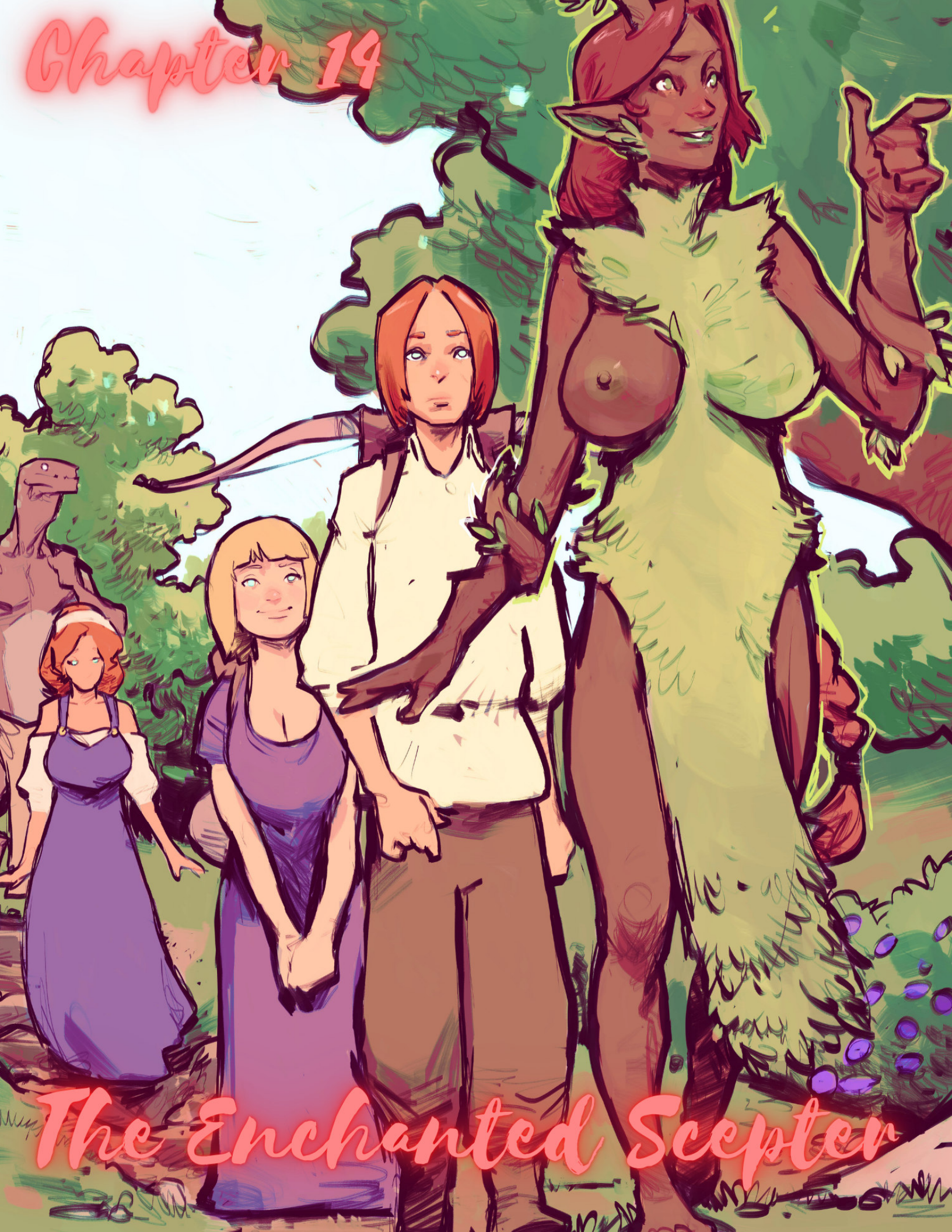


# Chapter 14



# The Enchanted Scepter

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## *The Enchanted Scepter 14*

*Illustrations by BSA*

*Written by RawlyRawls*

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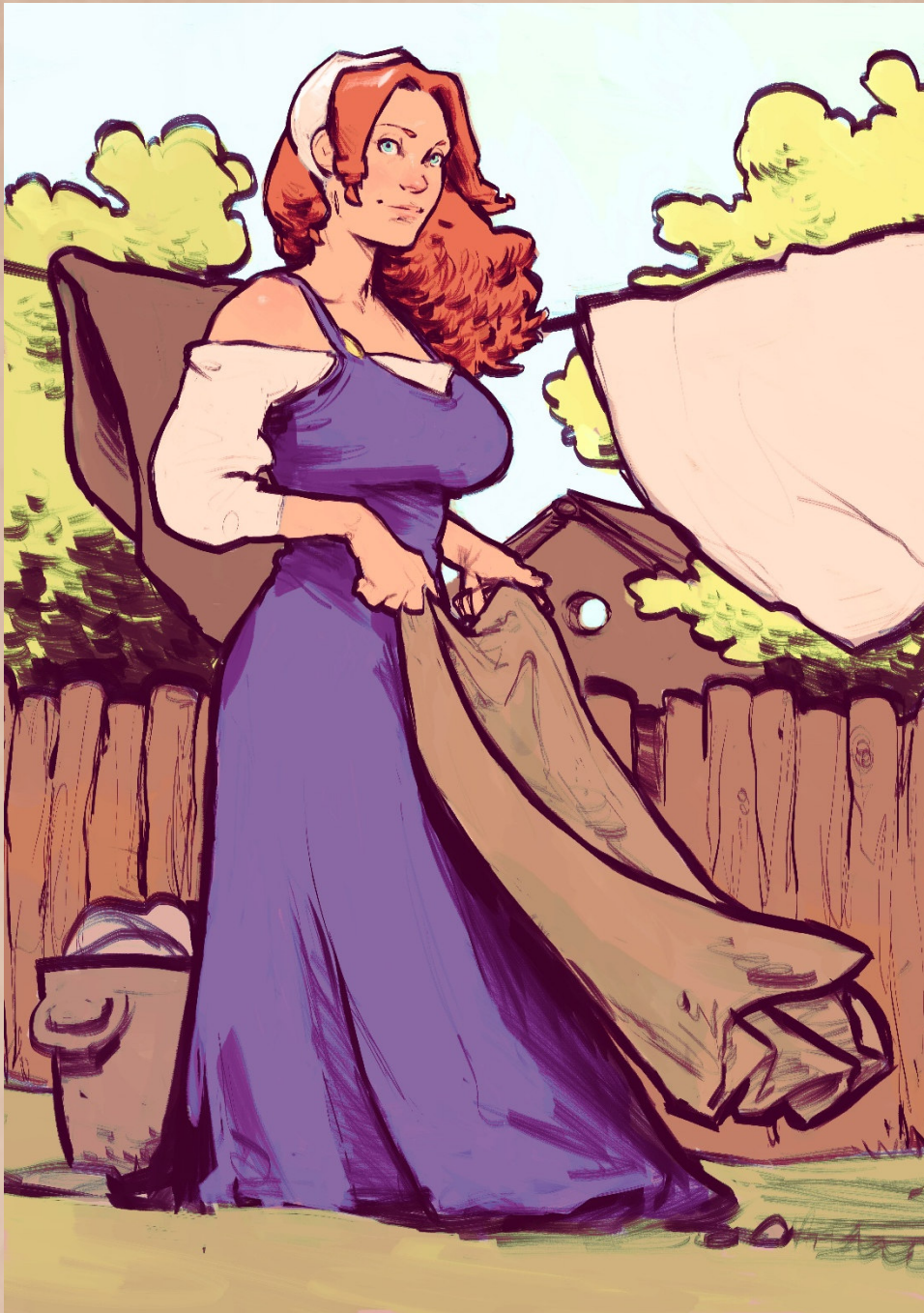
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"How was the fishing, Sven?" Helen waved to her husband as he entered the backyard. She could see from the heavy sack slung over his shoulder that his time at the lake had been bountiful. "It looks like you caught a whale!" She continued hanging laundry on lines to dry, giving him a flirtatious smile.



"All went well. No whales. Just pike and trout." Sven lowered his sack into the small cellar that kept things cool. When he turned to his wife, he was struck by her beauty. The setting sun formed a halo around her fiery hair. Her dress showed off her wonderful curves. "Before I head out to sell, I thought we might have some marital time together."

"Marco's home. It would be a scandal if we did it where he could hear." She winked at her husband. "Go sell your fish, bathe yourself, and maybe after Marco goes to sleep, I will quietly take care of my husband."

"What's the kid doing home?" Sven frowned. He didn't like to be put off.

"He just brought home some bread and pastries. The baker's wife threw in a few extra goodies for us." Despite the obvious change in her husband's mood, Helen smiled on. "I think he's munching and practicing for his apprenticeship exam."

Sven sighed, opened the cellar, and pulled the fish back out. "I'm off to sell these. I'll hold you to our bargain about later tonight."

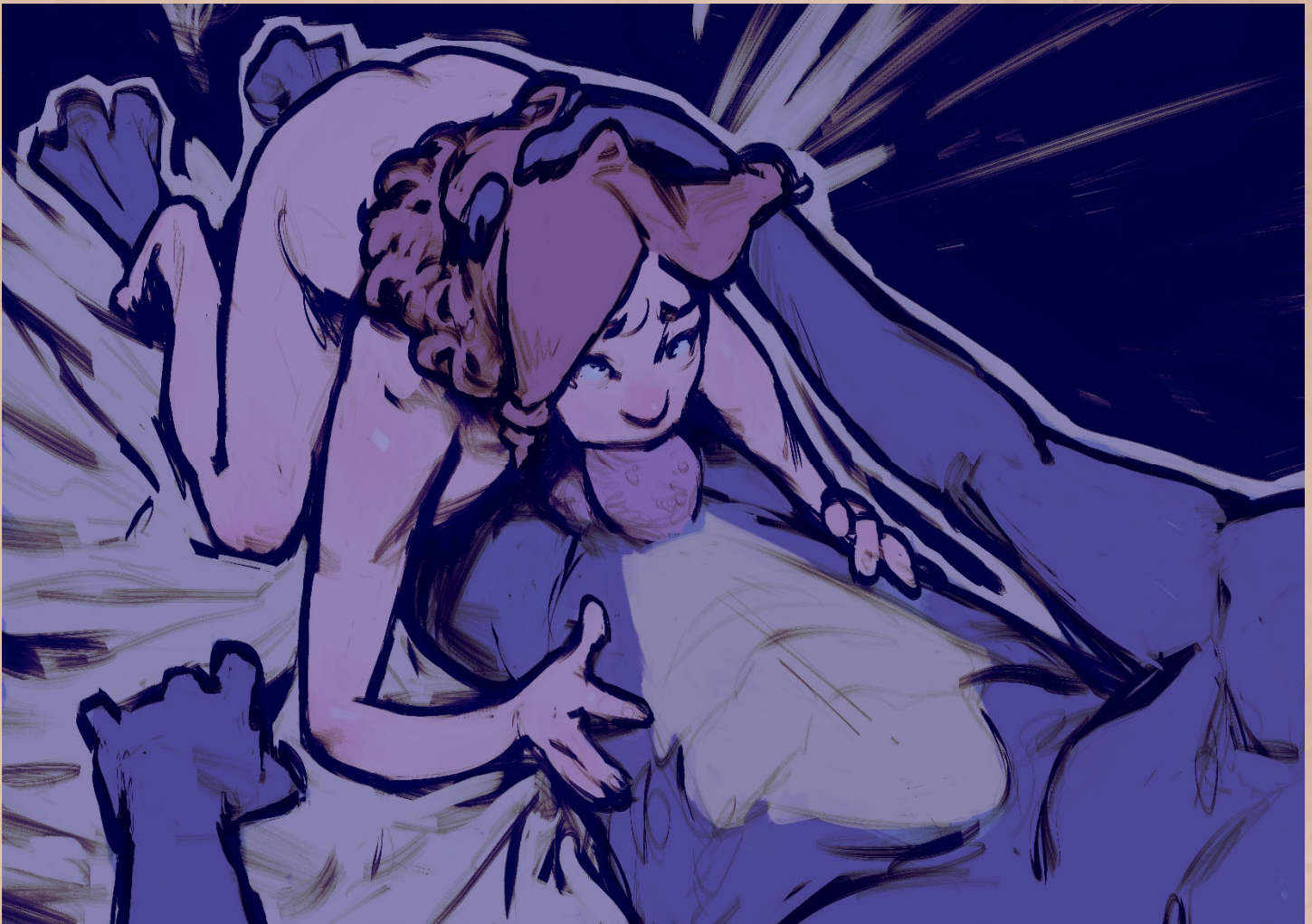
"I'll be holding something else later tonight." Helen laughed and winked. She relished seeing the smile flicker back on her husband's face.

"Very well." Sven hoisted his catch and trudged back through the alley on his way to the market.

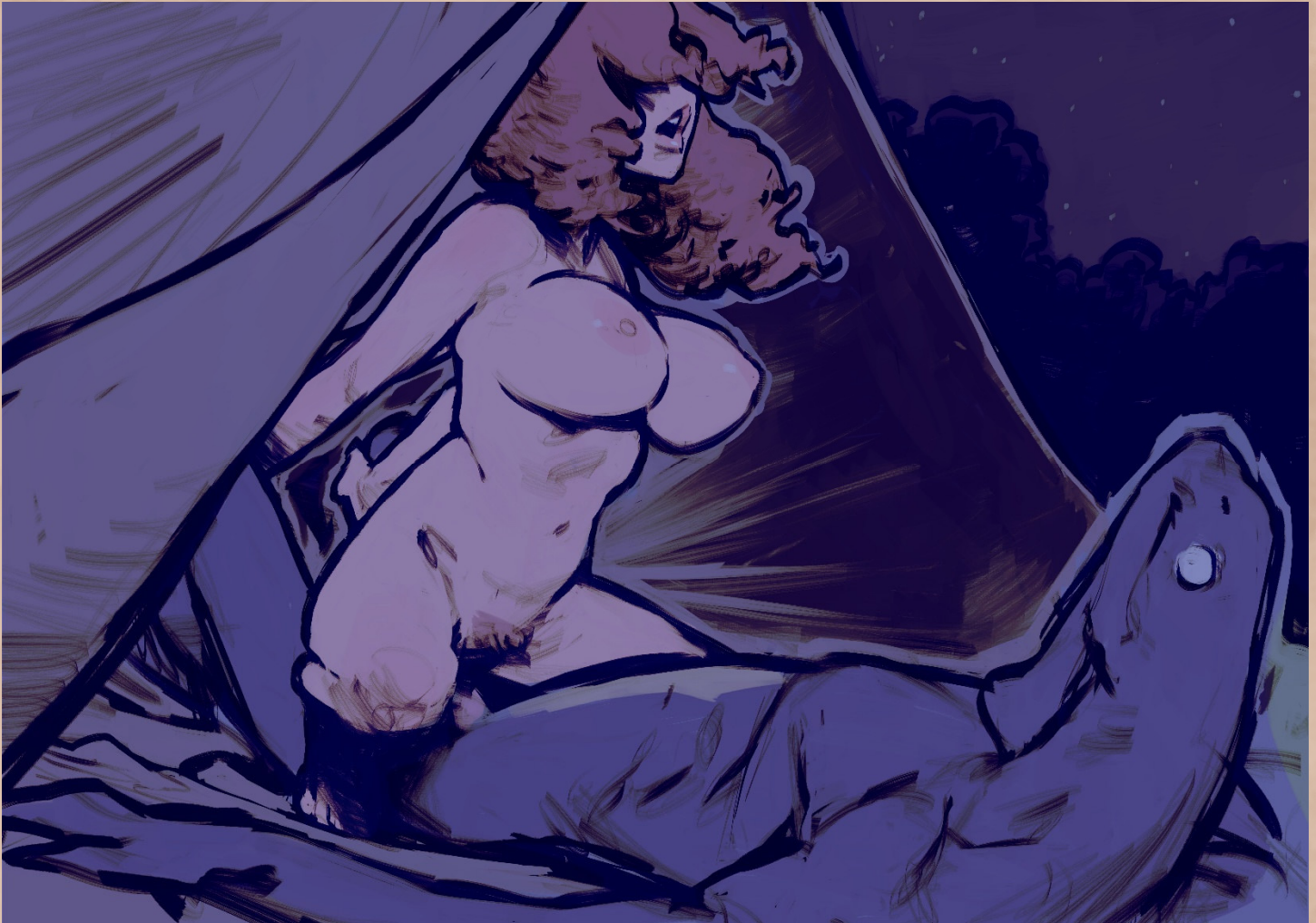
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A leaden memory of her marriage fell upon Helen as she was lying in her tent with Mister Hiss. She was still panting, resting her head on the saurian's chest. She could hear his strange heart beating a million miles a minute. It was so different from the steady rhythm of her husband's pulse. Actually, she couldn't remember what his heart sounded like. The memory faded. She felt a world away from that place and time. She wasn't even the same woman anymore. Would that Helen have understood the pure joy at feeling Mister Hiss's seed slowly gurgle and seep from her vagina? She thought not. But she knew that feeling now. "Mister Hiss ... Mister Hiss ... you're an animal ... you're ... you're ... wonderful."

"Nnnsssss ... gha ... gha ..." Mister Hiss took hold of her hair, lifted her head, and pushed her lips toward his cock. "Gggghhhhaaaaaa." He flexed his legs and stretched the claws on his feet as she started pleasing him with her mouth again. He could just see her face in the moonlight. Her beautiful, soft visage was perfectly distorted by his turgid serpent.



“Gaaackkk ... ggaccckkkk ... ggaaackkkk.” Helen was thrilled to feel the scaly, clawed hand on the back of her head. She loved the way he pushed her down farther than she could easily handle. It showed his desire for her. And there was something magical about having that ugly, brute of a love-stick barging its way into places her throat clearly thought it didn’t belong. She bobbed her head avidly for several more minutes. Then, she mounted him, and it was off to the races.



“Hhhhsssss ... gha ... gha ... ggghhaassss.” Mister Hiss stared with adoring eyes at the flopping tits in front of him. The last time she’d ridden him, she’d bounced like a proper female saurian would. But this time, she was grinding and undulating her hips in a way that was new to him. The other saurians weren’t going to believe him when he told them about this female.

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The party was quiet as it trudged south.

Pallida was in the lead.

Marco marched behind her, his lips pressed into a tight line.

Lenora followed Marco, watching the back of his head with motherly concern.

His actual mother brought up the rear with Mister Hiss. Again, the lizard carried her pack, including her violin. She was grateful for his work as a beast of burden both on the trail and in the tent. She turned and gave him a beguiling smile. He winked.

“There is a village of wayward elves in exactly this direction. I would assume that is where the scepter is.” Pallida said these words without turning around. Her voice echoed around them, the trees giving her amplification. “At this pace, we will arrive before sunset.”

“Elves? They are gentle creatures. They might even aid us in finding the scepter.” Helen didn’t know much about elves, only that they were wise and lovely to look at.

“Ssspppaaaahhh.” Mister Hiss flicked his fork tongue in the air, tasting for those vile creatures. He recognized their word for elves, but thankfully he didn’t taste them in the breeze. *Perhaps they’re only talking about such monsters in passing?*

“Elves are pompous and didactic. And this village is a collective of outcasts, so that will add unpredictability into the mix.” Pallida sighed. “And they most certainly would want the scepter for themselves. We can’t let that happen.”

“Lenora, tell my mother she knows nothing of elves. And if she wants to speak about strange creatures, she has met enough ...” Marco stopped himself from saying something nasty. “My father once met a trio of elves,” he said instead.

“Um ... Helen?” Lenora looked over her shoulder at the woman behind her. “Marco would like you to know that -”



"I heard him." Helen reminded herself that Marco was young and not always in control of his impulses. At eighteen, she herself had said plenty of things she regretted. She kept her voice low and calm. "It was your father that said elves were wise, lovely, and gentle, Marco."



"My father made many mistakes. He thought *you* would be true to *him*." Marco clenched his fists. He could forgive his mother's first couplings in the forest, but this last one seemed like a choice to burn her marriage vows.

"Hhssssssss." Mister Hiss reached for his spear. He could tell things had gotten tense. The young man was radiating anger.

"It's okay." Helen pushed the lizard's claws away from his spear. "I love him. We'll give him his space."

That was the last thing anyone said for several more hours. The hike had become as taut as a bowstring.

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The light was fading in the forest when they came to the outer walls of the elf village. Instead of torches, the palisade was lit with strange glowing orbs. Pallida held her hands high and stopped at the closed gate. "Hold your hands to the canopy, everyone."

The rest of the party did as instructed. Even Mister Hiss raised his arms when he saw what the others were doing.

"Oh, my. The wall is beautiful. And the buildings behind it ... this hardly seems a village. Look at those spiraling towers!" Lenora pointed into the distance.



“Lovely,” Helen whispered. “Sven, you were right.”

“We seek accommodations,” Pallida called.

Suddenly, where there had been only forest around them, a group of elves appeared wearing elegant, white armor, with unsheathed swords at the ready.



Pallida negotiated their stay, while the others watched in awe. The humans in the party were struck by the beauty of the elves. The saurian was struck by their plainly nefarious expressions and body language. He sidled closer to his human female, but didn't put his arm around her as he wanted. He could tell that she wanted to stand on her own.

The sun set before they were let in with an agreement of barter for the dryad's services, very similar to what Pallida had negotiated with the goblins. Pallida led them, listening to the “oohs” and “aahs” from her humans. It seemed that the tension of the day had been washed away by the beauty of elven architecture, stunning sartorial design, and the angelic faces of the elves themselves. They were not a tall species, but they moved with grace and charm. Even outcasts liked to show the world how perfect they were.

At one point, they spotted a giant orc walking down a perpendicular street. The massive, green creature was tenderly carrying two elves in either arm.

“Is that an ...” Lenora cringed.

“It is an orc. But the elves aren't stupid. It must be a tame one.” Pallida gave the beast no more consideration, and led them to their

lodging. The proprietor was expecting them, and offered them food while their rooms were being made ready. Pallida chose a table as far from the hearth as possible, pushed the small chair aside, and sat on the floor, stretching her long legs under the short table.

The humans all sat awkwardly in the small chairs.

The saurian stood behind Helen, looking with alarm around him at the elves having their supper.

Delicious, hot food was served. The party focused on their meal. When they were sated, and their rooms were ready, they met in Pallida, Lenora, and Marco's room. Pallida extinguished the fire, but let the strange orbs glow in their wall sconces. The party sat, or stood, in a circle and discussed what to do next. It was agreed that they would wait until the early morning to begin their search. That was the time when there would be the fewest elves on the streets. Although, Pallida warned them, the elves would surely spy on them regardless.

Eventually, Helen said goodnight and led Mister Hiss to the room they were to share. When the door was shut behind them, she hugged her scaly friend. "Oh, this is so exciting. Pallida was so kind to find a beautiful room for us. Don't you think?" She kissed his scaly cheek, pulled back from him, and looked around the room. "Oooohhhh ... it's so pretty. I feel like a princess ... with her beast." Helen laughed and playfully reached under his loincloth, squeezing the odd penis that was quickly becoming familiar. "Come, let's investigate the grandeur we get to share. She released his penis and clasped his hand, pulling him around the room, exclaiming over a beautiful vase, and the bed, and even the framed art on the walls. She found they had their own bathroom, with a warm bath already drawn for them.



Mister Hiss followed his woman around loyally. He loved listening to the unending, boisterous prattle and exclamations of joy. While the room seemed vile to him, she obviously was enjoying it. And he supposed that he might enjoy it, too. He had never thought he'd get to sully an elven bed with his mating, but he was certain that's what the evening had in store. He didn't even complain when she undressed them both and pulled him into the tub. He sat at the opposite end of the tub, their legs intertwined, and stared in awe at her beauty. Pretty soon, his burgeoning penis had crested the water, standing proudly as evidence of his love for this exquisite creature.



"It's like we're on our honeymoon." Helen looked around the handsome bathroom, her gaze returning to the beastly cock towering above the waterline. "Sven would think I've gone totally insane." Her breasts floated and gently rocked as the water sloshed side to side. With her toes, she reached out and gently prodded and caressed his ugly cockhead. "What I had with him was wonderful, Mister Hiss. But what I have with you, what I've experienced in this forest, is ethereal. It's like I've lived two lives. And this second life is my reward for being such a committed, dutiful wife in my first life."

"Sssssss." Mister Hiss nodded. Her babbling was almost as charming as her soft, delicate foot on his penis. This was the first time a female had touched him this way. He wondered if humans did this often. He decided that he was special to her, so she was going out of her way to please him. A slow, reptilian smile spread on his lips. "Sssssss." His strange pupils dilated.

"Clean yourself." Helen took one of the provided sponges and tossed him the other one. She lifted an arm and began scrubbing with hers. "Let's wash up, hump, and make ourselves dirty again. What do you say?" A wicked grin flashed on her face.

Eagerly, Mister Hiss began scrubbing. He got the gist of what she was saying, and he was all for it.

