

Chapter 1518 A New Disclosure

A red flush crept through Laney's cheeks at Harrell's words. She was filled with the urge to pull her hand away.

Garrett was much calmer in comparison. He held on to her hand as he snorted, "Ignore him, Laney. He's just jealous."

She had not expected him to be so unabashed. Laney's face burned hotter as she protested in a low voice, "Let go of me!"

"Not happening. You can never get rid of me. I'll always be by your side to protect you now." Garrett tightened his grip stubbornly.

Laney knew that this was not the time nor the place to argue. With a warning look, she said, "Behave yourself!"

Garrett remained unfazed by her threat. Without a word, he turned his head, as if he had not heard anything.

Harrell couldn't help but laugh at the couple's antics. He shook his head, saying, "Well, let's go."

We'll be late."

With one last glare at Garrett, Laney pulled him carefully behind and followed Harrell. Together, the three walked through a secret path that led to the Darkmoon Assassin Group's headquarters.

As they walked forward, Laney's eyes roamed around, quietly observing the space. Cautiously, she asked Harrell, "Is Jeremy here now?"

The mention of the man's name made Garrett's face stiffen. Laney felt his grip tighten around her hand as he whispered, "If you're ever in danger later, protect yourself. Don't hesitate or think of me."

His concern warmed her heart, and Laney's face softened even as her voice remained cold. "Worry about yourself. If he's really here, you would be in a much more dangerous position than me."

Despite her callous words, Garrett had already learned how to read her. The gentle expression on Laney's face betrayed her real emotions.

Laney was not very good at hiding her real intentions. Garrett touched his nose and chuckled.

He had already made up his mind. He

understood the possible risk of what they were about to do. If it came down to it, he was ready to lay down his life if it meant saving Laney.

Harrell was walking quietly in front of them, quietly listening to their conversation. Only when it was clear that the two were already finished did he answer, "The truth is, I'm not even sure if Jeremy is here or not."

This made Laney frown. Her surprise quickly turned to skepticism. "From what I know, you are one of the higher-ups in the Darkmoon. How could you not know if he's here or not?"

A wry smile appeared on Harrell's lips. "That's only half of the truth. I may have been raised by Mr. Scott, but I'm not the one he favors, and he's tight-lipped about his work. He won't let me in on many of his secrets. At most, he has only let me be involved with managing the underground boxing club."

Laney was stunned at this disclosure. She had assumed that Harrell held a lot of power in the group, but it seemed that she had overestimated him. Initially, she thought that his cooperation ensured that things would go smoothly. However, that was no longer the case—not when he himself admitted his inadequacy.

The apprehension in her eyes did not go unnoticed by Harrell. With a reassuring smile, he said, "Don't worry. I can't do much from within the group, but I've already found the location of Jeremy's lab. This path would lead us straight to it."

Laney breathed in relief. It seemed that she had worried over nothing. She looked at Harrell and saw the hatred in his eyes. His expression confused her.

"You seem to hate him very much. What do you have against him?"

Harrell's eyes darkened, his hands clenching into fists at his side. "I didn't agree to work with Brandon for no reason. I came here to destroy Jeremy's lab. Now would be the perfect time to do it when Mr. Scott isn't here."

Laney furrowed her brows. "But if you destroy his lab, it would be a huge loss for the Darkmoon as well. The drugs he had developed there were specially made for your underground boxers. Those drugs are your cash cow."

A shadow of gloom fell across Harrell's eyes. "You probably don't know, but those drugs have serious side effects. I have several friends who participate in underground fighting, and they

have all taken these drugs. It led to irreparable damage to their bodies."

"Does Britton know about this?"

"You think he'd care about it?" Harrell laughed humorlessly. "As long as it makes money for the group, he wouldn't give two shits about the lives of those boxers. They're just tools to earn him cash, and they're all disposable. He could always find others to replace them. But it's different for me. Those people are my friends, and I can't just sit back and watch them destroy themselves."

As he spoke, Harrell's eyes burned with loathing. "But it doesn't end there. Mr. Scott is getting old, and his judgment is slipping. He has started using the drugs on the bodyguards as well. If things keep on going like this, it would only be a matter of time before the Darkmoon completely goes out of control."