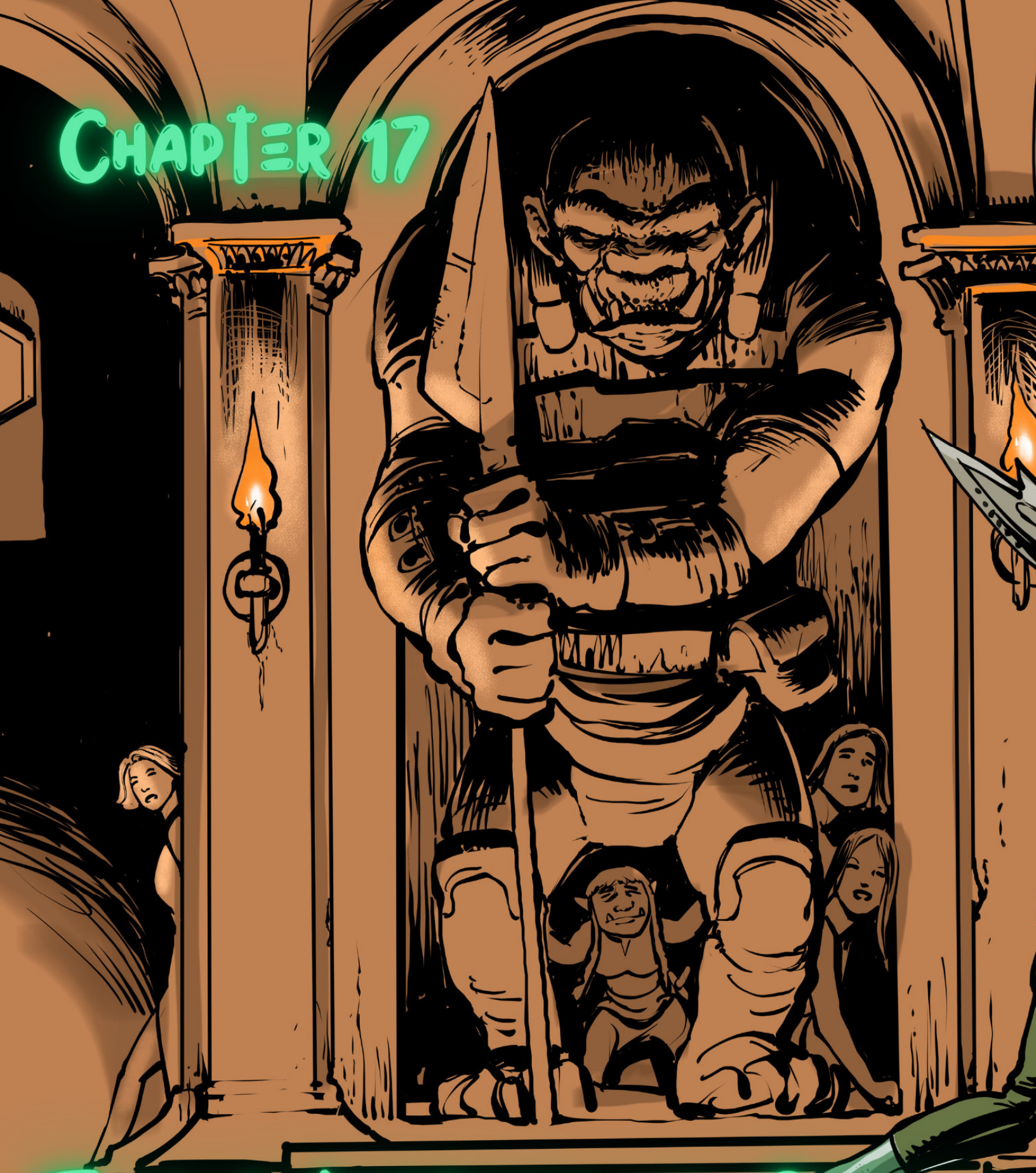


# CHAPTER 17



# THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

# The Warlock of Claws 17

Illustrations by DixonLyrax

Written by RawlyRawls

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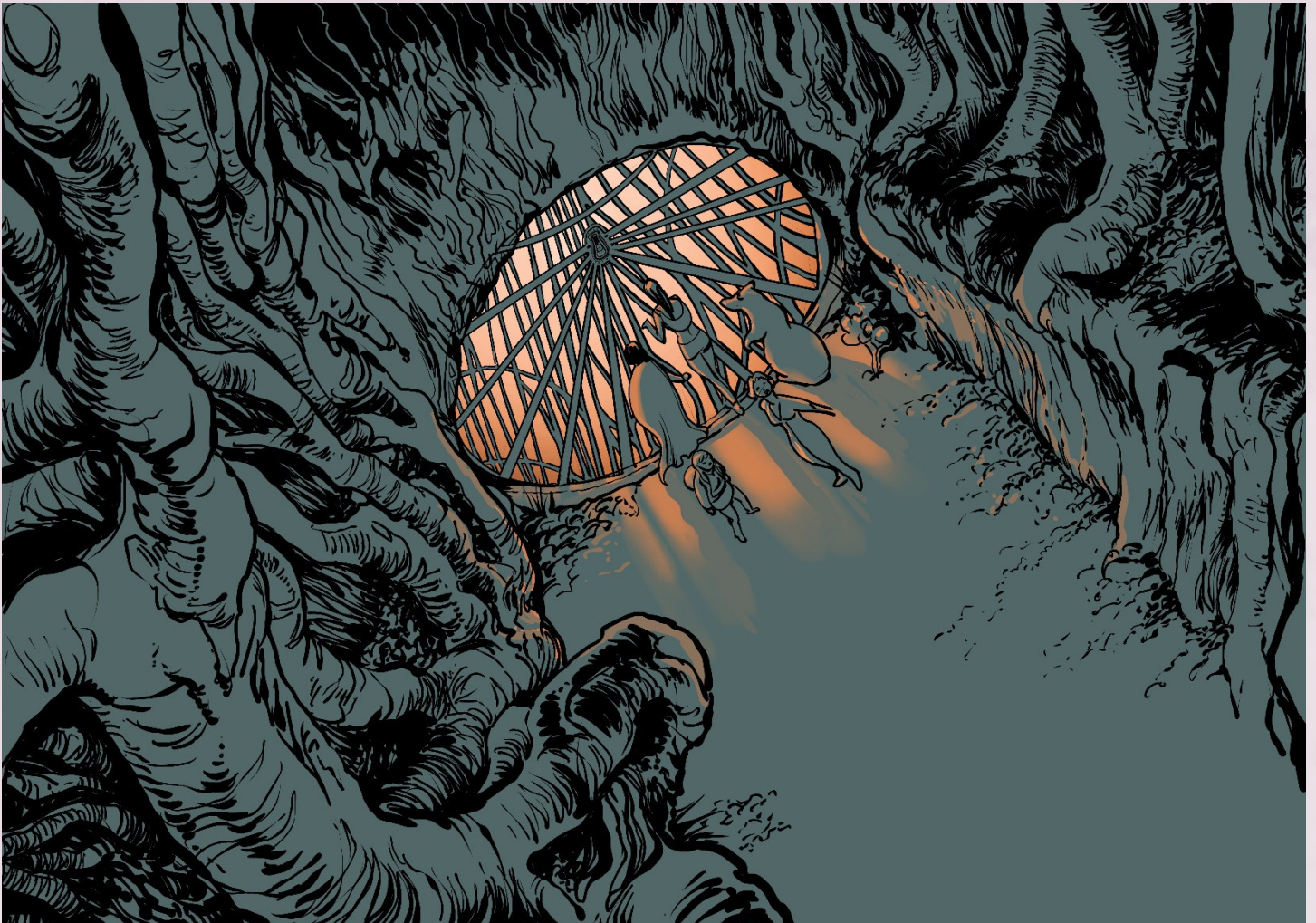
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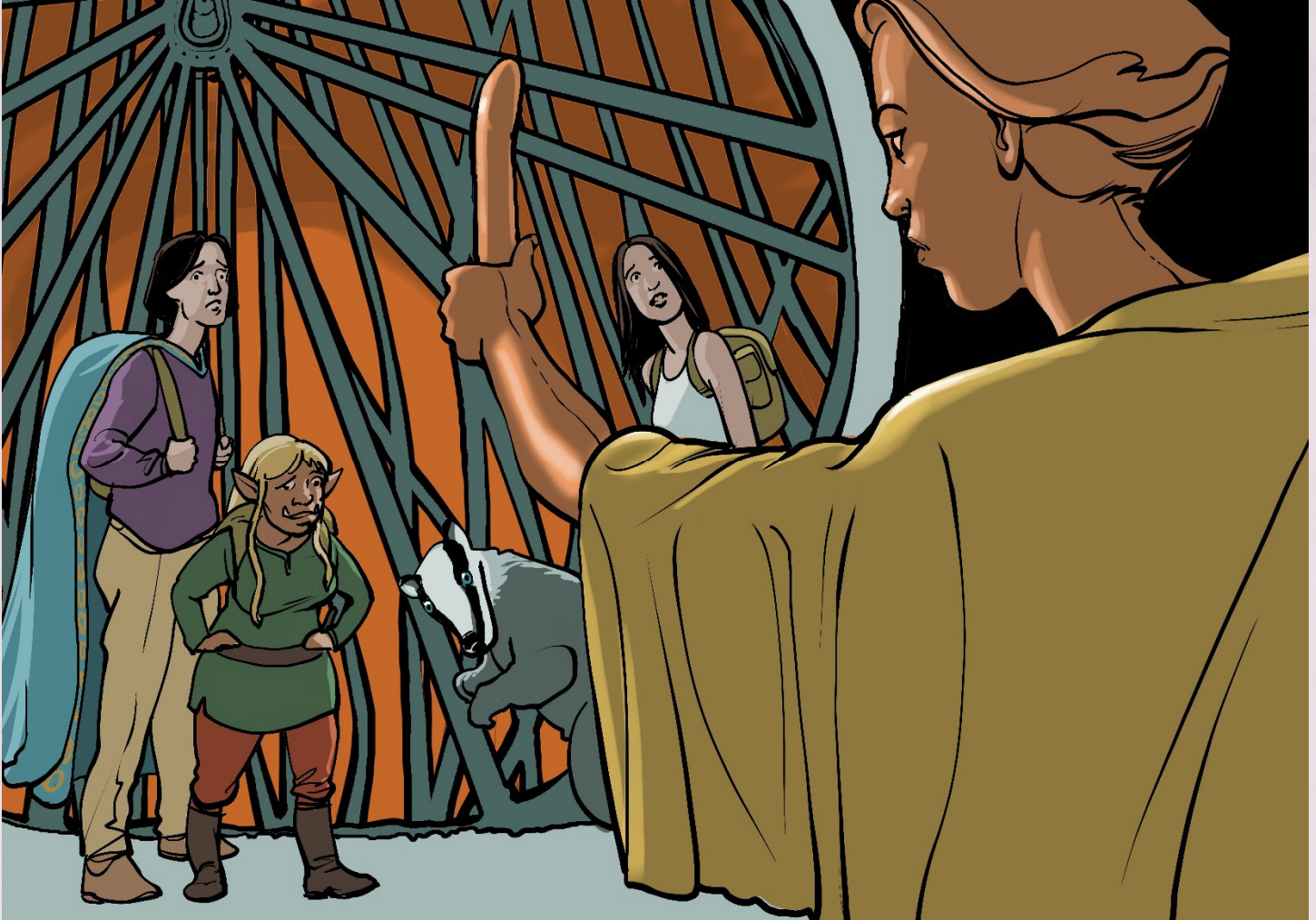
"It's locked." Ana Sofia stood in front of the massive circular, iron gate with her hands on her hips. They were in a valley below the witch's fortress. The access was carved into the side of a cliff. She tried to peer through the bars, but could only see darkness. Somewhere in the forest behind them a nightingale called, answered by another.



“Keep your voice down.” Electra glanced over her shoulder at the suspicious birdsong. “This is a dangerous moment.” She pulled her cloak away from her leg, opened the compartment in her thigh, and took something out. “I have a solution.” She held it up for the others to see.

The badger, Emilio, and Ana Sofia all stared with gaping mouths.

“A ... giant ... penis?” Emilio didn’t understand. Not at all.



"It's even bigger than yours," Ana Sofia whispered to her brother.

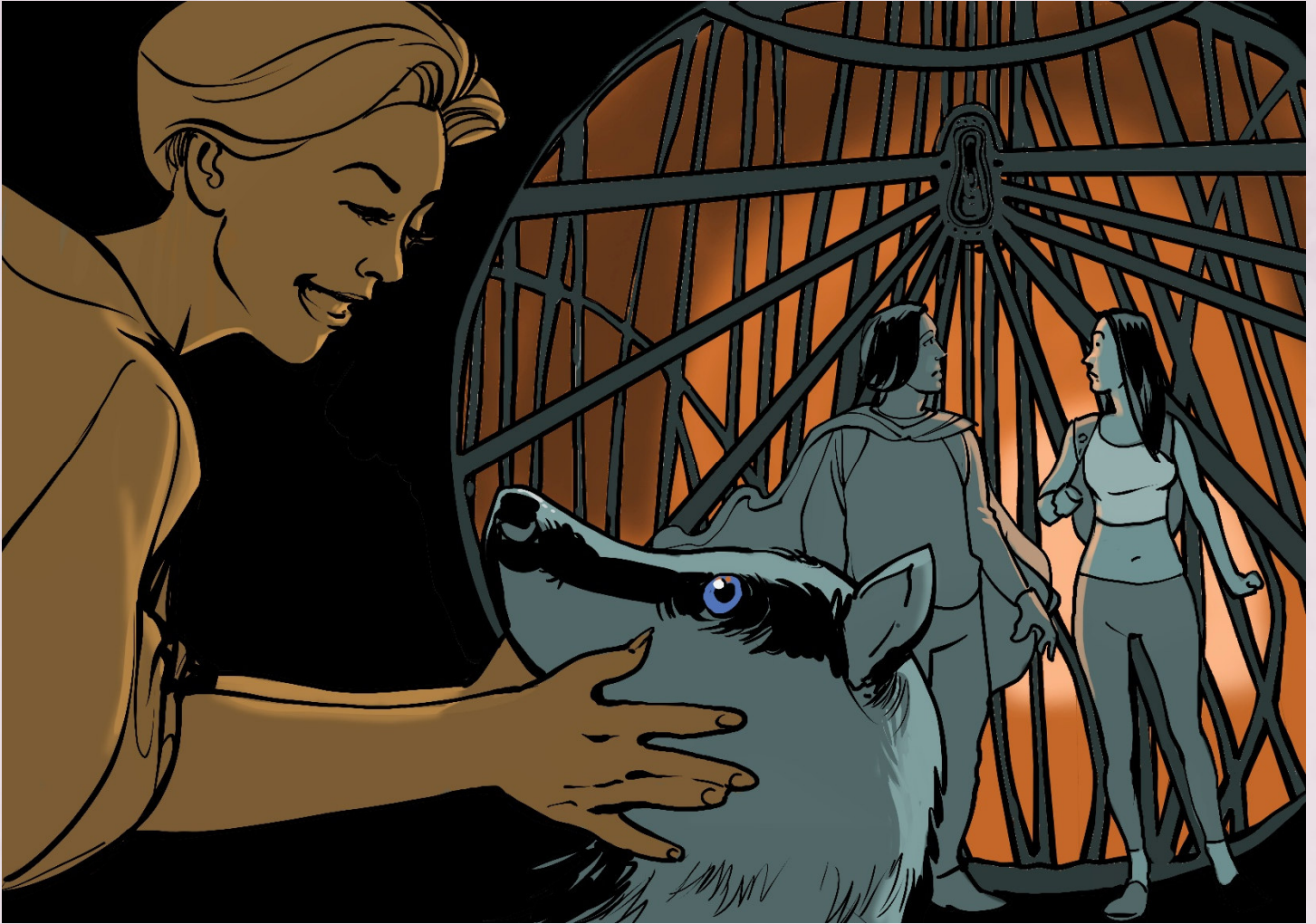
"What? Oops. It's usually in the other thigh. Sorry." She put the penis back and opened the compartment in the other thigh. She held up the device. "My master used me as a spy often. This device can open most locks." She folded her hand out of the way and attached the key to her wrist. "Will someone strong give me a boost?"

"I want to, but this is all terribly dangerous. Like you just said." The badger chewed his claws in fright. He knew he wasn't making a good impression on his new mate, but he was trembling too much to care. "Perhaps I should go wait for you in the woods?"



"You're the fiercest creature we have, badger." Electra smiled down at him. "And your hips move like clockwork."

The siblings glanced at each other quizzically.



"You're the strongest, too," Electra continued. "So, use those fabulous hips to give me a lift."

The badger would have blushed if he were able. He found himself stepping out of the shadows to help her. He held out his paws, and when she stepped on, he lifted her up so she could reach the lock.



With a click, the gate swung open.

"These tunnels are rarely used." Electra stepped down from the badger's paws. "But we should be vigilant. Stay close to me. With any luck we should have your mother and our plant friend freed within the hour."

~

“Sssnnoorrkkkkkkkkkk ... uuuggghhhh ... iiiiiiiiii.” Isabel felt like she’d been rolling from one orgasm to the next since Zander had returned to her. She knew they had taken breaks in between, but it was hard to remember a time when that perfect, lupin penis wasn’t buried inside her. She rode his massive body with wild abandon, her muscles straining. Her fingers dug into his fur. “I’ll be good ... uuuggghhh ... I’ll make the witch ... happy ... so you never ... leave again.”

Zander put a clawed hand on her bare hip with just enough pressure for her to feel his strength without hurting her. “I am your alpha now.”



“Yesssssss ... and I’m ...” Her mind was spiraling down from the high of her orgasm. It was still hard for her to talk dirty, but she did it because she knew he liked it. “And I’m your bitch, Zander. Your mate. You’re my ... my sire.” She hoped that was all dirty talk. She didn’t know how she would explain a werewolf baby to Jose. The goblin baby in Ana Sofia’s belly was bad enough.

“My ... bitch ... aaawwwwoooooo.” He thrust his hips into her and came, his knot tying itself inside.

His stuff was so impossibly hot inside her. Isabel’s mind exploded in ecstasy. There was no better feeling than being locked to this creature. As long as they were together, she was completely his. And that feeling was pure bliss. She had another loud, snorting orgasm as he filled her.



Much later, they were wet and crusty with her sweat and their combined cum, sprawled on the large bed. She had her ear pressed to his chest, listening to the fast, steady thump of his heart. "Mmmmmmm ... Zander."

"Isabel, have you thought about your children recently?" Zander knew she was ready for the next phase.

"What?" She sat up and looked him deep in his unfathomable eyes. "All the time," she lied. *Does he know I've been a bad mother? Is that a problem for him?* "I think about them all the time. I mean not when we're ... you know ... but ..." Her cheeks darkened. "What about them?"

"The witch mentioned something to me when I left for that short time." Zander idly played with her tits while talking to her, jiggling and hefting them with a claw. "She thought it would be good if they lived here. They could be safe in one of the other rooms. You and I could keep this room, and they could be one floor above us. You could see them every day. How does that sound?"



There was something wrong with the offer, but her mind was too hazy to pick out what felt off. She wanted to stay with Zander. She wanted to see her children. Maybe this was just a kindness by the witch. She looked into Zander's earnest face and nodded. "I would like that. But they can't know about us, okay?"

"It'll be our secret." He put a finger to his muzzle. "All the witch needs to make it happen is that dirty old cloak your son took off that mighty warlock. If you can get him to hand it over to the witch, we could all be happy together."



"I don't know. I ..." Suddenly, his tongue was in her mouth. It was so big and powerful compared to her tongue, but she kissed him back, feeling his sharp teeth. How odd that she had become used to kissing such a different creature. *No, I'm more than used to it. It's thrilling.* She caressed his fur, reaching down for his sheath. Her pride swelled as she felt his penis do the same. Once upon a time, making out with a werewolf while jerking his giant, strange thing would have been beyond comprehension. Now it was second nature to her. When they broke their kiss, she assumed the position he liked best, getting on her hands and knees. "Yes ... yes ... Zander ... I want you and the witch to be happy ... I'll be your bitch ... and I'll get her the cloak. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and shrieked with delight as he entered her again.

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“Badger, I can hear your teeth chattering,” Electra whispered in the dark tunnel. “And Emilio, I can hear your cloak majestically billowing. Both of you, please keep quiet, we’re coming up on an inhabited part of the fortress.”

Emilio wrestled with his cloak, trying to get it to be less dramatic. “Just ... hang like a normal cape.” The thing stiffened at that and fought harder to free itself from his grip. The Cloak of Winds hated to be called a lowly cape.

“I’m surprised all of *your* teeth aren’t chattering. We’re all about to die. Aren’t you petrified?” Badger said.



“Ssh.” Electra used her key and opened a door. Light flooded into the hall. Everyone but the clockwork woman covered their eyes and squinted. Electra carefully peered out. “Coast is clear. Come along. I know where she’ll be keeping them. First stop is the arboretum.” She led them out into a magnificent hall lined with banners and trophies from the witch’s various plunders. They scurried over the plush carpet, glad that it quieted their footfalls. “Quick, behind that troll!” Electra hissed and dragged the badger behind a massive statue. The siblings joined them, and they crouched as a pair of heavily armored frogs strode down the hall, talking in a deep gurgle that the intruders couldn’t understand.



When the frogs were gone, Electra led them out from behind the troll and hurried on their way. They moved back to a darker section of the fortress. Soon, there were trees growing all around them.

Ana Sofia squinted up at a high, vaulted ceiling. "Glass?" She whispered to her brother, holding his hand tightly.

"I think ..." Emilio went silent when he heard a high-pitched wailing. "It's the Infernaflos. Are they torturing it?"

"Ssh." Electra turned back and held up her finger in front of her perfect lips.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... the ecstasy ... I can't ... I can't ... keep ..." The Infernaflos's voice carried out to her rescuers.

"Not torture then?" Ana Sofia whispered to her brother.

They came to an iron door, not knowing what to expect. Electra unlocked and opened the door. Peering into a room lit by one torch and the stars above, they saw the Infernaflos trembling on a moss cushion with trees all around. Their friend had sprouted small flowers all over her body. At first, they thought she was alone.



“What’s wrong with her?” Emilio took a step into the room. The Infernaflos’s voice was now quite loud. The sound of ecstatic wailing bounced off the room’s walls and glass ceiling. “Is she drugged?” He looked around the room, wishing he had a sword.

Badger sniffed the air and rubbed his belly. He relaxed a little upon finding one of the creatures they were there to rescue without any harm coming to him. “I smell honey. I’m hungry.”

“Shh, listen. I hear buzzing.” Ana Sofia stepped closer to their vegetable friend.

“Uuuuggghhhhh ... yes ... right there ... right there ... collect it ... rub yourself all over me ... collect it.” The Infernaflos still hadn’t noticed them.

“Who is she talking to?” Emilio had forgotten about his cloak, and it was back to billowing majestically behind him even without any breeze.

“The buzzing, dummy. The honey smell. She’s getting off on bees collecting her pollen.” Ana Sofia folded her arms with satisfaction at having figured out the puzzle.

“Oh ... that’s how she has sex. That makes sense. I’ve never done it that way.” Electra rubbed her chin in thought. “How do we ... end her sex session?”

“Maybe if I eat the bee’s honey, that will distract them?” The badger started looking around for the hive.

“Oooooohhhhhh ... don’t stop ... don’t stop ... oooooohhhhhh,” the Infernaflos said.

“I never thought about bees collecting pollen being sexy before.” Ana Sofia winked at her brother.

“I think they’re trying to brainwash her with sex. Or at least torture her somehow with ecstasy.” Emilio frowned.

“You can torture me that way anytime.” Ana Sofia smirked.

“This is serious, we can’t ...” Emilio did a double-take. “Wait ... anytime?”

“Found it!” The badger broke open a wooden box with slats.

“They’ll sting you.” Ana Sofia moved away from the badger, pulling her brother by the hand.

“So? I’m a badger.” He pulled out a big hunk of honeycomb with honey oozing out of it and munched happily. The buzzing grew louder and bees swarmed him.

“The one thing you’re not afraid of is bees? I suppose that’s useful.” Emilio edged further away from the enraged swarm. “But surprising.”



It took the Infernaflos a few minutes to come out of her blissful stupor. When she recovered, she wasn't as grateful for the rescue as the others expected. It took some convincing to get her to leave the witch's arboretum.

"I've never known that pleasure. Will we really find such bees in the forest?" The Infernaflos lumbered after them through the dark trees under glass.

"Yes, I know a place." The badger licked honey off his lips as he padded next to his friend.

"That is good. That way I will not have to betray you as the witch wanted." There was relief in the Infernaflos's high voice. "She promised me that I would never leave the bees if I did as she asked."

The siblings exchanged a look.

Electra turned around and frowned. This tactic was what the clockwork woman had been expecting.

"What did she ask?" Emilio stopped in front of the Infernaflos, forcing the giant plant to come to an abrupt halt.

"Oh, she wasn't going to hurt you. She only wants the silly cloak you always wear." The Infernaflos pointed with a tentacle. "You know, that one right there. Once she got it, she said the bees would be all mine forever. But if there are more bees on the outside ..."

"Let's get Mom and get out of here." Ana Sofia clutched her brother's hand tighter.

"Yeah, let's hurry, Electra." Emilio's frown deepened.

"I wouldn't worry, you two." Electra tried to sound confident. "She's your mother, I'm sure she wouldn't betray you."

