

# CHAPTER 14



# THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Warlock of Claws 14

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Written by RawlyRawls

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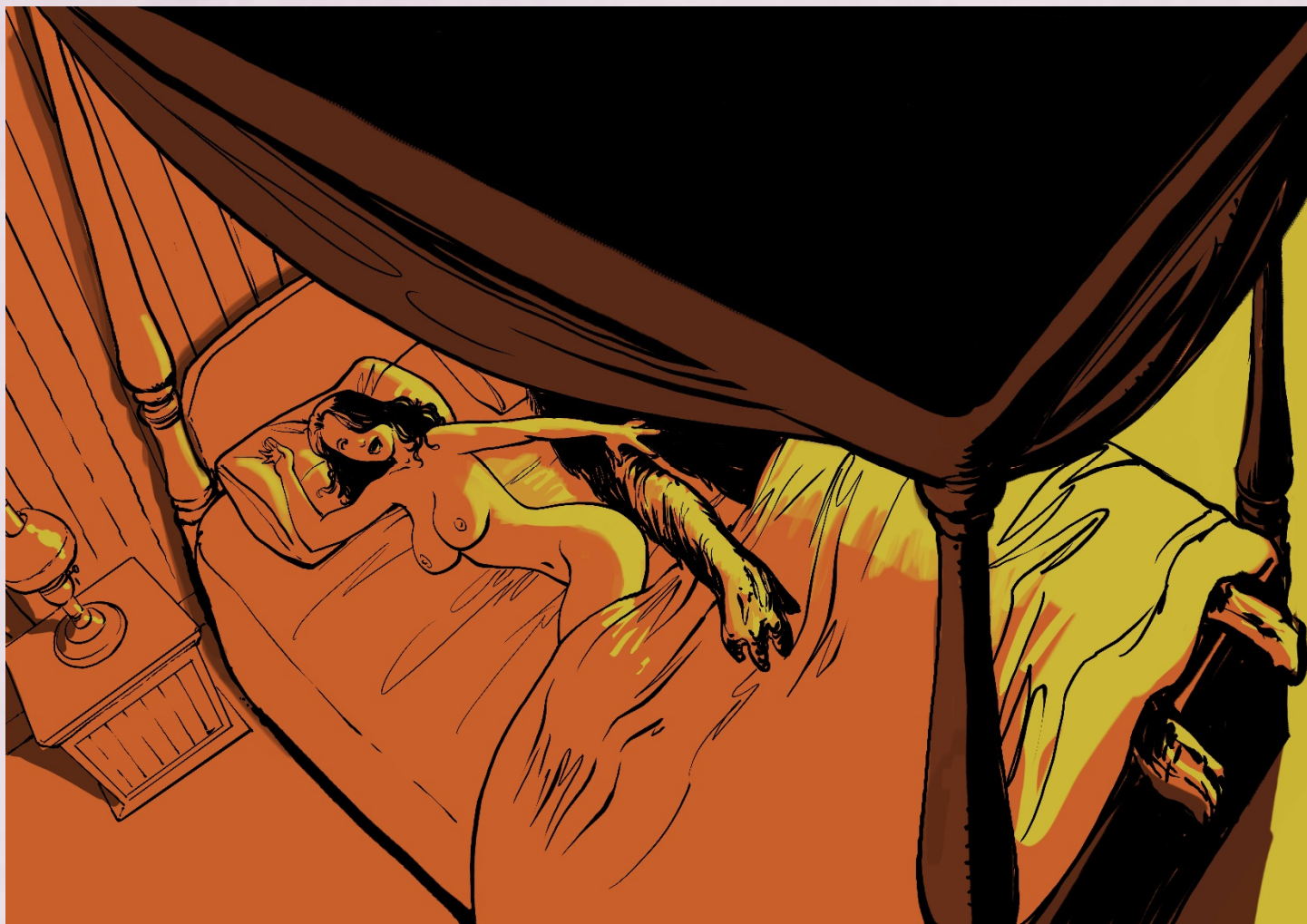
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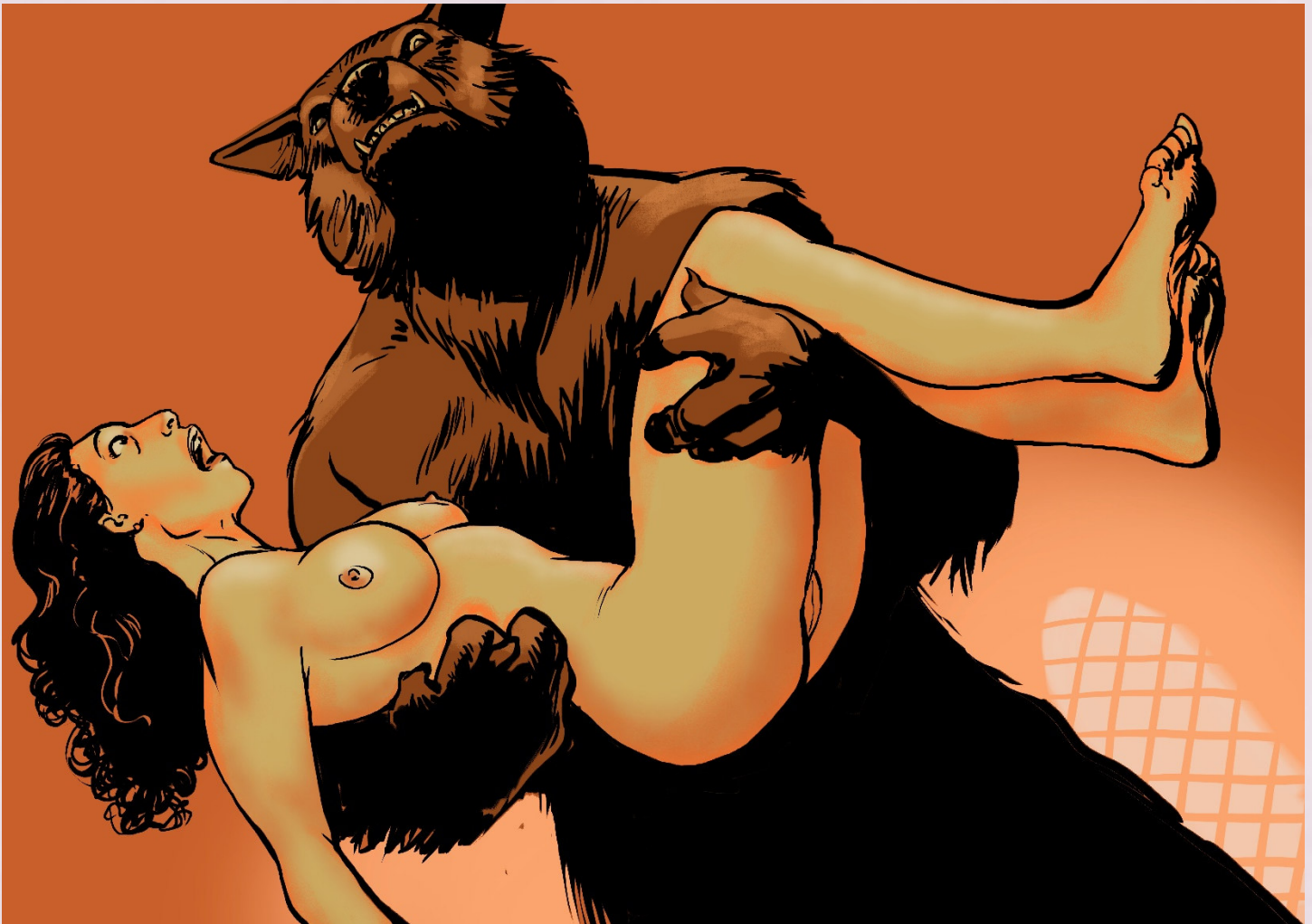
"Oh my ... oh gosh ..." Isabel woke from the lewdest dream. "Jose ... honey ... you'll think me so silly. I ..."  
She reached for her husband, but found a hard, unforgiving body covered in fur instead. Her hand froze, and her mind whirled. "Zander?"



"Some servants brought in a bath while you were sleeping. I suggest we clean ourselves, and then eat something." Zander was reclining on his back. His hands were behind his head, resting on a pillow.

Her hand still clutching his fur, Isabel sat up and looked between his legs. She could barely see his soft penis hidden in his fur. His testicles still looked very full to her. "I ... um ... the witch will be happy now. We don't have to do it again. Right?" She took inventory of her body. The muscles in her arms and legs were throbbing. She felt like she'd completed the most intense aerobics class she'd ever taken. And her vagina was ... she wasn't sure. Her brain was getting mixed signals from her nether region. She was sore to the point of pain, but also, it felt wonderful down there. Like she'd mastered some formidable beast with her box. Which ... she supposed she had. *He released inside me!* Her eyes went wide. "Can I have werewolf babies?"

"Ggrrrrrrrr ... grrraaa ... gggraaaa." Zander's deep growl turned into a rumbling laugh. He easily lifted her into his arms and climbed out of bed. "Some species can breed with enchanted species like mine. Some cannot. I'm not sure about yours, but I've never put a baby in a human before ... that I know about." He carried her to the tub and gently put her in. "There's a spell on the water to keep it at the perfect temperature. And she brought us a basin big enough for both of us." He climbed into the tub and submerged himself to the snout. "Aaaahhhhhh."



“Oh ... I see ... this must be soap.” Isabel took a white sphere that was indeed soap. Her cheeks heated when she saw his gaze fixed on her chest. She turned her back to him and began scrubbing with the soap. “I’m married, Zander. I didn’t really want to do what we did earlier. I just wanted to help you out with the witch’s orders.” She looked over her shoulder at him and could see he was admiring the curve of her back. She sunk lower into the water. “Now that it’s over, please don’t look at me like that.”



"You didn't seem so concerned when you were happily knotted to me." He grabbed his own ball of soap and started cleaning himself.

"Oh ... gosh ... don't talk like that." She looked at him again, eyes wide. "What's knotted?"

"When we were stuck together, Isabel. Werewolves do that to increase the likelihood of pregnancy. Regular wolves do it too, I guess." Zander shrugged.

"Oh ... no ..." Isabel squeaked. Her whole body shook with a sudden shiver, and her belly felt the wings of many butterflies. "But humans can't have your babies. That's good."

Zander didn't bother to tell her that she hadn't quite heard him right. His goal wasn't to teach her about the ways of things. His goal was to break her down before her friends showed up. But corruption couldn't happen on an empty stomach. "Finish cleaning, and we'll eat some lunch. It looks like they've brought a feast for us." He nodded to a table by the door, piled high with meats, vegetables, and fresh-baked breads. His stomach rumbled. He was going to quench all sorts of hungers that afternoon.



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“We can’t keep stopping for you two to go off into the woods. Not if we want to get to your mother before the witch changes her.” Electra stood perfectly erect, scratching the badger behind his ear. She watched the siblings stumble back to the group. At her words, their silly smiles disappeared, and they appeared to sober some. “Look, I don’t mean to chide you. Believe me, I know how one can get lost in pleasure. It can be very powerful, especially when the rest of the world is at its darkest. But I swore I would get your mother back to pay my debt, and you will need to cooperate.”



"I'm sorry." Emilio dropped his sister's hand. He'd been holding her hand as they walked back from the tree stump where they'd had their most recent sex.

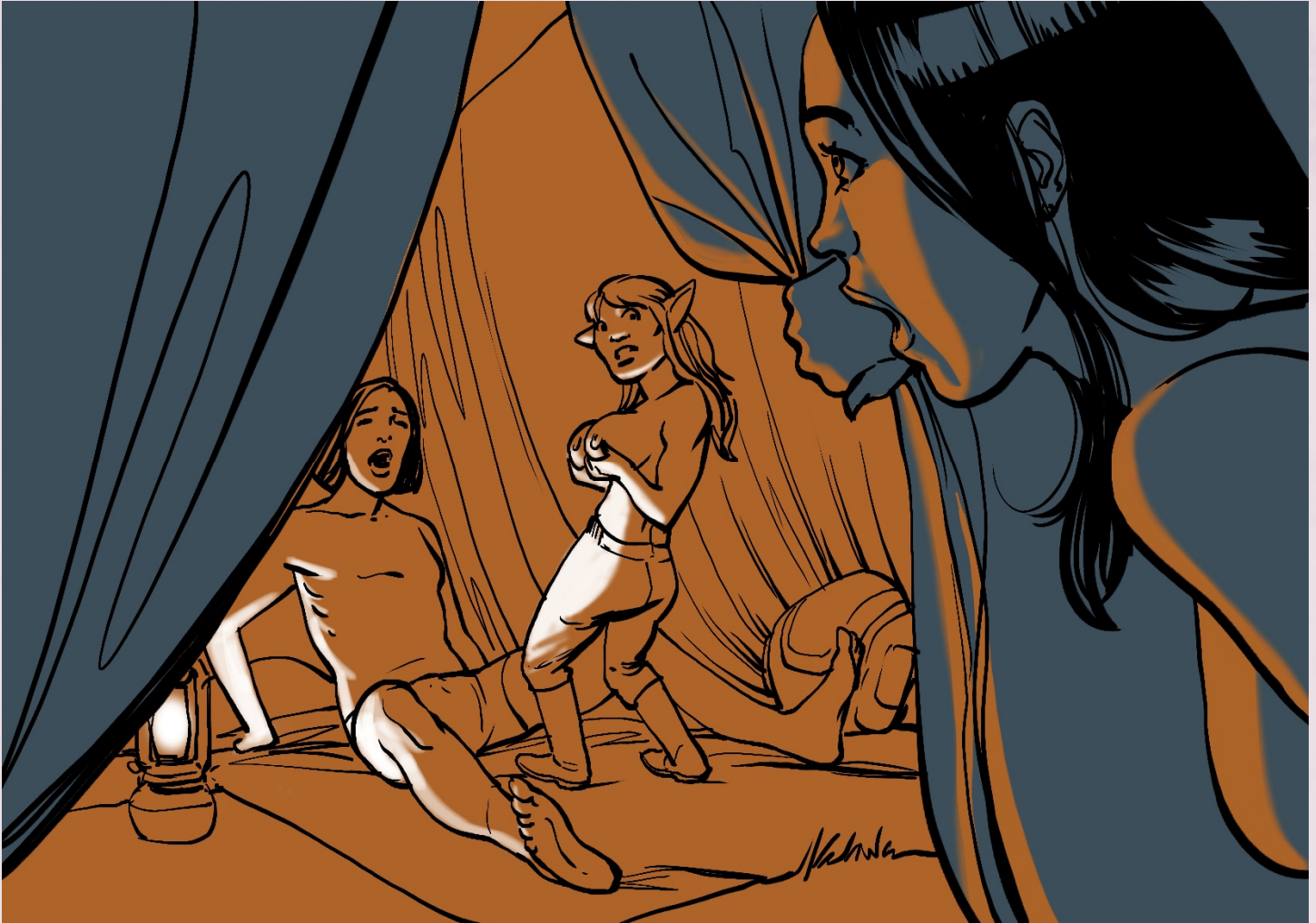
"We ... um ... have all our issues sorted now. It won't happen again." Ana Sofia grabbed his hand and squeezed it, not letting him get away this time. She put a stiff smile on her face and nodded to the clockwork woman. "Please, lead on."

Wol gave the human woman a knowing grin. "Electra is not alone. I also know how that powerful sex feels." She waggled her eyebrows at Emilio. She didn't mind when the humans pretended to ignore her.



Together, the group gathered their packs and continued their trek, following the unwavering steps of their new friend.

That night, they set up camp and ate around a fire. When it was time for bed, Ana Sofia brushed her teeth and headed right for her brother's tent. If they couldn't stop during the day, they would have to make the most of their nights. She lifted the flap and paused. Wol was in there with him. She had her top off, and she was hefting her breasts. Ana Sofia's jaw dropped.



“... and if you would just give me the chance, I can show you that you have plenty for both your sister and I.” She winked at Ana Sofia when she noticed her. “You are eighteen-human-years-old, Emilio. I heard your sister muttering under her breath that you were a cum factory. I think I know what she means. And I would ask you to please put that machinery to good use.”

“Get out, goblin!” Ana Sofia glared at her competition.

“We can both have him, so long as he is not ensnared by that pleasure machine out there.” Wol dropped her hands, letting her breasts drop and bounce.

“I am not planning on bedding him.” Electra’s voice came from somewhere else in the camp. “I would do so only if he asked. Please leave me out of your triangle.”

“Get out of my brother’s tent, Wol. You can see, no one but you wants to have sex with him. And he’s very tired.” Ana Sofia got into the tent and pointed to the exit.

“But you –” Wol looked crestfallen.



“Better do what she says.” Emilio handed the goblin her top.

“Maybe ... tomorrow.” Wol pulled on her top and crawled out of the tent.

“Why do you humor her? She’s a ... she’s a ... she’s a goblin.” Ana Sofia fumed.



“You had sex with a goblin, too.” Emilio frowned at his sister. He could tell from the tightness around her lips that she was quite angry. A lifetime together had taught him to be wary of those signs.

“She’s right. You’re just a cum factory. A stupid ... sexy ... cum factory.” Ana Sofia crawled over to her brother in a fury. She pushed him onto his back and went to work unbuttoning his pants. “Put your arms down. Don’t you dare try and stop me.”

Emilio dropped his arms by his side and watched his sister pull his dick out. "Wait ..." But he could see she wasn't waiting. He watched her suck his dick past her lips for the first time. He was beyond confused.



"Mmmppphhh ... mmmppphhh ..." She bobbed her head on her brother's dick. He was bigger than Brady, so she couldn't get much more than the head into her mouth without gagging. And she certainly wasn't going to gag on her cum factory brother. But she was going to show that goblin who was boss. After a few minutes of intense blowing, she popped off his penis. "How's that, Emilio? I know that goblin did this for you. I'm better, right? I mean, you're ... different than Brady. So, I'm still getting used to it. But ... do you want me to keep going?"

Emilio didn't know what else to do, so he nodded his head. He stared at her questioning face in the gloom. Her eyes and teeth looked bright in the darkness.

"Say something." Ana Sofia found that she wasn't angry anymore.

"Keep going," Emilio said.

"Okay, then." She nodded back to him and lowered her mouth to his penis. *I have to admit. It feels special to do this for Emilio. I'm not sure what we are anymore.* But her misgivings didn't stop her from rolling her tongue around her brother's wide dickhead and jerking his shaft with her left hand. *Nighttime is ours, and we can do what we want with it.*

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“Okay, fine. But I’m not going to look at you.” Isabel was trembling with anticipation. They had rested, cleaned, and refueled their bodies. Now it was back to sex. She crawled onto the bed and presented her butt to the monster behind her.



“You could get away with that the first time. But not now. We have to get to know each other better. That’s what the witch wants.” Zander let out a low growl as he slowly crawled onto the bed and took hold of her wonderfully wide hips.

“I said only from behind. Didn’t you hear me? I ... oh!” Isabel was shocked when he flipped her onto her back. He moved her about like she was a tiny plaything; not like the full-grown woman that she was. Once again, she was staring as his horrible, pointy penis. “We have to do it like this? This is how I do it with my husband. It feels wrong.” She didn’t fight him when he opened her legs. She was too busy staring at the large canine thing that was about to be inside her again. She ogled the knot. *How was that in me?*



"You can tell your husband about how you mated a werewolf ... about how I was so much better than him." Zander ran the tip of his cock up and down her sopping gash. "Married men love to hear that stuff. It makes them happy to know their wives are happy."

"Is that true?" Isabel had never heard of such a thing. Certainly, Jose had never said anything of the sort.

"I have seen it over and over again. It's true." He guided his cock inside the waiting woman. She was warm and tight, but not as tight as she had been the first time. He entered her up to the knot and paused, letting her adjust. Putting his clawed hands on either side of her, he made sure not to lower too much weight on her. Humans were delicate.

"Oh ... gosh ... I can't believe ..." She looked up at his frightening face, her gaze lingering on those sharp teeth. "I can't believe ... we're ... uuugggghhhh ... doing it like this." She gripped the fur on his chest and held on tightly as her vagina spasmed. "I never thought ... I never ... ooohhhhh ... thought ... that ... oh my ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiii." She was already having her first orgasm. He had sworn to her that she wasn't enchanted, but her climaxes with him felt like some sort of blissful sorcery.



"There you go ... just imagine how happy your husband will be ... when you tell him you reached such heights ... with me." Zander's hips went into motion. Slow and steady at first.

"Nnnngggggggg." Isabel's eyes rolled back. She was already having a second orgasm. Her fingers dug deeper into his fur, her knuckles turning white. Without thinking about it, she raised her feet into the air and pointed her toes at the ceiling. It was a wild hour for Isabel, ascending peak after peak while he humped her on her back. By the time her werewolf was ready, she had no fear of the knot. If she had had the lucidity to form words, she might have even encouraged him to shove it in. But she didn't, so she simply held her legs wide for him, which was easy because his claws now held her ankles. She heard him howl, and felt the extreme heat of his stuff in her womb. *Maybe Jose really would like to hear how happy I am right now. Maybe ...* With a plop, the knot slipped in. They were locked together. Her thoughts drifted, carried off on a cloud of ecstasy.

