

# The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 11

## Chapter 11

The Alpha of the pack I was currently residing in, Alpha Thompson, found Lila being beaten by her pack members during one of the social events held at their territory. Abuse was something he didn't tolerate; child abuse more so. He demanded the right to claim her and unsurprisingly, the Reddusk Pack was more than willing to give Lila up with nothing in exchange.

They saw her as baggage left behind.

She was only three years old when Alpha Thompson brought her here.

Bentley told me how the first time he saw her, she was covered with bruises all over her tan skin. Cuts and scars littered her arms and legs; some old but most new and fresh. You could only imagine the kind of abuse she's been through at Reddusk. Alpha Thompson was bringing her to the Pack House, her tiny body cradled in his big arms was a sight to see. It was even harder to imagine. Bentley was just walking home when he saw her. He couldn't believe how malnourished she was. 'She was only skin and bones' he'd tell me.

Lila had refused to lift her eyes from the ground when she was officially introduced as a new pack member. He guessed she was constantly told to avoid eye contact as a way to shame and humiliate the young child. To carve into her mind that she was below everyone else because of her blood line. That she was born inferior.

I could never understand how someone could lay their hands on children. Such young, pure souls not knowing the ugliness of the world being stripped from their innocence.

The trauma of being abused since basically her birth took its toll on her and influenced her greatly. She was withdrawn, unusually quiet and overly wary. She didn't play with other pups her age and took to just staring at flowers. Apparently Reddusk kept her indoors at all times. So when she finally caught a glimpse of the outside, she was taken to observing them.

Thus, meeting Bentley who she grew somewhat dependent on.

It took a good full year for her to even crack a smile. A mistrustful Lila denied anyone who tried to get close to her. Sometimes she still denied Bentley. Many of the pack members offered to adopt her, but Lila refused to go along with anyone. She was satisfied staying in the pack house with other orphans who would soon be adopted. She often threw tantrums when someone tried to get close. He told me that she'd kick, scream, cry out and attempt to run whenever someone tried to bring her home. I frowned at the words Bentley said to me once:

The poor

child has been through a lot. When she turned five a few months ago, she asked me if I loved her like 'she' did from Reddusk. I was so confused. I was under the impression Reddusk treated her badly, but then again, maybe there was at least one person who actually cared for her. Maybe a relative of some sort, possibly a family friend. So I told her that I did, but then she just frowns and her lips begin to quiver and she goes: You'll hurt me too?

The bastard proclaimed to love her every time she'd hit her. Every hit she laid on Lila's

skin pounded the wrong definition of love into her head. To Lila, love meant physical, emotional and mental pain.

“Selly... can we see the flowers?”

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Lila mumbled into my jeans. I blinked away the anger bubbling in my chest and laughed softly at her before nodding. Skimming my hand affectionately against her cheek, I felt my heart warm as she leaned in. As much as Lila strayed away from affectionate touches, she was also desperate for them. A dangerous combination that could determine whether or not Lila would lash out if used at the wrong moment.

Being starved of affection can do that to you. My wolf had admittedly gotten maternal over the pup. Ever since the day we met her when she was playing in Bentley's garden when I first arrived, we had formed a cautious relationship. Through her, Bentley had met me and offered me a job.

As the days I kept coming increased, she slowly opened up to me until she practically followed me around like a lost puppy.

She was like a ray of sunshine in my life. Lila was one of the biggest reasons I'm stable enough aside from the overwhelming kindness the pack showed me and the garden Bentley let me work on. I was an emotional, depressed mess when I first arrived here. No point in sugar coating it. I wasn't keeping track of time, bothering to go out to eat and just lived through life like a shell of a person for almost two weeks. Missing my garden back home didn't help either. It was only until I found out that the pack territory had a large field did I gain some kind of interest or motivation to get up.

I managed to keep my mind off things and focus on myself whenever I would work on the plants. It was the perfect distraction. Just staring at the calming beauty of nature was enough to lighten my mood and clear my thoughts for a moment.