

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 18

Chapter 18

I whipped my head around desperately in every direction. I didn't know where to begin to look.

Then I heard a scream.

A little girl's scream.

Lila's scream.

My blood ran cold. Pushing myself harder, I rushed over to the sound, begging the Moon Goddess to give the strength to shift. The sluggish sound of my feet pounding down on the mud ringing in my ears when I saw a figure hunching over the ground. A man built up with heavy pounds of muscles pinned Lila on the ground. Tears rolled down her eyes as she screamed hysterically. Her legs kicking and arms trying to pull from the man's grasp. Her pants were thrown to the side, shirt ridding up her exposed chest. Her underwear was still on but the man was quickly trying to change that. Without thinking, I rushed over and threw myself over the man's body. He fell over, my arms still wrapped tightly around his neck. Lila's screams were unceasing as she crawled away and stared at me. She cried out my name, then Bentley's before repeating in a cycle. The man was strong. He recklessly thrashed around, his hands planting firmly around my forearms in attempt to pull me off. I tightened my hold, forcing every ounce of power in me to keep my arms locked around him. I shut my eyes in pure rage. The ideas I knew the man had if I hadn't interfered spiked up enough emotion in me to grasp tighter. An aggravated yell tore from my lips as the man's fruitless attempts of getting me off ceased. After a few seconds, his breathing slowed. His body drooping to the ground with his head hanging loosely at his neck. I felt his heart stop.

I killed a man.

I killed someone.

Slowly, I let my arms unwrap around his neck. His body fell over with a loud thud to give me a good view of his scarred back. I kneeled over the floor, the body a few inches from mine faced down onto the grass. The adrenaline pumping in my veins had me momentarily in shock when I felt small arms wrap around my waist. Lila's broken whimpers against my skin took me out of my trance. Cautiously, I wrapped my arms around her body and held her close. Her warmth the only thing keeping me from losing my mind, My touch soothed her slightly as hers did for me.

I swallowed. Picking myself up with Lila in my arms, I walked over the body, not sparing another glance in both disgust of the man and disgust in myself for enjoying the feel of his life leaving his body in my arms. My wolf growled in approval, her canines baring in pride. The desire for blood was clear in her beady black eyes.

We needed to get out of here.

Forcing myself to think straight, I suddenly remembered Bentley.

He was supposed to be with Lila. I looked around only to find him missing. Panic spread inside me. He couldn't be-

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Turning to the opposite direction, I ran with Lila still sobbing in my arms toward his

garden. Leaves and branches slapped against my skin as I ran but I could barely feel it. I was too focused and engrossed in trying to find him to notice the small cuts spreading across my skin. When we reached the front gate, I looked around wildly. I was desperate to catch sight of the one person who showed me what a true father was like. His flower patches were still the same. It was completely untouched. I snuggled Lila tighter against my chest. Her face buried in my shirt as I felt myself freeze. I whimpered, legs shaking as my legs gave away, Falling to the ground on my knees, I held Lila's head to my neck so she couldn't look back. Her wet drops of tears rolling down my skin. I stared in complete silence. His checkered shirt was ripped open at the back. His body faded down with his head hidden in the cluster of his dandelions. His arms and legs were spread apart, his right forearm missing. A sharp sob pulled from my lips but I forced it down with my other hand. Hot tears blurred my vision but it wasn't enough to wash away the image in my head. Bentley's body surrounded and hidden by the flowers he so carefully nurtured embraced him. As if protecting him from the world. The moonlight's soft shine casting a shadow over his body. And his precious white roses, tainted in deep red. "Selly? Where's Bentley?" Lila tried pulling from my grasp in impatience but I didn't let her move away. Goddess knows what awful thing will scar her memories of him. My eyes never strayed away from Bentley's back. It was like any second from now he would just sit up, wipe the dirt off his clothes and say he's fine. It didn't feel like I lost him even when the evidence was right in front of me. I couldn't feel him breathing but somehow a small part of me still believed he'd wake. That small, delusional, helplessly hopeful part of me. I couldn't find myself to admit it.