

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 206

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Stefan, who'd been approvingly surveying Greyhound territory and sending not-so-subtle nods of pride in my direction looks at Noah and then turns to Weston with pursed lips,

"Are you two, by any chance,"

he tilts his head to the side,

"Related?"

It doesn't take a second for his words to coax a response from anyone. Weston guffaws at the question, choking on the bag of skittles he was trying to down and put a hand to his chest in utter offense at the same time as Noah's face morphs into horror.

"Me? Related to that?"

Weston chides, looking at Noah up and down with distaste and the wrinkle of his nose.

"There's a limit to how much you can insult someone, Alpha."

Stefan merely raises a brow which reminds me so much of Raizel and shifts his gaze back to Noah who nods enthusiastically at what Weston said. Crossing his arms, he purses his lips and lifts his chin in defiance when Weston catches his gaze.

"Yeah, Papa Locksworth. Even Preston over there knows you can't compare me to him. Its like comparing books and movie adaptations."

He looks at Weston without an ounce of hesitation,

"Trash."

Before Weston could respond with what I'm sure would've been a sharp, very insulting remark, judging by his face, Noah's phone goes off mid "If you wanna be my lover" and does not hesitate to hold a hand at Weston's scowl to answer it.

"Beta Jones from Greyhound territor- Meeting? So suddenly- what?"

Noah cuts himself off and swallows thickly, the mood of the room instantaneously shifting the minute his firm body froze. His eyes quickly fell to me and I felt a shudder run through me from the look on his face,

"Understood, I'll- I'll be sure to alert Alpha."

He pulls the phone from his ear, not bothering to slip the device in his pocket and looks

at me with his jaw tight. His hand curled around his phone tightens.

“The Chancellor?”

I ask him, watching the way his eyes narrowed just the slightest. He nods looking every bit conflicted. and speaks,

“The Chancellor called for an emergency meeting among all Alphas.”

He stops himself short. Parting his lips, he took a moment to look around the room and sighed before straightening up,

“Landon Walker is detained at the Capital.”

I don't even blink,

“For?”

Weston's phone rings next and he glances over to Raizel before moving to answer his phone. No-one is surprised to see the grim look that quickly glosses over his face. We all knew he had just gotten the

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same call.

“Attacking the Luna.”

My eyes snap back to Noah and I can't hide my surprise this time. Gone was the mirth that danced. around the room. Only heavy chains of dread was left in its place.

Questions buzzed around in my mind at the same time as I drop my gaze to the floor.

Landon attacked Hestia? For what? What could've been so terrible he lashed out at his pregnant, marked chosen? I lift my eyes back to Noah,

“A board meeting is called for the demotion of his Alpha status.”

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“Are you alright?”

I lean into his frame, shutting my eyes for the briefest moment as the steady motion of the car calmed me. I peel my eyelids open and look at him, nearly letting out a soft sigh of content when his hand rested on my thigh, fingers curling around my flesh in attempt to show me reassurance. There's a softness in his greys, brows furrowed and lips turned in a slight frown as he squeezed. Goddess, was I lucky for him.

“I'm fine.”

I sigh, putting my hand over his. I gently rubbed at his knuckles to momentarily distract him, staring at the way the pads of my fingers drew invisible lines at his skin. Tingles of our contact is my constant reminder that he was mine as I was his.

“Just a little shocked at the fact Walker attacked her. I didn’t think it’d be possible with a wolf’s protective instincts with their young. Even if she tried to kill him, he wouldn’t have attacked her, much less strangle her when it would put the baby in danger. It’s odd.”

Raizel looks down at me, pulling me closer until the side of my face is burrowed in his chest.

“Will you be okay with his pack being there?”

I have to withhold a sigh at his question. Because Landon was being held at a hearing regarding his Alpha status being stripped, elder Nightwake members were called to be included on the vote.

I have no idea how this whole thing will turn out. A situation as heavy as this is nothing to gloss over. A few yes’s or no’s won’t be enough to make a decision.

“I doubt they’ll try anything since the last time we’ve seen them.”

Memories of Landon’s brutal beating by Raizel’s hand flashes in my mind.

If my wolf relished at that, no one would know.

The van pulls to a sudden stop and I release a breath. Isaac pulls the van door open, stepping aside as I step out onto Capital soil. The gravel under my feet crunches as I look at the tall structure of the building. Looming over me, it stared me down like it was a death sentence waiting to happen. Somehow, even from outside I could see the heavy cloud of dread in the air. The raw power of Alphas reaching me even without stepping inside was enough to draw out my wolf’s protective instinct.

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Raizel steps beside me, slipping his arm around my waist. He drops a kiss to my forehead before leading us inside. I try to search for anything in our bond, his feelings are completely open to me. I don’t sense anything from him. Either he was excellent at keeping a facade or he simply didn’t think much of this at all. Regardless, it helped me calm down. We reached the entrance just in time as the door creaks open.

It’s Opal who greets us, sending us a small smile as she wordlessly walked us to the conference room. Noah, Isaac, Weston and Emerson lag behind, looking around on high alert as they silently make note of our surroundings. Meredith and Raizel’s parents stayed behind. The two Locksworth’s had made their way back to Ignis Red to keep watch for the duration of our time here.

The power from all the Alphas being in the same area put everyone’s wolves on edge; almost tense to the point their muscles bulged out in preparation in case something happens. Even Noah himself hardly said a word since we set out for the Capital. He didn’t bother bicker with Weston either which in itself, was a surprise.

Walking down the corridor, Raizel and I step into the conference room, immediately catching the eyes of everyone inside. Williams is sat at the center of the wide wooden table, his face grim and hard as his brown eyes scanned the room. Elizabeth sat beside him, her face more weary

than I anticipated. There's complete silence.

So silent you'd hear a pin drop. The gravity in the room was thick- heavy with trepidation. It was the perfect setting for a fight to break out. One wrong move could quite possibly trigger aggression from anyone. My wolf was on alert, not liking the way how some gazes felt. More specifically, Nightwake gazes.

I sensed them before I even laid my eyes on them.

Hestia sat beside my mother, their hands intertwined as my father stood.

Her face was pale, blue eyes hollow and sunken in. Her blonde hair in a half-hearted ponytail and the hand mark around her pale neck was evident enough that what they've accused of Landon was true. Somehow I still couldn't believe it. Had someone told me this would happen four years ago, I'd never believe it. The stress of pregnancy and the current situation shows in her expression. The way her posture was loose, shoulders hunched forward and head tilting down. Still, I turn from her and look at Williams. He nods at us, gesturing to the seats. Silently Raizel and I sat down, taking note how the Alphas in the room all stared at the marks at our necks. The power shift is almost incredible. One minute no one is saying anything and now, a second later everyone is whispering amongst themselves.

"Landon Walker is in detainment as you all know."

Williams looks at me before shifting his gaze to the rest of the Alphas. All conversations cease as they listen to him.

"There's a question of his capabilities as Alpha. The assault on Luna Walker and his recent...actions" He emphasizes the word, obviously hinting at the brawl between Raizel and Landon. There's no question that word had spread. Everyone in this room knew of what happened. There's simply no way no one knows about it. Something as big as that would definitely make it far across wolf territory.

"-Have led to a dispute of whether he is worthy of keeping the title. You're called here to set a vote, to discuss what should happen to Nightwake. The pack involved is here to offer their own ideas. Should any Alpha in this room make a challenge, it will be discussed after casting vote."

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I glance over to the group sitting with behind Hestia. Familiar faces stare back at me with what seems to be desperation. Desperation for what, I'm not so sure. Surely they don't expect me to come and save them, do they? Nightwake couldn't possibly think I was going to involve myself willingly.

"Beta Dixon is here to speak for Alpha Walker."

Benicio steps forward, his eyes never straying from mine. I can feel it deep in my bones that he's about to start something. I see it in the way his eyes glint against the light in the room.

Before he even opens his mouth, I brace myself for what he's about to say.

Though honestly, nothing could've prepared me for what he'd say next.

"The Alpha's actions was due to the fact his mate was taken from him. His rightful mate, Alpha Crestfield, mated with another. It's because of this that the Alpha has been acting out. As a pack, we've made our decision to best solve this problem."

He looks at me. Steely blue eyes stare with no hint as to what he was feeling. The hardness in his gaze remind me of who he is, what he did, and why I should never follow in his footsteps.

Even with these two pairs of eyes identical to one another, we were completely different.

In no way were we similar.

"We demand our rightful Luna back."

Everything happened all at once.

Sounds of horror echo in the room- screams, shouts, horrified attempts to calm the raging Alpha

in front of everyone's eyes broke the strained silence. In a matter of seconds Raizel had thrown himself over the table, knocking down his chair to the ground with a loud thud, his dark eyes blazing with unadulterated anger as he held my father's throat in a tight fist. A warning, progressively loud growl pulls from between his teeth. Veins adorned his neck, his body heaving with unrestrained fury that made all the Alphas in the room stand with alarm.

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But they did nothing.

They simply couldn't.

Each and every Alpha in the room, tense with uncertainty of what to do, glanced at one another warily. There's an unanswered question in their eyes of who would be brave enough maybe even foolish enough to stop him but none dared to intervene. The bulky mass of their bodies tight in stillness. Muscles meant to protect, taut, but useless against the enraged Alpha before them. Cade seemed to be the only one considering to help but one glance from me and the barely noticeable shake of my head stopped him.

"You want who back?"

His question would be unanswered. Dixon could hardly get a word out through his choking and feeble attempts in getting Raizel's hand off his neck.

It was chaotic.

The wolves from Nightwake, mostly the males, shot up from their seats looking ready to aid my father but Emerson, Weston, Noah and Isaac already let out vicious snarls that halted them to their positions. Our side and their side stared down one another, none thinking to blink should the fragile strand of order snap. The animosity of their gazes could cut through silver.

Williams sat rigidly in his chair as he passed his heavy gaze around the room before they finally, inevitably, lingered on me. If I was in the right mind, I would've taken a moment to read his expression, to see his silent plea asking me to handle this as professionally as possible unlike my infuriated mate. Though the mutual anger from Dixon's demand was touching the surface of his control, he still had his position to uphold.

If I was in the right mind, I would've diplomatically handled this.

I'd make it a private matter instead of blasting this whole issue in front of other Alphas and their respective Betas, Gammas and Lunas.

But I wasn't in the right mind.

I tore my gaze away from him, slowly passing my attention around the room full of wolves all watching me and laugh.

I threw my head back, shutting my eyes for the briefest second and laughed.

My laughter is the one thing that reaches Raizel's ears as he snapped himself out of his fury to look at me. Red eyes lay on me and the clouding anger I felt pulsating from our bond from his side swindles down. He relaxed enough to let go of my father, allowing him to hit the ground on his side hard, the sounds of his gasping and wheezing the only thing that could be heard in the room. My mother was quick to run to him, helping him up as he rubbed his throat with a wince, palming at the -surely bruising- column of his neck. Raizel still didn't move, his firm, muscled body towered over father like a brick wall but his attention was on me. I knew should someone make even the slightest wrong move, blood would be spilt.

my

I lift my hand to him, watching how his darkened gaze fell to my outstretched hand and smiled.

"Come."

A burst of warmth bubbled in the pit of my stomach when he wordlessly followed, slipping his hand in mine before leaning down and effortlessly picking up the chair he'd knocked over with his other hand and setting it down. He settled beside me, his anger subsiding beneath the incredible amount of self-control he had managed to cloak over himself. I could feel his tenseness, opting to run my

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thumb across his knuckles as a means to sate his tension. His wolf was barely below the surface.

He slid his hand away all of a sudden, deciding to rest his palm on my thigh and squeeze before taking my hand to rest it above his.

I'll handle this.

I tell him. I waited for his breathing to regulate before finally looking back to my father who was now standing with the help of my mother and sister. He watched me, pale blue eyes trained on my expression and it took everything inside me not to snap again. So with a slight shake of the head, I cocked a brow at him and leaned my chin on my knuckles,

"Return to Nightwake?"

I mused with a smile,

"Now why on Earth would I do that?"

"You're our Luna! You're supposed to be with us!"

"

A man, looking around Benicio's age steps up, his tattooed arms letting me know he's one of the pack warriors. It took me a minute but I suddenly remembered his face. He was one of Harrison's guards during his reign.

His eyes are hard, dead-set on my figure with a gaze heated enough to ruffle Raizel's fur again. He let out a warning snarl, the sound reverberating in the room and his hand around my thigh tightens. The male cowered back, but his eyes were still stubborn and unyielding.

Some nerve these people had.

The progression of my anger grew second by second but I refused to allow myself to act out. I refused to give these people the satisfaction of frazzling me to the point I lost my cool. They weren't worth it. I was better than that. There was no need to put myself to their level.

"Rightful Luna? Am I hallucinating, Isaac?"

I turn to Isaac whose scowl burned into the wolves of Nightwake,

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"I'm sure Nightwake has a Luna. I'm also quite sure she's standing right there, marked, mated and heavily swollen with her mate's pup."

My eyes slide to Hestia who immediately steps back, turning from me. I then look to my father,

"And what was that? You demand me to come back? You demand me? You?"

A bitter laugh leaves me,

"Now that's the funniest thing I've heard all year."

Benicio clenches his jaw tight, pulling free from Sophie and Hestia's hold. He struggles for a moment to get a grip on his footing but once he does, he didn't waste anytime before glaring at me.

"You have to come back. You're Alpha Landon's true mate. No matter how you look at it, you belong to Nightwake. Besides"

He smirks, walking to the table and picking up a manila envelop. He doesn't let his eyes stray

from me and I could see the depth of darkness in those blue eyes I hated. The blue eyes that linked him and I. He pulls out a piece of paper and I instantly know what it was.

“-you signed a form. The form that stated you were on temporary transfer to Duskfall. The form that ties you back to us.”

The transfer form I'd forcibly signed stares back at me. My father lifts it up high enough for all to see, the Alphas and wolves from Nightwake staring up at it in pure astonishment. Raizel's hand tightened again and I knew he was close to losing it once more. It was silent, everyone rendered speechless at the spectacle.

My father's face morphed into smugness, the feeling slowly starting to seep into the minds of Nightwake wolves. I could feel their growing confidence, my wolf growing agitated beside them. The smiles beginning to curl on their faces sicken me. They felt as if they were entitled.

As if they had leverage against me.

Fools.

They truly think I haven't thought of this before?

I scoff shaking my head. My reaction visibly confuses everyone, more so when I prop my elbow against the table and lean forward to rest my chin on the heel of my palm.

“Oh, Dixon. You think that means something? You've got me all sorts of twisted.”

His eyebrows scrunch together as a confused frown tugs the smile on his face down. The sheet in his hand lowered as I push away from the table to stand up. I stand tall, walking toward him and relishing in the way he seems to move back. The darting of his eyes between me and the others a delicious sense of satisfaction to my wolf and I.

I stop short in front of him, staring him straight in the eyes and ignoring Hestia and my mother who stood beside him. I glance down at the sheet, taking it from his hand with no resistance from him and glares,

“The woman you had forced via Alpha command to sign this was Selene Dixon.”

I traced the curves of the letters of what was once my last name with my fingers,

“The same woman you'd registered dead in your records.”

I looked around the room, catching Noah and Isaac's mirroring smirks in my direction.

“I don't see Selene Dixon. Do any of you?”

I look around the room, tilting my head to the side and was met with silence. Smiling, I lace my fingers together and look back at him.

“Selene Dixon died four years ago due to a tragic, tragic rogue attack. Her body was never found. Some say she was dismembered and tossed into the river like Alpha-Thompson and his Luna. After all, that's what the records say.”

My father's eyes flashed for a second, and I felt the rage pour into my veins at the reminder of Duskfall's fate. But I rein it in and kept the smile on my face.

“I'm none other than Selene Crestfield. Daughter of Meredith Crestfield. Mate of Raizel Locksworth and of course”

I took the paper in hand, pulling it down in half as the satisfying tear ripped into the silence.

“The Alpha of Greyhound.”

Benicio stumbles back, jaw aslack. He's calculating the situation in his mind. His eyes look distant- for a moment as he racks his brain to come up with something else to use against me. Clearly he didn't think I was going to say anything. As if I would allow myself to be bullied like this. Did he think I would submissively listen to his stupidity with my tail tucked between my legs?

“I'm not Selene Dixon, so stop looking for her in me. You won't find a trace of her. It'd do you good in remembering that.”

With one last glance, I step back, turning from him to walk back to my mate whose eyes shone bright with pride and affection. I felt myself straighten up, allowing my wolf and I this moment of pure, utter satisfaction.

“This is outrageous!”

Benicio’s shout stopped me in my step and I turn over my shoulder to look at him. He’s breathing hard and heavy, eyes dark with swirling resentment. Fur began to prickle his skin and suddenly I could feel everyone getting ready to restrain a possibly shifting Beta.

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“So you use a different last name, big fu c ki ng deal. No matter what you say, you’re still a Dixon by blood and law!”

At that I could hear laughter from behind me.

Noah laughs with a goofy grin on his face as Isaac lets out a few chuckles of his own. The mirth in their eyes as clear as day to anyone who watched them. Had anyone not involved walked in the room in that moment, they would’ve thought the two were just reminiscing on good old memories. Their response momentarily distracts Benicio as his eyes drift to them before returning to me.

“Am I?”

I ask him.

“The adoption and legalized name change documents approved by the Chancellor beg to differ.”

I shake my head at the look on his face,

“That transfer sheet had been invalid the day you marked Selene Dixon as dead. Changing that now won’t do anything. If you don’t want to accept my emancipation on those grounds, fine.

There’s other ways. I’m not sure how well you know about temporary pack transfer, but we have clauses you see.” I glance around the room to make sure everyone’s listening,

“Should an individual who was on forced temporary pack leave be hurt or damaged in the pack temporarily chosen for them to reside in, this individual has the right to leave their pack. Without the need of approval from the current Alpha. He or she doesn’t need permission to leave a pack that put them in danger. Besides, I doubt you’d have any justification to win this argument when you used the Alpha command on me to get my signature.”

“You can’t prove that.”

I roll my eyes at his feeble attempt to hold on,

“Are you sure you want to go there? I could easily bring up a witch and have her look into my under oath and have her tell everyone what she sees. Granted, she’d also look into your mind, Hestia’s mind,”

I look at Sophie,
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“mother dearest’s mind and have her do the same. And i think we all know what she’ll see. If you even consent to the witch seeing in the first place.”

Witches had the power to look into minds, but they were only ever allowed to do so under the consent of the individual they’d be looking into. It went against the Order’s principle to do anything without it. As helpful as it would’ve been against rogues and criminals, they’ve held consent in high regards and would never allow themselves to participate in anything without it. With that said, The Order preferred to leave wolf business to wolves. They’d rather not get involved the same way they’d rather no one get involved in their affairs.

I sigh before pressing my lips in a thin line.

“Surely you didn’t think this would be enough to bind me to Nightwake.” It’s as if those words spark something in him that made his eyes light up. He grins suddenly, looking between me and Raizel.

“You’re still Landon’s mate. As his mate you have a duty to be his Luna.”

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My brows raise and I was half tempted to tell him how wrong he was but Raizel’s voice cuts me off. Humor him. Let them all see just who your true mate is. No one would dare question us after this.

My lips twitch up and I knew exactly what he had in mind. I raise my chin up, looking at Benicio and dared him,

“I’m not his mate.”

“You are.”

I conceal the smirk trying to slip passed me,

“You dont have any evidence of that.”

Benicio looks around the room. No doubt trying to survey the situation and coming to the conclusion he needed solid evidence to bring the Alphas to his side. To support his demand regardless of how idi otic and insa ne it was. Christ, you can see desperate written across his forehead.

“The Sacred Pool. We go to the Sacred Pool and let it show just who between the two of us is lying.”

He suddenly turns to Williams,

“Of course, that means Alpha Landon needs to come too.”

Williams casts me a look, his eyes telling me he’s unsure about this. I nearly forgot he didn’t know about the whole Romanuv-Luna incident. That he was still in the dark about the whole ordeal and that the closest thing to surprise that I’d seen on his face was the slight raising of the eyebrows at the mark on my neck. As far as the Chancellor was concerned, the only thing he knew was that we finally marked each other and that was only because the confirmation was so glaringly obvious. Well this was going to be interesting.

The Alphas in the room relaxed, though still cautious, at the sudden tension lifting in the air. The atmosphere somehow becoming breathable again. Williams finally broke from our gaze, still looking uncertain before gesturing to Opal with a nod of his head.

“Get the guards to fetch Walker. Use silver binds and make sure he has on the collar. We’re going to the Sacred Pool.”

I clenched my jaw for dramatics, enjoying the way Benicio looked as if he had caught us. Like he had cornered us like mice trying to escape a car. I could smell the overwhelming confidence reek off of him. It’s sickening. The way he treated me- a person, a living breathing human being as property. As something that could easily be passed between Alphas like a toy he wants to get back after abandoning it. Like I was nothing more than a m