

## Chapter 3 - Isla POV

Author: Darma Day © 2022-11-15 03:42:33

“Isla, hun, we’re here” Mr. Andrews spoke softly as he tapped my shoulder. Stretching my arms up as I yawn, I take in my surroundings. Outside the bus is a massive building, which must be the packhouse. This packhouse was far more elegant compared to the packhouse I grew up in.

This place looked like a fancy hotel. Three stories, stonework from the ground up, rich wood doors and windows. Wow, I thought to myself.

Glancing down, my shin is all healed so I grab my satchel, and make my way off the bus. Standing out front of the packhouse was a statuesque blonde-haired man. He must be a ranked member by the size of him and his muscles. Well if I’m going to live here, at least the sights will be nice. His lips curled up in a smile that showed his white teeth that contrasted against his lightly tanned skin.

“Welcome to Clear Creek! I am Beta Grayson and we are so very happy to have you here. I’ll take you inside, show you around the common areas and get you set up with your pack sponsors” he said. “Follow me”. Yessir, I will follow you anywhere. I thought to myself.

Stepping through the large double wooden doors into a foyer. Wow. This place was so cozy and inviting. Warm tan walls, exposed wood beams, high vaulted ceilings. In the common room was a large stone fireplace, and leather couches scattered around the marble floors.

Beta Grayson walked us from the common room to a game room, the main hall, various conference rooms, a large industrial kitchen, communal showers, guest bunks, and offices. Entering one of the conference rooms we gathered around the table as he started talking again.

“You all have access to pack house ground level anytime you need it. Doors are locked up after 9 at night but the intercom system is always monitored. This is your home now, all we ask of you right now is to fill out some basic details here for pack records, then we will set you up with your sponsors. Tonight is the welcoming ceremony, you will all have time to get settled before then.”

Frowning as I looked down at the form in front of me, I didn’t want to answer much. I don’t want anyone here to take pity on me. The poor she-wolf from a broken home, no this is supposed to be my fresh start. I get it, they just want to be able to get medical records, family hierarchy, and such from previous packs. Heck, I don’t think Cedar Falls or the TRTC ever fully got my records. If I leave it blank, they’ll ask more questions, I’ll just give the basics, and then maybe they won’t pry too much.

Former pack- Cedar Falls, Blood Oak.

Family Ranking - Beta/Warrior.

Family in other packs- none.

Wolf Color- gray.

There were more questions about family and contacts and about our desires for the pack and such but this was enough. Looking around the room I see Beta Grayson introducing the three other shifters that came to Clear Creek with me to their sponsors. A geeky-looking guy named Steve was to work in the tech security division, a sweet and shy gal name Suzie was to be kitchen staff, and a douche kid named Kyle was going to the accounting department. Kyle was friends with Kyson, trash personalities attract other trash I guess. As they all slowly made their way out of the conference room, it was just me left. I didn’t see any more people here to be my sponsor. Great, no one wanted me here either. Thanks, Goddess.

I kept my eyes on the floor as I sat picking at the skin around my nails, fighting back the anxiety that was growing inside me. “Well, should we get you to your quarters?” Beta Grayson said looking down at me.

Looking up at him, he must have seen the questions in my eyes. “You will be living on the second level here at the pack house along with the other warriors that are un-mated. I am in charge of patrol schedules and training, along with Alpha Zac of course. If you need anything, I am your guy.” Beta Grayson motioned for me to follow him.

As we walked out of the conference room and made our way to the second floor he further explained the layout of the packhouse. “The second floor is for warriors as I mentioned, there is a common room over there, a laundry through here and each suite has its bathroom.” Pointing at a set of stairs, “The third floor is where myself and Alpha Zac live. Your room will be right here.” He said, opening a door near the stairs. “Go ahead, make yourself at home, your patrol and training schedules are on the desk. I have some business to attend to, I’ll be downstairs if you need anything at all Isla.” He said kindly as he closed the door behind him.

The room was way nicer than the one I had at TRTC. A large bed with plush bedding, a walk-in closet, and even my tv mounted above the desk. The bathroom was equally as nice as a roomy shower with glass doors across from a vanity surrounded by lights. I decided to take a stroll through the second floor to pass the time. Walking down the hall, I admired the interior, this was nothing like the pack house at Blood Oak. Blood Oaks’s packhouse was less homey, white and black were the only colors. It was also only one floor with a common area in the center.

My father was the Beta for the Blood Oak pack. Life wasn’t always terrible there, it was mostly good until my mom died. My mom died while on patrol when some rogues attacked, I was eight at the time. After that dad was never the same, the grief changed him, it changed everything.

A cold chill ran through my spine, shaking away the painful memories, I headed back to my room. A nap would be nice before the ceremony tonight.