



Chapter 16

The Enchanted Scepter

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Enchanted Scepter 16

Illustrations by BSA

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older.

Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensive Rawlyverse wiki page <https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw>

To see more of BSA's art:

<https://www.patreon.com/BSArt> and <https://twitter.com/BSAnsfw>

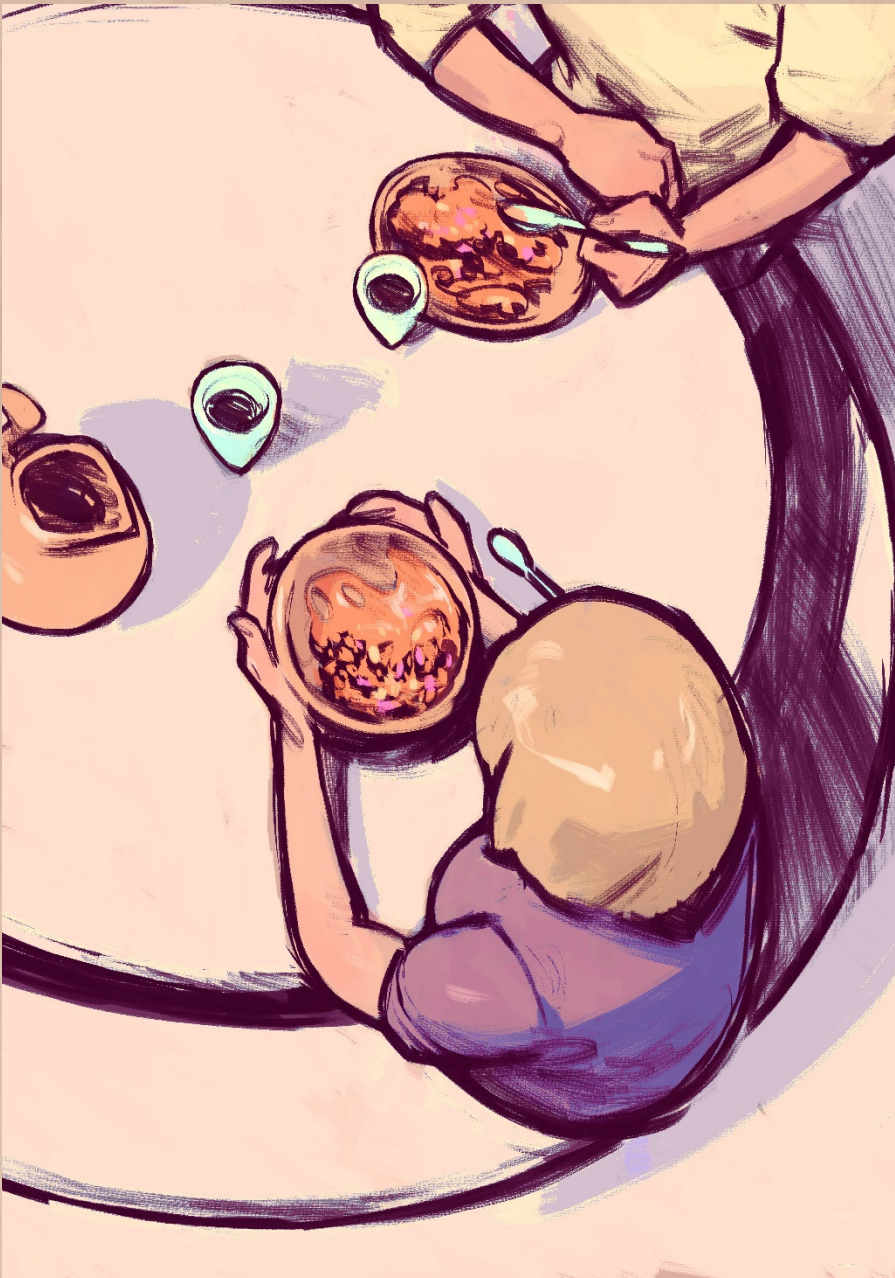
When Helen and Mister Hiss returned to their lodgings, they only had to stand outside Marco's door to hear that the others were busy.

"Oh my ... it sounds like he's doing them both at once," Helen whispered to her companion. "I'm not sure how he can juggle two partners like that." She pulled Mister Hiss in close and kissed his scaly cheek. "To be honest, I'm proud of him. And ... hearing Pallida and Lenora scream like that is really getting me riled up. Come on." She took his rough, clawed hand in hers and pulled him toward their room. "I need you inside me right away."

"Hhhhsssss." Mister Hiss flicked his tongue, tasting her excitement on the air. He was going to get to defile their elven bed again. Even if she dressed him in embarrassing clothes, being her mate was well worth that price. The second they were in their room, they undressed as quickly as possible. In no time at all, his beautiful mate was standing with her hands on the wall, and he was driving deep inside her from behind. He still couldn't believe his luck. This human would look so beautiful someday when laying their eggs. He could just see her squatting over their nest now. The image drove him to fits of ecstasy.



~~



“What is this stuff?” Lenora looked dubiously at the bowl she was holding. It was mid-morning, and the party was all standing in a small park off a busy avenue.

Pallida had bought them all breakfast from a stand. She had even procured the saurian a package of some of the choicest insects. He was happily plopping them into his mouth, the crunch of exoskeletons audible over the noise from the street.

“It’s oats with spices. Pretty good.” Marco was finishing his bowl.

“I wish I had a kitchen to make you a proper breakfast, Marco. I would treat you right. You probably haven’t had a decent home-cooked meal since ...” Lenora glanced at Helen and quickly looked away. She didn’t love the oats, but she ate them to appear busy.

“Now, am I to understand that you spent your entire budget on attire for you and Mister Hiss?” Pallida was also looking at Helen. The outfit the woman was wearing was about as far from her old worn dress as possible. The human was going through something for sure. “You know that I earned those coins through trade, right?”

“I had to. I told you: we needed to hide in the tailor’s shop. Nothing else was open.” Helen adjusted the straps over her breasts, noting the dark look her son gave her. “The tall creature with the hat was following us. And to stay in the shop, we needed to purchase something.”

“Mister Hiss looks like a carnival monkey dressed up like that.” Marco frowned at the lizard then turned his gaze back on his mother. “You both do. Carnival monkeys. What are you even doing, Mother?”

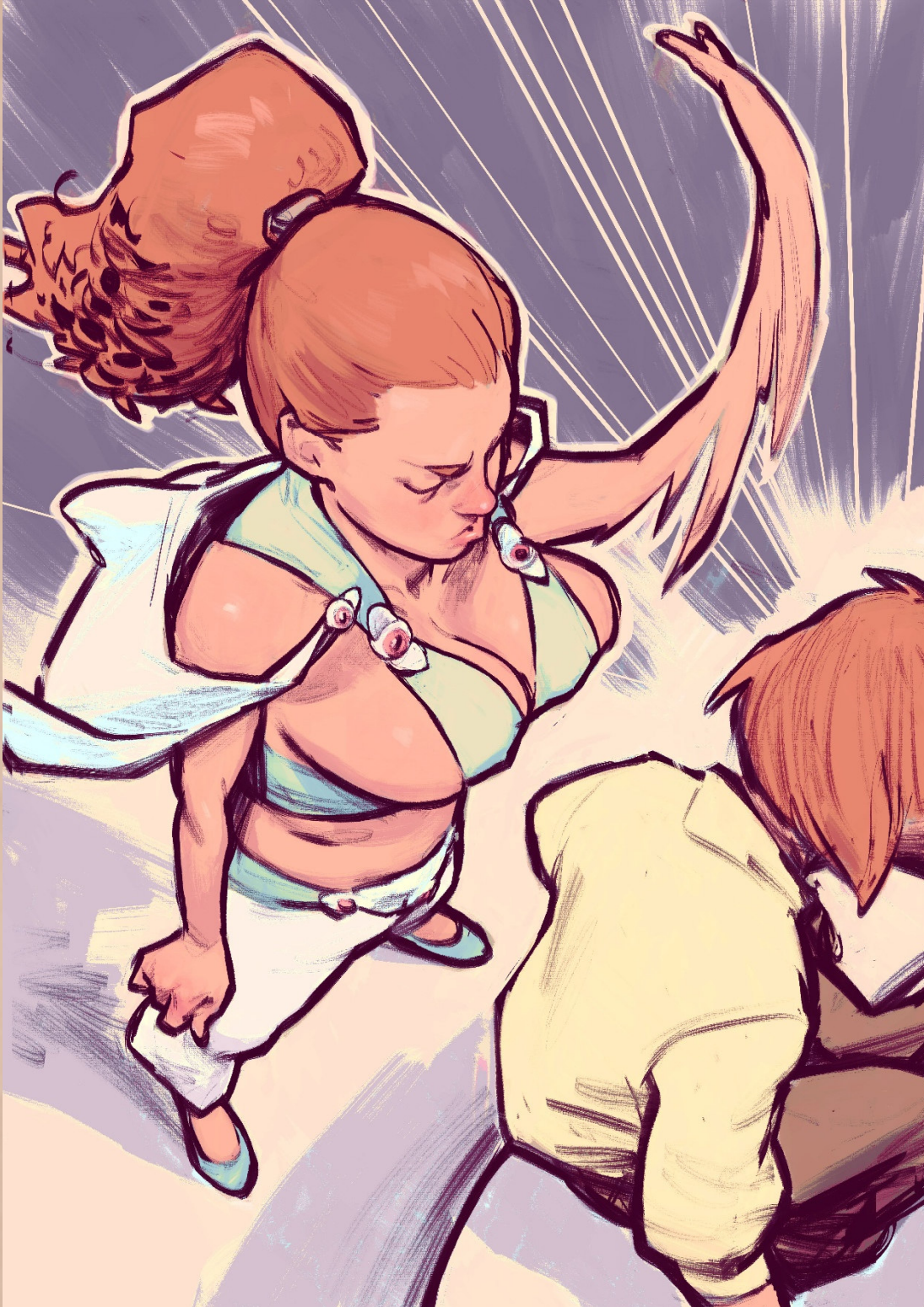
The rest of the group got very quiet. Pallida took Marco’s bowl and spoon before he could toss them in anger.

“We are both trying to adjust to this forest, Marco. You have your ladies, I have my ...” She smiled at Mister Hiss.

The saurian could tell something was wrong, he had stopped chewing with one insect leg sticking out of his mouth. His eyes darted between mother and son.

"A reptile. You're cavorting with a reptile, Mother! You're a hussy for this ... beast. And my father's still out there, probably missing us greatly." Marco spat the words. "If he could see you now, he'd vomit. Hells, I want to throw up my oats just thinking about it."

Helen stepped over to Marco and slapped him across the face. She hadn't laid hands on him in years. He'd always been such a good kid. But at eighteen, he was no longer good or a kid. "Stop that," she hissed.



The others all looked on with wide eyes. Mister Hiss stood straighter, proud of his mate. He got the gist of the dynamic between mother and son.

"I think you both need to cool down. We must focus on the scepter." Pallida kept her voice even and soft.

"Go climb a tree, Pallida." Helen wheeled on the dryad, her anger blossoming. "I need some time away from the group. The scepter can wait." In a huff, she turned and marched down the street, nearly bowling over several elves that were about half her size. She looked over her shoulder. "Come along, Mister Hiss. We need a walk."

Mister Hiss hurried after her.

Marco watched his mother go, her ass looking way too shapely and inviting in her new outfit. He held his cheek, feeling the sting of her slap.

"Oh, my. That was ..." Lenora didn't know what to say. She walked over to Marco and rubbed his back. She supposed if she was going to take a teenager as a mate, he would do some impetuous things. Like being unkind to his mother. But she wouldn't make a thing of it. "I ... um ... if we're not going to get the scepter this morning, maybe we could find a bakery that would let me bake you some treats. Would you like that?"

"I guess." Marco's mind was spinning. "Yeah ... if we find a place, I'd like that. You used to make the best turnovers back home."

Lenora beamed. "I can make those for you! Come on." She took his hand and pulled him in the opposite direction of his mother. "That will be so much better than those oats."

Pallida stood with her arms folded, watching them go. Humans were so tempestuous. She sighed. When all her party was out of sight, she turned and headed toward the strange house that more than likely held the scepter. If nothing else, she could do some reconnaissance.



~~



"The tall creature with the hat is back." Helen looked over her shoulder. She held Mister Hiss's clawed hand, her grip tight. "What does it want?" She squinted but couldn't see the face under the shadow of its wide brim. "Maybe it's a spy sent by younger me?"

"Ggghhaaa ... gghhhaaaaa ..." Mister Hiss did not like the way the creature made a brazen show of its pursuit. It wanted them to know it trailed them. Creatures didn't do that when they were collecting information. They did that when they were hunting and unafraid of their prey. Mister Hiss did not enjoy being prey. He enjoyed it even less when Helen was the hunted one. He bared his fangs at the tall being, but the creature plodded on more than a hundred yards behind them, towering over the elves all around.

"Let's get off the street." She pulled the saurian into a bathhouse. They both had to duck to enter the elf-sized door. She rented a bath from the purveyor, and hurried down the hall to their room, pulling Mister Hiss along behind her. When they entered their room, Helen almost forgot her horrible morning tiff with her son and the pursuer. "Oh, my. It's

beautiful." The place was full of steam and flowers. The bath had a very large tiled basin set into the floor, with a current of hot water running through it. There were scented soaps and oils laid out, and the fluffiest towels she had ever felt. "Not a bad place to hide, right?" She laughed at Mister Hiss's dubious expression. "What if I told you I would spread my legs for you here, would you enjoy it more?" When she saw he didn't understand, she put her hand between her legs and gripped her vagina. That got his attention.

"Ggghsssssss ..." Mister Hiss nodded. He liked where this was going. He quickly undressed, marveling at how inconvenient clothes were.

~~

"I would need just one oven and full access to your ingredients." Lenora was negotiating with an elf baker. She had been denied by the first two bakers they'd tried, but she thought this she-elf looked kindly and open-minded. "I have these coins." She showed the baker the coins Pallida had given her.

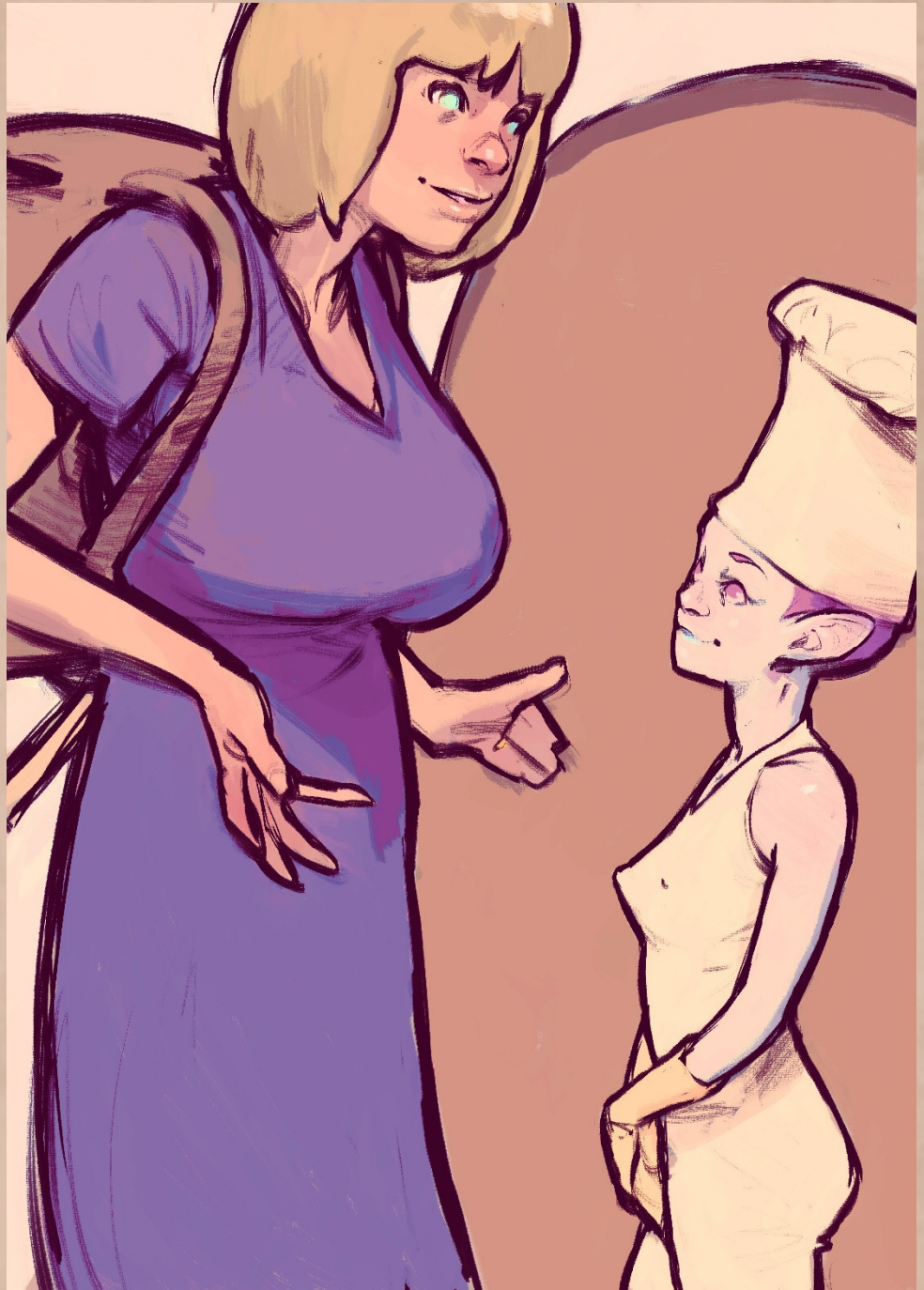
The baker's eyes lit up. "Don't burn down my shop, and you have a deal. I have a private oven I don't often use in the very back." She eyed the two humans. She thought maybe their ages were incompatible, but she wasn't great at guessing human years. "How much time?"

"Two hours." Lenora's grin was wide and bright.

"Give me those coins, and I'll show you to your oven." The baker took the coins.

"Come on, Marco. I'll take good care of you." She could see he was still sulking. "If the oven is private enough, I'll bake for you topless. Would you like that?"

"Yes." Marco exhaled. "That would improve my mood." He followed the baker and Lenora into the back of the shop.



~~

The bath was deep and wide enough for a little swimming. Helen was impressed with the way Mister Hiss moved in the water, sleekly diving and turning under the surface. She knew he moved well on land, both running and climbing ... and also humping. Now she found he could swim. It thrilled her. "Come up ... you can't hold your breath forever. Come up and let's play." She clapped her hands with joy, her problems now totally forgotten.

Mister Hiss could hear her voice, distorted by the water. He could hold his breath for quite a while, and he liked to show off. But he also wanted to take his mate. He decided to combine the two, swimming up between her legs. Careful not to inhale any water, he darted his tongue out and slipped it inside her folds.

"Oh ... my ... ooohhhhhh ... Mister Hiss ... that's lovely ... your tongue is so long ... I can feel it ... eeeeeiiiiii." Helen arched her back out of the water. She wasn't far away from an orgasm.



Just then, the door burst open. Their tall pursuer stooped through the doorway, straightened, and stared down at them. Now that he was closer, Helen could see that his eyes glowed faintly red. His face was hard to discern, not only was it shadowed by the hat, but she could see that his skin was almost pitch black. The creature bared white teeth with large, sharp canines.

“Eeeeeiiiiiii!” Helen’s scream turned from pleasure to fright.

Mister Hiss misread her cries and continued his tongue-work on the water.

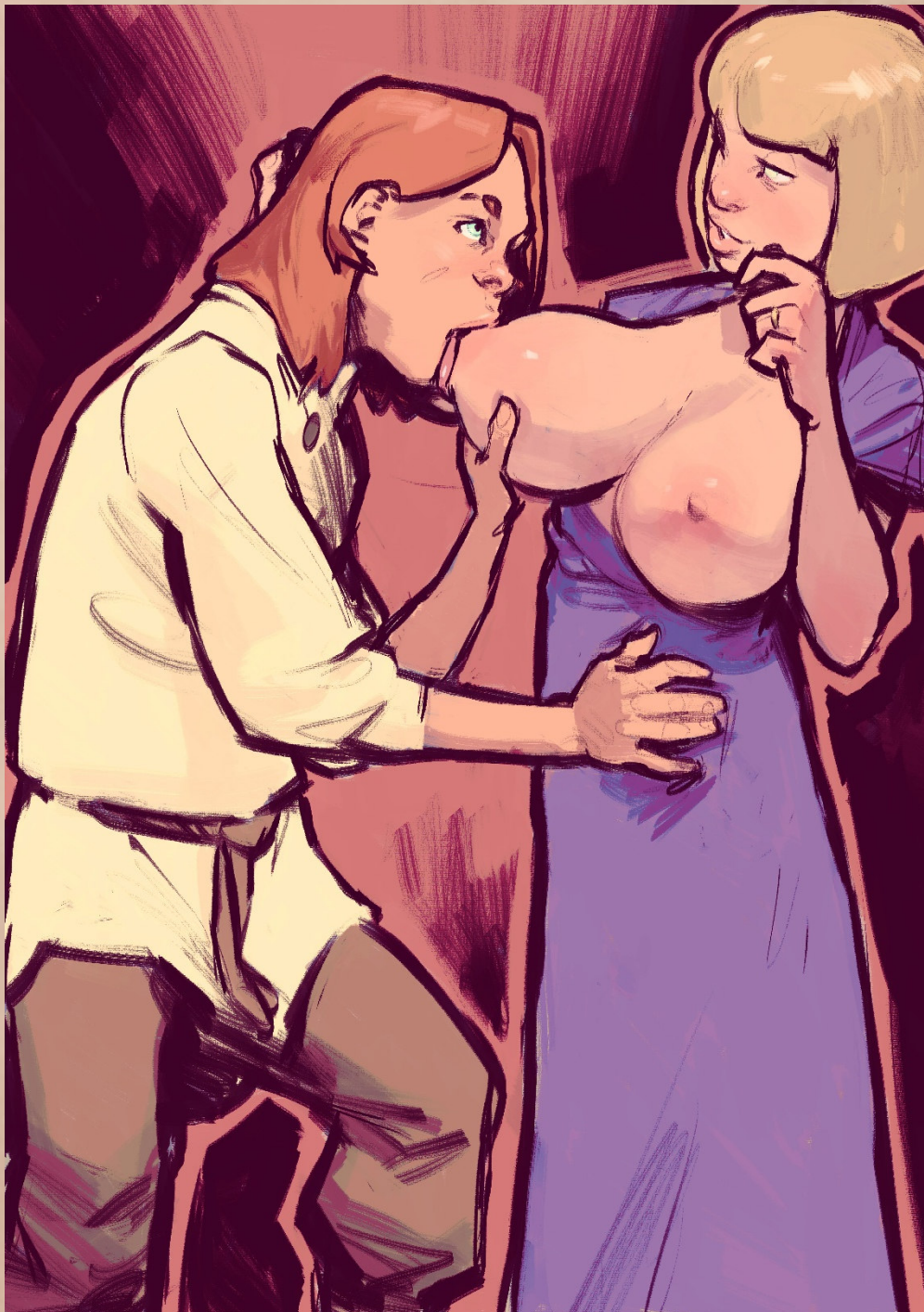


"Oh, that was silly of me." Lenora was wincing, looking down at a red spot on her left breast. "I suppose this is why we don't usually bake topless." The turnovers were in the oven, but she had given herself a slight burn upon their entry.

"Let me see." Marco pulled her onto his lap. He carefully examined the red blotch on her otherwise alabaster flesh. "Just a little singed. I can make you feel better." He lifted her breast up and kissed the injured spot. "Better?"

"Yes." Lenora giggled. "I was just thinking about all those years you stopped by the bakery. What if we had done something like this then?"

"I wasn't of age to make you feel better then." He kissed her breast again, letting his tongue linger on her flesh. "But I am now." He lifted her breast further and sucked her nipple into his mouth.



"Oooooohhhh ... Marco ... what if the baker comes back here?" She was already worried about going topless, but having the young man suckle on her like he was would surely scandalize the elf.

"Mmmpphhhh," Marco said. They had a while until the turnovers were ready. He intended to use the time productively. He reached his hand under her skirts and found that her vagina was already sopping. Deftly, he slipped two fingers in, feeling her body go rigid on his lap.

"Marco ... Marco ... suddenly I'm not worried about the baker or the burn." She buzzed with pleasure and anticipation. "I'll feed you turnovers ... and ... I'll feed you my breast. I'll feed you whatever you want to eat. I'll take care of you."

Marco dropped her tit. He stood her on the floor, dropped to his knees, and moved his head under her skirts. She smelled wonderfully pungent and tangy. "Whatever I want to eat?"

"Oh ... yesssss ... yeesssss ... eat to your heart's content." Lenora put her hands on his head and spread her feet out wide on the floor. Her worries about the baker were forgotten. "Eat me ... eat me ... eeeeeatttt meeeeeeee." She arched her back. Her first orgasm wasn't far off.

Just then the baker stepped into the back, her eyes wide. The rolling pin in her hand swung forgotten by her side. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

