

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 61

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Chapter 61

I say nothing as my smile set into place. Oh, Noah. You don't know how happy you just made me from those six words. Pulling out my phone, I punched in Chancellor Williams' private number and held the phone to my ear. After the second ring, he answered.

"I take it that you're coming to interrogate them today?"

He asks into the phone. No greeting, no pleasantries, just straight to the point. I could almost hear the smile in his voice.

"Yes. I've brought some things with me, if you don't mind."

He laughed, his deep voice echoing against my ear. I could see Noah smiling shamelessly in glee. He was genuinely proud of himself for bringing the toys. The twinkle in his eyes waiting for a praise from me said so.

"Oh no, of course not. I wouldn't get in the way of a lady's essentials."

He paused,

"And- oh, my apologies Selene. I have an Alpha guest over tonight. I hope you don't mind it. I know how you are with Alphas. You're more than welcome to come over still if you wish or you can come tomorrow?"

"No, it won't be a problem. I'll spend all of my time at the Capital in the interrogation room, anyway. No worries from my end. I doubt I'll sense anything more than a scent from this guest of yours."

"Then that's fine. I'll alert the guards to allow you in. Will your Beta be joining you?"

I sigh, sneaking a glance at Noah whose mood seemed a little dampened at the question.

"No, not today. It'll just be me."

"I see."

This time, he sighed.

"He's going to miss quite the show."

"Indeed he is..."

Noah grumbled lowly.

My lips tugged up but I stopped myself. It seems Williams also caught his little input because he chuckled softly.

"I truly do like this Beta of yours. He's... un-beta like, I must say. It's honestly refreshing. I'd like to talk more but it would seem my guest is not in the best of moods right now. I'll have to prepare for the worst when he arrives..."

My eyebrows scrunch together in curiosity,

"If you don't mind me asking, who-"

"Enjoy your stay here, Selene."

And then he hung up.

Pulling the phone from my ear, I looked at it weirdly before turning my gaze to Noah. He shrugged, confusion etching on his face before he smirks.

"So, about that sexual tension."

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"I need you to make sure my schedule is clear for the next two days. Maybe three, but

I'll let you know if I need more time. Other than that, make sure no one slacks training. I want everyone not on border duty out in that field at six a.m sharp. That rogue in the lower cells- add more silver chains. Tighten up security and add more warriors at the back borders. I don't want Xeneron seeing any opportunities, especially when I'm away. Any messages from other packs go directly to me."

Noah nodded, passing me the duffle bag of goodies. The warriors surrounding us bowed, bidding me a safe stay before getting back in the van after dismissing them. The large mansion looming over me filled me with memories of when I first started training for being an Alpha. Memories of my first meeting with the Chancellor to changing my last name to Crestfield... everything.

Noah stared at me quietly before letting his eyes drift to the Capital mansion. His expression turned grim.

"Shame Isaac has to miss this. I'm sure he would've wanted to get a few licks in before you do anything too damaging."

I smiled at the thought of Isaac. I was sure he was having fun taking his aggression out on the 'fresh meat'. Though he was far too aggressive when training, his lessons are the best you can get. It was better knowing the reality of the harsh world of wolves than to idly stay inside, completely oblivious and unprepared for attacks. He didn't do easy training.

It wasn't his style.

"I don't intend on doing much physical pain. Well at least, not yet."

I smirked casting him a side glance,

"I was thinking of waiting it out for Isaac. I'm sure he'd appreciate the little gift.

Noah quirked a brow with interest. Shifting his weight on his right leg, he turned his body to face me,

"Not physical, huh? So I'm guessing you're planning on using the good ol' mind break method."

I nodded.

"Well, that sounds morbidly fun. Don't break them too much. You're still gonna need them."

"I don't intend to. I just... want to give them a little taste is all."

Noah smirked, holding my gaze before turning away with the shake of his head.

"Did I ever tell you, you'd make one good boogiemonster?"

"I think earning the title 'Hellhound' is self explanatory."

With one last smile, we nuzzled heads and I watched him get in the van. Once they were out of sight, I walked up

the patio steps of the mansion and rang the doorbell. Not a second went by when one of Williams' head maids opened the door. She kept her eyes low, bowing with her hands clasped together at her stomach. Wearing a traditional black housekeeping uniform that reached her ankles, she smiled softly.

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"Alpha Crestfield, it's a pleasure to see you again. Chancellor Williams has informed me

of your purpose for today's visit. Your room has been set up for your use. Please allow me to accompany you to the interrogation chambers."

I nodded silently. She led me through the hallways I grew accustomed to seeing. Having frequent visits here for pack affairs, social dinners with his family and occasional visits with Meredith, I learned the pathways of the mansion by heart. Walking at the pace the head maid, Opal, was leading, we walked down the secret passage ways of the mansion. I remembered the first time I set foot in this place, I had serious Dracula vibes coming from here.

Like

any horror movie, the interrogation chambers were located at the lowest levels. Much like the one I had in Greyhound territory. We walked down the dim, cobblestone stairs only lit up by torches hanging at the ceiling. The walls were moist, water dripping down the ceilings and onto the floor. Small puddles of water were everywhere. The first few cells we walked by were empty. It took us a good few feet down the chamber room to reach the isolation area.

The place the rogues were being kept at.

Opal turned to me, a smile on her face as she bowed once again.

"They're strapped in silver chains on the chairs. They haven't been eating anything the prison guards have given them, so they're a little malnourished. Chancellor Williams bids you good luck"

her eyes met mine for a brief moment. I could see the mischief hidden in her gaze, "-as well as a good time."

And then, without another word, she turns on her heel and walks past me. Back to the direction we came from, the sound of her heels clicking against the stone getting further and further away was all I heard.

Grasping the handles of the duffle bag tightly in my hand, I breathed in. My wolf growled out in amusement, claws extending and canines protruding past her lips. Her eyes sought after the thick, metal door in front of us. She could smell them.

The thick scent of the rogues.

Fio and Val.

I was already beginning to feel my self control slip away. Occasional snarls leaving past my lips. unintentionally with my eyes flickering to her black gaze. Exhaling, I walked toward the door, placed my palm around the metal knob and pulled.

A smile stretched across my face at the sight that greeted me.

"Well, isn't this just delightful?"

I hummed to myself, ignoring the muffled screams and growls of hatred being directed toward me. Walking around Fio, who was strapped into a metal chair with her wrists and ankles bound with silver, I looked on to curly head.

Or should I say, Val.

Chancellor Williams truly did leave them to me. They weren't touched. From what I can see the only damage done was their refusal to eat. They looked terrible. They looked a little skinny, eyes sunk in with bags under them. They also probably weren't sleeping. I doubt they could with those gags in their mouths.

Still humming a soft tune, I walked over to the metal table Chancellor Williams so gracefully left for me. It was empty of course, he knew I liked to use my own things.

Dropping the duffle bag on the table, I unzipped it and began taking everything out

slowly. I saw the way Fio and Val looked at me in both curiosity and fear. I guess they didn't recognize me yet.

"You know, this isn't how I envisioned we'd all meet again."

I say, putting down the two flasks of wolfsbane on the counter. I rummaged deeper into the bag and let out a small 'a-ha!' when I found the melted silver I specifically ordered for them. Lifting my eyes to the two rogues who stared at me in pure hatred, I couldn't help the smile on my face.

"I thought I'd have you at my territory."

I sighed, lifting up the silver claws attached onto a glove. Usually, it was just metal, but I had Noah coat them in silver for special use. I didn't miss the way Fio's eyes widened. Seems like my plan's already working.

Of course, these toys of mine weren't going to be used today. It was all about me n'tal pain for now. Having them scared out of their wits before anything truly began was the first stage. Unlike the other rogues I dealt with, I wanted to take my time. To truly break them from inside-out. Starting with their bodies would've been way too merciful.

"I have a lot more toys there. Some are a secret only rogues like you find out about.

That's why no one knows about them, the only one's who find out what they are end up dead."

I smiled at Val, who narrowed his eyes at me like a hawk. Taking out a silver choker that tightens when resistance is indicated after being activated, I spun it around my finger. A mocking grin full blown over my face.

"And they call me heartless."

pretty little

I couldn't help but taunt them with the same words I heard them say. Fio flinched, slowly realizing who I was from my words. Her eyes grew frantic, disbelief and fear basking in her marble eyes.

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"I heard Xeneron abandoned you two."

Still not finished with setting the table with my gadgets, I walked toward them. My heels clicked and echoed in the room. Their muf fled voices ceased, their shock and surprise paralyzing them.

"Ain't that a tragedy?"

I laughed sardonically, clutching onto my stomach. With a pleased smile on my face, I leaned over Fio and pulled out the gag from her mouth. She coughed, saliva dripping down her lips as she glared at me.

"You f ucking w h o re!"

She screamed, thrashing out in her seat. I tsked at her, shaking my head in disapproval as I watched her skin mar in burns. Soon the smell of burning skin began to fill the room. I wrinkled my nose in distaste. The more she moved against the restraints, the more burns she got around her wrists. "Oh sweetheart, I wouldn't do that if I were you. Silver doesn't heal that quickly."

I give her a look,

“Now, I don’t want to hurt you-well, I mean.”

I shrugged.

“Not yet. I have a few questions you see.”

”

Pulling the chair from the metal table, I scraped the legs against the ground and watched her cringe at the sound. Setting it right in front of her, I took a seat.

“What does Xeneron want from Nightwake?”

Fio stopped moving. Her skin paled around her face. Darting her gaze to Val who was right behind me, she swallowed.

“I-I don’t know what you’re-”

“Oh please, if Draxyn didn’t yap like those typical movie villains, I wouldn’t have heard you. But

alas,”

I leaned toward her face, grasping her oily locks in my hand and tightened my hold. She screeched out in pain as I tugged her scalp toward me,

“He did.”

I let go of her hair. She moved away, pressing her back against the chair to get as much distance from me as possible. Val was growling, moving so frantically in his seat that I just had to turn over my shoulder. My eyes widened in realization.

He was midshifting, but the silver around him restrained him from getting out. His wolf bared his canines at me and slowly, I smiled.

Oh.

This just gets better and better.

I pushed my seat back, stepping away from Fio and focused on Val instead. I walked toward him. like a predator, letting my eyes take in his vital points and weaknesses. He was a strong wolf. Physically. Men tally? I’m not so sure. Fio screamed, pushing herself harder against her seat when she realized what I was doing.

“Oh my, oh my ”

I say, a laugh pulling from my lips. I point a finger at Val before turning on my heel to point at her with a look of astonishment,

“You two are mates. Now that’s adorable.”

I walked around Val and stood behind him. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I smirked seeing Fio rage in jealousy from her mate being touched. Her wolf was peeking out, skin slowly overcome with fur.

“But also,”

I trailed my finger down his cheek,

“very convenient.”

Val hissed in disgust, trying to move away from my touch but I held him here. My hands forced his head still. My wolf hated touching another male but she knew this was part of the interrogation process. She hated any male’s touch, including Landon’s. All except- I shook my head, tearing my focus away from that man and looked at Fio.

My smirk was still in place as I tauntingly trailed my hands over his chest. I could feel his breathing quicken, clearly frazzled by the sudden invasion of his personal space.

“You bitch!”

Fio screamed, tears beginning to pour down her face as she went still in her chair. I pout, resting my chin at the crown on Val's head. I guess the mate bond really does this kind of stuff to you. Especially when you're deeply involved.

"I prefer the term 'wolf' but I guess that works too."

I pull away from Val, and lean against the table.

"I have to hand it to you, he's quite the eye candy. Goddess blessed you with this one."

I say, looking over to Val in my best I-want-to-jump his bones look. Mind you that this is coming from

a certified virgin. Goddess knows I look ridiculous, but I pretend I'm seeing someone else completely different. Someone who had grey eyes instead of his mucky brown ones.

Ugh, even when I'm trying to mentally break people, I'm still thinking of him.

"It would be a shame if someone were to take him."

Fio's cold gaze snapped to me as she narrowed her eyes into slits.

"I'm sure you heard. I'm mateless, and oh is it so lonely. I crave lots of attention."

I

say

with a nod. I begin to walk toward her again. My steps are deliberately slow as I lean close to

her face.

"-affection... hugs, kisses..."

I smirk, twisting a lock of her hair around my finger.

"Sex."

And that's when she tried to bite me. I pull away before she could even get close enough to do it. With my chuckles echoing in the room, I head to the bag and pull out my own customary muzzle that attaches to the inside of her jaw. Her eyes widen as she begins to dig her heels against the floor. All her attempts of trying to move away are futile. The chairs are bolted into the ground. Even with werewolf strength, she wouldn't be able to move it.

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Val, who takes notice of what I'm holding begins to panic as well. He's moving harder now, trying to get out of his restraints for the sake of his mate but it's all pointless. If only they just talk. I wish Alpha commands work on rogues, but they don't. Their oath to their leader prevents them from doing it. An oath involving black magic.

I grab her by the throat, momentarily paralyzing her by pinching her nerves and forcefully attach the muzzle around her. She gagged, eyes brimming with tears as her mouth pried open.

"I typically hate doing this."

I say, locking the hatch shut.

"-but I sometimes make an exception."

A good three hours pass with my constant taunting. I took turns taking digs at Val and Fio, often using their mate bond against them. Rogues don't typically fear death. They

do when it involves their mate. I've threatened them with all the bad things I could think of. Of course, they're all just threats. No promises. I don't really intend on having someone forcefully mark Fio nor am I planning on taking Val for myself. I may hate them but I don't fuck with the Moon Goddess' gifts. I've had more than my fill of her unjustified wrath.

And as much as I hate to admit it, it's not in my morals. Well, not that killing someone is moral, but hey, it's understandable this time round. I'm not a sadist, after all. With one last laugh, I turn to the items on the table and quickly push them back inside the duffle bag. They've served their purpose of a scare tactic. The two were strong willed, I'll give them that. Neither of them cracked when I asked questions.

"I guess I can't use them today. To think I took my time taking them out, too."

I haul it over my shoulder with ease and head toward the door. Fio's cries and whimpers along with Val's own sorrow mix together in a beautiful arrangement. My wolf purrs at their expense, loving the amount of satisfaction she got from that little episode. I could feel it in my veins, the overwhelming pleasure it gave me seeing them suffer.

"Sleep well my dear rogues. We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow."

And then, with the wave of my hand, I left.

I don't remember how but I managed to find my way to the guest room I usually take in the mansion. I felt drained emotionally and physically. As much as it was fun to do all that, it was also quite tiring to play the villain for about three and a half hours straight. I sank into the bed, sighing as I screwed my eyes shut.

Was I doing the right thing?

Was revenge really the answer?

Would Bentley, Alpha Oliver, Lila-

I grit down on my teeth and force myself to stop doubting it. Of course they wouldn't be proud of what I was doing, that's just the kind of people they were. Alpha Oliver might be a little more accepting, but I know they wouldn't want me to build up my life with hatred. I know they would've wanted me to live happily and freely

But the again, I can't sate my thirst for revenge by doing that.

I'm not only doing this for them anymore.

It also doing this for me

My desire to watch them suffer was my selfish wish.

My eyelids flutter shut. That's right. I'd be doing this world a favor by getting rid of the rogues. There was no denying that wolves' lives would be better off without thinking of when the next rogue attack would happen. Thinking of whether or not they'll ever see the warriors being sent out to fight, again. Everything would be in order and no one would ever have to suffer what I went through.

No one else will have to watch their happiness burn to the ground like I did.

Turning over in bed, I hug the pillow tight against my chest.

Yes. This was the life I was accustomed to now. Even way back then, in Nightwake, I lay here alone.

I am completely and utterly alone.

My isolation, my only solace.

Hands touch me.

I feel strong, large hands running down the curve of my waist. Warm, slim fingers

trailing gently over every dip of my body before running up my chest. I feel my breathing quicken, my back arching up in pleasure as his hands glide up my bare thigh. He played me like puppet, controlling every one of my movements with the flick of his fingers. They caress everything; the skin just above my hip, the smoothness of my back, the swell of my chest.

They leave lingering trails of heat wherever they go.

And then I suddenly feel lips.

Lips that graze over the skin of my neck, his warm, moist breath fanning over my flesh as he leaves kisses up my jaw. I stop breathing when his hands slide up my nightgown.

Their intent clear when he brushes the pads of fingers over the waistband of my underwear. He groans low in his throat. A sexy, deep rumble that made me clench my legs in desire. His finger hooked on the band of my underwear and tugs down. Slowly, he pulls it off inch by inch until it's left on the floor to be forgotten.

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His hands return to my neck, caressing my skin in a gentle hold. His thumb brushes affectionately over my bottom lip. He lays a kiss on my chin, the side of my face, the corner of my mouth before pressing his forehead against mine,

"Selene,"

He whispers in a husky, desperate breath.

"-my little mate. My lovely wildflower."

His lips hover over mine and I find my hands curling around his neck, urging him to lower himself. My fingers wove into his thick hair, pulling at them for him to understand what I want. For him to understand I want a kiss.

But he doesn't.

"Soon, my love. Soon."

My gaze connectst with his grey ones and then-

My eyes snap open.

I'm breathing harshly, my body coated in sweat as I look around in confusion.

I'm still in bed.

I groan loudly, burying my flushed face in my hands. I can't believe this. I'm a pervert. I'm sexually frustrated like Noah says. All because of that damned Alpha. Yanking the covers off me, I walk over to the closet and change into a nightgown I wore when I visited. The rogue's scent was all over my clothes and I was beginning to feel sick from the smell of it. Looking through the closet, i realize I only have one nightgown. The same fucking nightgown in that vivid dream. My face went hot just thinking about it. I couldn't go on like this.

I needed to take a walk and have some fresh air.

After taking a quick shower, I walked out my room, closing the door quietly behind me. I knew everyone was probably asleep at this point. The moon was out and the lights in the mansion were shut. All except the lamps that hung in hallways. I sighed, rubbing my arms up and down as I walked down the stairs. I've never experienced this before. Why was I so taken with him? It feels like he's a curse now. I can't even utter his name

without thinking of him so deeply.

But he had to have felt the same.

Why else would he ask me to take the test? Was it to prove to everyone that the Sacred Pool wasn't defective? To prove to everyone that it was accurate and in no way tampered with? How could you even tamper with a sacred pool? With an exasperated groan, I walked out to the backyard. A large rose garden was near the pond in the center of the territory.

Chancellor Williams' mate liked gardening.

I frown.

The last time I gardened was when I stayed at Duskfall.

I hadn't touched a flower since that day.

Not when I can remember the roses Bentley loved coated in his own blood.

The memory made me shudder as I shut my eyes. Staring at the moon above me, judging me for all

I've done and will do, I wondered what the Moon Goddess thought of me. On one hand, I hated her. Hated her for all the suffering she's put me through. Hated her for the mate she so called 'blessed' me with. But at the same time, there was a small part of me that was thankful for her.

Thankful for the chance to meet the people I did.

I truly believed that regardless of whether or not I was at Duskfall, the rogues would still have attacked. It was at Duskfall that I learned the true meaning of happiness, even though it was taken from me. I got a taste of what family meant in a way more than a simple word. Even if I had to relive all that pain, I would do it all over again if it meant meeting them.

They gave me a new start.

A new sense of living.

And I wouldn't replace it for anything.

Give me all the pain of the world but I still wouldn't exchange that privilege for anything else.

I thin my lips together, turning to look at the small pond just beyond where I stood. The glistening reflection of the moon shinning from it's surface. It was tranquil under the moonlight. A wave of calm soothed me, but it would seem even that would be stripped away from me way too quickly. A sudden chill came over me. I felt eyes on me. A chilling gaze that tore into my entirety. Quickly, my head turned in caution. Whatever the hell was here with me had a strong presence. My eyes whipped around frantically trying to find the source of my discomfort. When I did, I felt myself freeze.

A large, black wolf with red marble eyes stared at me from a few feet.

Before I could even register what was happening, I was tackled down onto the ground.

My back hit the soil, grass prickling my bare skin as I focused my eyes on the figure on-top of me. Instead of a large black wolf, I felt my body tense at the feel of warm skin pressing against mine. I looked down, startled to find taut skin trailing up from where I looked.

Waist, chest, shoulders....

My gaze kept traveling up.

Neck, jaw, lips, nose...

My lips parted in shock as my eyes connected with his grey ones. The word passing through my lips, coming out as a breathless whisper as my wolf howled in excitement,

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Chapter 66

"Raizel."

Raizel

Three Weeks Prior

"You're my mate."

I tore my attention from Chancellor Williams who was informing me of the latest rogue sightings to the blonde striding toward us. Walking with a confident bounce in her steps, I was almost surprised to see the underlying nervousness and fear under her poised exterior. Dressed in a vibrant yellow sundress, with her hair tied up in a high ponytail, she stopped right in front of Williams and I. It took me a moment to realize that this woman was of Luna status, not because of her aura, but because of the mark on her neck.

An Alpha had a marking larger than an average wolf's. It took up almost the whole side of his partner's neck, depending on how deep he marked her.

Even with her seemingly bold and assertive attitude, her presence wasn't much to dwell on. She didn't possess that spark that would've blatantly announced her a Luna just from first glance. If it wasn't for the mark, I probably wouldn't have noticed. I would've assumed she was just another she-wolf. I guess she didn't have proper training as Luna or that she was newly given the position. No Alpha female would have such little presence if that wasn't the case.

The man jogging to catch up from behind her was obviously the Beta. He was a tall, burly fellow with muscles rivaling most Beta's of the current packs. My own being an exception, of course.

There'd be no way I'd chosen Weston Creed to be my Beta had he been of average standard.

Best friend or not.

Shifting my weight to my right foot, I dropped the hand I was gesturing with to my side and cocked a brow. My eyes traveled down and settled to the skin of her neck once again. The obvious inking of her flesh and two puncture wounds the size of canines, told me and everyone else around us that she was mated and claimed.

What kind of nonsense is this woman spouting?

Maybe the Alpha she was currently involved with chose her because he didn't find his mate.

The Alpha will surely find himself some trouble now that she found her mate and he's another Alpha. The five of us stood here in silence. Four of the men here were all Alpha's, excluding Williams. And three out of four of them were currently mateless. Well, both of them were, I was permanently mateless. Alpha Foster and I were not part of the candidates. I look over to Alpha Hales and Alpha Monterey.

Both of their expressions confused and unsure before turning to each other.

I buried my hands in my pockets and turned my body to the direction of the other men to

see just who the hell this woman was talking to. My wolf was already irked for her interruption but out of respect for the Alpha mate of this woman, I restrained my growls. Unlike other Alpha's I've come across, I could somewhat tolerate them.

"Raizel "

My head whipped in her direction. The growl I've been meaning to restrain slipping and cutting her off immediately. Her eyes widened and the fear she tried concealing instantaneously began to roll off of her. Not that my wolf nor I necessarily cared. My wolf hated the woman calling us so carelessly without the proper title. She had no right to. Hell, no one called me by my first name. Not even my own pack regardless of the tradition. My body tightened with my fists clenched at my sides. The anger boiling inside me only growing the more she dared to stare at me in a daze.

"Who are you?"

I asked a lot more harsher than I intended. She looked taken aback, like she didn't expect me to respond like that. As if she expected something completely different. Did this woman not know proper etiquette? Did her Luna instincts not warn her off? To call upon an Alpha she wasn't familiar with, without a title and using their first name was disrespectful.

Not to mention, completely fucking stupid.

I was sure by now, everyone knew of my bad temper.

I narrowed my gaze at the girl in front of me.

It was common sense.

"I-I'm Hestia. Hestia W-Dixon of Nightwake."

She blubbered quietly. Her head tipped down in submission which in turn, made me frown.

A weak-willed Luna served as a liability.

Same as a weak-willed Alpha.

Both partners had to be strong not only physically but also mentally to uphold their positions and pack status. In all honesty, sometimes mental strength was much more important than the physical. What good would physical strength do if not utilized correctly? You could be the strongest in the world, but it would all amount to nothing if you couldn't lead and strategize a pack. It would still apply even if you were the weakest person in the world. If you could outsmart your opponent, what good would their muscles do? Though physical strength is still a very good attribute to have.

A Luna was meant to help, strengthen and better a pack. They weren't there simply for decoration and to look pretty. The emotional bit was a package deal. The Luna and Alpha served to maintain each other's condition, emotional included. Without a Luna, the pack could never function.

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Then again, I am a different case compared to other Alphas.

An Alpha not blessed with a mate can't exactly need one to begin with.

"I'm your mate."

The woman, who I momentarily forgot was still standing there, said. The wolf inside me growled, red eyes glowing brilliantly in the cage I was keeping him in. The fury I felt for the woman falsely claiming to be my mate when I don't have one, only added to the bitterness of my lonely reality. It was like having salt rubbed into your freshly opened wound and then soaked with a gallon of alcohol before being pressed down on with shards of broken glass.

She was testing my nerves.

"I'd advise you to refrain from making any more foolish jokes, Luna Walker."

She flinched, hearing the name she held but didn't use when introducing herself to me. Nightwake was a pack I heard of. The pack that had failed to aid an ally, Duskfall, during a rogue attack. The very same pack that had fallen by two in the ranks. Alpha Landon Walker and his Luna, Hestial Walker led it. A slight frown etched on my face but I quickly removed it.

I didn't know the Alpha personally, but I doubt he'd approve of what his Luna was doing.

"I don't know what you're talking about, R- Alpha Locksworth. You're my mate."

She walked closer to me, reaching out to lay a hand on my bicep.

I almost cringe away, revolted in her touch meaning to seduce me. It was downright degrading for her to even try. Did she think I was weak enough to succumb to her advances? This wasn't the first time women shamelessly threw themselves at me, and each time I would deflect them. She was no exception. Hell, I had more reason to reject her seeing as she's claimed and mated to a fellow Alpha. I had no interest in the act of self indulgence nor did I want to give any of them a reason in thinking they could form some type of relationship with me.

My concern and only concern is my pack.

Sex was just a trivial thing I could live without.

I've been doing so for years and I had no plans on changing anything now.

I hastily pull back from her, my wolf beginning to surface out but the interference of Williams prevented me from going berserk.

"Alpha Locksworth, calm down. Reign in your wolf and we will solve this matter peacefully."

He tried to reason. He knew not to touch me, anyone who would try would surely be losing an arm that very same second. Alpha Foster, Hales, and Monterey exchange looks with one another before returning their gazes back to Hestia in shock.

"I am warning you, Luna. You are threading on very thin ice. Any more senseless remarks from you and I won't hesitate to show you your place."

My voice was deeper than usual, my wolf already taking half of the control from me. He was hellbent on showing her that her thoughtless claims wasn't something that could be overseen. He found it insulting, humiliating, disgraceful and the list goes on. Her 'claim' on me was also seen as a threat. By claiming me, she was also claiming the title as my Alpha Female. Even without having one. I felt a need to defend it. The primal part of me urged me to.

"B But you're my mate"

2

She whimpered out, tears beginning to spill down her cheeks. I roll my eyes. Did she believe I was one to fall weak to tears? I see tears almost everyday in my life at the torture chambers. Grown ass men, crying and begging for their lives. As if I couldn't

handle the sight of a mere female crying. A conniving one at that. I've seen dead rogues with acting skills better than that.

I see perfectly well through her little act, but it would seem that my associates couldn't. I sense their emotions of pity being directed toward her. Pity that basically said they believed her. Chancellor Williams was not part of the bunch. I was certain he saw through her as well.

Suddenly Hestia gets down on her knees, clutching onto my legs with her arms. Her hold around me is tight. Almost suffocating like a leech. I'm tempted to just walk away and let her fall on her face, but the Beta behind her makes his move. He glares down at me, wolf taking over, with his body all tense from anger. My wolf did not like this one bit. He saw a challenge that was just begging to be taken up. I have to remind myself, Chancellor Williams will not be happy.

Though I don't answer to anyone, I do respect the man.

"Hestia! Get up, this is not fitting for you."

He ushers, trying to grab her arm from around my legs but she nudges away from his grasp. I feel a vein pop from my temple, my frustration already blackening out all my logical thinking. It takes her one second before she looks back up to me.

"Please, darling. I-I can be a good mate. I- I wouldn't have been with Landon had I known you were here all along! We can make this work, please. Please give us a chance."

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 68

Posted by Admin1, 325 Views, Released on May 27, 2023

Chapter 68

She begged, the desperation clear in her tone. Although her acting was terrible, I knew her desperation to be my mate was true. For whatever reason, she was dead set on becoming mine. Some other mateless Alphas might have taken the bait but I know better than that. The Moon Goddess could hold a serious grudge.

I would know.

"Alpha Locksworth is your mate?"

The Beta asked calmly. For a moment, the flash of anger turned to interest, intrigue and most noticeably fear. Looking at the two now, I could tell they were related. They both had similar facial structures, and the overprotectiveness of the Beta proved to make the point. Beta Dixon looked at me in complete shock before his gaze traveled back to Hestia in silent question.

With the slight nod of her head, his expression morphed into anger once more. He grit down on his teeth, his jaw clenching tightly before he dared to narrow his gaze on me.

"You're my daughter's mate."

He stated, leaving no room for argument.

Funny.

"Your daughter is lying."

I retort, not bothering to sugarcoat anything. I don't have the time, energy nor do I have the will to play make-believe with the girl. She can say all she wants but in the end of the day, I know damn well she isn't my mate. I was never supposed to have one. And the sparks, tingles, or whatever the fuck the mate bond comes with was most certainly

not happening between us.

If it wasn't pure revulsion I felt for her, it would be growing distaste.

"She would never lie. Not about mates. You can't just reject her."

"Silence."

Beta Dixon's mouth shut up, his eyes widening from his involuntary compliance to my order. The panic setting deep inside him grew immensely with the fear for his daughter. I look over to Chancellor Williams who has a frown etched on his face. He looked at the Beta and his daughter before shifting his gaze at me. I ignored the look he was giving me. The look that said to take this somewhere private.

But I wasn't having that.

I was going to set the record straight in front of everyone.

I didn't need some of these Alphas thinking I abandoned my 'mate'. It wouldn't do well for publicity.

"Your daughter is not my mate. She knows that. I don't understand why she would bother lie about it when she already has a mate, but I don't exactly care much to begin with."

My gaze narrowed at the bump under her dress.

"I'm sure you're not going to claim me the father as well?"

Her face reddened, her hand instinctively going to her stomach as she flushed in embarrassment. My wolf snorted, whipping his tail back and forth in aggravation. His eyes scanned her once before dismissively huffing out his disdain. Pressing my lips together in a hard line, I look over to the other men who were watching the exchange silently. They kept their gazes away from her and solely focused on what I was about to say,

"I believe we're done here. Shall we?"

They all gave each other a brief look but nodded, straightening up and clearing their throats from the awkwardness growing around us.

"Uherm, yes. We shall."

Muttered Monterey as he loosened the tie around his neck. Williams gave me a nod and began to lead the men forward, walking by the woman who was still on her knees in front of me. She had long let her hold of me go when I made the comment of pinning me as the baby's father. Turning to the Beta who was struggling to open his mouth, I narrowed my eyes down at him. He flinched, feeling the hostility and stopped his fruitless struggling against my order. If I could, I would rather leave him like this forever. But I don't intend on making pointless trouble with Nightwake. That's just more work than necessary. Of course, if they start it, I won't have a problem ending it. I could use the Luna's false claims as evidence of malice and just get right on to it, but surprisingly, my wolf told me not to. He was stubborn on reigning in his anger.

He wanted me to 'wait'.

I don't know what the hell that means, but it would seem like something is supposed to happen with the Nightwake pack. Whether it had something to do with the Alpha or the Luna, there was no doubt my mind it was something big. So instead, I simply glance one last time toward the two before turning on my heel and following the men out.

in

Release.

The sound of the Beta gasping out in harbored breaths was the last thing I heard before

we entered. the conference room.

Present

“Williams, it’s Locksworth. Yes, I’ll be staying at the Capital for a week or so...

Depending on how long it takes... Of course... No, Beta Creed is not attending. It’ll just be me. My wolf he needs it... yes.. okay.”

My gaze swept to the door when three knocks bounced into the room. Weston stood behind it, his presence made known to me through our blood oath.

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 69

Posted by Admin1, 326 Views, Released on May 27, 2023

Chapter 69

Come in.

I mind-linked.

Not a second later, he pushed the door open and stepped inside. His gaze darted around my office to see if anyone was here, before landing on me. Tightening my grip on the phone, I force my eyes to look back at the paperwork spread across my desk.

“I’ll be seeing you.”

Pulling the phone from my ear, I place it on the table and stare at Weston expectantly. The look on his face was enough to let me know what this was about.

“Alpha, the pests are still sending requests for a meeting.”

My jaw ticked in annoyance.

I sigh, pushing myself back on my chair. The woman and her father had been sending me meeting requests for the past three weeks now. Their stubbornness and persistence is truly maddening. Rejection after rejection, the requests keep coming until a good pile was left on Weston’s desk. The woman is desperate enough to cling onto me after I so flatly rejected her advances. There could only be a handful of reasons why she’s trying so hard.

Power. Authority, Lust. Protection.

None of which, interest me.

“I’m getting tired of this.”

I grumbled under my breath. Pushing myself off my chair, I tugged on my suit cuffs before running my hand through my hair.

“We’re going to Nightwake territory.”

Weston nodded, already calling for our vehicles to be brought out for us through mind-link.

My wolf perked up, lifting its head from its paws and wagged its tail. His heavy pants came steadily, determination set in his red eyes. I scrunched my eyebrows together.

What in f ucks name was he so excited for? I sincerely hope he didn’t think we were going there for a massacre or something. As much as the idea of putting the Beta in his place was enticing, I couldn’t just waltz in there and threaten the Alpha.

That would be so unethical.

But did I really care all that much about ethics?

Not really, I suppose.

“Understood, Alpha.”

Weston turned on his heel and pulled the door open. Striding out, the warriors posted

outside simultaneously bowed their heads in submission. None raised their heads until we walked by and left them all behind.

Every step I got closer and closer outside, I felt this growing need gnawing from inside me. There was this weird sensation bursting from my chest. Excitement, anxiety, desperation... everything coming from my wolf. His internal struggle clouding my own judgement.

With a frustrated sigh, Weston slides open the SUV door. I get in, feeling the seat dip when I press my weight on it. I don't say it out loud but I know for a fact that whatever direction this meeting will take, it'll be for the worse.

"Do you think she's doing it for the clout?"

I raise a brow at Weston, Already forty minutes in the car ride and all he's been doing was trying to educate me about "the art of teenage slang".

I breathe out through my nose and lean against my seat. My head falls to the headrest of the cushion.

"If what you're asking me is if I believe she's doing this for the sake of ranking, then yes.

Yes and no. The ranking is a bonus, she's doing this for a completely different reason."

My thoughts went back to Hestia. I felt myself get angry. Truthfully speaking, I've never been this angry by someone trying to lay claim on me before. Granted, no she-wolf was ever stupid enough to do it more than once, but the ones that wanted to form a relationship with me never brought out such intense dislike from my wolf.

This situation felt entirely different

As if I had someone to save myself for.

Stupid as it sounds.

"The exact reason, I'm not so sure of."

Weston nodded, looking out the window with a slight frown on his face. He chewed on his gums and thought before opening his mouth.

"The Moon Goddess sure does have it out for you, huh?"

He glances over me but quickly averts his gaze,

"Adding salt to the wounds by throwing these women at you. She's a vicious thing."

"A vicious thing my ancestors shouldn't have fucked around with."

I snap, grabbing hold of my suit jacket and pulling it off. Just thinking of the deity had me feeling overwhelmed with a cluster of emotions rivaling one another.

Part anger and part self-pity.

If drowning myself in sorrow for almost my entire life wasn't enough, I guess the Moon Goddess saw it fit to pin a batshit crazy she-wolf hellbent on making me her mate.

Drawing out a long breath, I let my body relax its tense muscles.

Drawing out a long breath, I let my body relax its tense muscles.

"How much further are we?"

"Not much. Nightwake's borders are just up this hill."

Weston mumbled, peering out the tinted windows. Sure enough the further up the hill we went, I began to catch sight of a large house. No doubt the Alpha's mansion if the big Nightwake Crest flag wasn't a dead giveaway. The presence of their pack members filtered through my body.

It was decent.

Decent enough not to fall to eighth place in the rankings but not good enough to go before fifth. The van made a sudden stop, just behind a similar SUV belonging to another Alpha. Narrowing my eyes, I took note of the symbol on the doors.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 70

Posted by Admin1, 337 Views, Released on May 27, 2023

Chapter 70

"No way..."

Weston mumbled, pressing his face closer to the glass. He curved his hands over his eyes, trying hard to squint.

"Is that the Greyhound insignia?"

My eyebrows shot up.

Greyhound was here? My thoughts wandered over to the identity of Alpha Selene Crestfield. The adoptive daughter of Meredith Crestfield. She was a mysterious one. Most didn't even know her first name, but being rank one doesn't happen by luck. Still, even with my prestigious information team, there wasn't much I could gather. Meredith Crestfield was not to be taken lightly.

She strayed away from social events, didn't get involved in other packs, she was solely focused on her own pack.

Kind of like me.

Some say she's as sweet as honey.

Others say she's worse than the devil.

I felt a slight smirk tug up my lips.

If by chance the Alpha had personally come here, it would seem like my attendance to this meeting wasn't so pointless now. Getting a look first hand of this notorious she wolf would serve me well. Sliding the van door open, I stepped out. The soil and gravel releasing a satisfying crunch under my shoes. Immediately, all the wolves that were outside bowed their heads. My wolf's presence alone even without intentionally releasing my dominance was enough to alert them of the dangers my wolf and I possess. It was pin drop silent.

I walked on, surprised that the Alpha wasn't here to greet me and admittedly, a little irked at the fact. So much for pleasantries. Weston who had asked for directions soon walked by my side with his hands clasped behind him. The man he had asked directions for had directed us to going to the large building. Said that the Alpha's office was at the second floor. The warriors we had brought with us stayed behind, safe guarding the van and watching out for possible attackers.

Do you think the Hellhound is pretty?

My eyes cut coldly to Weston who immediately slapped a hand over his mouth as if he had said it out loud. A slight snarl slipped through my lips but I managed to reign in the weight of it. He flinched, submitting with his head down out of instinct before casting me a strange look. A look that questioned me about my defensive reaction.

I couldn't understand it myself.

My wolf's emotions surged forward with vicious growls leaving him. His fur was ruffled body posture, predatory. His eyes were narrowed, tail and ears up in alert of the threat.

Threat?

Weston was a threat?

Thankfully, I was quite good at keeping a straight face because surely in the inside, I was confused as f uck. There was no killing intent in Weston so why in the Goddess' name was he acting so defensive for? My wolf was not only acting completely out of

character but now he's trying to attack my pack members too? My own Beta?
I frown and mentally tighten my hold on him.
He thrashed around, growling louder with resistance but I kept him down.
Keep walking.
I tell Weston, ignoring his previous question. I felt a tinge of something... heavy inside of me. Something that made me feel bound. Like I was wrapped around in silver and chained to the walls. It was an odd sensation, and it all revolved around her.
Selene Crestfield.
A woman I only knew of by name.
Never once meeting or seeing.
I wondered what she looked like. What she was like. What she liked. Was she like what the rumors said of her? Was she completely different? Were there any truth behind them? Was it all fabricated lies?
My wolf pondered with me, his earlier rage forgotten about once he started thinking of the faceless silhouette we had in mind of her. No matter how many times I tried building an image of her, I couldn't. I knew nothing of her. No physical description of any sort. It was slightly intriguing and all the more exciting.
I felt my palm twitch.
Like a game of chase.
I was chasing after information of this almost phantom being and never coming close to getting even a pinch of information on her.
Greyhound didn't attend any pack meetings with the Chancellor, but I knew they've met. It would be impossible for her to have become Alpha without meeting him. The blood oath with her Beta and Gamma would require his presence. It's not like anyone could force her into agreeing into a meeting. Surely she had a few invitations, but she rejected all of them. I couldn't exactly go up to Williams and ask about her either.
He was meant to be a mediator and not to be biased over any pack.
Very much like myself, Selene never attended those annoying Gala's either.
The Gala's that only served to flaunt the packs' riches through luxury goods and designer clothing. The very same one where Alphas would survey competition and plot some new scheme all at the same time of shaking hands and making pleasantries.
That superficial life is not for me.
That's what my reputation was built up from. I could care less about what people had to say about me regarding my ways as an Alpha, but I will never allow someone to claim I would reject my mate. My mate that the Goddess would've blessed me with.