

Raised by Wolves

Teenage girl going to a new school.

Fairly conventional new student issues, compounded by her having been raised by wolf-morphs.

Girl is a fairly normal, unremarkable teen, however, in a future urban environment, she is very un-fashionable and out-of-synch with pop-culture.

No make-up and plain-jane hair. Lean athletic build, a little hip but not much on top yet. She looks like a girl rather than a fashion plate/sex-pot wannabe.

Predawn

0-dark thirty in December that far North meant that it was still fully middle-of-the-night black. But not really. Someone had lights on down stairs and the glow out the windows and back again upstairs in the girls' dorm meant Amilia could make out who was in the pile of furry bodies that surrounded her.

Margaret was spooning at her back, her distinctive little weeze giving her away without Amilia seeing her. Cynthia would likely be spooning Margaret, they could never sleep apart.

Jamie was in front of her, though laying with her back to Amilia, had her head twisted around to nearly have her muzzle in her face.

Debbie, one of the little ones, was curled around her pillow like a furred fringe.

Annie, another of the little ones, was hugging Amilia's knees and Katherine was spooned her.

Ever so carefully Amilia propped herself up to see the best way of extracting herself. Fortunately, as it was very early, no one stirred as she got out of the oversize bed, though Annie groaned softly as she disentangled herself from the cub.

The girls' dorm had a half-dozen rather oversize beds to accommodate the ever-changing denning clustering of the girls, but this morning all but Jasmine and Freida had piled on Amilia's bed to be together one last time. Not that they could have all fit.

Correction, Amilia forgot Little Alice, who was curled up next to Freida, which was odd, as the older girl preferred to go to bed alone, too old, she insisted, for such cub-stuff. Little Alice preferred either to pile on with the other young ones, or cling to Jasmine, ironic in that she was the least maternal of the older girls.

Amilia noticed Jasmine wasn't asleep, just laying there watching her from across the room.

"Couldn't sleep?"

"'Course not. You're leaving."

Amilia went over and crouched next to the bed and hugged Jasmine's head. They breathed each other's scents for a long moment.

"I will be back."

"But it won't be the same."

Amilia sighed and stood up. She had to get dressed, and as she did so, would stop every few moments to survey what had been the only home and family she'd ever known.

She was adopted, of course, but the wolf pack cum artist's co-operative had been a wonderously enriching experience for her. But she had ambition and talent for higher education and there was only so much that could be learned through a satellite link. She needed to get out into the wider world beyond the South Alaska island and learn to live among people after being raised by wolves.

Mother and Uncle Ray were down in the kitchen, nursing cups of coffee. She was a big Silver, all white and pale cool greys, Uncle Ray was a handsome Black and White, with a particularly striking mask. While they were large for uplifted wolves, Amilia, though an average human sixteen, already matched their height.

Amilia gave Mother a tight hug, breathing in again her scent, and that of all the family. Then to Uncle Ray, of course.

"Ugh, you're not going to travel smelling like that are you?" He half-mocked.

Amilia looked distressed, "I washed after the party, but they all piled on me overnight. I can't..." The smell of clean and healthy canids was a lot more than damp dog and a human's nose, though not so sensitive, could be trained. This was an intimate last contact with her family and she was loath to lose it any sooner than she had to. Uncle Ray read that in her and nodded.

"Just don't be surprised with people's reactions." He said jovially.

Amilia was aware of others in the kitchen and was surprised that it was Uncle James and Aunt Beth, both Greys, They were separatists and had not approved her adoption, had never really warmed up to her in all the years there, but now that she was leaving, were just as upset with her departure.

She bowed very formally to them both but made no attempt to approach.

"You will do well at school and beyond, and be a credit to the Pack." Uncle James stated it as a matter of fact, and made it clear that was that. Aunt Beth simply kept turned away.

"The boys are waiting to take you down to the 'pad." Mother interjected.

"Yeah.

Mark, a Silver like his Mother, John, a Black, and Billy, a Grey, were waiting outside to see Amilia off. Mark and John were her age, Billy was just ten but was determined to be on hand. As wolves grew faster than humans, the boys were all at their full height, just a fraction shorter than Amilia, but they were still inhumanly thin.

The rest of the young males of the pack were either still asleep or had made a point of being out in the bush so as to not be on hand for her departure. Despite male postureing of stoic strength, several were devastated and avoided her and the rest of the family these last few days.

They said nothing for the longest time. It wasn't until they were nearly to the bay and the aero-pad that Billy broke down and grabbed at Amilia, whining, "Ami, don't go! Please!"

"Oh, Billy! I don't want to go, but I've got to. You know that."

The older boys looked very uncomfortable, partly in shame for their Brother's emotional outburst, partly for their own ill-concealed dismay.

"Come on, Billy, you got to firm up. Don't want to look like a cub in front of everyone."

The flight out was mercifully through dense low cloud, so Amilia had no familiar landmarks to wrench at her as she left. The crew were busy doing crew things and largely ignored her beyond the formalities of flight safety information.

Amilia had been to Juneau and Seattle before, so those legs of the trip were familiar, though being around so many people was stressful as she tried to not react to all the changes in personal proximity that the crowds presented. The California leg was new to her, and there was a subtle change in the character of her fellow passengers to go with it. Northwesterners had been quite and courteous, almost a little wolfish in their collective intent of no hassles for no one and we all get by. The Californians tended to be loud, rude, and demanding. "Over-weaned sense of entitlement and self-absorption" was the phrase she had been warned about, and while she'd seen vids of all that before, being plunged into the midst of these people was a different matter altogether.

Furtunately, the flight wasn't too full and she was seated by herself.

Novo Mojave, North of old Mojave, is an archology, a city in a single building

Getting off the plane, Amilia was releaved to see someone waiting for her, a woman with a sign. Dressed in the school uniform, a capelet, underblouse and skirt, Amilia was a little confused by her heavy make-up and rather full bust, but rather youthful motion as she approached. All the vids had not prepared her for all the ways that people moved in the real world, and this person's kinistetics seemed a little off, like a puppy's growth spurt clumsyness.

She comes into class, framed in door, welcomed by teacher. TB"oh boy, first day, first class in the new school."

POV shot of other students, looking curious at her. They are all with make-up, fancy hair, various jewelery. TB"Oh dear, I didn't really expect this."

She sits down, flanked by other girls, their profiles contrast with hers. TB"I didn't realize regular people really did themselves up like that."

She looks at her pad. TB"At least the material is familiar."