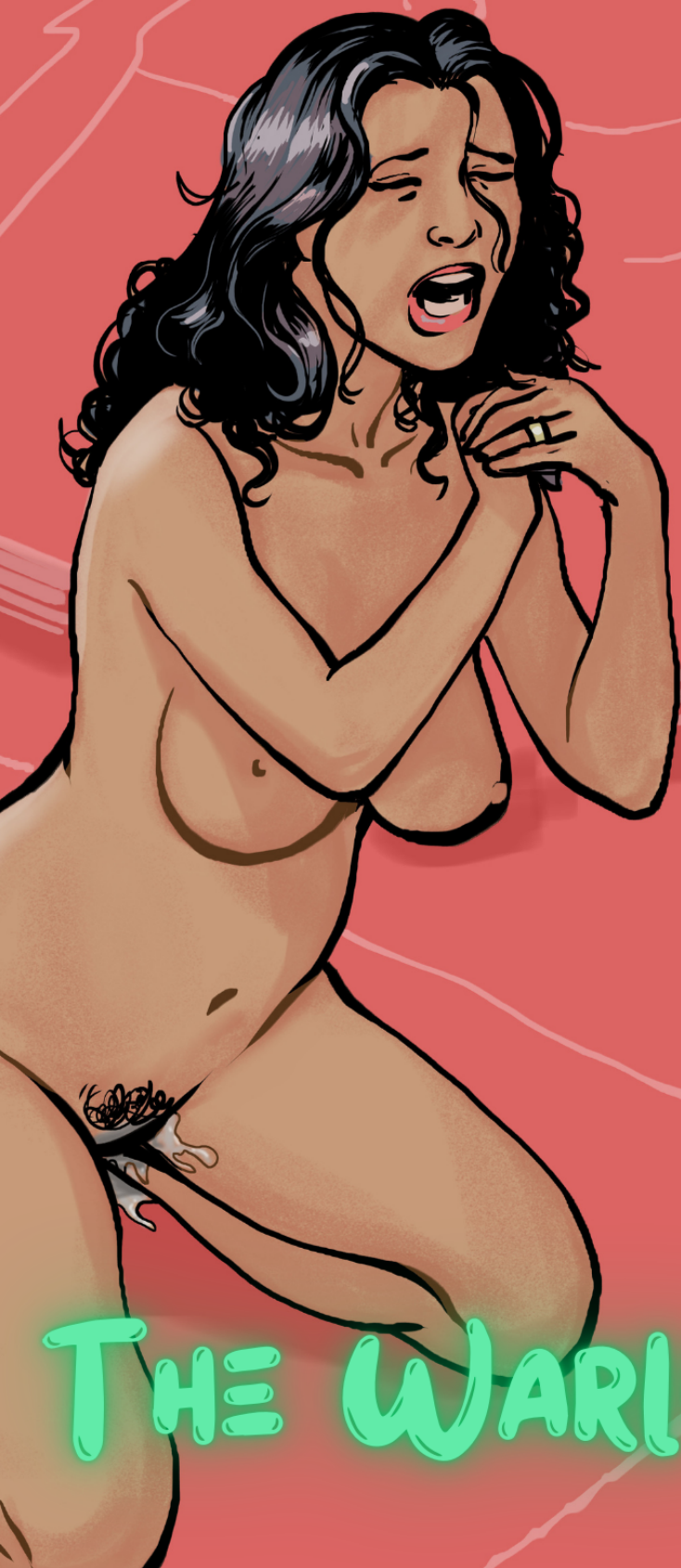


# CHAPTER 16



# THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Warlock of Claws 16

Illustrations by DixonLyrax

Written by RawlyRawls

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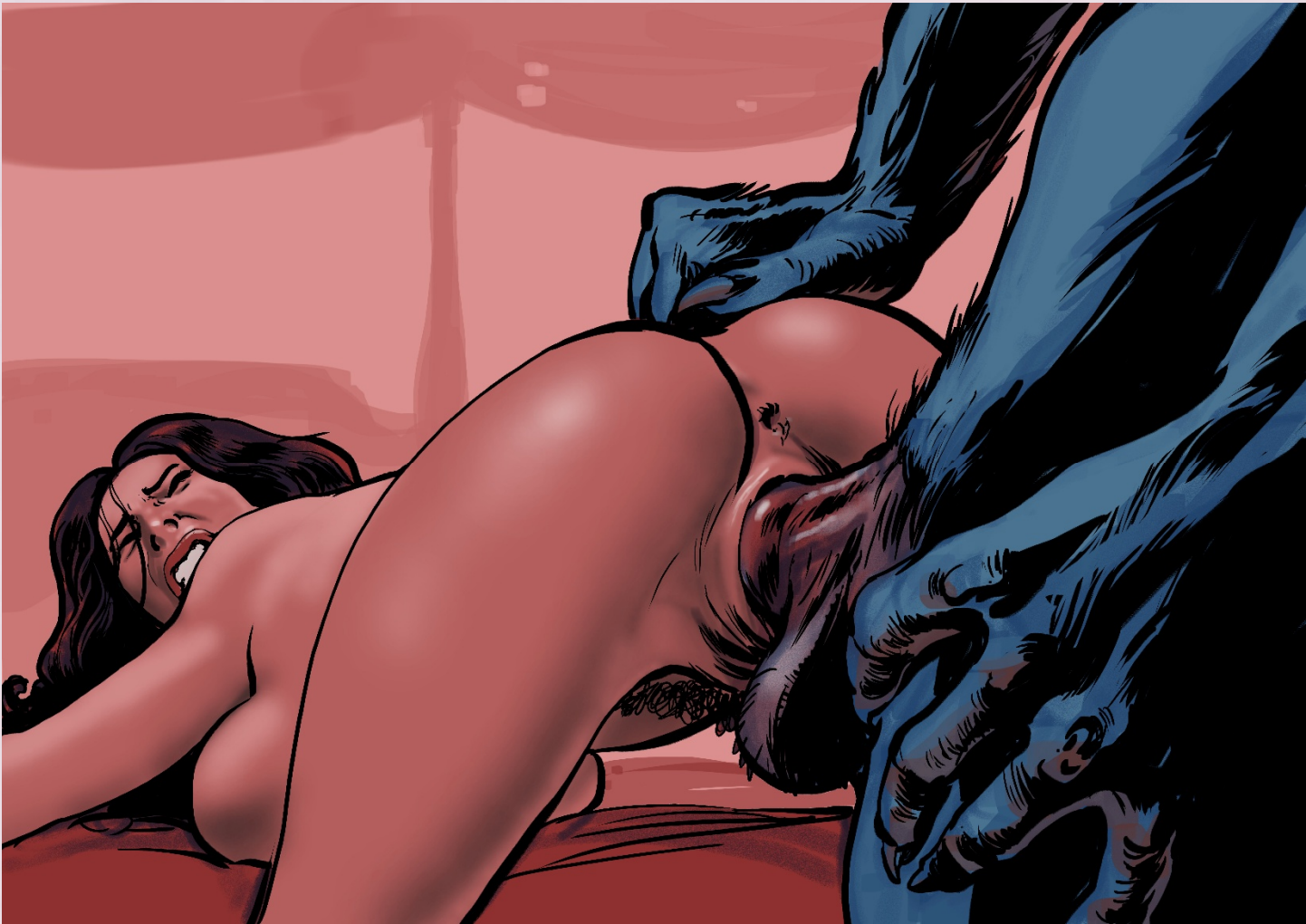
“Oooohhhhhh ... sssnoorrrrkkkkk.” Isabel was having one of those massive, snorting orgasms. She was on her belly, the impossible weight of the beast pressing her into the mattress. They were locked together again. Her womb was so full that she could almost feel it sloshing with every small movement. “Eeeeeiiiiiiii.” She gripped the soaked sheet with both hands and closed her eyes tightly. When she came down from that orgasm, a second one was quick on its heels. This always happened when his knot was tied inside her. “Ssssnoooorrrkkkkkk!” She knew she sounded like a deranged sow, but couldn’t bring herself to care.



“Gggrrrrrrrrr.” Zander let the pleasure wash over him. The animalistic sounds and trembling body from the woman under him were perfection. This little wife had traveled a long way in a short time. His mistress would be pleased. And speaking of the witch, the door opened, and the Witch of Water glided into the room. She was wearing a sparkling dress which complemented her green skin. She put a finger up to her lips so that he wouldn’t announce her presence. But Zander didn’t think it would have mattered. Isabel was too far into her bliss to notice anything going on around her.



He pulled his hips back, but his knot was still swollen enough to keep his cock locked inside the human's once-guarded vault.



Isabel's long, high note of ecstasy finally dropped several octaves when the wolf's knot shrunk enough that it fell out of her with a loud plop. She shuddered, feeling his weight lift off her. She reached out for him. They always cuddled after sex, and she wanted to press her cheek into his fur and listen to his steady heart. But her arm didn't find him. She opened her eyes and lifted her head. A strange, emerald face was right in her line of sight. Not only did the woman have green skin and raven hair, but she was exceedingly pretty. Isabel's mind was mush from the recent mating, so it took her several seconds to place the woman. "Witch," Isabel whispered.



"I'm so glad you remember me." The Witch of Water gave the woman a warm smile. "I've come to take Zander away. You two have had enough fun, I think."

A sudden panic gripped Isabel and focused her mind. She sat up. She had been so desensitized to being naked that she didn't even think to cover her breasts with a new person in the room. "No ... he must stay here. I ... I ..." She couldn't think of an innocent reason to keep Zander in her bedroom. Embarrassment flushed her cheeks. "Did you see us a moment ago?"

"Have no fear. I've bedded Zander, too. I know ... how beguiling he can be." The witch inspected one of the wetter spots on the sheet, running her fingers along it. She held her fingers up in front of her eyes, rubbed them together, and pulled them apart, admiring the viscous strand of love effluence. "But I think some time off is in your best interest. I don't want my guests becoming addicted to the services I supply." She straightened and walked around the room with her hands behind her back, looking at each item as if to make sure it met her approbation.



"Please ... please ... I would be so grateful if he could stay here." Isabel stood, still naked, and glanced at Zander where he waited by the door. She was getting good at reading his lupin face and thought he looked sad to be leaving her. Isabel clasped her hands with entreaty and faced the witch again. "Please, Witch of Water, let him stay here with me."

The witch's smile widened. This woman hadn't once asked to leave the castle or enquired about her family. Isabel did not even mention that brainless plant she arrived with. *Perhaps she's farther along than I hoped.* "I'm sorry. Zander is needed elsewhere. But I will continue to treat you as a revered guest."

"No ... no ... I ... don't ... I ..." Isabel dropped to her knees, pleading.

"What is that ring? It sparkles in the light. It's on your wedding finger, is it not?" The witch giggled at the longing in this once-prim woman. She watched Isabel turn her focus to the ring. The witch laughed harder as the woman's face struggled with recognition, dependence, and self-loathing. But her face cleared when she pulled her eyes off the ring and focused on the werewolf. The witch saw the woman set her jaw with determination. "The ring?"



"It is my wedding ring. But my husband would understand. Husbands want their wives to feel the things I've felt with Zander." Isabel got back to her feet. "Please let him stay."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Barrocal. We're leaving now." She opened the door with magic, turned, and left the room, dress billowing behind her.

Zander gave one last look at Isabel and followed the witch out.

The door slammed shut. Isabel could hear the lock slide into place. "Noooooo." She dropped to her knees again, this time in despair.

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“There it is.” Electra stood on a rocky ridge, pointing to the witch’s fortress through the trees. The building was oddly designed, with many curves, and several jagged towers grasping for the sky. Like the witch herself, it was mostly green, created by a façade of jade. She reached down and scratched behind the badger’s ear.



“Great, let’s go get her.” Emilio stood with his sister clasping one hand and Wol clasping the other.

“We must wait for nightfall. Then we can enter through the service tunnels.” Electra sighed. “I’m running low, would someone with thumbs mind winding me?” She pushed her hair to the side, exposing the key in the back of her neck.

“Sure.” Emilio released the clasping hands on either side and stepped up behind the automaton. He took hold of her key and gently turned it against the resistance of the mechanism inside. “Thanks again for the help.”

“I ... ooohhhhhh ... need no thanks. This is a transaction.” Electra’s eyelids fluttered and her lips parted as the magic of her winding surged through her body. “I ... uuugghhhh ... only want my debt cleared. I do not care for you otherwise.”



"Wait ... what?" Ana Sofia frowned. "I mean ... you must like us to help us get our mom back."

"I don't know about 'like'." Electra arched her back. The winding was almost complete. "My master, the one you killed, didn't give me a heart. I have no ... compassion for you or anyone else. But I do feel ... ooohhhh ... pleasure and ... duty." She convulsed as the key came to a stop. "Thank you," she said breathlessly.

"You're welcome." Emilio removed his hand from the key. He felt like he'd just been holding her clit the way she'd responded. Apparently, his sister felt the same, because when he looked at her, her face was pinched with jealousy.



“If we’re not going in until nightfall, Emilio and I need some time to rest. Alone.” She glared at Wol. “In the woods.” She took her brother’s hand and pulled him away from the others.

“Don’t travel too far. And don’t make too much noise. The witch’s creatures keep an eye on this part of the forest.” Electra called after the pair. She thought about offering to service them herself, so they could all stay together. But she could tell by the look in Ana Sofia’s eyes that she wouldn’t accept.

A few minutes later, Ana Sofia was kneeling in front of her brother on the spongy earth. “Gaaacckkk ... gggaaaacckkk ... gggaaackkkk.” She wasn’t sure why she was gagging herself on his thing. She never did that for Brady back home. But when she looked up, she could see that her brother liked it. His smile was wide and ecstatic, so she continued.



“Holy ... shit ... Ana ... Sofia ...” Emilio would have never thought that he’d see his big sister like this. “I thought ... we were only doing this ... uuugghhh ... to replace ... the goblin baby inside you. Why ... the blowjobs?”

With a plop, she lifted her mouth off Emilio’s dick. “Shut up.” She wiped the slobber off her chin with the back of her hand. “That’s why.” She shucked his dick with both hands while frowning up at him. “Sorry ... I didn’t mean to be rude. I just ... I ... um ... well, we have the rescue tonight ... so I wanted you relaxed and happy.”

“Oh ... in that case ... should I go down on you ... too?”

“What?” She hadn’t thought about that. It seemed her pussy liked the idea. A warmth spread between her legs, and she could tell she was soaking her panties. But she wasn’t sure if it was from the blowjob or the possibility of cunnilingus. Twenty minutes later, Ana Sofia’s stomach was full of cum, her back was to a tree, and her legs were spread. She had a hand on her brother’s head as he greedily, if not expertly, devoured her pussy. She had to bite on her shirt to keep from screaming and drawing the witch’s henchmen to them. She didn’t know if this was helping relax her for the rescue, but she did know she wanted more of this. Lots more.



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Isabel was so out of sorts that she was actually considering masturbating. She hadn't masturbated since ... well, it hadn't been that long. She'd done it in the goblin village. *What's the trouble if I do it again?* She stopped pacing the room and leapt onto her bed. She quickly undressed, rolled onto her back, and spread her legs. Her fingers sent an electric spark through her when they found her clit. The effect was boosted when she thought of her beastly lover.

After several orgasms, Isabel lay still, panting. The masturbation had diverted her mind from her longing for a while, but now it was back, consuming her. Maybe it was even worse since her climaxes hadn't been at all like what they were like with Zander inside her. She sat up, staring at the door. *Maybe I can find a way out of this room and locate Zander. I'm sure he misses me.* Her priorities had shifted dramatically since her arrival. *Maybe if I can show Zander that escape is possible, he'll run away with me.* She shook her head. That wouldn't work. She wouldn't be able to take the werewolf back to her children.



The thought of her children got her pacing again. *What am I thinking? I need to get back to my children. I don't need Zander. I've been corrupted.* Her mind started to return to her as she thought of her family out in the forest without her. What were Emilio and Ana Sofia doing at that moment? Probably worrying about her.

The door opened just as Isabel had resolved to find a way to return to her children. The werewolf walked in, and Isabel's heart caught in her throat. "Zander ... are you back with me?"



"The witch changed her mind." Zander lied with ease. It was all part of his service to the witch. "She says that as long as you behave well, I can stay with you."

"Eeeiiiiiii." Isabel shrieked with joy, ran to him, and jumped into his arms. "I want you inside me right now. Take me like a female dog." She shrieked again when he tossed her onto the bed. She scurried to her hands and knees.

"You can say bitch, Isabel," Zander growled. His cock was rising rapidly. He moved behind her.



"Yes ... yes ... I can. I just never talked dirty with Jose." She looked over her shoulder at his monstrous face, his jagged white smile on full display. "Take me like a bitch, Zander. I need it." Her forehead furrowed with desperation. "I'll behave for the witch. Don't leave me again. I ... uuuggghhhhhh ..." She lost her train of thought when he entered her. Her mind swam with satisfaction at being filled again. All her plans of reuniting with her children evaporated. She clutched the sheet, braced herself, and took the pounding he gave her.