

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 101

Posted by Admin1, 200 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

Chapter 101

Meredith smirked. Her eyes getting a shade darker from her thoughts before flashing me a smile.

"Do leave me some part of the action. More preferably with Xeneron when you catch him."

I return her grin. Her wolf wagged its tail, waiting for the chance to seek her revenge.

"You'll be the first to know."

She gives me a wink as she turns to the door with Noah leading her out. She doesn't look over her shoulder when she says,

"I'll hold you to that."

The moment she leaves, Noah closes the door behind her and sighs.

"Guess that means everyone's on board on the Railene train."

I screw my eyebrows together. I know better than to question him, so I just sigh with the shutting of my eyes.

"I'm not even going to comment."

I say, opening my eyes to look at him. He shrugs with a lopsided smile on his face.

Jamming his hands in his pockets he leans against the door.

"You'd kill the joy if you did."

Mailia came through the door and knocked him over.

"Oh Alpha."

I lift my eyes from the paperwork to see Mailia waltzing in with a bouquet of flowers in her hand. She's humming a soft tune with a dazzling smile on her face.

"There are some flowers for you!"

Immediately, my mood went sour. I return my attention to the paperwork I no longer had interest in reading and sighed. Tapping the ends of my pen on the table, I poke the inside of my cheek with my tongue.

"You know I don't like flowers. Throw them out."

This was the eighteenth bouquet I received since the Gala. All of them came from different packs, some were sent as a congratulatory present and others were sent for more ulterior motives. Everyone knew to throw them out as part of protocol or keep them if they wished.

"But I think you'll want to see this one. A similar one was sent yesterday but was thrown out."

Mailia insists. I frown with flashes of Bentley reappearing in my mind.

"Mailia, take them away-"

"They're wildflowers."

I freeze, stopping the repetitive tapping of my pen on the table. Slowly, I look at her and she swallows before tilting her head down at the flowers. I see the hesitance in her face but she wills herself to keep going. She knows about my distaste for flowers so it must

take a lot for her to be standing there insisting me to take it.
“There wasn’t a card with the sender’s name attached to it.”
She mumbled before taking a few steps toward me. Noah must’ve told her the story.
She stopped
right in front of my desk before holding out her hands. Waiting for my response, she
awkwardly
shuffled on her feet.
Finally, she gives in to my silence. Pulling her hands back she says softly,
“If you don’t want them, I’ll just throw them out-”
“Leave them here.”
Mailia’s eyebrows shot up.
“Pardon?”
Feigning my indifference, my eyes scan the bolded letters making up words on the
paper. My brain can’t comprehend what the words on the paper meant. I couldn’t even
register what I was reading. The only thing I can think of is those flowers and the
sender.
“Leave them on the table,”
Mailia opens her mouth before closing it and opens it again.
“O-okay then... I’ll just... lay them here and uh.... go.”
She gently lays the flowers on the table and backs away slowly. I don’t miss the small
grin she tried hiding before she slipped out the door. The moment the door clicked shut,
I drop the papers on the desk and reach for the flowers in arms reach.
A part of me felt reluctant to touch it. The trauma of Bentley’s brutal passing always
worming itself into
my mind whenever I see flowers. But surprisingly, there’s no shaking of my hand. No
trembling of the fingers. No flashbacks to unwanted memories. Just pure warmth
erupting from my sense the moment I touched the blue wrapping cloth around the
bouquet.
I pulled the heavy bundle into my arms and smiled.
It was an assortment of all sorts of flowers: Black-eyed Susans, California Poppies,
Marsh Marigolds, Godetias, Hepaticas...
All of which had to have been handpicked to be put together.
“Wildflowers, huh?”
I say to myself quietly. I touch the soft petals and feel a thick, comforting emotion
overtake my senses. The emotion I feel so strongly for the man who’d been wrecking
havoc in my mind.
Adoration.
Clutching the flowers to my chest, I take in their sweet scent. The smell of fresh flowers
giving me a wave of serenity unlike no other. I could feel, instead of smell, his scent
lingering just barely around the bouquet. His hands wrapped around the very bundle I
was holding this instant. I felt connected to him and I couldn’t help but think
Perhaps gardening again wouldn’t be so bad.
A sharp knock on the door tore me from my thoughts and I straightened up, putting
aside the flowers.
“What’s the matter?”
I ask, watching as Noah walked in with a hardened look on his face. His body was

tense, his neck adorned with veins popping out from his anger. His arms were at his sides but they were trembling under his shirt. His emotions burst through me like a stream and all I could pick up was his unmatched contempt.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 102

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Chapter 102

"You have a guest."

He asserted gratingly.

I don't have to ask who. I can smell their scent from all the way here and it annoyed me to no end to have their scent mix in with the scent of my home. It felt intruding, almost violating to have to stand their presence but I instead of saying that, I just nodded.

"I can kick h-"

"No, it's okay."

I said strongly.

He looked at me with calculating eyes before nodding stiffly. He disappeared down the corridor without another word or glance. I push my back against the seat. My body going numb as the emotions drumming into my system became unbearable. My wolf howled, pulling on her restraints with her claws extending. The vicious snarls ripping into my mind stirring the balance of stability I managed to maintain.

I ground down on my teeth, hoping it would be enough to withhold my impulse to attack as soon as I would catch sight of this person. The inhuman side of me thirsting for blood beyond my control. A good few minutes went by with nothing but silence. No amount of time and effort was enough to sooth my wolf.

She saw a threat on my territory and believed the intruder's demise a necessity.

Rabid, completely out of control and acting upon high emotions of the need to protect both herself and her people; she was unruly.

Nothing I said would go through her mind.

So I sat there as still as I could. I sat there up until there was that familiar knock on the door with Noah's voice ringing out for permission to enter. I sat still until the door creaked open to reveal a displeased Noah with someone behind him. I sat still until Noah turned to leave before casting me a wary glance. I sat still until the door closed softly and this person stepped closer.

I sat still until I finally spoke, effectively breaking the strain of the silence cloaking over us.

"Luna Hestia Walker, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Hestia remains impassive as she stands there tall and collected. Cladded in a simple navy blue blouse and dark ripped jeans, she stands in across from me with her hands clasped together in front. Her blonde hair swept into a tight bun to showcase the mark and canine indents Landon had left there. I should feel a tinge of resentment, envy-anything.

But I don't.

My gaze ran over the thick black marks down the curve of her neck, the puncture

wounds and Landon's mark tattooed onto her pale skin. The mark of an Alpha shown proudly on the right side of her neck.

She felt my attention flicker to her mark. Her wolf grew uneasy from how the situation was looking. She felt the pretenses of a fight insinuating. A fight she knew she'd lose. She watched me carefully. Her hands balled up in worry, her eyes hesitantly shifting between me and the floor. She tried to pick up on any indication of my aggression. Tried to cope a feel of my aura. She didn't want to risk being attacked but at the same time her pride was on the line.

Her pride as a Luna.

Not that she had much to begin with.

So she kept up a front to the best she could. She said nothing but at the same time, I felt nothing. No anger. No sadness. No annoyance. No pity. Nothing. The earlier display of pure killing intent from my wolf, silenced. It was scary how deathly calm I was. Had I grown too tired of it all? Had I grown numb to everything relating to them? To see the woman who had been so valued over me even to my mate, trembling in my presence not enough to bring me some type of pleasure? The lack of satisfaction from the way their attitudes had changed toward me was puzzling. It's not as if it was my goal to make them regret. I wasn't pinning for some sort of reaction like that, but if they did, it wasn't bad either.

Was it because I grew stronger or was it just them who grew weaker? Was there much of a difference in the first place?

"I think you know why I'm here."

She mutters lowly. She doesn't elaborate. She really doesn't have to. That tiny flare of anger that burned within me started to resurface. My wolf growing increasingly annoyed from her intrusion. This tasteless, pointless, aggravating topic that refuses to disappear along with these people. We had this sort of stare down. Neither of us giving in, but as the seconds progressed, the more power I was emitting out. She struggled not to let it show on her face, but she was feeling the oppression of my dominance. She was crumbling oh so slowly and my wolf took pleasure in it. "No, I don't know why you're here. Rudely unannounced, might I add. But do enlighten me."

There's a hint of mock in my tone. It surprised even me when I heard it. I hadn't planned on giving attitude, in fact, I planned on staying calm and composed but clearly that wasn't much of an option now. Hestia flinched, mouth slightly gaping when she found herself at a loss for words. The viciousness in my tone dripping with venom.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 103

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Chapter 103

So much venom, she didn't know how to respond for a minute.

"I-I'm here to discuss the situation."

She swallowed. I see her eyes drilling into the floorboards. The look of reluctance on her face as she stared at the floor.

"Our situation."

I rose a brow.

“We don’t have a situation. Nightwake and Greyhound have no truce nor do we have any pack related conflict with one another. As far as the pack is concerned, we don’t have anything to do with each other.”

Hestia shook her head and gave me a pointed look. Her cool facade cracking as she stepped forward. The collectiveness she tried to maintain fell away as her shoulders dropped.

“No, Selene. None of that pack politics crap. You know what I’m talking about. You, me, Landon and the fact that you two need to get back together and stop this nonsense with Raizel- that is what I’m talking about.”

she sighed exasperatedly and walked over to me. Grasping my forearm in her hands she pulled me toward her with a pleading expression.

“I-I know what happened was wrong. I know it isn’t fair for you, but you have to understand that this is the Goddess’ will. We can’t ignore it anymore. You and Landon are meant to be. It was wrong of us to believe otherwise. It was wrong of us to try to change our fates. You and Landon belong with one another as I do with Raizel-”

“Don’t call him by his first name.”

I snapped, glaring down at her as black began to ink into the whites of my eyes. The flare of bubbling anger grew into a flame of rage. I snarled, my vision going hazy from the outrage pulling from my wolf. She attentively stood with her fur bristled and tail standing straight. Her ears pointy and lips pulling apart to showcase her bared canines. She didn’t like Hestia addressing Raizel so familiarly.

She didn’t like it one bit.

“Raizel does not belong to you.”

I ground out. I had to bite back the ‘he belongs to me’ bit that was so close into spilling out. My wolf who hardly ever did anything impulsive, forcibly tried to take control. I held her down. We both knew she was more than capable in killing Hestia regardless of blood relation since we detached ourselves from our “family”. That made holding her back that much harder.

I didn’t need to ruin my reputation by killing a Luna just after making my first real debut. I doubt I could even raise my hand against her, knowing that she’s with child. Even when that child was the product of betrayal on behalf of the mateship of wolves.

Hestia’s eyes widened from my tone and she stumbled back. She swallowed down the rest of her words.

I could practically smell the nervousness in her system.

My wolf fed off her fear, feeling drunk off authority and power over her. Hestia’s wolf submitting completely while pressing herself onto the ground but her human side refused to yield. Her pride and ego got in the way of her judgement.

“You-Are you seeing him?”

She asked quietly.

I don’t give her an answer. I just stare at her with the same livid expression I had on when she snapped my last string of patience. My lack of a reply answered her suspicions.

“You are.”

Tears started welling up in her eyes. Her hands covered her face, a sob wracking

through her as she took in a shaky breath.

“Why? Why him? Is this your revenge for taking Landon from you? You have to understand we were in love! We were in a relationship! A relationship that didn’t last but we were trying our best. Things changed and now, we’re ready for our true mates. You and Landon were always meant to be... it just took us time to realize that.”

I narrowed my eyes down at her. She wanted to play the victim? Like her whole relationship with Landon was innocent, pure love? As if it hadn’t been the cause of unorthodox pain and destruction? “Tragically, I’m not interested in hand-me downs.”

I cross my arms over my chest and lean against the edge of my desk. With the way she spoke, she sounded like she was giving Landon over to me. She spoke like a little girl giving her used toy away. A toy she might’ve been seeing Landon as.

“I’m sure I’ve said this before, so it would be nice if you all listened. I told you, Alpha Walker and his Beta, that I didn’t want him. I don’t want any part in whatever delusion you all share. You may have come up with this elaborate plan but don’t include me in it. I don’t want any part in it. Your relationship status has nothing to do with me, so stop including me in your petty discussions. Walker was never mine to begin with and I have no intention of trying to change that. I’m a busy person, Luna. I don’t have time for childish games. Leave me out of it.”

Hestia grinds her molars together with a tight expression pulling on her face. She sucked her cheek in, eyes darting to the side before warily raising them to meet me. Her slightly swollen stomach a lot more obvious from the shirt she wore.

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 104

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Chapter 104

“Selene... please. There’s no denying we’ve wronged you, no denying that Landon has wronged you, but please forget about his rejection. He regrets it now. Regrets it so badly, and so do I. You’ve made yourself more than before, Landon sees that. He now knows you’re worthy of him and the Luna title. You made your point across, everyone understands now. I- I’m not cut out for his Luna thing”

She gestures to herself as her tears freely spill from her eyes,

“I’m not strong enough. But you are. Save Nightwake. Save Landon. Save me.”

She presses her lips together,

“I’m still your sister.”

Seconds go by with her just looking at me. She awaits my reaction, her concentration pin pointed on my face to look for any signs of what I would say. But my face is blank. It’s as blank as an empty canvas when inspiration doesn’t hit the artist.

And all of sudden, a cruel laugh pulls from me. A body shaking, full blown laughter thrown on her face.

“Goddess.”

I laugh, wiping a stray tear from the corner of my eye.

“You think my refusal of Walker is only because of the rejection? You think I came back for the man? Do you hear yourself? You think me to be so hung up on his rejection that

I built myself up for him? To make myself appeal to him? No man is worth changing myself for. I didn't come here to seduce him into wanting me after all I've accomplished. This contempt I feel for him isn't even a silver of the burning hatred I feel for all of you." I smile when I see her wince.

"The rejection broke me. I admit that. But what ruined me is what happened after. Betrayed by my own blood. Sent straight to the pack after the threats of the rogues were sent. You all wanted me to die. You all willingly sent me to Death's door. The Goddess was so hateful to have me watch a whole pack burn to the ground and I was incapable of doing anything about it."

Hestia's eyes widened. A look of dread on her face when she realized that I had known about the warnings. The lot of them must've assumed no one else knew about their betrayal. The warnings that were sent by the rogues themselves. It'd teach them to be more wary of me.

"The horrors of what I've faced up until now is what changed me. Not because of my non-existent love for Walker. I'm not some desperate, naive wolf who pants after a male who never wanted me.

sister. Much less got another female pregnant and made her Luna. Get that through your head, You're the Luna now. You chose this path, so don't you dare even think about throwing me into this mess when each and every one of you was so insistent in keeping me out in the first place."

I press my lips thinly, pushing myself off my desk and stopped in front of her. The tidal pool of anger washing over my calming but secretly brewing in the center of my chest.

"It's too late for regrets, Luna. You put too much at stake for you to change your mind now. Our blood relation has little to do with our situation so do both of us a favor and refrain from using such a pathetic excuse. You won't get a semblance of sympathy from me. Understand I wouldn't hesitate to burn you all down if given the professional reason to."

My eyes drift down to her stomach before I turned and strode over to my chair. Hestia stayed rooted to her spot. She didn't know what to say. What she could say in this situation when she had nothing to defend herself with. So she just stood there dumbly. She stood there as her head dropped the slightest bit and she opens her mouth.

"I loved him. I loved Landon with all my heart."

Her blue eyes connect with mine,.

"Was loving someone so bad?"

I don't let my face slip. I just stare at her with terrifying numbness to her words.

"I know. I knew you loved him, and I knew he loved you. It's why I don't use your relationship as the foundation of my hatred. Even if you hadn't sent me away to Duskfall, I wouldn't have interfered. It would hurt. yes, but I wouldn't have tried to steal him from you even if he was soulfully mine. Even if it meant going against the Moon Goddess' plans, I would've stayed away. Because you loved him." Flashes of them smiling at one another, flashes of Landon's rejection, flashes of the pain I went through lit up my mind. The pure agony I faced to reach where I am today, resurfacing like a fresh. wound kissing my bare heart. The lingering sting reminding me of why everything had turned out the way it was.

"I don't hate you for loving him. Hell, I don't hate you for taking him from me before I could even claim him as mine. As a sister; your sister-i would've accepted your

decision. As his mate, i would've accepted his wishes for his happiness. Even if it dam ned near killed me, I would've let go had you given me the time to accept it."

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 105

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Chapter 105

I pause, looking down at my Greyhound ring. The horrid memories coming into my mind like a tornado of destruction, tearing open the wounds I had tried so hard to seal and sew together.

"The rejection was just a stepping stone of the reason for my distaste for all of you."

I glance at her. The frustration embedded itself into my skin as my soul yearned to release all of the anger I felt pulsating through my wolf and I.

"I hate you, not for falling in love with him, but for everything after that."

I smile when her face screws up in confusion. My wolf resting in the back of my mind, allowed me to vent my anger. She knew I needed this. She knew I needed this confrontation with my own blood to cleanly break ties with the one person I thought cared for me from the beginning. The one person who, before I found out Landon was my destined, I viewed as the most important person in my life other than my mate.

"I hate all of you for making me hate myself."

Surprise flickers in her gaze. My words cutting deep into her shows in her eyes.

Whether if it was out of regret or sympathy, I couldn't make out. Not that it necessarily mattered. It wasn't my goal to pull sympathy from her with those words. I didnt want anyone's pity, much less from one of them. I didn't want anything other than my peace and their distance.

Hestia's betrayal had hurt more than anyone else's

The sister who I had grown up with, cared for, devoted my love to had been the one to twist the knife in my back after my mate had been the one to plunge it there.

But that's where I went wrong.

I trusted and expected too much from her.

I depended on her rather than depending on myself.

And it was the reason for my downfall.

My weakness that I wasn't aware was there, the cause of my demise.

"You can leave now, Luna. I believe our conversation is over."

Hestia's mouth parts to say something, but her eyes fall to the ground as if she thinks better of it and decides to clump her mouth shut. She gives me a brisk nod, not looking at me anymore and turns to the door. Her fingers just about wrapped around the metal knob when she says over her shoulder without looking at me,

"I'm sorry."

And I smile, even when she can't see it. Even when this was the coldest smile that ever graced my face. Even when every fiber inside me was urging me to do the complete opposite. I smile, not for her but for me. The most numbing expression I learned to force onto my face.

"You're not."

She stills for a moment and without making any other sound, leaves the room. The door slowly closing behind her with the faintest clicks and her footsteps ever so slowly blending into silence.

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His calloused, rough hands run up my bare thighs. The need and euphoric thirst for him enraptures

my mind as captive. The need to pull him closer, get him closer, have him closer run in every which way, clouds my senses until I can't think straight. Heat sparks in my lower abdomen, my stomach tightening from his body pinning me down. His scent deliriously putting me into a lust induced haze. The feel of his warmth engulfing me in a possessive lock between his arms make my morality weak.

I can't focus on anything but him.

The way his hot fingers grasp onto me like a life preserver. The way I could feel his hard chest press against my breasts; my nipples grazing down his skin sinfully as he moves.

The shudders raking down my spine from the way his fingers press into my skin. The movement of his chest enraptures me. Rising up and down rapidly from the excitement he can't conceal. The raging heart heats pounding against his rib cage that matches mine.

The same excitement I feel as his lips latch onto my neck hotly.

He sucks, he kisses, he nips, he bites.

He thoroughly marks me as a lover would.

He marks me possessively, laying claim on me like he wants everyone to know. He wants anyone who ever sees these marks to know I was his. That even if he wasn't physically standing beside me, he was still there. That he had stained me.

Not only physically, but in my soul too.

His very own poison seeping deep into my core.

"Goddess, you're beautiful."

He grounds out. His canines grazing over the skin of where his mark would be placed.

His lips flutter around the junction between my neck and shoulder, leaving kisses along the path he took. I writhe under him. Almost coming undone when he thrusts his hips against mine. The utmost pleasure he brings me with his mouth pull out traitorous moans of pleasure. My hips lift from the bed to grind against his and he moans on my neck. The most sensually seductive sound I've ever heard, feed my inner desires.

His fingers leave my waist to run down my hips and eventually slip between my legs. I gasp into him, his mouth catching my long moan of wanton need. The fire I felt reaching new heights when he pushes my underwear to the side.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 106

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Chapter 106

"Raizel."

I whimper, his middle finger slides down between my wet slit. I take in a sharp breath, unconsciously rolling my hips harder against him so he'd reach the place I needed him most. The sparkle in his eyes told me he understood my intent. The unearthly want I

have for him, make me feel everything ten times more sensitively. I can't begin to explain the lust clouding over me. It's more than just the carnal desire for physical intimacy.

It's more than just sex.

It's a reassurance of emotions. Reassurance of feelings we share with one another. He looks at me and withdraws his fingers away from my cl it. Raizel doesn't comply to my wish. He leisurely slides. the pad of his finger down my slit, coating his digit in my liquid arousal. The face of pure desire on his face make me pulse under him.

My pus sy quivers, the walls convulsing together in willingness. I can feel myself getting wetter from the intensity of his gaze. The hot, thick streams of possessiveness and dominance I feel him radiate is enough to make me tremble with desperation.

Images of all sorts flash through my mind. Enticing images of what he can do and what I'd allow him to do. The man hovering before me with his arms at either side of my head is stripped naked.

The smooth muscles bulging from his body and flexing with every little movement he made had me feeling lightheaded. The tautness of his physique let me know he was holding back. His restraint slowly chips away the longer he teases me but he continues his sweet torment anyway. He watches me pant out my want for him. I feel desperate, I feel needy but I'm not ashamed of it.

He made me feel like even the most shameful of acts was nothing I should feel ashamed for.

His index finger joins in to rub into my slit. I whine, throwing my head against the mattress and lay myself bare to him. My chest arches out when his finger finds my nub, teasingly rubbing at a slow pace with the intention of driving me crazy. He wanted me delirious for him until I couldn't say a word other than his name.

"That's right, my love."

He whispers into my ear. His teeth nip at my earlobe and I groan, shutting my eyes tight. He lowers his head down to my shoulder and slowly moves up my neck. The bridge of his nose trails up the curve of my neck and I gasp out in pleasure. His musky scent filling my nostrils as I arch my back. His digits quicken and I moan into his hot skin.

"I can give you this pleasure."

He breathes out huskily. His own tone is dripping with desperation. He sounds pressed, almost like he was held down and chained to the grounds of his mind.

"Only I can bring you to this high."

Raizel's head ducks down, his lips brushing against my jaw and going even lower. They drop to the collarbone, down the valley of my need breasts, my navel and then he pulls away to kneel. His grey eyes cut to me when I look down in confusion. The smoldering, heated fire in his eyes only growing when he takes my thighs in both of his hands and pull them apart.

My eyes widen in surprise as a yelp rips from my lips.

I don't have the strength to say anything but I know, Goddess, I know I want him mouth on me. He knows that too.

And so gives it to me.

His tongue darts between his lips to lap at my arousal. Raizel doesn't hesitate to take my bud into his mouth. Tugging, sucking, licking. I squirm under him, feeling myself

reaching my high inch by inch. I cry out his name, my hands finding their way to weave into his hair and I tug on it. His silky locks, tangled around my fingers, brought little comfort to the raging fire in my lower abdomen. If there's one thing I noticed, Raizel loved it when I did that.

He loved the feel of my hands running through his hair. He groaned, the vibrations from his voice sending tingles down my spine at his pleasure. His lips brutally pulled in my bud, teasing me to no ends.

He flattens his tongue to run up my slit and I moan. His slick, wet muscle doing wonders to my body as my toes curl up in anticipation. I feel so rigid when I feel it. His tongue plunged into my warmth, swirling in and out, thrusting back and forth like he was a starved man. The eagerness of his tongue served to tempt me harder.

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His fingers grip onto my hips, holding me in place so that I don't squirm away. He continues his merciless attacks. The euphoria his mouth provided had my mouth hanging open in a silent scream. It felt so damn good.

He felt so damn good.

"Raizel, ah that feels- oh- fuck me."

I cry out, closing my eyes harder from the stars I was beginning to see. It kept guiding up. The high, the drug known as Raizel put me through, grows higher and higher.

I feel him smile when he halts his torture. Out of breath and devastatingly weak to his touch, I my eyes to peer down at him. His long lashes hood over his dark eyes but the look he gives me is unmistakable. His eyes are narrowed with amusement, lips pulling into a smirk.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 107

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Chapter 107

Raw seduction.

He slightly pulls away from between my legs and moves closer to my inner thigh. I watch him, curiously when he displayed his head down and lays a kiss at my flesh, "I intend to."

He nips at my skin, teeth grazing a little harder with his hold around my thigh tightening. I can't help, but let my gaze fall over to his crotch. My mouth waters at the sight that welcomes me. His thickness, that I feel my pussy tightening for, unclothed and hard.

His length, large and veiny— completely delectable just from sight. I wonder briefly how it would feel to stroke him. To run my tongue up shaft and take him in my mouth fully.

"I plan to take you ruthlessly, intense, brutally,"

Raizel moves up, crawling over me until our noses touch and his forehead presses against mine.

"-and thorough."

his

Ohh fuck. My legs clench together. The huskiness in his deep voice that was laced in

temptation wrought out matched fervor to feel him inside me. To feel my nails dig into the skin of his back and leave my very own marks. It didn't help when he was rubbing the tip of his nose down my neck, my body shivering up in response from the sensitivity of my nerves. Every single thing he did, lit me up. From his grunts of pleasure, shallow breathing, slight motions to get himself closer to me by pressing his chest against mine. Everything pushed me further and further into his abyss.

"I want to take over you completely, Selene."

my

His hand leaves my thigh to cup my face. His four fingers hold up my chin, his thumb swiping across bottom lip. I look at him with unwavering eyes, and as stupid as it sounds, I trusted him whole heartedly. His eyes darken. Slowly, he probes his thumb into the opening of my mouth and I let him. I don't resist when his thumb pushes past my lips and meet my tongue. I savor it. Like some possessed being, I suck on his digit, enjoying the sweetness and satisfaction I got from the action. Raizel watches appreciatively, his face contorting in absolute bliss. He approved of my compliance, taking note of how I trusted him in leading this.

"Until you can't think of anyone other than me."

He kisses my forehead before resting his against mine.

"Until you can't stand the thought of ever being apart."

His arms loop around my thighs and he pulls me toward him. I feel my ass press against his thighs and something thick sliding on my slit. He moans, licking his lips as he looked down between us. I knew immediately since then, it was his cock. My lower lips throb with need, my desire to take him whole doubling in bulks. My eyes widened as I feel him grind, his cock moving back and forth deliciously between my wet folds. Slowly, tantalizing and utterly infuriating, he snaps his hips back and forth excruciatingly lazily. He knows damn well what he was doing and what its effect on me was, but he pushed it aside. He just watches me with a small smirk, his hair slicked back from the sweat beginning to glisten on his chest. I hold my breath when the tip rubs on my clit. A groan escapes me.

Pleasure palpitates through my veins from his actions. The slight pressure from his rough hold on my hips, encourage me to tease him the way he teased me. Slowly, my hips move to his rhythm. I allow myself to grin against him cock, Raizel now freezing in surprise before giving out a guttural

12:11

moan.

His hands find themselves on my hips, gripping tightly as he moves a little faster to my thrusts. He's slipping from his restraint, and for a second, I ponder about what it would be like when his restraint snaps. I don't have time to dwell on it because it does.

It snapped.

All of a sudden, Raizel holds me down harder. He prevents me from moving my hips, but not to the point it hurt. His jaw clenched, muscles taut and tight from his stiff posture.

"Tell me you want this."

He whispers breathlessly. I open my mouth to stupidly ask him what he meant, but only managed a sharp gasp when the tip of his cock nudges at my opening. I groan, trying to sink my hips onto him, but he pulls away.

"With words, my love."

There's a hint of amusement in his voice. Though the deepness and roughness of it, remind me he's feeling every bit of sexual frustration as I did. So I wrap my arms around his neck, tugging him down me and nod.

"Please, Raizel."

A breath leaves him as he lays an affectionate kiss on my cheek.

Then he kisses my nose, my jaw, my chin and finally, he leans down to kiss me on the lips-

And then my eyes snap open.

I blink, letting my eyes focus on what I was seeing. I was in my office. My head laying over my arms that folded across the desk. Stiff and slightly hurting, I crane my neck to the side and groan out when it stings. I don't know since when I'd fallen asleep, but judging from the fatigue over my body and the darkness outside the window, I guess it must've been for a while. The last I remember was Hestia leaving after our exchange and then I remembered it.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 108

Posted by Admin1, 181 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

Chapter 108

The dream.

The dream I had woken up from seconds before.

Another fucking dream.

This was the seventh dream I had, except it had gotten a lot further this time.

A dream in which I was shamelessly glued onto Raizel. A dream where I had been so bold to actually grind against him. A blush makes its way to my face when I recall the scenarios playing in my head. The things said, the things done. Whether it was my inner desires or just the Raizel Effect, I wasn't so sure. But one thing I was sure of, was that I needed to get an underwear change. I could still feel his hands on me, his tongue, his lips, his breath- everything.

It felt so real.

Like he was truly there holding me and pleasuring me. Like we had indulged in each other in the most intimate of ways. I shake my head from that daze and nearly scoff at my thoughts.

Truly, I needed to get laid-

"Must've been a nice dream."

My eyes widen, my body frozen still when his voice penetrates the silence of the room. It was only now that I smelt him. His intoxicating scent of musk and cologne. I swallow, wetting my bottom lip with the tip of my tongue as I turn in my chair. My eyes fall onto him standing at the door, his back pressed on the wood and his hands jammed into his dress pockets.

The black dress shirt unbuttoned and neatly tucked into his pants. But I don't have time to continue surveying him. He breaks the tension once again with his cutting words.

"Do elaborate what you meant by 'Please, Raizel.'"

He smiles when my face reddens.

“And in full detail, of course.”

Chapter 10 terrible liar

I shot out of my seat reflexively, staring at him with widened eyes. My heart pounds loud against my chest from excitement. The urge to smile at the sight of him was overwhelming but I hound it down. I don't want to look so keen in being around him.

He'd probably think I was desperate or something. I'm almost convinced I'm still dreaming. How coincidental would it be for the man in the center of my dreams to stand right in front of me seconds after having one? If not for the hard thumping against my rib cage, I'd have no doubt that I was hallucinating.

Adrenaline pumps through my veins at the sight of him. The thudding almost hurts but I'm too distracted to take notice or care. Any remaining sensical thoughts in my mind thrown out the window. His words, however, resonate as I looked at him. I couldn't look away. I felt compelled not to.

Disbelief, shock, surprise and a hint of giddiness ruptures from my stomach. All of a sudden, I'm too aware of everything going on. I'm aware of him.

Raizel stands still in all his glory. The dim light illuminating his face, almost has me slipping from the situation we were in. His sudden appearance serving as a distraction from my unanswered questions. I ignore the stiffness of my own body, not even when I almost stumbled from shooting out of my seat. My hands that I hadn't noticed clutching onto the wood, tighten around the chair.

I couldn't control my expressions. No matter how much I reminded myself to remain composed.

From my eyes being as wide as saucers to my mouth parting stupidly, I look every bit of surprised. I'm worried he notices the glee underneath my stiffness.

Raizel sports a knowing grin, waiting patiently as he takes even breaths in. He keeps his stance lazy, watching me with unbothered eyes when he draws his arms onto his chest. He folds his arms, his gaze never straying from me and that confident smile still plastered on his face. His alleviating aura affects mine. The initial panic in my being dissipates into thin air.

“What are you doing here?”

I ask breathlessly, still completely bewildered by the fact he was standing here with me. It takes all of my self control not to inhale the addicting scent he gives off. He imprints himself into my space without even trying to. Soon, everything will remind me of him. At this rate, it's already starting. The idea isn't so bad.

It's actually pretty welcoming.

My wolf who'd been stricken with irritation, calms instantly in his presence. She sighs out with a satisfied wag of her tail.

She didn't really care for how or even why he was here, but just the fact that he was. She was perfectly content and ecstatic at having him this close to us. Confused but silently pleased by the fact.

What an utter mess.

“Williams and I had a meeting when he told me he was coming for a visit.”

Raizel pushes himself off the door effortlessly. His thick arms slide to his sides when he moves closer. Again, my breathing starts to quicken.

He strides around the room, looking intently at the photos on the wall. Most of which,

were Meredith's from her time as Alpha and left untouched, excluding one or two and the most recent one. A framed photo of me, Isaac, Noah and Meredith hung at the center of the wall. It was of when I first took the role of Alpha and formed my blood oath's with Isaac and Noah.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 109

Posted by Admin1, 175 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

open

Chapter 109

The photo served as a memento of the occasion.

"I figured I'd come along."

He glances over to me but returns to looking at the photos that piqued his interest. He leans closer to a specific one of me standing beside Meredith with a small smile on my face before raising his hand over it. His fingertips glide across the photo of me and a shudder simultaneously passed through me as he does.

"I've been deprived of you for far too long."

The soft husk in his tone pulls out a gasp. A soft gasp that he didn't notice. Or maybe he did, but just chose to ignore it. My breath hitches along with my heart rate speeding up unbelievably fast. But he keeps on walking like he doesn't know how his words affect me.

I feel the desperate need to cough, to clear my throat and do pretty much anything to free us from this tension. He takes one last glance at the photo before shifting his attention to me.

"That dream of yours, was it good?"

Very.

"I wouldn't know."

I say quietly. I feel a spark of confidence wire into my brain. Confidence that would surely get me in trouble but for now, I went along with it. Raizel cocks an eyebrow at my response and tilts his head to the side. His chest moves up as he sucks in a heavy breath.

"Oh? And why is that?"

I shrug, walking around the desk until I reached the front. I pressed the heels of my palms onto the edge and leaned back.

Raizel watches me as I sit on the border. His body is half turned to face me.

"It cut short before it got to the good part."

I explain, letting my gaze fall to the desk as if what I was saying really wasn't that big of a deal. Raizel's lips twitch upwards like he catches my insinuation but he holds himself down from making any remarks.

In three strides, he's in front of me. I unconsciously press myself harder into the desk as I raise my eyes to meet his. I wasn't going to back down, no matter how weak my knees felt.

The previous smile on his face wiped clean. Narrowed grey eyes stare down at me with no hint of breaking away.

His presence enwrapped around me like a little red bow.

His fingers the only thing that can undo the cords binding me toward him. Though I doubt he ever would, nor would I ever want him to.

“And what part would that be?”

Raizel’s voice comes softly. Almost like he’s coaxing me to tell the truth and admit to him what he and I both know, but in words. Each syllable and letter seduces me into the caress of his words. I never knew such a thing could even exist until I met him.

Stubborn to hold onto any remaining humility in me, I give him a small smile to rival his expectant look.

“The part where I ask you what you expect to get by coming here.”

He laughs, shaking his head slightly. He’s somewhat impressed and disappointed in my diversion. I can tell even without him saying it.

“I didn’t expect anything by coming here. I only wanted to see you.”

His lips tug into a smirk as he steps even closer. I swallow, pressing myself further into the desk if possible. If he so much as touches me, no matter if it was for a second, I would fall apart. It wasn’t a question if I would, it was a matter of when.

“Why?”

He asks with a hint of playfulness. Slowly, he moves his arms to my sides until he’s caging me in between them and laid his hands to the edge of the desk. He holds me in, trapped and completely vulnerable to whatever it is he has in mind. His hard chest is inches away from mine but he looks unfazed. If anything, he’s amused.

I struggle to hold in my breath. My wolf is growing crazy in my mind, yipping, barking, intense tail wagging. Holding any form of composure around him was damn near impossible. Not when he was this close. This display of intimacy was a prime example of why.

“Did you think I would take something from you?”

Goosebumps rise from command and a chill runs through me. Electricity zaps into my nerves and somehow, the tiredness I felt washed away in a millisecond. As if I wasn’t in a deep sleep until moments before.

I force a smile onto my face and daringly look into his eyes. The confidence I felt before is crumbling but I force myself to at least do this. A look of intrigue crosses his features as to how I would respond. This was a question that would decide whether I end up distancing us or bringing us closer. “No, it just seems strange you’d travel all this way just to see me. We did, after all, just see each other a few days ago at the gala.”

It’s been a long week. A long week since we decided we would try whatever this was. Since he boldly declared to wanting me and asking for permission to court me. A week where he kept sending me flowers at the same time, left in the same place.

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 110

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Chapter 110

“Valid point, but it was just that. I just wanted to see you.”

He lifts a wary hand to my cheek. The back of his hand hovers around my skin for a few seconds before gently grazing his knuckles down my cheek bone. It traces down the curve of my jaw and when he reached my chin, he tucks his fingers under and tilts my

head up.

The amusement is gone from his eyes.

“I will never do anything with the intent of taking something from you in return. Not without your consent. However,”

He finds a stray lock of hair and holds it in his fingers. Then, ever so slowly, tucks it behind my ear. His fingers linger on my cheek and I find myself getting impatient.

Hot.

Wanting.

“-if you’re offering, I won’t hold back.”

Oh f ck.

I clench my legs together. The pool of desire in my lower abdomen forming from his words. The smile I had plastered on my face wavers.

He really just had to go there.

“So do tell me, just what I was doing in your dreams to make you utter such words in a sinful manner.”

Me.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

The bluff sounds every bit of the lie it is.

Raizel grins, then leans forward, and I stop breathing and moving all together. I feel his stubble brush against my cheeks. My face lights up like a red stop light as I breathe in shakily. The feel of his skin hot against mine almost elicits a shudder from me. Flesh against flesh, desire against desire, it’s a surprise I didn’t jump him by now. It didn’t help when I felt the tip of his nose glide down my neck. “Are you sure? It sounded awfully suggestive.”

He whispers huskily. His lips just barely touches my earlobes. But that little contact is enough to make my knees go weak and buckle. My fingers dig into the wooden desk even harder while my toes curl in anticipation. I was tense. Rigid and stiff from not knowing what to do or how to act. He was a master at making a complete mess out of me and he dedicated everything he was doing with the intent to prolong it.

“You heard wrong.”

-Lies.

He hums, letting me know he’s heard me but doesn’t pull away. Bringing his lips to my cheek, his kisses me there. The kiss is so soft I think I’m imagining it, but the tingles that erupt from wherever he touches me tells me otherwise. He breathes me in, sighing out as his chest presses against mine. “I smell your arousal.”

I don’t get a chance to respond, not that I really knew how to. He lifts his head up and stares down at me. The embarrassment floods into me as my flamed cheeks burns bright. He has the power to

summon a blush with four words.

Four incredibly humiliating words.

My mouth parts and closes like a wind up toy, unable to form an explanation that he’d understand or accept. I feel every segment of mortification in my system. My wolf, who didn’t seem to mind. being caught red handed, merely watches with excited, gleaming eyes. If she had the ability to talk to him, she probably would’ve been up front about it.

“You- you must be imagining things.”

I whisper quietly. The hand that previously caressed my cheek cups the back of my neck and lightly tilts my head up. He makes me look at him, not that the sight is anything you wouldn't want to see. He looks at me with a small smile playing on his lips as the pad of his thumb swipes affectionately along my jawline. The feathery touch melts my insides into mush. Just from that alone, had me men tally sighing out my elation.

"You're a terrible liar, love."

He dips his head down and plants a firm kiss to my forehead.

"I get them too."

I blink. I can't hide the surprise in my face as I gape at him. He had just admitted to having wet dreams? And the man doesn't look the least bit shameful for it!

"Though, from the sound of it, mine are a little more... explicit."

The facade I tried desperately hard to hold up, broke away. My lips pressed tightly together as my eyebrows shot up. Rolling in my bottom lip, I stray my gaze away from him and say nothing. It feels as though if I tried to say a word, the best I could come up with was incoherent sounds and mumbles under my breath. He takes pleasure in this, purposely moving his lips to the tip of my nose and pecks me there.

"Would you like a demonstration?"

Yes.

"Yes."

The word flies out of my mouth before I have the chance to register what exactly the hell I just signed up for by uttering that dreaded word. He looks surprised, his eyes gleaming with mischief as a slow smirk pulls on his lips. I could practically feel the thoughts he has radiating off him.

"I happen to think it's a good idea to get a preview before getting the whole thing"

I add, shifting my gaze to his lips. Raizel murmurs a response but my focus is on the vanishing distance between our faces. He's leaning down, moving every inch closer until his nose touches mine. My heart warms and instantly, I feel the sudden urge to have him even closer. My hands leave the desk's edge and boldly clutch onto his dress shirt. My fingers curl around the soft fabric, lightly tugging him closer to me as my lips sought after his. My mind and body were after one thing.