

The Enchanted Scepter

By Rawly Rawls

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

Flames spouted from the bakery as Marco ran through town. Only that morning, he had bought a fresh loaf there. The butcher's shop was engulfed in fire, too. The whole block was beset by terrifying heat and smoke. He stopped suddenly on the cobbled street when a large, green shadowed creature lumbered into the burning tannery. It held a sword as long as Marco was tall. Orcs. They were being sacked by orcs.

The blood in Marco's veins ran cold. His father was out on the lake fishing. He would be safe. His mother was ... at home. His nerves tingled with foreboding. He could not lose his mother. Moving as stealthily as possible, he passed the tannery. He could hear several orcs cursing in there. He prayed the burning building would fall on them. Once past, he ran full speed down one street and another. He found that the flames had not yet reached their home. He burst in through the door and was greeted by his mother holding a frying pan.

"Stand back or I'll ..." Helen lowered the pan. "It's you, Marco. I was defending the house."

"I see that, Mother." Marco ran up and hugged her tightly. "I am so glad you're okay. Now, we have to leave." He took her hand and pulled.

"We must protect our house." Helen planted her feet and did not let her son drag her an inch toward the door.

"There are orcs, Mother. Lots of orcs."

Helen's eyes widened. She dropped the pan to the floor with a clank. "We must pack. We need to leave."

"They're getting closer. The fires come this way. We have no time. Grab what you can and let's go." Marco ran to his room. There was so much he wanted to save but could

not. His bow and quiver seemed apt to the moment. He grabbed them both and slung them over his shoulder. A peal of thunder shook the house. He ran out of the room and found his mother stuffing food into a pack. "Mother," he said. "We need to go." He took the pack from her and opened the front door. The street was full of other men and women running for their lives. But no orcs.

"I pray that we will return." Helen stood next to her eighteen-year-old son. They were about the same height, but he was so much skinnier than her. He would be no trouble for an orc. "How I wish your father were here."

"I'm glad he's safe." Marco took her hand. "Now, let's run." And they did. With the other townsfolk, they traversed the town and made for the main road. Along the way, they stopped at the shrine of the Fallen Saint. Marco looked inside. "The ... scepter ... Mother. We can't ... let the orcs ... take it."

Helen followed her son's gaze. There, hanging on the wall, gleamed the short, silver artifact that was said to have such great power that none could possess it but the sacred shrine. What would the orcs do with something like that? "Fetch it, Marco. We'll put it in the pack and hide it somewhere."

"Yes, Mother." Marco entered the shrine and took the scepter from the wall. It was quite a pretty thing, woven from two bright metals. There were words written on the rod that Marco could not read. The stone set in the crest was midnight black with strange red veining. When he held it, Marco felt an unexpected heat move down his arms. But when he stuffed it into his pack, the heat quickly faded.

They made their way to the western road, but orcs waited there in a blockade. A volley of arrows fell about them. They changed course and reluctantly entered the Mottled Forest. It was a dark, enchanted place, but what choice did they have?

Helen and Marco ran into the wood with about a dozen other townspeople, but the others faded from sight and earshot within a few yards. The place was thick with trees, undergrowth, and magic. The hairs on Marco's arms stood as they moved further and further into the gloom. Eventually, they could no longer smell smoke or hear anything but their own ragged breath.

They rested. When night came, they huddled together and prayed they would not be discovered by whatever made the ghastly sounds echoing through the trees. The next day they ate a little food, decided on a direction, and walked. They passed several days this way until their food was gone and they were exhausted. That evening, they spotted a fire. They stealthily approached to find two fauns cooking delicious-smelling meat over the flames.

"We should go back. Fauns are dangerous," Marco whispered. He held tightly to her shoulder.

“We must eat, sweetheart.” Helen stood stiffly, watching the fauns laugh at each other’s jokes. “And they seem friendly enough.”

“Good evening, humans.” One of the fauns spoke loudly. “We do not often smell your kind so deep in the wood. My name is Barabus, and my comrade is Marabus. Come out and join us for a meal.”

Slowly, mother and son approached the fire. Marco took hold of his mother’s hand, grasping it firmly. These creatures were large and wild looking. He did not like them at all.

“Are you sure you don’t mind sharing with us?” Helen stepped near the fire. She hadn’t realized how cold she was until its warmth penetrated her damp dress and chilled skin.

“We are happy to share.” Barabus nodded. He was only wearing a worn, wool vest. He smiled at her from his seat on a log and spread his furry legs so that his long cock was plainly visible resting below him.

“Oh, my.” Helen averted her eyes, looking at her son. He seemed quite pale.

“But we would charge a price for refreshments.” Marabus spread his legs, too. His soft penis was even longer than the other faun’s. “A small price. Show us what you carry on your back, lad.” He eyed Marco’s pack greedily.

“We ate all our food. The pack’s almost empty.” Marco took it off his back and shook it.

“We know you carry something interesting. It calls to us.” Barabus’s smile faltered. “Show us and you are our guest. Otherwise ...”

“I wish your father were here,” Helen whispered in her son’s ear.

Marco nodded and pulled the scepter from the bag. “This, my bow, and my arrows are all I carry.”

Both fauns sat up straight. “What do the markings read?” Marabus leaned closer. The scepter glittered in the firelight.

“We cannot read them.” Marco took a step back.

“They’re a form of Elvish. We can read them.” Barabus held out his hand. “Give it here, lad. We will translate.”

“A deal is a deal.” Marco stuffed the scepter back in the pack. “You saw. Now we are your guests.”

“True enough.” Marabus nodded and shrugged. “Welcome to our camp.”

Helen and Marco ate ravenously of venison and mushrooms. They told the fauns what had happened to their town, and that they were lost. The fauns were gracious hosts and

offered them all they could want, even sharing some blackberry wine. Night settled around them. The humans felt sated for the first time in days.

“The forest is a maze, how will we find my husband?” Helen said to the fire.

Barabus and Marabus exchanged a glance.

“We have a proposition.” Barabus stood and stretched, his massive cock dangling between his legs. “We will show you the path out of the forest to the lake where your husband fishes. We will provision you for the journey. And we will translate the scepter for you.”

“You cannot have the scepter.” Marco clutched more tightly to his pack.

“Never fear. Our price for these lifesaving tasks is a trifle.” Marabus stood as well and looked down at the humans. “We rarely meet women in this wood and never one as lovely as you, Helen. Spend the night in our tent with us, and you will have our steadfast support.” His smile had very little mirth in it.

“You are out of your minds.” Marco stood and reached for his bow. “She would never –” He felt her hand on his shoulder.

“It’s a fair deal, Marco.” Helen’s voice was as soft as the evening breeze.

“But ... but ... but ...” Marco stared at her. He could hear the fauns’ evil chuckles. “But ... what about Father?”

“I do this for him. And for you.” She kissed her son on the cheek and looked up at the fauns. “But you must translate the scepter before I join you and set out the provisions.” She reached into Marco’s pack, pulled out the scepter, and held it so Barabus could see it clearly. He studied intently while Marabus put together two packs with food, flint, pots, and blankets.

Marco stood dumbfounded.

After a while, Barabus cleared his throat. “The inscription is rather simple. It reads that the person to return this scepter, be they elf or other, will receive a reward of their choosing. But it warns the reader not to bear the scepter too long.”

“Return it where?” Helen could feel a warmth spread from the scepter into her soul. It calmed her, and gave her fortitude for whatever horrors awaited her in the tent.

“The mark on the pommel reads Morthil. That is where it should be returned. Far across the Sea of Sands.” Barabus bowed. “We humbly offer to return it for you and see that you get your reward.”

A sharp bark of a laugh escaped Helen’s lips. Her calm mystified her. “There is no chance of that.” She handed the scepter back to Marco and walked to the tent. “If a night’s ...

companionship is all that you ask, come and claim it. Its value plummets with each minute of darkness that passes.” She bent at the waist and entered the tent.

The fauns laughed uproariously at this, their cocks rising as they followed her into the tent. Once inside, both fauns removed their vests. They were furry, hideous creatures, stooping under the canvas ceiling. Prominent muscles bulged all over their bodies. Even their goat legs were powerfully built. Their eyes fixed on the human.

“Let’s get this over with.” Helen bit her lip as she shrugged out of her dress. She tried very hard not to look at the lascivious creatures. After a moment’s pause, she removed her undergarments, revealing what was rightfully her husband’s domain to the fauns.

Out in the frigid night air, Marco stowed the scepter back in his pack, sat by the fire, and covered his ears. Even so, he could hear rough male laughter. What would his father have done in his stead? He looked at his bow but knew he could never slay both fauns.

A steady rhythmic thumping started. Marco could feel it through the ground. When he removed his hands from his ears, he could hear the smack of skin on skin. Deep grunting filled the air, but he heard nothing from his mother. He was at least gratified that she wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of her cries. His stomach churned as he tried to imagine what she was going through for their family.

Helen bit her lip hard. One faun – was it Marabus? – sat before her, stroking a mammoth penis. This was one of the more horrifying and mesmerizing things she had ever seen. The other faun – Barabus? – was busy worming his massive penis inside her from behind. She hadn’t expected to feel anything but pain. But these were, of course, creatures of the bacchanal, so only pleasure surged through her. She clutched the carpeted floor of the tent, and tried very hard to keep from pushing back on him. She did not want them to know how good it felt.

“Now the fun begins.” Barabus could feel her opening to him. He seized the moment, took hold of her hips, and slammed into the human. Soon, he had a steady rhythm going. He was impressed by her silence. She had a strong will that would be a joy to break. “When will you crack... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... you pretty little thing?”

Helen only whimpered in reply. Stars shot before her eyes. Her ecstasy mounted.

“Feed her ... uh ... uh ... Marabus.” Barabus watched his comrade slide closer and put the head of his cock in her face.

“Open ... open ... little one.” Marabus could see her dazed expression by the faint firelight that made its way through the tent walls. She opened her mouth and licked the clear fluid off his cock, then took him into her mouth. “That’s good ... what a good wife ... you are to your lost husband.” He watched her struggle with sucking him as her head

kept jerking from what Barabus was doing to her pussy. “And you will ... be a fine wife ... for us.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” Helen’s orgasm hit her. It was in some sense lucky that she had a faun’s penis in her mouth, because otherwise she would have screamed out her pleasure. She didn’t want them, or her son, hearing that.

Marco could not sleep. About an hour after they had gone into the tent, he heard his mother first cry out in ecstasy. Before another hour passed, she was begging the fauns for more. The steady thump of their humping didn’t die down until the early hours of the morning. At that point, finally, Marco nodded off. He woke to his mother shaking him.

“Wake up, Marco. We must be off.” She walked over to one of the packs the fauns had provisioned. She had an odd, bow-legged gait. She slung the pack on. “Hurry,” she hissed. “They mean to marry me and take the scepter. I don’t know what they plan for you.”

“Yes, Mother.” Marco grabbed his bow, quiver, and scepter. He shouldered the other pack and hustled to catch up with his mother. There was no movement in the tent behind them. The fauns still slept. “Are you okay, Mother?” Her scent was ripe and pungent, like a bed of moss and fresh summer wine.

“Let us never speak of this.” She looked over at her son as they disappeared into the forest. “And never a word to your father. Promise me.”

“I promise.” Marco realized they had not received the directions promised them. They were still wandering aimlessly in the forest. He prayed they would have better luck in the future. They spent the rest of the day hiking in silence.

Chapter 2

“Will they hunt us down?” Marco kept a hand on his bow, listening to the hideous cries that echoed through the Mottled Forest.

“I would expect them to.” Helen thought about her time in the tent and shivered. If she wasn’t a faithful mother and wife, she would have happily stayed with the fauns. She wettened at the thought of allowing their dominion over her. But she couldn’t let Marco suspect her feelings. “Those vile creatures will want to get their hands on the scepter again, and on ... other things.” She hardened her voice to obscure her thoughts.

“Why would they want the scepter? Did they tell you what it does? If I ...” He quieted as something with an enormous wingspan passed in the canopy above. They crouched low together, holding hands. After a time, it seemed safe enough, so they continued on.

“They did not tell me.” Helen dropped her son’s hand and wiped her palm on her dress. Whenever she touched him while he carried the scepter, a strange warmth moved through her. At such times, she had very unmotherly thoughts. She shook her head. “But we know its power is too great to be held by anyone but the shrine. Once we find a place of safety, we will hide it and move on.” She did not say that she knew they were many miles from safety.

For several days they moved through the forest, eating the provisions supplied by the fauns, and enjoying fires ignited by their new flint. The thickness of the trees made it difficult to get their bearings, but they headed south as best they could. With any luck they would exit the forest well clear of the orcs, and circle back to find Marco’s father.

One day, a happy sound greeted them. It was the rush of churning water. While their provisions were still well-stocked, their canteens had run low. It was not easy replenishing them with morning dew. Marco and Helen made their way to the bank of a broad, frothing river. They drank their fill, resupplied their water, and decided to follow the river downstream. It was too wide and wild to cross. That night, they made camp near the river, huddling by the fire and eating supper.

“Do you hear that?” Marco cocked his head.

“It’s ... beautiful.” Helen smiled. “It has been so long since I’ve heard something pretty.”

Marco frowned, thinking of listening to his mother’s frenzied cries when those fauns had done ... things to her. But his frown vanished as he listened to music emerging from the dark. It was a violin playing the sweetest, most heartbreaking melody. “Who plays such a song in the middle of the wood?”

“Let’s go and find out.” Helen rose. She was quite taken by the notes that reverberated in the air about her. Her happiest memories came flooding back to her. When Sven wedded her. When Marco took his first steps. When she was young and playing in the river.

“No, Mother. It can’t be trusted.” Marco dropped his stale bread in the dirt by the fire as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her back to him. He held her close as they listened. The music grew louder and louder, until they could see a slender masculine form rise up from the river and walk toward them. He played the fiddle as he carefully stepped over the rocky shore. With wide eyes, mother and son watched the creature enter their ring of firelight and have a seat on a log. His form was almost as beautiful as his music, with fluid, lean muscles and languid movements. His skin was blue, as if the cold of the river refused to leave him. He wore only a small wrap of aquatic plants around his waist. He wove his notes around them for a long time, building to a tumultuous crescendo. When the piece ended, he put down his violin. Marco and Helen were both panting from the feelings his music had wrung out of them.

“I see you made an offering.” The fossegrim leaned forward and picked up the fallen bread. “Normally, I would only accept a goat, and a fat goat at that. But I like the look of you two. So, which one would like to learn?”

“Who ... are you?” Helen felt lightheaded. The music was still buzzing through her nerves.

“I am Gylfi.” He took a bite of the stale bread and nodded his approval. “And you have made an offering, so I am obligated to teach you to play the violin.” He looked at them like they were quite dim-witted. “Which one would like to learn?”

Helen and Marco exchanged a glance, nodded, and seemed to come to a silent accord.

“Neither of us,” Marco said.

At the same time, Helen said, “Both of us.”

Mother and son looked at one another, confused.

“It’s a quick lesson, I could teach both of you.” Gylfi shrugged. “But neither of you is not an option. Someone must learn tonight. You have made the offering.” He gnawed at the chunk of bread and chewed thoughtfully.

Marco put a hand on his mother’s leg. “Thank you, kind sir, but we only seek passage out of the forest. If you could tell us where this river flows, we would be most grateful.”

Gylfi said nothing, but his countenance darkened.

“We do not mean to offend.” Helen’s insides still reverberated from the music. She wondered if he could truly teach her to make such a sound. “You mean only to profess what you have learned?”

“I mean to honor my end of the bargain.” Gylfi picked up his violin, stood, and pulled Helen to her feet. He put the instrument against her chin and pressed her fingers to the strings. He did not offer her the bow, or move her fingers along the neck of the violin. “Now you will learn.”

Helen waited. “What am I learning, exactly?”

“Have patience.” Gylfi held her fingers tightly.

“Okay, that’s enough, I –” Marco fell over backward with a quick kick from the fossegrim’s bare foot.

“Hey, don’t hurt him.” Helen tried to drop the violin to help her son, but found that it was fixed in place. A sharp pain spread along the fingertips of her left hand. “What’s happening?”

“Knowledge comes with a price.” A tight smile spread on the fossegrim’s face. He watched blood trickle from her fingers, over the strings, onto the neck of the instrument.

“Mother!” Marco reached for his bow, but the creature knocked it away. Not knowing what to do, his hand snaked into his bag and retrieved the scepter. Swirling heat engulfed his arm. Fear no longer knew him. Marco swung the scepter and hit Gylfi in the sternum. The creature hissed and went sprawling.

“Oh, Marco.” Helen dropped the violin. Her eighteen-year-old son had never looked more handsome. “You saved me.” She pressed her bleeding hand to her dress and stepped toward Marco. He looked more than handsome. She saw that he had grown into a powerful, compelling man. “I love you, Marco. Let’s ...” She turned to see Gylfi’s blue face turning purple with rage.

“You have not yet ... learned,” the creature spat. He picked up his violin and threw the woman over his shoulder. With exceptional quickness, he turned and ran toward the river.

“Mother!” Marco gave chase. The last thing he saw of his mother was her wide eyes and extended hand, ring glinting in the firelight as she bounced on the creature’s shoulder. And then she was gone. “Mother!” He screamed over and over. He searched the shoreline all night and morning, but could not find her. Eventually, exhausted, he made his way back to camp and slumped by the hissing coals of their fire. The scepter was still clutched firmly in his hand.

Reality became a whirlwind around Helen. She was in a grotto, but the stone of the walls seemed to flow like water. The fossegrim made a fire and tended to his instruments. He picked one up and played. Music echoed loudly about her, filling her soul with both longing and satisfaction.

Eventually, he put a violin to her chin and pressed her fingers to the strings again. She howled, but the pain didn't last. In the liquid state her mind found itself, it was hard to gauge the passage of time. But soon a bow was placed in her hand, and she put it to the strings. Her fingers no longer bled. Instead, they danced on the strings as if she had practiced her whole life. A new music filled the cave, and it was so beautiful it nearly burst her heart. Her own tune now accompanied Gylfi's. They were both standing in the sand and playing a duet madly on their instruments. The rest of the world melted away, washed by a flood of rhythm and melody.

"You play well," Gylfi laughed. He hadn't noticed what a beauty she was until her song wove around him. His erection rose through the plants he wore. It was quite long and thin, with blue skin and bluer veins. "You are lovely."

"Yes ... and so are you." Helen stared at his cock as she played. The part of her mind not lost to the music told her this was not like her evening with the fauns. He wasn't offering her a bargain. She could simply say no. But the beauty of his body and music erased those thoughts with a torrent of longing. Deftly, she undressed while still playing the violin. How did she have such skill? She watched Gylfi sit with his back against a stone, still playing his fiddle. She needed to perfect their duet.

"We make sweet music together!" Gylfi laughed. He would find out soon about her singing voice. He hoped it was lovely, but he couldn't train those talents. He could only give her lots of practice.

Her fingers still flying on the strings, Helen straddled the fossegrim. How strange, she had never strayed from her husband in all their years of marriage, but here in the Mottled Forest she was about to take her third cock. And this one more than willingly. "You are ... very long." She looked down at his penis, wondering if the fauns had stretched her enough to take this new instrument. Still playing her music, she squatted down on him and slowly let him fill her entrance. "Oooooohhhhhhhh." Her voice hit one long, high note and her violin matched it as she sank on him. She looked down to see the head of his thing bulging her belly from the inside. "Together ... we'll make even better music ... together ... when joined ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... like this." Her hips bounced up and down. She took him with long lunges. Somehow her fingers never slipped from the strings, and her bow never missed a stroke. "Oh ... ohhhh ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her first climax hit her like a thunderclap.

"Yes ... ugh ... sing." Gylfi smiled up at her. "You have a very ... pretty voice ... indeed!" They played their fiddles and humped in the cave for a long time. After a while, Gylfi decided it was time for them to sing a capella. He laid his violin on the sand and plucked Helen's instrument from her chin, placing it next to his. He then pushed her off him, placed her on her hands and knees, and mounted her from behind. He slammed into her pussy, finding her quite tight but accommodating. He watched her clutch the sand as

she sang through her climaxes. “Yes ... ugh ... croon for me ... human.” Gylfi realized he didn’t even know her name. It mattered little. He had already mastered her soul.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiii ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... ugh ... ugh.” Helen sang and sang, ecstasy sweeping her from one orgasm to the next. The creature’s long cock hit places inside her that even the fauns had missed. When Gylfi’s own guttural song intensified, she looked at him over her shoulder. To get the perfect duet she knew she would need to take everything he had to offer. “Fill ... me ... ugh ... plllleeeeeaassseeee.”

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Gylfi gripped her hips tightly and finally lost his perfect rhythm. With a few more convulsive thrusts, he emptied himself inside the singing woman. When his rattling climax was done, he pulled out of her and fell onto the sand. They were perfect together. Their music continued to echo off the cave walls even with their act done.

Helen crumpled to the sand, completely spent. Her eyes watched the fire as she listened to Gylfi snore. Her mind refused to clear as sleep came for her. Drifting off, she forgot all about her husband and son. She thought only of the music she would make with the fossegrim on the morrow.

Chapter 3

Night settled in. Marco looked away from the fire into the darkness. The strange, eldritch sounds of the Mottled Forest surrounded him. He huddled so close to the flames that his tears sizzled on the stones where they fell.

“I failed you, Mother.” Marco’s voice was bitter and thick as he struggled with a lump of dread in his throat. He had spent a fruitless day searching for his mother, but had found nothing. The river was too wide and swift to swim, and he found no sign of her on the shore.

He had lost his town and family in almost no time at all. Was she still alive? Would they ever leave the forest? Marco had not dropped the scepter since the fossegrim had absconded with his mother. The heat of the fire played on his skin, but the scepter’s warmth moved through him.

“What a plaintive sound you make.” A female voice seemed to rustle the leaves around Marco. “Why do you weep, human?”

Marco leapt to his feet and whirled about. At first, he could see nothing but the trees flickering in the firelight. His eyes stopped when there was movement. “A dryad.” He held his scepter high like it was a torch that might shed light on the intruder, but it only glowed faintly vermilion as it always did. “What do you want?” With his free hand, he wiped tears from his eyes.

“I want to understand this sadness that moves through you.” The dryad walked into the circle of light. But not too close to the fire. Flame was a human affectation that made her skin crawl. “I am the guardian, Pallida. I am here to help.” She eyed the scepter with deep, green eyes.

“My name is Marco.” Now that he saw her clearly, he wondered that he could have mistaken her for a tree. She looked almost human, with olive skin, a pretty, heart-shaped face, and braided chestnut hair woven with vines. She was quite a bit taller than Marco and wispy. Marco thought that a heavy breeze might blow her over. It was hard to imagine that such a slight creature was fit to guard anything. “I’m weeping for my mother. She is gone and I don’t know where to find her.”

“Do you not?” Pallida’s dark, full lips parted to reveal milky white teeth. Her smile radiated in the gloom. “I know who took her and where to find him.” Her voice was soft and reassuring. “Like all fossegrim, Gylfi is fixated on following the proper notes. It is all metered cadence and rigid tempo with such a one. It would have been best had you not made the offering to him.”

“But ... I didn’t ... um ...” There was no use arguing. He did not like the dryad’s gaze on his prized possession, so he turned and hid his scepter away in his pack. When he turned back, she was much closer, towering over him. He looked up into her verdant eyes. “You’ll help me find my mother?”

“Would I be much of a guardian if I refused to aid those in piteous situations such as yours?” She held her hand out to him and was amused when he shook it rather than kiss her oaken ring. “Now tell me about that elvish wand that you carry.”

“I’m a guardian, too.” Marco tried not to look at her semi-nakedness. One of her large breasts hung free. The areola was an earthy, dark green and wide. Her nipple was darker still. The other breast was covered in a fabric woven from golden leaves. The garment swung around her slender hips, preserving a smidgen of modesty. “My town was attacked by orcs. I could not let them raid our shrine. I believe it was forged in Morthil.”

“Well then, I believe it, too.” Pallida’s laughter echoed through the trees. “You have had no sleep, little one. I will stand watch while you rest.”

“I have lived eighteen years, Pallida. I am not so little.” Marco lay down by the fire and hugged his pack close. He had little trust left in him now, so he would keep the scepter close. But he was exhausted, and he did need his sleep. He moved as close as he could to the fire, knowing that a dryad would never come within touching distance of the flame.

“I meant no offense. All humans are slight, ephemeral creatures to me.” She sat on a rock and gently sang a lullaby. The words wove their way around them, creating a cocoon of protection. Perhaps sensing this, her human companion fell asleep, his rhythmic breathing keeping time with her song.

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“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Gylfi ... I can see it ... in my belly.” Helen and the fossegrim had humped the night and day away. She was quite hungry, but could not seem to pull herself away from ecstasy long enough to seek other forms of nourishment. Riding him in a reverse position that was new to her, she leaned back and stared past her flopping breasts to her protruding stomach. His penis stretched her obscenely every time she bounced on him.

“Talk less ... sing more.” Gylfi took hold of her hair and arched her back in a way that he knew would produce the most beautiful sounds.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... oooooooohhhhhhhhhh ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”
Helen’s voice hit a series of ascending notes. Her orgasm washed over her like the thrashing river outside their cave.

A while later, Gylfi satisfied himself inside her again. He left her lying in the sand of his cave, her eyes rolled back in her head. Swimming out into the river, he found them supper and returned. Soon, he had a fire made, roasting the fish on spits.

A delicious smell roused Helen from her stupor. She sat naked next to her blue paramour and devoured her meal. She then drank and washed herself in the river. The frigid water cleared her mind some. She finally remembered her son. As she scrubbed sperm from her skin, she watched the fossegrim closely. “This has been wonderful, Gylfi. But I must return to Marco. He will be frantic with worry.”

“I wouldn’t want to get between a mother and her son.” Gylfi rubbed his chin and moved his gaze from the bathing woman, to the fire, to their instruments propped on the grotto wall. “Why don’t we play one more duet? Once it is over, I will transport you across the river.”

A short while later, Helen was on her back, her fiddle under her chin, and her legs spread wide. Despite the pummeling her vagina took from that long, blue cock, her fingers didn’t miss a note. The urgency of returning to her son faded from her mind. “Oohhhhhhhh ... Gylfi ... so good ... make me ... sing ... make me ... siiiiiinnnngggggggg.”

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“Good morning, little human.” Pallida stood over Marco protectively, eyeing the glowing embers of the fire with some mistrust. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yes ... thank you.” Marco stretched, collected his wits, and quickly checked his pack. The scepter was still there.

“I am a guardian, not a thief.” She laughed merrily. “Come now, it is late in the morning. Eat something and we will be on our way. Now is a good time to surprise the fossegrim. He sleeps most of the daylight hours.

Marco nodded and pulled some stale bread from his pack. He gnawed on his breakfast as he packed up both packs and readied himself. He tested his bow. The string was taut and ready, should it come to that.

When it was time, Pallida led him down to the water, smiling at his ungainly progress carrying a pack on both his front and back. A boat waited for them at the edge of the river.

“Goodness. Did you make that?” Marco ogled the watercraft. “It’s just leaves ... branches ... and flowers.” He waded out to it and poked it with his finger as if that might be enough to break it apart. “Is it strong enough to carry us?”

“As long as I am near, it will keep us dry.” She waded out next to him and helped him into the boat. She showed him where to stow his things, handed him a gnarled oar, and pushed them off. Together they paddled out to the middle of the river, Marco sitting in front, and Pallida in the rear. Their craft seemed to pay no heed to the water’s currents. “His cave is several miles downriver. Have you thought how you will convince your mother to leave?” The boat turned to the left and glided swiftly.

“What do you mean? I thought I would rescue her. What would I have to say?”

“The fossegrim’s music can be quite compelling. Even my species has been known to fall under its spell. That is why we arrive when he is most likely sleeping.” She gave him a reassuring smile when he looked back at her with wide eyes. “Once she is away from the violin, she will find her right mind. But you may need to convince her to leave. As with all things, I will help.”

“Oh ... thank you, Pallida.” Marco went back to oaring.

“You are most welcome.” Pallida sang a little song to herself in time with their paddling. After a while, they were in sight of the cave. “There, do you see that opening? Your mother is sure to be there. I ...” A fiddle duet floated out to them across the water. “Oh ... no ... they are *both* playing ... I ... um ...” To her eyes, Marco was suddenly as handsome as any man she had ever met. She dropped her oar into the river and pulled him back to her.

“What?” Marco was in shock. The music had hit him like a thunderbolt. His erection was instantaneous. The tune was so different from the music the fossegrim had played before. This was filled with longing ... and animal passion. He could feel in the melody that his mother and the creature were at that very moment humping away, sharing their lust with anyone within earshot. When the dryad kissed him, he didn’t resist. He dropped his own oar and turned toward her. Soon their lips were locked in passion, their hands all over each other. He massaged her olive breasts, while she freed his cock. They broke their kiss at long last.

“This passion is not my own ... but it does not matter.” She wasted no time once his human penis was in the open. She took him into her mouth and bobbed her head madly, grabbing his tight ass to hold him still.

“Ugh ... Pallida ... I never ... oh ... gods.” He ran his fingers through her silky hair. Their boat rocked as it floated down river. “Wait ... wait ...” He grabbed her hair and pulled her mouth off him. “I need ... I need something more.”

“So do I.” Breathless, Pallida removed her glittering garment, confidently displaying the thick triangle of chestnut hair between her legs. She then turned her tight, round butt toward him. She held the prow with one hand as he mounted her from behind. She reached her other hand under her and guided him in. She shivered when he held tightly to her hips and slammed into her. Soon the pair mated like crazed rabbits, as their boat floated past the cave. The fiddle duet grew louder and they matched their rhythm to the song. When they sailed farther on, the music grew fainter again. But their frenetic sexual urgency did not dissipate.

“I’m going to ... explode ... uh ... uh ... uh ... your ass ... is perfect.” The way her dryad flesh rippled reminded him of dropping stones in the river. Marco finally lost his perfect rhythm, his hips bucking. “Oh ... gods ...”

“Yes ... fill me ... fill meeeeeeeeeee.” Pallida’s shriek echoed from one side of the river to the other. She felt his warmth enter her. The boat, no longer rocking wildly, glided out of sight of the cave. She pushed her ass back at him, his delicious spasms reverberating through her insides. After a little time, she was not surprised to feel him moving inside her again. She was more than happy to surrender to his youthful passion. Their mission had slipped completely from her mind. Soon, the boat rocked violently once more.

Chapter 4

“Four times?” Pallida lay on her back in the boat, her legs spread wide. Her young paramour pressed into her from above, his penis still buried inside her, his cheek resting on her breast. She gently stroked his hair as they floated downriver. “I have not known such passion in all my long years. Like the seasons, all things change.”

Marco could not muster the energy to move. Instead, he snuggled further into her softness. “You have not met a male dryad that has swept you off your feet?”

“You know nothing of my kind.” Her laughter moved through the air like chiming icicles on swaying branches. “There are no male dryads. We only mate with other species. I have lain with a faun, a caipora, an elf, merfolk, and now a human.” She reached behind him and squeezed his firm butt. “Regardless of Gylfi’s musical enchantment, you are my favorite. So much exuberance, such a tight, young body, and a real knack for rhythm.”

“I am not so young. I have –”

“You have eighteen years. I know. You keep telling me.” Pallida laughed again. She squeezed her vagina muscles and felt his penis jolt in return. She giggled some more and pressed his head harder into her breast. “I may be bending for you like a sapling, but my feelings swell. I must be honest with you.”

“Yes?” Marco did not like the sound of that, but still, he could not move himself from her comfort.

“I am a guardian of the forest, not of humans. My goal was to return you to your mother, and as payment, take the scepter from you.”

Marco sat up quickly. He pulled out of her with a soft, wet sound and scurried to his pack at the other end of the boat.

“Be calm.” Her legs still splayed, Pallida held out her hands in entreaty. Her verdant nipples bounced lazily with the wobble of her olive breasts. “That is no longer my intention. As I said, I am fond of you. I should have tried a human sooner.” Her smile offered reassurance. “You may keep the scepter and bring it to whatever destiny lies before you. I swear on the mighty oak that I will give you what aid that I can. I will not touch the scepter.”

“Why do you want it?” Marco’s eyes narrowed. He reached into the pack and felt the warmth of his town’s prized possession move up his arm.

“Surely you know.” When she could plainly see he did not, she continued. “Again, I must honestly lay myself bare. I am not sure of all its qualities, but I could feel its call from

miles away. If I had taken it, I would have turned it over to my mother. She would have known how to harness its strength.”

“But you promise you will not abscond with it?”

“I promise, young one.” She saw the look on his face and quickly added, “... of eighteen years.” She sat up when his taut muscles relaxed. “You trust me?”

“I’m probably a fool, but yes. I do.” He looked around at the wide river. “And now what are we to do? We have no oars, and we’re leagues away from the fossegrim’s cave.”

“We paddle with our hands to the shore.” She leaned over the side of the boat, her dangling breasts almost kissing the water. She thrust her arm deep into the current and pulled toward the nearest shore. “Then we must hike back upriver and find a way to confront the fossegrim while he is not ... busy.” She intuited that Marco might be sensitive about his mother’s coupling with the persnickety, blue creature.

“Very well.” Marco’s arms were not as long as the dryad’s, but he leaned over the other side of the boat and put all his muscle into paddling for shore.

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Helen crept down to the water. Broken moonlight glittered on the river’s surface. The heavy, slumbering breathing of her companion echoed out of the cave. They had humped constantly for days. Apparently, she had finally tired him out. Thoughts of her son swirled through her mind. Marco was the first thing she thought of once her pleasure receded. A mother’s love was greater than Gylfi’s enchantment, or the ecstasy imparted by his penis.

The water was frigid, clawing the warmth from her bones. She gasped as she waded farther out. She had a borrowed pack hoisted over her shoulder, her clothes and violin tucked inside. She looked wistfully back at the cave, wondering if she would ever again know such pleasure. It didn’t matter, Marco needed her. She was up to her neck when the current took her. She swam a little way and treaded water. She bobbed quickly downstream. She had no idea how she would find Marco, but the first order of business was to get away from the fossegrim before he could enchant her again.

~~

Neither Marco nor Pallida watched the river as Helen bobbed quickly and silently by them in the opposite direction. Instead, they marched along a deer trail. Marco had his pack on his back, Pallida carried Helen's. It had taken them several hours to reach that point. They were nearing the cave.

"Perhaps we should rest here." Pallida did not wait for an answer. She sighed, swung the pack from her back, and sat on a log. "I have doubt about when the best time to approach would be after ... what happened on our voyage by water. My instincts say we should wait for morning."

"But Mother could need me now." Marco stopped but did not remove his pack. "I'm not sure I can wait while she's ..."

"Do you trust me, Marco?" She gazed at him, saw him nod, and smiled. She began to undress. "Good. Now, when we rescue her our privacy will evaporate. So, you may either sleep, or we might take this last chance to join again."

"You want to mate ... without the fossegrim's enchantment upon us?" Marco blinked in surprise. He had never had much luck with women.

"You are so precious in your disbelief. I adore your trim body, and your branch is quite substantial." Pallida nodded to his crotch.

Marco hesitated. If she was right about the best time to rescue his mother, then nothing could be done for her until sunrise. And their privacy would indeed disappear. His mother might even send Pallida away. He dropped his pack next to hers and undressed.

"I knew we would see eye-to-eye on this." The dryad was now naked. She spread her legs for him, her triangle of chestnut hair barely visible in the dappled moonlight. "I took you into my mouth on the boat. What do you know of returning the favor?" Her lopsided grin was full of mischievous anticipation.

"Do men do that?"

Pallida's laugh turned quickly to snorts of delight. "I do not know about men, fauns, caipora, or elves. But merfolk do. I can attest to that. And would wager you would learn quickly."

If she had wagered, Pallida would have come out ahead. Marco took her instruction well. Soon he was lapping at her ivy-green clit, while his fingers sought out her special spot inside.

"Yes ... yes ... you almost have it ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Pallida threw her head back and stared through the canopy above. Her scream echoed about the forest. "Now ... now ... remove your fingers ... quickly." Her head snapped back down and she watched the sap

of her pussy willow spray all over Marco's happy face. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her whole body trembled. Marco was a maestro, playing her better than Gylfi played his violin.

"Wow ..." Marco sat back, wiped her stuff out of his eyes, and gazed at her in awe. "What was that?" He may not have known what he had done, but he loved it.

"That ... my sweet human ... was perfection," Pallida panted. "Are you ready for ... more?" She deftly moved him to a seated position with his back to a log and swooped down upon him. In no time, she was guiding him in. "That is ... a remarkable ... feeling." She let her hips do as they willed.

"I ... ugh ... agree." Marco clutched at her round butt, holding on for dear life as she bounced on him. Her breasts flew in his face, jostling him some. He did not mind in the least.

~~

Uncontrollable shivers wracked Helen's round body. Maybe she hadn't planned her escape perfectly. The current was too strong, and she was too weak to swim to shore. How many miles had she traveled? She wasn't sure, but dawn's pink glow filled the east. The pack with the violin and her clothes was now the only thing keeping her afloat. She resigned herself to the inevitability that she would drown.

A glimmer of hope rose inside her. Something glittered on the surface of the water. Was it some sort of rope? The current brought her to it quickly, and she clutched it with numb fingers. Her progress downstream paused. It was some kind of line trailing from the shore. Helen tried to pull herself in, but the water's chill had drained her completely. Frozen fingers began to slip. "No ... please ... I'm all Marco has," she whispered.

Her prayer answered, the line itself began pulling her in. Rapidly, she approached the shore. Coughing and sputtering, she crawled onto the mossy bank and lay shivering. She had survived the river, but now it seemed a chill would kill her. Overcome by shudders, Helen rolled on her side. The thing that had pulled her to shore wasn't a rope, it was some type of garment. Without thinking, she pulled it over herself. Her frozen limbs were quickly thawed. Heat moved to her very core. "Oh ... thank you ... thank you ..." She pulled the transparent, azure fabric around her like a blanket, all the way over her head.

"You called?" A familiar voice entered Helen's clearing on the mossy bank.

Helen looked and was struck dumb. She blinked repeatedly, having instantly recognized the woman standing before her in housedress and apron. She was staring at herself, but

this woman's hips were narrower, her butt more compact, and her breasts smaller and higher. She was seeing herself at twenty or twenty-one years old before her pregnancy with Marco. "What ...?" she managed to croak out.

"You are wearing my fabric." Young Helen walked into the clearing, bent low to the ground, and stared into Helen's eyes through the azure veil. "I am the younger Helen. Or the more perfect Helen. I am the woman before age ruined you."

"My ... my ... husband says that I am perfect now. That I age like elven wine."

"Oh, is that what the fat, balding man says? My husband is young, strong, thickly thatched, and would never leave me to the mercy of orcs." Young Helen's tone dripped with mockery. She snapped her fingers and the blanket shrunk and turned itself into a veil pinned to Helen's hair. Young Helen made a great show of examining the older woman's supine body. "I spoke too soon. Your husband is right. Even after a child, I admire your form. Oh, yes. Look at the way they wiggle and shake as you move."

The veil tinged all around Helen in blue. She sat up and raised her hands to remove it, but Young Helen wagged a finger at her. Helen stopped and gazed at the woman's smooth face. She had none of the lines of laughter or worry that Helen had acquired over the last decades.

"I have sensed something in you, or near you, that would interest me greatly." Young Helen lifted the hem of her dress and thrust her pelvis forward, exposing her copper triangle of hair and the lips below. "Let's explore each other a little." Young Helen's hand dropped to her own vagina. Her fingers played deftly with her lips, gathered moisture, and moved to her clit. "Oh, you have quite the button. Oooohhhhhh. Yeesssssss." Her mouth hung wide, and her eyes became distant.

"Ohhhhh ... my ..." Helen involuntarily spread her own legs. It felt like someone was rubbing her button, too. When Young Helen increased the pace of the quick circles she made with her hand, Helen's clit responded. "Oh ... gods ... I'm feeling what ... ugh ... you're feeling." She dropped her head back to the ground, her eyes rolling backward.

"Of ... course ... silly ... we are ... ugh ... the same ... ooohhhhh ... woman." Young Helen leaned her head back and screamed out her climax.

Helen found herself in an entirely new kind of duet.

Chapter 5

“She left?” Marco stood in the fossegrim’s cave, holding the scepter in the air before him like a torch. Indeed, its red glow illuminated the cave, and the heat of its touch radiated down his arm and into his core. “When? How?”

“It matters not.” Gylfi sat in the sand, his blue arms folded across his chest. He cast Marco a petulant glance. “She made the offering. I taught her to play. The deal is done. I cannot chase her.”

“You cannot, but we can.” Pallida strode up to him and took him roughly by the hair. She pulled his head back until their eyes locked. “When did she leave and by what path?”

“Her footprints ... told me that she floated downriver.” Gylfi’s muscular form went rigid. He wasn’t used to being handled, but he dared not upset the dryad. “It was sometime last night.” Still staring into her verdant eyes, he reached for an instrument. “Perhaps I could play you a tune for your travels.”

“No, thank you.” Pallida pulled him away from his fiddle and tossed him to the cool sand. “No more of your enchantments.”

“Perhaps, if you made an offering, I could teach you? I haven’t had the pleasure of tutoring a dryad before.” Gylfi lay still and waited.

“Nor will you now.” Pallida gave her paramour a concerned look. “I’m sure she made it to safety. She cannot have gone far. She wouldn’t leave you.”

“No, she wouldn’t.” Marco nodded and stowed the scepter back in his pack. He shivered without its warmth and rubbed his arms. The grotto was a dreary, gloomy place. “But how will we find her?”

“If you are going to chase her, could you at least return my violin when you find her?” Gylfi arched his eyebrows hopefully. “She took a fine instrument with her. The magic, time, and energy needed to make a new one will –”

“The violin.” Marco smiled for the first time since they’d entered the fossegrim’s home. “She’ll play it as a signal. The music will lead us to her. She must be worried sick about me.”

“She must.” Pallida nodded her agreement. “Let us not tarry.” She took Marco’s hand and they quickly ran from the cave, moving quickly in case Gylfi decided to play another song.

~~

“You have already tasted freedom from those woebegone leeches. I speak, of course, of your husband and son.” Young Helen gave Helen a speculative smile as if she hadn’t spent the last few hours insulting all that Helen had worked for during the past two decades. “Think on your night with the fauns. Did you even know such pleasure existed?”

Helen shook her head and picked up her undergarments. Her clothes were dry enough, so she began to dress.

“Think on the joy your blue friend supplied on the end of his long, turgid pole. You could barely pull yourself away.” Young Helen sat on a log, legs primly crossed. She smoothed out her dress.

“But I did leave. For Marco’s sake.” Helen almost removed the azure veil when it came time to pull her dress on, but her hands paused. She found she did not want to part with it. She worked her dress on slowly, so as not to upset the pin in her hair.

“Do you not see how that brat is trodding upon your satisfaction?” Young Helen twisted her face in disgust, the mere thought of Marco souring her sunny expression. “He takes and takes and takes. And when it is time for you to find something of your own ... he takes that, too.” She uncrossed her legs and lifted her dress to her waist, exposing her twenty-year-old vagina.

“I love Marco.”

“Like I’m sure you would have loved the orcs had they captured you.” Out of thin air, Young Helen produced a large, onyx phallus. The thing had been carved in painstaking detail with veins and a mushroomed head. “You must stop your servility. Your son has taken the best years from you. He is a grown man. Cut him loose. It is time to take what is yours.” She lowered the phallus between her legs.

“What are you doing with that?” Helen stood rapt, watching her younger self shove the monster inside her. “Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Helen’s knees knocked and her eyes crossed. She felt everything the toy did to her younger self. “It’s big ... amazingly big.”

“It will fit ... you have ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... taken larger ones ... quite recently. You are ... something of a champion breeding sow ... Helen.” Young Helen pumped herself with the dark pole, her cheeks getting rosier.

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... gods.” Helen sank to the soft earth and spread her legs. Thoughts of Marco turned as dark as the phallus. He really was getting in the way of her ecstasy.

“Without a ... husband ... or a son ... I would be free ... to meet new creatures ... in the Mottled Forrest.”

“Yes ... you would at that.” Young Helen laughed. “But we must meet ... ugh ... ugh ... with your abject son one more time. He has ... something ... that belongs ... to you.”

“Oooohhhhhhhh.” Helen tensed and screamed out her climax.

~~

“Mother?” Marco cupped his hands around his mouth and called into the forest.

“Mother?”

“Quiet now, Marco.” Pallida put a finger to her lips and looked back at him over her shoulder. “Let’s listen for her music.” She did not add that the forest was full of creatures, and no doubt some of them had noticed the scepter as she had. She pulled the pack higher on her back and trudged on.

“She will be cold when we find her. I’ll need to light a fire,” he said in a hushed voice.

“I do not relish that thought.” She shuddered. “Perhaps, instead, you could warm her with the scepter? You mentioned that it had that effect.”

“Yes, that might be better.” Marco thought of holding the scepter again, but put it out of his mind. Instead, his thoughts drifted to his time resting his cheek upon Pallida’s breast. “Dryads run warm ... um ... I mean ... your skin is ... almost hot to the touch.” He stared at her well-muscled legs marching before him. “I’m sorry ... I didn’t mean to offend. Is that why you don’t like fire?”

Pallida let out a long laugh that finished with a snort and a hoot. “I am of the wood, young one.” She continued to giggle. “Don’t say it. I know, you have twenty years ... as you often remind me.” She basked in the joy of his company for a moment and then looked back at him. Her smile was warm and genuine. “Your skin does feel cool to my touch. So, from your perspective I might run warm. But that has nothing to do with my aversion to fire. It is anathema because it burns.” She stopped suddenly.

“Of course. I –” Marco ran into her behind, not expecting her to pause.

“Do you hear that?” Pallida murmured. She cocked her head, turning her ear toward the sound.

“A violin?” Hope filled Marco’s heart.

“No ... voices. We must investigate.” She veered to their right, staying low and moving almost silently. Marco followed.

Ten minutes later, they were crouched behind a log, staring with wide eyes.

"I didn't think orcs came into the Mottled Forest," Marco whispered.

"It is unusual. Something has lured them in. Possibly their captive." Pallida pointed to the naked woman with her back pressed to a tree.

"Oh ... no." Marco saw the human and dread filled him. He recognized the blond, round woman, even though he had never seen her without her clothes before. She was the baker's wife, Lenora. The poor woman was filthy and sobbing. There were two orcs standing before her, both as naked as she. Their backs were to Marco, but he guessed that Lenora was getting a horrid eyeful of their sensitive parts.

"The pale creature will tell us what it did with the relic. Where has it gone? The creature will tell us and then we can all ... relax." The orc's voice was a rumbling cacophony.

"Please ... please." Lenora's thin voice carried weakly. "I've been lost for days. My husband and daughter are out there. Let me continue my search."

"Tell us, pale creature." The orc's voice became more ominous.

"I don't know ... I don't know ... what you're talking about." Lenora sobbed.

"You carry that bow about." Pallida clapped Marco on the shoulder. "It's time to use it." She narrowed her eyes and reached down to the forest floor. When she raised her hands, they held gleaming, wooden daggers. "I fear this will get messy in short order."

Marco was already nocking an arrow. "Indeed ... it will." He heard Pallida's war cry as the dryad leapt into the clearing, running for the orcs. Before she could reach them, Marco had loosed two true arrows. Both orcs lay dead at the dryad's feet.

~~

"How does it feel?" Young Helen looked up into the older woman's half-lidded eyes.

"It's lovely ... really ... lovely." Helen rode the phallus even though it was still in the other woman's vagina. The boundaries between the two of them merged. She was naked again. It seemed she could hardly keep her clothes on. "Ohhhhh ... my ... that spot ... that spot is ... *goooooooood*." Her hips undulated slowly and her hands cupped Young Helen's smaller breasts, adoringly caressing them.

"And you ... will play ... your instrument ... and Marco will hear."

"Yes ... yes ... whatever I have to do ... to be free." Helen nodded lazily and licked sweat from her lips. She bathed in pure joy and let her hips move as they liked.

“Very good.” Young Helen admired the older woman’s heavy, wobbling breasts. It would be a shame to discard her so soon, but Helen wasn’t the prize. “He will no longer ... take from you. Men ... will no longer ... take from you. You will take ... from them. You will take your pleasure ... and whatever else ... you desire.”

“Give me ... give me ... give me.” Helen chanted. “I want ... I want ... I waaaaannntttttttt.” She threw her head back, arched her back, and shrieked out her orgasm. Life was sweet when you took what it had to give.

Chapter 6

“Oh, thank you! Thank you!” Lenora ran up to Pallida and dropped to her knees, hands clasped in prayer before her. She was so grateful that she forgot her nakedness. “Those orcs were going to do terrible things. Terrible things. You are a noble ...” She looked up at her savior and tried to understand what she was looking at. At least she could tell from the bared breast that the thing was female. “... a noble lady. You killed those orcs almost without touching them.”

“It is a splendid trick, or so it must have seemed. But I did not fell your beasts.” Pallida bent low and returned her wooden daggers to the earth. They blended seamlessly back into the forest floor. “My paramour rid the wood of those foul creatures with his bow.” She stood straight and pointed at Marco as he walked up to them.

Lenora squinted at the shadowed figure. “Marco? Is that you?”

“Yes, Missus Baker.” He nodded. “You are free from harm now. You can return to Mister Baker and Belinda. Are they far?”

“I don’t know. I don’t *know!*” Lenora stood and placed her hands over her breasts, forgetting to cover the triangle of hair between her legs. Tears welled in her eyes. “I’ve lost them. I’ve lost them, Marco. They are gone. I’m all alone.” She burst into sobs. “Please take me with you. I will die if I spend another night alone in this forest. I will die! More orcs ... will find me and do ... terrible things.” The forest echoed with wails of grief.

Pallida gave him a sharp look. “Quiet her, Marco. She will draw attention to us.”

“I don’t know how to quiet her.” Marco winced at the woman’s bawling. He didn’t blame her, but if Pallida thought it was dangerous, it was dangerous. “Quiet, Missus Baker. Lenora, please ... calm down!”

Lenora was blubbering now. Whatever words she issued were indecipherable.

“Can *you* calm her? She’s your sex.” Marco gave Pallida a pleading glance.

“She’s your species.” Pallida shrugged and stared at his pack thoughtfully. “You said the scepter has a calming warmth to it. Try using it on her.”

“How?” Marco slung his pack to the ground and pulled out the scepter. Lenora’s lamentations were reaching a crescendo.

“I don’t know. But do something.” Pallida had to raise her voice to be heard. “And quickly.”

“Missus Baker?” He held the scepter aloft, letting its glow cover them both. Its warmth spread down his arm. “Do you recognize this? My mother and I rescued it from the orcs.” The naked woman before him continued to cry. He lowered the stone to her heart. Like a curtain had dropped, she quieted.

“Oh ... Marco. That feels ... better.” Lenora let her arms fall, exposing her breasts to them. The heat from the scepter’s touch snaked through her body. She moved closer to him. Her shoulders shook with a few last sniffles. “You saved me,” she whispered. “You’re a real ... live ... hero.” She pressed herself against him.

“Good work, Marco.” Padilla cocked her head at the woman’s strange behavior. “I see her clothes over there. She should dress while we decide on our next ...” Her eyes widened when the woman rubbed her vagina on Marco’s thigh. “Is this ... normal behavior in your town?”

The humans did not respond. They simply stared deep into each other’s eyes.

“Marco?” Padilla reached for the scepter and pushed it away from Lenora’s chest. For a brief moment, she felt a heated connection to both humans.

“Oh ... my ... pardon me.” Lenora’s cheeks flushed crimson, and she stepped back from Marco. She looked down at his trousers and could see that she’d left his thigh sticky and wet. “Oh ... my ... oh ... my.” She turned and ran to her clothes, aware that they were probably getting a good look at her bouncing ass. “That was a bit strange, wasn’t it?” She quickly dressed. “But I feel much better now. Much calmer.”

Marco cleared his throat. He turned his hips away from Pallida, aware that she must have noticed the bulge in his trousers. “I’m glad it helped. Perhaps we should set up camp for the night. No fire, I’m afraid, but we have food we can share with you.”

“Oh, thank you. Thank you, Marco. I’m starving. You and your friend ... um ...” She looked to Pallida.

“Pallida.” The dryad smiled pleasantly.

“You and Pallida must have been sent by the gods.” Lenora followed her new friends in search of a suitable place to make camp.

~~

“Can I really be like you again? Can I be free?” Helen sat by the fire. Her mind was mired in confusing thoughts and longings.

“Would I promise it if it were not so?” Young Helen smiled through the flames. She sat on a log on the opposite side of their fire ring, almost the mirror image of Helen. “You need only take the scepter from the young man who has shackled you. Hand the thing to me, and your bond to him will be broken. You no longer need carry the weight of your husband and son.”

“But he is my son. I *love* Marco.” Helen tried to think clearly. She pressed her lips together and stared at the fire.

“He is twenty years old. You no longer need shield him under your wing. Let him fly.” Young Helen’s voice was firm and patient. “It will be best for him and best for you.”

“Best for him and best for me.” Helen nodded. Her mind swirled with the pleasure she had discovered since entering the Mottled Forest. Such bliss could be hers for ever and ever. “All I have to do is take the scepter and hand it to you. The bond will be broken.”

“The bond will be broken.” Young Helen nodded and smiled.

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“Hmmpphhh ... hhhmmppphh ... hhhmmppppphh.”

In the black of night, Lenora listened to Marco mate Padilla. Little light penetrated the canopy above them. Without a fire, she could just make out the dark, curving form of the dryad undulating on top of him. Earlier, she had learned that the creature was a dryad, and she had learned about poor missing Helen. Now, Lenora was learning about the impossibility of concealing copulation when sharing a camp with someone. It was driving her wild. She had her own hand between her legs, furiously pumping two fingers into her vagina. Her other hand was clamped over her mouth, trying not to let them hear her groan. *Why had their passion kindled hers?*

“You’re really ... riled ... up,” Pallida whispered in Marco’s ear. “Was it ... the scepter?”

“I don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... know.” He knew that Lenora could probably hear them. He prayed she slept. “The slope of your ... breast ... the curve of ... your hip ... I always desired you ... but now ... I’m on fire.”

“Shh. Remember I do ... ugh ... ugh ... do not like that word.” A smile flickered across Pallida’s face, quickly washed away by pleasure. “Extinguish your fire. Quench it ... uuuggghhhhh ... by filling me ... yes ... fill me.” She could feel his body tighten under her as his climax arrived. “Good ... good ...” She lifted his head and held him to her breast to muzzle him as he erupted. They had to be as quiet as possible.

Much later, Lenora crept through the dark. She had been faithful to her husband for half a lifetime. She had seen Marco in the shop on a weekly basis and never given him much thought. But somehow, things had changed in the forest. If the dryad could have him, she could too. In fact, regardless of whomever else he'd lain with, she needed him. It was not a matter of some new want tugging at her loins. This was a necessity. "Marco." She shook his sleeping form. "Marco." The dryad had tired him. She couldn't rouse him without waking Pallida, too. So, she pulled down his trousers and fished out his penis. It was strange handling something that didn't belong to her beloved baker, Gustav. "It's soft and already ... so big." She massaged it to life the best way she knew how. It woke before Marco did. "Oh ... Gustav ... please forgive me." She mounted him in reverse so she wouldn't have to face him when he woke. "Here goes." She lowered herself and gasped as he entered her. "It's ... even ... bigger than I thought ... stretching ... it's stretching ... it'sssssssssssssssssss," she hissed.

Pallida watched them in silence. She wasn't jealous. Her paramour wasn't even awake yet. But she was curious. She guessed this wasn't normal behavior for a married woman, even if she was humping the man that had saved her life.

"Pallida ... Pallida ... you're so tight." Marco opened his eyes. The first thing he saw in the gloom was the paleness of the creature riding him. It wasn't Pallida. The second was her blond hair. It was the baker's wife. That sweet, round lady he had bought bread from all his life was riding him like her life depended on it. He put his hands on her hips, but did not force her to dismount. Instead, he held on tightly and listened to her stifled cries of climax. He was grateful that she was quieter with her ecstasy than she was with her grief.

When her orgasm receded, Lenora's mind was a confused mush. She'd never had such a spellbinding moment with her beloved baker in all their many years of marriage. "Oh ... I love you ... I love you ... Marco." She did not recognize her own words. Yes, the eighteen-year-old had saved her life and possessed a splendid tool. But "*love?*" That was over the top. She barely knew this teenager beyond the quiet and polite customer he'd always been as she watched him grow into a man. Despite this, her hips undulated, and her heart expanded with what undeniably felt like love. "You ... saved ... me ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhh ... and now ... you've ... completed ... me ... ooohhhhhhhh." She was staring down another climax that approached her like a runaway cart.

"Pallida ... Pallida ... are you okay? Should I stop?" Marco peered in the gloom toward the dryad.

"No one is asking you to stop ... young one," Padilla whispered. "But you *should* keep her quiet."

While they spoke, Lenora climaxed again, her body shaking so much that she dislodged herself and fell to the forest floor next to Marco. Her moans were louder than before.

Marco looked around, saw her dress, and picked it up. "Come on, Mrs. Baker. It's time that I rode you." He wound the dress into a loose rope and placed it between her teeth. He then flipped her onto her hands and knees and held the ends of the twisted dress like they were reins on a horse. He mounted her from behind and rode his new mare with abandon. He prayed to the gods that Pallida's jealousy would stay in check. They must have been giving her quite a show.

"Uuuuuggghhhh ... ggguuuuuggggggg ... uuuggggghhhhhhh ..." With the dress between her teeth, Lenora could no longer tell her virile partner how much she loved him. She didn't mind. The pleasure was too great to worry about her lost husband, the onlooking dryad, or even what the pounding teenager thought of her.

"Uuuuuggghhhhhhh." He pulled on her reins, holding her head up, making her back arch. Lenora's eyes rolled back into her head, and she found her bliss yet again. They humped like that for a long time. She was so taken by her rapture, she scarcely noticed when he announced his own climax. She would have urged him on if she could speak, but she could not. So instead, she pushed her ass back at him and moaned through her saliva-soaked dress.

In a matter of hours, Lenora had gone from the horror of facing orc penises, to the ecstasy of giving herself to a human, teenage penis. It seemed the strangeness of the Mottled Forest knew no bounds.