

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 216

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Chapter 216

She wishes she can say she felt remorse.

But when the desperate probing from Selene's wolf quieted to nothingness, and Landon's teeth lodged deep in her throat, she didn't feel the horror any sister should have felt. The sadness of losing her one and only sister whose been there since they were young. Whose loved her like no other. Whose cared for her better than her parents had.

She didn't feel sorrow.

No, she felt relief.

Because now, no one could threaten her place in the pack.

Now, she had no rival.

The day she met Raizel Locksworth was the day Hestia realized she made a mistake.

She knew she was meant to rule, but she realized she latched herself to the wrong Alpha.

She settled when she could've had the best.

And Raizel Locksworth was the best.

How hard could it have been? To seduce the lonely, mateless Alpha who ruled over all? She'd done it with Landon, she could do it again. An Alpha was still a man. He would be no different from Landon. She simply had to pique his interest. Surely that wouldn't be a problem.

If she can catch his attention, losing both the baby and Landon would be of no difficulty. After all, Landon couldn't win against the Bloodlust Alpha. If Landon challenged him, Raizel could kill him and give her the best cover up of a "miscarriage". All she'd have to do was consume a little bit of wolf's bane after Landon's death and the baby would die. Raizel would take responsibility of costing a mother-to-be a pup and would take her in. It was the perfect way in.

The poor, helpless widow with no one to depend on.

Almost like a buffet to a dominant Alpha who has it in his blood to take care and pamper his female.

She just had to play the part.

Only, she didn't expect to be rejected.

But that didn't faze her. Not even in the slightest. All that meant was that he was a man worth the effort. A man far better than Landon could hope to be. She'll break down his walls one way or another. If she could do it once, she could do it again.

It was only then that Hestia felt any form of remorse in the loss of her sister.

If she was here, getting rid of Landon would be so much quicker.

Hestia knew fate worked in mysterious ways. It was unpredictable just as much as it was persistent in trying to derail her plans. Because of course, her dead sister wasn't so dead after all.

And what's better?

She's an Alpha now.

It'd be a lie to say she wasn't worried. Selene may have gotten an Alpha title, but that didn't mean she was any different than she was four years ago. She told herself this, but she knew better than anyone that it was a lie. Though when Selene showed no interest in killing her, her worries began to lessen.

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And in its place sprouted hope.

Now that she was here, she could take Landon back. The pack members wouldn't be opposed to it seeing as she was an Alpha now and had land to her name. All she had to do was put things in motion. She simply had to push her in Landon's direction and everything will fall into place.

Why remain the Luna of Nightwake when she could become Queen?

She deserved the best of the best.

Her sister didn't seem to want to get with the program. Her vicious glares and stone cold tone whenever she even looked or talked to any of them spoke volumes of her feelings. Still, that meant she felt something. Whether it be anger or hatred, feeling something was better than nothing.

Hestia could work with that.

Though it seemed Selene was insistent in taking everything from her once again.

Raizel Locksworth, who hardly showed any interest in her was smitten with Selene.

Why?

Why was this happening?

What did Selene have that she didn't? Why did everyone want her sister and not her?
Why was she ruining everything?

Wasn't she the special one? The one destined to be great?

Hestia had put everything into getting to where she was now and Selene of all people,
was the one to destroy it all?

To have her wallflower sister pull the rug right under her feet?

It was supposed to be hers. Hestia was always supposed to be better but now, watching
her sister play with her father like he was a chew toy- she couldn't deny it. The
difference in Selene and Hestia was strikingly clear.

Elongated teeth broke the skin at Benicio's shoulder- taunting him to shift and fight her
when both knew just who would come out alive in the end.

It would've been smart to stay down.

But then he shifted, giving into the taunt of his eldest daughter.

Hestia begs her father in her mind link for him to submit and comply with her sister.

She watched as the two wolves danced around each other, jaws snapping in both
warning and

intimidation. She could feel herself shaking her head, not wanting to see what happens
next but too invested to turn away.

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Please let her die. Please kill her. Goddess, please, let him cut her down.

Her prayers, like they'd been before, had gone unanswered. Selene's wolf moves gracefully
against their father, her wolf swift and agile and evading any and all attacks her father makes.
Teeth meant to grab hold snap at air and claws meant to cut deep swipe at nothing. She feels
him get angrier and aggravated. She feels him losing his temper and abandoning all forms of
logic just to get one hit on her. Hestia feels him lose concentration.

It was his downfall.

Selene stops playing around, much like how cats would play with mice and was quick to dig her
claws into his side. Her father roars out, moving away as quickly as he can but fails to move
farther enough away. Selene was back on him instantly.

She knows the end is near. Her father's time is running out. Hestia takes her eyes off the two
and stares at Williams. She shakes her head, voice breaking as she cries out,

"Why won't you do anything? Stop her!"

The Chancellor merely raises a brow and looks back at the two wolves,

"Your father has just outed himself as a traitor. He taunted a full fledged Alpha knowing exactly
how dominant and dangerous they are when provoked. You want to stop justice? Be my guest.
Go on, Luna. Stop her."

Hestia's mouth hangs open and all she could do was turn back.

She wouldn't kill him, would she? She wouldn't, right? Not in front of all the Alphas and most of
all, their mother. That would be taking it too far, right?

But then Selene's jaw unhinged and her tongue came out to lick off the blood painting her sharp teeth and the feral glaze in her eyes confirmed her thoughts.

Nothing was "too far" at this point.

Anyone else who got involved and got hurt in the middle of all this was inconsequential.

Any trace of hope died on her tongue as she watched in horror, Selene bite down at Benicio's arm and rip the limb right off his shoulder.

The scream was stuck in her throat.

The unbridled fear and cries of surprise burst all around them and Hestia knew right then and there, she would be next. Goddess, she would be next. She sucks in a shaky breath, her hand lifting aimlessly up toward her mother when had she fallen to the ground?- and tries to shake herself out of her shock.

Blood.

So much of it.

Red.

So much red.

This wasn't supposed to happen. This wasn't her destiny. She was supposed to be one who ruled all.

Isn't that what Ivory said?

this was as selene and the gang went to sacred pool. Meaning they didn't do the blood test shit whatever the fuck yet*

Chapter

She couldn't put her finger on it.

Meredith knew in an instant something was wrong.

The all-telling heat from the drop of her stomach spreading caution into the depths of her heart was something she could never ignore. Years as an Alpha taught her to always follow her instincts. They were rarely wrong.

It's what made her pick up Selene all those years ago.

Beaten down, battered, broken, betrayed, pitiful Selene clinging to the lifeless body of a small child with eyes so empty she could almost see herself reflect from those hard, glassy blues.

Meredith could almost see the same desperation, sorrow, agony, pure heartbreak that she herself was subjected to after losing Kit.

But then she saw that too.

Underneath the pain and despair was that spark of unwavering determination.

Then that spark let loose into raging flames. Slowly spreading, Meredith watched the broken young girl's heart grow stone cold with nothing but vengeance fueling her will for survival. She watched the naive, dewy-eyed blonde get consumed with her own guilt and anguish. She watched as the young female held onto anger.

The same anger and will that drove Meredith to where she was today.

It was then that Meredith decided she wouldn't host a competition for her Alpha seat. It was then that Meredith knew she found her future Alpha.

Blinking away her nostalgia, Meredith hummed to herself and leaned into the chair sitting up at the patio. The sudden buzzing of her phone caught her attention. With a glance to her side, she read Isaac's name across the screen.

She pursed her lips. That sick, nagging feeling of something wrong tugging at her core.

Perhaps she should visit Selene.

They say you should never let anger control you. That you should forgive and forget with time.

That Karma would eventually come around and find those who wrong you. That living with the

weight of hatred on your shoulders was not a life to live. That it will only weigh you down. That you should be the bigger person and 'let it go'.

It's so easy to say those things.

So easy to claim you would.

But what if it doesn't?

What if there was no 'karma'? No retribution? No justice to what you've suffered through? What if the long-awaited karma never comes?

And even if it did, would it really feel just as good than knowing you inflicted that sort of pain yourself? That you brought down the fist of justice so rightfully deserved?

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That you, the person they've stabbed in the back and kicked to the curb, wanted to kill, going so far as to send you off to your demise whilst letting others suffer with you, are the one to give them the taste of hell you and so many innocent others went through?

It was the warm gush of blood and the piercing of flesh that ripped me back into reality. The heavy weight of his severed arm dangling from my mouth that gave me back my senses.

Realization dawning on me even in my wolf form that ah, I just ripped his arm off.

That the thought of oh, I'm mauling this man with wild abandon had sunken in.

Would it have been so wrong to say I was thoroughly enjoying the adrenaline rushing through my veins? Would I be sadistic in admitting my joy? Would I be a sociopath for my lack of empathy?

That feeling his blood dripping from my teeth and running down my fur brought me such deep-rooted satisfaction and pride to see that the man I once thought was untouchable could be reduced to nothing more than a small, powerless, blubbing greedy monster on the verge of death.

Nothing.

He is nothing.

My paws dug deep into the ground, claws extending in focus, with one swipe on my mind. One swipe of my claws would be all it took. Take his head. Pierce his heart. Let him bleed to death. No matter what the choice, it would all end in the same fashion.

Death.

Benicio howled in pain, his thick body curling into the ground at the loss of his limb. His back quivering into spasms as he struggled to get up. I could feel his anger, the humiliation radiating off of him in waves when those eyes locked down on mine. He'd long given up any thoughts of surrender- his pride the executioner and his stupidity the trigger.

The shouts and chaos among us nothing more than an annoying ringing in my ears.

We wanted blood.

My wolf and I.

And we were going to get it.

Snapping my head to the side, I tossed his arm toward the crowd surrounding us. Rolling and skidding across the ground, it landed in front of dear mother and Hestia. Sophie froze as she stared at her mate's arm. The torn flesh oozing with fresh blood and the stench of it, numbing her motionless. She was in shock. Startled blue eyes slid up to look at me. Hestia shuddered, shuffling back behind Sophie.

She sought after protection.

She sought after a wall to separate us.

It's almost comical how I never noticed until now. Then again, no one else did either. She was always so good at it. So natural in playing the part.

So good at playing the innocent, kind-hearted Luna to be.

But that perfect mask of hers had been cracked and destroyed a while ago and she let her real emotions slip. She let her true feelings ooze and spill forth.

She glared at me. Though she was shaking with fear and madness she still managed to give me the nastiest scowl on her seemingly angelic face.

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A wolf in sheep's clothing.

Turning my gaze away from her, I returned my focus on the beta. My tongue slid over my teeth, wiping clean any traces of blood still dripping from the fangs. A low growl calling him up in a taunt. Mocking him, taunting him, calling him up for a challenge all beat down on his ego.

The pride he had as Beta and for his built up reputation.

It took

while but he eventually got to sit up, roaring out despite the obvious severity of his wounds.

He was prepared to die.

Leaning down, snout so close to the ground it was almost touching, I peered over at him before charging. My eyes narrowed down to the vital points of his body. My sharp claws grazed into the solid stone of the cave and I practically throw myself into him.

There was no thought of consequence.

No hesitance in my mind when we crashed together. We collided forcefully with my teeth snapping into thin air for his neck. He manages to push me off just enough for him to narrowly avoid my teeth. The whine rumbles off him, a pathetic sound compared to when he so strongly demanded me to leave four years ago.

My wolf sounds out her aggravation, her rage feeding into mine as we push ourselves harder for that weak spot. We wanted to rip it out. To rip out that mate mark of his. The ultimate form of humiliation.

To rip out a mate mark, is to deem someone unworthy while also stripping away their pride as wolves. To deny them the mate mark, meant denying his existence.

And there was nothing more I wanted than to do just that before ending it.

Benicio struggles to hold up his defenses. He was weakening rapidly. The loss of blood, trying to keep a rabid Alpha off him and the excruciating pain he felt all over his body were wearing him down. He knew better than to think any of the Alphas would help him. Their wolves could do nothing against the betas and gammas of both Crestfield and Locksworth.

His own Alpha was detained and already stripped of the title. It didn't take genius to figure out that the decision was made and was only left to be announced. It was all for show. This "debate" was all for false pretenses when he knew Chancellor fucking Williams would jump at anything that would rid Landon the title. What better excuse than attacking of the Luna?

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He'd be marked deranged, unfit and mentally incapable of leading a pack.

He had been so close.

So fucking close to achieving his goals.

He only had two pathways now.

Death or defeating Selene.

Mustering up everything he could, Benicio forces himself to roll over hard enough that he gets

her off. What he didn't take into account was that she was already onto him by the time he thought he successfully tore her down.

Before he could do anything else, I took his other arm into my jaw and snapped it down with a sharp tug, breaking his bones as another howl rumbles from his core. I felt it shatter. The crunch of his bones stroke my wolf's desire for revenge. We watched him whimper out. The final strands of his will sheers down.

Now he was rendered defenseless. He couldn't move his arm, unable to swipe at me as I leaned over to bite down at his neck. Right where his mark was. I could faintly feel the teeth indents Sophie made right before tearing at the patch of fur.

The skin on him was tough but I forced myself to rip out the chunk of fur before spitting it back out. His neck gaped. Blood spurts out, tainting both him and I in the process. The flesh exposed to me red and oozing. It was so damn thrilling.

His body heaved under me,
(don't think dirty y'all)

unable to take anymore pain and slowly his dark fur reverts in itself. Skin begins to peek out-human flesh begins to take over and the beady dark eyes that stared into me returned to a shade of familiar blue with overwhelming hatred swimming in them. His head bobs back and forth, eyelids. threatening to shut and I knew he was close to passing out.

He paled so quickly.

But I wanted him to see.

I wanted to be the last thing he sees before he falls into the depths of Hell.

With blood pooling around him with his missing arm and gaping neck, I climb onto him, press my claws into his chest and begin to push my weight into the pressure. My tail swishes back and forth in delight. I felt it tear under my paws. His skin broke as my claws punctured into him right where I knew I would find his heart if I went deep enough.

Bloodlust curls around my mind and holds me hostage.

It holds me down with a grip so firm I don't feel it at first.

The bloodlust surrounding us wasn't only mine.

In a flash, a stinging pain from my side screams at me. I turn to look and catch a faze of light brown fur in my field of vision. Teeth lodged deep into the curve of my shoulder. Sophie bites down harder, teeth clamping down hard enough for me to wince and for her to pull me off in that split second I was caught off guard. She abandoned Hestia who still stayed back with her hand at her stomach and came spiraling toward us with only one thing in mind. Her instincts told her to defend her mate against all danger. Even if it meant going against an Alpha. Even if it meant going against her daughter.

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Sophie's wolf growls at me, anger in her expression with her teeth pulling up trying to look vicious. She hunched up her shoulders, taking a threatening step forward like she was trying to intimidate me. She tried her best to put up a front but anyone could smell the fear she tried hard to keep hidden. She was ready to set everything on the line.

How noble.

How foolish.

Sophie turned over her shoulder. She kept throwing worried glances at her mate who was now laying unconscious.

In a fit of rage and disbelief, thinking she was so stupid to come between a fight like this, I didn't hesitate to charge back to her with the intent of beating her just as hard as her mate was. But everything had already went to hell then.

Sophie's outburst and disgraceful interference broke the chain and everyone began to shout and turn against each other. Raizel's roar of outrage prickles at my fur, and for a split second I almost found myself turning to aid him.

But I was passed the point of caring.

Taking advantage of Sophie's momentary distraction, I ran forward to get close enough. When she was barely a feet away. I sprinted faster and tackled her.

Teeth clamped down at her scuff. She growls, thrashing in my hold with every ounce of her energy but with everything inside me, I tore her from her place and shoved her back hard enough she skidded. It was far enough for me to get to him. Far enough that she wouldn't be able to stop me from ending it. She could no longer interfere.

Once again, I got ontop of Benicio, feeling his heartbeat slow under my paws.

If he was human, he'd be long dead by now.

"Selene, that's enough."

My head whips around at the sound of her voice. Meredith stood there, expression cold as she walked through the crowd parting around her. They gave her way, allowing her to walk closer to us. Her hazel eyes shift from me to Benicio and I see a flash of understanding and disgust wash through her before she turns to Ivory. Ivory who stood there with a heavy cloak draped over her shoulders. and a pleased expression on her face. Meredith paid no mind to the blood and the obvious tension. she just dispelled.

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She cocks her head in our direction,

"Heal him."

Ivory steps forward but stops when she hears me snarl out a warning. She was threatening to take. away my prize. My instincts screamed at me to take her down. To get rid of the threat but I hold onto the reins of my control. Ivory's gaze falls back to Meredith and silently, she steps back. Her head. bowed even when I see a tiny grin on her face. She was amused. Her eyes glinting with mischief.

"Selene, don't let your anger consume you. Don't k ill him."

She looks from me to Sophie, who was now back to her human form, naked and cradling her mate to her chest as she weeps. It's a pitiful sight. Everyone knew when this was over, Sophie would meet the same fate. Interfering with an Alpha's fight meant being next in line.

Meredith's words shock her, and hope begins to form in her heart that maybe, this ex-Alpha would be her and her mate's saving grace, but it was quickly shot down when she sees Meredith's smirk. The dark shadow overtaking Meredith's painfully calm expression wrings out fear from even the toughest of wolves. The ex-Alpha exudes in dominance and she immediately called for respect. Those who watched rendered silent as they observed the speculation.

"You still need him. He has information. Remember, Selene. You can't k ill him just yet."

Her gaze returns to me,

"You need him alive. Just barely, but alive."

My wolf snarls again, hating the idea of letting him live but I knew she was right.

Now was not the time to let loose my anger.

Letting him die so quickly would not suffice for the pain and betrayal he has committed. He had information and there was no one who was best at getting it out other than me. But this time, I'd take my time. I'd scrape every inch of his skin just for the smallest peep.

With one last growl, I step away from him, making way for Ivory as she hurriedly crouched down

to make him drink a healing potion.

Meredith grins as she looks at Sophie with obvious distaste,

“Include her too.”

alright folks, next chapter is gonna be like, intense. I mean, it’s basically interrogation. Torture.

You know the drill. If you can’t handle blood and all that you might want to skip the next one.

We finally gonna see Fio again.

“How long have they been down there?”

Isaac looks over to Noah, noting how the Beta sat there silently, staring at the door leading down to the interrogation chambers. The look on his face was hard to read.

Calm but raging.

It’s been the longest streak of silence Noah was able to sit through. No small talk, no jokes, no teasing with Weston -who also sat beside him the entire time- absolutely nothing. Then again, in a situation as fucked as this, no one would be able to say anything light hearted. There was no room for jokes. No room for anything else.

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Not when every so often the sound of shrill screaming would echo down the hall.

“Six hours.”

Noah mumbles, glancing at his watch.

“-and forty-seven minutes.”

Adds Weston.

“And Locksworth?”

At that, Noah’s mouth tilts up the slightest bit as he turns to Isaac,

“Being a wonderful hubby, of course.”

His grin turns mischievous,

“He’s there supporting his wifey.”

The faint, rhythmic sound of blood spattering should be something I’m well acquainted with. The crunching of bones and tearing of skin, the feel of hair ripping out of one’s scalp should be secondary to me. The chilling pitter patter of nails falling to the ground one by one after being pulled out from the roots of someone’s fingers should be familiar.

It was, after all, all part of a routine.

A standard.

The sight of liquid red filling in the crevices of the stones beneath where he sat should be something I’ve grown immune to.

And in truth, I was.

At least to some degree.

I had no hesitation when dealing with rogues. No second thoughts before swiping down silver into someone’s back. I had no issues with those like Fio or Val. Those who long before had it coming and was part of the job.

But this?

Goddess.

This is entirely different.

The others before were tasteless. Unimportant to a fault. It was simply professional. Business. No real driving emotion or motivation other than extracting information and getting the details I needed. It was a necessity than it was indulgence.

This however, was personal.

And because it was personal, there was a little bit of indulgence.

I walked over to where I’d been heating up silver. The metal lighting up from dull gray into bright

orange as I watched flames lick onto the blades. It would hurt. I knew it would. Silver by itself was pain unlike no other, but heated?

That was inhumane.

“If I didn’t need you to speak, I would’ve cut that tongue of yours by now.”

I walk around him, curling around his seated figure, dragging the tip of the scorching hot silver blade across his chest and around his back. I didn’t press hard enough to cut too deep, but it was enough to draw blood.