

## Her Secret 98

### CHAPTER 98 NO.98

“What do you mean by that?” Lana asked, trying to ignore the fact that the doors to the warehouse opened with a loud sound and a few men walked in. There are people out there who fall in love with monsters. She had a feeling she knew what he was planning to do but she wanted him to say it aloud so she could stop overthinking and distracting herself with her endless thoughts.

Ezekiel looked as though he was about to answer her but his attention went to his wristwatch before standing up. “It’s time. Let’s go.” He told her as he approached her. She flinched away before he could touch her and jumped to her feet. She almost immediately regretted her actions as she felt faint from her sudden movement. “Don’t. I don’t want to hurt you but if you resist then I have no other option—”

“Where are you taking me?” she asked, cutting him off.

He thought about it for a moment, about how to reply to her question. “Home.” He told her as he reached out to grab her healed wrist. He pulled her along and Lana did not resist this time as she could feel that her weakened body was no match for all these men around. But on the bright side, they were finally leaving the warehouse.

The moment she was outside, she noticed that it was night time, the stars out and beaming brilliantly while the moon shied away behind heavy clouds. The sounds of crashing waves could be heard and once she turned around, she noticed how the warehouse was by the port. She had never been to Highcaster but her first impression of it was not fond by any means.

Ezekiel tugged against her wrist when she stopped moving, her attention went back to where he was guiding her too. There were a bunch of black cars parked outside and soon they were filled with Ezekiel’s followers. Zane stood by one of the cars and when Ezekiel and Lana approached him, he quickly pulled open the door.

“Get in.” Ezekiel told Lana. She let out a frustrated sigh and followed his orders because she was pretty sure he would just shove her in if she resisted at that point. Ezekiel followed her from behind and sat next to her. Zane slammed the door shut before rushing to the passenger seat.

“And here I thought we’ll be running back to Rosecliff in our wolf forms.” Lana muttered under her breath as the car started.

“Oh? Can you transform as well?”

“Why do you sound so surprised?” Lana asked, not bothering to look at Ezekiel as she spoke.

“Because I know you are lying. You had many opportunities to transform into your wolf and run away, but here you are—under my control.”

“Are you always this confident?” Lana asked.

“Only when I’m certain that I’m right, and that’s all the time.” He beamed.

“Then I’m guessing you are confident that your plan will work?”

“You don’t even know my plan.”

She turned to face him and smiled sweetly when their gazes met. “That was my way of nicely asking you to share them with me.”

Ezekiel studied her face for a moment before smiling back. “You are rather cocky, aren’t you? Or are you just unaware of the situation you are in?”

“How could I know when you hardly told me anything regarding why I’m even here in the first place?” she asked him, not breaking their eye contact.

Ezekiel let out a low laugh before lunging at Lana, slamming her against her side of the door. The loud and sudden sound caused Zane to turn to the both of them. He watched as Ezekiel stared down at Lana with an unamused look and Lana did not falter as she held his intense glare. Lana’s hand went to his arm in reflex when he pressed against her neck.

“You think you can deceive me by feigning indifference?”

“Why are you so upset about that? Would you rather I cry and scream after finding out that you murdered my parents? Is that something you get off from?” she spat.

“I suppose a tear or two won’t do any harm. Maybe then you’ll finally know your place, you abomination!” Ezekiel snarled as he placed more pressure against her neck, making it harder for her to breathe.

Lana forced herself to let out a laugh, ignoring the pain that was emitting from her throat. “You won’t succeed...” she choked out.

“That’s enough from you, Lana Danley. Rest while we make our way back home.” He cooed gently as she felt him shift above her and wrapped his fingers around her neck.

“There are...other ways to keep me quiet...you know,” Lana gasped as Ezekiel tightened his grip around her neck.

“Maybe you are right, but this method gives me a lot of joy. Just watching the life drain from your face is rather—exhilarating.”

“You...sick...fuck...” Lana managed to say before the lack of oxygen rendered her unconscious.

“Ezekiel...?” Zane called out nervously.

Ezekiel pulled his hand away from Lana’s limp body and sat back down on his side of the car. He lazily looked over at Zane who was gawking at Lana’s unmoving body.

“Don’t worry. I did not kill her.” he told the boy but at the back of his mind, that was what he desperately wanted to do. But he knew that Lana was the key to his ultimate goal and for now he had to bear with her for a little longer. Just a little longer until he could finally get back what he yearned for so desperately for all these years—the forest.

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When Lana finally came back to her senses, she was greeted by the harsh cold air blowing against her body. The feel of the ground below her felt familiar as she slowly stroked the soft grass she was seated on. A soft groan escaped her lips as she tried to straighten her body and look around, her neck felt uncomfortable and aching.

Do you think the pup will do it, Ezekiel?

Lana heard a voice in her head. She fully regained her consciousness by then as she looked around her surroundings. She was seated on the ground, leaning against a tree while there were werewolves surrounding the area. She noticed Ezekiel was the only one who remained in his human form as he peered down over the edge of the cliff where he was standing.

“If what Zane said is correct, if Lana and River are truly ‘in love’ then he will do as I say.” Ezekiel confirmed, turning his head slightly as the harsh winds blew through his dark hair.

I don’t think a pack leader would give up the forest he is sworn to protect just for the safety of...this hybrid. Another voice asked.

“I did not think Aldric would kill himself to save his human, and see what happened? As I told you once before, love truly is a devastating weakness for one to have.” Ezekiel said, lost in his own thoughts.

“So that’s your big plan? To use me in exchange for the forest?” Lana croaked, her voice was incredibly raw and sore—every word she spoke was truly agonising.

Ezekiel and the werewolves he was speaking to snap their attention to her. “Ah, I forgot you can hear when we communicate through the mind link.” Ezekiel said.

“Yeah I can, but then again you were speaking normally.” She shrugged.

“Oh how I miss the peace and quiet we had when you were still unconscious.” Ezekiel sighed.

“You could always knock me out again.” She scoffed as she pushed herself up, steadying herself with the sturdy tree next to her.

The werewolves by Ezekiel barred their teeth at her sudden movement. Lana noticed Ezekiel wave his hand at them once and they immediately dispersed. Soon, Lana and Ezekiel were alone as the werewolves disappeared behind the darkness of the forest.

“Do you know where we are?” he suddenly asked her, ignoring her prior statement.

“The forest?” she answered.

“I’m not sure if you are trying to be snarky or if you are just plain...dense.”

Lana let out a frustrated sigh. “From the way you keep looking down from the cliff with that look on your face, I could guess that this was the spot you killed my parents?”

A smile appeared on Ezekiel’s lips. “I haven’t been here for years, I could never bring myself to come back here—”

“If you are going to tell me how you regret killing my parents or how their deaths haunt you then save your breath. I really don’t care about your sob story.” Lana firmly told him.

Ezekiel laughed at her bluntness. “Unfortunately for you, I do not regret what I did. The only reason why I could never bring myself to come back to this exact spot was because it reminded me of the time I failed to save Aldric.”

“You are sick, Ezekiel.”

“Am I? Because even if we never saw eye to eye, he was still my friend. If only I acted sooner, got rid of Claire before they became mates, before they had you. Then things would be different. Aldric would still be here—alive and happy.”

“Stop...stop talking as if my father was not happy with his decision to be with my mother.”

“That was the decision that led him to his death.”

“No. You are clearly delusional if you keep blaming everyone but yourself for what happened to them.” Lana spat, her nails painfully scratched through the bark of the tree to restrain herself from attacking Ezekiel. The anger that was coursing through her at that moment was making it hard for her to think or anything else.

Ezekiel beamed at her. “There it is! You finally got sick of pretending that you weren’t angry, huh?”

“Shut your mouth!” she growled and Ezekiel froze. That glare of hers, the sense of authority, everything

reminded him of Aldric. She truly inherited the parts of Aldric that he grew to admire. Seeing his perfection inside this girl...only made his chest tighten. Could he truly regain the one thing he had lost after all these years?

From a distance, Ezekiel could hear them approaching them and soon he could smell them. He watched as Lana turned her attention towards the approaching footsteps, eyes glistening with hope. He then went towards her and grabbed her arm, pulling her closer to the edge of the cliff. A form of déjà vu hitting him as this had happened before with her mother struggling from his grip, the exact same way.

Ezekiel! A familiar voice growled, causing both Lana and Ezekiel to turn to the source.

Lana's chest swelled up at the moment she noticed all the familiar faces who came for her only for that feeling to be overshadowed by the reality of her situation. Ezekiel's grip on her wrist tightened when his eyes met with brown glaring eyes.

"Ray." Ezekiel called out with a smile. "It's nice to see you after so long, old friend."