



7-The Mysterious Pack Of Sawyer Wolf

Carena:

I had nothing on me except my phone and some money in my bag. I traveled for hours on the bus and then hopped on a train to the largest pack up north-The North Comet Pack.

After getting off the train, I wrapped my arms around myself while navigating through the rain as I made my way towards the pack's border. There stood a massive black door obstructing my view ahead.

"I don't recall there being a gate," I murmured, pondering why the security had been beefed up. It had been years, so many changes had occurred. The last time I left was when the alpha kings of North and South were not on good terms, and things only deteriorated after that.

My ex always boasted about how he would have handled being an alpha king of the North as well. I didn't say it to his face back then, but I could definitely say he wasn't even doing a great job in the South.

"Stop right there," a guard's loud and commanding voice halted me in my tracks, causing me to quickly backtrack my steps.

"Who are you?" The tall warrior emerged from his small room with a gun in his hand.

"I used to be a member of this pack," I uttered, barely able to make eye contact with him as the rain was quite blinding.

"Used to be?" he scoffed.

"I am returning home," I added meekly.

"Where is your badge?" he asked, and a frown covered my forehead.

"A badge? We never needed a badge before," I wasn't sure what this man was asking for. I had never seen a badge used at the border. They would have a list of their members, and that would be all.

"You cannot go inside unless you have a badge or—" he paused, leaving room for another option.

"Or?" I clung to the hope of another option.

"Or someone who lives here knows you and can guarantee that you are a member of this pack," he added, and I nodded my head swiftly.

"My father and my sister live here," I bit my bottom lip when mentioning them. They must hate me.

My dad has blocked my number, so I don't know how I will get him to verify that I was once a member of the pack here.

"Call him then," the guard said, and I gulped.

"He's mad at me, so I can't get in touch with him. Can you

please call him from your phone?" I requested, and he gave me a bitter look before rolling his eyes and pulling out his phone, motioning for me to stand under the shelter. Once I did, I dialed my father's number and put the phone on speaker. My heart was thumping loudly against the thin fabric of my dress. I was supposed to be resting, but here I was, getting rejected, traveling, and then looking for a pack to belong to.

"Hello, warrior Reese! How may I help you?" My father used a very cheery tone to speak to the guard. We have two different types of attitudes: the ones we give to people who are of the same rank or lower than us, and the one where we don't even raise our eyes to those of higher ranks or the ones that would get us in trouble with the alpha king. My father, being an omega, had his kids all omegas, so we were pretty obedient to the higher-ups.

"Dad!" Instead of the guard responding, when I spoke up, my father went silent.

"Please don't hang up the call. I am at the gate, and they are not letting me in. They want some badge, and I don't have it," I began to explain quickly, shivering from the cold.

"So? What do you want me to do? And why the heck are you back here? Didn't you leave with your beloved siblings to go stay with that mate of yours?" The mocking in his tone made me remember when he had forbidden me from taking care of my step-siblings. He was not wrong for being angry at the

world and his mate, but those kids at that time seemed innocent. However, I took their responsibility, and that angered my sister and my father. They made me choose, and I chose the kids who had no clue what they were getting punished for.

"They betrayed me," I almost broke down, but then I carried myself with dignity as the guard was watching me.

"So what do you want from me now? I am not accepting you back into my house. You left us. You left your broken father. You got what you deserve," he shouted from the other side, shattering my confidence, and I kept biting my bottom lip to act normal.

"Okay, that's enough. I don't want to stand here in the cold for this family feud," the guard snatched the phone out of my hands and put it off speaker. "I am opening the door for her. You better get her a member badge and deal with the issues in your damn house."

Saying that, the guard hung up the phone on my father and opened the gate for me.

"Thank you so much," I uttered, bowing down and feeling grateful. However, the very first step I took to walk inside left me stunned.

The pack looked different. Thick fog covered the roads, making everything look mysterious and blurry. The houses were all either gray or black colors. The big road separated

the houses. There were barely any streets on small roads. And after every few houses had big parks but they were empty. I managed to find the house. It was the same as I had left it, but the paint had been replaced with gray paint. There was something else that caught my eye.

Two Range Rovers were parked outside on the road, and in one of them was a guy wearing a black mask and black glasses. It was odd because it was already dark, so why was he wearing those glasses?

Then my eyes landed on the guards watching me. I quickly looked away and continued to reach the front porch.

I was right.

The cars were indeed here because my father had some guests over, and not just any ordinary guests.

"Please, give us some time," I heard my father's voice before I could even stop in the doorway. I watched him bowing down to a lady in a white dress with guards standing next to her. She was sitting comfortably, her posture upright, and her aura emitting royalty.

"You have been given a year to pay the debt. We can't help you anymore. Either your daughter comes and serves us, or— we will have to kick you out of here and mark you as a rogue," she stated firmly.

I recognized her instantly. She was the Queen mother, the mother of the children of the alpha king- Lady Mary Jane.



"I am ready to serve and do anything you want me to do," I saw my sister, Maanya, quickly piecing her plans together and begging the lady. My sister's blue eyes were a much darker shade than my eyes. Where I had long brown hair, she had short brown wavy hair.

"Umm! No! You are not quite what we want. Hence, we will have to go with the other option," she diligently shook her head and took a deep sigh.

I couldn't believe she was threatening my father. What debt had he taken that they couldn't return in one year? And for what?

"Father!"

I entered the house instantly as my father was about to kneel before her to beg for some time. The lady turned to look at me, along with my sister and my father. The misery on their faces was replaced with harshness when they watched me enter the house. However, because the queen mother was here, they didn't say much.

"She is also your daughter?" Lady MaryJane asked my father, her hazel eyes beaming with strange hunger.

"She—is," my father stuttered, straightening his posture but quickly looking away to show me that he was still upset with me. His once beautiful hazel eyes looked so dull and had several white in his brown hair.

“Aha! Then give us this daughter.”

My body got covered in goosebumps, and my sister’s eyes widened, while my father gasped at the demands of the queen mother.

They want me?

But for what?

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