

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

## 121

Posted by Admin1, 138 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

Chapter 121

"Possibly..."

I mutter, looking at my parents greet someone wearing a black robe with the hood over their head. Another person is with them. Someone who wore a similar robe but this time, in dark red. My father is the first to reach out to shake the black robe'd person's hand. I knew then that this was the witch. The ring of serpent on her middle finger told me so. Every witch had one. Only, the animal on the ring told of their ranks.

Serpents ranked highest.

Then was the crows.

And lastly, the tarantulas.

"She looks scary."

Weston mumbles, biting on his lip as he looks at me. His eyes were wide and unblinking. The apparent unease in his stance coming from his nature as a wolf.

I should feel it too, but I don't.

"Aren't you nervous, Young Alpha?"

His question was sincere. For someone who seemed oblivious to everything, he had a sharp eye for reading atmosphere. Only a handful of people knew of the Locksworth curse. The people the Alpha, my father, personally chose. Close friends and high ranking wolves.

My mother, Chancellor Williams, Beta Creed, Weston, Gam ma Vince and I.

I'm about to respond but Father interrupts me before I could.

"Raizel!"

He bellows. Weston flinches, immediately stepping back as he swallowed. He reacted from my fathers dominance but not just that. It took me a second to realize why else. The witch's head was turned in our direction and although her hood was still up, the violet glow of her eyes told us she was staring at us.

I felt... weird.

Exposed.

Judged.

Vulnerable.

I didn't like it.

But regardless, I took careful steps their way. I never wavered under the witch's probing gaze. I couldn't allow myself to. My father told me Alphas don't hesitate. They don't show fear. They don't bow down to another unless for their mate. So I don't.

I walk into the common room, noticing the Chancellor standing by the fireplace.

Chancellor Williams was a kind man. I think. I don't really know him much. I've only ever seen him converse with my parents and Beta Creed. Sometimes Gam ma Vince as well. Understandably Ga mma Vince is always busy training the pack so most of the time he wasn't there. Chancellor Williams gives me a smile of acknowledgement when our eyes meet. Darting my gaze to the witch and then back to him, I give him a small nod before walking to take my place beside my father.

“Son, this is Arabeth Malicians. She’s the Head Witch of the Order.”

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I look at the black robed figure my father was motioning to and slowly nodded. I didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what to say under these circumstances. This was the first time I was meeting a witch, the Head Witch much less.

“-And with her is Ivory Black. Her assistant.”

The red robed figure stepped up, bowing slightly in my direction.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Young Alpha.”

I look

up at father to find him staring right back at me. His expression was encouraging but I still feel uneasy.

“...The pleasure is mine.”

Slim fingers reach out toward me to which I cautiously bring out my own hand. Her cold, nimble fingers wrap around mine and I find myself being overwhelmed with emotion.

Darkness.

Hot.

Foggy.

Burn.

Suffocating.

Flames.

Ivory pulled her hand back, gasping out as her hood fell from her head. Sharp orange eyes peer at me. She looked nothing like what I expected. Her skin was pale blue, markings of all sorts that I couldn’t comprehend or make out running down her neck like tattoos. Some marks were rigged; tough and perturbing on her skin. Thick, vibrant green hair tied into a loose braid behind her back. Wrinkles under her eyes with dreary effects.

“H-He’s special.”

I barely manage to catch onto those two words. Though, from the face she made, the context of which ‘special’ was used was nothing to feel happy about. The utter devastation in her eyes as she by my belief.

frantically looked between me and my parents was enough to stand e

“What did you see, Ivory?”

Arabeth’s tone broke my train of thought. Although I was beginning to feel the panic settling in my stomach, my nerves were calmed from the sound of her voice. Her voice wasn’t soothing. It didn’t have the soft, feathery touch my mother’s had and it wasn’t quite like my father’s dominant presence.

It was simply reassuring.

“I-I don’t know... Just- I think it would be best if we performed the ritual.”

Ritual?

No one said a thing. I looked around the room, trying to make out what I can from their faces. All of them were silent. Not a peep from anyone. Not something I felt very comfortable with.

But the one thing that was loud and clear was their shared look of pity.

“I see...”

It's my father who breaks the tension. I lift my head to look at him, his dark hair matching mine falling over his eyes. His eyebrows pinched together and his jaw is set. He knew I was looking, yet he never looked my way. I wondered if I'd done something wrong. Father never makes a face like that

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unless I'm involved.

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## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 122

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Chapter 122

And I'm always involved.

"Let's take this to the Sacred Altar."

The Sacred Altar?

Mother takes my hand in hers. Warm and comforting, I felt myself relaxing. The cloud of distress over my head slightly clearing away from her touch. She squeezed my hand, shooting me a small smile as we walked out. Weston stood by the wall when we walked by him, his cautious eyes lingering on me before they raised to look at my father.

He bowed, staring at his shoes before casting me one last glance.

'I hope you aren't sacrificed'

he mouthed before flinching when his father hit him in the back of his head. Weston grumbled, rubbing the spot he was hit at and kicked at the floor moodily. Beta Creed shoots him a warning look before looking at me with a smile. A smile I've seen far too many times when he tries to hide something.

I manage to give him one back but it doesn't last long.

The car ride to the secluded underground shrine was quiet. Eerie, even, with the witches staring at me. Those piercing gazes pricked my skin in discomfort. My instincts telling me to hold my ground and refuse to yield under their scrutinizing eyes. My father and mother who sat beside me, glance over to each other a few times before lacing their fingers together. A gesture of comfort for their wolves.

"It'll be fine, My little Rose. Our son will be fine."

He lays a kiss to her temple, tightening his hold around her hand. Mother says nothing to that and I don't question why. Her face says it all.

Even to me, it sounded like a lie.

A lie my parents were in desperate need of, but wasn't foolish enough to believe.

"Young Alpha, I need you to stay very calm."

Ivory had both her hands on my shoulders. She bent down to eye level, her frown pressing into a thin line.

"The Head Witch will be reading your fate. No matter what, don't lose yourself. No matter what you see or hear, don't give in. Remember that."

My brows knit together in confusion. 'Don't give in'? Don't give in to what? Against my better judgment, I chose not to ask.

Father and mother stood near the border of the pool. The pool was large. Crystals hanging from the ceiling and walls of the inner underground cave. I wondered why I haven't heard of this shrine before. This 'Sacred Altar'. I doubt anyone really knew about it. If they did, my teachers would've spoken about it. All the Moon Goddess' shrines were talked about. The Sacred Pool being one of them. My curiosity was piqued at this Sacred Altar. Neither feeling any bit closer to the Goddess as one would usually feel when entering her shrine.

Perhaps this was the Witches shrine.

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Just like wolves, witches had shrines of their own. For their exclusive use.

Ivory had instructed me to go to the center of the pool where a gray marble slab was located. Steps surrounding it like stage. They said to stay there. That I should stand there and wait for further instructions.

So I did.

I walked over to the border of the pool, letting my feet dip into the cold water. I walked further and further into it, glancing back ever few moments to my parents. Every step I went, the deeper it got, the more I felt. It wasn't uncomfortable. In fact, it felt so much more. Like I was being pulled into it with a voiceless call. The water, the energy surrounding the Altar, whether it came from the crystals glimmering under the dim light, were all too welcoming. Not even the damp feeling of my clothes could destroy that. The soothing stroke of comfort on every inch of my skin the water touched.

Soaking in the cool liquid that reached up to my waist, I watched Arabeth pull her robe off. Wearing a black long sleeved, ankle length dress, Arabeth was older than I pictured. Gray hair tightly pinned up in a bun, violet eyes framed on an almond-shaped face, wrinkles down her skin, tall but hunched over and skin, chocolate brown. I had guessed she was in her late sixties.

She walked into the pool approaching me. Her dress soaked up the water as she moved carefully toward my direction. I couldn't help but watch the movement of the fabric. A curtain of darkness following her steps. It was entrancing but at the same time, overwhelming. Like a cloud of evil was following her figure.

When we were right in front of each other, she lifted her hand close to her face and pierced into her palm with her sharp nails. Blood spilled from the open wound, dripping down her arms to the very point of her elbow. My eyes widened when her blood inked into the water, a swirl of black beginning to surround us. Although my mother was shaking in her spot, my father in turn wrapped his arms around her for comfort.

I didn't feel frightened.

I felt at peace.

"Close your eyes, Young Alpha."

Violet eyes cut into me. Warily, I look to my father who gives me a curt nod. That was all it took for me to listen. My eyelids fluttered shut, a sudden pressure building into my chest. It was getting harder to breathe. Like a ton was weighing down on my ribcage. A vivid image of a silhouette dancing in my mind momentarily appears before disappearing. I couldn't see the face but I could make out the white dress she wore on her form.

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Then it appeared again.

And as quickly as it did, it disappeared.

I tried to get it back, desperately trying to catch up to it but felt myself stumble back when cold fingertips touched my forehead. I took in a breath, feeling my toes curl and my fingers clench. The silhouette was getting away. This sudden need to chase after it was intense. An primal instinct telling me to never let go gnawing in my heart. I swallowed hard, pain throbbing from my chest when Arabeth placed her shaking palm on my temple.

"No-"

I mumbled, the image blurring from my mind. So close. So very close.

"Stop-"

The pain doubled, my breathing getting harsher as I forced myself to suck in a desperate breath. It was burning. My skin, my chest, my blood, my heart. Just when the pain was getting excruciatingly, unbearable, I saw a hand outstretch toward me. I mindlessly reached for it. My mind not registering the words Ivory had told me. The mere temptation of this hand blinded me from everything else.

I was so close.

The tips of my fingers a mere inch away from touching it.

But then I was pulled back.

I opened my eyes, my father grasping me by the arms as he shook me. We were out of the water. My father soaking wet as he kneeled over the ground with me laying limp. I was confused. Momentarily forgetting where i was, why I was here and what was happening.

"Raizel, do you hear me?"

I blinked rapidly, nodding as I looked to Arabeth. She was breathing hard, failing to catch her breath as she stared at me wide eyed and all. She looked like she'd seen a ghost. Shaking her head, she parted her lips. She attempted to say something, but failed to. Her mind unable to form a sentence as she continued looking at me in shock. I could feel her distress.

"Did you see it?"

Mother asked, running a hand through my damp hair. She was shaking. Unbelievably scared as she grabbed onto my father's arm for stability. The entire time her gaze was locked on the Head Witch. Arabeth looked to Ivory, both sharing a look before giving us a solemn nod. Her gaze fell to my chest where my thin white shirt clung onto my skin. My cursed mark showing through the wet fabric.

"The Goddess marked him."

(Guys she meant as in she physically and soulfully put a mark on him. As in his soul.

Miss Moon Goddess didn't take Selly's man tæ†Fç®‡Fç®‡FÆ†)

Father tightened his jaw, his hand landing on my mother's shoulder.

"Yes... but what of his curse?"

At this, she swallowed thickly, letting out a shaky breath. She shook her head with disbelief still riddled on her face.

“Part of his soul was taken.”

“What do you mean?”

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Arabeth frowned, a look of pity washing over her features. Her violet eyes locked with my fathers.

“The Goddess refused to give him his other half.”

She looked at me.

“She refused to give him a mate.”

I didn't fully understand what that meant at the time. I didn't understand why my mother started crying into my soaking shirt, shouting out 'lies' over and over again. I didn't understand why she was shaking so bad as she sobbed with no restraint. I didn't understand why my father pulled my head to his chest, repeatedly apologizing for his bloodline. I didn't understand why my father's voice broke as he said my name so quietly like a broken whisper. Or why Chancellor Williams was looking at me sympathy. I didn't get it.

I didn't understand anything and I hated that. Being left in the dark about a matter that concerned me. A matter that concerned me and my supposed missing mate. I knew what a mate was. Mates were the Goddess given gift. My father was my mother's mate as my mother is my father's mate. Frankly, I didn't understand the gravity of what being mateless meant. I didn't know what it meant not to have someone destined to love you for all eternity. In sickness and in health. For all of your flaws and imperfections. To me, all I knew was that they did couple stuff like kissing and marking each other.

I had no interest in that.

The girls my age were all so immature. Surely I wouldn't want someone like them. My father often told me how he was lucky to have been mated to my mother. That for someone like him, my mother was more than just a 'gift'. She was a blessing. A blessing to his eternal curse.

If my mate was my curse (or well, lack of) it wouldn't be so bad not to have her, would it?

Why were they making such a big deal? It wasn't all that important. Mates weren't all that

important. So I sat there, letting my parents whisper comforting words for something I didn't see the need of comfort for.

If only I kept that ignorance.

“Alpha Raizel?”

My eyes opened to see Weston walking in. Closing the door behind him, he lets out a loud breath.

“I've been asked a grand total of ninety-six times by our pack members about your relationship with Alpha Crestfield. I don't think 'f uck off will work anymore.”

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## **The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 124**

Posted by Admin1, 133 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

## Chapter 124

I sighed, breathing in deeply. Word traveled fast as I expected it to. I had no doubt in my mind that Selene and I would be the subject of everyone's interest. It was practically impossible not to be. Not when the top ranking Alphas were seen to be quite intimate with one another, which I will take full blame for. I leaned against my chair, hands interlaced and head thrown back at the cushion. Two whole days. It had been two days since I last saw her at the Gala.

Her.

The third and final instance where I found myself surprised to the point of speechlessness. Meeting her.

A presence I never knew I needed but now can't even fathom the thought of being without.

"While you're in the process of ignoring me, please don't forget Chancellor Williams will be visiting."

I raise my eyes to look at Weston. I nearly forgot Williams was going to visit. I'd been so distracted by my blue eyed female to really care for anything else.

"Just let him in whenever he arrives."

Weston nods, taking a moment to tell the border patrol of my order through mind link.

When his eyes flash back to their normal shade of brown, he frowns at me. A deep frown that marred wrinkles on his forehead.

"Please don't tell me I just walked in on you having a wet dream about a certain Alpha."

I stare at him completely unamused. He must've taken my silence as confirmation because next, thing I know he throws his hands in the air before rubbing them down his face in exasperation. With a disgusted groan he narrows his eyes at me,

"Oh Goddess, you were! Weren't you?"

The accusation in his voice dripped from his words.

"I'm beginning to believe a mental evaluation is in order."

Weston's eyes widen before he clamped his mouth shut and stepped back. The initial look of disgust masked and untraceable from his expression.

"I was joking."

He said.

"Right."

"No really, Alpha. I was."

"I'm sure."

"Why don't you believe me?"

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I give him a look and he puffs out his cheeks. I feel his sheepishness in our bond. His wolf embarrassed of his human side. Hiding under his paws, his wolf's tail slumps with a small whine. Mine huffs out, pacing in my mind as he growls out his annoyance.

He's been deprived of our little Wildflower for far too long, he tells me.

I agree.

"I bet you my next pay check you're probably thinking of her again."

I roll my eyes, straightening up in my chair when I feel a prickle of Williams' presence a few feet

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52.3%

Chapter 124

from my office.

"I always get this weird"

Weston makes a face, shuddering on purpose as he rubs his arms up and down for dramatics,

"-feeling when you do. The feeling of icky sticky love and affection. The warmth."

He gags with the roll of his eyes,

"I can only imagine what it's gonna be like when you guys have raw, rough, passionate \$e-"

"I'd appreciate it if you shut your mouth before I kick your a ss out of this country.'

H

I feel a smirk tug on my lips as Williams strolls in with a raised brow directed at Weston. The wolf inside him narrowing his glare at my Beta.

"I don't necessarily like to hear about the future escapades of my daughter and Alpha Locksworth. Jokes included."

A grin breaks across his face when he looks at me,

"Unless, of course, it's me making the jokes."

Weston rolls his eyes but greets Williams with a a muzzle of the forehead.

"Well, aren't you early?"

I muse, getting up to greet him after Weston pulls away. Williams smiles, flashing me his canines before grasping my shoulder in a tight hold.

well, I'm quite popular it seems. Right after this, I have another visit to make at Greyhound,"

My wolf's ears perk at the sound of Greyhound and slowly look over his shoulder to where Williams was sitting.

Go. Go. Go. Go.

I could feel him beg me in the back of my head, whining over and over about how much he wants to see her. I don't let it show on my face, but even I'm getting annoyed by his constant demands. He was terribly impatient and having to deal with his constant whining has finally taken toll on my body.

"A meeting?"

I ask, trying not to look too interested as I shift my weight on my other foot. I see Weston smirking at the side, getting a good poke out of this. He knew exactly what I was trying to do and he found it to be amusing.

"No, Meredith wants to have tea."

"When she says she wants tea, I believe she means tea to spill."

Weston says, looking every bit amused at the thought of the rather vocal and outgoing she wolf. Meredith was always quite the character. From stories of her reign as Alpha to the now grandpup wanting ex-Alpha, she was always painted out to be energetic.

"You're not wrong there, Creed."

Williams sighs, plopping into the couch. Propping his elbow on the arm rest, his lifts his eyes to look at me. A small smile breaks out on his face with a twi nkle in his brown orbs.

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

## 125

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Chapter 125

"Your parents heard."

F uck.

"Heard?"

I repeated. He rolls his eyes at my attempt to feign ignorance and raises his shoulders into a shrug.

"They're happy for you."

Leaning against the cushion, he smirks.

"Though, your mother is a little offended at the fact you didn't bother introduce her."

The pure amusement in his tone rubbed me the wrong way but I kept my mouth shut. I hum, walking to the glass cabinet where the whiskey is kept. Taking three cups in my hand and grabbing a bottle, I walk over to Williams and had him one. Weston pushes himself off the wall and walked over, taking his cup from me. Pouring them a cup, I sigh.

"I don't want to scare her off too early with the whole lover-meeting-the-parents bit."

I tell him, taking a swig of the whiskey. I don't take note of Williams' expression and the way his eyes bulged from their sockets before he starts coughing and wheezing with the whiskey spilling from the cup he dropped. He hunched over, slamming the hand he curled into a fist on his chest. "L-lover?"

he blanched, face going red.

I get quiet, holding the cup in my hand as Weston looks over to me then Williams with shimmering, excited eyes. I can feel his thirst for drama. The excitement through the bond tells me so.

"...Perhaps."

I mumble, still unsure exactly where I stood with Selene. She had given me permission to pursue her, but I don't know where that would put me as. We were more than acquaintances but less than friends. The feelings I get around her would strongly disagree, but even I knew that our contact with one another wasn't much to brag about.

"Perhaps? What do you mean?"

Williams probs, easily forgetting about the whiskey he spilled over the floor.

"I asked her for the permission to pursue her, and she agreed."

Williams' eyes widened as he slowly sank into his seat. He nodded, a look of understanding crossing his face. He looked beyond surprised. Like he was not expecting our relationship ship to progress this quickly. I can't really blame him. I had my own doubts when I asked her. Glancing over to him from the corner of my eyes, I took another swig of whiskey.

"...So I don't have to worry about grandpups anytime soon, right?"

I cock a brow, mildly amused by his question. Weston busts out laughing, hand clutching onto his stomach as he leisurely made his way toward the desk. Grabbing the bottle of whiskey, he pulled the lid off and began to pour himself another glass.

"At this rate Chancellor, your grandpups are definitely coming in the near future."

He smirks, eyes darting to look at me. His eyebrows wiggling suggestively.

“Unless they’re already in the oven?”

Williams’ face pales as he looks at me. His wolf stands upright, eyes as wide as his before falling

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over from shock. I roll my eyes, finishing off any remaining alcohol in my cup.

“You two lack faith in me.”

Weston shrugs, sipping on his drink before rolling his head to the side.

“Can you really blame us, Alpha? The one and only time you and Alpha Crestfield made a public appearance, you both were so enwrapped with one another to notice anything!”

“Or care for location.”

Williams grumbles under his breath.

“It was like porn in a weird, elegant way. I was confused whether I was supposed to clap or feel extremely aroused from that. Hell, everyone was! Trust me Alpha, I would much rather not get hot and heavy with you being the male counterpart. Do you know how fucking weird that is? Seeing my best friend in that kind of action. Alpha Crestfield, however is a different story-”

“You’ll find yourself bleeding with a very broken nose if you finish that sentence, Creed.”

My gaze cuts coldly to him. My wolf snarling low in my mind from his obvious taunts.

Weston is unfazed, sporting an amused grin on his face as he holds his hands up in surrender.

“Okay, okay, sorry. No need to murder the Beta. But you know...”

His voice trails off. He looks over to Williams who rose a brow at him before returning his attention to me. The seriousness in his expression almost shocking from how playful he was being just seconds before.

“-a lot of the Alphas, more specifically, the mateless ones who attended the Gala have been talking. Talking about how Alpha Crestfield was ‘of irresistible value’ and ‘Luna material’.”

My wolf growled, tail flicking against the ground in anger. Weston’s own wolf was unhappy with the thought someone was trying to take her away from me. He had already begun to feel like Selene was part of our pack.

Or family, as he likes to say.

My eyebrows pinch together when his words register into my mind. I knew the talk of the whole dance between Selene and I widely stretched across from pack to pack just for the mere shock of it. What I didn’t know was that some of these Alphas had the balls to even consider taking her from me.

From the moment I saw her, I knew she was mine.

I’d be damned if I let some other wolf take her from me.

## The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 126

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Chapter 126

“Well, he isn’t wrong.”

I raise my eyes to look at Williams. Running a hand through his hair, he leans forward in his seat, both elbows on his knees as he stares up at me. Chewing on his gums, he slumps his shoulders. "I've had a few curious wolves asking me about her. Some even going as far as asking me for a formal introduction."

he rolls his eyes when he sees my glare pointed at him.

"Oh don't look at me like that. You know I didn't agree to anything. I've been rooting for you since the day you stayed at the Capital. Why in the Goddess' name would I want to introduce her to some sleazy opportunists? Leave it to you to doubt me."

He sighs, leaning back and folding his hands behind his head.

"Besides, your father would skin me alive if I so much as thought about ruining your chances with the only woman that ever caught your eye."

I feel my lips tug up. A sudden nostalgic feeling coursing over my mind as I vividly remembered a few times Williams and my father would brawl. Each and every time they'd come back with busted lips, bruised bodies and sometimes, a few broken bones. But all was just their rough play. Both enjoying a brawl like any other strong blooded wolf.

"Mother wouldn't be so kind either."

I add, smirking when he shuddered.

"Oh no, Young Alpha, your mother would be the absolute worst. Never joke about a woman's grandpups. It'll do you more damage than you can think possible."

Weston nods in agreement, raising his glass to his words before bringing it to his mouth.

"Mmhmm- MM"

Hastily wiping his mouth, eyes slightly widen with realization.

"Seriously, Alpha. You better court Alpha Crestfield good. Like really, really good. That other Alpha- Alpha Walking, I think his name was? Yeah, he seemed awfully interested in her. Kept staring down at her like a hawk throughout the whole dance."

I give him a look that rivaled his smug one. He obviously got the name wrong on purpose. His wolf snorting at the Alpha's name like he had better things to do than to dwell on it.

"Alpha Walker?"

Williams flinches at the name but maintains his composure. Unease began to trickle into my veins, a little put off at the reaction but not really knowing what it meant. He says nothing but his gaze falls to the floor. Averting his attention was the same as avoiding the subject.

"Yeahhhh, real p rick if you ask me. I don't know, man. Something about that Alpha gives me bad vibes. His whole I'm-trying-really-hard-to-be-the-next-Edward-Cullen-Except-with-Jacobs-wolf persona is just really-"

He makes a disgusted face,

"ick."

"Then it's a good thing she has no interest in him. Besides, he has a mate. Luna Hestia."

Williams' voice sounds off. A tone higher than usual that has me drilling my gaze into him. He

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53.20%

## Chapter 126

undoubtedly feels my stare, but chooses not to acknowledge it. Instead, he clears his throat whilst looking at Weston.

“Well, Alpha Walker is the least of your worries. It seems my Nephew has gotten smitten.”

My eyes narrow down at him but he ignores it. With a sly smile on his face, he slowly turns to look at me with mischief dancing along his expression.

“Just like Marco, there are other wolves out there who took fancy to her.”

“Hear that, Alpha? It’ll do you well to bring your courting up a notch. Next thing you know, a handsome, dashing young Alpha, very much like myself, might just take your place.”

Weston puts his hand to his chest dramatically, trying his hardest to make the expression of what I think he believes a ‘handsome, dashing young Alpha’ would look like. His reference for such an expression? Unclear.

I feel my grip around the glass cup tighten.

“Man, I bet a line of wolves have tried making moves by now. No doubt receiving countless gifts and cards and whatnot.”

My grip tightened even more.

“Some may be thinking about future marriage proposals.”

Tighter.

“Possibly making schemes to meet with her as soon as possible. Haha, bet Nate is having a blast scheduling meetings. Suck on that as shole!”

Tighter.

“I bet some are already on their way!”

Tighter.

“Um, Weston I don’t think this”

“Oh no, Williams! You’re right! They’re probably together as we speak! D amn, now would be a good time to get Skittles. The red ones are my favorite-”

Shards of glass splintered from my hand. The glass cup I once held in my palm now fragmented and scattered across the wooden floor. Weston and Williams go quiet, no one says a word. The atmosphere gone sour and heavy with tension. My wolf, not in any better shape than I was. It was infuriating.

I felt something thick and slippery wrap around me. An unpleasant feeling bubbling in my chest as I tried to contain my growing anger. A low growl slips through the space between my lips directed to no one in particular. No, that was a lie. It was directed toward someone. Or rather, certain people. It was directed to the faceless Alphas who had the audacity to consider trying something with my

Selene,

What was this?

This overwhelming sticky feeling seeping into my skin? I felt nothing like this before. A burning hatred for people I haven’t seen or heard of. It was different from the anger I usually feel. This was the kind of anger that lingered. The anger that didn’t diffuse moments later. It was the kind that inked into your chest without the hope of ever bleeding out.

16.77

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

## 127

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Chapter 127

A

Unorthodox jealousy

It was lethal.

"...did you want the red Skittles, Alpha? Cause I don't have a problem with the purple ones too-"

"Williams, I don't suppose you'll have a problem with me going with you, right?"

Williams blinks, looking between Weston and I before clearing his throat. Straightening up his suit he held his head higher and ignored the pesky awkwardness he felt.

"Going where?"

I glance over to him,

"Greyhound."

"Meredith is going to kill me."

"What about my Skittles?"

"Oh my Goddess! Alpha Locksworth, what a pleasant surprise!"

Meredith Crestfield was the one to pull open the gates, allowing our vans' entry into Greyhound territory. She stood there with a big smile on her face when she sees us stepping out, only to falter when she laid her hazel eyes on Williams. I feel him stiffen beside me before letting out a few nervous chuckles.

If he stepped back a few steps, well, that was no ones business but his own.

"I had no idea you were coming."

She muses, making her way toward us. Standing tall with her ever so formal attire, I give her a nod in acknowledgment in which she returns graciously. She gives the same treatment to Weston but by the time she looked at Williams, the cool and easy going vibe around her diminishes quickly.. Selene's Beta, who I remembered was named Noah stands beside her with a scowl directed at Weston.

"Selene is in the pack house. I haven't seen her in a while, not after H-"

She cuts herself off with a cough, sparing a glance toward Williams who raises a brow in question. "Anyway, do make yourself comfortable. Williams and I have a lot to talk about."

She nods toward Noah, who takes the gesture as a signal and leads us to the pack house. The pack house was large. Larger than Nightwake's pack house. Their security system seemed to be on the more bulkier side compared to other packs'. Since arriving, we've caught the attention of a few curious wolves who intently look our way.

I could catch a faint strand of Selene's scent.

It only gets stronger as we enter the front door.

"Look here, Nate. I hate seeing you as much as I hate silver. And trust me. I hate silver. But now, I'm beginning to think silver has a much more tolerable existence than you."

"Well then, Preston, I too don't like seeing you. In fact, i loathe it. Do me a favor and take off that horrid mask off. It'll scare the pups away."

"I don't have a mask, a sshole."

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The Female Alpha's Conatus.

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"Exactly my point, dum bass."

Her scent was so strong. The sweet aroma of flowers, entrancing me in a haze. I eagerly lift my head, trying to sniff out where the trail leads to.

While the two bicker with one another, I make my way to the stairs. Each step getting closer and closer to her as I let my wolf guide me. It wasn't long until I stood in front of a door labeled "Alpha Crestfield" in a gold nameplate.

My wolf whined, urging me to hurry and go in when her scent was driving me mad.

Knocking on the door, I heard no response. Nothing came when I called her name.

Curiously, I let the doorknob turn and slowly made my way inside.

Nothing prepared me for what I'd see inside.

Selene slouched over her desk, her blond hair sprawled over the desk with her arms folded as a makeshift pillow. Her small body heaving up and down slowly as she breathed. I couldn't see her face, but it was a comforting sight. An image my wolf found immense pleasure and tranquility in as he stared at our wildflower. So much so, that he practically burned the image in our head and whined at me to get closer.

Pushing him down in the depths of my mind, I found a small smile breaking out on my face.

The initial jealousy and anger vanishing into smoke with just one look at her. Just her presence alone was enough to calm me.

"Raizel."

I stiffened.

My eyes widened, staring at Selene beginning to toss in her position. She moved her head, changing the direction it laid and brushed her hair away in the process. Her beautiful face contorting in frustration; eyebrows pinched together, plump pink lips pouty, and a small, barely visible dimple showing.

≡

Heat rushed into my body from how needy she sounded. The pure husk in her tone as my name rolled off her tongue like forbidden fruit. My skin burned with desire to touch her, to trace the lines of her body with my fingers. To feel the supple skin under my fingertips dip as they wander across her body like a constellation. Her skin- a map only I could uncover and explore.

If she'd let me, of course.

Dryly, I muse at how easily she renders me so eager to please. Should my past self see me now, I'm sure I'd give myself a heart attack.

Her pink lips part, a soft breath leaving her before she tempts me once more,

"Please, Raizel..."

A shudder rakes down my spine. My wolf growls out his approval when our head start to fuzz. The fog I was being drawn to, I now realize was her arousal. ching my jaw, it took everything inside

me not to give in to my wolf. He was overexcited, clearly looking to pleasure her.

Chapter 128

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

## 128

Posted by Admin1, 114 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

### Chapter 128

Running the tip of my tongue over the opening of my lips, I almost sigh out in relief when she starts to get up. She raised her head, groggily craning her neck to the side and lets out a groan.

She really needed to stop doing that.

Still unaware of my presence, she shakes her head in deep thought, her eyebrows drawing together and a cute little pout on her face. Leaning my back against the door, I breathe out.

"Must've been a nice dream."

She freezes for a moment before slowly turning in her chair. Her big doe eyes falling on me before trailing down my body. A quick flash of lust hidden in those blues I find myself getting lost into on more than just a few occasions.

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

I smile, her face getting to that perfect shade of red I loved on her.

"And in full detail, of course."

At this, she shoots out of her seat. Her breathing is heavy and something tells me it's not only because of the dream she just had. Selene looks flushed- embarrassed even, understanding the very interesting position I just caught her in. Her eyes are wide, lips parting and closing as if she were contemplating on answering me. She looked shocked, but the small quirk of her lips tell me she was also pleasantly surprised.

I grin, breathing in deeply. I couldn't get enough of her scent no matter how many times I breathed it in. My skin scorching with desire only she could put out. Drawing my arms over my chest, I patiently watch as she finally finds her voice.

"What are you doing here?"

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

I tell her. I walk in her direction, enjoying the ripples of satisfaction coursing through me the closer I got to her warmth. But then I look away, turning my attention to the photos hanging on the walls.

"I figured I'd come along."

I glance over to her before returning my gaze at the photographs. Leaning over to the one that had Selene in it, I recognized Meredith beside her. A small smile was on her face, but somehow she looked different. She looked younger, and not physically, but in maturity level. The air around her in the photo was completely different to the air around her now. I raised my hand to touch the photo, gliding my fingertips across Selene.

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

And I have. Not a minute went by where I wondered about her. I was smitten. I wasn't going to deny that. There was no shame in what I felt for her. There was nothing to be embarrassed about. I nod to myself, taking in her silence.

"That dream of yours, was it good?"

"I wouldn't know."

Her response was quick, sharp—rushed. Denial deep in the roots of her answer. I raise a brow, slightly amused by her response but tried to hide it. Tilting my head to the side, I suck in a heavy breath.

“Oh? And why is that?”

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She merely shrugs, walking over to the front of her desk before sitting at the edge. Her hands pressed onto the sides for stability.

“It cut short before it got to the good part.”

Her eyes fall to the desk for a second before lifting those gorgeous eyes back to me. Each and every time she looks at me, I feel a sort of rush in my veins. Excitement from the thought she was acknowledging me being the main reason why. Smiling, her little tease gets me worked up. She knew what she was doing and from the looks of it, she had every intention of holding her ground.

I liked that.

A lot.

Nodding, I begin to stalk toward her, knowing how my presence affected her as hers did mine. In just three strides, she’s already leaning into the desk like the prey she has become. The smile I once wore quickly wiping off as the tension around us thickened.

I wanted her so bad.

I needed her.

I’ve never wanted or needed anything or anyone so much in my life the way I needed her.

She was my personal sanctuary. The only one I can go to and feel calm. Just being around her was enough to take me out of my most worst moods.

“And what part would that be?”

I whisper.

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

A little stunned from the sudden bite in her response, I find myself amused. My wolf panting out his own amusement with the tilt of his head. Feeling playful, he eagerly blinks up to Selene’s wolf. The both of them finding our interaction as a sort of play.

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

11

I breathe, enjoying her scent wrapped around me. I feel a smirk pulling on my lips.

“Why?”

Moving closer to her, her smaller frame shivers with delight. The fire in her gaze alight from the closer I got. My arms left my sides, caging her between them. Satisfaction coiling in my chest from how close we were. Both my wolf and I immensely happy from feeling the warmth radiating from her skin

## **The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 129**

Posted by Admin1, 125 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

Chapter 129

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

It was odd.

Feeling so much for someone. Feeling so pleased by the mere fact she was close by. To see and feel her take in a short breath. To hear the slight tremor in her voice all because of me. It was strangely fulfilling-in a possessive way.

To know that she was just as affected by my presence as I was with her.

She smiles.

“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.”

One very long week.

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

Warily, I raise my hand to her face. Pleased by the fact she didn’t flinch away, I let my knuckles brush along her cheek all the way down to the curve of her jaw. Sweet ripples of warmth spreading through me from the small contact.

This consuming emotion attached to her willing me to go further.

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

My fingers brush back stray strands of her hair, slowly tucking it behind her ear.

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

Her erratic breathing increases. The heat rushing to her face as she gaped at me. The adorable expression on her face makes me want to tease her. To see those blue eyes wide with surprise.

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

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

I grin, allowing the soft locks of her hair slip from between my fingers. Leaning down, pressing my upper body even closer to her, my cheek just barely grazes the side of her face. The instinct to breathe her in so strong I couldn’t help but follow it. The tip of my nose trailing down the nape of her neck. Erratic pulses of heart beating beating from her chest resound in my ears. Yet another thing I found myself enjoying

Her heartbeats.

“Are you sure? It sounded awfully suggestive.”

My lips skim her earlobe. She was tense. Her body went stiff from how close we were. The heat her body gives out intensifying from her nerves.

“You heard wrong.”

She responds. I hum to myself, angling my head down to lay a chaste kiss on her cheek. My lips just barely touching her skin before pulling away. Breathing in deeply before sighing out, my chest presses against hers. The swell of her breasts pushing against me when she sucks in a labored breath. Her heat mixing with mine a dangerous combination of pure temptation.

“I smell your arousal.”

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I tell her, my mind slowly getting cloudy with her scent cloaking over me. My fingers ached to twist in her hair, to curve around the back of her neck as I pull her closer to me. To close the gap between our lips. Pulling my head back, I looked at her, eyes glazed over with evident desire. Her mouth parts, eyes wide and unblinking at my

revelation.

"You- you must be imagining things."

She whispered, rosy red embarrassment bleeding into her skin.

My hand that once touched her cheek moved to the back of her neck. Gently urging her head up, I smile when our eyes connect. The instant electrical spark zapped into me as I ran my thumb across her bottom lip. Warm, plush, and consumingly enticing.

"You're a terrible liar, love."

I murmur, dipping my head down to her forehead.

"I get them too."

She stills, listening attentively at what I was saying. Excitement running through the both of us from our current situation.

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

Her lips pressed together with the raise of her brows. Biting on her bottom lip, she looks away. The lip that I touched now rolled into her mouth as she anxiously chewed on it. A teasing gesture she wasn't even aware of. My wolf barked at the sight, wanting us to do the same thing to her. I wanted to tug on her lip.

With my teeth.

"Would you like a demonstration?"

I knew the question would startle her. She'd blush profusely, showing me once more that adorable face all scrunched up. Nothing was as pleasing as watching her skin slowly turn red from my words. The way she would look at me with uncertainty but at the same time undeniable attraction.

"Yes."

My eyes widened. I didn't expect such a straight forward response. I was certain she'd try to weasel around it, avoiding the matter completely with a few witty remarks. But her compliance? That was something I didn't consider a possibility.

Not to say I wasn't thoroughly enjoying it.

Because truly, I was.

Mischief and challenge filled my determination. A smirk plastered on my face at the thoughts running through my head. Holding her ground, she makes herself look at me.

A confident facade on her face as she spoke,

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

Her eyes drifted to my lips. My urge to hold her growing from that initiation.

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## **The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 130**

Posted by **Admin1**, 112 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

### **Chapter 130**

“You have no idea what you're getting yourself into, love.”

I mumble, closing the distance between us. My nose touches hers. Unable to pull out from the hypnotic tension, I allow myself to fall. I knew the moment my lips were to touch hers, I would surely fall to her feet. There'd be no turning back. Admittedly, I had a feeling it was like that since the moment my eyes connected with those baby blue eyes.

I was already in too deep. Just one look and I was held captive.

Her small hands latched onto my dress shirt. Curling there fingers around the fabric as she lightly tugged me closer. Her head now freely angling up to meet my lips in equal eagerness. Both logic and consciousness thrown out the window when I let her pull me closer. Following her lead as my hands clasp around her waist.

Everything is in slow motion. I lost sense of time, place, surrounding. The only thing I was aware of was her. The long lashes hooding her eyes, high cheekbones sprinkled in pink, small, pointed nose, soft blonde hair framing her face so perfectly that even the biggest non-believers would think she was an angel.

My wolf sighed out at the sight of her.

Happy and unbelievably lost in the person we recognized as ours.

Her hands uncurled around my shirt, experimentally flattening on my abdomen. I felt myself stiffen, a tight coil in my lower stomach as she dragged her hands up.

Everywhere her heat touched left a trail of wanton desire. Fingers spread apart to feel over my torso. She wanders around, memorizing the outline of my body from muscles to ridges. The fascination clear as day in those orbs.

Breathing in, Selene's hands wound up around my neck. Pulling herself up and resorting to tip-toeing, her eyelids shut halfway. She's waiting. She wanted this as much as I did. She knew we

were too far gone in each other. Too wrapped up in each other's presence to think logically. Leaning down, I give in.

My lips touch hers softly.

Hesitant but wanting more, I press my lips harder against hers. For a second I feared she would pull away- realizing this was not what she wanted. But all of those thoughts were pushed to the side. when she begins to kiss back.

Her lips mold with mine. Neither of us wanting to pull away in fear of losing the other's touch. It's not enough. I doubt it could ever be. My hand once again finds itself pulling her toward me by the back of her neck. The soft hair tickling my skin as she gasps against my mouth. The moment her plump lips part, I nip on her bottom lip with my teeth. Fulfilling the desire I had before. The tip of my tongue runs across her lip, silently asking for forgiveness.

Her eyes were shut. Her lips still moving with mine with ferocious need. I feel her desire for me pulsing through her touch. The heat she gave out alarming me of the arousal she felt. Her scent doubling in hormones as she clung to me like vines. Her noble fingers curled around my hair, pulling and tugging at the roots the way I grew to love.

F uck,

Heat rushed into my body like a tidal wave. My wolf demanded me to dominate her and show her just how much she truly affected me. But I refrained, I promised to take this slow and give her as much time as she needed.

But honestly, with her breasts pushing against my chest and her lithe body grinding against mine, I don't know how

'slow' we can really go. She presses herself harder against me as if she sensed my

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inner turmoil. The little minx having no mercy when she rubs herself on me. Her need streams out of her, coaxing a groan to rip from the back of my throat. I could feel her surprise but most notably, pleasure from my reaction.

The Alpha in her enjoying the slight dominance she had over me.

Digging my nails into her back, I resisted the beastly urge to take her on the desk. To rip off her clothes and show her just how much she drove me crazy. To hear her scream and moan out her pleasure along with my name from those seductive lips. Goddess, imagining her body writhing under mine had my head spinning.

Sliding my hands down to her thighs, I pulled. She got the hint, jumping up so that her legs wrapped around me. We pulled form each other, our breaths loud and harbored but

never breaking our eye contact. It doesn't take for us to seal our lips in lock once more but this time with more feral intent. My tongue dips in her mouth, her wet muscle tangling with mine in heated passion.

I couldn't stop the low growling spurring from my chest. It only worsened when she groaned against my lips. Her hips deciding upon torture when she grinds against me for some more friction. Clenching my teeth, I shut my eyes in ecstasy, feeling her ass rub against my cock. My lips hastily found her supple skin, sucking and biting at her neck. Setting her down on top of the table, she yelps but maintains the grip she has around my waist. Her arms now dangle around my neck as I settle between her legs. No sound of refusal pulling me from our trance. Cupping her thighs with my hands, I stare at her with our foreheads pressed together. No words said with only our heavy breathing breaking the silence.