

# LUPUS PACK

## *Character Archive*

*Not What You're Looking For? Here's A Quick Directory.*

[Canis Pack](#)  
[Committee and Others](#)

# ALPHA

Name: Spire

Age: 12 years

Rank: Alpha

Gender: Male

Personality: He's an...Alpha's Alpha.

Very little tolerance for any peculiarity he deems as an expressor of foible. He won't go around outright offing the weaklings, but he will personally see that the incapability is corrected- whether that means constant supervision, merciless hounding, or even a complete course of regimented training until he sees the improvement he desires. It seems like he takes another's shortcoming as a personal offense; he's that impossible-to-please father who never lets a child's bad grade slip under the radar and compromise his immaculate reputation. But this has to either tell of a dedicated leader who actually cares greatly about those under his authority, and just shows it in a cold, demanding way...or a tyrant who just doesn't want a weak force surrounding him. Take your pick.

Demands respect- and when he doesn't get it, you'd better believe he *takes* it by whatever means necessary. Very austere; generally unapproachable and distant, but he's been letting his guard down more frequently as of late. He has to keep himself elevated high enough above his dogs so that the matter of his internal unrest can never be probed. Terribly lonely, but accepts closeness from none. Bitterly jealous of those who have what he missed out on. Even goes so far as to set up the indirect destruction of a close-nit family, but when it actually happens, he's not satisfied, just...cold.

Insists upon strict following of tradition for no reason other than he was molded by it. Thinks Canis as a pathetic rabble of softpaws -something he *constantly*

reiterates to his dogs- and makes certain that his pack will never stoop to their despicable complacency. hilariously, he's extremely height-insecure, which, as you can image, makes Halfrid's opposing leadership and Typhoon's constant existence...a bit of an issue, but he manages. Barely.

He follows the coyotes just because it's the thing to do. If it weren't for his father's emphatic insistence upon humble recognition of one's place in the ranks of the wilds, he would certainly spend day after day raging over why their hallowed predecessors have to speak through these embarrassingly puny miniatures when it's obvious that the dogs have the upper paw- just *whodid* the wolves leave these lands to? Even as it is, he often finds himself silently brooding over the legitimacy of it all, only to dismiss it just because it's not worth bothering with at this point. Everyone else thrives off of what the coyotes feed them, and he does indeed revere the wolves themselves -at least *hehopeshe's* doing it right- so why contend the system now? Last think he wants to do is end up in some forsaken afterlife for unfounded unbelief. And whatever the Canis can do, he can do better, so he likes to think he has the best relationship with the Paragon, of course.

The Workaholic™. You'll be sure to find him busying himself with activities that would seem best taken up by dogs a third of his age. Whether it's leading patrols, orchestrating hunts, overseeing the novitiate training, taking on the pack's foes as though he's invincible, basically singlepawedly running *-and participating in!*- the pack's entire day; it seems he can't read the part of his contract that clearly states rest is actually a rightfully-earned part of his job description.

He's got to keep running, lest he come to a halt only to realize he's grown old.

Breed: Mutt, although he obviously must've had some heavy Malamute interjection in his bloodlines recently. Also has a blue-spotted tongue that blatantly suggests Chow.

Description:

26" tall. His face has definitely gone more white as of late, and that graying of his face fluff isn't from youth.

There's a picture. Look at it. Contact your local olive dealer with any further questions.

History:

He always regarded life with a dangerous kind of arrogant insolence.

He was practically born running. He always had to be better, and even when he'd exhausted all contenders, he started competing against himself. He fixed his eye on the alphaship when he was little more than a suckling and set out to obtain it by any means possible. Since he was the Alpha's only child, it was a natural enough ambition in itself, but it was the unnecessary lengths he went to that were unnatural. He never engaged in the fruitless pursuits typical of pups his age, nor was he ever seen lounging around doing a healthy dose of nothing. It seemed he was training, defeating, overcoming, besting every waking moment.

He never had time for life, until life had no time left for him.

As with all wild dogs, it started with his parents. The time he had to remain under them seemed to crawl, until they were both suddenly falling far, far below him. Frond drowned in a freak tidepool accident before anyone could blink. Then Ledge threw himself into the path of a poacher's bullet. Suddenly, not only did Spire not have any higher council left for himself, but it was his turn to be that leader for his entire pack.

Yet still he chugged on without a glance back.

Then it was his friends. Or, rather, his generation, because friends aren't taken for granted like he did these dogs. One by one, they all...faded away.

Spire was too busy streamlining to keen.

Finally, it came down to her.

Her name was Flycatcher.

Everyone pinned them as an item from the start. They grew up together...well, as much as anyone could grow up with a dog who never had time for anything. And she followed through with her end of the deal. Beautiful, graceful, and completely able to bite off your face-ful, Flycatcher could've had any dog for her mate, but she wanted none other than Spire. She even shouldered her entire way through the ranks to Beta just to get up by his side.

It was Spire that led her on. Despite how far she'd gone, there was never a single advancement in their relationship. He stood her up constantly, leaving her waiting long into the lonely night with a snoutful of flowers more often than not. A mate was just another "not now" that he kept on extending indefinitely.

Yet Flycatcher kept trying, right until some incurable illness claimed her.

On her deathbed, she gave her final words to him- of course, she wasn't speaking to him directly. "Never put off for tomorrow what can be done today, because the tomorrow you tell yourself you're waiting for may never come. Someday, you're going to realize you've wasted your time doing a whole lot of

nothing, but that day will never come soon enough for us. I just pray that your eyes open before they close for good."

You'd thinking getting his should've-been-mate's profound parting by a messenger's muzzle would've sparked a change in Spire. It did, but not like anything you're hoping for.

After becoming even more frenetically drawn into his duties than before, he took it out everyone but himself. In his eyes, it was entirely their fault that they had gone and taken all of his opportunities with them.

He'd never gotten to tell them he knew how to love after all.

Well, the world had its chance, and now it's not going to get it again.

But no matter how he passes the blame about, it all comes down to one hard truth:

He's the only one who's brought about the terminal end to his own legacy.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: She had to die for him to realize what she meant to him.

Offspring: N/A

Parents: Ledge (former Alpha, very dead) and Frond (extremely dead)

Siblings: None

Song Associated: THREE SONGS! "Haze" by Amber Run, "Bandito" by Twenty One Pilots, "Kids Again" by ArtistvsPoet

Other:

Username: Chickencowboy02

# BETA

Name: Typhoon

Age: Ageless

Rank: Beta

Gender: Male

Personality: He's apathy incarnate, plain and simple. Hostility, amity, romance, or any other sort of specific inclination toward another- he doesn't feel them, but he'll sure as h\*ck use them. He regards everyone with the exact same vaguely disdainful pretense- like they're bothering him just by existing, but it's too much of an unnecessary effort to actually elaborate on that, so he does what he does. Cuts right to chase when dishing out commands or ~~orders~~ advice; to get more than three words in a single response is nothing short of a miracle. If approached by an aggressor, he just shuts them down by getting up and flexing a good bit. And if that doesn't work, well, he hates to resort to violence (Editor's Note: He really doesn't.), but if that's the way they want it, that's the way they'll have it.

Actually, there IS a way to gauge his seemingly imperceptible mood: the more agitated he is, the more he flexes. So, if he's a rippling hunk of muscle -I mean, who am I kidding, he's pretty much always *that*- you've got him ticked, alright, and implosion is imminent. And you must've achieved this by simultaneously pressing all of his buttons, which include, but not to the entire extent of:

Interfering with his daily swim in any way, shape, or form

...and he's bound to be pwetty scawee at that point OwO

If it suits him, he'll do it, regardless of just how illegal or immoral it is. By the law of the ancestors, he's strong and here to not only survive, but *thrive*, and he just doesn't care who he flattens on the road to achieve it.

Pretty good beta because he a) has zero bias toward anyone or anything, b) doesn't take crap, c) looks the part of entitlement by blood, and, most importantly, d) is hot.

Breed: His appearance is *vaguely* that of a discolored, oversized Doberman- and let's not even get started on his musculature.

Description: Tall, dark, and buff.

42" tall.

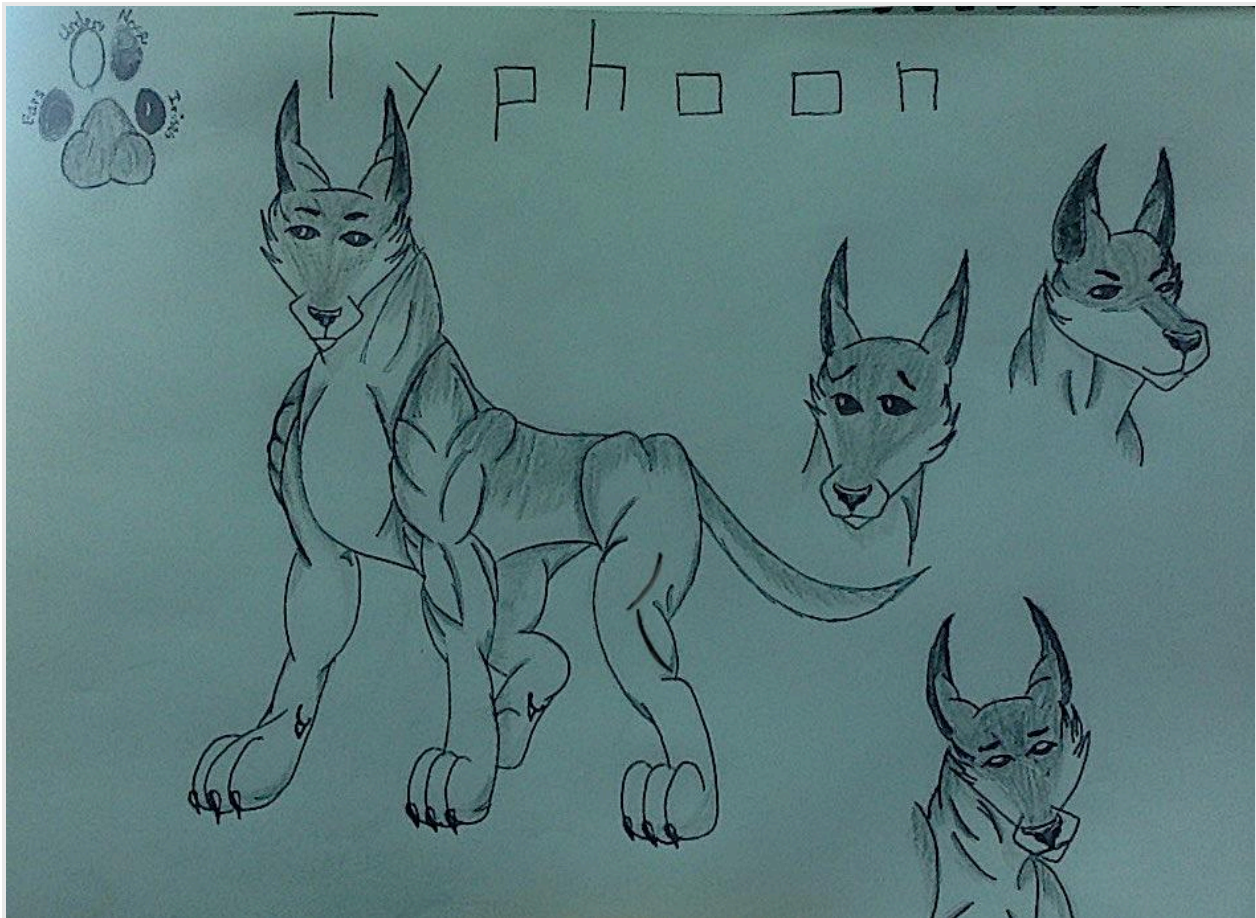
Very dark indeed.

But.

Literally.

The most ripped dog you've never seen.

The overlay of his coat is an undeniably wolfish gray interspersed with varying blacks and blues. The rest of it is an uninterrupted white. Massive paws with webbing between each toe. Immaculately long claws- has to sharpen them on something that he won't share with anyone else. Cardinal feature has to be his soulless black eyes.



History: Rose from the sea one day. There are whispers that he actually was spontaneously created underwater by wolf spirits who drowned or something for the sole purpose to vibe check the pack- a rumor that he's all too happy to let proliferate and continuously feed him its byproducts: reverence, admiration, and avoidance. When some dense dog dares to inquire into his past, he'll make clear in no uncertain terms that he doesn't care to answer.

After initially, well, appearing, he climbed the ranks of Lupus, starting out slowly, but then advanced in noticeable leaps and bounds until he came to loftily rest at Beta.

Pack: Lupus

Crush: I pity all the unfortunate souls that fall for him.

Offspring: **No.**

Parents: ~~Mermaids~~

Siblings: Drowned

Song: Destiny (Neffex)

Other: No, those muscles aren't effortless. He does indeed work for them. By swimming. And swim he does. Constantly. By an insanely precise schedule.

And does he want to ever be even momentarily kept from swimming? **No.**

Username: HeavensHens88



# GENERAL

Name: Idaho

Age: 6 years

Rank: Guardian General

Gender: male

Personality: hostile and self-centered. He's power hungry and itching for conflict, taking any chance he can get to fight. Merciless and strict. The only reason he gets to stick around it seems is because he keeps the guardians in line better than anyone else. Often played off as a dog who just channels the wolf spirit more excessively and eccentrically than anyone else. Has a reputation among the Canis as being ruthless and extreme, and they've vocalized their distaste time and time again- he's heard it all before. Among his own however- lets just say he knows who his allies are. Idaho uses his high place in the rigid hierarchy of Lupus to his advantage. He is well aware of everyone in the pack who silently disapproves of him- and he takes his sweet time coaxing it out of them. Picking on the weak when he can, pushing them to the edge, he lives to hear them say he's insane. He thrives on the earned disrespect. Because when their silence breaks, it's his own personal gateway to break them physically. He isn't in it for the religion. He's in it for the blood.

Breed/species: German Shorthaired Pointer

Description: bright amber eyes, short fur, powerful build. Base fur color is white- he has a healthy amount of fingerprint sized brown speckles across his pelt, but they do not overpower the white. A large brown patch across his shoulders that is separated from his solid brown head.



History: Escaped hunting dog. Arrived to Lupus pack at 2 years old and was an instant favorite for his alert senses and wolf-like attitude. He rose through the ranks quickly and was deemed official General at 4 years old. But he isn't done with his pursuit of power.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: women want him. fish fear him

Offspring: oh i can't imagine what a father he would be

Parents: some prestigious purebreds out in the world

Siblings: some prestigious purebreds out in the world

Song associated:

Spoiler: Bang Bang- Green Day

Other:

Username: @Flufferes

## PUP HEALER

Name: Cody

Age: 55 moons

Rank: Pup healer

Gender: Female

Personality: Attentive, quiet, strategic; simultaneously sharp-tongued and soft-spoken with her young charges; has very little tolerance for lies and excuses, always seeking for the barest form of the truth. Cody is everyone's mom-friend (though no one would ever think to call her that), encouraging those at their weakest to keep going, and offering an ear to those who need to talk. Her hatred of small talk and love of listening has lead her to a more intimate knowlege of the pack's inner workings - she sees the motives and ambitions of the unseen.

Breed/species: White german shepherd mix

Description: Very wolf-like build, due to her Shepherd heritage, long legs, pointed ears and nose, stiff and straight tail; off-white pelt with some faint black speckles around her paws; bright yellow eyes



History: When Cody was a young pup, she witnessed the death of a dog who had eaten moonseed, an incredibly toxic plant. The rapid onset of sickness, convulsions, and death, fascinated her, and she began to pay close attention to different kinds of plants. What began as a sick fascination with poison ended abruptly when her best friend accidentally ate arrowgrass and died; Cody had been familiar with the plant, but not enough to know how deadly it was. Blaming herself for her friend's death, she sought the role of healer novice. A couple years later, she was made the Lupus pup healer, and became brutally dedicated to protecting pups (and those with the mindset of pups) from unnecessary death.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: Open

Offspring: None

Parents: Dead

Siblings: None

Song associated: The Angel of Small Death and Codeine, by Hozier

Other: I love her

Username: PeepersMama

## WOUND HEALER

Name: Blizzard

Age: 10 years

Rank: Wound healer

Gender: Male

Personality: Gruff, a grumpy old guy, constantly scolding teen and adult dogs alike for their myriad ways of acquiring minor injuries. Snappy and not very good at comforting others, often blunt. These traits have often resulted in him issuing dire prophecies in front of a badly injured dog's friends and family, which probably isn't the best way to assuage their anxieties. However, he's always rather gentle when attending to wounds, and will even let a more playful side

show around young pups. A good listener and giver of quiet advice if approached at the right time by the right dog.

Breed/species: Labrador pitbull mix



Pelt description: pic

Eye color: brown

Build: Sturdy and board, could be a great fighter, but the most fighting he's willing to do are gentle scuffles with pups.

History: He just approached the pack one day two years ago. No one knows how his life has went, though it's believed from his vague stories and advice that he's fought before, and is clearly tired of battle. Some think he was once a pet dog at some point, but no one truly knows.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: None

Offspring: None

Parents: Dead

Siblings: Dead

Song associated:

Other:

Username: RoostersAreAwesome

## SICKNESS HEALER

Name: Heather

Age: 42 moons

Rank: sickness healer

Gender: female

Personality: Outwardly friendly and optimistic but wants to be in control of things. Does not want to be controlled herself. Clever and possesses much intelligence. She likes to micromanage her situation. She would never speak of her judgement of others, in order to keep others from judging her, but internally she is very judgemental, a flaw she is trying to improve upon.

Breed/species: Border Collie mix

Pelt description: solid black and shaggy

Eye color: dark brown

Build: medium, with somewhat shorter legs, 19 inches tall.



History: Quite ordinary, she was born into the pack to a border Collie and a mutt. However, her father wasn't exactly faithful to his mate, Juniper. He had a son and daughter, Hestia and Apollo.

Heather was born afterwards to a dog named Phlox. Her full siblings? Well... one was born dead and the other was weak and died soon after.

Heather was the only healthy pup and was raised alone, but even she was never quite as strong as the others her age. Early on, Heather decided she wanted to be a healer, which matched her personality and intelligence perfectly. She knew that she would never achieve a high rank otherwise, not being very strong in constitution.

Heather never truly believed her mother when she said her siblings died and blamed the coyotes for killing them. Heather doesn't believe in the Paragon or all of the wolfy cult stuff, but she would never leave the only place she'd ever known. Besides, as sickness healer, her pack needed her.



Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: open please fill this

Offspring: open please fill this

Parents: Ice and Phlox

Siblings: dead, half-sister Hestia and half-brother Apollo

Song associated: none

Other: uhhh Idk how to play a healer but it was open sooo

Username: @Amer

# MOST POWERFUL HUNTER

**Name:** Hestia

**Age:** 5 years

**Rank:** Lead Hunter

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** In the past, the weight of fear of the future drug her down. Uncertain of what ahead, especially after her brother left. But one day, she decided she couldn't let herself be scared of what was ahead, instead just be certain of what was now. Whether it was temporary or permanent. When she puts her mind to something, there is nothing that was stop the she-she from fulfilling what she wants to. Open-minded and empathetic, she's not quick to judge. She will always be there for her pack, and will always put them above herself, and while its the Lupus' nature to be more harsh, her mother always taught her that kindness was always the answer. She climbed herself to the top of the hunters because of her determination. Even when her family was scorned for the betrayal of Apollo, she refused to be disrespected in such a way. Whenever she has time, she spends time with the pups, giving them gentle encouragement that determination and kindness will always get you farther then rage.

**Breed/species:** Border Collie Mutt. Honestly who knows what's in her at this point.

**Pelt description:** Short, wiry furred dog. Golden-yellow color with lighter colored ears and chest, face, neck and belly. Feathered tail and thicker fur on her cheeks and ears, but shes mostly short furred.

**Eye color:** Golden-brown.

**Build:** For how many smaller dogs that are in her genetics, she is quite large. Around the size of a doberman pinscher, maybe a little smaller. Rather slim, with long legs and long tail, the body similar to a border collie, besides the height.

**History:** Nothing incredibly special. Probably will be developed in the future.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** Not interested.

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** Juniper and Ice

**Siblings:** Apollo (Canis)

**Song associated:** Character inspired by Drive— Incubus.

**Other:** N/A

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215

# GUARDIANS

**Name:** Tern

**Age:** 2 Years

**Rank:** Guardian

**Gender:** Male

**Personality:** Greedy, selfish, narcissistic, sadistic, cold, conniving, he has no redeemable qualities, perhaps a tad unrealistic, but oh well.

**Breed/species:** German Shepard Mutt

Description (eye color, pelt color, build): Brown eyes, white pelt with multiple black blotches, muscular build



*(Illustration by le Fluffington)*

**History:** His father said the world was ruthless, he took it to heart too much.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** Open, idk who would want to be a mate with this trainwreck.

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** Riptide (I might make him idk), Coral (dead)

**Siblings:** None, his angst was too much.

**Song associated:** "I Don't Care" by Fall Out Boy

**Other:**

**Username:** @ChickenCowboy02

## Name: Osprey

Age: 4 years (48 moons)

Rank: High ranking guardian

Gender: Female

Personality: Arrogant and strict. Has immense respect for her superiors, but downright disdains dogs she perceives as weak. Will literally do anything for her Alpha and Beta without question. Furthermore, she won't do anything without her Alpha's permission. Very religious, and believes wholeheartedly in the wolves and the paragon. To some, she may seem harsh; to others she's the perfect wolf.

Osprey has an effective, but horrible, fighting style. She is quick and brutal in battle. Even when reprimanding a lower ranking dog, she won't hold back. When fighting, she doesn't care about her own safety, she only cares about subduing her opponent. This results in her getting wounded a lot. However, her strength lies in her ability to ignore her injuries and keep fighting. Against rivals, she's deathly.

Breed/species: A mutt with a lot of husky in her. Has thick, but not too shaggy, grey and white fur. Pale, not particularly noticeable yellow eyes. Muscled and at a medium size. Has a lot of scars, most of which are covered by her fur. Long legs.

History: Perfectly normal, believe or not. No tragic backstory for this one.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: None

Offspring: None

Parents: dogs (what a surprise!)

Siblings: No

Song associated:

Other:

Username: RoostersAreAwesome



# HUNTERS

Name: Wraith

Age: 22 moons

Rank: Hunter

Gender: Female

Personality: She is a demonic ginger when it comes to fighting, whether she's trying to bring down a deer or defending territory. She tends to fight dirty. She has a violent temper that she struggles to control, often resulting in her avoiding interaction at all costs. In the shadows, she is an aggressively supportive friend, who pushes those who let her to excel. Unlike some, Wraith believes deeply in the wolves, and spends extra time training herself to hunt and fight like them. In her eyes, they are holy to the utmost, and she often speaks of them with a trance-like awe.

Breed/species: Finnish spitz

Description: Red-orange fur, with gold highlights in places where the fur is longer. Like takis. Dark brown eyes.



History: Came to Lupus as an adolescent who ran from her human owners. She said she had always felt pulled away from her human owners, drawn to the howling of the dogs and the screams and yips of coyotes. Led by the light of a full moon, she crossed the road and sought out Lupus. She found a place in their ranks seemingly overnight - she fit in almost disturbingly well.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: None

Offspring: None

Parents: Existent

Siblings: None

Song associated: Arsonist's Lullaby, by Hozier

Other: Her enemies call her Red Wraith (@ her future enemies)

Username: PeepersMama

## Name: Marigold

Age: 6 years

Rank: hunter

Gender: female

Personality: noble and strict. One of the most avid believers in the pack, she lives and breathes wolf law

Breed/species: golden retriever pretty much

Pelt description: g,,, golden or somethihgn

Build: g oLd en retR iVer

Eye color: golden re- i'm just kidding it's green

History: basic and lame

Pack: lupus

Mate/Crush: in this economy?

Offspring: if someone has a novitiate in need of a mom, i got one righ here for ya

Parents: irrelevant

Siblings: irrelevant

Song associated: i probably got one laying around somewhere but for now i don't have one

Other: just experimental really, ill see where she goes.

Username: @Flufferes

## Name: Gannet

Age: 47 moons

Rank: hunter

Gender: male

Personality: kind-hearted and caring. A reliable friend, he's there whenever you need him. The highlight of his day is training novitiates, Gannet is very serious about teaching the next generation. His mate, Heather, means everything to him. Some may perceive him as Canis-hearted, but he's old school enough to



fly under the radar. Does not enjoy conflict, but will do anything to protect his family and Lupus pack. He really wants to be a father.

Breed/species: a total mutt. He definitely has some sporting group genes in him.

Pelt description: Think of a black and tan hovawart. Thats pretty much exactly him.

Eye color: hazel, kinda leaning on the green side.

Build: Built like a golden retriever, except with a little taller legs. 25 inches tall.

History: He was raised well, and flew through novitiate-hood easy. Nothing too bad has ever happened to him, he's in good mental shape.

Pack: lupus

Mate/Crush: Heather

Offspring: hopefully soon

Parents: n/a

Siblings: n/a

Song associated: I Love a Rainy Night- Eddie Rabbit

Other: named after the sea bird

Username: @Flufferes

## Name: Chester

Age: 2 years (24 moons)

Rank: Hunter

Gender: Male

Personality: Extremely loyal, but also extremely slow to trust. Fun-loving and friendly, can be a bit too much sometimes. However, he'll always be there for his friends if they need him, but when his friends try to return the favor, he refuses to discuss his own sadness. Not easily frightened, and is sometimes disciplined by his superiors for being brash.

Breed/species: A mutt with mostly husky and Pitbull in him.



(not my picture)

He looks basically like the picture but with amber eyes and slightly longer fur around his neck and tail. He has a pretty slim, athletic frame, and is a fair fighter, but isn't big or bulky enough to be better than that. If he had to enforce his rank, he would probably be about in the middle or lower.

History: Chester and his brother, Hawk, grew up loved by two young children. His litter was born by accident but was not necessarily a surprise- just another mistake by an irresponsible human. When they got bigger and started to eat more, one of the adult humans grabbed them and drove them away, where they were promptly dumped, like so many others. They had ended up at a decrepit parking lot that housed a scattering of other feral dogs. For the first time, Chester was torn from the ones he loved; his parents and the children who had cared for him. It was horrible, especially as he was so young, but he tried to be optimistic for his brother. They were occasionally fed by humans, but even so, the competition was fierce. The fighting and bullying was hard for the young dogs, but they managed. Chester vowed to himself that he would never join a pack that was anything like this one.

One day, a teenage human and her mother came across Chester while he was alone. He still trusted humans, despite his earlier experience with them, and approached them willingly. He was surprised when the younger human opened her door and urged him in. In a single moment of impulsiveness, he leapt into the car. Only as the door shut did he realize his mistake. He had left Hawk. He would never see his brother again.

What he had done tormented him, but Chester still tried to be friendly with his new owners. He grew inseparable from the girl, but she was often busy and didn't seem have as much time for him as he would've liked.

Then, one day, he was taken away from his loved ones, for the third time in his short life. Put in a car, driven for what seemed like years, but was really only days. Finally, they arrived in the middle of nowhere. He was handed over to a human that seemed nice enough, but he wasn't *Chester's* human. So Chester

ran. He leapt over a fence after a few unsupervised moments in the backyard and ran without a backwards glance. But he only got deeper into the wilderness. A day came, at the beginning of winter, as prey grew scarcer and he just couldn't seem to get warm at night, when Chester encountered other dogs. He was wary, and distrustful, for anyone he had ever let himself grow to love had been taken from him. But these dogs were friendly, and he soon relaxed in their company. He tried to stop thinking about his past. And it worked. Or, at least he thought it did. But you can't push away your sadness forever.

Pack: Canis

Mate/Crush: None at the moment

Offspring: Nope

Parents: Somewhere

Siblings: Hawk (dead or just hanging out in a parking lot somewhere)

Song associated: I'm not very good at connecting songs to characters, so I'm just gonna leave these blank. 😊

Other: I didn't expect his history to be this long... and I'm kinda unsure if I should change his age, but whatever.

Username: RoostersAreAwesome

## **Name:** Lucifer

**Age:** 6 years

**Rank:** Hunter

**Gender:** Male

**Personality:** When Luna taught him that if he wasn't harsh, the world was going to tear him down, he took it completely literally.

Cold and authoritative, even though it isn't his place. He passionately despises authority, but doesn't actively go against the alpha as much as every other authority figure. He wants complete control over everything and anything, even the smallest things.

Would rather talk with fangs instead of words. If he does talk, it's either very cruel, or scarily perceptive and insightful about another dog or matters in the pack. Normally it's just a snarky remark or cruel insult, though.

Why he is in a pack still is what he questions a lot. He supposes he likes the feeling of routine and gives him something to do, rather than pace the forest all day.

Stubborn. To the point it's actually annoying. If the Beta wants him to do something and he doesn't like it, he'll merely stare her down. No words, except

for maybe a hollow 'no'. Normally he gives up, but he'll always try and be as stubborn as possible.

Call him a hypocrite, but he doesn't take no for an answer.

Hates being lied to, even as a liar of many years himself.

He's very much a hypocritical, angry mess of a dog.

While he may be horribly cruel to others, he is surprisingly gentle with pups. But only when no one else is looking. Most are too scared to allow him near their pups, and the pups that do approach him...well, he would never allow the pack to see that gentle side of him. Would never, ever lay a paw on anyone who wasn't a full fledged Hunter or Guardian, even from another pack. He does have *some* morals.

Good luck getting anything out of him. His lips will always stay sealed. No one can use anything against him if he's silent.

He has very few redeeming qualities, but if someone were to actually make him see that being kind is actually worth the effort, he could be half-way decent. But he has more than a fair share of blood on his paws, and several novels full of lies stacked up before him. Each an entirely new mask for him to wear at any given day. One day cold and imposing, silent, the next a raging forest fire of anger and fury, harsh with words towards his packmates. It's a wonder he hasn't been thrown out, but when he needs to be he can be a sweet, sweet talker, smooth with words when he absolutely needs to.

Cunning. Throws caution to the wind at all times. Intelligent. And if anyone has a lick of sense, they'd know those three things together made a dangerous combination. Astute.

It's hard to tell what his next moves will be. Most of the time his face will be completely vacant of emotion.

He's not entirely heartless for the rest of the pack, though. He would very willingly lay down his own life— even if it meant completely stripping himself of every dignity and moral to never care he had —if it meant another dog could live to see the early gray dawn one more time.

Even if he tells himself he doesn't care, death will hit him like a bus if he witnesses it. Of course, he still kills. But he just kills and leaves, he doesn't linger to watch them suffer.

Maybe it gives him another redeeming quality.

Maybe it doesn't.

Who would be the one to tell? Certainly not him.

**Breed/species:** A mutt. Plain and simple. Could literally be any mix of any larger size dog.

**Pelt description:** Pitch black except for a splash of white across his chest. Incredibly fluffy, if it weren't for his horrible personality he could actually be

considered cute. Not as much fur on his legs or muzzle and face. One ear stands up, the other flops over. Large, fluffy paws.

**Eye color:** A dark, but stark, orange-amber. Quite startling against his dark coat, but unnerving with the way he tends to stare others down.

**Build:** He's quite tall. Long muzzle. Similar face to a german shepard. Legs built for running and tail that would be considered short for his stature. Despite the fact he would normally look harmless, when he's angry, he can make himself incredibly large and intimidating.

A thick scar parts the fur around his muzzle.

**History:** The first few months of this nameless pups life were simple. Quiet, warm. His mother was loving, his father sometimes distant but always there if needed. He was nameless, however.

His parents didn't believe in naming pups until it was sure they would meet or exceed their masters standards.

What the master did with the dogs that exceeded the standards was still a mystery to him.

But what happened to those that didn't was not. His father tried to bend him to his will, to be a submissive and quiet, to listen to his master at all times. To continue the legacy and keep the bloodline going. But his mother had taught him to be ruthless. Persistent. To never give up and constantly fight, no matter what happened to him.

So he did.

But his mother died from just plain exhaustion, from not enough food, raising too many pups. She just withered away before his eyes. Torn away from him without even a whisper of a goodbye.

And he was quickly sent to another pen, ripped from his siblings and chained. He considered himself one of the lucky ones, even though it didn't seem like it. He was chained from dusk till dawn to dusk again, a never ending, painful, exhausting cycle. He listened to others being beat, the sickening cries, howls and barks. He felt their pain, too, at the hand of the human his father told him to trust.

He was prone to biting due to being sick of being chained day in and day out, and was soon forced to wear a muzzle cage, that dug into his snout constantly, rubbing his fur raw. If being chained and trapped wasn't bad enough, he was starved. Deprived of water, no. Thankfully the master was merciful enough to provide fresh water every other day. But most of the time he was bone thin and matted, furious claws of hunger tearing at his belly.

Until one day he came.

Alev.

Gorgeous, gorgeous Alev.

A beautiful dark brown, shorthair German Pointer, with dark brown eyes, so calm and seemed wise beyond his years.

Like he knew everything.

Why the young male was chained beside him, he wouldn't ever know. He was nothing short of perfection. Intelligent, compliant, submissive, gentle, compassionate and an amazing listener. The only one to tame Lucifer's violent tendencies. Alev has also suggested the name for him.

Lucifer fell for Alev nearly instantly. They only had each other for company and for warmth in the cold, long nights. They only had each other to speak to, for comfort when it was almost too hard to keep going.

Then one early May evening, Alev had a thought.

"What if we just escaped?"

Lucifer was startled out of his thoughts by his cage mate, and turned his gaze toward Alev, tilting his head. "What?"

"We could escape." Alev looked down at him carefully from where he was pacing non stop. "I'm so sick of it here. What if we just scaled the fence?"

Lucifer, wide-eyed, looked towards the chain link fence. It was far to high for them to climb. Or was it?

They had never tried. Too fearful the master would find them and hurt them. But freedom was worth the risk, wasn't it?

Most definitely.

"How would we unchain ourselves?"

Alev looked around carefully. Lucifer could see his mind working in his eyes, the gleam from the early moonlight in the rich chocolate color. Then, he dragged himself over to the fence, awkwardly leaning against it.

"Alev?" He crept forward, bemused until he saw what Alev was doing. He had hooked the loops of his chain collar onto a broken piece of fencing, and was pulling against it.

How Alev thought of it was beyond him. And how he didn't hurt himself, either. The next moments were a whirlwind. There was a snap as Alev's collar broke, and then Lucifers and all the sudden they were *free*.

Almost.

Somehow, they scaled the fence with no more then a few grazes.

How? Pure adrenaline.

As the made their escape, they woke the other dogs. There was chaos of howling, barking, fleeting paws and even a gunshot as the master shot after them.

But they made it out alive. Exhausted, injured, starving and dehydrated, but alive.

Two peaceful years passed before Alev was suddenly taken from Lucifer.

"Hah, I got here first!" Lucifer howled triumphantly, reaching the base of a massive tree first. "I told you I was gonna beat you."

Alev reached him, out of breath. "This time." He growled playfully. But his attention was suddenly redirected.

"...Alev?" Lucifer nudged the spot behind the other dog's ear, but didn't get any response from him. "What's wrong?"

"Humans." Was all he growled. "Run."

And run they did. They ran as fast as they could, panic stricken in them, but they weren't fast enough. A violent gunshot split the thick air, followed by a crash and a shrieking howl.

Time literally slowed.

Lucifer spun. Alev was down. Blood poured onto the forest floor, soaking the leaves and Alev's pelt. Brown eyes caught orange, sunlight dancing in the chocolate ones. Sunlight that captured the pain in the dark eyes, drawing it to the surface. "Alev!" To say he shrieked his name was an understatement as he lunged towards him.

"Lucifer, *no*," despite the pain in his raspy voice, Alev was firm. "Run."

Human footsteps.

Loud.

Thunderous.

"They're coming. G-go."

"No...Alev."

His name was a choked sob that ripped itself from his throat.

"Go, Lucifer!" The wounded dog mustered what strength he had to snarl the words. "I'll find you. Someday."

And there was a promise to those words.

It was clear.

Lucifer turned tail and fled.

He regretted it after.

He spent many nights completely sleepless, guilt and sadness becoming overwhelming and crashing into complete and utter numbness in himself. The guilt was unbearable. How could he have just left him there? There was no way he survived.

But then, one day, everything changed.

Bone thin, weary and thirsty, Lucifer suddenly stumbled upon a creature. A canine, but not a dog. A very young one, just barely weaned, with no mother. He had heard of them— Coyotes.

He took pity on the creature. Merely because he knew Alev would have. And if he left it there to die, he wouldn't forgive himself.

It slowly turned into he and then into Leo. He dubbed the little yote himself. He quickly became fond of the coyotes company, teaching him how to hunt and defend himself.

Leo became everything to him. Almost like son. The pup rarely left his side unless he needed to.

He knew the pup for merely a year when he was also yanked away from him. He had let Leo wander by himself, then, and each day he drew further and further away, curiosity getting the best of him, until one day he just never came back.

He vanished.

Yet another dog gone from his life.

So Lucifer shut himself off. He stopped caring. He joined Lupus, distracting himself as a hunter, learning the ways of the pack. By being cruel, he learned, was the only way not to get hurt. If he didn't care, no one else would be taken from him.

Even if it was the last thing Alev would have wanted him to do.

But he never stopped thinking about them.

Where they were.

Maybe one day he would find them.

One day.

Until then, he couldn't disappoint or fail anyone else. So he just created a callous monster out of what could have been a good dog.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** Alev (mate, could be dead, could be alive, who knows.)...and bless the souls of the she-dogs who may fall for him (don't know why you would) But still...he plays for the other team.

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** Luna (mother, dead) Owl (father, alive, somewhere)

**Siblings:** Dead/scattered around. Most likely multiple half siblings.

**Song associated:** Little Lion Man + Broken Crown— Mumford & Sons (language warning) + Tribulation— Matt Maeson (I couldn't choose, oops.)

**Other:** Ahah...I may have put a lot of thought into him... and yes his name is Lucifer.

**Quote:** "If it takes a war for us to meet again, so be it."

**Name Meaning:** Light Bringer

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215



**Name:** Aeryn

**Age:** 2 1/2 Years

**Rank:** Hunter

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** Aeryn, despite losing so much, is actually quite happy. She's very good at pushing through pain and tuning it out. It's not uncommon to find her just staring at something, her gaze blank, like she isn't really there, but then something else will catch her attention and she'll quickly be occupied.

She almost seems quite detached from reality half the time, though no one ever seems to notice because she's very good at snapping back into reality and joining right into a conversation or doing something to keep herself busy.

Really, really bad at comforting anyone. She avoids it as much as possible, as she doesn't know how to deal with it. She's quite willing to care for elders or pups if she needs to, and loves the novitiates.

She doesn't quite like how harsh everyone in Lupus is, but goes along with it. She's friends with everyone and no one at the same time. Everyone sees her, but no one really knows her or who she is.

But shes fine with it. She likes being able to just fall into the shadows and have no one worry about her. She falls into the small group of outcasts of Lupus, the ones who everyone sees but doesn't really see. And she both loves and hates it. But she doesn't want to fail anyone else, and certainly does not want to lose anyone else.

Blindly follows the wolves. It's one thing she can grasp onto when everything else falls apart.

Even if she seems like shes barely there, shes incredibly aware of everything around her. Respectful to her alpha, but if she sees injustice, she will not stay silent.

**Breed/species:** Purebred Doberman Pinscher.

**Pelt description:** Dark brown, lighter brown face. Red doberman.

**Eye color:** Dark honey, a red-brown.

**Build:** Your typical doberman. Docked tail and ears.

**History:** Chaos was a part of Aeryn's life the moment she was born, even when she was blind and deaf, unaware of the world around her.

Born in a animal shelter to a purebred doberman who happened to be dumped on the side of the road when her owner became aware that she was pregnant.

Life for Holly was alright, she supposed. The shelter was warm and she had plenty of fresh food and water, even though it was loud.

Life became nothing that she expected when she delivered five pups, whose father was nothing but an egotistical, cruel dog that lived back with her old owner.

Hero, Nora, Lucy, Max and Belle. All healthy.

Belle, soon to be Aeryn, had not a clue what was going to lay ahead of her. It started with Nora. Her happy, obnoxiously loud sister, fell ill, and before Belle could process it, she was gone. Before the shelter employees could even find her and see that she was sick.

Then Hero was sold at only eight weeks old.

Belle saw the toll that it was taking on Holly. Her mother was less willing to eat, less willing to play with her pups than before. Belle thought maybe, just maybe life was turning for the better when all four of them got adopted together by some kind stranger at twelve weeks. Shelter life was good, the only life Belle knew. But it was cramped and sometimes cold, and constantly she was passed by because her breed was, and to quote the mother and daughter that had walked by: "Far too dangerous, sweetie."

Their new owner was nice. But they were never allowed inside, only outside where they were harassed by the neighbors' children, and it took much of Belle's willpower to not attack them. But her mother warned her.

"Don't hurt humans. You will get taken away from me," Holly warned one night, curled around her three pups.

But one day, Max snapped. He had whirled around and sank his teeth into the neighbor's kid, right into the flesh of his calf. The screams had been deafening, and after that her brother was never seen of again.

Nor were the neighbors' kids, but Belle assumed they were the only ones who made it out alive.

Now it was only Lucy, Belle and Holly. Months passed them by, the weather rapidly cooling down and still they weren't allowed inside, but they weren't chained, which her mother informed them was a plus. Both Lucy and Belle had grown to be quite beautiful dogs, while their mother only slowly decreased in beauty. She rarely ate anymore, the only thing that saved her from being merely bones was her skin and fur.

And slowly the owner neglected them more and more. Lucy had gotten sick, to yet another illness Belle didn't know.

"Take care of mom, okay?"

Belle's head shot up at the sound of her sister's shivering voice. "What?" She murmured, going to Lucy's side.

"Take care of mom. She's gonna need you." Lucy's soft eyes somehow bore into her own, completely aware despite how sick she was.

"She's going to need us *both*, Luce. You're going to be fine, okay?" Belle's panicked whisper was the only sound other than her sister's rapid wheezing.

Lucy shook her head slightly, as best she could, settling her head back on her paws. "I'll be gone by dawn, Belle..."

She was right.

Two hours before dawn, beneath the glaring full moon's light, Lucy heaved a single breath before it was so harshly yanked from her lungs, fluttering flakes of snow over Belle's paws lightly, before the she-dogs flank stilled forever. Golden eyes stared at Belle, horrifyingly lifeless, until she closed them.

And the only noise heard for hours was the sound of Belle's mournful howls.

By the time she had reached a year old, Belle had lost all her siblings.

And her home.

So there she was, aimlessly trotting the frozen stone streets, avoiding humans.

She had a rat clamped in her jaws, which was quite plump for February.

However, this was every day. Wandering the streets, sometimes with food, sometimes without, making her way back to her mother, stowed away behind an abandoned dumpster, though there was rarely food in the dumpster.

She was growing frustrated with her mother. Holly rarely spoke to her, and made no attempts to move from her spot. And whenever she tried to speak to her mother, she got the same response.

"You need to do something." She stared at her mother, her eyes hollow of emotion, not moving a muscle.

Her mother just flickered her gaze to her, not making a sound.

"You think I don't know how it feels?" Belle snapped, catching her mother's glassy gaze.

"You *don't*." Holly actually lifted her head, her unfocused gaze meeting Belle's.

"You haven't lost two homes, a mate and four pups. You know *nothing* of how it feels."

Belle clamped her jaw shut to stop herself from gaping at her mother's ignorance. "*You* don't know how it feels to lose four siblings and a mother! I'm a year old, Holly, you're the one who doesn't understand." She shot to her paws, her jaws drawing back in a snarl.

"You still have a mother." Holly didn't even try to match Belle's anger level, only muttering.

"No, I don't. You? You aren't my mother. She died a long time ago."

Belle tried not to think of it too much. That who she was feeding was no longer her mother, just a shell of who she used to be.

Maybe that's why she didn't feel that much when her mother gave up and passed from starvation.

"Look at this massive rat I fo— Holly?" Belle stopped, setting the rat down. Holly wasn't stirring. She was completely still. "Hey, wake up! I got food." She approached her, laying a paw on her back. Something was wrong.

Holly's pelt was cold. Not from the freezing air, but cold to the bone. Her flank didn't rise and fall beneath her paw. "Holly?"

Belle was panicking now. She darted in front of her mother's body, but Holly's eyes had too lost all life. Just like Lucy's had. "Momma?" Belle whispered, lowering herself in front of the dogs body.

But this time, no noise left her.

She felt hollow. Not angry or sad, just...empty. She was by herself, wandering the forest, silently.

She was no longer Belle.

She refused to wear the name her mother gave her.

She was Aeryn, not Belle.

Aeryn wandered the streets and forest for a long while, lonesome. Nights were long and cold, her belly pressed against damp stone most nights, the only company she had was the panicked beating of her heart and the nightmares of her siblings and mother that plagued her.

"Who are you?" The female dogs hackles rose, eyeing her up and down.

"Aeryn." She startled herself with how strange her voice sounded to her. Like it wasn't hers. Maybe that's what happens when you don't speak for months.

"Where do you come from?"

"Places." Aeryn shrugged, turning around to head away from the other dog.

"I'm Hestia. From Lupus pack."

Aeryn turned, looking at the dog strangely. What was she on about?

"You don't know about the two packs? Canis and Lupus?"

Aeryn just stared at her. She was crazy, surely.

"Hestia? What are you doing?" Aeryn jumped backwards when two other dogs approached the golden she-dog. "Oh. Get out of here, we don't want you here," the biggest male growled.

"Lost." Aeryn said, raising her head. "I'm lost. I need somewhere to go."

And from that moment, Lupus became her home. No one needed to know where she came from or who she was before. She was not Belle, the caged dog turned street mutt who cared for her mother every step. No. She was Aeryn, hunter of Lupus pack.

She intended for it to stay that way. Because she was finally happy.

And if she lost anymore, she didn't know what she would do.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** ...open. To anyone.

**Offspring:** None. Isn't to keen on them, either.

**Parents:** Holly (dead) Unknown Father (probably alive)

**Siblings:** Nora, Max, Lucy (All dead.) Hero (probably alive)

**Song associated:** you're somebody else— flora cash. Monsters— Seafret.

**Other:** leave it to me to make a detailed character last minute

i promise im not a monster i swear i don't torture them on purpose

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215

**Name:** (The) Vine

**Age:** 167 moons

**Rank:** Hunter

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** She knows what she's got left is far left than what she started it, so she's living it up.

Companionly to everyone who welcomes it, but standoffish to those who don't. Incisive, forthright, and blunt; doesn't beat around the bush about anything, whether it be a decision, declaration, or defamation. She'll listen to anyone, but, depending on just *who* you are, watch out for potential treachery in her advice. Persuasive as anything; she'll manipulate someone into thinking her interjection was all their own idea. Since she's been around for so long, she has blackmail on practically everyone, and you bet your barks she won't hesitate to use it to get her way.

Pretty much above the law. Fears no one, perhaps because she has nothing to lose. Has no issue telling anyone off and will do so in the most dramatic and public way possible. Yet felicific and downplays a lot. Insouciant; maybe her lightheartedness goes too far, but, hey, why waste time on tears? ~~She lives another fifty years.~~ Totally debonair about everything in her past, including her son's death. She knows that grief comes with the territory; dogs who can't get past their losses really irritate her, and she has no pity for them. Rather, she'll tell all the woe-is-me's, right to their face, to get off their sorry tails and make their existence worthwhile.

Flirts with Blizzard. Non-stop. And he can't escape her because she's always in his den to be tended to by Heather. She'd do the same with Spire if it weren't for the way he just shuts down. But, no, the old deflated fart's no fun.

Oh, hO, HO, when it comes to the kids, The Vine is a whole 'nother creature. She absolutely loves them all, especially her most recent great-grandpups. She's always spinning up new yarns to regale them with. Best of all, she's the biggest enabler of illegal teenage jaunts. She covers for them for no cost other than the occasional visit- and she is a *pro* at what she does.

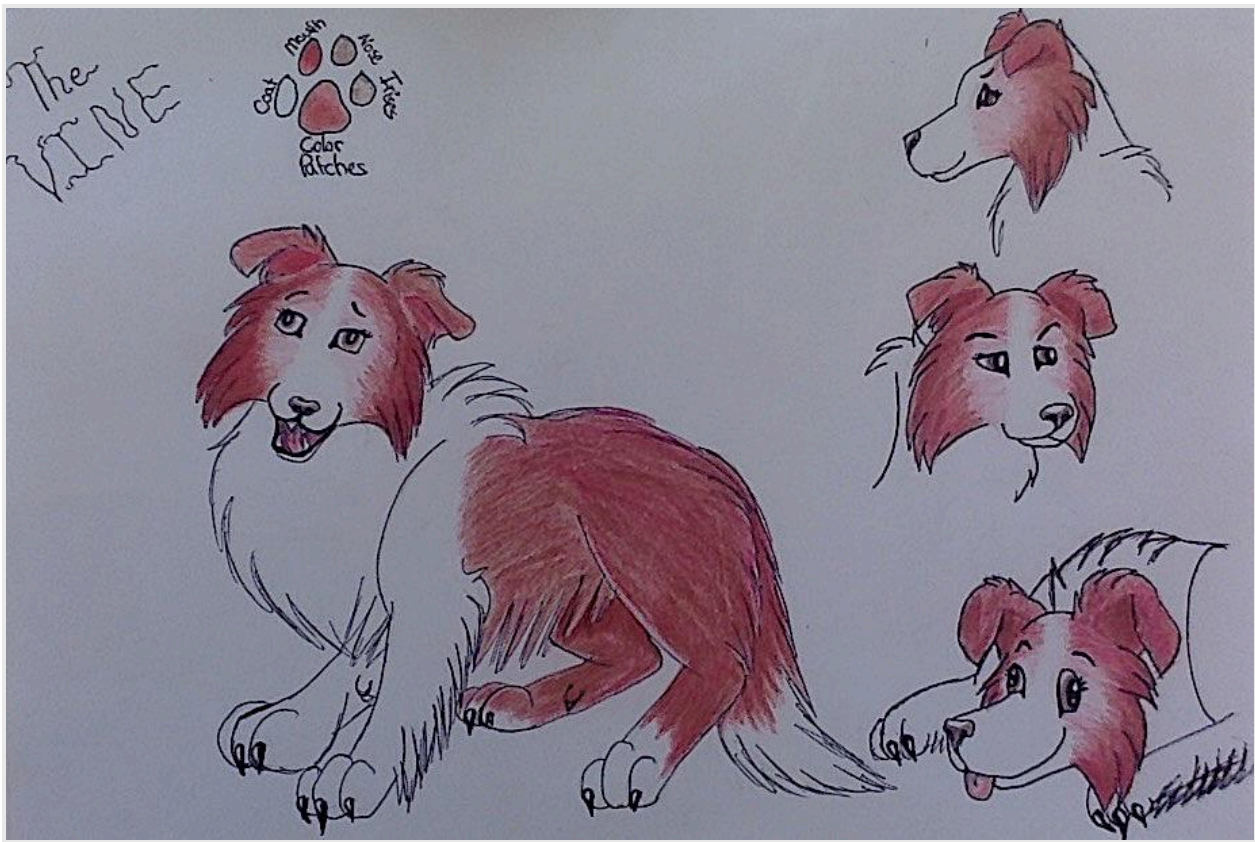
And if they're hesitant about going through with something that doesn't exactly align with pack law?

She'll give them a hearty slap and egg 'em on with her classic motivational speech:

"Do it for The Vine."

Breed: Solid Border Collie

Description: 19" tall. For how rough of condition the rest of her is in, her coat has fared the years pretty well- it's still nicely uniform in thickness and kept relatively clean. Color patches -just head and hindquarters- are a luscious chocolatey maroon. Bow legged in both ends. Dysplasia of practically everything, but has that stopped her yet? Nicely fluff-framed head true to her breed, but age's whitening has widened her blaze significantly. Brown eyes that are getting increasingly milky, thanks to cataracts. Additionally, her right eye is lazy- when she focuses on something new, it takes a while to follow the left, and often never gets there. Lots of chipped, overgrown, and outright missing toenails and teeth.



History:

So she obviously started out with humans, because, last time I checked, the wilds ain't producing purebreds. Does she remember how it went? Probably. Does she care? Not one bit. Is it at all relevant to current life? Highly unlikely. Do I need to write it out? HECK NAW.

When her son was born, she was determined to name him Avocado.

But no one would use his given name, so, she, like any good law-abiding citizen, waltzed up to the current Alpha with her crotch spawn dangling from her jaws, and was like, "Tell me what you'd call this thing, because apparently Avocado isn't socially acceptable."

Ledge must've been having frosty thoughts, but Ice it was.

To be honest, Vine never was completely sure who Ice's father was. Back in the old days, they did love right. You stole and broke hearts in a rapid succession similar to how a squirrel treats nuts. None of this forever nonsense that the kids of today swear by.

Besides, Ice's coat was only a few shades off of hers and otherwise followed her phenotype to a near T, so process of elimination wasn't going to be of any help. Also, by the time he was born, she was no longer on good terms with either of the two likeliest sires, so digging into that wouldn't reap anything but an ugly mess.

But the nosy little rat of hers had to look around the pack and then want to know why other pups had two parents to his ostentatious one.

"Fathers are fickle things. You got one today, you don't got one tomorrow. Then you'll have a new one the day after that. Don't sweat it, kid."

It seemed he didn't.

Especially when he grew up and loved in a similar fashion to his mother.

Vine was always keenly aware that she'd made this monster but was never the least bit remorseful for it. She knew she got looks, especially from Ice's mates when she never once condemned him for his wandering affections, but she never broke her insolent stride.

And the grandchildren. Pups were eh, but grandpups were so much better. For one, it's not your fault if they turn out rotten.

Oh, she certainly had a blast giving them the time of their lives- and all the better if their happiness came at the expense of the adults' sanity.

Then, slowly, Apollo, Hestia, and Heather's entire generation became Vine's grandpups.

And then the generation after them.

And so on.

Sometime during all of this, Ice died.

What did Vine have to say for him?

Something, indeed, at his funeral, and I quote, "Nice kid, that Av—Ice, but good riddance."

She's not quite sure when she started referring to herself in the third person and tacking on an article. One day, she decided that she wanted to be larger than life and that's how she achieved it. Overhearing "The Vine---" in a

conversation gives her ego the biggest thrill, and to deny her of it is a cruel thing indeed.

Last generation's grandchildren will come up to her and ask, "Vine, you're not still up to your old antics, are you?"

She'll shoot down their suspicions with a dismissive wave of the paw. "Oh, no, child, I'm much too old for any mischief."

But she hasn't changed.

Not one bit.

Calls her dead son Avocado when no one's looking.

Pack: Lupus

Mate: tO aLL tHe dOgS I hAvE LoVEd BEfORE

Offspring: Ice (**DEAD**)

Parents: can you even imagine how dead these are

Siblings: even if they're domestics, they couldn't outlive her

Song Associated: Happy Days Theme

Other: I didn't know how desperately I needed a pack grandma until I did.

Username: HeavensHens88

Name: Xavier ~Xai~

Age: 35 moons

Rank: Hunter

Gender: AFAB, but Nonbinary (They/he)

Personality: Xai is a god.

There's no way to prove them wrong. So far, they've won every single fight they've gotten into. Or at least came out of it alive. They've done stupid things that should've killed them and still survived to tell the tale. If you tell him otherwise, he will do impulsive, ridiculous things again and again simply to prove to you just how invincible they are.

They have scars to prove it.

But he's alive, right?

So, who's to say that he isn't one of the wolves that the dogs worship oh so often, right?

The watchful eyes on them doesn't help the horrifyingly massive God-complex he's developed, either. His wolf-like appearance gets stares and whispers from



around the packs, and it simply fuels their incessant need to prove they're a god.

Antagonistic. Constantly getting into fights that tend to border on illegal, and Canis' worst nightmare. Constantly bothering patrols for the fun of it, not necessarily attacking, but provoking them enough to get one of the more hotheaded pack members in trouble.

A compulsive liar. How else do you think they get their self out of trouble every time they do something borderline illegal? But even then, lies when he doesn't even have too. There's an odd obsession that comes with being a compulsive liar. And if you're intelligent enough, you can lie about just about anything, if you can keep your story straight.

It's very rare that he comes down from his maniac highs. No one in Lupus cares enough to smack them out of it, to prove to them that they're *not* as invincible as they think they are.

Has little to no remorse for anyone, unless they happen to have come down from their high. Did he offend you? He couldn't care. Hurt you? Hurt someone you care about? There's no mercy in their soul when they need to prove something. If you screw them over, they're dangerously resentful. They will haunt you till the end of time if they have to. They will be around every corner, waiting, watching. Planning. Whatever you do don't do something to hurt them. A hunter simply because of their thrill for killing.

Takes delight in terrifying the poor Novitiates, though would never actually hurt them. Keeping them on their toes won't hurt them, though.

He had once sworn to never become his mother or father, but the amount of kills he has stacked up in his short life before and in Lupus has stopped anything his mother and father have ever done.

Crafty. Silent. You'll never seem him coming if he doesn't want you too. They're desperate for help, though. When they come down from their highs, they regret everything, but have no way to fix it.

There's no way to repair a dead dog.

Breed/species: Wolf-dog

Pelt description: Thick, soft gray and silver fur. Multiple scars part the gorgeous pelt, making it less and less flawless as time goes on.

Eye color: Bright yellow. Have a way of terrifying just about anyone.

Build: Looks like a wolf, through and through, though is considerably smaller compared to the massive size of a purebred wolf. Broad shoulders, thick fluffy tail and lean legs and body.

History: Xavier was a mistake from the moment they were born. Constant trouble to his poor single mother.

Scratch that, his mother wasn't poor at all.

She was a manipulative, abusive, harpy of a mother.

A down right dirty, cheating liar.

A wicked, cruel manipulator.

And unfortunately, Xai got her personality rather than his father's.

It was obvious Alley despised Xai.

They had their father's pelt. His father's terrifying yellow gaze that she never quite could look away from. The way Xai ate, careful and calculated like something was wrong with the food. The way Xai ran, lightning speed fast with a grace none of his siblings inherited. And *even the way he spoke* sounded every bit like their father, judgemental with a strange pronunciation of some words, more like human speech than dog.

And the pup had never even met their father.

Wolves forbid he ever did.

Alley couldn't bare to look at Xai. When she did, it was a scathing, fiery stare.

Or a violent slash of claws across his cheek, or flank, or ribs.

Any area she could reach, really.

So, Xai did terrible things. Terrible things to try and make her proud.

...suicidal stunts.

Fights with just about every dog on the street, so often that close to every night they would come home, pelt soaked with blood.

And the poor thing never knew that in all his winnings, all his fighting, in all his desperate attempts to elicit some sort of pride from his mother, he was only drawing himself closer and closer to the edge of becoming his father. That was the last thing he wanted.

Until, one day, his eldest sister, a couple years older than him, broke it to him.

"Hey, Autumn, we need to talk." Daisy, another product of his mother's broken love, though far prettier than he was, turned to him.

"It's Xai. My name is Xai." They growled, sitting down. He was nursing a sprained paw, holding it above the ground.

"Right, Xavier." Daisy muttered, looking away from him uncomfortably. Xai's gaze narrowed, his muzzle lowering as he saw the same look in her eyes that he always saw in his mothers.

"What do you want, Daisy? Come to try and make amends for the hell you and Alley put me through? 'Oh, Xavier! I'm so, so sorry!'" Their voice went high pitched, and they tossed their self at Daisy's paws, rolling onto their back. "'Oh, Xavier, forgive me! Forgive me for abusing you your entire life!'"

"Shut up, Xai." Daisy snapped, backing away from him. "No. I want to help you."

Xai got to his paws, a strained, wheezing laugh escaping him. "You think I want your help?" He snorted, shaking his pelt. He took a step forward, easily looming over Daisy. "Well, guess what, princess? I don't want it."

Daisy regarded them carefully, looking up through narrowed green eyes. "Sit down, shut your muzzle and listen to me, pup."

Xai lunged at her, slamming her frail frame to the ground. He shoved her muzzle less than an inch away from hers, staring her dead in the eye. "Don't ever call me pup again." He snarled, claws sinking into her neatly groomed fur when she didn't answer. "Do you understand me?"

Daisy stared at him with a wavering gaze, before she gave a tense nod.

"Good," they snapped, releasing her. "Now speak."

Daisy got to her paws, lowering her head. "You need to stop doing these...stunts. Mom isn't proud. You're turning into Dad, and soon enough you're going to get yourself killed."

Xai's heart dropped to his paws.

"No. I am *not* my poor excuse for my father—"

"Oh, really? Suicidal stunts? Fighting dogs every single night? Thinking you're invincible? You aren't some sort of god those humans worship, Autumn, you're a dog. You're mortal. You need to stop."

"I am not *mortal*!" Xai lashed out, grabbing her by the scruff and tossing her across the alleyway like she was nothing but a rat. "And I'm not my *father*!" His voice bounced off the building's, echoing deafeningly loud. He slunk towards Daisy, glee racing through his veins when he saw the fear in her eyes, engrained in the dark green like a stark streetlight. She didn't move, or maybe she couldn't move. They didn't really care. He sank to his belly, getting nose to nose with the silent she-dog. "My name is Xavier. Alley and Asher are not my parents. I am not a pathetic mortal like you." They whispered, giving a wolfish grin.

"You're just like both of them." Daisy whispered, eyes half-lidded.

That was their breaking point. They straightened, slamming a massive paw down on Daisy's head, watching with satisfaction as she stilled beneath his paw, stilling. He didn't stay to see if she was dead or not. They didn't really care, they would never be seeing her pathetic face again.

They killed them all.

Daisy.

Alley.

Star.

Lake.

Until there was nothing left of his family to speak for. Alley was by far the most satisfactory, watching the life drain from her eyes, claws sinking into her throat. He had approached the husky mutt from behind, watching her eat a pitiful rat.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Alley whipped around, fear radiating off her in thick waves. Her frantic gaze flickered over him repeatedly. "W-what? Tell you what?"

"Tell me that I was becoming him. Becoming you." Xavier tilted his head slowly, never once blinking or taking his eyes away from his terrified mother. "Daisy told me. That I'm just as bad as him. And I'm as bad as you. Why did you ever tell me?"

"Oh...I—"

"You never cared. Did you?" They questioned her, their voice not wavering.

"Of course I cared about you, Autumn, I'm your mother..."

A twisted grin crossed Xai's face, his chest aching from the rage that boiled in his veins, eyes gleaming in the dark. A sickening laugh echoed around them, though it was just as hollow as the empty space around them. "My name is *Xavier!*"

"R-right! Xai...Xavier..." Alley corrected quickly, nodding abruptly. Her face was twisted, trepidation marked on every line, and in her eyes.

"And you're not my mother. A mother doesn't break her pup until there's nothing left, now does she?" He took one more step towards her, cornering her against the brick building.

"Xai...I'm sorry..."

"*I'm sorry?!*" Xai could've laughed from how stupid it sounded, but was far too baffled to do so. "'Xavi, I'm sorry for what I put you through. My words mean nothing because I'm a pathetic excuse of a mother, but I'm going to try and make things better even though it's too late.' Shut up, Alley. Your words don't mean anything to me." They snapped, lowering their head so it was on level with hers, staring into her eyes.

"I'm gonna kill you now." They whispered softly, watching gleefully as the fear crossed every line of Alley's face, twice as powerfully as before, wholly consuming her.

"Xai, please don't. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. If you kill me, you're going to be as bad as your father," she reminded him, her voice shaking.

"I don't really care, Momma." He told her, watching her face soften at the name.

"Because if your dead, then I don't have to try and not be like him. I don't have to prove anything to anyone." His head tilted, and with precise and lightning speed, he had her at his paws, throat slashed open.

They watched as her blood poured over their paws, staining the gray fur. For a moment, he watched as she twitched, her eyes on him, until she stilled, her sightless eyes still on him. He tilted his head, only feeling slightly bad for what

he did, closing her eyes with a paw. "Night, Momma." They whispered, turning away from her body and leaving.

The only sign that they had ever been there was the bloodied paw-prints they left on the cobblestone, they slowly faded until it was like they were never there.

After that, Xai wondered just about everywhere he could possibly go. Left, right, up, down, under, over and in between. Until they found their self on the edge of the Pacific Ocean, tasting the salty wind as it whipped at their pelt, chilling them to the bone. He really wasn't sure how he had gotten there, tripping over the rocky land, small creatures skittering out of his path, yet he was there, just trying to find his way.

Until he caught a strange scent.

Another dog.

"Oh, my wolves..."

Xai's head shot up, meeting the dark eyes of the she-dog before them. What an interesting sight to behold she was. A purebred Irish Setter, no doubt about it, even though she was clearly hardened by the wilderness. A pretty little thing, though peculiar.

"You're a wolf." She murmured, trembling in the legs, though she seemed more awed than shocked. "How?"

Xai snorted, shaking his pelt. "Nah. Not a wolf. Part wolf probably. But nowhere near full." They looked her up and down, and suddenly she shook herself, as if finding her bearings.

"What are you doing on Lupus territory?" She snarled, her dark eyes narrowing as she realized that Xai was indeed not a wolf. "Who are you?"

"Where's your manners, princess?" Xai settled on his haunches, clearly unfazed by her. "I am Xavier. And I believe I deserve a little more respect from a dog like you, don't you think? Who are you to treat me like that, anyway?"

"I am Ana of Lupus pack. You *will* answer my questions before I drive your sorry tail straight into that ocean, and you best hope the wolves spare you, because I won't." Ana straightened, staring them dead in the eye, like they weren't a massive dog that could crush her in seconds.

"Ana?" Xavier choked on the name, grinning. "Sounds like a pathetic human name to me, don't you think? And what's this...Lupus you speak of? Sounds like something great and fierce. Surely a pretty thing like yourself couldn't be a part of that."

That didn't quite have the effect he had wanted. Ana only seemed to get angrier with him, her hackles glaring. "You're coming with me. The Alpha will deal with you, put you in your place." She growled, herding him towards the forest. And they let her. It wasn't like it was going to hurt, right?

Well, it didn't. But it didn't quite go as expected, either.

The pack accepted Xavier into their ranks, quicker than expected. The dogs adored him, awed by his wolfish appearance. It only fueled the major godcomplex they developed, unbenounced by the pack.

Even so, as time went on, Xai became wholly and entirely infatuated with Ana. Everything about her he adored. Her grin that lit up her whole face. The way her dark green eyes sparkled in the sunlight. The way her pelt burned like a forest fire when the sun fell across it. She was the only one he never thought of hurting.

Though, as fate would have it, Ana did *not* share his same infatuation.

"Ana," they murmured, sitting beside her. It was a rare moment that their maniac highs were calmed, and they were quiet and gentle. "I need to tell you something."

Ana looked up from her prey, tilting her pretty face. "What's up?"

"Listen, I know you might not feel the same, but..." His claw traced a mark in the dirt, his gaze not meeting hers. "I think...I think I love you, Ana."

Ana's face fell, and along with it, Xai's heart. "Xaiver..." she lowered her head, looking off to the side guilty. "I'm sorry...I just...I don't feel that way about you, y'know? I...I like someone else. D-don't get me wrong, you're an amazing dog! I just...."

A familiar, twisted grin appeared on their face, though this time etched by pain.

"No, Ana. It's fine. Really. It's fine. Don't worry about it."

Ana was found dead no more than two weeks later.

No trace of scent. No sign of much struggle. No fur caught between her bloodied paws. A flawless murder.

And Xavier never once got questioned about it. No one questions you when you express such dread over someone's death. No one questions it when there is nothing leading back to you.

After Ana, Xai didn't try to find anyone else. They were content with it, content with the constant state they fell into. They didn't need anyone.

Other dog's failed them.

And at this point, coming up with so many lies to what happened to them was becoming exhausting.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: None @pike this dangerous enough for you lol

Offspring: that's laughable

Parents: Alley and Asher

Siblings: Daisy, Star, Lake (all dead) and multiple other nameless half siblings scattered across the world

Song associated: Oh Ana— Mother Mother. Saint Bernard— Lincoln. No Wind Resistance!— Kinneret

Other: Oh, this poor soul ;-; also I cant tell you how ancient Xai and Ana are. They've gone through many phases but they're very very old characters and I think I've done something terrible by reviving Xai O-O

Username: @Cluckcluck1215

## NOVITIATES

Name: Aesir

Age: 13 moons

Rank: Guardian Novitiate

Gender: Male

Personality: He puts on a brave face for his pack, for himself, he never wants anyone to know just how weak he really is. How scared, *how hurt*, he *truly* is.

He knows how to handle himself, but he can't help but feel small and weak around dogs of high rank or the coyotes. He doesn't want them to one day get sick of him and throw him out like he was as a pup.

As for those few that look up to *him*? Well, he's been an actual stray and he doesn't want to lead anyone astray. He wants to be there as a guardian for others.

He tries to act brave and tough, strong and prideful like the rest of his pack, but he doesn't have too much oomph behind the mask. But needless, he still keeps it up around most canines and acts all cocky and like he's already a Guardian.

He's not disinterested in religion, and he tries his best to understand it, but internally it's just hard to click with why they'd worship dead dudes and elevate their jerks of descendants to that of demigods. Not that he'd let anyone know he thinks that, as far as everyone else knows? He's devoted to the *core* to the wolves and wants all the blessings they have to offer.

Aesir is very keen and skilled in tracking, and an excellent teammate who knows when to take orders and when he has to step up and overcome his fears to take charge.

All other traits aside, his worst fear is being thrown away once more.

For his friends and higher ups to finally get sick of him and let him fade away. Simply put, he's desperately terrified of being unwanted.

He just wants to have a purpose, a place, a home.

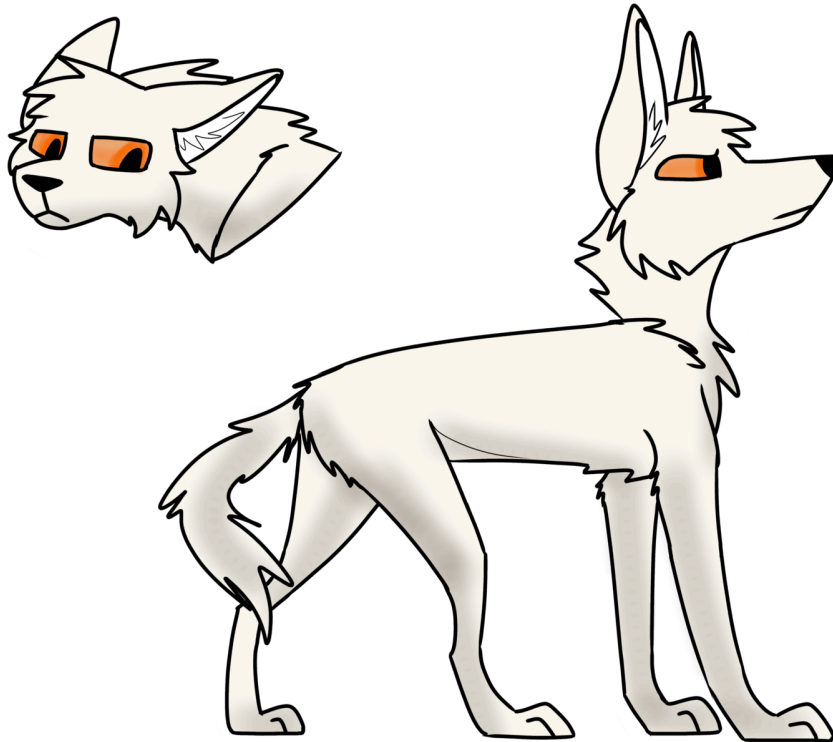
Breed/species: White Belgian shepherd dog.

Description: A tall and muscular build even for his age, capable of long runs of stamina and considerably strong. His claws are jagged and chipped, badly ignored by him and never bit off and trimmed. Mid way down his tail was broken at a young age and now is permanently making a right and sideways L shape.

Pelt: Thick and pure, blazing white. Plums of fur hang like a mane around his neck and feathering spurts off his cheeks and tail. His coat is also in dire need of attention as it's badly knotted and usually covered in mud.

Eyes: Uncomfortably knowing amber eyes that look like they want to burn a hole into your head.

([@Flufferes](#) made this for me :3)



History: Being flung out of his owner's moving car at only two moons old wasn't how he expected his young life to go, but when he was unwanted, that's how it went.

He doesn't remember his siblings, hardly his parents, only that his owners didn't want him anymore, and that's how he found himself wandering around in the wilderness for a moon or two, at which point he taught himself how to hunt and survive on rodents.



One day, he-- Quite literally, fell into the Lupus encampment.  
After awhile, they let him join the pack due to his survival skills and keen senses. Previously being nameless, he was assigned a name by their alpha-- Aesir, for being so able to survive the wilds without any adults as a young pup.  
They immediately had him try to become a Novitiate, at which he aced his hunting lessons and patrolling tests, but he didn't do so well at healing-- Rather failing in that area, miserably. So they let him decide between the two he did well at, and he jumped at the idea of being a Guardian.  
So he was assigned his mentor, and has been a Guardian Novitiate for the Lupus ever since, and he doesn't know anything better than actually being *wanted*.  
Pack: Lupus  
Mate/Crush: Open and a crush wanted.  
Offspring: None.  
Parents: Unknown Belgian shepherds of unknown status.  
Siblings: Who knows? Maybe he was an only pup, maybe he's got a litter of siblings or elder siblings; maybe they're dead, maybe they're alive.  
Song associated: Sleeping at Last - FOUR  
Other: His name literally means "multiple gods" and is pronounced "Ice-ir".  
Username: [@RiverStorm](#)

## Name: Cider

Age: 15 moons  
Rank: hunter novice  
Gender: male  
Personality: sweet and gentle. Someone that doesn't know him well would describe him as shy. He is very passive and has a fascination with water- loves the rain, listening to the sea, and visiting the falls. He definitely has a chatty side but often fails to show it to those in authority, as he has a healthy fear of those above him in power. Don't be fooled- he can be sneaky.  
Breed/species: dutch shepherd mix  
Description: Eyes are a dark brown. Fur is short and has a typical dutch shepherd brindle. Is sort of a tall fellow, legs are a bit on the long side but overall not completely lanky when you see him as a whole.



History: Nothing out of the ordinary. When he was first becoming a novitiate, he wanted to apply to become a healer but he was afraid he would get judged because it's not a role most males usually are drawn to or pursue. He made himself choose between guardian and hunter. After nights of overthinking and analyzing what the future would be like, he chose hunter training over guardian training. The thought of fighting other dogs scared him. He's definitely not living his ideal life, nor is he on the road to it, but he's enjoying himself while he can before he graduates. As long as he has friends to spend the rest of his life with, he believes he will be content. The idea of growing up has never settled well with him. His soft nature clashes with his pack's tendency to revolve around the fierce order of wolves, and he may be on the road to becoming an omega.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: possibly

Offspring: in the future maybe

Parents: distant

Siblings: if anyone wants to make him a sister, they can.

Song associated: unfortunately i am unable to link cavetown's *entire* discography so have this song that captures his vibes pretty well

Name: Juice

Age: 15 moons

Rank: hunter novitiate

Gender: female

Personality: ambitious. She's friendly, but also has a more distant side. Ever since she was a pup, she couldn't wait to grow up and become a functioning member of her pack. Even if she has her fears. Despite being quite weak physically, Juice is a confident hunter. She runs her very hardest and pushes her physical boundaries. She knows she won't sink to the bottom of the pack, but she still has her insecurities.

Breed/species: dutch shepherd mix

Description: Eyes are a dark brown. Fur is short and has a typical dutch shepherd brindle. But that's where her similarities with her brother end.

Whatever wasn't a Dutch Shepherd clearly dominated in her build. She has long, twiggy legs, is quite skinny, and is also only 18 inches tall, which speaks of something other, perhaps a Whippet. Has a long, pointy nose and pointy ears. I'll draw her eventually.



History: same as Cider. Juice knows she's not as physically capable as some of the others in her pack, and the last thing she wants is to end up in the Omega position, or somewhere close. So she trains. She pushes her physical

boundaries. She goes on those physically demanding, long distance hunts. She trains with the Guardians, and loses all the fights.

And she remains a noodle.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: open

Offspring: not yet

Parents: Existent

Siblings: Cider

Song associated:

Other: allergic to shellfish

Username: @Amer

## Name: Duluth

Age: 16 moons

Rank: hunter novitiate

Gender: male

Personality: cocky and ignorant. Holds himself above all the other Lupus novitiates, though its obvious he himself doesn't hold enough qualities that make him deserving of that social position. The life of the party, disturbingly extroverted. He isn't all bad, though. Somewhere inside his thick skull he cares deeply for his friends, and would do anything for them. He can get on everyone's nerves it seems, but the pack wouldn't be the same without his loud obnoxious voice and outgoing nature. Religion is not his main focus, he's busy doing other things. You could go as far as to say he doesn't really care at all. Not exactly opposed to it, but not gung-ho either. He wants to party and live his youth. If you asked Duluth if he had faith in the religion, he would say yes. But visibly he is just a sinful little rodent boy. Goes as far as to call his friend's sinners, It's all in good fun, though. He would never deny the coyotes or wolves.. or would he?

Breed/species: husky/german shepherd mix

Pelt description:



Eye color: brown

Build: ^

History: He's grown up with a standard lupus pack life so far. Nothing exciting.

Pack: lupus

Mate/Crush: his constant flirting rarely gets him anywhere

Offspring: in the future probably

Parents: somewhere

Siblings: no

Song associated: Hallelujah by Panic! At the Disco and if i spun a wheel that had every Cobra Starship song on it, good chance it would land on a song that fit him too.

Other: named after the cloud

Username: @Flufferes

## **Name:** December

Age: 14 moons

Rank: Hunter novice

Gender: Female

**Personality:** Bullheaded, outgoing, and slightly mischievous - but not in the fun way. Likes to ask rhetorical questions that make others severely uncomfortable or causes them to question themselves - in both cases, she tends to be avoided. Overthinks simple topics, always looking for the "why" of things that are just normal. She loves hunting alone, when the required silence forces her to think and not speak, but also because that way, anything she catches is hers and hers alone. Her father's exile from the pack left her with a secondhand reputation, and has everyone always looking down their nose at her. This constant scrutiny wears her down, often leaving her confused, lonely, and angry; since nobody ever told her \*why\* "we don't talk about your dad," she's turning out just like him. She wants to prove herself a worthy member of Lupus, and to be valuable enough to the pack that they wouldn't want to chase her out, too.

Breed/species: Rottweiler/foxhound mix, with other assorted genes.

**Description:** Slightly leaner than a rottweiler, but abundantly muscled nonetheless. She has the long snout, ears, and tail of a foxhound, but the heavy jaw and large paws of a rottweiler - ideal for holding down large prey. Her fur is short, but on the wirey side, close to being scruffy. Black base coat, with the

brown saddle marking of a foxhound, brown legs, and two brown dots above her eyes. Her muzzle is white, with a crooked stripe that runs between her eyes. The end of her tail is white and there's a white dash on her chest. Dark brown eyes.

**History:** Her father, August, joined Lupus as an adolescent. Her mother, Coral, had a long genealogy within the pack. August was talkative and curious, but the pack overlooked these annoying traits in favor of his Thicc Shoulder Muscles - maybe they let him be because they were afraid to invoke the wrath of those jaws, but no one would ever say that. Coral was talkative, too, but rigidly devoted to the way of the wolves. She loved answering all of August's stupid questions, and eventually grew to love him. Shortly after they had their first litter, August became aware of the darker side of the Paragon and his Committee. He went directly to the Paragon (to ask, or confront him, no one could decide), and once Lupus discovered that, they chased him from the pack. Taking a question \*that\* sensitive to the Paragon himself? Someone with that audacity couldn't be let off the hook.

August's quick, poorly thought out decision left Coral to raise their children by herself. She was furious, torn between what she had been taught all her life was the better decision, and what August had meant to her.

The pack refused to tell December anything about her father, but from the little snippets she managed to pull from her mother, she pieced together an unsolved mystery - a piece of prey that had managed to elude capture, and needed to be found. With her father's curiosity and her mother's brains, she learned to talk fast and think faster. She's looking for something. Not even she knows what it is, but nothing can stop her from finding it.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** Soon to be Ontario (Save the date! UwU)

**Offspring:** None

**Parents:** August and Coral

**Siblings:** Open

**Song associated:** Ode to Sleep, by Twenty One Pilots

Other: I still can't rap the whole song rip #fakefan

I wasn't gonna use a t0p song for her but then I watched the mv for it and got a MASSIVE dopamine rush and here we are

Username: PeepersMama

**Name:** Rifen

**Age:** 17 moons

Rank: Hunter novitiate

Gender: Male

Personality: Outgoing, clumsy, desperate to fit in, gentle and tries to look on the bright side of things. Due to his horrible skills as a hunter, he's self conscious and has low confidence in his own abilities.

Breed/species: golden retriever x Anatolian shepherd/German shepherd



Basically looks like the picture (which is not mine)

Build: Big. Build like an Anatolian shepherd.

History: You'd think Riffen's life would be easy. I mean, his entire family didn't die. He didn't lose the use of his left back leg. He didn't get fed to the coyotes. But, yet, it still sucks.

Riffen is wonderfully, terribly, naturally good at fighting. But he hates doing it. He can't find it in himself to hurt anyone. He was actually a guardian novitiate for a while, but the trainers just couldn't get him to use his natural skills in battle. So, he was made a hunter novitiate. However, he's a terrible hunter. He's clumsy and so afraid of messing up (because he's sure they'll make him a guardian if he isn't a good hunter) that he fails all the time. His self esteem, which gets lower at every ruined hunt, makes him even worse as he worries about his every move. His mother's high expectations of him don't help, either. All the trainers are tired of him, and for good reason. To try and make up for his horrible hunting skills to the other novitiates, he will do any stupid thing they

ask of him. One day, he probably is going to lose the use of his back left leg at this point.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/Crush: None

Offspring: None

Parents: Marigold and someone (is that ok, @Flufferes ?)

Siblings: Open

Song associated:

Other: I wrote this really quick please forgive my messiness XD

Username: RoostersAreAwesome

## **Name:** Meilin

**Age:** 17 Moons

**Rank:** Guaridan Novitiate

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** Meilan is the textbook definition of sociopath. She feels little to no empathy towards anyone, even her own family. Most of the time she regards you with disinterest or agitation, and if she is interested, it's very dull.

She rarely feels happiness, but when she does it's intense and very much there. Adrenaline junky to the max. If it'll let her feel something other than agitation, she'll do it, even if it's risky. Her most common phrase is simply, "I'm here for a good time, not a long time."

For Meilan, life is simply a game and she is the player. Each dog is a pawn to her, serving nothing but as a crunch to her ulterior motive. What is that, you'll ask? Simply to get to the top. She wants as much control, as much power as she can possibly get, even if it means fighting her way to the top, to alpha.

For how young she is, she is incredibly intelligent. If you're going to be the player of the massive game of life, you need to be smart. Quick, stealthy, good at covering her tracks and incredibly good at lying if she gets in trouble. A sweet, sweet talker when she needs to be. Being one of the most attentive Guardian novitiates, she's quite the favorite amongst teachers, allowing her to get her way out of most situations.

She doesn't really care if she loses friends. She doesn't really have any, and as stated, dogs are just her ladder to the top. Despises most and is not kind in any sense, except to her teachers. Prone to short bouts of aggression, but so far has not physically hurt another dog.

She's very aware that nothing and not one is permanent, everything is constantly moving and everything will come and go, at some point or another.



She softened questions why she, a diminutive dog among billions, was chosen to be put where she was. How she survived amongst the many that were destined to die, lined up like lambs at the slaughter.

Or maybe she wasn't chosen. Maybe she simply made too many mistakes that landed her in a place of hallowed emotions, quite simply nothing other than her own doing.

How did she land herself to inhabit the greatness of the two packs?

Who would ever know?

**Breed/species:** Saluki Mix

**Pelt description:** Thin black pelt, typical Saluki ears and tail. Her ears are black fading into red-brown.

**Eye color:** Dark amber-gold.

**Build:** Larger than both her sisters, and stronger than a normal Saluki. Long legs, not too much different from a typical Saluki.

**History:** Unlike every other story, Meilin's life didn't start that great. She and her three siblings were born in the beginning of winter. Born to two runaway strays, a black Saluki and a ginger and white Saluki mix, they struggling to survive. Meilin, Sintari, Ambi, and Finn. Finn, who was the littlest, didn't make it long. He died shortly after Meilin opened her eyes, and she barely remembered him.

So, it left the three sisters. Just as they thought they were going to make it through the winter unscathed, Meilin fell ill.

She nearly died, but miraculously she fought back against Death, and survived. All she remembered was the feeling of freezing cold that ran through her veins and froze her bones, but at the same time the feeling of burning alive.

But nonetheless she survived to tell the tale.

But she blamed her parents for the whole thing.

She felt nothing when she snapped at her parents, blaming them for having pups in the winter, for losing her brother and her nearly dying because of the cold that caused her illness.

She was more closed off from her parents than both her siblings. She took her own path, played her own game, hunting for herself and only herself, even at only 6 months old.

Until a tragedy struck the heart of the torn family pack.

A pack of traveling dogs had attacked their small camp, stealing their prey and murdering her father right in front of Ida's eyes.

Not that Meilin had been there.

She had come back to a destroyed camp, the ground slick with blood and the still body of her father at her remaining family's paws.

Sintari blamed herself.

Ambi just silently went on her way, taking care of the family.

Meilin felt almost next to nothing.

Something had struck her heart and froze it completely. She had felt *something* when he had died, but it was only a sort of sad acceptance. She hadn't even tried to comfort her family, not Sintari when she broke down or her mother and Ambi, who, albeit grieving, kept strong.

It was a strange sense of whenever something happened, she just didn't feel anything in regard to it, except maybe anger or jealousy.

Two months passed. Sintari's mental health went spiraling down into something that only she herself could save herself from. Even when she begged Meilin to help her, to do something, Meilin only looked at her with a blank stare and coldly refused. Ambi and her mother were holding out, though.

As the story would have it, their mother soon passed when they were 8 months old. From what, no one could really tell, she seemed to have just crumbled at Meilin's paws, shuddering for a few moments and then was gone.

Meilin wouldn't admit it, but her mother's death hit her a little harder than her father, but nothing like it normally should.

She wasn't sure how they did it, but she, Sintari, and Ambi survived by themselves, and were soon found by a Lupus hunting party.

Meilan, despite being in the same pack as her siblings, cut herself off from them entire, pursuing as a Guardian.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** None, but idk why you would want her lol

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** Two random dogs. Doesn't matter, they're dead anyway lol

**Siblings:** Ambi, Sintari.

**Song associated:** Centuries— Fall Out Boy. Natural— Imagine Dragons.

**Other:** The edge-queen you have (not) been waiting for 🤪

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215

**Name:** Ambi

**Age:** 17 Moons

**Rank:** Hunter Novitiate

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** Describe the opposite of Meilan. Soft spoken, and motherly, it's hard to see how Meilan and Ambi are sisters. If there's ever a fight between her sisters or the other novitiates, she will quickly diffuse the situation.

Empathetic, she hates to see dogs in pain. If someone's down, she's the one you want to come to. Quite smart and gives good advice, and if she ever raises her voice, it's because she adamantly uplifting someone who is talking bad about themselves.

She's very understanding, but really dislikes it when others lie. She doesn't understand why someone wouldn't just come clean. If you were honest you would get in less trouble. She knows how to take a joke unlike her sisters, and it's difficult to hurt her feelings because she tries to understand no matter what you did. Will try and find the good in literally everyone.

She wholeheartedly believes in the wolves, but isn't too fond of the coyotes because they are so violent, but doesn't say anything. Has high respect for her superiors.

**Breed/species:** Saluki mix.

**Pelt description:** Red Saluki. White belly, chest, throat and lower muzzle. Brown and black ears. Feathered legs.

**Eye color:** Soft amber.

**Build:** She looks like a typical Saluki, albeit smaller than both her sisters.

**History:** Ambi never held a grudge against either of her parents like Meilan had. She didn't see what her mother would have done wrong— it wasn't her fault. She was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time and it landed her in a situation she had no control over.

When their father was killed, she broke, unlike Meilan. He had taught her everything, how to hunt, basic healing and herb knowledge, and any skill she would need to know.

But then he was taken away.

The worst to take it was Sintari. And when Meilan refused to comfort her sister, Ambi was there every single second. She refused to leave her sister's side, and soon they became more inseparable than before, both watching Meilan grow into something that was no longer their sister.

Ambi missed Meilan. The real Meilan, not the emotionless imposter planted before her. No, that creature was not the pup she once knew.

When their mother passed at Meilan's feet, Ambi had to drag Sintari half the way. She had no longer wanted to do it, and was caving. But Ambi wouldn't let her.

"You have to keep going, Sintari. Because you did not just come this far to *just* come this far." She stared down at her sister, meeting her dull gray eyes.

"Okay? Now get up. You're a warrior and you still have something to prove, but you won't prove it if you stay there."

"Warrior?" Sintari echoed softly, tilting her head slightly.

"Warrior." Ambi affirmed, giving a slight smile.

And from then, she saw her sister improve completely, and she saw the sister she used to have when they found and joined Lupus pack.

She originally wanted to be a healer, but when that spot was filled, she pursued as a hunter with Sintari, whilst Meilan broke off from the pair.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** None, open.

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** ajakshkahajs they're dead

**Siblings:** Sintari, Meilan.

**Song associated:** Gone, Gone, Gone— Phillip Phillip's

**Other:** no I dont care about genetics

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215

**Name:** Sintari

**Age:** 17 Moons

**Rank:** Hunter Novitiate

**Gender:** Female

**Personality:** If Meilan is like the night, dangerous, cold and harsh, and Ambi is like the day, warm, gentle and bright, then Sintari was caught dangling between the two. She's not completely hopeless like she was only a few months ago, but she's still not completely okay. She's prone to disappearing for a few days at a time, then coming back and not saying where she went. Even though she's very hard working, she's not quite the teacher's favorite since she often vanishes with no warning.

She has a good heart with the right intentions, but doesn't really know how to express it, and when she tries and give advice it comes off as awkward. Not very social, she's not the greatest at interacting with others.

Doesn't really believe in the wolves, but believes dogs should just do whatever they want. Pessimistic, but she's a fighter. She knows she'll get through whatever comes her way.

She despises Meilan with all her heart. She doesn't think that she can ever truly be kind again, even when Ambi tries to talk to her. It's not uncommon for them to get into fights, even though Ambi talks them down from it quickly.

Creative and intelligent, quick at picking up new things and new skills, and remembers information very well. Very attentive and a good listener.

**Breed/species:** Saluki mix.

**Pelt description:** White/cream Saluki. Thick feathery tail and fluffy ears, fluffy neck. Thick scar running down her shoulder and across her side.

**Eye color:** Pale gray.

**Build:** Caught between Ambi and Meilan height wise. Her shoulders are a little broader than a normal Saluki, and her legs aren't stick thin like normal purebreds, either, showing her father's mutt side a little more than her sisters.

**History:** She remembers her father's death vividly. She had been the only one in the small camp with her father at the time when the dogs attacked. Five of them, three giant males and two females who were just as big. They ransacked their camp, destroyed it. Two Saluki mutts were no match against them. They had swatted her aside like she was nothing but a fly, ripping her side open and tossing her into the bushes.

She had watched, paralyzed with pain and trepidation, as they tore into her father before her eyes and took off with the remaining prey. Sintari has just laid in the bushes, unable to move until her mother and Ambi found her.

It had broke her.

She didn't care about the physical pain she had suffered, she had just watch her father get torn to literal pieces before her. Melian didn't try to understand. Her mother tried, but was dealing with her own grief. But Ambi understood. And she was there every second. Every second it all got to much, every second when their mother passed suddenly, and when she wanted to give up before they found Lupus. "Warrior." Ambi had told her. No, Sintari was no warrior in her own mind, but to Ambi she was, and that was enough. Someone who was constantly there for her was enough. And Lupus became her new home from them on, pursuing as a hunter.

**Pack:** Lupus

**Mate/Crush:** None, open.

**Offspring:** None.

**Parents:** y'all should know this by now they both went bye bye

**Siblings:** Ambi, Meilan.

**Song associated:** drowning.— The Eden Project. Medicine— Daughter.

**Other:** N/A

**Username:** @Cluckcluck1215

## PUPS

**Name:** Smew

**Age:** 1 and a half moons

**Rank:** pup

Gender: female

Personality: despite her dark color, Smew is really a little ray of sunlight. Follows other dogs around camp asking questions, is genuinely concerned about their lives. Not as playful as most pups, but cheerful and insightful. Doesn't have her mother's judgemental streak or really any sort of character flaw, unless it's her gullibility. She's too perfect for this world. An absolute angel, who doesn't deserve to live with the lies of mean coyotes.

Not that she minds. She holds the coyotes with the highest respect and cares deeply about pleasing the wolves. If she does something wrong, she feels immediately guilty. Smew is amazed that she would belong to such a fine pack as Lupis, the greatest pack in the world, carrying on the legacy of the wolves. She feels like the luckiest dog in the world.

She's a Mary Sue, and I know it.

Breed/species: mutt. A cute one.

Pelt description: fluffy and black and of the softest, silkiest texture. Shiny. She's honestly adorable.

Eye color: big, brown, irresistible

Build: Soft and rounded. Medium sized. Imagine the cutest little black puppy you've ever seen. That's Smew. Has a short snout and upright ears bent halfway.

History: A puppy was born, and she was a perfect angel.

Pack: Lupis

Mate/Crush:

Offspring:

Parents: Heather and Gannet

Siblings: Coal, Storm

Song associated: On Top of the World Imagine Dragons

Other: if I say Petrel in her charrie sheet I'm sorry I came up with the name before realizing it was taken so I switched it.

Username: @Amer

**Name: Tar**

Age: 1 and a half moons

Rank: pup

Gender: male

Personality: A quiet, gloomy existence. Happy to play-fight with Storm, when Storm pays any attention to him. Favorite personal activity is sitting by himself.

Moping. Both his siblings are incredibly extroverted and often forget about him. The dog he cares the most about is his mother. They talk for a long time when she has the time for him.

He often sits in the corner of the medicine den (is there one of those?) his mother's den like an abandoned doll. Secretly wants other dogs' attention, but also despises it when he is given it. Is a canine Eyeore.

Breed/species: Eyesore.

Pelt description: longer on ears and tail, black and tan

Eye color: sad and brown

Build: scrawny and unattractive.

History: Heather ensures that all of her pups are totally sheltered from the world. She would never want them to have the life she did, with a father with split loyalties. She always felt a deep regret for Apollo leaving the pack, knowing it was due to her father's favoritism. She swore never to show favoritism... but of course Smew ended up being her favorite. She was everyone's favorite. Still, Heather is the best mother you could hope for, really trying her best.

Her children's lives are filled with bliss.

Pack: Lupis

Mate/Crush:

Offspring:

Parents: Heather, Gannet

Siblings: Smew, Storm

Song associated: Demons by Imagine Dragons I know it doesn't really fit but I don't think Eyeore has a song either. Which is sad. I'd like to hear it.

Other: His life is better than most dogs and yet he's still in a state of perpetual disappointment.

Username: @Amer

**Name: Storm**

Age: 1 and a half moons

Rank: pup

Gender: male



Personality: Fun-loving, and is determined to have fun anywhere, at any time, even at very serious meal times or at sacred sleeping times. Begs other much larger dogs to play with him when Heather and his siblings are occupied.

Heather really should spend more time with him than she does, and she is a great mother, she really is, but she often feels it's her duty to assist the other healers if they need her herbs to treat sicknesses, despite their insistence that they have it covered. So he often tags along and gets quite in the way. Storm also constantly pesters Blizzard for stories. He spends a lot more time in the healer's den than he ought.

Wild and troublesome, proud and loves play fighting. Definitely a guardian in the making.

Breed/species: by this point, a mutt born to mutts

Pelt description: Black

Eye color: amber

Build: sturdy, bigger than most pups his age, the last pup out isn't always the runt. Looks like a longhaired labrador retriever.

History: A history of chaos. More than once, Storm has escaped camp in order to satiate his desire for excitement, and been punished. And once. ONCE. Never again. He interrupted The Sacred Swimming.

Now he stifles his exuberance and waits patiently. No more escapades. Just a life lived in fear of Typhoon. After all, it's not much longer. Soon he'll be a novice. Watch out.

Pack: Lupis

Mate/Crush:

Offspring:

Parents: Heather, Gannet

Siblings: Smew, Tar

Song associated: Whatever It Takes Imagine Dragons

Hopefully you can see the pattern. I wanted to see what this song associated thing was all about so I modeled the pups after Imagine Dragons songs.

Other: has a strong jaw idk the other siblings had 'other' notes it would be sad to leave him out.

Username: @Amer

# OMEGAS

My homie lil cal

**Name:** Cal(liope)

**Age:** 37 moons

**Rank:** Omega

**Gender:** Male

**Personality:** A discordant mess of a dog.

I literally cannot say anything better for him.

**Breed:** Nothing too specific.

**Description:** The original ugly dog. Define greyhound frame. Herder-ish head, one collie and one retriever ear. Lifeless tan coat with a few tri-colored blotches scattered across his unders. Disproportionately huge paws. Thin tail that has a permanent crick in it from an old break. Dead brown eyes.



no the little algified tostito does not deserve a ref sheet

History: Oh, it's a pitiful tale of disownment, abandonment, rejection, and exile.  
Do we want to hear it?

No.

Pack: Lupus

Mate/crush:....

Offspring:.....

Parents: died in birthing this monstrosity.

Siblings: couldn't make it out in time.

Song associated: I wouldn't heap that truckload of shame on any song.

Other: To make it even worse, he's neutered.

Username: HeavensHens88

## That one

Name: ...

Age: 27 moons

Rank: Unofficial everything, including a fourth healer that picks up where the other three leave off.

Gender: Female

Personality: She may not be able to verbally express herself, but what she does speaks louder than most uttered words.

Her inability to connect with words has evinced a -seemingly- total lack of responsiveness. Even when addressed directly, it's extremely rare to elicit any kind of reaction from her. Sometimes, she'll turn toward the speaker, but her eyes always look right through them, and never focus on their face. Though her body is indeed occupied, it hardly seems like it's inhabited.

She's come to be a harbinger of sorts. Usually, she disappears for lengths at a time, and returns with more than her fair share of kills to contribute. But it's

when she joins with communal hunting parties that things go south. See, whenever she tags along, it's the undoubtable foreshadowing for a mishap. And, more often than not, she's doing whatever it takes to preserve her packmates' lives before anyone else can even react. Whether it's a natural disaster, larger predator, or an armed human, she's not only uncharacteristically responsive, but incredibly adept in saving the day singlepawedly.

But when she's chased off to rid the expedition of the foreboding atmosphere she heralds, irreversible tragedy strikes.

And when someone does die -no matter if it was a preventable or inevitable loss- she disappears without a trace. Sometimes she's gone for as much as a moon. But she always shows up, sooner or later, even though one would think there's really nothing tethering her here. Oddly enough, she always returns around the same time that tenderly-fashioned memorials for the dead dog start popping up around the territory. They never do figure out who makes those.

One of her favorite pastimes seems to be tracking. If a pup or similarly incapable dog goes missing, she'll return with them near immediately without even being officially involved in the searches. The same goes for inanimate objects that are treasured enough to be missed, too. Further, the Alpha is rapidly tiring of all the homeless wanderers she brings into camp.

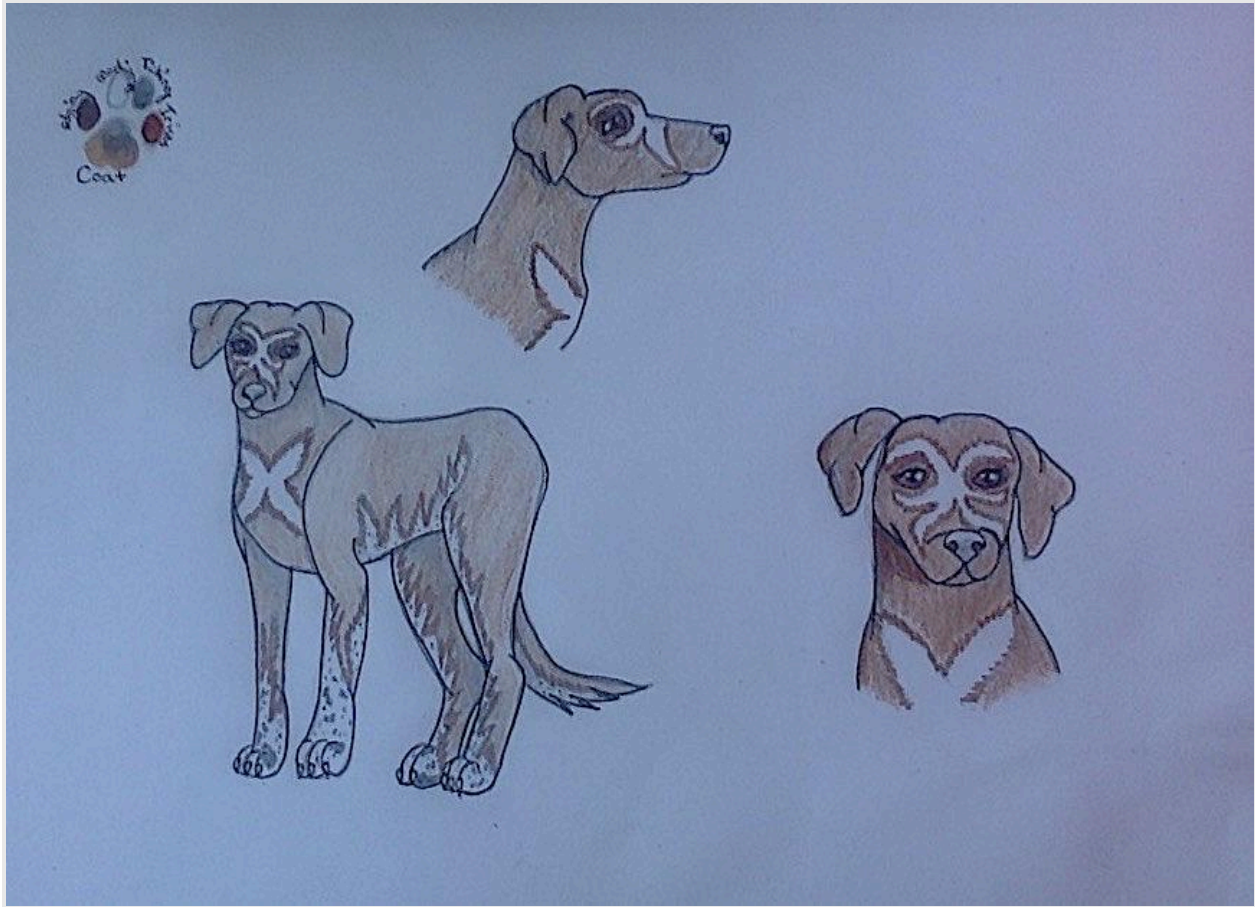
If you can get past not being able to commune with your medic, you'll find that she's inexplicably skilled. Unlike others who hesitate, she not only works with a supernatural efficiency, but often uses cures never seen before. Even stranger, they often work far better than the usual treatment. And if the other self-righteous healers can't find it in themselves to surrender an impossible case to her, they'll find the perfect remedy waiting for them at their door.

Whatever others need, she rises to the challenge.

No matter the cost to herself.

Breed: The only ones evident are some types of pointer and retriever.

Description: 25" tall. She's got a pointer's deep chest and well-muscled limbs, but her dense coat and broad head are all retriever. For the most part, her coat is a light tawny that only darkens before it leads into the whitening of her paws and markings. Light black ticking in the white areas. Her unique markings, a white butterfly that hugs her chest and a bizarre, spider-like mask that covers her face, are solid and uninterrupted, however. Significant blackening around her eyes, which are a heavily shadowed amber.



#### History:

It started out nice enough. She was born to two loners in a healthy, exuberant litter of five. Fen and Ginseng had far more tolerance than the average parents—so much so that they had encouraged their first litter to stick around and form a family pack, and so they had the additional blessing of three more able hunters. Thanks to the ceaseless supply of rich food, they all filled out, right up to their full potential, and grew into the most atypically magnificent feral dogs.

And, on top of physically thriving, there wasn't a whisker of malcontent among them. Sure, alone, their parents had their imperfections and shortcomings, but, together, they were everything a pup could ever want. The three eldest, Bighorn, Dall, and Mountain, were the pups' idols, of course, but they never kept themselves on unreachable lofts. Bighorn was everybody's strong, silent hero, whereas Dall was the practical jokester that never failed to get the whole lot laughing. Mountain was not only their second mother, but also the ever-open ear to whimper into and always-steady shoulder to cry on.

And the pups themselves were quite the dynamic gang. Hemlock, the oldest by three measly heartbeats, who had the hardest time keeping the militant order he insisted upon. Woodcock and Goshawk, the cunning duo that might've imprinted off Dall a little too much. Hollyhock, the fantastic whirlwind that was a

combination of all of them, yet all her own dog. And, last but certainly not least, her, the brilliant, introspective, lovable runt that nobody would've ever dream of degrading for what she never was made aware of being.

It seemed to be an unbreakable peace.

But then her older sister, Mountain, started having fits. Little ones at first, so slight that she simply seemed to be unable to recover from a particularly rattling sneeze. "I'm fine," she'd insist, then throw in the grating joke that came to be for all of them what was the report of nails on a conflicting surface for others. "My body's just working out the kinks I put in it from being so amazingly agile."

When Mountain declined to go on a much-anticipated hunting expedition due to a "fuzzy head, that's all," she stayed back as well. Because she knew. She suspected their parents realized, too, but went ahead anyway for reasons they kept to themselves. Perhaps they knew the rest of their children wouldn't do well with being here for this.

The seizures started coming like the staged wave succession of a tsunami. At first, Mountain was able to get up afterwards, but as they progressed, she was no longer able to recover. Additionally, each one seemed to permanently rob her of a bodily function. First it was her voice, then it was her muscles in totality, but still her eyes stayed clear.

And it was with her eyes that she said goodbye.

She mourned her beloved sister quietly, but intensely. Everywhere she went, she would see something that sang Mountain and turn it into a quaint memorial. But even as she phased out of her grief, the notable change in her remained. As she drew even further into herself, she also became an unshakeable tagalong flea in her family's pelts. She had to know where everyone was going, and if at all possible, she'd make sure she went right along with them. To put it simply, in thinking that death was a nearsighted force that one could evade by being farsighted, she'd become paranoid. Not for herself, but, rather, for everyone except herself, and, with the help of the hypervigilance that this paranoia was going to employ in her, she was going to make sure that she wasn't going to lose anyone else.

How sadly mistaken she was.

It was on an elk hunt led by her older brothers, and an exclusive expedition for two reasons: besides the incredible fact that they'd purposely singled out a healthy, massive bull, it was also the pup's first extreme endurance hunt.

Out of nowhere, she was swamped by a load of unforeseen apprehension, but kept her inexplicable worries to herself. The last thing she wanted to do was spoil Bighorn and Dall's special day on the grounds that her whiskers were tingly.



Yet she found it impossible to keep her mind on the quarry, and, in the middle of the final kill rush, her paws swerved her right off the path and turned her easy lope into a dead bolt in the opposite direction.

All the triumphant howls behind her were cut short by the roar.

She turned around to see a wall of water-displaced earth bearing down on her helpless family.

She screamed her due warning, but they'd long lost their chance to escape it. In mere heartbeats, they were gone.

But she found them all. Ginseng was the first, pinned beneath a diminutive log that was nothing more than a branch, really, but it had snapped her spine all the same. Hemlock might've successfully surfaced if it weren't for horrific gash that neatly parted his belly, straight from his neck to his tail. Bighorn had their father's scruff stubbornly clenched in his massive jaws, but he'd lost himself for his efforts to save Fen. Woodcock and Goshawk were buried barely a length apart, inseparable even in their death throes. When she found Hollyhock, her plucky sister's lungs were still valiantly struggling with the muck that had slunk into her airways to snuff out her life, but even she left soon after being dug out. Dall, her impossibly upbeat, lovably hilarious, dear big brother, was the only one responsive enough to react to his rescue. He raised his head, fixed his desperate sister with the gleaming brown eyes that couldn't be anything but cheery, and filled her with a wild hope.

"Don't go," she pleaded with everything she had.

But he, too, was using his eyes to say goodbye.

Oh, the silence.

She replaced their evacuated bodies in the graves that'd claimed them. Then she fled as fast as her numb body would carry her.

She diffidently went through the motions just to keep herself breathing.

Somewhere in the back of her dimly functioning mind, she knew that she couldn't live alone and needed to look for a pack in order to survive.

And so, she began her search, even if she wasn't sure she wanted to.

The days blurred together meaninglessly. For what use is time if you have no one to keep it for?

For some reason, she kept on keeping on.

But when she finally did arrive in Lupus territory and was asked for her story, the words just didn't come.

And never did again.

Her coping mechanism had manifested itself so that she'd never have to relive her trauma again. Subsequently, she found that she no longer processed by coherent thought, but simply did what instinct told her to. If a current in the air



smelled wrong, if a patch of earth didn't feel right underpaw, if the sky turned the wrong shade, she understood perfectly and acted accordingly. In time, she became the perceptual phenomenon that could've saved ever member of her family.

At first, the tried to oust her. But they came to discover that, no matter if they exiled or banished or manually removed her, she'd still be there, clinging like a ghost to its grave.

Most of the pack titles her with the wonderfully original "The Mute," or, the novitiate favorite, "The Freak," but, even still, there are a brave few who whisper kinder names they've invented for her.

A huge majority believe -and treat her like- she's deaf as well as speechless. Some have used her uncanny timing to pin her as a user of black magic, and that it's all to win the pack's good graces in order for a much darker scheme to congeal. A few even believe her to be a straight-up walking dead.

No, she's no different from the next dog. It's just that she's exhausted every available faculty of herself in order to become the finely-tuned force for good that she is.

Because she can't fail again.

Pack: Lupus

Crush: [Open](#)

Offspring: N/A

Parents: Fen and Ginseng (both dead)

Siblings: Bighorn, Dall, Mountain, Hemlock, Woodcock, Goshawk, and Hollyhock (all dead)

Song associated: have to drive (Amanda Palmer)

Other:

Username: HeavensHens88

*“And know that their greatest blessing,  
their teeth,  
can be found right within yourself”*