

CHAPTER 80

CHAPTER 80 Kill the Foul Blood

"I should punch you in the face for making me wait so long to make things right with her," Garrett growled as he walked into Ethan's office, his frustration simmering beneath the surface.

Ethan leaned back in his chair, his eyes crinkling with amusement. The history between him and Garrett was complex, a mixture of mentorship and friendship as he was part of the reason that Garrett had the confidence to walk out of the shadow of his father. "And risk everyone knowing about our relationship? No. That would've been an idiotic move, my friend."

Their friendship had deepened after Garrett severed ties with his father's pack, seeking refuge and guidance from Ethan. It helped that most of their encounters in Garrett's youth had been positive.

"You could've told me what you were planning to do, and don't act like you didn't want or didn't try to get Lily to choose you instead of me," Garrett sulked.

"Of course, why wouldn't I? It would be stupid for me not to make a move on an unmarked she-wolf with ancient, royal blood," he admitted, earning another growl from Garrett. "But she only has eyes for you and she and I are better off as friends. So, again, congratulations."

Garrett grumbled a begrudging "thank you" but couldn't hide the smile that tugged at his lips. He knew Ethan was right, even if he didn't want to admit it.

"Just remember," Ethan continued, his tone turning serious, "you messed things up with her once before. Don't make the same mistakes again. Lily deserves your unwavering commitment and love."

Garrett sighed, his shoulders slumping slightly. "Damn. Are you going to scold me too? I am never going to hear the end of it."

Ethan leaned forward, his gaze penetrating. "I've known you for a long time, Garrett. I've seen your growth to get through past betrayals. You've got this, but you can't afford to let your past mistakes define your future with Lily."

A knock interrupted their conversation. One of his warriors entered the room. He bowed to Ethan and said, "I apologize for interrupting my king."

Ethan's brow furrowed in concern as he turned his attention to the warrior.

"What's going on?"

The warrior hesitated for a moment before responding, "Adrian is awake now."

Garrett's face darkened at the mention of Adrian's name. He couldn't forget the Lycan who had attacked Lily, and he suspected that this development was connected to the recent incident.

Ethan exchanged a quick glance with Garrett before rising from his seat. "Let's go speak with Adrian."

They made their way to the dank and dimly lit dungeon, where the atmosphere was heavy with an unsettling foreboding. Adrian was huddled in a corner,

muttering incoherently, his eyes darting around as if he were being pursued by unseen shadows.

"Adrian," Ethan called out, his voice firm and commanding. Adrian's head snapped up, his once-sharp eyes now vacant and haunted. "They're

coming for us. Can't you hear them whispering in the darkness?"

Garrett moved closer to Adrian, his expression a mix of concern and frustration.

"Adrian, it's me, your Alpha. What's happening? Who's coming for us?"

But Adrian's response was a chaotic and unintelligible string of words that made no sense. It was evident that he was trapped in a nightmarish world of his own making.

Ethan shared a grave look with Garrett. "This isn't right. Adrian was always one of our most dependable warriors. We need to find out what's causing this."

Garrett's anger surged, his patience wearing thin. He grabbed Adrian by the collar and gave him a rough shake. "Snap out of it, Adrian! What the hell happened?"

Adrian's eyes momentarily focused on Garrett, but he continued to mutter senseless gibberish. It was clear that he was in no condition to provide answers.

"Garrett... he is not in his right mind," Ethan said.

Garrett's frustration boiled over. He threw Adrian to the ground, his voice low and menacing. "What kind of bullshit is this? You had no problem attacking Lily. Get up!"

Adrian's eyes met Garrett's, but his words remained incoherent. Frustration mounting, Garrett kicked at him, sending him crashing into the nearby wall.

"Tell me who put you up to this," he growled, his patience exhausted.

"Enough Garrett," Ethan growled, placing a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"How can you be so calm about this? Your warrior, your pack member, betrayed you? Garrett asked.

"I am not calm. I am fucking angry, but that doesn't change the fact that he was poisoned," Ethan explained. "He wasn't in his right mind."

"I don't care. He has to know something, and I plan to get some sort of information out of him. I am not letting him off so easily," Garrett snapped.

"Garrett, you are overstepping your boundaries here. Leave him be," Ethan growled. Garrett was his friend, but he was also the Lycan King, and he was not

going to stand for Garrett doing whatever he wanted, especially not in front of his subordinates.

'Try a different tactic. Beating him isn't working,' Berric advised. 'Listen to his words. Speak to him in a way that he will understand.'

'I am not going to entertain his bullshit. This is all a ruse to get out of punishment for what he did and tried to do to Lily,' Garrett responded.

'Stop letting your anger blind you. Ask him about 'they'. Play along,' Berric recommended.

"Adrian, I am sorry for hitting you, but I am scared too. They are after me as well," Garrett said, trying to sound nice even though he wanted to choke the life

out of him.

Adrian focused on him again before saying, "You too? Oh Goddess! Can you hear them?"

"Yes, yes, what are they telling you?"

"Kill, kill, kill the foul blood. Kill the foul blood. Mongrels. Put them in their place," Adrian said, "but I can't. Lycan King. Alpha. Matters. But I have to.

Can't. Kill the foul blood."

"Foul blood?" Garrett repeated and looked at Ethan, who had a pale expression.

"Foul blood, what does that mean?"

"Let's speak in private," Ethan said. Garrett and Ethan left the dimly lit dungeon, their minds filled with questions and concern. They returned to the relative comfort of Ethan's office.

"Okay. You look like you know exactly what he was talking about," Garrett said.

"I haven't heard that fucking curse since the war," Ethan stated, pouring himself and Garrett a shot of whiskey. "I know exactly who he is talking about, but this would mean that this is far more serious than I originally thought."

"Ethan,"

"Hunters refer to us as foul-blooded mongrels. If they are behind this, then we are on the brink of another war."