

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

Tugging Hestia behind him, he allowed my father and mother to leave the room first. My father walked on, not bothering to look over his shoulder once. My mother trailing quietly behind him. Once the two left, he let Hestia go first before taking a step to the door.

"You know,"

He stopped at the sound of my voice but didn't turn around. My heart ragging loudly against my chest but was quiet to the world, shattered. I ached with intense pain shooting through every atom that made up my body. The day I met my mate became the day I lost everything.

for someone who hates having his life being controlled, you sure have no problem controlling mine. So tell me, how is it any fair?"

He stilled, his muscles tight before going out the door and letting it close slowly behind him.

"It isn't."

He whispered just before the door locked.

"But that's just the way it is."

It took two hours to pack everything.

Two luggages I carried with me.

Two minutes to get in the van without a word of goodbye from either one of us.

Two glances behind me to see Landon holding Hestia in a tight embrace as his eyes locked with mine. Standing at the patio just a few feet from them were my parents who looked on as the van pulled out from the driveway.

Two days to arrive at the new pack I was staying with— The Duskfall Pack.

And now, two months later, I'm still here.

I sighed heavily, taking the battered watering can by the handle and walked over to the shed. The sweet smell of fresh flowers mixing with the scent of heavy rainfall filling my nostrils as I breathed in. Calmness flowed through my veins when my eyes scanned over the fertile land. Flourished greenery blankets acres of land that stretched out miles across.

Goddess, it was beautiful.

I ignored the sluggish sounds of soil under my boots and stopped in front of the little wooden hut. Bentley Everdale, the kind old man that allowed me to work for him in his fields, came up from behind and flashed me a warm smile. The edges of his eyes crinkling with delight. Dressed in dark blue overalls with a red undershirt and brown work boots, he had smudges of oil all over his hands and under his wrinkly chin. He must've been working on his tractor.

"Here again, Selene?"

I tugged off my gloves after setting the watering can on the ground beside the rusting water valve. Bentley had a habit of checking up on me every few hours. He said I worked too much, but I didn't really consider it 'work'. I just loved flowers was all. Maybe a little too

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much but to each their own. I looked back to him, returning his smile with my own and wiped my forehead from the sweat trickling down my temple with the back of my hand. The blazing sun kissed the surface of my exposed skin and left lingering prickles of discomfort down my arms.

“Yep.”

Two months had passed and no word about my return was ever mentioned. No phone calls, no letters— absolutely nothing. I was disheartened by the thought. I figured, no matter how badly things came between us and how things ended, I would at least be checked up upon. I was still the child they raised, still the older sister she had growing up. In the end of the day we were still family. But I guess that wasn't enough. The most disappointing part of all this was that I stupidly clung onto a filament of hope that maybe, just maybe they'd show me they cared. That they'd show a hint of regret at what they've done. One phone call to see how I was holding up. It wouldn't erase my anger, hurt and most definitely betrayal but it would've at least proved that they've thought of me.

That they actually cared about me.

“Selly!”

I whipped my head around to the direction the squeaky voice came from to find Lila running at full speed toward us. Her chestnut curls tied into pigtails bouncing with every step she made. The toothy grin on her face stretching to her ears with her hazel eyes widened with excitement. Cheeks flushed from her attempt at getting to us faster. It was endearing to see her small little body clad in a white dress struggling to run over the wet soil. I visibly cringed as I glanced down to her shoes that Luna Thompson bought for her sinking into the mud.

Luna Thompson will not be happy to see that.

The smile broadened on my face as I watched her stumble but quickly regain her composure. The little slip hadn't fazed her. Her excitement in seeing me never diminishing along the way.

“Well hello there, Lila.”

Bentley greeted, putting both hands on his hips as he stared down at the five year old amusedly when she reached us. Lila smiled shyly, a pink blush spreading on her round cheeks. Her eyes darted to the ground before peering up to Bentley timidly. Her small fingers hooked around the hem of her dress before she dashed to hide behind me and wrapped her arms around my legs. Poking her head to the side, she peeked over me. No doubt those doe eyes of hers were watching Bentley with caution. For a five year old, she was quite inquisitive.

Lila Everdale was an orphan of the Reddusk Pack. A pack far, far away in the East. She lost both parents at just a few weeks old after an unsuspecting rogue attack. None of the wolves wanted to adopt her because of her lineage. According to Bentley, her parents were the omegas of that pack at the time.