

The Warlock of Claws

By Rawly Rawls © 2023

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

The wind howled as Isabel's eighteen-year-old son, Emilio, opened the front door. She was in her office, and she could hear it all the way across the house. She leaned away from her keyboard and yelled, "Welcome home, sweetie. Close the door before the storm takes it off its hinges." She heard the door slam and the storm's noise died down. She went back to working on her report.

"Is Dad home?" Emilio stood in the doorway to his mother's office. He was drenched, and dripping on the floor. He still had his backpack on, and he was gripping his shoulder straps with white knuckles.

"No, sweetie. Your father ran to the store. He'll be back soon." Isabel didn't take her eyes off her monitor.

"I'm going to text him to come home now. It's freaky out there. The sky's green, Mom." Emilio didn't move from the doorway. "Our bus almost got turned on its side from the wind." Slowly, he took his backpack off and set it in the hall.

"Mmm hhhmmmm." Isabel nodded absentmindedly, studying the firm's calculations on the monitor.

"Is Ana Sofia home?" Emilio was worried about his older sister. He didn't want her out in the storm either. The house rattled and shook. He took out his phone and texted his dad a warning about the storm.

“She’s playing games in her room, sweetie.” Isabel waved a dismissive hand at her son without taking her eyes off the screen. She adjusted her glasses and leaned toward the monitor. “These numbers can’t be right.”

The house was shaking violently now. “Mom, we should go down to the basement with Ana Sofia. This seems ...” The power went out. In the sudden gloom, he watched his mother slowly turn toward him, the situation dawning on her. Her eyes were wide, and her body was tense.

“Okay, maybe the basement is a good idea.” Isabel stood and nervously adjusted her sweater. “I’m sure it’s nothing. But just in case ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” She screamed like a little girl when the whole house shivered around her, nearly knocking her off her feet. Out of reflex, she ran to her son and gave him a great, big protective hug, cradling his head against her ample bosom. He was about her height, but a lanky young man. She held him like she was afraid the storm might blow him away.

“Mom ... Mom ... the basement.” A roaring cacophony made it hard for Emilio to talk. They *should* go to the basement, but he felt safe in her arms. There was a loud bang and suddenly the house was spinning around them. Mother and son fell to the floor, Isabel on top of Emilio. They slid across the floor from one wall to the other, gripping onto each other for dear life. The world became one terrible nauseating nightmare, and it seemed that they only had each other.

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Eventually, the house gave one last bone-rattling boom and was silent. Slowly, Isabel and Emilio loosened their grip on each other and looked around. The house seemed mostly intact, but it was a terrible mess. Every frame had fallen from the walls. Furniture was stacked in piles. Windows were broken. They could hear dripping water somewhere nearby.

“Basement. We need to go in case it happens again.” Emilio shot up onto his feet and ran to the basement stairs. He opened the door and looked down at ... he wasn’t sure what he was looking at. The stairs were gone. The basement was gone. And in its place, there was what looked like a forest floor. “What the fuck?” He said under his breath. “Ana Sofia!” He turned and ran toward the stairs up to their bedrooms. He nearly ran into his mother, who was following him. He bolted up the stairs, swung his sister’s door open, and found her cowering on the floor amid the wreckage of her room.

His mother joined Emilio upstairs, and they helped Ana Sofia to her feet. They were all miraculously uninjured. After some weeping, several failed attempts to get a signal on

their phones, and a brief tour of the destruction in their house, they decided to see what their street looked like in the aftermath. Squinting in the sunshine, Isabel, Ana Sofia, and Emilio Berrocal stepped out into what was definitely *not* their street.

Ana Sofia blinked and brushed her messy, purple hair out of her face. She stared in wonder. "What ... the fuck?" There were two dozen half-sized people cheering and dancing. She could tell they weren't children. Some of them looked as old as her mother. But they were all under three feet tall, they all had pointy ears, and they were all naked above the waist. They also had under-fangs and orangish skin. Ana Sofia had never seen so many boobs bouncing as the small people hopped and clapped for joy. They seemed to be in a meadow on the edge of a large, looming forest. She felt queasy looking at the towering trees. *Where's our street?*

"Language ... Ana Sofia." Isabel's tone was soft and distant. She adjusted her glasses. "Are you two seeing them, too?"

"Yep." Emilio's dick would have been hard if he hadn't been terrified. He'd never dreamed of seeing so many tits at once.

"This isn't happening." Ana Sofia shook her head slowly back and forth. She grabbed her mother's hand and held it tight.

Are they elves? They look like elves. Emilio took a deep breath and calmed himself enough to listen to what the elves were chanting.

"You killed him ... you killed him ... we are free ... we are free ... the evil Warlock of Wind is dead ... he is dead ... you killed him ... and the goblins are free," the goblins chanted in unison.

They're not elves. Cute goblins then, I guess. Emilio reached out and caught his sister as she fainted. He glanced back and saw that someone had been crushed by the house. Not someone, something. It was large, furry, and seemed to have the upper body of a man but the head of a wolf. Its lifeless tongue hung out of its mouth, and its unseeing eyes stared straight at the Berrocals. Emilio shivered, handed his unconscious sister to his mother, and walked over to the beast. He couldn't see its lower half, but it had a fine cloak draped around its shoulders. He picked up the blue and gold cloak. Miraculously, it wasn't stained by the wolf's seeping blood. Still holding it, he turned to the goblins.

"This wolf guy was the evil warlock?"

"Oooooooooooooo," the goblins stopped cheering and stared in wonder.

A female goblin with an elaborate headdress walked with reverence toward Emilio. "You carry the magical Cloak of Gales. It is yours now. Put it on."

"Um ... okay." Emilio nodded but didn't move to put it on. "So, does it give me powers over the wind or something?"

The female goblin shrugged. "I think it just billows dramatically, even without a gale present. He was a theatrical warlock. Very evil. Very showy. Now, very dead." She smiled at him. "Put it on."

"Okay." Emilio swung the cloak onto his shoulders. Sure enough, it billowed behind him even though there wasn't the slightest breeze.

The goblins let out a loud cheer that woke Ana Sofia from her faint. Emilio walked over to make sure his sister was okay. He felt quite majestic, but a bit unwieldy with the cloak rolling in an imaginary wind behind him.

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The Berrocals were surrounded by the grateful goblins. Ana Sofia recovered enough to walk, but wouldn't acknowledge that anything was real. Emilio held her hand reassuringly, like she used to do for him when they were younger. Isabel, ever practical, locked the front door, and they left their house, and the dead warlock, in the meadow.

The joyous goblins led them to their cave-town, celebrating for all to hear. There were bonfires lit, and all sorts of refreshments served. The Berrocals learned that the death of the Warlock of Wind had ended his reign of terror for this part of the wood. They had killed the shapeshifting beast by landing their house in someplace called the Mottled Forest. When Isabel asked about going home, the goblins said they'd never heard of Kansas or any sort of states, united or otherwise.

Ana Sofia got very drunk on mead. Emilio munched on cave-grapes and cave-carrots, starting to relax. He couldn't be sure this wasn't all a dream, as his sister kept insisting. Whatever it was, the food was good, and the goblins had splendid tits. He was thankful to them for putting them all on display. Isabel refused to eat, and insisted that someone tell her how to take her family home. Her husband would be very worried about them.

"The Claws ... the Claws ..." the goblins would chant in answer to Isabel's questions.

It was very late when the female goblin with the fancy headdress stood on a large boulder and addressed the Barrocals. "The Warlock of Claws will be able to send you home. We will give you a guide to find his city of Claws. I see your human looks of fear, but don't worry. The Warlock of Claws is benevolent. You may sleep here tonight. In the morning, we will give you gifts for your journey, and you will leave us. But now, you must rest." She bowed her head.

"Is that goblin wearing my socks?" Isabel whispered to her son.

“Uh ... yeah ... I think so.” Emilio could plainly see that his mother’s wool, argyle socks were pulled up each of the goblin’s legs, extending almost to her short skirt. He looked around and for the first time noticed that many of the celebrating goblins were wearing their clothes and accessories. He saw one with his father’s reading glasses. Another had Emilio’s baseball mitt on his head. “I think they went into our house and took our stuff. But ... don’t hassle them about it. They’re going to get us home.”

Isabel nodded to her son. She spoke loudly for the female goblin to hear. “Thank you for your hospitality. We appreciate your help.”

“The deal is done.” The female goblin smiled brightly. “We will now show you to your rooms for the night.”

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“Oh, hello.” Isabel was surprised by the arrival of a male goblin in her luxurious room. She hadn’t heard the door open. She was almost ready for bed. She hadn’t thought to bring pajamas, so she was dressed only in panties. She quickly crossed her arms over her chest so he wouldn’t see her breasts and turned her back to him. Eyeing him over her shoulder, she noticed that unlike the other goblins, he was completely naked. He had a penis dangling between his legs that would have been large for a human, so it looked giant on the poor, small fellow. “Can I help you?” Isabel said.

“As a thank you for your heroic deed, I have been instructed to give you company for the night. I have been enhanced by our sorceress so that I might pleasure a human.” He smiled good-naturedly at her and began masturbating. Quickly, his penis inflated.

“Ooohhhh ... gosh. No thank you. We only just met.” She stared at the monstrous, growing penis with wide eyes. “And I’m married. I need to go to sleep.” She quickly jumped into the small, but lavish bed and pulled the covers up to her chin.

“Are you sure? I would be happy to pleasure you however you like.” The goblin continued to pump his penis with both hands.

“No ... thank you.” Isabel squeaked. The penis looked so ungainly. It made her tummy feel warm, and her mind dizzy. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, My Lady.” The goblin stopped touching himself, turned, and quickly left.

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Ana Sofia stared with wide eyes at the male goblin with the mammoth penis. He was masturbating furiously. She tried to look away, but couldn't. "I'm drunk ... I have a boyfriend ... we shouldn't."

"Are you sure? I would be happy to pleasure you however you like." The goblin smiled at her.

"It's only a dream. What does it matter?" Ana Sofia quickly undressed. "Lie on your back on the bed ... my little friend. We're going to have some fun."

As she tossed away her bra, she wondered if there was a female goblin in her brother's room at that moment. "That would be weird."

"Excuse me, My Lady?" The goblin looked up at her from the bed.

"Nothing ... nothing. Let's kick this dream up a notch." She lowered her panties and hopped onto the blanket next to her new friend.

Chapter 2

“Goblin ... dick ... goblin ... dick ... I’m ... riding ... goblin dick.” Ana Sofia was having the strangest dream. “Uuuggghhhh ... uuggghh ... uuuggghhhh ... you’re deeper ... than Brady.” She usually had wet dreams about her boyfriend, Brady, so it was odd that she was bouncing on a half-sized goblin with a huge penis in what Brady would probably have called ‘a crazed cowgirl position.’

“I have been told ... to pleasure you ... however you wish.” The goblin’s face was twisted in pleasure of his own. “Are your nipples ... aaarrrrrggghhhh ... sensitive?”

“Oooohhhhhhhh ...” She glanced down at his long under-fangs. “Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... but only use ... your hands.” She shuddered to think what would happen if he accidentally bit her tit.

The goblin skillfully rolled her nipples with his fingers. “I ... uuuggghhhh ... hope you are enjoying this ... your nipples and breasts are bigger than most goblin ... assets.”

“Ohhhhh ... fuck ... ooohhhhh ... God ... ooohhhhh ... I’m cumming ... you huge-cocked ... goblin.” Ana Sofia threw her head back and screamed. There was no reason to keep it down. This was all a strange dream, after all. There would be no consequences if her family, or anyone else, heard her.

A few homes away in the cave-town, Isabel sat up in bed. Some woman was crying out in the night. At first, she thought the woman was in pain. It almost sounded like her daughter. But then, Isabel realized that it was pleasure she was hearing. As she listened some more, it became clear to her that it wasn’t Ana Sofia. The voice was similar, but the cries were oddly animalistic. And anyway, her daughter wouldn’t be having sex. Brady hadn’t come with them to this strange world.

The sound did intrigue Isabel. Alone in her room, she listened through the open window. The cries died down, but the thought of them lingered. *It must be some married goblins nearby who are very much in love.* It was sweet. And hot. She pulled the covers off herself and slid her hand under her panties. A few minutes later, the great wails of pleasure rose again, echoing into her room from outside. It sounded like that female goblin was having the time of her life. It wouldn’t hurt anyone if Isabel had a little fun, too. She bit her bottom lip and started rubbing her clitoris in earnest.

Several houses further down the lane, Emilio was staring at a naked goblin with huge breasts ... for a goblin.

“Do you hear? That is your sister, she is already enjoying one of my comrades.” The goblin cocked her head and listened. After a moment, she rubbed her chin. “If you would

prefer a goblin with a penis, I think your mother already sent Strelb away. I could fetch him for you.”

“No shit, you offered my mom a ... um ... well ...” Emilio couldn’t pull his eyes off the goblin’s amazing tits. “No penises for me, thanks.”

“So, may I pleasure you? It is the least we can do in thanks for killing the Warlock of Wind.” She glanced at the blue and gold cloak draped over a chair. “I have been chosen because I have the most human-sized breasts and hips.” She twirled. “Do you like my butt?” She stopped with her backside facing him and wiggled. “I know I am still too short for you, but I promise you can fit your big, manly penis in me. I have been practicing all evening.”

“Um ... what’s your name?” Emilio could hear his sister cumming again. She was some distance away, but the sound carried. And she was screaming loudly. He had heard about multiple orgasms, and it seemed they were possible. It sounded like Ana Sofia was really going wild. It sounded like she was on orgasm number five.

“They call me Wol.” Wol turned back to face him and gave him a naked curtsy. She smiled sweetly. Or as sweetly as her fangs would allow. “Shall I pleasure you with my mouth?”

Emilio tensed. “Um ... no thanks. Maybe we could just start with your hands?” *This is really happening. I’m in a magical forest, and a pretty goblin wants to bang me.*

Wol beamed at him. “I promise you will be happy with me.” She jumped onto the bed, threw off his covers, and pulled his penis out of his underwear. “Whoa. I knew humans were big, but ...” She nodded to herself, and experimented with grasping the veiny thing with her little fingers. “It is fine. Let us begin.”

Back in Ana Sofia’s house, she was now on her hands and knees. Her mate stood on the mattress behind her, his small hands digging into her ass cheeks. “Good ... dream ... good ... dream ... deep ... cock ... deep ... cock ... uuuggghhhh,” she chanted to the rhythm of the goblin’s hips.

“Miss ... Ana ... Sofia ... it is ... uuuggghhhhhh ... uncommon ... but ... goblins ... and humans ... have been known to breed.” The goblin’s hips accelerated. “It is ... an honor ... for a goblin ... to conceive ... a half-human child. But ... uuuggghhh ... I have heard ... that human women do not like ... to carry half-goblin ... babies.”

“That’s ... so ... hot.” Ana Sofia’s tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her eyes rolled back.

“I mean ... I am close to completion ... where should I finish?”

“Knock ... me up ... knock ... me up ... knock ... me ... uuupppppp ... put it ... inside ... mmmmmmmmm ... uuuuuggggggghhhhhhh.” Ana Sofia had never had sex without a condom

before. Maybe cum was always scalding in your womb. Or maybe goblin spunk came in hot. Either way, the feeling of his molten seed deep inside her sent her into another mind-rending orgasm. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!”

In her house, Isabel arched her back and lifted her butt off the sheets. She could hear the lovely goblin lady climaxing again. It sounded to Isabel like the goblin’s husband might be finishing inside her. “Oh ... Gosh ... nnnnnngggggggggg.” Isabel rubbed her little button furiously and had an orgasm to remember.

In Emilio’s house, he was watching Wol slowly lower herself onto his dick. “Are you sure it will fit?” He said.

“I told you, I have been practicing, human.” Wol gave him a cross look. She was standing with her legs spread, her feet on either side of his hips. She squatted a little lower until the head of his monstrosity pushed at the entrance to her secret cave. Bravely, she dropped her hips some more. “Oooooooooooooooooo.” She pursed her lips and squeezed her eyes shut. “It is ... a tight ... fit.”

“Oh ... Wol ... you’re my ... first,” Emilio blurted.

Despite the pain, her eyes shot open. “You have not ... taken a woman ... yet?” Her mouth hung open with the feeling of being spread completely and ... incredulity. “But ... you are so tall.”

“I’m only ... eighteen ... Wol.” He watched his dick inch its way into goblin pussy. She was incredibly wet, warm, and tight. Actually, she was more than warm. It felt like he’d stuffed his dick into the most wonderful furnace in the world.

“I ... see ... human.” She nodded as she bottomed out on his penis. She held herself there, praying she would adjust to his human size.

“Call me ... Emilio ... please.” He wanted to reach for her breasts, but didn’t want to offend her. He kept his hands by his sides.

“Well ... Emilio ... would you like me to gyrate ... like a snake ... or bounce ... like a monkey?” Slowly, carefully, she rotated her hips a little.

“Like a monkey ... please.” Emilio locked eyes with her and smiled. But his expression quickly twisted when she started humping him in earnest. It was quite a sight to watch her take great squatting lunges.

“You ... are ... huge ... Emilio!” Wol pushed through her discomfort. She could feel ecstasy rapidly approaching.

“I’m ... normal sized ... for a human ... ahh ... ahh ... ahh ... I think.” He was mesmerized by the athletic feat on display. She really was going all out to please him.

“For ... a ... human ... uuuuugggghhhhhh.” Wol’s eyes rolled back, her hair flew about her pointy ears, and she shuddered out her climax. Humping humans was wonderful. She wasn’t sure she could go back to goblins after this. They rutted for a long time, only changing positions once. Wol was now riding him in reverse saddle. She was a quivering, sweaty mess. And she loved it.

“I’m going ... to cum ... Wol.” Emilio stared at her small, rippling ass. She was so lovely.

“It ... would be ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... an honor ... to take ... your seed.” She sped up her hips, giving everything she had for this last leg of the race. Her muscles burned and bliss filled her mind.

“Okay ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” That was all Emilio could say. He unloaded inside her waiting, tight pussy. He didn’t know if a human pussy would be better, but he doubted it. Whatever the case, sex was way better than fapping.

When her mate had finally quieted under her, Wol pulled off him with a wet plop. She stood on the bed next to him, her knees wobbling. “Now that ... I have pleased you ... I expect ... that you will want me to leave.”

“If ... you want.” Emilio lay on the bed, trying to catch his breath. He watched her cute ass shake as she hopped off the bed. “Or ... you could stay here ... if you want. Would you like that ... Wol?”

She turned back to him, beaming. “I did not think you would want that.” Wol crawled back into bed and happily rested her head on his chest, pressing her body close to his. “Your seed is not as fiery as what I am used to ... but there is so much more of it.” She gave a contented sigh.

“Oh ... okay. Sounds good.” Tentatively, Emilio put his hand on her back and squeezed her small body into his. He yawned. “I miss home. But I think I like it here.” He yawned again.

“Well, perhaps before you leave, I could show you ...” Wol stopped speaking when he snored. She craned her neck and looked up at him. He was asleep. “I guess in some ways you are similar to male goblins.” She chuckled and rested her head on him again. Soon, they were both asleep.

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In the morning, the Barrocals woke to find themselves alone in their rooms. But, happily, a warm bath had been brought to each room. They cleaned themselves, dressed,

and wandered outside, spotting each other in the busy lane. It was easy since they towered above everyone else. They moved toward one another.

“What’s wrong, Ana Sofia? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Isabel rushed toward her daughter.

“I ... um ... thought this was a dream.” Ana Sofia rubbed her belly, thinking about what the goblin had said about half-goblin babies. A chill went down her spine. “This is really ... scary.” She waved her hands at the bustling town around them. “Are we really here?”

“Yep, we’re here. And I don’t think it’s so bad.” Emilio had a big smile on his face. He stretched and greeted his mother with a kiss on the cheek. “Anyway, these awesome goblins have said they’ll show us the way home. So ... no worries.”

Both Barrocal women eyed him like he’d gone insane.

“We have indeed!” The female goblin with the headdress from the night before strolled up to them. “Let us get you a hearty breakfast, supplies, and put you on the road. You have a long way to travel to meet the Warlock of Claws.”

As she said those words, the goblins passing them in the street echoed, “Claws ... Claws ... Claws.”

“Come on. I will introduce you to your guide as we eat.” The leader goblin beckoned them, and the three Barrocal followed deeper into cave-town.

Chapter 3

The four travelers walked through dim tunnels. The goblin guide in the lead.

“Um ... your outfit is different, Wol.” Emilio was enjoying the memory of what she looked like naked. Her appearance really had changed. The short creature was dressed in a concealing tunic, cloak, trousers, and boots. She also wore a sword on her belt and a pack on her back.

“You know this goblin?” Isabel leaned close to her son as they followed their new guide through the underground. There were torches burning along the walls. Isabel didn’t think it was safe to leave fire unattended, but she was grateful for the light.

“Um ... no ... Mom. I just mean ... you’re dressed differently than the other goblins, Wol.” Every goblin Emilio had seen so far had been either naked or half-naked. He was wearing his own clothes, plus the Cloak of Gales which majestically billowed around his pack despite the lack of any breeze.

Wol looked over her shoulder at the Barrocal. They loomed like pale giants behind her. Despite looking backward, she deftly avoided a stalagmite. “I borrowed these clothes from the elves. I had always wanted to have an adventure, so when we were scrounging from our friendly elven neighbors, I lifted this stuff. That was one of the reasons I volunteered to guide you to the Warlock of Claws.” She winked at Emilio. “There were other reasons, too.”

Emilio blushed.

Isabel was behind her son, so she couldn’t see his face. But his body language said he wasn’t telling her everything. She hefted her own pack on her shoulders and hiked on. She would have to pry later. Now wasn’t the time. She looked over her shoulder. “Are you feeling better, Ana Sofia?” Her daughter had looked terrible all day. The poor woman was pale with her face drawn right. Before Ana Sofia could answer, Isabel had an accident. “Ow!” Isabel ran into a stalagmite and stubbed her toe.

Wol stopped and looked back at the howling woman. “You should not make such noise. You do not know who might be listening.” The human kept hopping and shrieking. “Okay. It is time for a break anyway.” She shrugged and removed her pack. At this rate, it would take forever to reach the Warlock.

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They camped that night in the caves. Wol would have preferred to be well into the forest by then, but her humans were slow and clumsy. She had to admit that this was true even for her lovely Emilio. She frowned as she watched him struggle erecting a tent. At least he had no trouble erecting other things.

Wol cooked them supper over a fire. After they had eaten, they all readied themselves for sleep. In their underthings, they stood outside their tents, looking at the goblin. "Go on then, humans. Get some sleep!" Wol shooed them into their tents.

"How does it work?" Isabel looked at her son dressed only in his underwear. She could see the soft bulge of his penis. "I mean, which tent do I sleep in? There are four of us and only two tents."

"Two tents are a luxury," Wol said. An idea seized her, and she smiled. "I will sleep with human Emilio. You two women can sleep in the other tent."

"I don't know." Emilio had all sorts of conflicting thoughts and emotions.

Isabel's eyes widened when she saw her son's penis jerk and grow in his underwear. *Does he desire a goblin? Truly, teenage boys will stick it in anything.* She shook her head. "No offense, Miss ... um ... Miss Wol, but I can't have him sleeping with anyone in his tent. He's eighteen."

"He's eighteen?" Wol cocked her head. "Does that mean he eats goblins or something? Because I can take my –"

"I'll take this tent. You and Ana Sofia can sleep in that one." Emilio dove into a tent. He needed to disappear before everyone saw his boner.

"Fine." Isabel rolled her eyes at her odd young man. "Come along, Ana Sofia." She and her daughter disappeared into the other tent.

"I see." Wol shook her head and rolled out her matt by the fire. "One night we're cuddling, the next it is befuddling," she grumbled as she got comfortable.

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Something woke Emilio. Being in a cave, it was hard to tell what time of night it was. He heard what sounded like the strangest animal. "Aaaaooooouuccckkkk ... gggggguuuuuuccckkkk ... aaaayyyuuuccckkkk." The sounds were loud and quite close.

Emilio slowly got up, hugging himself and shivering in the tent. "Mom? Wol? Ana Sofia?" He whispered their names, but no one responded. He snuck to the front of the tent and

stuck his head out. At the edge of their camp, he saw his sister bent over. She was the one making those sounds. She was throwing up. Their mother was next to her, holding her hair back.

Wol was also throwing up, more quietly, about ten feet away from them. The goblin finished and rinsed her mouth with water. "Well, goblin pregnancies run faster than human ones. They say morning sickness starts the next day." She gave a nervous laugh. "Let us hope it is not that. I have managed to avoid having a baby up to this point. It would be ridiculous for me to guide you all with a round belly." She spotted Emilio and gave him a knowing look.

"Don't worry, Miss Wol." Isabel said. "Ana Sofia is sick, too. So, I'm sure it's just something you both ate."

"Maybe." Wol shrugged. "It is morning time, anyway. We must start our day."

Emilio stood in his underwear, staring at the goblin with a horrified expression. He did not want to have a half-goblin baby. He did not want to have any kind of baby.

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When they exited the cave system, they were in the deep, dark forest. The trees towered above them. It was clear that it was indeed morning time up above the canopy, but on the ground, they moved through perpetual gloom.

After several hours of hiking, Emilio noticed something bright winding through the trees to their left. He fought with his cloak so it wouldn't billow in his way as he tried to peer over. Eventually, he realized he could control which direction the cloak blew by thinking about it. That was convenient. He sent it off to the right and watched the glittering snakelike thing peek through the trees here and there. After trying to figure it out for a half-hour of walking, he decided to ask. "Wol, what is that golden thing to our left?"

Wol hissed. "That is the golden, stone road."

Isabel tripped on a branch and steadied herself. She was holding her daughter's hand to give her support, but thankfully that support went both ways. "Excuse me, Miss Wol. Why don't we take the road? Does it not lead us to Claws?"

"It would lead us there, all right," Wol's voice was sibilant in the gloom. "And the Warlock of Wind had friends. They might start looking for you. They would spot you there. And there are other things that haunt that path. We could take the gold road. It

would be wonderfully quick and would likely lead to our deaths. No goblin ever goes that way. Come, we are too close to it as it is." She turned and led them off to the right.

They took a break at midday. Emilio studied his sister. She looked like she was in shock. Their mother was doing her best to care for her, but this place wasn't agreeing with Ana Sofia. "Wol, can we talk?" Emilio walked away from his family until they were out of sight. The goblin followed him.

"Are we pretending that we did not copulate?" Wol said before he could state what was on his mind. "Where I am from, we hump freely. Does your mother not approve?"

"Um ... oh ... yes ... I don't think she would approve." Emilio watched her get closer. Before he knew what she was doing, her little hands had pulled down his pants, and she was avidly two-fisting his dick. "Wol ... I'm ... uuugghhhh."

"Don't worry, I will make sure to do this in private at all times." She looked up at him lovingly. "You humans really do have giant penises." She giggled. "What did you want to talk about?" She continued the handjob.

"Um ... how long ... will it take ... to reach the Warlock?" His cloak started rolling in the imaginary breeze to the same rhythm as Wol's hands. "My sister isn't well."

"She shouldn't have let my clansman finish inside her." She paused her hands and tried to judge the sudden change to his face. "Either you just became angry or hungry. I cannot tell."

"Neither ... I'm shocked. But ... she's not ... what you said about morning sickness ... there's no way ... she ..." Emilio's cock gave a lurch. "Holy shit ... Wol ... I'm going to ... uuugghhhh ... cum."

"I'll take you for lunch." Before he could protest, she sucked his cock into her mouth.

"Damn ... that suction ..." He was terrified of her fangs, but it felt too good to stop her. And she seemed to be skilled at keeping his dick away from her teeth.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He arched his back and came, listening to her gulp him down.

Afterward, they walked back to the women.

"Everything okay?" Isabel looked from the goblin to her son and back again, her eyes narrowing. "I thought I heard something."

"Your son was just asking me about our travel time. He stubbed his toe and screamed. We should all really keep the noises down." Wol wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "As for our journey, it should be a few days." She eyed Ana Sofia and Isabel. They were not fit travel companions. "Maybe a few more than a few now that I think about it." She offered Isabel a hand up, but the woman did not take it. "Break time is over. Let us

get moving. We do not want to be in this part of the forest when night falls.” Wol pulled on her pack and waited for the humans to ready themselves.

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“Shh!” Wol put a finger to her lips and ducked down. It was late in the day, and the darkness seemed to creep around them.

“We weren’t saying any –” Isabel put her hands on her hips. She didn’t like the way the pint-sized creature talked to them.

“The sound of wings.” Wol’s eyes grew big. “I thought mating season was over. But the harpies linger. We will need to find cover –”

“I don’t hear anything.” Isabel gave the goblin a cross look. “If there is something ... oohhhhhhhhh ... nnnooooooooooooo.” Isabel suddenly was no longer on the ground. Great talons gripped her and carried her off.

Wol hissed and leapt into the air. She had her sword out in a flash, and she swung at the talons that reached for Emilio. Then she ran at him, vaulted off his chest, flipped in the air, and sliced the harpy that went for Ana Sofia.

Dark wings beat above them as the creatures fled. Isabel’s screaming voice faded into nothingness. Emilio and Ana Sofia stared at each other, and then ran into each other’s arms. They trembled as they clutched each other. How had he taken things so lightly? This place was evil, and he had no business enjoying any of it. “What do we do, Wol?” He looked over at the goblin, who was cleaning her sword.

“Say thank you for saving your skins. Those blasted harpies. They wanted all three of you.” Wol slid her blade into its sheath.

“Thank you ... Wol.” Ana Sofia’s voice was weak and thin. “What about ... Mom?”

“I tried to warn her. I was just ... oh ... you mean saving her?” Wol pointed to a rocky outcrop ahead. “We will camp for the night. In the morning, we can find the roost. I doubt we will have too much trouble with a rescue. Harpies are cowards: horny cowards.” She looked dubiously at the humans. “You can climb trees, right?”

Sister and brother hugged each other tightly and stared at their guide.

Chapter 4

“Shouldn’t we search for Mom now?” Emilio held his sister’s trembling hand. They followed their guide to a rocky outcrop where she planned to make camp.

“You said the Harpies were horny. Not ... with Mom, right?” Ana Sofia tried to hold back tears.

“Oh, they love humans. I mean, really love humans. In love with humans, one might say. That is a thing harpies and I have in common.” Wol smiled to herself, looked over her shoulder, and frowned. “You are making faces again. Are you hungry?”

“We’re worried about our mom. You just said that those horrific things are horny for her. And they’ll have her in their nest all night.” Emilio tried desperately to keep his breathing even. “We can’t just let her ...” He thought of something. “Harpies are female. They can’t have sex with Mom.”

“Oh ... they are *mostly* female. But when they need to mate with another female, they can grow a penis. It takes them several hours. Or so I have heard.” Wol shrugged. “You do not need to worry. They will not hurt your mother. My cousin says that they can be giving and considerate lovers. She will be fine when we rescue her tomorrow morning.”

At that news, Ana Sofia stopped, turned toward some bushes, and threw up again.

Emilio held her hair back, glaring at Wol. “I don’t want my mom having gentle sex with a freaking harpy, Wol. It’s not right ... on so many levels.” His cloak billowed angrily behind him.

“You humans have many hang-ups.” Wol shrugged, put down her pack, and surveyed the area. “I cannot find their roost in the dark. Even if I could, we dare not climb their tree in blackness. Harpies are cowards, but we could fall out of the tree. Gravity is not a coward. We wait until morning.”

“If you wait until morning, your mommy will be calling those harpies ‘Mommy.’ If I were you, I wouldn’t want that.” A deep voice sprung up out of the forest.

Wol hissed. Her sword was in her hand in a flash.

Emilio and Ana Sofia hugged each other tightly.

“I mean you no harm.” A large, predatory form ambled out of the shadows on all fours. “In fact, you seem like nice people. And I can help. I know where their roost is.”

“Ah, it is only a badger.” Wol sheathed her sword. “Run along now, little fellow.” She shooed the large beast with her hand.

“Only ... a badger. He looks fierce,” Ana Sofia said through chattering teeth. The thing was much larger than any badger she’d seen before, almost the same size as her.

“I *am* fierce.” The badger said with a deep growl.

“He’s more cowardly than the harpies ... and less horny.” Wol smiled. “Or so I heard.” She waggled her eyebrows at the badger.

“This is no time for jokes.” Emilio turned toward the badger. He figured that if Wol had put away her sword, the creature was probably safe enough. He took a couple steps toward it, his sister didn’t move and clutched his hand, so he couldn’t move any closer. “You seem like a good, caring creature. If you know where the roost is, will you rescue my mother? You’re probably good at climbing trees, and ... seeing in the dark. We only have a few hours until the harpies ... do stuff.”

“Oh, *I* couldn’t rescue her.” The badger shook his head adamantly. “But I can show you the tree.”

“I told you he was a coward.” Wol let out a barking laugh. “Will you show us the tree in the morning then?”

“I could do that.” The badger looked relieved that they weren’t going to ask him to go on a mission.

“Wait ... you said that Mom will be calling those harpies ‘Mommy.’ You must have meant we should rescue her now.” Ana Sofia squeezed her brother’s hand so tightly she heard a small pop.

“I can show you the tree now. But if you want to wait until morning to make your rescue, I’m sure your mother will enjoy herself.” The badger shifted its weight uncomfortably. “I’ve heard the harpies are very gentle lovers.”

“See.” Wol looked at her pack. “Hmm. Your mother had one of the tents, so we will just have the one for the night. We will also be short on kindling. That will make supper more difficult.”

“Please, Mr. Badger. Rescue our mother.” Ana Sofia stepped closer to him and let go of her brother’s hand. She steepled her hands in a plea.

“I can show you the tree.” The badger sighed. Clearly, he was growing tired of this.

“Fine. If Wol will let me borrow her sword, I’ll climb the tree tonight.” Emilio shuddered. “I’m not letting my mother have gentle sex with harpies. How would I ever explain that to Dad?”

The badger looked at the young human with relief.

Wol rolled her eyes.

Ana Sofia stared at her brother in shock.

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Isabel didn't understand the harpy language. They spoke in a soft, feminine, singsong way that made her feel calmer than she had any right to be. Once in a while, they would say a word she could understand. Usually, when they were telling her what to do. "There." Or "Quiet." Or "Drink." The last word had accompanied a large tankard with a delicious, sweet beverage inside. When she'd finished the serving, they poured her a second.

After a time, she felt a bit tipsy. She observed the creatures and sat on a large, mossy bed. It was quite comfortable. She decided they weren't so bad. There were four of them. When they had first arrived, the harpies had helped each other patch the wounds that Wol had given them. Then one of them had crawled onto another mossy bed and doubled over in pain. That harpy held her hands between her legs and grimaced and groaned for what must have been more than an hour already. Isabel wasn't sure what was wrong with her, but she felt sorry for the poor creature.

The other three harpies went about their chores. Their wings were folded against their backs, and they often moved on all fours. They set a fire and cooked something that smelled lovely in a pot above the flames. Isabel didn't know if it was a good idea to burn anything way up in a tree, but they seemed to know what they were doing. Every now and then, one of the three would check on the grimacing harpy in the other bed. Their expressions weren't worried, so Isabel hoped everything was fine.

"Excuse me. You seem nice enough." Isabel took another gulp of her beverage. Her head was spinning a little. "Could you maybe return me to my children? They must be worried sick."

"Quiet ... quiet." One of the harpies said in her singsong voice. She bustled over, her small breasts dancing with her movements. "Good ... good." The harpy leaned over and kissed Isabel tenderly on the cheek. She then turned and went back to sweeping the floor of their nest.

"Oh ..." Isabel touched her cheek. "I suppose your customs are different than mine." The way the harpy had kissed her had been so gentle and intimate.

"Quiet ... quiet ..." The three working harpies sang to Isabel. The other harpy continued to grimace and squirm in her bed.

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“I will stay with your sister. You go with the badger.” Wol looked up at her human and rubbed her chin. “I may not see you again. I need a word in private.” She grabbed him by the elbow and pulled him into a nearby cave. She lit a torch, planted it in the sand, and reached for his belt.

“What are you doing?” Emilio stepped back from the goblin.

“I like human spunk. This could be my last chance to get some. If you die climbing that tree ... well, I do not know any more human men. And your sister is not similarly equipped.” She grunted as she wrestled his penis out of his pants. “Stop ... resisting me. Your rescue will go better ... in a post-orgasmic state of mind. This is ... known.” She was disappointed that it wasn’t all the way hard, but it was half-mast. She could work with that.

“Wol ... stop it.” Emilio tried to push her away from his dick, but she was strong. “Wol ... stop!” His cloak flapped around him and slapped Wol in the face.

Wol let go of his penis and stepped back. “I do not understand. Male goblins never say no to oral pleasure.”

“I’m not a freaking goblin, Wol.” Emilio stuffed his dick back in his pants. “My mom is waiting to be rescued, a harpy is growing a penis to mate with her, and every minute I wait is a minute closer to something terrible happening.”

“I see.” Wol nodded. “I have been selfish.” She unbelted her sword and handed it to him. “Do you know how to use this?”

Emilio took the sword and shook his head.

“Damn.” Wol clucked her tongue. “Well, just remember that harpies are big cowards. They tried to steal you before because you were not carrying a weapon. Let them see the sword. I hope it means you will not have to use it.”

“Thank you, Wol.” Emilio nodded and headed out of the cave, his cloak waving majestically behind him.

“Because, if you must use the sword, that will mean no more human penis for me.” Wol shook her head and kicked the dirt. She tried not to feel sorry for herself. She grabbed the torch and followed her human back to camp.

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“It’s nice to see that you’re feeling better.” Isabel spoke to the harpy that had been ill in bed for several hours. It had stopped groaning and grimacing. It was sitting up and smiling. “I hope it wasn’t anything serious. Sometimes a good lie down is just what I ...” When the creature turned toward her, Isabel saw between its legs. “What is ... that?” She giggled. “You have a very strange looking thingy now.” She was quite drunk from the sweet beverage and calmed by their songs. She knew that the penis sleeping between the creature’s legs hadn’t been there before. Indeed, the creature still looked female but for the appendage. She knew that the thing didn’t look human, more like some barnyard animal’s penis. She knew she should be worried. But all she could do was giggle. “Where ... um ... where did that come from?”

“Quiet ... quiet ... quiet.” All the harpies said the words in harmony. “Sing ... sing ... sing ... soon.” They went back to talking to each other in their melodious language.

“Oh ... hello ... what are you doing?” Two of the all-female harpies moved over to her and began taking off her clothing. “Are you going to dress me in a pretty dress or something?” Isabel giggled.

The creatures even removed her panties and bra, folding everything neatly and putting it in a pile on the other side of the nest.

“I’m naked! Aren’t you going to give me a pretty dress?” Isabel sat up on the bed, grabbed her drink, and gulped down the rest of it. *Was that my third or fourth refill?* She couldn’t remember. They didn’t give her another one.

“Egg ... egg ... egg,” the harpies crooned. The closest one gently pointed at Isabel’s belly each time they said the word.

“What? I don’t understand. I ... ooohhhhhh ... I think ...” Isabel crawled backward across the soft, mossy surface as the harpy with the penis climbed into bed with her. Isabel looked into her eyes and saw hunger there. A man’s hunger. She pointed at the strange penis and cackled when it started to grow. “That’s crazy. It’s almost like you’re trying to have a date night with me. If you were my husband, I’d be looking for the condoms right about now.” Her laughter continued, even when she took in the view of the penis in all its horrible, mishappen erect glory. “This is all ... too ... strange. I think ...”

The harpy leaned forward and silenced the human with a kiss.

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“They’re up there?” Emilio had no idea how high the tree was. Night had fallen around them, and the massive trunk quickly disappeared into the gloom.

“That is their roost.” The badger nodded. “Good luck to you. I’ll wait down here to see if you make it.”

“Why are you helping us?” Emilio made sure the sword was secure. He tightened the clasp of his cloak.

“I know you have food. In my travels, I have found that creatures are more willing to share food when I’ve been helpful.” The badger looked nervously at the human as Emilio pushed on some low branches to gauge their strength. “If you die, do you think your sister will still share with me?”

“You’re a giant badger. I would have thought you could ... you know ... get food wherever.” Emilio started his slow climb. “Are you sure you won’t come up and help me? I’ll give you all my food for a week.”

“I am not a ferocious badger. Good luck.” The badger stayed where he was and watched Emilio slowly rise and disappear into the gloom. The last he saw of the human was his heroically billowing cloak.