



*Chapter 11*

*The Enchanted Scepter*

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## *The Enchanted Scepter 11*

*Illustrations by BSA*

*Written by RawlyRawls*

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"Please, stop that." Helen paused playing her violin to frown at the saurian, who stood nearby avidly masturbating with two hands.

"Hhhsss ...sssss ... sss." The saurian flicked his tongue, his voice full of threat.

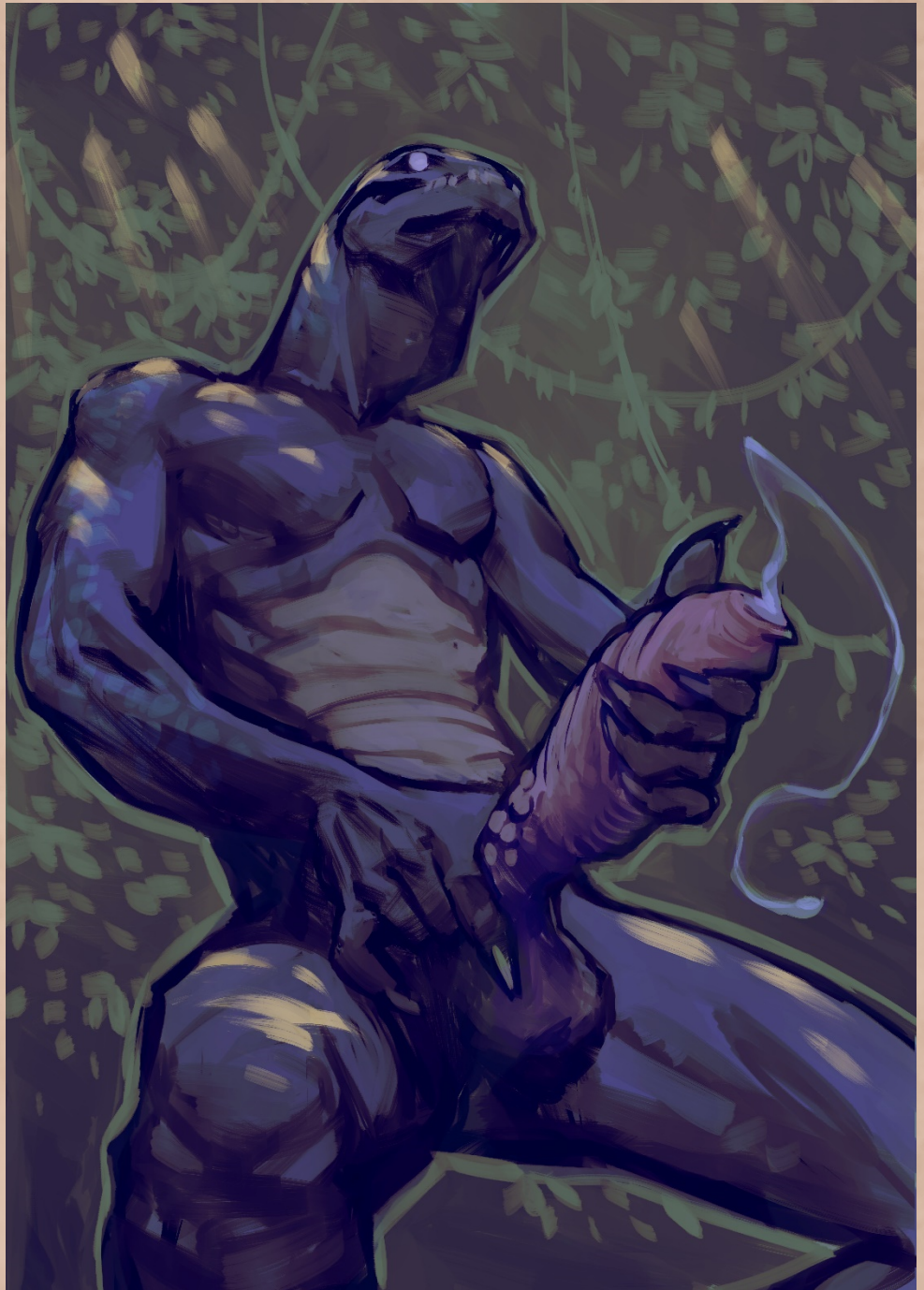
"I know you want me to keep playing, but you can't keep me prisoner. You have to let me go sometime." She did not resume playing. "You need a name. Can I call you Mister Hiss?"

"Hsssss," Mister Hiss said.

"Okay, well then, Mister Hiss, I made a mistake drawing you to me. I had a longing inside me that made it hard to think straight."

"Ssssss ... hhhsssss." Roughly, he plucked her from her seat, put the violin to her chin, and forced her bow onto the strings.

"Not so rough, you beast!" Helen quaked at being handled by such a strong, harsh creature. "I'll play more for you if let me get clothes from my backpack." She realized that her gaze was glued to his ugly penis. It seemed to be spewing copious amounts of fluid. She didn't know if her captor was already orgasming, or if his penis was getting ready to lubricate what, Helen guessed, would be a very dry reptilian vagina. The slick sound of his hand on his penis brought an uncomfortable warmth to her belly.



“Hhhsssss.” The saurian turned her around and slapped her left butt cheek like one would do to spur a horse.

“Okay ... Okay, I’ll play.” Helen moved the bow, playing a new, up-tempo melody. This seemed to inspire Mister Hiss’s mood, because he slapped her butt again. It took her a moment to realize that he must have used his heavy, rough penis. She could feel a smear of wetness on her cheek. A sudden, sharp shiver ran down her spine. “Mister Hiss ... what are you thinking?” The only response she got was what sounded like a frustrated saurian. Even as she bent over and spread her legs, she continued to play. “If you promise to take me back to the others, I’ll let you put it in.”



“Sssss ... sss ...” The saurian knew her position well. Females of his own species bent in a similar way when they were willing to submit. He stopped masturbating, grabbed her hips, and lined himself up. When his grab made her stop playing, he offered a threatening hiss. He was happy when she started back up.

“Okay ... okay ... I’ll keep playing ... while you stick your thing in ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” Helen’s eyes went wide when he pressed his penis against her vagina. “Oooohhh ... gods ... even with all my slickness ... and yours ... it’s a tight fit. Uuuuuggghhhhh. I can feel ... it. Uuuggghhhh ... I can ... oh ... my ...” Dutifully, she continued to play her up-tempo piece while she allowed the lizard to plunder what was rightfully her husband’s. “Your skin ... is so rough ... and dry ... rubbing on my butt.” It occurred to her that if she was feeling his skin on her backside, then he must be all the way in. It didn’t surprise her that she could take it. Not after her night with the fauns and her time in Gylfi’s cave. “You’re ... stretching me ... Mister Hiss!”

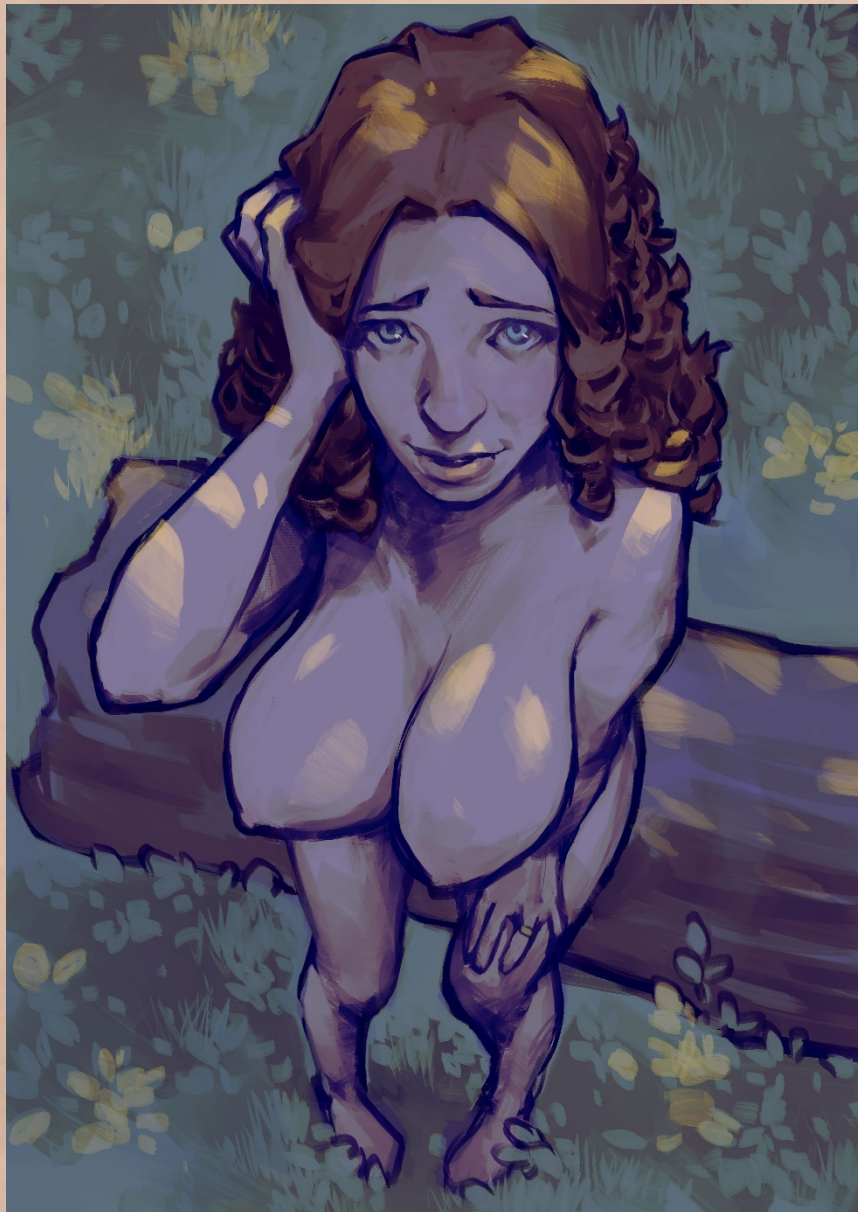


Mister Hiss was in saurian heaven. This human was soft, wet, tight, and accommodating. Not to mention, she made the most captivating music he had ever heard. He loved females of his own species, but he would never see them the same way again. He would always compare them to the beauty currently skewered on his cock. “Grrrrrsssssss ... gggrrrrhhsssss.” His sibilant sounds became deeper and more commanding. He didn’t understand anything the human was saying, but he loved the way she was babbling in what sounded like nervous bliss. He admired that she continued to play her instrument for him. She was a good mate. And he would have to show her that he could be one as well. Pressing his fingers into the cradle above her hips, he pulled away from her until only the tip was still inside. Then, he slammed home. Quickly, he found the perfect rhythm for breeding a human.

“Ohhhh ... ooohhhh ... oooohhhh ... Mister Hiss ... you’re so ... large ... and forceful ... shall I keep playing for you?” With the violin to her chin, she couldn’t easily turn around and look over her shoulder. His aggressive vocalizations continued, so she assumed he wanted her to continue with the music. Humping the lizard was nothing like her time with Gylfi; she didn’t think she would be able to keep playing the violin forever. It was difficult to keep the bow on the strings with each shock she absorbed from behind.

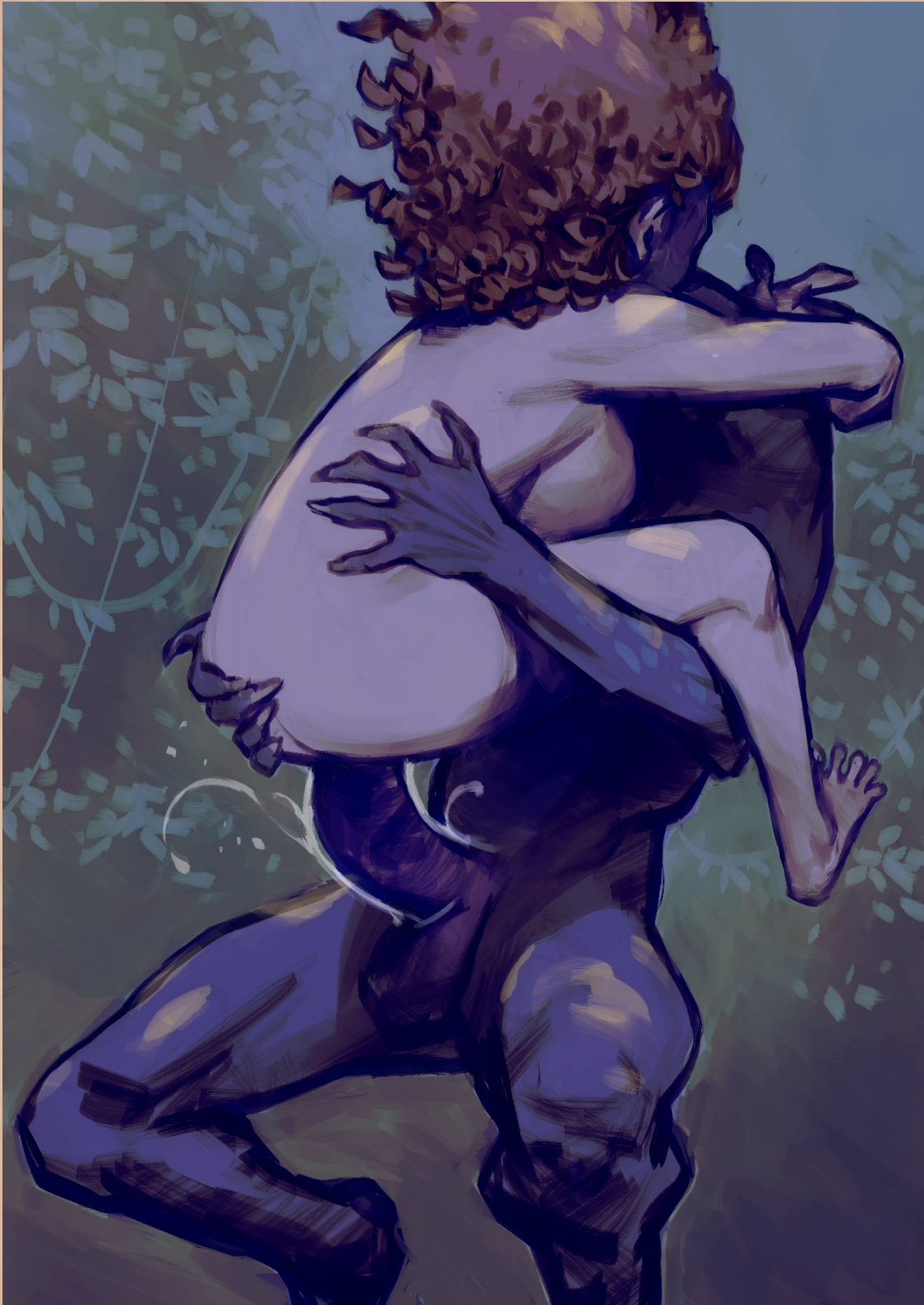
Mister Hiss couldn’t understand her words, but he understood that she was clearly struggling to play music. He let her play for a while longer while he pummeled her from behind. When he thought she’d showed enough musical devotion, he rewarded her by pulling his cock from her gaping hole. “Ssssss ... hssss ...” He turned her around and carefully took the violin from her, placing it on the floor nearby. Pausing before his next act, he took in the sight of her. She looked frantic, panting with her eyes fixed on his cock. She was covered in water. He had heard humans did that when exerting themselves.

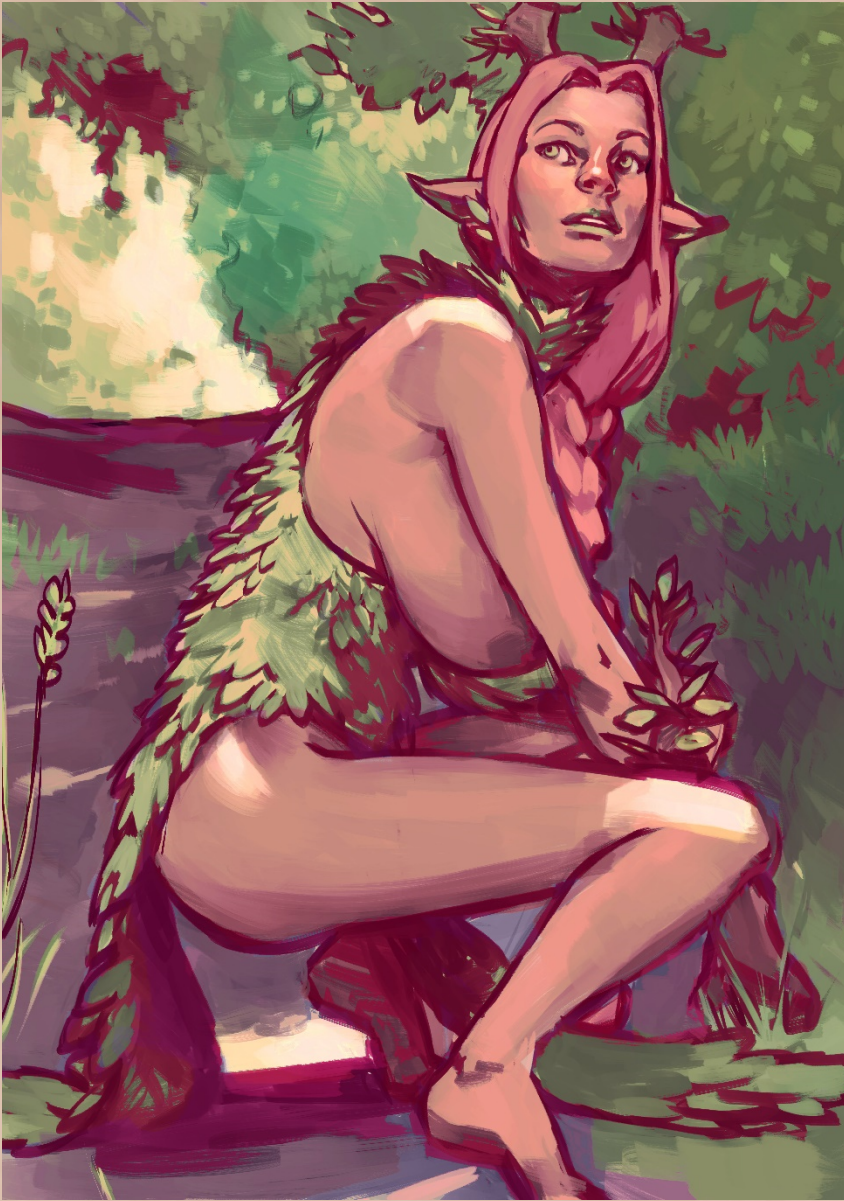
“You ... um ... like what you see?” Helen put her hand on her knee, trying to catch her breath. Her dangling boobs were directly in her line of sight. She thought about Young Helen, and wondered if anything that woman had told her was real. If so, she was on the right path. She was seeking out her own joy. She was ... distracted by his rough hands hoisting her into the air and spreading her legs.



“What are you ...? Uuuuggggghhhh.” Her eyes rolled back. His penis was already back inside her, and she was having doubts about ever wanting to part with it. She leaned her head back and screamed. “It feels ... so ... good ... Mister Hiss.” Her feet were soon flopping on either side of her, her butt firmly in the creature’s grip.

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“He carried her the whole way.” Pallida knelt on the forest floor, examining reptilian tracks left in the loam. “His tracks are deep in the earth.” Her bare breast dangled as she leaned forward to examine the impression of the saurian’s claws. “And then his tracks are gone.” She moved forward over the bare earth.

“He didn’t disappear.” Marco ground his teeth together. He hated to think about what sort of horrible things the saurian had planned for his mother. All the scenarios playing in his mind were bleak.

“He didn’t?” Lenora stared at the bare, unmarked soil. “Where did he go, then?”

“Up into the trees.” Pallida pointed to claw marks on the bark of a trunk near her head. She cast her eyes upward. “It seems likely he makes his home in the canopy.”

“So ... we can’t get to her?” Marco furrowed his brows. “This is my fault for ... being distracted when the beast took her.”

“We were all a bit distracted. Even your mother was distracted. Of course, you know that she was listening to us and masturbating at the time of her abduction.” Pallida rubbed her chin thoughtfully as she stared upward.

“What?” Marco’s jaw dropped.

“Wait ... what?” Lenora was trying to process what the dryad had just said. *Helen was masturbating to the rutting sounds of her own son?*

“We need to find his tree. Then, I should be able to lift us all to his home.” Pallida moved on through the forest.

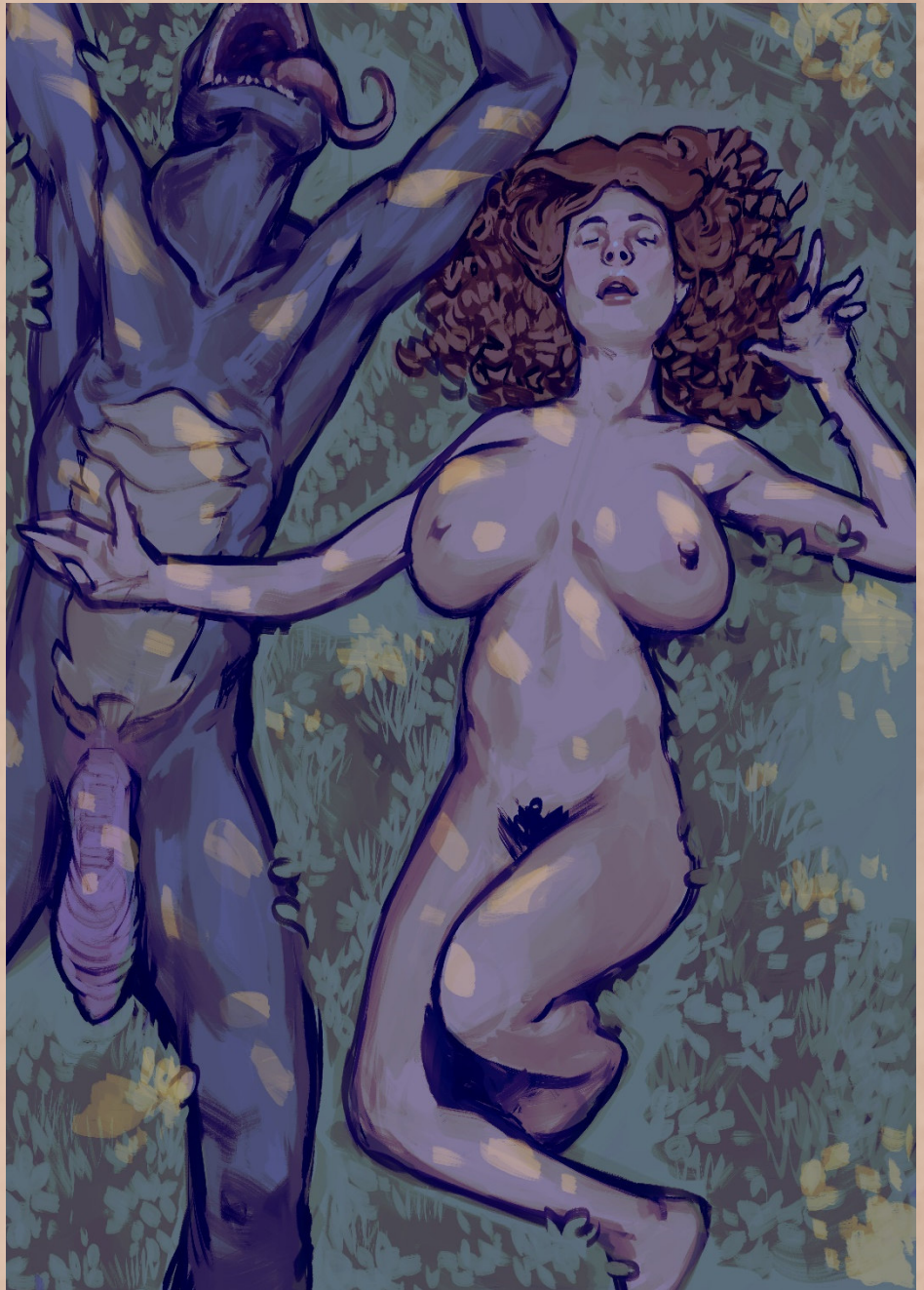
“You can fly?” Lenora was full of wonder. She took Marco’s hand and tugged it to get him to follow along.

“I’m a dryad, my dear.” Pallida sighed. Sometimes the imaginations of humans were impossibly limited. “And these are trees.”

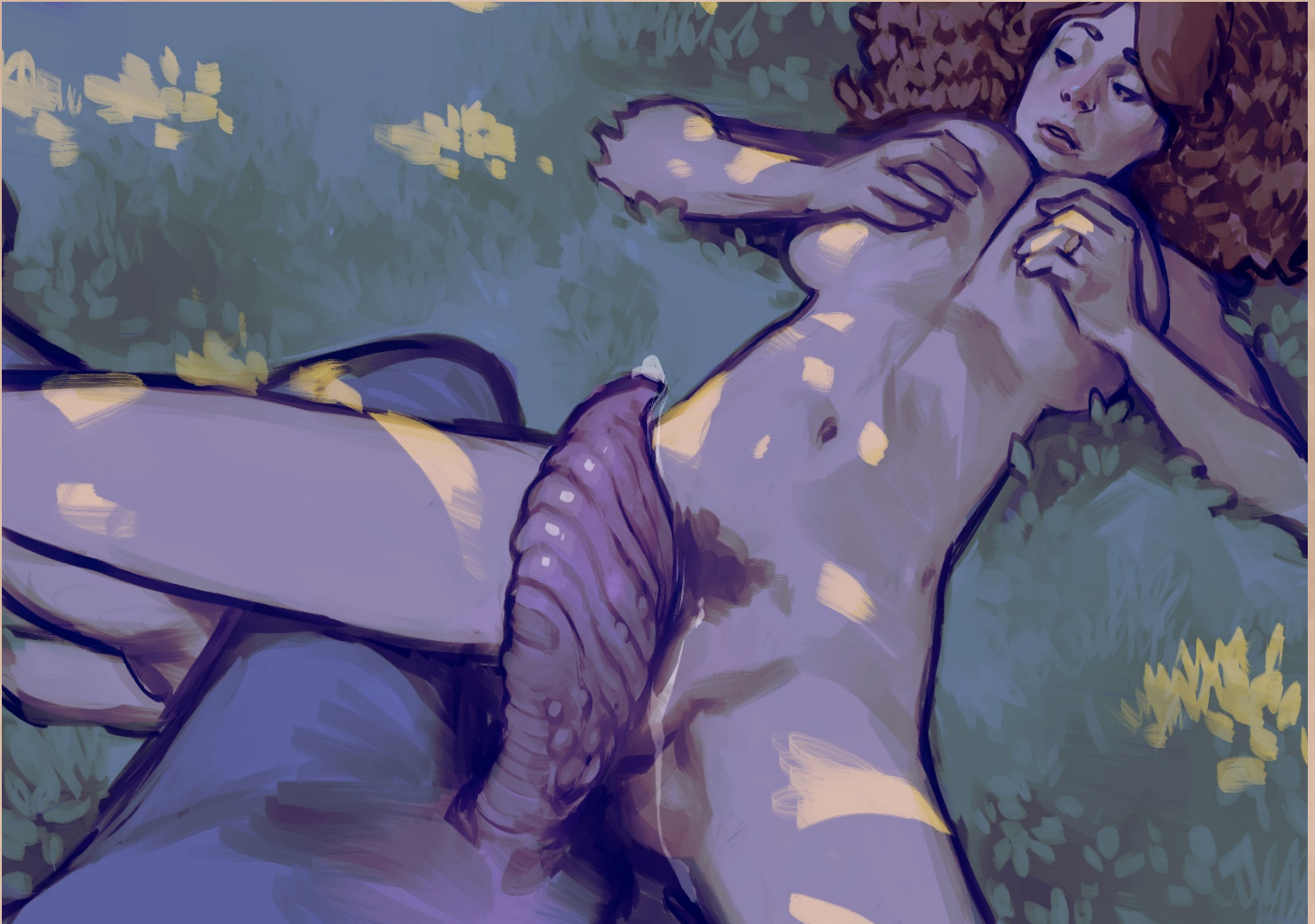
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Helen lay panting next to her scaly partner. She still wasn't dressed, but she didn't mind anymore. She looked around. The place was crude and simple. They were clearly high up in the trees. The floor was carpeted with a soft grass she hadn't seen before. There were logs for furniture. She didn't see anything that would serve as a kitchen. She couldn't stay there. Not for long. Her gaze drifted back to Mister Hiss. He was lying on his back, looking as satisfied as a lizard could look. She wondered how satisfied her own smile was. "Your penis is growing again." She stared at the pink thing. "I let you stick it inside. So, you now must return me to my son."

"Ssssss." Mister Hiss lolled his head to the side and flicked out his tongue, tasting the air around her face. Other than his engorging cock, he made no move to rise.



“Oh ... I see. You want my special box again? You’re a beast, you know that?” Helen crawled over to him and rubbed her vagina along his strange member. “Shall I get on top?” She rose to her feet, straddled the reptile’s hips, and squatted above his deformed member. “Once more, then you’ll return me. Promise?”

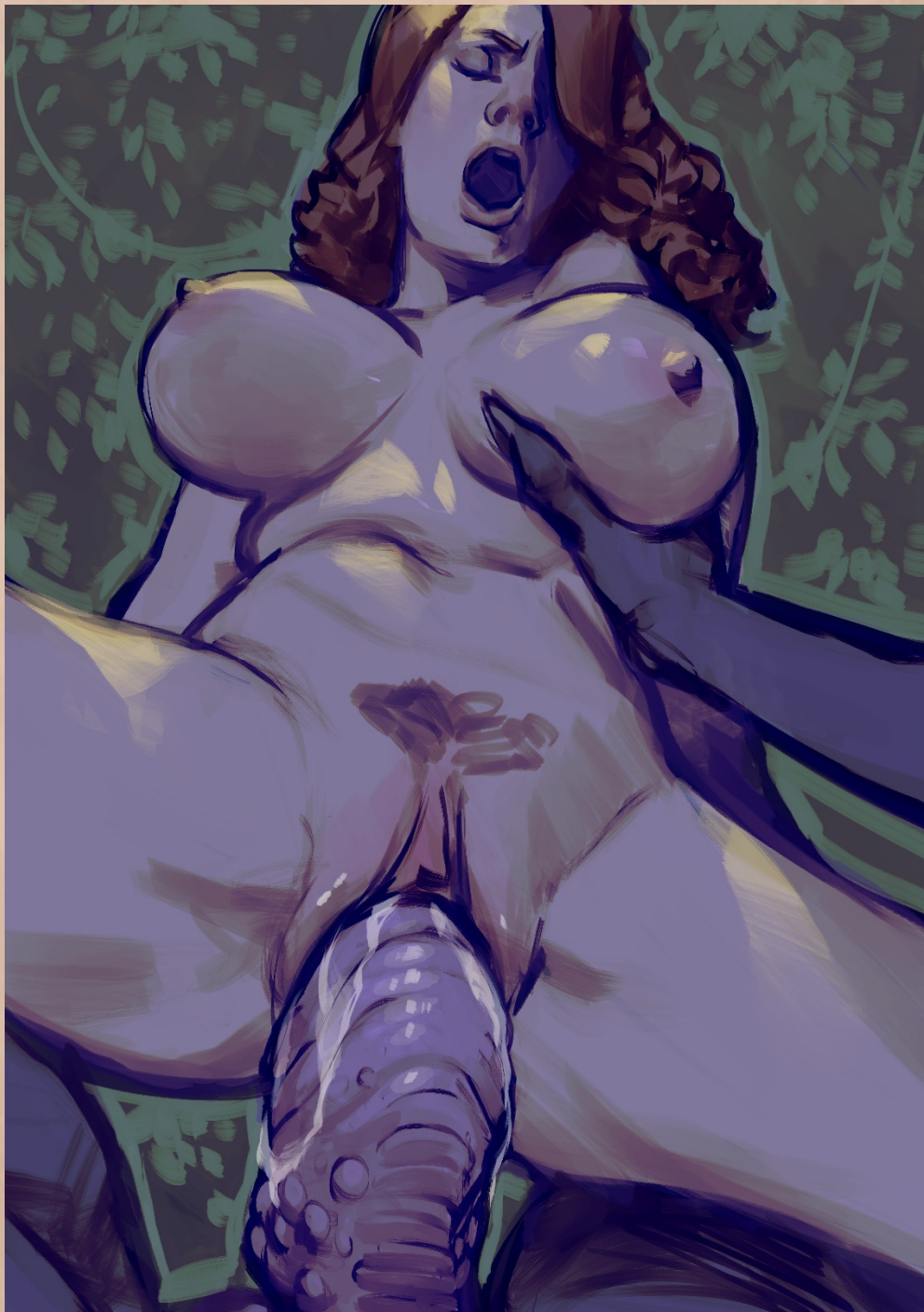


“Hhhsssssss.” The saurian’s face didn’t quite bend into a smile. His own species would have easily noted his utter bliss as the human creature reached her soft, delicate hand underneath and aimed his cock upward. She had called to him with her musical instrument. And now she was giving herself to him. He was utterly in love. “Mmmsssssss.” He surged into her tight warmth. He marveled at her wetness. Humans were miraculous creatures.

“Ooohhhhhh ... Mister Hiss ... yeessssss.” Helen had taken a pounding the first time they’d rutted. This time, she was determined to show the beast that not all sex had to be feral. She undulated her hips slowly, grinding on his strange penis. His rough skin was almost too much for her clitoris, but the pain of friction added to her pleasure. “Mister ... Hiss ... your thing ... is in the perfect spot ... can you feel it?”

"Hhhssssss." The saurian could indeed feel it. Thrilled by her movements, he ran his claws gently over her fragile, white skin. She was such a lovely, frail thing. The most beautiful, delicate flower he had ever come across. She would need protecting. As he reached up for her lovely, human tits, he committed himself to her. She would be his. And he would be hers. He was the luckiest saurian in the forest. He was sure of it.

"Ohhhhhhhh ... you like that ... don't you?" Helen's smile was lopsided and strained by ecstasy. "I'm ... going to have a big ... uuuggghhhh ... a big ... a big one ... on your beastly ... penis. Watch me ... watch what you do ... to me." A sudden memory hit her. She had said something similar to her husband during one of their last intimate moments before the orcs chased them from their home. Thinking back, her lovemaking with her husband had been so gentle and chaste. She wondered if she could ever go back to that life. The worry of being a woman changed by pleasure had almost no time to form before it was disbursed by the ecstasy of another climax.



Twenty minutes later, Mister Hiss was still on his back, looking up lovingly at the mad woman on top of him. She was now bouncing with long, powerful strokes. She was screaming. Her eyes were rolling. Her breasts were flopping wildly. He was impressed that her frail body could handle so much. "Gggggghhhaaaaaaaaaa." He opened his mouth, tasting her sweat in the air with his tongue. His hips bucked under her, and he clasped his rough hands on her hips, holding her fully impaled on his cock. The explosion was massive. He pictured his seed as it filled her. She would lay him the most exquisite eggs.

"Ooohhhh ... yeessss ... Mister Hisssssssssss!" Helen arched her back and orgasmed again. She couldn't feel the heat of his seed inside her, but she could feel the pressure of it. She looked down in amazement as her belly perceptibly swelled with the amount of sperm she now contained. "Oooohhhhhhhh." Her body spasmed and froze. "Eeeiiiiiiiiiii." The thought of taking all that beastly sperm sent her orgasm to the next level. This was the sort of pleasure that one didn't come back from.

