

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 188

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Ivory leans against the cushion of the single couch. She knots her fingers together, sliding a leg over her knee as she settles in her seat. The air around her screams elegance. Her posture, expression, body language. The rhythmic tapping of her fingernails against the wooden armrest eliminates the complete silence on our end. We were all in the Alpha's office now, watching the woman unclip her cloak so that the thick, red wool pools around her frame. She was a beautiful woman; pale blue, supple skin with inked markings stretching for miles from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, beautiful, sharp orange eyes with flecks of green surrounding the irises. She had thick green hair smoothed into a loose ponytail she tied off with a ribbon. Her lean but slender figure constricted in the confines of her black, long sleeved dress.

Raizel and I sat opposite of her. His fingers intertwined with mine with vine-like grip and rested right at his knee. I could sense the inner turmoil in his mind after what she'd said about some ancestor. His confusion clouded over with heavy thought showing on his face. It felt like things had clicked in his mind yet had only manage to confuse me even more.

I had no ancestor named Luna Bennett.

At least, none that I know of

"Can you start from the beginning?"

I surprise everyone from their thoughts. Isaac's confusion being the one I felt most due to our bond. I didn't mean to sound so accusing, but with all the confusion catching up to me, my disbelief slipped. I didn't necessarily believe her but I knew I couldn't be too closed minded.

"Of course,"

Ivory licked her lips slowly, staring at the floor with distant eyes like she was stuck in a memory. She took in a small breath and sighed.

"I suppose I should start off by clarifying the Moon Goddess' role and her powers. Most wolves assume that she controls everything. Fate, destiny- whatever you want to call it. While to an extent, that's true, there's also much to recognize as untrue. The moment

we come into existence, we get tied to another soul. Our mate. Everyone has one. The Goddess is the one who ties us together. She binds our soul to the one she saw fit to be our match. She predetermines who you will have before you're even conceived but it won't be in effect until the moment a wolf takes their first breath. She outlines our fate, but she never forces it as most believe. Think of her as an architect. She designs our lives like architects would buildings but in the end of the day, the ones who build the actual structure are others. She doesn't take the bricks and cement them together. The ones who build our lives is none other but ourselves. What most wolves fail to realize is, that although she bound us to another, she doesn't control us."

Ivory leans forward and swept her gaze around the room,

"We still make the choices in our lives. We are the ultimate deciders. We consciously choose to do things. The Goddess is there to guide us to the road, but it's still entirely our decision whether or not to actually use it. Yes, your wolf is there to act as another guide, but holistically, it is still our humanity that has control. Most wolves follow her guidance... others, well, they don't."

"Rogues."

Isaac mumbles, glaring down at the floor. Ivory lifts her eyes to glance at him but nods silently. The frown on her face and the pity in her eyes tells me she knows more about our past than I initially assumed. I instantly bristled, thinking back to Duskfall before forcibly shutting my mind off.

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"Yes. Rogues. Rogues are those who completely disregarded the Goddess' wishes. They seek to destroy balance and obtain more power for themselves. Rogues are the ones who choose not to take the path the Goddess guides us to- they're the ones who take the complete opposite. The ones who only seek to wreck havoc for a new order. The ones who wish to destroy that road so no one else can use it."

Her eyes fleet over to me and they flashed with interest,

"And then there's those who wish to defy the mateship."

I could feel Stefan and Laura's confused gazes biting into me, even Violet and Xavier's (though I'm sure they have no clue as to what was going on here) burn into the side of my face.

“Those that defy the mateship blur the reality the Goddess has foreseen us with. Pups that never should’ve existed are born and the pups that should have existed never did. Romanuv Locksworth, ancestor of the Young Alpha, was the first to propose the division of land among packs. Everyone knows this. It’s common knowledge.”

She shrugs,

“What people typically don’t know is that he was also the first to deny the Goddess’ gift. He rejected his mate. He became the, forgive me for the lack of a better word, trendsetter. The moment he had his heir with Analisa, the woman he chose over his mate, he essentially destroyed the Goddess* agenda. The outline of the future crumbled with that choice. He didn’t realize there’d be a butterfly effect with that decision... The mate of Analisa mated with another, mixing genes that should never have been. They had pups that was never predetermined. And then there was Luna Bennett.”

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Raizel’s grip on my hand tightens.

“Luna was a wonderful woman. Kind, soft spoken and well, different. She wasn’t what Romanuv was looking for. The man had ambition- he had goals, desires, thirst for power and with Luna... he couldn’t have that. Well, at least, that’s what he thought. Luna was the first mate to have ever been. rejected. She had been abandoned. Something completely unheard of at the time. The Goddess. couldn’t have foretold that Romanuv would reject his mate. She makes the dots, but she doesn’t connect them. We do.”

Her words resonate in my mind. The question lingering in my head making it so that I felt anxious.

“And you’re telling me that this... Luna, is my ancestor?”

I ask her, pinching my brows together. Goddess, just how problematic is my bloodline? Two wolves rejected by their mates and essentially being replaced. I couldn’t stop the soft laugh escaping me.

I guess it runs in the family.

Ivory nods, smiling at me as she tucks a lock of her hair behind her ear. I can see a penny sized blue tattoo of a small dragonfly rest at the side of her neck.

“Yes. You are her descendent from your mother’s side.”

“If that’s so, how come I’m not cursed? If Raizel is cursed because his ancestor mated with another, how come I’m not?”

“That’s because Luna didn’t have a choice. Romanuv did. She didn’t choose to defy the Goddess like her mate had. She had no fault in this. All the blame rests on Romanuv. The Goddess may be overbearing at times but she isn’t entirely cruel. She allowed Luna to meet another wolf. A wolf who’d lost his mate to illness. Ah-”

She snaps her fingers when a thought struck her,

“That’s another thing. Illness and death is not something the Goddess controls. When one loses at mate to either one way too early, she can choose another who also had a similar fate and pair them together. And so, she sees what Romanuv has done. She sees how the poor girl was left behind and she gives her a chance. Granted, her fate was already sealed. The Goddess cannot undo the binds she created between two souls. She can’t just snip it off like its a thread, especially since Romanuv, her true mate, was still living. Though they couldn’t be real mates, at least Luna wasn’t lonely in her life.”

“But don’t you think its unfair? To curse a bloodline for the mistake of one person?”

Weston asks, a deep frown on his face and a bite in his tone. Clearly he didn’t approve of what was his Alpha’s fate, much like everyone else in the room. He folds his arms across his chest and leans against the wall. A look of slight annoyance crosses his features.

Ivory’s smile falters at the question as she glances at Raizel and Stefan.

“Yes... it is. She was angered that a Bloodline was forcibly created out of her reach. She took it as an insult and so she punished all of you. It was unfair for Bennett to bear the sufferings Locksworth put her through. The life she should’ve had as a strong Luna by his side was no more. The good she would’ve brought to the world was gone. Romanuv’s betrayal forced the Goddess to rearrange mateships that hadn’t been established yet. The woman that Analisa’s mate took lost her true mate so the Goddess had to find one for him. It’s a domino effect, I’m afraid. Mixing and matching everything over again.”

“Are you trying to say every Locksworth since Romanuv mated with someone they weren’t supposed to? That the mate they had was simply a ... substitute because the mateships were rearranged?”

Stefan speaks up, angered by the insinuation that Laura wasn’t rightfully his. Laura herself looked a little crestfallen, so much that it actually stung in my chest to see her make such a face.

“Not exactly. The ‘curse’ was the price to pay for their mate. In exchange for the mate she saw the bloodline unworthy of, she would take part of them away. Sight, a leg, an arm, hearing... It’s give and take. It wasn’t entirely because she was being petty. The Goddess cannot control you but she can bestow “gifts” or “curses”. I never said the Goddess was kind. The mates your bloodline had after Romanuv was your true mate. The Goddess made it so. That leads us to the rogues once more. Rogues are usually descendants of those from rejected bloodlines. From DNA we consider to be an abomination. They become even more immune to the Goddess’ will because of the fact they were born out of her plans, hence their desires to rule over her.”

I bite my bottom lip when I finally ask her,

“And what has this got to do with Raizel and I?”

Ivory gives me a warm grin as she looks between us. The unmistakable joy in those eyes renders me silent.

“It means that you were always fated to be. If I’m being honest, I’m not sure if she planned for this to happen but...Everything is coming into full circle. Your bloodline was always supposed to intertwine with Locksworth’s. This doesn’t mean your mother was supposed to be Stefan’s mate. For a long time, the Goddess forced your two families apart. I don’t have an answer as to why she stopped that now.”

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Her soft voice melts into nothingness at the end. Everyone was stunned. No one really knowing what to say about what Ivory revealed. It seemed too much to be real, yet I can't feel a single ounce of doubt or falsity in her words.

Raizel and I were always meant to be?

He's my true mate?

"Wait... if they were always supposed to be together why the fu ck did Selene get a shi tty a ss mate like Landon Walking?"

We all turn to Weston who now tilts his head to the side in complete and utter confusion.

Ivory let's out a small laugh when Weston's face flushed red- realizing he had just said that out loud. and had two toddlers staring up at him in disappointment.

"Landon Walker is her mate."

Raizel growls, pulling me closer into his side.

"-but only if she chooses him to be."

"Is she speaking English? Cause that made absolutely no sense."

Emerson smacked Weston by the back of his head that made the Beta hiss and glare at the former. Ivory didn't take offense to Weston's words, choosing to continue rather than comment.

"For the first time in werewolf kind, you have a choice in mateship."

She trains her eyes on me.

"The Young Alpha was always yours. He was yours since the very beginning, but because your ancestor has mated with another, it led to complications and you were stuck in a crossfire between. who's mate you get to be. This was the final step. If you had chosen Walker, the Locksworth Bloodline would end with the Young Alpha. This was the end. Walker's rejection of you was not part of the plans. Since Luna didn't get a choice in mateship, you do."

I part my lips, trying desperately to grasp the words I wanted to say but nothing came to mind. Raizel was mine? Truly, soulfully, entirely mine? Mine in every sense of the word? Mine in the realm of fate and soulmates? Truly?

"It's why you were instantly attracted to one another. Your wolf knew his wolf before you even knew him. They've had a connection. It's why handling the rejection was easier for you than others. Your wolf had already chosen who she wanted to be, all she had to do was defy the slight pull to Walker."

"If he's mine-truly mine."

I look at Raizel, his dark eyes searching my face for a moment.

"Then how come when we went to the Sacred Pool, we were deemed not mates?"

"Your wolf had accepted him, you didn't. Your bond with Walker was established first because you met him first. It automatically connected. You didn't know the Young Alpha then. This was the choice you had. Yes, you felt attracted to him, but you weren't obligated to fall for him. You had the choice. whether or not you wanted to pursue him. Had you stayed with Walker, and he marked you, your bond with the Young Alpha would disappear. That goes for him too."

She nods at Raizel,

"You ultimately have fate in your hands, Selene. The weak bond you have with Walker is withering away. Your bond with the Young Alpha authenticated when you uhm..."

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She blushed, clearing her throat.

"Consummated your love. Now that you accepted the Young Alpha, he is your mate. Your true

mate. Has been for a while now. If you go to the Pool, I can guarantee you that it will be blue.” I swallow, tightening my hold around Raizel’s hand when he says the one thing I was thinking of,

“Let’s go then. To the Pool. Let’s test that theory.”

And we did.

“This brings back memories.”

He mumbles by my ear. I look up to him as he scans over the pool, his hand in mine as we walked toward the edge of it.

“When we first stood here, I was so convinced I had finally met my mate. I had no doubt in my mind. It was you for me. I felt it in my bones- the electricity, the spark, lust, the overwhelming love. I felt it the moment I saw you and when your skin touched mine...”

he laughs to himself,

“I was a goner.”

“I’m glad the feeling is mutual.”

I sigh, leaning my head against his shoulder.

“Do you really believe it?”

I ask, watching as Ivory moved out of the way. Raizel nods to himself, staring out over the Pool. There’s something about the way he’s intently looking over it that makes me remember the first time we met. The cold, distant Alpha everyone knew him to be made an exception for me since the first day we met.

Since day one.

I smile fondly, recalling how flustered I’d been when he asked to take the test with me. I had thought he was insane, feeling a bit intimidated with Landon standing right there. Actually no, that was the wrong word. It wasn’t intimidation I felt. It was shame. Having him stand there as a physical reminder that I had no one but him as a mate while a man so worthy of affection and so easily grasped my attention stood there practically telling me he wanted me as a mate. Little did I know that it didn’t matter whether Landon was there or not.