

CHAPTER 12



THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Warlock of Claws 12

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“Hello? Is anyone there?” Isabel hugged herself tightly. She was talking to a heavy, reinforced oak door. It had locked her into what looked like a luxurious room. She supposed this was the reward the witch had been talking about. A fancy room could still be a prison, though. She walked away from the door, over a richly textured carpet, stopping at the window. She was high in a tower, looking out over a canopy of trees that went all the way to the horizon. The window afforded no escape. She had opened it before and peered down at a straight drop of over a thousand feet. She stared out at the forest now, wondering if her children were safe. She prayed that they would be there for each other.

The door behind her clicked and swung open.



Isabel quickly turned to the door. "Oh, thank heavens. I want to talk to that woman right ... away. She ... has ... some ... explaining ..." Her voice faded away. A very large wolf padded into the room. It was easily bigger than she was. *Heck, it's the size of two of me.* There was something wrong with the way it moved. When it closed the door, she saw what it was. Its arms and legs were somewhat human. It had opposable thumbs. Its dark eyes bore into her. "Are you going ... to eat me?" Her body was wracked by a sudden, violent shiver.

The werewolf let out a gruff chortle. "I'm your reward." His words were slurred by his long tongue, snout, and massive canine teeth.



"My ... what now? Reward? I thought the room was ..." Isabel backed up against the wall. She felt the urge to flee. She glanced at the window. *I could jump.* But that was certain death. She turned her attention back to the dark, furry creature. It was standing now, looking even more human on its hind legs. She saw that its legs bent the wrong way, but it still moved with grace as it prowled the room.

"I was once a normal man. I had a strong, human body." The werewolf's slurred words were so low they were almost growls. "She caught me in the forest and transformed me for her entertainment."

"Entertainment?" Isabel squeaked.

"Her pleasure."

At those words, Isabel couldn't help but glance at his penis. It was small, sheathed, and unthreatening. She sighed with relief. Not that kind of pleasure apparently. *Maybe the wolf can tell good stories? Sing songs?* "So, you're not going to eat me?"

The werewolf stared at her, unmoving.



"What does that mean?" Isabel's eyes went wide. When the wolf remained silent, she tried to get her brain working again. "Okay, you're a prisoner here, too. We can help each other escape. I came with a friend. A plant. She can help us, too. I know, a plant doesn't sound fierce, but she fought the baboons bravely. She's just not very bright, so you have to -"

"There is no escape." The werewolf's canine face was unreadably neutral. "We must do as the Witch of Wind says. Undress and we can get started."

"What? No." Isabel had almost started to get comfortable with this terrible creature. Suddenly, she was aware how much bigger he was. And how large his teeth were. "If you won't help me escape, you better leave."

"I have been instructed to be your reward. Undress." His posture turned more menacing.

"No," Isabel squeaked. She glanced at his penis again, but it was still hiding in its furry sheath. "My reward? You're talking about sex, right? Look, that can't happen. I'm married. I'm not interested."

"Do as I say or we'll both be punished!" The werewolf snarled.

"Okay ... okay ..." Isabel found herself trembling again. "I have two children. They need their mother." She thought maybe his hard eyes softened a little. "Don't eat me."

"The witch wants you undressed, not eaten." The werewolf growled.

Slowly, Isabel began to comply. "What's your name? Where are you from?"

"The man I was is gone." The werewolf watched more and more of her brown skin come into view. "I now serve at the pleasure of the witch. And so do you."

"Oh ... okay." Isabel kept her eyes on the monstrous creature as she pulled off her pants. "I just think if I knew your name, we might be friends." The growl she received in response didn't dissuade her. She could see the softness in him. She would be able to talk her way out of this. "Oh ... oh ... no." Her eyes were drawn to the pink organ emerging from its sheath. He was very large, veiny, and canine down there. "Don't ... um ... get excited."



"My name was Zander. But that doesn't matter." Zander drank in the sight of her long, slender legs. "I am now the witch's instrument."

“No, we can beat her, Zander. I promise we can.” Isabel folded her pants and put them on a nearby chair. With exceeding slowness, she pulled off her sweater. “My name’s Isabel. I’m a mom and wife. And I just want to return to my family.”



“I understand, Isabel.” Zander’s cock was now almost fully engorged. “Maybe the witch will let you go after this.”

“I think we’re going to be working together.” She tried to put confidence into her voice. “We’re going to be very good friends, Zander. We’ll help each other, I promise.”

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“Quiet ... Ana Sofia ... or the others ... will hear you.” It was the middle of the day, and the party was taking a break from hiking. Emilio had his sister bent over some rocks. Their pants and underwear were around their ankles, and he was smashing into her pussy, giving it everything he had. Come to think of it, it wasn’t just his sister’s cries. Wol and the badger could probably hear the slapping skin, too. That thought didn’t slow his hips any.



"I don't care ... if they're ... listening." Ana Sofia gripped the rock in front of her tightly. "They ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... know what we're doing. We're not ... fooling ... any ... ooooohhhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back. It was really unfair that her gross, dopey brother was so much better at this than her football star boyfriend back home. "I'm ... cumming ... Emilio ... I'm really ... uuuuggghhhh ... cumming."

Emilio let his sister's orgasm push him over the edge. He didn't want to take too long on their break. They had a mom to rescue after all. "I'm ... cumming too ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh."



When the siblings returned to the others after their break, they were greeted with smirks.

"You said you were going to rest." Wol rubbed her chin as she watched them. "But you are both covered in sweat."

"I'm not great at judging human expressions." The badger made a big show of observing them. "But you both have the silliest smiles on your faces. If I didn't know better ..."



There was a crack of a branch nearby in the forest.

"That came from upwind. But I don't smell anybody." The badger's eyes grew large with fright. "I can hear someone walking now, but there's no scent. That is very wrong."

"Are we in danger?" Ana Sofia pushed up against her brother and grabbed his arm. "Keep me safe," she whispered.

"I'll keep you safe." Emilio squeezed her arm.

"There may be danger." Wol drew her sword.

"There's no danger." A cloaked woman walked out of the forest. Her hood hid her face. Her movements were precise and mechanical. She stepped right up to the party and stopped. "I have been looking for you. You killed my former master." She pointed a finger at Emilio and Ana Sofia.



"No, I promise we didn't." Emilio was beyond creeped out by this strange woman. He was happy to have Wol edge her way between the new visitor and the Barrocals.

"My master's cloak is billowing from your shoulders, human." The woman threw her hood back. She was stunningly beautiful. At the back of her neck, a strange metal key seemed to stick out from her spine. "Don't be afraid. My master made me, but I didn't love him. I can't. My master never gave me a heart. I'm better off that he's dead."

"The Warlock of Wind was cruel." Wol spit on the ground and sheathed her sword.

"He was." The visitor nodded gravely. "I am Electra. I tracked you down because I owe you a debt. It is time that I paid."

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"You promise we'll only stick it in for a minute?" Isabel had thought she was going to talk Zander into helping her. But that had somehow turned into her bending over the bed naked, her butt directly facing the giant beast. *I won't lose myself like I did with the harpies. They drugged me. That's why it was like that.* "You haven't ... um ... drugged me ... have you?"



"The witch has said that my scent is intoxicating to females." Zander moved behind her, squatting to lower his cock to her level. He was used to mating with humans, so his movements were practiced and graceful. "She turned me into this beast, just so I would be the perfect mate."

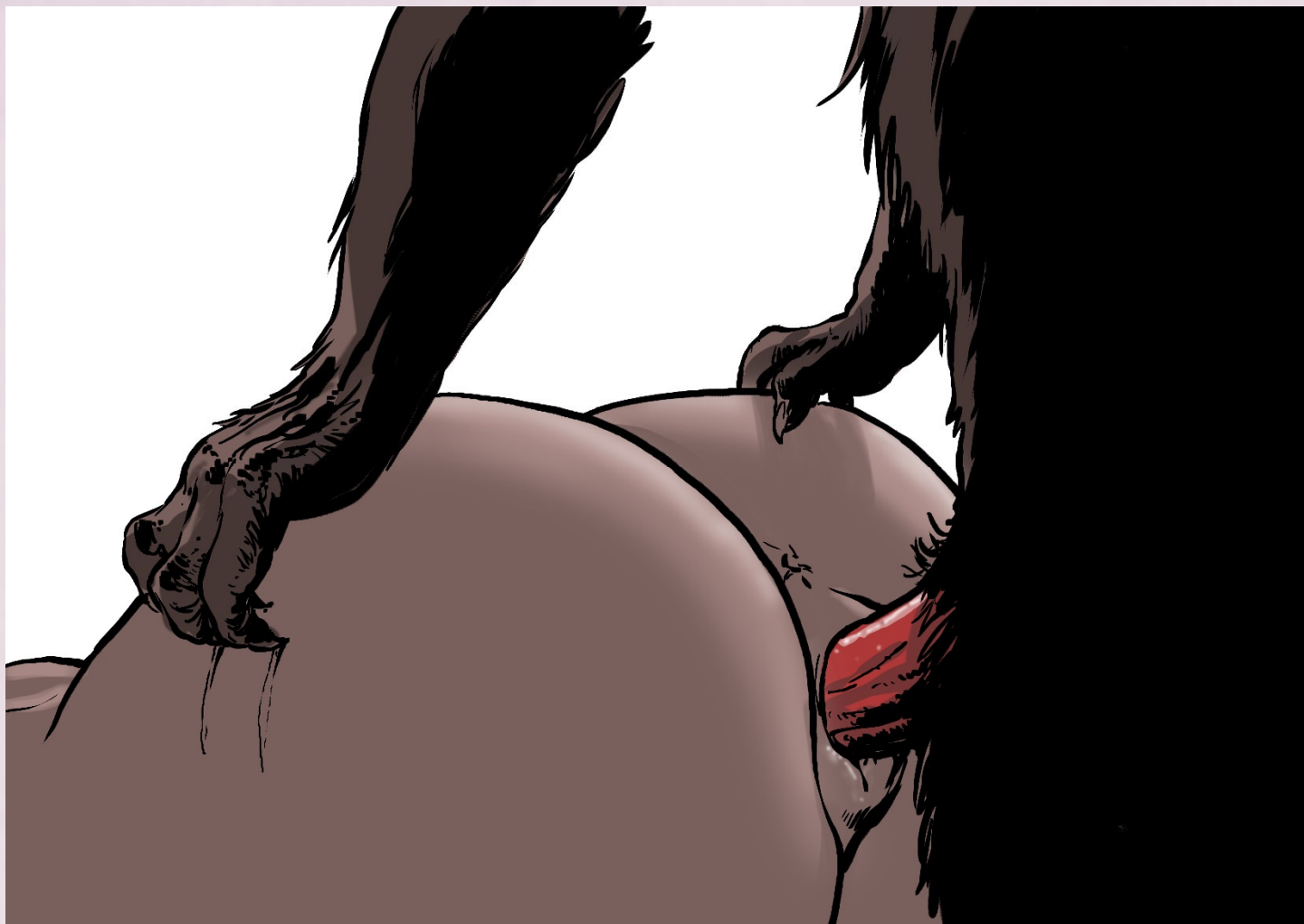
"But ... um ... wouldn't a human be a better mate for me?" She felt that ugly penis brush against the curve of her butt, and she shuddered.

"A wolf is better than a man," Zander growled.

"It won't fit." Isabel knew it was a feeble thing to say. He had already talked her into bending over. *Anyway, the harpy penis fit well enough, and this wolf one is about the same size.* "I won't enjoy it."

"You're wrong on both accounts. I told you that the witch made me for one purpose." He rubbed the pointy end of his cock on her pussy's slick nether lips. The way her delicate body shook enflamed him. He slipped into her. "Now let's lose ourselves for the next several hours."

"Eeeeeiiiiiiii!" Was all Isabel could say in response.



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"My master was close with the Witch of Water. I know her well." Electra stiffly sat on a log, her new friends gathered around her on the forest floor. "I served in her palace for a time. I know the place. If I help you rescue your mother, the debt will be paid?"

"Yes ... for sure." Emilio nodded enthusiastically.

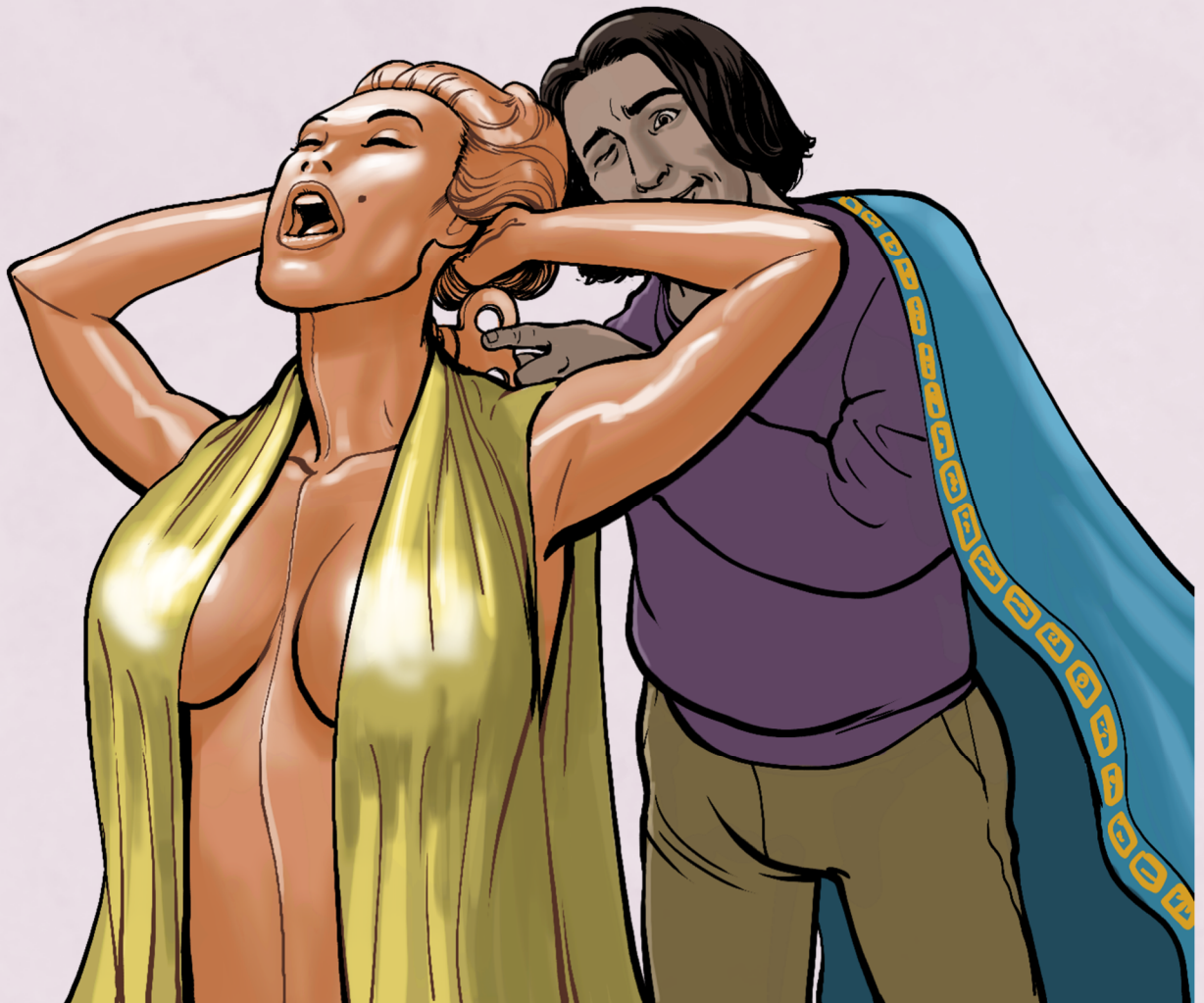
"Very well." She turned her back to them, pulling her cloak down so they could see where the key met with the base of her neck. "It's been a long time since I've been wound. I can't reach the key myself. Will one of you wind me up?"

"Um ..." Emilio gave an uneasy glance at his sister. She nodded to him. "Okay." He stood, walked over to her, and put his hands on the key. The metal was warm to the touch, like it was a living part of her.

"Counter-clockwise." Electra held her hair up, out of the way.

"Okay." Emilio slowly twisted the key. At first it resisted, then it began to turn, clicking as it went. "What happens if you ... wind down?"

"Oooooohhhh ... that's good. Thank you." Electra's eyes rolled back. "Yes ... yeeesssss ... keep doing that ... right there ... oooooohhhh ... yeeesssssss."

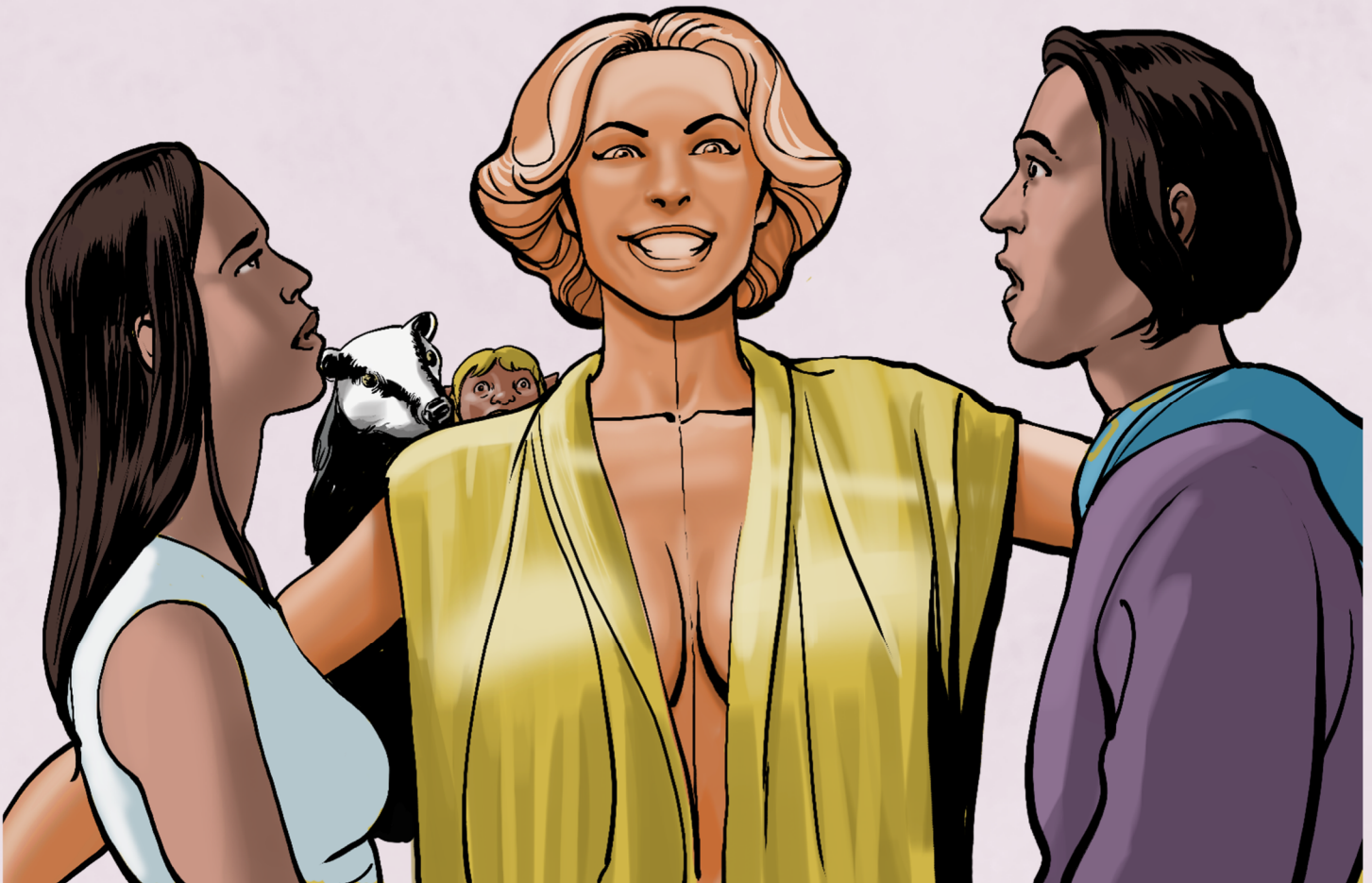


Emilio raised his eyebrows and looked at his sister. Her eyes were wide open in shock. He looked to Wol, who shrugged. He glanced at the badger, who nodded his approval. Emilio kept turning the key.

“Yeeesssss ... yeeesssss ... yeeesssss ... ooohhhhhhh.” Electra convulsed. She let out a loud, shuddering breath. “Okay ... okay ... you can stop now.”

Emilio let go of the key and returned to his sister. He wasn’t quite sure how he felt about what had just happened. He wasn’t even sure *what* had just happened.

“Thank you for that.” Electra turned and offered them her pretty, perfect smile. “Now, we are several days from the witch’s palace. We’ll need to come up with a plan. And we’ll need to get going. The witch will attempt to use her tools to turn your mother against you. We shouldn’t waste time.”



“My mother wouldn’t ever turn against us,” Ana Sofia scoffed. “She loves us. And she’s no pushover.”

“That’s good.” Electra nodded. “But the Witch of Water is a witch after all. Thankfully, we have the cloak.” She nodded to Emilio’s billowing cloak. “Its magic should be equal to the task.”

“I thought its only purpose was to look good. That is what we were told.” Wol frowned.

“Come along, I’ll fill you in as we walk.” Electra beckoned them into the forest. The party formed a line behind her, and they resumed their trip toward the witch’s palace.

