

# *Dragon's Blood* *Chapter 1*



# FICTION

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## Dragon's Blood Ch. 1

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“Hey ... young man ... *ack ... ack ...* I have here the last bottle ...” The old, feeble peddler broke into a fit of coughing. I stopped on the weedy side of the road and waited for him to finish his pitch. He was a funny little creature, with his leather bags piled round. His ears and face resembled those of a decrepit elf. But his stature and rotund frame, reminded me more of a dwarf. Maybe he was a dwelf? Or an elwarf? Presently, his coughing stopped and he continued, “This is the last known bottle ...” he wheezed, “of dragon’s blood. Tapped right from the source by the ... *ack ... ack ...* grand knight, Elerion himself.

“And what does it do, old dwelf?” A wagon rattled on the rutted road behind me, its horses whinnying in dismay. We paid it no attention.

The peddler laughed. “Dwelf? I have not heard that before.” He coughed and wheezed for a while. “It grants you great ... *ack ... ack ...* vitality. All you have to do ... is pour it into your bath and soak. You will be a changed ... *ack ... ack ...* man.” He looked me up and down like he did not like what his eyes told him. Sure, I was a runt. At eighteen years, I was still no bigger than my older sister. But I did not care for his appraisal.

“Do you think I lack in vitality?” I asked him.

“It is not what ... you lack. It is ... *ack ... ack ...* what you will gain.” He wiped a tear from his eye. “But yes ... you do lack vitality.”

“And what will you gain by this exchange?” I admired his honesty. I was now quite interested in that bluish green bottle. “What will it cost?”

“Oh, nothing really. Just ... your boots.” He wiggled his grubby toes at me. “I can tell we have the same ... *ack ... ack ...* sized feet. And my toes grow tired of ... the damp.”

We bargained for a while, and the peddler won. I trudged away from the old dwelf, my feet tingling with cold, while he hacked and cackled behind me.

The second I arrived back at the Uilin House, my sister, Gwells, took one look at my feet and burst out laughing. “What man took you for a fool now?”



"He wasn't a man. He was a dwelf." I scowled at her.

"And what magic item did you cheat this dwelf out of?" The water in her washing basin sloshed with her laughter. Others gathered to see what the fuss was.

"Dragon's blood," I hissed.

"Oh, dragon's blood, is it?" Gwells clutched at her stomach she laughed so hard. "Do you hear this, everyone, our stable man, my brother, the cunning Remnic, has traded his boots for dragon's blood."

About a dozen people, both elf and man, stood around now, all laughing.

"What does the blood do, Remnic?" Someone called.

I waved my hand at the lot of them, and turned my back on Gwells. "I have to tend to the stable. Enjoy your gaiety."

"We will." My sister called after me. "We will."

I did not let Gwells rain on my parade. All day, as I tended to the animals, I thought eagerly of my coming bath. The Uilins were the elf family that sat on the throne of our little fiefdom. They were kind to the servants, even humans like me. Every night, after they retired to bed, the castle baths were opened to everyone that worked on the grounds. That night, I would wait extra-long, so that the dragon's blood and I could have the last bath to ourselves.

"We're done, apple blossom." My mother, Sophie, and my aunts returned to our rooms looking fresh and clean. They were not elves, no, but they were as pretty a pack of sisters as humans could be. "It's all yours." My mother smiled at me, clearly aware of the dragon's blood, but not wanting to make me feel bad about my trade.

"Thank you, Mother." I kissed her perfumed cheek and walked over to the main house with my blue-green bottle. I took my bath in the small hours of the morning, soaking just as the old peddler had instructed. Eventually, I dried off and headed home. I felt no more vital than when I had entered.

“Where are you traveling at this hour, *human*?”

From the tenor of the voice and the slightly ribbing way she had said *human*, I knew an elf addressed me. I turned to find the Lady Lillia standing in the corridor, a slightly mischievous smile on her face.

“I’m sorry, My Lady.” I dropped to a knee and looked at the cold, stone floor. “I did not know any of the House were still awake.”

“Do not tremble at my fair visage.” Lillia’s laugh was like the clear ringing of the loveliest bell. “If my

mother had found you, then you might have cause to tremble.” She laughed again, like that was the most comical situation she could think of. “No, rise up, and tell me why you are up so late.”

If I had been more bold, I might have asked the countess’s eldest daughter why she was up so late. But I was not bold in the slightest. “I was the last out of the bath tonight.” I ventured a gaze at her. She was breathtaking in her beauty. As an elf, she stood about as tall as the shortest human, but her bearing added the perception of many inches to her height. The circlet declaring her position and privilege tucked itself neatly into her flowing hair.

“Oh, how you stare, human.” More laughter from the lady. “But you and I were not meant to be.” She danced toward me seductively, her long gown billowing around her. As she passed, her warm fingertips brushed against my cheek. “Off to bed with you. Although, by the smell of it, you might want to consider one more bath this night.” She disappeared behind me, her footfalls fading away.

I lifted my arm and took a sniff. While the dragon’s blood had not increased my vitality, it had left me smelling like something I spent my days shoveling. That old dwelf was not the first to deceive me. He probably wouldn’t be the last. I made my way home and crawled into bed. That night, I slept heavily.

I woke the next morning to a world swimming behind a looking glass. Or, at least, that’s how it seemed to me. My mother’s sweet face hovered over me. She dabbed my forehead with a cloth that felt like ice.



“He’s burning up.” The lines around her eyes became more pronounced as she watched me. “Go fetch another bucket from the well, Gwells.”

I tried to speak. I tried to ask her what was happening, but my words elongated and fizzled beyond my ability to form them.

“Shh, my sweet apple blossom. Quiet now, Remnic.” She dabbed my forehead again, stood and fussed with my pillow. I was left to stare at her great, dangling breasts, straining against her dress. And then my eyes rolled back, and I knew nothing more.

They said I was fevered and delirious for three days. On the fourth, I miraculously woke refreshed. I felt so good, I leapt out of bed.

“What?” My mother had been sleeping in a rough wooden chair by my bedside. Her eyes shot open when she heard my feet hit the stone floor. “Good gods, Remnic. What has happened?” She stared at my body, her eyes practically bulging out of her head.

“What is it?” My eyes fell, and I looked down at my body. I had the same short, wiry frame that I always had. My muscles evident, but not bulging, from my work in the stables. In fact, I was probably a bit skinnier than usual. But my general appearance wasn’t what I, or my mother, stared at. It was the appearance of something very specific. My once compact testicles hung low and heavy between my legs. Partially blocking their view, hung a frightful cock. It was much bigger than the one I had gone to bed with, and it had sprouted curved knobs around the head, like the rounded knobs on a dragon’s back. Or the knobs on a dragon’s –

“Cover yourself, Remnic.” My mother threw the small, wet cloth she’d been clutching in her hand at me, and I caught it.

“Quick,” she said. “Before someone sees this witchery.”

But it was already too late.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Gwells entered the room, took one look at my naked form, and screamed.

“Look away.” I covered myself with that small square of cloth, but with the size of my equipment now, it did not conceal all. So, I turned from them, presenting my bare butt.

“Out, Gwells. Out.” My mother shoed my sister away. She then tucked me back in bed, and left quickly. I tried to sleep that day, but it was no use. Eventually, I roused myself, dressed, and left the room. There was no one in our small home. I wandered outside, and spotted my sister with some of her friends giggling by the blackberry bushes. I sneaked over to listen.



“... and shaped like a dragon’s you-know-what.” Gwells’s voice was filled with the satisfaction of good gossip shared. The women all around gasped, and giggled.

“Can they change it back?” One of the women asked.

“I don’t think so. But my mother is praying to the gods right now.” Gwells didn’t sound all that sorry for her brother’s misfortune.

“And can he still ... um ... get married?” Another woman asked.

“It’s ... too ... big!” Gwells held her arms out like she was telling them about the great fish she’d caught in the eastern lagoon. “Even a giantess could not take him now.” There were more gasps and snickering.

I turned and ran from my hiding spot.

I ran all the way to the river, stripped down, and jumped in. I scrubbed and scrubbed, working hard to remove every trace of that dragon’s blood. When I finally exited the river I shivered and my teeth chattered, but my nethers were still those of a dragon.

To make matters worse, as I thought of the women laughing at my misfortune, I did not feel shame, but arousal. In my short time with this new monstrosity, it had not yet swelled. But now it



started. It was indeed larger than any wife would accommodate. But despite the hideousness of it, my need was great. I grabbed my new appendage and worked it until I had my completion on the river bank. What blasted from me was golden and molten looking. It steamed in the grass. A chill ran down my spine. I raced back to my empty home, found my bed, and determined to never leave again.

It was very dark when I woke to someone shaking my shoulder. “Are you awake, my sweet Remnic?”

“I am awake now, Mother.” I was cross with her because sleep had been such a good escape. The day’s events filtered back into my mind.

“You fear it, as a mother.” Her voice was hushed. It was clear she didn’t want to awake Father or my sister. “That an accident could befall your only son. Eighteen years, I’ve cared for you and watched out for you. Did I not try and tell you not to trade with men of avarice?”

"He wasn't a man. He was a dwelf." I could not tell in the darkness if she smiled.



"Well, what's done is done." She moved about my room and then kindled a small lamp. She sat back in the chair by my bed and placed the lamp next to her. "Now let me see it."

"What now?" I stared at her.

"The dragon penis. Take it out, please. I need to ... examine it." I looked into her eyes in the flickering light. There was something odd in her gaze. An eagerness I would not have associated with her.

"If you think it needs cleaning after what happened, it does not. I bathed in the river today." I expected her to ask me when I had traveled to the river.

But she did not.

"Enough games, Remnic." She pulled down the blankets herself. She drew in her breath when the large, soft serpent came into view.

It had changed even since I'd last looked at it. The skin on my cock looked almost green, and the veins seemed covered in ... little scales. Those strange knobs also had scales. "It is grotesque. I am a monster. I will kill that dwelf." My face grew hot in my rage.

"Never say that." She leaned forward and kissed my forehead several times, placing her large boobs in my face again. The thin fabric of her dress was all that separated my lips from the soft skin of her breasts. With that unwelcome thought, my cock gave a lurch. She reached up and fussed with my pillow, shaking those hanging tits right before my eyes. "You are a beautiful, young man," she cooed. "This is just an obstacle to overcome. Perhaps we can have a sorcerer come look at you. We don't have much savings but ... oh my." She finished fussing with my pillow and looked down at my body. She could see the serpent between my legs shuddering awake. "Oh ... it's growing."

"Perhaps you should go now, Mother." Neither of us paid much attention to my words. We both stared at the horrible thing growing into a tall, curving tower. The knobs around my cockhead twitched and vibrated.

"We ... um ... definitely need to get you a sorcerer. Whatever the cost." My mother leaned toward the monster sprouting from between my legs. "This is ... too much." She reached out with a trembling hand, placed her palm on the head, and then quickly retracted it. "Oh, my. It's like a rattling wagon."

"Mom! Don't do that." I winced. But not from pain. I was trying to control the pleasure that raced from her touch to every nerve in my body.

"Sorry." She picked up the lamp and stood, still staring at my cock. Her eyes never left it. "Do what you can to quell it tonight. Don't worry about the bedding. I can wash ... your stuff from it tomorrow." She backed toward the door, eyes still fixed on my dragon cock.

Oh, gods. It was a dragon cock, wasn't it? The old dwelf had given me the vitality of a dragon, by turning me into a dragon. Even with the horror of that knowledge, I wanted her to leave so that I might quell the beast with my hands as she suggested.



"Goodnight, my fierce apple blossom." My mother opened the door, and slipped out. "Tomorrow we will find you a sorcerer."

The rest of the night was a mixture of anguish and ecstasy for me. And come morning, the bedding definitely needed a wash.