

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 211

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#### Chapter 211

Raizel stood up, glancing at the Nightwake wolves before curling his arm around my waist. The domineering aura he gave out sought chills to run down my spine. The almost feral look hidden beneath his eyes coldly passing over each head. The gesture is purely territorial, the look on his face set in hard cold ferocity that made the wolf inside me purr with approval. Her gray tail swishes back and forth, eyes wide with a certain sparkle to it. She found it amusing. Maybe even adorable.

Raizel narrowed his eyes the minute they landed on Benicio, letting out a small smirk when he stiffens under his gaze, and kisses my temple before leading us out with one final glare. He doesn't need to say anything for me to understand just how much he was holding back from pummeling him in the face. The restraint he was taking was incredible to say the least.

As I let Raizel lead us out with the Betas and Gammas following suit, I felt a sudden wave of unease. I could feel their eyes burn into my back.

Mostly from the wordless Luna who stares after us.

We catch one another's eyes, unable to resist the calling of her gaze. I wasn't surprised to see the heavy emotion embedded in them. Her gaze telling me so much but nothing I was looking to understand. There'd be no point. I was simply uninterested. Sparing them anything more than a glance in itself was tiring.

The walk to the courtyard outside was silent. Noah and Isaac walked along with Weston and Emerson behind us, not saying a word but silently surveying the area. The tension still hung heavy in the air, the other Alphas looking just as wary as they had been in the conference room. If the reason why we were called here wasn't so morbid it would've been comedic to see these bulky Alphas looking worried.

Shaking my head, I looked forward only to snap my head back when the sudden sound of chains clinking and clanking catch my attention. I'm all too aware that I'm not the only one who noticed. Everyone watches as four large men haul down Landon who was guarded and wrapped with silver chains. Surprised murmurs broke the silence as everyone watched rooted to their spots. I couldn't tear my eyes away from him.

A silver collar circles around his neck, silver binds bound to his wrists and ankles attached to a thick chain held by the guards. He looked exactly like a rabid animal forced into submission. His eyes are sunken in, hair looking damp and skin so pale that even his lips looked alarmingly discolored. I couldn't even hide my surprise. He'd looked like he aged decades of his time. So deathly that regardless of all the burning hate I felt, I couldn't help but pity him. But I was quick to squash it down. He didn't deserve it after all.

Tired green eyes suddenly lift from the ground and meet mine.

Light flashed in his gaze but quickly darkened when Raizel moved his body forward to shield me away from him. His chest rumbled, the beginning of a growl brewing from the depths of his chest. Landon helplessly looked between us two until his attention settled on my neck. And just like that I could feel his rage burn through any bit of exhaustion weighing him down.

I rolled my eyes, tugging Raizel forward before the man could start a piss contest.

Reluctantly he allows me to lead him away but if he thought I didn't see the sly smirk he directed at Walker, he was gravely mistaken. Even then I thought it was adorable.

Goddess, who am I?

Other than the awkward staring contest, getting to our designated vehicles was easy enough. Landon was led to a detainment van, exactly like the one we used to haul Chamberlain back to the capital. It was amusing to say the least as Nightwake watched their Alpha get dragged into the vehicle, practically spewing profanities at the guards. Williams, who stayed back to make sure he

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was properly detained, watched with an easy smile without a care that the packs watched him.

"There's nothing more I want than to ruin them for all the pain they've caused you."

the gruffness of his voice shook me out of my thoughts. I look up to him as I settle by his side. The greys in his eyes soften as his lips tug into a small half-smile. He looked outside the car window, intently watching Dixon lead Hestia and my mother into the car. His-gaze narrowed.

"But knowing you, simply stripping away his title would be too simple."

“Way too simple.”

I agree, lacing our fingers together as Noah pulled the van door shut.

“I don’t just want to destroy him. I want to take everything away. Strip them of everything they’ve worked for. Take away their power authority, status. I want to step on their pride, drag the very little honor they have across the mud and leave them to rot in the holes they’ve dug themselves the minute they chose to allow another pack to perish. The minute they decided it was alright to abandon an ally and turn a blind eye to the blood spilt because of their selfishness.”

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Isaac watched me and although he doesn’t say it, I know he remembered his father.

Lila.

Duskfall.

The home that was so brutally burned to the ground.

The pain he carried with him never once dwindling down and only grew as time went by.

“Physical pain isn’t enough. Nothing will ever be enough to pay for their sins. Taking away his title is barely the beginning. I don’t just want to destroy them. I want to break them apart; piece by piece. Take away everything until there’s nothing left. Show them exactly the same amount of mercy they’ve shown me and Duskfall. They’ll be wishing it was them that the rogues tore apart. They’ll be wishing they made sure I burned to the ground the day Duskfall did.”

If there was one thing I didn’t expect to see today, it would be the ex-Alpha and Luna of Nightwake.

I guess Harrison and Allison caught wind of what was going down with their son and wanted to show their support. Disgust filtered through me but I hide the scowl on my face as we walk by them. I stand closer to the pool. This was the third time I was seeing myself reflect from the pool and hoped this would be the last time I’d ever have to come back. Today would be the day all talks about my mateship ends.

“I’m sure there’s no need to explain how this goes.”

Williams glanced over the Sacred Pool, frowning as Landon was nudged forward beside Benicio. There’s anger on his face from the manhandling but he holds onto his composure.

Truly the only smart thing he’s done. The chains still held him down, the guards stand close by his side as everyone stood there in anticipation. Hestia and Sophie held onto each other as they watched Landon’s restraint on one hand be removed. He stretched his arm, flexing his wrist back and forth. When Williams spoke up,

“Alphas, if you will-”

He gestures us forward, moving back as Benicio slid a knife down Landon’s palm who barely flinched from the cut. The brunette raised his hand over the water and allowed drops of his blood to sink into the pool. Then they looked at me expectantly. The clear confidence they felt even in Landon’s dreary eyes- shone bright in their expression. Detangling myself from Raizel, I walked forward and slid a line down my own palm to watch my blood mix with his.

“This could’ve been avoided, Selene.”

I look at Benicio from the corner of my eyes as he spoke.

“You know what the Pool will tell. You should’ve just listened and followed us. Maybe then you wouldn’t have to suffer this humiliation.”

My ignoring him only managed to ignite his short fuse. Landon stood defensively, shoulders hunched up and his form rigid with anxiety. The two obviously thought things would go their way.

It's only when the Pool turned a satisfying shade of red and the sounds of surprised gasps that I smile.

"What- That's impossible!"

It's Hestia who speaks first. She pulls away from Sophie, looking at the water in pure shock as she

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stepped forward.

"The water..."

Benicio cuts himself off as he stares down at the Pool. Then his heated eyes turn to me,

"What is the meaning of this!? Y-You tampered with the Pool didn't you? You knew this would happen-"

"Oh for fu c ks sake old man. S h ut up and let my Alphas do the test!"

Weston's exasperated voice echoes through the cave and Noah's snickers along with Greyhound and Ignis Red wolves' laughter earns a small grin from Raizel. Benicio looks downright infuriated as his face turned an uncomfortable shade of red and he opens his mout h to retort, but before he could Landon cuts him off.

"The water turned red."

His eyes were wide, his head moving side to side. He couldn't believe it. He didn't want to. The adrenaline running in his veins kickstarted the need to do something. The guards around him sensed the change in his aura, all quick to hold him down by the chains as he hissed from the silver burning his skin.

"Watch it, Walker. You're still detained."

Williams scolds, glaring at the man as he nodded at Raizel and I. He did well in feigning composure. Had i not known him well enough, i would've believed this facade he came up with. I could see the surprise lingering in his expression. The slight widening of his eyes and parting of his lips were enough of an indicator.

This time I go first, letting the final drops of my blood ink into the clear water before moving to the side for Raizel to drip his. We all watched as he wordlessly stepped back for all to see. He stood by my side, linking his hand with mine with a gentle smile directed at me. One I couldn't resist to return as the blissful pale blue slowly darkened and the outrageous protests from the wolves from Nightwake's side broke out.

Hestia stumbled back, staring at the water in a daze. Benicio simply stood there staring in a similar fashion. It was only Landon who physically reacted.

"Lies! This is a lie! I'm Selene's mate. She's mine!"

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He began to thrash in the chains, no longer caring for the silver burning his skin. The feral growls ripping from his throat reverberate down the cave. It's enough to have the Alpha's stand on alert, moving toward their Lunas should anything happen.

"Landon, calm down!"

Allison tries to silence her son, moving to urge Hestia forward and help but the fear from getting too close to him shows in her eyes. She visibly flinched from the suggestion as horror filled her to the brim.

She was terrified of him.

Landon is still trying to break free from the binds holding him down. His flesh touching the silver burning to the point we could almost see his bones. It was absolutely disgusting. Him and the situation we were in. I stand in my spot, watching him destroy himself in front of me. His fur was beginning to sprout from his skin but it was obvious he couldn't fully shift. I had no doubt that Williams had put some kind of sedative on him. Maybe the tiniest drops of wolfsbane to nullify his shifting capabilities. Like some kind of buffer.

"Selene, please."

I slowly turn to Harrison who now stands before me with a clenched jaw. He lets his eyes trail over to Landon and with resigned conviction he utters out the two words that sparked overwhelming fury inside me.

"Help him."

Help him?

I laugh, stepping from Raizel's side to stand in front of Harrison. His eyes betray no emotion. I see the Alpha that I once trusted before me. The Alpha I once held respect for. The Alpha I once trusted. The Alpha that knew of the rogues's eventual attack on Duskfall and did nothing. "Help him?"

I ask, ignoring Harrison's wince from the coldness of my tone. I narrow my eyes at him, unable to conceal the revulsion I felt from the mere thought of helping them.

"Help one of the people responsible for the anguish, pain, and anger?"

Harrison breathes out, looking at his feet. He doesn't say anything for a second. There's a glaze over his eyes as he took in a shaky breath,

"I know the rejection hurt you—"

"The rejection!"

I laugh again, shaking my head at the audacity.

"You all think this is about the rejection? I couldn't care less about the rejection. The rejection was a favor, Walker. I have no desire to help filth. Filth that watched as hundreds died even knowing beforehand of a rogue attack. Filth very much like you."

Harrison's eyebrows scrunched together as he shook his head. His mouth parted as he searched my face. Looking for something that I couldn't begin to understand.

"Rogue attack? Selene, what are you talking about?"

"Really? Are we really going to play ignorance, Harrison?"

He takes a step forward, but Raizel's snarl stops him short. He warily looks between us before he

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-settles back on me,

"Selene, I can assure you, I have no idea what you're talking about."

Landon's vicious thrashing gets louder in the background even as the guards tighten their grip on him. My patience began to wear thin. Curling my fists, I meet his confused eyes and grit out my words.

"Duskfall. Can you still look me in the eye and tell me you know nothing about the warnings Xeneron sent specifically to you three months prior of the attack?"

Harrison stares at me like I was anything but human. He slowly shakes his head, blinking a few

times as if he couldn't believe what I was asking him. He lets out a shuddered breath, lips curling into a pained smile as he glanced over to Landon and back at me,  
"Warnings? I know my son has caused you great pain but to claim I knew of a rogue attack? A rogue attack on Duskfall? The attack that led to the demise of hundreds? A pack we've had close relations with? What are you talking about? We would've done everything we could to protect them, Selene! I knew nothing of-"

"You two are mates."

Harrison and I look to Benicio who still hadn't moved amidst the chaos of it all. He stared down at the pool, even when the color reverted back to its initial clearness.

"You two are mates. You. Selene. The witch said Hestia was chosen. You weren't supposed to-"  
He cuts himself off and laughs,

"It seems I chose the wrong sister. Should've sent Hestia to Duskfall instead."

Harrison stares at Benicio in silence, his body heaved with anger. The thick muscles of his back hunched forward as he took a step toward the Beta. The sudden waves of hostility radiating from the ex-Alpha seeped into every crevice of the cave. Everyone was now looking at the exchange. Even Hestia snapped herself out of her trance to watch. The pain in her eyes at Benicio's words struck deep.

"What have you done, Benicio?"

Harrison asks- no, more like demanded. Benicio doesn't look up. He keeps staring at the pool Harrison advances toward the Beta and gets within a feet from him when he finally looks up. But he looks passed Harrison to look right at me,

"Tell me, Selene."

He tilts his head to the side,

"How did it feel to lose child?"

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In the past four years I swore to myself one thing.

I swore to fight with the strength I lacked in the past.

The strength I needed to save Lila.

The strength I needed to save Bentley.

I swore to myself I'd fight with my human side. The side that failed me four years ago when I couldn't shift. The side that was far too weak to be considered Luna material. The side that had been stepped on and mocked. I swore to myself I would never shift unless absolutely necessary.

I swore to fight with the strength of not only wolf, but human.

Today I broke my promise.

The minute he said those words.

Those seven god-forsaken words-

I broke my oath.

I shifted.

It's almost amazing how one thing can change everything.

How one smile can make someone's day.

How one "good morning" can lift someone's mood when everything seems to be going all wrong.

How a comforting hand to the shoulder can pry open the hurricane of bottled emotions of someone who got too tired of lying through their teeth to say, "I'm fine".

How one conversation can either make or break someone's impression of you.

It's almost funny how one little thing, one little gesture, one conversation can change everything in a matter of seconds.

"How did it feel to lose a child?"

It's funny how one act of stupidity can break years of restraint.

"Someone get her off!"

Sophie's shrill shriek rang down the cave, the sound of panic brewing alongside hers as tension quickly filtered through the air. Through the murky mess that was my mind, I could sense the turmoil in the thick atmosphere. The anxiety, the uncertainty of what to do, the confusion, the shock, the heavy weight of pressure and the fear.

Fear was the most palpable.

The abundance of it leaks from under me. The tension coils around my neck, the power overwhelming me coursing through my veins. Madness and chaos and insanity pulling at the seams of my composure. And the trembling weight of anger fed into my thirst for blood.

So much so I could almost taste it on the tip of my tongue.

Amidst all the panic and chaos, and all kinds of murderous thoughts running through my mind, I was hanging on. Just barely, but I was. I was clinging to the last fragment of sanity I had left. I was half conscious. Half there and half not, slipping in-between reigning control over my enraged wolf or having it taken from me. For the first time in a while, my wolf had demanded control.

Control she was vehemently fighting me for.

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The tug of war between us, however, was not enough to distract me from the terror in Benicio’s eyes. The sheer fear rolling off of him in waves as my paws dug into his ribcage and canines pulled up into a snarl. The bloodlust driving my wolf into pure untamed resentment burns me at my core. Encourages me to do what could not be taken back.

It would be so easy.

So easy to end it all.

And as cruel and sadistic as it would be, the satisfying crunch of his bones under my claws stroked my interest. My wolf’s ears perked. Her tail begins to swish with intrigue and I find myself having a harder time to hold onto those reigns. The reigns that was the only thing keeping me from ripping into him.

Warning growls resonate over all of us, a warning to those watching if anyone should interrupt, he would lose his life. Growls I recognized from Raizel. That deep, rumbling roar that would make anyone recoil in fear and submit dutifully. It was that split second where my attention went elsewhere. It was that sound of his fierce threat that pulled me out of my stupor. That elicited an emotion other than anger from deep down in the pit of my stomach.

But the anger was too strong.

My rage was unyielding.

And I finally gave into the temptation of killing him.

Of killing the man who shared my blood but was someone I could never recognize as my father.

“Don’t just stand there! Do something!”

Hestia’s helpless cry goes unanswered. She looks around, blue eyes wild and wide as she searches for someone to do something. Someone to help, to ensure Benicio wouldn’t be killed.

And when no one meets her pleading eyes and no one comes to step forward, she has to swallow down the bile in her throat. She can almost imagine it. Almost see it. She can almost see how her father’s throat would be slit. Or how he would be mauled til his last breath. Blood would trickle down Selene’s mouth, dark eyes bright with victory. The bloodlust surrounding her sister was all too strong for her to even hope her father would live.

Wolves, in the middle of bloodlust, was a helpless case to talk to.



Not when it was an Alpha's fight.

Not when it meant going against The Hellhound.

She desperately looks up to her mother, the female who was a wreck at the scene unfolding. Selene's dark figure moves like an enigma. Her frame much larger than she could remember when they'd shifted and played in the woods when they were younger. She reeked of an Alpha. Her presence undeniable and apparent.

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Hestia felt a ripple of fear rock through her.

Where would this leave her?

Would she be roped into a fight as well?

How would her mother protect her then?

If Selene could throw herself into a fight with a well groomed Beta head-first, how could Hestia stand a chance against a damn Alpha?

She can't figure out what to do. Hell, what could she do?

Hestia gnawed at her lip, teeth digging into her skin as she tried to calm herself. This was a mess. A whole mess. Why couldn't she just die? Why didn't she stay away? She should've been gone from her life. Selene was never supposed to come back. And because she did, she ruined everything.

She stole everything from her.

The title she worked so hard to get.

The attention she strived to maintain.

She had risked so much and put in so much time and effort to be this perfect Luna. She pursued the Alpha-in-line, succeeded in wrapping him around her finger, spent years in building up her reputation as the perfect candidate, fed Landon supplements to mess with his system so he would never find his mate until she was sure she dug her claws into him so deep he would never think of leaving her, betrayed her sister to get him and had his pup to secure her fate. She had done so much. and for what? To have it taken from her? That easily?

No. No, she won't have it.

She was always meant to rule. She was special, her father had said so.

It was her destiny.

But her damn sister had to take everything, as usual.

Landon being her mate was the first strike. Hestia was confident in Landon's love for her, so taking him off the supplements she'd gotten from her father would make no difference. Benicio had always encouraged her to keep him under watch. It wouldn't do well for him to meet his mate when she hadn't gotten under her skin deep enough to ensure his steadfast loyalty to her. By the time she stopped feeding him the pills, it didn't matter if he found his mate. He already pledged his love to her. And Landon wasn't one to make empty promises. He spoke of giving her the title of Luna, having him stand by her with her rightful title. It was all too easy at that point. But of course, the day she decides to take him off the pills is the day he meets his mate. And of anyone it could've been, it was Selene.

Really, she should've known. She should've realized there had to be some correlation to why Selene never met her mate even after coming of age. She should've realized Landon had to be hers. But, could anyone really blame her for not thinking of it as a possibility? Her naive, meek older sister, an Alpha's mate? What a laugh.

She could never be with someone so dominant and powerful.

No, not even being a Beta's daughter could secure her the title of Luna. She was simply too

weak. She could never amount to being Luna. That was Hestia's role since the very beginning. It's what her father has been training her to be.

But then Landon had cornered her, the day of Selene's birthday and tells her, "I found her. My mate. It's it's Selene."

And that cemented her sister's fate.

She couldn't have her ruining everything she worked for.

Why? Of anyone, why did the Goddess pair her up with Landon? The Alpha's son? It made no sense. Her sister who could never stomach the idea of killing another wolf rogue or not was worthy of an Alpha? She was worthy and not Hestia?

She had to push Landon harder. She had to mark him to truly make him hers so Selene couldn't wedge herself in her perfect little story. She knew Landon loved her. She knew Landon would never leave her for Selene mate or not but that didn't mean she was stupid. She was confident, not blind. She could feel Landon's wolf demand him to find Selene. She could feel his wolf distance himself from her, but most of all, she could see it in the way Landon had watched Selene drive away when they sent her away to Duskfall.

The day she left, she took a part of Landon with her.

She couldn't have that. Landon was getting distracted. How long would it last as a distraction until he finally decided he couldn't live without his mate? How long could she hold onto him when the mate pull was there? He would leave her. She was certain of it.

But... if he marked her... he couldn't leave.

She had to stake her claim.

It was only right.

After all, it was the Goddess's will.

Hestia wishes she could say she felt sorry when Selene desperately reached out to her the night Duskfall was attacked. She wishes she could say that she felt terrible about sending her out there even when she knew an attack would take place beforehand. She wishes she could say she felt disgusting when she succeeded in seducing Landon to mark her the very same night.