

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 2

Chapter 2

That little kiss didn't go unnoticed.

"I'll stay here for a second. I dropped a plate, I'll be right out after I clean it up."

His velvety voice stroke tingles up my skin. Hestia, who only now saw the broken plate looked to her feet and gasped. I could tell she wanted to help him clean it but Landon insisted he'd do it himself. After a few seconds of reluctantly agreeing, Hestia tugged me forward and began to lead me out.

I could feel his gaze boring into my back as I turned. I hated the feeling of immense jealousy coursing through me caused by my own sister. She had no fault in this. Not really. It wasn't as though she knew he would be my mate. Of course it wasn't ideal for her to be going after someone who wasn't hers to begin with, but they grew close to each other long before he got to know me. They actually cared for one another; bond or no bond. Besides, it was just a crush. I tried reassuring myself that her fascination with him was only temporary. The moment she'd find her mate, she'd realize how silly her pinning of him was.

It still didn't erase the hurt from being secondary to him though.

Hestia was first.

I was second.

It hurt so much that anger toward my sister began to brew inside me. How could I share the one person I shouldn't have to? Hestia always had my parents' attention. I blamed it on the younger-sibling card. Though, deep down inside I knew my parents favored her. I didn't hate them for it. I never could. It wasn't intentional but it wasn't very subtle either. Hestia was coddled by my parents. It was hard to pretend like I didn't notice the stark difference between us.

She was everything I wasn't. She was better. She was friendly whereas I was socially awkward. She was confidently beautiful to a fault whereas I was more quiet and to myself. She had friends who would gladly put their life down for her whereas I only had my garden. She was always believed to be Luna material whereas I was simply "the Luna's sister".

She was best friends with the Future Alpha, considered family to the current Alpha and Luna, and was someone everyone sought to be.

She was Hestia.

I was simply Selene.

And I loved myself regardless.

We both grew up fine. We were just different people. I never minded that. She was her own person as I was my own. It was her destiny for something great. I was confident that my own destiny would hold the same kind of importance but just in a different setting.

I knew I was much more than what people thought me to be even without saying it.

She was my sibling and obviously I would be proud of her. I was proud to call her my sister. She was everything I hoped she'd grow up to be. She never asked for the attention people gave her, she was just that good to be drawing that kind of love from

everyone in the pack.

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As stupid as it sounded seeing as I was the older sister, I looked up to her. She was somewhat of a role model to me.

She was one of a kind, just as I was.

She was beautiful, just as I was.

It just took the right person to see that.

And for me, it was supposed to be my mate.

For the first time in my life, I was jealous of my sister.

Jealous of what she had that I didn't.

Jealous of the memories they had shared, are sharing and will share.

I was never mistreated. Never bullied. But sometimes, I wished someone had said mean things to me, done me some wrong. At least then, I would feel somewhat part of the pack. Even if it meant being in the bottom of the food chain.

As of now, as it always had been, I was the outlier.

The odd one out.

The one people know but never knew.

I just wanted a place here.

Heat rose up to my cheeks when I risked a look over my shoulder to see Landon staring at me. He was crouched over the glass shards from the plate but was completely still.

We held each other's gaze as Hestia led me away for what seemed like minutes when in reality, it was only for a brief few seconds. We came into the common room where the flatscreen Tv pressed against the wall with three couches surrounding it: one on each side.

"Selene, there you are. I was beginning to think you locked yourself in your room even on your birthday."

My father laughed, raising a pointed brow at me.

I forced a smile on my face before settling down on the couch opposite of him. We never really got along but he let me do as I wished as long as it hadn't interfered with his affairs. He was far too busy with pack affairs than to worry about me getting my hands dirty from gardening. His indifference suited me just fine. It was then that my mother came strolling in with an apron tied around her waist. I could distinctly hear her speaking to my father but my thoughts revolved around the brunette in the kitchen who still had yet to talk to me about what we were going to do.

I felt someone looking at me.

I tilted my head up to find Hestia grinning as she dashed to the other room only to come back with a big, blue box tied with a little red bow on the top in her hands. She beamed, handing me the box while shifting her gaze to her feet slipped in black heels.

"This one's from Landon and I."

Just as she said these words, Landon came in. I tried not to look up because Goddess knows I would get lost in his forest green eyes if I did. I thought for sure he would take his place beside Hestia but he didn't. He simply leaned against the doorframe of the entrance to the

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living room without a word. His arms crossed at his chest making his muscles bulge and temptation held me by the throat. I managed to calm the soaring desire for him and stared at the box blankly. It was heavy in my lap. Everyone stared.