

## The Wolves of Fellwood – Epilogue

By TheSpiralledEye

Georgina knew what she was doing was likely foolish. Everybody knew The Fellwood was a dangerous place ever since the werewolves returned several years ago. She had been but a girl when Lord Simon had implemented his watch towers and everybody thought what remained of those monsters had fled into the deep woods to perish as their numbers slowly dwindled. Then, not long after she'd first entered womanhood, the disappearances had begun. Slowly at first, from the outlying villages but soon it seemed a new name appeared on the list every week. Not long after that they had made their move, taking down the watch towers one by one and reclaiming the forest as their own.

Nobody knew why they allowed some carriages through and others not, though it did seem anybody bearing the mark of Lord Simon's house was targeted without mercy. Then, just when it seemed as though all out war were to begin, the message had come. Penned excellently to the shock of many, and signed by the Mother of Wolves herself, Elowen. She and her pack demanded they be left in peace; in exchange, they would not take any unwilling person into their ranks and would not further expand their territory.

Lord Simon had made the mistake of going after them anyway; soon less and less of his many were willing to follow him on the fool's crusade until eventually he went alone. He never returned. Now, rumours swirled that any who found life with society unappealing would be welcome in the forest. Some thought it a trap, a way to get naive and stupid people to walk right into the beasts mouth's but Georgina believed. She had to; her arranged marriage was set for tomorrow and the idea of marrying that drunken brute was far more frightening than werewolves. Or at least it had been before she started wandering the gloom of Fellwood with only a dying lantern for company.

There came a sound, a snapping of twig and she spun around and spied a figure on the ridge. Almost a dozen dark shapes surrounding them and Georgina dropped the lantern with a start, the flame instantly snuffed out as it hit the damp forest floor.

"You are fortunate." Came a voice, "That it was I and my sons who found you and not Raul."

Georgia spun, a woman, no a wolf, stood upon the rocks; her silver hair gave way to deep red and she shifted and Georgina flushed realising she was totally naked. To her side were half a dozen smaller werewolves, all watching with sharp, hungry eyes.

"Wh-who's Raul?" Georgina asked timidly as the woman approached.

"The pack leader, he and my mate are patrolling the border tonight, they seldom take prisoners."

The young wolves growled and snapped only to be silenced as the woman raised a hand. Georgina felt her eyes widen; she had only ever seen Elowen depicted in paintings as a young woman or a beast but that red hair was rare enough that this had to be her. The Mother of Wolves. And these smaller creatures, in full wolf form still larger than any regular animal, her pups.

“I’m afraid your hunting lessons will have to wait, my dears.” She explained to the wolves around her, “Alder, Rose, take the others and return to the den, tell your fathers we are bringing a guest.”

After a moment she hesitated, growling something to the others and they disappeared into the trees leaving Georgina alone with the terrifying shewolf.

“Why are you here?”

“I am to be married off against my will to an awful man.” Georgina replied, “I heard your pack takes people in if they are amenable?”

“Amenable.” Elowen chuckled, “I remember when I talked like that, you make us sound gentler than we are. The change is not pleasant, child.”

Ordinarily, Georgina would have challenged somebody like Elowen calling her a child, she was only a decade or so her senior but looking into those eyes now; she could tell this woman far outranked her in experience if not years. Elowen stalked around her in a circle, eyes running her body up and down. Georgina swallowed nervously; even in this form the shewolf’s nature was clear, the sharp teeth and nails glinted under the moonlight. She was not sure what spurred the words but Georgina spoke.

“I...everybody knows your story. How you used to be a noble lady who spurred Lord Simon for a wolf.”

“Simon...” Elowen looked sad for a moment, “He was a good man once, I gave him many chances but he tried to kill one of my daughters. He had to be put down. He was a monster in the end.”

“So it’s true you-“

“I took no pleasure in it. There are many better things to enjoy being a werewolf.”

Finally, she approached, placing a hand on her shoulder.

“Come, we have a long walk ahead.”

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Elowen shifted back to full wolf form and lead the girl through the woods, she tripped and stumbled every step of the way and Elowen rumbled in laughter. Had she ever truly been that weak herself? It seemed like such a long time ago. By the time they reached the den the poor girl was exhausted, Raul and Azir were waiting, the rest of the pack no doubt inside the cave waiting for their judgement.

She barked in greeting and rubbed up against her pack Alpha before doing the same with Azir, licking at his muzzle before they all changed back. The poor human woman was trembling; still, Elowen could smell potential on her. She would not be a strong wolf, but she would survive the change, she was sure and told Raul as much.

“If she is sure, let Jasper bite her.” Elowen suggested, “He could use a mate, and I sense the potential for cubs in this one.”

“Cubs?” The woman squeaked, Elowen gave her a kind look, she’d learn to love it soon enough, just as she had.

Speaking of she rested her hand on Azir’s bare chest, nuzzling under his chin with a hum.

“Can I trust you take care of this, Raul?” She asked, “My heat is due soon, I’d very much like to go with my mate now.”

Raul just chuckled and nodded; she and Azir were infamous for their sexual appetites, often blaming early, late, or extra heats when they really just wanted to be alone. Nobody complained, more often than not it resulted in a new member for their little family.

“I’ve left the pups with Summer and Aster.” Azir whispered as they slipped into the trees.

“Oh, how kind, Aster *loves* cubsitting.”

“She’s surprisingly good at it for a stone cold bitch.”

Elowen laughed, the sound echoing through the wild trees; her home. Rebuilding the pack had not been easy but now that her Alpha powers had manifested Elowen had found her place as the pack's second in command. They no longer kidnapped terrified girls or killed unnecessarily, no matter what rumours the humans spread. The truth was many of their number had lived unhappy lives and now, as werewolves they had more freedom than they had ever known, just like her. Elowen's family had grown after the birth of her first two pups, so much so that she was often just referred to as the den mother.

It was not the life she had envisioned as a girl but it was happy and full of love. Azir pulled her close and pressed his lips to her forehead and Elowen smiled, feeling that familiar warmth growing between her legs. She had love, family and freedom. What more could she ask for?