

Sanctuary: A Hidden Pack (New Edition)

Chapter 2 Fifteen Years Later

Keir It has been fifteen years since I lost almost everything I valued in life, but it doesn't become easier with the years that have passed, and the only reason I am still breathing has everything to do with the female I am looking at. She is the reason I get out of bed every morning; she is the reason I keep going through the motions every single day, and I thank the Goddess every single day for keeping her safe. Ever since Lakota turned fifteen, we have been sneaking out of the Pack-house at night, and we do it at least once a week. Our Alpha is a pompous ass, as Lakota says; he thinks he knows how to run a Pack, and that is to our advantage. No one ever figured out that we are Lycans or that we are of an Alpha bloodline. They are too stupid to see or notice it, and our Alpha doesn't train his members correctly. In a few weeks, Lakota will turn eighteen, and that will be the day that we will leave this Pack in search of a new home. My mind wanders back to my birth Pack, a Pack that no longer exists, and I feel nothing thinking about it. My Father was a Werewolf and my Mother was a Lycan, but with her low rank as a Lycan, she would give birth to Werewolves. My Father wasn't a big fan of Lycans, and our entire Pack was aware of that. He had been very disappointed when he found out his fated Mate was a Lycan and a Lycan of a low rank as well. He never hid his disappointment from anyone. The only time he was pleased with his Mate was the day she gave him an heir to the Pack, and even that didn't turn out the way he wanted. My Brother's training to become the Alpha started when he turned sixteen, and I was ignored even more from that day on, not that I gave a damn. I enjoyed training with the Warriors, and I was damn good at it too. I turned thirteen about three months after my Brother turned sixteen, and I shifted for the first time. I scared the shit out of my Mother that day as I turned out to be a Lycan and a black-furred one at that, something my Brother wouldn't like at all. My Mother warned me not to show anyone that I was a Lycan, and I knew exactly why she said it, because I had witnessed it more than once that Pack-members were bad-mouthing their Luna for being a Lycan. My Father and my Brother both ignored what the Pack did to her, and that was one of the major reasons I didn't care that my Father ignored me. Echo had trouble standing down whenever we heard Pack-members talking about our Mother, but we both knew it wouldn't do us any good. My Mother had been excited the day my Brother turned eighteen, but we both knew my Father would be disappointed in him and his Wolf. The moment he had shifted into his Wolf, my Father walked away as his Wolf was a dark brown wolf instead of the black Wolf my Father had expected, after all, he was the future Alpha. My Father began to include me in the Alpha training, and my Brother had despised me for it, taking every opportunity he had to make me look bad. I tried to talk to him about it, but he didn't want to listen to what I had to say, and after a while, I gave up trying to explain things to him. Until the day I turned eighteen, I had no idea what I would do. Would I shift and show everyone that I am an Alpha Lycan, or would I act as if I was Wolfless? I had no idea, and it wasn't until I woke up on my eighteenth birthday that Echo and I decided not to shift, hoping my Father would go back to ignoring me. It turned out a little bit different from what I had hoped, and it would lead to the event that forced me to leave home for good. My Father did go back to ignoring me, but it also gave my Brother an excuse to throw insults in my direction, and it didn't take long before most Pack-members joined him. The only ones that didn't care about me being Wolfless were the Omegas and the Warriors; the Omegas didn't care because they knew how spiteful our Pack could be, and the Warriors didn't care because they knew the kind of fighter I

was. My Mother started to join my Father and Brother in ignoring me, and that hurt me more than the insults my Brother and Pack-members threw my way. I had just returned from night patrol and I was later than usual thanks to a handful of Rogues, when I heard my Mother's voice coming from the living room. "Sweetheart, you are right. Keir is a burden to our Pack as a Wolfless male, and he will never contribute to this Pack in any way." She giggled before she said, "If he thinks he will ever get a Mate, he is in for a surprise. That Wolfless idiot is only kidding himself." I heard her laugh along with my Brother and Father as I walked over to the living room. "I, Keir, Son of Alpha Matt and Luna Linda, hereby sever ties with Yellow Stone Pack." I growled as I shifted into Echo and stalked over to our Mother. "I hope the rest of your life in this Pack will be as miserable as hell." Echo growled. In my Lycan form, I stalked up the stairs to the Alpha floor, and I shifted back just outside my bedroom. I packed some clothes into a backpack together with some other necessities. An Omega was waiting for me outside my room, and she handed me a bag filled with food and snacks before she bowed her head and left me standing there. Everyone in the living room was still in shock as I walked out of the Pack-house, and it was the last time I saw my birth Pack. I know Yellow Stone Pack no longer exists; the Council took care of that when Armand found evidence that my Brother had been behind the massacre of Crystal Blood Pack. He had found out I was Alpha of a Pack that was bigger than his and had better Warriors than he had. He was jealous of the fact that I had a Mate and was happy, while his Mate had rejected him for the pompous ass he was. All those lives lost because of a jealous Alpha. My Father was put to death for killing my Mother; he had killed her because she had known I was an Alpha Lycan and she had kept it hidden from him. But even that didn't make me feel anything. I had closed the book on my birth Pack and my family the day I had walked out. I don't regret what I did that day, and I am grateful for the time I got with my Mate. "Dad, stop reliving the past. There was nothing you could have done, and the things you did do are what matter." Lakota's voice pulls me from my memories, and I know that she is right. After she shifted for the first time, I told her my life story, from the day I was born until the day I ended up at Silver Shadow Pack. Lakota has known since she was ten years old that Silver Shadow Pack was not her birth Pack; I had been contacted by Council-member Armas, and I had been forced to tell Lakota. She hadn't been completely surprised, but she had surprised me when she had asked if I ever wanted to return. I had thought about it for a while, and when I told her it held a lot of sorrowful memories for me, she told me to sell it. It wasn't her home; she didn't remember it, and if it was too painful for me, then why would I want to keep it? The only request Lakota had was to keep our Pack name; she couldn't explain why she wanted to keep it. The Council granted her request to keep the Pack name, and the day we leave Silver Shadow Pack, we will have enough money to start over again. We don't have a solid plan, but we will see where we end up and what we need to start over again. We are walking back to the Pack-house in silence, something we do just in case we run into someone. No one is surprised to see me walking about at night; I have done it ever since we settled in Silver Shadow Pack, and it was something I had done on purpose. It gave me the freedom to go where I needed to go to shift into Echo, but Lakota is not allowed out at night, and if anyone thinks I am alone, they will not realize that Lakota is hiding in a tree. "Hello, Gamma." I hear our future Alpha say, and I look up at him as if I was deep in thought. "Sorry, I was..." I start to say, but he tells me I don't have to explain myself. "Dad told me you do this every night, and he thinks it has something to do with your past. I won't keep you, Gamma." He says, and he sounds even worse than his Father. I shake my head as I stare after him; he walks towards the Pack-house, and I realize this might become tricky for Lakota. *"I am on our floor, Dad."* She says through our mind-link, and I smile as I walk after our future Alpha. In two hours, he will turn eighteen, and he will be able to find his Mate; his

Father seems to think he will be mated to our Beta's Daughter. It would make sense why they have been together for almost a year now, and a part of me hopes it is true. I don't care who his Mate is as long as it isn't Lakota. It would make things very complicated for her and her Lycan if he is, because he has made it known he will reject his Mate if she turns out to be Wolfless or a Lycan.

