

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 21

Posted by Admin1, 361 Views, Released on May 26, 2023

Chapter 21

"All clear?"

A masculine voice asked. A similar sound repeated before I heard the rustling of leaves coming closer.

"Clear"

A different voice responded. This time, female. The third wolf shifted. Lila peered up to me with wide eyes. She knew these were "the bad guys that got Bentley". Shaking in her thin shirt, she turned away in fear. Her little arms unwrapped itself around me and bent so she could cover her ears with her hands. I wanted to console her, to assure her everything was alright but now was not the time. If I wasn't careful, there will never be a time.

A cackle echoed.

"And they call us heartless."

The male voice said amusedly. A loud crash mixing with a frustrated groan of aggravation followed by the fall of a tree sounded. The crows cawing flew to the opposite direction from where they originally perched on. I resisted the urge to make a sound, pressing my hand down on Lila's mouth harder when I felt a whimper try to slip through. The feminine voice laughed.

"To think that Alpha ignored our threats. They think too little of us. How careless."

She walked on,

"I heard the Beta sent his daughter here."

The female said smugly. The mock and taunt clear in her tone. She was feeling quite proud of herself. My eyebrows rose up when I realized what she had said.

Beta's daughter?

I froze, turning to the direction of where they were and felt my heart pound. Were they talking about me?

"The Beta sent his daughter here? Even though we've been sending out warnings since three months ago?"

The third voice asked, not really expecting an answer. Warnings? My jaw clenched. My father knew? They all knew there'd be an attack? They knew and chose not to do anything?

My tongue darted out, licking my dried lips as I listened in. Anxiety crept up behind me. They were probably a few feet from where I stood behind the tree. They were only getting closer as they walked down the clearing. I couldn't exactly run when they'd all chase after me and inevitably catch me. I decided that waiting out was the most logical route to handle this.

"The fucker clearly wanted her to die. She was unwanted. The mole reported the Alpha was her mate. Yet the little shit rejected her. Picked her sister, apparently. Guess it'd make it easier for him if his mate died."

He laughed,

"Ain't that a tragedy?"

Hot, fresh sets of tears rolled down my cheeks. In anger, I forced the emotions within me to calm. I couldn't have them sense my presence. I wasn't too worried about Lila

since she was still a child. It was harder to detect children's presence since they haven't shifted yet. Werewolves who had their wolves were very noticeable if they couldn't hide their presence. The more emotion you felt, the clearer you were to their sight, My thoughts circled back to my "family".

They knew. They received and ignored all warnings about an attack. They sent me here willingly to die. They blocked my bond with them because they knew I would try to reach out for help. Help they would deny me. They had forsaken me and left me to the trenches of death. The grim reaper the only one willing to catch me when I fall. The ultimate betrayal of the people I grew up with. The man I called my father, the woman I called my mother and the child I called my sister.

I didn't allow myself to even think about that man I called my mate.

I should've known they were heartless enough to lead me to my demise. I didn't think they were heartless enough to abandon them. The Nightwake pack had more than enough resources to send help; whether it be food, shelter or man power. If the pack warriors were to come running, they'd get here in an hour compared to two days by car. The warriors were much more in terms of speed and endurance. A normal wolf would get here in at least a day even after shifting.

I was angry at the fact they allowed innocent lives to get involved. Packs never abandoned allies. A werewolves word was supposed to be law.

Nightwake and Duskfall were allies since 1807. They had the treaties and everything. They purposely ignored the message and chose to overlook the attack. They gave shoulder to people in need of help. The sad thing was, three months ago, Alpha Harrison was still in charge. Hating Landon for it would've been easier, but knowing that the Alpha even I respected had a part in this was simply too disappointing. They chose to let these people drown in a sea of blood.

They chose to allow the rogues to triumph.

It would seem they were traitors in more ways than one.

"Are you sure we got everyone, Draxyn?"

"Draxyn" snarled at the question. His aggression rolled off him in huge bulks. My wolf rumbled at the pressure. She didn't like the dominance he was omitting to us even when it wasn't on purpose. She felt the urgency to get Lila out of here as quickly as we could. She knew the chances of us escaping was only slimming down the closer these wolves got. They all radiated a form of power. Wild, untamed, and raw power they weren't afraid of using without discretion.

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"I'm sure you know the consequences for questioning me, Fio. Or must I remind you?" I heard a slight whimper echo. Ripples of fear reaching me from this 'Fio' person. I took a risk. I peered over the tree trunk just enough so I can get a quick glance of the rogues. The three wolves were in human form, completely in the nude. Nudity wasn't really a big issue anymore within packs, especially with rogues. Showing off their structures was like demonstrating their power. A silent presentation of status. The thicker in muscles they were, the more power they held.

The female in the trio bending her head down in submission trembled in her spot. I could guess that the male standing firm in front of her was Draxyn. His fists were balled, dark eyes narrowed down at the female. His head was shaven clean on one side with a tattoo of a dagger running down the side of his skull to the very length of his neck. He was massive.

Almost as muscular as Alpha Thompson. He had streaks of black ink curving down his biceps and over his chest. Dark hair dripping with blood over his skin. The other male, who's name I still didn't know, had curly dark locks reaching his shoulders. I didn't have time to continue observing them when he spoke,

"Relax, Draxyn. She didn't mean it like that. You know Xeneron will have our heads if we fail. He wants the pack wiped out clean. No survivors."

After a second of silence the pressure diminished. It seemed like curly head's words knocked some sense into him. Fio visibly relaxed and sent curly head a look of thanks when she felt Draxyn's anger subside. I couldn't blame her for feeling so submissive. His power was tremendously heavy. Not as heavy as an Alpha's, but quite notable for someone not in power.

Dropping his shoulders to relax himself, Draxyn sighed heavily. He pinched the bridge of his nose irritably with his temper threatening to return. He took a moment to recollect his thoughts before turning to look at curly head,

"Call the mutts. We've done our job here. It's time we go back."

Bowing at his order, curly head stilled. His eyes blanking out as he spoke to the other members through mind link. When he finished, the three turned around without another word. They hunched over the ground, hands digging into the soil with their backs arched up. They were mid shifting with fur starting to pierce through their skin when Fio suddenly looked over her shoulder. Quickly, I held still against the tree trunk. My breathing stopped, my heart racing and the damned migraine came back.

Did she see me?

A second went by in silence. By the sound of it none of them have shifted. There was no bone cracking or paw pounding. There wasn't the tiniest bit of shuffling around the leaves scattered all over the ground to indicate that they've moved. The slightest of movements would've been heard especially with my heightened hearing. Yet there came none. I broke into cold sweat. In that split second, I tried wracking my brain apart trying to think of a good way to escape. A way that would give us more than a fifty percent possibility of survival. It's not like I could climb a tree with Lila with me.

14:59

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8.9%

Time was not on our side.

The rogues held their positions. Fio must've caught a feel of my presence and notified her colleagues through mind link. The initial pressure I felt before returned at full blast if not tripling. All of them with their power combined made my bones go weak. Only this time, it was directed at me. I could feel their savage intentions expel from their aura's. Lila must've felt it too as she began to quiver in my arms.

It was a do or die situation. Any moment now, they'd lunge at me. I wasn't sure if they knew my exact location but chances are, they did. I cursed under my breath and with a second on my watch, I bolted down the domain. The fog encompassing the plains made

running harder but at the same time, hiding easier. I could easily lose them if I run fast enough. I could hear the three wolves quickly chasing after me, their ferocious snarls egging me on.

Sliding down the mound, I turned over my shoulder to see the three of them in their wolf forms.

Their paws hammered down into the dirt under our feet. Their speed increasing as they slowly closed the distance. Cutting corners was the only way I could shake them off.

Pushing myself as fast and as far as I could get us, I jumped over the stream and nearly got out when another wolf coming from the opposite side caught me by the leg. Canines descended down and broke into my skin, drawing drops of blood to trail down my calf.

He held my leg in his jaw, biting down with as much force as he could before I kicked at his muzzle. It let go instantly. Shaking it's head to get rid of the damage. The other three were quickly approaching.

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With Lila still in my arms, I braced myself for impact and shut my eyes but snapped them open when I heard a furious rumble from the front. Craning my head up, I saw a bloody Alpha Thompson in front of me, holding onto the wolf's jaw with his bare hands.

Tearing it apart, he threw the limp body to the side, puffing out his chest as the three wolves halted. Their dark eyes zeroed in on their fallen comrade before shifting to Alpha Thompson in

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They studied him, fully aware that he was an Alpha. The medium sized wolf tilted its head, pacing to the right. The other, going to the left. The biggest one, who I assumed was Draxyn, remained in the middle, eyes narrowed down on me.

"Leave!"

Alpha Thompson bellowed to me without turning. He was breathing hard, his body all scratched up with pieces of flesh torn off. The three wolves quickly launched at him when they realized he was stalling for time. Taking all of them at once, he pushed his body forward, hands grasping at any part of their bodies before hitting as hard as he could. He managed to push one off, the smaller of the three sniveling at it's broken rib.

They didn't waste any time before lunging toward him again, catching his arm in one jaw and his right leg in the other. Alpha Thompson groaned, frigidly trying to tear his arm out of the wolf's mouth. He kicked at the wolf, trying to shake it off.

Scrambling to get up, I sprint toward the exit of the pack territory. I didn't wait to hear the increase of growls heading toward our direction. The ground shook under me.

The rogues called for reinforcements.

Panting out loudly, I rushed down the small hill and nearly tripped in the process. I was so close to the gate when something large collided into me. I yelped, my hold on Lila slipping as she fell to the other side of the ground with me rolling over the grass. I winced in pain, the arm I landed on broken and throbbing with hurt. A moment of haziness washed over me. My head going woozy as I tried to focus my vision by blinking a few times.

I raised my head, trying to see what had crashed into me only to fall silent. Draxyn stood there in his human form. A smirk was in place as he walked ever so slowly toward me in mock. I hissed, forcing myself to move. My arms wobbled when I tried to push myself off the ground only to be slammed down when Draxyn's foot pushed on my back. When I resisted, he pushed harder. I could feel my bones cracking under the weight of his foot. A laugh pulled from his lips. Deep, croaky and full of amusement. Tilting his head to the side with a cocked brow, he sighed exaggeratedly before winding his leg back and kicking me in the side. I felt a bone shatter inside from the impact. A huff of air forcibly kicked out of me. I coughed, my stomach twisting in agony as my body took on a curled position. Blood trickled down my mouth. I laid on my side, my arms going over my stomach protectively when I noticed Lila sitting on her knees staring at me with misty eyes. Cuts adorned her face, arms and legs. The fall had hurt her far more than I thought. She sat there completely scared and confused on what to do. She just stared at me in question.

Draxyn noticed my attention elsewhere, curiously looking in the direction I stared at and froze at what he found. He turned back to me, a sinister smile stretching across his face as he strode over to Lila. I could feel my mouth opening, my voice finding itself to scream out "no! Stop! Leave her alone!" but he didn't. Using my forearms as a grip, I desperately tried to crawl toward her but it was too late.

Lila screamed as Draxyn bent over to grab her by the neck roughly. He held her up like she was weightless. Flickering my gaze to his other hand, my eyes widened at the ascending

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claws coming from the tips of his fingers. A whimper broke out from me, my wolf growing loud in my ears but unable to do anything. I could feel my eyes water, my heart raging on in panic at what was to come. Draxyn gave me one last glance, his eyes holding mine, and he smiled.

Then as quick as he did, he punctured his claws into Lila's stomach, ripping a line down her flesh. She screamed hauntingly, tears running down her cheeks as her face contorted in unmeasurable pain. Eyebrows pressed together, lips parting widely, body convulsing from the damage she took. Her blood bled into her shirt, staining the fabric damp. She gurgled, choking from the grip Draxyn had around her neck.

I felt my claws extending, my fur starting to bristle out. I still couldn't shift but my wolf was desperately making an attempt. She went against reality, trying to wedge herself in the seat of control. I see her throwing herself against my walls. Head smashing against her barriers in brashness. Her rabid, feral snarls resonating in my head as her black eyes glowed lividly. It was suicide. I could die from the overwhelming stress burdening my body. I no longer had control of my emotions. They spiraled out, willing my wolf to come forth to wreck havoc on all who dared to hurt us. I knew the chances of dying were high, but if it meant saving Lila, I was willing to go through with it.

The same thirst for blood I felt over the man who had pinned Lila under him returned with the same intensity. My blood pumped with desire to see him bleed, eyes seeing red as my body moved on its own accord. With a cry, I hurled myself up, throwing my body in his direction. I elbowed him, getting him to let go of the little girl before stumbling back over his feet. Angry eyes searched wildly for the source as they fell on me. He growled, muscles taut in rage.

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His aura no longer took its effect on me. I was far too clouded with the impulse of impaling him with my claws to take notice of the murderous looks he threw me. In a nanosecond, he slung himself at me and withdrew his hands back to grab me. His bloodied claw swiped at my arm, a hiss leaving my lips when he grazed me enough to break skin. I raised my leg, kicking him at his waist with hard force. I heard a painful creak sound from his body. Draxyn snarled. His eyes dropped to his scratches and the place I kicked him at.

He was angry.

I was sure I left a bruise there but it wasn't enough to break a bone. I had no prior training skills. I was relying solely on basic instinct.

Animalistic, primal instincts.

Draxyn didn't waste another minute before launching his other attack on me but I managed to deflect it. I moved aside before he could reach me. Peeking over to Lila, blood was beginning to pool around her. She laid there, coughing out blood as she cried silently. Her head turned to the side to watch me. Her eyes were already starting to droop. She didn't have much time left. Tightening down on my jaw, I faced Draxyn head-on, ignoring my wolf's barks to stall. She was guiding me. Telling me what to do. She told me to push harder.

And so I did.

With everything I had, I slid over the ground and managed to trip him. He fell hard on the floor, not having enough time to regain his composure when I straddled him. I snaked my arms around his neck, my legs secured around his waist and tightened my hold. My broken arm hurt so much, a sense of fire burning through my tissues at the feel. Draxyn stirred around violently. He elbowed me in my stomach, forcing my hold to loosen but I grabbed hold of his hair and forced his head against the ground multiple times.

V

Slamming his skull down with more force each time, his body weakened. He went limp. Some blood poured out of his head. Unconscious but not dead. The sound of footsteps quickly advancing broke me out of my bloodlust trance. Help was on the way. Help for him that is. Getting off of him, I limped my way to Lila, carefully pulling her in arms and tried not to cry at her gaping wounds. The pain of my broken arm, soon forgotten about. Her face had paled, lips shaking and turning blue.

She was dying.

"I'm-

She whimpered, squeezing my shirt in her fist. Swallowing, I forced a smile on my face as I looked down at her. The facade I forced on my face trembling, no matter how hard I tried to keep it straight.

"Yes, baby?"

Running down the exit, I forced the exhaustion trying to overtake me out of my head. My body willed me to take a rest. My eyelids losing the strength to keep them open.

Shaking off my tiredness, I bit down on my lip to stimulate pain. But it wasn't enough.

Against everything I had, I prayed so desperately to the Moon Goddess. To the Moon Goddess who'd

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9.8

15:00

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ignored all my prayers before. I begged her to take my life instead of Lila's. I begged her to listen to my pleas and spare the innocent child's life. I knew that it was idiotic but I had nothing else I could've done. Nothing else I could offer.

"I'm scared."

She whispered. Lila sobbed, eyes glassy with tears. Her little fingers curling around my "Mama... I'm scared."

shirt.

My heart broke. The composure I tried to maintain breaking as my own tears broke through. Kissing her forehead, I set her down, ripping my shirt to wrap around her wound. Her blood quickly soaked through it. Negative thoughts filled my mind one by one; telling me she wouldn't make it, telling me it was my fault for being too weak, telling me that I failed her just like everyone else.

"S-Sweetheart, you have to hold onto it, okay?"

I took her hands in mine and laid it over her wound. She winced, crying harder at the pain. She barely shook her head before I pressed them against her wounds harder.

Scooping her up in my arms, I ran forward. I couldn't keep count of how much time had past. I could only hear her heartbeats slowing down. I was losing time. Lila's warm blood dripped down

my arms.

Suddenly, I remembered one more thing.

Landon.

Throwing my pride, anger, humiliation, betrayal away, I reached out to him.

He didn't have a wall up.

I began to feel hopeful. My wolf howled, feeling Landon's wolf perk at our attempt at communication. A burst of happiness swelling in my chest but it came down all too quickly. Like a metal wall suddenly clamping down, he blocked us out the moment he felt me call for him. And not a minute later, excruciating pain shot up at my neck. I felt like I was being skinned alive. My knees bucked, my body falling over to the ground once more. I tried to go on to the bond, slamming everything I had frantically against his walls.

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He would feel my desperation.

He'd feel how badly I was trying to break through to him.

And he ignored me.

As the pain in my neck pulsed through, my wolf howled in agony. Curling herself in the corner of my mind, she scratched at her chest with her claws. Rabid growls surrounding

her as she kept clawing at herself.

She was trying to kill herself.

Landon had marked my sister.

Hestia had marked Landon.

Tears ran down the side of my face, falling to Lila's pale cheek. I urged my legs to keep moving, but every wave of pain coming over me immobilized my body. My legs, paralyzed and unmoving, twitching uncontrollably.

"No, no, no-"

I cried hoarsely. My nails dug into the ground in a pathetic attempt to crawl my way down. I dragged my body over the soil, collecting mud on the way. Thuds pounding in my skull had me sobbing at my weakness. The last fragment of my bond to Landon cruelly snapping apart. I felt everything. The Moon Goddess' punishment for going against her blessings. A punishment I wasn't deserving of. I felt a drop of water hit my forehead.

It started to rain.

The water puddled around my body, rolling off my skin and soaking in my hair. The cool comfort of rain doing nothing to ease the fire burning in my abdomen. My strength slowly dispersed from inside me. I felt so cold but so hot. Shiver after shiver, the heat in my body left me defenseless. I kept holding on, trying my hardest to keep going. Lila's breathing was shallow. Her small chest lifting and falling slowly.

All color was draining from her face.

Then suddenly another wave of pain overcame me.

They were mating again. This time, a lot more intense because of the aftershock of marking. My claws extended out. My body moved on its own. My wolf was trying to take control, to end the life I had because of our mate. She was going crazy, not thinking clearly and purely acting on emotion. A sort of high soaking my mind to numbness.

"Ma-Mama..."

Slowly my eyes started to close. Despite the desperation to keep myself awake, I was slipping into the darkness consuming me whole. I forced my head to the side, seeing Lila's hazel eyes piercing into me. Her hand outreached to touch me but failing to.

Spurring the last remaining strength inside me, I tried to lift my hand to touch her. To feel her soft curls in my hand but the only thing I could move were my fingers.

"No- Lila... please no. Please... god no, baby no-"

15:00

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10.2%

I whispered, the feel of my tears sliding down my cheek washed away from the rain was the last thing I could remember before passing out.

Darkness.

I was laying in an ocean of darkness. Unable to see, feel, or move anything. Only my mind was conscious, my senses all numbed out except my hearing and smell. I gradually picked up on the faint sound of something beeping.

I don't know where I am, but my sense of smell returned. I caught whiffs of multiple wolf scents but none of them are any one that I recognize. That could only mean I was in uncharted territory.

"Alpha Meredith is here. She wants to see the girl."

Said a soft feminine voice. I heard someone respond but I couldn't catch what he said. Next thing I know, I heard the door creak and close shut. I was alone. I couldn't feel any other presence in the room except mine.

Alpha Meredith?

Alpha Meredith Crestfield?

Isn't she the Alpha of the Greyhound pack? The only female Alpha on the board as of right now? I felt myself begin to panic. If I was on Greyhound territory, then I was on enemy territory. Neither Duskfall or Nightwake were allies with Greyhound. This was looking bad.

My eyes suddenly fluttered open upon command. Bright light invading my sight making me squint in discomfort. Blinking away the confusion, I tried to sit up. My body felt so rigid. So stiff. I gasped out, feeling an ache shoot up everywhere just from trying to move. I let myself fall back into the bed. Turning my head to the side, the first thing I saw was the lavender paint on the walls. A few paintings of scenery hung up with a two person couch pressed to side near the window. I was in bed, dressed in a hospital gown with an IV needle punctured in my arm. Sweeping my eyes across the room, I noticed a small vase of carnations on the coffee table.

What the hell happened?

I tried to remember the last thing I did before passing out but it only made my head hurt. Everything was a blur. I groaned, grasping my forehead in my hands when the door slammed open. I quickly sat up despite the immediate protest of my body.

"I see you're awake."

A tall, older woman with gray hair tied into a bun stood at the doorway. She was dressed in a black blazer, dress pants and flats. Her intense hazel eyes peering appraisingly at me. I didn't miss the way her eyes scanned down my body with slight scrutiny. She was definitely the Alpha. Alpha Meredith Crestfield. The power she was emitting told me so. If anyone other than I was sitting here, they would've bowed their head in submission. But something told me not to.

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Something told me to hold my ground and keep my head high.

I opened my mouth to say something but couldn't find my voice. So instead, I simply nodded.

The Alpha seemed pleased with something. I don't know if it was because she was happy I can understand her or if she was happy I wasn't backing down. Normally, Alpha's hated to be challenged or intimidated. It made them feel like their power and strength was being questioned. I guess it was one of those Alpha territorial things. Alpha Crestfield sighed through her nose. Walking to my side, she stood straight and tall. I couldn't understand why I felt such a connection to her. I wasn't feeling scared nor was I really panicking now that I met her face to face. I felt similar to her on a spiritual level. My wolf was basking in her presence as well. A little confused, but happy to be near her.

What the actual hell?

"You're on Greyhound territory, my dear."

She said suddenly, her voice void of emotion. I swallowed. Was this the part she told me I was going to be held captive and that the only way for me to return home was by talking to Landon? Anger soared through my veins at the name. The man who was supposed to love me, cherish me, understand me had betrayed me in the worst of ways. I might've accepted his decision to reject me, but I would never forgive the fact he decided not to help Duskfall-

My breathing hitched.

Lila.

I quickly looked up at the Alpha, my eyes wide in realization.

"The little girl! I was with- Lila, where is she? Is she- Is she okay?"

The blankness on Alpha Crestfield's face faltered. Her lips tugged down the tiniest bit before she hid it well. For a split second, I could see something under her facade.

Something I could associate myself with for the past few months.

Sadness.

She didn't need to say anything. I knew, deep down inside what happened. I knew, with all my heart, that my precious little angel didn't make it. But I still betted on that zero point one percent chance that she survived. Even with all the odds against it, I hoped. Hope that had shattered with the way the Alpha's gaze dropped. Staring at her with all the courage I could muster, my lips moved on their own,

"Let me see her... please."

Alpha Crestfield's eyes snapped up to me, a small huff of breath leaving her. She looked reluctant. She was more than wary of me and it was understandable seeing how I got here but I just needed to see her. I needed to. If it meant fighting my way to see her, then so be it.

"Please. I'm begging you."

Finally, her hazel eyes softened at my blue ones. She nodded in agreement,

"No."

I said, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed.

"I'd rather walk."

Pressing her lips in a thin hard line, she nodded again. The nurses who were standing right outside came in. They all fussed over me, helping me get up and removing the IV needle from my arm. Embarrassingly enough, I could barely walk. My arm had already healed and so did the minor injuries all over my body. With the exhaustion and trauma I'd undergone, it wasn't a surprise I hadn't completely healed yet.

Wolves may heal faster but we weren't immune to human injuries and severe exhaustion. I was still a little sore, but in wholeness, I was fine. One of the nurses held me up, tucking her arm around my waist and helped me keep up with the Alpha. We walked out of the room and into the hallway.

We were in the pack house.

A few curious wolves looked at me in question. Their probing gazes drilling holes into my back as we passed by. I tried not to let it bother me when some would whisper to each other about who I was. To most of them, I was a poor survivor of the Duskfall pack, if not the only one. We walked down the corridor and down the stairs until we reached a huge metal door guarded by two warriors. The two were talking to a lean man

dressed formally.

“Alpha Meredith.”

The man was wearing a white button down and bowed at Alpha Crestfield. His gaze shifted to me. His eyes widened by a fraction before returning back to the Alpha.

“Are you here to see...”

He cleared his throat uncomfortably,

“-the bodies?”

I flinched at the last word. Did they collect everyone’s body and bring them here? Alpha Crestfield nodded once, not bothered by his words. Pursing his lips together, he made way for us to pass and opened the metal door. A gush of cool air smacked me in the face. The Alpha and a few of her men walked in first. I allowed them to get a few steps ahead of me before making any more to get inside. I followed, taking cautious steps in and held back a sob at the sight.

Bodies in white bodybags were set up in a line. About forty of them were in here. I sucked in a shaky breath, looking at the bodies I undoubtedly know but couldn’t bear to see. I felt a squeeze on my shoulder. Looking at the hand over my skin, I found the nurse who was holding me. She shot me a sad smile, sympathy crossing her gentle features. I couldn’t bring myself to smile or say a word of thanks for her attempt for comfort.

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Feeling so much at the same time that I couldn’t feel it anymore made me this way. I was so far gone.

“The rest of them... were unsalvageable.”

Alpha Crestfield explained. She looked at the sea of bodies with false indifference. I could feel her sadness radiate off her but she wouldn’t let it show on her face. Not in front of me, not in front of her pack members.

“Just limbs and pieces left behind.”

“And the Alpha?”

Alpha Crestfield went quiet. I looked at her, surprised to see her lips forming a deep frown.

“Dismembered and tossed in the river with the Luna.”

My eyes widened as a sharp whimper left me. My wolf’s ears hanging low with her tail in between her legs. Her sadness mixed with mine as we thought back to the kind words of the Alpha our Alpha. A whole bloodline was erased.

The Alpha, the Luna and then, their son.

The rogues really didn’t leave anything behind. Nothing, except me.

“The girl...”

I stiffened.

“She’s over there.”

I followed Alpha Crestfield to the corner of the morgue. A small body bag laid on the table. I looked at the Alpha, her mouth not moving but her eyes telling me to go on. Lifting my hand up, I took the zipper in my fingers and slowly unzipped the bag. A wad

of curly brown hair peeked through, her face pale without blood to color her skin, her eyes closed and thick lashes casting shadows under her eyes, her small button nose, dry and colorless lips in a pout.

She looked so at peace, as though she was sleeping and not completely out of my reach.

“Ho How did you find me?”

Alpha Crestfield stood behind me. She placed a hand on my back. Her warmth sending a soothing touch to both me and my wolf. She felt so... motherly.

“You were within my territory. Only six minutes away.”

My eyes went misty with tears that refused to fall. After all the crying I’ve done, I couldn’t handle it anymore. I was tired trying to be strong. Tired of trying to stop it. I knelt down, sniffing as I wrapped my arm over her cold, lifeless body. Her words calling me “mama” replaying in my head. Pressing my head on her stomach, I cried for my loss. Cried for the people I grew to love but lost all too quickly.

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I cried for the weakness I had.

Cried for my inability to have done something.

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The Female Alpha’s Sane Kary

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Cried for the lives I desperately wanted to save.

Cried for the fact I was left alone yet again.

Cried for the family I held love for, only to find out they wanted me dead.

Cried for the mate that cruelly abandoned me when I needed him most.

Cried for letting Lila slip through my fingers.

But most of all, I was angry.

Angry at the people who had done this.

Angry at my biological family.

Angry at the bond that ruined me inside and out.

Angry at the Moon Goddess who seemed to be so hell bent on bringing me misfortune.

Angry at Landon and Hestia for mating and marking each other, causing me to pass out with Lila dying within my arms reach.

Angry at myself for not being able to push through when help was literally six minutes away.

Had I kept pushing, kept going, had I not passed out, I would’ve had a chance to save her. A slim chance, but a chance regardless. A chance I would’ve taken for anything.

I was angry at my powerlessness.

Angry at the fact I was proving my parents right by letting everyone I cared for down.

Angry for everything that has happened to me.

Angry for having my happiness stripped away when I finally acquired it.

Tears trailed down my face, eyes heated with hatred burning deep in my soul. My hands were clenched, body shaking with fury that needed to be released on those rogues. I swore, with everything inside me, I would get revenge. Be it now or in decades, I will make them pay. All of them.

“Your mate is an Alpha, isn’t he?”

Alpha Crestfield asked. I breathed in, slowly turning to look at her. She stood there in

complete composure. Her hand never left my back. Her eyes sharp and calculating as she waited for my answer. She knew what it was, but she wanted to hear it from me. To see if I would try to lie to her. Gritting my teeth, I laughed bitterly.

“Yes. An Alpha.”

I said, thinking about their faces and the deep rooted rage I felt overflowing.

“But he’s not my mate.”

Alpha Crestfield rose a brow, a small smirk pulling at her lips. Withdrawing her hand to her side, she lifted her head higher. She looked amused. Happy, even. Her aged but beautiful face, contorting in slyness.

“I see.”

Chapter 27

She mumbled lowly,

“You want revenge, don’t you?”

My wolf perked at the tone in her voice. A suggesting, knowing one. Without hesitation, I nodded. Looking at Lila one last time, I let my hand caress her cold cheek. My fragile heart chipping away the final layers of warmth left inside me.

“More than anything.”

Silence seeped into the room. A few seconds went by before I finally heard something.

The men and nurse that had accompanied us started walking out the door, closing it behind them. Alpha Crestfield and I were the last ones in the room. She smiled, her eyes lighting up with interest.

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 28

Posted by Admin1, 373 Views, Released on May 26, 2023

Chapter 28

“Would you like a chance to fulfill it?”

My eyes connected with hers. I knew she was deathly serious, but so was I. This woman, the Alpha of Greyhound, was giving me a chance. A chance I never got in Nightwake. A chance in getting vengeance on those who wronged me. A chance to rip into that rogue’s chest and tear out his heart.

A chance I wasn’t stupid enough to let up.

“Yes,”

4 years later

“Alpha Selene, Ms. Meredith Crestfield is here to see you.”

I paused, my fist an inch away from hitting the punching bag. Ragged breaths left me as my chest heaved from the overexertion of my body. Whisks of pale blonde hair clung onto my skin from the sweat coating it. Dropping my posture, I put a hand to my hip and glanced over at the clock on the wall.

6:30 AM.

I’ve been working out for three hours already.

Noah Jones, my Beta, stood right outside my personal gym. He wore his usual black button down with dark dress pants matching with black dress shoes. With a stack of papers tucked in his arms, he looked at me expectantly. His green eyes shifting to the busted punching bags on the floor before returning to me with amusement. His lips twitched. A small smile threatened to inch across his face but he withheld himself.

Stressed?

He asked in the mind link. A mumble pulled from my lips while I ignored him. Pulling the wraps around my fists off, I stepped away from the punching bag and walked over to the bench where my bottled water was. No doubt about it, I was stressed. Piles and piles of admission requests were coming in all at once. Sure, I had Noah with me to help, but I was the one who had the actual say on who can join and who couldn't. The request rate had risen so high since our pack ranked second best.

Rankings were announced annually, and the Chancellor along with his administration were the ones to decide who placed where. Usually it was population size and fundings that majorly factored into the ranking system, but man power and international and local alliances were also components.

Grabbing the bottle and twisting the cap open, I lift it to my lips and downed the whole thing. Fresh, cool water quenching my thirst from the overheating of my body gave me a moment of relief. It's been two years since I've officially claimed the Alpha title from Meredith. I underwent intense training to even be considered worthy of the title. Once I proved myself by completing the courses, I changed my last name to Crestfield and took over as her adoptive daughter.

Getting the documents to declare my severance from the Dixon family and the Nightwake

and therefore not reliant on my blood family's approval, but because it had to be kept under wraps. My identity was a secret we needed to keep.

Normally to withdraw from a pack the wolf needed to gain permission from their current Alpha, but with my special circumstance and Meredith's decision to adopt me as her daughter and heir, the Chancellor had been lenient.

Supposedly there was a clause somewhere that should a member who was on forced temporary pack transfer get hurt, or damaged in any way within the temporary pack they resided in.

they'd have the right to leave their original pack without bringing it up to the Alpha for a formal parting. Forced pack transfers were usually for those who were known to be disruptive or possibly one of those in the rare instances which two wolves were dating and suddenly one found his or her mate and they break up. Bitterness was always a lead cause for disruption.

Accepting the Alpha title from Meredith had been exhilarating. The pride and power I felt from the ceremony had reinforced my determination to succeed.

It wasn't, by any means, an easy transition.

I had a handful of challengers trying to take the title from me because they initially saw me as an outsider. A threat. Someone who was from an enemy pack. They hated the thought of someone outside the pack rising as the new Alpha. Ignoring that I was personally handpicked by the current Alpha, herself. But of course, I met those challenges. I met them all and pounded into everyone who came witness to the fight that I was not to be taken lightly.

No mercy, no remorse and absolutely no hesitation.

Anyone who dared to take this from me wouldn't be let off easy. I wasn't going to let everything I worked so hard for go tumbling down because of it. Sighing as I crushed the plastic bottle in my hand, I threw it at the trash and nodded at him. Noah gave me a curt bow before stepping aside to make room. Meredith came strolling in, a smile on her

face with a small black box in her hands. Standing gracefully tall with her hair slicked back and an elegant black, knee length dress on, she rose a brow at me. Hazel eyes sparkled with amusement as she took in my tired, sweaty appearance.
“Training so hard this early in the morning?”

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 29

Posted by **Admin1**, 401 Views, Released on May 26, 2023

Chapter 29

I scoffed with a small smile.

“No place I’d rather be.”

Meredith hummed in response, looking around the gym before deciding to head toward the bench. She sat down, her knees pressed together with the box gently placed in the middle of her lap. Her eyes fell to me. She looked a little perplexed. Finally, she patted the space beside her.

“Sit with me, Selene.”

And I did. I sat beside her, wiping the sweat from my neck with a towel I left on the bench. I tried to ignore how filthy I felt with my sweat making me sticky. My skin still burned from all the blood pumping into me. I was so tired. But it wasn’t enough. Pain helped remind me of why I was doing this.

Who I was doing this for.

I couldn’t afford to even waste a minute of my time.

“You know you didn’t have to get me the house.

Meredith broke, looking pointedly at me. I could see in her eyes that she felt somewhat indebted. The house she was referring to was the one her mate built for her as a gift. Her mate, Kit, had died after being mauled on by rogues. Xeneron’s (current leader) father was the leader at the time. He had ordered an attack on their pack years ago but they fought tooth and nail against them. They managed to hold the rogues back before they could burn Greyhound to the ground.

She was nineteen when he passed and met him only a year prior. Losing a mate was something I couldn’t begin to understand. I’ve seen how some would fare after losing their significant other. Some would go crazy while some would manage to mourn but move on with another in their lives. Meredith was neither. She decided against finding someone else, believing it to be betrayal on her part if she did. So she lived a lonely life as Alpha; never having the chance to love another and have kids.

The house he was building was never finished and was under Kit’s name. With no will or testament, it was passed down to his brother by default. His brother who sold the house to a family of humans that lived there ever since. Meredith long gave up trying to get the house, not wanting to get mixed up with humans. Only recently was it put up for sale but the moment it did, I bought it. I had Noah keep track on it since Meredith told me the story. I knew, from the very moment I heard of it, I was going to get it for her.

I rolled my eyes and tilted my head to the side with a small smile.

“And you didn’t have to help me four years ago”

My smile fell, my face turning serious.

“-but you did.”

Meredith went quiet. She tapped her fingers along the edges of the black box

rhythmically. She relaxed her shoulders and stared at the wall. Her wolf sadly peeking out as she thought about Kit. It was only in moments like this that she ever lets out her true emotions. As a
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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 30

Posted by Admin1, 376 Views, Released on May 26, 2023

Chapter 30

"It was my decision, Meredith. And I don't regret it one bit. I don't care if what you did was because of your selfishness because honestly, I did the same. If you were using me, I was using you. You used me for my bloodline, I used you for the title. We both got what we wanted here but I still got more of the bargain. The house is just a small token of thanks." Finally, Meredith smiled. She shook her head in amusement and breathed in.

"I may have been the one to rescue you that day, but you saved me."

She whispered to herself. Taking my left hand in hers, she gave me a gentle squeeze before flipping the small box open. Inside was a ring. A green stone in the center with small carvings of flowers in the golden band. An engraved "GH" was on the inner band of the ring. It was beautifully elegant.

"This is the Greyhound crest."

She explains, taking the ring off the slit. She slowly slid the ring on my middle finger. I found myself surprised to see that it fit perfectly. The green stone shined brightly under the light. It felt empowering to wear it. My wolf feeling overwhelmed but at the same time pride was swelling in her chest. She truly felt like an Alpha, now that she was wearing it.

"I would've given you this a while ago, but... I didn't know whether or not you wanted to continue being Alpha."

She moved the ring around my finger, smiling brightly at the way it fit.

"I had it resized and everything... I would've put it on your ring finger but,"

She peered up through her lashes to give me a sly smirk,

"I'm sure you'll find someone who's willing to slide one on for you in the future."

I snorted reflexively at her insinuation. Meredith has been actively trying to convince me to find someone. She'd send a few profiles of eligible mateless Alphas or Betas who came from overseas every week. Once, she actually brought one to the pack house when I was down in the torture/interrogation room. Imagine the shock on the poor man's face when he saw me coming up from the basement drenched in blood with a butcher's apron around my neck. It's safe to say I've never seen a wolf run that fast in my life.

She was set on the whole "bringing my love life to life", or so she says. She knew of my history with mates and my family. She understands me, to say the least. Or well, she tries to. The only thing she didn't understand was why I didn't want to get involved with someone else. Unlike her, my mate didn't want me. There'd be no betraying on my part if I chose to move on like he did with Hestia.

It's not like I was saving myself for Landon, the man can die for all I care, but I wasn't keen on looking for romance just yet. I wasn't against the idea but now was not the time. Besides, I doubt anyone would be interested in "The Hellhound".

Ah yes.

My favorite nickname of all.

?

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It was a play on the pack name but also quite scary to the ears. I honestly don't know from which story that one stemmed from, but it caught on. Noah would mess around with it, "accidentally" calling me that when he told his mate, Mailia, about his day right in front of me. I inwardly grimaced when I remembered the pups in the pack retelling the stories they

heard from our warriors.

The rogues were so scared!

They saw the Alpha and begged for mercy!

The hellhound is upon us!

As amusing as it was to see pups under the age of seven circling around pack territory calling out Hellhound this, Hellhound that, it actually started getting old really quickly.

Sucking in a breath, I gave Meredith an apologetic look.

“Meredith, you know I’m not interested in that sort of stuff right now.”

She held her hands up in mock surrender but failed to hide the smile on her face.

“All I’m saying is that you shouldn’t be so closed off on the idea. If someone who catches your interest comes along, don’t be so quick to shut the door.”

With these last words, she got up and set the box on the bench. Without taking another look in my direction she made her way out of the gym.

“Thank you.”

I said suddenly, twisting the ring around my finger. Meredith stopped in her step to listen but didn’t turn around. She waited quietly for me to finish.

“...For everything.”

Meredith turned over her shoulder, a warm smile gracing her face as she stared at me. I always felt such a deep connection to her since the moment I met her. I guess it was because she became somewhat like a mother figure to me. She was always there to push me when I needed the push. Always there to console me when I had those attacks until I learned how to control it.

She was there for everything.

Like Bentley was.

“Your welcome. Oh, by the way, I past by your Gamma on my way here. He seemed a little on edge, mumbling about something. I suggest you go talk to him before the young lad rips.

his hair out.”