

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

"It'll only make it harder for you if you stay here."

Father answered tightly. I could feel him staring at me but I didn't look his way. I couldn't bear to look at the man who so willingly tossed his daughter to the side for his other one. I guess I underestimated his favoritism. I could've expected anything but this.

"So, what? You're just going to abandon me on some pack and call me back after you mark and mate each other? After you announce her as your Luna? You're sending me away so I won't interfere?"

I knew my voice was rising but I couldn't stop myself. My hysteria was letting loose and the encouraging growls from my wolf wasn't helping me in the slightest. I snapped my gaze to Hestia when she said my name,

"I know you've been waiting for a mate since forever but... I had him first."

I could almost taste the bile in my throat. The underlying threat in her voice went unnoticed by everyone but me. The worst part was that I couldn't say anything back. She was right. She had him first. If word gets out that I was Landon's mate, everyone would see me as the other woman. I was the man stealer. Even with the bond between us everyone would undoubtedly look at me with revulsion.

I could easily say that they weren't supposed to be with each other in the first place but what good would that do? They'd simply skim over that and argue that the bond was replaceable. That even if the Moon Goddess paired us up, they were already much too involved with one another. And somehow everyone would look at them like they were twenty first century version of Romeo and Juliet. Up until my very own rejection, she was the heroine and I was the side character.

Landon sighed heavily. He darted his tongue between his lips and swiped it along his dried opening. With one stride toward his desk, he opened the drawer and pulled out a thick manila envelop. The top had the words "PACK TRANSFER" written in bold, black ink.

I could physically feel myself recoil at the words. They were practically banishing me for something I didn't do. They wanted to make things easier for me when really, it was easier for them.

"You are not fit to be Luna. You don't have the qualities. If the pack were to function with you at the top, we will surely fall to ruin. Your sister is more than capable, Selene. You know that. Your sister shows more promise compared to you who fiddles around all day in the soil with your garden. No Luna does that."

"But did you ever give me the chance?"

I yelled in spite. The words my father said cut deeper than I would've expected.

Everyone was so sure I wasn't good enough but have they ever given me the chance to try? Was that asking for too much? A chance to prove them I'm worthy and more than capable to do what

the Moon Goddess wills me to?

"Sign the papers Selene. This isn't up for debate."

Landon said, thrusting the blank sheet in front of me. I shook my head. I felt the rage coursing through my veins as I stared at the paper in pure hatred.

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“No.”

It came out bitter. My wolf was right above the surface. The last string of my restraint slowly chipping away. This was ridiculous.

Entirely insane. My father growled at me, canines extended past his lips into a menacing snarl. His Beta instincts kicked in. My refusal to do what the “Alpha” ordered agitated his wolf.

“Does Alpha Harrison know about this?”

Landon flinched. The paper in his hand crumpled at the end he was holding onto. His eyes flashed dangerously at me before repeating,

“Sign it.”

Then it all clicked. The reason my father was calling Landon ‘Alpha’ wasn’t because he had the position yet. It wasn’t passed down to him. Landon was going to forcibly take the title. He was going to challenge his dad and my father was in full support. He no longer recognized Alpha Harrison as his Alpha.

There was only one reason he’d do it.

Hestia.

There’d been whispers among the pack concerning Landon’s missing mate. Alphas often found their mate not too long after turning sixteen, so the worry over Landon’s mate was valid.

Both the Alpha and Luna worried that Landon wouldn’t find her or that perhaps his counterpart had been human. It very rarely happened but to ensure a back up plan, they’ve decided to set an age limit. Time was ticking and Landon had been expected to have the title by now. With no other choice, Harrison had conceded to the idea of a Chosen.

Alpha Harrison, as much as he loved Hestia, would not accept Landon choosing Hestia over me, his true mate. He was a traditionalist. Had Landon not found me, he would’ve accepted Hestia with open arms. But that hadn’t happened.

Landon would have to act now if he wanted to have Hestia as his chosen. His wolf was already spiraling out of his control. Alpha Harrison had wanted to wait until Landon was twenty-five to pass down the title. He wanted Landon to wait a little longer for his mate.