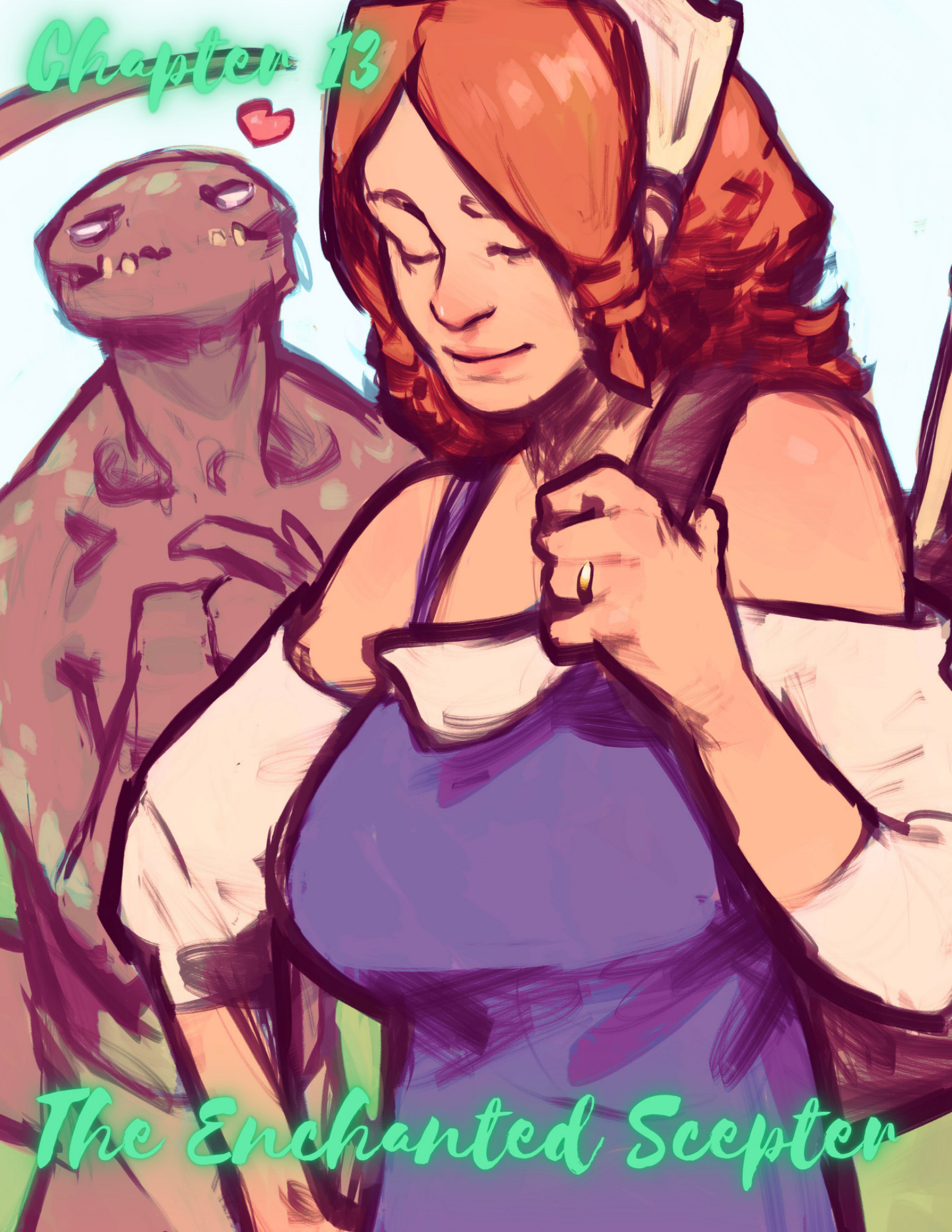


Chapter 13



The Enchanted Scepter

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Enchanted Scepter 13

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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“Well, it’s nice that we’re all back together.” Pallida glanced at the Saurian, who was staring off into the forest and scratching under his loincloth. The dryad wasn’t quite sure what Helen was doing with him, but the woman certainly seemed sure of herself. “Now, recapturing the scepter is our only task. Are we ready to go?”

“Ready!” Helen, cleaned and dressed, pulled on her backpack and hefted it onto her shoulders. “What are you doing, Mister Hiss?” She flinched away when the lizard suddenly lunged for her.

Marco reached for his sword.

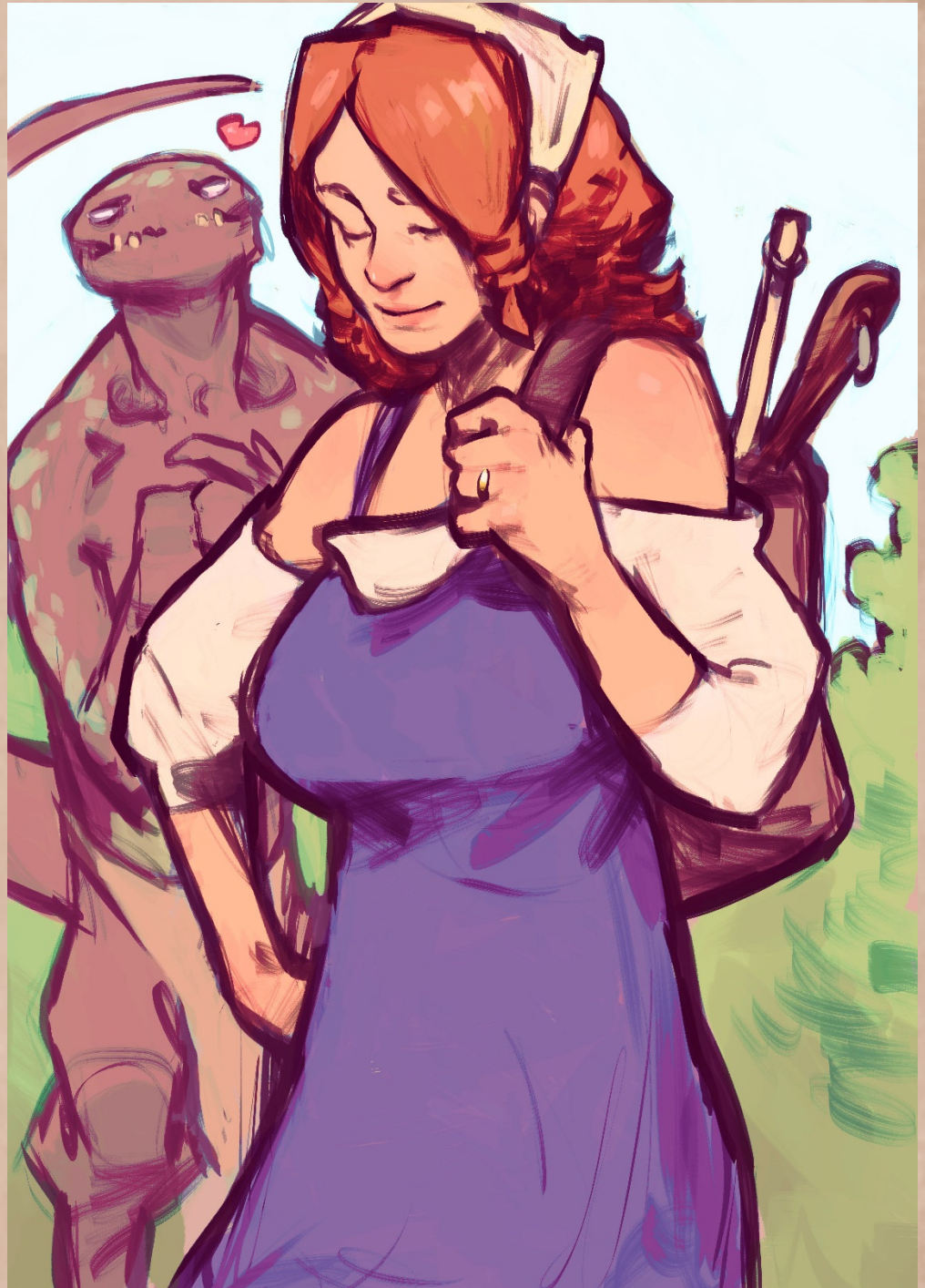
Lenora let out a startled shriek.

“Ggghhssss ... ghs ... gghhaa!” Mister Hiss pulled on his woman’s pack, forcefully lifting it off her back.

“Oh ... okay ...” Helen relaxed and let him take the pack from her and sling it over his own scaly shoulders. “You wanted to help me. That’s very sweet.” Helen was about to give his reptilian cheek a kiss, but glanced at her tense son and thought better of it.

“Nnnuuussss.” Mister Hiss puffed out his chest in pride. He could feel the tension coming from the other members of the party, but he didn’t care. His woman was happy with him.

“Make sure that thing doesn’t jump like that again, Mother.” Marco scowled. “Someone might react and injure it.”

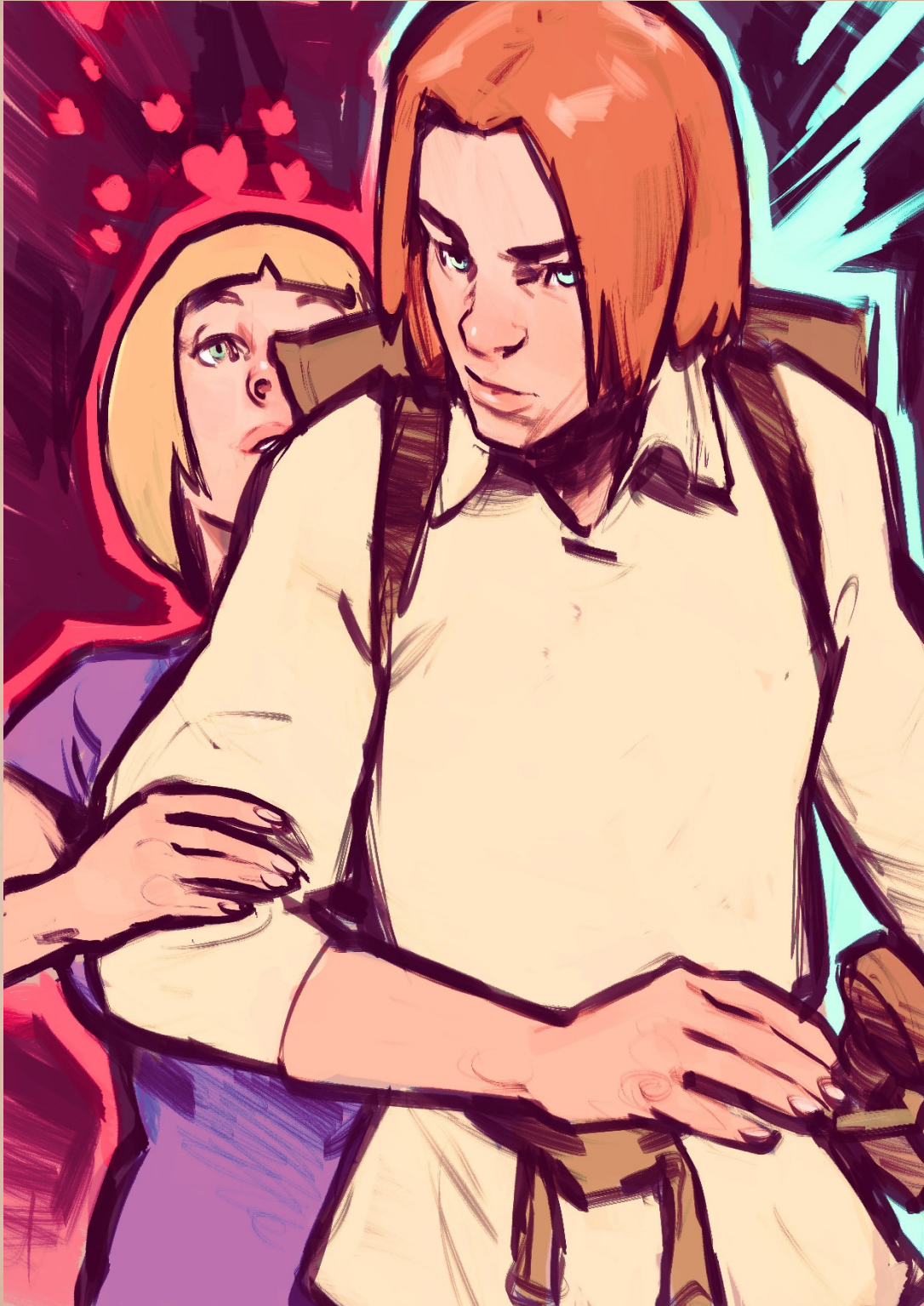


Lenora put a reassuring hand on Marco's arm. She could feel his muscles bunching. She leaned and whispered in his ear, "Don't be too cross with her. She'll get it out of her system. I promise. I'll make you feel better in our tent tonight." She blushed at her own words.

Marco nodded. "Let's go. Pallida, lead the way."

Pallida eyed her companions with amusement. "I can feel the scepter. It has moved. We'll need to go South for now." She turned and walked into the forest. The others followed her.

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“Um ... Mister Hiss would like to set up our tent a little way away.” Helen stood holding their folded tent, talking to her companions. It was evening, and the party was making camp. “He will stay outside my tent and protect me. But he wants ... a little space until he gets used to you.”

“Oh, you can understand his language?” Lenora raised her eyebrows, impressed.

“I know what he needs.” Helen nodded her head a tad too emphatically.

“Fine, whatever *he* wants.” Marco tried not to look too spiteful. He knew pettiness wasn’t an attractive trait. He wasn’t sure what held Pallida and Lenora’s interest, but he didn’t want to risk losing them. “We’ll take shifts at guard here. Call out if you need assistance. Or ... tell him to call for help ... somehow.” Marco pressed his lips together and avoided looking at the Saurian as it waited for his mother a few yards beyond her.

“Very well, we’ll set up our tent and come back for dinner.” Helen forced a broad smile and hustled off into the woods to find a suitable place to sleep. They arrived at a spot a few hundred yards from the others and erected the tent. Mister Hiss wasn’t familiar with tent construction, so Helen had to patiently show him how it worked. She thought that by the time it was ready, he had gotten the hang of it. “That’s very good, Mister Hiss. I’m proud of you.” She patted and squeezed his strong butt to show her appreciation. The feel of his lean muscle moistened her vagina. She had to remind herself that there would be time for such things later. “Come on, let’s join the others.”

But Mister Hiss leapt into the trees and disappeared right before Helen had made her way back to Marco, Lenora, and Pallida. She assumed he was off hunting and would be back.



They ate dinner in the growing gloom without much conversation. Without Mister Hiss, it was only the original party gathered in their fireless camp. They spoke mostly of what to expect on their journey to the scepter.



As they were wrapping up for the evening, Mister Hiss returned and lifted Helen into his arms. “My ride is here. Good night, everyone. See you in the morning. I’m so happy to be with you all again.” She looked directly at her son as she said the last words. But he looked away.

“Rest well, Helen.” Pallida smiled, waved, and watched the lizard and woman disappear into the gloomy forest. She turned her attention to Marco. “She’s still your mother.”

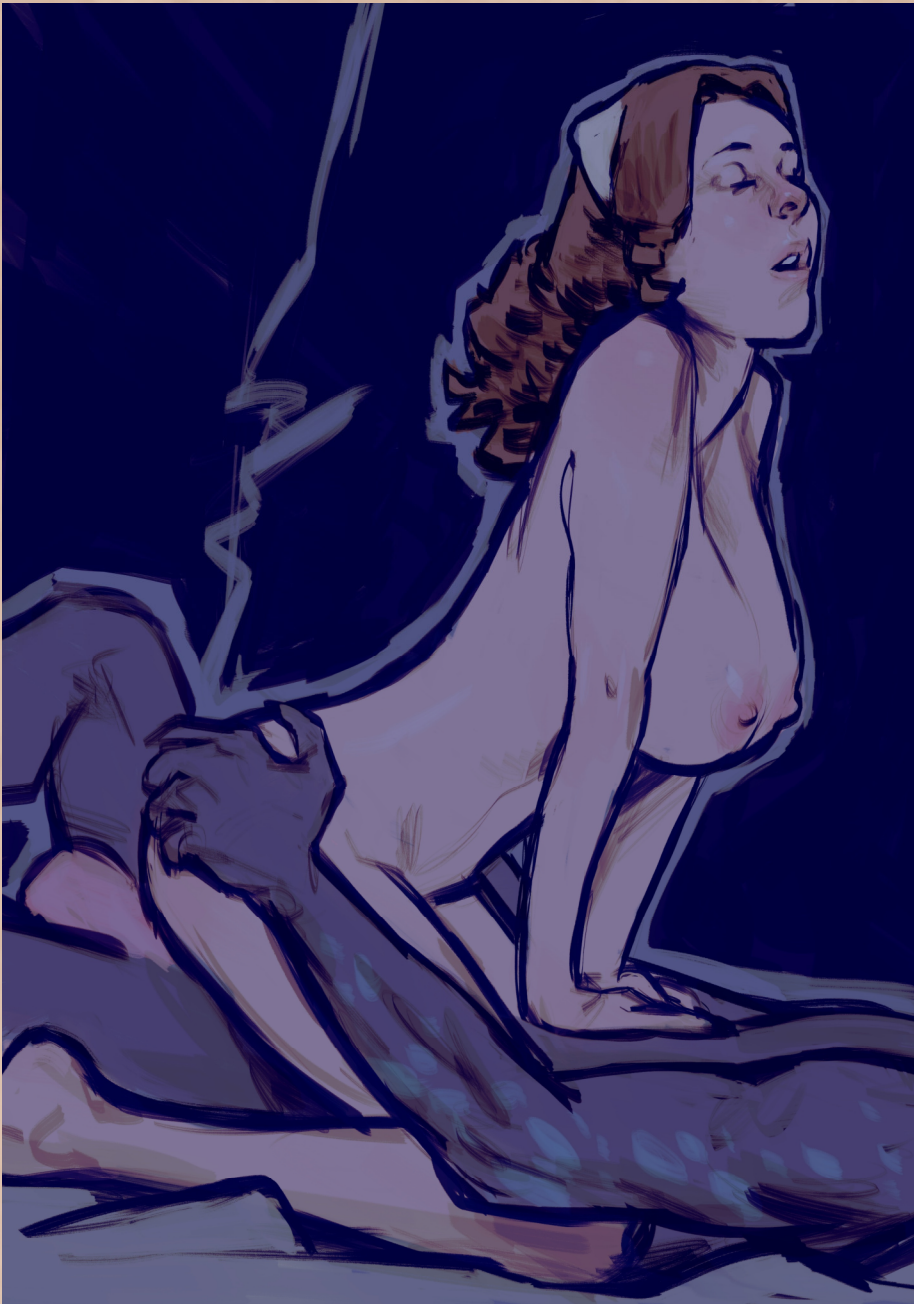
“I don’t want to talk about it.” Marco crawled into his tent.

“I’ll take care of him.” Lenora’s cheeks were bright crimson. Her body seemed to tumble and float, moving itself in different directions, buffeted by embarrassment and the expectation of ecstasy. “Do you mind taking first watch?”



“Mother him a little. The young man needs it.” Pallida nodded to the woman and watched her scurry into the tent. “We all have our longings,” Pallida said to the trees. She sat on a log and sighed, listening to the forest buzz and chirp around her. Soon, there were other sounds meeting her ears. She could hear Lenora humming on something large in her mouth. Marco’s urgent grunting left no doubt what that something was. And in the distance, she could hear Helen’s cries of passion. Apparently, the woman and lizard hadn’t wasted any time upon returning to their tent. Pallida was curious to see what such a mating looked like, but she was needed here as a guard. So, she settled for her imagination. Soon, with the sounds of sex both near and far, Pallida found her fingers thrumming her clitoris. There was no reason for her to be left out. She was skilled enough to keep watch while pleasuring herself, something any dryad would be proud of.

Helen had left her tent flap wide open. She wanted what moonlight there was to shine in and show off her beastly companion. She had wanted him on his back, which at first he had been reluctant to do. But pleasuring him with her mouth again had turned him into putty in her hands. Now, she was riding him hard, forcing his strange, brutish penis into the very depths of her soul. “Eeeiiii ... eeeiiii ... eeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Even when she wasn’t orgasming, the pleasure made thought difficult. “Mister Hiss ... you’re ... oooooohhhh ... my personal ... protector. You guard me ... with your ... uggghhh ... spear. My big ... male ... protector ... who uses a different ... uuggghhh ... uuuggghhh ... uuuuggghhh ... large ... meaty ... prong ... to spear *me*.”



“Gggaaasss ... gggghhhhaahhhh!” Mister Hiss gazed up in wonder at her splendid swaying mammaries. He didn’t entirely understand what was going on with the party, but he understood that the male human didn’t approve of him. Despite that, Helen had stood up for her Saurian partner. The young male smelled like her, so Mister Hiss assumed they were related. That Helen had argued for him and kept him close made Mister Hiss all the more committed. Although, the way she used her vagina, and the way her breasts looped in countervailing circles as she rode, would have been enough on its own to make the lizard walk through fire for her. Not for the first time, he wondered what sorts of eggs they would produce. He imagined that when she eventually laid the eggs, she would be squatting as she was now. Although, he suspected she would not be bouncing quite so much. Those thoughts brought him close to his first completion. “Hhhhsssssssss!”

“Oooohhhhhh ... Mister Hiss ... my monster ... my own ... personal ... monster.” Helen raked her fingernails across his chest, digging in with force. She didn’t need to worry about hurting his scaly skin. Her eyes rolled back. When she felt the molten heat of his seed at the back of her womb, her hips fell out of rhythm. She stopped bouncing and undulated as he filled her. Her screams filled the woods around them. She might have worried about drawing unwanted attention. But with her lizard there to protect her, she had nothing to fear.

Back in the other tent, Marco was cupping Lenora’s head, urging her to suck in more of his cock. He was doing his best not to hear his mother’s frenzied cries, as the faint echoes reached his ears. What made his anger worse was that he clearly could see his own hypocrisy. This was the baker’s wife gagging and gurgling on his pole. He doubted the baker would approve. But that didn’t in any way dissuade him from continuing. “Choke on it ... choke ... on my cock ... Mrs. Baker.” His rage-fueled words he would not have otherwise used.

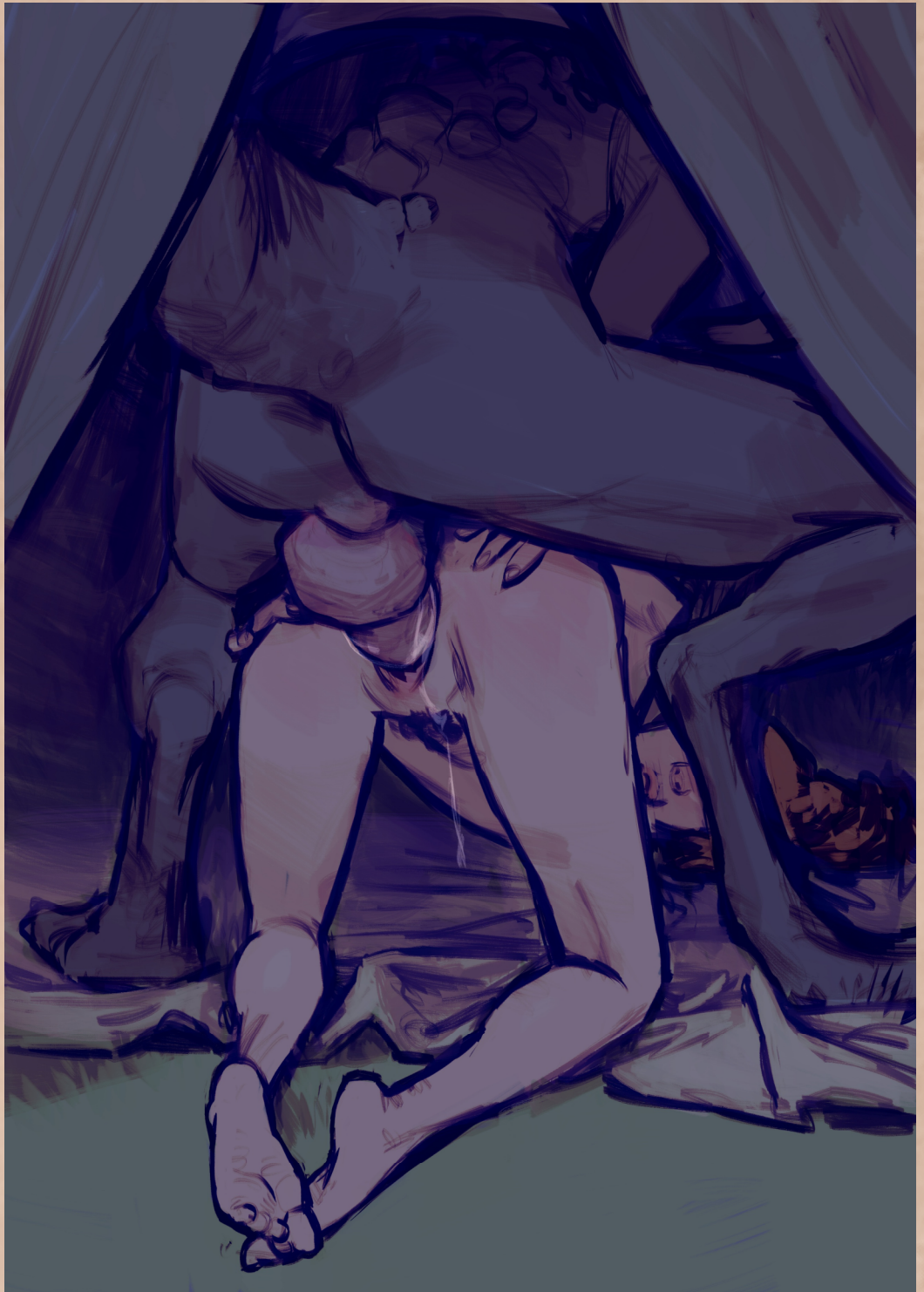
“Gggaackk ... gggaaacckkkkk ... mmmmm ... gggaaacckkkk.” Lenora knew he was upset about his mother. It was a special place of honor to be the one comforting him with her throat. This was the first time Marco had been so rough with her. In fact, it was the first time any man had been so rough with her. Although, she imagined the orcs would have been terrible had Marco not saved her. This was a happy medium. She pulled her mouth off his penis and looked up at him in the gloom. “Use me ... Marco. Use me to pleasure yourself ... so that you don’t have to – gaaaacckkkk.” She was cut off when he pulled her head back onto his penis. She reached one hand between her legs and found that she was already a river down there.

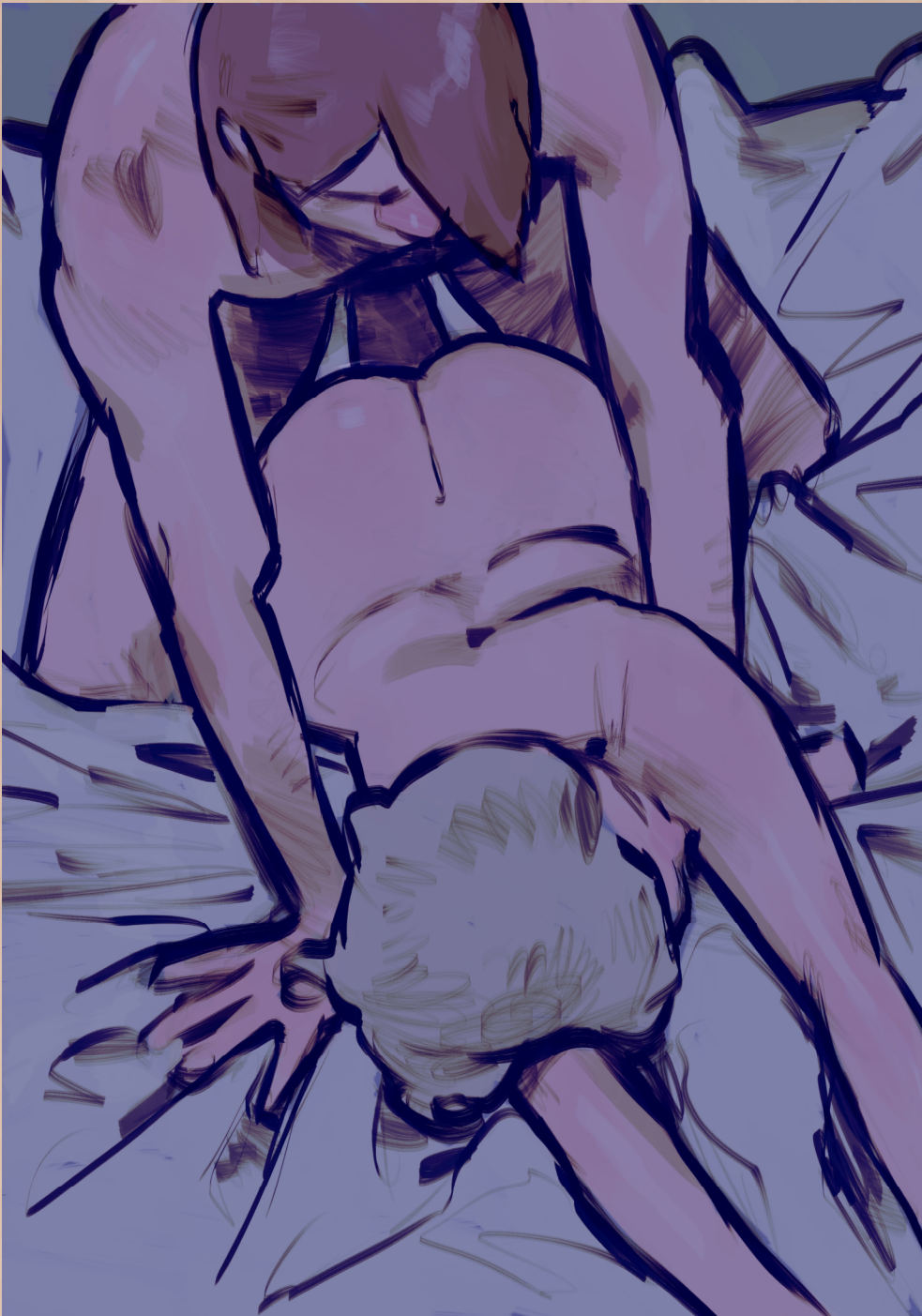


Back in Helen and Mister Hiss's campground, they were going at it again. Helen was on her hands and knees. Mister Hiss was hunched behind her, trying to hump in the confines of a tent not made for creatures such as he. He didn't mind. "Ggghhaa ... ggghhaaa ... ggghhaaa ..." Mister Hiss grunted out his victory. This spectacular woman was bent for him in the way females of many species showed their total submission. He tenderly held her hair. He wanted to keep her back arched, but he was mindful that she was fragile. This beauty was pretty and delicate like a flower.

"Use me ... uuuggghhhh ... use me ... like a mare ..." Helen wanted to look over her shoulder, but he was controlling her head with her hair, forcing her to stare straight forward. "... a mare ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... or ... whatever ... they call ... a female lizard."

"Ggghhasssss." He loved her silly, human babbling. She sounded so innocent and sincere, even if he didn't know the meaning. The speed of his hips increased. The wet slapping of their bodies filled the tent. He would hump this human all night if he could.





Several hundred yards away in her shared tent, Lenora was lying on her belly, her vagina eagerly accepting thrusts from the indomitable teenager behind her. The weight of his lean body pressed into her soft backside again and again. Their pairing was beyond perfect. She couldn't imagine living her life in the bakery and missing this vital slice of life. "I'll be your ... tunnel ... Marco ... use ... my tunnel ... masturbate yourself ... with it. Put your mind ... on my backside ... and not ... on anything else."

"Are you ... giving me ... your tunnel ... Mrs. Baker?" Marco slammed his hips furiously against her ass. Her vagina was tight and wet, her butt giving him the perfect cushion to bounce against.

"Yes ... yes ... it's yours ... uuuggghhhh ..." Lenora gripped the blanket with white knuckles.

"What ... about ... the baker?" Marco slapped her ass for emphasis.

"What ... baker ... what ... baker?" Lenora watched blissful stars dance before her eyes. Her next climax was going to be a big one. "Fill me up ... and claim me. When I ... married him ... I didn't know men like you ... existed. It's not my fault ... my vows ... were in error. I only want ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her orgasm was upon her, just as the heat of his young seed filled her. They had tried to be careful about her womb for a while, but one couldn't be cautious forever when dealing with the powers of teenage lust. She might as well try to stop a flood with a bread pan.

Outside Lenora and Marco's tent, Pallida bit her lip as she approached her own climax. Her fingers were a blur on her clitoris. It seemed that the humans, and the lizard, were working out their issues through sex. This was much better than mediation in Pallida's mind. Much more direct and to the point. And much more enjoyable.

