

CHAPTER 5



THE WARLOCK OF CLAWS



The Warlock of Claws 5

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"Oof ... oof ... oooooommmmmffffffffffffffff." Isabel squirmed under the harpy. It was kissing her neck and pressing its heavy, new penis onto her belly. "You're knocking ... the wind out of me ... with that thing." She gently pushed at the harpy's shoulders. "Maybe ... you shouldn't be ... oommmppphh ... putting your thing there ... and kissing me like that. We already ... made out ... and I haven't kissed a woman since college. And ... um ... I certainly haven't kissed anyone ... since I married Jose. I think we're both ... a little out of sorts. My mind ... is so ... fuzzy." She squirmed under the creature's pressing weight. "Why ... do I ... like you so ... much?"



"Enter ... enter ... enter," the other harpies sang in their strange, melodic voices.

"I don't think ... I don't think ... ooohhhhhh ... I don't think you realize ... that you're pushing it on my privates. I ... um ... oooooooooohhhhhhhh." Isabel's eyes bugged out, and her hips jerked. Her hands moved from pushing to pulling on the harpy's shoulders. She saw the creature's wings shudder, flap, and then fold back. "Oh ... my ... you're in my ... you know ... uuuuuggggghhhhh." Isabel's feet went up in the air. "I haven't ever ... cheated ... on Jose before ... this feels ... really strange. Was there ... was there ... anything in those drinks ... you gave me?"



With a slow steady rhythm, the harpy worked her cock into the human. The other harpies raised their voices in song, soothing the mating pair with their magical melody.

"Okay ... uugggh ... okay ... don't go ... too much deeper ... I think you're going to ... hit my cervix ... and ... nnnngggggggggggggggg." Isabel's body spasmed. She had had a boyfriend in college with a long penis. He had bumped up against her cervix a few times, and it had hurt like the dickens. But now ... her mind was spinning away with newfound pleasures. She hugged the harpy tightly to her as the thing made sweet, gentle love to her high up in the trees.

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In the gloom of the forest, Emilio could barely see the end of his cloak flapping. He was so used to it moving with an imaginary breeze, but the wind was howling high in the tree, whipping and snapping the fabric.

It wasn't clear to him if the darkness was a blessing or a curse. The good news: when he looked down, he had no idea how high he'd climbed. He was pretty sure he would have freaked out if he could see the ground way, way below. The bad news: he had to feel his way along for each branch. That made his progress incredibly slow.



"Mom? Mom!?" Emilio's voice died away instantly, gobbled up by the wind. He held on tight and climbed. Time moved slowly.

The harpies were cowards. The badger and Wol agreed on that. *Maybe Mom was able to scare them off. It's not like she'd willingly spread her legs for some horrible creature.* His mother wasn't like that at all. He could hardly even remember seeing her flirt with anyone but his dad. He gritted his teeth and decided to believe that his mother had already shooed away the creatures. When he arrived, she would be proud of him for the rescue, even if it was ultimately unnecessary.

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"You spent the night with one of my villagers, did you not?" Wol sat across the campfire from Ana Sofia. It hadn't been easy to get the blaze going without much kindling, but some dry moss had worked well enough. Wol sipped her soup and watched the woman closely. "Can you hear me? I am not talking in my head I do not think."



"I can hear you, Wol." Ana Sofia wondered what was happening to her mother and brother at that very moment. It was so strange that they could be fighting for their lives, while she sat there with an overly friendly goblin, drinking surprisingly delicious soup.

"The sorceress can enhance a goblin penis for one night. You know, to pleasure one of the larger creatures. Like humans." Wol slurped noisily and put her bowl down next to her on a rock. She made a circle with her thumb and forefinger on her left hand, then pumped her right forefinger through it while watching Ana Sofia to gauge her reaction. "Was it good?"

Ana Sofia blanched. "I have a boyfriend ... back home. His name is Brady, and he plays football."

"He must have very nice feet." Wol nodded and kept the piston of her finger plunging through the circle she'd made. "I recently opened up for a human-sized penis, too. And it was very good." She stopped her plunging and stood. "Tell me, how deep did your goblin lover get?" Wol put her hand below her own belt, about where the top of her pubic hair ended. It would have been easier to gauge the distances of her womb with her clothes off, but she judged that Ana Sofia wasn't chummy enough with her for that. "Was he about this deep?" Wol got no response and raised her hand up a few inches. "Here?" Still nothing. She raised it again. "About that deep?" The human was just staring at her. "It cannot have been more than this, it would have been all the way in your belly." Wol raised her hand up to about the level of her belly button. Wol arched her eyebrows and raised her hand up to her breasts. "Any further and it would be coming out of your mouth."



"I thought this wasn't real, Wol. I thought I was dreaming." Ana Sofia valiantly held back her tears. "I can't really get pregnant, can I? It was just the one time? Well, and then we did it again after that. And after that. But ..."

"Did you ask him to finish outside?" Wol sat back down and picked up her bowl.

"I thought it was a dream." Ana Sofia shook her head. "It felt really good. Like ... better than Brady even."

"Better than a football player?" Wol wasn't sure what football was or why it was relevant, but she could tell it was meaningful to Ana Sofia. And she really wanted to fit in with the humans.

"The goblin finished ... wherever he wanted to." Ana Sofia shuddered. Did she still have goblin spunk inside her womb right now? How virile were goblins? She had no idea. "I can't have a goblin baby."

"Dry your tears. You will not have a goblin baby." Wol gave her an encouraging smile and slurped some more soup.

"I won't?" Ana Sofia looked up, her face full of hope.

"No, it will be a half-breed. Half-goblin, half-human offspring are said to be very attractive. I haven't ever seen one, but ..." Wol cocked her head. "You're making a strange face. Are you tired?"

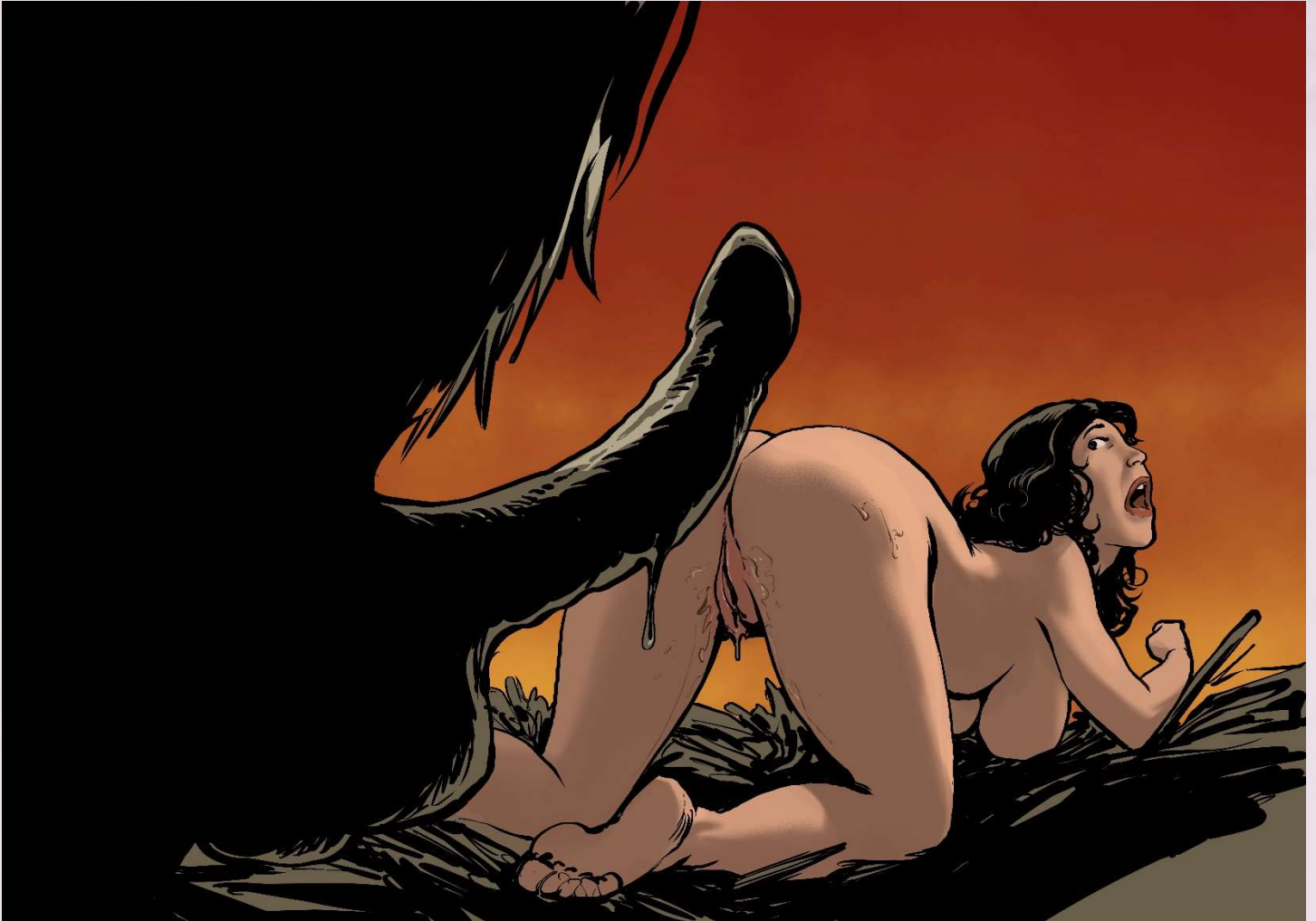
Ana Sofia stared at her goblin guide, her mouth hanging open in horror. It took her a minute, but she snapped her lips together and shook her head. "It's not going to happen. That's crazy. It was just the one time ... several times ... all night. I'm not pregnant." She nodded to herself and turned her attention back to her meal. "Let's talk about something else."

"Did I tell you that this forest has the fastest and fiercest giant spiders this side of the Sea of Sands?" Wol said.



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"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... Miss ... Harpy ... Ma'am ... what are you ... doing to me?" Isabel let the long penis withdraw from her. When the harpy turned her onto her belly, Isabel was putty in the creature's hands. "Are we done?" She looked over her shoulder at her strange lover, gawping at the size of the penis that had just been inside her. "Is all that wetness from me?" The penis glistened in torchlight. Isabel hadn't noticed the other harpies lighting torches, but she could see night had fallen around them. "My head is swimming. Jose would be done by now ... and I've had so many orgasms ... maybe we can rest for a while? I'm good at cuddling ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She kicked her feet against the moss bed as the harpy entered her from behind. "I ... guess ... it's okay ... if you want to ... do a little more ... of this ... eeeeeiiiiiii!?"



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Emilio paused. The wind howled through the branches of the tree. He thought he could hear something else. *Is that a scream?* He almost slipped, reached out in the black, and caught hold of a branch. His heart thumped in his chest like it wanted out. He couldn't blame it. He looked up. *Is that flickering light up there? Do the harpies have fire?* He didn't think it was a good idea to have fire up in a tree, but what did he know? He climbed faster.



By the time he was sure he could see firelight, he also heard a strange, melodious chanting. Female voices joined in harmony, and Emilio found the music so relaxing, he almost fell from the tree. It took him a moment to realize that magic was at play. "Cloak of Gales, cover my ears please." The cloak stopped billowing and obliged him. With the siren song muffled, Emilio continued to climb. He had to grip the underside of the nest to get to the top, and so that's what he did, inching his way over the lip. He was so exhausted and terrified from the climb, that he stumbled into the nest without registering what was going on.

Three harpies stopped singing, turned toward him, and hissed.

With the music gone, the cloak went back to billowing majestically, even though they were sheltered from the wind.



“Oooooohhhhhh ... Miss ... Harpy ... I can’t believe ... we’re still doing this.” Isabel rested her face on her arms as the harpy continued its gentle undulations from behind her.



"Mom!" Emilio's mind snapped into focus, his exhaustion forgotten.

"Emilio?" Had Isabel really heard her son's voice? *My son ... oh no ... what if he saw me like this?* But she was too ecstatic and relaxed to even lift her head. The horrible thoughts drifted away from her.

"Oh ... God ... no!" Emilio was too late. One of the harpies was slowly humping his mother, pinning her on her belly. The creature held his mother's hair and tenderly stroked her ass with its other hand. The harpy's horrible ass was visible just below its folded wings, flexing with each pump. Emilio fumbled for his sword, looking at the three hissing harpies as they approached him. They didn't look like cowards. It looked like they were going to toss him out of their nest.



When the sword's steel glittered in firelight, all four harpies stared at the intruding human with wide, fearful eyes. The one on top of Isabel quickly withdrew from her, its penis going soft almost instantly.

"Back ... back you devils!" Emilio swung the sword clumsily in the air. The cloak had to deftly dodge it so that it wouldn't get torn.



It didn't matter how poorly he swung the sword, the harpies wanted none of it. They all beat their wings and lifted into the air. Swiftly, they disappeared into the gloom.

"Mom ... Mom ..." Emilio ran over to his mother. Even given the circumstances, he couldn't help but spare a glance at the callipygian view. He hadn't seen his mother naked before, and the rounding curves from the small of her back out over her hips and ass were breathtaking. He chastised himself for looking and fell on the mossy bed next to her. "Cover her, Cloak of Gales."

The cloak did as requested, shielding her nakedness.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Emilio ... you chased Miss Harpy away. That's sad." She turned her head and smiled at her son, rolling onto her side. "I hope you didn't see what we were doing." Her pupils were dilated. "Did I ever tell you how handsome you are? Kiss me."



"No Mom, I'm not going to kiss you." Emilio put the sword by his side, making sure it would be visible if the harpies came back. He leaned away from her puckered lips. "I'm here to rescue you."

"My hero." Isabel giggled. "Just a little kiss for Mommy?"

"What? No." Emilio had to push her hands away from his belt. "What did they do to you?"

Emilio and the cloak spent the rest of the night holding his mother on the bed and spurning her advances. By daybreak, the harpy magic had started to wear off, and she finally fell asleep curled next to her son. Emilio dared not sleep, in case the harpies returned. He held his mother and kept his eyes on the brightening sky.

