

The Wolves of Fellwood – Part 7

By TheSpiralledEye

Elowen perched atop a boulder by the side of the den, stretching out in hybrid form and letting the sun warm her fur. Months had passed since her return and Raul was finally letting her have more freedom; while she had spent the first few weeks mostly alone in the back of the cave, she had been allowed out to walk with him and sometimes, when he was feeling generous, Raul. Now though, with her pups due any day, he allowed her more personal freedom. She was no fool, the den guards had their sharp eyes upon her but she ignored them, opting to ignore the warm weather for the first time in days.

Raul and the other hunters were gone for days at a time now, Simon and the other nearby human settlements had become even more dedicated to tracking them. Hunts had to be done clean and quick, tracks covered and slowly but surely their territory was shrinking. Aster and many of the other she wolves had started sneaking away, travelling for days before making a kill just to ensure there was no sign hunters could follow. So far, they had remained safe but Elowen knew it couldn't last forever.

It was the bond which first alerted her to his return; it was weaker now but would never fully go away. She could sense Raul's anger, his frustration but thankfully no grief or guilt; that meant there had been no losses on their journey. He and the others emerged from the trees silently; they had long stopped howling to announce their approaches just to be safe. Elowen awkwardly clambered down the rock, one arm wrapped around her swollen belly and moved to greet him.

"That arrogant noble has started building guard towers inside the forest grounds." Raul spat, skipping the pleasantries, "We interrupted the building as much as we could but it's no use, soon they will be able to trek deeper into the wood with a safe place to retreat and resupply."

"What are we going to do?"

Raul didn't reply at first, but she could sense his turmoil. Eventually he simply turned to his mate.

"Aster, call the pack."

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"Move the pack?" Azir gaped.

“Deeper into the forest, we will find a new den, somewhere safe for Elowen to deliver the pups. We cannot risk their lives by staying here any longer.”

“She’s due any day, we can’t go searching for a new den now!” Azir argued, “What if she gets stuck out in the open and those hunters find us!”

The pack was divided, half of them wanting to move now to the safety of the deeper woods, the others wanting to stay and stand their ground.

“We cannot keep letting humans take our homes.” Summer argued, “When I joined the pack, our territory was twice the size it is now!”

“And the pack was twice this size.” Raul snapped back, “We have lost too many to those silver swords in the last few years, now we finally have at least one shewolf capable of rebuilding our numbers and we need to keep her safe.”

Elowen’s cheeks burned as eyes inevitably swivelled to her. Both Summer and Aster’s felt especially sharp; she knew both of them desperately wished they could have pups as she was. Ever since she had run away her relationship with the rest of the pack had been icy. Azir and Raul had forgiven her, the former having never held her in any ill regard at all. But to the rest of the group, she had spurred their warm welcomes and willingly returned to their great enemy. The only reason she was even alive right now was the baby she was carrying. More than once, Elowen had wondered what would become of her once the pup was born; would one of the pack members try to enact justice? Or would they leave her be until she had borne all the children she could? The old Elowen would have stayed silent and let the argument continue but she was not that passive little noble girl anymore. She was a wolf, and a wolf did not back down from a challenge.

“Do I not get a say in this? Since it’s my pups causing the issue?” She asked, putting special emphasis on the word ‘my’. Raul and the pack may be treating them like future warriors but to Elowen, they would always be her children.

Aster snarled but Raul silenced her with a growl and nodded for her to continue. She took a breath and locked eyes with Azir.

“I think we should go.” She said finally, “And I think the alphas should expand the pack when they can. Let Simon think he’s won, let him think he’s driven us out and then when we are strong, we will return and retake our home.”

“Oh, so now it’s our home?” Summer grumbled, “You are not a leader in this pack, Elowen. You had that chance; you don’t just get to decide what’s best for us. Without Raul as your mate, you’re little more than the lowest wolf in the group.”

“Is that a challenge?” Elowen growled, digging her claws into the floor.

Her blood boiled and for a moment, she felt a jolt of connection; she sensed Summer’s jealousy and hurt at her betrayal, her bitterness. Elowen held it there, forcing her own will down that connection. It was not unlike her bond with Raul and as she stared down the other shewolf she watched as her eyes widened and she took a step back.

“...No.” Summer whispered finally.

The others muttered to themselves and Elowen stepped back; had that been...an Alpha’s command? She could have been wrong but Elowen was certain she saw a flicker of amusement in Raul’s eyes.

“I am the leader here.” He said, cutting through the tension, “and I agree. We leave, we grow, we regroup. First light tomorrow. Dismissed.”

The others dispersed and Elowen obediently retreated to her small bed at the rear of the cave. She missed the shared sleeping area with its warm furs and bodies. Then again, perhaps she would not be welcome back there even when her punishment was over. A hand stopped her, Raul.

“That was impressive.” She smiled. “Standing up to Summer like that.”

“I think I ordered her the same way you used to do to me.” Elowen whispered, “I don’t know how.”

“Female Alpha’s are rare.” He mused, “I knew there was a reason I picked you to join us. You’re a firebrand.”

He placed a hand on her hair and ran a claw down through Elowen’s long red hair and she hummed contently, enjoying the first touch she’d been given in weeks.

“It’s a shame.” He sighed, “I still think we would have been good mates but I must admit, Aster is the better partner.”

“Ouch.” Elowen joked and Raul chuckled.

It was so strange to be friends with the man after all this time. When she first returned Elowen had expected him to order her into his den every night until the bond had her completely in his thrall but surprisingly, Raul had let her go. In doing so, an actual genuine friendship had bloomed there, one built on experience and trust rather than their supernatural link and Elowen found she quite liked him. While the deal still stood, were her pups Azir’s she would bear him an heir, the concept of doing so did not seem so scary anymore.

“Azir was right though, moving in your condition is likely to be dangerous.” He said, “No matter what the others say, you have atoned for your betrayal, Elowen. Go be with your mate.”

Elowen’s breath hitched. Her mate. He’d never called Azir that before; he truly was letting her go.

“He’s waiting outside, make sure to be back at the den in a few hours.” Raul finished, turning to go to his own den with Aster. “Be safe. Have fun.”

“Thank you, Raul.”

She walked past the communal sleeping area, head held high. She could feel eyes on her, though interestingly, she didn’t feel a wave of anger as she normally did. It was still present but there was also...respect. Perhaps they would accept her back fully in time. She couldn’t keep the grin off her face as she stepped out into the evening light; the air was still warm and fireflies were floating around the meadow, it looked magical. How could she have ever found this forest frightening?

As promised, Azir was waiting by the clearing’s edge in hybrid form, his tail wagging as she approached. At first, they said nothing, simply embraced tightly, well, as tightly as Elowen’s swollen belly would allow. He shifted, till they were both mostly human, tails, ears and eyes still showing their true nature. It was Elowen’s favourite way to be; with her human body and wolf senses she truly felt like herself.

“I have missed you.” She sighed, nuzzling under his chin.

“You have no idea.” Azir sighed, “So many times I was tempted to sneak back there to see you properly...”

Elowen lifted her head and kissed him, heart singing for joy as he returned it. Even without her heats she'd spent so many nights dreaming of being with her mate again, for the first time in months the world felt right.

"We have a big day tomorrow." Azir rumbled, lowering his mouth to her neck and kissing along her shoulder, "We should get some rest."

"Yes," She replied with a giggle, running her nails down his back, "We definitely shouldn't be doing anything to...exert ourselves."

"You nobles, always afraid to be direct." He teased and Elowen growled, biting down on the lobe of his ear before pulling him down onto the soft grass.

"Come here and fuck me already."

Azir gasped in mock horror.

"Elowen, who taught you such fowl words."

"You did, now come here."

They were rolling together, kissing and laughing breathlessly until Elowen was sat across his hips. Azir looked up at her in wonder, hands running along the curve of her swollen breasts and belly.

"You're beautiful, you know that?" He whispered and Elowen just bent down, somewhat awkwardly, to kiss him deeply in response.

She raised her hips, feeling the tip of his cock against her whole and with a groan, sunk down on it. It had been months since she'd felt the touch of another on her body and she couldn't help but moan. It felt so good to be filled again after so long; she began to bounce, rutting against him hard and enjoying the burn of her inner walls stretching. Azir gripped her hips, helping to keep her steady as she rode him, breasts and belly bouncing with the movement.

Elowen knew she wouldn't last long; after only a few minutes her inner walls were beginning to tighten and her movements started to stutter. Azir took over, holding her up and thrusting up into her hard. She squeezed him hard, gasping as his tip brushed against her G-spot and send a wave of pleasure crashing down over her entire form. Elowen threw her head back and howled, the whole

forest would know exactly how much ecstasy she was in and she didn't care. The sound made Azir groan and she felt the tell-tale splash of seed inside her, causing her whole body to quiver. She whimpered as Azir gently lifted her off his softening cock and laid her on the grass beside him, the two of them curling up together around Elowen's belly.

"The whole den probably heard that howl." He chuckled. "Scratch that, the whole damn forest heard that howl."

"I don't care." Elowen hummed, "Let them hear, let them be jealous. I want the whole world to know how my mate makes me feel."

Azir's grip tightened around her shoulders.

"Your mate." He confirmed.

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They set off at first light just as Raul had intended; a scouting group running ahead while most of the pack walked behind at a slower pace. This far along in her pregnancy Elowen was unable to shift further than her hybrid form, meaning she was slow. She could sense the unease from many of the other pack members, the knowledge that were it not for her, they would be miles ahead already.

Raul's orders were clear though, the pack was to stay together and keep her safe, if humans attacked, there would be no way Elowen could fend them off alone. The day passed tensely and at night watches were set. Elowen slept curled up against Azir in full wolf form with Aster watching over them both with a sneer. It was on their second day the scouting team reported back, a cave by the top of a cliffside, surrounded by the thickest woods yet, it was a perfect spot for their new home; highly defensible and with a good vantage point to spot incursions. It would take another three days at their current pace but they could make it.

It was half way through the third day of travel Elowen felt it. A stirring inside her followed by a stabbing pain that caused her to cry out. It was time. Despite her misgivings, the pack sprung into action, the other shewolves ushering her to a small grove while the men took up guard positions. Even Aster allowed Elowen to lean up against her to continue walking as the contractions grew stronger. She and the white shewolf would never be friends, Elowen knew this, but even Aster would not endanger pups.

As a child, Elowen had listened as women wailed during labour and now she knew why. The process was long as hard; she lost all sense of time but finally, as the sun was setting two small children, boys, were placed against her chest by Summer. Both had a dusting of her red hair and she nuzzled against them, drinking in the scent and love.

“What are you going to name them?” Summer asked with wonder after they had finished cleaning and feeding the twins.

“Aspen,” Elowen whispered, brushing a finger over the larger of the two, “and Alder.”

“Are they...?” Aster didn’t finish the question; she didn’t need to.

The twins blinked at her, with matching pairs of icy blue eyes. There was no question who their father was. Raul had his heirs and Elowen couldn’t be prouder. She and Azir would have their own pups in time.

“Go get their father.” She asked, “Raul needs to meet his sons.”