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They said something to Zander, but at the same time, they didn't say anything.

Zander heard this noise in the background, as if they were trying to communicate with him somehow, but their mouth didn't move. They kept staring at him.

Most of the time, he would put back his golden mask and they would turn around and leave him alone, as if they didn't see him.

All this time, he wouldn't stand to not wear his mask for a few minutes, unless he was unconscious and sleeping, but right now, he pushed through. His mask fell on his feet beside him and he stared back at them.

"What do you want?" Zander asked again. His voice was raspy. He breathed raggedly, but when he closed his eyes and opened them again,

there was a new resolution in his eyes. "Whatever you are going to do, do it now."

He was not sure how it could help Zade, but his instinct told him that everything was related to one another.

He calmed himself down. There was nothing to lose now. His siblings were out there and he didn't know what happened to them, but seeing the situation with the shifters, thing wouldn't look good on them no matter how he tried to stay positive.

Therefore, if these ghosts were trying to do something with him, there was nothing that he couldn't endure.

It was time to accept that life has no more to give.

"Do it," Zander said firmly.

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Zaya and Pyro marched toward the Moonlight pack and they could already see how devastated this place was. The pack was ruined and when they crossed the harbor, the sea was boiling.

"This is..." Pyro shuddered. You could see the white fog above the sea and the surface of the water that boiled. "I have never seen anything like this."

Zaya didn't answer him immediately, but then she pressed her lips and took a deep breath. "I did."

She had seen this once in her previous lifetime. Something like this happened and now she knew how to absorb Zenith's black magic power.

Dawn was right, it was her, who had done it. She was the one, who had absorbed all the magic power that came from Zenith, but that was not the end of it.

Their memories returned by it was not whole, it came piece by piece, which was very annoying and frustrating when you were in hurry to get more information of how to end this situation.

"You did?" Pyro was surprised, but Zaya didn't explain, yet he could guess where Zaya had seen something like this.

It must have something to do with her first life.

"Say, why do you think I couldn't see my past life like you and Dawn did?"

Zaya shook her head. "I don't know. I am not sure. I think not all people got the chance to see their first lifetime. This is anomaly."

Pyro and Zay then spent the rest of their trip back to Moonlight pack in silence, but as they got closer to the battlefield, their body became so tense.

They could see the knights and the black beast fought and somehow, Zaya was relief to see that king Rowan was still standing, fighting back with all of his might with his knights.

But then, they spotted Dawn and Darius.

Zaya rushed toward them and immediately got off the horse to approach the two of them.

"I remember. I remember how to absorb the black magic." That was the first thing that Zaya told Dawn, once she was kneeling beside her. "But I think you must have figured out how to stop this, right?"

Dawn shook her head, but her eyes couldn't lie. Tears brimmed in her eyes and Zaya hugged her.

"You need to be brave, Dawn," Zaya said, as she hugged her tightly, but Dawn kept shaking her head. "I know this is not what you are thinking. I know that this must be very difficult, but you need to know that this is the only way."

Zaya held back her own tears. She didn't even want to think about that. She must be the worse sister ever, because she suggested her own sister-in-law to kill her own brother.

But that was what they must to do.

She felt so bad to feel relief because she was not the one, who had to do that. "You need to do it, Dawn. Be brave please. We will be fine."

"No." Dawn's voice sounded like a whimper, a plea for Zaya to not bring this up and to think of another solution. "No, please... I couldn't do that... I can't..."

Zaya hugged her a little bit tighter and then kissed her cheeks. "My brother will not want to hurt you, Dawn. He will suggest the same thing."

Dawn gritted her teeth. "Let us all die. I don't want to do it."

Zaya's heart sank. She knew this request was too much and for her to force Dawn to do it was cruel.

"What happened? What is going on?" Darius came to them, he was panting, his face pale and droplet of sweats fell on his face.

All of the shifters felt the same pain as well.

"Zenith tried to kill all the wolf spirit."

"What? But I thought that's Jared's idea? Why would he want to kill his own kind?"

"It's no longer Zenith, the vicious black magic inside of him is trying to get control over him. He is not himself right now."

Zaya kissed Dawn's forehead and when Dawn thought she was going to persuade her to change her decision, she simply said something that left her more guilty.

"I will do the best I could do, I will leave the rest to you, Dawn," Zaya said and then she went toward the black beast.

King Rowan spotted her and growled angrily at her.

"What are you doing here?! Go back!"

"You should be the one, who retreated!"

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"You should be the one, who retreated!" Zaya yelled back at him. "Now took all the knights with you and retreat! Go to Pyro, he will create a shield!"

"What are you going to do?!" King Rowan asked, he had to raise his voice, because of the deafening roar and harsh wind that became hotter by second.

Zaya had asked Pyro whether he had enough magic stone to create shield and he had enough to shield them for a day if there was no disturbance from the outside.

It was enough time for Zaya, but she was not sure it would be enough for what would come next.

"I will absorb the black magic." Zaya checked on king Rowan briefly. He didn't seem to sustain a concerning wound, only a few cuts here and there, as far as she could see.

Most of the knights had taken off their armor, because the steel was too hot for their body. It made them felt like they were on the frying pan.

"You have done that before and failed, you are going to do it again?!"

Zaya frowned. "That's hurt my ego," she said unhappily. "I know what to do now. Now, go back with your knights! I will need you to fight something else next!"

"What's next?! I don't want more monsters or anything alike!"

"Well, unfortunately, you couldn't choose." Zaya shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. "Go back now and saved your knights for what will come! Now!"

"Fuck!" King Rowan growled, he pulled Zaya and kissed her lips. "You better be safe, because I am not yet done with you!"

Zaya blinked her eyes, she was too shock to respond, only when he had barked order for the knights to retreat that she glowered at the king.

"I am not done with you too!" Zaya then cursed. "Fuck."

However, the king had walked away and he didn't hear what she said, thus she continued with her plan, she needed to calm herself down first for a moment before she concentrated with the matter at hand.

Zaya started it again, the black beast that was her brother was in front of her, growling viciously, looking at her with killing intent in his eyes.

"Forgive me, Zenith. Forgive me... I don't want to do this. I don't want to hurt you. Forgive me..." Zaya closed her eyes and started the same thing again, she tried to absorb the black magic from the black beast and once again, she became the main target of Zenith.

This must be the second time that Zenith tried to kill her because she tried to take away his power and soon enough, there was this cocoon of black wisp that surrounded Zaya, but even when her body engulfed in this darkness, one could still see how her body was shining.

There was this tiny light from inside. The darkness didn't consume her whole now like the first time and Zaya could hold her power better.

The beast roared, he let out a deafening growl, which sent all of the shifters down, they were in so much pain, they couldn't even speak anymore.

Dawn closed her eyes, she couldn't feel anything, but pain. She couldn't even feel how hot the ground was and how king Rowan tried to make her to stay awake.

No. She didn't want to wake up throughout the whole pain. She didn't want to wake up throughout this. She wanted to sleep and skip everything. She didn't want to make a choice whether she had to kill Zenith or not.

"What is that?"

Addie was the first one, who realized it and all of them followed his line of sight, at the same time, the ground started shaking, as a crater appeared.

"What is that?!"

All of them started asking question, but no one could find the answer. Pyro stood up and watched how the ground split into half and the heat escalated, at this point, they were all going to die because of the heat.

From under the ground, you could hear the ominous sound and Pyro knew what was that.

"This... no way... he breathed heavily, because he himself couldn't believe with what he was seeing. He had read about this, something similar had happened during the last war of the previous king.

It was written in the history of the kingdom.

"What is it?! What is happening?!" Rowan shouted, he put let Addie to look after Dawn, as he approached the royal beta. "If you don't start talking, I will throw you down there!"

Pyro shook his head to gather his thought. "That's... the gates of hell." He then told him about what he had read in the history.

"Your continent is crazy..." King Rowan gritted his teeth. He would prefer the civil in his continent than this kind of battle.

"I know..." There was no other word to respond to that.

Both of them went to the crater, as close as they could go because it was too hot, they felt like their skin blistered and they would be fried for good in no time.

But what they saw down there was not really excited them.

"Is this what she meant?" King Rowan clicked his tongue and then watched Zaya, who was still fighting the black beast, as she put the shield around her, so the beast couldn't get to her.

From the look of it, she was fine, she could handle her own battle with her brother and now, this was the battle for them.

"What now?" King Rowan asked.

"We need to retreat. I can provide the shield from these creatures, but I don't think the shield will stay for long. More so, we didn't know how long it would end..." Pyro grimaced. "If there was even an end for this at all."

Which meant, it left them with no other choice, but to fight back.

"What happened? What is down there?" Addie asked with confusion.

"Dead people. A lot of them," Rowan replied.

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"What do you mean dead people?" Addie asked Rowan when he walked back with Pyro with ashen expression, he knew something was going on. "I don't want to fight dead people. I don't want to fight them at all!"

Addie shuddered with the thought that dead people crawled on the crater's walls and tried to come back to the living world.

"What is that?"

"Gates of hell," Pyro replied. He checked on Dawn and Darius.

"What is that? Is that like a gate to an underworld or something?" Addie didn't like this explanation at all; it made his stomach churned.

"You can say so."

"I only fought a living creature, not a dead one."

"Unfortunately, you don't have the privilege to choose your enemy." Pyro grimaced when he watched all of the shifters were writhing in pain.

"And what now?" Addie asked. He shuddered when he watched there was something climbing out of the craters. The royal beta was right. The dead came back from the underworld.

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Zander watched the ghosts before him, all of them were wearing the same golden masks like him. Zander stared at them and thought the worst possible think that they could do to him, but then he realized, they were talking, but the language that they used was familiar with him.

He knew that he had heard this language before, but he couldn't figure out where he had heard this, or when he had come across with this language. He tried to wreck his brain to think of all the possibility, but he still couldn't get a grasp of it.

The masked man kept talking to him, which made him frustrated, but then they stepped aside and opened a path for the king.

"What is it? Do you want me to come with all of you?" Zander was not sure that was a good idea at all, but he couldn't stay there and figure out what they wanted to communicate with him when he didn't even understand what kind of language that they used.

He knew that it was not Andel language, because he could speak it, but then it was not Karam...

Zander tried to exercise his memories, who else the people from different continent that he had come across in his almost three decades of life.

And when he remembered, he stopped walking, he staggered and thankfully, he steadied himself just in time when he remembered the language.

Nadia. His late destined mate.

Nadia came from a tribe in Andel continent and the language that these ghosts spoke was the same like the language from her tribe.

Zander could be mistaken, because it had been so long since the last time he heard someone spoke in that language, but he couldn't be surer than this right now.

He gritted his teeth, his mind was in a mess and what he felt right now was a whirlwind of emotions, as he followed these ghosts toward the west garden. He remembered what happened that day, happened in the west garden. The west garden also the place that Nadia loved the most in this palace.

When she was here, the west garden was the most beautiful garden in the palace, but right now, this place was abandoned. It almost looked like a swamp.

There was no beauty that was left, just like how Nadia left him with this bitterness. This swamp was the same like Zander right now.

He followed them, they were everywhere, but actually, they guided Zander to this place by kept staring at a certain direction, while chanting the same thing over and over again. it was not even a song, he didn't know what was that, but it sounded ominous.

He tried not to think too much about this, but part of him questioned his action and decision to be here, instead of in the room with Zade, while Celine and Hecate tried to save his life.

He felt stupid.

And yet, even if he was inside the room, there was nothing he could do to prevent what happened. He held no real power.

But then, if these ghosts tried to harm him, there was no one could save him, since he was the only one, who could see them and as they walked

deeper into the west garden, Zander didn't bring his golden mask. He left it in front of the door of Zade's room.

He didn't want to tempt himself to run away from this again. He was going to see the end of it now.

That was what Zander, thought but when he saw the end of it, he froze. He was stupefied to see her again.

It had been a decade since he saw her, but there she was, as beautiful as ever, like how he remembered her. She didn't age at all; she was still those young eighteen years old girl that his eighteen years old self loved.

She was standing there, in the end of this path, smiling at him warmly with her golden hair that cascaded down her back, the same hair that he used to run his fingers.

This must be hallucination, but she was talking.

She was smiling at him, her eyes sparkled, as if the flames in the sky reflected perfectly in her green eyes.

Her voice was sweet. She didn't age at all. She was still her eighteen years old self.

"Hi, Zan," she greeted him. "It has been a while, don't you think? I miss you."

"No way..." Zander muttered, he staggered back. "You are dead." The word that he just blurted out sent pain in his chest.

In the first few years Nadie's death, he couldn't even talk about that night, though he was not open to talk about it even now, but he was fine when someone mentioned about it.

However, he didn't know what to believe anymore.

"How could this be?"

Nadia tilted her head and giggled, she scrunched her nose and pretended to be sad. "You don't look happy."

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"Don't you want to come closer to me?" Nadia asked.

Zander was petrified, he was still stunned and couldn't utter a single word to respond to that question, he looked at her intensely, as if she was going to disappear or something the moment he blinked his eyes, but it didn't happen.

However, he noticed another thing.

Because Zander was too shock to see Nadia again, he didn't realize with his surroundings and now he got his composure a little bit, he noticed a little black wolf in Nadia's arms. She cradled the pup and there were more little wolves around her.

Nadia followed his line of sight and then smiled at the little black wolf in her arms. "I am sure his name is Zade. He is a cute little wolf."

Zander turned rigid. His voice was a little bit harsher than he intended. "What have you done to him?" his eyes a few shades darker, but it didn't

scare Nadia. She had never been scared of him, no matter how angry Zander was.

Needless to say, Zander was a hot-headed teenager when he met with her for the first time. He was not always this easy going and could snap easily, especially when things didn't go as he wanted.

"I didn't do anything, Zander. I am here to help if you haven't noticed yet."

"You are dead."

The word was like a dagger in Zander's heart, but he blurted it out firmly, he saw a flicker of sadness in Nadia's eyes when she heard that, her smile faltered, but she tried to look brave.

"Yes, I am, but not really..." Nadia took a step forward, she paused and looked at Zander, expecting him to take a step back, but he didn't, thus she walked toward him slowly.

The little wolves followed Nadia's movement, they looked adorable and liked her.

"What do you mean?"

"I think you must have forgotten what I said to you in my last moment, that's why only now you came here." Nadia nodded. "I can understand. I know that I have been an awful mate for you."

Zander said nothing, but his eyes would occasionally flicker toward the little black wolf. The little wolf was alive, he was breathing, but he seemed to be asleep.

It calmed Zander a little bit.

"I don't want to remember."

Zander bit his tongue when he saw Nadia's face fell, she looked so sad when she heard that and simply nodded.

"In that case, I think there is nothing more to discuss about us." Nadia lifted her head again, but the hurt from Zander's word still lingered. "Let's save the world then?"

Zander was not sure what Nadia was talking about, but she was the one, who gave the prophecy about Zenith.

She was the one, who saw the future and said that Zenith would be killed by his own mate...

"What did you see now?" Zander asked through his gritted teeth. He wanted to talk about them. There were a lot of things that he wanted to talk about with her and also thousands of questions, but there was another important thing to be handled.

"A lot. A lot of things..." Nadia then turned around and then glanced over her shoulder at Zander. "Came with me, okay?"

Zander didn't know where she wanted to go, but he followed her nonetheless.

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Zaya absorbed all the black magic from Zenith, which made the beast become even more furious and wanted to kill her.

She couldn't believe the brother that was always overprotective of her right now was trying to kill her.

Zaya was sad that it turned out to be like this, she didn't want to lose Zenith, but then this was the right thing to do. She hated to do the right thing!

Meanwhile, the dead people crawled from the craters that appeared on the ground, the knights fought them all, while the shifters were well protected inside Pyro's shield, because the shifters were not able to shift and they were in so much pain, they couldn't even do anything, but to curl on the ground, breathing heavily.

Jared was dead, but it seemed, he won the battle, since he managed to eradicate the shifter. He managed to kill their wolf spirit and now Zenith was losing his mind.

However, there was some backlash from this like before, but it didn't knock Zaya out cold, as she kept trying to keep her brother, yet as the result all of the black magic users got their magic sucked out of them and they turned into dust.

Pyro didn't know that something like this could happen, he was not even aware that it could happen, but it did.

All of their black magic sucked out of their bodies and left them with nothing, since their entire being had been sustained by black magic. It almost looked like someone just sucked your blood until your body turned dry, leaving you with only bone and skin, but in this case, there was nothing left from the black magic users.

They were all dead, they fell to the ground and the ashes of their remaining had been blown away by the wind.

Meanwhile, the knights kept fighting the dead people, trying to protect the shield that Pyro created because of the limited magic stone that he had, he couldn't waste it by fighting them.

"There is no end to this!" Addie said to king Rowan. "We need to retreat! We are not going to be able to fight them all off!"

There were hundreds of them, if it was not thousand or million. There would be more and more dead people that came out of the craters.

They couldn't close the crater and they couldn't make the dead people stopped from coming. There would be the point, where the knights were too tired to even lift their sword and they would be dead then.

"Our knights are tired!" Addie said again.

They didn't know night and day.

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With how crazy the sky was and how it looked like it was in eternal flames, they didn't know whether it was night or day or even how many days they had been in this battle.

They were tired, exhausted and the end of the battle was not even near. They didn't know when it would end if it would end at all.

Things didn't become better, if anything, it kept getting worse. When they thought it wouldn't get any worse, the universe proved them wrong and showed how it could escalate into the night of terror.

The worse part came when they started to see the people that they knew. The knight who died during the war, the people that dear to them, who left them long time ago, this didn't look good at all to say the least.

And Rowan saw his father...

The previous king had a huge wound on his chest, the same spot where Rowan carved his heart out. He killed the previous king, his own father

and also two of his older brothers, who would become the successor of her father.

He was third in line for the throne, but he killed them all to be the king.

He pressed his lips. "Shit. Not this." He grunted. He hated to see his father again. He didn't enjoy this sight at all. "I killed you once, do you think I will not kill you twice or thrice?" Venom on the tip of his tongue, as he swung his sword and cut the head of the previous king and kicked him back to the craters.

Rowan hated to see his father.

As the third son, he had never been treated good. His father had his heir and spare, thus he was not even a spare for a spare in his father's eyes, no matter how he proved himself.

However, what drove him to do what he had done was not because of the lack of attention from his father or how bad his brothers treated him, it was because he couldn't stand his father's regulation. He made people in their kingdoms miserable.

Ever since he was little, Rowan would go out of the palace and played with the commoners, since it was easy for him to do that, because his father didn't pay close attention to him, to the point he didn't care.

Because of that as well, he watched closely what his father's regulation had done to the people, throughout the years, he tried to make his father to change his mind.

But the last straw was when a family of his close friend was killed because they couldn't pay tax and their land seized by the royal because it would be given to one of the king's supporters.

Rowan was mad.

Rage was an understatement to describe how he felt at that moment when he watched how their dead bodies were left in the woods and let the wild animal to take care of it.

He and the other friends buried them.

Rowan killed his two older brothers because they were nothing good. They tried to get the commoner women and bedded them, leaving them on the street the next morning.

Most people said that Rowan wanted to ascend the throne because of his ambition to be the king and probably they were right, because there was some truth in it.

Since he realized, he couldn't help anyone if he didn't hold any power.

"Rowan!" Addie shouted when Rowan's mind was not present, he threw the dagger toward him, but it passed his ear and cut small part of it, but Addie's aim was obviously the creature behind him.

"You just cut my ear," Rowan said, he touched his ear, it was bleeding, but he had so much blood in his hand already at this point.

"Hey, you should thank me, you know. I just saved your life!" Addie protested. "Focus! I don't want you die and then have to kill you again." He shuddered; his stomach was queasy to fight these dead people.

However, Rowan was not the only one who saw the people that he knew came to live in the worse condition ever.

But Dawn saw her son too... she saw his tiny little body, she couldn't believe her eyes at first, because there was no way he died when he shouldn't have been born at this timeline.

"No way..." Dawn was having a hard time to stand up, she watched one of the knights swung his sword toward his little body and pushed him back to the craters. "NO!" Dawn screamed on the top of her lungs, but Darius stopped her when she was about to rush out of the shield.

"Calm down, what happened?!" Darius gritted his teeth, the pain was still unbearable, but he got used to it now.

"They killed my baby!" It was baby Rex. Her baby in her first life with Zenith. She remembered him. Even though it was only a glimpse of him.

"Who? What? Zade?"

Dawn dreaded the thought if it was Zade even more, but she shook her head. "My baby... baby Rex..."

Darius tried to remember who was Rex, but he couldn't recall, probably because he was in pain and the chaotic situation turned his mind into a mess, but he reminded Dawn that those people had died already.

"You don't need to feel bad, Dawn, they died already all of them had died. There is nothing you could do."

Darius was right. Baby Rex had died, but to watch how your baby was being slashed into two and was pushed over the crater, it was still a devastated sight.

However, Dawn not only saw her baby, but she also saw her mother... she cried so hard when one of the warriors 'killed' her too. She remembered that day when her mother was killed by the rogue.

Everything was too much for her and she couldn't take it any longer. She wanted this to end...