

Her Secret 97

CHAPTER 97 NO.97

It was yet another summer when Ezekiel decided to form a plan to save his former pack and it started with him plotting to lure Claire out by herself. It was easier to lure her out than what Ezekiel initially thought. A simple call, a simple lie and she excitedly agreed to meet him. He did not know if he should feel honoured that Claire knew about him, because once he told her that he wanted her help to reconcile with Aldric—she immediately was on board to help him out. Was she incredibly naïve or was she just that kind-hearted?

Ezekiel leaned against the tree, looking out over the cliff at the setting sun as he waited for Claire's arrival. The fact that they had to secretly meet up in the middle of the forest was only a precaution, Ezekiel had told, since he was a traitor to the people of Rosecliff's eyes.

Rustling could be heard and Ezekiel did not even bother to turn to her as her heavy scent filled his senses. Aldric's scent lingered all over her body as well and that was enough to make Ezekiel feel sick.

"Sorry, I'm late!" Claire announced as she approached him. He forced himself to turn his gaze to her, noting the white shirt she wore and dark pants. She probably knew her way around the forest due to how often Aldric had to be here. Her long brunette hair was tied into a side braid and her hazel eyes appeared unnatural under the setting sun. "You really do have golden eyes!" she exclaimed like a child in a candy store.

Ezekiel narrowed his eyes on her. "I guess some people have been talking about me to you?"

"Well, you are a rather popular topic among the pack."

"You've met the pack?" he raised his eyebrow at her. That would only mean that they have accepted her as Aldric's mate. How...interesting.

"Ah...yes I have." She said softly. "They accepted our relationship," she said happily, face beaming.

Ezekiel stared at her for a moment, rage and disgust growing rapidly. "Why...do you speak to me as though we are friends? Shouldn't you be more cautious over me?"

"I know that you left the pack and started your own, I know about you from a lot of different stories from different people but...the fact that you want to reconcile with Aldric and the pack, I find that very admirable." She smiled at him. "That's why I want to help you reconnect with them again. I really think this would be a good thing for Aldric too!"

"Why do you say that?"

"B-Because, well recently someone challenged his position as alpha. He had to banish the family as per the rules of the pack but they had a little boy, who is the same age as our—um anyway Aldric saw

potential in him to be the next pack leader so he feels awful that he had to separate the family just for the sake of the pack.” She told him. “So, I think Aldric meeting you again after all these years would make his day.”

Ezekiel zoned out the moment she changed the topic, the moment she mentioned the little boy and went on a slow tangent. She babbled on in hopes that he did not notice but he noticed. Ezekiel stood straight and looked down at her, he towered over her menacingly and yet Claire did not have an ounce of fear in her face.

“Could you repeat what you just said?”

“Hm? Which part?”

“The little boy is the same age as who?”

“...oh no it’s truly nothing. I just misspoke.” she muttered followed by a nervous laugh.

“Do you take me as a fool, Claire?”

“No! Of course I don’t—”

“You have a child?” he pressed.

She hesitated for a moment but knowing that Ezekiel could see right through her, there was no point in hiding it anymore. “...yes but the child is not Aldric’s.”

“What?” he frowned as he closed the gap between them. She’s clearly lying as the only scent he could smell on her was Aldric. If she had consummated with someone else then their scent would linger over her too but it was just Aldric, no matter how much of Claire’s scent he inhaled, traces of Aldric followed. “You are lying to me,” he growled.

“I’m...not!” she said, aware of his sudden hostility. He noticed that she was backing away from him and grabbed her wrist to stop her, she let out a startled yelp.

“You...what are you? No human can bear a child with a werewolf. That’s not possible! It’s unheard of!” he yelled, truly believing at that moment that Claire Danley was anything but human.

“Stop...Ezekiel! You’re hurting me.”

“You are a monster... a monster who seduced Aldric! Everything makes sense now, everything—!” Ezekiel fumed. He then tensed as he noticed a familiar scent approaching him. From the corner of his eyes, he saw him, he saw Aldric breathing heavily, sweat dripping from his brow. Right before his eyes stood his perfection.

“Ezekiel...” Aldric huffed as he made his way to the both of them. Ezekiel moved back, pulling Claire along and watched as his gaze went to Claire instantly.

“Aldric!” Claire called out in a panic.

“It’s okay, you’ll be okay.” He cooed at her.

“Is it true that you have a child with her?” Ezekiel blurted out. There was only silence that followed. “Is it, Aldric?” he pushed, pulling Claire closer to the edge of the cliff.

“It is.” He replied through clenched teeth.

“Does the pack know?”

“They don’t.”

Ezekiel then laughed aloud. “Why? Are you scared of introducing the abomination to the pack?!” he spat. Aldric stayed silent and his expressionless face did not flatter even the slightest from those strings of insults. “I’ll help you...I’ll help you right your wrongs, Aldric!”

“What are you talking about?”

“This monster tricked you, didn’t she? Forced you to fall in love with her and impregnate her with an unnatural spawn. That child should not exist in this world! I’ll help you get rid of them, starting with this one.” He said, shoving closer to the edge.

“Stop!” Aldric cried out. Ezekiel froze from the sheer desperation he could hear from his voice. He slowly turned his attention back to Aldric, eyes glistening, expression crumbling. “Please don’t do this, Ezekiel. Please.”

“You need to come to your senses...”

“No. I’m as sane as I’ve ever been. I love her, and I love our daughter—our miracle.”

“Miracle?” Ezekiel gawked at him. something so unnatural was deemed to be a miracle? How laughable. To Ezekiel, Aldric was long gone...a shell of himself is all that is standing before him. The weakness that his idea of ‘love’ brought to him truly did crumble away any forms of perfection he had from the start. “I told you so...Aldric...”

“What...?”

“I told you that love would be your weakness. And you must know that I am doing this for your sake, my dear friend.” He told him, voice trembling as he turned back to Claire who was struggling to free herself from his grip.

“Ezekiel!” He heard Aldric cry out as he rushed towards them.

But Ezekiel was faster and it was easy to push Claire off the cliff, one shove was enough to send her over the edge. He braced himself for Aldric’s rage but it never came as he watched Aldric—his perfection, jump off the cliff after Claire. He desperately reached out for her and Ezekiel watched in absolute despair as they met their end together at the bottom of the cliff. His chest started to hurt, his stomach knotted painfully as his eyes never left their embracing bodies. He somehow was waiting for them to regain their consciousness and get up from their position but they remained unmoving until Ezekiel could see their crimson blood tainting the ground below.

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“It’s funny that at that moment I completely forgot that werewolves have the ability to heal incredibly fast but by no means are they immortal.” Ezekiel added with a small chuckle. He then stayed silent, indicating that the story was now over. He waited for Lana to say something, anything but she remained silent with her gaze fixed on the ground in front of her. “Huh, that’s interesting. I thought you’d be more—upset at the man who murdered your parents.” He told her.

Lana took in a deep breath before pushing herself to look up at his golden gaze. “Is this why you kidnapped me? To tell me a story?” she asked him, interlocking her hands together so he would not realise she was shaking from rage. She had to calm down as she did not want to show him even an ounce of emotion that he potentially use against her later on.

Ezekiel studied her expression for a moment, trying to pinpoint any cracks in her response. He could not help but to feel wary of the calm and composed behaviour she was trying to push on him but even if she was upset, angry or even sad, she was not showing it at all.

“The story part was just so you had a better idea of what happened to your parents, I find it sad that you don’t even know what actually happened to them, but then again no one knows the full truth except me, Aldric, Claire and now you.” He told her.

“Okay. Thank you for sharing.”

Ezekiel chuckled at her unnatural calmness. “But I also wanted to meet you, Lana. I wanted to see with my own eyes what kind of abnormal spawn was born from the two of them. You look like Claire but everything from your behaviour to your scent reeks of Aldric.” He rambled on.

“Why didn’t you kill me?” she blurted suddenly. “You speak of how you wanted to right my father’s wrongs by killing my mother who you deemed to be a monster, so...why did you not kill me, the monster’s child?”

“That’s a brilliant question and the only answer is Ray. Due to the secrecy of your birth, it was hard to locate you and I never knew that you would be under his care but of course I found out your identity

thanks to Zane.” He answered.

“I see. So, now what?”

“Pardon?”

“What are you planning to do now? Finish what you started and kill me? Will that make you feel better?”

Ezekiel laughed aloud, unable to control his delight. “Oh my sweet Lana, fortunately for you, there are people out there who fall in love with monsters.”

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Something’s wrong. River told Avery and Luis as they were fast approaching the ranger’s station.

Highcaster wolves. Avery said, noticing how their scent was getting stronger the closer they got to the station. But that wasn’t the only scent that was lingering in the atmosphere. She could smell their own pack members as well.

What the hell is happening? She growled, confused as to why Highcaster wolves would even dare enter their domain when the other alphas of the Rosecliff pack were around.

River sped up the moment he spotted the station. He did not waste any time as he slammed the door open only to find Ray and Jack talking with three Highcaster wolves. River growled and bared his teeth at them.

“Calm down, River!” he heard Ray say as he quickly went to stand between Ray and the Highcaster wolves.

Why are you defending them!? River yelled, causing Ray to flinch from his sudden aggression.

We didn’t come here to fight. We only came to deliver a message. One of the Highcaster wolves said as he moved away approached River. Soon Avery and Luis entered and stood their guard against the uninvited werewolves.

We’ll be leaving now. Another said.

You’re not going anywhere, scum. Avery growled.

“I’ll explain everything, so let them go. Please.” Ray pleaded to the three of them. After a beat, River moved away to let the Highcaster werewolves through. He watched as they hurried away.

You do know that Lana was taken by them, right? Avery questioned. Why the hell would you let them

go?! Avery scolded, not sure who she was more mad at between River and Ray.

“Yes. They told me everything.”

Why are you so calm? Luis asked.

“Because...if I were to panic, if I were to get angry or upset that wouldn’t change the fact that Lana was taken. The only thing we can do now is to follow Ezekiel’s orders to get her back safe and sound.” Ray said, voice trembling with fear.

What orders? River asked sharply.

“He wants to bargain...with you.” Ray told him, not daring to look at River in the eyes.