



Chapter 12

The Enchanted Scepter

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Enchanted Scepter 12

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Wow ... wow ... Mister Hiss. I think ... you're better than Gylfi. You might even be better than the fauns." Helen buzzed with the aftershocks of pleasure. Her muscles were all impossibly loose and exhausted. She was lying on the grassy floor of her captor's tree lair. With some effort, she propped herself up on her elbows and looked over at the Saurian. "You look so happy now that you're not scary at all anymore. Almost silly." She smiled at him. *How long have I been here?* She knew they'd passed at least one night, alternating between sex and rest.

"Ghhasssss ... hhhsssss." Mister Hiss flicked out his tongue and tasted the air. It was filled with the scent of their mating. He wished he had taken a human mistress sooner. The sex with her was better than his high expectations. Of course, she was special. She was the first human he'd encountered who could play a magical instrument. And she was his. "Hhhsssss." He rubbed his belly and stood on shaky legs. They needed to eat.

"What ... what is it?" Helen watched him rub his belly in a way that clearly conveyed a message. "Yes, I'm hungry ... and thirsty." She sat up and crossed her legs, suddenly aware that she'd been ignoring her body other than its call to lust. Her limbs trembled. "What do you have?"

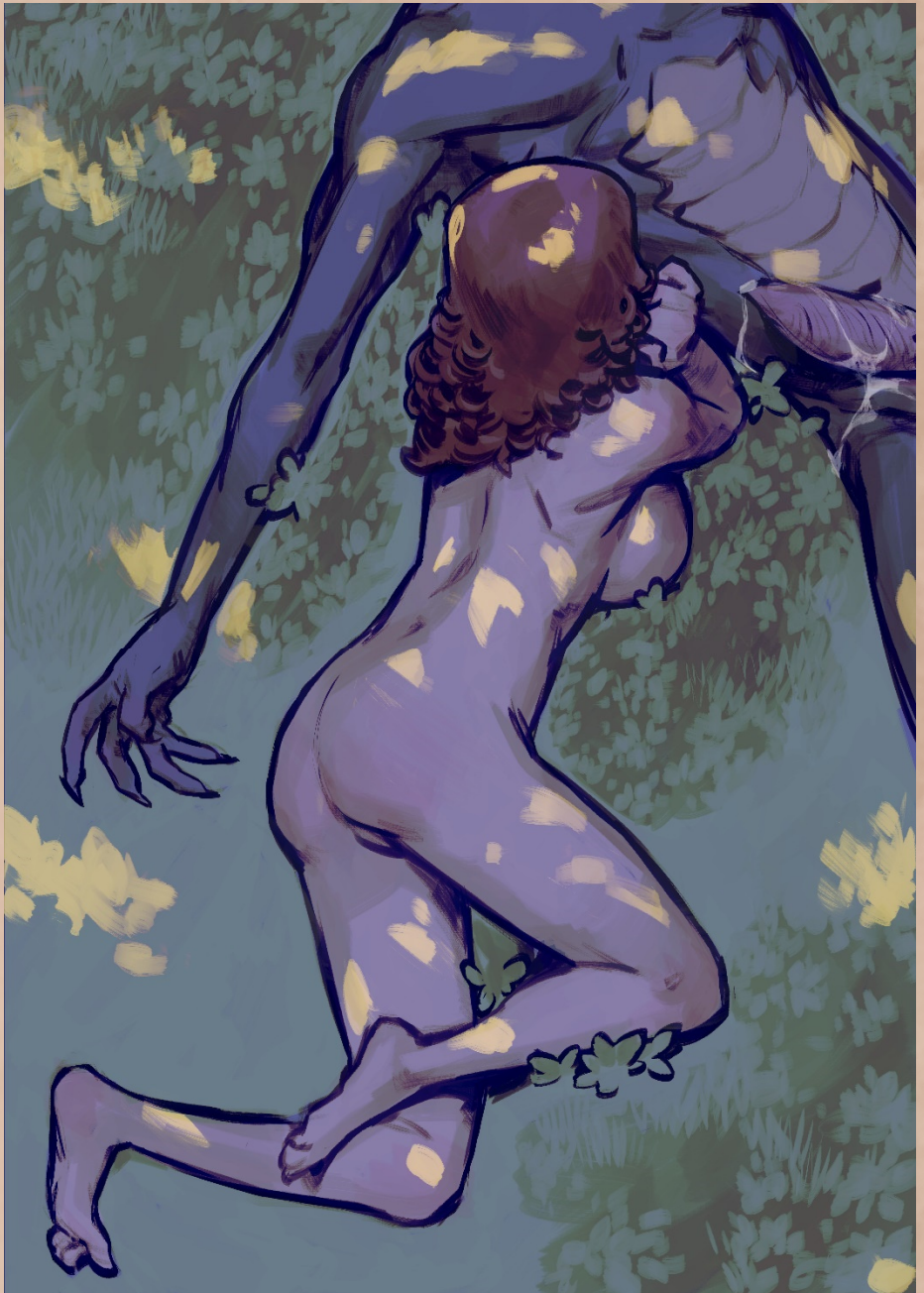
"Ggghaa ... ggghaaaa ... hhhss." He went over to a woven basket and picked out the choicest bugs. These were dried to perfection and large enough that one was a complete meal. He turned around and handed her two.

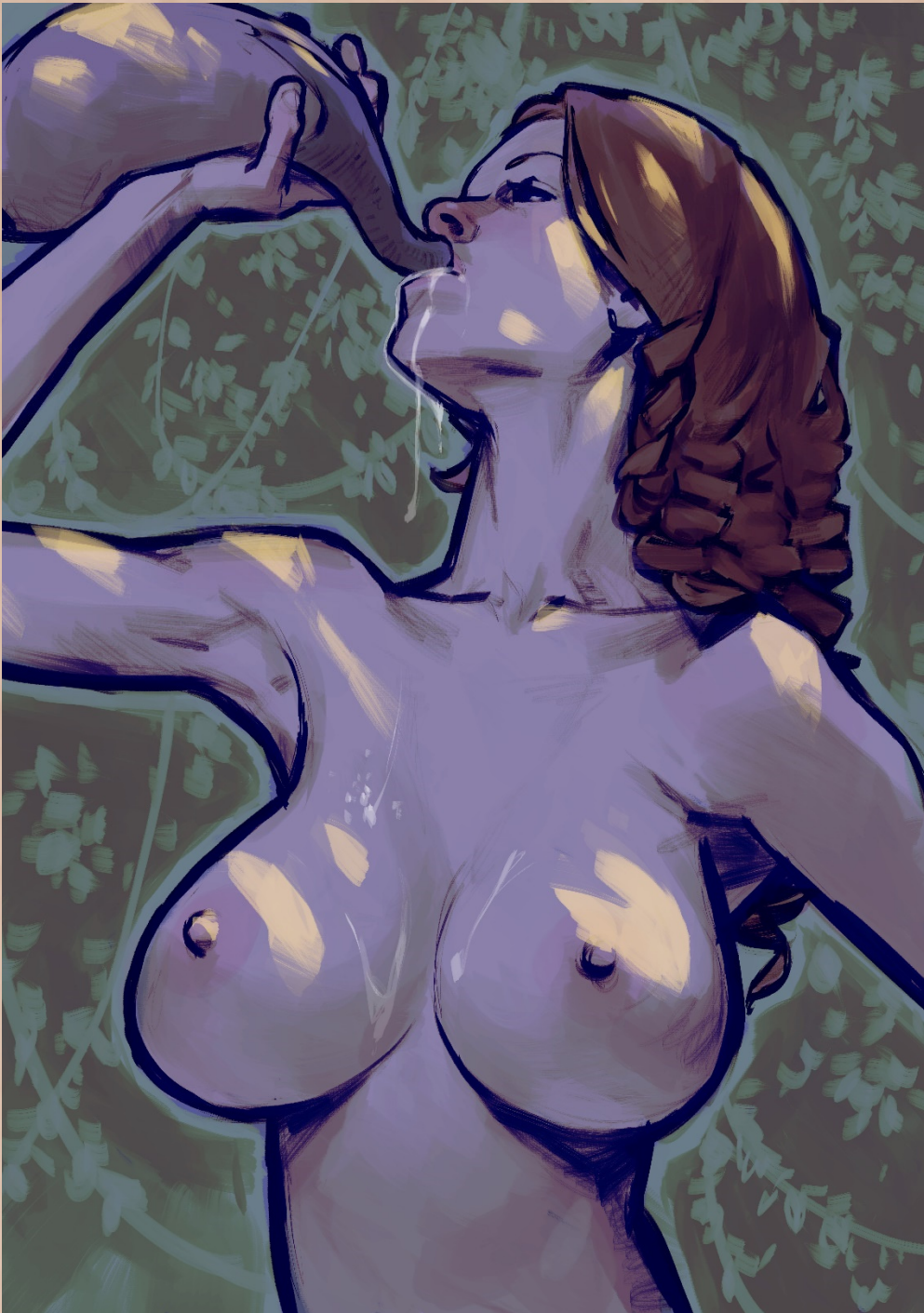
"Eww! What is that!?" Helen recoiled.

Mister Hiss let out aggressive, sibilant sounds. He didn't like her reaction. His long, slumbering cock swayed as he angrily hopped from one foot to the other. "Ggghaa!"

"No ... no ... thank you." Helen wasn't *that* hungry. Slowly, she stood and forced a smile. "Do you have any human food?" She kept her voice low and even, trying to calm him. It seemed to work.

"Ggghhhaa?" He turned and put the insects back in their basket. He then went and got the canteen of water he'd once stolen from a goblin. It sloshed as he handed it to her.





“Is this ... water?” After the bugs, Helen was a little mistrustful. But she took the canteen and opened the stopper. She sniffed. There was no odor. Carefully, she took a little taste. “Oh, that’s good.” She gulped down the water, drinking so hastily that it spilled down her chin and onto her breasts. When she was done, she handed him back the canteen. There was a genuine smile on her face again. “Thank you. Now, do you have anything else to eat?”

“Hhhsssss.” Mister Hiss could see she was happy. He found her joy transferred directly to his own heart. He put the canteen down and eyed her beguiling, human mammaries. Not wanting the rivulets of water running over her curves to go to waste, he leaned forward and licked her supple flesh, drinking the water off her skin.

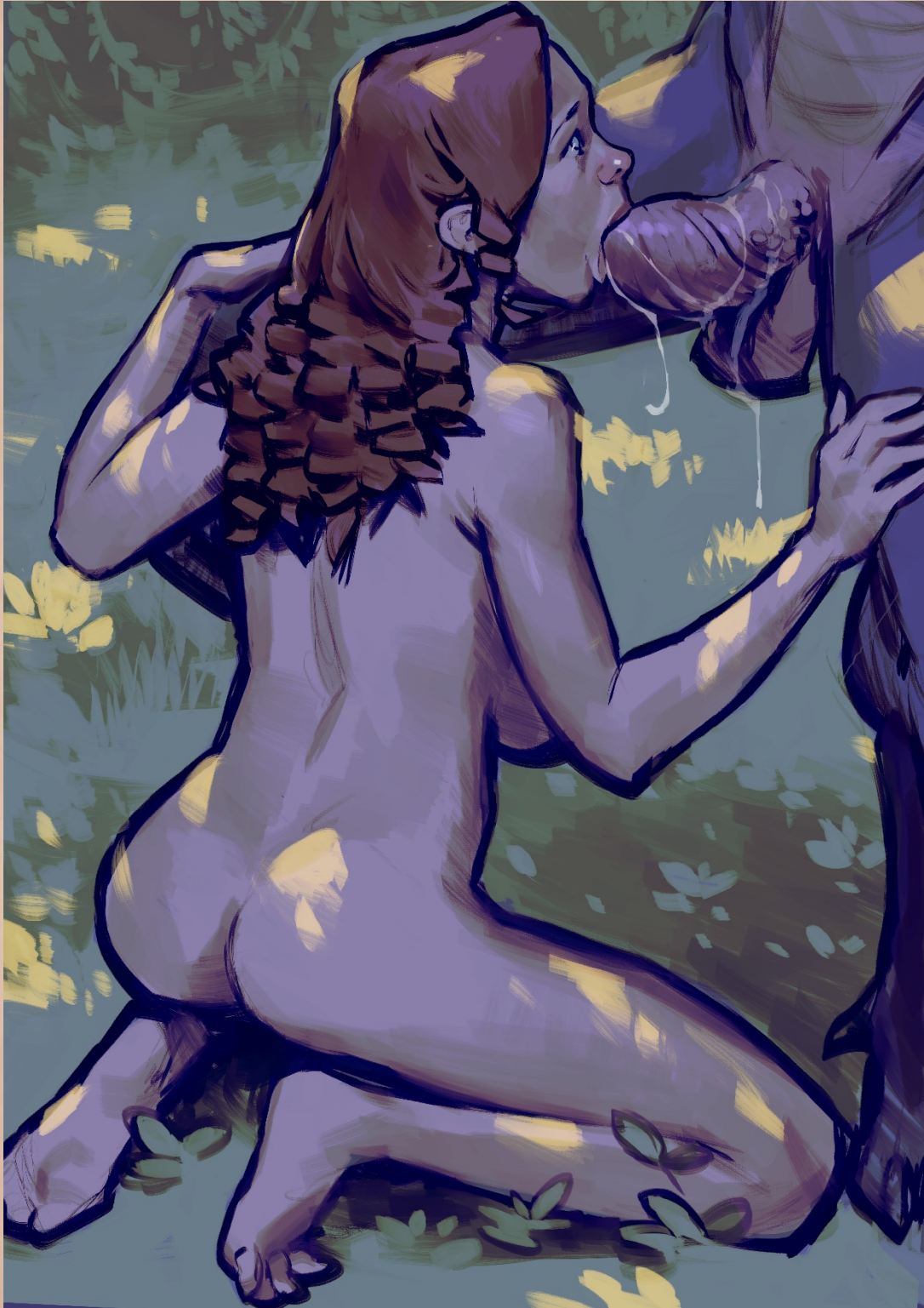
“Oooohhhh ... Mister Hiss ... that’s ... oh ... my ...” Without thinking, Helen reached down and cradled his scaly head. Her hand had a mind of its own as it reached for his strange penis. She pumped it to life. He was as ready as a teenager. Even after

everything they’d already done, he grew hard quickly. “Maybe one more time ... and then we can find me something to eat. And then I need to go back to Marco. Oohhh.” She was startled when he pushed her to her knees. She knew what he wanted, and found she didn’t mind. Actually, the ugly, brutish thing was even more fascinating up close. She ran her fingers tenderly over the strange bulges and formations on his penis. As it seemed prone to do, it was already dribbling out copious amounts of fluid. “You poor thing. Saurian vaginas must be so dry for you to have to do this every time. Do you want me to ...?” She opened her mouth and pointed to her tongue.

“Llllsssssss ... llsss.” Mister Hiss nodded his head in eager reply. It was obvious what she was offering, and he couldn’t believe his luck. Just looking at her delicate beauty next to his mighty cock made his balls churn.

“Very well. I haven’t done this very much so ... I hope you like it.” Helen leaned forward, opened her mouth as wide as possible, and took his strange penis into her mouth. She was surprised by how much she liked the savory flavor of his pre-fluid. Experimenting, she rolled her tongue around his glans. She looked up at him. His long tongue happily tasted the air. He seemed to be enjoying it. “Mmmppphhh ... mmmppphhhmm.” She couldn’t get much more than the head into her mouth, but she hoped that would be enough. Gripping the penis with both hands, she started bobbing her head. She heard Mister Hiss’s groans of pleasure. *I love pleasing him. I know I need to go back to my son, but how do I give up this amazing lizard?* She didn’t have an answer, so she tossed herself into the moment and gave the best oral sex she could.

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“Is this safe?” Lenora watched as the massive tree next to them sprouted branches at Pallida’s command. The branches were flat on top and spaced evenly, slowly spiraling up the tree.

“You can wait down here, Lenora. There’s no shame in keeping your feet rooted to the earth. I have respect for that.” Pallida gave the woman a patronizing smile. “I’ll go first, Marco. The tree prefers it that way. You can come up behind me.”

“No ... wait!” Lenora’s eyes went wide. She looked around her at the gloomy forest. “Don’t leave me!”

“It’s okay, Lenora.” Marco kissed her on the cheek, and saw her relax. He still wasn’t sure how to handle women, but he thought he might be learning. “I’ll take up the rear, you can climb between me and Pallida. You’ll be safe that way.”

Lenora let out a long exhale and nodded her head in gratitude. Slowly, a crooked smile twisted her lips.

Marco cocked his head at her odd expression. “What?”



“Do you want me above you because you want to keep me safe? Or ...?” She lowered her voice. “Or are you just trying to position yourself to look at our butts on the way up?”

“We’re here to rescue my mother.” Marco kept his words even, trying not to chide her. He reminded himself that she was new to flirtation, too. “I can pay attention to your butts once we kill the Saurian and free her.”

“He’s eighteen. That’s prime butt viewing time for human men.” Pallida shrugged. “I’m sure he’ll be checking us out even as we save his mother.” She pointed to their backpacks. “Leave everything you don’t want to climb with down here. I’ll make sure the trees watch over our stuff.”

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“Gggaacckkkk ... gggaacckkkk ...” Helen was still on her knees. She held tightly to the Saurian’s strong butt cheeks, drinking down his bitter, salty stuff. After several big gulps, she became overwhelmed. She had to spit out his penis and let the thick ropes of his sperm fly where they willed. Mostly, it seemed they willed their way onto her face and hair. She closed her eyes and let him bathe her. “Yesss ... Mister Hiss ... cover me.”

“Vvvvssssssss ...” Mister Hiss shuddered and convulsed in bliss. He was never letting this human go. Never.

When he finished, Helen wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands. Slowly, she blinked them open. She laughed when she saw how happy and silly Mister Hiss looked. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, and his reptilian eyes had lost their focus. “So, I did well then?”

“Hhhssssss.” He sat heavily on a log, his penis slowly deflating.

“Well, I guess I’m not as hungry as before.” Helen rubbed her stomach. She was suddenly queasy thinking about how much salty stuff she’d gulped down.

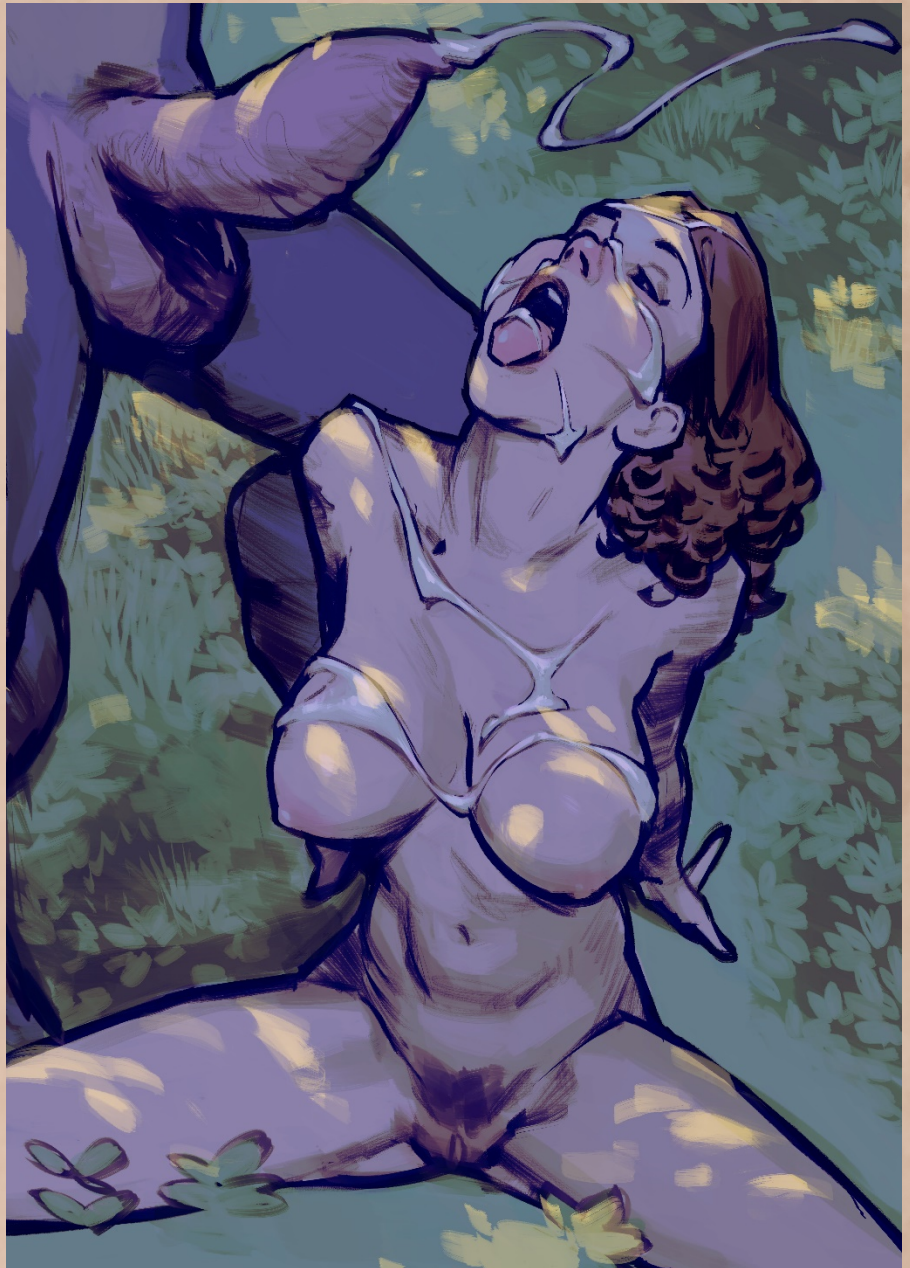
The nausea warred with a sense of pride building inside her. She really was a woman made for this forest. She could suck a penis with the best of them it seemed.

“Uuuggssss ... uuugggss ...” Mister Hiss shot to his feet, looking all around and flicking the air with his tongue.

“What’s wrong?” Helen got to her feet. She looked down at her chest. There was plenty of sperm dripping down her breasts. *Just how much did he shoot on me?*

Mister Hiss turned and ran several feet away. He returned wearing a loincloth and holding a spear.

“Wait ... hold on ... I mean you no harm. Look at what I just did!” Helen held up placating hands. It was odd how quickly he could go from silly to scary. It dawned on her that his aggression wasn’t directed at her. She turned her eyes and gasped in shock. Standing at the edge of the Saurian’s home were Marco, Lenora, and Pallida. Her son and the baker’s wife held elven swords. The dryad had cruel-looking daggers in each hand. “Marco! Marco! You came for me. Wait ... don’t hurt him!” She raced in between Mister Hiss and her companions. Putting her back to the lizard’s spear. “Nobody hurt anybody, okay?”





“Mom? What are you covered in? What did he do to you?” Marco squinted at his mother.

Pallida sniffed the air. “Oh, that’s ripe. They’ve been fornicating, Marco.”

“He raped you!” Marco lunged forward, but stopped when his mother screamed in fear and frantically moved to keep herself in between him and the lizard.

“He ... didn’t do that. He’s my friend, Marco. I’m a woman and ... well ... he’s not a man ... but ... I ... um ... he’s ... well ... he’s my friend.” Helen briefly wondered what her life would be like if the orcs had never invaded. She might have been washing their clothes this time of day. Certainly, she wouldn’t have been bathed in Saurian sperm inside and out, trying to justify her experience to her son. “Please ... don’t hurt him.”

“Oh ... gods ...” Marco’s lip curled in disgust. He lowered his sword.

“This forest does have an effect on people.” Pallida put her daggers down, and they were absorbed into the grass. “Are you happy with your new *friend*?”

"Yes!" Helen nodded emphatically. She turned and saw that Mister Hiss still had his spear raised. "Put that down!" When he didn't comply, she gently pushed the shaft until the spearhead was resting against the living floor. "Now ... Marco ... I don't suppose you brought my clothes along?"

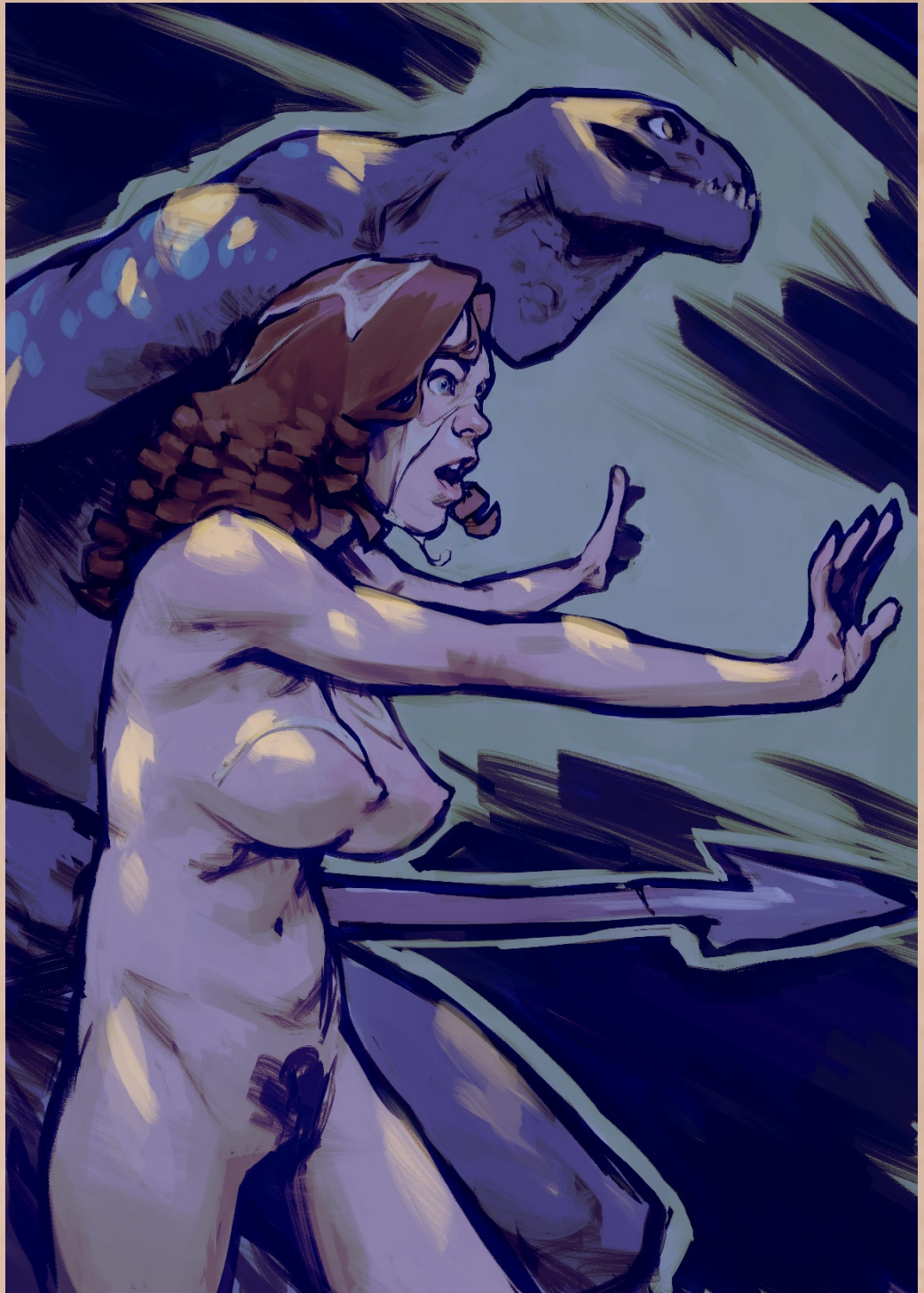
"Gods, Mother. Really?" Marco turned away and descended the stairs.

Lenora finally sheathed her sword. Her mouth gaped as her mind processed what she was seeing. "You let that thing ... use you? What about your husband?"

"Oh, and how do you suppose the baker is getting along without his wife?" Helen crossed her arms and frowned.

"He's ... he's ..." Lenora turned and followed her new lover down the tree. "Marco ... it's okay ... at least she's safe."

"We didn't think to bring your clothes." Pallida sniffed the air again. "But it's just as well, you may want to wash before dressing."





“Food! Do you have any food? I haven’t eaten anything other than ...” Helen’s cheeks blushed. “I haven’t had anything to eat.”

“You must be starving.” Pallida reached up to an overhanging branch. A bud formed on the limb. Quickly, a red fruit grew and ripened. “This is very nutritious, and the taste is divine. It might chase away the bitterness I hear the Saurians are known for. I don’t usually grow such fruits, as it’s taxing on the tree. But you do look famished.” She plucked the fruit and handed it to Helen. “Are you coming with us? Please say yes. Marco’s heart would break if he lost you.”

Helen wanted to say something cutting about the way Marco had just left her, but she tried to be mature. So, she covered her breasts with her arm while she took a bite of the fruit with her

other hand. “Mmmm ... this is delicious. Thank you, Pallida.” She took another bite. Her eyes rolled with pleasure. The taste really was divine. “Of course, we’re coming with you.”

“We?” Pallida looked at the confused Saurian.

“My friend is coming, too. He’ll help us get the scepter.” Helen finished the fruit. “You want to help, don’t you, Mister Hiss?” She patted his rump for emphasis.

Mister Hiss nodded his head, not sure what he was agreeing to.

"I'll first have him take me for a bath to the closest stream. Then we'll meet up with you." Helen motioned to the Saurian like she was scrubbing her skin. He seemed to understand, so she let him lift her into his arms. She clung to his neck. "Please have my clothes ready for me, Pallida. We'll see you shortly."

"Very well. Don't get distracted." Pallida said to the pair as the lizard leapt off into the trees and disappeared. Pallida turned and followed Marco and Lenora down the tree.

