

Chapter 12

Welcome to the North

In the dimly lit carriage, Zenith watched Dawn's sleeping face. She was just as he remembered, if not better.

She had this long black hair like a raven and small lips that tasted very sweet. Her cheeks, her skin, her beautiful black eyes, her pointed nose, everything was the same as how she looked in his memories.

Zenith traced her cheek and then ran his fingers through her hair. He felt her silky hair between his fingers and he longed for this feeling. He couldn't help but brush his nose against hers, breathing in her scent and felt the peace spread into his whole being.

She was his salvation, but he was her blight.

Zenith kissed her lips again. He wanted to devour her whole and make her his. A ceremony would be held once they arrived in the pack.

The next morning, Dawn was awake because it was too warm. She was sweating a little bit right now and when she moved her body, she felt these strong arms tighten around her. She frowned and opened her eyes to find Zenith was actually hugging her, he slept peacefully and being this close with him made her blush.

She lifted her head and watched his sleeping face. This alpha was actually less scary and intimidating when he was sleeping and she stood with her opinion; he was too handsome to be called a monster from the north.

What a pity he had a bad reputation among the people.

In the end, Dawn spent a few more moments appreciating the beauty before her eyes, until she felt Zenith stir awake. Immediately, she pretended to be asleep.

Dawn didn't know why she resorted to pretending. Maybe because their current position was a little bit awkward. She didn't know what kind of conversation she should have with him either. In that case, pretending to be asleep was the easiest way out.

Dawn could feel his arms that wrapped around her body loosen and then his body move away from hers. She heard a rustling sound and then a kiss on her lips before he finally left the carriage.

Wait.

"Did he just... kiss me?" Dawn opened her eyes in shock. How could he take advantage of her when she was sleeping?!

Dawn sat down immediately, not knowing what to do or feel about this. This alpha was getting bolder!

However, when she met him again for dinner, Dawn didn't say anything about the kiss. She had pretended to be asleep after all and the alpha didn't seem to act unusual. He was as cold as ever, as if nothing could bother him, as if he didn't just do something inappropriate.

"We will arrive tomorrow if there is no blizzard," Zenith informed Dawn when they had their dinner together. It was deer meat again and Dawn ate it gleefully. He was right, this meat could be her favorite.

"Oh, okay..." Dawn stretched out her hand and Zenith pushed a waterskin closer to her, as if he knew she wanted to grab it. "You have not yet introduced me to the other warriors." Dawn had seen the same warriors during their journey, but she didn't know their names.

The warriors treated her politely, but they were very withdrawn, as if they didn't want to be around her unless it wasn't necessary. And this made Dawn a little bit hesitant to talk to them. She felt rejected.

"You don't need to know them," Zenith said curtly.

"Why?" Dawn frowned.

"They are barbaric."

Dawn almost choked on her meat. If those warriors were barbaric, what about him as their alpha?! Logically speaking, wouldn't he be worse than them in that case?

"What about you? Shouldn't I be worried about you more?" Dawn bit her tongue for actually letting out the question slip past her lips, and quickly glanced at him to see his response to that.

Zenith was already looking at her. He stared at her deeply, his blue eyes almost turned dark under the moonless night, as the fire reflected in them.

"Finish your meal before you worry about anything else," Zenith said. He didn't answer her question and she was not allowed to get close to any warriors there.

Dawn bit into her meat silently. She wondered what kind of life that was waiting for her once they arrived in the northern pack. She only heard scary rumors surrounding it.

The next day went uneventful. Later that night, Zenith came to the carriage again to warm her up. They didn't really have a conversation, because her attempt for one would be shut down with lightning speed.

But in the morning, Dawn found herself alone and later in the afternoon, they finally arrived at the north pack.

This pack was actually better than she imagined. No. It was actually better than her own pack. The gates of the fortress were very tall, until she felt like it would reach the sky. There were three gates that they had to go through before they entered the pack.

This strong protection was necessary since this part of the kingdom used to be attacked by monsters very often.

The life inside the fortress was actually very lively. The number of the pack members was far greater than her own pack. Why did nobody talk about this? Why did the rumor always say they lived in a pack that was no different from a graveyard?

Dawn was in awe, she watched the bustling streets and the houses. People would lower their heads and stop whatever they were doing in the presence of the alpha, who led the entourage in his beast form. It was easy to distinguish the alpha because of his black fur and how big his beast was.

The entourage took three hours to reach the pack house and once they arrived, there were a bunch of people, who had been waiting for them.

Zenith personally fetched Dawn and helped her to get off the carriage.

"Welcome to the north," the alpha said.