

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 19

Posted by Admin1, 370 Views, Released on May 26, 2023

Chapter 19

To admit he was truly gone.

It was just so sudden.

Everything happened way too fast. So fast that I couldn't comprehend it. I had to be stuck in some nightmare. A nightmare I desperately wanted to wake up from. So that when I open my eyes, I'll find Bentley working on his truck, his hands all dirty from oil. He'd be wearing his overalls paired with his work boots like he always did. He'd tell me to take a break, maybe spend some time with Lila over the fields and help her plant some seeds. To find little Jason running around with a stick he found chasing after other pups with their squeals sounding down the pack territory. Luna Thompson would be chatting away with other female wolves about the next feast we'd have. The pack warriors teaching the teens how to fight and train properly for the future.

Anna, Oscar, Remmy, Harden, Cindy, June, Brenda-

All those faces attached to the names I knew so well that I'd never see again. Their expressions of their last moments of life twisted in pure horror was forever engraved in my mind. Those soulless eyes staring right through me. Some had serene, unsuspecting faces. Those who were caught off guard, never truly knowing what fate had in store for them until it was too late.

I shuddered, forcing my eyelids to shut. I couldn't let myself stray away from my objective. I couldn't bring back the dead. My thoughts went to Lila. The best I could do was make sure another wouldn't fall.

There was nothing but rubble left for us here. I couldn't feel any of my bonds with the members connect. My wolf had gotten acquainted to their wolves and formed a makeshift bond that allowed me to feel them albeit faintly. It didn't give me much information about their whereabouts or thoughts but I could feel their presence on land if I searched hard for it.

And searching for it, I did.

I just didn't find any.

They were wiped out.

Lila stuck on like a leech; clinging onto me like a life preserver. She was definitely traumatized from her earlier incident. She was touched and she saw me kill a man all in the same minute. Maybe there was a small part of her that feared me now. I shook away the thought and frowned at her appearance. Her curly brown hair was a mess on top her head. Mud, strands of grass and small sticks coated her locks along with her clothes. Her top was getting dirty from the mud on my shirt but she didn't seem to mind. She held tighter despite the cold water saturating through the fabric and soaking into hers.

Lifting my head, I tried to scan around the area.

There were tons of rogues prowling around the territory. Loud howls singing into the night from every direction to state their position. From what I could hear, they almost had every perimeter secured. All except one. The secret exit near the bunker. About thirty of the rogues were roaming around the borders. Securing the exits to make sure

no wolf could get

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out.

Or get in.

The only advantage I have is that I knew the land better, but who's to say they didn't already scout out the area before attacking? Confusion struck within me. How could they have possibly breached the heavily guarded barriers? Duskfall had barbed wires, twenty foot fences, motion detectors, outposts every few feet from each other... how in the world did they managed to weasel themselves in?

Lila whimpered as if sensing my inner turmoil. Tilting my head down, I loosened the hold I was unconsciously tightening around her. Her nails dug into my skin, but I ignored the slight pain. She was feeling antsy. Clearly frazzled from everything that happened thus far. I had to be strong for her. She had no one to depend on but me. If I lost my will now, there'd be no way we'd get out of this alive. Keeping that as my mindset, I hardened myself. I compelled my nerves to steel. Being afraid won't solve anything.

I stood up. Backtracking from the garden before making a dash to the woods. My guard was up. I threw one last glance at Bentley to bid a silent goodbye before running as fast as I could down the narrow pathway.

The rogues were smart enough to cause the fires. Smoke collectively formed a smog around the territory, enwrapping the small houses in the thick swamp of harmful fumes. Not only did it mess with our sense of smell but also our sight. It was a disaster.

Calamity's kiss falling upon our pack.

Zooming by the after shadows of the trees, I narrowed my gaze down the course leading to the bunker. I believed some of the pack members managed to hide away before getting caught. We had protocols and practice situation to ensure everyone was quick enough to get there in time. Kind of like drills. No one but the pack members knew of the bunker. It was created for emergencies like this. A witch had cast a protective spell on the structure; hiding its appearance to those unwelcome. The rogues wouldn't have been able to see the bunker or catch a scent on it.

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It was the perfect hide out. Completely invisible to the senses unless given permission by the Alpha. When we reached the entrance, I noticed the familiar marking on the stone wall. A black circle with a red insignia inside it.

A witch's mark.

The rogues had a witch with them. That could only mean they had undone the protective spell. I frantically went down the stairs and almost tripped along the way. Stumbling with my feet, I grabbed onto the railing for support. Abruptly, I stopped when we reached the bunker. The door was wide open. A foul smell of flesh reaching my

nose. Crestfallen, and horrified, I didn't move an inch.

I didn't need to be a genius to figure out what happened in there. Lila squirmed in my hold. The stench bothering her as she tugged on my shirt. I forced the bile down my throat. The disturbing smell of flesh and blood made me want to hurl. I didn't want to walk in and see the bloodbath that took place in there. I turned on my heel and jogged up the stairs.

I held Lila closer and took off in the other direction from where we first came from. Everything was hard to see through the fog. The eerie ambiance of the deserted land brought chills to my spine. The place that would've been crowded with people, completely desolate from use. Lila's soft sob vibrated into my chest. She had clutched onto my shirt, her face pressed hard onto my collarbone. I moved her back slightly, cupping her wet cheek against my palm and tilted her head up. Her eyes were puffy, lips swollen and trembling. As quietly as I could, I whispered down to her, "Lila, I need you to be very quiet."

I looked from my left to the right before turning back to her once I saw the coast was clear. I was completely on edge. I felt like at any moment, one of the rogues will just jump out and attack us. My paranoia brought on thoughts that scared me to the bones. Thoughts like what would happen if they caught us, or if they'd just kill us on spot.

"The bad guys will hear us if you're not."

Lila's cries stopped as she stared up at me. She sniffled, rubbing her little fists against her eyes.

"They'll get us like they got Bentley?"

My chest tightened at the name. With a curt nod, I skimmed my thumb over the edge of her eye. Wiping away her tears, I grimaced at the afterthought of Bentley. His body and blood flashing through my mind. The same kind of state we'd be in if we didn't escape. The cold wind brewing over us bit into my flesh, encouraging goosebumps to rise from my skin. The call of midnight just above our heads.

"Yes."

Nodding to herself, she wrapped her arms around my neck and buried her entirety into my embrace. Her soft whimpers ceased as she remained still in my arms. She was resolved in keeping quiet, knowing just how crucial silence was to our survival. I carefully walked down the slope. I was freezing in my wet clothes, the wind seeping through the fabric. The pack was most likely deserted. Most wolves killed if they didn't escape.

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Unable to think of anything else, I reached out in my bond to call for my parents. I hoped that after reaching them, they'd call for reinforcements. The Beta had enough power to summon a small group of warriors to a pack in need without the Alpha's supervision. It was rare that these things happened, but if they did, the Beta wouldn't have done so unless absolutely necessary. I kept trying to search for our connection but I couldn't find it. My wolf tilted her head in confusion.

My eyebrows knit together until I understood what happened. Both my mother and

father's walls were up. I couldn't get through to them. They were purposely shutting me out. Not even my wolf could get through to their wolves. I haven't tried to reach out to them in two months, and now I knew that if I did, it wouldn't have gone through. This was their way of officially cutting ties with me. My chest burned in grief. I could feel a lump weighing down in the pit of my stomach. Surely Hestia wouldn't have done the same. I tried searching for her bond in my head.

Nothing.

Feeling sick all of a sudden, I flinched hearing sticks snap from behind me. I didn't wait to turn around to jump behind a tree. Pressing my back to the bark, I held Lila protectively against me. Her figure quivered in my hold because she too, heard it. I waited. Slowly, when nothing could be heard, I peeked over the trunk. Three wolves were roaming down the woods. They looked around, eyes searching with snouts raised in the air in attempt to catch a scent. The fire's fumes made it impossible.

I held my breath. Placing a hand over Lila's mouth, her breathing harbored. I stood completely still. I hoped they didn't feel my presence. I was sure they couldn't smell me but hearing me was a different issue. The tiniest bit of noise would get their attention. A sudden cracking reverberated down the woods.