

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 111

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Chapter 111

Aching for one thing.

One kiss that surely wouldn't cause any harm.

He had the same idea.

He lets me pull him closer. No sign of hesitance or reluctance on his part as his eyes train on my lips. The pounding of my heart rapidly sounds in my ears as his hands firmly clasp around my waist. Strong fingers pressing down onto my hips when he pulls me forward. Everything is lost in my mind. Nothing matters but him. Like some kind of bewitching fog, I'm entranced and all too willing to be his victim. My head angles up while his dips down to meet my lips.

The hands that were once content with holding onto his shirt, flatten on his abdomen. The outline of his hard abs under the shirt is obvious. His body is riddled with firm, thick muscles that are hidden with the constraints of his clothing. My fingers spread apart, both hands gliding up his torso as he drew in a sharp breath. I feel his pleasure from my touch. My wolf is quiet, but the beady glaze over her eyes match the fervor of the haywire desire over him.

Slowly, I drag my hands up. Appreciating every curve and dip his body has to offer under my fingertips. I breathe in, running my hands to the curve of his neck and settle to wrap my arms. around him.

I use his strong stance as leverage, pulling myself up by his neck and watch, with half lidded eyes as he closes the gap between us. His lips touch mine; gently, warm, hesitant, and earth shatteringly perfect. I don't breathe for a moment. I'm too scared to. Sparks zip between us, nothing but complete euphoria when our lips move together passionately. My nerves light up with excitement. The kiss- a rhythmic dance that consumes us both. An act of give and take, push and pull, that's equally pleasing no matter the role. His lips move slow, but it's the kind of slow that makes you lose your sense of time. His kiss is passionate, but it's the kind of passionate that makes your knees wobble. It was just perfect.

The kind of perfect that drowns your thoughts into a blank sheet of nothingness.

Nothingness that has never felt so good before.

Raizel brings his hand to the back of my neck, angling my head so he could have better access. I gasp into his mouth when he nips my bottom lip with his teeth, the ferocious beast I know he keeps hidden inside him, peeks out as his tongue swiped along the opening. My eyes screws shut, unable to look at him but unwilling to pull away. My fingers lace themselves around his hair, pulling and tugging when his kiss becomes more demanding.

But I liked it.

The scorching heat of his touch blows away any lingering thoughts of stopping. I press myself harder against him, not minding his ever tightening hold. This isn't enough. I needed him even closer. He groans from the back of his throat, digging his fingers into my back. Excitement pumps into me at the sound. I caused him to feel like that. It was my touch that broke his composure. I can't stop the involuntary moan that slips past my lips. He moves his hand down to my thigh and wraps it

around his waist.

Without thinking, I follow his lead, jumping up so that both my legs wrapped around him. We break away, staring at each other as heavy breaths leave us before diving back in.

The fire in our kiss never diminishing as his tongue probs inside my mouth. He grows bolder, taking what he wants just as I do with every flick of our tongues.

I groan against his lips, grinding my hips into his to cause some friction. The throbbing need

between my legs is almost insatiable if it wasn't for him. All I know is that for me to put out the fire inside my abdomen, I needed him.

The hunger for one another formed into desperate, needy moans and groans.

The filthiness of it all fills the room with sin.

His lips latch onto the supple skin of my neck. He leaves open kisses and sucks at one particular spot. I crane my neck to the side, allowing him as much access as he wants and hardly notice that he's moving. I yelp when he sets me down on the table, my legs still wrapped around him like vines.

My arms that circled around his neck hang loosely as he inserts himself further between my legs. He's flushed against me and honestly, I wouldn't have him any other way.

His large hands cup my thighs, his eyes staring straight at me as our foreheads press against each other. Silence ensue between us but its welcoming. Our heavy breathing is the only distinct noise surrounding us until I breathe out hoarsely,

"Is this the part I wake up?"

Raizel nuzzles his head against mine. His eyes are shut blissfully, expression soft and content as he mumbles.

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

A soothing silence comes between us. Just him and I enjoying each other's presence while we cling onto each other like leeches. No amount of contact seems to suffice for either of us. I raise my head, kissing his temple before dropping to his neck. I plant another kiss onto the curve that connects to his shoulder, relishing the way his heart raced like mine. The pulsing I feel against my lips brings a small smile to my face.

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"What happened to taking it slow?"

The question is lighthearted, a little embarrassed on my part for allowing us to get that far so quickly but he doesn't shy away. He chuckles, lifting the corner of his mouth into a boyish grin.

"I believe I told you,"

He leans down to peck me on the lips,

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

Scoffing in amusement but unable to stop the smile from spreading, I press my lips onto his. The warmth enveloping me from this calm, sensual kiss gives me a type of serenity I can't explain. It's unlike our first kiss; the pure hunger is nowhere in sight, but the passion is still there. Just in a completely different setting.

It's nice, sweet, gentle, consuming but calmly fierce.

My wolf who'd been excitedly watching in the sidelines, barks out her approval. The adoration in her eyes clear as day as we stare at our man. Raizel decides its still not enough, and deepens our kiss.

The build up to the initial heat slowly bridging when-

"Alpha Locksworth? I'm not sure if Alpha Selene is here, I've been look- Oh my Goddess, Jesus. f ucking Christ, I am so sorry- holy f uck. I just uh, Goddess have mercy on me. T-take your time. I wouldn't recommend the desk, it'll stiffen your back and- I uh, never mind. I-I'll just go."

Noah rambles as Raziell and I pull away. He's wide eyed and flustered as he quickly shuts the door with a loud bang. We hear him screeching outside, a few voices mixing with his that I recognize as Meredith, the Chancellor and Weston.

"What happened, Noah?"

Meredith's voice is heard through the door.

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

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

She says.

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

Weston explains, a slight smugness to his tone.

"Or mating. We still use that word too."

Williams adds.

"F ucki-Oh Goddess, really?"

She squeals in excitement followed by the clapping of her hands. It takes everything inside me not to melt into a puddle of utter humiliation. I cling onto Raizel harder who seems unbothered by the boisterous banter outside.

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

"Actually, uh, they were just making out."

Noah whispers out sheepishly.

There's a silence.

Raizel and I just look at each other while this whole thing happens outside. He looks smug, his smirk in place with his hands on my hips. It's like he's feeling proud at the fact we were caught being intimate. It doesn't take much to know what kind of thoughts are running through his mind.

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

This time it's Weston who speaks. He sounds annoyed, and a part of me can imagine him rolling his eyes right about now.

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

"Presto- how dare you? You're the one saying stuff like having little Bloodhounds running around! What were we supposed to think? That they were playing Monopoly? Twister without clothes on?"

His voice raises but Noah isn't intimidated.

"Anything but that."

“Goddess, you’re annoying.”

Weston grumbles.

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

Noah bites out venomously.

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

“You know what, you straight up suck.”

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

“We can hear you.”

Raizel says suddenly, not allowing Weston to finish his sentence. The two get quiet and after a few seconds we hear a small, barely audible whisper.

“Do you think they hear us now?”

Noah asks.

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

Weston responds with a good amount of conviction.

“But they can’t see us.... can they? Do they like.. have x-ray vision?”

Noah sounds a little scared. I feel his nervousness in our bond and honestly, that gave me a confident boost.

Good.

“I don’t know... it might be an Alpha thing. I’ve seen a few dinosaur movies. They do this all the time.”

Weston’s confidence is oozing off his words. Like what he just said was a bulletproof plan that had no chance of failing.

“But isn’t that just for dinosaurs?”

“Dinosaurs, wolves psh, what’s the difference?”

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

I

say, keeping my eyes on Raizel who took to brushing my hair out of my face. The moment my voice rings out, all movement from outside stops beyond the door. Then we hear two sets of footsteps hurriedly dashing down the hall. The two’s bickers fading into nothingness along with their footsteps. I laugh, closing my eyes at the feel of Raizel tucking my hair behind my ear.

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“Don’t try to be sly, Meredith. That goes for you too.”

I hear her groan before taking Williams with her, who was putting up a fight exclaiming we didn’t know he was there too. We hear his shoes being dragged across the floorboards and his whines of protest slowly thinning out into silence. I sigh, dropping my chin on Raizel’s shoulder. My eyes flutter shut at the feel of his hand combing my hair back, a common gesture of intimacy between partners.

It soothed both the human and the wolf.

“For how long are you staying?”

I ask, afraid to hear that he’s leaving soon. I pretend to be calm, but really there’s a war

going on in my head the longer he stays quiet. Raizel sighs but his eyes are still shut. I feel him rest his head against mine and tilt it to the side as he stares at me cutely. Dark, silky hair tickles the side of my face.

“How long do you want me to?”

How about you stop being adorable so I can give you a reasonable answer? I don't think 'forever' would be acceptable.

“How long do you have?”

He smiles, opening one eye.

“For as long as you want.”

I laugh. If anyone were to see the Bloodlust Alpha like this, they'd probably call him a fraud. After all, the Bloodlust Alpha being cute isn't in his character. When people would describe him, it would usually be in the lines of 'terrifying, powerful, merciless, dominating, ruthless,

“That's not something an Alpha should say.”

“And yet, here I am saying it.”

We stare at each other unyieldingly and settle only when slow smiles start to stretch on our faces. His tight hold on me loosens enough so that I can pull away. He's about to protest but stops when I take his hands in mine and interlace our fingers together. The perfect fit.

I look down to my shoes my I start to feel conflicting emotions rise from within me.

“Do you think we're moving too fast?”

I don't want to look at him. I already feel regret for asking that question start to settle inside me, but he doesn't give me much time to feel any more remorse. He squeezes my hands softly, causing my gaze to shift toward him. His face is relaxed, gentle grey eyes stare down at me with no sign of dismay rooting in his pupils.

“Do you feel that way?”

I shake my head, a blush starting to fan over my cheeks. I shift to my other foot, biting my bottom lip when I glance over to his expectant face.

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

I pull my hands from his and wave my hand between us.

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

I just unceasingly blabber and it doesn't reach me that I just admitted to never being in a relationship, in turn, admitted that I've never kissed anyone.

Until now.

Until him.

Raizel's eyebrows shoot up. A few seconds go by without either one of us saying anything and I feel the humiliation like cold water being thrown over me as he just stares at me in shock. Of course this must be a shock to him. I'm sure he's at least had his first kiss by now. Maybe a few secret relationships or what not. Now all of a sudden, I don't feel so worthy of him. Their words resonate in my mind about being unworthy for the Luna position and the diminished fire in me, returns. I told myself I would never put myself down like that. Especially not because of their words. I not be as experienced as other people, but I knew my worth. I knew what I deserved and Raizel seemed to be just that. He was the one I was waiting for and if he didn't like it, then there was no way this

would work out between us.

“That makes two of us, then.”

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I’m forcibly torn from my thoughts as I gape at him. The shocked expression on his face is replaced with unmistakable happiness. The corners of his eyes crinkle as that lopsided grin plasters on his face.

And was that what I thought it was?

If I leaned in, would it actually...?

Oh Goddess, it was.

A faint redness in his cheeks greet me when I scan over his face.

He was blushing.

I stop myself from cooing at him. Had he really not been in a relationship before? Did he even have his first kiss before me? Raizel looks unashamed, staring straight forward with what seemed like pride(?) in his expression.

“I had no other before you. In both ways.”

My eyebrows knit together.

Both ways?

Did he mean relationship wise and sexually?

I try to say something but I can’t. If I’m too surprised to form a train of thought, I doubt I could form a coherent sentence. It wasn’t a secret that Raizel was never heard to have a lover, but some, including me, had assumed he had one in secret. Maybe some flings he kept dusted under the rug. But to hear him say that he hadn’t been with anyone in any form made my heart flutter in both surprise and delight. It’s even crazier that I believe him. I should have my doubts but I don’t. I trust him to be truthful and so does my wolf.

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Chapter 114

For someone of his status to not have been involved with anyone seems so unrealistic. He’s a man of high stature in both name and character.

He was attractive, powerful, an Alpha and ranked one in pack standings. There’s no way there weren’t any women out there that wanted to have him for themselves. I was certain some had even been bold enough to declare it with him, so was he the one who turned them down? Had he chosen to stay single rather than allowing himself the pleasure of physical intimacy?

“Why...”

I find myself whispering. It’s not even a question at this point. It’s a concept I can’t grasp. He chuckles softly, taking my hand in his as he rubs his thumb soothingly across my skin. The pad of his fingers runs over my knuckles, dipping around the curves and then rising up to move to the other knuckle.

“Probably the same reason you strayed away. I’m an Alpha. Alphas can’t have distractions.”

“So what’s the difference with this?”

Raizel catches my eyes.

“Everything. Everything is.”

Taking my hand, he lifts it toward his face and kisses my wrist. He doesn't drop it, instead he moves my hand to cup his cheek. His own covering mine in a warm embrace.

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

I feel a crack.

A crack in my chest.

And then another.

And another.

And another.

But it's not the kind of cracks I felt Landon give me. Not the kind of cracks that tore my heart into pieces. It doesn't hurt. It's almost exhilarating.

It's not my heart breaking.

It's my inner guards.

“How are you so sure?”

I ask him, squeezing his cheek in my hand.

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

He merely shrugs, pulling my hand from his face and drags my palm over his chest. The pounding of his heart jolts down the tips of my fingers. The thin fabric isn't enough of a barrier to stop me from feeling him. The rhythmic pattern of his heart beats brings me endless tranquility. The way his body heaves as he breathes in, enralls me.

“This tells me so.”

It continues chipping away. The guard I've put up around my heart is slowly crumbling to my feet.

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

His eyes hold no deceit. He genuinely cares for my response. I feel like if I asked him to wait for two

years, he would. I'm almost certain. The strange connection I feel with him, assures me he would. I slowly nod, putting down all my cards and slide my hands around his chest so I could pull him into a hug. He wordlessly allows me to, burying his nose in the crook of my neck as the side of my face presses against his chest. My arms lift to wrap around him just as his does. The heart beats I loved feeling under my fingers, beating directly into my ear as I breathe him in.

“Now is good. Now is perfect.”

Noah's POV

“I'm just saying, if the Alpha ends up pregnant, I should have Godfather rights.”

I fold my arms across my chest. The thick tension over all of us, suffocating. I feel all of their hostility, the envy and the burning hatred for me. These fools think they stand a chance. They all want my position. I know they do. But they can't have it. Not when I had the ultimate defense they couldn't go against or deflect.

“I called dibs.”

Seriously, no one respects the art of dibs anymore.

Weston rolls his eyes, shaking his head in defiance. The man was a villain. He's standing near the fireplace, curiously inspecting a few pictures at the top of the shelf above it. Which, by the way, I told him to stop doing a few times. I didn't want germs all over our precious family pictures.

But does he listen?

No.

Now I have to disinfect the frames from Westonitis.

Meredith and Chancellor Williams were sitting at the couch in the living room. Both of which, look amused and slightly desperate for Weston to shut up. I agree. The boy talks too much.

We decided to take refuge here after hearing the threat my lovely Alpha warranted. As much as we would love to eavesdrop, none of us were looking for an early death sentence. Honestly, I don't know if I'm lucky or not to have been the one stumbling in that little scene. Sure I love me some gossip and I would die for some tea to spill, but that was just...

I don't even want to think about it.

"Uhm, no. I'm afraid that role is filled by yours truly."

I look to Weston whose face reminds me so much of sand.

Salty.

Dry.

And....

I hate sand.

"Why would I want you to be mine? You don't see people wanting s hit, do you?"

I ask.

"It's an expression, a sshole."

"An expression that gives anyone nightmares, dum bass."

I hear Meredith's faint 'oh s hit' in the background when Weston lunges at me. I dodge and just before anything can happen, the Chancellor is right in-between us with both arms raised.

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"Enough."

He booms out, looking between Weston and I.

"Your childishness is to be put at a stop here."

I glare at Weston who returns my gaze and relax my shoulders reluctantly. My wolf whines in my head, huffing out his disappointment. He was ready to bite the living sh it out of him. And no, not in the kinky way.

Even my wolf wanted to mess up little Preston's face.

"Besides, I'm sure I'll be the one to take that role."

Our heads snap to the Chancellor's direction.

Oh f uck no, not him too.

"Uh, no. I'm the Beta. Beta's are the automatic winners by default."

I say, feeling heated all over again. Seriously, what's with all this competition? I didn't know this much people were on the Railene train. I was the f ucking train conductor! I'm the captain of this ship!

"So am I, dips hit."

Weston grumbles annoyedly.

“Hey now, don’t forget the Chancellor title.”

Williams interjects. Even he’s starting to get fired up.

“How about all three of you shut your traps so we can actually hear what’s going on?”

All three of us stop our bickering and slowly turn to Meredith who’s straining to stand ontop of at medium sized cabinet. How she got there without any of us noticing? I don’t know. She has real stealth skills. She’s trying really hard to tip toe with the intention of pressing her ear against the ceiling, but she’s still off. She frowns.

“Dam mit, why are the ceilings so da mn high…”

She grumbles, jumping off the cabinet in defeat. She sticks her landing, even in heels, and puts her hands to her hips. Her eyebrows are pinched together and suddenly her eyes flash to Williams.

“And you!”

She shouts, pointing an accusing finger at him.

“You should’ve said you were bringing my future son-in-law with you!”

Meredith is completely livid. Her face growing tight with anger. Had Meredith known earlier, she would’ve had a whole feast set up, cleaned the pack house spotless three times, dressed in an ankle long dress, forced Selene to wear a skin tight one and probably poke holes in the condom packets I know she keeps in Selene’s drawer without the Alpha knowing.

Williams smirks, shrugging nonchalantly and leans back into the couch. He lets out a contented sigh and opens his mouth. He was about to respond when Weston mutters out a low,

“Well you know, he came with his Beta, but okay. Let’s not acknowledge the fact.”

When no one says anything he adds,

“Oh yes, ignore him too. Fantastic. Love the audience here. Let everyone gush over how the Alphas

were d ry hum ping but ignore the man who’ll have to suffer Alpha Locksworth’s wrath later.”

He shakes his head in pure devastation. I see the agony in his eyes as he slumps his shoulders over. “You make one joke about Alpha Grestfield finding herself another mans and he goes bat s hit crazy with jealousy before abruptly deciding to pay a visit with the Chancellor. I just wanted to get some Skittles, man.”

The last part is muttered lowly, like he was remembering some kind of promise he never got to fulfill. When he gets out of memory lane, he lifts his eyes to look at Meredith.

“If you do in fact get grand-pups, it’s gonna be because of me. Ain’t no flowers getting fertilized around here without my help. Thus, I demand the right to be the favorite uncle.”

Weston glances over to me and sighs.

“He can also be a favorite uncle.”

You know what.

He’s not that bad.

“But when the kids are born, I get to be the first one to hold them.”

Nevermind.

“That’s a funny joke Beta Creed, except grandmothers should be the first to hold their grand pups.” Meredith crosses her arms with a look that dared any of us to challenge her. I warily look to Weston and we both ment ally agree not to go against her. Neither

of us want to face her power when it comes to grandpups. I'm sure she would tear into me without hesitation if I even thought about fighting her on that.

"Well, what about the grandfather?"

Meredith's cold gaze cuts to Williams who's unfazed by the daggers in her eyes. He holds his ground, not minding the power radiating from Meredith. The two were good friends from young ages, so I knew it wasn't all that serious.

Her claws begin to extend and my eyes widens.

Or maybe not.

"I thought you wanted to be the Godfather?"

She asks with a hint of mock in her tone.

"I can be both."

Meredith scoffs.

"Okay, Williams. Now you're just hogging up my non-existent grand pup. And frankly, I don't appreciate it nor do I like it."

Williams was about to retort with what I could feel would've been a smart a ss reply but was cut off short by the sound of the front door slamming open. We all turn our heads to the hyperventilating intruder but it didn't take me a second longer to realize who it was. I knew instantly the moment his scent reached my nose even before I looked at him.

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Chapter 116

He's wheezing, breathing heavily with his blue shirt soaked with sweat, clinging onto his chest. Droplets of water rolls off the side of his face as he bends, hands clutching onto his knees as he pants out exhaustedly.

"What...did.... you mean..... by...."

He lifts his phone to reveal the screen turned on to our chat. The words displayed was a text sent from me.

The Bloodlust Alpha is eating Selene lol'

Meredith looks at me. Her lips thinned into a line and her eyes half lidded unamused.

"You told him Alpha Locksworth is eating her? How did you even have the time to text him from when we were going downstairs?"

I feel the pointed stares of Williams, Weston and Meredith drilling into the side of my face. Their judgmental gazes making both me and my wolf uncomfortable. Awkwardly puffing out my cheeks, i laugh nervously as my wolf slowly retreats into the corner of my mind backwards.

"I didn't tell him, I texted him."

No response.

Yikes. Tough audience.

"I uh... didn't think he'd take me seriously-"

"I'm surprised anyone ever does."

Weston interrupts, his gaze never leaving him. Caution and alert is in his posture. His wolf undoubtedly keeping tabs and evaluating the newcomer as an opponent in case a

fight breaks out.

“Wha- who the hell are you?”

He wheezes out his question. He takes in a huge breath, trying to steady his breathing and slips his phone into his back pocket. He never lets his gaze wander from Weston.

“Weston Creed, Beta of the Ignis Red pack, serving under Alpha Locksworth.”

Weston walks forward with dignified steps, lending out his hand. This was a test of tension. If either one of them does a thing the other doesn't like, there's no doubt in my mind that fists and claws and possibly shifts would be flying around here.

Weston patiently waits with his hand sticking outright. The hand he never offered me.

What a prick. The time ticks by without anyone moving a muscle. Finally, I think

Weston has enough. Weston gives him a look, tilting his head to the side and asks none too patiently,

“And you are?”

Another wave of tension goes by before he lifts his hand to give Weston a shake. When the two -formally greet each other, he runs the back of his hand over his forehead to wipe the sweat off his

face. He exhales with a calm puff of breath. He licks his dry lips as his gaze sweeps across the room. He takes his time to individually memorize everyone's expressions: most of these faces he knew and one he didn't.

“Isaac. Isaac Everdale, Gamma of the Greyhound pack, serving under Alpha Crestfield.”

“I believe it's safe to say you all know why I called you here.”

Noah's fingers laced together as he brought them to his lips. His arms that propped onto the

conference table lay bare when he rolled his sleeves up. Sitting at the edge of his seat, he tried not to let the buzzing feeling that this was a bad idea stray him from his objective. It was, after all, too late to change his mind. His expression set into deep thought as he leaned into his chair.

Sitting around the table were his accomplices:

His beautiful mate, Mailia.

His Ex-Alpha and current Alpha's adoptive mother, Meredith.

The Chancellor, Williams.

The Chancellor's mate and close associate of Meredith's, Elizabeth.

And lastly, the Beta of Alpha Locksworth and Noah's arch nemesis, Pres- Weston.

“Indeed...”

Mailia leans closer to the desk, eyeing the others before grimly looking at her hands.

“I didn't think it would happen so quickly... None of us expected it. To think, they would-”

She cuts herself off and shuts her eyes, putting a hand to her chest before digging her nails into her shirt.

“I can't even speak from how shocked I am. They didn't even give us time to prepare.”

Noah frowns and places a comforting hand to her shoulder. He gives her a reassuring squeeze.

“I know. Everything is all sorts of messed up right now. Things aren't the same. But what is the same, is our purpose. It's up to us to ensure chaos doesn't wreck havoc on their lives. It's up to us to make sure evil doesn't weave its way into their fates.”

Noah's gaze sweeps around the table until it reaches Weston. He frowns.

“Okay, well maybe not so much you. It’s just that Mailia told me not to exclude you.”
He ignores Weston’s scowl and clears his throat,
“Anyway, as I was saying. We are the ones to ensure that the balance and the fate of our heads and jobs are still intact. We are the sole members of a society like none other. Us- The Guardians of the Galax- wh oops, wrong story. Let me try that again. Us- The guardians of peace, love and prosperity.”
Noah smiles triumphantly, slamming his hand against the wood in a hard smack and stands up his chair for dramatics.
from
“Us- the Selene Protection Squad.”
Mailia nods, wiping the tears slipping from her eyes. Pride and pure adoration for her mate shinning through her smile.
“...aren’t they just going on a date?”
The two cut their gazes at Williams, who looks utterly confused and looks to Meredith for support. She too, holds an expression of confusion but there’s more amusement than anything else. With her arms crossed behind her head, she leans against her chair with a sigh.

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“Yes, Williams. They are.”

He squints, unable to understand or comprehend why the Beta made the situation sound so life threatening.

“So... you called us all the way here to discuss their date?”

Noah nods.

“Yes.”

No one says anything for a few minutes. The majority of them finding the situation so stupid that they were actually rendered speechless. Of course, Noah didn’t know that. As far as he was concerned, everyone was just as worried about it as he was. It’s Elizabeth that decides to break the tension with a small laugh. Pressing her lips together, she scotches her chair closer to the desk and gives her husband a tight smile.

A smile that said “what the hell is going on in this kids mind”. She steadily shifts her attention to Noah.

“And... we’re supposed to do something about that?”

Everyone turns their heads to look at Noah. He nods feverishly, a look of disbelief washing over his face at the fact that no one else seemed to grasp the gravity of the situation. Throwing his hands in the air, he moves closer to the table and flattens his hands on the wood before leaning forward.

“Don’t you guys get it? If their date goes wrong- their first date, they might decide not to see each other again!”

Meredith gasps, shooting out of her seat with her hands clasped to her mouth. Her face riddles with fear.

“No grandpups?”

She asked mortified.

Noah hangs his head solemnly.

“No grandpups.”

“Okay, okay, but the date can’t get that bad. The two are obviously meant to be.” Elizabeth pitches in, sounding a lot like she was convincing herself more than anyone else. She too wanted her grandpups. Noah lifts his gaze to her and nods. Taking his hands off the table, he begins walking toward her and makes a stop right when he’s directly behind. Meredith, though the shell shock of having no grandpup still lingers in her mind, slumps into her seat.

Placing both hands on Elizabeth’s shoulders, he bends down until his head is leveled with the side of hers.

“Yes, they are. Anyone with eyes see that.... however, there’s one thing we aren’t thinking of.”

He looks to Mailia and gives her a nod. Like an unspoken understanding, she returns his gesture before getting up to the powerpoint projector and turning it on. The rest of the group don’t even have the time to question what’s happening because Mailia claps three times and suddenly, the lights dimmed at her command. The focus being put on the powerpoint slide titled:

Things That Can Go Wrong In Their Date Because Why Wouldn’t It?

Researched by: Noah Jones

Written by: Noah Jones

Pictures by: Noah Jones

Sponsored by: Mailia Jones and Paul Anka

Still Hating: Weston Creed

Noah takes the powerpoint remote out of his pocket and clicks to the next slide which had bolded letters at the top reading out: Ex’s that Seriously Won’t F icking Stop.

Giving Elizabeth a firm squeeze on the shoulder, he shakes his head at the words.

“That right there, ladies and gentlemen, is problem number one. An ex could possibly make an appearance and ruin everything.”

Elizabeth whips her head around and looks at Noah in alert. The sudden look of stress out lining her expression.

“No!”

She gasps.

“Not the ex’s!”

“Oh, but yes, dear Elizabeth. The ex’s. They always find a way to ruin everything. I’ve watched a lot of Drama’s and Telenovelas for research and listed out a few reasons as to what they could do.”

As if by cue, Mailia goes around handing out packets of papers. All of them were thick and bound together by sturdy strings.

□

Noah says, pulling back and walking around the table. Elizabeth flips through the pages as everyone does and sees a list written out from the section he called out.

“Pregnancy pin-up, long lost love, thought to be dead but actually is alive, ex-boyfriend/girlfriend, one-night stand with delusions about starting a relationship, bat-sh it crazy stalker that won’t leave them alone after breaking up...”

Elizabeth looks defeated as she grabs onto Williams’ bicep.

“Oh no, James! We can’t let these bitc hes get in the way of Selene’s happiness!”

His eyebrows shoot up as he stared at his mate. Her sudden outburst shocking him into a daze. Everyone stares at Elizabeth who notices the attention and give them a dry look.

“What?”

“...Anyway, yes! An ex can appear and ruin everything! But you know what can be worse? This!”

He flips to the next slide which showcases an image of the beach.

“He can bring her to the beach.”

Williams' eyebrows scrunches up. The ex part, he understood, but the beach?

“The beach? What can be so bad about the beach?”

He vocalizes the question everyone had. Noah laughs, putting his hands at his hips and grins.

Oh foolish, foolish wolves.

“Everything, Chancellor. Everything is bad about the beach.”

Noah's face twists in disgust just from merely thinking of it.

“Imagine all of the people that'll be there. It's gonna be squished, hot, sunburn prone, filled with per vs that will look at the Alpha the wrong way and possibly awaken the Bloodlust Alpha who will destroy them all, germ-y with all those bodies dipping in the water and I can assure you! Someone. Will. Pee. In the water.”

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 118

Posted by Admin1, 181 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

Chapter 118

Williams' eyes widen as he runs his hand through his hair.

“The p ervers...sunburns...”

He shakes his head, grabbing Elizabeth's hand in his.

“We can't let this happen, Eliza.”

She nods eagerly in agreement.

“And that's not even the worst part.”:

Noah zooms into the image until the screen is only showing the sand.

“-There's also... sand.”

He growls.

“F ucking. Sand.”

If anyone were to look at him now, gets assume he was talking about his arch nemesis. A.k.a. Weston.

“Okay, Anakin Skywalker, I think you're blowing this out of proportion.”

Westion interrupts, a look of pure annoyance on his face. He could barely hide his distaste for the guy and now he had to stay in the same room? Weston could think of a million other things he'd rather do than to stay here.

“You know what's gonna be out of proportion, Preston? Your face if you don't shut up.”

Weston throws Noah a nasty glare but he ignores him. Something he was getting really good at lately.

“Sadly, my second in command on the Selene Protection Squad, Isaac, isn't here. He was supposed to help me plan but...”

Noah has a faraway look in his eyes. His dark hair falling perfectly over his forehead

and the shimmer in his pupils diminishing from his thoughts.

“He’s in a better place, now.”

“Wait, he died-”

“Isaac’s still in Alpha Cade’s territory.”

Mailia explains to Meredith. Noah sighs, looking at the thick packet before turning to face everyone else.

“The plan is to tail them on their date. According to my source, they’re planning on going somewhere tomorrow.”

Williams tilts his head to the side,

“Who is your source?”

“Selene.”

Noah smiles sheepishly and rubs the back of his neck.

“I asked her last week.”

Williams lets out a small ‘ah’.

“Alrighty then, now that we established that Nate here, is overreacting, let’s all just go home.”

“Listen here, Preston. This also affects you.”

Weston raises a challenging brow at Noah. He sinks into his chair and exhales through his nose,

“Oh enlighten me, wise one.”

Weston drawls sarcastically. Noah doesn’t let it get to him as he responds in a beat,

“Gladly, unwise one.”

Before Weston can reply with a witty remark, Noah steps in front of the powerpoint, effectively grabbing everyone’s attention as he folds his hands together.

It all led up to this.

“If something goes wrong, Alpha Locksworth will be... I don’t know... bloodlusty? He gets that name for a reason. I’m sure the Chancellor has told you about the times he destroys a few rooms when he’s angry or upset. How most of them are so damaged it almost looks like a tornado ripped into it. In fact, I’m sure you’ve seen in first hand, seeing that you reside in the pack house.”

The slight wince Weston had only proved Noah’s assumption.

“And who will have to fix the damage in the poor, poor pack house? Who will have to finish mountains of paperwork regarding property damage in case his Alpha decides to wreck havoc outside pack territory? Who will have to tip toe around an Alpha ready to blow a fuse? Who will possibly have to sign off a murder witness testimony? His Beta. And who is his Beta? Oh right,”

He looks at Weston blankly and points,

“This du mba ss.”

Noah lets out a cocky smirk seeing Weston pale at his words. Surely even Weston could admit that Noah was making sense. He hadn’t thought about the effects a date gone wrong could have on him and the pack. His Alpha that was deprived of affection and intimacy, losing the one person he had interest in?

Oh the horrors! Oh the pain! Oh the bills!

Oh fuck that.

The last time his Alpha was in a really bad mood, the pack house had to undergo two months worth of renovation and damage control. And who had to personally deal with all that? He did.

How the Alpha manage to ruin every guest room in the top floor in under thirty minutes was beyond him.

He could only imagine how much worse it would be if something were to of wrong with Alpha Selene. In fact, he truly didn't want to imagine it.

All the zeroes in the check he'd have to write in order to fix the damage was terrifying enough.

"You might actually be on to something, Nate."

Weston mutters, visibly shaken at the wild thoughts running through his mind. Though Noah was thoroughly enjoying the satisfaction of proving Weston wrong, he too, knew he had things he had to worry about as well. If by chance the date were to go wrong, it surely wouldn't just be Alpha Locksworth who would be in a certified s hit mood.

An angry Alpha is a scary Alpha.

An angry Hellhound was a scary Hellhound.

An angry Selene was... well you get the picture.

"I don't even want to think how Alpha Selene will act too."

Noah shudders at the scenarios playing in his head. Being her Beta for a bit over two years, it was only right to assume that he knew better than anyone how bad her moods could get.

The only thing worse than a date gone wrong would be a break up.

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 119

Posted by Admin1, 184 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

Chapter 119

"Okay, fine. You got me there, Nate. What do you suggest we do."

Weston stops himself halfway before pouting,

"Also, how come it's just the 'Selene Protection Squad'? Why can't it be the 'Selene and Raizel Protection Squad'? That hardly seems fair. My Alpha deserves some love too."

Noah folds his arms across his chest in defiance and frowns,

"Well, my Alpha has a tragic backstory and deserves more lovin', that's why."

Weston found his reasoning stu pid. So stu pid, that he just had to one up him.

"So does mine!"

He argues.

"But Selene's is sadder!"

Noah fights back, a whine in his tone that everyone chooses to ignore. The two glare down at each. other in a stand off. Neither one giving in. It was obvious that the two were fighting just for the kicks of it but no one really had the interest on stopping them. Let the two tire themselves out, it shouldn't matter if they did.

It would probably be better if they did. At least then, they wouldn't be itching to start a fight with one another every waking second. Hopefully it doesn't get so bad where someone else has to step in to separate them. The two were trouble. Always getting into fights with one another, which so far, has only been verbally.

Looking for any reason, no matter if it was small, to engage in an argument.

It'd be a lie if the group said it wasn't entertaining as much as it was annoying.

"And you're the judge of the tragicness?"

Weston asks stubbornly.

"No, the readers decide."

"Boys, look!"

The two Beta's snap their heads to Meredith's direction. The slight squeal in her tone was enough to tear them from their heated conversation. She was looking out the window, a bright smile on her face as she stared down. Letting their curiosity eat at their mind, Noah and Weston decide to abandon the fight and mindlessly walk in the direction of the window. Everyone followed suit, unable to help themselves only to find the one thing they didn't expect.

Selene and Raizel were seen inside of his car. Raizel had been the first one to step out in order to open the door for her. From what they could see, Raizel was dressed somewhat casually. Only in a dark shirt and jeans in contrast to the usual dress shirts and suits he typically wore.

Stepping out of the car, Selene came out with a bright smile on her face and a bouquet of flowers in her arms. A pink hue gracing her cheeks as Raizel leaned down to kiss her forehead. The two looked perfectly in sync, the happiness radiating off of them like a damned heater. No one could mistake the glow surrounding them for anything but utter bliss.

If the group didn't know any better, it would look like Raizel and Selene had just been on a date.

"Nate."

...Yeah?"

"When did Selene say they would have a date? The actual date. Specifically, the number."

Noah looks to Weston who's staring intently at the two walking into the pack house. He didn't understand why he asked for a specific date when he told them it was happening tomorrow.

"The fifteenth. Why?"

A chorus of groans and sighs fill the room the moment his answer sinks in. Williams lets out a loud breath before tugging Elizabeth toward the door. She followed him without protest.

"We'll be taking our leave."

"Wha-"

"I too, will be taking my leave."

Meredith sighs, trailing behind them. She flicks a lock of her hair behind her ear.

"I don't want to be in this tension.":

Mailia blurts, following the three out.

The door clicked softly behind them as Noah looked at Weston confusedly. The silence only managing to confuse his little brain even more.

"What was that about?"

He asked thoughtlessly. Weston gave him a are-you-serious-right-now look and shook his head before pushing himself off the window. With one last unimpressed glance toward Noah, he shakes his head.

"Next time you decide to make a powerpoint presentation and packets, check the

dates.”

And without another word, Weston disappears out the door like the lot of them. Noah, who is now standing alone, pulls out his phone to look at the calendar and lets out a dry laugh followed by a string of colorful words.

“Ahahahaha..... f uck.”

Raizel

Week after Gala

There were only a handful of times in my life where I was caught by surprise. To find myself unable to make sense of anything due to the mere fact of being surprised.

One of which, was when I found out about the curse at six years old.

The curse that ran through my bloodline. A consequence bestowed upon my ancestor for his foolish. decision. The decision that pulled anger from the Goddess above. So much anger that even after centuries, the curse still lives on with the sole descendant. It was then that I realized why I was outcasted.

Why childrens’ mothers cast me wary glances and their fathers urged them to respect but steer clear from me. It all made sense, then. Why I was always separated from other children in the pack. Why I wasn’t “allowed” to be with other children who found my presence too intimidating. Those who were afraid of catching the Goddess’ wrath through associating with me.

The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 120

Posted by **Admin1**, 291 Views, Released on May 30, 2023

Chapter 120

I was different.

Too different.

And that had been the problem.

But like all things, time had come to pass and soon it became unimportant how others viewed me. All those lingering gazes and hushed whispers overshadowed and silenced in the face of becoming Alpha. I had more important things to focus on than how wolves whispered about me.

So the curse went to the back of my mind like everything else the upcoming few years.

It became unimportant but was always a looming shadow I refused to acknowledge.

Until I found out that unlike the previous successors, my curse was different. It had been. unprecedented.

That unlike them, my curse was crueler and non-physical.

Whereas they lost something on their bodies, I lost something in my soul.

My other-half.

My mate.

The mate every wolf was given out of the Moon Goddess’ good will. The other half the Moon Goddess created to fit another.

“Are you nervous, son?”

I look

up to my father, wildly shaking my head. But he and I knew I was bluffing. I was

nervous. Petrified, even. How could I possibly not? Today was the day I found out what my curse was. The Head Witch herself was called upon to do the reading. My parents personally reached out to her with the help of Chancellor Williams. It was a surprise she even agreed.

Witches and Wolves don't necessarily have the best relationship.

But according to my parents, she was a close family friend. They would've done the reading sooner, but they had to wait til I was of age. Or so my mother says. Something to do with my fate being too blurry when still too young.

"All will be fine, Raizel."

Father puts his hand to my shoulder, squeezing tight before looking to where my mother was coming from. Walking toward us wearing a simple sundress, her dark hair spiraled down her waist. She had a tight smile in place, casting me a forced look of reassurance before darting her grey eyes to my father.

"She's arrived."

The tone in mother's voice was odd. Nothing like the softness I was so used to hearing. It was tinged with fear; cold with a sigh of her whisper. But father didn't seem to find it strange. He nodded, looking down at me with masked emotions. For a split second, I saw the underlying fear in his eyes that quickly flashed over his dark pupils.

The fear for his son.

His fear for me.

"Wait here. Your mother and I will meet with her first."

Without another word he takes my mother's hand and leads her to the common room. I watched

after their backs, listening to my fathers orders and stayed rooted in place. My gaze fell to their intertwined fingers. Then it fell to my father's prosthetic leg. That was my father's curse. His right leg was paralyzed. He was born with it. His father before him was blind. And his father before him was deaf. The list went on.

Every generation, the Moon Goddess would take something of theirs.

The gift of sight.

Gift of hearing.

Gift of movement.

It was a repetitive notion. But never the same type twice in a row. It varied. One thing that did stay the same was that each generation would only have one child.

A son.

To carry on the family name...

as well as the curse.

The ultimate punishment for what my ancestor did.

It was placed there to hinder and make keeping the Alpha role harder. After all, having a missing body part or function would be a handicap. And without another successor, the son would have to bear excruciatingly difficult obstacles to ensure the survival of their pack. At first, my father had a hard time. When he first shifted, his paralyzed leg was a hinderance. Though he managed to shift, his leg still didn't work. It was limp. A liability to him.

He knew right then and there he needed to get rid of it.

And so they amputated it when he was just sixteen.

The curse was always physical.

It wasn't something you could hide or pretend wasn't there. It had something to do with the body.

Until me.

I had nothing 'taken' from me. Nothing 'wrong' with me from when I was young. At first, my parents thought that just maybe the Moon Goddess forgave our bloodline. That maybe she had forgotten her anger and believed that our lineage had suffered enough to atone for my ancestor's sin.

They were wrong.

Every sole successor had a mark. A mark that would appear at age ten that labeled them as cursed. My father's was on his hip. Right above his right leg. And my grandfather's mark was on his eyelid. The marks of a small crescent moon would appear where the 'cursed' body part was. A black inked marking.

Mine appeared last week.

Except, on a place it was never on before:

My chest.

Right where my heart was.

"Do you think the Head Witch can make a potion for endless ice cream?"

I look to the Beta's son, Weston, and frown. He was the one person aside from my parents and higher ranks that didn't fear me. The one person who stubbornly kept trying to befriend me. His dark hair hung over his eyes but it's clear to anyone he's actually thinking deeply about his question.