



CHAPTER 15

THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Warlock of Claws 15

Illustrations by DixonLyrax

Written by RawlyRawls

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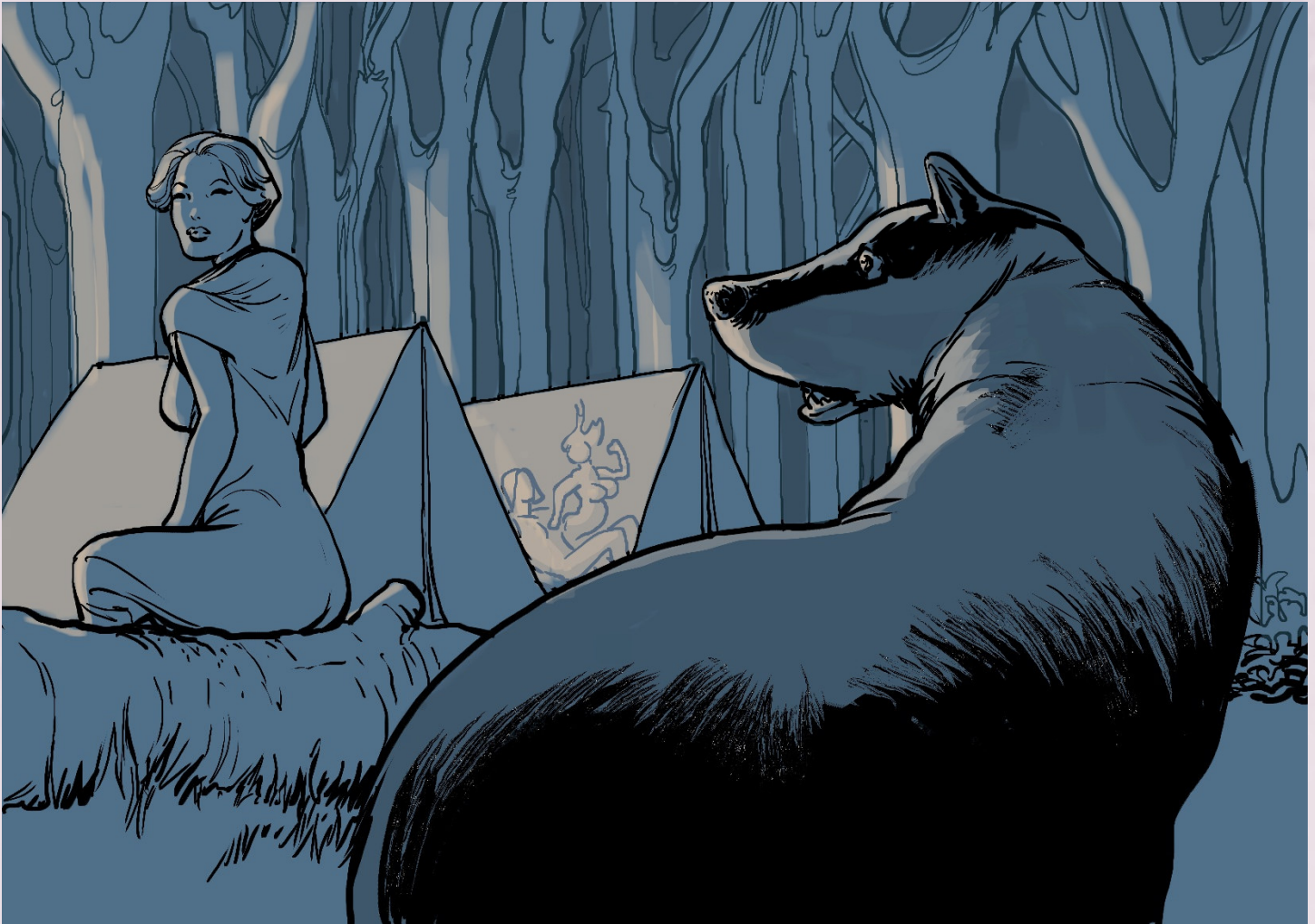
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Sleep didn't arrive for Emilo. His sister snored peacefully next to him. It was pleasant thinking about her slumber while his cum was in her stomach and pussy. He had loved his first blowjob from her. It was different than Wol's version of the same act. With Ana Sofia, there were less pointy teeth to worry about. Thinking about Wol made Emilo antsy. It wasn't like he and his sister were dating. If he gave in to the goblin's advances, it wouldn't be cheating. Ana Sofia was the only one cheating. He wondered if she still loved Brady. He wondered if a brother and sister could continue their affair when they got home. He wondered if his mother was okay.



As thoughts swirled in his mind, he found that he needed a distraction. He was already up and out of the tent before he knew what he was doing. He was happy to find that Wol was the only one in the other tent. She looked so small sleeping in a curled ball. *Did I really have sex with a goblin? Am I really going to do it again?* He gently shook her shoulder. "Wake up, Wol. If you can be quiet, we can ... you know."

Outside the tent, the badger woke up to the sounds of humping. It wasn't the humans this time, it was one human and one goblin. He could instantly tell by their scent and sounds. He stretched, and looked over at the log where Electra was sitting stiffly. "Would you like me to take a turn at watch, clock lady? It seems hard to sleep when everyone is getting some but me. But if you need some shut-eye, go ahead."



"I do not sleep." Electra gave the badger a distant, thoughtful look. "As long as someone winds me, I will go." She saw the badger's gaze on her breasts. "Do you fancy women or men, badger?"

"Um ... I wouldn't mind tumbling with Wol or Ana Sofia. I've asked a few times, but they said no. If there were any female badgers around here, I would certainly put my move on her but ..." Badger shrugged.

Electra lowered her hood and opened the front of her garment, which was half cloak and half dress. She displayed her breasts for the badger. "I have pleased many sentient creatures, but never a badger. It would be an interesting first. How come you haven't asked me for satisfaction?"

"I ... um ... I ... um ..." Humans, or clockwork representations of humans, only had two breasts. But they were often single sets of perfection. He thought Electra had the finest he'd ever seen. "I ... um ... just met you ... so ..." He could see her seam and wondered what was underneath. Suddenly, he cowered. "Is this a trap? Are you planning to eat me?"

“Like sleep, I need no food.” A sly smile spread across her perfect lips. “I was made for pleasure, and I do enjoy fulfilling my purpose. I ran away not because I sought to avoid coupling, but because I wanted the freedom to choose my partners. If you need a mate, I would be honored to provide that service. Now, I asked before if you prefer male or female partners. I’ll ask again, because I do have a penis hidden in a compartment in my thigh. I could bring it out and attach it if you like. It’s a good one. I get lots of compliments.”

“No, thank you. You do ... um ... have a vagina though?” Badger stared into the darkness between her thighs.

“Yes, I have a vagina. It is highly adjustable and self-lubricating.” Electra stood, stepped over to the badger, and removed her clothes. “I assume your species prefers to do it from behind.” She saw the badger nod, and got on her hands and knees, ass facing him. “Mount me then. I would be happy to join with you.”

The badger nearly tripped, he moved so quickly to get behind her.



In one tent, Ana Sofia snored gently.

In the other tent, Wol rode Emilio in reverse. “You are ... stretching me ... human ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... so large ... and hard ... and ... ugggghhhhhh.” The goblin couldn’t control the speed of her hips. It had been a little while since she’d last been with him, and it felt a little like she was bouncing on a tree limb.



“Quiet ... Wol ...” Emilio wasn’t in a position to put his hands over the goblin’s mouth. Even if he had been, he doubted muffling her would be a good idea with her massive underfangs.

“You can ... come to me ... every night ... and ... after your sister ... takes care of you ... I will.” She looked over her shoulder and could just see his wide eyes in the dim, filtered moonlight. “She ... calls you ... a ‘cum factory’ ... well ... I will help you ... with your ... manufacturing.”

“Oh ... shit ...” Emilio was getting close to his third climax of the night.

“Fill me ... Emilio ... I want to sleep ... like your sister ... full of your ... seed.” She reached down and rubbed her clit. She could see he was near his apex and wanted to reach hers at the same time. “Me ... your sister ... me ... your sister ... me ... your sister,” she chanted, timed to the cadence of her hips. “Me ... your sister ... filled with ... cum factory ... seed ... all night ... long.”

“Aaaaahhhhhhhh.” Emilio forgot to be quiet. He bellowed as he shot his spunk deep into the goblin.



Outside the tent, the badger was thrusting his hips even faster than the goblin had been. He couldn't believe his luck as he looked down at the hourglass of the clockwork woman's butt, waist, and upper back. The curve of her spine was sublime. "This is ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... the first time ... I've done anything ... with a female ... other than a badger."

"I'm ... eh ... eh ... eh ... honored ... to be your ... first, Badger. Your hips ... certainly ... move ... don't they?" Electra's soft grunts were high and feminine. Her eyes rolled and pleasure washed over the turning gears in her mind.



By the time Emilio snuck back to his own tent, the badger and Electra had finished their coupling. Emilio didn't even notice them cuddled together in the dark. He crawled into his tent, and finally satisfied, fell asleep next to his sister.



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“Ooohhhhhh ... we’re still ... stuck ... it’s so ... crazy.” Isabel thrashed on top of the werewolf. She had ridden him to their mutual orgasms, and now his knot was firmly lodged inside her. The bed they were on was practically stripped by their long, feral activity. The remaining sheet was drenched by Isabel’s excitement.



With a loud plop, the knot finally came free and Isabel fell sideways, bouncing her shoulder on the mattress. “Wwwwoooowwww ... I feel so ... open.” She reached her hand between her legs and tentatively explored her loosened vagina. It felt like it was a yawning cave. “Will ... my vagina ... go back to normal ... when I go home?” She turned her body and snuggled her cheek into his fur. It was damp with her sweat and other secretions.



“Given enough time, it will return to some semblance of its original tightness. You did push babies through there, did you not? Were you the same after that?” Zander’s voice was a low, resonant rumble. He felt lethargic after his last climax, and was happy to rest for a little while before they started again.

“I ... I guess ... although I wasn’t ever the same after having the kids. Jose never said anything, though.” Isabel knew she wasn’t enchanted, but the high that had hold of her brain seemed beyond anything natural. She had experimented with drugs a little in her youth. The savage sex she had with that canine penis reminded her of the one time she and Jose had tried ecstasy.

“Well, maybe it won’t be exactly the same after this either.” Zander growled out a laugh. “But remember, your Jose will be happy I changed your box. He will love to hear about the heights of your pleasure, and what I did to you to drive you to those peaks. Every husband wants that for his wife.”



"I ... guess so." Isabel tried to think it through, but her buzzing mind couldn't sort out the details. She hugged the wolf tighter and drifted off to sleep.

Isabel woke hours later in her lover's arms. The werewolf carried her across the room. While she had been sleeping, another bath had been brought in. She sighed with satisfaction when he put her in the water. She watched him closely as he slid in. His penis was sheathed, hardly visible at the moment.



"My mind is so jumbled. Where are my son and daughter?" Isabel looked around the room.

"You'll see them soon." Zander didn't know if that was true. But he didn't want the woman upset. He was glad to see that her modesty was gone. She was scrubbing her breasts with soap right in front of him without any shame. This contrasted significantly with their first bath together. "Your children would want you to be happy, too. When they see you, they will be pleased that you found such joy with me."

"Will they?" Isabel wasn't sure. But her doubts melted when he reached out and pulled her toward him.

"Kiss me." Zander licked his lips with his long tongue.

Isabel shuddered. "I ... uh ... can't ..." She looked at his large, sharp teeth. *How could I even kiss someone with a snout? Even if I wanted to, it's not practical.* She felt his penis rising under her, poking at the bottom of her thigh. Her mind swam. She inhaled deeply, breathing in the scents of soap and his beastly aroma.

"Give yourself to me, Isabel. It's what your heart demands." He licked her cheek slowly, from her jawline to hairline. "It's what my mistress demands."



“Okay.” Isabel was trembling. *Is this any worse than having his penis locked in my vagina, while my womb is sloshing with his stuff?* She didn’t think it was worse than that. “One little kiss.” She leaned forward and gave him a peck on his black lips.

“Was that so bad?” Zander laughed.

“No.” Isabel giggled. “Would you like ... one more?” She thought about kissing her husband on the lips. This monster was so very different from her mild, sedate Jose. “One ... little ... kiss.” She leaned forward. This time he opened his mouth. She could see his jagged, white maw. And suddenly, his massive, dexterous tongue was in her mouth. She stiffened for a moment. The woman she had been would have thought it disgusting. But the woman she was now took only a few moments to respond, twining his tongue with her own. Soon, they were making out like passionate lovebirds.



“Gggrrpphhhh.” He growled as he kissed her, taking hold of her hips with his claws. He maneuvered her so that he could enter her again. She accepted his cock in her vagina like it was the most natural thing. In no time, she was bouncing on him while they made out. Pushed by their motions, water sloshed out of the tub and cascaded to the floor. He made a mental note to be careful with his step when they finally exited the tub. But he was in no hurry to leave. This woman was kissing him with wild abandon, stretching her hole out yet again. He knew that she was almost his.

Zander ... Zander ... Zander ... so wonderful ... so wonderful ... Zander ... Isabel felt like her mind was stuck. She didn't care. She knew that she herself would be stuck on top of this werewolf again. It was wonderful. She was losing herself, and she didn't ever want to be found.

