

## Chapter 216

### The Critical Situation 8

Dawn had a small bottle of poison in her hand that she was ready to throw it to Blake's face the moment he was getting close to her.

She needed him to get as close as possible with her, because she only had one chance and she couldn't screw it up.

However, Ava jumped between her and Blake in order to save Dawn from her evil son, but Blake had enough and finally saw his mother as nothing, but a nuisance.

He saw his mother in the eyes when he slit her throat and her blood splashed his face. There was nothing in his eyes, there was no sadness, remorse, or even guilt. He looked... indifferent.

"I told you not to interfere and live your life quietly, but you didn't listen..." Blake said coldly, he watched Ava's body fell to the floor and stepped on her, as he continued to walk toward Dawn.

Meanwhile, Dawn was petrified. She didn't see this coming at all. She saw Ava was choked on her own blood, as her eyes stared at Dawn, she didn't know what she wanted to say, but her mouth formed a name.

Arren.

The poor woman only wanted to see her grandchild. She was worried about her grandson and now, she was not going to see him ever again.

Ava was still alive, she was still struggling, but there was no chance for her to survive in this rate with how much she was losing blood, more so, the wound was too deep and her healing ability couldn't catch up with it in time.

Dawn was mortified, she watched how life slowly left Ava's body, while she kept saying one name only. Arren.

"H- how could you do that to your own mother?" Dawn lifted her eyes and met with Blake's, he was already crouching down in front of Dawn, he didn't even give a single glance when his mother breathed her last. "How could you do that to her?"

"I have warned her not to stand on my way..." Blake replied, his voice and expression were devoid from any emotions, as if he blamed Ava for her own demise. "Now, let's go. We need to go now before the real chaos happened here."

Dawn was still shocked, she was hyperventilating. This was not the first time she saw someone died, or even was killed, but Ava... she didn't do anything wrong. Compared to what her father and the other had done to her; Ava was an angel.

"How could you kill her? She is your own mother. She only wanted to see her own grandson..." Dawn didn't know why she was rambling like this, but she couldn't bring herself to look Blake in the eyes.

"It's okay, Dawn. We will give her the grandson that she wanted."

That was the nastiest words that Dawn kept hearing, coming from his stupid mouth and this snapped her from whatever shock or grievances that she was in. Her grip on the bottle that she was holding, tightened. She gritted her teeth, when she endured his touch, as he helped her to stand up.

She lifted her head and finally met him in the eyes and this made Blake happy, because he thought Dawn finally deigned to see him again.

But Dawn unscrewed the small bottle and then then splashed the liquid inside to Blake's face. Her eyes were ablaze with rage, as he watched him blinked a few times.

"What is it? Are you trying to pour water on me?" Blake raised his brows, curious why Dawn splashed him with water.

But his question was soon answered when he felt the itchiness on his face, as if his skin was being burned and melted.

"What the fuck, Dawn?!"

At first, he didn't feel it, but soon, the feeling of being burned started to creep from the area where his face was being splashed by the liquid. The burning sensation was getting worse and when he tried to wipe it off, he could see blood on his palm, as his skin peeled off.

"Fuck you, Dawn!"

Blake hollered, he was trying to get to Dawn, but she already dodged him and grabbed a knife from the table, she stabbed his shoulder and pulled the knife mercilessly, which only exacerbated the wound. Blood oozed out.

Meanwhile, Dawn looked at him with pure disgust.

"Go to hell, Blake."

This time, Dawn slashed his fingers, as he tried to reach to her. Three of his fingers fell to the floor, its skin had been peeled off and the sight of it was simply nauseating, but Dawn managed to watch it.

She saw how Blake was struggling to speak, because the liquid must have entered his mouth and it melted his inner mouth and tongue.

Dawn raised her knife again and stabbed his eyes. "That's for threatening my son." She then stabbed his head. "That's for putting my son and my mate in danger." She stabbed the side of his head until he fell to his knees, but pretty much alive. "That's for coming after me." This time, Dawn stabbed his throat and let the knife stuck there. "And that for being an ungrateful son and killed your own mother."

Blake was still fighting, he was struggling, his good eye fixed on Dawn, it was hard to discern how he felt about it, but Dawn couldn't care less about that little detail.

She felt a little bit of sadness when she watched how Blake was struggling in his last breath. He couldn't blame anyone, but himself because he was the one, who was willingly succumbed into his insanity after the rejection.

He should have carried on with his life with Emily and their son, with that he wouldn't need to have a tragic end like this.

After all, once upon a time, Blake was a sweet boy, he was the only friend that Dawn had.

Once upon a time, he was her sweet destined mate, who would go extra length for her.

## Chapter 217

### The Critical Situation 9

Dawn stared at Blake's dead body for a little while; she then walked toward Ava's and then looked for something to cover her body.

She knelt down and brushed off her hair. "I will take care of your grandson, Ava. Thank you."

After that, Dawn shifted into her brown beast and left the room. She was in hurry to get out of this place, because she needed to find Zenith.

Right now, he was the one, who was in a great danger.

But it was hard when a lot of monsters swarmed the pack house and it became even more harder for Dawn to get through them, because they were literally everywhere.

Thankfully, she saw the knights and warriors fought their way inside the pack house and to see them here brought some sense of relief, because Dawn thought Zenith would be around.

[Where is Zenith?] Dawn mind linked one of the warriors when she was close enough.

Realizing that their luna was there, all of them immediately created a barrier around her to protect her from the monsters.

James, one of the warriors explained to her about what happened and how they lost the alpha because he chased after Blake when he provoked him with her hair.

Dawn should have noticed this.

[Where did he go?!]

James was not sure, but he said that princess Zaya and king Rowan, also some of the knight and the royal beta had chased after them and pointed at the direction that they left.

[I am not sure, luna, but I think they went to that direction.]

Without a second thought, Dawn went toward that direction with a few warriors, but when they were in the open area and saw the sky, all of them stopped for a moment and was dumbstruck.



What the hell?!

The sky was so red, as if there were flames behind the clouds, as if there was actually fire in the sky. The sky was on fire.

Dawn staggered back, she whimpered in her wolf form when a rush of memories intruded her mind and she was barely able to steady herself because of the impact.

At that time, two monsters came toward her and attacked her. Thankfully, the warriors around her immediately took the protection stand and the rest killed them.

Meanwhile, Dawn was still reeling in the new memories that she got. She subconsciously shifted back into her human form and knelt down, tears streamed down her cheeks, but she couldn't utter a single word, her heart ached so bad, as she tried to comprehend this new information.

"Luna, are you, okay?" James approached Dawn, he had shifted back into his human form as well. "Let's get you out of here. This situation doesn't look good."

"No." Dawn shook her head, it was so hard for her to speak right now, but she was adamant to continue. "We need to find Zenith."

Dawn closed her eyes and composed herself before she shifted back into her beast form and immediately rushed away to look for Zenith.

The warrior was a better hunter than her, thus they managed to catch Zaya and king Rowan's scent, which led them to where Zenith was.

Above them the sky looked like it was burned, but this sight was not only happening in the Oregan continent, but all of the other continents could see it too.

They were scared, many people hid inside their houses and prayed whatever was going on right now, it would end in a good note.

And for Zander, he had been trying to figure out what he should do. Archie was in his control, but this man was not much of a help.

Hecate had tried to make him spoke, but he was not as good as Dawn in a matter of poison.

"You are all going to die. You are all going to lose your demonic wolf spirit. This world shouldn't have any shifters. Your kind is the epitome of evil."

Zander glowered at him and when he thought there was nothing, he could get from Archie anymore, he allowed Hecate to do whatever with him.

"He is yours," Zander said to Hecate. Whose eyes lit up with excitement.

"I can do whatever?"

"You can do whatever."

Hecate then hummed, as he dragged Archie by his hair.

What he was going to do to Archie was the least of Zander's concern right now, because he was wondering what was going to happen now.

And this was even more frustrating when there was nothing he could do. From the next room, he could hear Zade was crying, the baby was not usually cranky like this and he immediately went to look for him.

Celine and Yara looked trouble, they didn't know what to do with the baby, because Zade was very restless.

"What happened, sweet boy?" Zander asked, picked Zade up and carried him in his arms, as he kept crying and buried his face against the crook of his neck.

His little hand pointed at the window, where he could see the red sky.

"Are you afraid?"

Zander then told them to close all the window and instructed them all to go to the safe place, just in case something even worser than this happened.

And that was all he could do right now, while waiting for the reply from the Andelus Kingdom, which he was not certain he would get any reply soon.

The last report that he got was about them managed to secure the Holy Kingdom. Right now, there was no more Holy Kingdom.

But then, if whatever shit that dragon sect was doing succeeded, they didn't need Holy Kingdom, they would build a new kingdom in this continent, which was suck.

At the same time, Zaya managed to locate where Zenith was and what she was seeing was something that she couldn't believe was happening.

Zenith was being forced to shift into his beast's form, but there was something ominous about his black beast and she couldn't say what.

## Chapter 218

### The Critical Situation 10

There were eleven. Twelve people including Jared, who surrounded Zenith, they were using their black magic on him, trying to extract the black magic that came from the alpha.

The unique black magic that Zenith carried was the purest form of black magic that Jared had been looking for.

Something this strong would allow him to eradicate all the shifters, it would kill all of their wolf spirit, which left them with nothing, but hollow.

For a shifter, who lost their wolf spirit, it was akin to lose yourself and one could die because of it. In short, not only Jared tried to exterminate the whole shifter, but in a long run, he was going to kill them all.

"No... we need to stop that," Zaya said, she gritted her teeth and tried to get closer to their barrier, but even before she got too close, she was suffocated, as if all air inside her lungs was being sucked out of her body.

Pyro caught her hand and pulled her back.

"We can't. We can't get too close to them," Pyro said, the two of them wouldn't be able to fight against twelve strong black magic users.

This was a suck situation.

"There must be something that we can do, right?" Zaya stared at her hand, her palms were burned when she tried to break the protection shield.

Rowan tore his clothes and then wrapped it around her scalded hands. "Do you have any idea? I am not familiar with this magic thing."

No. Zaya didn't. She looked around her and the flames sky, she felt this ominous feeling, but of course, they couldn't just stand there and watch how they tortured Zenith and do whatever they wanted with her big brother.

"Zaya!" Dawn called her the moment she saw her. She approached them and watched what Jared was doing to Zenith.

"Dawn, are you, okay?"

"I am fine."

Zaya immediately filled her in about what happened and from what she told Dawn, the latter realized that she didn't get the last piece of information from their previous life.

"There is a way, Zaya," Dawn said, she was hesitated, but Zaya prodded her.

"This is not the time to hesitate, Dawn. Tell me what you have seen. How did you stop this madness in the previous life?"

Dawn pressed her lips, it was so hard to say it, but from the look in her eyes, Zaya knew almost immediately, as if she could read her well.

"It has something to do with me, right?" Zaya narrowed her eyes. "You don't want to tell me because this will put me in danger?"

Dawn didn't need to answer that, because her silent was already an answer for Zaya.

"What should I do? What should I do to stop this?" Zaya became even more frustrated because Dawn didn't want to speak. "Damn it, Dawn! Speak now. Are you going to watch your mate being mauled like that?!"

With no other choice, Dawn started to tell her what she could do to stop this madness.

"Zenith was born with black magic, even though he is not a magic user, but you are a magic user, Zaya." Dawn kept glancing toward Zenith's direction, as she felt like her heart was gripped so tightly.

"Yes, but it's not possible for me to fight twelve black magic users, Dawn. I would have done that, if I could."

Dawn shook her head. "They tried to extract the black magic from Zenith, but what you had done was different."

Zaya narrowed her eyes. "What had I done?" She understood that Dawn was telling her about the first life.

"You absorbed it."

"You want me to absorb the black magic?" Zaya widened her eyes. "I absorbed it?" She shook her head. "It's not possible, Dawn, no magic user could absorb black magic."



They could extract it and claim it as theirs when it came to black magic, but absorbing the black magic straight off the source, was not something that a magic user was capable of doing it.

"A strong magic user happened to have done this in the past and I am sure you must know who magic user that I am talking about."

Zaya didn't need to think twice before she blurted out. "My mother."

"Yes." Dawn grabbed Zaya's hand.

She explained how they carried a piece of their mother and because they were conceived in different situation, the power that they held were obviously different.

"How can I do that?" Zaya looked at her brother that was still fighting back. "I don't know how."

The wind was getting harsh and the heat from it made their skin was burning. Sweat trickled down from their forehead, as the temperature rose up.

They needed to leave this area quickly, or else, they were going to be burned into ashes.

"I don't know, Zaya. That's not something that I remembered." Dawn shook her head. "I think that's something that you need to remember on your own."

Zaya felt defeated and from the look of it, she could see that Jared managed to extract some of the black magic out of Zenith's body, it came as black wisp.

"How you saw me?" Zaya finally asked the crucial question. "How am I in your memory?"

Dawn didn't want to answer this, but then her answer came as a whisper, as she replied to her question. "Dying."

Zaya tried to laugh, as if it could ease the tension. "No wonder you are being very reluctant to tell me."

Dawn gritted her teeth. She felt like crying. She wanted to save Zenith, but to ask for Zaya to sacrifice herself... she couldn't even bring herself to mention it.

Fortunately, Zaya was smart enough to catch up to that.

"Well," Zaya drawled. "Let's try."

Rowan stopped her when she was about to approach the shield again. "No," he said sternly.

But, before a whole argumentation could ensue, all of sudden all the shifter was forced back to shift into their human form.

## Chapter 219

### The Critical Situation 11

By the time the shifters were forced back to shift into their human form, they had killed more than half of the monsters around the pack house.

Right now, the building had turned into ruined and shambles, because of countless fight that happened there.

And without the protection of their beast, they were in their vulnerable state, in which the knights had to step in, fighting the monster and protecting the shifters at the same time.

The look from the result of this battle was not good at all. They could lose this battle anytime, even more with the black magic users had the upper hand in this situation.

"Pyro, come with me," Dawn said, she grabbed Pyro's hand even before the royal beta could comprehend what was she was doing.

"Where are you going?" Pyro asked. He followed Dawn, rushing away from Zenith and the twelve black magic users.

Dawn didn't reply to his question and kept running in her human form, she felt the pain, as if her heart was being gripped so tight.

This was the feeling when your wolf spirit was restless, as if it could feel the predicament. The black magic users were going to kill all the wolf spirit and that was why all of the shifters felt this way.

At this point, they couldn't shift into their beast and was essentially defenseless.

Pyro was running beside Dawn; he created a shield for them from the monsters. This was one of the reasons why Dawn took Pyro with her, because she couldn't defend herself right now.

"Where are we going?!" Pyro asked again after they dodged the attack of one of the monsters.

"To the safe place," Dawn replied.

Ava told her that everyone in the pack house had been evacuated to the safe place, she needed to find Lyra and figure out something.

"Kill them all, Pyro," Dawn said when she saw four black magic users that approached them. They were not the best magic users among their fellows; therefore, it was pretty easy for Pyro to kill them all.

Once they managed to kill the four black magic users, Dawn opened the door to the safe place and saw there were less than a hundred people there.

Her heart lurched, she was sure that those magic users had used some of the pack member as their sacrifice, or they simply didn't really care enough to gather all of them to stay here.

"Lyra!" Dawn called her name, as she went inside to look for her. "Lyra! Where are you!?"

The safe place was a large space under the ground. You have to walk down the stairs to reach its door, in this place there was food supply and all the things that you needed to survive for a few days.

"Dawn?" Lyra was sitting at the corner; she immediately stood up and then approached her. "What are you doing here? How can you be here?"

"I have no time to explain this, come. Come with me," Dawn said, she grabbed her hand and then guided them out of the place.

Lyra was shocked when she saw the sky was burning. It was so red.

"What happened?"

"I am not sure," Dawn said, she then explained to her about all the thing that she knew and why she looked for her.

Meanwhile, Pyro followed behind them, protecting them, since that was the only thing that he could do.

"I don't think potion like that existed Dawn. I have never heard something like that."

"I know."

At this time, no, but in their first lifetime, it was actually Lyra, who managed to create that said potion.

This knowledge came to her along with the memory of how to save Zenith. Dawn still couldn't see the end of it, but the last thing she saw was; Zaya was dying because she absorbed Zenith's black magic.

The alpha might hate her now because she put his sister's life in danger in order to save his, but... Dawn couldn't think of something else.

It was not about Zaya's life only, but the rest of the shifter's world as well.

If those black magic users managed to get him and succeed with their attempt, it would be the end for the shifters. All of them would lose their wolf spirit and shifter would only be a history.

That was not how Dawn wanted this battle to end.

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"My king, I am not sure what this, but..." Yara approached Zander, as he pulled down Zade's pants and showed him a mark on his thigh.

Zade had been crying ever since he was saved from Archie, they thought he was crying because he wanted his mother, but then Yara noticed the little one kept patting his thigh and when she checked it, she saw this black mark, like a small tattoo on his skin.

Zander immediately inspected that and recognized that this was the mark that was left by the black magic users to the children for their sacrifice.

Apparently, Archie or Blake had managed to put the mark on baby Zade in their encounter earlier.



"Fuck."

Zander was seeing red and Zade kept patting his thigh. They didn't know what he felt, but it seemed, he was not comfortable with the mark.

"Dada..." Zade kept asking his father, as he cried in between.

Zander was at loss of what to do now.

And when his focus was on Zade, suddenly Yara knelt down and gasped, as if someone just knocked her. She clutched her chest and closed her eyes.

"What is it? What happened?"

Yara shook her head. "The beast... my wolf is very restless," she said.

Zander couldn't feel anything, because he didn't have his wolf spirit, but when he looked around, all of the warriors had the same reaction like Yara. They were in pain and Zade cried even harder.

It was too much for his little body to endure the pain. He kept crying for Zenith and Dawn. His face turned red.

## Chapter 220

### The Critical Situation 12

"This is not a good idea, Zaya." Rowan didn't let go of her wrist, as he tried to stop her from approaching the shield where the twelve black magic users had created.

The heat from the shield burned them. Rowan had already taken off his armor, because it was made of steel and he felt like he was being roasted, even the hilt of his sword was too hot for him to touch.

"Indeed." Zaya nodded. She raised her hand and looked at Rowan's hand that held her, she chuckled at him. "Maybe if we can survive this, you can ask my hand to my brother."

"I have. He rejected and he said you like woman."

Zaya rolled her eyes and then tiptoed to peck his lips. "Now, go."

"A peck couldn't make me leave you, princess."

However, Zaya didn't have time for that, she then created a shield around her, which forced Rowan to back off. He cursed under his breath and tried to break the shield, but he couldn't. Zaya's shield was too solid.

"Damn it, Zaya!"

Zaya tilted her head to see his attempt to break her shield, she smiled at him, which was not amusing for Rowan at all.

The hilt of his sword was so hot, he could feel the heat burned his palms, but he refused to let go and keep swinging it against the shield, so hard. Still, the shield didn't budge.

"You wanted to see my power, right?" Zaya said lightly. "Now, watch this."

Zaya looked like her happy go lucky self and when she turned around, her body was glowing. It was not a divine power that she had, but her power was actually unique enough for the Holy Kingdom people to want her to stay with them and nurtured her.

At that time, she despised them because she had to work so hard on her power, but right now, she was grateful because she had this power, though she was still holding a grudge toward those elders.

Zaya closed her eyes and there were flames around her feet that looked like tendrils, at first it was small, but then it grew like vines and then it expanded and looked like a huge wave of flames, which forced Rowan to step back.

And now, with the sky was on fire, the wave of flames from Zaya and the strong heat from the shield that was created by those black magic users, Rowan felt like all he could see was only fire.

As if the world would be burned down into ashes.

"We need to get out of here, my king!" Addie said quickly. He had never seen something like this before. he had gone through countless battle, but the battle against the magic users was completely in different level. "We shouldn't have involved ourselves in their matter..." he muttered under his breathe.

It would be an honor to die in a battlefield, but he didn't want to be roasted to die.

"We need to go!" Addie pulled Rowan's hand, but the king didn't budge. He kept his eyes fixed on the auburn hair woman, who was standing in the middle of the flames that she created and watched how strong her power was.

Zaya told him to watch and that was what he would do.

The flames engulfed the shield that was created by the black magic users; thus, you could see how large their shield was, but at the same time, you also could see how strong Zaya's magic power was.

This was the reason those elders from the Holy Kingdom didn't want to let her go, because they saw a lot of potential in her.

She could be a role that would be able to lead the Holy Kingdom, knowing who was her mother, it was also an outstanding point for Zaya to have an influence in the Holy Kingdom.

However, she left the place the first chance she got, but even so, she was powerful enough right now.

Fire reflected in her blue eyes, as she figured out how to absorb Zenith's black magic, as they extracted it out of his body. She needed to do it quickly before Jared could claim it.

Yet, Zaya didn't have any idea of how to do it. She was at lost. That was the time when she felt someone hugged her from behind.

Guiding her of how to circulate her energy and the grasp the power from the black magic. The heat from the flames around her suddenly grew cold, she felt like the fire that she created turned into ice. She shuddered.

Out of instinct, she fought back this uncomfortable feeling, because this power was so foreign in her body, she didn't like the ominous feeling that surrounded her and when she opened her eyes, she realized what the cause of this coldness.

The black wisp that came from Zenith lingered around the fire that she created, essentially extinguished it.

From the look of it, the black wisp swallowed the fire from Zaya and eventually, it would swallow her as well. Put her in the darkness.

At this point, all of her instinct told her to fight back, though there was this soft, familiar voice that whispered to her to let it go, to give it in to the darkness.

It was so hard to fight your own instinct, but when Zaya closed her eyes again, she let it the black wisp to consume her.

"Mother..." she said softly and then stopped trying to fight back.

The last thing she saw Jared rushed toward her, as if he was going to do something, his face hardened with rage and so the other eleven black magic users, but their figures immediately blocked by the darkness that engulfed her.

Being in the darkness it felt like you were being plunged into a deep, dark, cold river during the winter night.

It was extremely cold and suffocating, as if thousand needles made holes on your skin.