

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 41

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Chapter 41

Then without hesitating, I pierced my claws into his chest and ripped out his spine. Blood splutters out of him as his eyes rolled to the back of his skull. His last breath leaving him with his body hunching limp in my hold. I dropped his body to the ground and walked away when it pooled around him. Blood stained my dress and soaked my hand but I didn't mind. Blood spammed into the crevices of my ring. The dark red drilling around the green stone made me frown.

Had it been four year ago, I wouldnt have been able to stomach the sight of this. I learned to embrace the blood I grew accustomed to seeing and drawing out but it didn't mean I liked it.

But I'll make the exception for today.

It was rather personal.

"Now,"

I said when I reached the group of Alphas. Chancellor Williams was smiling wide, eyes lit with amusement. He hated Alpha Windril as much as anyone could but he couldn't kick him out of the Alpha's seat. That was a power no one had unless a challenger had come across. Meredith couldn't risk challenging him when she had no heir in line to succeed her, then. Then she found me.

"Let's get back into the conference room, shall we?"

I turned to the direction of the Capital only to stop when I heard a chuckle.

"No, I don't think there's a need, Selene."

I looked at Chancellor Williams with a quizzical brow lifted. His eyes scanned the group of Alphas once, before turning back to look at me.

"I don't believe there's anyone else who would disagree with letting you handle the rogues. I'd already wished for you to handle it, but needed all the Alphas to agree. The conference was opportunity for those who had an objection to let it be known.... But we do have to discuss what you want to do with Windril's pack, Evergreen."

I exhaled. I almost forgot about that. I let my head crane to the group of huddled Betas and Lunas before landing my eyes on Cade. He met me in the eyes, not flinching away or staring at me in hatred. I motioned to him with my head,

"I don't want it. Give it to the boy. It was rightfully his anyway."

Walking off to where Noah stood with a handkerchief in his hand, I took it gratefully and wiped the blood smudged on my face and hands.

"Shall I send someone to collect the rogues?"

I asked Chancellor Williams. He shook his head and grinned.

"No. I'll have someone send them over to you."

He paused, smirking as he shot me a look of question.

"Will I be seeing you at the Gala next week?"

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Walking with Noah trailing behind me, I raised my hand dismissively.

"You can count on it."

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Landon's POV

I watched as Selene walked away with the Beta following after her. To say she had left me speechless was an understatement. She left everyone gaping after her disappearing figure.

"May this be a lesson to all of you."

I turned to look at Chancellor Williams who too, was looking after Selene's silhouette.

"Don't mistake her disinterest in gaining more power as weakness. It'll do you well to remember that. Unless of course, you want to end up like him."

He said pointedly looking at the spineless man laying on the ground.

Literally.

Without another word, the Chancellor turned around with his hands behind his back and walked away.

"You're all dismissed."

The tension immediately lifted when the Chancellor and Selene left. I felt my wolf howl in pride, seeing firsthand how capable and strong his mate was. While I, on the other hand, was completely and utterly in shock. Beta Benicio quickly ran over to me with Hestia right behind him.

"W-was that Selene? Our Selene?"

He asked, clearly bothered. I nodded once, my gaze glued to the ground. Then something came over me. Something that urged me to follow her. So I did. I ran down the field, following her scent that was almost completely different from the one I remembered but somehow wholeheartedly the same. I heard the other Alphas speak among themselves about what was going on but I ignored them. Beta Benicio was hot on my trail but I was still faster.

Finally, I caught sight of her.

She was stepping inside her car surrounded by two vans filled with warriors. The man she was with spoke quietly to her in hushed tones. I stopped in my step and waited for her to notice me. She froze, sniffing the air with a confused expression on her face before lifting her gorgeous blue eyes to meet my green ones. Her expression remained the same.

Neither happy nor sad to see me.

Neutral.

"Selene."

I began, slowly beginning to make my way toward her. The man by her side immediately took a stance, aggression rolling off him in waves when Selene lifted her hand up. As soon as she did, the tension had diffused and the man who was so close to lunging at me obediently stepped aside.

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"Alpha Walker."

She said in a smooth, strong voice. A voice suited for a Luna's.

A wave of disappointment washed over me as I heard her address me with my title. Not only that, but with my last name. She was indirectly telling me she didn't consider us any more than acquaintances. I shouldn't be surprised but we were mates.

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Didn't that count for something?

"W-H-How did you... Where were you? How are you?"

At this, she rose a brow. She was completely unamused, almost dreading my presence for the mere fact she would rather do anything else than be here with me. All the questions and things I wanted to ask and say to her blanked out of me when I soaked her in. She truly was beautiful. She had gotten toned. Her form was much better than before, allowing me to see what good four years of training had done for her. A huge part of me was glad to see she didn't take anyone else. The missing mark on her neck told me so.

But there was still a possibility that she was seeing someone.

A possibility I didn't want to consider.

"Alpha Walker, if you have any business with me, please make an appointment. I don't have time for small talk and pointless little reunions."

Then without even blinking, she pulled the car door shut and waited for the man to climb in with her before driving off. The vans followed suit leaving behind a fog of dust to blur my vision. I watched her drive away for the second time in my life.

But somehow, it felt like I lost something I didn't have.

"Well, that was quite a show."

I didn't look away from the road to know that Noah had an annoyingly smug expression on his face. I could feel his excitement and pride swelling through our bond. He made damn sure I knew how good he was feeling. How much he enjoyed what he witnessed. The overwhelming satisfaction he got from the little show. The way his voice was slightly higher and pressed than usual was also a dead giveaway. He claimed to have a love for drama.

"My favorite part was 'please make an appointment' but then again, the whole thing was great. There's so much to choose from."

He sighed in content before looking at me seriously,

"I'm afraid I'm falling hard for you, Alpha. Don't tell Mailia. It could be our little secret."

The urge to smile was getting harder to resist. So I didn't. My lips tugged up and I shook my head in amusement. I made a mental note to tattler on him so he could face the wrath of his mate. Goddess knows he'd rather face any punishment I'd give him than be given the silent treatment by his beloved destined. Gripping the wheel in my hands, I glanced over to him. Noah had been talking about this for the last thirty minutes of our drive home. He made me feel like a celebrity with the latest scandal from the way he was talking. Like I just had a mini cat fight with some girl and ended on the front cover of tabloid magazines.

Except in this case, a dog fight.

Taking a left turn, we entered pack territory and nodded at the warriors guarding the border. From a glance, I saw our best fighters aside from Isaac watching with caution as we approached. Eyes narrowed in alert and bodies tense in caution. The Head Warrior lurched forward, ready to jump down in front of the car when his gaze met mine. He backed off immediately but said nothing. He waited for his comrades to take notice themselves.

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When they caught scent of who we were, they relaxed. Black eyes swirling back to their

original shades. They bowed in recognition before pulling the metal gates open. Welcome back, Alpha. Beta Noah.

Noah linked back,
Keep your eyes open.

Driving into the lot, I felt relieved to see nothing had changed. It was always like this whenever I left pack territory. A small part of me was always afraid that when I came back, everything would be set into flames. Lives would've ended, bodies laying around in a puddle of their own blood, families torn apart and children knowing nothing of the horrors that await them. Absolutely anything could happen at any given second. I learned that the hard way with the attack at Duskfall.

I was certain I wouldn't be able to get back up again if I had to witness the same thing happen twice. Not when I was the sole person in charge of protecting them. Once I parked the car, I unbuckled my seatbelt to find Noah's eyes flashing blank. He remained completely still for a few seconds before his eyes returned to its usual vibrant green. His posture stiffened, expression wiped clean of any lightheartedness.

"Chancellor Williams sent a memo. There has been a change of plans, the two rogues are staying at the Capital. He wants you to conduct the interrogations there. Xeneron has been keeping a number of rogues around the territory. Reports say they've found some lurking near the woods. The Chancellor doesn't want to risk the chances of the two escaping by bringing them out."

A frown inscribed itself on my face. I knew things were a little suspicious. Xeneron wasn't going to give them up that easily. Fio and Val knew far too much to simply be discarded like used tissues. They had bigger roles than just being his henchmen carrying out orders. They probably had a good amount of knowledge for future plans and campsites. Xeneron knew, only too well, the risks he'd have if they decide to talk. Which made the rogues all the more important. Knowing Chancellor Williams, he'll make sure the possibility of escape is zero before giving up our valuable subjects.

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I had no plans to argue with that.

As much as I wanted to tear them limb from limb in my territory and away from prying eyes, I wasn't desperate enough to put their use in jeopardy by demanding them here. Still, they wouldn't escape my clutches. Just because they couldn't be brought here, didn't mean I'd make the interrogation a walk in the park. Just because I couldn't bring them, didn't mean I couldn't bring things to them.

I had a few select tools in mind.

I hummed, already pinning for a chance to face those two again. I wolf sat on her hind legs, jaw parted with her tongue sticking out in anticipation. The thirst for their blood only grew the longer the days went by. Not once did we forget our desire to pay them back. The desire to make them regret their decision of attacking Duskfall.

Everything they were responsible for would be paid in full.

One way or another, their blood will be spilt.

It was just a matter of time.

“That’s okay. Prepare our little ‘toys’.”

I opened the car door, sliding off the seat and planted my feet firmly into the ground. Some pups that were running around took notice of me and clumsily bowed in respect before running off. I smiled, watching over the pups squealing and laughing with one another. Little bodies bouncing in glee as they shrieked.

They lived such carefree lives.

Carefree lives I strived to protect.

The life I had wanted to give Lila.

One pup hadn’t moved from his spot. He kept staring at me, or rather, my body. When he noticed I caught him looking, he gasped before speeding off to where his friends were. I frowned. Glancing down, I realized the pup was staring at my blood soaked dress. It made me wonder how he noticed when the red wasn’t easily seen on black fabric.

He must’ve caught scent of it.

Noah repeated my motion, closing his door shut and was about to carry out my orders when he looked at me. Giving me a sympathetic smile which told me he felt my thoughts of Lila, he started walking off in the direction of the pack house.

“Oh, and Noah? Bring silver.”

I remembered their faces perfectly. Fio and Val. Two rogues responsible for what happened at Duskfall. I remembered Fio’s smug face. I remembered the fear I felt running away from them with Lila trembling in my arms. Fear for her. Fear that they’d mercilessly put an end to her life.

Fear that had turned out to be the most harshest reality.

My eyes darkened with bloodlust as Noah smirked at what was to come. The bond sent

bary
17.9%

waves of anger to him.

“How much silver?”

He asked, knowing full well what I was going to say. But to his amusement, I answered without skipping a beat,

“Lots of it.”

“Congrats Selene.”

I raised my head from the papers I was looking at to see a smiling Isaac leaning against the doorframe. His sleeved arms crossing his chest enhanced the muscle ghtly bound by his shirt. I shot him a questioning look as I pulled away from the desk. Since getting back to the pack house, I’ve done nothing but paperwork. I sat here chained to my desk looking through countless reports and admission requests.

At this rate, I’m going to need reading glasses very soon.

“Congrats?”

I ask him.

I’m sure Isaac had just finished training the youths of the pack. As Gamma, Isaac was responsible for leading our Warriors as well as training pack members. I’d come and overlook training occasionally, but he preferred to do it alone. He always preferred to work alone. It was hard enough for others to really get close to him outside training, as

I've seen countless female wolves try, but training with him was difficult. I guess being close to Bentley and all was the reason he took to me easily. Five months was how much time it took for Noah to even hold a proper conversation with Isaac. I had to give it to him though, Noah did not back down and relentlessly tried to get on Isaac's good side. I guess his persistence was really the key factor of their friendship. Isaac was a tough one to crack, I'm sure everyone in the pack can vouch for that.

He pushed himself off the frame with a goofy grin on his face. He strode over to me, planting his hands on the table and leaned forward.

"Everyone's heard about Windril. Noah's been running his mouth telling everyone how the Hellhound was unleashed since he got here. Hand gestures, sound effects and all. Quite the story teller, that guy, but I doubt he exaggerated anything."

He motioned with his hands for emphasis. I groaned, rubbing my temples with my thumb and forefinger. While my wolf was prancing around in pride, I was dreading reality. Of course, Noah just had to. I can almost hear the pups running down pack territory singing a song about it.

"Remind me why I chose Noah as my Beta, again."

it but I held

I grumbled, flipping through the stacks of unsigned papers. Report. Report. Admission. Report. Admission. Admission. Admission. My fingers ached to rip my hair myself back. I was 'this' close to throwing the stacks in the fire place but that would've been stupid.

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Satisfying, yes.

But stupid.

Isaac pulled away, a smile stretching as he shrugged. His dark hair hung over his eyes with his lips slowly tugging into a smirk.

"Can't answer that when I'm still questioning why, myself."

I rolled my eyes, intertwining my fingers together and sank against my leather chair.

Looking at Isaac with suspicion, I stared. I knew there had to be someone Isaac was here. It was completely out of character for him to walk into my office just for small talk.

If he wasn't training, he was overseeing others train. There wasn't a single second in his life where he wasn't on pack training grounds.

"Okay. What's going on now?"

The smile slipped off his face at being caught. Isaac's gaze dropped to the floor before he sheepishly chuckled.

"That obvious, huh?"

He may have a good poker face but it didn't work on me. He sighed, his body sagging forward as he looked behind him to where the closed door was. He glared.

"Alpha Windril is here to see you."

His words were more than just a simple shock. I felt my eyes widen. The boy whose dad I just murdered like an hour and a half ago?

"His son? Cade?"

I asked.

“Yes.”

The man went out of his way to come here instead of going home? I stood up, pushing my chair back and walked around my mahogany table. I sat at the ledge of the table and pursed my lips.

“And?”

He said nothing. Isaac’s adam’s apple bobbed slowly as he swallowed down his nerves. His eyes immediately took refuge at the ground. His fists were clenched and his jaw was tightened. The papers would have to wait. It appears to me that my Gamma here, is worried about something.

“And... I think you should send him away.’

Again, my eyes widened in shock.

“Now why would I do that?”

Isaac’s head suddenly snapped up, his eyes wide with disbelief. Ripples of emotions flowed through my veins from our bond. Shaking his head, he looked at me like I was missing the big point here.

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“You just killed his father? He may want revenge? There’s a chance he could very well attack you, right here, right now! I don’t trust any Windril blood and I most certainly won’t trust him with you involved. I don’t understand why you let him have the position in the first place! Windril’s are no good!”

His deep voice rumbled. The anxiety and distrust was obvious in his tone. I could feel his wolf perk up in caution, walking around in a circle and glancing at the door every once in a while. While human side Isaac was wary of the boy, so was wolf Isaac.

Together, they were just a lump of a paranoid warrior.

I exhaled, giving him a look. Of course I knew where he was coming from. He did have point.

Typically any person whose parent was killed by someone would feel angry. Maybe angry enough to want to take revenge by attacking the killer, but that doesn’t apply to this situation. Not when his father has made his mother, the rightful Luna, one of his many ‘playthings’. I may not be the most benevolent person there was, but I knew no one would be able to forgive a ‘father’ who would do such a thing.

Besides, I highly doubt the boy would try to kill me when he was in my territory. I refuse to believe he was stupid enough to do that. With no child or siblings, Cade Windril is the sole heir to the Alpha’s seat. If he dies, the pack will go into complete chaos with who will have the right to claim it and the rest is history. The fact that there’s no current Beta, Luna or Gamma, means there’s no one else suitable for the title. No order in the pack. The rightful Luna wouldn’t be able to claim the title because she was never given one in the first place, nor did she have any prior training to be able to fight off challengers. At least, that I know of.

It’ll be fair game to anyone in the pack, but its inevitably going to fall.

With no Alpha blood in the seat, the ‘Alpha’ will crumble from pressure and will lead the pack to its demise. An Alpha with no Alpha blood or connection to an Alpha blood (as a mate) is the same thing as a bunny going against a pack of lions. He’ll be eaten alive, metaphorically speaking.

I wasn’t going to cower away just because there’s a slim chance he would attack me. If

he did in fact, actually have the balls to try attacking me on my territory, I wouldn't hesitate to end him the same way I did his father. Maybe almost as brutally just to emphasize how I'm not a very kind person if you test me. I'm giving the boy the benefit of the doubt and trusting my intuition that he is nothing like his father. I trust paper and statistics, but when dealing with people you never really know.

You gamble in the game of trust.

"Alpha Windril is not going to do harm. I genuinely believe he's a good man. Perhaps one of the best Alpha's in the future."

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Chapter 45

Isaac opened his mouth to protest but I cut him off,

"I won't turn him away because of chance, Isaac."

My voice dripped with conviction. Allowing small waves of my dominance to seep through, Isaac stiffened. After a brief minute, he nodded but I could see his strong disagreement etching on his face. He looked down, eyebrows tight in frustration and thinned his lips together. He was stubborn. Sulking at the decision I made. I sighed and raked my fingers through my hair.

More than I should out of respect for

"I'd like to see what he wants first. If it makes you feel any better, you're welcome to stay close. Granted, you aren't allowed to be in the same territory as the Alpha, but if anything he does makes you feel any bit suspicious of him, you can intervene. I trust you, Isaac. Now I need you to trust in my judgment."

Finally, Isaac relented. He nodded in defeat before glaring down at the door.

"Okay, fine. But if the kid does anything I don't like, I'll beat his ass."

The seriousness in his tone was almost endearing. I laughed, pushing myself off the edge. I placed a hand over his shoulder and smiled,

"Yes, yes. My Gamma is quite a strong warrior."

At this, he brightened. With a cocky grin plastered on his face, he dismissively scoffed.

"I'm glad you understand. I believe you're missing 'handsome, young, strapping lad' but I'll let it go. You're one very lucky Alpha, Alpha."

With one last smile, Isaac headed toward the door to get Alpha Windril. I waited patiently, allowing myself to sit back down while putting away my all important documents starting to haunt me in my dreams. I know for a fact Noah will not be happy with the extra paper work being pushed aside. He would undoubtedly get a share from me, later today.

I heard a knock followed by Isaac's deep voice,

"Alpha Selene, Alpha Windril is here to see you."

I breathed in, making sure to erase any lingering expression on my face. Although I was confident in my judgement over Cade, I would never let my guard down. I didn't need to give him an opportunity to strike me just because I believed in the guy. Trust is a very fragile thing that could easily be manipulated. It's up to the person who believed, to have a back up plan when things turn out for the worse.

When they end up being wrong.

“Come in.”

The door creaked open with Isaac leading him in. My eyes swept down his body. Now that he was closer, I could see the slight muscles he had built up, the strong presence he gave and most importantly, the dark, unwavering eyes he had. The eyes that refused to yield. It was definitely the aura he was giving out.

Strong, dignified, respectable.

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Everything I didn't sense from Windril.

Standing up, I reached out to him to shake his hand as a sign of my respect. He quickly grasped it, giving my hand a firm squeeze before pulling away. If I was being honest, I felt a little awkward. I was staring at the son whose father I killed just moments before. Thankfully he didn't seem to have any motive of murdering me, so it eased my nerves just a little. Isaac gave me one last glance before making a swift turn for the door and closing it

sh ut.

“Alpha Crestfield.”

Cade's eyes held no malice. I couldn't feel the faintest thirst for blood or his end. If anything, he was completely relaxed in my presence if not feeling sligi out of place. Now that I thought about it, it was weird Cade got in without me knowing. No one was permitted

to enter pack territory without my permission.

“Ms. Meredith Crestfield allowed me entrance.”

Cade said suddenly.

“She, uh, seemed quite welcoming.”

He answered as if sensing my question. I sighed, in annoyance. Something told me she most likely assumed he was a suitor, or better yet, my boyfriend. Meredith was probably thanking the Moon Goddess by now for my

“I see.”

I breathed out with a pressed laugh, behalf.

“Well, I'd say I was expecting your visit but I'd be lying if I did. So what can I do for you, Alpha Windril?”

I asked. Cade rubbed the back of his neck stiffly. He shuffled around on his feet before raising his eyes to meet mine. He looked very wary. Not in the I-don't-trust-you way, but the I'm-about-to-say-something-you-might-not-like way.

“I would actually prefer it if you'd call me by my mother's last name, Woods. I'd rather not be associated to that sperm donor. You could also just call me Cade, it doesn't really make much of a difference to me. But please, anything but Windril.”

I already knew I was going to like this guy.

“Well okay then, Alpha Woods. Is there anything you need?”

Cade frowned. Sighing, he slumped his shoulders back. His wolf was a large one. Large but somehow... but a bit lanky. He had all the qualities of an Alpha save for the proper training. He needed to fill out more

The only exceptional part of him right now, was the way he carried himself. It's the way he announced his dominance. Unexpected and uncontrolled. Sometimes he let it out at full force, other times he'd let it dwindle. In the conference room just hours befce, I

barely felt it until his father said he submitted to me. His anger was so vast his dominance poured out of him from every inch.

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Everyone was too focused on the bickering to notice, but surely I did.

"Yes, but first, I wanted to thank you."

"Thank me? Oh no, the title is rightfully yours. It wouldn't have been right if I took it."

I quickly explain. I didn't really want to tell him that I also thought it was too much work. Managing two packs or merging two packs would be overkill with paperwork. Noah was praying to the Goddess for a swift, easy death when he realized I was technically Alpha for Evergreen until I passed the right to Cade. The mere fact gave him a breather.

"No, not that. Well, yes that but—"

He ran a hand down his face in frustration with himself.

"Thank you for killing him."

He mumbled.

"Windril was not exactly father of the year nor was he really mate of the year, but I'm sure everyone knows that. I've wanted to challenge him for the title for so long already but I couldn't. He had my mate. Held her in one of our dungeons underground. He threatened to make her into one of his 'girls' and kill her if I tried to take it from him. He threatened the same with mom, except he said he'd allow his men to have fun with her. To take turns. He never cared. Not once. Not ever."

Cade's eyes were downcast. I could see that there was still a small part of him that wished his father had cared. Or maybe he was just wondering why he didn't. Why he was like that, Why he didn't care for his son. Why he was so greedy for power.

Windril was not a good man.

Anyone with eyes could see that but I underestimated just how bad he was. I knew he was a pig since the first word I heard come from his mouth, I just didn't think he could be that heartless toward his own offspring. I would've thought his paternal instincts kicked in, but I guess it was different for him.

He threatened his own son with his mate.

That went beyond being a shit father.

"So thank you. You really saved us. And I know this is going to be completely selfish on my part, but please, I beg you—"

Cade suddenly bows, body frigid and hands tight at his sides. His wolf was doing the same, ears flattened down and tail low between his legs. His two front legs bent over so that his back tilted down with his legs holding him up.

"Please help train us. Our pack has no experience in combat. Windril never allowed us to train because he feared someone will challenge him. We're completely vulnerable. The Alpha's in that conference room know we're inexperienced. Without a doubt t y'll try to challenge me. I want to change the pack. I want fix that man's mistake. As much as I hate him, I still have his blood running through my veins. Please. Please help us."

Cade kept his head bowed, waiting for my response. What do I say in this situation?

There

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were so many disadvantages that outshines the gains I could get from this. If there was any gains, at all. Training his pack meant giving up my resources. It meant sending my men over to his pack instead of keeping them here to protect us. Trusting him too quickly can backfire and lead me to lose some pack members. If what Isaac said was right about him being like Windril, he could very well be plotting something against me. But did I have the guts to turn my back on him?

Could I possibly abandon someone in need of help when all I ever wanted was help in the past?

Abandoning him and his pack was like abandoning Duskfall and Lila.

protect something;

I stared at him, catching similarities between him and I. The drive someone. The similar drive of needing strength, but different circumstances bringing it up.

For me, vengeance.

For him, reconstruction.

I remained silent, still soaked in my thoughts. Cade must've assumed that was my answer because he swallowed harshly. The disappointment he tried to conceal slipped through his mask of indifference. His face looking solemn as he straightened his back. He tried to laugh it off but it sounded too forced.

"I understand if you don't want to do it. You've already done so much for us-"

"I'll think about it."

Cade's lips parted. Immediately, his face beamed when he realized what I said. He smiled, an ear splitting smile that stretched miles across his face. The wolf in him wagged its tail, eyes shining with hope and excitement. Sucking in a breath, he looked at the ground before meeting my gaze brightly.

"Thank you... Thank you."

Not long after, Cade left. I watched him get in his car and drive off my territory through the office window. The boy didn't even bring his own guards. Then again, did they even have properly trained guards back at his territory? I sighed, walking away from the window and sat down on my chair. I screwed eyes shut in exhaustion.

"Why'd you say you'd think about it, when you know you'll do it anyway?"

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 47

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Chapter 47

I kept my eyes shut but breathed out.

"Why are you planning on asking me to train them if you 'don't trust any Windril blood'?"

I opened one eye to look at Isaac. He stood there, leaning on his left foot with a slight grin on his face. He shrugged and pursed his lips.

"What can I say, I have a soft spot for tragic backstories."

I cocked a brow. I call bullshit.

"Really?"

I asked drawing out the 'y' incredulously. Isaac and I stared at each other for a few seconds before

gave in. Shoving his hands in his jean pockets, he kicked at the ground mumbling.
he

“Okay, fine. I know Alpha Oliver would’ve wanted me to. You know what he’s like with these things. He hates leaving vulnerable people behind. People like Lila.”

He paused, warily looking up at me before quickly darting away. I kept my face blank even when my heart slightly tightened at the name. The sore subject still difficult for me to talk, hear or even think about being the cause.

“He hates the idea of abandoning someone in need.”

Isaac gave me a lopsided smile.

“Just like you do.”

I just kept staring at him. I knew deep down inside, I would’ve agreed anyway. I just used the ideas of disadvantages to try to convince myself I wouldn’t. At first, I wasn’t sure who I’d send but seeing as Isaac was more than willing to do it, I believe I found my person. With a nod, I conceded to the idea. I pulled open the drawer and took out a single pack transfer sheet. Isaac’s attention fell to the paper I slid across the desk toward him. Handing him a pen, I gave him a hard look.

If Cade wanted help with training, then I’d have to send the best I had.

“You leave tomorrow.”

Isaac prepared his luggages that very same minute. He decided on only bringing two sets with the idea of getting more at their territory. That night, I had a hard time sleeping. Worry and anxiety crept up inside me but I blocked our bond so he wouldn’t notice. I knew if he felt the tiniest bit of hesitance on my part, he would revoke his offer and sit his ass right here. I didn’t need him changing his mind because of my needless worrying. So with only a few hours of sleep on my body, morning came quickly and it was time to part with him.

“If anything is wrong, and I mean anything, please call me back. Don’t try to handle everything yourself. I may have promised to train them until I saw fit, but I’m your Gamma. I won’t hesitate to turn tail and run my way back home if you do. Pride be damned. My loyalty lies with you, not with them. Our blood oath is evidence of that.”

I gave Isaac a reassuring smile before grabbing hold of his neck and nuzzling our foreheads together. Doing this was an intimate thing between close companions. Whether it be lovers, friends, siblings, comrades it was a meaningful gesture. It showed complete trust, affection, and how valuable the relationship between the two wolves were. It was a good indicator of familiarity.

“You worry yourself more than I worry for you, Isaac. I’ll be fine. Take care of those wolves. They’ll need all the guidance they can get.”

With one last nuzzle, I let Isaac pull away and watched as he got in the van. Cade was more than

ecstatic to hear that I was sending my Gamma, of all people, to train them. Ideally, the training sessions would only last a few months; six at most. But that’s only if he manages to teach them the basic understanding of combat.

I remained rooted to my spot, thinking of Bentley and how much prouder he would’ve been to see how far Isaac has grown. Of all his accomplishments, I was there to see it. His passing the Gamma training, his first Gamma challenge, taking the oath, taking the blood oath... everything. I could almost see Bentley’s face melting into that warm smile that made his bluish green eyes sparkle even brighter. The same smile he gave Lila

when he'd see her talking animatedly about anything and everything.

The kind of smile a father would give his child for simply breathing.

"Alpha Selene, we've just received a message from the Nightwake pack. Alpha Walker has an audience with you at his territory today."

requested

My eyebrows raised at this. I couldn't help but let out a small laugh. He wanted to see me? I didn't think he'd quite literally take my words and set up an appointment. Then again, if it wasn't a formal invitation there'd be no way I was accepting it. Noah looked at me quietly with the sensation of unease releasing out from our bond. He knew my history with Landon and my family. Once we formed the blood oath, we formed somewhat of a soul connection. Everything I went through, he knew. Everything he went through, I knew. The same thing with Isaac.

I knew his history as he knew mine.

He felt like it wasn't a good idea. A million things could go wrong by attending this 'meeting'. Fights could break out, tempers could be lost, screaming, yelling, crying. I shuddered. I was certain if Isaac was here, he'd feel the same way. But sadly, I wouldn't be listening to their request had they asked me not to go. Denying the request was like running away. Landon would know I was purposely avoiding him if I decided to refuse the meeting. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of thinking he still had an effect on me. Granted, the mate bond was still there but it was mostly just a slight pinch. The anger and fury residing inside me overpowers that small spec of emotion.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 48

Posted by Admin1, 332 Views, Released on May 27, 2023

Chapter 48

That was one thing I didn't understand.

Wolves were instinctual. They were bats hit crazy for their mate, yet mine understood and adapted to the situation far more easily than any wolf should. It's like she knew from the start something would happen, and only ever acted out when he was mated and marked. Other than that, her reaction to everything else was minimal compared to how other wolves would've handled it. Sure, she had been initially possessive over Landon, but she wasn't forcing me to act out in order to obtain him. Some wolves would lash out if their mate so much as looked at another a second too long.

Mine never really did.

Shaking my head, I forced myself to stop thinking about it. I should be glad I was blessed with an independent wolf who wasn't stuck on a man who didn't want us. That's another reason why agreeing to this meeting wasn't all that hard either. I didn't have to pretend like I didn't care about him and Hestia because honestly, I don't. I stopped caring the moment I laid there on the ground, doubling over in pain as Lila stared at me with those pretty little eyes slowly closing shut.

The only emotion that overwhelms me is rage over their betrayal.

The fact that they were willing to let me die.

The fact that they let so many others die.

There will always be that underlying tension that connects us but other than that they can do whatever they'd like with each other. As long as they leave me out of it.

I wouldn't dare act like a coward.

Besides, this'll be good publicity.

It's about time I start forming alliances with select packs. Now that my debut was out in the was surely getting more eyes on me now. Just this morning I had a few requests for alliance formation form abroad. Some will try to kiss up to me while others will scheme. open,

I

I'll be prepared for both.

Obviously, Nightwake is not part of that bunch I was considering.

How could I ever consider people who don't try to aid alliances when they need help?

How could I ever consider people who don't honor their word? I'll never forget what they did to me. To Duskfall. To Lila. But by my going there, it would look like I at the very least, considered it. People won't be able to say sh it if I actually accept the invitation.

Their decision of ignoring warnings and refusing to aid a documented ally was treachery and punishable by law. At the same time, why were the

rogues giving Nightwake warnings? Why threaten them by destroying other packs?

What was their goal? Their motive?

I had these infuriating questions swirl in my mind for years.

If I had been an officially inducted member in Duskfall, I could've brought my case to court. The fact I reached out for help and was denied could've been incriminating. As it was, at the time of the attack I was only a temporary transfer. I had no grounds to claim a breach in the treaty. I could plea my case telling them I heard rogues speaking about their treachery but what evidence did I have?

My word?

That wouldn't be enough. Their denial of my attempt to communicate with them won't do much either. They could just as easily claim that they didn't know why I was reaching out at the time and use the excuse that we were on bad terms and simply didn't want to speak with me.

Either way, there was no way around it.

To implicate them, I needed cold hard proof: admission from the rogues in question.

I've tried getting as much intel as I could beforehand, but I could only do so much at a distance. I didn't have any connection to Nightwake or the rogues.

No one would believe the word of one person, no matter the person being an Alpha. In fact, people would be much more suspicious because I'm an Alpha and the ex-mate of the current Alpha I'm blaming for the incident. There's too much at stake for me to go barging in and pointing fingers without evidence. I may be angry but I wasn't foolish.

In total, four people know of what I heard

Meredith, Noah, Isaac

and Chancellor Williams.

We laid low. Secretly trying to piece together clues while I strive further down in my path. That's why the two rogues are that much more important. That's why I need them locked up and away from the danger of escaping. They were the two rogues who indirectly told me about their connection to Nightwake.

I've had several guesses about what it could be. I've thought about more land, seeing as Nightwake and Duskfall were neighbors, but Alpha Walker had long before backed out of the dispute. I've even considered underlying hatred or revenge, but then why

would the rogues think it was a good idea to use Duskfall if Nightwake hated them or sought after revenge? Could it be that the rogues are the ones with the bitterness? Then again, they would've attacked Duskfall without any warnings in the first place. Instead, they used Duskfall as leverage against Nightwake.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 49

Posted by **Admin1**, 343 Views, Released on May 27, 2023

Chapter 49

Could it be that Nightwake has something Xeneron wants?

Thinking more and more about this, Walker's invitation was only getting more appealing. I could use this to my advantage, scope out anything I could find and just maybe come home with answers. Possibly hear things while my visit there. Whatever the rogues want, Nightwake has. Once I find out what exactly that is, I'll gather the evidence I need and file for a case against Nightwake.

Pursing my lips together, I nodded to myself before turning on my heels and walking into the pack house. If I was going to visit a pack, I would of course have to dress for the occasion. Noah followed a few steps behind, waiting patiently for what I would say next.

"Get the van ready. We're leaving now."

"Yes, Alpha."

The van door slid open with my warriors piling out in a single line. They stood firm and unwavering, glaring down at anyone throwing looks our way. We were beginning to attract attention. A lot of it. I swung my legs over the car seat, letting my feet sink into Nightwake territory. It was still the same; vast land surrounded by smaller houses and a huge house meant for the Alpha right in the middle with a huge field in the far side of the territory. The simple, modern buildings identical to the ones I could salvage through my memories.

It hardly changed.

A few bystanders took the time to stop whatever they were doing to stare. Some actively trying to find out where the Alpha was or who we were. Our unfamiliar scents traveled far and wide seeing as a few people stuck their heads out the window to investigate. I could feel their suspicions projected onto us from their gazes. Wolves didn't like non-pack to be on their territory. They felt threatened if not extremely intimidated.

I was certain Landon kept our visit to himself rather than letting his pack members know.

They looked completely confused and a little hostile from our arrival.

Most of these people were the ones who grew up with me knowing only my name and my sister. People who never treated me bad but instead acted like I didn't exist. It was bad enough the place gave me unwanted memories but now it's trying to suck me back in the past? Breathing in the scent I was so familiar with but soon grew stranger to, a sense of nostalgia came over me. Snippets of seeing myself walk down the path from school all alone lingered in my mind. The garden I used to tend to, probably forgotten about and withered away.

Noah stood by my side, standing tall and looking sharp with a suit he only wore when visiting outside packs. He looked over the area, no doubt noting the layout. It was his

first time setting foot on Nightwake.

“Excuse me, uhm, can we help you?”

My gaze drifted to a small, petite woman holding onto an infant of about six months old. She watched us curiously, bright tawny eyes squinting with intrigue. Noah immediately stepped forward, nodding at her before gesturing to me.

“My Alpha, Selene Crestfield of Greyhound Territory, was invited by Alpha Walker for a meeting. We were told to come here today, but I see that no one is really expecting us...”

There was slight irritation in Noah’s voice. When an Alpha visits another pack, it’s common courtesy for the Alpha of the territory to receive their guests personally. Often making a big deal of it by

having a welcoming feast. It established respect on his counterpart and demonstrates good will toward the visitor.

Good will my a ss.

The only good Landon can ever do is to stay the hell out of my way.

Just before the girl could respond, we noticed someone pushing through the crowd. I knew from the scent of him, who it was. I kept my head high and watched as Benicio managed to squeeze through the bodies of nosy spectators. He was breathing hard as he fought to catch his breath. Once his gaze settled on Noah and I, he straightened up. Clearing this throat, he looked me dead in the eyes. “Sele- Alpha Crestfield, our apologies for the lack of hospitality. We weren’t aware you’d arrive this early. Again, forgive us. Alpha Landon is now expecting you at his office.”

I gave him a curt nod. Nothing more, nothing less. My wolf huffed out, tail swishing back and forth dismissively at the lack of welcome. Her sour mood was already beginning to affect mine. Following the Beta down the road, whispers passed through the crowd. Some had recognized my individual scent, realizing who I was with Benicio’s initial slip up of familiarity.

Isn’t that Luna Hestia’s sister?

Didn’t she die? Wasn’t she at Duskfall?

How is she an Alpha? She doesn’t have Alpha blood in her.

Look at her neck! Seems like she’s a sole-Alpha. No mate...

Crestfield? You mean to tell me she changed her name? Traitor! She’s just power hungry!

I threw a glare at the gutsy brunette standing by the sidelines. She immediately covered away when she felt my gaze, submissively looking down with her body as stiff as a board. Her friends surrounding her stepped away, separating themselves from my locked gaze. A warning growl left my lips. The sound reverberating down the yard and caused other heads to look down with hers. Benicio froze, fighting the desire to submit when his head dipped an inch lower before hastily quickening his steps. His wolf recognized me as an Alpha and instinctively acted upon the pressure

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 50

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Chapter 50

When we reached the patio, I looked at my warriors and told them to stay put. I was only permitted to bring my Beta and Gamma, which was hard seeing as one was currently missing.

Noah would just have to do.

Walking inside, I looked around the house and found myself feeling nostalgic again. The last time I was here, I was rejected, beaten down mentally and emotionally and lastly, forcibly kicked out. My emotions stirred from deep within. Anger from the humiliation I faced racking up my spine. Anger I wouldn't let myself act upon.

"This way, please."

I glanced over to him as he led us up the stairs.

Can I please beat them up?

I almost snort but I hold it in. I turn back at Noah who seemed very unamused. His eyebrows knit together with a firm scowl on his face.

Unless you want both of us fighting over a hundred wolves at the same time, potentially killing half the population, I'll have to say no.

Noah rolled his eyes, grumbling under his breath about the disrespect Nightwake has shown and how we could easily handle them. While I know he's letting his irritation do the talking, I neither claim or disclaim his statement.

Ignoring him, we were led to the Alpha's office. The door that once held the golden nameplate reading out "Alpha Harrison" was now changed to "Alpha Landon". I frowned, thinking of the disappointment I felt over Harrison Walker's involvement in the treachery.

Ignoring the warnings that were sent three months prior from the attack, it was his fault as much as it was Benicio's and Landon's.

My view on him was ruined in the split second I realized that.

"Alpha Landon, Alpha Crestfield and Beta Jones are here."

"Come in."

Benicio opened the door, gesturing for us to go in first. I strode inside, not sparing a lingering glance toward my mother Sophie who sat on the couch. Her eyes widened, bulging out from her skull as she took me in. She had aged. She still looked the same but the gray starting to sprout from the roots of her hair and the wrinkles forming on her forehead, showed me that time had its effect on her.

"Please have a seat...."

Landon said, sounding a little dubious as I didn't look at him. I felt his gaze pricking my skin. Urging me to look at him, I brushed it off without a second thought. Sophie who still gaped at me like I was a ghost she was seeing, didn't say a word as I sat down at the conference table. The mahogany table I've seen in the past was still there, but at the far side of the center. Benicio stood behind them with Landon in the center.

Everyone who was involved in ruining my life was here.

My father, my mother, my sister who I still didn't look at and lastly, my mate.

Landon

Noah was just sitting beside me with a bemused expression on his face. He enjoyed their feelings of discomfort quite a bit. Silence was guaranteed at this awful tension seeping into the room. None of them wanted to say anything. Their reluctance was as clear as day on their faces. If this was the whole point of this 'meeting' we were going to have a problem.

I sighed, crossing my legs and leaned back against the chair. I stared at Benicio, eyes unblinking as he shifted uncomfortably on his feet. My Alpha presence must've made his wolf antsy even though I was his daughter. Wolves would get easily intimidated by an Alpha's stare. It could be seen as a challenge or look of disapproval. None of which they would want pointed toward them.

Turning my gaze to Landon, who sat opposite of me, I raised a brow.

"I would assume this isn't the reason you sought an audience with me? This-"

I gestured around us,

"silence?"

He didn't answer. I'm not sure I really expected him to. Just as I thought we'd spend forty minutes just staring at each other, the Beta broke the silence.

"We... we just wanted to explain. To apologize."

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He reasoned. I mentally scoffed. Oh Goddess. My face was completely void of emotion but inside, I was internally riled from the audacity they had. If anything, I looked completely done with their shit. The thought of them asking for forgiveness did cross my mind but most of me desperately wished they didn't. So they could save us the meaningless words of apologies and time when we both knew they don't mean it. I don't need empty words.

I don't need them.

"Selene, my daughter, please hear us out. I know we don't deserve it, but your sister is pregnant and-" I held up my hand up to stop the man named Benicio Dixon from speaking. I had enough. Surely they didn't call me here just so they can dump all their personal problems onto me or dig up the past. If that was the case, they're quite foolish. I'm not interested in the slightest. Shifting my attention from my father to the woman he stood behind, my gaze narrowed on the small but visible bump under her sundress.

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