

# THE MOON AND HER SECRET

## CHAPTER 5 NO.5

Lana's class had a free period and most of her classmates, including herself went to the library to work on their upcoming history report. The library was filled with hushed voices discussing and comparing ideas regarding the report whereas Lana and River sat in complete silence.

Lana glanced over her textbook to look at River who was seated across her. He wore a black mask that covered his nose and mouth. He was deep in concentration, making notes on his laptop as his eyes scanned the textbook before him for relevant key points. Lana could not help but be mesmerized by his sapphire eyes as they darted from his textbook to his laptop. He looked up suddenly, catching Lana's gaze who quickly turned back to her textbook.

"What?" he asked harshly. His voiced muffled by his mask.

"Nothing..." she muttered, her eyes slowly falling back to her textbook.

The words on the textbook resembled gibberish as Lana could not properly focus on its contents. Her mind was elsewhere, specifically, she could not stop thinking about the events that unfolded last night. She could still remember the grey wolf and how soft it's fur felt against her touch, she could still remember the heavy metallic scent of its blood staining her clothes and skin, she could still remember River's naked body...

Lana felt her face heat up as she slouched over, hiding her face behind the textbook in her hand. Of all the things that could occupy her memory, River's body was the last thing she wanted to stay. She let out an inward groan

before straightening her posture. She glanced back at River almost unconsciously and this time River was already looking at her. Lana opened her mouth to speak but he was faster.

“What’s your problem?” he asked as he furrowed his brows.

Lana decided to ignore his sharp tongue. “I was just wondering...are you sick?” she asked instead.

“Huh?”

“Well...why are you wearing a mask?”

“Tsk, can you just focus on your work? Your restlessness is annoying me.” He huffed, adjusting his mask as he turned away from Lana.

She sat there, clearly at a loss of words by how rude River was being from her simple question. But then again, she should be used to his behaviour by now.

Last night, after Lana found a naked River in her garage, he threatened to kill her if she spoke about it to anyone. She watched in disbelief as River opened the garage door and ran out, disappearing under the cover of the night. She did not know what to do at that moment as her mind was a jumbled up mess of questions.

She recalled when Ray got home, she had to lie to him and say that she drove the wolf back to the forest. But she could tell by the way Ray looked at her that he did not believe her for a second. Thankfully for Lana, Ray did not press her with further questions.

At night, she could not sleep. She spent hours in a daze, staring up at her ceiling, trying to understand what happened. River was the grey wolf she saved at the forest, but that makes zero sense. How could a person be a wolf? This entire thing almost feels like a dream, a twisted fairytale that Lana had to deal with right now. She has so many questions to ask River but she knew that he would probably brush her off if she dared to ask him anything.

Right now as she watched River, his focus solely directed to the history report they had to write together, solidified the fact that River did not want to talk about the incident at all. Lana knew that she should just forget about the entire thing, but curiosity often got the better of her. She knew that one way or another, she had to get the truth out of River but she had no idea how to accomplish that goal.

“Lana?” A voice called from behind her. Lana felt herself tense up as she immediately recognized the voice. Both River and Lana turned towards the source, River let out an annoyed sigh while Lana stood up from her seat excitedly.

“Zane! How have you been?” she beamed. Mentally cursing at herself for sounding too eager to see him.

Zane smiled softly in response. He reached out his hand towards Lana’s head as he brushed a stray strand away from her face. Lana could feel a weird sensation building up in her core but this was not a new occurrence, Lana always had butterflies in her stomach whenever Zane was around. Her hand instinctively went to the hem of her shirt as she fidgeted with it.

Zane Railey is a classmate of theirs who is often compared to River when it came to who the most popular and handsome student in Rosecliff was. Lana always felt that Zane has a gentle side to him that River completely lacks. In essence, if River was deemed to be the bad boy, Zane was the good boy.

He has a muscular build, his sun-kissed skin is calloused and scarred from his time spent on the field as the captain of the football team. His long golden brown hair is usually tied in a messy bun. Lana often got lost staring into his hazel eyes, under the right lighting they were absolutely hypnotic. Swirls of greens and brown mixed together to create something that reminded Lana of a warm spring day.

“I’m fine, thank you,” Zane replied as he dropped his hand.

Lana shifted nervously. “I-I heard you had a fever, that’s why you didn’t come to school yesterday. Are you okay now?”

“Yup, all I needed was th

e right meds and a lot of rest. I’m as healthy as a horse now.” He said with a toothy grin as he playfully flexed his biceps. Lana felt herself blush.

“What do you want, Railey?” River’s irritated voice spoke out, breaking Lana from her daydream scenario she was having with Zane. She turned to River and glared at him for ruining this moment. He completely ignored her as he looked straight ahead towards Zane.

Zane smiled apologetically. “Oh right, I think I left my pen somewhere around here when I was studying before school started. Did you two happen to see

it?”

“Nope,” River replied, almost instantly.

Lana felt her anger piling up every second River opened his mouth. Here, Lana thought that he only behaved coldly towards her. It seemed to her that River’s façade of being the kind and sweet person he is often praised to be was crumbling rapidly.

“I haven’t seen it either, but I’ll help you look for it!” Lana happily announced.

River’s grip on his textbook tightened to the point where the pages were crumpled. “Oi, are you forgetting we have work to do?” River snapped.

Lana frowned. “It’ll only take a second,” she interjected indifferently as she crouched down to check under the table. “What kind of pen is it, Zane?”

River noticed the change in Lana’s tone when she was speaking to him compared to when she’s speaking to Zane. It screamed favourability but he held his tongue instead of pointing it out aloud. He shouldn’t care what Lana Danley does with her life after all, but did not stop him from feeling irritated at the entire situation.

Zane clearly noticed the tensed atmosphere shrouding River and Lana but brushed it aside to give his full attention to Lana. “It’s just a generic black pen, but that’s the only black pen I have so…” he muttered as he followed Lana’s lead to check under the table.

River felt himself growing increasingly agitated by how the two of them were

frolicking under the table to look for a pen. A fucking pen. He could hear Zane's voice in a low whisper, he could hear Lana giggling. It was all just infuriating. Before River could snap, he watched as Lana's head popped up from under the table. She stood up and dusted her pants.

"Doesn't seem to be here," she frowned. River silently watched as Zane reached his hand out towards Lana. She grabbed it after a moment of hesitation and pulled him up. He towered over the girl, but then again, everyone towered over her.

"Hm, maybe someone took it." Zane assumed followed by a defeated sigh. His grip on her hand was lingering.

Zane's hand was all Lana could focus on at this point. As though all the nerves in her body moved to her open palm, she could feel the heat Zane's hand was emitting. She tried to steady her breathing in hopes that she would seem completely normal on the outside. On the contrary, she was internally screaming from joy at the sole fact that he was holding her hand.

Knowing that it would be weird for her to remain silent, Lana forced herself to reply to Zane. "M-Maybe someone brought it to the lost and found...? We could go check-"

"Railey," River's authoritative voice caused the two to turn to him. Without saying anything else, he tossed something towards Zane, causing him to let go of Lana's hand to catch the tossed item with ease. He looked down at it, completely speechless. It was a black pen. "Just take mine, I don't need it anymore." River stated.

Zane stared at the pen in disbelief. "Oh...thanks River. Are you sure it's okay to give this to me?"

River felt like he wanted to slam his head against the wall. He never met two people who treated a pen as important as a family heirloom or something of great value. He was tempted to chase them out of the library so that he could finally get a moment of peace.

"Yes," he said through clenched teeth. He silently thanked himself for deciding to wear a mask today so that they wouldn't be able to see his true expression. "Can you leave now? We were in the middle of writing a history report."

"Right, of course! I'm sorry for taking up your time." Zane turned to Lana. "Thanks Lana, for helping me out." He smiled and waved at her before making his way to the exit.

Lana stared at his back, her hand raised up as she waved back at him. Once Zane disappeared behind the door, Lana turned around and placed both her hands on the table in front of her as she glared daggers at River.

"What's your fucking problem?" she hissed. Trying to keep her cool so she wouldn't create a scene, especially since her classmates were around.

"What do you mean?" he asked, not sparing her a glance.

"You didn't have to be so rude to Zane!"

River made a face. "How was I rude? If anything I was being generous when I gave him my fucking pen." He sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

Trying to calm himself down on focus on the task at hand. “Can you sit down and do your work now?”

Lana scoffed. “You really are something else, River Attwood.”

River dropped his hand from his face and stared directly into Lana’s eyes. “And you’re just desperate for Zane Railey’s attention. It was getting unbearable to watch.” He blurted. River immediately regretted saying that and was about to apologize to her but her expression made him hold his tongue.

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