

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 171

Posted by Admin1, 21 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

## Chapter 171

"You have me, Selene."

He kisses her deeply, tongue tangling with hers with such ferocity that she has to catch her breath when he pulls away.

"You will always have me."

His hips snap forward, the length of his c ock slowly pushing inside her until he finds himself fully sheathed.

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Landon Walker screams out in pain, doubling over as he clutched onto his bandaged waist. The sudden throbbing in his head and in his heart bringing him pain beyond anything he'd felt before. Like thousand needles all at once piercing into his skin. He grinds down on his teeth, shutting his eyes tightly as he tried to take the pain. But its no use. His wolf was spiraling out of control, his body trembling with agony as he hunches over his bed.

He was resting in his room, trying to heal his wounds faster by staying still. He'd been laying in bed sleeping when suddenly he felt something piercing his heart. He felt like he was being torn apart. Like his soul was being ripped into. All he could do was scream, his clawed hands grasping onto the bed sheets and tearing the fabric in the process. His cries echoed down the pack house that in less than five minutes Hestia and her mother came barging in with a limping Benicio Dixon.

"A-Alpha!"

Sophie, Hestia's mother, ran over to his side, unsure of what to do but try to rub his back in comfort but Landon swatted her away. He growled, dark eyes zeroing in on the female before another wave of pain hit him.

The others who stood around him were at a loss. Trying to calm him would be futile but what else could they do? They couldn't possibly leave their Alpha in pain.

"W-whats going on?"

Hestia asked, wild eyes searching between her husband and parents. Beta Benicio had a solemn look on his face but he kept calm. He watched over the young Alpha with interest.

"I don't know."

The room fell silent except for the cries of Landon Walker. Each passing second the pain progressively got worse and worse. He couldn't take much more of this. He knew if it went on he would pass out from the overexertion of his body as well as the wounds.

"The pain he feels now is what happens when a wolf's mate finds another."

The four wolves snap their head to the door. Harrison Walker, the Alpha before his son, walked in with his back straight, head held high and an infuriated look on his face. Following him was the Luna before Hestia, Luna Allison with an expression of pure disappointment.

She noticed the blonde staring at her gapingly and glared. All the love and respect Allison had once felt for her son's chosen snuffed out once the truth came to be.

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Hestia flinched from the heat of her glare. It was obvious the Alpha pair heard about the conflict with Selene and Raizel. There was no doubt in her mind that they were here for that.

Humiliation crept up her skin as her face boiled.

“Harrison, I can explain-”

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“Shut your fucking mouth Benicio. I’m here to discipline my son, not to hear your pathetic excuses about keeping such a vital secret from me.”

Harrison’s insults sliced through Benicio. The Beta’s lips tightened into a firm line as he nodded briskly and lowered his gaze to the floor. His submission did little to appease the elder Walker.

Although his position was gone, his Alpha presence was still prominent.

“W-what do you mean?”

Landon grunted, sweat soaking into his shirt as he clenched his fists.

“by ‘finds another’?”

Harrison doesn’t let the agony from his son affect him. Although part of him wants to console and comfort his pup, the Alpha inside him wants to hold his ground. A father nurtures his young, and that includes chastising him when he’s at the wrong.

“Your mate,”

Harrison spat, glaring at Hestia,

“-has moved on.”

Landon sits up, ignoring the protests of his body telling him to do otherwise.

“What?”

Harrison keeps the same impassive look on his face. His anger and frustration rolling off him and filling the room. Everyone can feel the tension. The anger radiating off him making the atmosphere almost insufferable.

“She’s with another.”

Landon’s eyes widen, and so does everyone else’s. There’s no need to specify what he meant by that. Everyone knew at this point. Landon’s green eyes flash angrily, teeth elongating and claws ascending further when Harrison all of a sudden backhands him across the face. The sound of the painful hit rendering everyone silent.

“You will not do a thing.”

Harrison bellows. His wolf surging forward as Allison tries to clam him. She feels his anger, his pain and his disappointment but most of all, she feels the weight of guilt eat at him. Had Harrison known about Selene, maybe things would’ve been different.

Maybe his pack wouldn’t be at the bottom of rankings, maybe his son would be happy, maybe his pack would’ve improved had the rightful heir to the Luna position been given her destiny.

But no, his son had to fuck everything up all because of petty infatuation. He’d told his son countless times the importance of the mate bond. And although he loved Hestia, she was not his mate. He had only agreed to the mateship between them because Landon hadn’t found her- or well, that’s what they all made it seem like.

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Landon stares up to his father in shock. His father never hit him, never yelled at him, not once ever displayed such aggression until now. He could only sit there in complete shock that his words almost didn't register in his mind.

"You will not meddle in this."

Harrison shakes his head. His wolf demanding him to lunge at Benicio but he refrains.

"You have made your choice,"

His gaze cuts to Hestia once more before returning to look at his son.

"-and forced her to make hers."

No one says a word. All too surprised and stunned at the turn of events.

"You have a child on the way, a marked Luna, a wife. You will not force yourself back into her life. You've done enough damage as is. I raised you to be a respectful Alpha, not some thick headed, selfish little brat that thinks with his c ock and believes he has the right to anything he desires without consequence. You made this choice Landon. Own it."

Harrison turns on his heel and strides out the door. Allison simply looks at her son with a soft shake of her head and whispers,

"You've disappointed me, Landon. I expected better. I expected more. You don't deserve her. You don't even deserve the title of her mate. The Goddess granted her a blessing by giving her Alpha Locksworth. Even she can tell you aren't worth such a gift." And without another word, follows her mate out the door.

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"I can guarantee you that they're f ucking right now."

Weston leaned against the wall, arms crossed and eyes shut as he moved forward.

Tilting his head to raise his ear, he nodded to himself.

"Yep. Definitely f ucking."

Isaac cast a look at Emerson who merely shrugged at his friend's antics. He always had a hard time putting up with the Beta and trying to justify anything he says always seems to go wrong.

"You can hear them?"

Isaac asked with a frown. Even with heightened hearing, he couldn't catch a peep. Not that eavesdropping on his Alpha and Alpha Locksworth getting busy was necessarily a goal of his. "I don't hear anything."

Weston opens his eyes and grins at the confused brunette.

"Ah-ah-ah."

He wiggles his index finger teasingly.

"Of course you don't. It's a Beta thing."

Right on cue, Isaac's phone started blasting "Wannabe" by the Spice Girls in his pocket against his thigh. The two stared at him pleadingly, silently awaiting for the Gam ma to spare them the annoying 'If you wanna be my lover' sample on repeat. Isaac rolled his eyes, taking note to exact his revenge for Noah messing with his phone again. Jutting

out his bottom lip in slight dismay, Isaac pulled his phone out and raised a brow at reading the caller ID to find it was Noah calling.

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Perfect timing.

“Hello?”

“They made love didn’t they?”

Isaac’s brows rose to his hairline as he slowly turned to look at Weston. A smug smile in place as he mouthed,

“Nate?”

Isaac numbly nodded, unable to shake off the look of pure amusement on his face. Was that really a Beta thing? Did they really have a sense for those things? Did his Alpha and Alpha Locksworth break their abstinence?

Half amazed and half mortified, Isaac slowly looked up at the ceiling where he could guess was Alpha Locksworth’s room. His lips parted in horror and disgust when suddenly Weston started busting out laughing. He hunched over, arms draped over his stomach as he practically died where he stood. Heavy panting and short, obnoxious wheezing resounds through the walls. Drawing his eyebrows together, Isaac -who was feeling slightly self-conscious- looks to Emerson who too, had a look of slight amusement.

“I-I can’t believe you- you believed me.”

you-you

He gasped, wiping a stray tear from his eye. The brunette looked at the phone still in his hand and scowled hearing Noah’s echoing laughter from the device. Without even thinking about it, he ended the call in haste.

“That wasn’t funny.”

He muttered.

“Yeah, it kinda was.”

Weston countered.

“So what? You and Noah made a compromise to put aside your hatred for one another?”

“Oh no, we still don’t like each other. We both just agreed to make the best of this situation and f uck with you.”

Isaac rolls his eyes. As much as the two claimed to hate each other, Noah and Weston were actually friends. Anyone could see that much to the two’s persistent denial. He wondered what his Alpha was doing. Their link was blocked out at her end and although he doesn’t feel any panic stream from her, he can’t tell if anything bad is happening. He stares at the ceiling.

“But do you really think...?”

At this, Weston shakes his head. He knew his Alpha well enough and his Alpha was a shy, blushing virgin minus the shy and blushing part.

So yeah.

A virgin.

“Nah, I don’t think so.”

Weston drawls, stretching out his arms. Out of the three of them, his Alpha had to be the most innocent one. Weston admittedly having a few flings before he had gotten his

position as Beta but once he had gotten it, he pushed aside all play and got serious. Well, serious enough not to mess with women. He was still a child at heart.

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"My Alpha, you see. He's pretty uhhhh how do I word this? Pure. There we go. He's pure. There's no way he would take Alpha Crestfield and ya know... sex her. Like no way. Not happening. Isn't possible. The chances that he'd have sex with her is the same as the chances Emerson would like vagina. So yeah. Not possible. Emerson is as gay as can be."

Isaac turns to Emerson who nods with a shrug,

"Yeah, not possible. I like men too much for there to be a

Honestly, the three should've known saying these thin chance Alpha and Alpha Crestfield f ucked."

would end in karma. Karma in the form of

feeling the room above shaking. It's like a mini earthquake except theres thuds in the room above.

Slowly, the three men looked at each other..

"That uh... that's where his room should be... right?"

Isaac asks quietly, his cheeks getting uncontably red.

Weston nods very, very slowly and sports his own red hue. He looks to Emerson who's staring at the room above in mortification,

"...So Emerson, you sure you don't like vagina? Not even a little?"

"Here's the game plan,'

Weston looks at the two in front of him and points behind them. Both men looked over their

and shoulders to see the wooden door leading to the Alpha's room. Each male a little eager concerned as to what the actual hell was going on in there. All sorts of thoughts ran through their minds. None of which were anything decent. Since the very awkward and almost mortifying thuds they'd heard coming from that room, the three resorted to tense silence until Weston suggested going up the stairs to investigate. They were all very convinced some activities were taking place inside that four walled room, but Weston insisted on confirming their suspicions. Of course, he argued that it was "for the safety and well being of everyone in the pack house that we need to do this" but Emerson and Isaac doubted it when he wore a huge grin on his face. Resembling the cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland.

Which explains why the Beta and both Gammas were currently crouching behind the decorative plants placed in the hallways a few feet down the Alpha's master bedroom. While Emerson had no idea why the actual f uck he agreed to this nonsense (not that he actually did), Isaac had no choice and was simply roped into playing a part of Weston's shenanigans. Every so often a wolf or two would walk by and make a face at the odd trio. How could they not when three grown men were failing miserably in hiding

behind potted plants while suspiciously glancing at the Alpha's chambers every few seconds. The wary side glances they'd throw over their shoulders didn't help their case either.

"Guys, I got it. I have a plan. Isaac, you go knock on the door and wait for one of them to answer. Emerson and I will stay behind and watch."

Isaac makes a face, looking at Weston who giggled like a little schoolgirl. He obviously thought this idea of his was bulletproof. Of course the f ucker was choosing to feed him to the wolves.

Literally,

"What?"

He deadpans. He can't even hide the slight panic in his voice. Just imagining what would happen to him if he interrupted their... special time was enough to make him shiver. He had a huge feeling he'd be missing an arm or leg... maybe a head.

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"Why am I the human sacrifice?"

He asked, ducking his head lower and dropping his voice an octave down.

"Cause you're close with Alpha Crestfield and there's no way Alpha will hurt her by killing you. I mean, you should probably avoid crossing his path by yourself since I'm sure the man could make anything look like an accident. Like, oh wh oops, Isaac fell down the stairs and somehow got his heart ripped out during the process. What a weird, tragic accident."

Weston gets lost in his thoughts for a second before he shake himself out of it,

"But anyway, that's not the point. If either Emerson or I goes, he won't hesitate to snap our necks, ya feel? That's why you need to go. It's bulletproof. Kind of. I guess. Or at the very least, it's worth a shot."

Weston rambles, nodding to himself near the end. Isaac rolls his eyes, frowning a bit. The door leading to the Alpha's room was intimidatingly scary. Like behind it would be his inevitable doom. leading to the Alpha's room was intimidatingly Honestly, it kind of was.

"And you don't think Selene would want to kill me

Isaac asks with a co cked brow. Westolses (00?"

his lips in thought.

"You did hear about how she tore Windril's spine out right?"

Isaac adds quietly. Emerson's mouth formed an 'o' as realization dawned on him.

Weston doing the same as he opens his mouth to retort but wisely decides to shut it. He pondered for a minute, lips thinned as he nodded languidly.

"Point taken. Don't poke Mama wolf. Got it."

The satisfaction from his admission of the defeat was short lived.

"So.... now what?"

Weston asks, looking longingly at the door. Sure he couldn't think of a plan but that didn't make his determination any less than it was before.

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## Chapter 174

“How about one of us go through the vents? I’m sure one of us could fit. Or we could just take our chances, walk up to the door and ask if they’re making children.”

Isaac and Emerson share a look that said “he’s so fucking stupid” before shifting their judgmental eyes on the person who coaxed such a reaction from them. They’d figured he was kidding, but they soon realized they’d underestimated Weston’s spontaneous streak. Before either one of them had a chance to thoroughly reject his idea and explain in depth of what Alpha Locksworth would do to him if he interrupted, Weston had jumped to his feet and started skipping in the direction of the door.

“For fucks sake-”

Emerson bolted up, quickly going after the the Beta in hopes to stop the man from signing his own death warrant. He grabbed his wrist, yanking him back to which Weston let out a startled yelp and glared at him. Dark eyes narrow down on green ones.

“What the hell, Em-”

“Do you really want to die?”

Emerson hissed, warily looking at the door a few feet down like he was half expecting his Alpha to just rip through it and throttle them on sight- no questions asked.

“Oh come on, Em. You can’t tell me you aren’t curious. They’ve been in there for literally-”

Weston glances over at his watch, working the numbers in his head,

“Fourteen hours, thirty-six minutes and fifteen seconds.”

He shakes his head whistling.

“And not even for a second have either one of them come out. Must I remind you that they had someone from the kitchen bring them up food? Let me rephrase that in case you missed it: Raizel fucking Locksworth had someone bring them food since they refused to come down in the dining hall and I’m damn sure the poor kitchen girl they scarred wasn’t blushing because of the color of his carpet!”

Weston wiggled his eyebrows, trying to lure the gamma into going along with his ploy.

Emerson didn’t take the bait. He rolled his eyes, hoping no one would call him out on the slight redness in his cheeks and took Weston by the collar of his shirt to drag him back to where Isaac stayed hunched over. The latter wasn’t doing so well with his own red hue sprinkled over his cheeks. He loved Selene and all, but he really didn’t want to hear about her fantastic sex life.

“Let’s go, Everdale. We don’t need this idiot interrupting anything process.”

and getting us all killed in the

Emerson grumbled, the redness making its way to his neck. Isaac trails behind the two, holding back a slight smirk when Weston whines and makes grabby hands in the direction of the door. Its amazing how similar he was to Noah- no matter how much they denied it. He’d never admit it but earlier before he nearly called Weston ‘Noah’ just as he caught himself. The embarrassment was real. He knew if either one of the Beta’s found out, they’d never live it down. It would be a constant joke they’d make to get a crack at him.

“Seriously West, are you actually that concerned about his sex life?”

Emerson asked, letting his hold around Weston’s collar go when he tugged him toward the stairs.

much Weston's protests only got louder and whinier when he caught sight of the railing. He still very wanted to see what was going on. Possibly co ck block if he could. He thought it was in his right since

he wasn't allowed to attend the field trip that Emerson had a pleasure of going on. In response, Emerson got sharper with his words. It was quite a scene. The Gam ma pulling the Beta down the stairs by the hand like a mother scolding her child for hitting another student at school. The pout on the said Beta's face didn't help. They were quite a sight; the three of them. Isaac wordlessly followed like a lost puppy, effectively catching the attention of the many, many passerby's.

Weston groans, tugging his hand back only for Emerson to tighten his hold.

"I just want to know if I'm gonna be an uncle so early in my life."

He exclaims in exasperation. Emerson stops midstep and raises a challenging brow at his reason. He worked with the man for years, he would know when he was lying.

Weston chewed on the inside of his cheek and a slow, sheepish smile spread across his lips.

"...and Meredith Crestfield may or may not have asked me to keep watch and update her through text."

The smug grin on Weston's face makes Isaac groan internally. Meredith's devious grin flashes through his eyes at the sound of her name. He could easily imagine the kind of thing those two were talking about. He sighs, hanging his head and puts his hands at his hips.

"Of course she did."

He mumbled to himself. He wouldn't be surprised if Noah was part of this too. No, in fact, he was a hundred percent certain the brunette was.

"Meredith Crestfield?"

Emerson repeats. He thought back to the previous Greyhound Alpha he had enormous respect for. The female Alpha that led a powerful pack with no mate by her side. If there was one thing Emerson Vince respected, it was the way Meredith held her ground against Alpha's who'd talked her down merely for being a woman- a mateless one at that.

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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary.

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### Chapter 175

Emerson raises a brow at Weston and not so subtly gives him a judgmental once-over, “Since when were you and Meredith text buddies?”

He asked quietly. The accusation in his tone spikes defensiveness in the beta. What? Did he think Meredith was too cool to talk to him? Is that what it was? It was no secret she was Emerson’s idol, but come on this was just downright mean. And the look of disgust on Emerson’s face like Weston was some roach scurrying in the dirt did more than just damage his ego. Weston straightens, puffing out his chest and tilts his chin up. “Since we made the group chat.”

The ginger scrunches his brows together and looks over to Isaac who shrugs at him. He didn’t know what group chat he was talking about. In fact, neither of them did. As far as they were concerned, Noah, being a man that forgets he leaves his phone on do not disturb just to avoid talking to people, would no way work well in a group chat.

“Group chat?”

Isaac asks.

“Group chat.”

Isaac and Emerson stare at Weston silently. The two doubting his words.

“Do you guys smell that?”

Weston asks, sniffing the air for effects. He turns his head from left to right,

“Smell the silent judgement?”

Isaac blinks ever so slowly.

“Did you really just quote Tony Stark?”

“...Yes.”

Emerson lets out a strangled sigh, shutting his eyes for a brief second. Peeling his lids open, he shot Weston a pointed look,

“Don’t even think about going back up there. Just leave them alone. They’ll come out when they get bored. It’ll be like yoga... kind of.”

Weston frowns. Folding his arms over his chest, he raises a brow,

“Yoga? That’s real funny, Em. Never knew under that cold exterior there was a comedian.”

Emerson rolls his eyes but ignores Weston’s remarks.

“Next thing you know, you’ll be telling me Stefan and Laura Locksworth are here.”

Emerson opens his mouth to respond but flinches when he senses something. A ripple of familiarity runs through his spine. Almost feeling the grip of panic coil around his throat, he slowly turns. His eyes are wide as he looked at Weston who was still running his mouth without a care in the world,

“Stefan and Laura Locksworth are here.”

Weston stops mid sentence and gives him an unimpressed look. Jutting out his bottom lip he narrows his eyes at him,

“Okay, ha-ha very funny.”

Emerson shakes his head.

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“No seriously.”

Emerson lifts his gaze at Weston, whose smile was wiped off his face upon seeing his expression. “Your jokes are going a little far.”

Weston laughs nervously, panic beginning to rise in him. He shifts his weight on his other foot impatiently. The sudden gravity of Emerson’s solemn voice cloaking over him like deadweight. A wake up call he hoped was untrue.

“That’s the thing. I’m afraid he’s not joking, West.”

Weston whirls his head around and swallows when he sees the two figures approaching. A tall, built Alpha male with his lovely Luna by his side with a warm smile.

Weston clamps his mouth shut, rolling his lips in before popping them out. Nodding awkwardly at the arched brow of the Alpha, he sucked in a breath,

“Well sh it.”

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“Don’t you think we should get out of bed?”

I ask him. Raizel doesn’t acknowledge my suggestion and instead buries himself further into the crook of my neck. Thick arms were wrapped around my upper body in a warm, tight possessive grip. I’m almost surprised I didn’t find myself melding into him from how pressed together we were. The tip of his nose grazes down the curve of my nape before he decidedly settles at the junction. Shivers rake up my spine in surprise when his teeth nip at my shoulder.

Goddess it felt heavenly.

I tremble against him, his arms tightening their hold in response. He nestles into my body like I was a safe haven meant specifically for him- only him. The content little sighs he makes easing the worry still etched in the deep mess of my heart. The worry that somehow this peace wouldn’t last. And I’m not naive, I know it won’t. This short lived

happiness I was indulging in won't be permanent. But I would still do everything in my power to hold onto it.

Looking down at the man clinging onto me, I let my eyelids fall halfway.

This man would be the end of me.

He claims me to be the death of him yet I feel like our roles are reversed.

My heart pounds along with his as he rubbed my hip with his long fingers. Soothing circles drawn like invisible tattoos burn into my skin from his fingertips. The remnants of his body heat linger in the invisible shapes.

Bruises in the shape of his hands- a splash of blue and purple- lay at my hips bare to anyone who'd see it. A colorful reminder of the activities we partook in just moments before. I wouldn't dare say it, but I felt some kind of pride swell in my chest. To see the marks blossoming on my skin felt almost relieving? This man had marked me just as I did with him. I let my eyes map down his back. Hi ckeys and scratches and nail indents litter down his muscles and undoubtedly his chest. I felt myself blush. Was I really that aggressive?

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We'd had sex a few times, each one different from the last. It's gotten to the point I've forgotten to count. The latest session a bit rougher than the rest. There was the hair pulling, biting and-

I was completely drained by the end of it, too tired to move another muscle but Raizel took care of me. Wiping down my sweat and the mess dripping between my legs carefully with a washcloth. He liked tending to me. The soft look on his face when he finished so overwhelmingly warm I forget he's The Bloodlust Alpha. I feel like I forget this every time we meet because of how he treats me.

I sighed, smiling in content as my fingers weaved through his tousled hair. The soft locks slip through my fingers only for me to twist and curl around them again. A low, happy rumble pulls from the depth of his throat reverberates off the walls of the room. "n't want to."

He mumbles sleepily, eyes shut and lips still attached to my skin. The raspy husk of his voice sends bolts of pleasure down my body and directly in between my legs. He hums to himself before peering up at me,

"Want to spend as much time as I could with you."

He says quietly. I have to hold back a laugh. I open my mouth, ready to say something when the loud banging on the door breaks my focus. I immediately stiffen, all prior thoughts of lazing around gone and forgotten. Raizel shoots up, eyes alert and narrowing at the source of the interruption.

“Alpha! Alpha! Stop the sex! It’s code red you h orny f uck!”

Weston’s voice drains out the tension like drain pipe.

Raizel juts out his bottom lip, a pout on his bruised mouth. The annoyance was clear as day in his eyes for Weston’s sudden interruption. But slowly, realization comes to him and he lets out a sigh not a second after. He uses his arms to push himself off the bed and plants a lingering kiss on my lips. before he walks his fine -naked- self to the drawer. He pulled out a shirt, boxers and sweatpants and kept the pieces of clothing in hand before slipping them on.

“I’ll be right back.”

He mumbled as he slid the shirt over his form, turning over his shoulder to send me a soft smile. I feel my cheeks heat up but was still holding his gaze. He must’ve noticed. No, I’m sure he did. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be looking at me like that. Grey eyes that’d been clear and light now flooding with carnal desire and passion. Goddess, was I okay? I hadn’t thought I had a huge sexual appetite but then again with a partner like him, can anyone really blame me?

I drop my gaze to my lap before peering back up to him through my lashes

Raizel simply walks his way back to me and tucked his fingers under my chin. Lightly, he titled my head up and leaned down to give me a lingering kiss. My eyes flutter shut and my fingers curl around his hair, tugging when the pleasure spreading through my abdomen almost became unbearable.

“Later.”

He promised, pulling away. With one short peck to my lips, he caressed my cheek for a fleeting second before turning to head to the door. Though part of me wanted to follow him, my limbs ached from the sex. I stare at the door in indecisiveness. And then it hit me. Isaac was still here. I could smell his scent faintly from when the door opened.

Isaac, where are you?

No answer.

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Anxiety slowly starts to creep in and I find myself standing over Raizel’s drawer, pulling out a shirt and sweats similarly to the ones he wore. I ignore the pain shooting up my legs and clutch onto the fabric. After trying to call out to him a few more times with no response, I made up my mind to find him. Frowning, I look over my shoulder to the bathroom where the door was wide open. The soaking pile of my clothes left on the shower floor stares back at me.

My undergarments included.

F uck.

Sighing, I grab his boxers tucked in the last drawer and slip them on. I really hope he doesn’t mind me stealing his clothes. The paranoia that something wrong was going on wasn’t something I could ignore. Logically there was no way Isaac wouldnt be fine. We were in Raizel’s territory after all.

Even without actual evidence or any reason to question it, I felt an uncomfortable lump of uncertainty in my throat. It could’ve been me being paranoid but it was better to be safe than sorry.

Raking a hand through my hair, I looked at my reflection from the mirror above drawer. Blonde hair messily tousled from the number of times Raizel ran his fingers through them, skin flushed, mouth bruised and a few dark and purple love bites littering over my neck.

I blushed seeing the damage of what we'd done but couldn't help the smile spreading across my face. My first, his first- we shared that experience together. One of the many firsts we'd be sharing.

The sudden wave of panic washes over me. Panic that wasn't mine. I realize that its coming from Isaac and quickly burst out the door trying to follow his scent. My feet carry me down the corridor and flying down the stairs only to be greeted by a sight I was definitely not expecting.

11:23

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 177

Posted by Admin1, 15 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

Chapter 177

Isaac Everdale.

The fearless Gamma of Greyhound...

was pinned to the ground by a menacing fiend under the guise of a three year old toddler with mousey brown hair and big brown eyes. His tiny little fists grabbing as much hair as he could before looking up at me curiously. Blinking, the toddler lets go of his hold around Isaac's hair and reaches his chubby little arms toward me,

"Ma."

What the actual fuck.

"Come on Xavier, let go of punk as s Isaac's hair and- Oh. Hi there, Alpha Crestfield."

Weston walked out from the dining room and smiled over to me. In his arms a few stuffed animals and a baby blue rattle. His dark hair messy and eyes holding not a semblance of the joy he tried to express through a tight smile.

"You smell great, Selene. Raizel Locksworth is a great scent for you."

My eyes widen and my jaw goes slack. My gaze falls to Isaac who's bright face reddened and awkwardly hurried to look away. In my haste, I forgot to note how Raizel's scent was all over me just as mine was on him. I shoved the embarrassment down my throat and tried my best to keep myself calm.

Clearing my throat, i force myself to look at the approaching figures. A tall attractive, aged dark haired man who looked strikingly familiar with vibrant grey eyes walked into view with a beautiful woman clutching onto his arm.

They were his parents.

The likeliness was too strong for them to be anyone otherwise. I could hardly make up some feasible greeting when long, thin arms suddenly envelop me in a warm embrace.

The woman who had the same smile as Raizel Locksworth breathed me in, arms tight around me and shakily puffed out a small laugh. The scent around her figure had the tinge of something floral. Maybe nature like, like a gust of wind blowing through a field of daisies. It was calming,

“Hello dear.”

I blinked and looked to the man who held himself in high regard behind the woman holding me. His eyes dark but warm as he took in the scene before him. A smile so small you could miss how it tugged on his lips,

“You must be Alpha Crestfield.”

He spoke. The woman pulled away, smiling intently at me as she searched my face. Soft, dainty hands curl around my arms as she looked me up and down like I wasn't real. A spark of hope and happiness gleam in her eyes. So similar to the look I got from Meredith when I took the Alpha position from her hands.

“Goddess, Stefan. She's gorgeous.”

Her voice breaks me out of my thoughts as I blink at her. Heat rushing into my skin when “Stefan” nodded in agreement. The smile on his face spread just a little more. Clearly this must be what Williams was talking about. The ‘phone call’ he got that made him send Raizel with me at Nightwake.,

I suddenly feel self-conscious. If I'd known they'd be here I would've done better to look and smell presentable. There was no doubt they'd smell their son all over me.

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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary

74.9%

Chapter 177

I blush.

“That she is.”

He agreed finally. A shiver passes through me at the sound of him approaching. Raizel holds a smile, his eyes soft. For a moment I had to blink twice to make sure I wasn't hallucinating. The sight was just beyond what I expected.

A little girl clung onto his neck as he held her up with one arm. Dark, raven black curls tied into a ponytail as she blinked at me. Those big doe eyes staring straight at me pierce into my soul. The ooze of innocence rolling off of her as she watched with unsuspecting eyes. So very oblivious to the dangers of the world and so pure.

She was about Lila's age.

Or at least, her age before she-

I flinched, warmth spreading from the pit of my stomach at the sight. The quirk of Raizel's brow, silently asking me if I was okay, brought a small smile onto my face. If that was how good he looked holding a child-

I bite down on my lip as my wolf supplied us with thoughts of starting a family. Raizel cradling our child, swaying softly to lull the bundle of joy to sleep. A thought I shouldn't be having with how early it was. We'd just began a relationship and I already loved the man and was picturing a future together. A future that may happen in a long, long time.

“Laura, I think you'll scafe her off with the way you're holding onto her like she'll disappear into thin air.”

Stefan smiles down at his mate, loving eyes soaking in her smile before he walks up behind her. Its like his words abruptly sank in as she pulls her hands away. Laura frowns for a moment, a slight wrinkle in her brow before regaining the same smile on her face when she looks at me not a second later. The joy she felt undeterred.

Stefan places his hand at her lower back, standing close to her. They were the picture perfect example of what an Alpha pair should look like. They revel in waves of power. I can sense their authority, especially from Stefan's broad frame. The Alpha in him more present than most Alphas I've met up to date.

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 178

Posted by Admin1, 13 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

Chapter 178

"It's a pleasure, Alpha Crestfield-"

"Selene."

Stefan blinks at the interruption but smiles a bit wider all the same,

"Selene then. I'm Stefan Locksworth, Raizel's father. And this beautiful woman right here, is Laura. His mother and my mate."

I manage to smile at them, taking the hand Stefan offered me into a firm handshake.

For the briefest moment, Stefan flinches from my touch before looking at me in wonder.

There's something unreadable in the way he looked at me. Like I had done something he was trying to work in his head. A silent question in the furrow of his brow, prominent.

"The pleasure is all mine."

I tell him, turning to Laura whose radiant smile never wavered.

"We're really sorry to have sprung this up on you, but I simply couldn't wait to meet you.

Ever since Williams spoke of you those many years ago, I always wondered what you were like in person. He spoke of you so highly I couldn't help myself. Especially since you and my young Rome are seeing one another."

Rome?

My gaze flickers to Raizel who doesn't seem the slightest bit concerned about the nickname. He merely watches his mother fuss about me while wordlessly holding up the silent little girl.

My brows rose at her words. Williams spoke about me before? To her? I was sure he didn't say anything bad, but it was intriguing. He never mentioned knowing Raizel's parents... then again it should be obvious he did since he was, after all, the Chancellor and the overseer of all the wolves. He would have had to work with Stefan during his reign as Alpha.

"He's a good friend of mine."

I tell her with as much sincerity as I could bleed into my words. Laura nodded, looking at Stefan fondly. She raised her hand to his chest, absentmindedly rubbing her thumb on the fabric of his shirt as she stared up to her mate with a soft look. Her face suddenly scrunches up like she had tasted something sour. She turns back to me and scans me up and down half amused and half mortified,

"We have to get you changed. That won't do. A lady such as yourself should wear nothing but the best. Come with me."

Laura pulls away from her mate, looping her arm around mine before tugging me in the direction of the stairs. In slight panic, I look to Raizel who'd already been looking at me, I could feel my nerves spike up with the thought of being alone with her. I was

accustomed to conversing with new people, but this was the first time I was meeting my lover's parents. Surely it was a lot more nerve-wracking than some conversation about pack politics and whatnot.

Searching his eyes for any hint of help, I felt myself tense when his heated gaze swept down my body appreciatively.

"I actually like what you're wearing,"

He shrugs, his eyes trailing down the loose shirt and sweatpants I wore, I could practically see and hear the Alpha in him purring in content at the sight of me in his clothes.

"You don't have to change."

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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary

75.39%

Chapter 178

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Stefan lets out a chuckle from his son's comment but shuts up when the woman beside me narrows

her gaze at him. Not wasting a minute, Laura glares at her son, effectively wiping the smirk playing on his lips but the amusement still lingered.

"Raizel Roman Locksworth, wipe that look off your face right this instant. Your scent is already all over the woman, there's no need for her to wear your clothes. No one is going to steal her from you. They'd be out of their mind to think of it. Don't think I don't see that Alpha-possessiveness rolling off of you."

Did she just call out the Bloodlust Alpha?

I look to Isaac who'd gotten up, trying to pull the child pulling at his locks away. He had the boy perched on his forearm just as Raizel had the little girl. The image of two strong men cradling children an odd, but endearing sight.

Raizel's face doesn't change nor does he say anything, but the slight pinkness in his cheeks and the awkward clearing of his throat when he tore his gaze away spoke for him. Stefan smirked in place of his son, running his gaze over to me knowingly and suddenly I find myself seeing Raizel in forty years and honestly?

His genes are a blessing to both man and wolf kind.

"Anyway, lets go Selene. I know I have something for you to wear somewhere."

She takes my hand in hers, leading me up the stairs when I cast one last glance at the men. Isaac still looking a little pressed as the child aggressively yanks at his hair. I feel him grumbling about 'the poor roots he drowned in conditioner'. Heat sparked up my body when his gaze rakes over me. Shifting my eyes, Raizel watches over me with a soft smile playing on his lips while Stefan watches the exchange with softened, knowing eyes. I feel a blush rush to my face when he smirks, sliding his gaze to Raizel's neck that I just noticed sports a hickey.

A Selene certified love mark.

11:23

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

## 179

Posted by Admin1, 12 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

### Chapter 179

I quickly look away, following Laura as she pulled us out of view. White hot embarrassment stain my cheeks. The instinct to mark him showsthrough the decorations on his skin. While my wolf puffed at the sight, finding our claim laying on a vulnerable part of him as a victory against competition, I for one found it a lot more embarrassing than anything else.

Laura walked us down the corridor, a few wolves we passed by bowing their heads in respect for the preceding Luna before giving me a curious glance. Most of them stopping in their step to sniff the air before eyes would widen into saucers when they'd caught their Alpha's scent on me. If our combined scents weren't enough of an indicator that I slept with him, it'd be the clothes I was wearing. The worst part would be the huge grin splitting their faces as they had no shame in hiding their delight.

Laura strode over to the end of the hall, stopping in front of a room with two wooden double doors. She didn't hesitate in turning the knob and pushing the door open for me. I timidly walk into the room feeling like I was intruding.

It didn't take much to know this was where Laura and Stefan stayed.

Or at least, did stay.

Their scents lingered in the room faintly. Like they hadn't used it in a long time. I had a hunch they hadn't been here in a while even before entering the room. Most Alpha pairs after passing their reign down the bloodline would live out of the Pack house. Some would stay within the borders while others would live completely off territory. It wasn't mandatory per se but rather an unwritten tradition. Wolves found it unnerving having too much Alpha presence at the same time. Even when formally passing the title down, the presence of an Alpha never fades. It's why Meredith is quick to come as she is quick to leave.

I walked to the center of the room, allowing my wolf to get accustomed to the scents and environment we were suddenly sucked into. She didn't offer much input about how she felt. No unsettling feeling or hostility pulsing in our bond. She was curious, slightly intrigued with a dash of wonder bubbling in her chest.

I was so taken by the familiar yet foreign feel of the room that I hadn't noticed Laura sauntering off to the wardrobe at the end of the room. She'd slipped her hands through the metallic handles and yanked it open, a flare of dresses all ranging from greys to vibrant yellows welcoming my eyes. I was a little worried when she skimmed over the neon colors.

Every so often she would mutter out a soft, 'no' or 'not quite' until she stopped at a knee length, flowy white dress. Something sparked through me. A sense of belonging but somehow still misplaced. It wasn't anything extravagant but somehow even the simple pearl beading at the waistline was enough to make it stand out. I felt connected to the dress- odd as it sounded.

She pulled the dress out, giving the outfit a once over with a dignified nod before she peered over to me. She smiled to herself, walking in six strides with the dress over her

forearm. In her other hand a fresh, packaged set of underwear I didn't dare question. Tucking a loose graying black lock behind her ear, she held out the dress in her arm, "Go on. Get changed. I always had an extra set of unused underwear here in case of... situations. I'll be right here when you finish. I hope it isn't too tight or loose, you look about the same size as me."

I flush at the little innuendo. The softness in her voice was comforting but I couldn't shake off the feeling of being a burden. I was perfectly fine wearing Raizel's clothing and it felt like she was fussing herself over me too much. I didn't want to feel indebted. It's stupid yes, but it felt weird being fussed over by her. She must've sensed my hesitation. The smile on her face only widened when she patiently touched the side of my arm,

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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary

75.7%

Chapter 179

"I apologize if I'm being overbearing but please don't think you're intruding. I simply can't overlook a pretty little thing such as yourself drowning in mens clothing. Besides," Laura smirked,

"-it'd be a waste to miss an opportunity to see a flustered Raizel, wouldn't you say so?"

I couldn't resist the laugh spilling from my lips. For a moment I saw a glimpse of Meredith inside Laura. The playful snark in her eyes reminding me so much of Meredith's hazel ones. I had no doubt the two would be good friends. A dangerous combination.

Taking the dress and underwear from her hold, I looked over to the bathroom and went toward it after receiving a nod of approval from Laura. Stripping down naked after I locked the door, I slid the on the silky fabric over my body after putting on the undergarments and looked at myself.

There was in fact, a few hickies down my neck that the the boat neck neckline of the dress did nothing to conceal. The purplish blues on my skin showcased for all to see. Laura had to have seen them but thankfully made no comment. Unlike her, I was certain the minute Meredith sees them, she'd pass out. Maybe follow up with breaking the news to Elizabeth and Williams before all three. would go to interrogate me.

11:24

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 180

Posted by Admin1, 13 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

Chapter 180

Flattening out the silk over my hips, I turned to the door and awkwardly poked my head out. Sweeping my gaze around the room, I find them settling on her small figure. Sure enough Laura was standing outside exactly where she was before and brightened when she saw me. She perked up, pushing herself off the wall she leaned against.

"How does it fit?"

She asks. There's expectation in her eyes. The unmistakable excitement buried behind

her awaiting gaze. All of a sudden I feel myself getting embarrassed. I step into view, fiddling with the fabric over my waist in anxiousness. The size was perfect. It fit like a glove. I could only hope I looked just as good as I felt. Judging from the face Laura was making, she thought the same thing. Breathing in softly, she motioned for me to come over to the vanity. Patting the cushion of the seat, she shoots me a dazzling smile, "Let me do your hair."

I don't do anything but nod. Walking to where she was, I sat on the cushion, facing myself in the mirror and watched my reflection. Laura doesn't mind my stiffness, nor does she mind unruly curls messily tangled around my shoulders. She smiles to herself as she pulls open the drawer. A

beautiful, carved hairbrush hidden in the drawer is pulled out. The handle of the brush shaped into a rose with gold lining over the petals.

"It was a gift from Stefan."

She explains silently, noting the way my eyes took in the design. Her slim, gentle hands brush over my neck. Gathering up all the golden locks into her palms, she smoothens the mess on top of my head before lifting the comb and brushing down the start of my hairline. Thankfully my hair wasn't as tangled as it looked. In slow, languid strokes she repeats the motion of starting from my hairline to the very tips of my hair.

Her feathery touch so similar to Meredith's when she brushed my hair back on the day of the Alpha ceremony or when I would wake up from night terrors during the first few months after Dusksfall's demise. The touch of a mother I missed out on until now.

"He calls me his little Rose."

She muses, a breathy laugh in her tone. The love and adoration for her maté so clear in the smile playing on her lips. A ghost of Bentley's face flashes through my mind. The way he talked about his Maria was so transparent to the way Laura talked about her Stefan.

"Raizel calls me his wildflower."

I clamp my mouth shut when I realize what I said. Thoughtlessly blabbing when I was lost in thought was something I failed to withhold. Immediately her relaxing brushing stops and she looks at me through my reflection. Her eyes widened and her lips parted in silent surprise. A few seconds go by without either one of us saying anything. Then her shock melts into a heartwarming smile,

"Is that so?"

She asks quietly. I could only nod in response when she clears her throat, tearing her eyes away and sniffing. She lets out a frustrated grumble at herself and laughs, rubbing her eyes with one hand before starting to brush my hair back once more,

"Look at me getting all emotional."

She laughs,

"Forgive me, Darling. I know this isn't the ideal first meeting but you could imagine the shock I felt

11-24

The Tamal.

762

Chapter 180

>when hearing that my son was smitten with someone. My little Rome who grew up far too fast.

finding someone he calls his wildflower. Goddess, if I was being honest with you, I thought this day would never come. I was certain he'd resigned himself to a lonely life." Her voice broke with emotion. The pain evident in her voice as she spoke of Raizel.

"Why?"

I ask, watching as she flinched mid-brush. Laura looked up looking a little guilty as she began braiding my hair. There's gentle tugs of my locks twisted into a pattern before being tied at the ends. The silence was tense. The mood tight and dreary. She frowns, red lips slightly pouting when she brushes the baby hair out of my face. The graze of her fingertips over my temples barely there when she settles her hands on my shoulders. Laura watched me from my reflection. Her eyes hard and set in determination.

"My Rome, he-"

she sighs,

"Since he was young we knew he was different. Special, if you will. So special that finding someone to love him as he is, would prove to be far more difficult than anything an Alpha has to do. It was hard on Stefan and I to convince him he was worthy of such affection. That he deserved a chance to love and be loved as much as the next person. To this day, I don't think he really believes it himself. He's a complicated one, my boy. But Goddess is he worth it."

She smiles to herself before lifting her eyes up to me. The transparency of my expression makes her soften even more.

"By the look on your face, you must think he's worth it too."

I don't miss a beat.

"I do."

Before she can respond, the door creaks open to the little girl who had been perched on Raizel's arm. She pushes the door open, little feet carrying her into the room. I feel myself go still, my breathing a little hard as she walks over to us. Her tiny little fist in her mouth as she chewed on her knuckles. She watches me in wonder, those brown orbs pinning into me when she suddenly wobbles to my side. She removes her fist from her mouth, small lips puckered and experimentally walks closer to me. There's hesitation in her steps. A pup's curiosity getting the best of her. She stills at my knees, her hands fist ing over the fabric of the dress.

11-24