

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 13

### Chapter 13

I was suffocating.

I forced as much air down my throat but it wasn't enough. My hands had curled themselves around my neck. It was like every breath I took, I was swallowing acid. A burning sensation would travel down my throat to the very core of my body. It'd ignite unworldly pain to spread across every particle making up my being.

The inflammation in my chest felt like a thousand knives piercing through me all at once. Tears welled in my eyes as the pain tripled. It reached every crevice in my body. Not a single muscle tenseless from the pain. Beating my soul inside and out, I gasped out. I could only hear the distinct footsteps of Lila running away and frantically screaming for Bentley before I passed out. A world of black stretching abyss welcoming me into the caress of nothing.

When I came to, Lila was fast asleep beside me on a chair. Her head rested against her folded arms on the side of the bed. Judging from the bareness of the room and the unfamiliar peach painted walls, we were in one of the spare rooms at the Pack House. It was a lot closer to the field than the small house I currently lived in. Rubbing my temples, I closed my eyes shut. There was a sort of ringing in my head. A migraine that made my focus a little woozy. It hurt like hell but it was more annoying than anything.

After a few breaths, I opened my eyes and turned to look at the window. I nearly groaned out loud at the darkness just beyond the room. It was already nightfall. I slept for almost the entire day. I could faintly remember checking the time and seeing that it was only ten in the morning when I passed out. I sighed. I'll just have to work twice as hard tomorrow to make up for today. I already felt bad for Bentley yet again finding me unconscious. My eyes drifted to the small child beside me. Her back rose and fell steadily as she breathed. A small squeeze made my eyes fall to my hand. I realized she was holding onto my finger. Her tiny fingers curled around my pinky.

A frown marred on my face at the dried tear streaks down Lila's cheeks. I slowly reached over her even though lifting my arms alone strained my sore muscles. Gently, I wiped her tears away. Lila stirred in her sleep but nuzzled into her folded arms against the bed. She was always a light sleeper. A breath of relief came over me when she didn't wake up. I wasn't sure how bad her reaction would be if she saw me.

I must've terrified her.

Images of her helplessly frightened face flashing in my mind before I forcefully shut them out. Guilt and frustration built up inside me. I didn't want her to have to see that. Of all times, it had to happen when I was with her. Even when I knew there was nothing I could've done to prevent it, I still felt responsible. Like I should've been strong enough to withstand it when no one ever could.

"This isn't safe for you, Selene."

I looked up upon hearing a croaky voice to see Bentley walking in with a frown. He closed the door behind him with a bouquet of roses tucked against his forearm. My lips tugged up when I realized it was the flowers he so carefully grew himself. Bentley allowed me to work

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The Female Alpha's Sanctuary

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on his garden but the roses were off limits. His mate had loved his roses, and since then he wanted to be the only one taking care of it. It brought him some form of solace for his loss. Without him saying it, I knew that by growing the roses himself, he still felt her presence. He felt like she was right there with him.

He was wearing a checkered shirt with long khakis a size too big for his lanky body. He looked tired. Gray hair messy and eyes sunken in more than usual. It made me feel worse knowing he probably didn't get any sleep because he was worried about me. Bentley sighed heavily before laying the flowers on my nightstand and pulling the desk chair to sit at my right. Taking my hand in his, he furrowed his brows together before tightening his grip.

"This is the seventh time this month."

I swallowed thickly. Averting my gaze from him, I chewed on my lip. Fear rippled inside me from his tone. We never really talked about these attacks because I never wanted to. He knew what they were but he never made a move to talk about it. He was aware it made me uncomfortable. So hearing Bentley bring it up now had my nerves kicking in.

"You slept for two days."

My mouth parted in surprise. Two days? This was the longest I ever slept through. Granted, this attack was far worse compared to my past ones, but this is outrageous. Two days. A full forty-eight hours of sleep.

"Lila-

"She wouldn't leave your side. She was afraid you'd leave her too"

Bentley's eyes trailed over to the small body beside me. His gaze softened in sadness, "-like her parents."