The Pack of Lost Stories

Contents:

The Beginnings
Expansion
Puppies
Turmoil Within
Unsure Future

Extras

Tala's Insight(WIP)

The Beginnings

Tala had been searching for a place to call home for seasons. She knew that once her only pup, Storm, grew to adulthood, she would be forced to leave Storm behind to start her own pack. Tala's desperate search came to a close as the small family broke through the trees and found a beautiful oasis clearing. Then a small male adolescent, almost identical to Storm but with different colors, tumbled into the middle of the clearing with a panicked whimper. To Tala's dismay, Storm leaped to protect the smaller adolescent. Out from the bushes came three snarling wolves. All three were clearly sick. And their sights were set on Storm and the male. As one of the wolves leaped toward Storm, the young adolescent stuck out with more force than Tala had ever seen from her daughter. The wolf was flung back. The other two began to retreat then one noticed Tala. It leaped for the adult. Tala tried to sidestep but was slammed over. As the wolf raised his paw to land the killing blow, black shadows swirled around it, flinging it away. Tala, breathless, remained on the ground. She could hear the sick wolves hurrying to retreat, barking and whimpering with pure terror. Then she heard the small male speak.

"Did you just- what in the- who are you?" He stammered.

"My name is Storm. Storm Meoquanee," Storm replied.

Tala managed to stand. She looked at her daughter and saw that her once gray pelt was now pitch black. Where there should have been blood there was only black fur and shining dark claws.

"Storm... what happened to you?" Tala whispered.

Storm's ear flicked dismissively as she ignored her mother. "So what's your name?"

This is not updated. Working on that.

"Max. Maximus Claudius," The male replied.
"Well, Maximus Claudius, would you like to join my new pack?"

Maximus Claudius accepted Storm's offer and the two, after learning a little bit from Tala, sent Storm's mother away. The two lived happily for almost a season with one of Storm's friends, Faded Sunlight, until it all changed.

Expansion

Storm, Max, and Sunlight, lived peacefully together in the oasis. They had given their pack a name: the Pack of Lost Stories. They called it that, seeing as even their alpha's closest friend knew very little of the mysterious Storm Meoquanee. Storm had always said, "You know how I am with secrets," when either wolf had asked about anything. They had stopped asking long ago. Their pack had grown in size. Four more adults, one young adolescent, and one even younger pup had joined the pack. As the number of wolves expanded, Storm struggled to keep up with the pack chores. Even though they had a code, not every wolf followed it. Storm soon was forced to appoint a beta to help her with the chore: Melting Glacier. Glacier was another rare wolf, even more, rare than Storm herself. He had the power of ice on his side, and the two rare wolves made a powerful duo. They ruled with authority and power. Soon, no one dared to step out of line for fear of being punished brutally. Then, everything changed again.

Puppies

As time drew on, Storm's pregnancy was reaching its end. One early winter morning, the pack woke to Storm's anguished howls. Storm had given birth to four pups the day before and two had passed away in the night. Only two of Storm's pups had lived through the night. Those two were the two who hated each other: Dawnlit Cloud and IMax; they were fire and water twins. Though the loss of Storm's two pups was devastating, they were soon forgotten as a new pup found her way to the clearing. Her name was Pierce. She was the first transgender wolf any of them had seen but they treated her no differently. As young as Pierce was, her power was clear. She was born of fire. Her brilliant orange eyes gave it away. She and IMax were clearly in love but that was the least of Storm's problems.

Turmoil Within

Even as young pups, Dawnlit and IMax had hated each other. The turmoil began when they were barely half a month old. The two tiny pups fought at every given chance. And as their powers began to mature, the fights got more and more deadly. These spats caused other spats within the Pack of Lost Stories. Storm and Sunlight began to argue more and more often. The wolves began to grow wary of their alpha and her bickering pups. Though Glacier was keeping the pack reigned in, injuries were becoming rather common. It was clear that this pack was falling apart. But one wolf was falling apart much faster than her pack: Storm Meoquanee herself. She ceased speaking, not saying a word to any wolf. She became more vicious and snapped at anyone who came within two feet of her. The alpha's malicious attitude pushed everyone away except for one strangely named rare pup. New York Times was undeterred by Storm's bitterness, listening whenever the alpha needed someone to talk to. Though he was the youngest in the pack, with the exception of Pierce, his powers were the most mature. His dragon-like pelt had much effect on the way he was seen in the pack. He used that to his advantage, stopping fights before they broke out by simply passing a pair of squabbling wolves. But even then, after months of this, duels were still rather common.

Unsure Future

Storm Meoquanee knew she needed help for her pack but didn't know where to turn. So, in her desperation, she turned to her mother Tala. Tala had been lurking around and watching her daughter's pack fall to nothing. Tala's arrival seemed to calm the wolves. It must have been the very presence of an elder that calmed them but the pack began to run smoothly, though Storm was still not speaking. The Pack of Lost Stories had a future that would forever be unsure but at least it was stable once more, under the strict code which Tala had reminded them all of. Let us all hope and pray that the lost pack can find its path before it is destroyed irreparably.

This is not updated. Working on that.

Tala's Insight