

## Her Secret 99

### CHAPTER 99 NO.99

The atmosphere grew extremely tense as the Highcaster wolves came out from hiding to show the Rosecliff pack that Ezekiel was not alone. They growled and bared their teeth, snapping at the air in an attempt to showcase their dominance even though they were clearly outnumbered by the Rosecliff pack.

Enough of your games, Ezekiel! Ray's furious voice echoed through Lana's and Ezekiel's head. Release Lana back to us.

"Games?" He laughed. "I'm sorry, I'm rather distracted by the fact that you managed to gather everyone here just to save one abomination." He sneered as he looked for any signs of reaction from the other group. When no one even batted an eye, Ezekiel frowned.

They know the truth about Lana, they know that she is Aldric's blood. Ray finally spoke after noticing Ezekiel's visible confusion.

"And you all just accepted that fact?" he asked, voice trembling from anger. He then dragged Lana in front, holding her out in display. "Her birth is unnatural! The fact that you even came to save her is making me sick."

Natural or not, she is still Aldric's child. She is a part of this pack. Someone said. Lana recognized that voice but before she could pinpoint the owner, a chorus of agreements followed.

All this while Lana was made to believe that no one would fully accept her for being a hybrid but that thought obscured those who accepted her from the very beginning. Ray, Griffin, River, Avery—they were all there to support her through her change.

Ezekiel let out a throaty cackle, pulling his grip away from Lana in disgust. "Well then, since she is such an important member of your pack now, then you would do anything for her safe return, right?" Ezekiel's cynicism was on full display as a sinister smile was plastered on his face.

A large grey wolf stepped forward, blue eyes glaring intensely at Ezekiel's direction. Lana's heart felt as though it increased tenfold when her eyes fell on him—on River.

Speak. He commanded, the sheer power his voice held was enough to send shivers down Lana's spine. He was furious, all of them were as her eyes looked around the pack. Soon, she started to feel guilty that her own recklessness led them to this situation. Her eyes fell on Ezekiel, whose calm and collected façade was quickly fading away.

"It's simple really, even halfwits such as yourselves should be able to understand what I want. Give me and my pack the forest and I'll return Lana to your prepubescent pack leader." He told them, gesturing towards River.

There was a silence that followed and Lana could tell by the looks of the Rosecliff's faces, they must have predicted that this was what Ezekiel wanted. It did not make sense to Lana, especially since their duty as werewolves were to protect this forest. Why would they willingly give up their precious forest for Lana, who could not even fully use her werewolf abilities, who is a nobody in the werewolf society and is made relevant due to her late father's existence.

"Do you really think they will go through with that?" Lana asked Ezekiel. "You must be more deluded than I thought."

Ezekiel's glare snapped back at Lana, his golden eyes sending warnings to her. "Shut your mouth." He emphasised slowly so she could hear each and every word that left his lips.

Lana's gaze then fell over the cliff, noticing how there was a river at the bottom. If what Ezekiel said was true, her parents fell to their deaths at this exact spot. It's rather obvious now that Lana was staring down at it that if her parents missed the river below, they would've plummeted to their deaths.

"Do you think they suffered when they landed on the ground?" she asked absent-mindedly.

"What?" he snapped.

"My parents. Do you think they suffered before they died?" she asked again, gaze never leaving the river below. Now that she thought about it, where she was standing was similar to the place in her dreams. The forest, the river, the moon, everything was exactly the same except for the moon that was hidden behind the clouds.

"...Why should I care about such trivial matters?" Ezekiel brushed over her question. His attention then went back to River as he took the opportunity to walk closer towards the two. Ezekiel grabbed Lana quickly, pushing her in front of her to form some sort of shield in case River decided to attack. "Stay where you are, pup." He said to River.

River stared into River's icy blue eyes—finally coming to terms that he was the wolf she had been seeing in her dreams. Everything was connected and the more she thought about it the more she became aware of what she had to do.

"Well? Do we have an agreement?!" Ezekiel's impatient voice asked, causing River to pull his gaze away from Lana to look at the man beside her.

We came to a conclusion. We accept your—

"No you don't." Lana blurted out before River could finish talking. "Don't do this, River." She winched when she felt Ezekiel's rough hold on her arm.

"Shut up! Know your place, Lana Danley."

Don't touch her! River growled.

"This is ridiculous! Both of you imbeciles are wasting my time!" Ezekiel flared as he dragged Lana towards the edge of the cliff. She stumbled from his rough actions and soon found herself standing directly over the edge.

Stop! Lana heard someone yell but her own mind was screaming at her. Ezekiel was going to push her off the cliff, just one shove and she was gone. He did it before to her own mother and now he was going to do it to her.

"I will kill her! Don't test my patience!" Ezekiel fumed.

There were voices that were talking back but Lana could not focus on what they were saying. Her mind was elsewhere at this point, wondering if this was what her mother felt like when Ezekiel threatened her. She then forced herself to look over at River, his eyes full of fear and dread. Was that what her father looked like at that moment as well?

Lana smiled at River. "It's okay, River." She said, causing the others to turn their attention to her. "I know what I have to do."

Lana...? She could hear his voice in her mind.

She took in a deep breath before looking down at the cliff once more. She was confident that this was what she had to do to avoid the Rosecliff pack from giving up the forest for her safety. She was confident and yet she was afraid because if she failed, she would be dead.

Time was running out, if she did not execute her plan right now Ezekiel would just simply push her or River might interfere. It was now or never, Lana told herself as she twisted her arm free from Ezekiel's grip. Everything happened so fast after that as Lana could feel herself falling from the cliff. She had to be fast, she had only one chance for this plan to work after all. She reached her arms out, stretching them as far as she could and wrapped them around Ezekiel.

It took him by surprise but with Lana's steel grip and the impact of her body falling over the edge, Ezekiel did not have enough time to steady himself. The weight of the two caused the edge of the cliff to be unsteady—crumbling slightly from their struggle. The both of them were then falling from the cliff, heading straight to the river below. Lana found a strange knot of amusement in her stomach as she watched Ezekiel's terrified expression. She could not help but to smile.

"Better hold your breath, Ezekiel!" she said to him, feeling the air in her lungs escaping her before their bodies crashed through the freezing water below with a loud splash.

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The sounds of flowing water could be heard loud and clear. Something brushed against Lana's cheek, causing her eyes to flutter open. She stayed completely still as she stared at the full moon above her. Its dazzling gleam enshrouded Lana's surroundings and she wanted to just stay there and bask under the moonlight. Something moved against her cheek once more, causing her to turn to the source. She jolted away when she noticed that it was a frog and almost immediately regretted moving too fast.

Her entire body screamed at her, pain erupting from every part of her body, especially her sides where her hands unconsciously went too. She turned back to the frog as it croaked at Lana before hopping away. She then looked around the area, quick to note that she was not familiar with this part of the forest. She could not even see the cliff she jumped off from, which only meant that she got washed away by the river. She then attempted to stand up, ignoring the sharp pain that shot through her. As she turned around, she froze—realising that she was not alone.

Ezekiel's unmoving body was a few feet away from her. Lana pondered for a moment, thinking that this would be a good opportunity to just leave him behind and get herself back to Rosecliff but the longer she stared at him and how he did not even move an inch was starting to make her wonder if he was even alive. Lana approached Ezekiel carefully, no doubt that he must be furious at her for dragging him down the cliff.

She nudged Ezekiel's hand lightly with her feet to see if he was going to react, but there was no response. She then forced herself to kneel beside him as she moved his body so he was laying completely flat on his back. Her eyes widened when she noticed his head was bleeding heavily. The clear river water was dyed red from his blood which she did not see earlier due to his body blocking her view.

"Fuck..." she muttered, realising that he must've hit his head on something. The more she stared at his wound, the more she noticed that it could possibly be a life threatening wound as his skull was clearly visible even when it was covered with blood.

He could still heal and survive, a part of Lana reminded herself. But that head injury did not look like it was healing at all. She remembered his words, about how even though werewolves could heal themselves, they were by no means immortal. The fact that Ezekiel could possibly die the same way her parents died was rather ironic to Lana.

Again, the thought of just leaving him behind and tracking her way back to her part of the forest came to mind but could she really just leave a dying man all by himself like this? After a long moment of contemplating, Lana sighed aloud and stood back up. She then looked around, trying to figure out how she was going to get Ezekiel out of the shallow part of the river.