

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

131

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

Chapter 131

"Is this the part I wake up?"

She asks me breathlessly.

Nuzzling my head against hers, I feel a chuckle form at my throat. Shutting my eyes together, I sigh out.

"No, I'm afraid not. Not this time."

She doesn't respond in words. She simply raises her head to press a firm kiss to my temple. A kiss so sweet and savory I can't find it in myself to open my eyes. Too afraid that when I do, it would all just be a dream. She trails her lips to the curve of my neck, laying another one of her feathery kisses at the junction that connects to my shoulder. She smiles.

"What happened to taking it slow?"

The corner of my mouth lifts up in a grin.

"I believe I told you,"

I said, kissing her softly.

"-if you're offering, I won't hold back."

She scoffs but the wide grin on her face warms me. Kissing me again, she gives me a sign she wants to continue where we left off. And I, all too willing to do so allow her the control she sought after. "Alpha Locksworth? I'm not sure if Alpha Selene is here, I've been look- Oh my Goddess, Jesus fucking Christ, I am so sorry- holy fuck. I just uh, Goddess have mercy on me. T-take your time. I wouldn't recommend the desk, it'll stiffen your back and- I uh, never mind. I-I'll just go."

Selene and I pull away, staring at the flushed state of her Beta as he looked between us. When realization sinks in, he immediately bangs the door shut and runs down the hall. A few voices mix with his and it didn't take long for us to realize everyone else was outside.

"What happened, Noah?"

Someone, who I recognized as Meredith asked.

"Holy f uck balls, Ms. Crestfield. I think your praying at the shrine worked. It's safe to assume little Bloodhounds will be running around soon. Very, very soon. F ucking hell, maybe even five."

The Beta gushes, sounding beyond truanted but at the same time pleased.

"Bloo-what? Noah, you aren't making any sense."

"Ms. Crestfield, I believe what Nate here is trying to say, is that my Alpha and Alpha Crestfield are copulating. In other words, f ucking. They are f ucking."

Weston reponds, I made a m ental note to kick his a ss later, but continued to listen as Selene sat still in my

arms. Her eyes glued to the door as if she could actually see the commotion happening behind

it.

“Or mating. We still use that word too.”

Williams pitches in.

“Fucki-Oh Goddess, really?”

Meredith squeals, clapping her hands in utter excitement. I feel Selene flinch, her arms clinging onto my tighter but I don't mind. I welcomed it. I loved the feel of her skin on mine.

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“Oh, I have no doubt she'll get pregnant. I believe in his libido, the man will work her out til she's out. With a body like his, there's no way she's getting out of this not pregnant.”

Im beginning to understand what Williams said about grandpups. It's clearly Meredith who's hellbent on having them.

“Actually, uh, they were just making out.”

Noah mumbles, a sheepish laugh following suit.

Silence.

Selene and I look at each other. A smirk in place with my hands on her hips.

“Way to go, Nate. You got me excited for nothing.”

Weston grumbles.

“Don't roll your eyes at me, Preston! It's not my fault you have a dirty mind!”

Noah interjects. The two was an amusing pair. Granted, I wouldn't want to get stuck in a room with only the two of them, but they really knew how to diffuse tension. Their bickers and side arguments, i could live without.

“Presto-how dare you? You're the one saying stuff like having little Bloodhounds running around! What were we supposed to think? That they were playing Monopoly?

Twister without clothes on?” Weston voice raises dramatically.

“Anything but that.”

“Goddess, you're annoying.”

Weston grits out.

“You take the words right out of my mouth, Preston.”

Noah counters.

“Funny, I was certain we were talking about you, Nate.”

“You know what, you straight up suck.”

“You know what else sucks? Your stupid ass-”

“We can hear you.”

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I say, keeping my eyes on Selene's amused ones. The argument outside goes into deaf silence until someone whispers out,

“Do you think they hear us now?”

“If we stand still, I don't think they will.”

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Weston responds confidently. I don't know how he managed to come up with that logic but I learned questioning his way of thinking will never end well.

"But they can't see us.... can they? Do they like.. have x-ray vision?"

Noah asks with a hint of awe.

"I don't know... it might be an Alpha thing. I've seen a few dinosaur movies. They do this all the time." "But isn't that just for dinosaurs?"

"Dinosaurs, wolves psh, what's the difference?"

Weston asks with a scoff, Selene closes her eyes for a second before she she opened them,

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"There is no difference. If you stay here a second longer, you'll be wiped out just like the lot of them."

And just like that, the two run down the hall. Stroking her hair back, Selene laughs when she hears the two's bickers minimizing into silence. Tucking a lock of her hair behind her ear, she adds,

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Posted by Admin1, 113 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

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"Don't try to be sly, Meredith. That goes for you too."

We hear a groan outside the door followed by the sound of dragging feet. Williams suddenly putting up a fight saying we didn't notice him while Meredith pulled him away.

Selene drops her chin on my shoulder taking steady breaths in. Wanting to calm her, my hand combed back her hair as she sighed in content. Without moving she asks me,

"For how long are you staying?"

My eyes are shut when I rest my head against hers.

"How long do you want me to?"

"How long do you have?"

I open an eye and smile.

"For as long as you want."

That manages to bring out a laugh. A soft, melodic laugh that warmed my heart.

"That's not something an Alpha should say."

She mumbled teasingly.

"And yet, here I am saying it."

Our gazes are locked with endless unspoken promises swirling in them. Taking her hands in mine, our fingers interlace like the missing puzzle piece in my life. Feeling so complete by just holding her hand, its almost embarrassing. Suddenly she tore her gaze from me and stared down at her feet. "Do you think we're moving too fast?"

The question catches me off guard. Squeezing her hands, her slightly worried eyes meet mine. I didn't want her feeling uncomfortable. What mattered most to me was how

she felt with this. "Do you feel that way?"

I ask her. If she did, I had no problem in giving her time. I didn't mind waiting for however long she wanted as long as it would mean it was me and her in the end. As long as we were endgame, I didn't care if I had to wait months or even years for her acceptance of me.

There was no way I would jeopardize what we had for something like impatience. She deserved more than that.

She deserved the world,

Selene shifts in her seat and bites on her bottom lip. The nervousness she felt radiating off her like a furnace.

"No, but-it's just... I don't know how this relationship stuff works."

She pulls her hands away from mine and gestures between us.

"I've only ever seen movies or read books and usually they wait like.. I don't know, weeks? Months? I don't have any prior experience in dating or intimacy and honestly, I don't even know what the f uck I'm doing right now."

My eyebrows shoot up at her revelation. She was never in a relationship? She was never this intimate with anyone before me? No words could fully describe the pride bursting from my chest. I was the first person she allowed to get this close. I was her first kiss as she was mine.

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We were both taking our firsts without even knowing it.

Had she been with another, I wouldn't hold it against her. She had the choice of what she wanted to do with her body and heart and I had no right to question or criticize her about it. But, it would be a lie to say it didn't mean something to me knowing she trusted me enough. To know she entrusted herself to me.

To give me the honor of being her first of something.

Had it been the first kiss to the forehead or just the first time holding hands.

I was the one she chose.

And that meant something.

"That makes two of us, then."

Her head snaps up in shock. The same emotions growing through me now swimming in the way she stared.

"I had no other before you. In both ways."

I tell her, watching her eyebrows scrunch together.

It seemed she had the same thoughts I did. Amazement and slight confusion as to how this beautiful woman standing before me had managed to stay unattached to anyone.

Surely someone out there would've wanted her for themselves. Someone who tried to get her attention. Was she just disinterested? Did she choose work over relationships?

Was she waiting for her mate?

Her mate.

A thought I found myself hating every time it came up.

"Why..."

Her soft voice breaks me out of my thoughts. With a short but soft laugh, I take her hand in mine and rub my thumb over her knuckles.

"Probably the same reason you strayed away. I'm an Alpha. Alphas can't have distractions."

“So what’s the difference with this?”

I catch her eyes.

“Everything. Everything is.”

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Lifting her hand to my mouth, I kiss the wrist that reminds me she’s breathing. I feel her warm pulse against my lips. Without dropping her hand, I move it to cup my cheek. Her soft palm caressing me sweetly.

“You’re not a distraction. You’re the real thing.”

Something in her expression hurt me. Her bright eyes just barely darkening as her face twists. A

slight tremble in her stance as she looks at me like I wasn’t real. I feel the hurt in her body language. Hurt? No. I couldn’t pin point it. She was breaking in front of me.

But not in the way where her heart was left vulnerable.

She broke down her walls to allow me entrance.

“How are you so sure?”

She asks, squeezing my cheek in her hand.

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Posted by **Admin1**, 117 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

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“How are you so sure you aren’t mistaking this?”

I shrug, dragging her hand holding my face so warmly to the center of my chest. The rapid beating my heart under her palm. Her eyes dart to meet mine.

“This tells me so.”

She’s breaking under me.

“I don’t know much about our pace, but to me, now is good. How about you?”

She holds my eyes, searching for something to convince her to back out in all this.

Searching for any cards that I had yet to play but she won’t find any. I laid them all down the moment I fell goner for her. Her hands slide across my chest as she pulls me into a hug. My nose buried in the crook of her neck where her scent enthralled me most.

Selene’s face pressed dup against my chest as she listened to my heartbeats in silence.

Our arms tightly wrapped around each other when she whispers,

“Now is good. Now is perfect.”

She broke.

And suddenly I found myself wanting to give my entirety to her.

I knew I found my missing my piece.

The blessing to my curse.

If life was a garden with flowers representing the good, then I had a garden of thorns.

Thorny vines that wrapped around my being. It’s grip- tight and unyielding. Then suddenly, for some strange reason, a lone flower grew in the midst of all the pain and suffering. A lone flower growing boldly in the cold darkness of my sanctuary. Encased in its beauty is warmth and serenity I’ve never felt before. A strong stem of trust. Green leaves of unspoken promises. Pink petals of fleeting kisses.

A lone Wildflower in my garden of thorns.

My Selene,
the wildflower of my heart.

“I see you received the flowers.”

I lift my head from his chest and give him a wry smile. Raizel and I were laying on the couch; well, technically Raizel was.

I was laying on top of him.

I let my eyes drift to where he was looking and found him staring at the bouquet of wildflowers I knew he had gotten for me even without a card attached to it.

“Yes, I did. They’re beautiful.”

I mumble softly, allowing myself the pleasure of being engulfed in his warmth. I rest my chin against his chest. The hard muscles under his shirt a surprisingly cozy cushion. In the silence of the room, I had realized something: I’ve quickly become addicted to this. Addicted to the contact between us.

Addicted to the relief his presence brings me.

It’s a little daunting how attached I got. And how quickly it all seemed to progress. The most confusing was how none of this felt wrong. It felt perfectly right.

My focus laid on his face and every little detail I tried to burn into my memory. Like the way his

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dark hair somehow curls at the nape of his neck despite being gelled. Or how under his strong jawline was a small, barely visible beauty mark. The gray orbs staring back at me dances with a new type of tenderness. Melting around the irises with specs of vibrant silver I failed to notice before. His fingers play with the ends of my shirt, not daring to go touch the skin on my back but hover over it so I felt the comforting heat only his body could offer me.

I bring my arms up, tracing the lines of his arms softly.

His muscles tense but then immediately go lax from my touch. As intimate as this position was, with my chest firmly pressing against his, it was rather soothing. I enjoyed the way his chest would move up and down when he breathed, moving me along with him. The sensation of his heart beating below me as we spoke was just as mesmerizing.

Raizel makes a sound of unfocused acknowledgment, finding more interest in stroking the top of my head and pushing my baby hairs out of my face than my answer. His hand would linger a second longer on my temple before he would once again sweep my hair back from the start of my hairline. One thing I learned very quickly was that he loved to play with my hair. Almost as much as he loved it when I played with his. No, that’s not exactly it. While he enjoyed playing with my hair, what he truly loved was having any type of contact. Whether it was stroking my hair, absent-mindedly rubbing circles into my back, caressing my cheek or simply running his thumb across my he had to be touching me.

And he knew I loved his little antics.

My pleasure was his pleasure.

As his was mine.
knuckles,
My wolf who was so adamant about getting him close, now lies with Raizel's wolf, staring at each other as they laid sprawled in our minds. Very much like the position Raizel and I were in. I wondered if they were talking to each other. I was almost certain they were.
And right now, she felt nothing but pure adoration for the man and wolf in front of us. The contentment was almost unbearable.
"I'm glad you like them."
He finally responded.
"Very much so."

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He hums, slowly treading his fingers through my hair. It's almost endearing how gently he treats me. I could feel it with the way he's so careful and cautious not to tug on my hair or accidentally tangle it.

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Posted by Admin1, 223 Views, Released on May 31, 2023

Chapter 134

Raizel was careful with me.
It didn't take a genius to figure that one out.
And honestly, I wasn't sure how to feel about it. While one part of me believes its simply because he wants to treat me right, another part argues that he's too nervous and unsure of what to do. Like he's so afraid he'd do something wrong that would make me turn from him. Either way, I didn't have any problem of slowly finding out.
And eventually, hopefully, start in figuring him out.
I hold back a purr, loving the feel of my Raizel grooming me with his long fingers. Every once and a while I would feel the tips of his nails brush against the back of my neck. Each little stroke managed to elicit a shudder from me. A reaction Raizel found satisfaction from.
"I don't intend on hiding our relationship."
My eyes snap open. I look at him, slight alarm on my face as he stops stroking my head to give me his full attention.
"Well, I doubt we did good job keeping it a secret anyway."
The lightness in his tone makes a smile tug on my lips. I laugh, laying the side of my face on his chest. Brining a hand to his chest, I play with the buttons on his shirt, thinking how bad it would be if I were to accidentally unbutton one. Or two. Or maybe three.
"The Gala..."
I murmur softly. Images of our dance, lingering kisses and the crowd of Alphas, Lunas, and Betas falling witness to it all circle my mind. I hadn't really thought about how the extent of our carelessness would have affected our reputation. I didn't have a problem

with it and from what I see, Raizel didn't mind either. If the music hadn't been playing while we danced, I'm almost sure the wolves would've heard us speaking.

"I suppose it is too late to think about keeping it a secret, don't you think?"

He nods, beginning to rub circles into my back.

"I wouldn't want to anyway. I'd rather everyone know you are off limits. I can do many things, my love, but sharing you is something I won't do."

I raise a brow at him. The obvious possessiveness in his tone urges a smile on my face.

He grins coyly when he sees my expression,

"-And of course that applies to you as well. I'm all yours, my little wildflower."

Good.

"I'm glad we've come to an understanding, Alpha Raizel."

I tell him, a glint of mischief in my gaze that hasn't gone unnoticed. Raizel quirks a brow up, a slow stretch of a smirk ghosting over his lips as he lifts his hand to cup my cheek. The grin in place doesn't waver on my face. Not even when he ran his thumb over my bottom lip, gaze darkening.

"It shouldn't come as a surprise. It's an appealing compromise, Alpha Selene."

The air around us shifts.

I pull from him, straddling his waist but never breaking eye contact. Raizel lays beneath me, a look of awe in his eyes that melted into everlasting affection. The hand that had been rubbing my back falls to hold my waist loosely. He doesn't say any more and resorts to watching as I experimentally

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run my hands down his chest. I feel every curve of his build; enjoying the taut skin concealed in the confines of his shirt.

The shape and outline of his figure still very prominent under my fingertips.

His breath hitches when my fingers settle on his abdomen. The urge to just rip open his button-up and skim my fingers directly onto scorching hot skin was overwhelming. His steely gaze only fed the fire in my stomach.

"Goddess, you're beautiful."

He whispers softly. A swarm of butterflies ruptures from my stomach, a sure but painful blush coating my cheeks to vibrant red. I've been told many things in my life. I've been told that was pretty, cute, attractive but never really beautiful.

Beautiful was a word that went beyond physical appeal. And the way he said it felt as if he meant more than just a pretty face. To him, I was beautiful. Not the shell or skin of who I was, but the content of who I am. He found who I am beautiful.

And for once, I believe it.

I believe it when he says it.

For the first time in a long, long time, I feel beautiful.

For the first time after the rejection, after losing Lila and Bentley, after losing Alpha Thompson, after losing Duskfall and after losing myself, I felt beautiful.

And honest to God, it scared me.

Raizel noticed the shift in my mood and frowned. Cupping the back of my neck, he pulls

me down until my head rested on his shoulder. An immediate wave of calmness blankets over me as I sigh into his neck.

“I’m not really sure how to... comfort people.”

He admits quietly,

“-but I have no problem killing someone for you, if you wish.”

I snorted, laughing into his skin as he wrapped his arms around my waist. I knew he said it to cheer me up, but somehow, very little part of me doubts he didn’t mean what he said. The little curve of his lips tell me he was proud of making me laugh. The obvious smugness attached to it, a clear indicator of the pride he felt

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Posted by Admin1, 107 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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“What’s wrong?”

He asks more seriously

when my laughter dies out. I shake my head, mindlessly twirling a finger around his locks.

“Nothing. Just thinking about how everything seems a little too perfect right now.”

“It is, isn’t it? You, with your little arms around me. You, with your hair sprawled over my chest. You, with your heat mixing with my own. You, with your body pressed snugly against mine. You, all wrapped up around me. It’s all just”

He kisses my wrist.

“-perfect.”

I can’t help the roll of my eyes. The warmth spreading through me burns my skin like molten lava. Every word he says hits a section in my heart. A jabbing sensation that only manages to increase my affection over him.

“I’m this close to believing everything about me is perfect to you.”

He doesn’t move to look at me. He just continues peppering my arm with light kisses before mumbling,

“Isn’t that the case?”

The seriousness in his tone stops me from responding. And all of a sudden I feel this tremendous weight of guilt holding me down.

Guilt for the fact he doesn't know I already met my 'mate'.

Not that I really considered Landon as mine to begin with. Regardless, Raizel had the right to know- he needed to know. In order to pursue this, I had to tell him. It would be wrong and extremely unfair to him if he doesn't know what he's getting himself into. The extent of how damaged I was.

Whether he changes his mind or not about being with me is unclear but he needed to know.

Would he feel any different to know that I've been rejected? Would he still want me after finding out that I was unwanted? Would he still look at me with such tenderness after finding out how useless I was? That I couldn't save anyone? That I couldn't save Duskfall?

A pang of fear rippled through me. Burying my face into his neck, I inhaled his scent, trying to comfort the creeping fear of rejection. After Landon, I was sure nothing could break my heart again. Then the rogues attacked. After the rogues attacked, my heart was torn into pieces just when I picked it up and put it together. Then Bentley was taken from me. After Bentley was taken from me, my heart was viciously torn from my chest. Then they took Lila from me.

After they took Lila from me, my heart was unrecoverable.

I was living fine. I had Noah and Isaac, Meredith and Williams but there was always a void in my heart.

Then Raizel showed up.

And the tiny bit of light came back to my life. A small, shimmering light that was just beyond my reach. A light that quickly spread through me with no forewarning beforehand. A light I was so

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blindly following no matter the consequences.

And if someone takes Raizel from me...

I doubt I could ever bring myself up to the surface again.

If im feeling this deep for a man I just barely got to know but somehow feel so inexplicably connected to, I can't imagine the weight of his rejection will affect me.

I could possibly lose him.

But I had to tell him.

It was only right to.

"I need to tell you something."

I mutter, pulling away from him. There's a confused frown on his face, but he still rubs down my arms comfortingly. Just the small gesture is enough to encourage me to continue. I let out a breath.

"Remember when you asked me if I had a mate?"

He flinches under me, his hand freezing mid-brush. Then he gives me a curt nod. Nothing less, nothing more. A reaction that tells nothing of his thoughts.

He's unaware of it but his hold around me tightens.

"I already found him."

Had I blinked, I wouldn't have noticed the flash of emotion in his eyes. I couldn't pinpoint it to anything in particular. It wasn't anger, but it could've been. It wasn't sadness, but maybe it was. Was it fear? Possibly.

One thing I was sure of though, was the possessiveness in the way he looked at me.

A strong, thick possessive streak that made shivers roll down my spine.

"Oh."

His voice was gruff. An octave deeper than it usually was. His wolf that had been dormant the whole time bristling as his eyes darkened considerably. A cloud of tension passes through me.

Then something in his expression changes. A look of betrayal swims in his eyes as his lips part,

"You lied to me?"

My eyes widened from his question, panic quickly setting in when I see how much it pained him to say it. I

shake my head profusely, hoping he'd see the desperation in my body language. I take his hands in mine, squeezing them tight and felt some relief when he didn't move away.

"No. I didn't. At least, not in the way you think."

I tell him wholeheartedly. My reassurance only serves to confuse him even more.

"I don't understand. You told me you didn't have one when I asked you but now you're here saying you do."

The suspicion is thick in his voice. Unable to understand what I was saying but making the effort to piece everything together. He draws his eyebrows together when a thought hits him

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Posted by Admin1, 102 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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"Did he... pass?"

At that, I let out a dry laugh.

"No, he's very much alive."

Raizel simply nods. He's staring into nothing, the gears in his head turning when he looks at me.

"Are you choosing him?"

There was a bite in his tone. The last word almost hissed out when he spoke. He wasn't angry at me. None of those emotions directed toward me but the mate he thought I had. I immediately felt the need to comfort him, to let him know there was no way in hell I'd choose that as my mate. Not after

what he'd done.

I shake my head, cupping his face in my hands. The warmth of his skin calming my growing nerves around this topic. His eyes fluttered shut, deep, steady breaths pulling in to him as he tried to calm himself.

"I wouldn't be here doing this if I did."

I take a minute to add,

“A lot has happened.”

I mumble as my gaze dropped to my lap. I feel the beginnings of the truth unravel from the vagueness of my response. Vagueness I know he wants me to clarify but patiently waits for me to do so willingly.

“So much that it would take a while for me to tell you, but if I had to put it in more simple r terms: he

didn't want me.”

I tell him bluntly. The way I said it so smoothly was almost a shock. I had expected even the slightest bit of sadness to lace into my voice, but somehow I sounded... relieved? There wasn't a spec of disappointment. Just the fact of the matter. I felt a lot lighter now that it was in the open. No secrets that I'm hiding from him.

His eyes opened instantly—

heavy, unmistakable anger, swimming in his grays. His brows knotting together and jaw clenching tight. The wolf he tried to calm, taking over him as a loud growl ripped from his lips. I could feel his chest rumbling with snarls.

His fingers dug into my hips, not so hard it would bruise but firm enough for me to be held in place. His eyes were blown out black, a tinge of ruby red slowly inking in from his pupils.

“Who is he?”

+swallow, barely managing a shake of my head as I pressed my forehead against his. The raw rage from his being radiating onto my skin urged me to calm him. His Alpha presence, much larger than mine, should've forced me into submitting.

Should've.

But it didn't.

I was so in sync with him that I barely noticed until his wolf's fur bristled and the growling grew louder and louder. Though I didn't feel his domination directing toward me, I knew that his wolf had

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gone feral. I had to choose my words carefully. It wasn't my safety I was worried about, it was everyone else's.

"It doesn't matter."

I try, only to find his jaw tick.

"He hurt you-"

"It doesn't matter. I found him years ago. I only thought it was right to let you know... in case you..."

change your mind

I trail off, suddenly unable to look at him. I start fumbling with my fingers, feeling anxious and extremely nervous as to what will happen next.

It's only when he takes my hands in his that I feel the depth of my fear sink in. The insecurities I've tried to keep buried rear its ugly head. He's going to reject me. He changed his mind. He doesn't want me anymore.

"It doesn't change anything, my love."

I look at him, the astonishment in my expression as clear as day when he gives me a small frown.

"I told you. I only want you."

He sits up with me settling in his lap. Leaning forward, he kisses my forehead. I feel him. I feel all of him.

"Everything you are, I want."

He gazes down at me softly,

"Past, present, future – everything."

My throat tightened with emotion. His reassurance that nothing will change allowing me to get a breath of air I was in desperate need of.

“Do you... still want him?”

I look up from his hold, the anger gone from his eyes but was replaced with sheer uncertainty. He’s worried I’d choose Landon over him. Shaking my head, I kiss his jaw, moving along to his neck as an apology for making him doubt me.

“No, no, no. I don’t want him. I can never picture myself being with him after everything especially since I have...”

My eyes drift to his face before quickly staring at my hands again. I feel a blush surface, my cheeks getting hot from what I implied with my eyes. Surely he got the message even without me outright saying it.

“Truth be told, he’s been trying to squeeze himself back into my life lately.”

I feel my voice get caught in my throat at his expression. The unadulterated look of rage written on his face made my wolf whimper. She didn’t like seeing him this way. She felt for him, wanting nothing more than to take away his anger. His anger somehow became her anger. Feeling his rage brought out her own at the way the thought our ex-mate made him this way.

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Posted by Admin1, 98 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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Raizel wasn’t even looking at me. He was staring off over me, probably trying to restrain his wolf from acting out. His desire to protect and honor me the only clear thought in his mind.

“But I’ve made it abundantly clear I don’t want him.”

Raizel says nothing to that. He’s trying to read me for any bluff or lie that would suggest the opposite of what I was saying. When he finds none, he closes his eyes. He takes in a lengthy breath, pressing his forehead against my own in a way to calm himself.

“What do you want?”

The sudden question leaves me breathless. My gaze drops to his lips as the heat starts to spread through me again. The raw emotion

this man manages to pull from the inner crevices of my heart never fails to amaze me. It's unlike anything I've ever felt before.

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Though, admittedly, there's not much I could compare this to. This feeling of affection and overwhelming warmth is unprecedented.

"You know the answer to that..."

I mumble, curling my fingers into his shirt. A wicked glint swirls in his eyes as he stares down at me.

"No, I don't. You'll have to refresh my memory."

I bite my inner lip, feeling a bucket of embarrassment drench over me at his request. I have the sudden urge to smack the beginnings of a grin right off his face.

Or kiss it off.

I press my lips to his. He doesn't waste any time to take control, sliding his fingers through my hair to tilt my head up. The earlier fear, anxiety, and relief all bundled up with this easy show of affection.

By the time we pull away, I'm nearly drunk on him. I frown.

"You play dirty."

The answering smile he gives me is one without shame.

"I never said I wouldn't."

Rolling my eyes, I was about to lean down once more to kiss his annoyingly attractive face when the door springs open. It had been so quick I was almost surprised it hadn't flung from the hinges. Sitting up without really processing I was straddling the Alpha, I look to the intruder and feel my eyes widen. I should've sensed him but I was too distracted by the man under me to notice. His scent completely overpowered anyone else's and now, sitting here with this man feeling no ounce of shame, I begin to regret a few of my life choices.

One being that I forgot to lock the door.

Raizel's hand falls to my hip, gripping tight but his head turns to where I was looking. Panting and heaving heavily by the door with one hand clutching onto the door knob was none other than my Gamma, Isaac.

"Wha-when-you-he-"

His eyes dart between Raize! and I and then fall to where his hands laid,

Chapter 137

"W-what's going on here?"

Noah and the others were quick to follow, all of them stopping dead in their tracks behind Isaac when they take in the scene in front of them. Meredith's eyes widen, a hand falling to her mouth as a small,

"Oh."

leaves her ruby red lips. Williams looks like he's about to have a heart-attack with the way he puffs out a breath and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand. Needless to say that I've never been in a more embarrassing situation like this. I don't have the heart to look at Noah when I can feel the smugness through our bond. I have no doubt in my mind that he's staring down at me with that little smirk of his followed by him folding his arms across his chest.

"Well, then. I guess Nate wasn't that far off when he mentioned little Bloodhounds."

Weston stands there with a smirk, looking down to his Alpha with what seemed like pride and amusement lingering in his brown eyes. When his gaze connects with mine, the little smirk gets even smugger. How that's possible is beyond me.

"Wh-huh?"

Isaac stands there gaping, eyes frantically searching mine in panic. I feel the anxiety his wolf is giving out; utter fear and nervousness for me and the pack.

"...What's going on here?"

He asked again, darting his gaze to Raizel. His tense body relaxes when he senses no aggression from either of us. His wolf, calming just the tiniest bit at the realization. Sitting here on top of the man responsible for many interesting dreams, I look across everyone's faces and slowly try to slide off of him only to have my attempt forcefully denied with the firm hold of Raizel's hands on my hips. I raise a questioning brow.

“No.”

Is his one word reply. Like a child who refused to share.

It shouldn't be endearing. I shouldn't find it cute, but I do. I return my focus on Isaac.

Wait.

Isaac.

“What are you doing here?”

I asked, suddenly all too aware of the fact that he's not supposed to be here. He's still supposed to be with Cade, not here in Greyhound. Still, I can't deny that I'm happy to get my Gamma back.

“I—Alpha Cade allowed my leave and it was supposed to be a surprise but—”

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 138

Posted by Admin1, 102 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

Chapter 138

The absentminded look in his eyes narrow into slits when he turns to look at Noah who sheepishly tries to blend in the background.

“This idiot decided to send me a text saying something about the Bloodlust Alpha eating you.”

Weston snickers, earning a glare from the accused. Of course the one responsible for this mess is my Beta but, eating me? Since when did I become food? What the hell did that mean? My thoughts immediately ran back to when Noah caught Raizel

and I kissing. Oh. That's what he meant. Did Noah really have to word it like that? I sighed exasperatedly, getting slightly uncomfortable from all the spectators surrounding us. I was still straddling the man and from the tight hold he had on me, he had no intention of letting go anytime soon.

Not that I really had a problem with that, but we at least had to appear decent.

Sliding

my legs off him, I pry his fingers off and go to stand. I catch the slight pout on his face and had to bite my lip to stop myself from grinning. Meredith, however, doesn't hesitate to grin at the two of us feel the smugness practically radiate out of her.

'I was already a few miles away in the car but I got worried and so I... jumped out the car and ran here...leaving my... stuff.'

Isaac trailed off, an uncomfortable silence following his words. Isaac's expression molds into confusion and slowly panic when reality sank in. Looking down at the ground with intense concentration, his eyes warily lift up to meet mine.

'Oh shit.'

Without another warning he dashes out to where we all assume is the car he left his stuff in. His heavy footsteps pounding against the stairs ringing down the hall.

'Noah, Beta Creed, do help Isaac locate his belongings.'

Meredith says suddenly without batting an eye, watching Raizel and I. Weston looks like he's about to protest when Raizel adds,

"Do as she says."

With a resigned look on his face, Weston slumps but shrugs leisurely at the command. Noah rolls his eyes but turns on his heel with Weston staggering back. Drifting his gaze to his Alpha, the Beta mocks a salute,

"Aye, aye Captain. I know when I'm unwanted. Have fun with the in-laws."

"I will."

I look at Raizel in open surprise, not catching Weston's eyebrows raising in equal astonishment at his easy response. My heart clenched and the smile I failed to restrain grows.

The in-laws. Of course there was a chance he was just going along with Weston's harmless joke for the sake of cutting it short, but with his personality and seriousness I doubted it. It made me heart flutter just thinking of the chance he and I could one day be...

I shook myself out of my daze. This was not the time to get lost in daydreams of the far future.

Raizel raises a brow at Weston who slowly shuffles backwards with his lips pressed in a grim line of

The Comala Alpha's Sanctuary

58.3%

Chapter 738

trying not to smile. When the blonde finally followed Noah down the stairs, I let out a shuddering

breath.

“I like the sound of that.”

Meredith chimes in, a gleeful smile on her face as Williams frowns.

“I don’t.”

He flinches when Meredith cuts him a glare,

“Kidding, kidding.”

But from the begrudging mumble under his breath, he really wasn’t.

“So…”

Meredith draws, ignoring the pitiful Williams pouting beside her. She crosses her arms, looking far too pleased for my comfort and stares at me to which my reddened cheeks strained with a whole new shade of red.

“What a very interesting position you two were in.”

I open my mouth to defend myself but really, what could I have said? It was exactly what it looked like. No way was it a coincidence that I was laying on—top of him simply because I fell. I’d just be digging myself in a very deep hole if I did. Shutting my mouth and chewing on the inside of my cheeks, I felt Raizel stand to take his place beside me.

“Alpha Crestfield, would you mind speaking with me?”

His eyes swept between Williams and I,

“Alone?”

Meredith’s surprise is obvious but she quickly composed herself. She loosely untangled her arms, smiling softly before giving him a single nod.

“Of course.”

I drew my eyebrows together as Williams wordlessly turned to leave the room. He didn't question it, but I did. Looking to Raizel with confusion on my face, he gives me a half smile, leaning down to press a kiss to my forehead. Waves of tranquility filled me from the minute his soft lips touched my skin. His hand cupped my jaw, thumb rubbing down the curve as his index finger tilted my head up with the slightest bit of pressure.

“Don't worry, I won't be long.”

It's those parting words that eases my *suspicio*

“Okay.”

I mumbled, just barely leaning into his touch. A flash of appreciation glowed on his expression. His wolf taking note of my trust in him and in return, barking out his joy. With one last glance to Meredith and Raizel, I walked out the door joining Williams as he headed down the stairs.

Raizel

Meredith Crestfield

stood *in front*

of me, calculating hazel eyes bright but questioning as she leaned

against the closed door.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 139

Posted by **Admin1**, 104 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

Chapter 139

“Selene told me about her mate.”

Perhaps being forthright was impetuous. It might've been rash but the anger spiking through my veins ran wild. Remaining calm was the best course of action but it was difficult to put my personal feelings aside.

It was the thought of putting Selene's wishes over my own selfish desires to rip that mate of hers limb from limb, that calmed the raging inferno inside me.

The suffering Selene must've endured from being rejected had to be an inconsolable kind of pain that should've been unheard of.

I wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth, but just imagining her suffering physically hurt.

Who in their right mind could ever reject such a wonderful woman? Someone so refined, intelligent, beautiful- more so, it baffles me that someone had the audacity to reject their mate.

This rage was possessing, mind consuming and completely devours every thought of mercy inside

1. me.

My wolf who'd been feeding this desire growled out his intent to erase the fucker from the face of the earth. I knew if I ever met the man, I would have no ounce of self control and probably rip into him the second I find out who he was. And now, standing here with Selene's mother, telling her that I knew of the truth and yet not asking her to go further in depth of who this man is and what he did, I was exhausting my patience with trying to keep myself in check and not doing anything irrational.

I wasn't going to force her to give me a name. I would only hear it from Selene and only Selene. I respected her and her privacy. Anything about this mate of hers will come solely from her. This was a matter Selene and I would talk of and only until he was ready will I do something.

Asking Meredith Crestfield to talk, however, was for an entirely different reason.

Meredith seemed surprised that I knew. Her expression and the quick flash over her eyes told me so. Immediately her stance went sour, eyes glazed over with anger not directed at me but toward the man we both were thinking of ripping into. Her wolf prowls around, digging her clawed paws into the ground as a low snarl ripped for her lips. The Alpha in her still present even after giving up the position.

As if catching the slip, Meredith tightened her lips together and looked at me.

"I see."

She grounds
curtly. Ignoring the temptation to question her, I faced her with my resolve and tipped my head down without taking my attention off her. Her eyes widened.

“I’ve decided to do this before.”

began,

“Later on after Selene and I had gotten to know one another better, but after hearing what happened, I’ve decided there’d be no better time other than now.”

Meredith still hasn’t moved,

“I want to ask for your blessing.”

可

Chapter 739

(Blessing to see her, NOT for marriage LOLOLOLOLLL)

I tell her. The effects my words are instantaneous. Her hardened confused eyes melting into such softness I never expected from the Alpha. Always appearing to be so crude with a touch of vulgarity in her humor, seeing affection in her eyes for the woman who effortlessly caught our hearts in different ways momentarily brought some nostalgia over me. She reminded me much of my father. Two Alphas who faced the harsh reality of what having power meant but never losing sight of what was important.

Family.

Something I didn’t believe I could ever have besides my parents but now have a chance to obtain.

“My blessing?”

She asked, a grin in her voice. Not from mock by the sound of the airy pitch in her tone.

“Yes.”

Raising a brow, she gives me a small smile.

“Why should my blessing matter? Selene is her own person, she doesn’t need me to tell her who she could love.”

Is her response. I don't linger on the word "love" even when my heart picked up a beat at the way she glossed over it.

"Your blessing means everything. You've helped her grow into who she is today – the woman I am so helplessly captivated by. If that's not reason enough to ask for permission to officially be part of her life and yours, I guess my priorities are misplaced. Though I doubt it is. Not to mention, she cares about you greatly. I've been taught to respect family and to Selene, you are family. You deserve just as much respect. The woman I see myself spending my life with deserves nothing less."

I turn my attention to the side, suddenly feeling a bit bashful from the honesty.

"I've planned on having this talk with you soon but knowing how some bastard had hurt her, I thought it would be best for you to know my intentions. You're probably wary of me as anyone would be after what she went through."

Meredith gives me a slow understanding nod. She smiles.

"I'm sure even if I didn't give you my blessing, you'd still be here hounding after her."

I couldn't help but smile at that. She wasn't wrong but she wasn't completely right either.

"You're right. Even without your blessing, I would still pursue her. But while I would do so, I would also be trying to win your approval. Call me old fashion, but I would much rather have the hand of the woman of my dreams along with my future in-laws permission. Otherwise family dinners will be a bit awkward, wouldn't you agree?"

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 140

Posted by **Admin1**, 122 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

Chapter 140

Meredith sniffs but remains silent nonetheless.

"Right. Well, you'll be pleased to know I have no interest in breaking you up. I rather like you. Much more than the men out there in the world now, especially over that fucker."

I didn't need to ask who she was referring to. The dark look on her face said enough. Hostility poured out of her the minute she spat out the word like it was acid on her tongue. I knew I felt the same way if not even more heated.

“Just-”

She sighed. A shaky breath drawn in as she closed her eyes. The strong persona of Meredith Crestfield cracking just the tiniest bit.

“Promise me you won’t hurt her. She’d lost too much already. As cruel as the world has been to her, she managed to get her head above

the water each and every time without fail. I’m just afraid-”

She cuts herself off before swallowing, eyebrows knitting together as she stared at me beseeching.

“I’m just afraid that if she were to lose you too, she won’t be strong enough to keep herself from drowning.”

Her words are sharp. I know there is more that I don’t know of. That Selene has gone through so much more than she’s letting on. But I also know she’s not ready to tell me everything.

Not yet. And that was perfectly fine.

I want to give her time. I want to let her feel comfortable enough to tell me.

I want her trust.

Giving me a small smile Meredith walks over to me. She puts a hand to my shoulder.

“There’s only so much one person can lose. And at this rate, to her, losing you might be losing everything. So if your intention is to leave in the long run, I suggest you leave now before she gets herself in too deep. I won’t stand by idly watching my daughter fall apart once more but this time having no strength or desire to get up. That mate of hers ruined her once. And once was one too many,”

Taking her hand away, she clears her throat.

“I’m only praying she won’t suffer the same fate from being with you.”

“I assure you my intentions are pure. I can’t begin to explain the depth I feel for her, believe it or not. I know it’s too early for you to believe me but...”

My eyes trailed to the door. I can just imagine Selene waiting outside, probably downstairs with the others. She’d have this look on her

face. Her plump lips in a pout, pretty blue eyes hooded with slight curiosity and eyebrows drawn together the way they usually were when she was in deep thought.

“There is no other for me but her. I don’t want there to be.”

Meredith’s smile washed away when

She saw my seriousness. She sobered up, *gone was the easygoing or intimidating Alpha she was*. What stood before me was a mother. A mother who only wanted the best for her child.

Chapter 140

“If you’re serious about getting my blessing, I need to know. What of your mate? I’ve heard Williams and Elizabeth say not to worry about it, but you have to understand that that is something I have to worry about. I don’t want to make the mistake of allowing you to see her only for you to drop her when you find your mate. Don’t fool yourself into thinking you can resist it. Even if you do there will always be a void in your life. Don’t underestimate the mate bond. You won’t be able to, but I guess even then there are exceptions....”

her eyes went distant with thought but then she snapped herself out.

“-I don’t want my daughter to be known as some lowly mate-stealer. She deserves better than that.”

Tightening my jaw, I let my eyes close. Somehow I knew this would come up and I don’t blame her for asking. No matter how uncomfortable or how pitiful this story of mine was, Meredith had every right to know. To know just what she was allowing Selene to get into to.

Not just her, but Selene as well.

It was just a matter of when I told her and perhaps now would be the best time.

“I understand your concern but really, you don’t have to be. I don’t have a mate.”

A

Meredith narrowed her eyes at me and a frown settled on her lips.

“Your mate passed?”

I shook my head with a smile. The same question I asked Selene. Never taking my eyes from her, I tell her the truth.

“The Moon Goddess didn’t see me worthy of one.”

She’s taken aback by the way she straightens up. Shock, alarm and most notably the undivided interest is on her face.

“W—what do you mean? Every wolf has a mate. There’d never been one who didn’t.”

“You’re right. There was never one unfortunate enough not to be blessed with a mate”

I grimace, feeling my fists ball up at my sides.

“until me.”

H

I feel Meredith’s

surge of confusion growing inside her. Nothing is clicking and I don’t blame her. Had I been in her position I wouldn’t

believe me either. A wolf without a mate was less than a rarity; it was impossible. Or well, it should’ve

been at the very least. One of the advantages of being a wolf was that each one was destined to

have an other half. One that would unconditionally love and cherish you. One that would spend all your waking days with til their very last breath.