

Chapter 15



The Enchanted Scepter

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Enchanted Scepter 15

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

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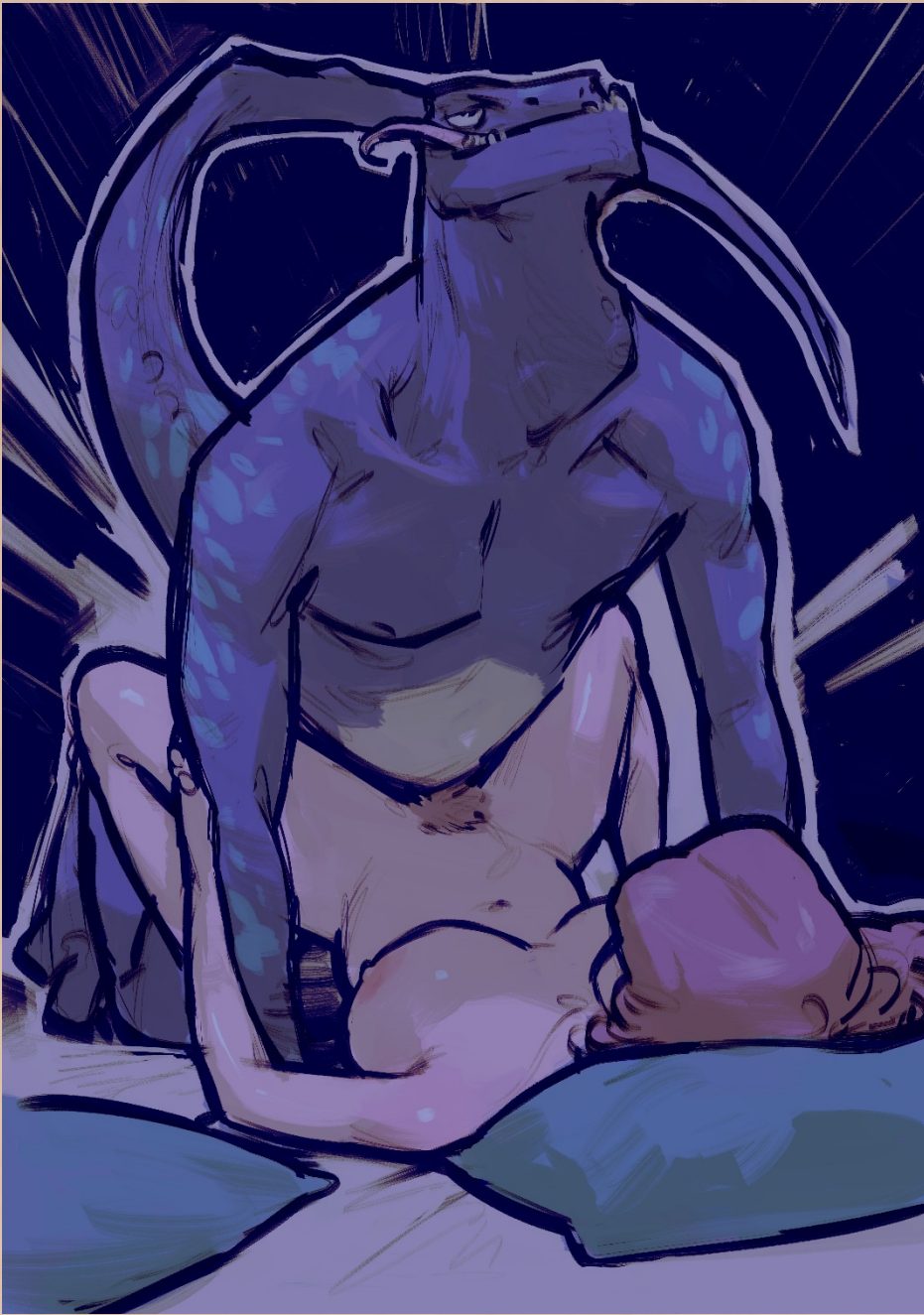
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“Miiisstteerrrrr Hhiiiiisssssss.” Helen stared up at the looming, scaly creature. His hips were a blur between her legs. His powerful tail switched behind him with the same cadence as his thrusts. His reptilian expression, as far as she could read it, was possessive to the point of anger. His tongue flicked out and tasted the air around Helen’s face. “Miiissterrrr Hiiisssss ... you’re strange penis ... is in ... it’s in ... well ... just look.” She lifted her head and gazed down at her own belly, which was protruding with each buck of his hips. She could almost see the outline of his strange cockhead through her skin. The sight made her dizzy. “I’m going to ... eeeeeiiiiiii.”

“Ghhaaa ... gghhhaaaa ... hhhssssssss.” Mister Hiss gazed down at this soft, pale creature. She was so fragile and delicate. She was wonderfully proportioned. She was his. “Ghaa ... ghaaa ... ghaaa ...” Ecstasy had turned her pretty, human face into one that looked almost like the visages of the ugly bugs in the oak trees that tasted so good. Mister Hiss barked out a laugh at the association. He lived to drive this woman wild with lust. And he was getting to do it on an elven bed.

Not in his wildest dreams would he ever have thought that he would get to defile elven furniture with an enthusiastic human woman that was screaming his name. Yes, he had learned her name for him. And it almost sounded like his own speech. It sounded lovely coming out of her mouth in a high wail of pleasure.

“Nnnnssssss ... hhhnnnssssss.” His hips lost their cadence. He was cumming.

“Yeeessssss ... filllllll meeeeeeeeeee!” Helen’s toes curled and bounced in the air. Her womb accepted all that reptilian sperm. She could think of no better joy as the large, scaly creature finished the night’s coitus.

Not long after, monster and woman fell asleep tangled together above fine silk sheets. They were inclined to have another romp, but Helen knew they needed to get up early. They couldn’t fuck all night.

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The party met outside their lodgings. The sun wasn't up yet, and the quiet streets were lit only by those strange glowing orbs the elves used instead of lamps.

"We should split into two groups." Pallida addressed them. The humans still looked sleepy. Lenora kept rubbing her eyes. The saurian seemed awake and ready to go. Pallida thought he probably did much of his hunting in the early morning. "If you see anything, don't approach, Helen. Make a note of it and come back here. We'll reconvene for breakfast in two hours."

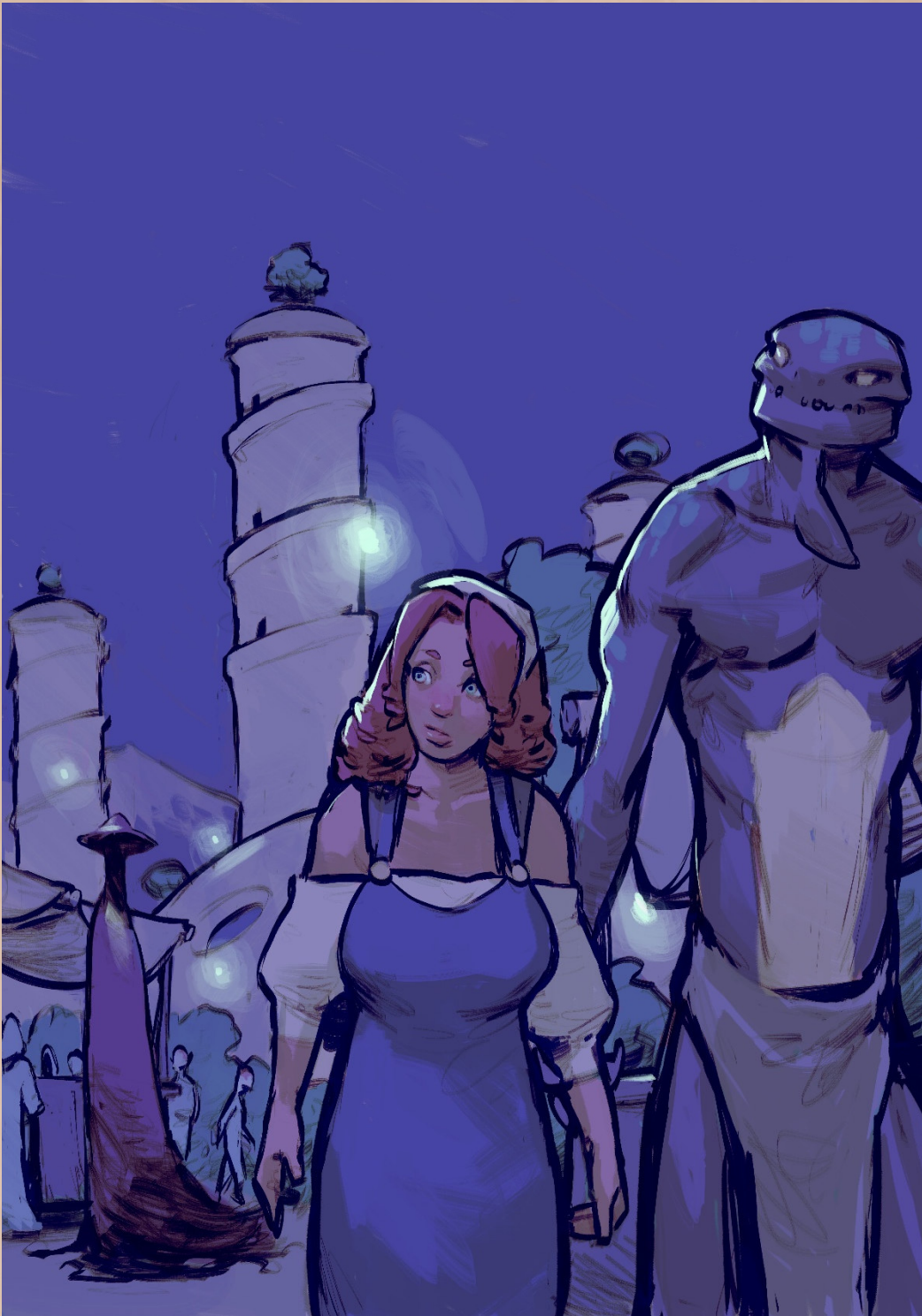
"What are we looking for?" Marco rested his head on Lenora's shoulder, wishing he was still in bed.

"I'm not sure how this creature will manifest herself. But I believe you'll know it when you see it." Pallida waved a warning finger at Helen and Mister Hiss. "Do not engage her without the full group. The creature is crafty."

"I know." Helen nodded. "Be careful, Marco." She smiled at her son, turned, and walked down the street toward the west.

Marco wanted to tell his mother to be careful, too. Maybe even tell her that he loved her. But instead, he scowled and picked up his bow and quiver. "Let's find that scepter." He took Lenora's hand and pulled her in the opposite direction from his mother. Pallida followed close behind.





Helen glanced back to see if she could still see her son, but he was out of view. She did however see a tall dark shape with a wide-brimmed hat walking in the distance. The creature was much too tall to be an elf. It moved with a jerky, ambling gait. In the gloom, she couldn't make out its face, but the thing made her shiver.

Sensing his mate's discomfort, Mister Hiss put a reassuring hand on her arm, carefully pressing her claws into the sleeve of her worn dress. They turned right, then left, and then right. They seemed to be in a commercial district. The smells here were tantalizing. Lots of insects scurrying about searching the garbage outside elven restaurants. He thought about stopping for a snack, but glanced at Helen and decided to ignore his growling stomach.

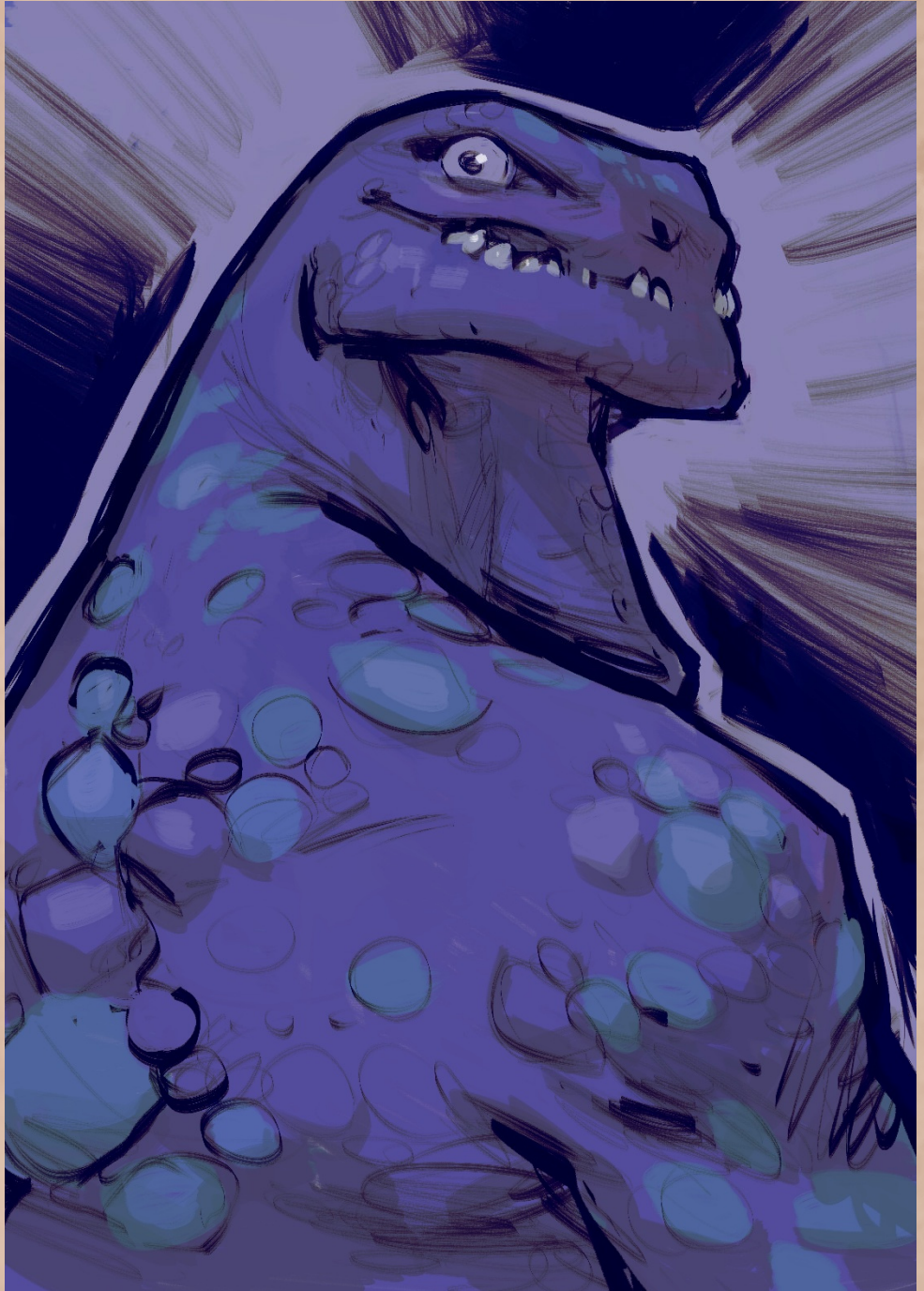
"That tall creature is still behind us." Helen was looking over her shoulder. No matter which turn they took, the strange stalker appeared in the distance behind them. "Look for an open shop we can slip into.

We need somewhere safe to stop." She wished she hadn't told Mister Hiss to leave his spear in their room. The streets were still mostly empty. She hadn't seen an elf in several minutes. And the ones she had seen were busy with their early morning work. They had barely registered the humans. She didn't think they would help should the following creature attack.

"Hhhsssssss." Mister Hiss looked over his shoulder at the creature that was upsetting his mate. He stopped in his tracks and turned to confront the creature. But the tall thing with the wide hat stopped, too. It was far enough away that he couldn't smell it no matter how much he flicked his tongue.

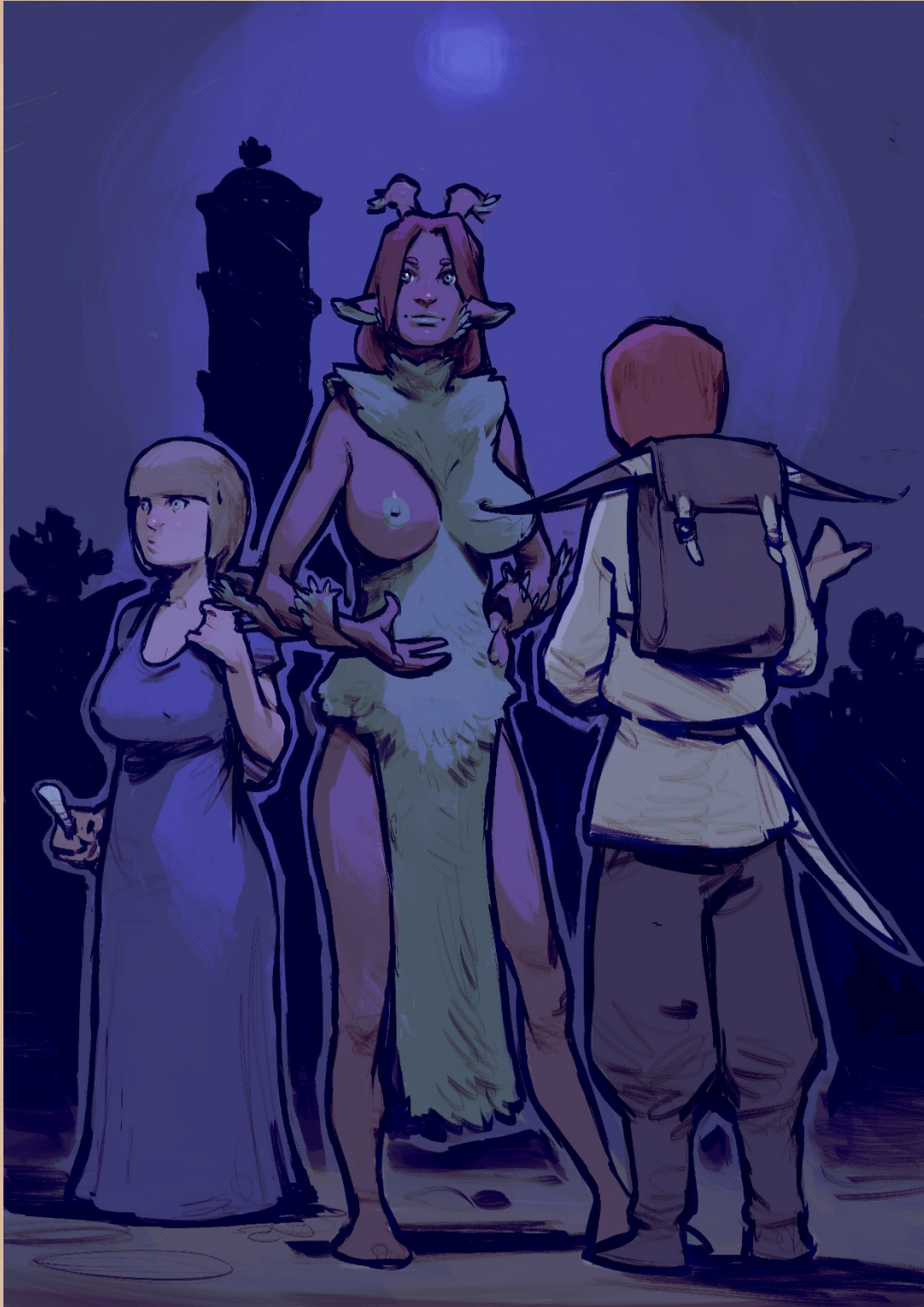
"No, I don't want to fight it. I want to lose it." Finally, Helen saw a store that looked open. She took Mister Hiss's hand and pulled him off the street. "In here." A bell rang as the door opened. They stepped into a small space filled with racks and racks of clothes, most sized for an elf. "Oh, a tailor." Helen looked down at her old, boring dress. It was from a life she barely remembered. Suddenly, she forgot about their pursuer, and her eyes lit up with delight. "Hello?" She didn't see the tailor anywhere. "I'd like to buy a dress."

"Yes, ma'am." A female elf appeared from the back of the shop wearing a meticulous dress. "What did you have in mind?"



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The elven sword on his hip was a little short, but Marco was glad to have it, along with his bow. Pallida had acquired a sword for Lenora, too. It jangled on her wide hip with each step. Marco doubted the baker's wife had ever had occasion to use a sword, but he knew she wielded a frying pan as a weapon well. Maybe some of those skills would translate. Hopefully he wouldn't find out. They stopped under one of the glowing street lights and took their bearings. "This is a large village. I would have thought we would have reached the palisade by now."



"This place holds lots of wayward elves, and whatever pets they keep." Pallida did not wear a sword. She didn't want or need metal tools. She turned, thoughtfully gazing into the gloom. Her bare breast shook with her movements. "I feel we are getting close." She frowned and looked at the buildings. They were in a wealthy neighborhood, with taller homes and shops.

"I feel it, too." Marco nodded.

"Isn't there something odd about that home?" Lenora pointed to a nearby mansion. Despite the hour, the house was lit from every window. Smoke billowed from its chimneys. Elf mercenaries stood guard by the front door, eyeing the humans and dryad with suspicion.



"No, that's not it," Pallida said loudly. She took her humans by the shoulders and gently shepherded them away. When they were a safe distance, she whispered, "You're right, Lenora. I believe we found the scepter. Let's go back to our lodgings and wait for the others. Then, we can form a plan. The creature that holds the scepter is a master manipulator, so we must be careful and judicious."

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"Oh, don't make that face, you look mighty fine in clothes. It gives the imagination something to work with." Helen smiled at her companion as they stood outside the tailor's shop. She admired her reflection in the window. The outfit she wore now highlighted her womanhood and exuded power. From her hand dangled a bag with a dress that did similar things. She had left her old dress with the tailor, along with all the coins Pallida had given her. With a sartorial change, she was a debutante. "You *do* look dapper with your tunic worn like that."

"Gghaa ghha hssss nnnssss." Mister Hiss flicked his tongue in annoyance. He must have really fallen for this human to let her dress him up like a doll. He had been thinking of her as his pet, but now he wondered if maybe it was the other way around.

"Goodness ... that creature is still there. Look." Helen nodded her head west. Several blocks away from them, the tall shadow with the wide-brimmed hat leaned against a post.

"Take me up in your arms. I want you to carry me back along the rooftops." Helen lifted the bag to her bosom and demonstrated with her fingers what she wanted Mister Hiss to do. After a moment, he seemed to understand. Even dressed in fine clothes, the saurian had no trouble carrying his human and scaling the nearest building. They traversed roofs, leaping over alleys and making their way back to their lodgings. While in her sweetheart's arms, Helen looked behind them. Whatever their hat-wearing stalker had been, it seemed he couldn't climb well. They weren't followed.



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"Something about finding the scepter has my blood pumping." Marco grabbed Lenora's ass, spun her around, and took hold of her tit. He leaned over and sucked Pallida's exposed, green nipple into his mouth. His mother and the saurian hadn't returned yet, so Marco had led his females back to their room. The sun was rising, and the village outside was coming alive. He shut their door behind him with a foot.

"Ooohhhh ... me too ... Marco." Lenora let him maul her breast with his hand. She hiked her dress a little and rubbed her vagina against his thigh.

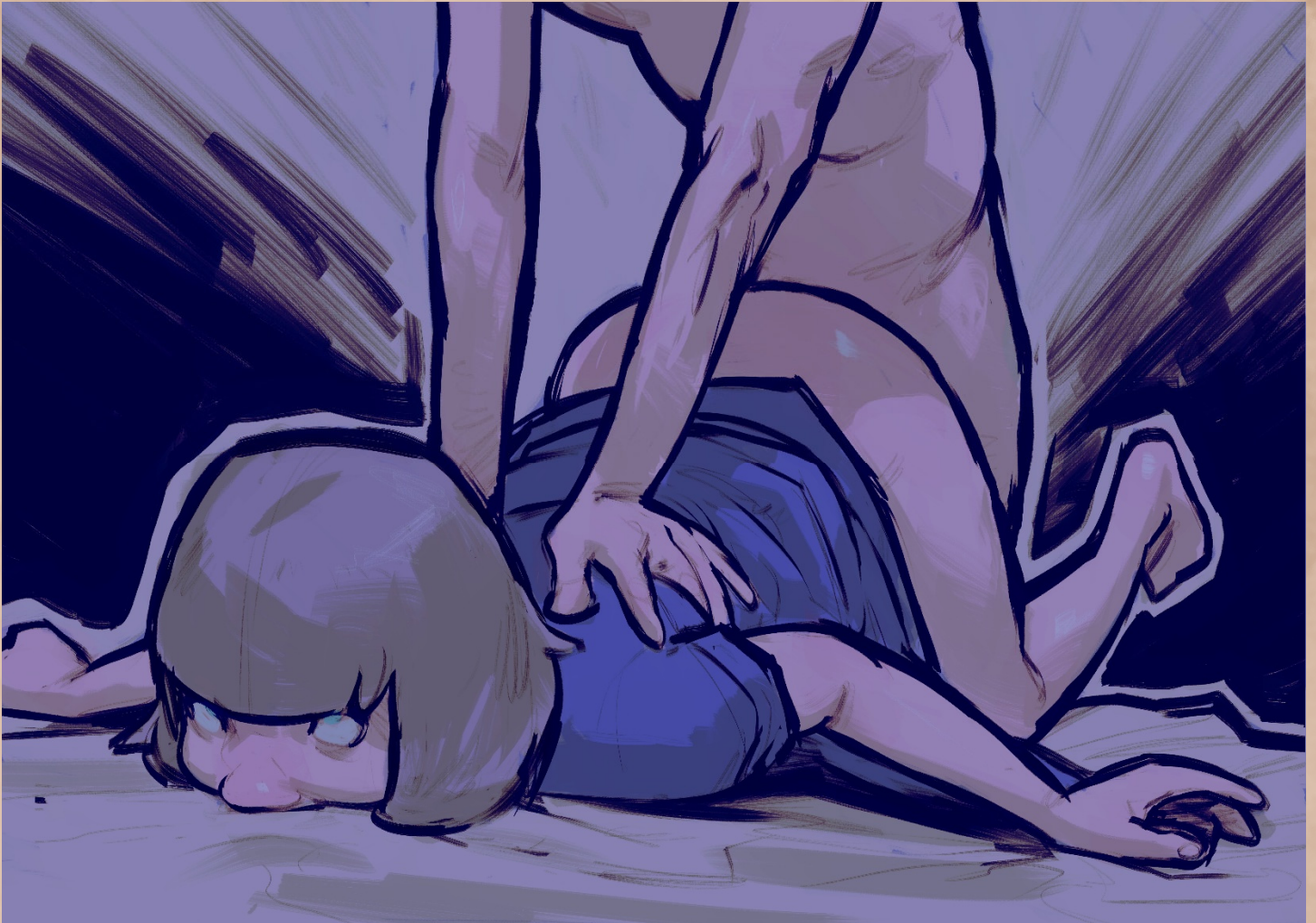
"We've all handled the scepter ... I think it is ... connected somehow." Pallida caressed Marco's hair. "The way I can track it is ... uncanny ... even for me."

"I need you inside me, Marco!" Lanora turned her back to her companions, lifted her dress, and dropped her underwear. "Mount me, please." She bent over and shook her ass to entice him.

"Go ahead. Take her first, then me." Pallida pushed him off her breast and undressed.



"Gods ... I'm hard." Marco tore his own clothes off, pushed Lenora down on the bed, and took her from behind. In no time at all, his hips were as rhythmic as frenzied clockwork. She was always wet for him, but now she was practically a river down there. He wouldn't be surprised if her juices were running down her thighs. "Your ass ... your ass ... is perfect." He slapped her left cheek.



"Thank you ... thank you ... I want you ... to want ... eh ... eh ... eh ... my butt!" Her eighteen-year-old companion was slamming harder into her than she was used to. It hurt in the most wonderful way. "I'm ... I'm ..." Lenora lost her grip on reality. An orgasm took over her mind completely.

"Pallida ... get in position ... I'm going to switch ... back and forth." He continued to slam into the cumming woman while Pallida got on her hands and knees next to her. "One ... orgasm ... for her ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... then ... one for you ... and one for her ... and one for you ..." He slapped Pallida's upturned ass, pulled out of the spasming Lenora, and entered the dryad.

“Yesssss ... Marco ... drive me over the edge.” Pallida was larger than Marco, but she still had to brace herself against his rear onslaught. Pleasure stretched its tendrils all through her nerves. “Use ... me ... use ... me ...” For a fleeting second, she thought how odd it was that she had been their fearless leader not minutes ago, and now she was one of two receptacles for teenage lust. But that wasn’t right, because her lust and Lenora’s were heavily in the mix, too. She clutched the sheets and wailed as a massive orgasm surged through her. It was such a big one, she didn’t even notice that Marco had pulled out of her and reinserted in Lenora until she came out of her ecstatic cloud. She turned her head to look at Lenora’s twisted face. The woman was screaming her head off. Pallida knew the elves were pruders, but she wasn’t worried about the sound. She wasn’t even worried about the scepter. Her only thought was when Marco would give her the next turn.

