

Chapter 18

A Breath of Fresh Air

Dawn didn't pay attention to the details of her dress, only after she wore it did she finally notice how fit the dress was to her body, as if it was especially made for her.

"How does he know my size?" Dawn mumbled to herself. Zenith knew about her too much for someone, who just met her for the first time. She bet, even Blake or her father wouldn't know her exact size.

The dress she was wearing was beautiful. She felt beautiful when she was wearing it and her gloomy mood because of Kynes and Pyllo evaporated in an instant.

It was white with silky smooth fabric that fell gently around her ankles with fur around her neck to keep her warm and came with long sleeves.

Dawn felt good!

But, she jumped out of her skin when she opened the door and saw Zenith standing right in front of her. He had been there for who knew how long.

"Heavens, Alpha! You scared me!" Dawn clutched her chest, feeling her erratic heartbeat, while Zenith stared at her unfazed.

"It suits you," he said.

Dawn took a deep breath and spoke without even thinking twice. "That's it?"

"What else do you want to hear?" Zenith asked, then actually waited for her answer, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

"Nothing," Dawn said, hurriedly walking past him. What else did she expect?

"You are beautiful," Zenith said and this made Dawn turn around to look at him, to make sure she heard him right.

He did say it, but after that, there was only an awkward silence between them.

Dawn cleared her throat. This man was an expert at making things uncomfortable. "I know I am beautiful, but why do I feel like you really know me? I feel crazy to think that we actually have met before this."

And there, Dawn was greeted by his silence again. He chose to shut his mouth when she wanted to know the answer, but proceeded to speak something weird, something that came from nowhere.

Zenith walked closer toward her and caressed her cheek lightly, his touch featherlight against her skin.

"You are not crazy."

That was it. After saying that, he left Dawn alone, wrecking her brains as to when they had ever met before this, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't remember a single moment she could relate to him.

The question kept weighing on her mind and she kept thinking about it, determined to get the answer out of his mouth when she met with him at dinner.

Dawn didn't even change her dress, she sat in her white dress until the dinner time came and then just realized that she didn't know where their dining hall was.

And when Dawn thought she would ask around and decide to walk out of her bedroom, someone knocked on her door. A man's heavy voice echoed inside the room.

"I am here to fetch you, my lady. The Alpha has been waiting in the dining hall."

Dawn opened the door and a man that looked like he was in his early thirties looked at her with an unreadable expression.

"I am Axel, the Beta of the pack," he introduced himself.

"I am Dawn," Dawn said.

"The Alpha had already made sure that everyone knew about you."

Dawn felt a hint of annoyance in the way his voice reverberated, but she didn't dwell on it and followed him to the dining hall, where everyone had gathered together.

There were three long tables, which were filled with various foods. Each of the tables could easily accommodate two hundred people, which meant there were around six hundred people inside the dining hall. This place was way bigger than her pack.

Dawn felt overwhelmed by the number of people there, more so when she walked inside as the ruckus slowly faded away and left the room in an eerie silence, all of their eyes fell on her.

But in truth, it was not Dawn that made them quieten down, but the alpha behind her, who suddenly appeared and grabbed her hand to walk toward the head of the table.

There was this platform that was slightly higher than the rest, thus whoever sat there, they would be able to oversee the entire room, this place was reserved only for the alpha, the luna, the beta and the gamma. The four of them would sit together.

And that was the place that Zenith headed to with Dawn in his tow.

"I wonder if you have this weird habit to scare me," Dawn mumbled under her breath, because she was surprised when someone touched her and it was actually Zenith. He really took the liberty to touch her whenever he pleased.

"You better get used to it."

Instead of correcting his behavior, this man actually had the audacity to tell her to adapt to his quirks. Dawn was simply lost for words against this man.

However, aside from the weirdness and the mystery that surrounded him, Dawn felt less scared whenever she was around him. Yes, he had a hard edge, but looking back, he did everything that a mate had to do.

He pampered her with gifts, he knew how she valued her things and brought back all of her memorabilia of her late mother, he knew the colors she liked and what was more important was, he believed her.

He didn't question her.

It was a breath of fresh air when she had been living by constantly convincing her father and Blake that Emily did something bad to her.

Zenith cut a huge chunk of meat on his plate, but after that he gave the plate to Dawn, it would make it easy for her to eat the meat.

"Deer meat?" She had consumed this along their way here.

"Don't want it?" Zenith asked, casually drinking his wine. "What do you want to eat?"

Dawn had not yet replied to him when a man that sat next to her, whispered. "Lamb. Tell him you want to eat lamb."