

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 3

Chapter 3

My wolf was yipping in my head, running in circles as she chased after her own tail cluelessly. For the most part she was almost completely unbothered. I didn't understand why, I guess it was because she was reassured by Landon's wolf that everything was fine. Taking the bright red bow, I pulled it apart and slowly lifted the cover.

I felt my heart stop.

It was a beautiful, rose gold gown neatly folded into the box. On-top of it was a silver colored envelope with the words:

Wedding Invitation

Landon Walker & Hestia Anne Dixon

written in script and black ink across the middle. Tears unwillingly built up in my eyes as I shakily breathed in. This can't be true. This couldn't be. They were just friends. Sure my sister had a crush on him, and the chances he returned her feelings were high but this couldn't be. It shouldn't! He was my mate. He was mine as I was his. Why would they go through with this knowing they still had yet to meet their mate? Why would Landon agree to this?

For us, sixteen was the age in which a wolf was deemed an adult. The capability of finding your mate was the equivalent of the end of puberty to us. In a mateship, mates won't recognize one another until both reach the age of sixteen. More often than not, one would be older than his or her mate. It wasn't unnatural for there to be a slight age gap. It was widely accepted only because majority of the wolves treated the bond as sacred and couldn't bear to mistreat their significant others.

Wolves were also quicker in development both physically and mentally than normal humans. Raising the legal age to eighteen would only complicate affairs when there would be an age gap, regardless of whether it would be a two year one or a four year one. It's why I knew that marriage between Landon and Hestia was possible, even when she was only seventeen going on eighteen.

I lifted my gaze from the box and to Hestia who smiled brightly; expectantly, only to trail my attention to Landon who avoided looking at me. His eyes were hard as he stared off to the side, his jaw clenched so tight his teeth might've cracked.

My wolf howled within me, stirring with rage and heartache at the way things were unfolding. My parents, completely oblivious to what was going on, had gotten up from their seats to look at what my sister had gotten me. Once their gazes set on the envelope, they looked at one another and joyfully hugged my sister. They bombarded her with words I couldn't quite register going through my ears but I could manage to catch a few phrases about being excited for the next Luna.

How they were proud to have a daughter who would bring the family name into Alpha Status.

That didn't matter to me. The Luna position never crossed my mind. I only wanted him, Luna position be damned.

I could only focus on the one person in the room that mattered above all.

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I wished I could say he looked remorseful. I wished, if only for my pride, I could say he looked torn. But I couldn't. No hint of sorrow or regret lingered on his handsome face. He looked completely calm. Unbothered by the fact he was breaking me from inside out. The worst part is that he knew. The bond between us was there, no matter how small. He would feel the emotions surging through me as I would him. At least, I should be able to. But I can't because he chose to block his end of the bond. He can feel me but I can't feel him.

"I wanted to ask you to be my maid of honor."

Hestia said suddenly. I tore my gaze from Landon and to my sister who had a faint pink blush spread along her cheeks. Her pink, manicured fingers fiddling together in nervousness. She stared at me; hopeful and glowing. As the tears I tried so hard to maintain finally broke through their barriers, I could only manage a wretched sob.

"|-|-"

I stuttered, not knowing what to say. I couldn't muster up a proper response. An immediate frown settled on Hestia's face when she caught on my hesitance. Her eyes betrayed nothing of the disappointment and confusion she felt. She expected a different response from what I was giving her. Probably to jump at the news and shower her with kisses and words of affection like my parents did.

"Hestia, darling. Can you and your mother please get her some water and maybe a wet towel? It seems as though Selene needs to take a breather. I guess the excitement and shock of the wedding stunned her."

Hestia and my mother immediately shot out of their seats to make a beeline to the kitchen. I could only look at Landon and my father who stared at us with confusion. His suspicion grew very quickly.

"Landon, you can't-"

"Beta Benicio, please escort Selene to my office."

Father looked between Landon and I before nodding solemnly and pursing his lips. With a curt dip of his head, he turned to me and gestured me to follow him but not before shooting a glare my way.

What have you done, Selene?

I didn't answer the question he asked through our mind link. I knew my father was assuming I did some horrid thing that caused Landon to be upset with me.

"Of course, Alpha."

Alpha?

Why was my father calling him his future title?

His birth right hasn't been passed down to him yet. We didn't even have the Alpha ceremony planned out. Landon wouldn't be able to take the position without his Luna already marked, mated and finally, sworn into oath. It was the conditions the first Nightwake Alpha set.

Landon nudged his head to the side where the exit was and I found myself standing up to follow my father out. He said nothing to me as I walked passed him and to the direction of the Alpha's mansion where the office would be. It was only when I had both feet out the

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door did I hear Landon's voice again. Even though I knew what was happening, I couldn't help but look over my shoulder to see him talking to Hestia who had a glass of water in