

CHAPTER 18



THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Warlock of Claws 18

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Written by RawlyRawls

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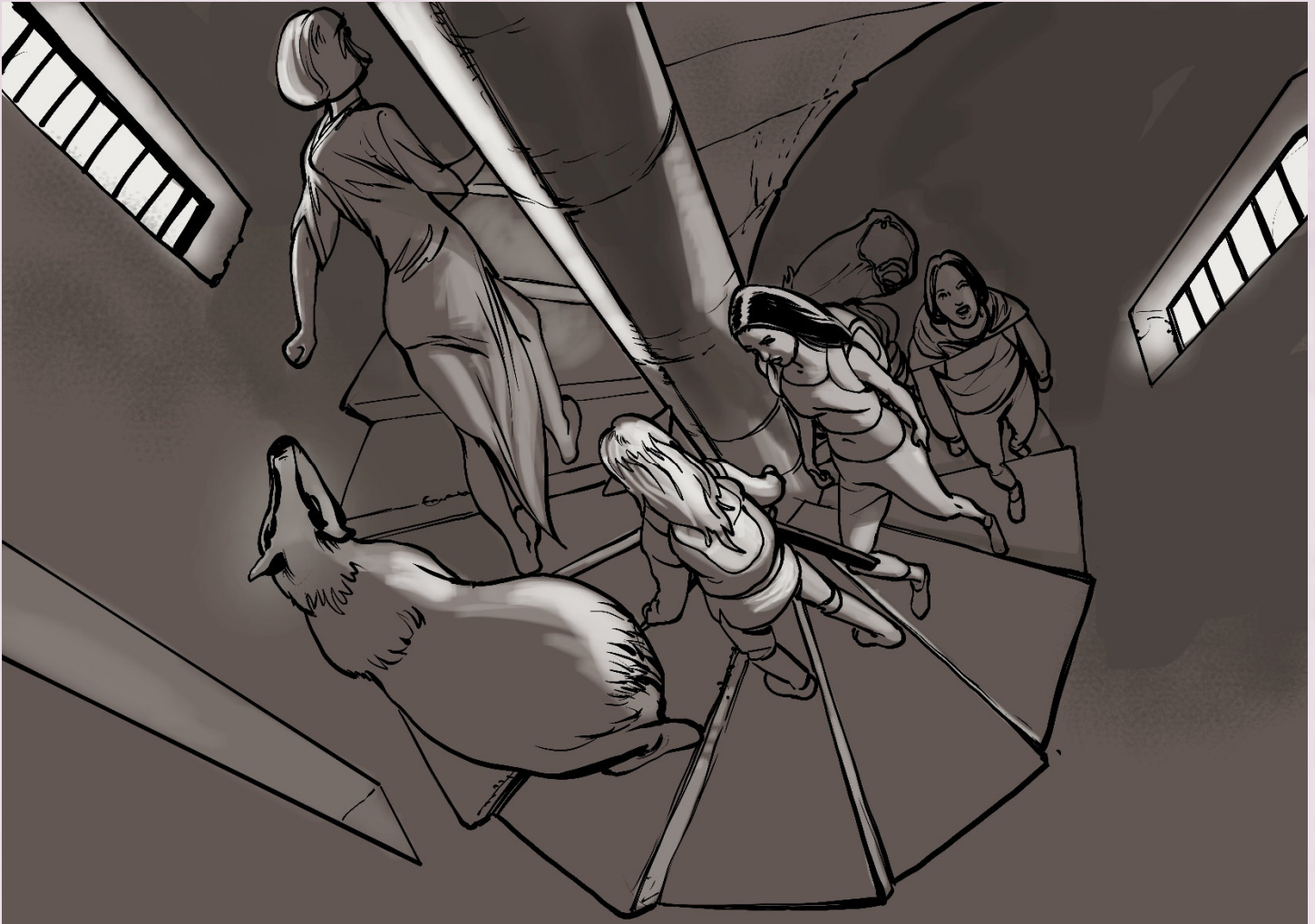
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They slowly ascended one of the witch's towers, spiraling up the stairs ever higher. Electra led the way, followed closely by the badger, who was shivering with fear. Wol hopped up the steps with her short legs, sword in hand. The Barrocal siblings came next, bravely holding hands. The Infernaflos, coming down from her apiary high, brought up the rear.



“Oh ... oh my ...” Electra exited the stairs, walked down a short hall, and stopped in front of a door. The closer she got, the louder the howls sounded in her ears.

“What’s behind that door? It sounds like wolves.” Emilio put his ear to the heavy door. There was clearly a low howl accompanied by a high, exuberant one. “My mother’s not in there.”



“Oh my ... I hope she isn't using *him*.” If Electra could have gone pale, she would have. “Badger, please sniff at the crack under the door and tell me if there's a human in there.”

Badger did as instructed. Fur bristled on his back after one whiff. “There is at least one wolf and a woman in there. I smell ... something horrible happening.”

“Well, open the door. She's dying in there!” Ana Sofia grabbed Electra's arm.

“Prepare yourself. This may be difficult for you to see. But you're right.” Electra already had her skeleton key ready at the end of her wrist. She fitted it into the lock. “We must save her.” She turned the key, removed it, and pushed the door open.

All six rescuers stared with wide eyes and dropped jaws.

The werewolf was on his back, lying on the bed. Sitting on him in reverse, facing the door, was Isabel. She had been recently bouncing, but was now locked to her lover. She didn't see the door open, her orgasm occupied too much of her mind. Without thinking about it, her ecstatic howl was harmonizing with Xander's. And even when his howl died away, she kept screaming her pleasure.



“Mom ... Mom!” Ana Sofia took a step toward her mother. *Oh, my God. I can see the outline of that penis through her belly!* She stumbled and leaned against her brother. The air in that room was thick with sperm, sweat, and carnal scents. She thought she was going to be sick.

Finally, Isabel’s orgasm subsided. The last of her howl died on her lips. But his knot was still lodged in her, so she knew another orgasm was right around the corner. Her eyes focused on the open door. “Oh ... no ... don’t look ... don’t look ... I ...” She covered her vagina and breasts with a hand and arm, but that did little to disguise what she was doing.



“Does your mother often mate wolves?” Wol cocked her head. “She seems to have skill. She’s taken his knot. You can see, they’re locked together.”



“Shut up, Wol!” Emilio pushed his sister away and strode toward their mother, his cloak billowing majestically.

“Watch out for his claws!” The badger had never seen a more terrible sight. He was sure the werewolf was about to eat his friend. And certainly, the badger would be next. “And his teeth!”

“We have to go, Mom.” Emilio grabbed his mother’s slender shoulders and tried to pull her off the werewolf. But her hips wouldn’t budge.

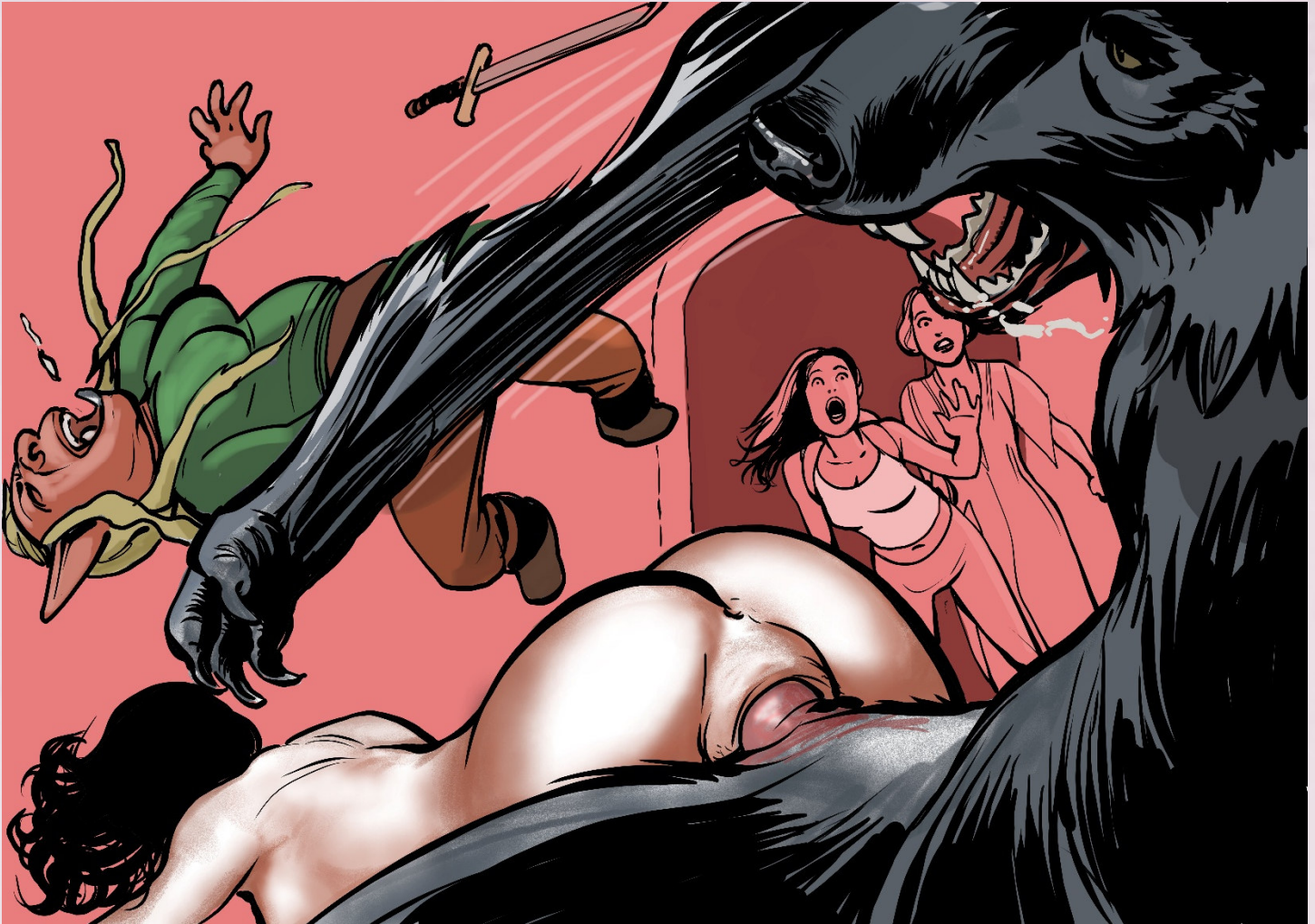
“Emilio ... Emilio ... I’m so sorry ... I’m ... I’m ...” Isabel’s eyes rolled back. She didn’t want to, but she was having another climax. When her son had pulled her, she had felt Xander’s fiery seed sloshing in her womb. It was too much. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”



“Rrroooarrrrrr!” Zander swiped at the human man with a claw, but the magical cloak intercepted his hand and held it away.

“What do we do?” Ana Sofia was in anguish. She turned toward Electra, but the clockwork woman didn’t meet her eye. “Electra, what do we do?”

“We kill the beast!” Wol sprinted, leapt in the air, and cleared the orgasming woman. But the wolf batted the goblin away with his free hand. Wol tumbled off the bed and rolled across the floor, her sword clattering away.



“Step back, Emilio. I know that werewolf, he’s dangerous.” Electra recovered herself. She had thought something like this was possible, but she hadn’t expected Xander. The witch was really pulling out the big guns.

Emilio gave his mother another tug, but when he couldn’t separate her from the wolf, he did as Electra instructed. The cloak let go of the werewolf’s hand as he went to help Wol off the floor. “What do we do?”

“We have to wait for his knot to shrink. Then we take your mother and run.” Electra looked around the room for a weapon to use on Xander. Of course, there was no silver in the room.

A low rumbling laugh echoed around the chamber. Xander chuckled, looking around his mate toward her son. “You brought the cloak to me. The witch will be pleased. And you returned a runaway slave.” He moved his gaze over to Electra. “None of you are leaving here. You’re all as trapped as this silly wife.” He slapped Isabel’s ass and eyed Emilio. “She may detest your essence, but my mistress will love your sartorial choices.”

Coming down from her latest climax, Isabel heard him, and her blood ran cold. When Xander had been talking about keeping her children in the tower, it wasn’t the pretty picture he’d been painting. They were all to be slaves. Heck, he had already enslaved her with pleasure. Even with these realizations she didn’t want to leave him. Her round, panicked eyes moved from one rescuer to the next. “Xander ... be nice to them ...” she squeaked.

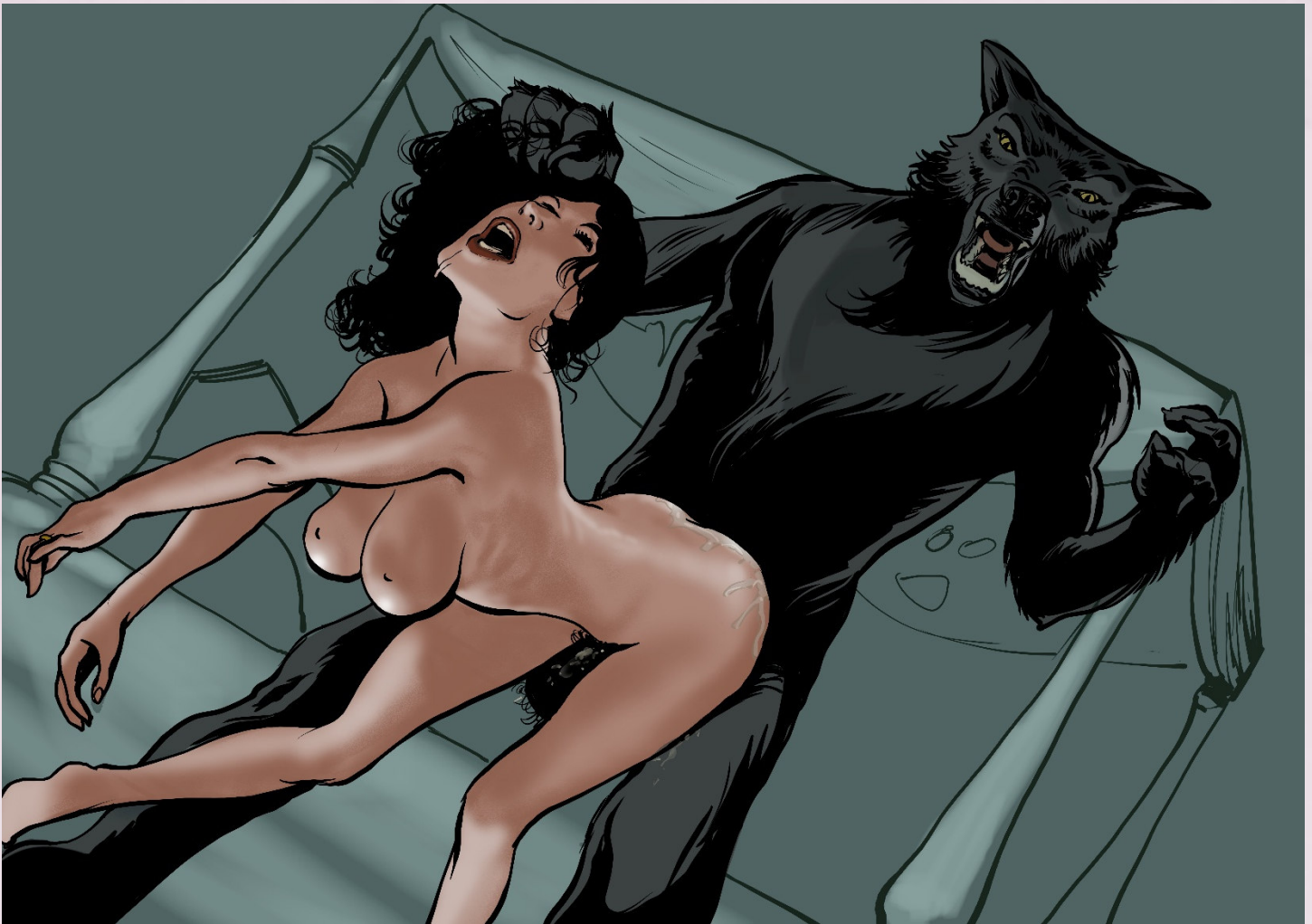


“There must be something we can do to separate them.” Emilio turned away from his mother as she violently shook her way through another orgasm.

“If we could kill the beast, his penis would shrink.” Wol got to her feet.

“No need for violence. You are our guests.” Xander sat up, making the woman on his lap move with his hips. He put his feet on the floor and stood. The silly woman was stuck to him and flopped bent over double. The pressure on his cock hurt a little, so he took her head with one of his clawed hands and held her weight that way.

“Sssnnoooooorrrrkkkkk!” Isabel had one of her snorting orgasms as she was roughly handled, the knot and penis pressing perfectly inside her. Her face was displayed for her friends, but she was barely aware that they were watching her eyes rolling back and her twisted expressions of passion.



"Give me the cloak, and I will leave you all in this room to be together." Xander still felt pleasure from the tight vagina gripping his cock, but he forced himself to overcome it. This was his moment of triumph.

"The wolf one is bad?" The Infernaflos was having a hard time understanding the odd moment. "Your mother does not want to mate him?" She asked Ana Sofia.

"No ... she's ... confused. She doesn't want this." Ana Sofia turned away from the plant and puked on the floor.

"It's like the bees." The infernaflos's voice was thoughtful. "We can get me more bees. You promised. We can do the same for her."

"What are you saying?" The badger shuddered in terror. He heard the audible plop as Isabel's vagina became decoupled from the monster. He watched with horror-filled eyes as the werewolf tossed the woman like a ragdoll onto the bed. "Now, he's going to eat us!" The badger covered.



Electra picked up a candlestick and stood bravely.

Emilio took a step toward the wolf, his cloak billowing.

Wol raised her sword, ready to charge.

Ana Sofia threw up again.

The Infernaflos charged before her friends could move. With adroit tentacles, she lifted the surprised wolf into the air, carrying him toward the window.

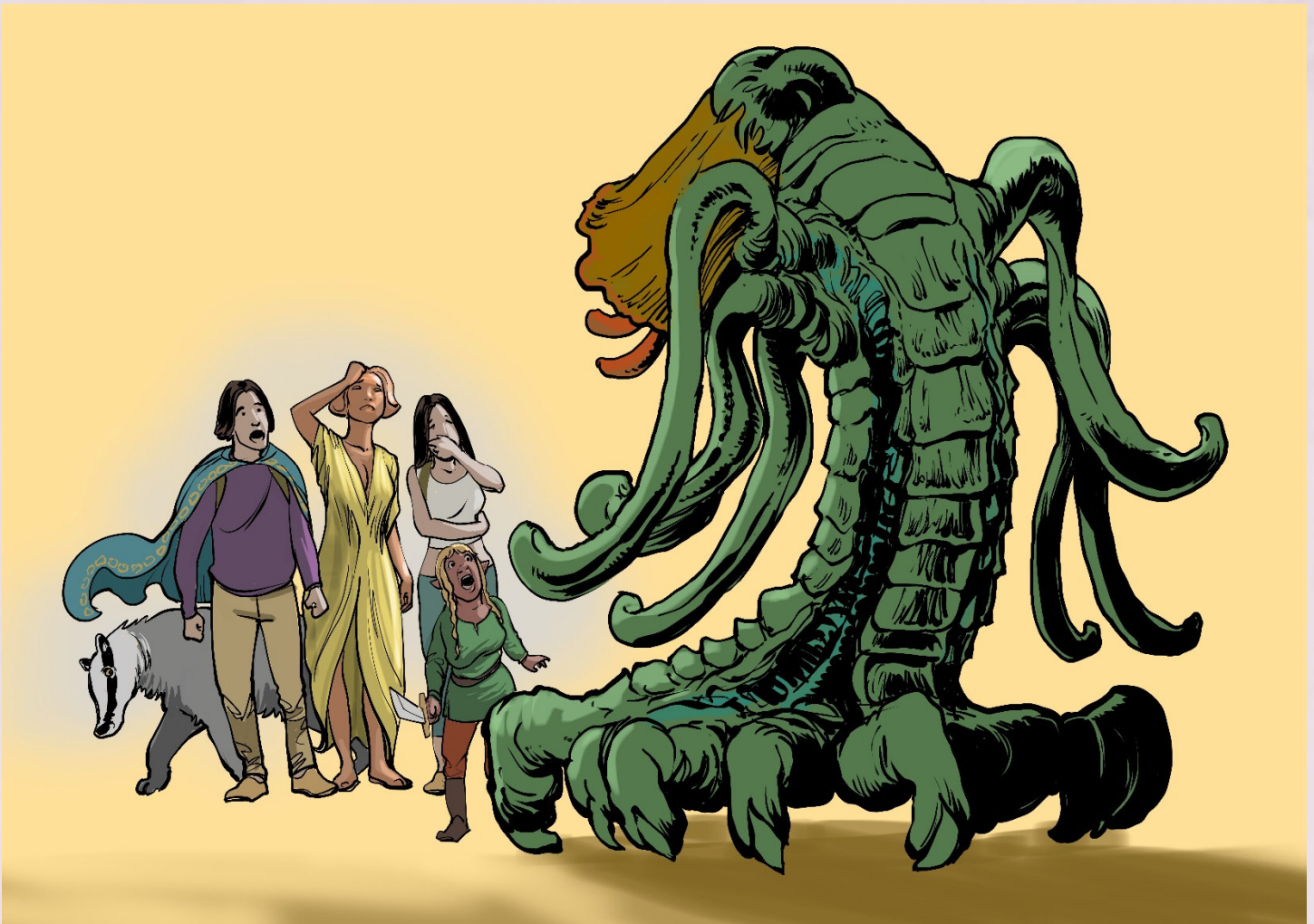
Xander couldn't believe how fast the plant was. When he was back on his feet, he was going to shred the thing to bits. He was having trouble getting out of its grasp though. Every which way he twisted, a tentacle moved to hold him facing the ceiling.



The Infernaflos reached the window. There was a crash of breaking glass. Xander howled with surprise, his voice slowly fading as he fell down the outside of the tower, until there was only the sound of the wind whistling through the now empty window. Everyone left in the room stared at the Infernaflos.

“What? The wolf was bad.” The plant did its best approximation of a shrug. “We can get her a new one.”

The group stood in stricken silence, trying to wrap their minds around what they had all just witnessed. It was Wol who first got them back into action. She jumped onto the bed. “We need to dress Isabel and get her on her feet. Am I correct in guessing that we need to leave this fortress as quickly as possible?” She directed the question toward Electra.



“Yes ... yes ... there’s no telling who heard Xander fall.” Electra stared at the window. “I knew him well.”

“He was a bad wolf,” the Infernaflos said with finality.

“He was.” Electra nodded.

“Does anyone see her clothes?” Wol looked around the room from her vantage on the bed, careful not to step on the nearly comatose human woman.

“No ... no ...” Emilio looked around. “But I can give her my cloak.”

The cloak recoiled at this, wrapping itself around him.

"I think that garment wants to stay with you." Electra pointed to the bedsheet. "We could cut some holes in that and put it on her."

They did just that, making a poncho from the sheet and pulling it over Isabel's head.



"Emilio ... Ana Sofia ... I'm so sorry you had to see that. It was terrible ... so terrible." She looked around with sex-stoned eyes. "Where is Xander? I think he should come with us. For ... you know ... safety. I'm sure he was joking about the ... prisoner thing." Slowly, she let her son help her to her feet. A sudden shiver hit as an orgasmic aftershock moved through her nerves with icy tendrils.

"Xander went out the window, dear." Electra gave the woman a consoling smile.

"What?" Horror and shock hit Isabel's face. "Is he okay?"

"He's dead, Mom." Emilio put an arm around his mother's shoulders.

Ana Sofia came around to their mother's other side and held her clammy hand. "He won't hurt you anymore."

Something like despair passed over Isabel's face. She shook her head and thought about other things. "I can't believe you saw me like that. Don't tell your father."

"He wouldn't believe any of this." Emilio guided his mother to the door. "Wol, can we go now?"

"Yes, I think so." Wol looked toward Electra. "What do you think?"

"We leave right now. I think with the racket Xander made on his way down, we'll be lucky not to meet the witch or her cronies in the stairwell." Electra curved her perfect lips into a brave grin, lending them all courage. "I do know a trick or two for handling the witch though."

"Who's that?" Isabel pointed at the clockwork woman, noticing for the first time that she wasn't quite human.

"She's a friend. She's helping us because we killed her old master with our house." Ana Sofia tried very hard not to think of the outline that the creature's dick had made through her mother's belly. If she dwelled on it, she might throw up again.

"She's amazing," the badger chimed in. He was somewhat less afraid now that they had defenestrated the werewolf.

The group organized itself with Electra in the lead.

Wol and the badger were right behind her.

The Barrocal family huddled together next. Even though their mother smelled strongly of beastly sex, Emilio and Ana Sofia had to be close to her for fear of losing her again.

In the rear, the Infernaflos trudged on. She was happy with herself for taking care of the bad wolf, and even happier that her friends were going to find such ecstatic bees to replace the ones she'd lost in the arboretum. She hoped Isabel would be just as happy with her replacement wolf someday.

