

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 7

Chapter 7

She sent forth raging emotions of hostility at both my mate and sister. It took all it had in me not to act upon it. Thankfully I managed to control her anger just barely. Hestia pursed her lips together as she stared at me. The earlier hesitation, gone from her gaze. It seems like his reaction bothered her more than she let on.

"It doesn't work like that Hestia. The mate bond will always exist between us. Our souls were intertwined from the moment the Moon Goddess put us in our mothers womb. Only true mates can be one together. Body and soul."

I gingerly wiped my puffy eyes. A mate bond wasn't some flimsy thing that a simple mark on the neck could erase. If one of the true pair was marked, all the other would have to do was place their mark over the other one and it would be like it was never there to begin with. It was painful, yes, but it would disappear almost instantly. Like it was draining poison from the marked's skin.

Overwritten by the rightful imprint.

This happened with countless couples just like Hestia and Landon. I just didn't know if it were any different since Landon was of Alpha blood. No Alpha blood ever rejected their destined Luna. Not only was it unlikely for mates to reject each other, but it was dangerous as well. An Alpha's mate was crafted for the purpose of leading a pack alongside the Alpha. She would have characteristics that no average she wolf would have. Rejecting a Luna was like sending the pack to a road ruin.

At least, there wasn't any record of it actually happening.

"It doesn't matter."

Landon finally regained control over his wolf. The veins in his neck popping out as he stiffened.

"We came up with a solution."

My eyebrows shot up. The wolf in me pawed at the restraints I placed on her. She was itching to let loose, to challenge Hestia over the right of my mate. She wouldn't kill her. No matter what my wolf valued our blood relation, but that didn't mean she wouldn't force her to submit. She projected images of pinning down Hestia in my mind and watching as she showed her neck in submission. A feral growl of amusement resonated in my mind. I almost shuddered from her rage.

"Solution?"

I asked. Landon looked over to Hestia who held his gaze before giving him a brief nod.

"My wolf... he wants you as a mate. He won't settle for anyone else." He looked over to my parents grimly.

"But if we were to separate, the bond would weaken."

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I felt my jaw go slack. Is he seriously suggesting what I think he's suggesting? I furrowed

brows together and looked to my parents. Their eyes narrowed down at me as if daring me to object. They knew about this? They were fine with Landon tossing me to the curb? They wanted to ship me away? To abandon me?

"This transfer won't be permanent. It'll only be until Hestia and I finish the completion of our bond. Once she's marked and officially titled Luna, you'll be permitted back,"

I scoffed bitterly at his words. He sounded so dignified. Like he was doing me some big favor. My wolf howled inside me, trying desperately to comfort my internal destruction. She nuzzled her head against the barrier, offering me as much solace as she could muster.

“You’re kicking me out?”

I asked quietly. Father stepped forward, taking my arms in his large hands and tore my attention from Landon to him. He looked at me with apathy. His lips pressed in a thin line.

“Selene, now is not the time to get emotional. This is bigger than you. You have no say in this.”

A flare of anger grew inside me at his words. I pulled from his grasp roughly, ignoring the sting from where his grip laid. This would’ve counted as disrespect and was punishable by law, but I couldn’t care for that. Not when my father had the audacity to tell me I had no say in my rejection.

“How could you?”

I looked at all the faces in the room. My gaze lingering on Landon a little longer than the rest. The overwhelming tension in the air had made an impact on Hestia. She couldn’t handle the growing hostility coming from both my father and Landon directed to no one but me. Any average wolf would succumb to show submission when higher ups would display their power. My mother was at the point of crumbling, but since she was the Beta’s mate, she had somewhat more of a resistance. Being an offspring from a Beta doesn’t always ensure power or the ability to handle power.

Only Alpha bloods were guaranteed that.

It didn’t matter whether it was a first born, second, third..

They’re ensured to have power. Maybe not as strong as the first born, but power above average wolves nonetheless. Mates were designed to be compatible with one another. If one of the pair had a title, their partner would be designed to suit them in both personality and strength. That would explain my deflection from their surging aura trying to bend me to their will. An Alpha’s Luna wouldn’t yield to anyone but their mate.

Unluckily for them, I was hellbent on standing my ground.