

CHAPTER 104

CHAPTER 104 Make Him Regret

Werewolves clashed with Lycans and werecats in a mad rush to tear enemy throats out and rip out hearts. Trees splintered under vicious blows traded between combatants who cared nothing for their fellow packmates or pride members. Claws dug into flesh as werecreatures battled on all sides. Blood spilled across the ground, and the amount was destined to become crimson pools that would mark this place for a long time.

Amid the chaos, Garrett searched for his target. Blue Creek Pack territory was littered with bodies. Some from warriors, some from pack members who decided to fight instead of submitting. The stench of blood, piss, and shit wafted through the air. Garrett's nostrils flared in disgust. None of this should have happened,

but this was the only way to bring Kenneth to justice. Garrett could not let him escape the consequences of his actions.

With a wolfish grace, Garrett moved through the fray, a lithe and powerful figure of the Grey Blood Pack. His father, Jack, the Alpha, fought with him on his left, and Adam, his Beta, fought with him on his right.

Finally, Garrett's keen senses detected the telltale scent of his adversary. "We found him," Bardur growled. Garrett ran, Jack and Adam knocking wolves out of his way, until Garrett was only feet away from Kenneth. Kenneth broke the neck of a wolf from the Grey Blood pack before smirking at Garrett. Kenneth stood his ground, his arrogance evident in his icy stare and the taunting smirk that played on his lips.

"Kenneth!" Garrett's voice rang out. He locked eyes with the Blue Creek Alpha; the challenge was unmistakable. "I challenge you for the Alpha position of the Blue Creek Pack!" His voice caused all those fighting to stop and look in their direction.

Kenneth's laughter was loud-a bitter and dismissive sound. "You already tried that before, pup. You have no grounds to challenge me. You were too weak before, and you are weak now," Kenneth said.

Jack stepped forward, his authoritative presence underscoring the gravity of the challenge. "Garrett speaks with the full authority of his Beta status and as my chosen successor. Even without it, the challenge is legitimate, Kenneth. You stole his mate, and you allowed a red wolf, your former Luna, to be killed on your watch. You have no choice but to accept his challenge. By not accepting, you are forfeiting your position as Alpha."

Kenneth glared at Jack, wanting to argue, but he saw the Alpha King and the Lycans approaching. He knew he was outmatched by them. Kenneth's only chance was to fight and kill Garrett. Kenneth finally acknowledged the challenge, his tone now grave. "Fine, if you want to die so badly, Garrett, I'll oblige. Very well, Garrett. But let there be no mistake; this will be a fight to the death with no shifting."

Garrett met Kenneth's icy gaze. "Agreed."

With the challenge accepted, Garrett and Kenneth prepared for the duel. The battlefield around them began to shift, creating a circle of space for their confrontation. Werewolves, Lycans, and werecats backed away to watch the fight.

'Make sure to keep your eyes on him. I wouldn't be surprised if he tried to use poison against you. Remember what Matthew said,' Ethan warned through the telepathic connection.

'Avenge our blood,' Jack said firmly through the pack link. Other pack members sounded off, providing support through the pack link. It felt odd to Garrett, as he always assumed that the pack hated him, but that was not the case.

The fight commenced with sudden and brutal intensity. Garrett and Kenneth circled each other, their eyes locked and bodies coiled like spring-loaded traps. The first strike came from Kenneth, a lightning-fast lunge that was expertly blocked by Garrett. Their claws clashed, releasing sparks of energy.

The force of the punch sent Kenneth tumbling off the log, crashing to the ground with a thud. Garrett followed up his attack, leaping on top of Kenneth and pinning him down. Kenneth snarled, his eyes blazing with fury as he struggled against Garrett's weight.

"You'll pay for that, pup," Kenneth spat, thrashing beneath Garrett's grip, making sure to protect his neck.

'Make him regret his words!' Bardur snarled within Garrett.

Garrett didn't respond, instead focusing on delivering a flurry of punches to Kenneth's face. Blood sprayed from Kenneth's nose as the blows landed. With a sudden burst of strength, Kenneth managed to throw Garrett off of him, sending him flying several feet away.

Garrett landed hard on the ground, rolling to his feet just in time to see Kenneth charging at him. 'Move! He has a syringe!' Adam's voice screamed in Garrett's mind. Garrett dodged to the side, barely missing the syringe.

"Pathetic! You can't win without cheating!" Garrett snarled, slapping the syringe out of his hand. "You knew you couldn't fight my brother one on one; that's why you killed his wolf, you coward! You're no better than the Hunters!"

"I don't need it to kill you," Kenneth growled. His claws raked across Garrett's shoulder before Garrett could dodge his next attack. Garrett gritted his teeth, ignoring the pain as he retaliated with a fierce punch to the side of Kenneth's head, allowing Garrett to make space to proceed with the next attack.

Garrett and Kenneth continued to trade blows, their bodies moving at incredible speeds as they fought with everything they had. Garrett's pack watched in awe as their Beta held his own against the brutal Blue Creek Alpha. As the fight wore on, Garrett's exhaustion began to show. His movements became slower and his strikes less precise as his body began to tire.

"Look at you. I told you, boy, you were no match for me." Kenneth laughed, taunting Kenneth, who saw his opportunity and lunged forward with a vicious snarl.

'Stop listening to him. Listen to me. We need one good opening. I will give you all the strength I have, but you have to focus,' Bardur growled. With a fierce growl, Garrett launched himself at Kenneth, taking him off guard, as he wasn't expecting Garrett to move this fast. Where did this newfound strength come from?

Kenneth stumbled backward, giving Garrett the opening he needed. Instead of using his fists, Garrett threw a roundhouse kick, which hit Kenneth square in the ribs and knocked him back on his heels. Kenneth, once filled with arrogance, now gives way to growing frustration and fear.

"You're not talking now; are you, bastard?" Garrett snarled. He dove under Kenneth's punch, and Garrett's fist connected squarely into Kenneth's chin, uppercutting him off his feet and driving Kenneth to the ground. Victory was within his grasp as Garrett moved quickly to rip out Kenneth's throat.

"Garrett!" Adam called out. He grabbed Garrett by his shoulder, pulling him backward before he could deliver the final, fatal bite and narrowly missing a silver bullet. Kenneth's warriors intervened, shooting widely as werecreatures fled for cover.

Kenneth seized this opportunity to flee. He disappeared into the frenzy of combat, retreating to a van that quickly drove away.