

Chapter 18



The Enchanted Scepter

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Enchanted Scepter 18

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>

"I want you to go to the other grocer. I don't like the way Mads looks at you." Sven stood in their kitchen, his arms folded, frowning at his wife.

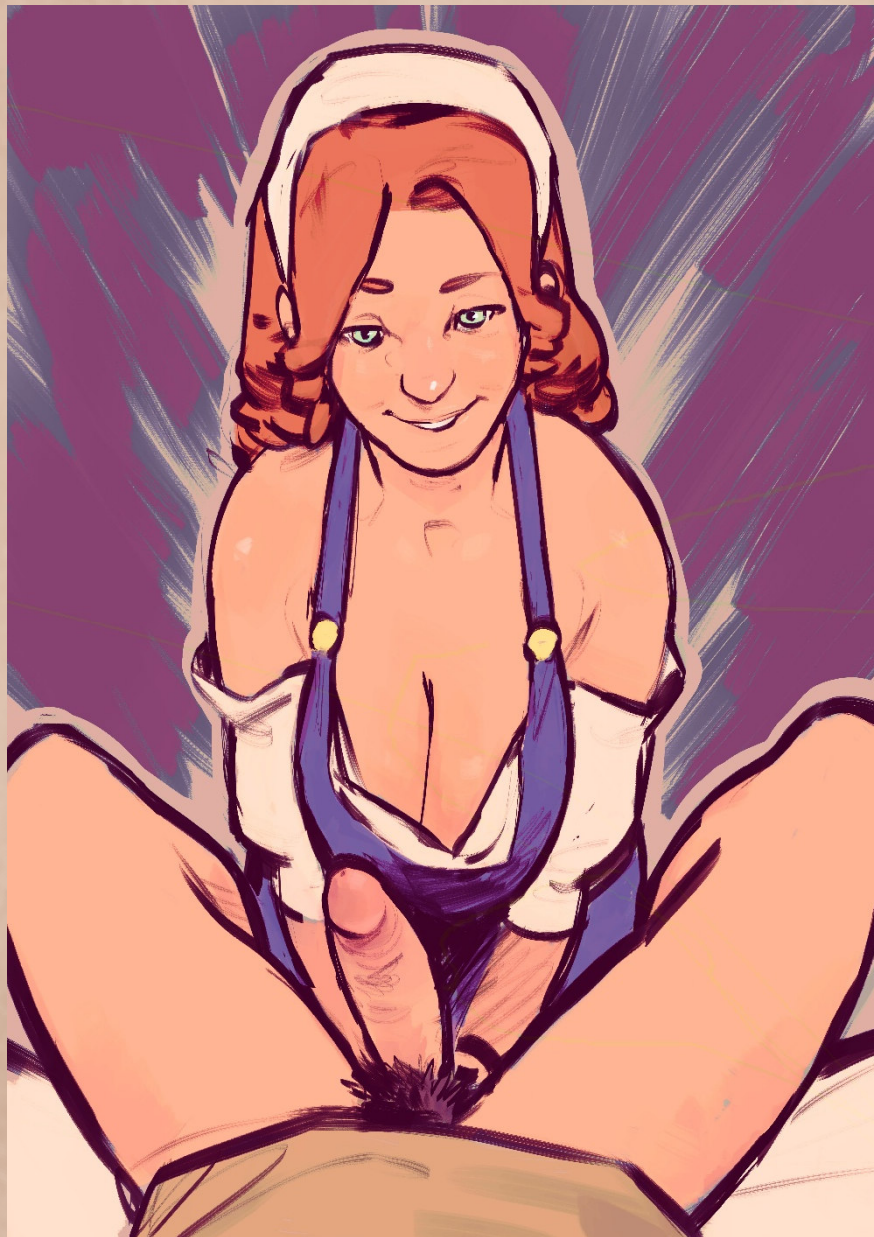
"Don't be silly, Sven." Helen laughed. "Mads? He is young, tall and handsome. What would he want with an old lady like me?" She twirled over to Sven and kissed him on the cheek. "Besides, I only have eyes for you."

"Still ... I don't like ..." Sven couldn't believe his good fortune to have such a wife. When she led him into their bedroom, he didn't resist.

"Marco won't be home from his apprenticeship for hours." She pushed her husband onto their bed and removed his trousers. She grinned at his penis. Some of the other wives said their husbands had huge ones, but what did she need with anything bigger than this? She was perfectly content. "Oh, it's ready for me." She lifted her skirts and straddled him. Three minutes later, she lifted off her husband and finished him with her hand. "There we go. There's not even that much of a mess to clean up. Just the right amount of seed."

"My ... beautiful ... wife." Sven tried to catch his breath. "But ... nonetheless ... stay away ... from Mads."

"As you wish." Helen shrugged. *Like I'd be interested in another man.*



"He's going to help us?" Marco didn't like the look of his mother's new friend. He didn't like the tall, pitch-black creature at all. Relguc had an obsequious smile and overly confident body language. Clearly, the tracker thought himself charming and handsome. All Marco saw was a monster seeking his own gain. The way his mother used to be, he wouldn't have worried about her falling for such a charlatan. But now ...?

"As I said, he has a way to bind her." Helen stood hip to hip with Mister Hiss, Relguc waiting behind them. She looked around the deserted plaza. "We get the scepter, he gets the phantom."

Pallida rubbed her chin. "If you try to get the bounty *and* the scepter, we will hunt you down. It is a dangerous artifact that must be returned to its shrine or some other place of safety."

"The scepter is none of my business." Relguc gave her his winning smile. "Do we have a deal?"

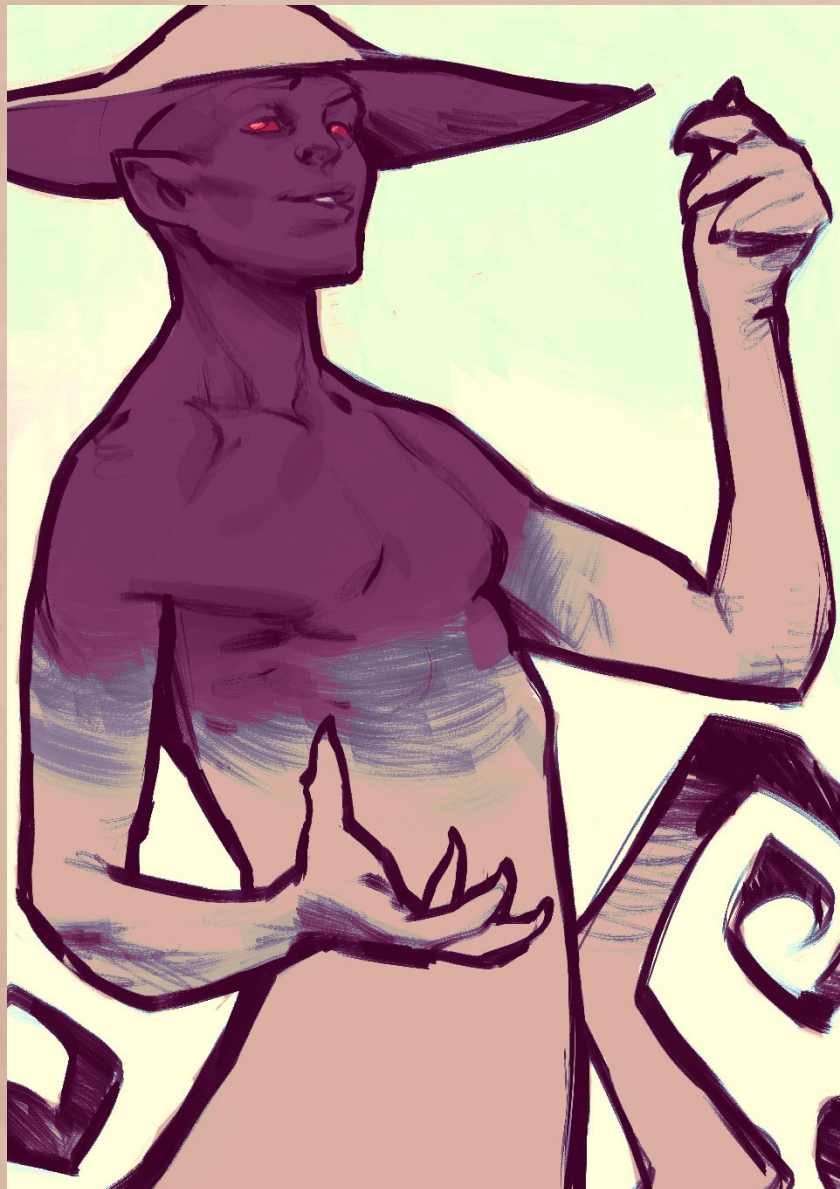
Marco grudgingly nodded.

Lenora took his hand in hers and squeezed.

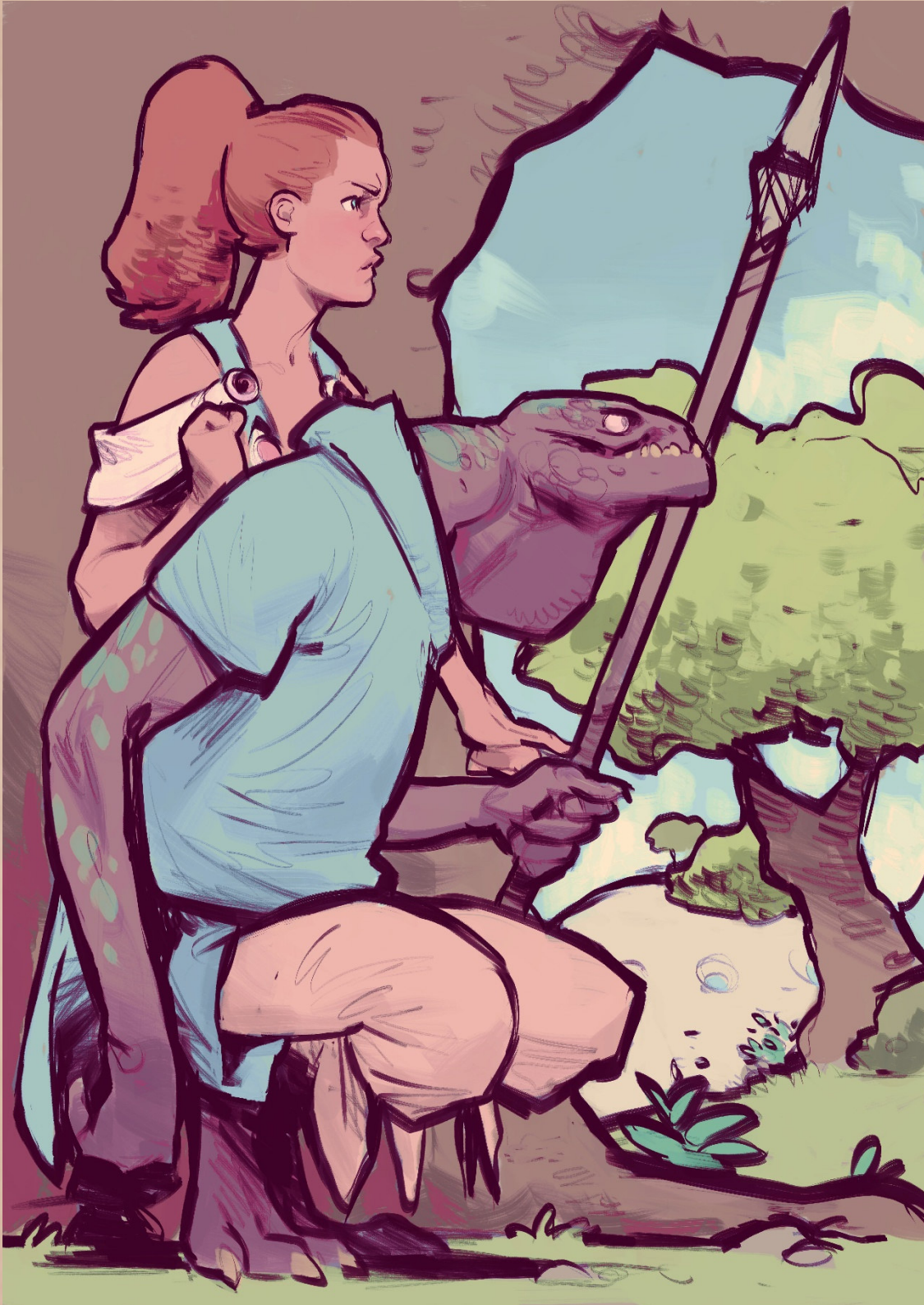
"Deal." Pallida cocked her head. "Its customary to remove your hat for such an accord."

"Wonderful." Relguc's crimson eyes twinkled. He removed his hat and bowed. "Now, let me share my plan."

~~

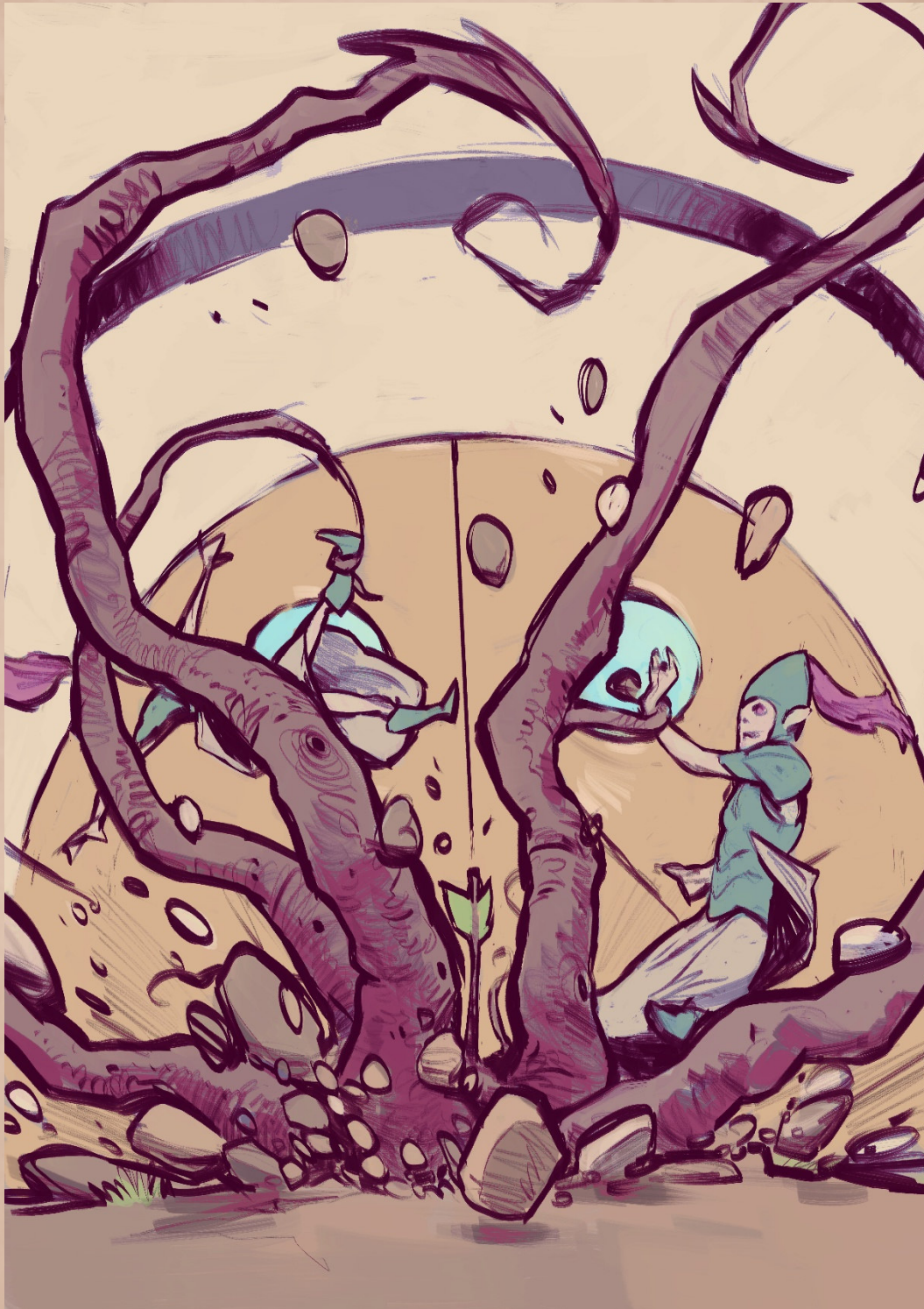


Mister Hiss couldn't decipher the particulars of what they were doing, but it was clear that something dangerous was about to happen. He vowed not to leave his woman's side. He would protect her from enemies, and from that tall, dark ally. At least he didn't have to worry about her son, the other woman, or the dryad. He crouched next to his woman, across the street from the building they had all been so interested in. There were guards outside. He wished he knew whether or not he was supposed to kill them. He clutched his spear just in case.



"Everyone know their role?" Pallida squeezed Marco's bicep, eyeing his bow and quiver. Glancing at Lenora, she saw that the woman still had her sword in its scabbard, but was holding a frying pan like it might smash in some skulls. Up ahead, Relguc, Helen, and the saurian were crouched and ready to pounce. "Rescue the she-elves from whatever fate we find them in. Save the scepter. Capture the monster."

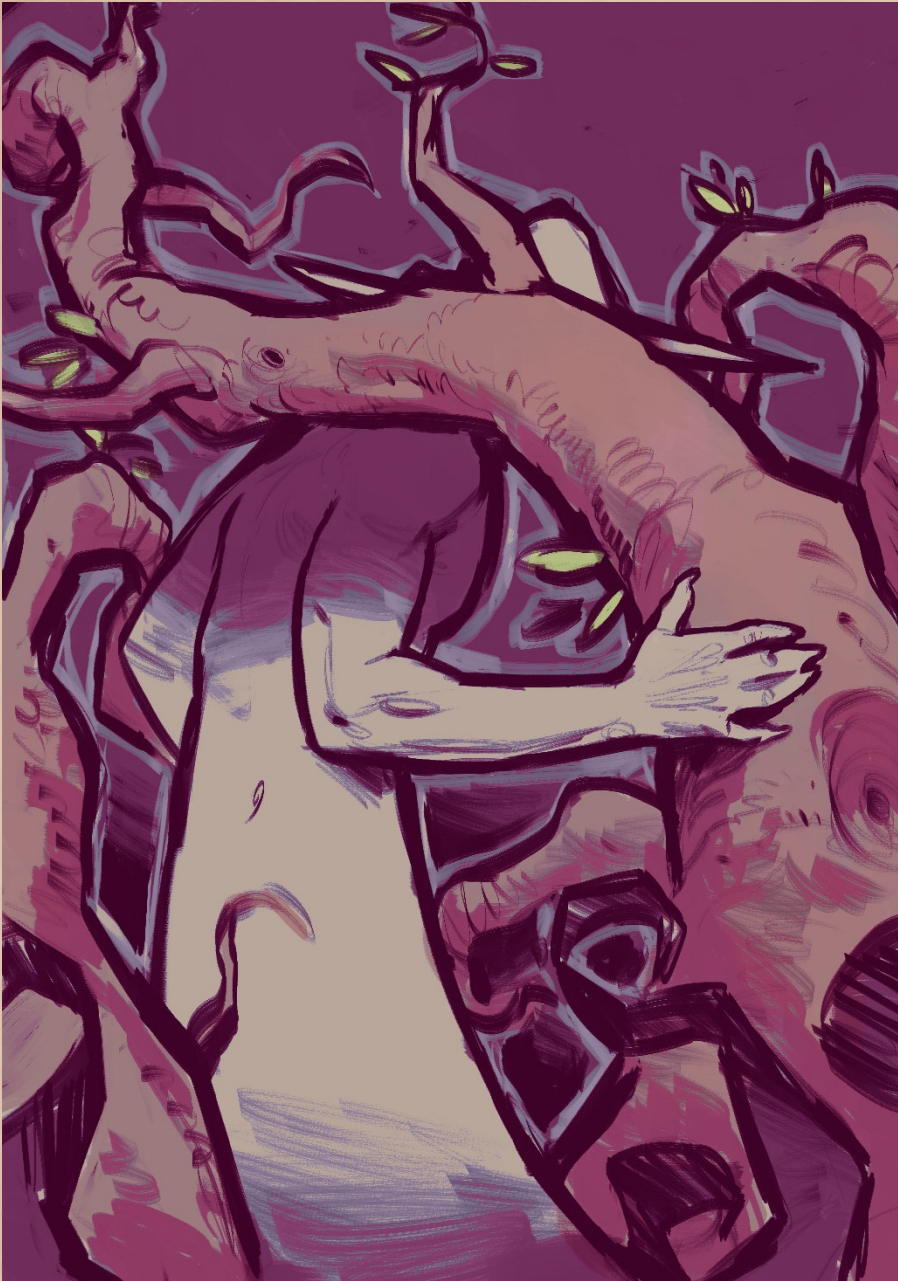
"On my mark." Marco took out one of the special arrows Pallida had given him. He nocked it, aimed, and exhaled. "Mark." He let loose, watching the arrow fly true. It landed between the guards at the front door. From it, rapidly grew a long-limbed tree, the branches catching the guards, disarming them, muffling them, and lifting them into the air. "Impressive."



Pallida gave Marco a wink, turned, and raced across the street. Relguc, Helen, and the saurian were already at a sprint, the two males slowing to keep pace with the woman. She knew Marco and Lenora would be just behind.

"I'll protect you, Lenora." Marco patted her ass through her dress. "And we'll protect the others." He slung his bow over his shoulder, took Lenora's hand, and jogged after the others.

"I know you'll protect me, Marco." She wanted to say, *I love you*, but the thought made her feel like a foolish girl. "I'll protect you, too." This was also true. She clutched her pan's handle tightly. She would throttle anyone that came after her man.



"That is a nifty bit of work." Relguc ran his dark fingers over the bark of the tree that had sprouted in the entrance. He peered around it and saw that branches had smashed open the front doors. He smiled. Having a dryad by your side was useful. Overhead, he could hear the guards' muffled screams. That noise widened his grin. He drew his sword with his left hand, contorted his body around the branches, and entered the house. His right hand held the enamel box.

"Careful, Mister Hiss." Helen clung tightly to his bicep with one hand, she held a sword in her other. She didn't think the blade would be particularly useful, but better to be prepared. She eyed Mister Hiss's spear. She knew the saurian was an expert with a spear. She blushed at the thought of how he'd skewered her with his odd, giant appendage. "No time to think about sex, Helen."

"What?" Relguc looked over his shoulder at them.

"Nothing," Helen whispered.

"Gggghhaaaa." Mister Hiss flicked his tongue out. He could smell her excitement from between her legs. Did violence get her juices flowing? That

was an interesting thought. He was happy to have her little hand on his arm. Maybe he would get to demonstrate his martial prowess as he kept her safe.

"Over there." Helen pointed to a door on the left. They were in a large, long hall. It was quiet and strangely empty of furnishings.

"Is the phantom behind that door?" Relguc strode to where she was pointing.

"I don't know. I ... feel something from behind that door." She looked down the hall. There were many more doors to try if this one didn't yield anything. "She's ... maybe ... in there. Something is happening in there."

"Good enough." Relguc tried the door. It was locked. He glanced over his shoulder, the others were in the hall now. "Got a tree for this door, dryad?"

"Let's save my energy. Something has dampened it here." Pallida thought Relguc was strong enough to take care of the door himself. She wasn't wrong. She watched him stand back, and like lightning rush forward. She could barely follow his movement as he hit the door, a large crack sounded, and he was into the room. She moved closer and looked through the splinters. Her hand went to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock. The loud growls of savage rutting filled her ears.

"Orcs!" Lenora couldn't help hiding behind Marco. "That smell." The pungent, rotten fruit aroma of orc sperm wafted out to her.

"It's a breeding program." Relguc spat with distaste. There were five orcs in the room on five large beds. They were each humping a she-elf in different positions. Around the room lay scattered she-elves, and a few females of other species, covered in sperm. Some of them had their legs open, and white viscosity leaked from their vaginas. "Despicable." Despite the crashing door, the orcs hadn't noticed them yet. They were too busy mating the elves. "Run, ladies!" Relguc barked at the females in the room. But the elves simply stared at him with docile expressions.

"She's used the scepter on them." Pallida moved into the room, a look of revulsion on her face. "I told you it was dangerous. Kill the orcs."

"Right." Marco already had his bow out. He shot an arrow just to the left of Relguc, catching an orc in the back of the head.



Seeing Marco's arrow, Mister Hiss understood the mission. He leapt on the closest orc, careful to bury his spear where it would hit only orc and not elf. He didn't care for elves, but they didn't deserve whatever this was.



Pallida had her wooden daggers out. She fell on the next orc.

Helen stood and watched as Relguc took care of the final two orcs with his sword. She covered her ears at the sudden screaming from the females in the room. "She's not in here. The scepter's not in here."

"Quiet!" Relguc screamed.

Silence descended on the room. The scent of blood mixed with fetid sperm. The elves stared at the intruders.

Mister Hiss rushed over to Helen, checking her to make sure she was uninjured. "Ghhha ... ggghhhaaa ... gggahhhhaaa!"

"No need for alarm. I'm okay." Helen looked at the she-elves. "Well, maybe some cause for alarm. At any rate, younger me must know we're here. We should move quickly."

Relguc was helping the elves who had been most recently mating with the orcs. He carefully moved each off the bed and placed her on the floor with the others. It was disturbing that none of them ran. None of them even said a word. "I don't like this scepter one bit."

"It is dangerous." Pallida rushed out into the hall. "Helen is right, we must hurry."

"Are we just leaving them?" Lenora couldn't help but feel that if not for Marco, her fate would have been the same as these elves.

"We'll rescue them on the way out. The scepter will free them." Helen didn't know if that was true, but she hoped so. She sheathed her sword, took Mister Hiss's clawed fingers in her hand and squeezed. She noticed that there was blood on the spear in his other hand. "Come on, I think I can find her."

"Wait." Relguc turned and rushed out of the breeding room. The reptile and woman were already down the hall, the dryad just behind them. *They didn't wait.* It was frustrating working

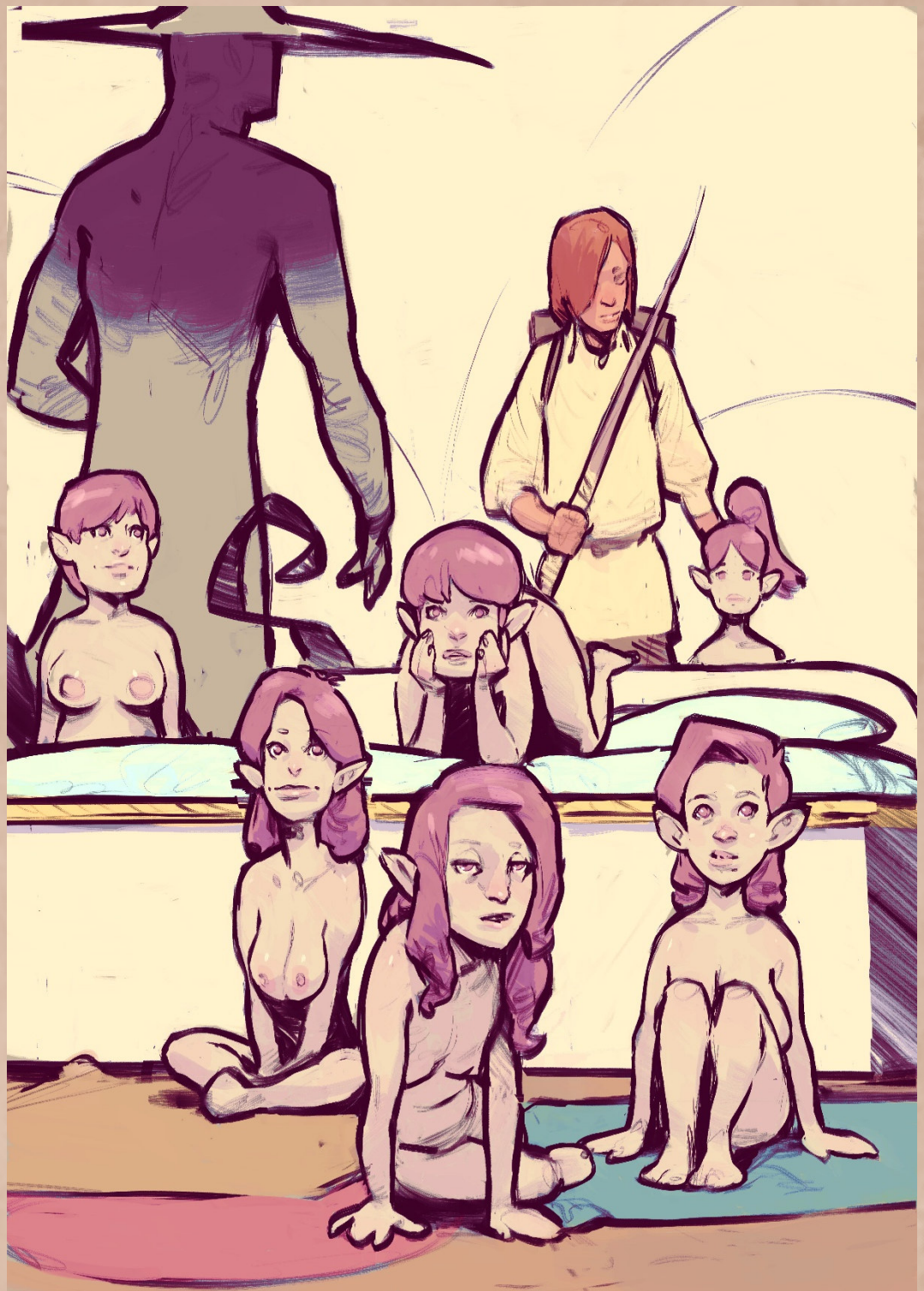
with others. He turned to the other humans. "You two stay here and keep an eye on them."

"Um ... no." Marco watched Relguc rush after his mother. "Come on, Lenora."

"But ..." Lenora clutched her pan tighter. "He said to stay."

"Do you listen to him or me?" Marco nocked another of the dryad's arrows, ready for whatever lay ahead.

"You." Lenora was relieved by the clarity. "I'll follow you anywhere."



Marco glanced at the elves. The scepter had done this to them. He and Pallida had used the scepter on Lenora. He wondered how much of her devotion was genuine, and how much was the scepter's influence. *I'll have to figure that out.* Maybe once they had the scepter, he could reverse it's influence on the baker's wife and see how she felt toward him. "Come on."



"Right!" Lenora suddenly felt braver. She followed her beloved eighteen-year-old further into the nefarious house. They came to a turn in the hall and found the others clustered around ornate, double doors that were firmly shut.

"Is she in there?" Marco didn't like the way his mother was holding hands with the saurian, but he supposed it could be worse.

"Yes ... I think so." Helen put her free hand to the door. "I feel like ... she wants me to do bad things. She wants me to taste freedom, but ... her methods are ..." She turned and looked at her son. "I love you, Marco. No matter what, I love you."

"Thank you, Mother." Marco's words were clipped.

"Let's get inside before she escapes." Pallida looked to Relguc.

"Of course." He bowed, stepped back, and rushed the door. There was a thunderous boom, but the wood didn't give. Relguc fell back on the floor, rubbing his shoulder, his face stunned. "It's stronger than I thought."

"My powers are weak here." Pallida glanced at Marco. "Fortunately, you brought some of my strength with you. Hit it with an arrow, Marco. Everyone, ready yourselves."

"Yes, Pallida." Marco aimed at the door. He let loose, watching the arrow fly true.

