

# Chapter 17



# The Enchanted Scepter

# FICTION

*Rawly Rawls*

## *The Enchanted Scepter 17*

*Illustrations by BSA*

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“Marco ... Marco ...” Lenora hissed. Her eighteen-year-old mate was still between her legs, avidly eating the peach she’d offered him. Apparently, he hadn’t noticed that the baker was standing near the doorway, her jaw practically hanging to the floor. “We have ... ooohhhh ... company.” Lenora’s cheeks turned bright red, and her blood boiled with shame. She had played with fire, and now she was burned. She wasn’t a teenager, but she had been caught up in the moment with one, behaving like one. This is what happened to teenagers; they did stupid things, got caught, and had to bear the embarrassment. “Marco?” Her eyes rolled back when he sucked on her button.





"I don't run a brothel! Really! You should both be ashamed." To her amazement, the baker watched as the humans continued to cavort like animals. "Stop!"

Marco was roused out of his vagina-induced mesmerized state. He pulled out from under Lenora's skirts, turned, and looked at the furious elf. "Oh ... I was just ... helping her ... with something." He flinched. The moment was something worse than awkward. He didn't know if the elf might come after him with a rolling pin.

"Rut like animals somewhere else. Out!" She pointed to the door.

Realizing that she was topless, Lenora covered her breasts with her arms. "We're so sorry, we just got carried away. But we need to wait for our turnovers. We promise to be out of your hair as soon as they come out of the oven."

"Are you married?" The baker could still not judge their relative ages well, but she felt like their years might be too far apart for a match.

Before Marco could say no, Lenora nudged him with her knee. "Yes, we are married," she said. "We just love each other so much we sometimes get carried away." She gave the elf a serious

look. "But we will keep it under control."

"Disgusting humans." The baker shook her head. "Finish your bake and leave." She turned to go, but stopped and pointed at the male. "And clean your face with something other than what I have here in the bakery. That vile shine on your chin turns my stomach." She left.

Marco turned and returned Lenora's wide-eyed stare. The poor woman looked mortified. They gazed at each other with stony faces for several moments. Then, out of nowhere, they both burst out laughing. Marco fell to his side on the floor, holding his belly as he tried to get the guffaws under control.

"Oh ... goodness ..." Lenora had to uncover her breasts to put both hands on her mouth in an effort to suppress her giggles. She didn't want the baker to think they were making fun of her. "She was ... so ... angry."

"I ... know." Marco rolled on the floor, cackling. Once his laughter died down, he crawled right back under Lenora's skirts.

"What are you doing?" She hissed. But it was clear what he was doing. "Oooohhhhhhhh." Her eyes rolled back and she cupped his head through her skirts. "Okay ... just for a little while ... let's pray ... the baker doesn't return." She spread her legs to give him easier access. She hoped she could remain quiet when her orgasm arrived. She would find out soon.

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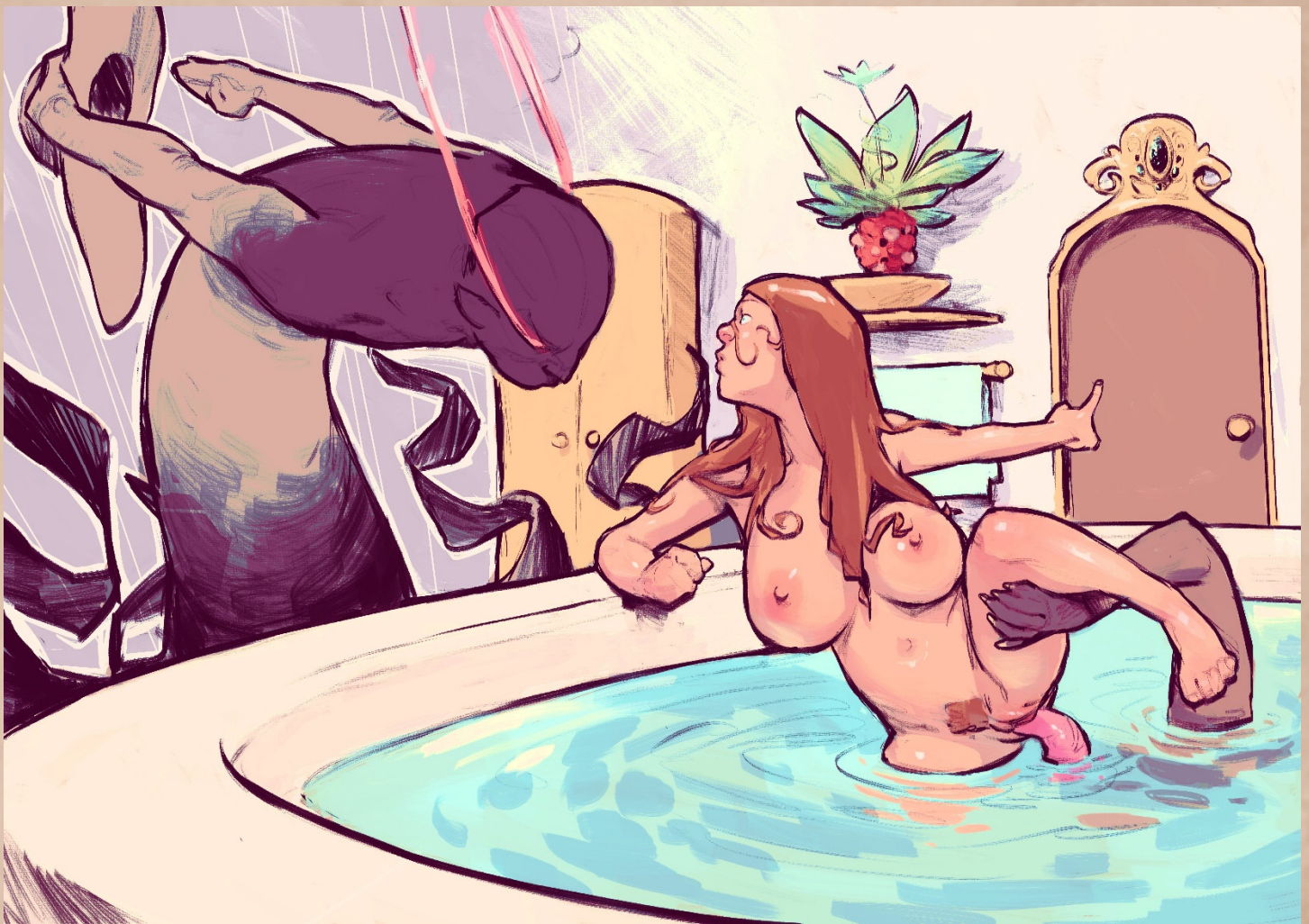
"You!" The tall creature with pitch-black skin pointed at Helen. He removed his hat, revealing a predatory smile with bracingly white fangs.

"Mister Hiss ... Mister Hiss ..." Helen rubbed her mate's head under the water.

Mister Hiss was enjoying pleasuring his woman. She was almost frantic with joy. He took pride in pleasing her, so he stayed underwater and continued to use his tongue.

"Get out!" Helen pointed at the door.

"I can see that you're busy, but this cannot wait." The tall stranger bowed, his crimson eyes twinkling. "I am Relguc the tracker. I believe you have had congress with the phantom."



“Mister Hiss is not a ... ooohhhhhh ... phantom. He’s ...” Helen lost her concentration as the saurian’s long tongue found a delicious spot inside her. She willed herself to focus on the dangerous intruder. “Leave now.”

“I cannot.” Relguc bowed again. “If you have had congress with the phantom, you will more easily be able to see her. I need your help.”



“Her?” Helen stared at the tall, sable creature. He was handsome in a vulpine way.

Mister Hiss heard a male’s voice through the water, withdrew his tongue, and burst from the surface. “Ggggssssssssss.” He gave a threatening hiss and tasted the air. This creature was dangerous. Leaping from the water, he placed himself between Helen and the intruder, not caring that his erection was raging for all to see.

“It’s okay, Mister Hiss. I think I know what’s going on.” Helen put a restraining hand on the saurian’s ankle. “Get me a towel, and we can talk to this tracker.” She pointed at the towels so Mister Hiss would understand.

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Pallida stood in the shadow of a tree, watching the strange house. The tree twisted its branches to help conceal the dryad. She petted its bark as she watched. Now that the sun was high overhead, the large, strange building had been busy. Many female elves, and a few females from other species, had arrived in the morning. None had yet left. The only males Pallida had seen were the guards, who were dressed in such a way as to make clear they were mercenaries.

The scepter felt like it was here. So, what was the creature that stole it doing in this village? What use had it of she-elves? Pallida decided to follow one of them when they finally left the house. It would be helpful if the rest of the party would also reconnoiter. The dryad couldn't be in two places at once. She hoped the others had spent the day productively and that Helen and Marco's tiff was soon behind them. She thought of Marco, and her vagina flooded. How strange that a human teenager would do that to her. Of course, knowing that her reaction was tied somehow to the scepter didn't dull the effects at all.

She lost herself in her thoughts. Thankfully, one of the she-elves exited the house. It would serve Pallida well to have something more to do than watch. She said goodbye to the tree and followed the elf at some distance.



Dressed now, Lenora was packing in the back of the bakery, putting the remaining turnovers in a wicker basket she'd paid for.

"These are amazing. I love these so much." Marco sunk his teeth into a turnover, munching with obvious bliss. He swallowed and smiled at her. "Second best thing I've eaten today."

"You preferred the oats?" Lenora glanced at him with a frown.

"I was referring to your nethers, Missus Baker." He winked at her and took another bite.



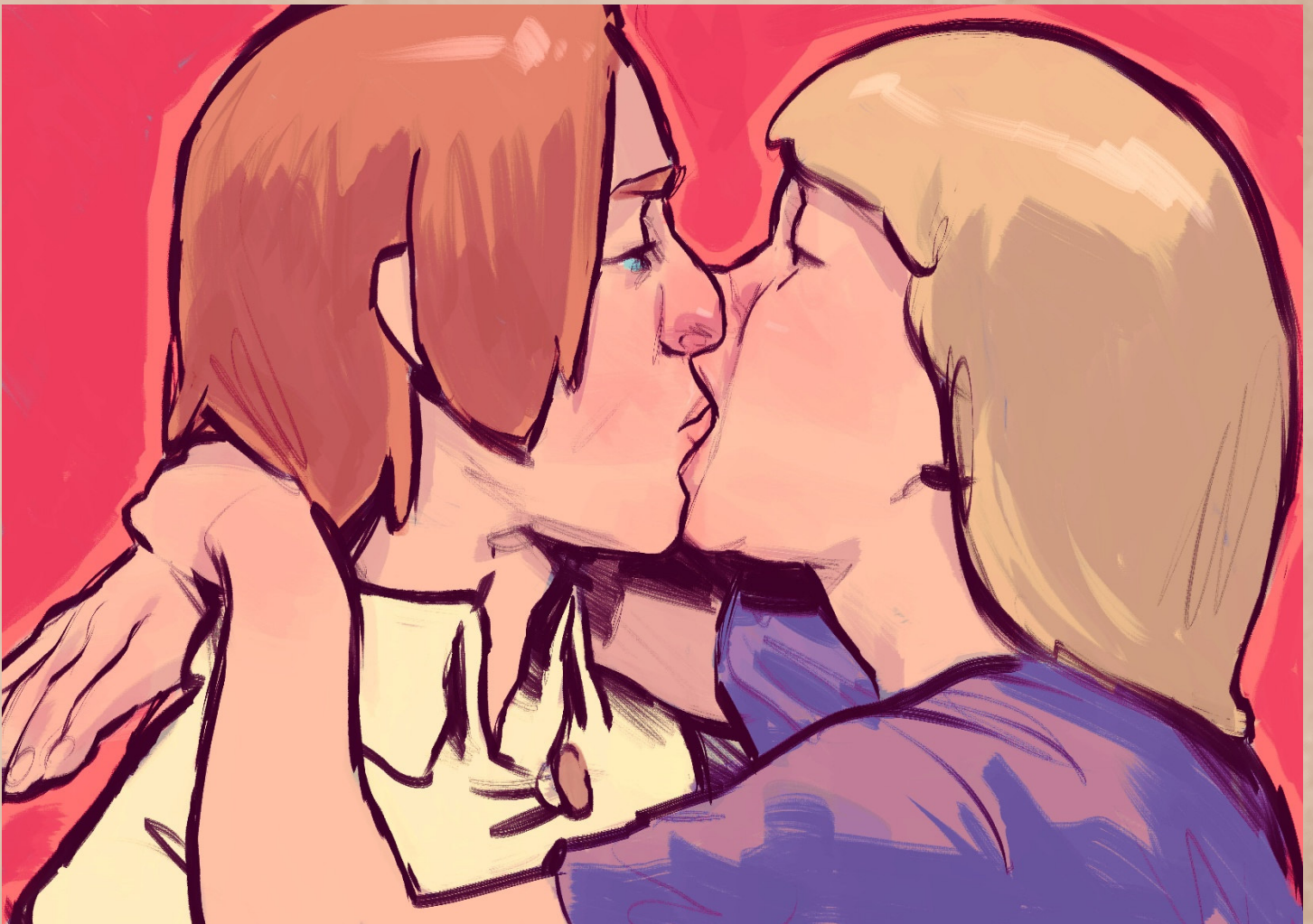
"Oh ... oh ... I see." Lenora blushed profusely and finished packing. His use of *Missus* made her think of her husband. That man had never complimented her vagina as far as she could remember. Marco was a marvel. She would stay with the lad so long as he would have her. Up until the orcs had abducted her, she had desperately wanted to find her husband. Now, she found herself hoping that her old life would stay lost. She hoped her husband and daughter were happy and safe. She hoped they were out of the forest.

"After everything, you still get shy with me?" He laughed. "You feed me. You care for me. You hold my seed in your belly. You clearly love me. Why so coy?"

She turned her head sharply, gazing at the young man as he finished his turnover. "Do you ... love me ... too?"

"Yes, I love you and Pallida. You two are my girls." He paused and rubbed his chin. "Well, you're my woman, she's my dryad, I suppose." He smiled.

"Yes, I'm your woman!" Lenora ran over to him, threw her arms around him, and kissed him on the lips. Her tongue darted into his mouth.



"Get out." The baker stood in the doorway, glowering at the humans.

Lenora and Marco stopped making out, looked over at the elf, and laughed. Lenora grabbed the basket, and holding hands, they exited past the elf, still cackling.

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"Turn away." Helen exited the bath. "Don't look." Mister Hiss was holding the towel open as a screen for her. She rose behind it and wrapped herself in its warmth. The elves really knew their luxury items, it was as soft as a cloud against her skin. "My friend was helping me clean under the water. Nothing ... odd ... was going on."

"Of course." Relguc nodded as if this was the most verifiable bit of truth in the universe. "He seems a very devoted ... friend." Relguc was happy that the lizard's cock had finally deflated. Before she could tell him further absurdities, he changed the subject. "So, you have met this phantom?"

"How do you know?" Helen sat on the tiled bench, careful to keep her legs closed. Mister Hiss stood next to her.

"As luck would have it, there is an elf-witch in this village. For a fee, she promised to find me those connected to the phantom. Her looking glass showed you." Relguc leaned casually on the wall. "Tell me what you know of her." He gave her a friendly wink.

"You're very charming, aren't you?" Helen frowned at the tracker. "What will you do with her?"

"She has escaped from a prison of sorts. I will return her there and collect the bounty." Relguc flashed a quick, toothy smile. "I do have something to bind her."

"Bind her?" Helen was beginning to think they'd been over their heads with Younger Helen. She stood and paced around the bath, holding her towel tightly around her. "She stole something from me. It belongs to my town. If I help you, you must promise me that you'll help retrieve the item."





Relguc caught her hand, dropped to a knee, and kissed her knuckles. "I promise."

Mister Hiss hissed at the man but didn't move from his spot by the wall. He could tell his woman was negotiating with the tall thing. He hoped that whatever she bargained for made her happy.

"Your friend doesn't care for me." Relguc released her hand and returned to his full height.

"He looks after me." Helen walked over to Mister Hiss and put an arm around his waist to reassure him. "Okay ..." She said to Relguc. "I'll tell you what happened." She told the tracker a version of the story without the sexual parts, which made it brief.

"Ah, that is your son I saw you slap this morning." Relguc nodded.

"That's my son." Her face darkened. "And that's none of your business." She frowned at Relguc. "Mister Hiss, another towel." She motioned for him to make a curtain with a second towel so that she could get dressed. When the curtain was ready, she dried

off, and dressed herself in her new outfit. Adjusting the straps, she looked down at herself. She felt powerful and self-possessed. "Good, now dress yourself, Mister Hiss." She pointed to his clothes, mimed putting them on, and turned back to the tracker. "And you, Mister Relguc, I'll take you back to meet the others."

"It's just Relguc." Relguc put his hat back on and bowed again. "I look forward to meeting them."

Once they were out in the street, Helen took the lead. The two males followed her. Relguc walked easily. Mister Hiss was tense, casting sidelong glances at their new partner. Helen looked over her shoulder and smiled. "I hope we can help each other, Relguc."

"I hope so too." He nodded. When she turned forward again, he admired her figure. It was too bad he wasn't going to stick around long enough to get to know her better. He thought he'd have no trouble stealing her away from that cold-blooded monstrosity.

