled yelp as she felt her body being lifted without her finishing her sentence. He lifted her effortlessly into a bridal lift and she automatically wrapped her arms around River’s neck for support.

“Like this?” he asked her.

“Y-Yes.” She muttered, wondering if someone could die from blushing too much. She pressed her face against his neck, not waiting for him to see her in this state as he walked towards the bed. It was a short walk since they were already next to the bed but even then she could feel him holding her in her arms for a moment before placing her on the edge of the bed.

“What next?” he asked eagerly.

“He...removed my heels and um kissed my legs...”

River let out an amused huff as he kneeled down in front of her. “How romantic,” he sarcastically said.

Lana hid her face with her hands. “Can we stop this already? I’m not even wearing any shoes.”

“That’s fine.” He said as his hands went to her legs and lifted it up to his thigh subsequently tracing the outer sides of her legs before reaching her feet. “We can pretend,” he smiled as he pressed his lips against her calf. She shuddered under his gentle touch, the ticklish sensation reaching her core. He continued to plant fluttering kisses against her legs as he moved higher. His hands then went to her knees, wanting to spread her legs apart but he paused to look up at her.

“What did he do after?” he asked her patiently.

“I-Inner thighs,” she gasped when he pushed her legs apart immediately. His fingers lightly touched the curves of her outer thigh, moving higher until he reached the fabric of her shorts while his face was pressed between her thighs, kissing her soft and supple skin. Lana could feel his fingers around the waistband of her shorts, tugging lightly.

“Can I?” he asked, voice muffled against her skin.

Lana nodded bashfully as she lifted her hips off the bed so he could pull down her shorts in one swift movement. Now that her bottom was exposed to him, she felt the desperate need to pull her thighs together but River firmly held her legs apart as his eyes fell on her wet entrance. He smiled at the sight.

“Someone’s eager.” He said in a deep, sensual voice. She could feel his hot breath against her anticipating heat —causing her to unconsciously clench her walls.