

Chapter 13

More Question about the Alpha

Dawn felt overwhelmed by the countless people that came to welcome the alpha back. She grabbed Zenith's hand a little bit tighter when he helped her to get out of the carriage.

She didn't feel this nervousness on her way here, but once she was here, everything was very real. Stupidly, the fact that she would live in this place forever hit her only now. This pack would be her new home, but she knew nothing about it. She knew no one but Zenith.

But then, Dawn couldn't really say that she knew the Alpha either. They barely had any conversation, even so, they had shared a kiss. That was absurd.

"Welcome back, Alpha. It's great to see you again." An old woman bowed her head politely to Zenith, she glanced at Dawn briefly, but she didn't question her. She must have expected her arrival.

"Take her to her room," Zenith said. He didn't introduce Dawn either, but no one questioned that.

"Yes, Alpha," the old woman replied, as she opened her arm to show the way to Dawn. "Over here, please."

"Uhm..." Dawn bit her lip. She felt uncomfortable. "Will you come with me?" She didn't know why she asked.

"The alpha has something else to do. You can ask me if you need something," the woman answered on behalf of the alpha.

But, Zenith actually grabbed her hand and walked with her. "You can prepare dinner for her."

Dawn was surprised, but she didn't notice that she was not the only person who was surprised with the alpha's bizarre action.

"What happened to the Alpha?" The old woman asked one of the guards, she stared at their retreating backs with confusion. It was not like Zenith to take interest in women.

"I don't know. The Alpha has been very weird during the journey," the warrior replied.

"What do you mean?"

And the warrior recalled all the times he found their alpha did something unusual.

"Eating together with her and sharing a bed?" She blinked her eyes in confusion, as the alpha and that woman turned at a corner ahead. "You must be mistaken, right? The Alpha never shares a table and bed with anyone."

"Yeah, but he did with her."

"Maybe because she is the future luna of the pack, so he tried to get along with her." The other warriors chimed in. They knew what their purpose when they went to the Moonlight pack was; fetching their future luna.

The old woman frowned. "He gave her his room."

Before the alpha left, he had instructed her to allocate himself the second best bedroom available. He gave a clear instruction of how he wanted the room to be redecorated, even to the smallest details that shocked them, since the alpha's room was actually very barren and didn't have many things in it.

But right now, the room was... unrecognizable.

It was neat and filled with various... small daggers and in one corner, there was this big table, where you could see various herbs on it. The walls were painted in white color and the furniture inside was gradation of white and yellow color.

Two of her favorite colors, but how could he know? Was it only an accident? And the daggers...

Dawn was stunned to see her room. She looked around. "Are you sure, this is my room?" She stood in front of the door and Zenith nudged her to get in.

"You don't like it?"

"Well... the daggers..." Dawn glanced at those beautiful daggers. "What would I need the daggers for?" She hesitated, but she got a little bit closer to one of the daggers in yellow color. The intricateness of this dagger was pretty. "Will I expect an attack in the middle of the night?"

"The only attack in the middle of the night that you could expect would come from me."

Dawn was startled. She blushed when she heard that. The way he said it sounded like there was a double meaning behind it and she couldn't help but remember the kiss that he stole from her.

"What does that mean?" Dawn praised herself for not stuttering.

"Be ready for dinner, your things are there and someone will come to introduce themselves as your maids."

And after saying that, Zenith left the room. He didn't explain anything or give any clue how he knew that Dawn liked daggers. Blake didn't even know about this and when she mentioned it to her father once, he dismissed it, saying she didn't need a dagger, she was a shifter. Shifter didn't need a weapon.

And on top of that, she was a woman. A woman didn't need to know how to fight. Let the hard job be given to the warriors. She was safe, there was nothing to be worried about.

That was all her father told her.

Dawn immersed herself in the sea of the daggers and then went to the crate in the corner where Zenith told her belongings were.

She didn't remember she brought anything with her when she left. She didn't even enter her bedroom whatsoever, or even said goodbye to her stuffed animals her mother made for her when she was a child.

However, here they were. All of her belongings were here. Everything that held some sentimental value to her was here.

"How could this be?" Dawn was very distracted. Could it be her father, who had packed everything? Dawn looked toward the closed door when someone knocked. "Come in," she said.

That old woman from earlier came inside with two young girls around Dawn's age.

"My lady. I bring two maids for you. They will help you with everything that you need." The old woman stepped aside and let the two girls introduce themselves.

Their names were Pyllo and Kynes.

"What about yours? What is your name?" Dawn had not heard her introduce herself before.

"Fern, my lady and I will be the one who will help you prepare for the ceremony."

"What ceremony?"