

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 1

Chapter 1

"Mate."

I dropped the plate I was holding to the floor but couldn't care to watch it shatter. My eyes were too busy soaking in the man standing before me.

My mate.

The future Alpha of the Nightwake, Landon Walker, is my mate.

Fu ck.

Landon's eyes were blown wide as he stood there staring at me. The emotions rolled off him like waves; love, lust, confusion, fear and happiness all packed into one. He was frozen stiff mirroring my posture. Neither of us expected this outcome. It took us completely by surprise. Why did we just find out we were bound? We should've known we were mates at

sixteen.

It should've been instantaneous.

But it didn't happen. We didn't know. Until now, that is.

Both of us were passed that ripe age of sixteen –me nineteen as of today, him twenty-one– but never felt this pull until now. But why? Why now? Why not before?

"Selene–"

Landon began quietly. The way he said my name had chills running down my back. I opened my mouth to say something when the sound of approaching footsteps stopped me.

It was Hestia.

Wisps of her blonde hair swayed back and forth as she entered with a skip in her step. Her bright blue dress fell charmingly down her hips; highlighting the feminine curves she was blessed with. The air of cheeriness and glee she brought along with her presence cut the tension seeping into the kitchen just moments before. I immediately felt my throat constrict as I watched her wrap her arms around Landon's waist and snuggled into his chest. A pang of jealousy flared inside me but I squashed it down.

Friends.

I reminded myself.

They're just friends.

No matter how close they were, they were simply friends.

Landon seemed a little taken aback as he shifted on his foot and wrapped his arm awkwardly around her.

His expression a mask of conflict.

"There you guys are! I've been looking for you two. Can't have the birthday girl isolating herself."

Hesita smiled brightly at me, baby blue eyes shining and all. She looked absolutely stunning. My baby sister was glowing with happiness as she basked in his affection. In that

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moment, I could feel my heart rage with growing envy. It was wrong, so wrong for me to

want her as far away from him as possible, but he was my mate. It was instinctual to be territorial. It was in my nature as a wolf to desire him for myself regardless of what my human side told me. Against my morals, better judgement and all sensical thinking, I wanted nothing more than to just stake my claim.

I wanted to tell Hestia that he was my destined one and that I was his.

But I couldn't.

I couldn't do that to my sister.

At least, not yet without explaining it to her. We had to have a proper conversation about this.

I knew it would break her heart and that was something I wasn't ready to do. I doubt I ever could be. In that instant of clarity, he became part of me. A part that couldn't belong to no one else but me. Not even my sister. I knew then and there, that it was selfish thinking. They were only friends yet I was trying to separate them.

While I wanted to run away and hide, my wolf wanted to fight for what was hers.

Instinct or not, it felt wrong.

I hated the bond for it.

"Selene? Are you okay?"

My gaze flickered to my sister, her eyes shining with concern as a slight frown tugged on her lips. For a brief second, my gaze fell to their closeness before lifting back to hers, "I'm fine."

I choke out. What a damn lie.

She didn't seem to notice though. She simply smiled and gazed up to my mate.

No matter how many times I've chanted it in my head that they were simply friends, the wolf side of me refused to acknowledge it. Not when I knew Hestia's feelings for Landon went beyond friendship. She was so sure she was in love with him. I suppose I could only be thankful now that they never seemed to cross the line. That Landon never took the bait. I never understood why wolves bothered getting into relationships with the intention of going longterm when they still have yet to meet their mate. People like my sister. Those who underestimated the power of the mate bond and the Moon Goddess' will, would try to take fate in their own hands. A Noble thought, but otherwise messy.

They would seek out other wolves who thought similarly and plan a long term future together. Some went as far as marking and mating but it never ends well.

When one of them finds their mate, everything they planned would fall to ruin. No one could resist the mate bond. It was embedded in their soul the moment they were born to be unable to defy it. It would only serve to strain relationships. No matter how much one loved someone who wasn't their mate, they'd soon change their mind when they meet their fated one. To have your mate is a feeling completely incomparable to forged relationships. Which is why I didn't understand why Hestia would bother pin after Landon.

When she realized Landon wasn't her mate, she was unbothered. She didn't care whether

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or not they were mates. Sure, it would've been easier if they were but she'd decided long before that he was the one for her.

It just didn't make any sense to me.

It was utterly pointless.

She had her own mate out there while he did too. It didn't even have to be me. No amount of 'love' would overpower the pull of mates. I've seen it happen countless of times.

With clenched fists and a tight lipped smile, I datted my gaze toward Landon who averted his attention from me and smiled down at my sister. I could see through his facade but Hestia appeared not to. With a small kiss to the cheek, he soothingly ran his hand up and down her arm before clearing his throat.

"Isn't it time that we let Selene here, open her gifts?"

Hestia's eyes twinkled with delight as she clapped her hands together. As much as I was in no mood to open gifts, she made a face that was hard to say no to. The obvious excitement in her expression made me weak to her wishes. I gave in, smiling softly before nodding as Hestia looped her arm around mine and dragged me to the living room. I forced myself not to bristle when she touched me.

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Score 9.4