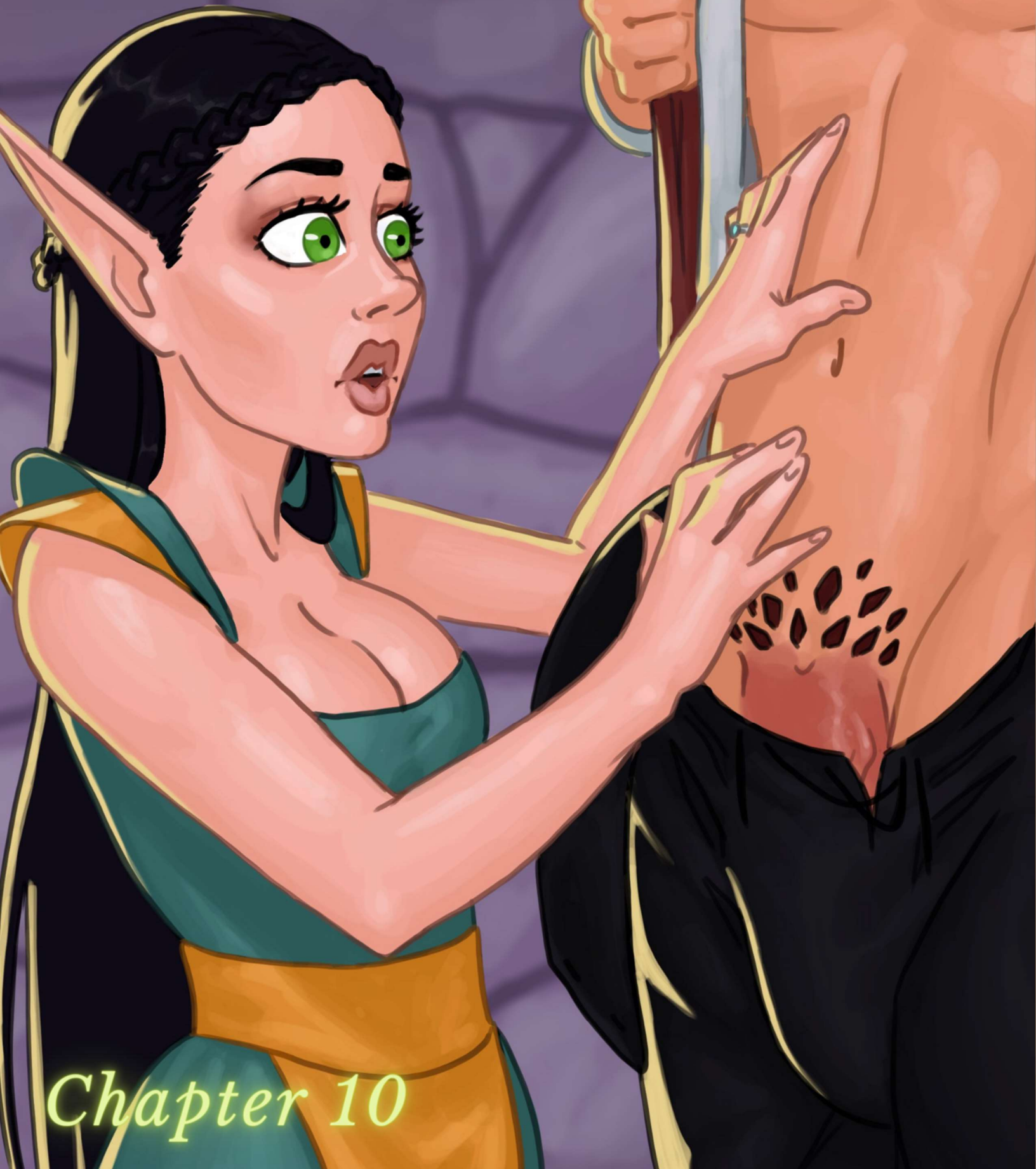


Dragon's Blood



Chapter 10

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Dragon's Blood Ch. 10

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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"You would not believe what I have learned from the humans, cousin." Lillia smiled pleasantly at the buxom elf seated on the other side of her desk.

I sat in the corner silently watching both of them.

"An earth tremor has shifted the sands inside my mind. Beliefs that once towered upon stout foundations have collapsed. Whole cities of new thoughts now rise." Lillia gestured to show cities crashing down, then rising from the ashes.



"This sounds ... disagreeable, cousin. And beneath an elf. Learning from a man?" Bemere sat with her hands on the desk. Her new ring was conspicuous. "I thought you had invited me here to congratulate me." She gave me a cool, sidelong glance. It was clear she was eager to change the subject. Despite the fine clothes Lillia had bought for me, I'm sure I didn't look much like a house servant. I didn't have the training or manners. I bet Bemere could have placed me as a stable boy within three guesses. I corrected myself. I had eighteen years. I was a stable *man*. I smiled at my internal dialogue. Bemere quickly looked back to her cousin.

"Ah, yes. You are to be wed to that fine, noble elf ..." Lillia snapped her fingers a few times. "His name escapes me. But Mother told me all about him. A fine catch. Congratulations. Yes, that is indeed why I asked you here today." She reached into a drawer, took out a whirligig, and set it spinning directly in front of Bemere.

"Oh, is that a gift?" Bemere clapped her hands. "It's so pretty."

"I come bearing all sorts of gifts today." Lillia's pleasant smile persisted. I knew she thought her cousin an insufferable bore, but Bemere was built with curves upon curves, and that's where *my* interest lay. I had a slender elf in my trove. Now, I needed a curvaceous one. "Let me say a quick spell." Lillia muttered incomprehensible words binding Bemere's will to the whirligig. The incantation took no more than a minute. "You can take your gift."

I watched Bemere stop the whirligig, destroying the vortex that protected her will. She smiled down at the thing like it was treasure. I knew that greedy expression well. My own avarice surged in my dragonish heart.



Lillia stood, walked around the desk, and took Bemere's hand. "A very hearty congratulations on your engagement. If you enjoyed that first gift, you're going to love what I have in store for you next. Follow me." Lillia led her cousin out of the room. I stood and followed them back to my home.

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“Lady Lillia.” My mother curtsied in the doorway. “Lady Bemere. It is an honor to have you visit my home.” Her smile was thin. I knew she disapproved of both my appetite and my plan. But since Lillia had chased my father from our home, it seemed an excellent place to make mischief.

“Yes, quite the pleasure.” Bemere’s face turned down in a little frown of disgust as she entered the house. Despite the expression, I was taken by her beauty. Her long dress and circlet sparkled and flowing black hair caught the afternoon light falling through the doorway with a glowing sheen. I watched her round bottom roll under her dress as she moved. I was the last into the house and closed the door after me.



“Aren’t you excited?” Lillia laughed with joy, a high trilling sound. “You are about to experience earth tremors of the mind. Your mental sands will shift, cousin.”

“I’m not sure what could be worthwhile here.” Bemere scanned the room. My sister was out, but I could see she had helped my mother tidy before she left. I was proud of our little house, whatever the elf thought of it.

“I am worthwhile.” I stepped forward. “My mother, Sophie, is worthwhile.” I waved a hand at my mother. She looked petrified that I would speak to an elf that way. She stood clasping her hands tightly before her and

chewing her lip. Her rosy cheeks went pale.

“What did you say?” Bemere turned to look directly at me. “You?” she scoffed.

Lillia’s eyebrows arched. Her smile turned feral. It was clear she was enjoying the moment immensely.

I let the dragon surge inside me. “You feel that I am the most compelling gift you have ever received. You are honored that Lady Lillia would offer me to you as an engagement present.” I pushed my will into hers. She still clutched the whirligig in her hand. Without its spinning vortex, she was quite receptive.



"You are my gift?" She looked me up and down. Confusion furrowed her brow for moment, and then it smoothed. *"Yes ... you do please me. You are handsome, for a man. And you strike me as one with purpose. But what should I do with you?"*

"Play with him, cousin." Lillia hoisted herself up on our table and sat with her legs kicking the air. She watched her cousin intently.

"If you'll excuse me." My mother went to the kitchen and busied herself with chores. No one but me paid her any mind. I watched her begin preparing supper, then turned my attention back to my beautiful new elf.

"Like any new present, you'll need to unwrap me." I pushed the words toward her. Flames licked my mind.

"I ... need to unwrap you." Slowly, Bemere walked toward me. Her sparkling attire was muted with the curtains drawn and the door closed. Only a faint glitter shone here and there. She stopped in front of me and looked up. "Help me with your buttons." While she started unbuttoning my shirt at the bottom, I started at the top. We met in the middle, and it fell open. "Oh, my. I thought you were skinny, but clearly your work in the stables keeps you ... healthy." She had guessed my vocation correctly after all.

"You must inspect your gift." I opened the shirt wider, inviting her hands onto my skin.

"Oh ... I don't know." Bemere balked. She stared at my abdominal muscles. Behind her eyes, I could see her mind turning things over.

"A man is nothing but an animal, Bemere." Lillia's voice was sweet and coaxing. "Would you not pet an affectionate dog?"

Bemere nodded slowly and reached out her hand. She ran it along my stomach. I could see her shudder at the touch, but she didn't pull away. When she got to my nipple, she surprised me and ran little circles with her finger around it. It was my turn to shudder.

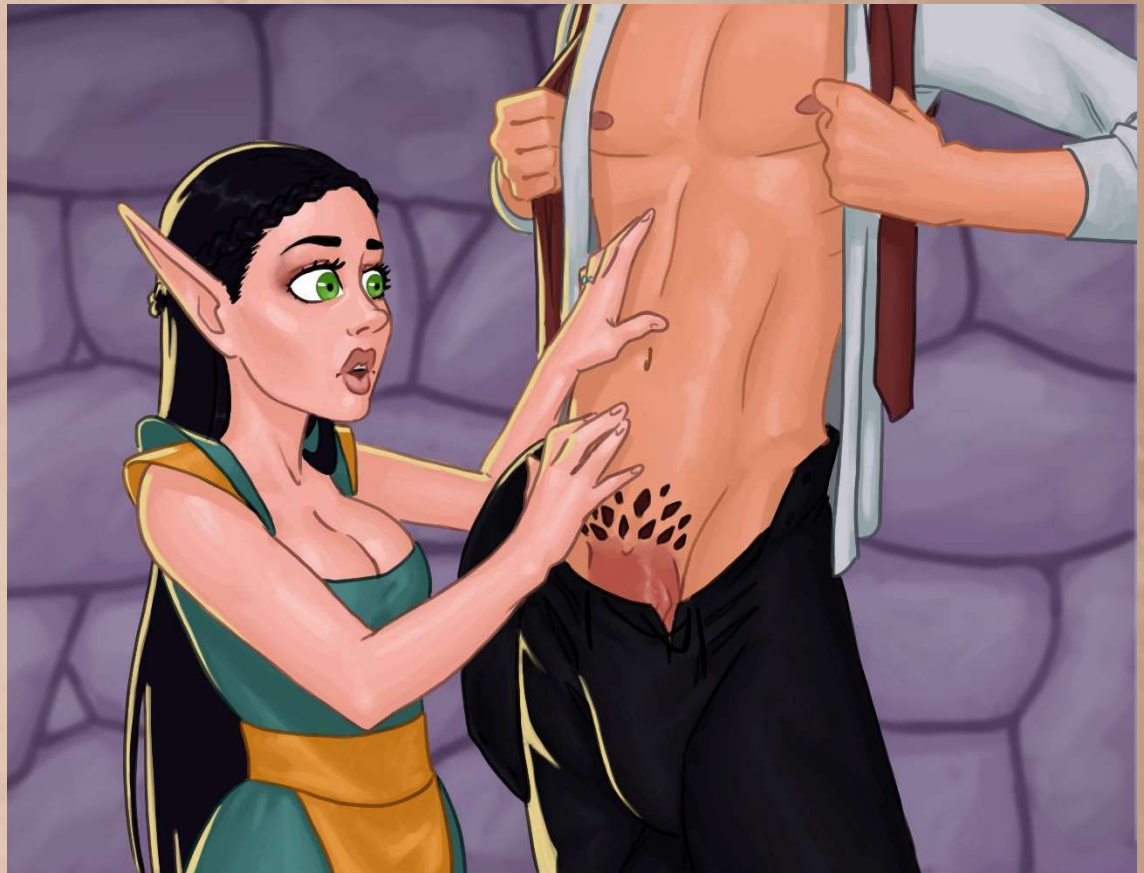
"You seek to please me?" I took her finger off my nipple. It was too dry to continue its caress. I bent and took her finger into my mouth, then returned it to my nipple. "Many things are better when wet."

"Oh ..." Bemere's face went slack. She stared at the circles she made on my chest. "I don't know why ...?"

"It pleases you to please me. You want your pet happy. Is that not so?" I lowered myself to her level, so that we were eye to eye.

"It's ... true." Her green eyes met mine. Her pupils were open wide. She was already puckering her lips, anticipating the coming kiss. It occurred to me that she might be something of an empath. My esteem for her grew. I kissed her and let my tongue wander in her mouth. It took only a few heartbeats before her tongue pushed back on mine. Soon, her nails dug into the flesh of my chest. We did not come up for air for a long while. Finally, I broke the kiss and stood tall again. We were both panting.

"We must ... finish ... unwrapping your present." I removed my shirt completely. She lowered my trousers and my undergarment.



"I don't think ..." Bemere stared with big eyes at my hardening cock. "It's ... a behemoth. Truly ... prodigious. And it's getting ... bigger!" Her voice rose an octave.

"It is the typical appendage of a man." Lillia sounded almost bored.

"Are you sure?" Bemere licked her lips. "I think something is wrong with it. It's too big. And it looks ... almost reptilian."

I was glad that she couldn't identify its dragon origin.

"All men have such ugly erections." Lillia looked at her nails like they might need polishing. My mother stared at us from the kitchen with her mouth hanging open. "He's your pet," Lillia said. "So, you must make it shrink again. Your gift is also your responsibility."

"It is my responsibility," Bemere echoed. "But how would I even ... I mean ... it's nothing like an elf penis. I know so little of men."

"Every journey begins with but one step." Lillia winked at me. I tried not to smile back. I could sense that Bemere stood on the edge of decision.

"You have already kissed me." I inched my cock closer to her lips. It was now fully turgid and ready. "This is but another version of the same act."

She looked up at me with questioning eyes. "And ... are you truly my pet?"

"I'm afraid Lady Lillia must have mixed that up." I took a handful of her silky, black hair and brought her lips to my cock. She opened wide for me, making an urgent, gurgling sound as it slipped in. "You are now *my* pet, Bemere. Mine, mine, *mine*." She could get no more than the head into her mouth, but it was more than enough. She grasped the shaft with her hands and bobbed her head awkwardly.

"Mmmppppphhhhhhhh." Bemere closed her eyes and sucked the rattling head with desperation.

Lillia hissed some words I did not catch. I looked over at my mother and she had a hand under her dress, working her pussy furiously. All had gone quite well. My treasure trove was growing.

