

## Her Secret 94

### CHAPTER 94 NO.94

Lana's eyelids felt heavy as she attempted to open her eyes. She was laying on her side, feeling her arm slowly growing numb as her weight was on it for God knows how long. She was surrounded by darkness and no matter how many times she opened her eyes and shut them, she could not get used to the absence of light.

She tried to move her body, to at least put less pressure on her arm but she immediately noticed that her hands were tied together at her back. She tried to pull her wrists apart to see if she could loosen her bindings but whatever that was tied around her wrists dug deep into her skin and she let out a pained hiss.

She then leaned her heavy head on the ground once more as she was starting to realise how much her head was hurting. The throbbing sensation was making it harder for her to access the situation she was in. She tried to steady her breathing, not wanting to panic now that she was in an unfamiliar location. She could hear Ray's calm voice reminding her how the feelings of panic and anxiety often led to people being blinded by fear.

A loud scraping sound could be heard and it irritated her already throbbing head. A loud click followed and soon Lana was blinded by sudden light. She shut her eyes tightly until her eyes got used to her surroundings. She immediately looked around to find herself in some sort of factory and by the looks of the damaged shipping containers and rusting metal around her, it was safe to say that this was an abandoned warehouse. She forced herself to get into a seated position so she could look around for a window or any gaps that would let her know if it was morning or night but her attention fell on approaching footsteps.

It was getting tiring to keep her head up and remain in a seated position but she managed to turn to the source of the footsteps. The person wore dark dress shoes and it was polished rather thoroughly. Her eyes then slowly trailed up to the person wearing dark trousers, white collared shirt and a black waistcoat. The top button of his shirt was undone, revealing his toned chest. When Lana finally looked up at his face, the man smiled. She did not recognise him at all, his skin was dark and his eyes were an unnatural shade of golden. It was bright, piercing and it sent shivers down her spine.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Lana Danley." The man said, his sultry and soothing voice did not match his intense gaze.

"Who...are you?" Lana muttered, her tongue felt heavy and the words she spoke aloud sounded slurred. Bits of memory flashed in her mind as she recalled what happened before she woke up. She was drugged, that's why she felt weird and found it hard to control the movements of her body.

She silently watched as the man crouched to her eye level. Now that her vision was slowly becoming more focused, she could see how handsome the man in front of her was and yet his golden gaze was truly frightening. "I apologise that we had to meet in such circumstances," he said to her.

It was getting harder to keep her eyes open and steady her body. "Who...?" Lana wanted to ask again but she couldn't properly convey her words.

"Ah, where are my manners?" the man said as he reached out to brush Lana's messy hair away from her face. "My name is Ezekiel." He introduced himself.

Ezekiel. Lana knew this name as she heard it before. She wanted to ask more questions but felt her body slumped over as she felt it hard to take control of her body. Ezekiel caught her before she collided with the ground. He gently placed her on her side, patting her hair affectionately.

"I know...your name." she mumbled.

"I'm truly honoured that you know who I am." He told her.

"Where...am I?" she managed to ask.

"Highcaster. You are in my domain now, Lana."

"Why...ngh." She felt herself getting weaker as whatever drug that was in her system was dragging her down.

"Hush now, save your breath. We can talk again once you are fully awake and the drug is out of your system." He told her as he stood up. "Rest well," he cooed.

"Wait..." Lana muttered but she could not keep her eyes open. She watched as Ezekiel walked back to the door, his figure moving further and further away from her. She wanted him to stop walking, to come back and explain what was going on but she could feel her consciousness slipping once more. "Ezekiel..." she called out feebly before everything faded to black.

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Lana could feel a soft and wet touch on her cheek, cold water dripping down her chin. Her eyes fluttered open as the softness of the thing touching her was rubbing against her cheek in a circular motion. She jolted away immediately when she fully came to her senses. The moment her eyes fell on the person in front of her, all she could feel was rage and disappointment filling her already muddled senses.

"Calm down, I'm only cleaning the dirt from your face." Zane said as he reached out to her once more, a wet cloth in his hand.

Lana struggled away from him only to realise that her back was already against something sturdy and metallic. "Stay away from me!" she spat, her voice hoarse and aching. How long has she been out? She pondered. Her eyes then snapped back to Zane and it was apparent that he was wearing different clothes from the last time she saw him. Her eyes then fell over to her own body, where she was still

dressed in her navy blue dress.

The thought of days passing by while she was unconscious was starting to terrify her and the fact that Ray and her friends are probably worried over her sudden disappearance was making her feel incredibly guilty. Through the sudden surge of panic, she continued to struggle, ignoring the sharp pain that emitted from her wrist as the binding dug deeper with every motion.

“Calm down, Lana.” He repeated. The calmness in his voice was infuriating her. “You’ll hurt yourself if you keep doing that.” He told her, voice filled with genuine concern.

She glared up at him, desperately wanting to smack him in the face for daring to look concerned for her safety when he was the reason she was in this mess. “You fucking piece of—”

Zane let out a low chuckle, cutting her off. “I get that you’re mad but you have to understand the circumstances here.”

Pieces of her memories came back to her and clicked like a puzzle. Ezekiel. Highcaster. Zane. “You...you were Ezekiel’s stray all along?!”

“Ouch, I get why the Highcaster werewolves call me that but hearing you say it too hurts my feelings.”

“I don’t give a fuck about your feelings!” she snapped. The rage in her grew more intense every second she looked at his face.

“I had to do this, Lana. I had no choice.”

“Bullshit!”

“Ezekiel took me in when I was abandoned by my parents. He raised me as his own even when I was just a human. I owe him my gratitude, my life...my loyalty. I did what I had to do.”

“I don’t care about that! You fucking kidnapped me, Zane!” she blurted out, her voice trembling slightly from the severity of her situation. “I trusted you...” she muttered, feeling her eyes sting from burning tears.

“Your words get harsh when you are mad, huh? I never knew this side of you.” He commented. Lana truly wanted to hurt him at this point. He acted as though he did nothing wrong, as though drugging her and bringing her all the way to Highcaster was not a crime. “But listen, I had to do—”

“Stop saying that as if that would justify your actions!”

“I had to do this for your own safety. I knew that you won’t come willingly since you already had your guard up on me. If I didn’t drug you and brought you here then the Ezekiel’s followers would have taken you by force. I was only thinking of you!” he explained.

“Thinking of me? Do you hear yourself? You are so deluded if you think that whatever you did was for my sake.”

“It was! No matter how you choose to see this situation you must know that I truly do love you Lana. I never want to see you get hurt.”

“Then untie me! Let me go!”

“You know I can’t do that...”

Lana let out an irritated scream as she tried to pull her wrists apart in an attempt to free herself from the bindings. She ignored the pain and aching of her actions even when tears threatened to escape her tears from the sensation.

She then felt rough hands grab her shoulder, simultaneously pushing her body against the shipping container. The loud sound of the impact echoed throughout the room. “Stop that. Stop hurting yourself!” Zane told her with a glare.

“So much for not wanting to hurt me...” Lana uttered under her breath, winching as he tightened his grip on her shoulders. “Just leave me alone!” she cried.

Zane stayed silent for a moment before his grip on her loosened. He then leaned in and pulled Lana into a tight embrace. She could not help but to feel sick to her stomach when she felt his gently hold, his hand lightly brushing against her hair. “I’m sorry, Lana. I’m so sorry.” He cooed.

“Don’t do that.” She scoffed. “Don’t apologise when you are the reason I’m in this mess in the first place.” She said.

Zane pulled away, looking down at her with glistening eyes. “I’m sure that Ezekiel means you no harm. He only wanted to meet you due to your unique circumstances.”

Lana let out a harsh laugh, voice raw and aching at this point. “Good to know that the first thing he thought about was to kidnap me just to meet me.” She said sarcastically. “Are you blind, Zane? You said that he won’t harm me but look at where I am! Look at how I’m being treated with my hands tied!” she argued.

“That’s only a precaution so you don’t hurt yourself or anyone else...and we’re at this warehouse just for privacy.”

“Oh my God! Just stop talking!” she snapped at him but Zane was unfazed. He continued to explain to Lana and justify his and Ezekiel’s actions but Lana was done listening to him. As he babbled on, Lana took the chance to look around for a way to escape this place. It was a large warehouse since an abundance of shipping containers could fit the space. Her eyes then fell on the main door and it seemed

like that was the only way in and out of this warehouse.

If she wanted to escape, that door needed to be open. Just as she was thinking that—the door cracked open, the piercing sound of heavy metal dragging against the concrete floor was enough to make her head start to throb. Zane fell silent and stood up immediately when Ezekiel walked in.

“Ezekiel.” Zane beamed as he approached the man. Lana could not help but notice how Zane was like a completely different person in the presence of Ezekiel. He resembled a dog greeting its master.

“Leave us, Zane. I want some alone time with our guest of honour.” Ezekiel said, a smile forming on his lips when he made eye contact with Lana.