

## The Wolves of Fellwood - Part 3

The werewolf leapt at her, fangs bared and Elowen rolled to the side, narrowly avoiding the razor-sharp claws as she did so. Azir turned, his wolfish muzzle turning up at the edges in an uncanny grin. She returned the gesture, a growl rumbling in her chest, daring him to try again. Ever since her night with Raul, changing had become easier. Full wolf form was still beyond her but with Azir's help she had managed to master hybrid.

Such a form gave her a wolf's strength, its powerful paws and hindlegs as well as her wolfish face while keeping her human hands and torso. It took some getting used to, walking upright in such a body but she was managing well enough that Azir insisted she learn how to fight.

"Sometimes you want to use your jaws but also have the dexterity of human hands." He'd told her the first time, "You'll never be as strong or fast as a full wolf, but it's a good starting point."

Azir was a good teacher and while she had accepted his offer under the guise of preparing for her escape, she'd actually started to enjoy herself. Though she still got flustered when he tackled her, a layer of fur did nothing to hide the fact that they were both totally unclothed. He'd teased her the first few times for still holding onto her human upbringing but there was no malice in his voice. In fact, Elowen got the distinct impression he was trying to make her feel more comfortable in her new skin. She dodged again, this time sticking out her leg to trip him as he landed, sending Azir sprawling to the ground in a very undignified manner. Elowen laughed, properly laughed, for the first time in weeks as he shifted back and stuck his tongue out.

"If you're going to behave childishly, I think that's enough for one day." He teased.

"You're just saying that because you're a sore loser."

Azir gave her a roguish grin, getting to his feet. Of course, Elowen knew that if he wanted to, he could beat her but she appreciated him going easy for now. A few months ago, the idea of learning to fight and of speaking back at a man would have been unthinkable. Then again, a few months ago she lived life by very different rules. A thought suddenly came to her, what would it be like when she escaped? Going back to the way things were after everything she experienced filled her with a strange sense of conflict.

A sudden, panicked howl echoed through the sky and Elowen felt her hairs rise on end. The language of howls was something she knew instinctually now. It couldn't quite be translated into the common tongue; a howl usually relayed a certain emotion, similar to a cry or wordless yell. This was one panicked, a warning.

“That sounds like Summer.” Elowen whispered as she and Azir shared worried looks.

A moment later the shewolf came bursting into the glade, bloody gash in her side. The pack rushed to meet her; Elowen included. Summer’s pale fur was stained red and she looked terrified.

“Humans.” She whispered, shifting back, “They caught me by the riverbend.”

Elowen felt as though ice had been dumped in her veins. As commotion broke out between the other wolves, Omegas rushing to help Summer and Alpha’s readying to go on the hunt she stood stock still. There were humans in the forest, could they be from Vularen? If they had weapons strong enough to hurt a werewolf they may even be from Simon’s court. If she could just sneak off during the confusion and reach them maybe...

“Elowen!”

Her back straightened instinctively as Raul called her. The bond thrummed strongly between them and she swore she could feel something else. A tickle of concern or worry echoing down it. Was that Raul she was feeling?

“Go to the den.” He ordered, “Stay there until we return, Aster, you’re with me.”

The order was clear. She could fight through and disobey if she wanted to but that feeling of genuine concern flowing through the bond made her decide against it. For all his faults, it seemed Raul really did want her safe, not captive. Shifting into Hybrid form she helped carry Summer into the cave where the other wolves tended to her wound.

Elowen spent the afternoon waiting at the mouth of the den. Watching the tree line full of conflict. All the Alphas, Raul’s best hunters and guards, were gone; off hunting the human threat. If she moved now, she could probably get a few miles between her and the den before anybody even realised, she was missing. It was the sort of opportunity she had been waiting for. And yet, she stayed still, waiting at the door like a good little dog for her master to return. Worry for Azir and Raul gnawing in her gut, she couldn’t leave, not without knowing they were okay. Especially her Alpha. Every fibre of her being that was wolf yearned to see him home safe.

When Raul and the others finally appeared hours later, they didn’t speak of what had happened, several of them were sporting cuts from swords and had blood in their teeth. She didn’t need to ask if any of the humans had survived. Her heart leapt to see him and the other pack Alpha’s back. Raul was safe and she was glad despite the fact that he’d likely just stolen another chance for her to return to her normal life. As he nuzzled against her and she tried to remember when he and this den had started feeling like home.

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Elowen gasped as Raul pushed her up against the cave wall, his mouth on her neck, biting and sucking till the skin turned red. She keened, pain mixing with pleasure as she writhed, unable to get away even if she wanted to. She felt like she was in the midst of a fever, skin burning, mind fogged, the only solid, real thing was Raul; his touch anchoring her to this moment in time. Wetness was dripping from between her legs, her pussy throbbed with need and yet, he denied her. She begged and pleaded but his clawed hands held her firm, tongue teasing across her skin mercilessly. Unable to wait any longer she wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling them flush together. His thick cock resting against her wet hole before slowly pushing inside...

She awoke suddenly, gasping for breath, body coated in a thin sheen of sweat. She felt as if her very being was on fire, the sensations from the dream still lingering, making her shiver with desire. Her skin was hypersensitive, gooseflesh appearing where the furs tickled at her and she could feel wetness between her legs. The fog of sleep faded quickly as familiar scents assailed her sensitive nose.

Alphas.

She could smell every alpha, every male wolf in the den right now with perfect precision. Especially one. Despite the distance Raul's musk curled its way into her nose and made her whimper with want. What was wrong with her?

A soft hand reached out and stroked along her spine and a low moan escaped Elowen's lips. That featherlight touch sent sparks flying all through her body, it was as if she had become one giant engorged zone.

"Oh, poor thing."

Summer's voice floated through the haze of lust and she rolled over to see the other shewolf looking at her with pity. After the Alpha's return yesterday, she had opted to sleep by her and ensure the wound didn't fester in the night.

"You're first heat, that must be confusing. I'll go get Raul before the other Alpha's wake."

Elowen could barely string two thoughts together, her mind was too focused on the ache between her legs. This wasn't normal lust. She felt painfully empty, like if she wasn't filled soon she may actually die. She bit down on her lip and her sharp fangs threatened to break through the skin. The

pain helped clear her mind, if only momentarily. Summer had mentioned heat, that explained this, it also explained why the bond was screaming at her to run straight to Raul's den.

The memory of that time in the glade came flooding back and she shuddered remembering how Raul's fingers had felt between her folds. She needed so much more than just his fingers right now. A panic began to overcome her, there was no way she could resist Raul now. The bond made that hard enough but, in this state, just seeing him would be enough. She'd melt into his touch and be his to control for who knows how long. She hated how much she wanted that, she wanted it more than she'd wanted anything.

But she was not going to give in this time.

Without looking at where she was going Elowen stumbled to her feet and started running. Summer called out after her, as did several other pack members but she ignored them, dashing out of the den and into the forest. Channelling all the energy pent up inside her she ran. She could feel herself changing as the adrenaline burned in her veins, her ears and tail bursting forth and a trail of fur slowly began to grow up her back. Her instincts told her to leap forward and she did so, leaping through the air as the burning inside her flared. When she landed, she was on all fours, claws digging into the ground as she ran, muzzle low to the ground as her lupine form snaked through the trees.

It would feel exhilarating, freeing even, to run this way were it not for that constant ache. Even in this form it wasn't abating, in fact it felt worse. It was becoming almost painful; the distraction proved too much as she felt her hind paw catch on a root and she went tumbling through the undergrowth.

She closed her eyes and tried to catch her breath, feeling the fur shift back under her skin as she returned to her hybrid form. Even the slight breeze felt like a gentle caress across her over sensitive wet nose and with a moan she curled in on herself. Her muscles seemed to spasm; she could feel her inner walls pressing together desperately searching for friction. She couldn't do this. Why did she run?

Then a new scent curled its way into her nose and that fog descended back over her mind; it was an Alpha's musk. Almost dizzy with desire she pushed herself up and saw Azir standing by a tree only a few feet away. He was breathing heavily; he must have given chase after she fled the den.

"Elowen? Why the hell did you--"

She heard him take a deep breath and swear under his breath. With trepidation she met his gaze, even from this distance she could see Azir's eyes were blown wide, his cock already beginning to harden.

"You're in heat." He whispered; voice strained.

A voice that sounded a lot like her own echoed through Elowen's mind.

'Alpha' it said, 'mate.'

She quivered, wetness leaking out of her and onto the grass. She needed an Alpha, the urge to mate was so strong she felt as though she would die if somebody didn't take her right now. Azir's scent curled into her nostrils like a drug; he didn't smell as good as Raul but she was too far gone to care. Almost trancelike she stood, walking toward him hand outstretched. She wanted to touch him and he her. She needed contact, anything to release this frenzy building inside her. He tensed as she embraced him, nuzzling under his chin and drinking in that thick musk. Everywhere their skin touched felt incredible, she needed more.

"Elowen...y-you need to stop." Azir's voice was breathy and weak, like he was holding back.

"You're not yourself right now." He continued, "I wouldn't have chased you if I'd realised. You need to come back to the den and see Raul."

He placed his hands firmly on her shoulders and tried to push her off gently but Elowen clung to him. Her head swam, disobeying an Alpha felt so wrong right now but she fought through it. Azir may have been an Alpha but he wasn't *her* Alpha, that alone gave her the edge she needed to resist his command. Azir had been kind to her since she arrived, he was her friend. That would make this okay, there was no bond holding her to him.

"Please." She whined, "I don't...I don't want him but I-I need...I n-need..."

Azir swore under his breath, she could feel his hands trembling slightly. More importantly, she could feel his cock getting harder trapped between them.

"You want me too." She whispered in a sultry voice that surprised even her.

"Of course I do, but Raul's my pack leader I can't just take a woman he's claimed."

His body told a different story, hands slowly tracing down her back to return the embrace instead of fighting it. She could feel his hot breath on her ear as he nuzzled into her hair and inhaling deeply, she wondered if she smelled different now, more enticing. From the way Azir trembled as he exhaled, she assumed she must.

“Please.” She rutted against him, pressing her hips into his length and Azir tensed.

“I...lay back, I’ll help take the edge off but then I have to take you back to the den.”

Gently, he lowered her to the ground, prying her arms free and pushing her back into the grass. She stretched out her form, enjoying how she could feel each blade of grass ticking her skin. Azir’s clawed hands were moving her legs about and she let him, she’d do anything right now if it meant that emptiness within her was filled. She looked down with hazy eyes to see him settled between her legs, forcing them over his shoulders and pinning down her tail as he lowered his face down. Somewhere deep within her, her noble heritage reared; Surely he wasn’t going to-

The thought was cut off as a warm tongue ran along her folds and Elowen’s back arched involuntarily. Her hips began to rise in response but Azir pinned her down with a firm hand and she whimpered with want. His tongue licked slowly, lapping up the wetness only for it to be replaced moments later. The pleasure was so intense Elowen had no choice but to dig her clawed hands into the ground and grip for dear life. She didn’t dare look back at Azir between her legs, it would be too much. Instead, she threw her head back, moans shifting to howls between each breath.

Azir’s tongue swirled around her clit and her whole body shuddered. Her hips tried to buck, desperate for even more friction but he held her firm against the ground. Lightning was forking through her body making her unable to stay still but that emptiness between her legs was still there. She wanted to beg him to go further but the words turned to primal sounds in her mouth. Fortunately, Azir seemed to sense her need and traced his tongue from her clit down to the source of her need. The moment that rough tongue slipped inside her Elowen felt the pressure begin to rise. The pleasure increased with each thrust of his tongue against her inner walls and she could feel her insides beginning to tighten. Unable to hold back, a sound that was somewhere between a ragged cry and a howl escaped her as she crested, coming hard and fast. She could feel wetness squirting out of her as she did so but was too enraptured by the sensations to care.

Panting heavily, she shivered, feeling her fur recede beneath her skin and body shifting till it was just her ears and tail that remained. Unlike yesterday though where she had melted into a calm, relaxed post coital haze today the need was still there. Slowly that ache was beginning to return, the orgasm having simply fed her lust rather than sated it.

She pushed herself up on her elbow to look at Azir as he sat up, gently placing her legs back on the ground. His skin was flushed, eyes slitted and lupine as they gazed down at her, wet tongue darting across his lips. She could see he was fully hard now and that voice inside her own mind echoed once more.

*‘Mate’*

Elowen was still a virgin; even when she had been desperately horny in that glade with Raul the idea of sex still made her nervous but now, now she was ready. Even with a mind fogged with primal instinct she knew she wanted her first time to be here and now with Azir, not Raul. Her attraction to

the latter was undeniable, in this state she knew she wouldn't be able to resist him but at least for now, she wanted to be with her friend.

Balancing on one elbow she reached a clawed hand out, motioning him to come closer. He hesitated for a moment before crawling up the length of her body, knees either side of her hips. Elowen studied his face; it was nervous but there was undeniable attraction there. She brought her outstretched hand to rest on his hip, feeling his own tail slowly shift into place to match his eyes.

"Are you sure?" He whispered, his hot breath on her face made her shiver.

"Yes."

That was all it took. With a growl he surged forward and captured her lips, pressing his body flush against hers back into the grass. Elowen moaned into his mouth, copying his movements as best she could to reciprocate. She could feel her fangs scrap across his bottom lip and Azir growled in response, making her whole-body shudder. His Alpha scent was all over her, fogging her mind even more as she descended back into the mating frenzy. Elowen the noble disappeared completely; she was now a slave to her baser instincts.

"I've wanted you since the day Raul bought you here." He rumbled, moving to her neck and biting down just enough to hurt. "The day he bought you back from that glade I could smell it on you, what he'd done. I wanted to tear him apart."

She could smell it on him, the jealousy. She wasn't sure quite how that worked, being able to sense his emotions through scent but she didn't care. That carnal part of her brain was in control and it lit up with delight at being desired by another Alpha. A hand traced the side of her breasts and she keened; the want within her was turning to need. She pressed her hips against his, feeling that hardness slip between her folds and she whimpered. It felt so *right*.

"Please."

Her words were vanishing again but she managed to force that one, pleading gasp out before they disappeared completely into desperate whines. Azir, it seemed was also unable to hold back any longer, positioning himself at her entrance before slowly sliding inside. Even now, when she could see he was almost mad with the same level as lust as her, she could tell he was trying to be gentle. His kindness made warmth bloom inside her chest. Elowen had been warned by other nobles of her court that the first time was often unpleasant and painful for a woman but she felt none of that now. No pain, not even any discomfort, only pleasure and a sense of completeness as he filled her fully. She could feel her pussy stretching to accommodate the length and it felt so *right*. This is what she was made for.

Azir pulled her close, simply laying together for a few moments before he began to rock his hips gently against hers. Even the that slightly movement inside her set sparks flying across her skin. They rutted together, clinging to one another tightly as they did so. Elowen's mind revelling in the pleasure of submission, of being held against Azir's strong frame as her back pressed into the earth. Slowly but surely his pace increased, thrusts becoming deeper as he drew out more and more each time. She writhed against him helplessly, rising her hips to meet his as hard and fast as she could. Each stroke felt better than the last yet left her feeling hungry for more. More friction, more hardness within her, she felt like she was going mad.

Already she could feel her muscles coiling and she approached the edge; squeezing Azir inside her and making him cry out. She could hear both of their moans echoing through the trees, a mix of human and animal as they both began to crest. With a shudder Elowen came again as Azir continued to fuck her through the orgasm, keeping it going for almost a full minute as she clung to him for support before finally, he followed suit. She could feel a different sort of wetness flood her and that primal part of her brain cheered for it. Already she wanted more.

Azir rested his forehead against hers, breathing heavily. She could see in his eyes he felt it too, that desire to keep going. Already she could feel him beginning to harden one more inside her; it seemed both of them were fully ensnared by their own instincts. Elowen ran a clawed hand through his hair, ready to pull him into another kiss when all of a sudden, a new scent assaulted her.

It made her freeze in place, eyes glazed and mouth open as a small moan escaped her unbidden. She knew it instantly and it filled her with an even deeper need than before.

Raul.

Azir noticed a moment later, clambering off her so fast she whined with the loss. She had just enough time to push herself up into a kneeling position before Raul appeared out of the forest gloom. His eyes were bright, lupine yellow and his hands sported hair and claws. He was looking at Azir with abject fury. Were she not in such a state Elowen would worry about them fighting but right now her mind was clawing at the bond she could feel between her and her Alpha. All other sights and sounds, including Azir, were swiftly fading to the background.

"We'll talk about this." Raul growled, "Later."

Azir just nodded, he looked to Elowen with an unreadable expression for a moment before fully shifting to his wolf form and slinking into the trees. Part of her ached to see him go but the other only had eyes for Raul. He watched Azir leave, waiting almost a full minute before he turned back to her. His gaze sent a shiver down her spine. He strode over to her, kneeling down and taking her face roughly in his hands. Elowen felt all the air escape her lungs and she held her breath. Hypnotised by that yellow gaze as it shifted back to his familiar icy blue.

"You were supposed to come to me." The words filled her with guilt.



“I wanted...” Her voice was so small, barely a whisper. “I wanted the first time to be my choice. I didn’t want the bond to force me.”

“The bond cannot force you to do anything.” Raul admonished, “It simply lets us feel one another. It draws you to me because I am the best male for you.”

His voice became softer as she spoke, leaning in until the last word made his lips brush hers. She breathed shakily; the tip of her tongue darted across her lips.

“Do you want me?” He whispered; she could almost feel the small smile on his lips.

She did. Oh Gods, she did. His smell was like a drug, pulling her closer. Everything about him drew her in more with each second. She couldn’t fight it, not before and certainly not now she was in heat.

“Yes.” She moaned, “Yes, I want you, *please*.”

He surged forward and Elowen melted into him. Kissing Raul was so different to Azir; there no give or take, with Raul she could only submit. Doing so filled her with an even greater sense of pleasure and she moaned as she felt his strong arms hold her so tight against him it almost hurt. That carnal part of my brain, the wolf part, howled with approval. Everywhere he touched felt good, the pleasure mixing together until she was totally owned, mind, body and soul.

With firm yet gentle hands he turned her, pushing her to her hands and knees with her ass raised; presenting for him. With none of the hesitation or care Azir had taken he thrust into her hard and she cried out in ecstasy. Clawed fingers raking through the dirt as she held to the grass for dear life. She thrust her hips back against him, she could feel his balls slapping against her pussy lips as they came together. He was bigger than Azir, stretching her to the absolute limit and mercilessly rubbing against some hidden point inside her that made her quiver with pleasure. It didn’t take long for yet another orgasm to build, cresting and passing through her in a violent wave as she squeezed him tighter. Raul didn’t stop or slow and she had no choice but to keep taking it. It was almost too much.

Even as he came, he didn’t stop touching her. Curling himself over her back and taking her breasts in his hands. Tweaking the nipples and making her muscles clench, teasing him back to hardness so they could continue. Elowen became lost to the sensations, her mind almost totally disappearing as she came again and then again. All manner of sounds escaped her, howls and cries of ecstasy echoed through the forest. She couldn’t manage any human words save Raul’s name. She lost all track of time as they fucked and yet she never seemed to tire. It was only as he finally pulled out, she realised she could see the moon in the sky above.

When she had first coupled with Azir it had been morning; the whole day and much of the night had passed. Finally sated she groaned, her insides now aching with satisfaction rather than want. She could feel wetness of both the male and female variety soaking her legs and each tiny movement sent shockwaves of residual pleasure through her system.

With a level of tenderness that she did not expect Raul curled himself around her, protecting her skin from the night air and gently stroking her hair with his clawed fingers.

“It’s night...” She mumbled, exhaustion settling over her in a wave.

“Hard to keep track of time in a mating frenzy.” His voice rumbled, “heats do that. Feel better?”

She nodded.

“You won’t...you won’t hurt Azir right?” now that her mind was clearing a cold dread was settling in her stomach as she thought of the other male. Raul was quiet for a moment.

“Did he force you?”

“No! No, I wanted him. I...I meant what I said. I wanted it to be my choice.”

Raul gave an irritated growl and Elowen felt the pressure of his claws as they pressed into her skin slightly. Not enough to hurt, but enough for her to know he was angry, she could smell fury and jealousy wafting off him.

“Azir knew I had claimed you.” He said finally, “He will be punished. It is our way. But I am no monster, I would never seriously hurt or kill my own pack members, even for a crime such as this.”

That was the best she could hope for she supposed.

“Sleep. You’re exhausted. I’ll carry you back to the den.”

Elowen was too tired to argue. She closed her eyes and began to drift; it wouldn’t be until the next morning, as she placed a hand on her belly that she realised the potential consequences of her actions.

