

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 196

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Instinctively, Selene licked her lips.

With a coy grin she ran her tongue between the seam of her lips,

“Tasty.”

Raizel panted lowly, chest heaving up and down as he took her by the arms and pinned her to the bed. The animalistic look from his eyes aroused her. He was going to give her what she wanted. Hard, fast and thorough like she wanted. He reached to take the belt binding her wrists in his hand before ripping the leather apart.

Her hands finally free from the constraints but had no time in relishing the way it felt.

Raizel was quick to take them in his hand and pin them above her head. His mouth swiftly latched onto the supple skin of her neck, nipping and biting until bright red marks decorated her skin.

There was no waiting.

No taking his time.

Selene had turned on the switch in him that would set him off on her, and she damn well enjoyed it. She couldn't find any ounce of her to regret it. Raizel's teeth scraped down her neck and to her collarbone. His hot breath fanning over her skin made goosebumps rise from their spots. She tried to

lustful meet his eyes, but they were far too busy fixated on her chest to notice. The heated, stared at her with drowned out any reasonable thoughts trying to process in her mind.

She was entirely consumed by him as he was with her.

Heart, body and soul alike.

“I'm warning you now, Selene.”

gaze

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Raizel's husky voice sent ripples of pleasure shooting through her veins. His nose trailed down her neck, teeth teasing when taking in a patch of her skin between them.

He licked at the reddened spot in apology before lifting his eyes to meet hers. The

mischievous, raw, lustful need in them swirling in his dark hooded eyes,

“I won’t be able to take this slow.”

Raizel moved up her neck. Butterfly kisses were left scattered all over her skin before he stopped right below her ear. His hands wandered over her body like a canvas waiting to be painted in his color. They groped at everything- anywhere he could get his hands on before stopping at her thighs. His fingers curled at her skin.

“I’m going to take you hard. But don’t worry.”

He spread her legs apart,

“The bed won’t be the only place I’ll take you by the time we’re through.”

Well fuck .

If she weren’t wet enough before, she was a bursting dam now.

Raizel wasted no time in moving between her legs until she felt his hard length pressing against her inner thigh. Slightly surprised by his quick recovery time, she tried not to let it show on her face. The hotness of his cock rubbing against her deliciously as he captured her lips in his once again. The cocky smirk was in place before he slipped his tongue in her mouth.

Heat spread over her like never before. His honesty in what he wanted to do to her had her on her knees for him. His teasing warning did nothing but feed fire to the want she felt for him and the

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pleasure he could give her. It was so bad she didn’t even notice her hips rolling against his in an attempt to coax him to getting inside faster.

It just felt so good to have his so close to her wet entrance.

“Hurry—”

She groaned out, back arched and chest perking in the air.

Raizel’s eyes darkened at her request. Seeing her needy with want definitely did something to trigger his last bit of restraint. A gasp ripped from Selene’s lips when the tip of his cock pressed against her clit. A whine trembled from her mouth when he moved slowly. Rubbing his cock against the bud at his pace, sweat trickled down his neck.

She moved against him, breathless pants and a heaving chest seducing him into doing more. He groaned under her lustful gaze. His hips slowly snapping to her entrance

where he slid in with at little resistance. Selene was wet enough, but he was too big.

“Fu c k-”

He hunched over her, his body trembling with the desire to thrust in fully. She knew that he was holding back to make sure she wasn't hurt, but honestly, she could hardly care, Selene tugged at his neck, pulling his head to meet her lips as she whispered,

“Harder, Alpha.”

Yep. That one really did it for him.

Raizel suddenly fu c ked into her, easing his length in her wet warmth with a hiss and profanity slipping under his breath. He didn't wait another second before snapping his hips back only to plunge right back into her with merciless force. She screamed out, her hands digging into his back and leaving red lines along his taut muscles. His coc k twitched inside her in response. Sliding in and out relentlessly with every sporadic thrust of his hips.

“Oh God- Raizel! Fu c k, fu c k-”

She whined, her voice straining to scream out her pleasure. Raizel took it as motivation to continue, his hands moving to lift one of her legs for better access. With a feral smile playing on his lips, he quickened his pace. She could feel the bed moving underneath her frame. A string of cries and moans leaving her lips as her stomach tightened.

Raizel's merciless assaults didn't stop when he suddenly flipped her backwards without pulling out. She opened her mo uth to question him when he grasped her hips in his hands and started pounding into her from behind.

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A delicious sting of flesh on flesh resonating through the walls.

She cried out, head falling to to cushion with her a s s sticking out for him to grope. Evidence of arousal dripped down her thighs each time he plowed himself in and out. Fu c k, if he wasn't addicted. to the way she stretched for him.

The way her tightness clenched around him with greed.

The skin on her as s was honestly beginning to hurt from all the times he thrust against her hips. The sound and smell of se x enwrapping their minds into a cloud of lust not yet withering down. Raizel growled out, his hand gasping a fistful of her hair before pulling her to his chest. She was going to hel l for enjoying that.

It didn't hurt but it was most certainly hot.

Selene's back pressed against his chest, his hand letting go of her hair only to wrap around her neck gently. He licked at her skin. Her back pressing harder with desperation to get him in harder. His hard thrusts were getting sloppy, still hard and goddam n merciless but driven with a more primal need. She could feel him lose control- if he actually had any.

“That's right doll, take it. You're doing so well.”

He mused, ramming harder before his hand snaked over to rub her clit. Selene's jaw dropped in

a soundless plea. The pleasure raking down her body was mind blowing. His fingers moved with precision and roughness, rubbing feverishly at the pace of his hips. At this point she was sure she had basically let everyone in the pack house know what you're doing. Though, the kissing since entering the pack house should've been a clear indicator already. She did nothing to stop the screams and moans leaving her body. Her throat was already feeling scratchy from the abuse her vocal cords were going through.

"Scream for me."

Raizel ordered, his hands cupping her breasts.

"Let everyone know just who you belong to. No one but I could ever have you."

Her walls tightened at his words. His possessiveness oozed off him in tidal waves as his eyes darkened. He meant every word he had said. Clenching onto his cock greedily, Raizel's face morphed into incomparable ecstasy. He threw his head back, his lips falling open as he forced his hips deeper into her pussy. Her legs were shaking uncontrollably, eyes glazed over with lust. Every snap of his hips going into places deeper than before.

"I'm gonna cum."

He warned, his jaw tight and veins pulsing from his neck.

He was getting ready to pull out, but she shook her head. Selene's hands squeezed at his thighs to stop him to which he looked at her with a raised brow. With a final attempt to get her point across, she wrapped her leg around him and locked their ankles together. Finally understanding her intent, Raizel groaned loudly, his body heaving with excitement. He pumped in harder, hips snapping at an inhuman pace. The sound of sex breaking through Selene's cloud of lust. Raizel bit down at her shoulder, marking every patch of skin his lips could touch.

"You want me to cum in you?"

He asked raggedly.

She nodded weakly. She could hardly register what he was saying. The overwhelming pleasure taking too much space in her mind. Selene just wanted him to cum inside. To feel his cock twitch and

spill his warmth into her. He couldn't shake the thought from his mind. The image of her pussy dripping with his seed had him shaking with satisfaction. The Alpha in him finding it so fucking hot a growl slipped through his teeth.

"Please, please, please."

She moaned out, tears spilling over her eyes as he gave her a look of approval. He enjoyed watching her beg. He loved to see her crumble under his touch. That beautiful face of hers twisting into one of utter bliss caused by him, brought him near his end. He rutted himself into her, taking hold around her neck as he spoke,

"I want to mark you."

He groaned as she slammed her hips back into his,

"I want to mark you so bad, doll."

Selene moaned at his words, sucking onto the thumb he slid between her lips. Marking? Goddess she wanted to mark him. Her wolf purred at the idea, readily willing to drop everything for the chance to. Those beady eyes of hers lit with refined interest.

"Mark me."

She gasped out, eyes meeting his.

"-Want to mark you too."

Raizel hissed out, grinding his hips harder into hers until she let out another needy moan.

"Are you sure?"

She nodded, lips parting as she breathed out a barely audible,

“Yes.”

He didn't need anything else.

Raizel simply kissed the spot he deemed perfect, right at the center of the side of her neck and opened his mouth.

His lips descended down at her neck, canines extending until it punctured into her skin.

Tightening his hold around her neck for a few seconds, he faintly tasted her blood. His hips juttied forward one last time, her walls clenching tight around him. The coil in her abdomen unwinds and she comes with a loud moan, shuddering with the sensation of Raizel languidly pumping into her. White hot bliss numbing her until she feels the spurts of his come fill her.

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He pulled away, marveling at the sight of his indents forever staking its claim over her.

It was done.

She was marked.

She was irrevocably, wholeheartedly and entirely his.

And she wouldn't have had it any other way.

I felt my heart thud against my chest.

Liquid euphoria running through my veins as his teeth held onto my neck a little longer. The burning sensation of his canines sinking into my flesh brought out a strange sense of pleasure-pain. A combination I wasn't even aware could feel so good. The wolf inside me howls with delight, a wanton moan simultaneously slipping from my lips as he finally pulls away. My wolf revels in being marked. Loving the sensation of teeth clamping down around our neck as a sign of ownership. Her body grows limp, tongue hanging out as her tail lazily swishes back and forth. Her contentment mixing with mine only adds to the euphoria washing over us.

She felt blissed out- hell, so did I. I lull my head to the side, staring up at my mate who looked absolutely wrecked. His dark hair curling into a mess atop his head and his skin glistens with a sheet of sweat. The tight muscles that made up his firmness was taut against me. Large hands rested tight at my hips. Was he a damn sight. I could feel my wolf purring in agreement.

Raizel lets out a breath, canines still out with my blood dripping from the sharp tips of his teeth. Just looking at it made my neck sting with tenderness. I wondered how large his indents were. How large his mark was on my neck. The larger the indents, the more the wolf. In formal introductions, wolves would often use the wolf's marks as reference to have a better picture on who they were dealing with. An Alpha not yet wearing a mark would always prove to be the more trickier and riskier Alphas to judge.

I curled my fingers around his biceps, nails digging into his skin as my hips grind hard against him. Instantly, a bolt of electricity shot down my core. The insatiable need to have him over and over again, especially after marking, overpowers any another thought.

The primal want and need of having him closer grows the longer I stare at him.

Raizel groans appreciatively from the back of his throat. His hips move forward to meet my small thrusts; his cock hardening inside me once more. His movements are slow, savory and most importantly-teasing.

I could feel a growl of annoyance rise from my chest but I feel push it back when he moves forward particular hard. I groan, rolling my head to the side when I felt him latch his lips onto my neck again. He kissed at my mark, worshipping his claim with chaste kisses and long licks. My sensitivity to the mark shows in how I arch myself into him. My back curves, my breasts pressing into his chest as he nibbles at my mark. Then again, he lodges his canines into my neck, remarking me in less than five minutes after the first one. The natural inclination to grind

myself onto him grows.

I feel the connection between us thicken. The barrier that separated us slowly started to thin out. The warmth of his skin becomes a reminder of what I have with him. It becomes a reminder of what I have now and forever until my last breath.

Raizel pries his lips off my neck and moves away just enough to inspect my mark.

He watches with awe as I shiver when he lifts his hand up and swipes his thumb across the indents of his teeth. He traces the wound, noting how I shake in his hold as he does so. The fire burning in his eyes darkens into a pool of molten desire as my wetness drips down my thighs.

Slowly, he leans-

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forward, hips still connected with mine, and kisses the freshly made mark softly.

“My mate.”

He murmurs, grasping onto my hair like vines. He tugs at my hair until I look to side so his lips can have access to my shoulder. He kisses me there, mumbling to himself the same word he never thought he'd ever say.

The satisfaction his wolf feels resonates from his tone. They were on par with one another. The two of them leveled out in terms of control over his body. I understood him better, my connection with him just as strong as my wolf's connection with his. If I had thought we were close before, I was just proven wrong. I felt completely bare to him. Vulnerable in every sense of the word. There was no hiding, no facades, nothing that could possibly hide how one felt against the other.

We were joined.

“Are you okay?”

He asks, his eyes fleeting up and down my body with concern shining through his lust-filled gaze. The constant needless worry he seems to have over me makes me smile. More so now after had just marked me. Any newly marked mate would feel possessive -if not more toward their partner. I could already begin to see how that'll play out for the next couple of days.

Cupping his jaw, I kiss his chin chastely and nod.

“More than okay.”

He merely smiles in response. A gentle, warm smile that somehow always makes my heart skip a beat.

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I don't know where it came from.

Where this burst of desire and confidence sprouted from, but I knew in that moment that I wanted those gorgeous eyes to watch me. To have his firm body underneath me and at my mercy. The more dominant side of my wolf purrs with delight, tail flicking as I felt myself lick my lips. The little notion not going unnoticed by him as he watched the path my tongue took.

“But I could be even better.”

Raizel's brows furrow, lips slighting turning into a confused frown but instantly realization crosses his expression. By the time he understood what I had meant, he was under me. My pussy tightened around him, my weight adding to the force of my lower half against his. He lets out a guttural moan, large hands instantly coming down at my hips to steady me as I ground into his hips. His hard, throbbing cock impaling me deeper than before even with our mixed arousal still dripping out of me. I felt every vein, the pulsing of his length stretching me so deliciously good my mouth went open in a silent moan.

My throat dries at the pleasure spiking through me.

The little unconscious bounces I make to take him in and out throws away any logical thought. I threw my head back, biting my bottom lip as I savored the feeling of him nestled so deep inside me. So full, so warm, so right. My body fluttered around his thickness, greedily taking him in with the intent of milking him tip the very last drop. An appealing thought that drove my sexual appetite through the roof.

Goddess, it felt so fucking good. The high of my orgasm spurring me forward as I began to move my hips slowly. Swiveling my lower half around his cock, I relished the low groans Raizel makes and opened my eyes to watch him. He was, in short, entranced. His heated gaze fixed at where our bodies connected. The filthiness of his cock buried deep inside me and slick with our arousal making him harder than before. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh and the heavy scent of sex that hangs over the air cocoons us in lust. Like a bubble not ready to burst.

“Fuck.”

He moaned, head tilting back as he held onto my hips tighter. His fingers are digging into my skin. So much so I was certain bruises would be added to the impressive amount I already have.

Then again, those claw marks down his back wasn't so accidental either.

He starts feeling impatient. He began directing my movements, pulling me harder into his hips as he lifted his mid-thrust. The little smirk going on my face widened as I pushed his hands away, his eyes instantly opening to show me a questioning look. He raised a brow at the rejection.

“No.”

I tell him breathlessly, grinding myself harder into him to pull out a moan from the man. I pushed him forward onto the bed, his back meeting the soft mattress as he looked up at me. He said nothing, letting me do what I wished without protest. A part of me felt grateful, knowing how much he probably didn't like being dominated as a full-fledged Alpha. But he knew I needed this. That my wolf did. And from the looks of it, he had no problem giving it to me. The softness his eyes shows me how much he was willing to give me.

I pressed my hands flat against his abdomen and gradually slid them up his torso to rest at his shoulders. My fingers shape the curves of his body. The firm, hard muscle and pure man of him all under my fingertips. I wanted to engrave this moment to memory. To remember how his skin had felt under mine right before I sealed our fates together. Heat ignited in my belly, eyes hungrily drinking him in.

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“I'm in control.”

I tell him, leaving no room for argument. I don't have the right mind to blush or cringe away from my words. Had I been in a more stable mentality, I would've dove myself under my bed and probably never went back out in reality but I wasn't really in control of my mind.

Or my hormones.

I lift myself up before slamming myself down onto him with a gasp. The burn of his cock sliding in and out of me at my pace, my discretion and my will had me reeling in from the pleasure of it all. The pleasure and the madness. To have him taking what I choose to give taking its sweet toll on me. Moving back up, I roll my hips once more, noting how he struggled not to grab me and have his way. His shaky fists clenched at the sheets beneath him, jaw tight with self-control wearing thin. My rhythm was building up, my lower half moving up and down languidly but hard enough that he's in me to the very hilt.

Admittedly, being on top was a lot harder than I initially thought.

My energy was depleting but I was determined to get this. I grab onto his arms, using him as leverage to move up before slamming back down to him faster. A moan slipped from my lips when I hit a particular spot. I could feel myself clench around him, my body aching for the release only he could give me. To feel him spill himself inside so that his seed would drip down my legs.

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“Selene,”

He moaned, head falling back to the pillows as he grabbed onto my thighs. He squeezed the supple flesh, kneading the skin on my legs before skimming them to my ass: Each hand is full before he squeezed and rubbed at the ache.

“-such a good girl.”

He groaned, moving his hand to my clit.

I let out a shaky breath, groaning at his ministrations. It felt all too much. So good. So damn good. The throbbing on my neck where he'd left his mark was still there. Each time he touched me, each squeeze, each caress, the mark on my neck tingled. The sparks of where he touches me, the fire that engulfs my sensual thoughts all come hand in hand in this moment.

So this was the full effect of a mate bond.

I could understand why people hyped it up now.

“-Need to mark you.”

I tell him, leaning down to kiss his neck. My eyes narrow down at the perfect spot. The area of his skin that just screamed at me to claim. I could literally feel myself salivating as I stared. I could picture it, my mark boldly displayed on his skin. My tongue peeks out, teeth playfully nibbling at the curve as I felt my canines ache to sink into him. To finally claim him as mine as he did with me. I get wetter at the thought.

To see my mark on his skin for all to see. My arousal mixed with his spreads between us as I continue to clench around him. Some from our previous engagement and some from now. The knot in my lower abdomen tightens and I knew I had to do it soon. The tight coil I could feel just barely hanging on was within reach. I was at my peak and I needed this now.

Raizel's eyes meet mine and then I knew it was time.

I leaned down onto him, clenching him tight, and sank my canines into his neck.

He grunted deep from his throat, spilling himself deep inside me with jerky twitches until he coated my walls with his cum. I shivered against him, tightening my hold around his neck for a second longer before pulling my teeth from his skin and collapsed onto his chest. My body heaves from overexertion but I manage to angle my head up so I could see the fresh indents on my teeth. I leaned up to lick at his mark, my chest swells with adoration at our claim.

The final layer that separated our souls vanished.

I felt him.

Everything.

What he was feeling, how he was feeling, but most importantly, the affection he felt toward warmth that seemed to bubble up in his chest and spread through his veins as he stared lazily. The same kind of affection I felt for him. His hands move up to caress my face in his palms. Slowly, he leans down to lay a kiss on my forehead, mumbling a phrase so quietly that I missed it.

But thanks to the bond, he didn't need to.

I felt it all the same.

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Landon couldn't breathe.

His chest felt tight, like something was weighing down on him. His throat constricts painfully until he could hardly gasp out a breath. The torment and distress emitting from his wolf only serves to drag him down further. It wrapped around his neck, squeezing the life out of him until he was barely hanging onto his consciousness. The heavy, looming ever-present anguish he feels pierces into his soul. Like chains that weighed him down, his body felt heavy with his energy snuffed out.

This was pain unlike any other. He could feel his blood pumping, the searing, raw ache twisting his heart like a wind up toy. The initial pain he felt from his mate having sex with another was hard enough, but this-

Oh Goddess, this was worse.

His body was limp. Weary, worn out and utterly destroyed from all the damage he's suffered and will suffer. He could hardly sleep, the constant jabbing pain each time his mate joined another would keep him up. The attacks would get progressively worse that he'd be wheezing, gasping out for breath pathetically until it would stop only to continue again not a moment later. But it wasn't just pain he felt.

No, he felt anger run through him.

Sorrow, confusion, betrayal-

The thought of another man touching what was his, kissing, caressing, fucking-

He growled out, eyes blown black as his wolf went feral. He could imagine it. Seeing Selene- his Selene-spread for that fucking Alpha. He would take her, claim her, pound into her like he was her mate. He'd tell her all sorts of things things he should've been telling her.

Raizel Locksworth was playing the role he should've had.

The role he will have.

He tasted the bitterness on his tongue. His inability to accept that Selene moved on and accepted someone in his place adds more to his suffering than he'd care to admit. He shuts his eyes, digging his clawed nails into his mattress. The bed was torn already but he allows himself to dig into the cushions until his claws were deep in the foam.

He thought it'd be easy.

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