

CHAPTER 13



THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Warlock of Claws 13

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“Ooohhhh ... I thought ... you were just ... going to put it in ... for a minute ... to make the witch happy.” Isabel looked over her shoulder with pleading eyes. She immediately regretted the decision. It was worse to see the monster behind her. He was so beastly and frightening. She turned her head forward and stared at the wall. “You’re not ... taking it out?” Pain and pleasure radiated from her stretched vagina. She tried not to think of the heights she’d found at the end of that harpy penis. *This isn’t the same. This will be over soon, and I’ll convince Zander to help me escape.*



"The witch ... gave me ... clear ... instructions." Zander grasped the woman's wide hips, careful not to damage her skin with his claws. His own hips didn't move, leaving his cock buried to the knot, giving her time to adjust.



"Ooohhhh ... the witch is ... evil ... Zander ... you shouldn't ... oooohhhh ... wait ... don't move back there ... it's ..." But she knew it was already too late. He was slowly pistoning, and the pain and pleasure combined to form the most exquisite joy. Before her house had been carried away, she'd only ever slept with her wonderful husband, and a few boyfriends before marriage. The harpies had dulled the memory of those men in her mind. It was like trying to see a dim neighborhood beyond the lights of Times Square. Now, the growling, hungry wolf behind her was adding his own bright lights. *Soon, I won't be able to remember what sex was like before this forest.* "Ohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... okay ... you've done what ... the witch wanted ... we can stop now."

"Ggrrrrrrrrrr." Was all Zander said. He hated himself for it, but being the witch's tool and turning their prisoners against their old tribes was incredibly satisfying. The prim woman in his arms was pretty in her constrained, frightened way. Soon, she would be beautiful as an unfettered, wild animal roaming the forest. He ramped up the speed of his hips, staring at her rippling ass. The woman didn't belong to him. She was the witch's. But Isabel's corruption was his possession, and his own corrupted form longed to witness it ... to be its cause.

“Zander ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re going too fast ... I feel ...” Isabel looked down at her left hand where it was clutching the blanket. Her knuckles were white. She stared at her wedding ring, trying to ground herself in her pre-forest life. She struggled to bring up the image of her smiling husband. It wasn’t working. “Zander ... don’t hit that spot ... it feels ...” She suddenly realized that the pain was gone. “You’re too deep ... that spot is ... making me ...” Bright spots danced in her vision. “Zanderrrrrrrrr.” She could almost imagine he was a human lover. But his growls, his fur slapping against her butt, and his oddly shaped penis wouldn’t let her pretend.



“Open ... up ... Isabel ... let me in.” Zander was careful not to pound her too hard. He knew he was capable of injuring a human. He didn’t let himself get too carried away.

““Open up”? That makes me ... think of the little pigs ...” Isabel tried to cling to anything that wasn’t overwhelming ecstasy. “That makes me ... a piggy ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I guess. And ... I’m ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” Her orgasm was suddenly upon her. Her eyes went wide, and her mouth formed a perfect rictus. Her whole body was lit by unbound bliss. In a swine-related coincidence, she gave a very porky snort. She couldn’t help it. She was barely aware of it, but it did register her some small amount of humiliation. “Sssnnooooooooocckkkk ... snnnooocckkk ... snocck.” Her body shuddered. The monster was still smashing into her. She gripped the blanket and rode out the orgasm. Even as she descended from paradise, she could already see that another climax waited for her directly on the other side.



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“No ... no ... that isn’t a rescue plan. They tried that at Jabba’s Palace, and it was a disaster.” Emilio shook his head. “I mean, it worked out. But it could have ended badly in a million different ways. It should have.”

Jabba’s Palace? Ana Sofia mouthed the words at her brother. She couldn’t stop staring at him. He was so cute. Even when he was spouting gibberish.

“I haven’t heard of Jabba. Is he a king?” Electra rubbed her chin with faintly mechanical movements. If she had a problem with an eighteen-year-old questioning her plan, she didn’t show it.



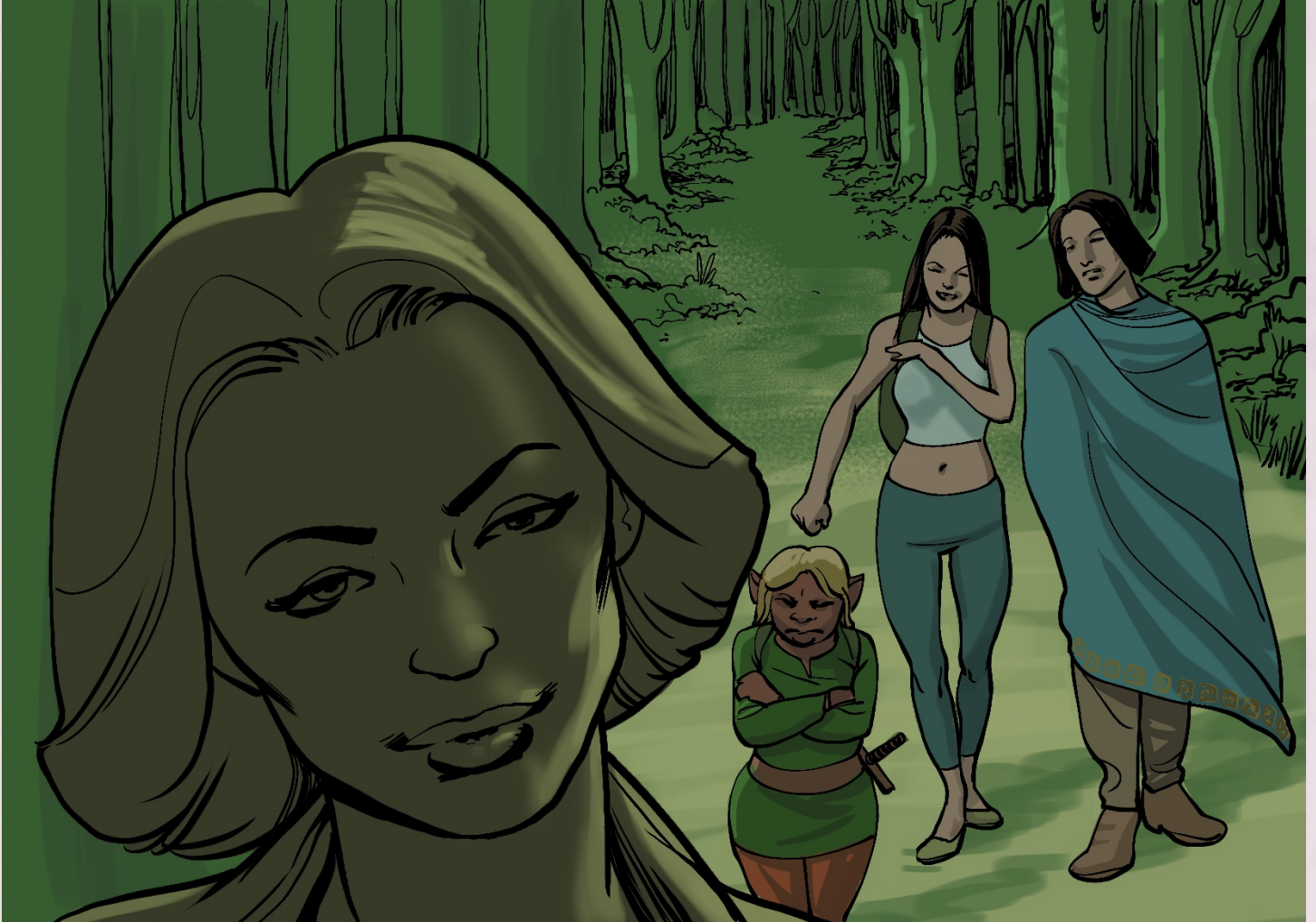
“He’s a crime lord. He ... um ... look ... it doesn’t matter. I just don’t think you should hand me or the cloak over to her.” The Cloak of Wind wrapped itself around Emilio protectively. He didn’t complain.

“*Pretend* to hand you over. Did you not hear the *pretend* part?” Wol smiled at him. “Also, I feel that I must have some alone words with you, Emilio. Can we step out to the woods for a little while?” It had been hard for Wol to pry Emilio away from his sister lately. And the siblings seemed to be copulating even more now that they were dealing with the stress of their mother’s abduction.

“Not now, Wol.” Emilio shook his head. The cloak tightened its guardian grip. He also noticed his sister edge closer to him.

“We have two days until we reach the witch’s home. Or at least, two days at *my* pace.” Electra glanced at the short goblin.

"It is not the length of your legs; it is how you use them." Wol folded her arms and frowned.



“Well, anyway. It’s at least two days, so you will have time to come up with a better plan than mine.” Electra reached over and scratched the badger behind his ear affectionately. “Good doggy.”

“If you weren’t so pretty, I’d be offended.” The badger nuzzled up against her.



“Shall we get going?” Electra watched the cloak unravel from Emilio and go back to majestically billowing in the wind. “Oh, I can see the tent of your erection. Would you like me to service you before we go? Did I mention that I was made for pleasure?”

“What!?!” Ana Sofia snarled. She stepped up to her brother and protectively put her arm around his waist, much as she had done when Sally Dunlavey had tried to hit on her boyfriend, Brady.

“Not so fast!” Wol moved quickly over to Emilio and hugged his leg on the far side from Ana Sofia. It was one thing to let his sister play. She was family. Wol wouldn’t get in the way of that. But no goblin worth her salt would let a newcomer walk away with her prize.

"Oh ... I see." Electra smiled pleasantly. "Well, whichever of you drains him, do it quickly. We really should get going. We don't want to leave your mother with the witch any longer than we have to."



"I ... um ... need to talk to my brother. Then, we can go." Ana Sofia gruffly pulled Wol off Emilio's leg and dragged her brother not very far into the forest. Twenty minutes later, her hands were planted on a tree trunk, she was bent at the waist, and her brother was plowing her from behind. "Uh ... ugh ... ugh ... give ... me a human ... baby!" The words bounced and echoed off the trees. She didn't care if the others heard. Everyone knew what sort of 'talk' she needed to have with her brother.



"Ana ... Ana ... Ana ... Sofia." Emilio was absolutely smitten by his sister's pussy. He was in danger of falling in love with her. *My own sister*. Back home, the mere thought of it would have been outrageous. Now it seemed perfectly in harmony with the world.

"Yesssss ... yesssss ... Emilio ... I want your baby ... not a goblin baby ... my brother's ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." When the heat of his seed exploded in her, her own climax went super nova. For a few seconds, there were no worries about her mother, or getting home, or the wrongness of what she was becoming habituated to. There was only the bliss of perfect sex.

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“Ooohhhh ... no ... ooohhhh ... no ... it’s happening ... agaaaaiiiiiinnnnnnn.” Isabel convulsed and snorted her way through another mind-altering orgasm. When she came down on the other side of it, she was surprised to find her vagina empty. She felt it spasm, like it was looking to suck that strange penis back inside her. Before she could find the words to ask what was going on, her feet left the floor. She was swinging wildly through the air. She let out a strangled, surprised cry, and found herself upside down in the werewolf’s arms, facing him. “Oooooohhhh ... gosh!” His great, raspy tongue lapped at her nether lips. She opened her eyes to find his ugly, beastly penis near her head. She shied away from it, gripped his fur in her hands, and closed her eyes.

“Gggrrrrrrr.” Zander had no trouble finding which buttons to push with his tongue. It was obvious from her shrieking and trembling that she was enjoying his attentions. He wished she would return the favor. But she was very green. They would get to that eventually.

“Oooohhhh ... wow ... wwwooooowwww ... Zander ... it’s ... wild ...” Isabel could feel his growl vibrating from his warm, furry body into hers. It rattled her insides in the most exciting way. She tried not to lose herself, but that tongue was having an effect. She started to feel so good that her guard slipped. She ventured a peek at the penis again. It was so, deeply pink. And while it was veiny, it wasn’t the same type of veiny that she’d seen on a few human penises. It was utterly alien. She shivered and closed her eyes again, letting him gorge himself on her juices. When his tongue worked its way inside her vagina, her internal lights instantly went brighter. Soon, she was screaming out another orgasm.



While she was still mid-climax, Zander tossed the woman onto the bed. She flopped like a rag doll. The sight brought a wolfish grin to his face. He tenderly moved her to her back and spread her legs. He readied his cock in front of her vagina and waited for her to become lucid again. The pointed tip of his penis rested right at the gape he'd created for her down there.



When Isabel blinked clarity back into her eyes, she screamed, out of fear this time. Zander was truly a horrible monster. Her heart, which was already thundering from sex, accelerated from fright. "Zander ... I'm sorry ... I can't look at you." She snapped her legs shut and scurried a little ways away from him. Her eyes were fixed on that horrible penis. *I can't believe I had that gross thing inside me.* "I think we ... should be done ... for now."

It was adorable the way she tried not to look at his cock. "The witch has her demands." Slowly he closed the distance between them.

"No ... no ... not like this. We can't do it ... in a way ... where I have to ... see you." Without thinking, she turned herself over, got on her hands and knees, and presented her butt to him. "From the back ... again."



Zander growled an affirmative, moved into position, and slid into her again. He could see every muscle in her back tense upon entry. "You're already ... getting ... ugh ... ugh ... used to it." He didn't waste any time getting his hips into rhythm.

"I shouldn't ... be able to take it ... but I can." Isabel hung her head and watched her boobs wobble in two countervailing circles. She didn't think her boobs ever did that when her husband got behind her, but she couldn't remember. She was pretty sure her husband hadn't ever been as vigorous as Zander. "Maybe ... it's magic." She was hopeful that was the case, and it wasn't simply that her body had betrayed her.

"I am ... ugh ... ugh ... the only one ... bewitched ... here." Zander plowed her like a canine for a good long while. He listened to several of her snorting orgasms before he was finally ready for his. "Right ... Isabel ... get ready ... to carry ... my seed."

“Wait ... Zander ...” Her eyes went wider. She had thought that she was used to his size, but something even larger pressed against her vaginal lips. “What ... are you ...?” It was trying to squeeze in like an elephant through the front door of her house. “I ... can’t ...” With a painful plop, it was in. She was locked to the creature behind her. He wasn’t thrusting anymore. The pain mingled with cascading ecstasy. “If you ... oooohhhh ... nooooooooooooo.”

“Aaaawwwooooooooooooo.,” Zander howled, erupting into the prisoner.



“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” His stuff was hotter than she would have thought possible. She could clearly feel the fiery liquid fill her womb. Her eyes rolled back, and she surrendered to the mightiest climax of the day. When she descended from paradise, she found that she was still locked together with her mate. She tried to crawl forward to dislodge him, but he was stuck inside her. Her eyes went wide and her nostrils flared with panic. She risked looking back at the monster. “We’re ... stuck!”

"Of course ... we are." Zander felt like he was melting. "Give it ... a little time." He fell to his side and rolled onto his back. His partner was comically pulled along with him so that she found herself sitting on his lap facing away from him. "Be a good woman, and take a nap with me."

Startled, Isabel found that she couldn't resist his strong arms. He pulled her onto her back on top of him. The giant penis inside her hit the right buttons. It still hurt where it stretched her, but that didn't matter. Her eyes rolled back and she orgasmed again, lying on top of the beast. A few minutes later, she couldn't help another climax. While her new partner rested, she lay stuck on top of him, orgasming every few minutes, until his penis finally deflated and slipped out of her. Exhausted, she slid down the side of him, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

