

## Her Secret 67

### CHAPTER 67 NO.67

As River and his group were heading back to regroup with the other teams after their patrolling, he stopped walking when a familiar scent came creeping up to his senses. He looked around the area, trying to pinpoint where the scent was coming from.

What's wrong, River? He heard Luis' voice in his mind the moment he noticed River stopped moving.

He turned his attention to the pack of wolves in front of him in high alert. They looked around, wondering why River stopped walking in the first place.

Do you sense those Highcaster scumbags or something? Maddison asked in an annoyed manner.

He studied them for a moment, wondering if they were going to notice the scent as he did but they remained unaffected. Even if there were only betas in this small patrol group that he was in, they would usually be able to smell an alpha's scent. He frowned, thinking that maybe he was just imagining it or maybe he was yearning to see that certain someone to the point where he was hallucinating her presence.

You guys can't smell that? He dared to ask them.

He watched as they exchanged glances amongst each other before turning back to him with confused expressions.

Smell what? Maddison asked.

He wanted to tell them that he could smell her, he could smell Lana's scent around the vicinity but seeing their reactions made him hold his tongue.

It's nothing. Go on ahead and regroup with Avery's team. I'll catch up in a bit. He told them as he turned around to follow the scent.

Wait, where are you going? Luis asked.

Did something happen? Maddison chimed in as she approached River, ready to follow him.

Nah, just go and regroup with Avery and the others. I'm just going to check something out. Don't follow me. He said and without waiting for their reply he rushed ahead.

He took a detour first, heading towards the spot where he left a duffle bag with his clothes inside earlier before he transformed into a werewolf. As he turned back into his human form, he noticed how her scent was only getting stronger and prominent—it was almost inviting, intoxicating to the point where River had to snap himself out of the hold her scent had on him. It was different from her usual smell but

he knew that it was her, it was definitely her. He quickly changed into his clothes, a plain t-shirt and sweatpants before making his way to where the scent seemed to be coming from.

He started to question why Lana would even be out here deep into the forest at this hour. He was certain that after what happened last night, Ray must've taken some sort of action against her habit of running head first into danger. Now that River was officially the pack leader, he not only had to prove himself to the other wolves in his pack that he was capable of such a position but he also had to make sure Lana doesn't get too involved with the pack.

Griffin managed to pull suspicion away from her by telling the pack that she was just at the wrong place at the wrong time and it was a normal occurrence for humans at Rosecliff to know of the existence of the werewolves. But River knew that the pack didn't care if Lana knew about them being werewolves or not, they were curious as to why she smelt the way she did. River recalled how masterfully Griffin avoided answering those questions, but then again Griffin has been doing that for nearly 10 years now.

The scent was growing stronger and River found it hard for him to breath without the air around him suffocating him with her sickeningly sweet scent. As he pushed his way out from a thick bush, he found himself in the wide opening of the forest. There was a wide space in the middle of the forest which lacked any trees or bushes and there he found Lana standing in the middle of this open spot.

She stared up at the sky which caused him to follow her gaze. There he saw the moon in all her glory. The moonlight washed down over Lana, drowning her with a tender glow that brought out her features beautifully. River swallowed hard, not expecting to see such a sight before him. She looked almost enchanting.

His eyes then trailed down her body, frowning at the cotton t-shirt and boy shorts she was wearing. The temperature of the forest at night was unforgiving, through River's thick clothing he could still feel the cold and harsh air but Lana seemed completely unfazed by the numbing temperature. But things only got weirder when River noticed that she was barefooted. As a forest ranger, she of all people should've known how dangerous it is to walk barefooted in the forest. Something was not right and River could feel himself growing anxious.

He slowly approached Lana, forcing himself to push away the desires that were building up inside him due to her scent. He had other things to worry about now that he could see that she was clearly in a daze. Even as he got closer to her, she showed no signs of awareness as her gaze was fixed directly on the moon above her.

River placed his hand over his nose as he tried to block away the overwhelming scent emitting from her. He stopped a few feet away from her, not daring to get any closer in case he started to lose control of himself. His throat felt dry, his body was growing hotter and it was all because of her.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" he asked her, finding it hard to utter his words due to how raw his throat felt. He looked down at her feet, noticing how it was bloodied and bruised. "Did you...walk all the way here or something? Why aren't you wearing shoes?" he added.

Lana started silent, almost as though she couldn't hear him or even see him. River frowned at how strange this entire situation was. He then forced himself to walk up to her, reaching his other hand out to touch her shoulder to get her attention. The moment his hand made contact with her shoulder, she turned her head to look at him.

"River?" she called out, almost as though she wasn't sure who was in front of her.

River studied her face, noticing how her cheeks were stained with dried tears. "...what happened to you?" he asked.

She then blinked once and without any warning she pounced on him, pushing him down to the ground. River let out a startled yelp but watched in complete panic as Lana straddled over his lap. Her hands were firmly on his chest as she leaned closer to him. Her strong scent was starting to drive him insane. He found it hard to breathe as his body started to heat up furiously. He knew this feeling all too well. He could feel his rut approaching.

"Get off...!" he struggled to say as he tried to push her off but for some strange reason, he could feel his strength leaving him. His body was screaming at him to just give in to her touch, to just hold her and satisfy the burning sensation that was overwhelming him but his mind was fighting back. Not like this. He told himself. The last thing he ever wanted to do was force himself on Lana. He would never want to hurt the person he loved so dearly. But he knew that if they stayed in this position when he went into his rut, he would not be able to control himself.

"River." She called out, her voice full of love and tenderness. His attention snapped back to her, to how her body just felt amazing pressed against his. He could feel her warmth seeping through his clothes and his hands ached to touch her, to feel her skin. He dug both his hands into the hard ground under him, flinching slightly at his sudden harsh action. He could feel his fingers throbbing painfully and there was no doubt that he must've injured himself one way or another.

"D-Don't..." he pleaded as he felt her lowering her body, pressing her chest against his. She then tilted her face towards his own, their faces getting dangerously close.

"River..." she called out again, barely a whisper. He felt her warm breath against his lips and he desperately wanted to lean forward, to catch those pink plump lips with his own, to finally feel her, to finally taste her.

He could feel himself falling over her spell, his mind slowly going blank as he felt his core burning up. His erection pressed against her soft thigh and all he wanted to do was free his aching erection. He wanted to touch her skin, to hold her close to him, to...

In a blink of an eye, he watched as Lana's body was pushed harshly off his. He turned his gaze over to Avery who was covering her nose, her chest raising and falling rapidly.

“What the fuck...?” she huffed.

When River’s team regrouped with hers earlier, she found it weird that River was not with them. She heard stories from the others on how he hardly ever split up with his group after the whole bear attack that happened earlier this year. After Maddison told her that River wanted to check on something, Avery thought she should do the same since she too started smelling a rather familiar scent.

The closer she got to the source of the scent the more confident she was that it was Lana. She then found herself running towards the source as she knew what the smell was. Unlike Lana’s natural scent, this was different. It was stronger, more intoxicating, she was particularly emitting pheromones.

Avery told herself that when she found Lana, she just had to do her best to get her out of the forest before other alphas started to get a whiff of her scent but never in a million years did she think to find Lana on top of River who was clearly under her spell. The scent that was coming off River made it evident that he was in his rut and it was clear that Lana induced it.

She looked at Lana who was slowly coming to her senses after receiving a harsh shove from Avery. Avery’s relief that Lana was snapping out of whatever trance she was in came crashing down as realisation struck her. She would now have to stop River if he gave into his rut. If he attacked Lana to mate with her, things might get dangerous for both of them.

She watched as River struggled to get up from the ground, he was panting wildly—almost like a hungry beast with his gaze fixed on Lana and Lana alone.

“River, don’t.” Avery warned him firmly as she slowly moved to stand between the two. River glared at Avery, causing her to flinch slightly from his intense gaze.

“Avery?” Lana called out, clearly confused at where she was.

“Stand behind me Lana.” She ordered, holding out her arm in a protective manner.

Lana noticed the state River was in and although she was confused at the situation she was in, she stood up and backed away from the two of them.

“River, don’t do anything rash. You need to snap out of it!” Avery told him desperately, silently wondering if she could even fight him off. She knew she was strong and capable but River was bigger and stronger and in this state of his—he was a hostile threat.

River stood up shakily and after a beat, he ran in the opposite direction. Avery let out a relieved sigh at the fact that he could still control himself though his rut. She then turned to Lana who silently watched as River disappeared behind the trees.

“What’s going on?” she asked hesitantly.

“I think that should be my question Lana. What the hell is going on with you?”