



# Curse of the Wolves by Jane Doe Chapter 11



## Chapter 10

Azrael

“Was that really necessary?”

Orion exhaled sharply through his nose, a tell-tale sign that he wasn't in the mood. That didn't change the fate of the unconscious girl lying in my arms, snoring softly as though she hadn't a care in the world. I dragged my eyes away from the gentle slope of her cheek, and from the bright tresses of hair hanging down her back.

The bedroom door swung open on a gust of magic. Since Orion's was now drained, it had to be the mansion. Draco stalked ahead, his hackles half-raised, and padded inside.

Shattering Orion's spell hadn't just sapped his magic, it had also blasted the wards over the land to shreds. He wouldn't be able to erect them for a while. Not until his magic replenished. Draco would likely spend the night patrolling the grounds. We'd lost nearly a dozen mortals in the past to the creatures lurking nearby. Too many for it to be a coincidence.

Someone didn't want us to break the curse.

I released a long sigh. Now that the girl was unconscious, things would soon become boring again. I wondered how long it would take to wake her up. Perhaps I could use a bit of my own magic to pull her from sleep?

“Set her down, Azrael. She's just a girl, not a thing for you to play with.” Orion snarled from across the room.

Yes, he was in a very foul mood. That made this the perfect time to lay everything out on the table.

I lowered Blakely onto the bed, watching as she turned onto her side. Her nose crunched, but she gave no signs that she was waking up any time soon. A slight bruise began to form at her temple from where Orion had flung her into the wall. Mortals truly

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were fragile, even the ones created by our goddess.

The hint of a smile began to pull at my lips as I thought about how viciously she'd fought. My cock still throbbed from her sucker punch, and I knew from the way Draco huffed here and there that his snout was surely aching. It had been many centuries since I'd seen Orion so angry.

I wanted more of the chaos, and this small feral wolf could provide just that.

“Don't pretend you're not intrigued by her. Your anger gives you away.” I rolled my eyes.

Orion's face turned a particularly interesting shade of red. His shoulders quaked and lips peeled back in a sneer. Anyone else would've been pissing themselves. Draco took one look at him and shook his head, ears twitching from his dramatics.

“This girl is nothing to me. Nothing to any of us. She's a means to an end. If you think she could be anything more than that, you are fooling yourself.”

My partial smile fell. Ah, so that's what his problem was. Seems the she-wolf was affecting him more than he let on. Any other time I wouldn't mind a good fight, but Orion seemed more on edge than usual.

“You know that's not what I meant, brother. I wasn't comparing her to Genevieve.”

His reply was instantaneous. The hostile tone he'd used left no room for arguments, not that I would've bothered. There was no talking about Genevieve with him.

“Good, because she is not her. She will never be her.”

A decanter full of elixir appeared on mantel of the fireplace. Sitting next to it was a single glass. “It seems the mansion thinks you could use a drink while we talk about our next steps. If you ask me, I believe we should work towards gaining her trust. Or some semblance of it.” Orion gave me a scathing look that I willfully

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ignored. “Think about it, will you? She unconsciously blasted your spell to pieces.”

“It felt pretty conscious to me.” He interjected dryly.

The fact that he hadn't roared in my face told me I was close to winning this discussion. Orion looked to Draco, our usual mediator and the one who often had the ruling hand. He cocked his furry head, ears twitching. A victorious grin made its way onto my face when he huffed in my direction.

Orion waved a hand at the girl and sneered, “Fine, earn the mortal's trust. See what it's worth when push comes to shove, but I'm warning you Azrael, do not get attached.”

I gasped, “Me, attached? Brother, have you forgotten who I am?”

He paused halfway through the door, eyes as cold as the frozen wastelands up North. A chill skated through the room, but my grin did not falter.

“It's the fact that I know exactly who you are that makes my warning necessary.”

Orion glided from the room, taking the cold with him. With a satisfied hum, I dropped down on the bed beside the mortal girl. She made a small squeak of displeasure, scowling in her sleep. I suppose the expression wasn't too far from the one she wore when she was awake.

“Oh, not you too.” I said in response to the look Draco was giving me. If he had eyebrows in his beast form, they'd undoubtedly be raised. Crossing my feet at the ankles, I gestured to the sleeping girl beside me. “See? I'm on my best behavior. I'll keep my hands to myself, and I won't even mention my aching balls.”

Draco rolled his eyes. I grinned. Things were already looking up.

He sauntered from the room, likely to go and ice his snout. The mortal girl didn't appear to be waking up any time soon. Boredom clawed at my chest as it had every single day for the past six centuries. Or was it seven? Either way, I was tired of the cowering,

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preening mortals that seemed to have no innate desire to live.

This girl—Blakely—was the first one out of hundreds of ancestors to fight for her life.

I folded my arms behind my head and sank into the pillows, resigned to wait until she finally awoke. When that became boring, I pulled the fruit knife she'd thrown at my head from my pocket and twirled it between my fingers.

She'd been so vicious when she launched it at my face, practically trembling with rage. I couldn't remember the last time a mortal truly tried to injure me. I smiled to myself. Yes, the small she-wolf at my side was without a doubt special.

That smile only grew when she rolled over in her sleep, grabbed me by the throat, and proceeded to try and choke the life out of me.

Special, indeed.

“Ugh, I'm not going to apologize for attacking you when you were watching me sleep like some kind of creeper. This place has a million and one bedrooms. Pick one and go to it.” She griped, pawing at her eyes. “...but yes, it happens often, and no I don't want to talk about it.”

Such an odd quirk, trying to murder a person whilst sound asleep.

Fighting a smile, I reached out to touch her tangled hair. Just a hint of magic was all it would take to smooth it out. With a sound of pure indignation she swatted my hand away.

If only she knew she was the first mortal to ever lay a finger on me.

Chuckling to myself, I rolled off the bed. Her keen eyes following my every move. More than once I'd catch them wandering, drinking me in when she thought I wasn't looking. I wondered how far her bravery would go.

I stretched my arms high above my head, then dropped my palms, smoothing down my hair. Oh, yes, she was most definitely watching. “Come, little wolf. I'm sure you're hungry and

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wondering what the hell it was that happened back there. We'll talk over dinner.”

Blakely stood beside the bed, quietly scratching her wrists. I glanced down at the dried blood. Why hadn't I thought to heal her? Orion certainly wasn't able to right now, and Draco was likely patrolling the grounds around the house.

“Will we run into Orion?” She grouched. “I hold grudges, just so you know. And I have no plans on forgiving him for knocking me out cold. I might be destined to die here, but I'll have my revenge before that happens.” With a squeak, she pinched her lips shut. I could practically hear her cursing herself for her big mouth.

What a vengeful little thing.

“I have no intention on convincing you to forgive Orion. What you choose to do to him is your prerogative.”

Since she wasn't capable of killing us, there truly was nothing to worry about. Orion could handle a bit of petty revenge, and if he couldn't...well, it would be fun to watch him explode. The thought of him and this fiery mortal going head-to-head had me grinning.

“You have no reason to worry, though. Orion is busy at the moment, so we shouldn't run into him.”

The slight tilt to her head told me she wasn't at all convinced. “I'd feel better if I had a weapon, and seeing as Orion stole my shard of mirror...” Her eyes dropped to the fruit knife tucked away in my pocket.

A pang of disappointment swept away my grin. I was already rather attached to the piece of metal, but I supposed I could lend it to the girl for the time being. My reluctance had her pursing her rosebud lips.

“Very well, but don't think this is permanent. I fully intend on taking it back.” I held it out to her, beckoning her close with the curve of my lips. She scurried forward and snatched it from my hand the way a mouse snatches cheese.

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The entire walk down to the kitchens she followed at a distance, eyes trained on my back and that knife clutched in her hand. More than once I wondered what she'd do if I were to turn and lunge. It had been fun grappling with her this morning. Well, until she sucker punched me in the cock.

Speaking of which. I turned my head far enough to catch a glimpse of her over my shoulder. “Just so you know, I forgive you.”

Just as I'd anticipated, she scoffed indignantly. “Forgive me? What exactly is it you forgive me for, God of the wolves?”

My inner beast let out a delighted hum at hearing its title spoken from her soft lips. It also liked the chaotic, spitfire of a wolf.

“You don't remember?” I said with a healthy amount of disbelief, because of course she remembered. How couldn't she? “Not a single one of the men or women who have touched my cock have ever forgotten about it. In fact, I'm sure they dream about it. Often.”

There was a slid thud as she tripped over her own feet. I used the momentary distraction to send a subtle wave of magic her way. It caressed her wrists, washing away the dried blood and knitting the delicate skin until only a faint line remained.

She caught up to me on the stairs, and actually stood at my side as we crossed the foyer. A small surge of heat danced in her eyes, and I slowed, wanting more of it. I let my magic out to play as her smoky eyes trailed down my shoulder and abdomen. The little wolf liked what she was seeing, and how brave she was for daring to stare so openly in the first place.

There was a cute tilt to her lips. “I'm not sure about those men and women you were talking about, but as for me, I don't remember a thing.”

Her sapphire locks flared out around her shoulders as she stomped past me. The sway of her hips, round just in the way I liked, was the last thing I saw before she turned the corner and vanished into the

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kitchen. Such bravery. Clearly, she wasn't aware that I could hear every ragged beat of her lively heart.

It looked like this little wolf was officially my new favorite game. And oh was I eager to play.