

Chapter 29

His Voice was Heavy with Remorse

Dawn had learned about poison, and also read a few relatable books ever since she could read. She had a vivid interest in this subject, because after her mother died, it was the healer of the pack, who had been looking after her, whenever her father was busy with the matters of the pack.

From her, she learned a lot of things.

However, Dawn wouldn't say that she was an expert in this domain. She was only mesmerized to learn that plants around her could be used for something else if you mixed them right.

It was weird for a shifter, a daughter of an alpha like her to take interest in it.

"Something weird happened in the palace. All of a sudden a warrior couldn't shift into his beast." Zander put down his cutleries and focused

all of his attention on Dawn. "The healers or the magic users couldn't figure out what happened, but after four weeks, he died."

Dawn was listening, but she was still confused as to what she had gotten herself into. She glanced at Zenith, but he didn't say anything.

"We thought it was a poison, but there is no expert in poison on this continent," Zander explained. His voice was calm, just like the king he was.

"I am not an expert either."

"But, fortunately, your mate said that you know about poison."

Dawn narrowed her eyes at Zenith, not because he brought her into this mess, but because she was dying to know how he knew about it. His knowledge about her was baffling.

"What makes you think that it's poison? The warrior could have eaten Rottingbane or come in contact with it without him knowing it."

Rottingbane was the leaf that they often used to prevent a shifter from shifting into their beast, usually, they would use it on the shifters, who committed an unforgivable crime.

"No, the healer said there are no traces of Rottingbane, more so the effect of Rottingbane will only last for a few days." The victim couldn't shift into his beast for a month before he died. There was no way it was Rottingbane. "It has been confirmed that it's not black magic either."

Dawn thought about that for a while, she tried to remember what she had learned. "It's hard to tell if I didn't see it myself."

The corner of Zander's lips quirked up. "Come. I have brought the dead body with me for you to examine." He stood up and walked toward the door, followed by his beta.

Dawn was surprised to hear that, she looked at Zenith and the alpha stood up. But, Dawn was not the only one who was surprised, because Darius, Axel and Pyro didn't expect this either.

"Zan, are you sure?" Pyro asked the king. "I have never heard her name before aside from being Alpha Tony's daughter." The beta followed the king out of the strategy room.

"Zenith said she can," Zander said nonchalantly. "There is no harm in letting her play with the dead body once."

Meanwhile, Darius and Axel looked at Dawn incredulously.

"Do you really know anything about poison?" Darius finally spoke something, after being very quiet for the entire dinner.

Dawn didn't say anything, she kept staring at Zenith, who didn't give her any explanation. "You want me to help him after he tried to kill me?"

"No."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want to check on the dead body, you can do it, but if you don't want to, we can leave and go on a walk to help with digestion, but if you want to check and don't want to help, that's fine too."

Axel was speechless and Darius had his jaw dropped.

"Zenith, you are not serious, right?" Darius didn't think the king would take it nicely if they showed him this kind of disrespectfulness. People might see the king as a kind and wise person, but the gamma happened to see him get really mad one time and it was enough to scare him for the rest of his life.

And what Zenith suggested Dawn do was blatant disrespectful toward the king, even Dawn was scared.

Meanwhile, Axel didn't say anything. He grew up with the two of them, thus he knew better how the relationship between these brothers was.

In the end, Dawn took the safest choice, as she checked on the dead body of the warrior. Darius, Axel and Pyro didn't notice this, but Zenith and Zander could see how Dawn didn't even flinch when she saw the condition of the dead body.

As someone that they assumed had never seen anything bad in her life and lived her days as the only daughter of the alpha, to be able to see this dead body and check on it, was already a great feat.

Even Pyro and Axel furrowed their brows and Darius looked like someone just shoved sand down his throat, yet here Dawn was, her expression looking all serious as she examined the dead body that had shown some changes.

"Do you need something?" Zenith asked, he approached Dawn and pulled up her hair, as he tied it into a bun, so it wouldn't bother her while working.

Dawn was too focused on her task, she didn't even realize this gesture, but the rest of them had this mixed expression to see such affection from Zenith.

"When did he learn how to tie a woman's hair?" Zander whisper-asked Axel, who was standing next to him. "Where did he get the hair tie?"

"I am not sure." Axel shook his head. He was always with Zenith, but even for him, his actions were a little bit off lately, especially when he was with Dawn.

"I need Caius roots," Dawn replied to Zenith's question. She opened the warrior's mouth and put her finger down his throat. "I saw you have it in the greenhouse."

Zenith turned to Darius. "Get her Caius roots."

The poor gamma blinked his eyes. "What is that? I have never heard about that."

"I will go and get it," Dawn said, she then shifted into her beast and dashed toward the greenhouse. Not many people knew about Caius roots, thus it

was understandable if Zenith asked someone else, they wouldn't recognize this plant.

Shifters didn't really care about plants and herbs, since they could heal themselves. Unfortunately, they were not really immune to poison.

Dawn shifted back into her human form, she shivered because the night was rather cold and rushed into the greenhouse, because inside the air was warmer.

It was not difficult for Dawn to find Caius roots, but she didn't immediately leave, instead she faced Zenith. There were just the two of them here and she couldn't wait any longer to ask him this question.

"How do you know?" Dawn asked calmly, but her expression let Zenith know that she was serious. She wouldn't settle with his usual quietness as the answer. "How do you know I learned about poison? How do you know so many things about me?"

Both of them knew these questions were inevitable, Zenith followed her here with the knowledge that she would ask him this, but he followed her anyway.

"I can try my luck with the poison, but I want to know the truth from you." Dawn approached Zenith. He was very tall, her head barely reached his

shoulders, but she carried herself really well. "When did we meet before this?"

"If I told you, you would not believe me." Zenith saw the determination in her eyes. He always liked her strong will.

"Try."

Zenith didn't immediately speak, there was this silence that stretched out in this greenhouse, as the alpha only stared at the woman before him.

"Seriously, I can be like this for a whole night." Dawn crossed her arms in front of her chest, showing her stubborn side.

"I had this long dream," Zenith finally said.

"A dream?" Dawn tried her best not to judge. "What? Did you dream about me?"

"Yes." Zenith nodded. "I dreamt about you."

Dawn opened her mouth, but then she closed it again. She tried to find the right word, but the only word she wanted to say was; ridiculous. How could someone like Zenith believe in a dream? But, if she said that, this

alpha would clamp his mouth shut again and she wouldn't get the answers that she wanted.

Was this even an answer?

"It's a long dream. It's a long and sad dream, almost like a nightmare. It was a nightmare."

"What happened in your dream?" Dawn didn't have any other choice, but to play along with Zenith, because he looked very serious with what he said.

Dawn couldn't imagine someone like Zenith would make a joke like this, yet she couldn't help but think this to be one.

"You killed me," Zenith replied curtly. "But, that's not your fault. It was my fault. I was being cruel to you and you only tried to protect yourself."

Dawn saw that sadness again in Zenith's eyes, but this time, the sadness stayed. She didn't imagine it.

Zenith stretched out his hand and caressed her cheek, his touch was gentle as usual, but there was something different.

"It's really not your fault. I deserved that."

The way he said it sounded as if he had made a grave mistake toward Dawn, as if he had done something unforgivable, even after Dawn killed him, he didn't think it was enough to redeem himself.

"How cruel you were to me until I killed you?"

"Very, very cruel..." Zenith's voice was heavy with remorse.